

Tenseishichattayo!

転生しちゃったよ

ヘッドホン侍
Headphonesamurai

いや、
ごめん

6



I've Been Reincarnated (Well, Sorry)

– Tenseishichatta Yo (Iya, Gomen) –

**- Volume 6 -
The Future Arc**

**-Author-
Headphone Samurai**

**-Artist-
hyp**

[Pumlated]



Shou



New Born Will



Toddler Will



3~4 Years Old Will



8 Years Old Will



Mother



Father



John Sensei



Zen



Selphy

Sub-Characters



God



Terao



Mr Gori-Macho, Zelda Sensei



Shadow(s)

From the left : Mr Tall, Ms Delicate 'Onee-San' and Mr Average



Onee San – Chiffon



Buhual & Bibinyaru



Mi Sociunnov

Zirco



Kiro



Calius



Kesamu



Spinel



Freya



Yuria



Varino-Sensei



Chapter 142

What Would Happen To Hattuo? (Part 1)

After that incident, I stayed over at Zen's house and had a wonderful time playing around with Zen and his childhood friend (onee-san)... Her name was Ruby-san I think.

Hmm, I saw questions asking about what happened to the Emperor of Hattuo.

Let's put the incident with the [Shadows] aside.

This time, the mess was about him trespassing the country and also kidnapping, but thanks to me stopping everything else in their tracks, that was all that was pinned on him.

Well, an amateur in national politics such as me was not really clear on such things but Father told me over dinner last night that that fat uncle was in quite a bad position right now.

And now, for some reason I was in a castle of some sorts in the capital, and was currently walking through a classy-looking corridor. A magic-mirror like tool as lined along the walls of the corridor that could allowed one to looked into the room.

Yes, this was the room where the Hattuo Emperor was imprisoned in.

What the heck?

[TN: He was tsukkomi in a kansai dialect, nandeyanen.]

Although I was not from Kansai, I still felt like tsukkoming. I knew I did helped out with quite a lot of stuff but dear King Kesamu, what were you really thinking? I mean, *I am still only 8 years old* you know? I am at the age where I would need parental guidance for about everything I do, you know?

Ah, although Father did teleported over and was with me till we reached the room though. *See?* No matter how much of a [cheat] I was, I still need parental company.

Because I knew that having strength and skills didn't mean that one would have wisdom and knowledge as well.

Right? *Seeing I was a only a child.*

I looked up at King Kesamu with a pair of puzzled eyes, hoping he would give me an answer as to why I was here.

"Because, Will... Ah, anyway, for the time being, the verdict is decided. Like giving a fine and much more. He also had no idea that it would become this big of a problem when he first started clearing the forest. It was also thanks to you saving his life, which was why everything went smoothly."

"I, I see..."

"But still, executing an Emperor of a nation is not going to be an easy task, considering his people in his nation. There is quite a lot of troubles involved."

"R, right..."

"And when I tried talking to him, it ended up him begging me to help his country. He doesn't even mind surrendering his country over. Which was why..."

The King grinned.

"I am leaving it up to Will."

"Huh?!"

It came so much as a shock to me that the usual adult me had beautifully produced a note that even a soprano would be proud of.



In the end, the King had his way and pushed me into the room. I can't believe it. To think he would bring a child into the room of the nation's most important criminal!

What was this? Eh?! Why was this happening?!

What 'Hattuo was going to be under us so please managed it'?! What the heck?! Was this a royal decree? Was I being bullied?

Unbelievable, brother.

And so, there was only a table separating the former Emperor of a country that had surrendered to us, and me. That balding head and that huge figure. It was the perfect picture of an evil noble at every angle. That arrogance face did show regret and repentance, as well as if he had given up something, yet had a glimmer of hope.

That expression... did it really belong to this wicked person?

Plus, I was bothered about something King Kesame said. 'It ended up him begging me to help his country'...I looked at the former Emperor of Hattuo. He had an astonished expression on his face. Like he had not imagined the person standing on the other side of the door would be a kid like me. But he did not have the disdainful expression most adults would have when they saw a kid at the time they were expecting an adult.

That surprised me so much that I raised my eyebrows. Hmm, I revealed my true feelings too early. It looked like I was still far away at perfecting the art of a poker face. The aim I had was to have a fearless smiling poker face.

"Are you... William Beryl?"

"Yes, yes I am. Nice to meet you, I am William Beryl and somehow I am placed in-charge of managing your country. I am pleased to make your acquaintance and would be in your care hereafter."

He interrupted me in the middle of my rumblings thoughts so I panicked a little and answered all in one breath, causing the Emperor to look flabbergasted.

Ah. I did it.

Anyone would be surprised when an 8 year old child started speaking like that, wouldn't they... And usually they would need a few minutes before they would snapped back...

"Fu ha ha ha... ha ha ha...!!"

This person just went up and started laughing! Did he go crazy?! Was that such a huge shock?!

Chapter 143

What Would Happen To Hattuo? (Part 2)

And the former Hattuo Emperor continued his crazy laughing for a while. I really wondered what was it that was so amusing to him. Or was he shocked into turning crazy?

In any case, I did heard how people would go crazily laughing if they were to be exposed to something too shocking that pushed it out of their boundary of acceptance.

As for me, I simply waited in silence until the former Emperor stopped that crazy laughter of his. No matter how I looked, he just didn't look sane at the moment. It was better to leave him be, than to make the matter worst by interfering.

No, not that I was running away from it or anything!

And finally his laughter ceased. I resolved myself and opened my mouth. I already had the King's permission to do whatever I wanted so I was not going hold back. I did had a lot of things I wanted to tell him, as well as many questions for him. Although I was a bit worried if his brain was still working normally or not.

"Er, erm."

Please keep the matter about me stumbling over my words a secret, yeah? Despite just crazily laughing a few moments ago, none of that previous expression could be seen as he looked at me with an expressionless face.

Somehow, it was really vexing. I don't really want to say it but that change in expression was frightening. To think I was afraid of someone whom was caught and locked up in this room. Though caught, as expected of an Emperor.

"Why did you lifted your hands against the forest?"

But I was not one to be deterred. As an adult, a noble, my resolution was strong. I was actually quite furious at him for doing that but to prevent losing myself to my emotions, I gave my all in maintaining the poker face I had on. Making use of the advantage a child had, I had on a harmlessly smiling face. And this expression was my default expression (poker face). My aim was to look like a normal-average-always smiling child who was actually awesome and sly.

Hey, I had an average face so I had to use it to its fullest, right? Ta-dah, behold the new me. It was so new that I wanted to add a 'star' mark next to my name. Te-heh.

At my direct line of questioning, the former Emperor grinned, just like how those villains grinned when they saw chests of gold they stole / bribe from others.

"For the expansion of my nation as well as reinforcing it. I believe any ruler who ruled over a nation would want that, don't you?"

He said confidently as I continued staring at him. It shouldn't be just this. I was pretty sure he had a deeper reason for doing it.

"You should be clear that there will be divine punishment should you ever lift a hand against the forest, don't you?"

With that smiling face, I threw the question back at the former Emperor, who faltered for a moment.

".....I did know beforehand that demon beasts would pour out once the trees are touched. But I too, know that the ones who would be in trouble would be Elzmu.

In that case, I thought there was no need to hesitate."

"Just that? In that case, why did you not execute this plan from the start?"

"That was because I need time to gather information about Elzmu's strength."

"So you knew all about about our war strength?"

"Yes, which is why we started advancing,"

My smiling face and the former Emperor's expressionless one. I cannot read anything from it. His answers were all plausible and there weren't any thing wrong with it. But I caught onto that small moment of silence he had before he started answering.

If that was really the reason why he invaded, there was no need to falter. Father had

told me that the fury he had for this former Emperor was so great that he could just reached out and killed him so there was very little chance that he could live. As a noble of Elzmu, as well as all the political history I learned, I knew we do not had that kind of leniency nor can we afforded it.

But because there seemed to be a hidden agenda, I was tasked as a special exception to deal with this. As for what the hidden agenda was, I did had an idea. Besides, I was the one who destroyed the [Shadows] Hattuo thrown at me.

I knew I was investigated as a new threat to them but above all, since I destroyed the [Shadows], Hattuo did not get as much information as they would had preferred. And now, they moved despite the lack in intelligence gathered. Which meant there was a strong reason that pushed them to moved as soon as they did.

As I continued smiling as I stayed silent, and the fearless smile from the Former Emperor gradually disappeared. Then, a voice full of regret was heard.

“It’s the food supply. By this winter, all of my national treasury is used up and I would have no means to feed my citizens. And since Hattuo freeze up during winter, they wouldn’t even have the means to support themselves.”

At last, he began to talk about Hattuo’s situation.

Due to the harsh winter weather in Hattuo, they had been importing food from over Dyuvu, the [Beastmen Nation] whom they scorned, and even the Federal political Hadazerl since forever, even before Elzmu was founded.

But as this lifeline (weakness) was held by the other countries, they couldn’t raised up a strong and unstoppable army as they liked but since they had an industry of creating magical tools and mana stones, they had no problems with their finances.

However, during this recent century, the sales for their magical tools and mana stones had been on the declining.

The reason for that was clear. Because Elzmu had began brunching out in this line as well. In other words, it can be said that the effort the First Founder had placed in compulsory education had shown it’s effect.

Although Elzmu started out small, their magical tools had produced better results

with better pricing as well. Plus, thanks to everyone knowing how to use magic, the technology for the magical tools just kept on getting better and better. A complete opposite to Hattuo, which magic were being monopolized by the nobles.

Thanks to that, Hattuo began experiencing problems with their sales.

Furthermore, the citizens of Elzmu, whom all had a degree of knowledge, learned not to rely blindly on magical tools. Magical tools were produced for peasants who could not used magic in order to improved their daily life. But for the citizens of Elzmu, they learned how to used their knowledge to improved upon the tools and even invented new ones. This brought a huge setback to Hattuo.

As the trades increase in Elzmu, Hattuo was facing a deficit. And this situation continued for about a 100 years.

To add on to that was the spending of the nobles. Having lived that way since, it was difficult for them to changed their ways and when Guta inherited the throne, there was nothing left in the treasury.

Even more so when the previous Emperor was a extravagant idiot. And in this dreadful situation, they could only loaned from others. But, they still faced a huge problem with the importing of food. Once winter came, everywhere would freeze and it would be checkmate.

Listening up to this point, I sighed.

“I know we are getting our own just deserts from our previous actions but there was no other way to save my people.”

It must had been a difficult choice to make, which explained that expression he had earlier on. I finally realized the reason for the weird feeling I had when I saw the former Emperor’s expression when I first stepped into the room. I was decieved by that horrible reputation of his as well as his appearance but he was actually quite a good Emperor.

I thought that it was a waste. Was there no other way?

Ah, this was that. That thing teachers always said. ‘ I had expectations for you,

therefore the scolding. If I expect nothing from you, I could have kept quiet and do everything myself. But that is the same as giving up on you ' . Yes, I finally get that now.

"I think it is splendid how you think about helping the citizens. What was that again? Nobleness oblige?"

I continued.

"But the citizens themselves have their own will, their own thinking as well. To treat them like children where you have to spoon-feed them every way is just a condescending way of thinking, and the worst example an adult should behave."

I said some strong words that even I was surprised as the Emperor-in-question was staring at me with wide opened eyes. Ah, true, this must be quite surprising for an 8 year old to say. But he really shouldn't be that surprised when he knew I could keep up and understand what he just said earlier.

"Without having any expectation from the children and simply doing things your way, of course you would go into deficit. If you really wanted to protect your citizens, you should have use the strength they have."

"The citizen's strength?"

"The measures Hattuo have right now was even if you wanted to farm, all you are doing is only giving out the spades and hoes. Haven't you ever thought about it? The opposite side of Flowason's bridge, where Elzmu national border is, agriculture is aplenty. Do you really think that just by crossing a bridge the climate would change?"

"That, that is... that's because it's land that God had blessed upon..."

"Is that what was taught in Hattuo? If you have investigate the land when you are investigating me, you would have realize. All god had done was to allow humans to lived in a land that was used to be occupied by monsters. That's it."

"Then... why?"

"It's the strength of the citizens. In Elzmu, apart from passing them shovels and hoes, we imparted magic, magical tools and even knowledge to them."

"Magic?!"

"Not only magic. You said it yourself, didn't you? That Elzmu technology had risen..."

"What I meant is the skills of the magical tools craftsmen."

"You're wrong. It's national education. Everyone is equally educated and we have a

system where anyone can learn as long as they wanted to. Right now, around the border and villages, the fields had frozen over. Which is why the farmers are using fire magic to warm up the place, and even set down anti-freezing tools around to deal with the problem. As for the tools, as long as they have the qualifications, any one of them can built it so it's cheaper. And if it is to be used on agriculture, the country will also subsidies a part of the cost. And that is why none of the farms here is frozen over."

"So all you did is education and subsidiary... But in that case, don't you have any control then? It will be easy for them to revolt! No one would respect the nobles without the advantage of magic!"

"That in a sense is correct, yet not so. All I can say is, when the citizens gain knowledge, their patriotism grow stronger as well as their respect for nobles."

"Why is that so? Impossible..."

The former Emperor seemed to be in disbelieve. Rather, had this guy really investigated about us? He must had focused on the army strength and finances but forgotten about the citizens.

I felt like sighing, but I managed to held it in. Come to think of it, I was personally ordered by the King to managed Hattuo, which had became our vassal. I would be in contact with this former Emperor for a long time to come since this can't be solved immediately. And this was why we need to have the same understanding and ideals. Now was too early to be frustrated.

"If you learn, you would understand. The government did many for the sake of the citizens. From the Knights who protect them from the demon beasts, magical tools which cook, to the patrol of the streets. They felt gratitude, admiration, and some even set their aim to become a Knight or a magical tool craftsman. Meanwhile others had provide food as a thanks. Learn, and you would understand how your 'providing for everyone' is wrong..... That is also because the governing here is magnificent."

"The nobles in my country is rotten."

"Ah, well, that is also why I said your meaning is correct and yet no so."

"Can it be done?"

At my words, the former Emperor looked at me worriedly.

"Not 'can it be done'. But 'it had to be done'."

I felt slightly down from thinking about all the troubles that would be ahead. But

letting none of it shown on my face, I proclaimed it with a smile.

Chapter 144

My Weird Kohai (Calius POV)

“!!”

Calius sat up in surprise. Today, he chose to sleep in his room at the student dormitory but as he thought, it was no good. The number of presences here at the dorm made it difficult for him to fall asleep.

Plus, at this very moment, there was a presence making its way towards him. No to mention its coming via the ceiling. What a lack of common sense, to not use the perfectly good corridor but instead chose to travel through the ceiling instead. He looked towards the ceiling, preparing to give the incoming presence a good scolding.

Even though he did it quite often himself. What a huge contradiction there.

“Who is it?”

Calius was feeling disappointed that he currently did not have the skill to recognize a person based on the presence alone. A Ninja would never make a sound when he / she was on a mission but it was not like he was on one right now. Since there was no other choice, he couldn't help but to ask who the person was in the ceiling.

But even without the answer, he already had 2 person in mind. It was someone who could hide their own presence till they reached his room and after that, released enough presence to allow him to detect it. A person who could do that shouldn't even be here in the first place. Calius did know that he came recently but to be able to do that was plenty weird in itself.

“It's me, Calius-senpai.”

He knew it. Without him realizing it, a smile had appeared on his face. There was not many in Phillis Academy who knew this secret passage in the ceiling other than the Ninja Family. Normal Noble kids who had been raised up carefully before sending

them into the academy would never had paid any extra notice to the ceiling. Only an adult noble who had been through all sorts of trials would had noticed it.

The best evidence was that no one had never found the secret passage in the ceiling till now. Thus he was very surprised by how Will managed to discovered the passage himself.

But more so about how he could controlled his presence. No one would had thought that a 1st year lower acad student could do it since it was not taught yet. Not to mention he was only 8 years old.

And to think Calius himself only found out about that passage recently. If it wasn't his hobby of observing people, he would had missed the hidden passage. And to had found and used it so easily, William Beryl was a person Calius found to be really mysterious. That peaked his interest and above all, he found Will really amusing.

To tell the truth, the academy was truly a boring place for Calius. No one knew since he loved hiding behind his poker face as not to stand out but Calius was a very curious and competitive person. His hobby of observing people was not his interest, but instead a way of training in uncovering people's weaknesses. If not for training, he would had came to know everyone's movement without the need specially observed them since they all lived at the same dormitory.

And the one to break that old boring mold, Will, became a very delicious lure in front of Calius. He was, at the same time, jealous of the fact that Will got to go on a mission with his father but that feeling was soon gone.

Because the more he observed, the more he knew. That to fight with that Will was the most stupid idea one wold ever had. Will was that *unusual*.

Come to think of it, Will was *unusual* the very first day he stepped into the dormitory. He managed to opened the door despite having not yet learned any magic, that odd calmness of his that didn't fit his age when giving his self-introduction and also the way he read the atmosphere and adapted to the situation.

Oh yes, and he did not gave his family name when he did his self-introduction. Of course, from the Ninja Family, there was no way Calius was as stupid as not to know that the son of the most prestigious noble family had skipped ahead of his peers and

enrolled into the academy at the early age of 8. He realized it was Will the moment he gave his name but at that moment, Calius had thought Will was testing them.

Having raised in the Ninja Family, Calius loved these kinds of scheming and secretiveness. To him who loved reading these types of stories since young, no one could blame him for expecting it to happen.

But now, he thinks that the reason Will did that was because he didn't want to stand out, or so that he could make friends without them minding his status. Even so, William Beryl was someone he had not fully figured out. Will's actions had always been so erratic that it was difficult to pinpoint but that was also why Will was so amusing to him.

So what had Will done this time? Excited, the normally emotionless Calius had a bright smile on his face.

“Senpai, you always said that you want to go on a mission like the intelligence squad, didn't you?”

That question that came out of nowhere surprised Calius so much that he froze for a few seconds as he stared at the ceiling.

Chapter 145

My Weird Sempai

“Ah, come to think of it. He must have thought that there wouldn’t be anyone like that. You should have seen his expression.”

Thinking back to the Emperor’s expression, I can’t help but grinned.

The former Emperor... Let’s just call him Guta. Although I gave him a lesson on our first meeting, he showed no signs of being irritated as others do when they were being taught by a kid. Instead, he looked at me with honest eyes, or perhaps he was simply a serious person who preferred efficiency, and was moved by the things I said to him.

And then, after looking back at all that he did, Guta deeply reflected upon his deeds and kept on apologizing regretfully to me. So much so that I had forgotten about the anger I felt for his action and simply felt stunned at his change.

Besides, Guta was not the one who created the [Shadows] or set down the practice to demeaned Beastmen. Moreover, it seemed like Guta did not directly laid down the order to endanger my friends when the incident happened with Selphy so I could somehow suppressed my anger. It did felt a little like how those politicians went ” It was the secretary who did by their own accord. ” but I was just going to leave it at that.

Since I was entrusted with by the King with Hattuo, there was no way to avoided Guta so bearing a grudge was really not feasible. Plus it would be better for my mental health.

And so, my rationality convinced my feelings to to ‘forgive ‘. The deeply regretting Guta did make things a lot easier though.

Since Hattuo was going to became a vessel of Elzmu, I would need to make a trip over in ordered to set everything in motion. Since I had to managed a country, there was no meaning in going in my own.

Country management was usually done as a group, or a council. Hmm, I was having a sense of déjà vu like I had thought about these things before... Did I raised a flag then?!

I would really like to asked the 'Flag raising' god but it's put this matter aside for now.

The problem now was personnel. The King had given me advice that as the basic minimum, I would need to have at least an intelligence corp under my direct supervision. He also added that he could give me anyone I had in mind.

I had initially thought that the King was joking when he said that because there was no way I would know any intelligence member who would be willing to work under an 8 year old. But hey, reality was always unexpected.

"Well and so, if Calius-sempai agrees, I would like you to to be part of the Knights Intelligence Corp under me."

"Wh, what, wait, what?! Isn't this too sudden, Will?!"

Ah, by the way, I haven't told Calius-sempai about Hattuo being a vessel of Elzmu or that I was going to be the commander-in-chief in that matter. Others were soon going to know about it but it was still top secret information at this moment. But since this was Calius-sempai, there was a little fear in me that he already knew about it.

Right now, that usual poker-face of his was dyed in surprise. He even rode onto my rhythm and gave a tsukkomi back. That showed the height of his surprise.

"So... do you want to do it?"

Ignoring Calius-sempai's surprise, I repeated my question. And why was that?

"Of course I am if I can."

That's why. I already knew his answer.

"Okay! So Sempai, as my subordinate, you are to infiltrate into Hattuo for information. This time, Hattuo is going to be a vessel country under Elzmu. Ah yes, I am also going to be the commander-in-chief."

Ah, ha ha ha. Even Calius can't stopped opening and closing his mouth from all this information. Don't worry Sempai, that's a natural reaction.

And so, I got my first subordinate. There was a lot of things I had to do and I already had a inkling of how bothersome this was going to be. But still, I can't helped but felt excited for the future to come.

Chapter 146

A Lady Will Never Be Defeated

The Fireworks Festival organized by Will ended on a high note.

The next day.

Will was in great spirits as Zen and Selphy would be staying for a while longer after the event but as opposed to him.....

This was bad.

Chiffon's tail curled up in a ball as her ears fidgeted restlessly. Will-Sama was only 8. It was normal for a boy his age to spend more time with his friends than to fall in love.

But still, this was bad if it continued.

What if, during this time when he was still disinterested in love, his feelings for his friend grew strong and something would blossomed between them instead? Chiffon was worried that she did not entered his eye at all.

Being his personal maid was, one part, repaying a debt of gratitude towards him but it was more of the feeling of wanting to be by his side. And, if there would be a chance that something would happened when they were together.....

The novels she read for research had plenty of of stories about how Nobles would lay their hands on their maid. In the end, the maids would get pregnant and they would then be wedded as their wife.

Oh, how wonderful!

In the cold winter, Chiffon was trying her best in wiping clean the windows when all of a sudden, a hand, filled with warm, touched her and when she turned from the

surprise, she saw Will, smiling at her... Chiffon quickly cut off her day dream in a haste. She can't have a nose bleed in the middle of work.

She could be considered a pervert by society considering Will's age.

But that's alright if that meant that she could stay by Will's side forever. That's how much she loved him, she felt happiness just by being with him.

But then.

"There is a strong rival..."

Chiffon sighed. She had expected Will to make friends in school and she even anticipated that he would be admired by a large number. So much so that it would not be strange for him to even had a fan club.

Even though Chiffon's expectations were totally on point.

That was why, Chiffon had prepared to face her rival when she learned that Will would be bringing friends along when he returned.

But.

It was proved that Chiffon had it all wrong. The biggest enemy was right next to her! Of course, Will's friend, Selphy, was frankly showing off her attraction to him and Chiffon was quite surprised at how thick-headed Will was to that. But!

Yes, him! Her biggest enemy!

John! Will's home tutor and his best friend, the one and only JOHN!

Although Chiffon was conscious about how they do not see it that way. However, they were so close that there was no gaps for her to even slipped in. She wanted to avoid the situation where only John can held Will's attention and she was always out of bounds.

She let out a long breath and gripped the cloth in her hands tightly. She had the afternoon free today. As Will was out playing with Zen and Selphy, this was the only chance.

“Time to attack!”



Thanks to Will and his friends, the residence was filled with lively energy. Ah, although most of them still hadn't recovered from giddiness of the 'Fireworks Festival' Will planned.

It was a dream-like experience for Chiffon too.

When Will's eyes met with hers right before the fireworks and he smiled, Chiffon thought her heart would burst from the amount of feelings she had inside. If that incident didn't happen, Chiffon might still be basking in happiness. Vexed, Chiffon bit on her handkerchief.

All the bustling areas were where all the work was going on, like the kitchen or the linen room. But right now, the corridor Chiffon was walking along did not enter into any of one of the examples as she activated her presence-erasing skill from when she was still a [Shadow].

The reason why, was because this was the area where all the servants, like maids, gardeners and even cooks, slept at. This area, which was housed in the northern part of the mansion, was still slightly dark, despite it being an afternoon. By the way, the door of the mansion faced south so this part of the house was set at the very back.

It seemed to be the first-generation servants themselves who insisted on placing the quarters at this location. The first generation head wanted intentionally to build a dormitory on a hill where the sun shined brightly and was near to both the street and the mansion. However, he was met with objections about how wasteful it was, as well as that there was no meaning if it was not closer to the mansion.

As with Gion and Will, every head of the Beryl's could manage themselves and there was no chance for the servants to do anything. They were most probably scared that they would end up not doing anything if their living quarters were further away.

For some reason, every head of the Beryl's had very high specs, so much so that the servants around them looked like bumbling idiots. Who wouldn't want to be the right hand or leg of their master?

And so, most of them ended up working behind the scenes. And bear the pride of supporting the magnificent head in whatever he does. And thanks to that, the servants quarters ended up being built at the north wing.

Was what was written on on the thick [The Heart Of The Servant] book Mary-San passed to her.

Chiffon recalled the thick bounded book wearily. That was because, although she was loyal to the Beryl's family, it was slightly different to the book. This book had the knowledge and feeling of the servants for the past 200 years and although she liked the Beryl's as well, she felt slightly fed up with being forced to bear and continued the love of the previous.

Chiffon regrouped herself as her ears and tail stood up.

Although it was basic knowledge to not make a racket along living quarters, most of the people staying here were working at this hour of the day. Besides, they would rather go to the matsuri if they had the time.

Different from the other parts of the mansion, it was quiet here. However, if Chiffon focused her ears...

"I can hear the scratching noise of a pen."

Chiffon mumbled to herself and she smiled. It seemed like her target was in the room. This was John she was talking about. He was always in his room until he was called. He did stayed at the research lab at the castle recently but he was more often than not doing something inside his room. John was popular with newcomers girls but was avoided by those who had been here for some time.

His appearance was good, but as a lover...

Said one of Chiffon's colleague. Despite being teenagers, they were all very grounded in reality. But it had nothing to do with 'Will-only' Chiffon.

Taking a deep breath, Chiffon knocked on the door.



“I have questions!”

Chiffon said the moment she entered the room. Due to the threatening tone, John can't help but to take a step back and be on guard.

To the John who stood frozen, Chiffon entered his room without restraint or embarrassment. Although this was unbecoming of a girl, it was not that Chiffon cared at the moment. She jabbed her finger at the surprised John as the hair on her tail stood on ends as she roared.

“Firstly, firstly, you slept with Will-Sama again, didn't you?! Why did you do that?! It is an atrocity!”

John blinked in surprise at the sudden accusation.

“No, I...”

John was stunned. Will was only a boy and not to mention that they were all male. To Chiffon who burst in suddenly, he could only see her as a strange woman as he averted his eyes. This made Chiffon's misunderstanding grow.

John did something wrong, that's why he averted his eyes. Her anger grew.

“As I thought! You shota-con!”

Chiffon was basically snarling at this point and John was very taken-aback at this. Add to the fact that he was being scolded as a 'Shota-con', a word that he, as a scholar, had never ever heard of before. Swallowing the words of 'if he should find a doctor to have a look at her' back down as he tried asking.

“What... is 'shota-con'?”

The question that he squeezed out was met with an unbelievable answer.

“I don't know! Will-Sama said that when he saw a uncle pulled a boy's hand as he grinned! You're like that uncle!”

“Uncle...!?”

Even John had taken some damage from that. Will had just expressed his worries over his love life yesterday. Was it really that bad? John can't help but started to worry about himself.

"In, in any case, I was just doing an experiment with Will....."

"And what experiment was that? Unbecoming!"

"No, it..."

John tried to explain as his voice shook but Chiffon was not listening to his words.

"Plus! Why is it 'Will'? This is just rude to the one you serve! You should show your respect! How sly!"

"You said all of that but you're just jealous aren't you..."

"Plus! To even follow Will-Sama to the capital! Are you a stalker?! How disgusting! How sly!"

"Disgustin..."

John was stumped at the insults thrown at him. He had to recover his bearings. It was never good to fight emotionally. He had to take a practical stand.

".....I say, I was ordered by Master to return to the castle to continue my research."

By the way, that order was given because the King (Kesamu) had clung onto Master (Gion) in tears because the research was not progressing at all.

In reality, John was one of the few who could follow Will's 'crazy' other-worldly knowledge and was considered to be a genius within the court scholar world. John quitting left a huge blow to their research.

John knew that he had given the perfect explanation and just when he was feeling smug about it...

"Hic... sob... wahhhhhh."

With her emotions so highly strung, Chiffon started crying. In her heart, she understood where John was coming from but her feelings just couldn't keep up. To a girl worried about her love life, theory just couldn't beat it. To put things bluntly, she

was very envious about John and Will's relationship.

And that in itself was suspicious.

Seeing Chiffon who burst out crying, John's poker face collapsed as he began to really panicked. If Will was to see this situation, he had no idea what Will would say.

"But, but... it just stinks of something... hic..."

This was actually the consensus of the entire mansion.

Fujoshi, with their rotten hearts, just took this bait with glee but even those pure hearted women blushed at how close the both of them were.

They were so close that they could joke and quarrel with each other, showed a different smiling face from the one they showed to others and sometimes, there were eyewitness accounts from who peeked into their rooms, and saw them gripping onto each other's hand and staring into each other's eyes.

It was also normal for Will to spend the night over at John's room and when a servant went in to changed the sheets, they saw them sleeping together on the same bed...

Actually, the relationship between the John and Will was the strange connection (never had a girlfriend before) they felt as well as how they could followed each other thinking and knowledge. In other words, they treated each other like rotten best buds.

As for why they were holding hands and staring into each other eyes, Will was showing John the technique of precise mana control as well as manipulation. And as a researcher, both of them often did experiments till the dead of night and they think nothing about sleeping together, treating it like a camp.

But, no matter which period and location, 2 good looking males together will always be a bait. Firstly, those Onee-sans with rotten hearts would bit onto it and that's the start and the end of things. These Onee-san would then started sprouting their delusions to everyone and it would started spreading to others who misunderstood and even those who thought nothing about it would started to get suspicious.

Once you started thinking about it, it would always nagged on the back of your mind.

It was a trick to misdirected the mind and the rotten Onee-sans had unwittingly used it.

No... Everyone knew deep in their hearts that it was all a delusion. But humans were beings that would still go and thought about it. And so, the one who got caught in this trap was this pure little girl in love.

In other words, Chiffon.

She had been abused by the orphanage since young and was saved by Will when she was working as a [Shadow]. Of course she had no experience in love and Will was her very first love. And different from the admiration the rest of her peers felt, she truly liked Will.

Having no immunity to love, she can't helped but thought about John whenever she thought about Will and their hand holding.....

Chiffon, who always stopped her imagination hurriedly when that happened, finally exploded yesterday. She somehow managed to controlled it in front of the guests but she had lay in bed at night, worrying endlessly about it.

It happened near the evening.

In the dimly lit room, the 2 of them were looking into each other's eyes and moreover! Moreover, John had a blissful smile as he said to a bewildered Will.

"It's okay. Because I have found a better lover than research... and that is you, Will."

That sealed it. That was it. Wasn't that a love confession? Chiffon turned bright red as she thought back to it as she cried. Will had denied it but what about John??

"To... to say such mushy words... how, how horrible! How unsightly!"

"Eh? Wait, what are you talking about now?"

"John-Sama, I, Chiffon, won't lose to youuuuuuu!!!"

John's room was in chaos.

Chapter 147

What's Christmas? (First Half)

This was when I was still a 3 year-old kid.
Ah, though I was only 8 years old right now!
Yes, I know I was still very much a kid right now!

And so, let's rewind back to 5 years ago.



On a narrow street, I thought all those couples holding hands should just break up.

In public, I thought all those couples who spoke lovey-dovey stuff to each other should just exploded.

On the train platform, I thought those couples who were reluctant to part as they gave each other a good-bye kiss should just hopped onto different trains and never met again.

With crazy eyes, I frantically whipped up the eggs white. **swish swish swish** In the quiet kitchen, only the sound of the whipping could be heard. Although it was only whipping of the eggs white, a tempest of curse were raging inside my heart. Die, reality.

“What for...”

My words echoed throughout the empty kitchen. Together with my rage, something was puzzling me as well. You guys whose age = to the number of years without another half... cough cough. My dearest partner-in-crime, I was pretty sure you were thinking of the same question as me. Yes.

.....Somehow, in this alternate world, christmas exist!!



“It’s going to be christmas soon.”

As I was diligently studying about the nation politics, I got jerked back into reality by this 1 sentence.

“John-Sensei. What was that you said just now?”

“It’s going to be christmas soon.”

I was speechless. The sound of that word simply rang of inauspiciousness.

“Can it be... that you said ‘Christmas’ just now?”

I asked haltingly. That’s because I never wanted to hear that word. But John-Sensei answered without any hesitation.

“Yes I did. What’s wrong?”

And he gave me a puzzled look. Ah, that was dangerous. I almost scream out loud. What’s wrong? Everything’s wrong! I mean, it’s christmas you know! That christmas! If I was not wrong, that’s the event that felt like hell, right?

Christmas.

Although it origin from the religion in Europe, leaving that aside, ‘Christmas’ as an event, to most Japanese, was a white bearded, dressed in red, pulling reindeer man as he flew all over the world delivering presents, ‘Santa Claus’.

And thanks to that setting, it was also when parents would gift their children presents.

Sadly, I came to know all of these when I searched it up, as I did not received any presents when I was at that innocent age. But let’s leave that aside.

Yes, on earth, ‘Christmas’ was an event where couples would ham it up.

Thinking back, it was when I was in grade 7. It was a warm day that reminded one of autumn when it was in fact, winter. The trees along the street were decorated with fairy lights and were twinkling away as the pure and innocent I looked along in

wonder.

But on that day, I saw it.

Under the lighted trees, the figures of a boy and girl in my class, kissing. And that pure and cute me realized it for the 1st time. That I had a possibility of getting a girlfriend.

No, I meant, that we had reached the age where we started dating. And when I looked around, I saw couples littered everywhere. Even though it was just a small school in a countryside. Usually, there would be no one at this hour.

Then, it was the winter of my 1st year in high school. It was a special day where it snowed, producing a 'White Christmas'.

Of course, I was at my part-time job, working, see how I don't have a girlfriend. And as usual, at a restaurant. Looking out from the kitchen, all of them were in pairs. And when I went around as a waiter, I was met with comments like "Working on this kind of day..." with pitiful eyes from the girls while the guys kept glaring at me.

And the worst torture was on the way back home.

People on the street were all in even digits apart from me. Yes, everyone formed a couple. That day, I was most certain that the streets of Japan were overtaken by a cult.

It was a nightmare. The damage dealt was enormous.

I kept receiving the same looks no matter where I go so I hurried back. I was not running nor escaping. It was a strategic retreat. The attacks from even numbers were too much for me.

In conclusion, Japan's Christmas was hell for me. It was ranked, along with Valentine, as the events I hated the most. Why was most events usually meant for couples? Be it a business strategy or couples that jumped on it, it was annoying.

Please think about other people!

...I know, this is what you people called 'inferiority complex'! But! You knew, don't you?! Don't you think those couples along the street was just annoying?

So, there you go. 'Christmas' was simply a horrifying word. That's all there was to it.

“A, ah, no, I didn’t know anything about ‘christmas’”

I said, with a shimmer of hope. Maybe, just maybe, the ‘christmas’ in this world was different. But that hope was soon dashed by John-Sensei.

“Is that so? Sorry about that. ‘Christmas’ is a time where a god called ‘Santa Claus’ would deliver gifts and presents to good kids. There were records in history that kids living in the slums, or even street kids had received presents from him. Ah, but it was actually a day to thank god for all he had done but when people grew wild in holding the parties, it had evolved into event..... Especially for couples... Damn, there are couples everywhere on the street...”

John-Sensei mumbled the last part under his breath. Yep, my tears can’t stop. My ears had heard everything John-Sensei said, clearly. Aah, the hearing ability of a child sure was scary.

Reality was cruel. I thought I didn’t had to experience hell when I came to this alternate world. There was no god. Hm, okay, there was one (beard)...

“Does Sensei have anything up for that day?”

I asked as Sensei smiled.

“Fu fu fu. Yes I do.”

Ah, okay. I got it. That smiling Sensei’s schedule was filled with experiments and research. I somehow felt better.



As I thought about all that happened in the morning, I continued whipping. I need to whipped the air inside. Dear egg white, for the sake of my future, please swelled up with more air inside! The more you swell, the more popular I would be. The more you swell, the taller I would grow. That’s how I felt. Please take care of me.

My state of mind was when I thought about what John-Sensei told me, about his ‘Christmas plans’. It sure was good having friends..... Even though it solved nothing.

We were all victims to it, that's why we formed groups.

...Wasn't it?

"What's wrong?"

As if John-Sensei heard my thoughts, he asked. Ah, he was here, using the name of 'experimenting', to see my cooking.

"It's nothing. I was just thinking that it's not swelling."

"Let me have a go at it. I should try it too since it's an experiment."

John-Sensei said, eyes glistening. It's really just trying a different way of cooking... despite you kept claiming it as an experiment. It was way different from those experiment John-Sensei did on the magic circles.

"Sensei, isn't it just 'experiment' cooking?"

He might like the word 'experiment' but he should just admitted that it's only cooking.

"Even so, cooking is cooking. Food heals the heart. The development of food is the development of culture. The development of culture is the development of techniques. Above all, an experiment is an experiment, regardless the kind."

John-Sensei replied with a straight face. The things he said was so cool. His face looked so cool! Damn it... explode, ikeman!

But food.

I wondered if this world viewed food as an important culture. Earth... Japan placed a huge importance in food. I was not that sure about Europe. Oh yes, we had that proverb...

"『People know manners when they have food』, right?"

Yep yep, that's the one... eh?!? I stared at the person that just spoke. Who was that? Although there was only the 2 of us right now.

"That was...?"

Suppressing my trembling voice, I gave my usual smile as my hands didn't stopped. High speed rotation. I sure had a good grip. The elegance of physics... that's not it! Why did Sensei knew about that proverb? Was there a same proverb in this world? Or was Sensei the same as me (reincarnator)...

"It was left by the First Founder. It's a proverb. It sure strikes the heart, doesn't it?"

I was wrong..... Sensei smiled. Of course I was wrong. Most reincarnator would realized I was one too. Plus they wouldn't even need to researched so hard about the magic circles. I could figured it out if I just thought about it.

"The First Founder..."

His name should be Elzmu Tera Olo... or something like that. It was ridiculously long for me to remembered all of it. Could be that that this was the one instead? I meant, there was way too many laws and stuff that coincided with my previous world. I had great expectations for him.

"The First Founder was splendid. Only that he seems to hate having records about himself so there was not much recorded in the historical records."

I see... I was happy for a moment there, thinking I would find out the truth as long as I searched for it. Maybe that shown on my face as John-Sensei laughed.

"You looked up to the First Founder as well huh... come to think of it, Will is only 3 right. It's only during these times where you behaved like a kid..."

Somehow, I was looked upon with warm eyes.

Hm.

Looked like I was misunderstood. I was shown the same look from John-Sensei as I did from Father. The look where an adult looked at a kid who was excited getting a photo together with his hero.

"Th, that's not it. I am..."

"Oh, Will. The egg white swelled quite a bit. It should be okay like this?"

Me, who opened my mouth the cleared the misunderstanding, shut up when a happy

John-Sensei spoke up. It would only sounded like an excuse. Oh well. I would really sounded like a kid if I were to make a fuss here.

Hm? I was a kid? No no no. My body is small but I was still a gentleman inside. A gentleman.

And so, the gentlemanly me gave up on explaining and went to check up on the egg whites. Yep yep. The meringue was whipped up nicely. Nice and firmed.

“It’s perfect, Sensei!”

I happily placed the meringue into another bowl and mixed them up together. The ingredients in the other bowl was egg yolks, butter and brown sugar. You should know by now what I was planning to make.

“So, what are you making, Will?”

Sensei asked. I grinned.

“A Chiffon cake, Sensei!”

Chapter 148

What's Christmas? (2nd Half)

"A Chiffon cake, Sensei!"

"...Chi... ffon cake?"

John-Sensei repeated my words, having a little trouble with the pronunciation.

Chiffon. That's a kind of cloth that was thin and airy. And apparently because the cake was like that too, it was named after it. It was not a cake that was thick and very rich in taste, but instead, had a light sweetness and was so very airy, like biting on air. Chiffon cake was one of the desserts I loved.

And as I had made this cake quite a few times in my previous life, I decided to make it here too. The Christmas here was confirmed to be an abominable day celebrated widely by couples, it still didn't mean that single dogs like us can't enjoy it too.

And the way to enjoy Christmas for single dogs?

Cake, chicken, sparkling wine etc etc. Yes, food. Christmas food was always something to look forward to... Although the empty feeling that came after stuffing yourself silly was rather...

"It's the name of the cake."

I poured the mixture into the iron mold. This world made some great advancement but why had the food portion of it laid stagnant? Ah, normal western, Japanese food were all being made here but stuff like desserts and sweets were missing. Those foods that needed a bit of work to make were not available here at all. You know, food that showed off 'girl power'.

What was this mismatched way of managing this world?

The only desserts that had the impression of my previous world was 'Jelly'. Well, my

friend, the First Founder, should have developed the menu here but it might be because he was a guy, he didn't like desserts all that much, which was why that part of the menu was missing. As desserts were pretty complicated, one wouldn't do it if one hadn't touched it at all.

"I have never heard of that before."

John-Sensei said, tilting his head in puzzlement.

"Really?"

"Yes. I actually have a bit of sweet tooth. All the desserts shop in the capital have been conquered by me but I have never seen or heard anything like it before."

The domination of the capital...! That was definitely not just 'a bit'! To tell the truth, I was surprised. This serious-looking, glasses-wearing, the S in the SM-kind of guy actually had a sweet tooth! Was this what they meant by having a 'gap'? That [gap moe] heard on earth definitely fitted this guy, with his impeccable looks. Although I was not 'moe' by him though. If a shota was 'moe' by a 26 year old guy, I would be in serious trouble.

And, let's put these all aside.

"Fu fu. Well, that's why I am experimenting. This is a new receipt I thought of."

I had a proud look on my face. Well yes, this receipt was not created by me but an America company who made that but just ran with me on this. It was easier since I cannot explain the 'america' part.

During this period, I banged the mold against the table over and over again. It was not that I was angry or anything, but to remove the air inside the mixture. If I were to miss this step, the chiffon cake would end up having big holes in it.

"Oh oh, oh my!"

Sensei's eyes shone at my words. That shining face of his as he came close made me take a step back.

“Er, erm...?”

But Sensei had already come close. At my troubled voice, Sensei looked up at me and went slightly red, before laughing as he apologized.

“Ah, sorry about that. I got too excited. I had always thought that there was nothing happy about Christmas but it seems like this year would be different.”

He said, eyes glittering.

Hm, that's great. It was great that he was happy. But still, this extent of how much he loved sweet stuff... I finally get to know the hidden side of him.

Ah, Christmas.

I used to monopolize the cake and turkey. Wasn't it great? Look at how the rest of them sliced the log-cake to tiny pieces for everyone. Yes, this was how the single dogs thought to keep themselves sane. Otherwise they would have started throwing curses all around.

.....Hm. It seemed like I hadn't changed much from my previous life. I was still cursing when I whipped the eggs. It sure ran deep.

“I wonder how would it taste like.”

Sensei peeked into the magical tool I named 'Oven', after I placed the mold in to bake. He sure was looking forward to it. I can't really fail, can I?

But I don't think I would anyway. Plus the handiness of the magical tool. The tool here measured up to the one on earth, and might be even handier. This child here had both the functions of an oven and a microwave. I deeply suspected that the First Head of Beryl was a reincarnated person like me, or maybe it was the First Founder who made it.

Wonderful.

Even for Nobles, if they had this kind of handy items around to use, they would give their all in working for the country.

“How exciting! Hmm, it smells really good!”

As those random thoughts went through my mind, John-Sensei was still peeking through the oven, paying close attention.

Are you a child?!

Suppressing that tsukkomi, I smiled and turned to face the oven.

“It is expending nicely.”

The cake inside the oven had swelled up above the mold. It looked like the meringue was perfect. If we had failed at the meringue-part, the cake wouldn't swelled. And, as Sensei had said, a light sweet smell belonging to the chiffon cake started wafting out.

My nose started sniffing on it's own.

It had been a long time since I made a chiffon cake. This was the first time since I was born. It had been 3 years. Hmm, was it early or late? Considering my age, this was considered early, but as a person who loved desserts, going for 3 years without them sure was hard.

Well, from all the web novels I read, it was often that the MC who reincarnated was not even allowed into the kitchen due to his/her young age. Or the kid of the noble would looked down on cooking and the MC, furious, would engaged in a battle with him / her.

.....I wondered why these tropes did not happened here at all. I was happy, but on the other side, it was a little disappointing.

Well, at least it was better that being in a world with bad food! Although lacking in the sweets and junk food area, the normal level of the food here was around the same as the level in Japan.

“O-”

I was about to say something when a chime was heard from the oven.

“It’s done!”

John-Sensei was almost about to pounced onto the cake. One could imagined the taste based on the smell, and a soft and airy chiffon was done. John-Sensei’s eyes were on me the entire time I took the cake out. It’s message were clear.

Can I eat it now?

He sure had a lot of expression seeing he usually had a poker-face on. Did he really want to eat it that badly?

“*Snickered*”

I burst out laughing. John-Sensei looked very much like a dog right now. Today really was the day John-Sensei’s character broke down. With a wry smile hanging on my face, I then said.

“.....We still need to let it cool down first. If not, it won’t slide out nicely from the mold.”

Despair filled John-Sensei’s face as he hang his head down.



Ahhh, how blessed.

I closed my eyes as I chewed. It was slowly destroyed by my teeth as I chewed. The cake was airy and light, but still had a decent amount of chewiness. And, since I lowered the sugar used, a light and soft sweetness penetrated my mouth. The smell was simple yet mouth-watering. I did a great job.

A chiffon cake after so long, was the best.

John-Sensei had a blissful expression as he too, slowly chewed and enjoyed the taste of the chiffon cake. And while indulging in bliss, I remembered something.

“Sensei, christmas is a day for couples right?”

“Yes, that’s right. It’s the worst.”

From that blissful face, John-Sensei immediately had on a disgusted face as he answered me. Well, I do agree with him but, I realized something now.

“Even *at my age?*”

If that was really the case, I would rather die. Sensei gasped softly and immediately returned to his usual poker face and looked at me. It looked like he realized it too!

“No... For kids as young as you, it was just a day where we would eat and hold a party, have fun, and worried if Santa Claus would be coming or not.”

“Ah, I thought so.”

Who as the one who taught that christmas was a day for *that* (couples) only? Tra-la-la-la-la, la-la-la-la. Yes! That’s right! You had the correct answer! It was none other than John-Sensei!

Sensei, teaching your students the wrong things because of your prejudice was not a good practice.

Yep, and it seemed like Sensei agreed with my thoughts too, as he looked at me with thankful eyes. And thus, I came to learned when I was 3, that christmas here was an annoying event.

Why, oh why. Why had christmas degraded till this level in this world as well? I was pretty sure you would understand that I really wanted to grabbed that bearded old god and let him know how I felt.

Chapter 149

It Sure Needs Thinking To Build A Long History

I met again, with the former Emperor of Hattuo, Guta. It had been some time since the last meeting. Ah, hmm, it really hadn't been that long, to tell the truth. But since I had been running between meeting Calius-senpai, John-Sensei, the Headmaster as well as trying to scout several others, it felt like it had been longer than normal.

And, the current place we were holding our meeting was, in fact, inside a horse carriage.

Yep, we were on the road. Not to mention the destination was set for Hattuo. Hm? You were asking me if Guta was released or not if that was the case? Ah, no no no no no, nope. This was my boss (the King), we were talking about, you know. The one who went ahead and cut off all the useless nobles and killed all those anti-kingdom rebels and stupid nobles, that Boss. That King Kesamu would never had allowed Guta to ran free, would he?

Then why? I had been given the [Highest Order] to get Hattuo down under Elzmu rule as soon as possible. What an overbearing way of using people. In simpler terms, I was currently going over to 'observed' Hattuo. In even simpler terms, he knew about my teleportation magic, which allowed me to go and return whenever I wanted. Really, what an overbearing way of using people.

Which results in the following members on this trip...

"...eryl..... Commander Beryl."

As those thoughts went through my mind, I realized that Guta was trying to engaged me in a conversation. It seemed like he had been calling me for some time. As I was still wrapped up in my thoughts, I accidentally looked at Guta with dazed eyes.

"Sorry about that. I was thinking about something. What was it you want to talk about?"

“Ah, we came out earlier than I expected and I was wondering if these few numbers of guards would be enough.”

Guta said, as he looked out the window. Well, it was true that the number of guards that *can be seen* was not much. These numbers would be adequate for passing through the street but it so happened that we were in the middle of the grass plains heading towards the Iza River. Demon beasts often appeared along these areas so it was understandable why Guta was feeling insecure.

“Don’t worry, these guards possess better skills than you thought.”

“That is...!”

Guta seemed to have grasped the meaning behind my words. The members going along with us to Hattuo consisted of members from the Black Knights Intelligence Corps as well as those with their unique set of skills that I scouted.

It was a high-level group which possessed power that one normally could not imagine. And it seemed that Guta realized that as well. And their eyes were always ‘observing’. Not only just the citizen’s reactions, they had to take in everything about the country we were about to take over.

Information was important.

Which was why, I had only chosen those with skills. That did not mean that they were lacking in attacking power. At least Buu-san and Nyaru-san alone had the strength to go through the [Demon Forest].

“I see.”

Guta nodded and directed a smile at me.

“I don’t really want to say this, but have you forgotten who is the strongest around here?”

It really wasn’t something I should say about myself though. But I had decided not to be humble nor hiding my head under a rock this time around. As I had decided not to go easy, taking down Demon Beasts shouldn’t pose a problem for me. I can’t say for sure there would not be anyone better, but I knew that I was one of the top in regards to Elzmu, or the Raiina continent, for that matter. So there should be no trouble with

these Demon Beasts. If I were to ever fail, it would mean that most people in this world would die as well.

Although I can't help it if that really happened.

At Guta whose face went tight with realization, I turned over and sighed. This... uncle. What should I say about him? Should I say he was easy-going or was his adaptability too high? To a person who wanted to kill me not long ago, he had totally no guard against me at all.

And as if he had read my mind, Guta looked at me and gave a wryly smile.

"No matter how much a gifted child you are, you are still at an age where everything shows on your face. No... Or is it that you trusted me? Your face is saying how can I be an Emperor like that. Most likely you are thinking that I have too little of a guard up, right?"

I could only stare in silence when I was being told that. What a blunder. It seemed like my poker-face was not working as well as I imagined. At the silent me, Guta laughed happily. With his face, all I could see was a villain doing his evil laugh.

"Hahaha, I understand. I am not someone who would expose this to others..... Plus, it would be rude of me to put up a guard against you."

The tiny murmur at the end of the sentence was caught by my [cheat] hearing. I could do nothing but tilted my head at that sentence.



We went through the borders to Flowason easily. I had no good memories of Flowason at all. That vase placed at the window still, that kidnapping episode, not to mention that black history of cross-dressing. That black history of cross-dressing invoked the pity of Flowason's guards and that kiddish, child-like behavior.

Just that history alone made me feel like running away from this street as far as possible.

Quite a few number of the Intelligence Corps members had separated from the group

and blended into the street but as they had erased their presence from the start, no changes could be seen. The team was currently heading towards the Center-Tulle as we rode through the center street of Flowason.

Center-Tulle was the central city of Hattuo.

It was where I had crushed the hideout of the [Shadows] previously. It wasn't a pleasant place for me to stay at but considering Guta's stamina, it wasn't feasible to kept on the road so we were running towards our destination with the aim of staying for a while there.

The horses were doing their best as well. Although this carriage was a magical tool created by me. It had magical circles for lightening and anti-shake on it. I wondered how long would it take for this tool to be spread around the world. Though I do not had the intention of making it known for now.

Cheap and convenient magical tool spreading might not be a good idea, was what I learned from John-Sensei. Jobs available right now might be affected. Like those who reared horses and those who build carriages. The balance of the country's economy as well as the production output would hinged on the tool and that would not be great for the country.

Besides, I had the very impossible [Highest Order] to get Hattuo under Elzmu ASAP to complete at the moment. This fast carriage was one of the advantages I had and I was keeping it up my sleeve for the moment. But I would open up the technology in the future. Because... the butt does hurt.

"There is a church in Center-Tulle and over there, the priests are in-charged."

Guta, who had been looking out the window, spoke all of a sudden.

"I have heard about how capital belongs to the royals while Center-Tulle to the priests. Hm, no matter what, both are rotten."

A bothersome piece of information came just as we were about to reached our destination. My mind started wandering. I heard of this information but having someone who experienced it said it increased the reality of it and made my head hurt. And surprising, Guta had an stern look on his face as well. I turned and looked at Guta.

“I might be rude, but the priests hid under the history of previous people who spoke of the messages brought by angels and god, and proclaimed themselves to be gods. They twisted the messages by god and made themselves unaffected by the law. In front of the law, they waved their religion as a sword and made themselves heard. They even managed to avoid paying the taxes.”

Guta, who had been speaking as he looked outside the window, turned and looked straight at me.

“.....Did they thought that god was blind to all that they had done?”

I was caught in that gaze as the words rang throughout the carriage. I did not speak. When I first got hold of this information, I had thought that, even in this world without religion problems, there still would be people who made use of it.

In this world where god existence was confirmed, I did wonder how did they managed to do what they did without fearing. Because, god was a presence very close to me.

And, to them without fear, I would be crushing them within my palm. The atmosphere turned heavy. My face turned stern, as of Guta, as I looked outside the window as well. The sky outside the window was clouded over.

To Hattuo, winter was coming.

Chapter 150

My Eyes, My Eyes!!

As the travelling came to an end, I saw the all so familiar gate when we reached Center-Tulle. Thanks to the modified horse carriage, my bum was saved from exploding. Nor was I mistaken to be a ghost due to me floating above the seat. Even Guta was surprised at how little it rocked.

“So this is the technology of Elzmu. No wonder we we failed...”

He said, mocking himself. Seeing that, I felt a tiny pang of guilt. We were supposed to head through the gate but I had something I wanted to do. You know, like how your right foot was in Center-Tulle while the left foot stayed in Flowason. Or something like that.

“Will-Sama, what are you doing?”

Buu-san called out to the me who had moved towards the gate subconsciously. I froze. I had wanted to stepped inside and yelled out ” This is it! Center-Tulle! “. What was wrong with me? The boke-soul that was sealed deep inside me was hurting! Must be because of that tsukkomi bear near me.

“No, nothing.”

I averted my eyes as I straightened up and walked ahead. I saw the members of the Intelligence Corps paying their toll fees at the gate out of the corner of my eyes but acting as an ‘innocent’ child, I simply walked right through.

There was not much difference from the streets of Flowason. Putting it bluntly, the whole place was dreary. The people walking along the street looked dispirited and even the shopkeepers were the same. Although there wasn’t much people walking about in the first place. Compared to the previous trip here, the place looked worst than before. Can a place changed that much in just 6 months?

“This is... Center-Tulle?”

I mumbled, surprised at what I saw. If this was the central of Hattuo, it was to the level where one had to wonder how were they able to enter into the [4 great countries]. I mean, when one spoke about the central, it would be a place where all the trading took place as well as being the most crowded.

Here, you could see wood shavings all over the cobble and... oh yes. The reason for looking like they were dispirited might be because of the color choices of their clothes. They were all wearing dark colors, like black, brown or navy.

We then walked to the end of one street in order to not let anyone hear what we were talking.

“You must be wondering why it changed so much in just a few months. It’s the priests. The people here are afraid of them.”

Guta said, in a small voice that only I could hear as we walked over.

“They must be thinking that we are the same as *them*.”

Saying that, Guta looked that the townsfolk who were taken aback and cringed at the sight of us. Ahh, so that was why. Now I know why they were behaving that way. They were afraid of ‘us’.

Although the number of guards weren’t a lot, we still had them. Plus, the clothes on us were clearly of high-quality. Even if we were not thought as priests, they could still see that we were nobles of some kind. With the priests as examples, it was normal for them to fear people who looked like they had power. Don’t wake the sleeping dogs, they always said. And so, they did not even dare to look at us. They avoided crossing our path and kept their eyes down as they trembled, trying to protect themselves.

“What a stifling place this is.”

How suffocating. Not to mention how difficult it was to live in this place. I would have never wanted to live in a place like this if I was a citizen of Hattuo. Even if I was one of the *priests*.

I looked at the towering chimney that was situated right in the center of the town, black smoke puffing away from it. Looking down from the chimney, a huge white building can be seen. Detailed sculptures surrounded the drawn and outlined windows. Carved pillars next to the windows were inlay with gold foil.

“...That’s the church.”

Noticing my gaze, Guta turned in the same direction and said emotionlessly. So that’s the church. I glared at the building as I observed it. Not a single spot of dirt was on the green roof. The scale of it fitted the central and it possessed the detailed and beauty of a place where god was honored.

But it left a bad taste in my mouth.

Looking at the state of the town left by the priests, I once again felt deeply that they cannot be forgiven.

“Damn it.”

I cursed under my breath. Then, I started skipping, avoiding the gap between the cobblestones, as I hummed a song.

I am a naive and innocent child.

If I don’t get my mind in gear, I can’t played out the role of a innocent noble child at all.

“Father, Father! Let’s hurry and find a inn to place all our luggage! I wanna go there!”

I lifted my head as I gave a huge smile. Following that, I held Guta’s hand. Seeing his shocked expression, I grinned as we walked down the street.

It’s time to start some cleaning.



We checked into one of the biggest inn in Center-Tulle. Hmm, no, this was not an inn. It felt more like a high-class hotel. In Earth terms, it’s the kind of hotel where there would be doorman and chandeliers would be hanging from the ceiling.

I nodded to myself when I saw the extravagant lobby.

The floor was laid with polished marble that was perfect for sliding on. Looking up, the ceiling had beautiful carvings on it and there was even a huge piece of art on it.

They sure earned a lot here.

I worked cleaning in recruitment offices as well as well-to-do families as my part-time job in my previous life so I knew. In order to keep this marble floor shiny, it had to be wiped very thoroughly everyday. Ah, the Aunt... cough cough. I had totally destroyed the memories of being said that I was a butler by Onee-san.

It was simply a part-time job. I did do things out of my job scope but I was not a servant. I did cursed them to be [drowned in tea] when I was glared at, or made them turned red when they scolded me for a mistake I did. I am sorry.

Let's get back to the topic. I had no idea how many were working in this hotel but it can't be a small number. The room maintenance as well as the salaries must all amount to quite a large number.

Wow.

My eyeballs almost popped right out of my sockets when I saw how much Guta was paying. No wonder they earned so much! Had they noticed how much they were charging for a night? Was their room service that great?

It was really an unforgettable time where my normal-average-person mind was blown away by the money view of the rich. I hadn't even gotten used to walking on the carpet in my own house!

"What a amazing hotel, Father."

"Ye, yeah. S, son, this was build around the same time as the church. It looks different from the others, doesn't it?"

Come to think of it, the shape of the windows as well as the carvings did looked a little familiar.

“I see~”

I said, as I skipped happily and *innocently* along. By the way, Buu-san as well as the guards and members of the Intelligence Corps had hidden themselves. As imagined, the bias against Beastmen were still strong here.

Ah, they were still staying in the same hotel though.

We paid for everyone up ahead. It was easier this way and Buu-san need not be subjected to any insults as well. They could all entered their rooms directly without being seen. But their rooms were all fully paid. A crime was a crime. I won't do it even if I won't be found out.

I had the Japanese soul of abiding by the rules, such as waiting for the green light even when there was no cars around.

I reached the last room situated at the end of the corridor. This was going to be my room today. Like a suite room, this was said to be the biggest room in this hotel.

“.....”

When I saw the room, my jaws dropped wide open.

“Wow.....”

A 3rd grade kid remark just slipped right out. Yep, what bad taste. I felt like turning back, and head right home.

“Guta-san...”

“Yes?”

I looked at Guta for help but he simply looked at me, puzzled, like there was nothing wrong with the room at all. So this was where our difference in taste laid. Ah, come to think of it, I did had a bad taste in my mouth when I saw Guta's picture in the textbook. He had on a extravagant and heavy clothing with ample embroidery that exuded a 'I am a evil noble' vibe.

“.....Nothing.”

Firstly, the first thing that came into my mind when I first laid eyes on it.

GOLD.

Lots and lots of it. The wall from the floor all the way to the ceiling was painted in gold, shining and sparkling brightly. And, the ceiling, floor and the walls were all painted very ostentatiously. Just these were bad enough but the ceiling had to be embellished with gemstones and a chandelier, and a magic tool was shooting out lights randomly all around the room.

The table in the middle of the room was pure white in color, it's legs filled with detailed carvings and embedded with gold and gemstones. It looked like it would induced halation anytime.

Just a look and my mouth was filled with a bad taste. I did imagined it would be something like that but this was beyond my expectations. This was just... an obsession with wealth and all things sparkly.

What was with furniture causing halation?

Was this not a place to stay in at and have a rest? Please let my eyes rest. I am Will... I am Will... I am Will...

"...Let's just head to the bedroom and have a look."

"Oh, sure, let's go."

A bedroom. There should be at least a place for the mind and soul to rest, right? I headed towards the bedroom as I prayed for help.



Help didn't exist whatsoever.

Sorry for the negativity. This was how shocked I was right now. I was totally defeated.

The entrance to the bedroom was already in the same style. Just from the living room to the bedroom, there was 3 doors. One was the bathroom, another was like a lounge

where a sofa looked like the biggest existence ever and finally, the last one was the bedroom.

So I actually entered into the bathroom first.

I was already at my limits. It was to the point where a star symbol would ended every sentence I spoke. Let me asked you, what was the meaning of gold-plating the entire bathtub? What was the meaning of building the toilet bowl with gold? I felt tired just from thinking of the consequences of scratching it. The toilet was a place that would get dirty right? Why did you even build it out of gold for?

Onii-chan can't understand at all. Gold was a precious metal that was few and far in-between so you had to use it with care, okay?

My vision started swimming. This place was too sparkly. My mind was swimming too. Ah, but there were still 2 more rooms to go. It was still too early for despair.

The next room I entered was the lounge. The amazing thing about this room was that at first look, I had no idea what it was made out of. Since everything was in gold, why not just made it all gold? The sofa was made out of something similar to leather. That material was high-grade and very popular, and could get sold-out in seconds.

Yep.

Although the ones that brought it were all adventurers! The name of that material was [Rock Lizard]. It's english. God, why was this the only place where you use english?

When translated, Iwa Tokage leather.

Sure, it was a high-grade material but the comfort level was the worst! The reason for the high grading was because the toughness of it made it a perfect armor for the adventurers! Didn't you do your research, designer?! Although I don't know who you were! You would know it immediately once you try sitting on it. Not everything was good if it was expensive!

I was tired from all the tsukkomi that was flooding my mind. But I still held onto that glimmer of hope. Yes, that was because I haven't seen the bedroom. A bedroom should be a place for rest.

How naive. So naive and brainless like Patrick Star.

[TN: Alright, raw was so sweet like a gum syrup drop. Japanese use the word sweet as another meaning of naive.]

The feeling I had when I stepped into the room? Despair. Only pure despair.

I had only imagined it to had a canopy. Who would think that it would be made out of gold threads sewn with sequins and sparkled. On top of that, the gemstones I thought to be was not gemstones. It was mana stones. Plus, it was craved with a magic circle that allowed it to sparkle and shine.

...So bright!

So bright that I can't open my eyes! Please let me sleep. Please somehow let me sleep.

And, the main problem was the bed.

I had at least expected the legs of the bed would be made out of gold.

I came to knew that the bed itself was woven out of gold threads.

And surprisingly, silver threads as well.

Wow, how fancy.

.....It's too uncomfortable!!

Ah, I had enough. My tsukkomi can't catch up. The comfort level was the worst. This bed was not made for sleeping, it purely for enjoying. After going through the whole suite, I ended near the entrance, my soul drifting away.

"I had enough..... I wanna go home..."

Did they not think of using wood? The most important was to make it easy on the eyes. Today was the first time I felt that deeply.

Chapter 151

To The Church

I wiped the *place* I was staying for the night from my memory.
...I'll forget about the inn and focus on the church instead.

Leaving my luggage in the room, I hurried out onto the streets. I would reached the church as long as I walked directly straight to the center of Center-Tulle. The citizens around were still avoiding us as we walked down the street but now was not the time to be concerned about it. It's sad but this was a serious problem that we should worked on later.

"These old men are so difficult because they have no fear of the law at all."

"How did you controlled them in the past? It was not like this the previous time I came to Center-Tulle."

"Ah, that's because we had very obvious 'power' situated here at that time..... 'Fighting power' (violence)."

"Fighting power...?"

Guta explained in detail to the puzzled me. According to the information from King Kesamu, the soldiers situated here were on the verge of collapse. True, they lost when they tried to invaded Elzmu. With the rein hold by another country, it was already a wonder that they were still functioning.

The soldier numbers here were also greatly weaken due to the Grousil, who captured people from other nations for slave trading, had his men jailed because of that. It had also caused Hattuo's army force to weaken as well.

Plus the matter with the [Shadows].

The [Shadows] hideout was situated in this street and the leader of the [Shadows] was under the Emperor's control. It had seemed that the leader had *directly* threatened the church with their power. And since the [Shadows] had been destroyed, the church started acting up.

“How can it be...”

I was stunned when I heard Guta’s explanation. The [Shadows] had threatened and attacked my family and friends and I had viewed them, as well as Hattuo, as the enemy. I did not expected that in defeating them, I would be causing harm upon the citizens here. Viewing ‘Hattuo’ as the enemy did included their citizens as well though...

I was not that hypocritical to think that I was the one at fault in causing this entire mess but I too, can’t pretended I did nothing wrong either.

I can’t helped but wondered if the citizens here wouldn’t be in this situation had I not defeated them. I should had thought of the consequences behind very move I made. But there was also a part of me that felt that I was too much of a big shot to think that everything I do would affect something.

Both views were correct yet wrong. It was just a matter of choices. Yes, in the end, it all lay in the cause and the beginning. It was the one who created this problem at fault.

Plus, I had vowed to myself at that time.
That I would protect the ones I loved.

But I was still overcome by all the feelings I had inside of me. Naturally, my eyes swam about. As if noticing the state of my mind, Guta glared at the church as his spittle started flying out.

“No matter what, they are still bastards for what they had done, Will.”

I gave a deep nod as I continued walking. Rather than stopping, it was better to destroy the enemies in front quickly. I can do the regretting later.



As we approached the church, the number of people walking about dwindled even more. Didn’t this defeated the purpose of a church that was meant for people to pray in?

As we reached the doors of the church, there was not even a single person around. The huge extravagantly decorated doors was left wide opened as it was. As I was thinking

that most church did left their doors open, I was surprised by something I saw.

On the inner side of the open doors, there was a table that looked to be used as a reception area. And on that table, pasted a paper with '100 Rook' written on it.

I was stunned. In Elzmu currency (Japan Yen), it was about 10 thousand yen just to enter. They were already exempted from paying the heavy taxes, were they that lacking in money?

"100 rook per person."

The moment we stepped inside, a man sitting at the reception area flashed a slimy smile. I did not resisted much as I was familiar with the practice of paying a fee to enter a religious place.

In my precious life, famous temples and shrines do require entrance fees. I know that running a place required money but I had a feeling that they were needing that money to keep these old historical building standing.

But to keep this disgusting building standing was..... although that was just my prejudiced thinking.

Bet they were just thinking of earning that entrance fee when they did not even need to pay any taxes.

"Oh, the price went down."

My eyes popped when I heard Guta mumbling as he paid for the both of us. What the heck?! It was even higher?!?

"Yes, it went down from 200 rook. The high priest made it so that people could enter anytime they want to pray without much worries."

With that slimy smile hanging off his face, that young man answered Guta. Hm.....? Did it meant that the citizens came here to pray?

...They were forced to came over?!

Guta whispered it into my ears when we walked into the church. I can't help but trembled with anger. Really rotten to the bones! The people here were truly rotten!

From the door, a wide space that I thought to be the chapel, opened up. A long red carpet lined the center of the floor while long benches lined up in rows by the side. And on the innermost wall was a stained glass picture. In front of it stood a majestic statue.

There was also something like a stage at the very front. On top of the stage was a table, most likely where the priests stood to preach. As it was not the hour of a service, there was no one around. The clickery-clack footsteps of both Guta and I resounded throughout the church. The 3-stories high ceiling contributed to the loudness of the echos.

But I can feel the presence of our guards yet heard no sound coming from them. What high training they had. As expected of the elites of the Black Knights Intelligence Corps.

"Guta-san, we are to head towards the innermost room, right?"

"Yes, that's where their 'control room' is. Luckily, it seems like they haven't noticed us at all so maybe it is going to be easy."

"There is no maybe. Even if it's going to be difficult, we have to do it."

"Indeed."

The whispering Guta laughed.

Yes, we were executing our plan to sprang a surprise 'visit' to the room where all the 'higher-upers' were at, suppressed them with our strength and gained back the control!

What overwhelming power.

That was thanks to the black knights and my [cheat]. Please do not expect any political games from a novice like me. I apologized to Kesamu-san a little in my heart. Ah, but he should expect this from me from the moment he gave me this mission. Because he knew fully well that I was only a beginner as a politician.

Plus I was only still 8 years old.

There was no way I could turn over all the power and get the hearts of everyone from a country that had stood against Elzmu all these years. I believed that no one expected that of me. If he did, than there might be something wrong with the King.

As I forced myself to be convinced of my plan, I continued walking ahead.

You might be thinking that if we were planning submission by force, what was the use of Guta then? That was just a counteractive measure of mine. At least, as the Emperor, Guta-san and the church's higher-ups knew each other. If they decided to submit when they saw Guta, then there was no need for force.

Although Guta was convinced that there was no way it would happened.

But surrendering would be faster, Guta said as his smile deepened.

And he kept grinning as he looked at me.

Did I had something on my face?

Moreover, I just kept thinking that Guta-san really had a villain's face.

"No matter, they would be rubbing their faces against the floor in no time."

Guta laughed, every part a villain.

Weird.

I felt like a villain's henchman. Ah, that might be because I had an average face that didn't stand out.

Chapter 152

Only Confusion

“Ha ha...”

I looked at the scene in front of me.

“What situation is this.....”

“A situation where these old men are prostrating themselves.”

I accidentally let the feeling I felt right now to slipped out of my mouth. It was not that I was really looking for an answer but the answer given to me made it worst.

This was not the answer I was looking for!

Why was I seeing old men kneeling in front of me... old men... old men... A scene of a Lieutenant General, with his posed look, as the BGM of jang jang jang ja ja ja jang jang and kan kan ka ka ka kan kan kan... Eh? You had no idea what I was talking about?

...Anyway, as long as you understand the feeling I felt as I looked upon the rows of old men prostrating themselves in front of me. The scene was something easily understandable when you laid your eyes on it! But it was also a scene incomprehensible! I mean, this happened the moment I entered the room, you know!?

The point was, I had no idea what caused this to happened. With my head in a mess, I looked at Guta-san, who then gave me a big nod. No! Not what I was looking for!! All I wanted was an explanation! As I tried to conveyed my thoughts through my eyes desperately, the only response he gave back was ” As I thought. “.

As you thought *what?!?!!*

“Raise your head for a second please!”

I said, almost crying out. As I was already half-crying, it might not be ‘almost’. Could this be part of their conspiracy? They might be looking for chance to ran as I was

overwhelmed by it all.

Finally getting it I glared at them as I started searching around for any suspicious behavior but there was none. This made me even more confused. And as I was doing all that, the old men from the first row lifted their heads up.

“Please forgive us! O’ messenger-Sama from the heavens! We are idiots!!”

They stared at my face for a bit before howling, and once again lowered their heads to the floor. Enough!!!! I had enough!!! Can anyone please just explained to me what all of this was about?!?!?!?

As I hugged my head, I began to recalled all that had happened a while back.



As Guta-san and I was on our way to the innermost room, members of the Black Knights Intelligence Corps that were with me, came down from the ceiling and stood behind us as we made out way over. And finally, we reached the innermost room.

“It’s here?”

“Un.”

I confirmed with Guta-san and he nodded sternly. We had walked through the chapel, to the left side of the stage, and through the control room before standing in front of a door.

It was made out of wood, and looked thick and old. The handle was made out of gold and looked pretty heavy. Interestingly, the handle was placed at a higher height. As I reached out for the handle, I froze.

I can’t reached it.

...Definitely not that I was a chibi, but that the handle was placed way higher.

I could reached it if I jumped but that just looked too uncool. Thus, I looked up at Guta-san. Our eyes met. His eyes were questioning why I was not going in first but after reading my strong gaze, he had a realization as he stepped out in front of me.

Yes, please don't say anything. It hurt.

As so to hide my embarrassment, I walked a lot more flamboyantly behind him, like I allowed Guta-san to open the door. I was not running from this. This was simply a way of protecting my heart.

...But weren't they careless in not locking the door? Weren't these guys hated by the town? Did they not even consider that people would try to assassinate them?

"...There's no one here, huh."

Looking into the room, it was empty. Although I knew that when I didn't feel any presence coming from the room. Plus, they really did not even have any guards around. How unbelievable.

"They might be in the inner room, the game room."

"Game room...?"

What was with this playful-sounding name? Was it really okay to have such a room in a church?

"You might not think that there would be a room for games in a church but there really is one. It was often being spoken about by them."

My thoughts appeared on my face again. Without stopping, Guta opened the door wide. Game, huh? I wondered what they do in there. I do have a bad feeling though. I could feel a lot more presence in that room than the estimated number.

"Somehow, I can feel a lot of presence gathering around a table."

"Most likely they are gambling."

I felt like sighing. To think they were even priests. So they left their work in the afternoon and gambled the money they took from the citizens instead. But of course, there wasn't anyone here anyway.

I felt my blood vessel pounding.

"Guta-san."

"Yes?"

“I can destroy them right?”

“.....Please.”

Guta-san returned a smile to me when I asked him with a face full of smiles. That face of his was really... a very villainous one. Ah... but I think my face was not one of any difference at the moment though.

As that thought went through my head, I strengthen myself with magic, before kicking the door flying. In a word, I was pissed off.

“Hahh!”

Forgetting the noble-like airs I put on in front of Guta-san, I kicked the door. A fabulous loud bang sounded as the door broke apart. The door was not in pieces, it was in crumbs. In the moment, I stomped into the room as I released my mana.

“What.....?!”

“The door was...?!!”

As the people inside took in the broken door, it was chaos. But the moment I released my mana, everyone froze. They did not even made a sound. Ah, not good. I might had released a tad too much. I can't have them fainting away, all I wanted was them to give themselves up without resisting.

Panicking, I lessen the amount of mana I was releasing. And finally, the people started moving as they panicked. Spotting people who were trying to escape, I chanted coldly in my heart.

《拘束》

《黙れ》

[TN: Kousoku, Bind & Damare, silent]

The usual combo. As my mana was floating throughout the room, binding them was a piece of cake. Although I wouldn't had any trouble otherwise. Because, I had an awesome body at the moment. With this strengthen body of mine, I believed I wouldn't had any trouble chasing down those who ran.

Anyway, I was currently very pissed off at them so I wanted them to shut up. In the room that went back to being silent, the only sound that was heard was the clickety-

clack of my footsteps. I could felt Guta-san smiling wryly behind me.

The dust from the crumbling door had formed something of a smokescreen that hid my figure. My ears caught onto the fast heartbeats of the people inside the room. I was thinking that if I were to show myself, I would most like be looked down upon on... but it's okay. I've long given up. After all, I was good in making people fear the me that I was, right?

"I am here to judge."

It was too bad that I can't threatened them with a deep gravelly voice. I grinned, standing in the foggy room.

.....It's time for them to learned the fear of that was me.



And that was how the plot was supposed to go!!!!

Why did the old men prostrated themselves the moment they saw my face? What? Do I looked fierce?! Why now... Argh, I want to hit someone.

"O' messenger-Sama?"

A careful voice sounded out from one of the old men when they saw I was staying silent. Bending down, I hid my unrest face from being seen.

Guta,san, HELP!!

Chapter 153

Embarrassment & Misunderstandings

I got those kneeling old men to somehow stood up. What I needed the most, at this moment, was an explanation.

This was not a plan to escaped while I was confused. Rather, they looked to be really afraid of me. I wondered if this was the effect of me releasing my mana from before. But Guta-san once said " They returned to their previous state after a week even if they were being threatened by [Shadows]. " so they do not seemed like men who would cringed away when their life was threatened after going through that experience.

So... why? I glanced at the trembling old man standing nearest to me. Sensing my glance, he shivered up into his clothes.

"Erm..."

I asked the one who stood at the front, thinking that he must had been the leader. His shoulders jumped at my voice.

"P, p, please forgive me! O' messenger! We are wrong! So, so, please, please spare our lives.....!"

He then proceeded to prostate once again as he howled in half-madness. Somehow, I felt like I did something horrible to them. With a wry expression on my face, I walked over to where he was. It seemed like he had gone to the brink of madness.

"And why is that?"

I had no idea what [O' Messenger] was but since it seemed like they had mistaken me for that, I was going to put it into use. Seeing the weird expression on my face, the old man trembled even harder.

"I, I was tricked! That's why..."

“I see... Sigh... That’s horrible... So that’s it...”

I responded emotionlessly as the old man rambled on with his excuses. Like how they were threatened by the Nobles into paying high taxes thus squeezing them dry. Like how they were trying to protect themselves by using the money they took. Like how they were tricked by the Emperor into believing that Beastmen were beneath them. And many more.

Despite being the Emperor of a country that despised Beastmen, Guta-san surprisingly held no contempt towards them at all. Back at Elzmu’s Royal Castle, he did not show any bad feelings when I introduced the members that would be heading towards Hattuo for the mission. This surprised me greatly.

Guta-san once said that he believed in efficiency instead, I think. It didn’t matter if they were humans or not, as long as they could be used. Guta-san, who was born in a country with a deep-rooted contempt for Beastmen, and had even grown up within the Nobles who had been the worst, had not been led by that thinking.

The old man continued his tasteless excuses. The anger that gotten lost in all the confusion before, rushed right back up. It looked like he was going to continue weaving excuses for himself.

I looked down at the old man and said.

“I won’t take your life... Raise your face up.”

“Yes! Yes! Thank y... o... u...?!”

Thanking profusely, the old man looked up and froze. Yes. Right now, I had a superb *smile* on my face.

.....As my anger raged on inside!

“I said it before, haven’t I? That I am here to judge.”

Touching the cheek of the frozen old man, I smiled.

“Please do not think that you would die so easily..... You will pay for your sins, you pig.”

Releasing the fainted old man, I turned and walked out of the room. At this time, the Intelligence Corps members entered the room. The timing was perfect, seeing the gambling tables were still all in full view. With all these evidence, it would be easy getting a confession out of them.

Leaving it to them, I left the room.

“It went just as I expected.”

Guta-san said as he grinned, although I had no idea why. But first, let’s go back, Guta-san.



Well then, after settling that disgusting church, Guta-san and I went back to the inn. At this moment, the Black Knights Intelligence Corp must be busying collecting evidence of all the bribery, gambings and wrong doings that all the old men... *priests* had done.

I don’t really want to leave them there but Guta-san and I were people of positions. Our job was to wait for them to do their jobs so that was what I was going to do. So even though I was doing the right thing, I still felt guilty about it.

“Ah! I should have at least clean up the door crumbs.....!”

I buried my face in my hands. Yes, what should I say... If I were to explained my feelings in a word, it would be ‘embarrassed’.

To had raged on by myself.

Destroying the door, using ‘coarse’ language unlike a Noble should when scolding the old men, and then to leave in a huff like that. I looked just like a kid in his rebellious age, throwing a temper.

I heard in my previous world that the young kids had a bad temper these days but to think that even me... I used to be a gentleman with his gentle temper in my previous life! When I did regressed to such childish-like behavior?!

...Ah, I’m sorry.

I knew I should not make up memories like that.

“Will-Dono, that...”

Guta-san said hesitatingly behind me. He must be troubled at how to faced me after seeing me with my bad temper and coarse language.

“Ah... it just came out. I still have a long way to go, don't I?”

I turned back to looked at Guta-san and gave an embarrassed smile. Since it had reached this stage, I had to start over from the beginning. I guess it was better this way. I was appointed with the mission of taking over Hattuo, so I would had to spend a long time together with Guta-san anyway. Thus, there was merit in showing myself then to keep up the facade in the long run.

Since we were taking over Hattuo. we had to win over the Nobles here as well. This was not simply a matter of moving over with good will. There would be a merit for both me and the Kingdom of Elzmu.

As to what would happened to Hattuo after that, it would be up to them. Although I was aiming for a win-win situation still. I was pretty sure the King was as well. Because the King was quite a nice person.

“Right, why did you say what you said, Guta-san?”

I stared at Guta-san. Before we went, while I was troubled over if we could get those rotten priests to admitted their crimes, Guta-san had said with confidence that there won't be a problem. Plus that ” As I expected ” just now. He knew something. If that was so, please do tell!

“No, please don't misunderstand! I had no ill will against you!”

Guta-san panicked in a rare moment as he waved his hands.

“Then, why?”

“You may not believe me, or rather, you might misunderstand my meaning...”

“...I believe I am quite wide open to different things.”

Why? Because I was a kid. Because I had my previous world memories. I believed I was super flexible in that aspect. Seeing that villainous face twisted into a troubled expression, Guta-san stuttered out.

“You won’t... think of me an idiot, would you?”

“No, I won’t.”

Hearing me made answered immediately, Guta-san seemed to had gathered his resolve. Swallowing his saliva, he finally began to speak.

“...Will-Dono looked... too much of an angel.....! See! See! I knew you would look at me like that!”

Guta-san stopped in the middle of his sentence before derailing and pointing his finger at me, troubled.

“I am not looking down on you.”

I laughed. I was a man who held his word. I did not think that he was an idiot at all. Maybe just a little. Like what was this person saying and if his head was screwed on tight.

“Stop it with that look!”

Guta-san closed in, desperate. Unconsciously, I took a step back. Seeing that, Guta-san closed in further.

“No... I... ha ha ha.”

Well, I can’t helped letting out a bit wry laughter. What, an angel, me? A boy with a normal face? Guta-san, with his villainous face, had a surprisingly cute thinking, unlike of a gentleman. So people with fetishes do exist.

“You misunderstood!!”

Guta-san screamed.

“I knew that, really I do. So let’s head back to the church and see their documents area, okay?..... Please let us head back.”

Leaving the desperate Guta-san behind, I began heading toward the church once again.

Chapter 154

What The Heck Did You Do?!

Guta-san, who just proclaimed that I looked like an angel, was desperately trying to explain that it was all a misunderstanding and all would be explained once we went back to the church.

“William Beryl-Sama?!... What would be the matter?”

An Onii-san, who was arranging all the documents, noticed us and was surprised. I would too, be surprised if I saw someone who just left, came right back. Plus, not to mention the fact that Guta-san was the former Emperor while I was the Duke’s son. It was rather surprising for anyone to see us coming right back without walking around outside first.

“Ah, nothing the matter. I was thinking of taking a look at the basement documentation room.”

Guta-san said calmly, as if his previous panicking self was all a lie.

“Ah, I see. Although I think there should be nothing to worry about, please be careful.”

“Un.”

“Thank you, Onii-san.”

Properly giving my thanks to the Intelligence Corp Onii-San as well as a smile, we headed into the church.

“If I am not wrong, we should turn left at this room to get to the basement.....”

I opened the first door which was not destroyed by me as Guta-san’s line of sight drifted to the left. Lured by him, I too, looked to the left. And saw a door similar to the one I destroyed into crumbs. Using my mana, I detected a long and narrow space, like a corridor, on the other side of the door.

“We have to walk through that corridor to get to the basement documentation room. It should be right after we climb down the spiral staircase at the end of this corridor.”

Guta-san said as he advanced forward. There was no hesitation in his footsteps at all, like it was a place he often frequented. Why would an Emperor of a country knew so much about a church in one of the cities?

“You seemed to be very used to this place.”

I voiced my suspicions as Guta-san gave a bitter look.

“That’s because I had been burned by them before. That’s why I often visit this place under the disguise of checking how the citizens are doing when what I was doing was to keep them in check.”

“.....So that’s it.”

Now I can understand the meaning behind Guta-san’s expression. These old men were really running wild, weren’t they?

“Plus, it was rumored that the Emperor of Hattuo was chosen by god. And on top of that, during the reign of the First Emperor, there were records about god descending to Center-Tulle, while being accompanied by angels. Sounds to me like an excuse the First Emperor used for being easy on the church though.”

God did?

Hearing that, the image that came to my mind was loads of beard, and that grampa. What was that about him descending? When had such a spiritual, god-lish-like event happened?! By that grampa, or rather, my dad!

It must had been amusing.

I grinned at the absurdity of it as we stepped into the corridor. However, apart from the light at the door, the entire corridor was dark. I wondered if it was because of the wall material.

All the walls before the door was painted in a sickening white color, looking like white porcelain while all of a sudden, the walls of the corridor was made out of stone.

The only light source was a lamp hanging on the wall, emitting a dim glow. A space after the staircase could somewhat be seen.

“It’s too dark to really see anything.”

Guta-san said, as he squinted.

...Oh, that’s right. My [cheat] eyesight enabled me to see through the darkness but it must had been hard for an uncle like Guta-san. It seemed like he was not used to seeing in the dark.

I stopped walking, and began gathering mana in front of me.

“《光よ、灯る》”

[TN: Hikari yo, tomoru. Basically, just light up.]

I had always wanted to do this chant. I conjured up the image of a round-glasses-wearing wizard of my previous world as I chanted. It was too bad that the magic here was done without the use of a wand.

“This helps a lot.”

And so, we continued forward. As the click-clackity clack of the both of our footsteps reverted throughout the corridor, I had a bad feeling. This was supposed to be the church documentation room, so why was it buried in this dark place?

Ah, maybe this kind of environment was good for the preservation of the papers.

Somehow, I was a little excited. This kind of dark and heavy atmosphere just resembled *that*.

A dungeon.

A place any men would dreamed of going.

As I was lost in my daydream, we soon reached the staircase. And as before, without talking, the both of us went down.

Ah, but, it was weird when I was being thought as an angel, it was even more incomprehensible that the church had documentation that explained the

misunderstanding about Guta-san's sex fetish. Was Shonen-ai being made into a sacred thing by the church in Hattuo?

[TN: Shonen-ai. Not BL, but young boys love. Kinda like the male version of Loli-love.]

No no no no no, this was not the Edo period. Not the Edo period.

I really don't want to be looked upon as a target of interest in a place that prayed to my dad.

And as that thought went through my mind, we reached the end of the stairs. I gulped. The door to the basement was made out of a gold-like metal, which looked like it could keep people out.

Creak

The hinges sounded like they hadn't been oiled for years as the door was opened.

".....Eh... Me?....."

On the huge and big wall, hanged a huge and big painting. The paint had faded, there were bald spots here and there, and cracks could be seen in some areas but all of that did not hindered people from seeing what the painting was about.

And here came the problem.

.....On it, without a doubt, was a painting of me. There was even light radiating from behind my back! I was even half-naked!!

"What is this....."

Guta-san smiled snugly at the stunned me.

"The title of this painting is [God and his Ol'Messenger]."

Come to think of it, it was as Guta-san had said. A bearded grampa was in the middle of the painting, looking god-like as he descended, while bringing along me, who was half-naked with wings, flying in the air.

One mistake and this would all go wrong. (Fully naked = pervert)

Wait a minute... being half-naked meant that it was already wrong...!

“O! Messenger...?”

“A being that came from heaven, a respected being. In other words, an angel. It seemed to be a painting that painted the scene when god had descended in Hattuo.”

Guta-san did not noticed that I was not even listening as he laughed heartily.

“Now you know why I was so surprised when I first saw you. Will-Dono was the exact copy of an angel. Isn’t coincidence interesting? Ha ha ha ha ha!”

Really sorry to the laughing Guta-san, but this was not a coincidence. It was not that I resembled somebody.

“WHAT THE HECK DID YOU DO?!?!?!”

As I thought of that bearded grampa (my previous world dad), I yelled silently with all of my strength.

Chapter 155

Poor Thing

In that stunned state, I once again returned back to our inn. After all that running around, it was already evening.

In that room with that sparkling table, sat the both of us, sipping our tea. The tea leaves were taken out of my 4th dimenti... my alternate space storage. Guta-san, who seemed to believed that tea were not meant to be made by our own hands, were staring in shock at my actions of brewing the tea.

Or just being astonished by my alternate space storage. Ah, I really didn't meant to let him see it yet though. So why did I even take the tea leaves out in the first place?

It was all thanks to this inn.

Not that I was planning on discussing something highly secretive so I skipped on ordering room service. It was just that the delivered tea had... gold flakes inside the tea!!

Yes, I knew that there were temples in Japan that provided these kind of tea. It was okay if it was added in moderation but the entire tea was almost full of gold flakes! Rather than saying it kept squirming about inside my mouth, the stretchy feeling as it went down my throat was the worst.

This was only going to be excreted out, you know? Once digested, it would only became gold poop, you know?

“But, this is my first time drinking such good tea.”

Guta-san said as he closed his eyes to fully savor. Please don't say so, this was just normal tea. Then, hit by a revelation, I lunged forward.

“Can it be... you had been drinking *that* kind of tea all the time?!”

You must be kidding me, an Emperor drinking that kind of disgusting tea all the time...

“Yes I did.”

NO——!!!! [TN: *This bit was in english in the raws, hahahahahaha*]

Looking at Guta-san who nodded without hesitation, I clenched my hand tightly. Poor thing. Not being able to drink good tea despite being an Emperor! Not to mention that he could only down these... *tea*! I shuddered just thinking about it. Poor guta-san.

Poor food (tea)!

I was angry on food's behalf. The blood of a Japanese, whom were usually passive in nature but erupted upon issues with food, was boiling... not physically but from the soul, and made it unforgivable that the exceedingly amount of disgusting gold flakes was even put into the tea!

“It is obvious that too much of these gold flakes are placed in! This is not tea with gold flakes but gold flakes with tea. How did it end up this way?!”

“Oh... That's because gold is a symbol of wealth. High-quality equals to gold. Everyone is competing against who have the greatest amount of gold.”

Guta-san answered calmly to the angry me who raised the question. So that was it. That was why this inn had been crazily inlaid with all these gold.

“I would rather you compete with the taste of different cuisines...”

“I hope for that too.”

Seeing how I slumped over the table in defeat, Guta-san smiled wryly. Could it be that this practice of theirs resulted in that awful gaudy yet villainous-looking portrait I seen in the textbook, where he was decked out in gold and an absurd amount of sparkles?

Looking at that wryly smiling Guta-san sitting across the table, I somehow felt very bad for him. Let's give him some comfortable clothing to wear later on.

Well then, it was time to get back to the main point. We need to consolidated all the information we had gotten.

“So... those old men kneel down when they see me is because...”

“Ah, they thought Will-Sama is an actual angel. Not matter how rotten they became, they are still priests. They should have known about that painting. Looking at how panicked they was, I am sure they did not noticed me at all.”

Guta-san laughed happily.

It came out, that villain look. I could only saw an evil laughing face.

“Come to think of it, you said I looked like an angel before, didn’t you?”

“That’s why I keep saying that is a misunderstanding!”

“You know, normally no one would believe you.”

My last comment (tsukkomi), caused Guta-san to K.O. After checking a few more bit of information, night had fallen.

As thought, those old priests were repeaters of gambling as well as illegal slave trading. But as no evidence could be found against them, Guta-san could do nothing much against them. Before we ambushed them, the many presences I sensed in the game room was as imagined, slaves being used as chips for their gamble.

Most likely they were being held in that empty space next to the game room. Right about now, the Black Knights should had found them and were dealing with this matter. Most of them should be Beastmen so the job of identifying their identity might not be an easy task...

Try your best, Black Knights!

I would also help if you needed it too. I wouldn’t had much contacts in Hadazerl but there should be no problem if it was Dyuvu. We could start with Buu-san, seeing if he knew anyone.

There was also the President of the Dyuvu Merchant Guild. We had previously talked about collaboration on this aspect. Do you remembered the incident with former-general Grousil? The President was one of the Beastmen saved by *Willia-Chan* in that incident. I was quite surprised that such an important person was among the kidnapped at that time.

Eh? How was dinner?

.....No comment.

Chapter 156

Unraveled The Dark History!

The day had went past evening as night fell. Unable to calm down in this extravagant room, I took off the bed canopy as I gave a silent 'sorry' to the owner of this inn.

At the very least this had to go. Because all the sparkles were really too dazzling. I was going to renovate this inn before I go back to Elzmu so... I did nothing wrong. It shouldn't be counted as property damage.

That's right! As long as no one knew! No no no, I heard nothing about you people saying that this was wrong. I deeply believed that *anyone* in my shoes would do what I did.

"Sigh... Let's just sleep..."

But that question about why that doppelganger 'angel' of mine that appeared 100 years ago weighed on my mind. I would need to get to the bottom of it. Even if it was made up, he had the same hair and eye color I had. This was in no way a coincidence. I was going to get it out of that old god grampa.

As I decided on it, I fell onto the bed as sleepiness immediately overcame me. I closed my eyes, giving in without struggling as the world went dark.



This was a dream.

I woken up inside a pure white world. My body felt like it was floating in the air. Old Grampa god had once told me that for beings like me who possessed such high mana, would be able to projected their conscious into the realm of god.

Hm... I don't really know the workings behind it but in simpler words, I would be able to talk to god. But it was not like I couldn't get my physical body in here as I had found out that it was possible.

Normally, my teleportation would only worked on places I had already been to and no matter the amount of mana I held, it wouldn't be possible to teleport into heaven. However, that incident in the [Demon Forest] where god had panicky summoned me into heaven, made it possible for me to teleport into heaven.

Well, although if I were to teleport into heaven, there would be a mess about 'The son of the Duke is been missing in action!'. Since the Black Knights were very good at their job, they would be able to noticed me missing immediately. They do knew of my strength but they were still working as my guards. I wouldn't want to troubled them so I gave up on the idea of teleporting into heaven.

In that white world, I focused my thoughts on god. I heard that if I focused enough, I would be able to meet with him.

I want to meet with god... I want to ask god something... I want to ask god if he knew about this thing called 'portrait right'...Pulling god over...

"Ooooooooooi!! I just appeared and it's already dangerous?!"

A youth with an average face who appeared in front of me, said upsettingly, when he saw me. Come to think of it, the surroundings were colored in an instant. Green meadows, starry sky, it was no longer just plain white.

"Good evening, criminal."

"Eh? Why am I being called a criminal the moment we meet?!"

You should had never made and left a portrait of an 'angel', Dad. Did you knew how deep of a sigh I made when I saw that? As if from my actions, or he did read my mind, god (dad)'s shoulders jumped. His eyes then slowly widen to the maximum width.

What a face.

That face that was the same as mine looked really bad with a surprised look.

"Wah..... My son is undergoing his rebellious phrase recently..."

Ignoring my dad who was crouching down and drawing circles on the floor by his

lonesome self, I began explaining the matter, wanting to hear an explanation from him.

“Imagined my surprise when I saw a picture of an angel with my face inside a church in Hattuo. What was with that?”

“That tone of yours is going to make your dad cry...”

“Shut up. Quickly explain yourself, stupid father!”

“That dirty mouth of yours is going to make your dad cry...”

“Ahh, shut up and stop complaining!”

My mouth was dirty enough to make sailors blush so this was nothing. Dad stood up, scratching his cheek with a finger.

“Ha... Was it finally found out...”

“So you finally admit your guilt. Confess and repent. Then maybe God would forgive you.”

“No he won't. I know, because I am god.”

I stared silently at dad. And a beam was released from my eyes. A ‘start-explaining-now’ beam.

“I, I got it, I got it. Well, that was before Elzmu was founded... Ah, you read Terao's diary right? At that time, I haven't got the hand of adjusting this world so there is a lot of negative energy hanging about. That's why the area around Hattuo became part of the [Demon forest]... And since it was the First Founder who first developed that area so I was there to explain that.”

“And that was where the legend of you descending down came from?”

“Un. Anyway the whole thing was just as Terao had written. That's it! Do you understand?”

Dad gave a wide grin after saying all that. I too, had a smile that seemingly understood his reason for heading down... NOT.

“Do you really think you can fool me with that?!”

“Sorry, I lied! I'll continue...”

Dad continued, his head hanging down.

“Well, that angel was... was actually Will himself...”

Hm? Wasn't the timeline wrong? At that time, I shouldn't be born yet.

"At that time, I knew about Shou dying in a truck accident so I already had a reincarnate plan going on. And, well, er, your look was also already decided so... the angel too..."

Dad said in a really frolickly manner as he tried to make it all sounded light-hearted. But the important thing was that I was made into an angel. I glared at dad. Firstly, I was not happy about how my look was being used for the angel. Secondly, I felt sorry for the angel for having my look.

"Oh no, it was only that moment when the angel looked like you so it should be okay? Normally they look like some other..."

"Some other?"

"Ah... no- nothing."

Dad had a 'busted' look as his eyes swam around. There was definitely something. To think he would be able to say 'nothing' under these circumstances. I glared even harder at dad who then moaned.

"...Angel are my descendants as they go down the line."

"Wha... t do you mean?"

"Those that were the head of the Beryl's family."

Hearing that, I realized something. I heard it from Father before. And that Beryl's family tree!

"Could it be that the reason each retired Beryl Head going on a journey is because..."

"They are going the job of the angel... ah, no! I did not force them to do it you know! I did ask them if they are willing before giving them the job! You see, an angel meant an appearance of a child, so I gave them something that changes their appearance and also their job scope... You see, the very first Beryl was me, so my blood ran deep in the family. Everyone looks like me anyway so with Will's look, it would feel like I went back to my childhood..."

Dad explained desperately to me. He sure was trying hard and talking really fast. In the end, I can't help but let loose a snicker.

"I get it, dad. You don't need to be that desperate. I am sure dad is not someone who

simply made a doll in my likeness to play around, nor to force anyone against their will to do something they don't want to."

Seeing me smiling, Dad had a huge smile on his face as well. Ah, his eyes looked slightly wet... I might have gone a little overboard with the teasing. Dad looked so teasing that I just couldn't help it. Sorry dad. As I apologized from the bottom of my heart, it was conveyed over to dad, who laughed happily.

"And, since Will's appearance was decided, it means that even the hair color and blood type was decided as well. As for the eyes, it was to be the color of Peridot... On earth, it is also called the [Sun Stone]."

"But it's not like dad is the sun god."

"Hm, that... don't laugh, okay? I used to be obsessed over power stones when I was on earth. And in one of my books, Peridot was said to change negative energy into positive energy. And, when feeling depressed or unconfident, it is also said to be as warm as the sun, bringing your feelings up with it."

Dad explained the meaning of his decision, his face red but now, my face went red as well. Dad was unexpectedly a romantic at heart. So much so that I could never say the things he said.

...Somehow, my scalp was itching.

"To me, Shou was that existence. This is really how I felt when you were born. Warm, and soft, we could laugh together... you are just like the sun to me."

Dad's voice trailed off at the end, as he tried making his body look smaller. His face was covered as he said it in a very small voice. And his ears were bright red.

"Wuuu... how embarrassing!"

True, that was embarrassing. I too, was holding my face with both of my hands. Hot. I was sure my face was bright red at the moment.

"An, anyway, think of it as a name replacement. Once reincarnated, I won't be able to name you so I chose the color of your eyes. Sorry..."

"Ah, no problem."

The two of us were bright red as we looked at the floor.

...Stop it with this atmosphere! This was not a confession scene! Although I had never once experienced such a scenario before! That's wrong. It should be that, where a boy would blushed as he gave his mother flowers on Mother's day! What was this embarrassing scene? Stop it!

"Oh... can it be that my name from the previous world was too..."

I coughed, failing on my attempt in trying to change the subject. Why did I even chose this question?! Stupid me!

"Yep, that's me. Shou, who can fly high into the sky! My sun! My sun baby!!"

Dad said as he ran across the meadows in full speed.

".....I should sleep."

As I send off Dad's figure, I lay on the grass. Waitaminute. Since this was a dream, can I even sleep in it?

No matter, by the burning feeling on my cheeks, I don't feel sleepy at all.

Side Story

God's Failure

"Oi, what are you doing, you pervert."

I froze upon hearing a cold voice behind me. As I timidly turn around, there stood the world's cutest ever angel in the image of my son.

"Ah, er, no, it's just, I am seeing how it is all going with the world. I mean... it's the duty of a god, isn't it?"

"So you are just peeking at the world with that disgusting expression of yours while you send me to adjust the condition of Hadazerl's forest? Do it yourself if you're that free, useless thing."

I was seen grinning at the television-like magical tool as it shown what was happening down at the world so I could only accepted his cursing. True... from his point of view, I looked like a weird uncle who was seen grinning at the telly while drooling. 'Pervert' was the only way to described me at that moment. I can't even defended myself.

But, wasn't that attitude too much to a god?

Ah no, it was not like I was trying to pull rank but even if we were on equal footing, that was still a bit too much, don't you think? Because I did explained it clearly too. That this world was still too young to bear the brunt of me appearing on it.

This was something that can't be changed no matter how hard I worked so I would only leave it to the angel to helped unless something huge happened that warrant enough danger for me to head down.

That's why I was not exactly useless.

T, true, I can't deny that I was a little laid back when creating this world and that caused the growing rate of this world to be quite slow. But this was just a small thing, plus, there was no helping it since I was dragged in from earth all of a sudden to land in this empty dark place. Not to mention tearing me away from my cute cute son who

was just born. There was really no helping it.

But, even since I peered into my son's future and saw him getting ran over by a truck, I had been giving my all in aiding and nurturing this world. In order to twisted around that bad ending, Dad had been working really really hard.

As I tried to make myself felt better, I looked back at the angel. That body was, as expected, so pretty~ This was the avatar that I created from the looks of my beloved son on earth, Shou, or Will here. Although angels had existed for thousands of years, once Will's look was decided, it had always been this look. So cute! You may think that I was a pervert, but because this body was just too cute, I was not going to changed it. He he he.

But still.

The one inside it was someone else. As living beings on this world cannot accepted the power of god, only this created body would hold and use the power. And in order to moved around on land, I would need a soul's help in doing it.

To put it correctly, [Angel] was not a being, but a [thing] with something inserted instead. Which was why, when I created this in Will's look, it felt something like creating a beautiful sculpture. That's why, please don't think that I did this to replaced my son.

And those whose soul were placed inside would be the [Angel] to help a shoddy god like me. Not just any soul would do, but a soul that had an affinity with me, which was why I had been relying on the Beryl's bloodline.

...Ah, in the early stages of building this world, there was a boy who accidentally drank my blood... so his soul was mixed with a bit of my essence. As shoddy as I was, I was still a god to this world. So my influence on the matter was rather huge, with the rest having the same face as me. Not to mention the [cheat]-like abilities.

...I might had messed up a bit there.

Back on point, the soul inside the angel right now was the former Beryl's head, an old

grandpa. Who was not cute at all. At all.

“Rather, who would defend you in being said useless when you only gave the minimum power to condition the [demon forest] in this body, not to mention throwing me alone in it.”

Plus his attitude sucked. Was it really a noble in there? Or a Duke, even? This grandpa, with his ‘washi’ in calling himself, his old man-like bad manners, showed nothing of a Noble aura.

“B, but this is the best I could...”

“Are you stupid enough to not know that you should at least upgrade this body if you are throwing me into the forest? You can do at least that, can’t you?”

“Eh... ah, that’s right...”

I hurriedly checked the records upon his words and found out that he was right. What an idiot I was. I just found out that the angel’s body level had been reset.

“Sorry Wyatt... this was my mistake...”

“Damn you! I had to spend 8 years completing it, you know?! Man... you are really useless.”

I did felt that the mission was taking longer than usual to completed but to think it was because of this... I did not realized it at all. We could not contact each other at all unless I went down. That’s why I would always monitored the situation every time I send the angel on a mission.

So why was I not doing that? Of course, that was because I was busy looking at Will’s growth... used 8 years to completed... hmm?... 8 years? 8...

My face paled. Ah, this was bad. This was leaving-a-person-in-the-forest-for-8-years bad. As my teeth chattered, I glanced at Wyatt. With a scowl, he was walking towards me. The remote control was at... the remote control was at the opposite table!! I immediately ran towards the telly and blocked it from view.

“Hmm? What the heck are you doing?”

Ah, I made him even more suspicious by doing that!! It was already too late...

“Bastard... I am really disgusted... You have been looking at me and grinning throughout?!”

Of course, my body alone can't cover the entire telly. I regretted getting the 42 inches.

...Wait, that's not it! It would be bad to let him know the truth, although getting mistaken was bad enough too.

I struggled in the decision between telling him the truth or letting him be mistaken about it. It was like a meeting was happening in my brain immediately. Each party were arguing about their point fervently. But, once his job as the angel was over and Wyatt went back, the truth will still be exposed, wouldn't it...? At the same time as I realized that, Wyatt showed a surprised reaction.

“Wait... this isn't me.”

I was overcome with despair with that sentence.

He knew.

Everything was over.

The emoticon with both of its hands up in a surrender pose floated up above my head.

“This is..... my grandson, isn't it? Oi, damn god.”

I could see a demon standing behind Wyatt.

“I'm sorry! So sorry!! I totally forgotten about your existence!”

I really felt sorry. I really messed up there. I wanted to make it up to him but Wyatt was someone, as with the Beryl's family tradition, who had the power to do everything by himself so there was nothing much I could do. Even if I was a god.

So, I could only sincerely apologize.

What a crime. I actually delayed him from meeting his cutest, most beautiful, clever,

pretty grandson, Will! I did the I-am-really-really-sorry pose I knew, the jumping dogeza.

“.....”

My head was unforgivably stepped on. Ah, my heart hurts. But as I was truly sorry, I did not struggle at all. If he could feel better, this was nothing at all. This was how much I messed up.

“I am sorry...”

My apology rang across the room. For some reason, Wyatt had been silent the entire time. Although Wyatt was known to throw out curses after curses, he felt like the type who would stay silent when he was truly angered. But when I looked up and saw where he was looking at, I understood why he stayed silent.

Wyatt was staring at the telly the entire time. I saw something changed within his eyes.

I felt my head released from the pressure. Looking up, Wyatt, who looked like he understood something, had a beautiful smile on with that cute avatar.

“You, you are going to make up for this mistake, right?”

“Of course!”

I said, bowing. But this man, was he really once a noble?

“Then I wanna quit being an angel.”

“Eh?”

“Doable right?”

“Erm... Wait a minute...”

“You should have known.”

“About that... erm... It would be really bad for my job if I don't have an angel around...”

“Do something about it.”

“Eh... yes.”

I subconsciously replied, feeling a dreadful pressure coming from Wyatt.

I wondered... if I can do something about it... Controlling the urge to sigh, I grabbed my head. So something... okay.

I gave a small nod as I summoned back Wyatt's body, which I had turned into data and stored. After which I placed Wyatt's soul back into his body as I took the avatar back.

"I could only transfer you to the east forest, is that okay?"

"I don't mind."

"Erm, thank you very much for helping, Wyatt... although this happened, I am really thankful for all that you have done."

"Tsk... well, it had been fun too."

The last part was mumbled by Wyatt in a small voice. I started his transfer as I listened to him mumbling. Looked like he had some fun too.

I monitored Wyatt, who had landed in the forest safely, for while before I went to look for the next angel. Although I had been god for years now, in between gods, I was still very much a rookie. This was a difficult job, but I would still try my best. Because in this world, my son was here too.

Afterwards, different from the previous generations of angels, Wyatt, who became a grandfather, went back with his lifespan still remaining. His grandson, Will, who came to know the truth, got angry and teleported to the heavens to confront his dad... but that was another story for now.



PDF by: traitorAZEN