

カンナのカンナ

Illustration
真甲
[RED FLAGSHIP]

間違いで召喚された

俺の偽勇者伝説

ヒロイックサーガ

ナカノムラアヤスケ
Nakanomura Ayasuke

Kanna no Kanna
Machigai de shoukansareta ore no
heroic saga

宝島社

Kanna no Kanna

**Kanna the Godless;
The Summoned Heretic is a Scenario Breaker**

**- Volume 3 -
The One Who Disturbs Harmony**

**-Author-
Nakanomura Ayasuke**

**-Artist-
Mahaya
Nanao**

[Scarletmadness | sairennohebitranslations]

Chapter 21

Intellectual Type Sorceress

Note: Volume 2's title is "An unorthodox encounter".

After finishing the clean up, I massaged my tired arms a few times. Although they're slight movements, my muscles are screaming from the continuous movements and raising my arms is also tiresome. As I resign myself to the fact that I'll definitely be getting muscle pain tomorrow, I called out to the [person behind me].

"So, you satisfied?"

The person's figure isn't behind me when I looked over my shoulder. However, I held conviction and said that towards the [woman] there.

Several seconds passed and an empty where the starlight is shining on [warped]. And then when the swaying vanished, appearing at that place was a redhaired woman.

"...How did you see through my [Air Stealth] ?"

"Intuition"

"Intuition, you say..."

Faima became surprised at the word that was too unreasonable. Sorry, but it's not all smoke and mirrors, it's really intuition. It's just that it was accompanied by a conviction that was evident unlike the time I was in the real world. The sense to perceive presences and magic power of the current me has become sharp. No matter how she tried to erase her appearance, I won't fail to recognize her as long as she is existing there.

"——Does that also have an impact to your trade secret?"

"It may just possibly have I guess."

“So I suppose you won’t tell me then. Nevertheless, I’ll lose my confidence in my skills. And yet I had the confidence that I wouldn’t be seen through by anyone except a wind user like me or a void magician, as long as I don’t move.”

“My bad for that okay. Just out of curiosity, how did you become transparent?”

“You don’t even know the theory behind it... [Air Stealth] is a high grade wind attribute spell that artificially manipulates a space in the air, changing the refractive index of light, as though you become transparent in order to deceive your opponent’s vision, you see.”

Although her shoulders dropped, Faima explained it to me carefully. Listening to her explanation, I put in even more words.

“Although magic is using some sort of bundle of mysteries, its content is awfully scientific, isn’t it.”

“I called it a high grade spell, but it is relatively easy to use it as long as you are able to control the theory of light and the spell to bend that theory you know. Well, most of the practitioners would be frustrated when they finally understood that theory though. In my case, this is about the intermediate level. The old-fashioned people who are obsessed with classical teachings are the only ones insisting on calling them something like high grade spells you know.”

Not sure if it’s because of the shock of being seen through her transparency together with the heat added to her explanation after the shock, but her tone became something different from several days ago.

“...So that’s the plain you, huh”

“——*Gasp*!?”

When I say that in a whisper, she, who was remembering her own words up until now, closed her mouth with her hand as if she was panicking.

“...is the theory I have told you about. Were you able to understand what I have explained to you?”

“Err, you were already speaking quite frankly on our first meeting in the first place. As much as you’re trying to keep appearances, you’re late with it at this point.”

“——Ugh!?”

She agonized and her face is dyed red in shame. She looks cute like that. Is it rude of me to call the older woman I'm talking to cute?”

“I'm a super commoner from the countryside. You don't particularly need to have a respectful tone, okay. Rather, I'd appreciate it more if you could use a simpler way of talking like right now.”

“...I guess. Just like you said, it looks like I'm already late with it after all, right.”

It sounded like it's accompanied with various resignation, Faima stopped keeping up her appearances and starts giggling.

“I will take up on your offer and talk to you normally, mister Kamishiro.”

“Just Kanna is fine. You don't have to add mister either, my lady.”

“I understand then, Kanna. Then you too, please call me Faima.”

“This here also understood you, Faima. Once again, best regards.”

We laughed and shook hands out of nowhere.

“So, the escort target went out of town without a single guard around her, what's up with that?”

“...I'm sorry.”

Despite the fact she experienced danger the other day, have these course of events become an everyday habit of her? In this case, I noticed her following me at the time I went out of the inn, so I didn't say anymore.

“Let's er, let's change the subject——”

In a terribly pushy way, Faima changes the subject.

“You used the magic that's part of what you call trade secret in front of my eyes while you knew I was here, didn't you.”

“Knowing it doesn’t lead to one thing or another you see.”

As you can see, what’s necessary in order to handle spirit arts is the intuition that’s on the border of the five senses that comprehends the logic of this world—— the spirits. In my case, it started with touching that magic spear sealed in the sacred mountain, but I’m completely ignorant of the other patterns of awakening it and all.

Well, suppose an opportunity comes together, some uncertainty still remains whether or not a person exist who can endure [that]. After all, if I’m careless——。

I shake my head after thinking that far. Give it up, I’m here as a result after all.

“As for me, you really can look at me for five hours without even getting tired of it.”

It’s not like she was near me the whole time. Except for the time I turned around, she should’ve been standing at a place much more separated from here.

“[Air Stealth] isn’t capable of being maintained for long periods of time. It’s because you use quite some magic power even if you optimize the spell. Partway I was observing you with [Phantom Scope] from a distance. Do you know about mirages?”

“It’s a phenomenon you can see in deserts or something, right? Where you see a faraway landscape as if they’re right in front of your eyes. I’ve never seen it before though, to be honest.”

“What artificially and locally deploys that is [Phantom Scope]. That spell and the light refraction utilizing [Air Stealth] are quite closely related. Despite that, it’s a lot more energy efficient than [Air Stealth]. Compared to [Air Stealth] , which needs to be deployed on your whole body, you can deploy the spell to just the part in front of your eyes after all. Except that this one too would consume your magic power like a fool if you don’t understand the theory, so normally none can handle it except for only some of the skilled sorcerers you see.”

“So if you understand the theory, the efficiency of magic would go up?”

“That’s right. Which is easier; Going through all the difficult calculations by mental calculation or memorizing every important points? Naturally, the answer is the latter. If you can define the course that would arrive at the phenomenon regardless of the speed. Solidifying the image is also easy after all.”

The more I hear about it, the more this so-called magic comes to sound close to science. Is the difference the substitution of the minimum denomination of the phenomenon with a spell? In Faima's case, she manipulates the wind—air and following up to that, she is artificially bringing about a quasi-natural phenomenon.

"...By the way, Kanna. You were able to keep up with the conversation normally, but do you understand science?"

Says Faima suddenly as if she just remembered.

"It'll be hard for me to answer if you ask me how much I understand it, but if it's my impression."

"Is that how it is..."

"I wonder how much" she says as she smiles delightfully.

"It's the same with the two magics I've used today, but there hasn't been any person around me who was able to keep up with this kind of scientific conversation. That's why this is somewhat refreshing for me."

Speaking of which, around when was the theory of [light] explained in the real world? I don't remember, but it shouldn't have been unraveled in the Edo period as you would have expected. Even if you talk about today's topics, it may sound gibberish to the people from that period.

"They're doing it gradually right now, but people have appeared trying to scientifically verify the natural phenomena. However, the majority of the sorcerers sanctify magic like an embodiment of mystery. [Magic power] is God's blessing and the power manifested from that is God's act for another, or something like that."

"*God's blessing*, huh"

I'm at a loss at how to respond to the majestic representation that just suddenly appeared.

"Well, I don't particularly care about which religion or god the other people believe in. I don't consider denying them that and it has become something some people could rely on. But I would like them to stop hindering cultural development with that. Thanks to that, it has also become a difficult situation where it moves to the soil of

foreign countries from afar.”

Maybe she took offense to that, but this time her expression has become grim. Really, don't raise your tension by talking on your own, this miss Redhead.”

“You've heard it from Rand haven't you? The reason I am heading towards Diagal”

“Ah, yeah. I've did hear you're interested in the magic spells spread in that country though.”

“Right. Magic spells for contracting magic beasts as well as summoning them, which isn't often seen in this country, are developed in Diagal you know.”

“Now that's magic that looks like the embodiment of mystery.”

I recall the magic Real used before, the one that summons that soothing flying dragon. Speaking of which, I haven't seen it since that one time. Shall I ask Real to summon it next time?

“No matter how many books I can get my hands on, I couldn't get my hands on the clue to unravel that magic spell. I already have no other choice than to go to the actual place and study it don't you think? To think I also can't afford to invite a sorcerer from Diagal to our side.”

“Your aggressiveness exceeds my expectations you know”

By no means is this an answer an aristocratic lady would arrive at.

“I want to know at least which attribute the spells are originally developed you know. I think they're most likely using the [sky] attribute, but if that's all then there would also be various hard to explain parts. Perhaps, it may possess an attribute beside the eight attributes.

“Beside the... There are magic beside the eight attributes?”

“Of course. Its users are overwhelmingly fewer compared to users of the eight attributes and also there are many whose effects have some peculiarities and are difficult to use, so they are not really famous. I want to advance my studies in relation to that, but the church's influence in this country is strong. Like I talked about just now, they are spreading the teachings that magic power and magic spells are blessings

granted from god you know, and they avoid studying magic scientifically.

“...So in every place, touching the realm of God is considered heresy.”

In the real world, science and technology like the cloning technology has been subject to attacks until recently such as blasphemy of life. Nowadays such consciousness is gradually fading away, but as far as a portion of the religionists are concerned, it's certainly “Blasphemy towards God”.

Suddenly I found something I'm curious about.

“Speaking of, what religion does this country have?”

“Why that ordinary common knowledge at this point of time... oh, aah. Now that you mention it, you did say you came from the countryside weren't you?”

“It was the boondocks in the heart of some nameless mountain.”

Is the setting I'm taking.

“If that is the case, then it wouldn't be unreasonable for you to not know that. Fine, I shall tell you about it as thanks for letting me silently observe your magic.”

After saying that, she accidentally let out a small sneeze. She sniffled and held her slightly shivering shoulders.

“Uugh, I forgot about it, but isn't it a little cold around here?”

“Well that's kind of obvious. I've erased it some time ago, but I've been spreading ice around here after all. The temperature won't return back with just a little time you know. Rather, I'm amazed you forgot about the coldness.”

It's different when it's during the day when sunlight pours in, but I can't expect that late at night where there's nothing but starlight. She must've forgot about the cold because she got passionate in her talk. So she's the type who would become more talkative when the thing she herself is interested in becomes the topic.

“No matter how much of an ice user you are, how can you be so nonchalant about it? From what I can see, I didn't see you use anything like a resistance spell.”

“I’m just persevering. After all, I’m a boy.”

“That made no sense.”

I could only do a foolish laugh towards Faima glaring at me with upturned eyes. The current her is mentally the same as me who just entered the sacred mountains where I met the spirit. I understand how she feels, but I can’t do anything but feeling pity for her.

“Kakakah. Now, it’s already late now, so let’s return to the hotel. Is it fine if we leave your lessons for tomorrow, Prof. Faima?”

“I guess. I will end up catching a cold if I keep staying in this cold and even Rand and the others will start worrying if I stay out any longer, won’t they?”

And so, we all went back to the hotel.

Afterwards, mr. Agaht got angry as if it is the end of the world. That much is obvious. A young man and woman of marriagable age went out together that late in the night after all. It’s just that I’m only a little annoyed that the brunt of his anger is limited to me. When I lightly glare at Faima, she would apologize with only a gesture with her hand and a “I’m sorry”. That action was cute, so I’ll forgive her. I’m probably easy.

Chapter 22

Requesting A Cuddle With Furrries I'm Going To Meet Someday

It's been two days later since then. We've been shaking inside the carriage and advancing through the plains like usual. No particular problems have happened. If anything, it's to the point I'm getting tired of the unchangeable scene.

Nevertheless, I didn't get really bored personally. That's because I've been receiving private lessons from Faima in the meantime.

"I will warn you beforehand, if you call the races other than us something like [demi-humans], it could become insulting enough for them to want to kill you depending on the situation, so it's better to be careful about it. This is because the name [demi-humans] is what they're called with by human race ideologists and it's a derogatory term to them."

Just as she promised, she has been teaching me general knowledge first, in relation to religion of this world. Although her explanations were brief, they're also unusually easy to understand. This is proof of her possessing this knowledge at an extraordinarily high level.

In the real world there exists a large number of religions depending on the country. On the other hand in the fantasy world, there is basically only one religion. There are some differences in the teachings and precepts, but the root of the god they believe in is practically one and the same existence.

Right now I'll omit the teachings that are trivial, but this world's God is worshipped as the creator of this who brought forth this world. The creator brought forth the world and the world and land and then after that, it brought forth various living things including humans from its own body. This serves as the main cause of magic power dwelling in all creation. Afterwards god disappeared from this world, but it ended with him watching over all creation inhabiting this world, even now.

(I knew it, I really am not loved by god.)

This is the religion of another world, so the origin of the world may be different, but when I consider my zero magic power, I end up thinking a joke was mixed in.

After the broad explanation ended, I told her I wanted her to explain other general knowledge. She gladly accepted with [This is just right for killing time]. She too seemed to be happy of my attitude of earnestly listening to her story.

And just like that, I took lessons in general aristocracy yesterday. I'll leave this out since they're nearly the same as the former aristocracy I have a smattering knowledge about in the real world.

Today is the study about the Races. Finishing the break-cum-training in the noon and then listening to Faima's story in the carriage has become my daily course of events. By the way, today's training with Agaht is 1-4 for me. This too is about the usual course of events.

"I understand that. What sort of races are there specifically?"

"Let's see. There are probably races we haven't seen yet in the uncivilised lands, but if I sum up the existing races..."

There seems to be animal eared people in this world. No, I only knew it since I sporadically saw some in the large city two places ago. I want to cuddle up some furies.

First off, the human race like us. Then the beastkin, seakin and the elven race. The dwarven race. And finally the dragonian race. These six races are roughly the representation of all races of this world. That's because each of these races have founded their own country.

"Where we are at is [Yulephillia] , central state of the human race. The race's strength is their ability to adapt. They can live in any location, unless the location is very harsh."

"They're unexpectedly strong willed people"

"Physical ability is not a large feature of theirs, but their distinctive trait is their power to grow. Also, although they don't have as much as elves do, they also feature a relatively high amount of magic power, you see."

The beastkin species are, as their name implies, a race that possesses various parts of

animals somewhere in their body. Most of them have animal ears and tails. It seems that there are also those among them who possess a physique that can walk on two legs as a beast. Their race characteristic takes over the characteristics of the animal part the individual possesses. For example, an individual with strong characteristics of dogs has a superior sense of smell; if it's a rabbit, then their sense of hearing is strong. There are merits and demerits in relation to physical abilities: you can be weak even if you have more strength than their race and the opposite is also possible. And also, the dog and rabbit beastkins I mentioned are actually called dog race and rabbit race respectively, but that's justified in that case. They're a race whose differences between individuals are the greatest. I want to furry furry up their ears and tails and all.

The seakin species are a race capable of living at the coastline. The base is close to the human race, but they have swim fins attached between their fingers and toes. They can also breathe through their lungs, but they can similarly breathe underwater through the [gills] attached to the nape. Also, they have the physical strength to act in the depths of the ocean and not succumb to the water pressure. However, they are weaker towards fire and heat compared to the other races and, their physical ability will greatly reduce if the liquid from all over their body is removed. By the way, the race with fish characteristics is different from the seakins, but they can also move underwater so many live in the same places. Calling either of them a [fish bastard] would immediately develop into killing each other, so I have to be careful about that. It's taken as a bigger insult than [demi-human]. Usually it's rude I guess.

The elven race we all know about are generally the same as what is commonly talked about in the real world. They're slender and have long ears and an attractive face and figure (and while I'm at it, the women are flat). And also their longevity. Except, it doesn't look like they live as long as I thought they would. Their life expectancy is roughly 180 years. The life expectancy of this world's human race is 80 years, so they're double their life expectancy plus a little more. They seem to grow at the same pace as the human race from birth to 20 years old and from then on they would grow at half their pace. Their race's forte is skillfulness with their fingers and their five senses being high, their longevity just explains their quick-witted and agile nature. In addition to those, a high magic power is also one of their characteristics. As one would have expected, they seem to live in a rampant dense forest and because of their physical abilities, they seem to be focusing on a hunter's lifestyle. As for their weak points, their frailness due to their slender body and their low fertility due to their lifespan. It's just not so extreme like they're not born. Real too has half of this elven blood flowing through her veins. Such gigantic breasts despite that.

The dwarven race was a little unexpected to me. They're even more skillful with their fingers than the elves and yet they're musclemen. Except, the fellows being hairy or women being big and heavy; it doesn't seem to be like that. On the contrary, both men and women seem to be unusually thin and their adult height being that of a human child doesn't seem to be any different. It's just that their aging is even less visible than the elves. They say that even an old person who has piled up quite some years would have an outward appearance of a human in their early 30s. I almost unintentionally retorted with a "Are they [legal loli/shota's] !?". I think it's good they're not in the real world. By the way, they're slow with their feet or something like that.

And last but not least, the draconian race. Their features at a glance are not that much different than the human race beside the two horns growing on their head. However, this race's real feature is their [transformation] ability. Dragonians who have lived a certain amount of years can release the powers of the dragon by their name and transform a part of their body into that of the dragon. The part that shows this [transformation] ability varies from person to person; there are cases where the arms would transform, wings sprouts from their backs or a body part we won't see at a glance would begin transformation. It's just that, even if it's only one part that's transformed, they would house strength that exceeds the other races in each and every aspect at that time. Furthermore, they have magic power rivaling that of the elves and they can display abilities that exceeds the other races in relation to the attribute of the dragon they're carrying. If you've got this far, then they're perfectly a race specialized in combat I guess. Is there a power up thing where your hair would stand up and go blonde, right? No wait, those are monkeys and these are dragons, so there isn't, is there? But their pride is just high regarding combat and they're not suited for group combat. Even while each of them hides an ability matching that of thousands, their overall war potential is even inferior to the other countries. While it's like that, their war potential aren't inferior to other countries, so I can guess that the abilities of a single dragonian is extraordinary.

"The explanation on the dragonians was awfully long isn't it?"

Ms. Faima finished her explanation on [the races of this world] and I expressed my frank impression on it. It feels like there are twice as much compared to the other races if we go by word count.

"It's because the dragonian race has many anecdotes in battles. In addition, their ecology has been unraveled in the past 150 years and before that they were treated as a race of legends. By both the human race as well as the other four races. It was

unthinkable to the people at that time that there exists a race possessing an element of the dragons; the magic beasts that enter the category of one of the strongest among the magic beasts. It seems like they weren't thought of as a race that could converse in the first place when they encountered them for the first time."

So it's a race that's regarded as legends even by the humans living in this fantasy world. Furrries are fine too, but my desire to see them became stronger. After all, [Dragons] sounds cool too.

"Hm? What's wrong Real?"

I unintentionally looked Real's way and saw she made a complicated expression. Like she's forcibly suppressing a shame that emerged from the inside, that kind of look.

"...No, it's nothing."

She spat out what she was putting up with together with a sigh.

"Even so, you've getting along surprisingly well with Miss Faima, aren't you Kanna?"

"It's because what she's talking about is interesting"

We're having lessons under the blue sky, but this is the first time I thought increasing my knowledge is interesting. I think it's probably because it's knowledge of a fantasy like world, but Faima's teaching method is also one of the main cause.

"Kanna is a good listener to me, so it's worth talking to him. It's as if I'm teaching children so it's enjoyable."

"So I'm on the same level as a kid!?!...So there's not much difference in our amount of knowledge I see"

"It bothers me if you reply honestly on that though. Negate it a little at least."

"How does a former inhabitant of the countryside display that?"

"By talking back refreshingly."

"Being frank without putting on unnecessary airs is one of my few redeeming features."

It's much better to expose myself with embarrassment for an hour than fatally blundering with your pretensions. No matter how much you go under in shame, there's no problem if you can laugh at it at the very end. At least, that's what I believe in.

A week passed by again and again after that one act. Being viciously beaten by Mr. Agaht, spending time taking Ms. Faima's fun lessons, we then approached a deep ravine.

"If we pass through here and travel one more week at most, we will approach the national border. If we advance even further then we will finally reach the southern tip of Diagal territory."

Sitting on the coachman's seat, Rand explains it to me who, for some reason, is also sitting on the coachman's seat like him. I'm not planning on getting a role as a coachman, but only got a little curious about the way the horses are controlled. I wasn't sure though.

It took us roughly a little less than three weeks to get here from the foot of the sacred mountain. If, for argument's sake, I followed the official route from the castle I was summoned at, it would take around three more weeks is what I had Real inform me in the shadows. It seems like it will take quite a bit of time to circumvent that sacred mountain. I spent a week at the foot of the sacred mountain, but we advanced for two weeks even if we deduct that. The people at the castle would never expect us to have gotten this far already.

"I had thought that some sort of trouble would happen during our travels, but this is kind of anti-climatic. My bad for not really being useful."

Even the magic beasts that comes out sometimes doesn't have the strength to pose a problem at all to the three servants. While I'm employed as the escort's additional fighting power, it's like me and Real practically aren't playing an active role there. I mean, it's to the point we're living idly.

"No, I am grateful to the fact that your turn hasn't come. The preparation for emergencies being unnecessary and useless is something we desire the most. Some people will think it's an useless expense however, I consider this a necessary expense."

Rand returned an extreme answer towards my cynicism. He is holding praiseworthy

thinking each and every time.

“Besides, we had you become Agaht’s training and milady’s companion. You’re at the very least not living idly, I assure you.”

“Hold it there, you. If that’s the case, then aren’t you talking like I am about the only one living idly?”

Real heard our conversation and says so, sounding dissatisfied.

“How inexcusable of me, did I hurt your feelings?”

“No, it’s because what you have said is the foundation, lord Rand. I also agree that having no situation occurring where the guard displays their duty is the best situation. I’m just saying that.”

After showing a wry smile, Real’s expression then becomes somewhat serious.

“To be honest with you, I’m rather feeling ominous with how well it has been going until now.”

“I’m with you. Crossing over here without any attacks is nice and all, but on the flip side I’m a little worried about the fact nothing has happened at all.”

It’s a standard expression, but it surely reminds me of the calm before a storm.

Rand too has the same thoughts towards the similar opinions of Real and I.

“If we assume something will happen, then it would be from here on out. The plains with the good view continued all the way here, but the place beyond this changes completely and a ravine with numerous blind spots shall continue. A road for carriages has been maintained to some extent, but I believe this is a perfect location for starting a surprise attack.”

“Don’t deliberately pass through this kind of place. Isn’t there a safer route or something?”

This time, Faima joins in on the conversation when I stated my frank question.

“There aren’t that many roads connecting between Yulephillia and Diagal. And when

it comes to roads that are wide enough for carriages to pass through, I can safely say the risk would skyrocket if we exclude this place. The ruggedness of the road is so, but the problems are the magic beasts. There are also places that overlaps with the territory of the ferocious dragon species, depending on the route. If you approach them poorly, then you will be trampled down at that point.”

“...So this route is the best choice, is what you’re saying?”

“Even this road had been nearly impassable until almost hundred years ago, you see? The road was nearly non-existent and ferocious magic beasts were numerous. The abled adventurers at that time subjugated the magic beasts controlling this land and from then on they could finally start developing the road. Since then, this ravine has been called [Blaze Lizard Ravine] , taken after the name of the magic beasts.”

“Blaze Lizards... having scales with strength rivaling that of bedrock and thoroughly burning its preys with the flame pouch inside their body, they’re large lizards with very high risks, aren’t they? Originally they are magic beasts inhabiting volcanic areas. The individual who lived on this land before must have strayed from their habitat in another area.”

“Oh, you’re well informed aren’t you, miss Real.”

“I don’t know enough to be considered well informed. It’s just that having to understand simple characteristics of magic beasts is a matter of life and death due to our line of work after all. I don’t know very well their ecology you see.”

Just in case, Real assumed the setting of a travelling mercenary. It’s an occupation where she would (seemingly) take on even extermination of dangerous magic beasts depending on the contract, so it’s not unnatural.

“What’s commonly called a Blaze Lizard has an overall span of two meters, but there were records left that said that the Blaze Lizard ruling this area was a hill-sized giant species. What’s the dominant theory is that it was not that it had strayed from its companions, but rather it ate the supplementary food from the neighbourhood of its habitat and arrived at this place looking for new prey.”

“This is the first time I’m hearing that. I suppose it may have had a risk more comparable to that of a dragon species rather than a reptile species.”

Faima pulls out the title of adventurer here, but it wasn’t to point out the passionate

people brimming with an adventurous spirit to pass through uncivilized lands.

This is kind of familiar in the recent RPGs, but there exists adventurer's guild in this world. What's common in most games is an organisation that holds the role of accepting requests from citizens and the like and intermediating the people in search for work. And so, you call the people who are registered in the adventurer's guild an [adventurer]. I also learned that with Ms. Faima's lessons. I'm digressing, but there are adventurers who seek the impossible dreams in the uncivilized lands and there are also investigation type work for those lands or something.

"If there's such a convenient work mediation place, then you could've just taken applications for escorts at the adventurer's guild" I asked Faima. There is a branch of the adventurer's guild in the city Faima and I met and I'm sure she also had considered that. But just like she said before, there's the problem of whether the adventurers they will employ are really trustworthy to start with. And adding to that, the journey to Diagal from that city is long, so it's unlikely that adventurers who would accept being an escort would appear under those conditions. There was surely nothing but good fortune for Faima that me and Real's destination was Diagal.

"At the very least, an individual this dangerous hasn't been identified these ten years, so it should be safe to have minimal vigilance towards magic beasts. The problem is still an [enemy] attack. During the time we are in the ravine, we will be adding another guard while travelling and a another midnight watch. There are no problems with that, is there?"

"No objections here."

"Agreed."

Me and Real answered respectively. Shall we work diligently in order to relinquish the shame of receiving an idle living?

Chapter 23

The Rule That Makes You Feel You Lost A Bit When You Become Busy As Soon As You Show Motivation

That's what I said and I tried to be enthusiastic about it, but I'm already made to regret it.

An unpleasant premonition came buzzing about some time after rushing into the ravine.

"Agaht, stop the carriage please."

In accordance to the sensation I could feel on my skin right at this moment, I tell that to Agaht, the current coachman. Agaht frowns towards my sudden words after being somewhat surprised.

"Huh? What the hell are you saying suddenly, you bastard."

"Never mind that, just hurry up"

"Why the hell do I have to listen to your commands!?"

So not raising his favorability backfired me here huh. Unable to hide my irritation on the inside, I click my tongue towards his savage response. Agaht's quick wittedness went up even more, but I'm not planning to curry his favor. If he doesn't even listen to what I'm saying, then I'll just ask his superior.

"Old man Rand."

"...Do as he says, Agaht."

"But, Mister Rand."

"It's fine, just do it quickly."

When Rand gave the orders after he understood the seriousness from my expression, Agaht pulled the reins of the horses pulling the carriage while feeling dejected.

“Kanna, have you sensed something?”

Among this lineup is the one who knows me the best; Real. She immediately understood our situation. I gave a positive nod towards her question. I got off the carriage and turned my eyes towards a spot separated from the direction we’re moving towards.

Steep cliffs are standing in the way on the sides of the road we’re passing right now. And on the one I’m staring at are many large rocks protruding. I concentrate my line of sight at one among those.

“Really, what the hell is with you, you bastard!?! You’re just doing whatever you please! Mister Rand too, why are you listening to this sort of comrade!?”

Ignoring the words of the chap who’s heating up on his own, I concentrate even more of my senses towards [that place].

And then.

“You know what they say, the early bird——”

I put the palms of both my hands together with a clap and when I released them a large spear was produced. When I held it in an backhand grip, I stepped into it the same way I managed to pull off against Agaht the other day.

“——gets the worm!”

A full power throw together with a yell. Borrowing the powers of spirits, the spear hits the large rock I was aiming at and loudly blew away its vicinity.

All the others were surprised by my sudden action, but they were even more surprised by the existence of the “thing” that appeared from the spot that was blown up by my spear.

The wreckage of the stone was blown off, but that’s not the only thing dancing in the air. Around five green looking humanoid something appeared. [Smoked out] would be more accurate I guess.

It's the well-known [Goblin] in RPGs. I came across them several times since departing from the foot of the sacred mountains. A variety of magic beast with a build one size smaller than us people and possessing intelligence to be able to handle weapons and armor at the very least. They're the type of small fry magic beasts that generally attack in quantity over quality.

"Look here, another one!"

I successively throw the second javelin. When it impacted another stone, it similarly scattered away together with new goblins.

"Goblins are...lying in ambush?"

"This is nothing to be surprised about. Goblins are weak on their own. They should have at least that much intelligence to use."

Agaht shot forth a cry out of surprise. As for Real, she only slightly widened her eyes and then immediately recovered. I expected no less from Real. That's right, it's not over yet.

The battle starts from here on out.

"Old man! Agaht! And err... the other guy!"

I'm unusually impolite there, but I couldn't remember the name of the last servant

"The rascals will be coming in groups now! Get ready!"

As if my shouting to the escort group became the starting shot, a mass of goblins began crawling out from the shadows of the other rocks in front of us, shuffling like they're that one black devil that appears in the kitchen. There's not just ten or twenty of them anymore. The path through the ravine, which is wide enough for two carriages to pass through each other, transformed into overflowing green. It's disgusting to be brutally honest. At least it helps that the goblins aren't [black] in color I guess.

If we had gone along the road like that without preparing ourselves, then we would've plunged into the middle of the goblins' encirclement. So the waves of magic beasts being restricted to one direction is fortunate.

"Wha- what is with this number..."

Faima lets out a voice mixed with a startled appearance from the sight of the massive amount of goblins. Even if she had seen a goblin, this may have been the first time she has seen so many of them until now.

Speaking of first times, this is also the first time for me, but I'm surprisingly composed; probably from the experience I got from being chased around in the real world; not by magic beasts, but by a large group of people.

"Please standby within the carriage, milady. Please allow yourself to constantly build up your spells for that critical moment!"

In accordance to Rand's sharp instructions, Faima withdraws into the carriage. Though just before she gets on the cargo stand, she turns towards me with a concerned expression.

"...Be careful, okay?"

"You betcha."

After I thoughtlessly smiled towards the girl carrying a worried look, I tighten my expression and once again focus on the crowd of goblins in front of us.

The first to move is Real.

"Kanna."

"You're gonna charge into them, right?"

"That is all I can do here. I'll leave those escaping me to you."

"Will do."

Real strongly nods with just that conversation and breaks into a run towards the group of enemies, her right hand accompanied with the grip of her sword.

"He-hey. What is she-"

Agaht raised his voice as he watches the back of her breaking into a run without any hesitation.

“There’s that many of them. If we lose the initiative, we’ll be crushed by their numbers even though we have the advantage in individual strength. It’ll get risky if we don’t make the first move and pull the battle flow towards our side.”

“Just for that reason, you’re letting her go all by herself!?”

“She’s doing this because she thought she would be fine, don’t you think?”

It felt like a sound like a “kaboom” could be heard. Real, who made contact with the vanguards of the goblin crowd, draws out her sword on her back and simultaneously mows down the enemies with a strike. Body parts of five, six of the magic beasts flutters about in mid air as they got bisected horizontally. A splendid swordsmanship no matter how many times I see it.

“See?”

She blows away even the heavy armored soldier who is wearing a full body armor. She didn’t do a swing that would result in taking several of the clearly lighter and weaker enemies and the like in one go.

“...I was able to imagine it from her everyday behavior, but certainly not to this extent. I suppose she won’t be able display enough strength if we are nearby.

During Rand’s mutterings in admiration, Real swings her sword the second time and just like the first swing, the goblins turn into pieces of meat. Rand’s right; there’s a chance that you’ll get dragged into her attack if you fight poorly near her.

“They’re going for it, Kanna!”

Real’s sword has a blade the size of her height. With just that her range is also large, but it’s not to the point of covering the path of the ravine. Once the goblins dodge Real’s sweeps and slip out towards her back, they would strive to be the first to assault us.

This will be the great debut of the ice shurikens I’ve been practicing with lately. Swinging my arm, I throw the produced sharp ice discs. The ice shurikens ran very deeply into the head or torso of the goblins and they tumbled with a clattering noise.

“Casting magic in this short time-”

You've been too surprised for some time, aren't you Agaht. You should have seen me using my spirit arts at the time when Faima was attacked in the city though. Hm? Come to think of it, didn't he say he can't use magic? I think I've heard it from Faima that he's got a swordsman only vanguard position. Maybe he just can't use it and he can sense magic power itself. Well, spirit arts doesn't use at all, so whether he can or cannot sense magic this time is all the same.

"Questions will come later. That took the wind out of me after all. You guys take care of those getting near the carriage please."

For now I'll throw the ice shurikens while requesting the spirits not to hit Real and rapidly drive back the goblins who passed her. Spirit arts is available for as long as my willpower lasts. If it's about creating ice shurikens, then I can practically complete them without spending any willpower. I'm grateful I can do rapid fire attacks without minding the remaining bullets.

Their numbers are somewhat too much so I entrust Agaht, Rand and also that one servant whose name I don't remember with dealing the goblins that escaped even my ice shurikens. The enemies are like a being who would attack separately, without any coordination. If we have the skills of Rand's group, then I can safely deal with it as long as I don't get very careless.

But man, there's really a lot of them. We've already buried around fifty goblins, but there's no sign of the enemy's forces declining. Where are all these numbers hiding. All I can think of is that maybe the goblins living close around here are gathering at this place.

Most of the presence that is dominating this place are the mass of goblins rushing towards us. While having low intelligence, they harbor a clearly destructive urge towards people and a will to trample can be felt from them. Especially the behavior that ignore even any concern for their own life. This is more or less constant with the magic beasts we've encountered so far.

And yet, a kind of grossness that was different from the killing intent of theirs came crawling through my spine. I wonder if it's kind of like the feeling you get when you catch a cold on a warm midsummer day. It's a different kind of feeling than the attack of those masked men or the presence I felt of the goblins lying in ambush.

I was feeling the shivers, but I sense a presence even more different from that.

“Woah, this is bad. Agaht, old man, I’m leaving you with this for a bit.”

“Hey you bastard, you have been too selfish for a while now——”

Smoothly ignoring the pretty boy’s remarks, I create a one meter diameter ice pillar that’s slanted upwards from at my feet towards the back and I then place my feet on it. I stick some ice on the soles of my feet and combine it with the ice pillar while I’m at it so that I don’t slip off and then I let the ice pillar increase in length in one go. As a result, my body flies over the carriage at the back and leaps to the other side. With this I can move faster than taking a path around it. If you ask me why I took such a strange way of movement, well.

“So you ruffians have come, huh!?”

They’re here. Four assassins with a mask covering their face were approaching from the back of the carriage. So while we’re keeping ourselves busy in dealing with the magic beasts at the front, they planned to creep quietly from the rear and assassinate Faima, huh? Not sure whether they were aiming for this situation or they saw this situation as an opportunity. But still, their surprise attack failed the moment I noticed their existence.

I cancel the adhesion between the ice pillar and the soles of my feet around when I went past the carriage and my body breaks free at the height of four meters above the ground. Continuing from that, I produce a large sword instead of a large axe this time, stabbing the point of the sword on the ground at the same time I land.

What I imagine is the battle with the ice golem I competed with at the sacred mountains. I was able to reproduce the sight that I saw at that time at this place now!

“Pierce-”

Together with vigor, a ice spikes protrude from the place I stabbed the sword in. Biting and tearing the ground, they become a wave and attack the approaching masked men like a wave. Three out of the four got swallowed up by the wave of spikes, piercing their bodies. Only the guy farthest in the back escaped at the last moment.

“So you got away didn’t you... in that case, another shot——Ah...”

Thinking I’m going to stab the ground with the sword again, I became surprised.

“My feet have gone numb and can’t move...”

That’s a given of course. Now matter how much of a convenient ability spirit arts are, I myself, the one using it, am a male high school student. Normally it’ll be like this if you jump down from a height of the second or third floor of a building. I never happened to have in hand the physical ability similar to that of the huge breasted elven eared beauty who could blow away a group of enemies with one sword swing like they’re bowling pins.

During the gap where I couldn’t make any moves from my semi self-destruction, the still safe masked man circumvented the ice spikes and once again approached the carriage. After I gave up on the attack with the ice spikes, I switched to attacking with ice shurikens, but the masked man deflected all of the ice blades with the knife in his hand. They didn’t go as fast as a bullet from a gun, but they should have the speed around that of a bow and arrow, you know.

In the meantime, the mask quickly approached the carriage. He prepared his knife he held in an underhand grip and ran, not towards the cargo stand Faima is in, but me who is protecting it. With that I realize my mistake. Instead of throwing ice shurikens, I should have created an axe and prepare to intercept his attack. What I have in my hand was emptiness at the time the masked man was approaching me. Even though I will create a new ice weapon, it would produce a time lag, if even a little. I barely escaped the numbness of my legs and standing up is the best I can do.

A flash of the knife ran in front of my eyes. I reluctantly confront it with the arm guards on both of my arms. The scraping of fellow metals caused sparks to fly. Due to the nature of the specialized weapon called the knife, it has no weight, but it’s fast. I repel the knife’s consecutive attacks which is unleashed without a pause when the edge is barely about to touch my skin. The knife handling filled with killing intent, which isn’t so heavy as Real’s attacks and not going easy on me either, shaved off even the leeway to use my spirit arts.

“Why you-”

I endure the desire to counterattack out of emotions. If I let down my guard unskillfully, then the stab would unsparingly go through that opening. I knew it, the choosing to use the large axe regularly is the correct choice. It’s different when I’m steamrolling in a wide distance between each other, but my shortcomings will appear as soon as he brought the fight in abilities at point-blank range.

“Down, Kanna! [Air Shot] !”

It was a sudden voice, but I meekly obey and lay down with the resignation of breaking my stance. Immediately following that, a [wind readied with magic] swept over the airspace my body was in, grandly sending the masked man who brandished the knife flying.

I look behind me and see Faima sticking out both her hands from the back of the carriage’s cargo stand. The wind right now was the magic she released. Faima was standing by inside the carriage and backed up when she saw an opening.

“My bad, you saved me there.”

“It’s early to feel relieved. It’s a spell with no power, because it puts emphasis on speed so that the surprise attack won’t be noticed. Perhaps it won’t even make him faint, you know!”

The mask rolled over several times on the ground and immediately reordered his stance. I throw ice shurikens again while pursuing him. The masked man repelled those just as I expected, but was he able to reduce the momentum to fly away?

While I’m some distance apart from my enemy, I stop trying to create the large axe. Instead, I cover my arm guards more and more with ice, enlarging its surface area. It’s difficult to deal with a fast enemy using large weapons. I cultivated my judgment about this in the real world; I can immediately decide it because of my experience in back-alley fights. In this sort of situation, I’m convinced that I should take priority in defense over offense.

Once again, mister mask turned his knife and rushed on, but it became easier to deal with thanks to having my range of defense extended. Having said that, I’m stopping him from going towards behind me—— towards Faima, so I’m having my hands full instead of the whole thing becoming easy.

Faima’s also being her, she can’t support me with magic when the masked guy and I are too close together. Taking that into account, the masked guy stuck with close combat so as to not separating himself from me.

(This is hard!)

At the beginning of an encounter I repelled three of the masked men that came

attacking. But, now that I think about it, the existence that is [me] was too unexpected to the enemies which led to this outcome. It was like half of it was repelled with luck.

To put it in another way, now that the enemies understand our side to some extent, my advantage pretty much disappeared and we got our tables turned. I'm not so strong to be able to win against a professional wielding an edged weapon. That doesn't change even if I use spirit arts. My lack of overwhelming abilities and nonexistent experience cancels my forte which is spirit arts.

(But, I've been associated with my incompetence for a long time you know!)

It's me who is established to be bad at giving up and being underhanded with damned stubbornness and while I'm at it, I'm petty. I can't choose the best option immediately like a genius, but I will come up with a single plan that could break the situation out of a deadlock as long as I have enough time.

Let me teach him I don't have any obligations to fight in my opponent's ring.

The sharply pushed out knife hits the armguards I set up horizontally. And then, before the enemy could pull away the weapon, I let the image that's concentrated onto the ice covering my arm guards [explode] , literally. To put it in real world's words, it's something similar to a [Claymore mine]. The ice covering the arm guards shatters and those pebbles rushes on towards the masked man. With an attack that covers the surface and not just a point at point blank range, the masked man receives the ice pebbles with his whole body without having the time to avoid it.

Being forcibly sent flying, the body of the masked man flutters in midair. Before the body reached the ground, I hit the ground with the other arm that has ice remaining. I loaded the instantly loaded my intention towards the ground spread beyond the point of contact of my fist. The ice on my arm guard breaks and in exchange my image flows from there.

The masked man has received some damage, but because I took priority on the surface rather than a point, he may not have gotten much wounds when he was blown away. He splendidly arranged his postures in mid air like an acrobatic person and landed on the ground on both his feet.

“———W-!”

On the contrary, the masked man who should have made a beautiful landing, fell down as if he tripped up. The guy's surprise and confusion was remarkably transmitted even without being able to see his expression because of his mask. He got on his hands and tried to stand up in a hurry, but even the hand he got on revolved in the sky like he was swept up by something he can't see like the time with his legs.

"Faimaaa!"

"——!, [Air Pressure] !"

On my sharp voice, Faima who was refining her magic in the back, released a spell. He was a distance apart from me, but despite that she stopped his movement completely. Faima splendidly aimed and shot the one in a million chance for sure.

Above the masked man whose movement was stopped, a geometry pattern similar to the time the ice golem appeared the other day made its appearance. But it gives off a quality of composition entirely different from that one. The next moment, the ground below and around the masked man caved in along with a thunderous roar. It's unclear what exactly happened, but it was as if a large invisible hammer was swung down from the geometry pattern. I look at the middle of the cave-in and see a masked appearance of a man twitching and convulsing, but he already lost consciousness.

With this, the only ones moving to this direction is me and Faima.

"The magic right now is?"

"The theory is very straightforward. The air in the sky above him was compressed and it was only released with the restriction to the direction right below it. Though I say it's only air, the force of a super-compressed air released in one direction is not half-hearted. It's just that this magic, although the spell is simple and it has power, it compresses air at a fixed coordinate and then it has a time lag until it's released, so it won't hit at all if the opponent's movement isn't completely stopped, you see."

"More importantly" Faima says as she turns her eyes towards the masked man who isn't moving anymore, or more accurately the ground surrounding him.

"Some time ago, that man fell down unnaturally, but did you do something to him?"

"I let the surrounding ground he would land on freeze. I'm sure that no matter how agile that guy is, he would lose his balance if the ground is suddenly frozen."

If you look very closely, you can see ice pebbles scattered around the caved-in site, reflecting light like glitters.

“...I’ve never seen anyone using the superior attribute ice magic in such an petty way.”

“What are you saying. Pettiness and tricks are my forte.”

“Fortay?”

“So that wasn’t introduced or something? A signature move, that kind of meaning.”

“Even though the mechanism is amazing, you say the given result is a trick. It actually had effect, so it’s all the more cruel, isn’t it.”

Really? It’s quite fun taking out big-shots with tricks, you know.

In any case, there’s no doubt that we escaped the current crisis. The hustle and bustle in front of the carriage was also settled down before I realized.

“Kanna, just when I thought you were gone, have you been here?”

“Hey Real, so you’re done on your side... gyaa!”

I turn around and let out a scream. Why a scream? It’s because a silver haired, long eared beauty has become blood-red and approached our side you know. Faima similarly saw the miss red Real and became petrified.

“Hol-, you-”

“Aah, I’m all right. This is all blood spurted on me. I look like I have injuries, but I don’t. There are only scratches.”

“Even so, it’s scary!”

The undried blood splashes reflects light and is unusually grotesque. The person herself is acting like usual, so it produces an all the more bizarre scene.

If you slaughter that large a group of magic beasts, then it would be natural for your whole body to be dyed in blood spurts. Things like warring states in anime or games and the musou series have a stylish image, but in a realistic point of view, it’s an

unusually gory world, isn't it?

"So, are you finished over there?"

"For the time being, yes. It's just that one of the attendants was injured. What was his name again?"

"I know which one is injured."

He's been receiving quite a pitiful treatment throughout this trip, didn't he? Let's properly ask for his name afterwards.

"Right now, Sir Rand and Agaht are proceeding with the emergency treatment. He shouldn't be in any serious condition. And then, your side seems to have been busy here.

She turned her eyes towards the masked man inside the cave-in and the three other men who are pierced by the ice spikes.

"...Who are you to say about the others? People being affixed and hanging in mid-air, this scene is quite cruel you know."

"I also thought so."

I snap my fingers and demolish all the ice I created with spirit arts in this place. The ice that was fixing them also broke and the three people who ended up skewered fell noisily on the ground.

And then at the center of the masked men whose bodies were punctured, a red stain spread out. That stain had the same color Real's body was dyed in.

I already knew that there's no life in there.

Although it's late—

Although it's really late, I confirm the reality of what I myself have done.

I, have killed somebody.

Chapter 24

The More Stubborn Ones Are Surprisingly Easy

I'm experiencing a terribly disgusting feeling within me.

It's not... towards the fact I've killed someone.

It's towards the fact my mind is hardly seriously coming to grips with the fact I've killed someone.

"I see now. The good-for-nothing part has been serious so far, is that it?" (Not entirely sure what the raw meant)

I did feel bad during the times I've come to kill magic beasts until now. The cause of that is the fact I had been living peacefully in the real world. It's because I haven't experienced the pieces of meat scattering about dancing sprays of blood, the act of reaping someone's life.

However, after I have adapted to the fantasy world despite the short time, I've come to get used to the giving and taking lives. It's not so much that I would feel pleasure and enjoyment, but I've stopped feeling guilty about it.

That was even if my opponent is a person.

"I really didn't think I'd become an emotional wreck from this you know."

"Kanna?"

"Don't mind it. I'm talking to myself."

Real had no doubts that the three masked men have died. As far as she's concerned, they're "rogues who are trying to kill the target of escort", no exceptions. It's even strange to ask about the right or wrong in life there. There's no sense in letting them live either. This world values life less than the real world.

No, that's wrong. Life is just more precious than in the real world. Laws of the real

world where human rights exists even for criminals must be unthinkable to the dwellers of this fantasy world. I bet they will find it unbelievable that even the men standing at the top of the country could become a criminal when they kill someone.

I haven't made a single mistake in this world. Survival of the fittest is the providence of this world. But, it's just that it's obviously abnormal for a man who hasn't committed a single murder until now to not hold any deep emotions even if he killed a criminal.

"...Well, just knowing that I won't hesitate in case something happens can be considered a good thing, huh?"

What's really strange would be from here on.

Despite the fact I recognized that my mind is deviating from the peaceful japanese youth, I still wish to return to the real world. I'm thinking about wanting to make merry while doing idle talk with that idiot and inept pretty boy or Misaki and the others.

"Hey, are you truly alright?"

"I'm just adding a sense of closure, woa-"

"...Raising a scream right after seeing a person's face is really impolite isn't it?"

"Everyone would be surprised if they see a bloodstained face at point-blank range!"

The serious mood up until then ended up being blown away. A beautiful woman's face that's smeared in goblin's blood looks unusually surreal. If the goblin's blood was blue or green, then it would become an image so traumatic I won't be able to recognize Real as a beautiful woman anymore.

"So it's like that as well? I wonder if I can bathe in somewhere."

"Err... You can do so with my magic if it's just at the level of putting out water."

Faima suggests timidly.

"My bad Miss Faima, but can I ask of you? To tell the truth, the blood stuck on my hair is starting to clot and it's been bothering me."

“First of all, you should wash off the face and head first don’t you think? As a woman I can not overlook the fact such pretty silver hair is spoiled”

“You say that Miss Faima, but even you have splendid crimson hair”

“Fufufu, thank you very much.”

I wonder if you girls can stop the girls’ talk with a brutal scene spreading in the background. The corpses and stuff of the masked men among other things are being left as is there. The one who made that scene is me though.

After feeling dejected in everything, I go see the state of the front of the carriage. Before that, I make an ice lock and fix it on the hands and feet of the sole surviving masked man who hasn’t regained his consciousness. The other day, the masked men who I thought were on the verge of death surprisingly moved and ended up escaping us, so it’s a just in case.

When I carried my feet towards the place Agaht was at, I felt regret a little. Corpses of goblins piling up as far as the eye can see. A simply disgusting scene is just spreading out.

“Why you bastaaard!”

As soon as my figure was confirmed, Agaht grabbed my collar.

“Stop, Agaht!”

“But we have an injured person because this man suddenly left his post!”

“He has made a contract as the lady’s escort, it’s not his duty to protect us. In addition, if he were to convey his reasoning in that situation, then it would’ve been too late. It’s not wrong to judge based on the scene in an emergency.”

Rand pulled away the hand that was grabbing my collar. Agaht even resisted in the beginning, but he immediately released his strength and separated his hand from my collar.

While softly hitting Agaht’s shoulder who was gritting his teeth, Rand opens his mouth in order to remonstrate him.

“I can understand your feelings as I myself had received training for the attendant corps and have thought about people who would violate orders or detest independent actions. A pierce through flesh and bones was thrown into my youth as well after all. What is demanded to us currently however, is judgement that adapts to the actual site. Particularly if the subject is affecting the life of the escort target. What you are lacking is a moment’s judgment. If you could acquire just that, then you can become a man worthy of leading a unit.”

“I... can?”

“But then again, you are still lacking in ability to me. I will be worried if you can’t at the very least become a man who can defeat me.”

“...That isn’t likely to be happening any time soon I suppose.”

Before I knew it, the conversation seems to have calmed down, but I strongly feel I was excused from the conversation. I mean, I didn’t even say a single word, you know. Agaht went hysteric on his own, Rand calmed him down and persuaded him and Agaht just agreed with it, you know. Ain’t Agaht boy a little easy? He’s persuaded with just several lines you know. How about I call him Easyboy next time? He’s going to flip out for sure so let’s stop that after all.

“Agaht has been impolite to you, forgive him.”

“It is the truth that I was being self-centered. I don’t need the apologies. More importantly, is the injured servant alright?”

“Yes, it only amounted to a small wound on his shoulder. It didn’t go as far as a scratch, but if we use the medicine we have in hand then he will get better in a few days. He’s lying down inside the carriage right now.”

“Is that right, I’m glad for him.”

I also go onto the carriage’s cargo stand to see the servant’s state. The injured guy is lying down face up with a thinly made cloth on him. His armor was removed and the bandages wrapping on the wound on his right shoulder with a red color spreading on it.

The wooden floor creaks somewhat from my body weight. Noticing the sounds, the absent minded attendant only turns his neck this way.

“Sup, how are ya?... asking that is a little rude I guess.”

“Oh, it’s you... I guess it is. I’m not well, but I’m not in a condition bad enough to be concerned about.”

Mr. Attendant answers in a polite manner. Up until now I nearly haven’t made any interactions with him. This must probably be the first time we ever had a conversation-ish conversation with him.

—Correction. It’s not Mr. Attendant, but it was Ms. Attendant. The chest area of her clothing under the now taken off armor is bulging, though modestly. I’m terribly sorry for comparing the attendant with Real and Faima, but there’s plenty enough of it for me to see her as the opposite sex.

“Oh, of course. So it is strange to not have one or two people of the same sex escorting a daughter of marriageable age, I guess.”

“Were you perhaps thinking that I was a man?”

“Excuse me for that, okay?”

As much as an escort Rand and Agaht may be, they shouldn’t even be able to be together with her during her baths and changing of clothes. You can’t expect them not to have an escort of the same sex for those moments.

“I myself have been trained in an all-male household despite being a woman. I don’t think there is any femininity left within me at this point. In addition to that, I am tall and also have a sturdy physique for a woman after all. I’m often mistaken even in my everyday clothes when I don’t put on my armor.”

Sure enough she has an androgynous face and she’s also as tall as Agaht. You’ll end up agreeing honestly if her voice is also on the higher male side and you have some preconception. But once I notice it, I won’t be able to see her as a man anymore.

“That so? I think that you’ll normally look woman like if you just fix your appearance a little though. My friend too, she’s a girl who can beat up a fellow with a good physique with just her bare hands, but she’s still living normally like a woman, you know?”

The first time I met her she was a fierce beast-like something wearing a woman’s skin, but nowadays she’s living like a beautiful girl. The fact that she’s a little quick to jab

someone is her character flaw though.

Moreover, if you try talking to her, she'll show manners and expressions like a normal woman. I could see Real is a woman physically, but her gestures and behavior is nearly no different than that of a man. When I think about that, then she really is more feminine than Real.

"...Am I perhaps being hit on here?"

"Where did that comment come from? I ain't hitting on ya. I'm on the giant breast faction."

"I am sorry. I don't seem to be meeting your expectations then. My breasts have already stopped growing, you see. But, if you are fine with such a chopping board-

"What are you doing, casually trying to hard-sell yourself to me!"

"Uhm... Please be as gentle as possible with me in the beginning. It's the first time for me at any rate. If possible, it would save me the trouble if I could have you rub my breasts for the sake of enlarging them. I would like them to be as large as Lady Faima's, you see."

"How far have your delusions flared up since a few minutes on our first conversation!?"

"You know, I want three children."

"Listen when someone's talking to you! So you're a natural airhead!? Are you really a natural airhead!?"

"... ? Despite my appearance, I'm a natural airhead and a woman though"

"You were definitely a natural airhead, you know that!?"

"Speaking of which, I still haven't introduced myself, did I? My name is Kiska. Pleased to meet you."

"Going at your own pace!?"

Why am I doing a two-person comedy skit with an injured person, I wonder.

The girls in this party have destroyed my seriousness. Not in the slightest bit do I feel like thanking her, but it helped me out just for a bit.

Chapter 25

Does That Kind Of Teacher Exist In Reality Though

Speaking of why I hardly had any conversations with Kiska until now. That wasn't because of coincidences, but partly because she intentionally avoided me or something. Being of the same sex as Faima, she is an escort closest to her compared to Agaht and Rand. For that reason alone she made it a point of paying close attention to Faima's protection while keeping conversations like chats to a minimum. At the same time, Faima and Rand have already put some trust in me, but me and Real are still outsiders working together with them. There's been not just even a remote possibility of betrayal, thus far have they completed their observation of us.

When I ask why she's having a conversation with me at this stage in that case, Kiska said she seemed to have judged with her eyes that we're trustworthy people. I had as many opportunity as I like if I were thinking about doing Faima harm. But I didn't show any behaviour of trying to harm Faima and I also put my body in the masked men's attack for the second time and protected Faima. They were convinced that there's no more room for doubting us.

Well, now that I finally got the proper interactions with the three attendants out of the way, the next problem rose to the surface.

"Are these the harmful effects of real fantasy!?"

"You really do shout ambiguous lines sometimes. Is this also culture from the other world?"

"...You're not wrong about that I guess."

What's spread out in front of our eyes is the [wreckage] of the goblins. Of course, they were the ruins of what once were the magic beasts intercepted by Rand's party and Real's musou mode.

If it was a game, then the monster corpses would disappear right away, but they won't naturally disappear in a realistic fantasy world of course. The corpses of magic beasts will remain normally and when time passes it would obviously decay. And then the

decayed corpses could cause an epidemic, or possibly transform into an [Undead] type of magic beasts.

I'm sure that [Disposing] eliminated magic beasts is appropriate etiquette and responsibility as far as adventurers and travelers are concerned. And so we, in present continuous tense, are executing said responsibility.

—Or more like, the corpses piled up too much and is blocking the way of the carriage.

"I didn't know why we had a shovel inside the carriage, but it was for this reason right?"

"It's not that bad if it's just several corpses, but it will take too much time if we don't gather them in one place with this tool and burn them all at once."

Just as she said, Real scoops up the goblin corpses with the shovel in her hand and put them all on the roadside in one place. And as for me, I make a shovel with ice and do the same work. I don't think of it as sweeping bodies, I just tell myself I'm disposing of red and green snow and immerse myself with my work. If I don't think like that it'd be a little tough.

"There's nothing around us that can burn so it's fine, but what are you gonna do if it's inside a forest? It'll be a wildfire if we do it poorly."

"If it's inside the forest then the magic beasts living in there will deal with it on its own for us. And even if it decays, that will become fertilizer instead and become part of the forest so there are no problems."

Depending on the magic beast, there are cases where parts of the corpses becomes raw material for producing various tools and some adventurers earn their bread with [hunting magic beasts] of whose materials are requested. I guess it's the standard course of events around this part. By the way, the goblin corpses is practically useless and though the weapons they own extremely rarely are valuable, it has a low probability where you probably won't get one after hunting hundreds of them or something.

"Dealing with corpses of magic beasts is the duty of the subjugator, but there's essentially no problem if you leave it as it is. Like I had said, it's because the magic beasts living in the area will dispose of it as food. It's just that that with this amount

they won't be able to dispose of them as you would expect. Also becoming fertilizer is difficult on dry areas like here. In this case there's no other choice but to burn it either way or bury them."

And with that said, me and Real diligently gather the corpses in one place.

If you're asking what Agaht and Rand is doing in the meantime.

Agaht is standing by Faima's side and is in the middle of his guard duty. We were able to repel the masked men who attacked Faima if we only limit to those who appeared in the beginning and include the four from just now. However, additional masked men may come, so we strengthen our vigilance all the more. He's on alert together with Kiska on the cargo stand.

And as for Rand, he's examining the three dead men and the last one who still hasn't regained his consciousness. He's investigating whether or not there is any background on the perpetrators of the attack with their personal belongings and looks. It looks like he will interrogate the unconscious guy as soon as he regains his consciousness.

"I wonder if he will obediently disclose it to us. That fellow who employed them to somehow assassinate her."

"Don't think so. Even so, there are things like information we can just read from their behavior and way of speaking. Interrogation is outside my area of expertise so I can't say any more than this, but we can't do anything aside from entrusting this part to Sir Rand."

I recall a certain scene from a police drama. A scene where the detective in charge is interrogating the suspect in an interrogation room. A scene where Rand in a suit is investigating the masked man was floating in my mind. A dandy good looking guy is also splendidly wearing fashion coming from the other side of the dimension.

That sort of delusion in any case.

"Real, how do you see this time's attack?"

"It's likely the same as what you had expected. Assuming the goblins were lying in ambush is, well, understandable."

"So we're assuming."

“I’ve told Agaht, but it’s an unusual case. It’s rare. It’s just that beyond that, it’s impossible for this many goblins to rush on together like that despite how many are of the same tribe. Even if they acted as one group, it was too excessive of a crowd.”

Corpses in perfectly good health are scarce, but even so there are more than hundred goblin corpses scattered about if I roughly estimate it.

“At most 20 to 30 would gather. Any more than that should produce various conflicts even if they are of the same tribe. Turf wars and food shares and the like. There’s no doubt it’s not a natural phenomenon, but some external cause.”

The expectation, or rather my case is that I judge that the mood I felt from the whole goblins doesn’t harbor any instinct, but some kind of intentional something.

“You got any idea on the external cause of this?”

“In this world there are people called [Magic beast tamers]. There exist a technique that uses some sort of method to subdue and employ magic beasts. I myself could similarly exchange contract with a specific individual dragon and arbitrarily call them for use. This is roughly speaking also one of the frameworks of a magic beast tamer.”

If I state the conclusion based on what I hear, then it seems like it’s possible that the behavior of the magic beasts were controlled to some extent. There are animal tamers in the real world too.

“It’s just, the [contract] I mentioned needs a mutual understanding between the contractor and the contractee. For that, advanced intelligence is needed from the contractee. That’s nearly impossible with goblins. There are also contracts that forces the right to control to one party though.”

In the first place, goblins have nothing but the lowest ranking ability as magic beasts. There’s no advantage in binding a magical contract with them.

“If they manipulate at least this amount, then it would’ve been much more efficient to just subdue a much higher rank magic beast.”

“Although” Real adds as she glances towards the carriage.

“Though they’re goblins, I don’t think even Faima and the others will be able to last if they’re hit with this amount without us. And if the assassin’s attack and such happens

there, then there won't be any defense if you hadn't noticed them. It's because all the members were concentrated in front of the goblins. Well, I suppose it's justified considering the situation."

"Which means, the guy who instigated the goblins and the one behind the assassins can be linked with an equal sign, is that what you mean?"

"It's natural to think like that, you see. There are still various mysterious points left though. All the evidence is circumstantial and it's also possible that both parties are entirely separate."

There'll be no end to this if you end up saying that. We temporarily end the investigation of facts at this moment. I also wish Rand will find out some information from the masked survivor.

We then spend around an hour after that and finally the goblin corpses in one spot. It was a work that both shovels away the goblins that couldn't end up as snow shoveling(that sounds wrong) as well as my mind.

The finished goblin corpse mountain has become quite the size. The sight of green arms, legs and heads sticking out from the mountain surface is really gross.

"Okay then, stand back a little."

Being told by Faima, we withdraw behind her. After confirming us, Faima then goes towards the goblin mountain and holds her hand above her head. When she mutters softly, a geometry pattern like that time the masked man was crushed—a spell floated in the inside of it. Also one on each hand.

When the spell on her right hand first unleashes a light, wind then blows towards the corpse mountain. An aggressive phenomenon where it cuts them up and blows them away didn't occur.

Wind continues to blow for about a minute and then a fireball is unleashed from the spell on her left hand. The size is a little larger than a fist. It's a little small for a source to set that heap of corpses on fire.

But the instant the fire ball touches the heap of bodies, it made a roaring sound and it furiously blazed. The size of the fire swells up in one go and it spreads and swallows up the accumulated dead flesh.

“I hear Ms Faima’s forte is her wind attribute spells, but to think you could also use the fire attribute this far. I’m amazed.”

“No, not at all. Like I had said before, What I’m learning is centered on wind magic spells. I’ve obtained the minimum level necessary for adventurers on the other three, you know. Naturally, this includes the fire attribute.”

“But this firepower is at the intermediate level for fire attributes, you know?”

“I only devised a wind magic spell and used that, you know. Kanna, you could probably understand this, don’t you?”

Being asked by Faima, I recall the contents of the science lessons from long ago after thinking about it a little.

“With the wind magic at the beginning, you gathered a specific gas didn’t you? So, the fire ball that comes next flares up in one go.”

“Correct!”

Faima briskly snapped her finger.

“I disassembled the components in the air and only gathered the oxygen. It takes some time until it has effect so it’s unusable in battle, but it’s quite a handy method for when you want a large source of fire you see.”

Even after receiving the explanation from the redhead sorcerer, Real doesn’t quite seem to understand, so she only tilts her head. It’s a science experiment every middle school student knows about if it was the real world, but is this rare knowledge to this world’s people?

“Incidentally, I’ve gathered the oxygen in the center this time, but if I replace them with hydrogen, then it would become powerful enough to blow away the area around here.”

“Hydrogen, huh... Stuff like hydrogen fuel would seem to be usable then, wouldn’t it?”

A new technology is being developed in the real world by using hydrogen as fuel, but the number one bottleneck is the supplying situation of hydrogen. It looks like it costs quite a lot to take just the hydrogen from the air, but it looks like you could easily

provide hydrogen if you could use magic from the fantasy world.

Faima's eyes shone strongly towards such mutterings of mine. Her eyes changed so much it really seemed to be shining. It's a sudden change of state transforming a herbivore into a carnivore.

"Excuse me, give me the details on that topic just now."

"Wait, what?"

Both my shoulders are firmly caught by Faima.

"Hydrogen as fuel? I never had that idea. I guess that is right, that explosive power is certainly effective. In a foreign country, some [steam engine] is developed after all. New power that uses heat already exists. In that case, just use heat as it is instead of steam. A great amount of energy isn't guaranteed from just burning oxygen, but it won't be a problem with hydrogen's explosive power, right?"

Ah, it's the same face Faima had that time I used spirit arts in front of her for the first time. Curiosity and research ambitions are running wildly.

"I still have long ways to go. I can't make fun of the country's imperial court magicians. I too can't see magic as anything other than tools for war in the end. My opinion is to stop that by any means. That's right, the thing we call magic should be liberal. Things like offensive magic is after all nothing more than a part of the field called magic. That it is tied to the development of magic is a fact, but some theories, however unnecessary and discarded they are, could be vital components in other fields. What is important is inventiveness that explores every single possible solution without getting caught up by existing preconceptions. It's necessary for future magic development. That liberal inventiveness that is!"

"Calm down."

Bonk!

"Hau!?... Ah."

After her head took a hit from me, Faima became herself again. She noticed me and Real's indescribable warm eyes and blushed.

“I, I’m sorry. Dear me, it’s all because I unconsciously stop looking around me when there is something interesting in front of my eyes...”

“No, it’s fine though.”

I wouldn’t mind leaving her alone though, if it weren’t for the scene of a mountain of corpses burning in the background. The stench of burning flesh is slowly about to go over the limits of my discomfort index.

“Sorry, but can we wait until we get out of this ravine? I’ll let you hear about it as many times as you want once we settled down in a somewhat safer place”

“That’s... right, I guess. Now is not the time to be doing this sort of conversation.”

At least it’s not a topic to be going nuts for by the side of the goblins’ cinders.

“Ms. Faima, I’d also like you to teach me about [Psy-ens] like [Oxie jen] or [Hidro jen] though. It’s somehow lonely if I’m the only one not keeping up with the conversation.”

Real raised her hand and let out that sort of request. She’s like a kid wanting to ask the teacher a question in the classroom I thought quite amusingly.

“Oh, if it’s that much, then with pleasure. I’m happy even if it’s just taking interest in science”

And this one looks like a teacher answering that kid’s problem doesn’t she, is what I also thought. I wonder if I would be taking classes more seriously if I had a young, beautiful, big boobed teacher like her.

I then draw the conclusion that boobs would bother me too much for me to get taught anything.

Chapter 26

Ugly Decoration

After finishing disposing the corpses, we headed towards Rand's place. He lets the masked man sit with his back resting on a large stone at a place a little away from the carriage. Of course both his arms and feet are restricted with an ice lock I made. His face was covered, so I can't see his facial expressions, but his hair is colored black like mine.

"Old man, you learned anything?"

"Oh is that you, Kanna. Looks like you finished disposing the goblins then. Thanks for helping out as well, milady."

"A thanks is fine. More importantly, any progress?"

"Not so much. You can get your hands on the things they're wearing almost anywhere and I don't remember any of their faces. There doesn't seem to be any direct relation between us and the assailants."

Three corpses are lying beside the big rock. The faces of the masked men are already revealed, but I don't recognize them either. It's been around a month since I've come to the other world, but it's a big problem in itself if it was a face I can recognize.

"I see. And the consciousness of the remaining survivor?"

"Still not yet. He did lose consciousness from the shock he received from a strong impact. It's just not that he is bearing any terrible injuries with the exception of the blow on the body, so a little more and he should regain consciousness soon."

"I'm sorry. I didn't have the leisure to go easy on him."

"That is asking for too much. I can settle with just apprehending him alive."

While the two are talking together beside the survivor, I approach the three dead people. Real also followed behind me.

At that place, Agaht is examining the corpses on his knees.

“Thanks for the hard work.”

“...Tch, it's you bastard.”

My enjoyment already reached rock bottom.

“Sir Agaht, isn't that attitude right after seeing someone's face somewhat rude?”

“...That was rude of me”

Agaht expressed his apology to the reproaching Real, but only with words. No, it really didn't feel like apologizing, you know. He wasn't facing this way and his words were also towards Real. My face is over here, you know that?

Well, I'm not planning to ask about his health, so without caring about Agaht's attitude, I squat beside the corpse.

“First of all, amen.”

Though they are enemies I myself have killed, I may as well join my hands. I don't expect doing that would reduce these guys' penalties, but it will comfort only their feelings.

After finishing my silent prayer which is merely for form's sake, I immediately observe the corpses.

I remove the mask and robe and also take off the light armor. He looks like regular townspeople if I just look at him. If the hole in his abdomen and chest weren't there, then he would look like he is sleeping. The one who made these holes was me though. His body seems to be trained accordingly; his shoulders are wide and his arms are also thick

“...Hm?”

I trace the body's physique with my line of sight and then a certain place felt out of place.

It's the same sign I had at the time I felt the magic power. But, it's still different from

the [Sign of magic power] that you can feel as the existence of people. If anything, it resembles the movement of the magic power at the time Faima used a spell.

“...Excuse me for a bit, here we go.”

I apologize with a few words and “tear off” the clothes on the body. More accurately, first I tear off the clothes of the corpse opened by the hole in the abdomen.

“Wha-, hey you bastard! Do you intend to violate the deceased!?”

As usual, I ignore Agaht’s shouts like cancer.

More importantly, my attention is on the now naked dead body. Specifically the chest area of the corpse where the color of blood has faded away. As I had expected, something inappropriate for a human body has been living there.

Agaht who had his eyes on me hadn’t realized it, but Real spread her eyes and raised a soft voice

“Say Real. Does the current fashion has this kind of thing?”

“...No, it doesn’t have an ugly decoration like this one.”

What is there is a gem that is releasing a glossy finish. It holds a beauty you can see at a glance that it’s manufactured by a craftsman’s hand, even the untrained eyes can judge that it’s holds value of a first class goods. I guess I could praise the craftsman’s skills, if that wasn’t “directly embedded” into the person’s skin.

Maybe he finally guessed the situation from Real and my stiff expression, but Agaht also shifted his eyes towards the corpse and became surprised after seeing the gem buried inside the body.

“This is-...”

“Sir Agaht, so this really is.”

“...Yes, it’s a measure for restraining the actions of fiendish criminals at the moment of imprisoning them. It’s because in the case we restraining a person with high fighting strength, they could escape through brute force from simple means. Besides physical restraints, we embed a gem with a particular spell loaded on their body. There are

various effects, but in most situations it becomes a mechanism which runs acute pain through their body the moment they perform an offensive act above the physical restriction. If they get a harsher type, then they also have one that inflicts instant death the moment they carry out a specific behavior.”

“So in other words, it means these guys are criminals who carried out some kind of offense?”

“I can’t say that is necessarily so. However, I have no doubt these people bear some sort of restriction in their actions.”

It was a dangerous development from the start, but the smell of burning went up with that.

“Being forced to obey... that situation is also possible, huh?”

“I don’t really want to think about that, I’d say.”

“That’s the worst case, damn it.”

If it’s true that they’re villains who aim for other people’s life as a living, then I won’t feel guilty even if I send them to their next life. It’ll be different if it’s the life of someone who have no other choice, but to do it.

A heavy [something] weighed on inside my stomach.

While I couldn’t move with that heaviness, Real and Agaht tore off the clothes of the remaining two and again, each of them have a gem embedded onto their body just like the one before.

“We can’t make any distinctions, but I have no doubts they’re all had the same treatment.”

“We can’t judge with just us. We have no choice but to ask Milady and Mr. Rand for directions. I dare say that the survivor should have the same thing done to him.”

We once again headed towards Rand and Faima and then talked about the gem put on their corpses. Both were also surprised, but they immediately cut up the survivor’s clothes and exposed his chest.

“...Really, another [concealed] one?”

For the love of, the last survivor is a [woman]. The face that I can finally see is also a woman’s face, no doubt. Her physique, if I go with the real world-ish, is oriental. Her hair is black and also I would kind of believe it if I’m told she’s Japanese.

Also, on her exposed breasts is a thin white cloth— a.k.a. a sarashi wrapped around it, but what is inside it are two seemingly cramped mountains. Without a doubt they’re huge breasts.

“The inflation on huge breasts went up too much since coming to this world, you know that?”

No, speaking of being happy, I am very happy about it, but I’m not satisfied.

Setting aside the fact it’s the second one with huge concealed breasts, the problem is the gem embedded at her breasts. Should I say “as expected”? The thing has the same color and appearance as the three corpses. What’s different is the shape varied a little.

“Milady, can you decipher the equipped spell?”

“Just a moment, I will try.”

When Faima touched the gem with her fingertips, she closed her eyes and concentrated her senses. When she spent several minutes like that, she opened her mouth while sweat spread on her forehead.

“...It’s the worst case. Behavior restriction, becoming dull in the sense of pain in the form of thought restriction. The end is a suicide act in a time limit. In addition to that there is also an array of various unpleasant spells.”

Separating her finger from the gem, Faima let out a deep sigh. The matter was too sinister, even with just the words I heard.

“A disposable measure, obligated to bury only the target’s life without at all expecting to return alive. It is not an act from an average decent person.”

“...Assassins are someone who have left the path of a person in the first place, but that really is”

Agah pointed a look of pity towards the former-assailants. Real and Rand also poured similar sympathy towards the girl.

“And yet the most ill-natured above all is that it has a mechanism in which they would commit suicide the moment the person themselves judged they cannot realize their duties. She is still unconscious at the moment, so she isn’t caught in it though.”

“In other words, even if we try interrogating her after she regained her consciousness.”

“The spell would invoke before that, destroying her heart. It’s impossible I guess.”

“Damn, so we won’t be able to pull out information from her even if we do it this way?”

Rand groaned in frustration.

“..When it comes to that, perhaps we should let her die before she regains consciousness, for her sake.”

“That... may be for the best.”

Rather than dying while in despair of failing her duties, it would be more peaceful for her to die while she’s still unconscious. Faima silently nodded towards Agah’s harsh answer. Regardless of how much the opponent is an assassin, there’s not that much grudge to thoughtlessly let them be tormented to death. I wonder if Rand and Real also agree with his words, they didn’t particularly put their word in.

—Well then, as for me.

“Faima. This gem, you can’t take it out?”

Faima answered my abrupt question, still while looking confused.

“Are you saying I didn’t think about it? This can’t be taken out as long as the person hasn’t died. If you forcibly try to take it out, then a spell will be invoked at that time.”

“In what way will Miss Big Hidden Tits exactly die? Does only her heart stop? Or will it stop by being destroyed?”

“...? The method where the heart is destroyed I suppose.”

“I see. I guess it’s like that. Then the next question. If we take out the gem after we temporarily stop her heart, will the heart be destroyed?”

“The gem uses the person’s own magic power in order to invoke the spell, so the moment the heart stops, magic supply would stop as well. It shouldn’t be destroyed then.”

“So that means she’s judged as dead when her heart stops, right?”

“...What do you want to say with that?”

“Never mind that, just answer please. If the spell judged that her heart stopped, then we can take out the gem without any problems, right?”

“I can’t say it for certain, but... perhaps.”

“Then the last one. Faima, can you use lightning type magic?”

“...I can’t use it.”

“That so. Our chances would’ve gone up with that if you could though.”

For the time being, I’ve completed the information I wanted to know. Now all’s left is pray to the heavens for fortune. It’s troubling that the god I’m praying for isn’t here at a time like this. [That] is basically my enemy after all. I never tried passing my wishes whenever I prayed.

At the beginning I destroy the ice locks I made and release both assassin’s hands. Next I create an ice knife and cut off the sarashi that’s tightening the assassin’s chest. The two mountains that were forcibly compressed was released and shook with a boing. It’s a little stimulating scene if it was on a normal day, but I don’t have the leeway for that when I think of the [gamble] I’m about to do.

“Even I can’t approve of putting an unconscious person to shame as you would have expect.”

“My bad, but please say nothing. I’ll be putting a relatively serious wager now.”

Real, who was trying to restrain me, stopped her hand instead.

“There’s no fate other than to die no matter how it plays out. In that case, it shouldn’t be bad even if you’re [unorthodoxly] disconnected for just a little bit, don’t you think?”

“...What are you trying to do?”

“I’ll explain afterwards. Well, please think of it as a godsend if I succeed.”

I change the assassin’s posture from leaning with her back on the rock to lying face up on the ground.

I then put my left hand on her left breast—above her heart. I feel the pulses of life under the soft feeling I’ve never felt before. I get the torrent that’s continuously sending blood circulation through the whole body within my palm.

That’s right, I forgot something.

“Old man. You know the method to revive a heartbeat?”

“...No, I’ve never heard about that. In the first place, what is this [hard beat] ?”

Is that so, so this world is at that level I guess.

However, only one person changed their expression.

“Yo-you, could you be-”

So Faima noticed. I can judge that her level of knowledge is quite the thing in this world.

But time is precious right now.

It’ll be too late after this assassin opens her eyes. It’s because she’s out cold right now that I have a method I can try.

I give a pep talk to myself.

“The scenario of the mastermind, you see? I’m going to joyfully and thrillingly spoil it”

I house the ice spirits inside my left hand and pour it in the body of the assassin. I point it at the heart that is keeping her body alive and pour in a surge of extremely low

temperature. It's an image that creates a palm of cold wave. I create that and then softly wrap around the heart.

"Milady, what in the world does this man intend to do?"

"...He intends to stop the woman's heart with the extreme low temperature he creates with ice magic. And then, take out the gem the moment the heart has stopped."

"How is that different from killing her normally?"

Neither Agaht nor Real could understand my actions. That's justified. As far as the people in this world is concerned, stoppage of the heart=death after all.

But it's different as far as Faima is concerned—the girl who knows what I'm trying to accomplish.

"...The body of people you see, they won't die just by simply having their heart stopped. Only when the heart stops, the blood flow through the body stops, fresh blood doesn't go to the brains and the brain also stops will the person die."

"What does that mean, Ms. Faima?"

"Don't you understand? Even if the heart stops once, if the heart starts to move once again before the brain dies, then that person will come back to life, that is what that means!"

"" — — — W-!?" ""

The shock of the three is transmitted from behind me, but I don't have the leeway to respond to that.

I feel the heartbeat gradually weakening as the heart cools with low temperature. I gradually, gradually strengthen the cold temperature, gently stopping her heart. At the end it will take on a natural shape and extinguish the beats of life.

I put all my attention to my left hand. It's because I have to make sure the moment the heart completely stops. If I make even a little mistake in the foundation, it'll decrease the likelihood of resuscitating her by that much. It'll also increase the time spent on resuscitating her. If we take more time, it will increase the time where blood stops flowing inside the brains, not to mention the dangers of brain disorders.

What I'm relying on is of course my increased [perception]. Just before the torch of life goes out, I will pick out the borderline of whether the fire will go out or not a little after.

"Signal when the heart stops. I will take out the gem. The handling of the gem with magic spells embedded in it is outside my area of expertise, but I can handle it the most proper among us. I should be able to control it enough to protect it against an unlikely malfunction. Kanna, completely devote yourself in resuscitate the heart and lungs after that."

I stop only to nod to Faima's words. To be clear, I use my nerves on top of devotedly raising the intensity of ice. Because doing it badly and lowering the temperature too much would end up freezing the blood saved up inside the heart. Also if I cool off too much, the whole body temperature will go down that would make it difficult to resuscitate her as expected.

"Agaht, lend me your knife."

"...Please use this. I haven't been negligent in maintenance, so there should be no problems in its sharpness."

"Is that so. Rand, take out alcohol and clean cloth from the luggage in the carriage. When I scoop out the gem, I disinfect it and stop the wound with the cloth."

"I understand. I will be right back."

"Kanna. It will be fine anytime when Rand returns."

Looks like Faima's preparations are also in good order. Then I have to get the timing right.

And then———。

"-Ugh, Now!"

Almost at the same time as my cue, Faima stabbed the knife inside the flesh and gouged out the gem.

"The heart is-!?"

“...It’s safe!”

The heart had stopped, but I confirm the sign that there’s no wound attached to it. And so, we completely took the gem outside the body.

My first wager was a success.

Next is the question whether the second wager would come out halfway with a bang.

“I will perform artificial respiration! You do the heart massage Kanna!”

“Roger!”

With quick coordination, I kneel down and put both my hands on top of each other on the assassin’s left side of the chest and correct my posture so my elbows are straight. And then I repeatedly press on her chest with all my strength. When I repeat it around ten times, Faima sharply shouts.

“Stop!”

I briefly stop stimulating the heart. Faima drew a big breath, then covered the woman’s lips and sent in the air accumulated in her lungs in one go. I guess when she’s done with that and then once again start stimulating her heart. And then after another ten repeats, Faima sent in oxygen through the mouth again.

While everyone is staying silent, only the sound of air sent in and the sound of my fighting spirit of moving the heart resounded in the surroundings. Faima and I wholeheartedly to revive the assassin.

Around two minutes of lifesaving action passed. To me they felt so tense like time had lapsed tenfold.

“...*gasp*, gaha-!”

Within the palm of my hand I feel the beats of life have restarted. At the same time, the girl who had kept silent up until now returned signs of resurrection through her mouth.

“Resuscitation of heart and lungs... is... confirmed.”

Upon confirming the assassin's breathing returning to normal, Faima and I feel exhausted and fell down face up.

And, right before my back met with the ground I was caught by someone. When I turned my face towards my back, I see that that Agaht caught my body for some reason.

"...What's with that face?"

"Well, it's because I was caught by someone unexpected."

"...I just happened to be nearby, that's all."

Maybe I let my feelings show on my face, but Agaht showed an angry attitude looking at me who was showing an unexpected face. Except there was hardly any harsh mood.

"Can I ask you one thing?"

"What?"

"How come you were that serious about that? You said resuscitation of heart and lungs or something, didn't you. That time that was taking place, your face carried a so much seriousness that you were close to being dreadful. How come you could become this serious towards an unknown third party?"

"...I told you didn't I? That I would joyfully and thrillingly spoil the scenario of the mastermind. I wanted to break the fighting spirit of that shitty villain who I bet is looking down on us. This assassin—or is it former—should've wanted to live. If not, then she would've committed suicide the time such a gem that's like the embodiment of livestock, embedded on her. I feel like wanting to let this woman live. And I knew the way to let this woman live."

I speak of my own disposition.

"If there's something I can do, something that's wished for and a will to do so, then what's left is to just pour all my effort into it."

It's because the things the incompetent I can do don't amount to much. If that's the case, then it's natural to pour my all into those few [possibilities]. If not, then I'll end up becoming a genuine [incompetent person].

“...with all your strength, the things you can do... is it? So is that why you bastard went for that cowardly fighting style?”

What he's talking about is the mock battles we do in training.

“Sorry, but I don't happen to have the abilities to be able to do it fair and square. Well, it's a matter of preference really.”

Being unpredictable and striking dumb an opponent of superior standing is, you may not think so, but it's unusually enjoyable. It gives quite the pleasant feeling to see the face distort of the brute who was convinced he's winning. It's a little evil though.

Agahit curved his lips like an inverted V towards my words, but his facial expression is closer to that of a parent looking at a difficult child. No, you're still in your early twenties, right?

“More importantly, while this girl was forced into it, she's a criminal who aimed for the lady you know? Is it fine that we managed to keep her alive longer?”

“...if milady tries to do it, then we will support her with all our strength. Moreover, if she forgets her debt of gratitude and once again face her, then at that time we can attack her with all our strength.”

“...Well, even I think it'll be too much to take care of at that point.”

I don't necessarily wish for a thanks for her debt, but even I don't plan on forgiving her if she's going to return as an enemy.

“Kanna. Create some locks again please. It won't end with just reflexively struggling at the time she regains consciousness after all.

Like I've been told, I once again put both hands of the former assassin into locks with ice. At this moment there's nothing I can do to the cooling down of her arms and legs beside letting her endure it. It's just a temporary peace of mind, but I coil some cloth between the flesh and the locks, blocking the chill.

“Now then, I'll go on ahead and carry her into the carriage for now.”

Real covered the assassin's exposed huge breasts with cloth, held up in her arms and headed to the carriage. Though she's a woman, her retreating figure as she carries a

person lightly (moreover in a princess carry) is cool.

“By the way, you too thanks for the helping out, Faima.

“...I didn’t think that the medical books I’ve read out of curiosity were helpful in this sort of place. I don’t know what was useful in life.”

If I had to perform artificial respiration and cardiac massage by myself, then I’ll probably meet some difficulties one way or another and fail. The fact Faima had knowledge in emergency care was good. Thanks to that I could devote myself in doing only cardiac massage after all.

“But you know, the more I look at your magic, the more it looks abnormal. It doesn’t even let me feel magic at that time and that level of control is too strange. Out of common sense, I couldn’t express a conclusion like that.”

“It’s a trade secret.”

“It’s unfair to tell me to accept everything with just that word, you know. I’ll make you tell me, isn’t something I plan on telling you, but I’d like you to allow me at least some freedom of study.”

I didn’t plan on forbidding it that far. Please think about it as you please and shed light to it as you please.

“In the first place, the very idea itself of creating a cold wave with ice magic and stopping the heart with it is nearly impossible. Not to mention the question in relation to lightning magic. That was for letting the heart restart by applying a shock after the cardiac arrest, am I correct? Really, what train of thought do you have to hold to arrive at that answer.”

Again Faima became absorbed in her thoughts.

Just like she said, the idea in the first place is different from what you expect. As far as the majority of the residents of this world is concerned, magic should be a [way to attack]. As far as I’m concerned on the other hand, magic and spirit arts are only one of the [ways]

This thinking is based on the science culture of the real world where fire, electricity and on top of that even water are considered energy sources. Originally, even if they’re

a symbol of power, a mystery of natural phenomenon or a blessing, I've come up with that precisely because I'm raised in a world that's connected with research and development for the sake of convenience of everyday life.

It became an exaggerated story, but in other words it's the difference in environment. I didn't mean to think deeply just by connecting plausible sentences in that topic just now. The keen character is what my loli classmate with a distinct appearance is in charge of.

Afterwards, Kanna and the others dug up a hole and buried the deceased former assassins. It is because disposing them by burning them like the magic beasts was hesitated upon as one would expect. The other party did not want to let their name known so they don't have anything that can reveal their identity, but a gravestone of moderately piled up stone was placed instead.

This time the aftermath was finished and so they rode the carriage and left that place behind. A considerable time has already passed since noon, but they could not afford spending the night in that place. Other magic beasts who hunts the dead flesh of goblins, despite being burned, may gather. Even if it was an emotional problem, there were no such member who would be able to peacefully lie down beside the appearance of a mountain of burnt corpses.

It is the time of the night. Half a day passed since the carriage Kanna and co was riding on disappeared and the date had also changed.

A lone figure approached the side of the pile of the burnt black corpses that it's nearly carbonized and it's no longer possible to make any distinction.

"...So, [String user] woman, you've made a blunder. Ku ku ku, that vexing face of hers was a sight to see. That's why I warned her. Stop using small fries like these goblins. That it would be good if she listen to someone's warnings obediently"

The figure bore a smile and shook.

"...But."

Smiling briefly, the figure extinguishes his joy until now and faced a different direction.

“The one who permitted that person’s laziness was none other than the [Time Reciter]. If she had said [no] , then the string user woman should have prepared a more proper hand to play with. I had prepared even puppets as insurance for the worst case.”

It was exactly the place where Kanna and co had buried the bodies of the assassins. Looking at the stones substituting the gravestone. The number of stones were three. That is to say three bodies are buried under it.

“There were four puppets sent here. But, there are three bodies. Is the remaining one captured alive? But there are no reason for the [young lass] to not notice the treatment given to the puppets. It’s that character of hers, I’m certain she will feel pity and help her though...”

The figure approached the place where the three were buried and pointed the hand towards the surface of the ground. A (bogori) sound was made and the ground around the place the hand was pointing rose in mid-air. Thereunder, the three buried corpses were exposed.

The figure confirmed the face of those corpses and then frowned.

“So they took along the [Beast] of all things. So we should have put them down the moment they failed in the town after all. I regretted it because the [string user] is also a useful piece even among my puppets so. Good grief, I’m letting them take too much time. It’s become like this because I’m attached to one of my pieces.”

While murmuring irritation, the hand pointing towards the ground was swung quickly. The soil floating in midair was then pulled by the gravitational force as if it lost support, once again burying the corpses.

“It would be risky if we deviate any more from the scenario of the [Time Reciter]. Irregularities would be caused in the development from hereon if we move poorly I see. There’s no other choice. Dealing with it firsthand myself, including the [beast] , should be certain. If I erase them without leaving behind even trash, then there shouldn’t be any evidence remaining, I suppose.”

The figure spoke of their strong decision while gazing at the direction Kanna and the others are heading towards, at the other side of the road of the ravine.

“...I cannot comprehend this however. Since when has the scenario of the [Time

Reciter] ever been off? I cannot count any as far as my memories serves however. Did something irregular arise in the party of [that young girl] ?”

Suddenly, the incident at the town was recalled.

“...Speaking of which, there was an ice user protecting [that young girl] in town. It seems the tables of the puppets were also overturned by [coincidence] , that person was [small-time] at any rate. He should be an element even if he is like trivial pebbles on the roadside. The pebbles on the roadside gives more influence on the environment than him, I suppose.”

As far as the figure is concerned, the [ice user] boy was nothing but an [incompetent person] who was not even worth being aware of. Judging from their view of life, there had never existed a [lack of talent] before that makes finding a person with [no results] more difficult.

Therefore, the [ice user] promptly vanished from within the figure’s mind.

——Without even knowing that that would spell the figure’s own fall.

Chapter 27

Peach Bliss And Assassin Of Explosive Flames

A day has passed since the goblins and assassins' ambush, we kept our guard up as we left the valley

"Mu?" (real)

"What's the matter real-san is it magic beasts again?" (faima)

Since we got attacked twice after the first ambush, just like faima i totally assumed it's another attack

"No, this is..." (real)

Real denies faima's guess as she puts her hands on her ears and closes her eyes

Mishimishimishi

Just a few seconds after that the clear sound of something cracking could be heard but it was already late by then

Just when i thought i heard some 'bakintto' dangerous sound the carriage we were sitting on tilted the side i was on became down and the other side up

Being on the down side i and kiska were only surprised, the big breasted former assassin was fine too since she was laying down

On the other side real and agat immediately grabbed some part of the carriage and since the weapons were well stored the luggage was safe

"Kyaaaa!?" (faima)

Only faima who was setting right in front of me got thrown towards me, it must have been due to her, a magician having the worst physical ability in this party

I hurried to catch her

“Watto mugoo !!??”(kanna)

Hrn, a weird scream you say? Un, it is mostly the kind of development everyone is thinking. For now i managed to catch her but the position was a little bad

I was still sitting down but for some reason faima flew in my direction in a banzai pose in a y → y kind of way as my face was welcomed into her breasts when i caught her

Now let's not forget that faima has two melons that rival real's mountains hence it's only natural i can't see anything along with my mouth and nose getting blocked

A soft yet elastic sensation, seeming about to fall off yet having an unignorable presence the two soft lumps embrace my face.

It was the first time since coming to this world that i thought from the bottom of my heart “It's fine to die right here and now” though only for a second.

No really, i seriously believed that but, when it comes to it as expected death by breast suffocation isn't funny.

Both my mouth and nose were totally locked in faima's melons. Unable to take in fresh air i am starting to fall into breathing difficulty.

To make matters worse probably due getting confused faima is firmly holding my head between her breasts with both hands.

Leading to further lack of oxygen. I stroke her arms with the hope she will let go but it ends in vain.

Maybe her confusion is accelerating she actually put more strength in her arms.eh, faima-san. At this rate it will really be death by breasts suffocation for me

Not simply strangling but to go as far as being mortal eh

“Faima-jō. I'd say it's best if you release kanna now...”(real)

“Eh... aaa,kanna-kun”(faima)

“Bu ha~a!”(kanna)

Having been liberated i immediately inhaled in search of oxygen. Looks like i somehow managed to escape the suffocation death. For the first time i learned how much of a weapon those valleys can be, in so many ways

“A,a,are you fine “(faima)

Faima asks me in a worried tone

“...i’m fine, so for now please move aside”(kanna)

I was happy she’s worrying about me but the position we’re in is a little no good

With my words she finally realizes she’s sticking to my body and so she flails away as her face gets red.

Not that i never had skin ship with girls before but, i get the feeling that was more of an exchange of fists,while feeling refreshed from the soft skin of a woman completely different from my experience, as expected i didn’t put my thoughts to my mouth.

An awkward mood drifts between me and faima. My face too was probably red enough not to lose to her. Just as i am wondering whether to say something or not.

“You! What kind of things are you doing to milady”(agat)

“No no no, it’s a complete accident! I was becoming a step away from suffocation ne!”

“Shut your mouth!You damned scoundrel defiling an unmarried maiden!”

“This is not such a serious story, oi”

“Stop piling excuses. In a woman’s ch... ch... chest your face... ei you fool”

“Stubborn and pure and now your it’s inverse blowing up eh”

Having my collar grabbed by agat whose face is flushing red from anger and shame my neck starts tightening. Is this the protagonist’s feeling when he experiences lucky-sukebe?

I'm released right away thanks to faima's intervention

"....."(real)

"And, what's wrong with you?"

"...nothing"

I was looked at with white eyes by real but when i ask her about it she diverts her face. As a woman was she angry at the the accidental sexual harassment towards faima? No normally she would just say something like 'you can't be helped' and that's all. How strange

"Keep it at that you guys. Right now it's important to grasp the situation"

Kiska who was the most calm says so, and then rand who was sitting on the driver seat showed his face

"Captain rand how was it?"

"The two wheels on the left side broke. We can't repair them with what's on us"

When i got out the situation was exactly as he said. the side i was sitting on, in short the left side's wheels were out of place. The axis part was broken in both of them

"Just why did both snap together. normally only one of the two snaps in this kind of situation"

"Be it one or two there is no changing the fact that the wheels are broken"

"The sound that real caught on to at first was the wheels breaking eh?"

"She's an elf after all. Even a small sound that we totally can't hear won't be missed by her. Though in this case it's not like you can do anything even if you hear it"

It's likely that the axle breaking is due to this valley's road's condition. it's more or less maintained as a road but you can see stones here and there. It must have reached the limit of its endurance

"Isn't there anything like spare parts?"

“There is one spare wheel but that’s all. As expected there’s nothing amateurs can do when the axle broke”

“Which means that from here on we have to walk eh”

Rand nods his head at the words of kiska

“Fortunately the horses themselves don’t have a scratch on them. We’ll have milady ride on one and put the heavy luggage on the other while we carry the rest.it’s regrettable but we have to leave the carrier huh”

Once it was decided we started taking the luggage out of the broken carrier. For a noble lady travelling alone (with attendants) the stuff faima brought was surprisingly few. Food problems can be solved through money which she has plenty of but she didn’t have much clothes. If we share between everyone seems like we don’t need to discard anything but the carrier

“What are we going to do about this blackhair?”

I somehow carry the unconscious blackhair and get out of the carriage... i’ll just say that i certainly didn’t carry her because i wanted to taste the sensation of her voluptuous chest on my back. I mean it. There is no denying the happiness i’m in though! Faima who dind’t know such inner thoughts of mine says.

“She’ll be riding the horse with me. It’s quite tiring to carry an unconscious person after all”

How mysterious is the human body. Someone once said it’s the difference of the center of gravity or whatever.but for her consciousness not to return after a whole day is indeed worrying

“It seems better to show her to a doctor once we reach the next town”

“I guess, her breathing is stable, and she doesn’t appear to have anything like an injury. Just that neither i nor rand and the other two have any deep medical knowledge. It might be that we just don’t know and she’s actually injured”

“I pray that’s doesn’t turn to be the case”

As it is she’s the only lead we have concerning the mastermind behind the attack we

took. there's yesterday's goblin attack too. I really wish she safely opens her eyes. Whether or not she'll honestly answer our questions is something I don't know but that comes after this voluptuous blackhair opens her eyes.

"...tte eh?"

Lifting the blackhair having gotten close enough to stick to her I feel some discomfort towards this woman. No doubt I'm carrying a human but it feels like something else is there too. I turn behind and take a look at her face it's unmistakably a human yet something is weird about it. It feels as if her face is lacking something essential. But before I could take a better look at her.

(oh?)

A flash filled my field of vision.

—————

The shadow smiled due to his streak of luck.

Looks like, a problem occurred with the carriage they were riding. The wheels of one side are removed and it's tilting. Now they're in the middle of moving their baggage.

With this there's no longer any worry about them escaping by carriage. Though from the beginning there was no intention of letting them flee.

Just that making sure not to leave any possibility of failure was his modus operandi

"Burn without leaving a single ash"

A long distance sniping while concealing one's magic power.

Be it a skilled magician or not it's no easy feat to detect an attack from such a distance. And even if they do detect it, what's about to be unleashed has enough heat to melt steel within a second

"O steel-flame, run"

The technique activates, a fire ball containing great heat is released from the man's hand.

The moment it is set free the condensed fire ball erases everything around due to it's heat and impact.

It is without a doubt the magic technique this man specializes in the most.

It's only cons would be that it takes some concentration to activate and that it can't be rapid-fired, in return it has great fire power and amazing firing range. Not to mention the time lag between knitting the magic power and firing the attack was a short two seconds.

A half baked technique made instantly can't hope to deal with it, or so says the experience of the man who's took down countless enemies before

The one shot kill magic bullet draws closer to the target. Then it reaches the boy carrying the 'beast' who was standing near the target.

(what?) [nani?] [omae wa mo shindeiru]

Is it my imagination. The man felts like he and the boy just locked eyes

Just before he could confirm the truth of the matter, the explosive flames roared

Chapter 28

The Ice Spirit Arts User & The Silver Haired Big Breasts Dragon Knight Vs The Emperor Of Strong Flames (First Form)

It was four seconds before that I felt a human presence.

Three seconds, that I sensed a great amount of magic power.

Two seconds, that I caught sight of the magic power's source.

One second, that the magic was unleashed.

And, less than one second, that I poured every drop of spirit force into the spirit magic.

Around a tenth of a second, that the ice cliff was produced.

A blaze hot enough to melt steel exploded. A joke like amount of explosive flames raged across the ice wall.

An aggressive use of spirit magic that can't be expressed just as forceful.

The additional amount of spirit force that I used to stop the flame.

Due to these two absurdities my consciousness was barely hanging in there. Once I lose consciousness the ice I made with spirit magic will fall down to just some normal ice, at that time the flame will easily Break through it, reducing us to ashes.

Dragging my last bit of sanity, I managed to keep myself awake

While bearing with enough mental damage to feel a mortifying pain, I made my move.

This was neither a flash nor a revelation. It was but a conclusion drawn from experience.

When do you think it is that a surprise attack is going to succeed? That's when you are sure that the target won't attack back.

In other words it is precisely for opponents that don't doubt the success of their surprise attacks that a surprise attack shows the most effect. Therefore I absolutely couldn't miss this chance.

The iron rule for the weak to win against the strong. That is grabbing the golden opportunity that came your way.

Adding to the burden of my brain that felt like it's boiling, I made ten great ice spears and shot them with great momentum just as I felt the fireball's heat subside

Those spears that I put all my spirit force into without holding back easily penetrate the ice wall as they head towards the magician.

Though the enemy was not at a distance where my eyes can clearly catch his form for better or worse I remembered this guy's presence. There was no way I can forget.

It was the strange magic power that appeared when Faima was attacked in town

Without an inch of error I set him as the target for the spirit magic. I confirmed the hit, not, just like last time a pillar of fire rose and blocked the spears. Thought they managed to sustain their shape for a few seconds, that's all. The projectiles quickly lost their form and turned into water

The enemy's magic power was still there. It didn't feel like it's decreased. But thanks to it being so enormous I could easily read his confusion. This guy still hadn't grasped the situation. As proof of that, although the spears were neutralized there was no sign of the flame pillar disappearing.

In short he was strengthening his defenses in order to understand the situation.

Pashiri, I could feel my skin bursting open due to the pain running through my head.

The feedback of having something created using spirit magic destroyed, the wounds inflicted on my body. the flowing blood covered my left eye as a part of the skin of my head was torn apart.

I endure the external pain and the internal stress with guts.

I have to make my next move before that pillar disappears. I didn't know whether that's going to be a second or a minute away but the time I can spend thinking certainly wasn't long, the moment that pillar vanishes my chance vanishes with it.

No matter what I must prevent the owner of that miscellaneous magic power from getting serious, hence there was a need to crush him before he regained his calm.

I started collapsing as my knees give in, but I managed to get myself together. I lower the blackhair on the ground while at it. *(TN: remember he was carrying the black haired girl since last chapter)*. Except I no longer had the strength to stand.

At this distance, I can't fire a powerful attack.

The biggest advantage yet worst draw back of spirit magic is that it greatly depends on the psyche of the user. Close range is one thing but long range attacks are quite unstable and the firepower lowers too

"Rea... I"

The reason my tongue tangled up is that the connection between my mind and body is getting hazy. I mustered more guts is I opened my mouth

"What should I do?"

Dependably, my partner answered my call. While the other four were lost for words and in a daze only she responded to my words. Regardless of the enemy and the situation she just asked me what matters. My mouth naturally turned into smile

"Carry me... and dive right in"

"Accepted"

As soon as she finished saying so, without a hint of hesitation, Real throws her sword which flies a little far away before piercing the ground. With a speed that made you doubt whether she really was carrying a human, she fetched me and started running

And then Real chanted

"Come forth, my wings"

In sync with the short words, a magic formation appeared around the great sword.

Along with the light of the formation a single beast with strong looking wings made it's appearance. It was the same dragon we rode on when we crossed Reizan. *(TN: Reizan is the mountain where they met the great ice spirit)*

Right before Real's arrival the dragon spread it's wings and started running.

"We're jumping, careful not to bite your tongue"

After running for a while and retrieving her sword Real did a big leap. just what kind of muscles do you got to have to be able to do such stunts.

Just as Real jumped while carrying me, the dragon, without being told by anyone accelerated into the sky. Just when I think it's fluttering it's wings and floating, the dragon cut the wind with a speed much superior to Real's run.

By the point we shortened the distance to a half, the flame pillar faded away. What came into view was a single man wearing a gorgeous robe, the man's raised hand was clearly aimed at us.

The man's magic power swelled up and the magic activated. Leaving a trail behind, a massive bullet of fire came our way

(he's fast)

As you start building the magic formula, magic power becomes easier to perceive

The more magic power you have and the more complicated the formula the longer it takes to invoke the magic

Yet the magic this man fired had almost no time lag between the start and invocation of the spell

My hunch is telling me that getting hit by that means death

"Don't worry, i'll open the path"

Before I could even say anything Real answered me. there wasn't a fragment of impatience in that answer, rather her few words carried a sense of confidence.

Girari, the great sword in her hand glittered, the symbol of violent might glowed in silver

The flame was already in front of us, it will be a direct hit as it is

“Kyuaaaaaaaaaa!”

The dragon roared and, it was kind of late at this point but is it male or female? Folded it's wings and rubbed it's neck into it's torso. If you do such a thing you can't avoid crashing. Not to mention the speed we were flying at, it's the same as causing a big accident willingly.

My astonishment didn't end there? The instant it folded it's wings the dragon changed it's posture, built up momentum and rotated with slight deviation from the horizontal axis.

Ki...

I picked such a sound at the tips of my ears

Different from the confused me Real was already swinging her sword, though I didn't see the beginning of it, I could guess the slashing line from her posture

The explosive sounds from behind. The dragon's body made a rotation and with it my field of vision. What spontaneously entered my sight from behind was the scene of some parts of the two sides of the valley blowing up.

My body that was sound and safe.

The two explosions behind me.

She cut the flame, the magic, that's the only way to explain the phenomenon that took place.

That's why the dragon was doing such acrobatics eh.

Had she swung her sword as it is the dragon's body would be in the way

In short she did such unreasonableness to secure a place to swing her sword

(incidentally, these details are something Real taught me afterwards)

Just like a car in full acceleration revives from a slip the dragon once again spread out its wings and flew ahead.

Sending my eyes to the robe man again, he seemed to be confused, so much that I could tell even from this distance.

The gap separating us had shrank. The man's expression warps, exposing his face painted in anger and humiliation.

This time he made a magic formula with both hands. There wasn't enough time to cut the magic once we came this close.

Real tried to make the dragon raise its altitude but much faster than her the man's magic was completed

The flame bullet flew, landed in front of the flying dragon and burst

I managed to create an ice wall just before the attack hit deploying it between the right abdomen of the dragon that rose a little above land and the ground.

Though I intended to have poured all the spirit force that I could muster in a moment, it was easily turned to dust by the blast.

Influenced by the shock we were thrown in the air along with the dragon

A great crater was left in the ground

Had I not used the ice wall to decrease the shock wave I would have been dead in an instant.

Since the dragon and the wall both worked as a barrier, almost none of the shock wave reached me. Despite that the blast's power was so tremendous that I lost to the momentum and was thrown far from the dragon

Though my sense of direction was messed up as I danced in the air, something like averting my focus from that guy, I didn't

Although we were lunched in the air and I got tossed from the dragon's back the fact

that we've reached the goal remained

Even without wings to fly in the air I will keep pushing forward

The gap with the robe is almost nothing

This time I even pour my soul into the spirit magic as I command the spirits, ignoring the small details I make an ice shape

...

"Gu...!"

Due to such an overbearing use of spirit magic the 'price' trampled my body. a sense of collapse spread through it. just keeping my eyes open made me feel worn out. even breathing took quite the effort, I didn't even have the will to think.

I was attacked by a cold sensation as if I was thrown with nothing on me into an intensely cold land. The feed back from losing the ice wall burned my nerves.

Inside my hazy consciousness, I remembered the thousand years old great spirit. She taught me that in spirit magic the image is originally secondary and what really matters is the strength of the will. An unshakable spirit. As long as you have that spirit magic can be used.

It's only a sense of collapse, a difficulty in breathing and extreme pain. Nothing to make a fuss about.

Not matter how much I'm despised as an incompetent capable of accomplishing nothing. When it comes to a contest of willpower I won't lose to anyone. Tolerance is by far my forte. I have a reputation for not knowing when to give up.

"Ga... aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!"

A scream leaked out from my mouth.

I regained my consciousness as I felt vitality returning to my body.

The spirits rejoiced as they answered to the excitement of my soul

Three meters in diameter

Five meters in thickness

With a length of more than six meters

A great ice hammer was there.

The face of the robe who had been assured of his victory freezes

He started making a new magic to pulverize me before I land but it was already late

I grab the handle with both hands and swing the great hammer with my whole body

The man's hand was directed at the hammer rather than me, what was fired was the same annihilation magic that destroyed my ice twice before. Maybe because the situation was quite extreme for him, there was practically no time lag between the magic power accumulation and the activation of the magic

“Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!!!”

A temperature enough to melt the earth was released however, the instant it touched the hammer it was all dispersed. It wasn't a misfire the magic had certainly activated. It was merely that the ultra cold leaking from my hammer had sucked all the heat.

Right at the end it felt like my eyes met with the robe's. What his eyes showed was undoubtedly the color of despair

As for me

(drop dead already)

I had unleashed a full swing of anger

The annihilation hammer pulverized the 'small resistance'(the magician) shattering the ground along him. A shock big enough to produce small-scale changes in the topography shook the earth. The land split with the impact point as a center and an uplift occurred.

The moment I felt the end of a life , I let go of my consciousness as it is.

Chapter 29

I Burned Out A Bit

“...You really do the unreasonable”

Real uttered while she carried the boy who is her partner.

Though she was blown away along with the dragon, fortunately she was safe. Despite it taking her all to regain the balance she lost midair, she still managed to witness everything.

Although it took some damage the dragon, which was the closest to the blast survived thanks to Kanna’s ice wall. There were injuries that will heal with some time off, but inversely said, they wouldn’t heal without rest. Real already sent it home after thanking it.

Remembering the soothing dragon which kept sending a worried gaze in Kanna’s direction until it disappeared, a small smile leaked out of Real’s mouth.

Even though that child is shy and dislikes having anyone but Real ride it even when ordered to. Above being of a shy species, that child is especially timid. In contrast to its cute appearance it’s a child with strong traits.

Nevertheless the instant it met the boy from another world it got attached to him. Even though I’ve been with it since its birth, it was a level of familiarity that made me feel like getting jealous

“Though if you say that I’m no different eh”

It wasn’t just the dragon

Real too trusts the boy to a degree that surprises even herself

Not even she knows when things turned like that. The moment she realized it it had become so, is all she can say. Strange as it was, it didn’t feel bad.

It would have been understandable, had she the sense of a normal woman.

Real's meeting with Kanna was in prison, after she had fallen for the enemy's tactics and was confined.

If she was one of those 'princesses', she would have been full of worry thinking about the future awaiting her. Enter 'he' gallantly to the rescues. And she falls for him no questions asked.

However, in Real's case, she had long ago gotten rid of such woman like sensibility though she still retains the minimum shame a woman should. There was no interest towards romance in her due to having spend a long time among men. This part of Real is the same for Kiska too, the only difference being that the latter has every intention of having a relationship.

Back to topic, what Real felt while imprisoned certainly wasn't anything as sweet as sadness or worry, she only felt killing intent. Pure hatred and rage towards that black bellied princess that trapped her. If she was in front of her right here and now, Real was sure to swing down her sword unhesitatingly, chopping her in two.

Real was in such an enraged state when Kanna saved her, that's why even if she feels gratitude for him, Real's heart at that time didn't have room for something like love. It was to the point that she might have even rejected the helping hand that was extended to her.

Yet her heart started to calm down as she heard his words.

At first he was surprised at the long ears of the elves. As it is, it seems like the only people in his world are of the human race. After that he told me he was summoned as a hero candidate, from there it was his anger towards the black bellied princess, how they were going to dispose of him and his request for help.

Isn't your guard a little too down against someone your meeting for the first time?

When I asked him so the answer that came back was

"Well, the enemy of my enemy is my ally right? Besides you look like a good person."

It sounded like some softy's nonsense. But weirdly enough I simply accepted his words. This man can be trusted, I calmly thought so.

Looking back on it, I now understand that it took him quite the courage to say those words. Although from a glance he seems to be acting on impulse, he's actually quite sharp. He excels at sensing the subtleties of people and reading the air. Though he has a strong personality, depending on the situation he holds himself back for profit, or shrewdly uses the conclusion to make a gain. As proof, up until now even as he acts on impulses, at the end he always collects profit. Even when he falls it won't be for free is precisely describing this kind of guy

But that's probably not his essence. That behavior of his is most likely worldly wisdom backed by experience

This situation is the basis of that. Kanna being here is the biggest proof.

He is in a way pure. He doesn't lie to himself. While he runs his mouth about profit he won't abandon those who need help. That's why he extended his hand to Real, headed out to save the girl at the village and took on the job of escorting Faima.

That innocent behavior might be his charm. And the root of this trust.

"Con-man might as well be indicating this guy eh"

The words the great spirit said the other day surfaced in my mind. It could be that the purest soul that spirit was talking about was concerning this

"...anyway, he made a show out of it eh"

Turning behind me, there was the huge hammer of ice, half of it's body stuck in the pulverized ground right in the middle of the valley's road. It will without a doubt become a problem for the traffic.

The circumstances having been what they were. It wasn't really overdoing it, nevertheless there were some places to think about. Well, if you bring it up to the one who created such a scene. A future where he holds his head is well expected.

"This hair color is surprising as well "

The hair color of the fainted Kanna wasn't the normal 'black' it used to be. What was there was snow white hair without any impurities. Seeing how his eyebrows and eyelashes turned white too this change most likely took place all over his body.

I have heard of such phenomenon occurring in war, when the spirits of the soldiers are greatly burdened. As if they passed a few decades in a matter of days. In general it seems to be triggered by negative feelings such as fear and despair. In Kanna's case the rebound from the extreme use of spirit magic was the cause.

— the guess of Real was close but no cigar.

The reason Kanna's hair changed color was no doubt the great burden on his spirit, it affected his body after all.

However, the emotions that dominated his body were by no means fear or despair.

Normally, one can't remove if not faced with an extreme situation where their life is at stake, the mind's limiter, he released it through willpower

That situation was without a mistake abnormal. Had he made just one mistake everyone there would have perished. The crisis of life certainly was there

But, in the middle of all of that Kanna still refused to let go of his sanity. As reckless as it seemed he never stopped facing his objective. At the very end sustaining his rationality, he surpassed the limits of his spirit out of his own will, and the result was the change of his body.

With the power of reason he managed to pull out the limits of his instincts.

If the gorgeous great spirit was at that place surely she would have given him her highest praises. That's the number one basis she chose Kanna for after all.

This incident might have been the first step towards the birth of the boy who will later on become a hero. Now he's just getting carried by the silver haired beauty.

Interlude 2

Izumo Yuzuki Is A Hetare Ikemen Overflowing With Cheat

Around the time Kanna was taking Faima's outdoor lesson and getting beat up by Agat.

Three weeks have passed since Kanna's friends were summoned to this world.

“Dasshaaaa”

“Aaaaah!!!”

Misaki shoots a tornado kick which Yuzuki stops. Though she raised a voice that shouldn't come from a girl, there was no one there to make the retort.

Anyway, I shall explain since the situation is advancing a little too fast.

Un? Who's this narrator. You ask? Just don't bother with the small details. I'm more or less a personality created by the author of this story. At least, I'm not something like a god watching over earth and I'm unrelated to the idiot in this world. Just keep in mind that I might make an appearance whenever the story isn't centered around the protagonist.

Back to topic.

As Misaki and Ayana had guessed, the kingdom wasn't stupid enough to immediately send them to war. Weird enough, the princess who summoned them even knew they came from a peaceful world.

Well, that aside.

Yuzuki and Misaki had borrowed the training grounds and are now doing a mock battle.

“Hold on, Misaki-san?? Don't you think a girl shouldn't raise such voices?——?!!”

“Don’t you put in ——— unneeded quips”

Misaki’s heel drop flies towards Yuzuki even as he evades it.

A great blast blows the ground to pieces.

Even if it was a move she she favors that could actually shatter the ground, making rocks fly, as expected, was no longer a human feat.

Looking at her, she was wearing Short pants and a T-shirt prepared by the servants. Both of the best quality with high defensive capabilities. The two arm-guards that cover from her elbows to her fingertips give her an increase in defenses and blunt attacks power.

What drew the most attention were the leg-guards that clearly deviate from the norm. The part covering until below her knees was obviously much bigger than the rest. Although it holds quite the weight that posed no challenge for Misaki. But as a weapon it was unbalanced to say the least.

Well, the increase in fire-power might have been its selling point.

“Oops”

“There’s still more where that came from, you know!!”

Receiving the blast of the explosion Yuzuki broke his balance. Not overlooking the chance Misaki taps the ground with her left leg-guard activating a magic formation. A magic formula appears on the ground followed by another big explosion.

—The first thing the three were thought when they came to this world was their magic powers values and their magic elements. Due to the precedence called Kanna the court magicians were quite anxious at first, but that too vanished soon enough. All three summoned students were talented enough to be called ‘The hero’. <za yuusha!!>

Misaki showed talent for offensive fire magic and a magic pool many times the size of a court magician. Though she still couldn’t use anything complicated and is incapable of shooting her magic long ranged attack.

Though the firepower of fire magic is nothing to scoff at one must always consider the risk of self injury when producing such explosions.

Yet Misaki managed to find a method to make use of even that.

That method being———

“Oorryaaaa!!!”

The blast yet again shaves the earth off. Blowing Misaki’s body, using the shock to accelerate she charges in.

That is right,those huge leg-guards weren’t for adding to her defense or firepower.their true worth lies in dampening the impact of the explosion.Possibly because she had trained in martial arts while on earth, this way of fighting greatly suited her.

Since she’s only using simple magic it doesn’t require much time to activate.

Misaki continued closing in on the fleeing Yuzuki.

Normally one will be unable to handle the force from the acceleration and lose their balance at some point. But then again footwork happened to be Misaki’s area of expertise. She had already gotten used to her new way of fighting.

For a while, the scene of Yuzuki running away and Misaki pursuing him could be seen in the training grounds.

“The magic item of Misaki-san seems to be in a good condition. For now I guess it’s fine to keep it as it is.”

The one who muttered that was Ayana who was spectating the fight from a distance.

Ayana’s magic power surpasses that of Misaki by a half. Just that makes her enough of a genius yet she even possesses the superior attribute [Origin].

[Origin] is an attribute that interferes with the constitution of inorganic matters on a molecular level. The majority of those specializing in this magic are called ‘alchemists’. In short it’s the the beansprout’s, the same ability that fuses and creates a bunch of things as the shorty whose arm and leg are machine parts. The example is too hard? Hell if I know. <anyone knows the reference ?>

As if that wasn’t enough Ayana was actually smart enough to come out on top on

national tests. That's why in a mere half month she managed to master The knowledge and skills that take the normal person four years to acquire. Though part of it was just [Origin] being compatible with earth's science.

It was at that time that a problem turned up with Misaki's magic. She couldn't use long range attacks. The instant she activates her magic it blows up

Just when she decided to give up on magic and focus on her forte, close quarter combat, through the intervention of Ayana they reached the conclusion that if she can't shoot her magic she should just punch with it.

——— Clearly the influence of Kanna

And so It came to Ayana making her a weapon that makes use of that factor. Living up to her title of genius she finished the process much faster than her peers would and the result was those leg-guards, enabling the usage of fire magic in melee combat.

Of course, Ayana was also developing a weapon of her own.

As for [mister protagonist] (Kanna's naming sense)

"Kuh... ,I won't let this be so one sided!!"

Having finally escaped the barrage of explosive fists Yuzuki goes for the attack.

Speaking of which. The equipment of Yuzuki consisted of an armor of the highest quality and a well-ornamented bastard sword. A shield in his left hand, the so called buckler. It was the general knight's attire.

Surrounded in flashy equipment he really looked the part of a 'Hero'. But that didn't stop at his appearance.

"Magic formation deployment complete!!Body reinforcement magic [overdrive] activate !!"

The magic formation's light appears on the left hand of Yuzuki. Who then swings it down on himself. The light which got absorbed into his body grew more intense.

"Ooooooooooh!!"

A strong wind dances around.

“———Wa?! I didn't make it!!”

“From this point on is my turn. Here I come Misaki-san!”

Leaving a small crater behind, Yuzuki closed in with overwhelming speed and swung his sword. Having somehow managed to receive the blow Misaki got blown away.

Though she danced in the air, Misaki quickly recovers her balance. But Yuzuki didn't miss that small opening.

“Youuuuuuuuuu!!”

Driven by anger, Misaki Releases an exploding kick.

Having predicted that, Yuzuki dodged with the least movement.

A bit flustered, Misaki returned her leg. But what awaited her when she turned around was the sight of Yuzuki thrusting a sword to her neck.

“...I guess this is my loss”

“...It's my win”

The frustrated Misaki and Yuzuki with a wry smile on his face. The match was decided.

—— Yuzuki's magic power value is more than ten times that of the court magician. Unfortunately because they couldn't measure up his total amount it remains unknown how much magic power he really has.

Just that makes him absurd enough. And yet he even could use the legendary [light] attribute. An element of which the number of users in all history can be counted on one hand.

The element is actually so much of a mystery that the only [light] spell the castle people knew of was that [overdrive].

Although similar spells exist such as the fire attribute's “Agility boost” or the earth attribute's “Stamina boost” etc. Magicians will suffer extreme pain once the effects of

those run out.

That is where the magnificence of light magic comes into view. Not only does [overdrive] boost all stats it also doesn't have any recoil on the body.

Even so it's not like it's without disadvantages, since the magic formula is quite complicated it takes time to activate. Add to that the humongous amount of magic power it eats up.

In short it's precisely because it's Yuzuki that he can use it like it's nothing.

Having made sure of his victory, Yuzuki took a deep breath and Misaki moved away.

"I always think so but, you really use quite the cheat spell. You're already troublesome enough without it. Yet the moment you activated it the winner was decided."

"Well, I can't use anything else after all. If you ask me, your stable way of fighting is much more attractive. Not to mention that is actually my trump card, i'll be troubled if it doesn't decide things."

"Is this the so called winner's composure? You're kinda annoying so, Won't you let me punch you once?"

"Hii... please spare me that."

Yuzuki displays his good for nothingness.

Misaki thinks 'Just how weak of a mind do you have ' as she drops her fist. The saddest part was that she lost to such a good for nothing though.

"Good work out there both of you. Here you go."

"Thanks Ayana."

"Thank you very much, Ayana-san."

The two wipe their sweat with the towels they received from Ayana.

"So Misaki-san, is there any problem with the leg -guards I made?"

“It’s become easier to use compared to the first article. But it felt like the force of the explosion is kinda lost in the process. It’s weaker than the image I have.”

“Won’t it become hard to control if the explosion is too strong?”

“I’ll handle that myself so don’t worry about it becoming too strong. Also it’s kinda lacking in weigh so my kicks come out a little too light and I easily lose control of the explosion.”

“Understood. I guess I better topple with the materials and shape, leaving the design as is.”

“It might be weird coming from me but, what about your personal weapon? You haven’t even shown it to me yet.”

“There is no need for concern as i’ll make it along with yours.”

“I see, you can just leave mine for later, you know?”

“Though I’m thankful you worry about me, unlike you two I don’t really like fighting so it’s only at times like this that I get to shine.”

“Well, just don’t push yourself, OK?”

“I got it.”

Ayana give a thumbs up. Though she looks like a small animal, she was quite the reliable girl.

“How about Yuzuki-kun. Is there no problem with your equipment.”

“There is no problem... Maybe?”

“Why is it a question?”

“Well until now i’ve used wooden swords and the like countless times but i’ve never handled a real sword. It even feels weird to be able to use it so easily.”

Looking at his sword handling, Yuzuki had already mastered his new weapon.

“W~ell,... It’s Yuzuki-kun after all.”

“It’s Yuzuki after all.”

“Aren’t you two kinda mean for getting convinced with just that?”

“It’s Yuzuki(-kun) after all.””

Yuzuki dropped his shoulders at the answer that came back.

The boy named Yuzuki was just that sort of existence. Whatever he tries he’ll master it in little time to a degree that leaves experts in the dust.

And that applies even to magic. Simply by reading the records in the castle he managed to acquire that “Overdrive” spell.

Furthermore, although it increases one’s physical ability, that spell doesn’t interfere with the perception. In short, it’s like the common car you were riding suddenly turned into an F1. A normal person can’t handle that. Yet he mastered it in less than a week.

Whether here or on Earth he was a mass of talent. A prodigy.

Simply put he’s the polar opposite of the all-incompetent Kanna.

God’s most beloved child, so to say.

It won’t be long before his name resounds through the whole world.

I’ll just say this but as the narrator of this story, I’m completely neutral towards characters.

Anyway.

The sound of clapping resounded across the training grounds.

“You three are truly worthy of the hero title, there might no longer be a peer of you in this castle.”

Turning towards the source of the sound there was a sparkling woman. As if she

personalized the image of a princess. A super beautiful girl.

Said super beautiful girl was the second princess of this human kingdom of “Yurufilia” and the one responsible for summoning the three. Her highness Firias ēdel yurufilia.

“Ah, princess Firias.”

“How mean of you Yuzuki-sama, didn’t I already tell you to call me ‘Fii’?”

“Th-That’s right, you did say that Fii. So, did you need something from us.”

“-Can’t I meet our heroes unless I have business with them, I wonder?”

“No such thing! It makes me happy that you came to see us!”

“For getting to meet Yuzuki-sama, I’m happy as well.”

“S,stop saying embarrassing things...”

Misaki and Ayana kept sending painful gazes to Yuzuki whose face loosened up with the coming of Firias.

It’s not like they were feeling jealous or have romantic feelings for Yuzuki. Nevertheless their eyes were cold.

((he’s so easy))

Even I (Narrator) think so.

The funny part is that both of them returned their expressions to normal the moment Firias turned her gaze to them. As if to say they don’t think much of her.

—— Again the influence of Kanna.

“Misaki-sama and Ayana-sama, how have you been?”

“Well, I’m more or less in a good mood, especially with the leg-guards Ayana made being in a good condition.”

“It’s good that Misaki-san likes them. Fii-san, thank you for providing me the materials.”

“It’s my pleasure to be able to help our heroes.”

Towards the bright smile of Firias, capable of taking down even women. The two girls try to make the most natural smiles they could.

From preparing materials and equipment to taking care of their daily needs and even readying a training ground. Just by the looks of things, the princess had actually done so much for them

Well, that much is obvious after you summoned someone and told them to fight for you in all selfishness. And Firias herself admitted that.

Actually, Yuzuki had completely fallen for her. Well that probably can’t be helped. A top class beauty with the princess attribute. Any normal man would fall. Even a girl will have opened up to due to that kind and noble conduct of hers. Nevertheless Ayana and Misaki still refuse to let their guard down around Firias.

It’s not like they they’re doubting her, But every time they try to believe in her their hearts start ringing an alarm. And they remember the face of a certain boy.

Hence they doubt her.

Whatever support she’s offering they will take.

But if their fears turned true Then they run away asap.

“Now then, I actually have something to tell you but, may I?”

“W, what could it be? Don’t tell me we’re finally leaving for an adventure!”

“No,-that’s not it. I simply thought it was about time to have you build up some experience.”

“...When you say experience you mean to say we have to fight magic beasts, right?”

“It is as you say, Misaki-san, in a few days I’d like to ask everyone to do magic beast subjugation around the capital.”

The three heroes start feeling pressure after hearing Firias’s serious declaration. Sounds of gulping can be heard.

Up to now the three of them have mostly done mock battles with the soldiers of the castle. Of course they were no holds barred fights. And since professional healing magicians exist in the castle the worry of injuries was a needless one.

But the outskirts of the capital is a place where the rules of the humans don't mean a thing. In short, might makes right. No matter how talented they were a single mistake can cost one's life.

"I swear on my Yurufiria name, you'll be accompanied by the best of healing magicians. However, as expected, you have to do the fighting yourselves."

"...I guess that's a given. In the end, we'll have to go on an adventure on our own after all. Either way, it's helpful to have experienced people come along on our first time."

"Though it sounds like a scary talk, there's totally no need to be that concerned. Both the adventurer guild and the castle soldiers clear the area every now and then so there won't be any strong magic beasts around. It will be a piece of cake with everyone's abilities."

It goes without saying for Yuzuki and Misaki but even Ayana who doesn't like fighting much achieved victory against the castle soldiers. If the magic beasts are weaker than those castle soldiers, then they should be fine.

"However, if your opponent is so weak it won't be much of a learning experience. More than that, there was a place I'd like you to visit. It probably contains magic beasts strong enough to become your learning material."

"Well, I concur that the best way to get used to real battle is by fighting strong foes. So, where exactly do you want us to go?" (Misaki)

Fiaris puts a hand to her chest, takes a deep breath and opens her mouth.

"A day's distance from this capital by carriage. There is a mountain where the [demon god] that once rampaged through our country was sealed three hundred years ago. A mountain of absolute frost that nobody dares put a foot into, the [Serafeed mountain]."

Chapter 30

Enter The Second Gozaru Attribute Holder

I wonder when it happened? A [voice] that's not mine took over my mind. At first I recognized that as something strange. Hence, I resisted it. But the more I resisted the more painful it became. In time resistance became impossible and I gave in to the [voice]. Having been enslaved, it felt like my emotions dimmed and I stopped caring about everything.

Like a lifeless puppet.

It was then that the [voice] gave me orders.

——“Kill”, it said.

Having no will to fight back. , I obeyed without feeling the slightest repulsion towards the act.

The target was a red haired woman. I didn't even know who she was or why I had to kill her. I was a simple tool that brings death.

I started moving along with the other assassins. There was no sound of conversation between us. Though that was a given considering everyone most likely suffered the same fate as me.

Before long, an opportunity revealed itself. Pursuing someone, the woman went into a back alley. Not missing the chance we got ready to attack.

The magician that was accompanying us fired a long ranged magic. If that killed the target then good. And if it didn't it can serve to confuse the enemy.

——something unexpected took place.

As if he was some clairvoyant, The [someone] that the target was chasing easily handled the surprise attack. He even fended off all our next attempts to kill the target.

We were told beforehand of the lady and her escorts' level of abilities. Only then did we move. Yet that [Someone] ruined everything.

More than that, If the comrade of the [Voice] , that magician hadn't saved us, all the puppets would have gotten captured. In fact two of us suffered some injuries.

The really abnormal part was the spell [That] was using. He constructed the formula in almost no time. He was clearly a threat.

Yet weird enough both the [voice] and the magician didn't even give him a glance. As if to say that his existence was of no importance. Had I been serving them of my own free will, surely I would have regretted my inability to even warn them.

It was precisely that difference in view that sealed our fate.

The attack of the magic beasts that The [Voice] controlled, from the front. And an ambush using us, from behind, both crushed. Excluding me all four assassin's were massacred along with the magic beasts.

I felt my ego returning as I lost consciousness.

It was then that I saw death closing in on me.

In order to hide it's existence, the [Voice] had planted a magic crystal that activates when a certain amount of time had passed since the start of the mission and the puppet recognized the mission's failure. It's effect, of course is crushing the puppet's heart.

I honestly felt relieved.

Ah, with this I'm finally released. There is no need to embrace something like hatred at the time of my death.

But I also felt regret. Though I don't regret having left home despite all the voices that were against it, It's a little disappointing that I couldn't achieve my goal.

What proceeded that was an emotion much more simpler that relieve and regret.

——I want to live.

While being relieved I also couldn't accept my death.

——i don't want to die.

I felt strong frustration towards my regret.

But it's already too late. Even though I Intended to understand that, I still couldn't abandon this feeling.

Had I really wanted to die, I should have just resisted the [Voice] and the resulting pain would have killed me. I should have refused the mission and my heart would have been crushed.

But I wanted to live. I strongly desired that no matter how shameful it was.

That's why, right?

—————

Something like the mastermind's scenario i'll make sure to ruin it completely and thoroughly. I heard a [Voice] in the middle of the deep darkness of my heart.

A totally different [Voice] from the one that was ruling me so to say.

The foreign something that was sticking to me had at some point disappeared.

Instead I felt a refreshing cold.

As if my body that just got hit by a wave of heat is getting cooled.

Then I remembered that my life was disappearing.

However, my regret was no longer.

Dying while enveloped by this comfortable cold might not be so bad, or I so I thought.

————— —

——An unfamiliar ceiling.

...No well, it's been a while since I got to look at one in the first place. Lately sleeping in tents was the norm after all.

"...Ah, it's that kind of thing huh."

Staggering for a second after opening my eyes, I remember what happened, I had lost consciousness from the rebound of spirit magic. It is the [spirit exhaustion] that hadn't occurred in a while. The fight with the mysterious magician in the valley, that last spirit magic I used was the final blow.

Putting power in my body I raise my upper half in order to ascertain the situation. I confirm that i've been sleeping in a normal room you can find in any inn around. It seems like we safely arrived at the next town after I fainted.

"I wonder how much I slept though."

According to Rand, there's quite the distance between this town and that valley. At the very least a few of days should have passed. Frankly, this is my first time surpassing my limits that much with spirit magic so I can't really tell how much has passed. Usually, I'd recover in half a day or so from a normal [spirit exhaustion].

I look at the room again, there's nobody aside from me. Looking from the window I could see the blue sky. It's daytime and everyone is out I guess.

"Oh?"

—Nay, looks like someone is here. Having sensed a presence, without thinking much, I take a look below the bed I was sleeping on. My field of vision turns upside down.

—My eyes meet with the eyes of the [person] below the bed.

The face of someone from the orient with black hair and eyes.

I remember the last survivor of the assassins that attacked us or rather Faima. Looks like she opened her eyes faster than I did.

"..."

"..."

Humans are creatures that turn speechless when they meet eyes.

Silence dominated the room as we locked eyes.

“..Wa?!”

Gon!!

“Wa—!!! Uu!!?!”

The first to come to here senses was the blackhair-san but she seems to have forgotten where she was and hit her head.

“Err... You fine there?”

An amazing sound resounded through the room as the bed was hurled up. Blackhair-san puts her hands on her hit head while shaking.

“P,please don't mind me.”

She moves her hand indicating she's okay with her head facing down. But she doesn't look okay at all.

More importantly, since she's lying down on the floor her bosom is hitting the ground and her rich chest is spreading to the sides

“...Well anyway, once you calm down get out of there, otherwise you're gonna hit your head again.”

“Yes...”

A few minutes later, having recovered from the pain blackhair-san slipped from under the bed. Looking from above it is a very surreal scene.

She kept standing but since I didn't like that I had her take a seat on the bed besides mine. I also sit on the bed I was lying on.

Gazing at the woman in front of me I wondered where should I start explaining from. But before I could say anything she opened her mouth.

“...Your comrades already explained everything.”

She puts both hands on her chest.

“Not only did you save the life of [this one] you even freed me from the rule of that [voice].”

Her hands are held where the crystal that bound her was planted. As if confirming her freedom she keeps tapping that place with her fingers.

...Eh, [this one] ?

“Although late my name is Chloe degozaru.”

Chloe gives her name and lowers her head.

“I’ll never forget the favor of having saved this life degozaru.”

...Someone with strong attributes came out again.

A Japanese atmosphere, that *sessha* and *gozaru* way of talking and above all those melons.

Even while receiving the gratitude from the bottom of her heart, I was thinking something incredibly stupid.

Soon after two of my companions enter the room — — it was Real and Faima.

“Oh, Kanna. You finally woke up huh.”

The first to raise her voice was the first bullet brimming with attributes (Real). I wave my hand.

“How long did I sleep for?”

“Close to two days I’d say. You broke the record.”

“That’s one record that doesn’t need to get broken though.”

That’s right eh. Sympathizes Real with a bitter smile on her face.

“Are you fine? Is your body alright?”

“Although it’s a little sluggish there’s no problem.”

Cheerfully answering Faima who seemed worried. [I see] , she in turn became relieved.

“We already had a doctor take a look at you but there was nothing to worry about, just some bruises that didn’t even require the use of magic. But well, you’re bit unique and all so just say so if you feel anything abnormal.”

“Understood, the other three are?”

“Rand went to get a new carriage. Kisuka is checking up on her injuries and Agat is accompanying her.”

“Kiska got injured right?”

“It’s nothing that serious though. Today’s examination is supposed to be her last.”

“That’s good to hear.”

Though we were under attack and it couldn’t be helped the main cause of Kiska’s injury could be said to be me. I’m glad it won’t leave any marks on her body.

“So this person, Chloe-san was it? How did it turn out with her?”

Now that I think about it I should have restrained her legs with my ice. Ice made with spirit magic will never melt with normal temperature. Which means that these guys destroyed it.

“I forgot to mention it but this is the closest town to that valley. Since the carriage broke down it saved us that it was close by. It was right after we reached town that Chloe’s consciousness returned.”

“So she woke up before I did huh. The one who broke the cuffs is?”

“Of course it was me.”

Pointing at her great sword Real says so. Oi oi, are you sure you didn’t cut something else along the cuffs with that big sword. Ah, Chloe’s face turned blue. She’s

remembering that time's scene huh? That must have been scary.

Real continues without clue about Chloe's feelings.

"I thought she would be confused after waking up but surprisingly she was quite calm. Listening to her talk it became clear that she was just being manipulated as we thought. Seeing that she isn't dangerous I and Rand-dono agreed on releasing her."

"Didn't Agat, Agat-kun or Agat-san criticize that decision."

"No no, aren't all of them the same person? Even if he gives a warning, Agat generally listens to Rand's decisions after all. Kiska is the same. Rand himself made the decision while considering their opinions."

"What about you, Faima?"

"I've seen with my eyes how brutal that binding magic was after all. If there is a person willing to work under someone while having that on, that person wouldn't be sane. That's why I'm also of the opinion that she was simply being manipulated."

So everyone believes her to be safe huh.

Now, what about me?

No well it's true that I was the one who made the choice of saving her. But that has nothing to do with her life or character.

I only saved her because first, I didn't want things to go the mastermind's way.

And second, because I didn't want to give up on a life that could have been saved.

The equation of (Saving her life=trusting her) doesn't exist within me.

Only this time my opinion most likely intersects with that of Agat whom I believe to be only obeying Rand's decision without trusting Chloe.

And I believe that to be the correct course of action. At least for the time being.

"Ano..."

Chloe hesitatingly raised her hand to me who was crossing my arms, deep in thinking.

“Would you allow me a few words gozarou ka?”

“...GO ahead degozaru yo.” (Kanna)

I want to be forgiven for losing all the seriousness I had when I heard her talking. I’m reflecting on it.

“Although this one was undoubtedly being controlled by the [Voice] , I more or less remember what I did. It remains true that this one pointed her blade towards everyone. Manipulated or not, it’s not something that can be forgiven so easily degozaru.”

The expression of Chloe when addressing her sins was one full of sorrow.

“Fortunately, this one has already been freed from the [Voice]. However if you say that you can’t forgive this one then...”

Her eyes after she closed and opened them again were full of resolve.

“It’s fine to lay down this life degozaru. If you say to die, this one will die.”

Towards Chloe’s declaration Faima and Real show clear agitation.

“Stop there Chloe-dono.-you were just being controlled by this [Voice] right? Then you have no obligation to go that far.”

“Exactly. I can attest to the mercilessness of the magic that was constraining you. Then you who was being manipulated by that are not to...”

“This is [settling] degozaru you two. If this will help wipe my shame then I want nothing more degozaru.”

Though it ended in failure Chloe did try to kill Faima. Even at that time in town she would have been killed if I wasn’t there. Chloe probably doesn’t think of that as something that can be pardoned so lightly. I look into her black eyes and see that she is serious.

——Then i’ll have you show me how serious you are.

“Fine then.”

I lightly wave my hand and make a dagger of ice.

I touch the blade with my finger and cut it.

“As you can see, although it was made in hurry it’s sharpness is the real thing.”

I point the handle at Chloe.

“As you talked, settle things with your life.”

“Wha!! Kanna-kun?!”

“Kanna!! What are you?!”

Ignoring the two making a racket in the background I turn my eyes to Chloe, though she was stunned for a second. The next moment she took the dagger from me with strong will residing in her eyes.

And before the two could even say anything. Chloe thrust the dagger into her chest.



PDF by: traitorAZEN