

Ochita Kuroi Yūsha no Densetsu:Volume 5 Chapter 1

 web.archive.org/web/20141001233158/https://www.baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php

Chapter 1 - On Eris-[[edit](#)]

His younger sister was born.

His younger sister named Ferris.

In the beginning, he didn't know the significance of this.

He understood what the word 'sister' meant.

But what significance it would have towards him—he couldn't know just yet.

“.....”

In a dark room, a cradle swayed.

In the cradle, there was an infant.

Incredibly pretty, the child gave off a sweet radiance.

Clear blue eyes just like his.

Beautiful soft, golden hair, even though it hadn't grown yet.

Smooth white skin, and an innocent, smiling face.

The baby looked this way with that smiling face. What she saw with her eyes, he didn't know.

But she looked this way with clear eyes.

She looked straight ahead.

At that, he—

“.....”

Relx Eris narrowed his eyes.

A boy with the same golden hair as the infant and possessing blue eyes. This year, he would turn four—an age difference of four years from his beautiful younger sister.

To that,

“... Four,”

Relx murmured.

Thereupon, his younger sister—Ferris, as if she were responding to his words, made a sound.

To that, he smiled faintly.

“Ah—but you don't understand.”

“Aaa.”

“.....”

“Aaa, uu, aa?”

“What is it? What is it that you want?”

“Aa~ Aaaa~”

Said Ferris. He didn't know what was enjoyable, listening to that voice—just for a little while, this pleasant feeling. He moved his hand to touch his sister's face. He moved to gently touch that soft, pure white face—

“.....”

However, he stopped.

His hand was dirtied with blood. Because he could see bright red, dyed in the darkness. That was why his hand stopped.

“... Damn it. The blood of the person I killed a while ago—it's still on me,”

He murmured.

To that, Ferris again—

“Kyakyakya,”

She said happily.

To that, Relx smiled faintly.

“What’s so amusing?”

“Daa?”

“Hmm?”

“Aa~ Uu~ A~”

His sister was frantically saying something. Her smile gone, she frowned, moving both hands, apparently trying to demonstrate something.

At that, Relx was in awe.

From the time he was born until today, he hadn’t seen such emotions come to surface in another living being.

He hadn’t seen this kind of innocence and happiness in another living being.

“.....”

At that, he lifted his face.

In the room his sister was in, there was no light, and so it was dark.

But here.

The sword family, as they were called, in the frightening Eris household—day and night, it was always dark.

Power was the name of the monster that had taken hold of this house, the sole darkness that continued to drive them insane.

If one wasn’t strong, they weren’t allowed to live.

If one didn’t possess enough power so as to not shame the Eris house’s name, they weren’t allowed to live.

That was why, ever since he was old enough to be aware, he had few memories of conversing with his parents.

But he was struck by a wooden sword, cut up by that sword every day.

Only when he was strong was he praised.

Only when he surpassed his parents’ expectations and advanced forward was he praised.

And he had very few memories of conversing with his parents.

No, from the start, humans smiling from the bottom of their hearts—he’d never seen such a sight.

“.....”

That was why, this smiling face—

Ferris’s smiling face was a very strange thing to see.

Innocently, his younger sister smiled happily.

His sister who, in spite of this house’s darkness, didn’t see that darkness and smiled.

He didn’t know what was so funny as he looked at his sister, who was going “a-a-to” and swinging her hands around.

“.....”

For some reason, just a little, he smiled dimly.

Upon that, he heard a voice from behind him.

“... Again, you’re here. You love Ferris?”

Relx turned around towards that voice.

He looked up at the man who entered the room and stood tall. Relx looked up at him.

Unsurprisingly, it was someone with the same golden hair and blue eyes. An incredibly well-featured face.

His father.

The present head of the Eris family.

His father—

“In the future, that girl will likely become your wife. It can’t be helped that she’s on your mind...”

He said that kind of thing.

His sister was to become his wife.

And that, despite the fact that Relx was only four years old, he understood such a strange thing.

In the Eris house’s archive, he read about the dangerous deed about producing a child with one of the same blood as you.

However, it kept the Eris family continuing forever.

The sword family, as they were called, were renowned for their swordsmanship skills, and so as not to dilute their blood, they married their relatives—and continued produce children with the same face, the same ability.

His parents were also brother and sister.

Apparently his parents' parents had been parent and child.

And Relx too—his little sister Ferris would likely become his wife, as his parents said when she was born three months ago.

His father approached Ferris and touched her cheek.

As he did, again his sister went *kyakyakya* and smiled happily.

However, his father looked down at his sister's face with cold blue eyes.

"... But she needs to restrict her emotions. She might not survive."

He said that kind of thing.

"You were superior out of those who were born, and the other seven children we killed. We'll see if Ferris is worthy."

"Kill?"

"There is no reason to allow the weak to live."

"....."

"That's why you should restrict your emotions. No, we have no need for them. Do you understand?"

His father said.

To that, Relx looked at Ferris, who was showing emotions throughout her body, going *kyakya* and smiling, and expressionlessly—

"... I understand,"

He said, nodding.

At that, his father looked at Ferris, a smile floating to his face. However, it didn't look like he had any feelings in his expression. He looked at Ferris with no emotions. He was smiling, but it was completely fake. Its inside was hollow with nothing there, Relx knew.

And looking his way with that empty smile, his father spoke.

"... Really, you're superior. Like me, who was called a genius."

"No, Father is far beyond my reach."

"You're humble. I too, and your sister as well—your wife will also be called one. From henceforth, they will call that of the children of myself and Efiria. Become even stronger."

At that, Relx nodded slightly.

"I'll do my best to live up to those expectations."

"Do so."

"Yes."

At that, his father turned his back. He began to leave the room.

Relx watched that back. And then, he wondered. That person, that man—to kill him, how would one do it?

However, to that, his father suddenly spoke.

"That is impossible."

"....."

"You don't yet have the power to kill me."

"....."

"However, to gauge your strength against your superior is important. Surpass me, and then produce a strong child,"

His father said, before leaving the room.

"....."

To that, Relx said nothing, and instead looked at Ferris once more. He looked down at his sister who might become his wife in the future.

Like usual, his sister was smiling. Shining with innocence, she was smiling.

At that, Relx again smiled faintly. And then, he looked at his hands stained with blood—

"... I should wash these hands. So I can hold you. It's already late at night. You can fall asleep as I hold you and sing a lullaby,"

He said, before turning around on his heel.

He left the room to go wash his hands.

He washed the blood off his hands with water and took off his blood-stained gi, before replacing it with fresh clothing. And the blood—he confirmed that all of it had been washed off as he looked at himself in the mirror.

At his figure reflected in the mirror.

Golden hair, blue eyes.

A faintly smiling face.

Because he'd seen Ferris's bright smile, he smiled faintly.

However—

“.....”

His dim smile was the same empty one of his father's.

Nothing.

There was no emotion.

It was fake—that faint smile.

And inside, there was darkness and madness.

At that,

“.....”

Certainly, he knew that he was like his father, he thought.

An Eris family child.

Same golden hair, same blue eyes, same beauty—however, they were heartless dolls.

His parents said he was superior. They said he was a genius. That they had expectations. *With an emotionless face, we have hopes for you.*

To that, Relx's expression bended into a sarcastic smile. But even that feeling was fake. It was different from the inside of Ferris.

Inside of Ferris, there was a light that he understand but knew immediately that he didn't have.

“.....”

But he had yet to understand the significance that had towards him.

It hadn't been long since his sister was born.

It confused him.

A voice rang far away.

A voice rang far away.

The voice of a baby's cry.

The voice of his sister's cry.

A human's voice with feelings that shouldn't exist in this house.

To that, Relx looked back.

“... I'm going now, Ferris,”

He murmured.

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Three years passed.

The ambiguous voice of his smiling younger sister turned into meaningful words.

“Brother!”

The young girl said.

Truly, a beautiful young girl. Long golden hair, clear white skin.

He knew that every time he looked at her, she had something that was different from him.

“Brother! Brother!”

She would always call out whenever she noticed him.

With a shining laugh, she called him *Brother*.

To that, Relx turned around, and as he thought, she was smiling. To some kind of joy, she was smiling happily.

But that face was covered in injuries.

Each day, by their father and mother, she was struck and kicked, and so there were bruises all over her body.

So for sure, upon noticing Relx, her face was smiling happily as she followed him. Because only he didn't hit her, she loved him.

Love—Relx didn't understand the meaning of such a word; however, he couldn't say he disliked Ferris.

"Brother!"

Ferris said.

"What is it, Ferris?"

Relx replied.

Upon that, Ferris spoke.

"Um, about that."

"Yes."

"Uh, but it's nothing."

"Yes."

"Because Brother is here."

"Yes."

"Brother, I said."

"I see."

He smiled.

With an empty expression, he smiled. And he stroked Ferris's head. At that, Ferris laughed with an "ehehe". She laughed happily. With wounds all over her face, she laughed.

But regarding her smile standing before him, Relx knew.

Day after day, she went through harsh training and would always cry at the beginning, but as of late, she no longer cried. But she endured the training with a sad expression. He knew that gradually, she would start to lose her smiling face.

But her loss of emotions would be different from his own.

No, from the beginning, he didn't have any emotions.

Perhaps it was the same for their parents.

Because of the blood of the Eris house, they had great strength.

From the start, Relx didn't have Ferris's sort of burbling because of his parents' attacks.

Of course, his parents had gone easy. They based his training off of his age.

But for Ferris, regarding her age and training, there was no such thing.

Her movements were slow, her memory was bad, and every day, she was hit by her parents—because she was born a failure, they abused her.

To that, Ferris cried each day. *Why is it like this*, she cried.

But now, she said nothing.

She didn't cry anymore.

However, she was hit.

She was abused.

And she would only show that smiling face before Relx.

No, if she were to smile before their parents,

"Why does that waste smile frivolously?"

Their parents said and hit her again, and so she stopped smiling in front of them.

And little by little in front of Relx—little by little, her smiling face was disappearing.

"....."

Nevertheless, Ferris's smiling face was radiant. They had nothing like it.

And Relx was starting to think that perhaps this was something important.

So in order to act kindly, he stroked her head.

To that, Ferris smiled. She smiled happily. A little more than before, the shape of her mouth formed a smile as she went “ehehe~” and laughed.

“.....”

And suddenly, with that sound, tears spilled.

To that, Relx asked,

“Why are you crying?”

Ferris shook her head.

“Don’t know.”

“Is training tough?”

“Don’t know.”

“I see.”

“Mm-hmm.”

“... I see,”

He said and nodded.

And he narrowed his eyes.

Looking at the smile on his younger sister’s face as tears spilled, he narrowed his eyes.

Something was changing.

That, he knew.

Something was changing.

That, he knew.

But the thing that was changing wasn’t Ferris.

It was himself.

Inside of him, something was changing.

Ferris was the cause.

Little by little, to Ferris—little by little, he looked at the darkness covering her, and he—

“... Today, do you want to sleep in my room?”

At Relx’s question, she nodded greatly.

She smiled happily.

“Yes!”

She cried.

To that, Relx again kindly stroked her head, and carried her small body.

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Five years later.

Relx was twelve years old.

His younger sister was eight years old.

“Brother, are you here?”

She said, entering the room without waiting for a response.

To that, Relx closed the book he was reading and lifted his head.

And over there, a beautiful girl, on the path to adulthood, stood.



With a white gi wrapped around her body, a girl.

But on her face, there was no expression.

Like a doll, her face reflected nothing.

When did she become something like that? He wondered as he tried to remember, but it'd already been too long for him to recall.

But he stared at the core of that face.

He stared at the core of her face.

In there, as he thought, there lurked a light.

"....."

To that, he smiled dimly.

Upon that, Ferris,

"What's so funny?"

She asked, to which he shrugged his shoulders.

"No, it's nothing. That aside, what is it? Do you need me for something?"

He said, to which she nodded.

And in a quiet, emotionless voice,

"Our younger sister has been born,"

She said.

To that, Relx's eyes widened slightly in surprise. But it was an act. A constructed expression. An expression that he made to look more human.

With this false expression, he spoke.

"Iris?"

"Is that her name?"

"That's what Father said."

"Father did..."

Ferris muttered in her expressionless state. She disliked their father. She disliked their mother.

It was only natural.

From the time she was born, as she became old enough to understand what was going on, each day she was abused and hit by them. She never came to love them.

But even as she spoke of their father, no expression came to her face.

Staring at that—

"....."

Relx stared at his sister's broken face; however, as expected, his expression revealed nothing.

Standing up, he spoke.

"Then, let's go look at our little sister's face."

"Mmm,"

She said, nodding.

To that, Relx instinctively smiled. At her innocence towards Iris's birth and coming specifically to tell him about it, he smiled.

To what extent would their father and mother destroy her, to what extent would the world destroy his little sister, for they would undecidably destroy her light—despite all that, he found himself smiling.

"....."

Nevertheless, it wouldn't continue for long.

Because the reason she'd been born would soon be no more.

As she was a failure, she wasn't needed. That was why as soon as a replacement appeared, they would kill her—he understood that from his parents' conversations.

A substitute—in other words, to be like Relx with his superior genes, a new baby girl.

That is, Iris.

If, today, she'd been born as a male, then it was possible Ferris would've been kept alive.

For the sake of giving birth to a child, it was possible she would've been kept alive.

But a sister had been born.

Her sole reason for being alive had been erased.

In that case, Ferris was going to be killed.

In spite of that strong, radiant light she held, she was going to be killed.

“.....”

That was necessary, he thought.

Why he thought that, he didn't know.

But inside of him, to save her, to save, to save—he understood that he was calling out for that.

From the depths of his heart, from the darkness—he understood what he was calling out for.

They entered the room where their mother's child had been born.

As expected, the room was dark.

There was the sound of the red child crying. But he didn't look in that child's direction.

His father said,

“She was born. A girl.”

His mother said,

“Your future wife, Relx.”

Already, their parents' eyes didn't reflect Ferris. In their eyes, she wasn't needed. A failure, a waste—they recognized this existence as unneeded.

That was why they looked at him.

And against the chest, his newly-born younger sister was held.

In that case, this is your future wife.

In the future, she'll give birth to your child.

This crying red child.

Crying and calling out.

As if in fright from the demons and monsters that lurked in this house, she cried.

To that, Relx murmured,

“Ferris.”

“Nnn?”

“Certainly, our younger sister was born.”

“Yes.”

“As her older sister, protect your little sister,”

He said.

At that, Ferris looked his way. With an expressionless face, lacking in feelings, she looked up at him.

“... Will Brother do the same for me?”

She said.

Lucile didn't look at her.

“Me, protect?”

He asked.

To that, she nodded.

“Yes.”

“I see.”

“Yes.”

“Then, you do the same. Protect Iris.”

“I understand,”

She said. And she walked straight ahead. In the direction of her younger sister. In the direction of her crying younger sister.

And gently, she moved to touch her younger sister.

However,

“A failure like you shouldn’t touch her with your dirty hand,”

His father said, striking Ferris’s face.

Even Relx couldn’t even follow the hand, as it was too quick.

Ferris’s body was easily sent flying. Crashing against the wall, she collapsed. She also lost consciousness.

At that, Relx stared.

Firmly, he stared.

He—

“.....”

How to protect his sisters, how much would he have to work to obtain that power, he considered as he remained silent, watching his father’s movements.

Thereupon, his father spoke.

“Come closer. Look at your future’s wife’s face.”

But to that, Relx shook his head.

“I’m not interested. Is it all right if I go back to my training?”

At that, his father smiled.

“Yes... that’s fine. Good. Go back.”

“Then, I’ll be going,”

He said, turning on his heel.

And he left the room.

Leaving his two sisters under a monster, he went outside.

But already, there was no time.

It was almost time for his sister to be killed.

Perhaps in about three years. If they judged Iris’s power to exceed that of Ferris’s, Ferris would be killed. If Iris didn’t possess more talent than Ferris, Iris would be killed.

No, they would both be judged as failures, and so it was possible they would both be killed. After all, they still had their mother to give birth to children. His mother was strong. She was strong enough so that Relx still couldn’t oppose her.

So, it was fine for her to give birth.

It was fine for his mother to produce children with him and his father.

That was why, without power, Ferris was unneeded to begin with. Iris as well, if she lacked power, would be killed.

For the sake of preventing that—

“... I only need to obtain enough power to kill Mother,”

He murmured.

If their mother died, Ferris and Iris’s worth would appear. Their worth would appear as giving birth to children with the Eris blood.

Then first, it was necessary to obtain enough power to kill their mother.

Against their father, who was called a genius, it was impossible, but if it was their mother—

If it was their mother, then he would have a close shot, he thought.

Little by little, he would be capable of following his mother’s movements.

Little by little, he would be capable of following her shallow depths.

Kill his mother.

Obtain enough power.

That was his objective.

However, that objective immediately disappeared.

After giving birth to Iris, already their mother's body was unable to bear children again. No, it wasn't because of Iris. Already having given birth to ten children, it put a heavy burden on the body.

On top of that, Iris did not possess talent. She did not possess more talent than Ferris. Immediately abandoned, it wasn't even necessary for her to enter the training area.

But she was reserved as a tool to give birth to children.

As their mother could no longer give birth to children, Ferris and Iris were kept alive to ensure that the blood of the Eris house would be succeeded.

Their parents were depressed. With such failures coming from them, they were depressed. *If only I could become pregnant with Brother's child once more*, their mother said. *I can't believe I gave birth to those two failures who had no talent*, their mother said sadly.

Nevertheless, as it was confirmed that Iris had no talent, the expectations were placed on Ferris again.

Ferris, who had no talent, was forced into reckless training, day after day. At this rate, she would go mad and die. Again and again, her bones were broken, she was drenched in her own blood, and yet her task didn't end.

And each day, she was losing the emotions within her. The light inside of her was fading.

Relx looked to the side.

Though nothing was there, he looked to the side.

Obtaining enough power to kill his mother no longer had any meaning.

He had to surpass his father.

He had to surpass his father, who moved in a way that humans shouldn't be able to.

That was impossible.

After all, his father truly wasn't human.

He'd known that since he was a child. He couldn't see his movements. He couldn't feel his killing intent. No, he couldn't feel his life either.

Even in the Eris house where monsters dwelled, his mother had the presence of a human.

Though Relx too was praised by his parents for his superiority, he couldn't surpass the bounds of a human.

But his father was abnormal.

His father's movements were abnormal.

He couldn't follow those movements with his eyes. He couldn't sense his presence. As if drifting between lies and truth, his father could disappear and reappear.

Countless times.

Even though countless times, he'd tried to attack his father, it was like stabbing into a cloud—the difference between them was clear.

He was reaching his destination.

There wasn't any time.

There was no longer any time.

Once Ferris had her first menstruation, their father would likely force her on the path of giving birth to children.

At that moment, what face would Ferris make? Relx imagined that it would be one of darkness.

He imagined that the light within her would disappear as she felt that darkness.

That strong radiant light would disappear.

"....."

This was a place of darkness, but nevertheless, while thinking about how that light that was tied to the humans' world would disappear—

He swung his sword.

Towards his father, he swung his sword.

He moved to pierce his father's chest, but in the next moment, his father was standing at his side.

"Over here,"

He said.

In response to that, Relx looked in his father's direction. He threw his sword at him.

Become faster, faster, faster, faster than before. To surpass the human limits, to become even faster, faster, faster—he swung his sword.

For the sake of killing the monster that dwelled in the darkness, he threw it with all his strength.

"....."

However, the sword didn't hit his father.

His father easily grabbed that sword with his hand.

And staring at the sword,

"... That was fast,"

He said.

Relx stared at his father.

"However, it didn't hit Father."

"That's correct. Don't tell me this is your limit."

"It is not."

"Yes. But you pass. With this power, you may advance forward without going mad. You're ready to open the Eris house's door,"

He said that kind of thing.

To that, Relx tilted his head.

"The Eris house's door? What do you mean?"

His father didn't respond to the question. Instead, he only told him to follow him. He brought Relx along to the inside of the Eris house's dojo hall.

He couldn't grasp the miracle behind the structure of that place. Each time he looked, it changed.

The number of doors.

The number of walls.

The number of corridors—it always changed, it seemed.

It was possible that in reality, it didn't change, but as he travelled deeper and deeper, there was a strange sensation of something making contact and then slipping away.

Relx asked,

"Where are we headed?"

His father replied,

"Inside."

"What's there?"

"Darkness,"

His father said.

Darkness.

Darkness.

Darkness.

"....."

At that, Relx narrowed his eyes.

Even though, from the moment he'd been born into this house, there'd been darkness, he said there was further darkness.

Here was an even greater darkness.

This place was overflowing with an even greater and more insane darkness.

"What is this darkness?"

Relx asked. As expected, his father showed no emotions and answered in a flat tone,

"The reason behind the Eris house's existence. However, that's enough questions. You will come to understand."

"Is that so?"

"It is."

"In that case, I'll stop asking questions."

Silently, he followed behind his father.

His father opened a door.

He searched through the deep darkness.

The density of the insanity increased, enough to make him choke. To his surprise, liquid streamed from his eyes. Tears were overflowing. He didn't know the reason why. He didn't know why he was crying.

He lifted a finger to his tears.

And then he realized that they weren't tears, but blood.

His eyes were brimming with blood.

His consciousness being sharply detached, he felt pain all over his body. Enough pain to make one scream. Everything before his eyes distorted, as his entire body was wracked with pain.

And his body—his heart called out.

This place was bad.

Humans weren't meant to be in this place.

Turn back.

Turn back.

Turn back.

His entire body called out.

A door opened.

And again, the darkness thickened.

A door opened.

And again, the insanity thickened.

And then, his father stopped. He looked over his shoulder. Looking at Relx who had blood streaming from his eyes,

“—Can you withstand it?”

He asked.

At that, Relx tilted his head.

“What do you mean?”

He replied.

A smile arose in his father's face.

“No. If you can remain calm, that's enough. After all, we've already reached our destination,”

He said.

At those words, Relx looked at his father's back. And over there, as expected, there was a door.

But this door was different. Made of rusted iron, it was a large, dark grey door. On that door, blood-like red patterns were written. Many patterns were written. But he couldn't read them.

Relx didn't know what they were saying.

But just by looking, he could understand one thing.

He understood that, even though he was on this side, past this door was something terrible.

Staring at the door, Relx asked,

“What's past this door?”

His father answered,

“The demon.”

“The demon?”

“That's right. The demon. **Ryner Eris Reed**, who holds the broken **Hero** to his chest and cries while sleeping,”

His father said.

As expected, he didn't understand the meaning of those words right now.

However, **Ryner Eris Reed**—for some reason, those words resounded within him. His blood called out.

Relx asked,

“... We're meant to protect this door?”

His father nodded.

“The Eris house was born to protect the weak hero—that is what has been said.”

“The weak hero?”

“This country's king.”

“The king?”



"Those who may become this country's king and possess the blood of the hero come here. They come here to test themselves against the hero's power. To protect the hero's blood is our duty,"

He said.

As expected, Relx didn't understand the meaning of those words; however, he did know that for generations, the Eris House was hailed as a distinguished family that acted as guards for the king. That was why they were called the sword clan.

But,

"That... Roland's foolish king is the hero?"

Relx asked, to which his father smiled.

"Haha, before, he was sane for a while. He couldn't withstand the darkness and went mad."

"He went mad."

"But that's fine. This is your—this is your duty."

"My duty?"

"For a little while, you will stay here. You will surpass being a human. Because the people of the Eris house have a strong resistance to the darkness—if you are superior, you won't go mad. If you can absorb the darkness and your true character emerges, you will be granted the same power as me,"

He said only that before walking away.

To his back,

"....."

As expected, Relx didn't know what to say.

It seemed his unknown purpose was this place that was supposedly the function of the Eris house.

To protect the demon beyond that door, the Eris House.

He looked up at the iron door. He touched that door. Like a living being, it pulsed.

But that was it.

The door didn't open.

The door didn't open.

From the door that didn't open, there was a voice.

<< Again, you've come. >>

A voice resounded in his head.

Directly into his body, a voice resounded.

In his blood, a voice resounded.

To that, Relx replied,

"But this is the first time I've come."

<< Again, my descendants have come here. >>

"... Ah, I see now. Then, I'm descended from your blood?"

<< That's correct. >>

"What are you?"

<< Eris. >>

"Eris. Eris, is it? Then, tell me something."

<< What is it? >>

"What must I do to end things here?"

<< End things? >>

"That's right."

<< What meaning does that have? >>

"It has all the meaning to me. Tell me a way to end this farce..."

However, interrupting him, the demon spoke.

<< For the sake of saving your younger sister? >>

"....."

<< For the sake of saving your beloved sister, you wish to end things? >>

As if looking entirely through him, the demon spoke cheerfully.

To that, Relx nodded.

"That's right. For the sake of saving my sister..."

The demon interrupted him and spoke.

<< But you don't need to worry about that. >>

"Is that so?"

<< It is. >>

"Why?"

To Relx's question, the demon laughed. It laughed happily.

And it spoke.

<< Because you'll go mad here, you won't have to worry about that. And you'll be able to calmly sleep with your sister. You'll continue the line of descendants. You won't hold any doubts or hesitation. Your father and mother as well, in the beginning, tried to resist... but this is the result. And aren't they blessed? After receiving my power, you're blessed. As a tool with no role, you would be sad. >>

The demon said.

<< Now, discard your consciousness. >>

The demon said.

<< Stop thinking about trivial matters. >>

The demon said.

<< Isn't it tedious? Isn't everything tedious? That's why you don't smile. Even if you were to smile, it could only be hollow on that face. Of course. After all, I made it that way. After all, even if you don't understand the meaning behind your life, I made you into disgusting puppets. But for the first time, I'll give you the feeling of happiness. I'll give you true feelings in your life. That's why you're here. So that I can assign you your role. So that you can become one with me. So that you can receive my power. And you'll go mad, mad, mad, and think nothing of this world... >>

Relx tried to a step back. However, his body wouldn't move. The door behind him closed. With a loud sound, it closed.

And the demon laughed.

Ahaha, it laughed.

Saying that there was no escape, it laughed.

Being born as a puppet, you were brought here, it said and laughed.

demon's thoughts travelled.

And the demon said,

<< Even if we assume you have a heart, why would you say such things? >>

Before his eyes, the door opened.

The iron door opened.

And through the crack, a finger appeared. A long, pretty finger pushed through.

However, something was wrapped around that finger. He didn't know what it was. Looking at it, he didn't know.

But something was wrapped around it.

Then the finger stopped pushing at the door.

And—

<< What is this... >>

The demon said. It moved to tear at what was wrapped around the finger; however, its movements were restrained. The demon stopped moving.

<< ... Who? >>

It asked such a thing.

To whom that was directed, he didn't know.

But from behind Relx, a frivolous, kind male voice called out.

"A human."

To that, the demon said,

<< A human wouldn't be able to enter this place. >>

"My, my, is that so? Then I guess I'm not human. How troubling. But to not be human without being aware of that makes me uneasy..."

The demon interrupted and spoke.

<< Be quiet, human. >>

At that, the man laughed.

Fufufu, he laughed.

And,

"As a chatterbox demon who wouldn't be quiet even when Relx-kun cried out for you to, you're being rather self-absorbed."

<< ... Humans are... >>

However, interrupting those words, the man spoke.

"Just now, weren't your movements sealed by a human's power? Ah, how unseemly. How does a strong demon feel about that kind of human? Annoyed? Or angry..."

<< I'll kill you! >>

The demon shouted.

It shouted loudly.

But to that, the man laughed.

"You still haven't woken up. It's not time. That's why you can't leave."

<< You filthy... >>

"Having been broken in half, you don't have your original power. Are your memories unclear? What can you do? What can you attain? After losing your other half—your **Lonely** [Ryner] half—you don't even know what you can do, do you?"

<< >>

"You understand why Ryner disappeared, don't you? Why your other half, your important half, whom the hero is to devour, has left you—you understand, right?"

<< *You... What in the world are you talking about...* >>

"I tore it apart and stole it away. And I broke it. Your precious Ryner is no longer here. So that it can never be restored, I tore it to shreds and killed it."

At those words, the demon's voice lowered and became sharp. However, he understood that that voice was mixed in with panic. In a voice that threatened to overpower Relx, he understood that there was fear mixed in with it.

The demon spoke.

<< *What's the meaning of this?* >>

"What's the meaning of what?"

<< *If Ryner has been killed, then this world...* >>

"It'll break."

<< *Then why did you do it? You're human, aren't you?* >>

"That's right."

<< *The ones who would be most troubled by the world breaking would be humans, wouldn't it?* >>

"That's right, I guess."

<< *Then why did you do it?* >>

"Well, why, I wonder."

<< *You bastard... You're not human.* >>

"I'm human."

<< *Be quiet, monster... who in the world are you...?* >>

The demon said.

Then from one step behind Relx, someone emerged.

A man with a stooped back.

Golden hair, sleepy blue eyes.

Perhaps he was a noble. In this country, golden hair was prominent in the nobility's blood. He was also well-dressed.

Giving off a listless air, dressed in a black suit, and holding what appeared to be a leather briefcase.

The man spoke.

"Nevertheless, I'm human. Though I gave up the world as a sacrifice, though I gave up my wife as a sacrifice—nevertheless, I'm a foolish human who wants to save his child. It's frightening, isn't it? Not understanding what it is that I'm thinking—is it frightening? Of course it is. Because I've gone mad. Ahaha. Now, what will I do? A mad scholar came to break the demon~. You had better run away, you know? You should call out 'kyaa' and run away? But you won't move. That's right. Come to think of it, I put restraining magic on you. Then, what to do? If you can't escape, then what to do? Cry out? Beg for someone to save you? If you beg, though, I have something to say. Right now, in your self-important manner, you said that you created these puppets for the sake of using humans. Before, you told Relx-kun that. Your feelings of fear are false. So let's say that you were born for the sake of being used by me. That's why feelings are unnecessary. Fear is unnecessary. You are..."

As he said that, he lifted his finger, with light forming at his fingertip while he started drawing in the air.

With one look, one could tell that he was using Roland magic.

As he drew his magic circle, one could see that it was Roland magic.

But Relx hadn't seen something like that. In the books of the Eris house, he hadn't read about the form of Roland's magic.

He drew it unbelievably quickly; however, a part of another magic circle, with a complex structure, spread out.

Nevertheless, the man didn't stop. Rapidly drumming with his leg, creating a tempo—rapidly, rapidly, he enlarged his magic circle.

And the man continued.

"You'll end here."

<< *Don't be ridi...* >>

"Ahahaha, it's already over. I stole away Ryner and broke it. And so, your power is no longer needed in this world—"

The demon's arm swung around. And for the sake of escaping, it pulled at the door.

The door closed.

The heavy iron door closed.

The man stared.

"... It escaped, huh?"

He opened the briefcase in his hand. From inside the briefcase, a large number of papers spilled over and clung to the door. Countless and countless papers clung to the door. All of the cracks in the door were buried in white.

And staring at that, the man spoke.

"Incidentally, about half of what I said was a lie. If you'd been serious, I would've died. But you naively ran away. It's my victory,"

He said, smiling.

However, the demon didn't reply.

The demon didn't respond.

The man smiled.

"You can hear my voice, can't you? But it seems that we can't hear yours. That's good, considering what a chatterbox you are. Having buried the gap into the other world, you can't return anymore. Ryner has died—that is a fact. Again, your power is only enough to go there for a short while. If you hadn't escaped in fear, it would've been your victory. If you'd killed me, then it would've been your victory—but you're afraid. Of a human. You're afraid of a human. If you're defeated here, you'll remain here for the rest of eternity. Then, when the door opens—"

The man looked his way.

Relx lifted his head at that.

His body moved. As the man sealed the demon, his body's freedom returned. After confirming that he again had control over his movements, he looked at the man before him.

Then the man spoke.

With sleepy eyes and a face that lacked ambition, the monster spoke.

Looking down at Relx,

"Then, the next time that door opens, it'll truly be over. After all, I intend to teach this child a way to devour you,"

That man said that kind of thing.

Ochita Kuroi Yūsha no Densetsu:Volume 5 Chapter 2

 web.archive.org/web/20141002004515/https://www.baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php

Chapter 2 - On Lucile-[[edit](#)]

Even though that place didn't change, the atmosphere changed when that man appeared.

In that wide room, with white papers covering the large door, a plot was being formed.

Nothing was in the room.

Before, he couldn't confirm, but there was nothing in the room. There were only black walls and a black floor. What the shape of those walls and floor were, he didn't know.

“.....”

Confirming that, his body then, little by little, gathered its strength. Something in this room was alerting him, causing his entire body to tense.

Before him, he stared at a man of unknown age.

He looked rather young because of his frivolous expression, but he seemed to be a bit older than thirty years old.

Who in the world that person was and why he was here, he didn't know.

But what he did know, at least—

“.....”

This person was stronger than him—he knew that.

Even Relx hadn't known about this room until now. In other words, his father had kept its existence a secret.

And yet an outsider had easily found his way here.

No, beyond that, it was by no means easy for an outsider to intrude upon the Eris house.

That was why Relx's body tensed as he stared at the man.

At that, the man smiled.

He smiled kindly.

“No need to make that kind of stance, Relx-kun,”

He said.

To that, Relx said,

“How do you know my name?”

“Because I investigated.”

“But information about me doesn't leave the Eris house.”

“So?”

The man smiled.

So? The man said, smiling.

At that, Relx regretted asking such a foolish question. If he could enter a place like this, of course a monster like him would know.

It wasn't unlikely that he could know about Relx.

The man smiled. He smiled kindly in a way Relx hadn't seen.

Staring at that face,

“Who in the world are you... but you don't have any obligation to answer that, do you?”

Relx said.

The man casually raised his eyebrows.

“Because I'm stronger than you, you mean?”

“Correct.”

“You're a smart child, huh? If I'm not mistaken, you're still twelve, right? There's no need to be that smart when you're only twelve years old.”

As expected, Relx's expression didn't change at that.

“A foolish person won't survive here,”

He replied.

The man nodded.

“It seems that way.”

“Yes.”

“But only being smart won't change anything, you know?”

“.....”

“Your father didn't teach you that?”

“.....”

“Well, after all, your father is nothing but a cogwheel, turning around in this world. As one would expect, he's smart. As one would expect, he's strong. But you're different. You're far more foolish than your father.”

At that, Relx nodded.

“Because I'm foolish, I can't win against Father.”

The man smiled, shaking his head.

“You're wrong. Because you're foolish, you can save your little sister. You can pull your sister away from this despair.”

Though you can't surpass your father right now, you'll be able to. I'll help you,"

He said such a thing.

Relx narrowed his eyes at that.

This man knew about his entire situation.

Of this darkness that filled the Eris house.

What kind of person his father was, what kind of person his mother was, and of Relx himself—perhaps he knew even more than they themselves did.

The man continued. Staring at Relx with a kind and calm expression—

"You want to escape this darkness. But not for your sake. For your sister's sake."

"....."

Relx didn't answer.

But regardless, the man continued.

"For that, you wish to kill your parents. In that case, you must erase the darkness of the Eris house—that's what you're thinking."

"....."

"But is that how you should be thinking? Is it so easy to erase the darkness of this house?"

"....."

"You've realized it, haven't you? Seeing the demon before, being in this kind of place—you've realized it, right? The problem isn't your father. It's not your mother. The problem is what's within your blood."

"....."

"Then, what to do? You can kill your father, you can kill your mother; nevertheless, the curse will continue to flow through your blood. The curse will continue to flow through the blood of your younger sisters, Ferris-chan and Iris-chan. Everyone will go mad. Because of the demon's thick blood, everyone will go mad. You'll sleep with your sister and continue your line. Everyone's a puppet. You're only puppets manipulated by the demon. But you said that you didn't want that. Then, what will you do? What do you think you should do?"

The man said in one go.

To that, Relx looked up at the man.

"Am I to ask you for help? If you know of a solution, you'll pass it on to me?"

"That's right."

"Then, what do you gain from this? It won't benefit you to help us, will it?"

Smiling,

"As I thought, you're a clever kid,"

The man said.

At that, Relx's expression didn't change, as he replied,

"You said earlier that I was foolish."

"Ahaha, did I?"

"Yes."

"Well, let's go with both. Only a foolish person would reject reality and try to change it. But, you'll receive help. I'll help. However, like you wisely said before, there would have to be some kind of benefit for me if I were to help you. That's correct. There's great merit in it for me if I help you. Do you really want to know?"

At that,

"If you want to tell me, then please tell me,"

Relx said.

"Either way, I don't have any choice in the matter. You're stronger than me. Here, that much is clear. And right now, I'm not capable of protecting my sister. In that case..."

"You can't refuse my proposal?"

"Correct."

"That is to say, you'll accept it?"

"Yes."

"Even though you don't know what it is?"

"Yes."

"By the way, it's a rather horrible proposal. You'll never find happiness. You'll cease to be a person, reach the lowest of despair, and become lost in it for eternity,"

The man said.

"Nevertheless, will you accept it?"

The man said.

At that, Relx looked up at him.

"If I reject it?"

At his request, the man shrugged and spoke.

"You're clever, so you've probably realized. Therefore, you won't reject it. Besides, for what I intend to do, your feelings are inconsequential. You're only a sacrifice in my plan."

At those words, Relx smiled without thinking. And looking at the kindly smiling man, he spoke.

"... You're even worse than the monster from before."

"Is that right?"

"Yes."

“Well, even the demon’s frightened. Maybe I really am the worst, huh?”

He said.

Saying that, he lifted his hand.

He laid that hand on Relx’s head.

Looking up at that hand, Relx asked,

“... So, what are you doing all of this for?”

The man smiled and spoke.

“Answering that is...”

“Before, you said that, in order to save your child, you gave up your wife and the world as a sacrifice. In other words, you’re doing all this for your child?”

“.....”

“Is that the merit in this for you?”

At the question, the man stared at Relx’s face, before speaking.

“... You’re asking about that, huh? That’s right. All of this is for my son.”

“For that, you’ll use me?”

“Yeah.”

“For that, you gave up your wife and the world as a sacrifice?”

“That’s right.”

“Then, that’s what matters to you?”

Relx asked.

“I can’t understand something like that. To go as far as to sacrifice your wife and the world—is it worth that much?”

That, Relx asked.

At that, the man laughed. A gentle laughter. With a thoughtful, smiling face:

“Of course. I love my son.”

“You love him?”

“Yeah.”

“The meaning of that word...”

However, the man interrupted.

“You know, don’t you? That’s why you’re trying to save your sister. That’s definitely love.”

“That’s love?”

“Yeah. Already, you’ve been driven mad by that love. Mad with love, you’ll kill your parents.”

“.....”

“You’ll kill the demon.”

“.....”

“And then, you’ll kill this world. But you won’t care. It’s fine as long as you can protect your sister, isn’t it? Nothing else matters. No matter who cries, no matter who dies, none of it matters. As long as you can protect your sister, it’s fine. Am I right?”

At the question, Relx nodded.

The man grinned broadly.

“In that case, you’re also my ally. Together, we’ll break this world. As fellow madmen, let’s get along, shall we?”

He said, holding Relx’s head. No, the man’s finger was trespassing into his head, tampering with something.

“What are you doing?”

Relx asked.

Smiling,

“Something bad,”

The man said.

He was tampering with something in his head. His finger was dancing wildly in his head, and yet he felt no pain or discomfort. Rather, there was a pleasant feeling. As that pleasant feeling spread through his body, it felt as if he were about to lose consciousness.

But he didn’t close his eyes.

He looked up at the man who was tampering with his head and,

“So, who are you?”

He asked again. Again, he raised the question that hadn’t been answered before.

Looking down at him, the man spoke.

“Lieral. But you’ll forget that. Your memories of meeting me will disappear.”

“Those memories will disappear?”

“Right.”

“For what reason?”

At that, as expected, a kind, indifferent, and yet demon-like smile arose in the man—Lieral’s face.

“... Because it benefits me to tamper with this world’s plot.”

Saying that, he pulled his finger away from Relx’s head.

“Finished~,”

He said.

However, what had finished and what had started—Relx didn’t know.

To that, he—

“... In the end, my father’s just another cogwheel in this world, like you said.”

“Right.”

“And I’m to be the cogwheel you created.”

Lieral laughed.

A cheerful laugh.

“You’re my ally.”

“Ally?”

“Yes. Allies who together will break this world—but I don’t need to explain it to you.”

At those words, Relx spoke.

“Because I’ll lose my memories?”

“Correct.”

“But if my memories will disappear...”

“Are you worried about being able to protect your sister?”

“.....”

At that, Lieral again looked at him with a kind and pitying face.

“A good child like you doesn’t need to be such a mess.”

“That’s—”

Interrupting him, Lieral spoke.

“It’ll be all right. You’ll protect your sister. Well, years after this, you’ll break. Now, let’s start. The truth is that I’m out of time. In your head, I’ve placed the **God Devourer** [Lucile] curse. That spell will turn. And in the years from here on, you’ll slowly, slowly devour **Eris**, and you’ll...”

Like that, Lieral moved his hand. Before Relx’s eyes, he moved his finger. Rotating his hand as if he were turning an unseen key—

“And you’ll be rejected from this world and go mad. You’ll be irreconcilable with man, with gods, doomed to be **God Devourer** [Lucile]. Goodbye, Relx-kun, your life will end here...”

However, he couldn’t hear the end of those words.

Lieral turned his hand.

Around and around.

In that instant.

Inside his head, there was a sound.

The sound of a door opening.

In that moment, his head burned.

His entire body burned.

Feeling as if his body were about to burst apart, he frantically tried to dispel the pain.

But he couldn't.

He couldn't do anything.

Pain.

Fear.

Anger.

Sorrow.

As he tried to push down the waves of those feelings that washed over him,

“Ugh...”

His entire body shook.

His body shook.

“Ah, aah, aaaaaah!”

He cried out.

“Lucile,”

Someone called.

In that moment, somehow, he knew.

It was a name.

His name.

His name was being called.

At that, he opened his mouth, trying to push down those feelings.

And he turned around.

Over there, his father stood.

The head of the Eris clan.

The head of this darkness stood.

His father spoke.

“Are you at your limits already?”

He said.

At that, the **God Devourer** [Lucile]—Lucile looked at his father, and then looked around him.

He was in a narrow room.

With only a dark grey door, it was a narrow room.

There was nothing else.

No one else.

No, he wasn't sure why he was expecting anything else. His father had taken him here and then from the door, he heard the voice of a monster—he remembered that.

“... It seems I've lost a few of my memories,”

Lucile said.

“You've already spent a week here, after all. However, you did well for your first time.”

“Is that so?”

“Yes. Though that's shorter than the time I've spent here. However, you'll continue to spend more time here. What did he say to you?”

At the question, Lucile again looked at the door, before speaking.

“**Eris?**”

“Yes.”

“To get along with him.”

“To get along?”

“Yes. For the sake of the Eris family's existence, he told me that.”

“I see. Then...”

Like that, his father disappeared. No, if it were the him from before, that would be what it looked like.

However, he could react. Due to his father breathing in and out too much of the rotten **Eris**, the distinction between reality and falsehoods had disappeared.

That was why his movements couldn't be followed.

Looking as if he disappeared, after escaping into falsehood, he couldn't be seen.

But right now,

“.....”

Relx reacted to his disappeared father's attack, lifting his right arm. However, his father's attack was too fast.

His father's fist hit his face, sending his body flying back. Hitting the wall, he slumped to the floor.

Looking at that—

Looking down at the fallen Lucile, his father,

“... I see. You've accepted the mad **Eris**,”

He said.

At that, Lucile lifted his face.

“Still, I wasn't able to follow Father's movements.”

“... That's right. Perhaps your power isn't greater than mine,”

His father said.

Perhaps your power isn't greater than mine , his father said.

Perhaps that was why he had to accept **Eris**.

Being manipulated by **Eris** for the sake of power.

Dancing around in the plot **Eris** had created for the sake of power.

Power.

Power.

Power.

Power.

Those who didn't have power couldn't survive in this place. Those who couldn't accept **Eris** and receive its power weren't qualified to survive in the Eris family.

That was why Ferris, who was considered to be a failure, was abused.

That was why Iris, who was considered to be a failure, was abandoned.

That was why Lucile, who was praised for being superior, was taken to this mad place.

After all, he was to dance by the worthless rules that **Eris** had laid down.

To that,

“.....”

To that, a smile rose in Lucile's face.

At that, his father spoke.

“What's so funny?”

He asked.

At that, with the smile on his face,

“... Am I smiling?”

Lucile asked.

His father nodded.

“It looks like you’re smiling.”

“Is that so? I hadn’t meant to...”

“Stay here for just a bit longer. Rest for a bit. And then afterwards, each day, you’ll return here. Grow accustomed to **Eris**’s power, and accept all of it,”

His father said.

Return to this place.

Lucile stood up and then looked around.

He looked at the closed, narrow room.

And by the door, he could feel **Eris**’s power. Intruding in him, he could feel the monster’s power.

But something in his body forced it back. Why his body was like that, he didn’t know.

“... It seems that I’m not a failure,”

He said, smiling again.

After all, if he were a failure, he wouldn’t have been able to accept **Eris**.

No, rather, the power of **Eris** that it released.

It felt as if he were starving for this power.

“.....”

He desperately wanted to devour that power, by the door.

Why he felt like that, he didn’t know. He didn’t know, but what he did know was that was how things were.

To kill **Eris**, he had to devour it.

If he were to devour and kill **Eris**, the curse that ran through him and this house would be no more.

The curse that afflicted his sisters would disappear.

“.....”

But he didn’t have that power just yet.

He didn’t yet have the power to devour that powerful demon by the door.

In that case, what should he do?

How could he obtain enough power?

To his own question, the answer appeared inside his head.

“... I have to devour other monsters. If I devour other demons... if I continue to devour others, I'll obtain enough power...”

He stopped his words there.

Something happened to his consciousness, and so his mouth stopped moving.

As he thought, he didn't know what was happening to his body. Something was manipulating him, preventing him from speaking.

“.....”

However, he still smiled.

What he was discussing with himself, his father never would have imagined.

Those in the Eris family never would have imagined.

He was going to devour and kill the demon.

He was going to devour and kill the demon.

He was going to devour and kill the demon.

He was going to devour and kill the demon that resided within their house.

And with that, he would undo this curse.

He would undo the curse that hung over his sisters.

For that, he would do whatever it took.

He would devour whatever poison, whatever darkness, whatever despair.

“Ah...”

Lucile said.

“Ah, it feels as if I'm about to die of starvation...”

Feeling as if he were going to be driven mad by the hunger that tortured his body—nevertheless, he smiled coldly.

Ochita Kuroi Yūsha no Densetsu:Volume 5 Chapter 3

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Chapter 3 - After devouring god-[[edit](#)]

Months and years passed on the calender.

But he didn't feel it.

He had no concept of time.

Ever since that day.

Ever since the first time he visited the room in which the demon lived, he had no concept of time.

But day by day, his sister grew taller and more beautiful, so time probably passed. He changed his own appearance in accordance to that. He altered his own appearance so that he'll always look a bit older than her.

But he didn't have much of a body to speak of anymore. Maybe it's because he'd given in to his hunger and devoured too many demons - sometimes he didn't even know who he was anymore.

His own existence thinned and threatened to disappear.

But she stopped him.

His sister stopped him.

She pulled him towards the human side.

Whenever he was about to forget himself and disappear, she would always speak up.

With an expressionless face that still betrayed a spark of light, she would speak up.

And today, she spoke to him again.

In her clear, beautiful voice, she called out to him.

"...what is this 'love' that's written here, brother?"

She said.

And Lucile turned his consciousness to reality. He turned his consciousness, which was dwelling in the depths of emptiness, towards her.

He saw a beautiful girl. Long, golden hair that glittered with a bewitching light and skin so pale that they seemed opaque.

Long eyelashes and elegantly slitted eyes.

She should be fourteen.

She had already reached the age when she could bear children.

But she never earned enough power to gain approval from her parents. She probably never went to see Eris either.

In other words, she was trashed.

She was reduced to a tool for the sole purpose of bearing a child with her father, or perhaps Lucile.

And she asked.

She asked what love is.

So Lucile looked towards the book she was holding. It was a compilation of poetry. He doesn't remember what was written, but since she was asking about love, it was probably something along the lines of that.

He smiled thinly at her question,

"Ferris, do you not know what love is?"

He replied.

He spoke slowly, after confirming that his voice is truly resounding within reality.

And his sister nodded.

She said she didn't know what love is.

Of course.

No such thing existed here.

In the Eris family.

The word 'love' didn't exist in a place created for Eris' use alone.

However, Lucile replied with the following words. In a quiet, calm voice,

"....I'm sure the feeling that I hold for you is love, Ferris."

And his sister tilted her head adorably.

"Brother? Brother loves me?"

"Of course. You're my precious sibling. And I think father and mother - and even Iris - love you."

"..."

Ferris looked like she couldn't comprehend those words, and clouded her eyes.

Her face was full of bruises, like it was 10 years ago. A face full of wounds from being beaten and cut by her parents every day.

A few of those wounds came from himself.

He inflicted those upon her when his father ordered him to train her.

He tried his best to guide her so that she won't be tormented by her father, but because of that, she was hurt every day.

She hurt so much that she didn't even know what love was anymore.

So she said.

While touching the wounds on her body.

While touching in the pain in her heart.

"Is that love?"

She said.

Lucile stood up at that and returned his book to the shelves, turning slowly towards Ferris.

"Was your training harsh?"

Stop asking her about that, he thought to himself.

When he posed the same question before and patted her head, she showed emotions. She cried, and opened her heart to him.

But now, she won't cry anymore.

She won't smile either.

She merely shook her head without emotion. She said that her training wasn't harsh.

That can't be true.

There's no way being born in this ridiculous family isn't harsh.

But she didn't even understand that anymore.

Even while being called 'trash' by her parents, her training continued without end.

Abuse in the name of training continued.

And she said that it wasn't harsh.

"..."

And Lucile smiled at that. He extended his hand,

"I see. Ferris is great."

And patted his sister's head while speaking.

"Hmm? Am I being praised?"

Ferris asked, and he corrected her.

"....no, you are being loved."

He corrected while patting her head.

And Ferris looked at him in wonder. Then she closed her eyes, and quietly let Lucile pat her head. Lucile didn't know what she was feeling at that time.

He, who was separated from the human realm, couldn't understand anymore.

But what he said was true.

He loved her.

He loved her so much that he'd be willing to destroy everything.

Because she's the one who kept pulling him towards his human side.

Only she smiled to him within this darkness.

And he remembered.

Remembered Ferris' smile moments after her birth.

Simply by remembering her face back then, he could convince himself to move forward.

Even when the poison of the tens and hundreds of demons that he devoured began to erode his body, he could convince himself to proceed further.

To move forward for the sake of devouring Eris^[1] and saving his sister, yes- "..."

Right then, Ferris opened her eyes.

And looking like she reached an understanding of sorts,

"I see. So this is love..."

She said, and Lucile nodded.

"Yes. This is love."

"Hmm. Not bad. Brother, do want me to pat your head?"

"Ahahahaha"

"Hm? Why are you laughing?"

She spoke with a tinge of sadness to her face. Even while emotionless, her light did not disappear.

Looking at her powerful light, Lucile said.

"Nothing, I just thought of how cute Ferris is."

"Hm? Am I cute?"

"Yes, you are. That's why I love you."

"That's why you patted my head?"

"Yep."

"Okay, I'll go and give Iris some love."

She said, and began to leave his side.

Lucile smiled at that and said,

"Alright. Give her enough love to mess up her hair."

"Okay. Leave it to me."

And she tried to leave the library somewhat energetically.

Lucile looked at her. He looked at her gently.

And she turned around, looking at him as if to gauge his expression,

"Brother isn't coming to love Iris?"

She said.

Lucile shook his head lightly.

"I still have something to do. Ferris, you should go to sleep early with Iris."

"Something to do? What is it?"

Ferris asked.

She asked about what he had to do.

And Lucile felt his own expression twist for a moment.



He felt his own face contort, as if he was on the verge of crying.

And he was surprised that such feelings were still left within him.

A long time had passed since that day, and he'd become quite broken. However, his heart still faltered just by being in her presence.

He almost stopped himself from proceeding.

"..."

He was about to devour **Eris**. No, he already spent years and years breaking **Eris** bit and bit.

First, his arms.

His feet.

His eyeballs.

His insides.

Slowly but surely, Lucile broke what he could and devoured it.

And now, he was about to devour **Eris**' soul. If he did that, he won't be himself anymore. He knew that. Even before that, he felt himself gradually separated from reality.

The more he devoured, his heart was separated more and more from reality.

So if he devoured the soul, he probably wouldn't be able to remain the same anymore.

He probably wouldn't be able to look at this cute face of his sister's with the same feelings anymore.

He hesitated a bit at that.

Just for a bit, he felt like stopping.

But it really was a bit. Because his consciousness had ceased to be human.

He couldn't feel human emotions anymore.

That's why

"..."

He smiled with his contorted face. He smiled, and tried to look as kind as possible.

And replied to his sister's inquiry.

"I'm going to see the abyss of the world."

"...the abyss?"

Again, she looked confused. She looked troubled.

He smiled at that.

"Don't worry, Ferris. Come, go to sleep already. You have an early morning tomorrow."

He said, and she nodded.

"Okay."

She said.

And the conversation ended.

His final conversation with her ended.

She left the library.

She went somewhere beyond the reach of Lucile's hand. She probably went to pat Iris' head. She probably went to give lots of love to her sister. That's alright. They didn't need to be cursed like he was.

He'll put an end to everything with none of them being any wiser.

He'll put an end to the family's darkness with none of them being any wiser.

Before the demon makes a move against his sister.

Before his parents make a move against his sister.

"...let's go."

He whispered and stood up.

But he still hadn't realized yet.

That this was the beginning of everything.

That this was the beginning of everything.

He hadn't realized that this was the beginning of everything that cursed him.

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Devouring **Eris** was easy.

Because he spent time doing it.

Lots of time.

He devoured the demon's body.

He devoured the demon's soul.

And absorbed everything into himself.

As always, unbearable pain that threatened to rip apart his entire body assaulted him when devouring a demon. In exchange for filling the hunger that plagued him continuously, he began to feel pain that he hadn't experienced before.

And that pain assaulted him this time.

Just by feeling pain, he could confirm that he was still living in this world.

He curled up like a ball on the floor and bore that pain. He grabbed his own shoulders while shaking, and waited for himself to become inured to the pain.

But the pain wouldn't pass. He devoured an enormous demon. The likes of which he had never experienced before. There's no helping that.

So he bore it.

Bore it as best as he could.

He bore the pain so that his own consciousness won't be erased and eroded by the demon.

And something different happened within him.

He heard a voice.

He heard someone's voice.

It took him a while to realize that it was the voice of **Eris**, who he'd just devoured.

The demon spoke to him.

That's bad.

When he devours demons, they should've lost their will and power, absorbed into Lucile's body. But even after devouring him, the monster **Eris** still had a clear will and talked.

That's bad, he thought. He scowled, fearing that his own consciousness would be taken over.

Was he too rash?

Did he attempt to devour Eris even when he didn't have enough power yet to do so?

He scowled.

But he didn't have much time left.

He had to put an end to everything before his father touches Ferris...

"..."

But the demon spoke up and interrupted his thoughts.

Eris spoke up.

Lucile listened to that voice intently. And thought that he'd like to devour that voice as well, if possible.

But the voice said,

"Ah...this is quite troubling."

And within his consciousness appeared a man with a sad smile.

The demon that should've been devoured.

He looked exactly like Lucile.

Gold hair and sad blue eyes.

Within his eyes was a pattern that resembled a demon's smile.

A thin, crescent moon.

He turned his strangely patterned eyes towards Lucile and said.

"...why did it come to this...just who were you deceived by?"

Lucile replied,

"I wasn't decei...."

"You were deceived, right? At the very least, this isn't the scenario that I wrote. This isn't the scenario that I wrote with Ryner. It shouldn't be yours, either. So what is the writer of this scenario trying to do?"

He said.

And slight suspicions formed in Lucile's heart. It's true that he didn't write this scenario. Why is he doing something like this? Why can he do something like this?

He couldn't even remember why he could devour tens and hundreds of demons, as well as the demon standing in front of him.

The demon said,

"Who was that man who controlled you?"

Lucile replied.

"That man?"

"You don't remember?"

"..."

"Well, the fact that he does things like this proves that he isn't human anymore. Is it a **Goddess**? No, they're always logical, and won't do something this bad. Then what? Who is that mad man?"

Of course, Lucile couldn't answer. Because he couldn't remember anything. He didn't even know what he was doing anymore.

What remained in his heart was his desire to save his sister. But is that really what he thought...?

"This is troubling."

The demon said.

"Ryner suddenly left me and disappeared...I can't protect Asruld like this..."

Saying that, the demon looked at Lucile with his crescent moon eyes. He looked at Lucile with a sad expression.

And said,

"What are you going to do after devouring me?"

Lucile replied,

"I'll save my sister."

"Just for that..."

But Lucile interrupted and said,

"To me, she's everything."

"..."

"Everything."

Lucile said.

And the demon's expression darkened again, and he laughed.

"I see...that's right. I wanted to help Asrud for the exact same reason, huh."

"..."

"Everyone has gone mad anyways. They couldn't bear solitude. They couldn't bear loneliness, and seek love. And this is how it all ends, huh."

"..."

"Alright. I'll let you devour me. You'll never be able to stop if you did that...you're fine with that, aren't you?"

"..."

"Devour me. Then I can be released from this cursed cycle. You'll be the one to bear it. You will save Asrud and bear all responsibilities."

He said.

Lucile couldn't understand the demon's words, after all.

But he knew that there wasn't a choice to begin with.

Nothing is going to end unless he devours the demon.

The darkness that befalls his sister won't disappear.

So he chose to devour.

The demon didn't resist.

He merely looked upon Lucile sadly,

"..."

With pity in his eyes.

And his last words were,

"It'll be nice...if you could find happiness."

Eris said, and disappeared.

In an instant, all the memories, suffering and pain that **Eris** bore flowed into his head.

Perhaps due to their lack of organization, Lucile could not understand any of it.

But he knew that Eris was tired beyond reason.

Because he embraced loneliness for too long.

Because he put up a bold front for too long.

To keep this world intact.

To prevent this world from disappearing until his beloved hero could stand on his own feet.

But the demon's bold front came to an end. Everything of him was devoured by Lucile, and his power was passed on as well.

His immense sense of loneliness that opened up a hole in his chest was passed on.

And Lucile,

"..."

He didn't say anything.

He didn't care about the loneliness.

He didn't care about the world.

He didn't care about the hero.

What he needed, and what he wanted to save - was only his sister.

So he turned around.

And projected his consciousness to the distance.

His consciousness easily found what was important to him.

He thought of going there.

And a thought was all it took.

"..."

He found himself at the dojo.

The same dojo of the Eris house.

Ferris lay on the floor. Her bones were broken, her body beaten, and her clothes stripped away from her.

His mother was grasping Ferris by her hair and pushing her naked body onto the floor.

There was fear written on Ferris' face. There was despair. There was darkness. The light that was always present within her threatened to disappear.

For something meaningless.

The house of Eris had already lost their purpose in existing.

Because the demon disappeared, so this house didn't even have anything left to protect. The antics of his ignorant father and mother appeared foolish to him.

His mother said while pushing Ferris onto the floor,

"Do it, brother."

His father nodded and began to unfasten his upper garments.

Ferris struggled desperately. She fought desperately. But her body won't move, not even a bit. Her two arms were broken, and her head was held firmly in place by her mother.

"Uh...uh..."

She moaned.

She was filled with such fear that she couldn't even scream.

And his father extended his hand. His foolish hand. His dirty hand. He tried to touch his sister's skin with the hand of a weakling who was simply one cogwheel in this huge structure.

But Lucile swung his hand. He swung his hand slightly from a distance. And just by that, he managed to cut off his mother's head with his hand.

His mother's body fell on the floor with a dull thud. She fell beside Ferris. And Lucile thought, it'll all be okay. You don't have to fear anymore, he thought.

Blood sprayed before Ferris.

And she looked at it.

Looked at her mother's blood.

And her eyes contorted even more in fear. Even though he came to save her, her face twisted further in fear.

But he didn't feel anything.

For some reason, he didn't feel anything.

So it really did turn out like this, he thought. Because he devoured the demon, he changed. Everything within him had changed.

But that didn't matter.

Because he can protect his sister now.

Because he achieved his goal.

So...

"Wha....you, you bastard..."

His father spoke up.

In a voice with a slight tinge of fear.

Lucile opened his mouth.

And his voice was different.

His voice and breath were laced with the demon's scent. It was quiet, but it had an oppressing feeling that seemed to reject everyone.

He spoke in such a voice,

"...my my, father. Whatever happened to you? People from the house of Eris cannot show such a face before trifles like this. They'll say that our family is declining."

And his father looked towards him.

Looked at his figure at the entrance of the dojo.

And looked at his mother's head, dangling from his hand.

But his father immediately regained his composure. As the head of the Eris house and a genius of unparalleled talents, he did not feel threatened by Lucile's movements.

His father looked at him with his emotionless and cold eyes.

"...so, what are you trying to do? I understand that you've become stronger than your mother. But did you think that you'd be allowed to live after interfering with me?"

He said.

How ignorant.

Lucile smiled thinly.

He smiled in enjoyment.

But Ferris' face shook in fear again when she looked at him.

Looking at him.

Looking at him, Ferris' expression darkened.

And Lucile laughed even more at that.

It seems like he'd really crossed the point of no return.

Because she became afraid when looking at him.

He found that strangely funny, and almost couldn't stop himself from laughing out loud. He almost did.

But he won't laugh anymore.

More importantly, he must bring peace to Ferris as soon as possible, he thought.

He had to tell her that the curse on the family had been lifted, he thought.

So he said while smiling.

Smiling with a face like that of a demon who smiles in the abyss of darkness.

"Well, I wonder."

He said.

And his father replied.

"Oh? You want to say that your strength has already surpassed mine? I see. Then you can be the one to mate with Ferris..."

But Lucile interrupted,

"Don't defile my adorable sister with your foul words."

And killing intent arose in his father again.

"I see. So you're another good-for-nothing that can't understand the Eris house."

He said.

Even though the Eris house doesn't exist anymore.

Even though such a curse doesn't exist anymore.

His father picked up his mother's wooden sword from the floor.

"Good-for-nothings aren't needed."

He said, and disappeared.

At the very least, that's how it appeared to Ferris.

His father closed in upon him while straddling the border between reality and emptiness.

But Lucile followed his movements with his eyes, and whispered.

"How slow."

He stopped the sword that appeared instantly at his side with his mother's head, and laughed.

He laughed.

He laughed.

But also Ferris' blood, Iris' blood...he wanted to break it, gouge it out and sip it.

A violent hunger that threatened to drive him mad.

He wanted to suck his sister's blood.

He wanted to suck his sister's blood.

And he'll change the world.

He'll change this rotten world.

For Asrud.

For Roland.

For his beloved, beloved hero....

"..."

But Lucile bit down on his tongue. Hard. So hard that he might've torn it to shreds, and regained his consciousness. He forced back the demon's power that was going wild within him.

It was so painful he wanted to throw up.

It was painful to suppress his hunger.

But he tried his best. He tried so hard that he nearly cried.

And certain words appeared inside his head. He couldn't remember when he'd heard them.

But those words appeared.

*'And you'll be rejected from this world and go mad. You'll be irreconcilable with man, with gods, doomed to be <>[Lucile]. Goodbye *****, your life will end here...'*

The words ended. He couldn't hear them anymore.

But suddenly, he remembered what happened before that.

He remembered the words of someone that he didn't know. It was so sudden, it almost seemed like he wasn't supposed to remember it now.

The voice said,

The gentle, yet ambitious voice said,

The man's voice said,

'Your life will end here once. And an endless fight will begin. Until you attain your hero...until you attain real love, you'll never know fulfillment. You'll be driven to madness by your hunger, and you'll writhe with the desire to devour all demons, all gods, all humans...and more importantly, the sister that you hold so dear. I don't care if you devoured her. Your hunger won't disappear by just devouring your sister, but you can go ahead and devour her anyways. That's none of my business. But you seem kind, so you'll suffer. Oh, how pitiful. But, well, that's life...so keep walking as far as you can. Don't worry, just keep walking. If you stopped, then I'll kill you immediately.'

The man said.

The enigmatic man said.

And he remembered.

He remembered that his hunger won't disappear until he attains the hero.

This desire that commands him to devour his own sister.

He looked at his sister.

He looked at his beautiful sister.

His beautiful sister, stained with his mother's blood.

He looked at his delicious sister.

She looked so delicious, he didn't think he could suppress his desires anymore.

Because she was too beautiful.

Too beautiful.

So he looked at her.

He looked at the shaking Ferris.

And then.

And then, he

"...now...there's nothing to fear anymore, Ferris. Everything is over. I'll protect you from now on."

He said, all while suffering the pain of his violent hunger that tore apart his body from the insides.

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And he began to search for the hero.

He began to search for the hero that would truly bring him salvation.

It took him years.

But even after finding him, Lucile's hunger didn't disappear. He hadn't become the true hero yet. The hero must devour both <>[Ryner] and <>[Eris] and become <>.

Or else Lucile's hunger won't disappear.

His overwhelming hunger won't disappear.

"..."

Lucile stopped his reminiscence and pulled out his fingers from his head.

And a magic circle weaved by golden lights was drawn from it.

It's probably something that the man Lieral put in him when he was small.



"...so this controlled my memories."



He muttered and sliced apart the magic circle with his finger.

A lot of other things were done to him, but he couldn't do anything about them. They rooted themselves too deeply within him, and he couldn't move them.

For example, the <>[Lucile] charm cast on him to devour demons, and several interlacing magic circles that enabled him to devour demons even when he had no power. He couldn't pull them out anymore.

But his memories returned.

The memories that were altered by Lieral returned.

And he remembered.

He remembered what happened last night.

He remembered the man that interrupted when he and Sion tried to kill the <>.

That was probably Lieral.

And he couldn't do anything about Lieral.

Yesterday night, the man said,

'It's no use, Lucile. You're still in the shallows. Whatever you do in this state won't reach me...unless you come deeper, deeper into the bottom of this darkness where your cries won't reach anyone...'

Those were his words.

And he told Lucile that he'd come to save them. Because they might be useful to him - Lieral said.

'Now run. I'll coax the Goddess into calming down somehow. In that time, you should gain power. Enough power to bear this country's darkness. Before this country's king grows strong enough to devour your other half...before he's strong enough to devour Ryner...'

He said.

He interfered to prevent the king of this country, the descendant of Asrud Roland, from growing stronger and devouring <>[Ryner] and <>[Eris], from becoming <>.

Asruld's power depends on the amount of **Human α** that succumbed to those who inherited his power, but the man Lieral came to prevent him from further gaining any power and devouring **the Lonesome Demon**.

That man acted only for the sake of his son.

Mad with love, he acted only to save his child.

He should know that the current king was broken and could never become <>, yet he still came to interfere.

And he'll probably try to prevent Sion from becoming <> as well.

Try to prevent him from devouring Ryner and Lucile, becoming <>.

Even though this twisted and rotten world cannot return to its original state unless he becomes <>.

Even though Lucile's hunger will never disappear unless he's devoured.

Lieral didn't care about that.

Because he was mad.

Mad with love.

"..."

Lucile couldn't help but break into a smile.

"...everyone's mad like this. Can there really be a path for us?"

And then,

"...what about 'everyone'?"

A clear voice resounded.

And he turned around.

He stood in the middle of the large dojo.

And his sister was at the entrance.

Dressed up in her usual garb of white, she was looking at him.

And Lucile...

"..."

Lucile smiled.

"Not sleeping yet?"

He asked, and she replied,

"It's morning already."

"Morning?"

"Yes."

Lucile looked behind Ferris, and found that the sky had begun to brighten.

"...that much time has passed, huh."

"Did you not sleep, brother?"

Ferris asked him.

Did you not sleep? He was asked.

And he thought to himself, just how many years has it been since he last slept? He even forgot what it meant to be asleep.

But he smiled,

"You're right. I have to sleep. I was thinking, and didn't realize..."

The voice of his other sister interrupted him.

"Big sisteeeeeeeeeeer!"

He heard her shouting and dashing through the corridors. A cute girl that resembled a miniature Ferris jumped in from the corridors and attempted to hug her sister.

Ferris stopped her with a hand.

She grabbed Iris' face and stopped her.

"Uwah~ I can't move forward~!"

Iris chirped happily.

Looking at the sister that was even more expressive than Ferris, Lucile smiled again. And thought to himself that he did the right thing.



Even if this happy scene was momentary.

Even if this can't go on forever.

If they could remain smiling just in this moment.

"Good morning, big sis!"

Iris said, and turned her eyes toward him with her face in Ferris' hand.

"Good morning, big brother!"

She said, and Lucile nodded.

"Good morning to you."

"What were you doing?"

"Staying up all night."

"All night? You didn't sleep?"

"Nope."

"Sleepy?"

"I wonder. I'm not a lazy bum like you, Iris. I train hard every day, so I'm fine without one night's sleep."

He said, and Iris frowned adorably.

"Iris isn't a lazy bum. I hate you, brother!"

She said.

She removed Ferris' hand from her face and attempted to jump her again.

"I love my big sister~!"

She shouted.

And Ferris grabbed her face again.

"Uwah~ I can't move for..."

"Shut up."

"Okay~"

Iris said, and removed Ferris' hand from her face again.

"I'm hungry~!"

And ran away into the corridors.

Ferris watched her leave, and looked towards Lucile again. For some reason, she looked a bit nervous.

No, ever since that day.

Ever since the day Lucile killed his parents in front of her eyes, she always wore this kind of expression when looking at him.

He didn't know if that was fear, disgust or simply regret. He didn't know, and he didn't care.

She shouldn't be too close to him.

Because this house is still cursed.

No, because he's still cursed.

Ferris and Iris, who have escaped this curse should just live in happiness that couldn't be found here and smile every day.

So Lucile smiled,

"Ferris, you should get breakfa..."

He began, but Iris shouted from the corridors.

"The dango man has come!"

And Ferris turned around.

The dango man was Sion.

Asruld Roland.

Sion passed by the garden beyond the corridors and looked towards him. Iris was running circles around Sion.

Silver hair that gave off an air of nobility, and golden eyes that exhibited a strong will.

But he was cursed like Lucile. He was charmed by the darkness.

Still, he struggled as hard as he can to rip apart that darkness.

Looking at Sion, Lucile stood up.

"...I guess I'll invite him to have breakfast with us today."

He said.

And Ferris looked surprised again. She widened her eyes slightly, and looked towards him.

"..."

And just for a bit, she looked happy.

Relief, not disgust nor fear, filled her face.

And Lucile smiled again.

He walked on.

He didn't know what awaited him from now on.

This wasn't the scenario that the demon had envisioned.

Even the **Goddesses** won't write such a mad scenario.

So, did the man Lieral write this scenario?

But Lucile doesn't think so.

Then...what?

Just why...

"...why are we moving forward, then?"

He whispered quietly.

Everyone moves forward with different objectives.

Somebody's happiness becomes another's sadness.

Somebody's screams will inevitably connect to another's joy.

But the ones involved still try their hardest to live.

Even when they're called mad, even when they're criticized for being ridiculous, they struggle as hard as they can and move forward.

And beyond that...

Exactly what lies beyond that maddening rhapsody made from the screams of the insane?

"..."

Lucile thought, and smiled at the youth who embraced a saddening ambition just like he did.

He was cursed.

He was cursed.

Still, he smiled gently.

He smiled gently, saddeningly.

He looked at the man in the garden, who smiled gently despite Iris' antics; he looked at **the Fallen Black Hero-**

He looked above at the clear sky.

"..."

And spoke no more.

And the revolution began.

The demon was unaware.

The Goddesses were unaware.

The hero was unaware.

In a scenario that nobody was aware of, but one in which everyone screamed, ran, and killed one another - the story of everything found its beginning here.

Translator's Notes[\[edit\]](#)

1. ↑ When the name 'Eris' is bolded, it is written as <> in the original text, but with Eris as the furigana. If Eris isn't bolded, then it's simply written as Eris in the original text.