

# **The Death Mage Who Doesn't Want a Fourth Time**

– Yondome wa Iyana Shi Zokusei Majutsushi –

**- Volume 6 -  
Reincarnator Uprising**

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**[ Light Novel Bastion ]**

# Chapter 119

## The man who sends the king flying

A lone young man stood on the dry ground, completely still, holding a spear. There was nobody in his surroundings, and he was isolated from the outside world by fifty-meter-tall walls in all directions.

This place was just like an arena.

*I've committed countless crimes, apparently.*

The young man recalled his somewhat hazy memories. At first, he'd simply wanted to eat until his stomach was satisfied. For that reason, he had headed for the Adventurers' Guild with a spear in his hand.

He gained knowledge as an adventurer while cleaning the town and carrying luggage for his adventurer senpais. He learned the basics of using a spear from one of the kind adventurer senpais.

When he accepted his first extermination request, the weapon in his hand was a cheap, worn-out spear passed onto him by that adventurer senpai.

Though this wasn't an unusual story for an adventurer, the first person he killed was a bandit. This occurred during the extermination request that he had accepted as his D-class promotion examination.

He remained calm up to the point he thrust his spear into a gap in the bandit's tattered leather armor, ending his life. But before he knew it, he was crouched over the ground, throwing up.

He and the other adventurers who were taking the examination with him comforted each other, and they decided to form a party.

He had the feeling that time had gone by quickly after that.

He was certain that he'd struggled with requests to exterminate Orcs and Lizardmen,

but before he'd known it, he'd been exterminating Wyverns and Ghoul Barbarians, and even become able to slay a Goblin King.

His spear was replaced by a Magic Item at some point, and that one was replaced by one with a Mythril tip.

He became an A-class adventurer, slaying higher-Rank Dragons, Vampires, the chief of a Centaur tribe who called themselves a resistance and laid waste to the nation, and a Lamia Queen who had been worshipping an evil god in the depths of a Devil's Nest.

Perhaps it was around then that he took up the Legendary-class Artifact, Ice Age, and became known by the Title, 'Divine Spear of Ice.'

*Back then, had I stopped being an adventurer? I get the feeling that carrying out justice as a disciple of Alda, the god of law and fate, and Yupeon, the god of ice, had become my objective.*

And then he participated in the fierce battle between his homeland, the Mirg shield-nation, and Talosheim. He defeated the Titans standing in his way, one after another. He severed their arms, and when they had no arms left, he thrust his spear into their necks. Whether those standing before him were boys that were no more than children, the wrinkled elderly or women, he slew them indiscriminately.

And then he parted ways with his companions and barged into the royal castle, and while he was searching for the underground area where the evil magical apparatus created by the deranged goddess Vida had been sealed...

"Yo, it's been a while," said a deep voice that sounded like boulders being mashed together, bringing the young man... Mikhail, back to reality.

In his field of vision, there was a Titan whose face he had no memory of. It was a particularly large Titan man, and half of his face was comprised only of bone.

*It's been a while? Who is this?*

Mikhail couldn't remember. Since the Titan had said, "It's been a while," they had likely met before. Mikhail was probably the one who had killed him.

But he couldn't remember.

However, Mikhail's body began moving to fulfil the role that it had been given, leaving his consciousness behind.

"Please prepare yourself. The training will begin," Mikhail said.

A sturdy Obsidian spear and a sturdy suit of Obsidian armor. The armor had been directly attached to Mikhail's body and fastened with rivets, replacing his skin.

Compared to the equipment he had worn while alive, it was much more difficult to move in, and it was also less sturdy. The only thing this equipment surpassed his old equipment in was the weight.

This was the equipment that Vandalieu had given Mikhail, thinking that this was more than enough equipment for a practice dummy.

"Has it been more than a month since you were put here? During that time, I've spent quite some time telling the kid what I think. Though I don't think you have any, I went on and on about a warrior's pride, and about how showing contempt for my enemy like this would only cast doubts on my tolerance. Troublesome, tedious things that were quite unlike me to say," the man said as he released an enormous black sword from its sheath.

Though both weapons were black, Mikhail knew that this sword was on a completely different level from the spear that he was holding.

*It is made of a fragment of the Demon King, just like the pieces of flesh that are embedded in my body.*

Vandalieu had buried numerous fingertip-sized pieces of the Demon King's carapace inside Mikhail's body.

While Mikhail was alive, he had been a devout believer of Alda and wielded an Artifact that contained Yupeon's spirit clone. The pieces of the Demon King's carapace were there to explode inside and destroy Mikhail's soul in the event these gods tried something or something caused Mikhail to regain his sanity.

Vandalieu had taken the effort to tear up Mikhail's flesh, turn him into an Undead and fill him with the carapace.

*I suppose the fact that this man is holding a weapon made of that fragment means that*

*he is trusted by that person.*

Mikhail's mind was filled with feelings of envy towards the man and despair at the fact that he wasn't the one standing where the man was standing.

But it seemed that the man's mind was filled with something else.

"Most of the people of the city have been revived; they're enjoying themselves, drinking, eating fish with mayonnaise on it, playing shogi and Reversi. That Nuaza kid is happily making stone statues. I was able to meet my orphaned child, Gopher, and my grandchildren, too. Levia-sama, and more recently, Jeena and Zandia-jouchan have come back as well," the man said, thrusting his enormous sword into the ground. And then he took up an Obsidian training sword instead.

It was about the same size as the other sword, but it was nothing more than a bladeless, sturdy lump of metal in the shape of a sword.

However, the hatred being released by the man was real.

"You're pitiful compared to them," the man growled. "You truly have nothing ahead of you. Even my feelings of hatred for you would disappear... that's what I mistakenly thought!"

Being completely bathed in the man's anger, something pulled at Mikhail's memory.

*Jeena. And Zandia... These are names that I've heard numerous times. Ah, that's right...*

They were the ones taken by the Vampires after death, just like Mikhail had been. The memory was faint, but he remembered it. The Titan woman and girl whose resolves had remained steadfast despite their anger and sorrow over the defeat of their companions.

*Then this man is the one I defeated first back then –*

"If I hadn't been killed by you, I'd never have met the kid and the others! But because you guys attacked us, everyone suffered for two hundred years! It's my fault for being defeated! It's our fault! I'm not going to deny that! That's why... I'm only going to knock you down once!"

With a beast-like roar, the man... Borkus, charged forward.

*He's fast?!*

“The training will begin,” Mikhail declared to Borkus in a mechanical voice as he broke into a run, unable to express his discomposure.

The speed and fluidity of his movement was astonishing for a Zombie.

But Borkus's movement was faster, and he possessed vigor and power.

Mikhail deflected the first blow with his spear, and as he tried to unleash a counterattack, the sword that he had deflected returned to repel his spear in return.

*So, he has become far stronger than back then?*

Both weapons were mere training weapons, with their sturdiness being their only notable quality. No Magic Items or martial skills were used. And so, Borkus and Mikhail's strength competed against each other.

Borkus, who had grown stronger than when he was alive, and Mikhail, who had grown weaker than when he was alive.

And most importantly, their mental conditions were different.

Gradually, Mikhail's spear became unable to deal with Borkus's attacks, and the openings for Mikhail to attack disappeared. The sword started grazing him, and Mikhail's armor and ears were pulled and torn into pieces.

After the hundredth blow, Mikhail's spear shattered, and Mikhail himself flew through the air like a broken mannequin and crashed uselessly into the ground.

*Spectacular. If martial skills were used and it turned into a good, real battle, it would have been settled more quickly,* Mikhail thought as he gazed helplessly at the sky, not a single unbroken bone left in his body. *What would his Rank be now? I am Rank 10, so he must be greater than that.*

Mikhail wanted to see Borkus one more time, but he heard a voice saying, “Tch, I'm out.” It seemed that this wish wouldn't be granted.

Mikhail's consciousness vanished.

And then he suddenly awoke.

*My restoration is complete.*

After having been completely destroyed, Mikhail's corpse returned to normal and was revived as a Zombie as it had done countless times before.

Vandalieu had adjusted Mikhail to be an Undead for training use. When he was destroyed, the Magic Item installed in the training grounds would drag his spirit back and automatically revive him as a Zombie.

The wounds in his flesh and the deformations in his armor was repaired and he returned to normal.

And then he would be used for training until he broke again.

This was the most effective way to make use of Mikhail that Vandalieu had been able to think of.

Vandalieu had no intention of letting Mikhail, a sworn enemy of Talosheim, join his allies, and couldn't do so even if he wanted to.

However, although Mikhail was unable to display his true ability due to Gubamon's adjustments, he was Rank 10, so he was valuable.

Thus, he would be used for training and as a source of Experience Points. He would likely become unusable after several dozen or several hundred uses, but if his soul was destroyed once this happened, no miracle would allow him to be sent to Alda.

*I was simply born in a nation that treated the persecution of Vida's races as justice, believed in a god who treated it as justice, lived as an adventurer in that nation and fought as a hero. It's just that this is a sin in the eyes of that person.*

This was only natural since Vandalieu, the one Mikhail called "that person," was the 'Holy Son of Vida.'

Mikhail would not even be given an opportunity to atone.

*Then I shall at least fulfil my role as a training dummy until the end. If my wish of fighting for that person cannot be granted, then I shall become nourishment for those who fight*

*for him. Either way, I am already unable to do anything else.*

Borkus had already left the training grounds; only the mark in the ground where he had thrust his sword into it remained.

However, the next person would come for training soon. Mikhail would fight that person, and if he won, the match would end there, and if he lost and was destroyed, he would enter a momentary slumber.

That process would repeat itself over and over. Until the moment his soul was broken.

There was a low groan.

The next opponent had come. Mikhail raised his spear.

“Please prepare yourself. The training will begin.”

Mikhail felt a sense of déjà vu at the sight of this grotesque female Zombie that he had never seen before.

“Be... gin!”

Before Mikhail could figure out the identity of the female Zombie... Rapiécage, the Patchwork Zombie made by sewing together Mikhail’s former companions, curled her enormous fists and charged towards him.



Iris Bearheart, the leader of the resistance organization known as the Sauron Liberation Front, made a declaration to her companions who had gathered before her.

“The detached force led by Debis should be headed for the distant third base about now. The other units are retreating, too. In other words, we cannot expect reinforcements. We will be making an isolated struggle here with this mountainous area as our camping grounds.”

This was bad news, but her companions waited for her next words without showing any signs of agitation.

“According to our spies that have infiltrated the enemy army, the extermination force

that has been dispatched outnumber us five to one. Right now, they are likely split into three directions and are closing in on us while destroying any path we could possibly take to escape.”

The situation was not just bad; it was downright hopeless. Iris’s companions... the former fake resistance members, Haj and his group, showed unrest for the first time.

“No way... in other words, they’ve fallen into our trap!”

“So many prey, it’s just like training in the Dungeons!”

“...It’s our first time fighting people isn’t it? I wonder how it will feel. Ufufu.”

Iris looked at Haj and the others, who simply looked like a group of evil berserkers, and gave a bitter smile as she reminded them of something. “I’m happy you’re so full of fighting spirit, but don’t kill the ones who have surrendered,” she said. “I want information, after all.”

“But Leader, if they’re too weak –” a man began.

“I’ve said before that those who disobey orders will have their pay reduced,” Iris said firmly.

The man hastily fell silent. It seemed that even the berserkers preferred the scent of spices, which was more fragrant than that of blood.

“Liberating Princess Knight of the Sauron Liberation Front! We have you surrounded! Make an honorable surrender! If you yield, I will guarantee your safety!”

The order to surrender from the extermination force, who had apparently completed their encirclement, echoed out. The voice was likely being amplified by wind-attribute magic or a Magic Item.

Iris and her companions couldn’t hold back their laughter.

“They say they guarantee our safety. What do you think?”

“Let’s see... I suppose we’ll all be gathered in one place and hanged together?”

“After they question and torture Leader and then have her raped by the soldiers for

days, they'll drag her around the town and execute her publicly, won't they?"

"No, isn't this the pattern of events where they treat you like a plaything but let you live?"

"Don't be foolish. There's no way they'll be that soft. That might happen if she were the princess of a nation or the wife or daughter of an important noble family, but Leader isn't anything like that."

"You're right. I agree," said Iris, the corners of her mouth rising as she considered the pessimistic predictions of Haj and his group. "Well then, we will commence battle as planned."

Haj and his group immediately scattered and ran into position. Iris drew her beloved sword and began running as well.

"I am leaving, Father."

"...Iiris..."

The extermination force had no doubt that they would be victorious.

The Sauron Liberation Front had absorbed the resistance members left behind by Raymond Paris, the deceased leader of the Reborn Sauron Duchy Army, and they had been more active in conducting anti-government movements.

However, the core members of the Reborn Sauron Duchy Army had all previously been exterminated by Mardock, the leader of the resistance extermination force. All of the former knights had been annihilated, and only those with poor fighting abilities had joined the Sauron Liberation Front.

And thanks to the reformed extermination force, the Liberating Princess Knight was now isolated and helpless, along with only a few troops. They were outnumbered five to one; she was like a cornered rat.

"But sometimes, the rat bites the cat. Don't let your guard down," the knight in command warned his subordinates, but soon reconsidered, thinking that this was an overestimation of their enemy.

This was because the resistance members had come out towards his subordinates

who were encircling them. Their movements were strangely quick despite them being completely clad in metal armor, but what was there to fear about heavy infantrymen who were coming to attack of their own will, one by one?

“Commander, it seems that they have become desperate,” said the commander’s aide.

The commander internally agreed with the aide’s words, but he gave orders in a strict voice so that his subordinates wouldn’t lose their focus. “Don’t let your guard down! This might be a ploy to use themselves as bait for the Princess Knight to escape! Shield-bearers at the front, slow the enemy down! Archers and mages, finish them off!”

This extermination force that had been reformed by the empire’s army possessed a high level of training and quality equipment. The shield-bearers carried out their orders and thrust their shields out towards the resistance members, Haj and his group, as they closed in.

“Stone Wall! Stone Form! Provocation!”

They activated three consecutive martial skills of Shield Technique and Armor Technique. Their defensive power grew two-fold, and forcibly drew their enemies’ attention towards them.

Behind them, the archers were aiming at the gaps in their targets’ armor, and the mages were reciting incantations.

Within the next ten seconds, the resistance members that were letting out rousing war cries would be falling, one by one.

“Let’s go, Partner! Precipice!” shouted one of the resistance members.

“UOOOOOOOH!” the rest of them roared.

That expectation was shattered when a shield-bearer received a single halberd attack from one of the resistance members.

“I-it’s heavy! GUAAAH!”

The shield-bearer’s shield was split and his armor couldn’t withstand the attack; he fell back with blood spurting from his arm.

Without a moment's delay, one of the troops behind him stepped forward to take his place and fill the gap. But the new soldier's head was filled with astonishment.

*Impossible! If a martial skill of the same quality is used by two people with the same skill level, the defensive one is supposed to come out ahead!*

This was common knowledge. Of course, things were different if the quality of equipment differed, but something like this couldn't happen unless that difference was very great.

And from this soldier's point of view, the skill of the resistance member wasn't bad, but the halberd of his prey didn't look like a product of a quality that was clearly superior to the weapons he and his companions were armed with.

"Together, Partner! Triple Charge!" the resistance member shouted.

In reality, the tip of the halberd pierced the soldier's arm right through his immediately-raised shield, and he was covered in his own blood. And though he knew that he shouldn't let go of his shield, his shield fell out of his hand and the halberd was thrust once more through the now-empty space.

*Who is the one he's calling 'Partner?'* wondered the soldier as he gazed at the lone resistance member, the halberd's tip embedded in his throat, and then he died.

Similar events were occurring all over the battlefield at the same time.

"S-switch to attacking! Archers, mages, attack in order!" shouted the commander, hastily changing the plan to attacking after realizing that the resistance members' offensive power far surpassed his troops' defense.

And the troops of the extermination force quickly obeyed these orders, setting aside their discomposure at seeing their companions defeated, showing that they were exceptional individuals who deserved to be known as the elite.

However, the resistance members took no notice of this.

They knocked down the knights attacking them with the exchange of just a few blows before driving in lethal attacks. Even though the archers and mages were finding openings to fire arrows and spells, they showed no signs of having taken any damage at all.

“Hah! They’re nothing special!” Haj shouted.

“Behind you,” said a voice echoing inside his helmet.

Reflexively obeying the voice, Haj thrust the handle of his halberd out behind him, causing the light infantryman who had been trying to attack him from behind hastily jump out of the way.

“You saved me, Partner.”

“Thank me after you’ve finished killing them.”

The partners of Haj and the other resistance members were the suits of armor that they were wearing... the Living Armors.

Datara and his team of blacksmiths had forged suits of Dark Copper armor and Vandalieu had used Golem Transmutation to plate them with iron, disguising them as suits of iron armor. He’d then had spirits possess them to create Living Armors, and Haj and his group were now wearing them.

This not only provided Haj and the others with improved defense, but by coordinating their movements with those of the Living Armors, who possessed the Superhuman Strength skill, they could exert strength far beyond their own physical capabilities.

And while they were fighting, the Living Armors were watching their surroundings. Haj and the others had no blind spots.

They had undergone the same training as the ordinary citizens of Talosheim, but both they and their Living Armors had acquired the Coordination skill. Due to this skill’s effect, they were able to exhibit 120% of their ordinary strength.

“Commander, at this rate...!” the commander’s aide muttered.

“Don’t panic! Rebuild our formations properly! The enemy has no mages; join the unit together... is that the Princess Knight?!”

As the commander shouted at his aide, he suddenly saw Iris, who was cutting her way towards him.

He was astonished that the Princess Knight would personally expose herself on the

frontlines, but what had caught his attention were her movements. She was avoiding the swords and arrows of the extermination force with defensive movements that looked like a dance, but the ground behind her was littered with fallen troops who'd been stabbed and slashed through the gaps in their armor.

The commander had seen these movements before. "This is Lord Bearheart's... could it be, the Princess Knight is his daughter!"

The feared knight who had once defeated numerous soldiers and knights in a battle between the Amid Empire and the Sauron Duchy, George Bearheart. Iris's movements resembled his.

"Flying Charge!"

A knight was holding up an enormous shield in defense, but the thrust of Iris's Swordsmanship martial skill found a tiny gap in his defense and her blade buried itself deep in his helmet.

And then she cut through the large opening left by the knight, deflected the sword of the astonished, wide-eyed commander and slashed the artery in his armpit.

"GUAAAAH!"

"Spreading your soldiers so thin to surround us was a mistake," Iris murmured. "Your commander has fallen! We will now be fighting to exterminate you all! If you want to live, throw your weapons away!" she declared, stepping on the arm of the commander who had fallen onto the ground in shock.

The commander's aide reflexively swung his sword at her, but he was cut down in a single strike.

Having lost their commander and vice-commander, the troops of extermination force lost their will to fight and threw their weapons aside one by one.

"Well done... Iris..."

"Yes. It's all because of you, Father," Iris whispered to her father who resided in her narrow sword that glowed with a sinister light as she sheathed it.

Iris Bearheart who wielded a sword that had become a cursed weapon, having

acquired the Cursed Spirit Swordsman Job, leading Haj and the others who had become the first people in Lambda to acquire the Armor Tamer Job.

Their activities caused the Amid Empire's army occupying the Sauron Duchy to tremble.



Meanwhile, Vandalieu was training in the Shield Technique and Armor Technique skills.

He was training hard with a shield that Tarea had made by combining the Demon King's carapace and the Demon King's horns, large enough to cover the majority of his body, and the liquid Dark Copper armor that he used when he fought Bellmond the first time.

"...It's very plain, isn't it."

Vandalieu had gone through other types of training without complaining, but this training was so dull that he whispered this complaint.

First, he was simply walking, running, flying, crawling (moving forward by crawling), over and over, while fully equipped.

"It can't be helped, can it? You're training in the techniques of using a shield and armor," said Kasim with a bitter smile. He was a former adventurer of a cultivation village in the Hartner Duchy, and he had come to act as Vandalieu's instructor.

"That's right. Weapon skills like Swordsmanship and Spear Technique can be learned by practicing attacks, but that doesn't work for shields and armor, so it can't be helped," added Eleanora, the red-haired Vampire woman who called herself Vandalieu's servant.

Attack and defense. It didn't need much thought to know which was more important. However, when it came to learning the skills, attack skills were far more popular.

A lack in defense could be compensated for to some extent by wearing armor, but the problem was that a lack in offensive power couldn't be compensated for just by holding weapons... which was why training with weapons, where training involved

flashy movements, drew more attention from new adventurers.

“I preferred training my Swordsmanship skill as well, so I know how you feel,” said Kachia as she recalled the times when she was still a human. She was a former adventurer, now a Ghoul Magic Warrior.

Basdia, a Ghoul Amazoness Leader, nodded. “Shield Technique and Armor Technique are dangerous if you don’t practice moving while wearing defensive equipment first. If you’re not used to it, you’ll lose your balance and fall over in the middle of training. I only use Shield Technique, but at first, I fell over because of my shield so many times, and the hardest times were when I hit my head against my shield,” she said, holding up her beloved, long, narrow shield that was in the shape of an enormous mask. This unusually-shaped shield did indeed seem difficult to handle.

As Kachia said, one of the reasons Shield Technique and Armor Technique weren’t popular among new adventurers was because of how plain and also how painful it was.

Even for the people of Lambda, who could increase their physical capabilities more easily than the people of Earth and Origin, exercising the whole body while equipped with heavy armor and shields was difficult at first.

Muscular strength and stamina was necessary for acquiring weapon skills as well, but it seemed that when the training consisted of just moving the body, the mental sense of satisfaction was different.

“And Vandalieu-sama, you sometimes forget that you’re holding a shield and try to run on all fours, and when you lose your balance, you extend your tongue towards the ground. That’s fine to do after learning the skill, but if you do that before learning them, you’ll never gain them,” said Eleanora.

“You’re not allowed to use Flight to fly today, either, Van,” said Basdia.

“Or Out-of-body Experience!” Kachia added.



Up until now, Vandalieu’s defense had generally relied on his exceptional physical capabilities for evading, his death-attribute magic barriers and the monsters that had

powerful defense, like Pete.

It seemed that this fact had become an obstacle in learning the Shield Technique and Armor Technique skills.

“Well, we’re going to do quick monster-style training either way, so you just need to get a feeling for it. Now then, let’s start sparring,” said Kasim as he stepped forward, resting a mace on his shoulder.

The adventurer way to train defense was to endure repeated attacks from an instructor wielding a wooden weapon, a method that required perseverance.

However, the monster method was to start off with gaining experience in real battles while using armor and a shield. This method took less time, but cut the survival rate of the trainees in half.

“I’m relying on you,” said Vandalieu.

For those who already possessed high Attribute Values like Vandalieu, the monster-style method would be best for learning to fight real battles while wearing Legendary-class armor.

“Vandalieu-sama, you can’t use magic even if you get scared!” said Eleanora.

“Do your best, Van!” Basdia shouted.

“Even if you get hit, it probably won’t hurt, so it’ll be fine!” said Kachia.

Vandalieu was forbidden from using magic, as it wouldn’t help him train in Shield Technique and Armor Technique. Thus, he had to block Kasim’s attacks using the shield and armor that he wasn’t accustomed to using.

“You don’t have to worry so much,” said Kasim. “Just like Kachia-san said, even if I accidentally hit him with a martial skill, it wouldn’t even scratch him.”

“...You’re not going to use martial skills, are you?” Vandalieu asked.

“...Vandalieu. The truth is, I still don’t have a girlfriend.”

“Could you please explain why you’re confessing that to me now –”

“HERE I COOOOME!”

Without giving Vandalieu a chance to respond, Kasim raised his mace and tried to strike at Vandalieu.

Of course, Kasim had no intention of taking out his anger on Vandalieu who was receiving the attention of a beautiful, gray-brown-skinned Ghoul with red patterns on her nice body, another Ghoul woman who was a swordsman and a beautiful, red-haired Vampire. It was an act that Kasim was putting on because he thought that giving Vandalieu a little sense of danger would make the training more effective.

The truth was that Kasim’s movements weren’t that fast in Vandalieu’s eyes. Kasim looked impressive as he charged forward in his full suit of armor, but it wasn’t enough to produce a reaction from Danger Sense: Death.

Thus, Vandalieu calmly raised his shield and stopped Kasim’s attack.

“Oh?” he said in surprise.

And then he was mowed down and sent flying.



Job explanation: Armor Tamer

A Tamer Job specialized in taming Living Armors. The prerequisite for the Job is that the tamed Living Armor equips itself and acts together with the wearer.

This is one of the inferior versions of the Undead Tamer Job.

Those with this Job gain bonuses to the acquisition of the Armor Technique, Coordination, Strengthen Subordinates and Strengthened Defense when equipped with ●● Armor (where ●● is metal or non-metal) skills.

Job explanation:

### **【Cursed Spirit Swordsman】**

A Job that can be acquired by a swordsman who wields a sword that has become a Cursed Weapon. The prerequisite requirement is that the Cursed Weapon must be tamed.

This is one of the inferior versions of the Undead Tamer Job.

Those with this Job gain bonuses to the acquisition of the Swordsmanship, Coordination, Surpass Limits, Surpass Limits – Cursed Spirit Sword, Strengthen Subordinates and Strengthened Attack Power while equipped with a Cursed Spirit Sword skills.

# Chapter 120

## A light ruler, and squirming

Kasim, who had swung his mace sideways, met less resistance than he had expected and watched dumbfoundedly as Vandalieu was sent flying.

Eleanora, Basdia and Kachia also watched as he rolled across the ground.

“Ah, that was surprising,” Vandalieu said, quickly getting off the ground.

“W-what do you mean that was surprising, are you alright?!” Kasim asked.

“Vandalieu-sama, have you hurt your back?!”

Kasim, Eleanora and Kachia hastily ran towards him. But Vandalieu wasn't coughing; he quickly stood up.

“There's no problem,” he said. “I was just a little surprised.”

He hadn't received a single scratch, and though his armor and shield were covered in some dust, they were undamaged as well. His arms didn't feel numb, nor did he find it hard to breathe.

“I didn't think that I would be sent rolling across the ground. Your skill has improved, hasn't it, Kasim?” he remarked.

“EH?! I-I have the strength to send Vandalieu flying...?!” Kasim exclaimed, staring at his own arm that was holding the mace.

“It doesn't look that way at all to me,” said Eleanora. “Have you acquired some kind of unique skill?”

“It would be amazing if that was true, but it didn't look like your skill has improved,” said Kachia.

Eleanora and Kachia seemed suspicious. And then Basdia, who had remained silent,

spoke.

“It’s not that Kasim has some special strength. Of course, I think that his growth is remarkable, but the reason that he was able to send Van flying in one hit is simply because Van is light,” she said.

“Light?” the other three repeated in unison.

“Yes, light,” said Basdia, and then she began her explanation.

First of all, Vandalieu was strong. He could bore holes into an iron plate with a single swing of his claws, and if he used a martial skill, he could shred it to pieces. However, he was a boy, less than nine years of age. And he was clearly smaller and thinner than other boys of his age.

Normally, the stronger someone was, the more muscle and body mass they would have, but in Vandalieu’s case, all of that strength was centered around his Superhuman Strength skill.

And the liquid Dark Copper armor that Vandalieu was wearing and the shield made of the Demon King’s horns that he was holding were both made to be lighter than they appeared so that he could move more easily.

“And to hit Van’s shield, you swung your mace sideways instead of from above, and you started your swing from slightly below you as well, Kasim. That’s probably why Van got sent flying so easily,” Basdia concluded, folding her arms.

“Wait a second,” said Kasim, seemingly not convinced. “We received training from Vandalieu a few times in the cultivation village, and back then, we never thought that he was light.”

“Kasim, I wasn’t holding a shield back then,” said Vandalieu. “I wasn’t hit by any of your attacks, either.”

“Ah, you’re right! But didn’t you deflect Fester’s sword with the back of your claws?”

“Now that you mention it...”

Vandalieu had trained Kasim, who was from a cultivation village in the Hartner Duchy, as well as the frontline fighter Fester, who wasn’t here. Back then, not only did he not

use a shield, he hadn't been wearing armor, either, so he had been avoiding most of the attacks from Kasim and his friends.

However, he had deflected Fester's sword with his claws numerous times.

"That's because Van redirected the force of the attacks," said Basdia. "And back then, Van was moving continuously without stopping, wasn't he?"

"I see. If Vandalieu-sama is moving, his own strength resists the attack," said Eleanora.

"And this time, because Vandalieu was standing still and took a sideways swing from a mace, a weapon that transfers its force particularly well, he was sent flying, huh?" said Kachia.

Kasim and Vandalieu nodded, satisfied with Basdia's explanation.

Up until now, Vandalieu had been reliant on death-attribute magic barriers, Golem walls and allies with powerful defenses for his own defense against enemy attacks.

There had been several occasions where he had engaged in hand-to-hand combat against monsters like Goblins for training, but he had kept moving around actively, and many of the attacks he had received were from spears and swords that would pierce or cut his flesh, not send his entire body flying.

The only time he had been mowed down was the time he had deliberately received the attack from the Noble Orc Bugogan's sword.

"I see. But Vandalieu is still small; unless his opponent is a Goblin or a child like him, attacks that aren't front kicks will mostly come from above and swing downwards, so I don't think this would happen very often," said Kasim.

If it were an attack from above, even if Vandalieu stopped it with his shield, he would be able to withstand it by bracing his legs against the ground.

But an attack that scooped him up from below would easily make him lose his balance if he were to stop it with his shield.

Well, outside of training, it was unlikely that Vandalieu would ever find himself in a situation where he was engaged in hand-to-hand combat against an enemy without using magic while separated from his allies.

“Still, the fact that I’m light... I’ve never realized it up until now,” said Vandalieu.

“Yeah... but now that I think back, don’t a lot of different people hold you up in the air? Just the other day, old man Borkus picked you up like a cat,” Kasim said.

As he said, Vandalieu was picked up freely by various people. Borkus, the half-Noble Orc Pauvina who was like his younger sister, Basdia and Eleanora all picked him up or held him in their arms.

“That’s true, but everyone has the Superhuman Strength skill, and they’re all bigger than me,” said Vandalieu.

Thus, he had unconsciously believed that it wasn’t because he was light, but because everyone picking him up was strong or because they were adults.

“For now, we’ll avoid sideways attacks until he gets used to it and switch to attacks from above,” said Basdia. “Van, be careful not to lose your balance. Instead of stopping the attack with your shield, try to use the rounded parts to redirect its force. I don’t think there’d ever be a situation where you’d be fighting one-on-one against an enemy without being able to use magic, but get used to it just in case.”

“Okay,” said Vandalieu.

And so, Vandalieu spent every day leading up to his ninth birthday receiving the attacks of Kasim, Eleanora and Basdia.

While being sent into the air on several occasions.

And for some reason, Kachia picked him up and carried him back home on their way back.

“But I can walk on my own,” Vandalieu said.

“It’s fine, I just realized that I’ve never picked you up, so I’m just taking the opportunity to do it while I can!” Kachia said.

『You have acquired the Shield Technique and Armor Technique skills!』

However, Vandalieu was the king of a nation. He could not spend his entire day training.

He was also busy with paperwork that he did by multiplying himself, conducting Zandia and Jeena's adjustments and rehabilitation, joining the Black Goblin Ninjas in their training and patrolling the marshlands with the former Scaled King Leo, who was now a Dragon Zombie, and his rider, Bone Man.

"Kings have more free time than you'd expect, don't they?" Vandalieu remarked.

"That only applies for you, Your Majesty," said Chezare. "I am working incessantly every day... Training the newly formed Dark Night Knights' Order, Black Fang Knights' Order and the Scaled Dragon cavalry unit... kufufufu."

"Your Majesty, won't you let me say something to this tireless Undead? I would like to point out that your younger brother is a human made of flesh and blood," said Kurt.

Vandalieu, who could simply multiply with spirit form clones if he wanted more hands or heads, was equivalent to a group of over a dozen people by himself. He was the ruler of a nation, even if that nation was still small, but he had an abundance of free time this way.

Chezare had been demonstrating his qualities as an exceptional military official while he was alive, but after becoming Undead, he no longer felt physical fatigue. And when he was doing the work of a general, he demonstrated marvelous concentration for those tasks.

As for Kurt, who was being made to accompany him... he had been praised as a commander with a steady work method, but he was a human who needed sleep and food.

He was a military man, so he could push himself further than most, but he couldn't push himself every day and every night.

The knights and soldiers being trained were Undead or monsters, so they were more resistant to long activities than Kurt was.

"Kurt, Chezare will easily forget to let you rest while working, so you have to decide

on your own when to rest,” said Vandalieu.

“You might say that, Your Majesty, but it’s difficult for a subordinate to say that he is going to rest while a superior is still working,” said Kurt.

“...That might be true.”

In Vandalieu’s case, though he worked busily, he was enjoying himself as well, so nobody felt the need to be reserved around him. However, Chezare was completely engrossed in work, so perhaps Kurt, Chezare’s direct subordinate, couldn’t be blamed for being reserved.

“I must implement a paid leave system, mustn’t I?” said Vandalieu.

He’d been careful to prevent working environments from being too harsh, but perhaps he hadn’t gone far enough. More living people would take up administrative positions in the future as well. Vandalieu decided that the working environments of such positions would need to be improved.

“As you wish,” said Chezare. “Well then, please explain this paid leave system that you are thinking of. It must then be put into written document form, reviewed, the administrative positions decided –”

“Your Majesty, it seems that I have more work to do now,” Kurt remarked.

“Huh?”

It seemed like it was defeating the purpose, but if a properly-managed paid leave system was put into place, Kurt’s working environment would improve as well, so he just needed to endure a little longer.



In between the usual work and training, Vandalieu was also trying to create and refine new magical metals using the silver and gold nuggets obtained from the B-class Dungeon, the Scaled King’s Nest.

“It’s not going very well,” he said.

“It’s disappearing, isn’t it?” said Pauvina.

“I wonder why that is?” said Zadiris.

“I don’t know,” said Tarea.

They had been obtaining silver and gold since last year, but unlike the Death Iron and Dark Copper created by immersing iron and copper in death-attribute Mana, the creation of magical metals using gold and silver hadn’t succeeded yet.

For some reason, once a certain amount of Mana was poured in, the gold and silver disappeared.

“It’s completely gone. I wonder where it went?” Pauvina patted her large hand around the area where a silver nugget had been, but there was nothing there except the floor.

Basdia’s mother, the Ghoul Wizard Zadiris, and the leader of the smithing team, the Ghoul High Artisan Tarea, watched with the eyes of a mage and a craftsman respectively, but they didn’t understand why the silver nugget had disappeared.

“If the Mana stops before the metal disappears, it stays as normal silver and gold. So, I believe that disappearing is the change that occurs for it to become a magical metal,” said Tarea.

“Is there such thing as a disappearing magical metal?” asked Pauvina.

“There are not that many different magical metals to begin with,” Tarea replied.

Orichalcum, that could only be created by the gods, the flexible and reparable Damascus Steel whose method of creation was passed on only to certain Dwarf individuals, Mythril and Adamantite which were the top two well-known magical metals, and Obsidian, which could be made by skilled blacksmiths.

These were the common magical metals. There were other magical metals created by being imbued strongly with Mana of a certain attribute, but they were rare and not well-known.

To begin with, magical metals were normally created when metals and minerals were placed for long periods of time in places filled with Mana. Other than Obsidian, which was created by using existing magical metals and materials, and Damascus Steel which was considered possible to create, magical metals were generally not something that could be newly created.

It was only possible for Vandalieu because he possessed an absurd amount of Mana and the ability to accelerate time for inanimate objects with the Inanimate Aging spell.

“But silver and gold disappear in different ways, do they not?” said Zadiris. “Silver just vanishes immediately, but gold just disappears the moment you take your eyes off it.”

“That’s right,” said Tarea. “At first, I thought someone had simply moved it, but...”

It wasn’t as if the gold nuggets had escaped on their own, so they had thought that someone had taken it away, but there were no signs of that having happened, so their whereabouts were simply unknown.

Suddenly, the white object that Vandalieu was leaning against gave a small cry. “Pigi-pigi.”

“Hmm? Quinn, do you know something about this?” Vandalieu asked.

This white object was the Cemetery queen bee’s larva, named Quinn, who had grown to become plump and shiny.

As one might expect of a queen bee larva, she did not move much. Normally, she stayed equipped inside Vandalieu, but she came out like this from time to time.

“Pigii, Kikiki, pipigigigih.”

“Hmm, hmm.”

“...How does the boy understand what Quinn is saying?” Zadiris wondered. “The other day, he was conversing with the large centipede Pete as well.”

“Are those even words to begin with?” asked Tarea. “To me, all of the ‘pigihs’ sound the same.”

“Is that not because of your old age?”

“What did you say?! Zadiris, you are around thirty years older than I am!”

In reality, both of their physical ages had been reversed with Youth Transformation so that they matched their physical appearances of being in their mid-to-late teenage years.

“Van said that Quinn and Pete are smart, so when they combine their noises with the movements of their faces to certain angles and move their feelers around, he can get a rough idea of what they want to say,” Pauvina said to the two who were having a useless argument.

It seemed that Vandaliou did indeed understand what Quinn was trying to tell him.

“Rapiécage is collecting something?”

Everyone turned to see Rapiécage, who was often seen together with Pauvina, rummaging around for something in the corner of Vandaliou’s workshop.

And then, as if she had found something, she gave a happy-sounding groan. And then she lifted the object that she had found –

“Rappie, wait a second, show me that before you eat it!” Pauvina said hastily, stopping Rapiécage from eating the golden, shining object.

Rapiécage looked at the small, golden object in her large hand and then exchanged a look with Pauvina. “...Half... sies.”

“Thanks!” Pauvina said.

“...No, I do not believe that is what you should be saying?” said Zadiris.

Rapiécage tore the golden object in half with her fingers.

Pauvina took the half of the object that she had been given and showed it to everyone.

“...Gold?”

“In appearance, it seems to be gold,” said Tarea.

The object shone with a golden color that had attracted people since time immemorial. However, for some reason, the object was trembling as it crawled around on Pauvina’s palm.

It was like a golden amoeba, or in Lambda terms, like a golden Slime.

Zadiris tried touching it. “Contrary to its appearance, it has a hard texture. And it feels

cold like metal, and is heavier than it looks. Is this really gold?"

The object had a metal-like coldness and weight.

"Perhaps this is gold that has been transformed by death-attribute magic?" Vandalieu guessed, watching the object squirming around between Zadiris's fingers.

*Impossible*, he thought, but when he cast the Detect Life skill to investigate, he found that the object gave a life-like response.

It seemed that this object wasn't simply crawling; it was alive.

*Can a living metal exist?* Vandalieu wondered.

"It is possible," said Tarea. "It is said that there is a metal that is considered to be a magical metal that contains souls. It is called Soul Steel, and if arms are forged with it, they are arms with intelligence of their own."

"It seems that there are various theories, however," said Zadiris. "Whether it has a soul to begin with, or whether it has a soul after it is turned into arms. And remember, the Orichalcum spear whose soul the boy destroyed before, Ice Age? That could be considered a living metal as well, could it not?"

It seemed that it wasn't a strange thing for a magical metal to be alive.

"Om, nom."

Chew, chew, chew, swallow.

"De... licious..."

Rapiécage swallowed half of that living metal. Apparently, it was delicious.

"Those living magical metals, are they edible?" Vandalieu asked.

"Normally, they would not be," said Zadiris. "Though there are tales of Dragons swallowing them..."

"Amazing, Van-sama! To think that you have made the world's first edible metal!... I do not know how that is amazing, however," said Tarea.

“It was a gold nugget to begin with, after all,” said Pauvina.

The invention of an edible, delicious metal. Indeed, it was likely the first in the world. But it begged the question, “So what?”

If it was dirt or rock to begin with, it would be a great invention. If it provided nutrition, it might eradicate the world’s hunger problems.

However, the ingredient was lumps of solid gold.

If it were just edible and nothing more, nobody would bother eating something as expensive as gold. Extremely rich people might consider eating it, however.

No matter how delicious it was, wouldn’t the demand be too limited?

“Well then, can we try eating it?” Pauvina asked.

“Yes, let us try eating it first,” said Vandalieu.

“Pigih~” Quinn squeaked.

“Even if it is edible and tastes pleasant, there is no guarantee that it will not be harmful,” said Zadiris.

“If we have Van-sama cast Disinfect, all of the bad components will disappear, so it will be alright,” said Tarea.

After that, everyone tried eating a share of it to find that it was delicious. The flavor couldn’t be described as sweet or bitter, nor was it spicy or sour, but it was somehow delicious. Perhaps it contained some undiscovered amino acid.

“Ah, I can feel myself gaining Experience Points from eating it,” said Zadiris.

“Amazing! I just leveled up!” Pauvina exclaimed.

“This is... truly amazing!” said Tarea.

It seemed that it provided Experience Points, though in small amounts. Was it because the metal was alive?

“So, boy, can you see this gold’s spirit?” Zadiris asked.

“No, it doesn’t seem like there is one,” said Vandalieu.

Despite having been alive, no spirit emerged from the gold.

This living gold was named Life Gold.

Incidentally, even Rapiécage didn’t know where the silver went, and its whereabouts remained unknown.



A fearsome group moved through the outskirts of the marshlands at night.

At its head was the former Scaled King Leo, who had become a Zombie Dragon with a head that resembled a crocodile’s, and the armored Skeleton riding it, Bone Man. Leo let out a low groan.

Growling rose from the Zombies that formed the newly-reborn Black Bull Knights’ Order, who were originally a part of the Mirg shield-nation’s army, and the newly-established Scaled Dragon Knights’ Order.

They were mounted on Demon Horses, horses that had transformed into monsters, which could travel without problems even in the marshlands due to the Rough Road Travel skill.

However, the Demon Horses’ Ranks had increased and they had become something else.

The members of the Black Bull Knights’ Order were riding Rank 4 Bicorns, ferocious, omnivorous horse-like monsters who possessed horns coated in deadly venom. They were monsters that were larger than horses and possessed even more strength and stamina than they appeared to; even brown bears would be prey for them.

The members of the Scaled Dragon Knights’ Order were mounted on black horses with shining, crimson eyes. They were Rank 4 as well, but they were Nightmare Horses with the Air-running skill. They had the same constitution and physical strength as Demon Horses, but because they could run through the air, their mobility was greatly increased.

Both were rare, and though they were originally horses, they didn't form groups. Thus, there weren't any countries that used them as mounts for their knights.

"No abnormalities. There aren't even any traces that monsters have come in from outside..." Bone Man murmured in disappointment.

"Bone Man-dono, monsters generally do not venture into places that they are unsuited to live in unless they are greatly starving or have been chased away by an outside enemy," said a Zombie Knight of the Black Bull Knights' Order.

"But even if it is for our training, simply moving around and observing is tedious," said Bone Man. "We have not even cut anything down today."

Bone Man had accompanied Vandalieu on his expedition to the former Sauron Duchy, but after coming back, he had returned to his job of keeping watch around the swamp on Leo's back.

However, the marshlands were an embodiment of peace itself, to the point that it was questionable as to whether it was even necessary to keep watch over them. They had been ruled by the Lizardmen to begin with, so there were almost no dangerous monsters other than them. And just like the Zombie Knight had explained a moment ago, monsters rarely ventured into the marshlands from the outside.

Talosheim was far more dangerous, as one step outside the city's walls would leave one exposed to lands where monsters of Rank 3 or above roamed.

That was why Bone Man was spending his days riding a corpse Dragon. At this rate, his skills would grow blunt.

But the reason for that was beneath his own bottom.

"Bone Man-dono, how about dismounting Leo?" the Zombie Knight suggested.

"Indeed. There is no way that any monsters would willingly approach a place that is periodically visited by a high-Rank Undead such as Leo," said Bone Man.

"If Goblins were to see his enormous body, they would flee," the Zombie Knight agreed.

Other monsters would run upon seeing Leo or smelling his scent.

Leo had been a Rank 10 Great Mud Dragon when he was alive. He had become significantly weaker since becoming a Zombie, but he had ventured through the Scaled King's Nest, a B-class Dungeon, and regained enough power to be Rank 8.

Bone Man's Rank had increased, so the two were now of the same Rank, but the impressiveness of their appearances were vastly different. Bone Man simply appeared to be a Skeleton in a suit of armor, while Leo looked terrifying with his enormous body and crocodile-like appearance.

And though Vandalieu had used magic to stop Leo's decomposition, monsters with a sharp sense of smell would be able to detect the Zombie Dragon's presence through his scent.

As a result, monsters would flee from any place that Leo passed through... Rank 1 monsters such as Giant Catfish or Giant Frogs would happily loiter around in Leo's presence, but that was because they sensed that Leo would take no notice of such low-Rank monsters.

It was the same reason why Goblins would run from an Ogre, but ants wouldn't.

"Jyuh, but dismounting Leo when he has been gifted to me by my lord..."

At the thought of dismounting Leo, Bone Man made a glum face... or rather, his face didn't change, but his sullenness was audible in his voice.

For Bone Man, Leo was the Dragon Zombie that he had always wanted, given to him by Vandalieu. He was Bone Man's beloved mount, and Bone Man always made time to polish his scales and fangs.

Leo gave another groan.

Of course, he always had a somewhat vacant look in his eyes, so it wasn't clear whether Bone Man's affection was getting through to him.

"And I cannot do something like exposing my lord's territory to danger just to stave off the boredom..." Bone Man murmured.

"Then you must endure," said the Zombie Knight. "Once we have finished our patrol, you are on leave, are you not? You may exercise your skill to your heart's content in the Dungeon."

“Jyuuh...”

Bone Man reluctantly fell silent and concentrated on his surroundings. As this loose conversation came to an end, only the breathing and hoofbeats of the Bicorn and Nightmare Horses’ could be heard.

But the Bicorns suddenly began gnashing their teeth in agitation.

“This is the smell of blood!” Bone Man exclaimed.

“Did monsters fight nearby?” the Zombie Knight murmured.

Conflict between monsters was not a rare event. However, the smell of blood being left behind for a long time was unusual. The insects and weaker monsters in Devil’s Nests would suck up and consume every single drop of scattered blood and every piece of flesh.

And the Undead, who could see spirits, could see the spirits of Orcs. They soon dissolved and vanished, perhaps returning to the circle of transmigration.

“Orcs, this close to the marshlands? This is a first,” said the Zombie Knight.

“Jyuuh, the spirits have disappeared, but something may be left behind. Search the surroundings,” Bone Man ordered.

The Undead searched the surroundings, but the Orcs’ corpses had been absorbed by something; all they could find were fragments of broken swords and small pieces of what appeared to be Orc flesh. And the tracks of an enormous insect, leading south.

“Is something happening in the south? Jyuuh... I must report this to my lord.”



There was a vessel shaped like a round pool, placed in one corner of Vandalieu’s workshop, which was now empty.

It was filled with a flesh-colored liquid, and organs like arms, legs and heads were chaotically extending from its surface and then collapsing back inside, over and over.

It was the mysterious, writhing mass of flesh that had been produced when Vandalieu

used the incomplete resurrection device in an attempt to resurrect Darcia.

For some reason, it did possess life, but it was a mysterious object that contained no spirit or soul.

At first, Luciliano had observed it enthusiastically, saying that this could be the birth of a new life-form, but he had seen no changes other than its squirming around. Now, Vandalieu, Pauvina and the other children were simply feeding it dead flesh.

However, at this moment, a hand was extending from the mass of flesh.

『—』

The lump of flesh extended its hand outside the pool, showing a movement with intention for the first time. And then it grabbed hold of something on the floor.

A shining, silver object appeared in its hand. The lump of flesh, which had gripped this silver object... the silver nugget of an unknown magical metal that Vandalieu had created with death-attribute Mana, withdrew its arm and buried the silver nugget within itself.

It began writhing more fiercely than before, liking boiling water... and then it stopped moving.

# Side Chapter 15

## Meanwhile, Heinz and his companions

Gubamon, one of the two remaining Vampires worshipping Hihiryushukaka, the Evil God of Joyful Life, had been defeated.

Unlike Ternecia, his head and Magic Stone weren't taken to the Adventurers' Guild, nor did the Vampires who were his subordinates become disorderly groups that caused incidents in all regions.

However, rumors had slowly spread within criminal organizations that the Vampires of Gubamon's faction had been ruling from the shadows, and among the merchants and noblemen who had been making deals with them.

Rumors that Gubamon had fallen, and that the Vampires who were his subordinates had been defeated by someone as well.

Those with connections to the Vampires were confused, as they no longer had anyone contacting them, nor were they given any orders. Of course, they would be beheaded if it was ever found that they had connections with the Vampires, so they didn't voice this confusion aloud.

However, after several months of unnatural silence, their doubts were confirmed when Vampires from Birkyne's faction appeared instead of their usual contacts, either seizing control over criminal organizations or offering a continuation of business.

Birkyne, the sole survivor, had tried to hide Gubamon's death, but Gubamon had turned the majority of his own subordinates into Undead, so there was a shortage of hands even after gathering the few Vampires who had survived.

Thus, rumors surrounding Gubamon's death slowly spread.

Just who had defeated such a monster who had been living since the age of the gods?

Had he been punished by some unknown hero in secret, or had Birkyne kicked him down in order to take control over the Bahn Gaia continent's underworld for himself?

Or was there a monster that surpassed Pure-breed Vampires, lurking in the darkness?

“I’m sure some strong people like Heinz-oniichan and the rest of you exterminated the bad people,” said Selen, the Dhampir girl who had been saved and was now being protected by the Five-colored Blades, led by the S-class adventurer known as Heinz, the Blue-flamed Sword. These were her innocent thoughts.

Selen was a Dhampir born to a Vampire mother and human father. However, for some reason, the hidden house in the mountains that her family was living in was raided by thieves.

Selen didn’t know the details, but those thieves were a mercenary band hired by a nobleman with an evil desire for the beautiful, odd-colored eyes of Dhampirs.

It was likely that the Vampires had given information to that nobleman in order to dispose of the Dhampir Selen, her mother who was a traitor, and her father.

Selen’s mother had been a Noble-born Vampire, but not long had passed since she had become a Vampire, and she was inexperienced in both magic and martial skills. And Selen’s father was a simple hunter.

The mercenary band who attacked them was composed of over ten famous individuals with the skills of C-class adventurers, who would even accept dirty tasks from noblemen and wealthy merchants.

They had attacked the house with anti-Vampire preparations. Selen’s mother had fought hard to protect her daughter and husband, but she was defeated, her resistance in vain.

Selen’s father was heavily wounded as well, and the mercenaries closed in on Selen to gouge out her eyes.

That was when the Five-colored Blades, led by Heinz, came running.

It was around the time that Heinz, who had converted to Alda’s peaceful faction in the Orbaume Kingdom, had lost the Elf Spiritual Mage Martina in the wandering Dungeon, Zakkart’s Trials, and departed once more with his new party members, Diana and Jennifer.

They had happened to gain information on a mercenary band hired by a nobleman

that was after a Dhampir girl, and they simply eradicated the mercenaries, treating them as simple bandits.

For Selen, they could only be described as heroes.

Unfortunately, her fatally-wounded father couldn't be saved, but Heinz and his party were now continuing to protect her.

"I wonder what kind of people the ones who defeated the evil Vampire are?" she said, looking up at Jennifer with sparkling eyes.

"I wonder, too," Jennifer said with a perplexed look. "As you said, Selen, there's no doubt that they're as strong as us or even stronger."

"Eh? There are people that are stronger than you, Jennifer-oneechan?!" Selen exclaimed in surprise.

"Of course," said Jennifer. "There is the Thunderclap Schneider in the Amid Empire, and I don't know if he's still alive, but there was another S-class adventurer called Randolph the True in this country, and they're both definitely stronger than us. And there are plenty of other strong people."

Jennifer herself was an A-class adventurer and had even acquired a superior skill. She had been given Alda's divine protection, and possessed an Artifact as well. However, her words were not spoken out of modesty.

She was certain that Schneider, whose name had already spread across the continent before she was even born, and Randolph, who was the subject of heroic tales told by minstrels while she was a child, were clearly stronger than her and her companions.

At the same time, Jennifer suspected that the one who had defeated Gubamon might have been one of those two.

*The Thunderclap Schneider has defeated Elder Dragons and evil gods before. He would be able to defeat Gubamon, who was just as powerful as Ternecia, whom we couldn't defeat. The same goes for Randolph.*

For Schneider, Jennifer couldn't think of a reason why he hadn't come forward if he was the one who had defeated Gubamon. In Randolph's case, he had already taken a step back as an adventurer, so perhaps he simply didn't want to cause a fuss.

However, these were only guesses. Assassins belonging to dark Guilds that accepted assassination requests and the special forces of the Amid Empire and Orbaume Kingdom. The existence of such people was half-superstition, but there were still plenty of powerful individuals that Jennifer and her companions didn't know about.

And there was no guarantee that the one who had defeated Gubamon was on the humans' side.

*Something that was so fearsome that Ternecia made the effort of coming back to be killed by us. It might have been that.*

What was the unidentified monster that had likely taken the Demon King's horns from Ternecia doing right now?

Thinking about this question, Jennifer felt uneasy.

But she wouldn't express this and make Selen feel anxious.

"But one day, we'll become the strongest," Jennifer said.

"Really? Amazing!" Selen exclaimed.

Jennifer laughed. "Heinz is still the only S-class, but me, Diana and everyone else will all become S-class as well," she declared, puffing out her chest.

Selen's eyes grew brighter.

But Diana, the Elf priestess of Mill, the goddess of Slumber, interrupted. "Jennifer, don't get Selen so excited this late at night. Why would you tell her bedtime stories that would keep her awake? It's important that Selen sleeps properly at night. To begin with, sleep is –"

"My bad, I'm sorry, so stop the lecturing. You're making me sleepy as well, not just Selen," said Jennifer.

Diana's lecture regarding the goddess of slumber caused Selen to yawn immediately.



A masked man let out a muffled scream as he stumbled in a deserted alleyway at night.

“I *thought* it was too shallow,” sighed Heinz’s companion, the scout Edgar, who had thrust his bare fist instead of his trusty dagger into the man’s solar plexus.

There were over a dozen other people groaning as they lay on the ground nearby, wearing the same masks.

All of them were wearing lightweight leather armor that was easy to move in; they appeared to be assassins at a glance. However, the people lying on the ground were holding not daggers, but small maces, axes and some even had shields equipped on their arms.

“Both the way you used a fake request to draw us away from Selen, and your attack, were quite sloppy. Your footsteps were so noisy. I thought some kids were having a race in the middle of the night,” Edgar said.

“Sh-shut up... you traitor,” one of the masked men groaned in a strained voice. He was the leader... or rather, the one who had been put on the ground first, so he had recovered a little more than the others.

However, Edgar’s response to his words was scornful laughter. “Shut up, huh? Do you people understand that if you all shut up for all eternity, I wouldn’t have anything to complain about?”

Heinz looked down on the man with an angry gaze. He was suppressing his urge to kill them, but it was clear even through the man’s mask that he was terrified by the wrath of an S-class adventurer.

“Why... why do you people, who offer prayers to the god of law, go as far as to commit lawless, futile acts to try and lay your hands on Selen?” Heinz asked.

The masked men were not assassins or bandits, but priests who normally offered prayers at the Church and the priest-warriors who protected them.

In the Orbaume Kingdom, where Vida’s races that possessed monster ancestry were given human rights if they had favorable relationships with humans, these people were known as ‘Alda extremists.’

They were those who advocated that Vida's races that originated from monsters, such as Scylla, Lamia and Centaurs, were not people but monsters that should be exterminated regardless of whether they were dangerous or not.

This opinion was commonplace in the Amid Empire, but it was considered to be a radical idea in the Orbaume Kingdom, and those who followed this idea normally disguised themselves as normal believers.

In order to assassinate the Dhampir girl being protected by Heinz's party, these men had put up a fake request at the Adventurers' Guild under the Church's name, trying to draw Heinz and his companions away from her.

Edgar had seen through this and acted as if he had been fooled, pretending to leave Selen in the care of a trusted acquaintance. He had left the female Dwarf Delizah, as well as Jennifer and Diana, to protect Selen while he and Heinz attacked the extremists who had been lured out.

"You know what will happen if we hand you over to the guards without passing judgment on you here, don't you?" said Heinz.

If extremists acted to carry out their beliefs, even if they were affiliated with the Church, they were punished harshly as criminals. Since they broke the law despite serving Alda, who ruled over law, it was only natural that they were punished more severely.

In cases where they armed themselves and planned to kill people, even if the murder was prevented, violators would not be able to escape becoming criminal slaves under the Orbaume Kingdom's law.

The girl in question was someone under the protection of Heinz, an S-class adventurer, the great hero who slayed a Pure-breed Vampire, star of Alda's peaceful faction, honorary nobleman. Since these men had targeted this girl, it was even possible that they would be executed.

But it seemed that the extremists were prepared for this.

"Do as you wish," the man managed to groan, despite being unable to suppress his fear. "We intended to be caught by the guards even if we succeeded. Since we have disturbed law and order, it is only natural that we receive our punishment in a public place."

“...Why are you so determined to try to kill Selen?” Heinz demanded. “What did she ever do? She’s just a child who has lost her real parents!”

“Because it’s the right thing to do!” the man shouted, as if his emotions were being squeezed out of him. “Alda said that Vida’s races are those who bring disorder to the world! Even if they are harmless now, even if they are friendly towards us, they will cause a great catastrophe one day! What’s wrong with obeying the words of our god?!”

The Alda extremists of the Orbaume Kingdom had felt a strong impatience at the fact that Heinz and his party had gathered fame.

He was an S-class adventurer, and even possessed the Guider Job that acted as proof that he was a champion.

And he was protecting a Dhampir girl.

There were already all kinds of movements to turn Selen into a symbol for the peaceful faction, and if Heinz and his party’s actions continued at this rate, there might even be a duke trying to make Selen an honorary noblewoman.

If that happened, the movement to acknowledge Vida’s races in the Orbaume Kingdom would grow stronger and stronger. It would be too late to change things then.

It was already quite late, but Selen had to be erased as soon as possible.

However, even if they wanted to take action, they couldn’t make use of a criminal organization... It wasn’t an issue of sentiment; the important figures among the extremists had connections to a certain criminal organization, but because Gubamon had been defeated by someone, that criminal organization had stopped working.

Thus, these masked extremists had no choice but to take the most extreme of approaches.

“The peaceful faction is a weak compromise, nothing more than heretical teachings! You people, those who spread these teachings as truth, are traitors!” the man shouted, forgetting his current situation.

A vein appeared on Edgar’s forehead as he moved to silence the man.

However, Heinz stopped him. “Indeed, you’re right,” he said. “Alda wished for the

extermination of Vida's races in the past, just as you say, and I'm sure that's still true now. If that wasn't the case, he wouldn't have fought the goddess who battled the Demon King at his side. If he had changed his mind, he would have sent Divine Messages to the Pope and the clergymen of the Amid Empire, telling them to stop persecuting Vida's races. The fact that this hasn't happened means that what you extremists advocate and Alda's will is one and the same."

Not only Edgar and the masked man, but all of the other extremists stopped in surprise at Heinz's words.

"W-what are you trying to say?" the masked man asked, bewildered at Heinz's denial of the very foundations of the peaceful faction's ideology.

Heinz asked him a question in turn. "I am a member of the peaceful faction and have a Dhampir girl under my protection, and yet Alda has bestowed his divine protection upon me and dispatches his Familiar Spirits to aid me. Why is that?"

If Alda's will would not acknowledge Heinz's actions, if he really was a heretical traitor, why could Heinz summon a Familiar Spirit with the Familiar Spirit Descent skill?

Was it not because Alda had acknowledged Heinz?

Heinz smiled bitterly at the masked man, who was lost for words, his eyes wide open. "With that said, that doesn't mean what I advocate is right. I'm sure that Alda is wavering, too."

"A god, waver? Is such a thing..."

"That's what I want to find out. And if Alda says that the eradication of Vida's races is right... I'll ask him why, and persuade him otherwise," said Heinz.

He would meet a god, hear what he had to say and then persuade him otherwise. Heinz's words could even be considered arrogant. The masked man held his breath... and then exhaled loudly.

"This is our defeat," he said, removing his mask to reveal his now-doubtless expression.



After this incident, the Alda extremists who had planned Selen's assassination turned themselves into the guards' station.

Of course, the death penalty was considered. Although Heinz appealed for their lives to be spared, they became criminal slaves. However, Heinz's party purchased them and guided them on a search for the location of Zakkart's Trials, and an adventure to investigate Alda's true will.

This was the first record of Heinz guiding others as a Holy Guider.

# Side Chapter 16

## Preliminary encounter (Origin)

The Eighth Guidance's bombing of the Bravers' headquarters.

This bombing incident caused great damage to the Bravers' reputation, which still hadn't recovered from the 'Fallen hero incident,' where the crimes of Kaidou Kanata, one of the Bravers, were revealed.

Up until then, the Bravers had been literal heroes to the people of Origin.

All of the Bravers' members possessed genius-level talent for magic and tremendous physical capabilities, and each of them had non-magic, special superpowers that had only existed in fictional works.

They came running to help when accidents and disasters happened. They had done many deeds that put them at the forefront of the war against terrorism.

There had even been people worshipping the Bravers as angels sent by a god.

However, once the crimes committed by Kaidou Kanata were made public, it revealed that the Bravers were just humans like the rest.

As the Bravers had been trying to restore their fallen image, the bombing incident had occurred.

Among the casualties were two of the Bravers' members, Shimada Izumi and Machida Aran, and several staff were also injured.

The world expressed sympathy for the Bravers and anger towards the Eighth Guidance. However, this was a defeat that was difficult to erase for the Bravers as an anti-terrorist organization.

Most importantly, two of their companions had been killed.

The loss of Shimada Izumi with 'Inspection,' which allowed her to see through all kinds

of falsehoods, and Machida Aran with ‘Calculation’ that made him a living supercomputer, was a hard blow for the organization, and their companions from Earth of which there had only been a hundred were now two fewer. And these two hadn’t died because they were paying for their mistakes like Kaidou Kanata, who had been killed by Shihouin Mari because he had been illegally selling her mother’s organs.

The Bravers had been able to act the way they did up until now because these two had been working behind the scenes.

“We’ll definitely avenge those three!” exclaimed Minami Asagi, who had been a part of sports clubs on Earth.

There were many like him who raised their fists in fierce anger, advocating that they should punish the Eighth Guidance, and the traitors like Murakami Junpei, with their own hands.

All of the Bravers, including Minami Asagi, knew that all of the members of the Eighth Guidance had been victims of death-attribute research and then been handed over to another research institution while under the Bravers’ protection.

Indeed, if the Bravers had acted properly back then, it was possible that these victims wouldn’t have become terrorists.

However, the murder of the Bravers’ companions couldn’t be forgiven.

“Shimada and Machida were our companions who saved our lives countless times! And Mari... she killed Kanata, but she was supposed to atone for her crime! There was no reason for her to be killed by terrorists! Isn’t that right?!” shouted Asagi, seeking the agreement of his companions in this space that was completely white, from the floor to the ceiling.

*Amemiya Hiroto*, and *Amemiya Narumi*, whose surname had changed from *Naruse* after marriage, were present. There were over a dozen other Bravers gathered here as well.

All of them were armed with military body armor, knives of all kinds, and the latest gloves that had the functions of a staff built-in internally.

“Exactly!”

“We’ll make them regret it!”

Over half of the Bravers were in agreement with Asagi. It seemed that the impact of having their companions killed wasn’t one that the Bravers could accept calmly.

Though the reincarnated individuals had been trained to fight terrorists and engaged in battle with them many times, they had never been defeated. Due to the talent for magic, fortunes and cheat-like abilities that had been given to them, they had been able to emerge victorious continuously.

Some had suffered serious injuries, and even nearly died. However, these wounds were healed by magic and cheat-like abilities, and they had managed to slip through the battlefield alive.

The exception was Kaidou Kanata, who had been killed by another reincarnated individual.

This was why the reincarnated individuals were not accustomed to the deaths of their companions.

*Not good. This is headed in a bad direction.*

*Hiroto* grimaced at Asagi and his companions, who were getting more and more spirited. Being the only one other than the ‘Oracle’ Endou Kouya who knew that the Undead was actually another reincarnated individual, he wanted to capture the members of the Eighth Guidance as quietly as possible, as they were those who had been saved by his ‘companion.’

The Eighth Guidance was committing crimes repeatedly all over the world, in developed nations in particular, so it would be impossible to acquit them. *Hiroto* had intended to secure them in a facility where their human rights would be respected as much as possible, or if it was possible to convince them, secretly sneak them out into a third-world country.

However, the members of the Eighth Guidance were more stubborn, and more serious, than *Hiroto* or Kouya had expected.

After killing the logistical support members, Shimada Izumi and Machida Aran, they had gone on to kill the captive Shihouin Mari, the ‘Metamorph,’ with another bomb in the same way.

It was possible that their actions had become more radical under the influence of Murakami and the others joining them, but it was now a situation where they couldn't be brought in quietly.

"I understand how you feel. But our mission is only to capture the Eighth Guidance. Not erase them. Don't forget that," *Hiroto* said, trying to calm his companions down.

But Asagi and the others began to object.

"I know. But that doesn't mean we can't fight back if they resist. Right?" Asagi asked.

"That's right," was the only response that *Hiroto* could give.

He wanted to save the Eighth Guidance. However, he couldn't do that at the cost of Asagi and his other companions.

"*Hiroto*, I know how you feel. You want to save Pluto and the others because they were victims, right? But this is the result of their choices... it can't be helped," said Narumi.

"Narumi, that's... that's right. For now, let's focus on our mission." Unable to tell his wife the truth, that the Eighth Guidance worshipped the one who had once tried to save her, the one she had later mistaken *Hiroto* to be, *Hiroto* could only nod with a bitter feeling in his chest.

And this was a choice that he had made to save the Eighth Guidance.

With the Oracle, Endou Kouya had finally determined the whereabouts of the Eighth Guidance base where Murakami and the others were hiding. In order to save as many of the Eighth Guidance members as possible while minimizing the losses his companions suffered, the Bravers had to attack the base quickly.

Having received this news on a private Bravers line, he had gathered as many members as he could and taken action. The Bravers couldn't act alone, so the special forces of every nation were joining the mission, but this was part of the instructions that Kouya had given as well.

Thus, this situation had been produced by the choice given by the Oracle. There wasn't anything to be anxious about.

*Or at least, that should be the case, but... I can believe you, right, Kouya?*

Kouya was his close friend, but *Hiroto* felt some unease at the fact that the Oracle's instructions had been delivered in a written message.

"*Amemiya*, you have quite the unhappy face," someone called out to him. "If the leader makes a face like that, it'll affect the morale of the whole squad."

The one who was speaking to him was the 'Avalon,' Rikudou Akira. He was an unusual man among the Bravers; he was a finesse-type person with magic that was superior to his special ability.

He was someone who had been a class representative of a different class to Narumi and Asagi's.

"Akira-kun, I'm sorry. But right now –" Narumi began.

"I know how you feel, but it's not just the Eighth Guidance. We'll be fighting Murakami and the others... Chronos, Venus, Marionette, Death Scythe, Odin, Hecatoncheir... Ten traitors who knows our plans, with dangerous abilities. It seems that the blood has risen to Asagi's head, but this fight will be harsher and more dangerous than any mission we've faced before," Rikudou said.

"Sorry, you're absolutely right," *Hiroto* said.

As Rikudou said, they would be fighting those with abilities on the same level as themselves, including the 'Chronos' Murakami, as enemies. There was no telling how many casualties would be suffered if everyone focused only on the Eighth Guidance.

Rikudou exhaled and loosened the muscles around his mouth, as if he was satisfied with *Amemiya's* reply. "As long you understand." He turned to Narumi. "Mrs. *Amemiya*, as a wife, you have the right to say some harsh things to your husband from time to time."

"You're right, I'll take care to do that from now on. But I didn't think that I'd be told that by you. Considering how your wife spoils you," Narumi said.

"That's because I'm perfect as a husband," said Rikudou. "In terms of experience as a husband, I'm above you, *Amemiya-kun*."

"Indeed. I can't overcome someone so full of experience who has married three times and divorced twice," said *Hiroto*.

“Hey, we weren’t supposed to talk about that!” Rikudou said, laughing.

With some of his tension relieved, *Amemiya* said some brief words to Narumi and Rikudou to excuse himself and went to cool off Asagi’s heading, thinking that it was his turn to make a speech now.



“...That Asagi, noisy as usual, isn’t he?” muttered Mao Smith, who was operating a special stealth craft, clicking her tongue.

On Earth, she had been a ferry crewman by the name of Nagano Mao, and she had been reincarnated in Origin’s equivalent of Europe.

She had been going back and forth across the sea in a boat on Earth, but in Origin, she was a fighter pilot.

She had been influenced by the family she had been born into in Origin, a family who had been military officers for generations, and before long, she had started flying.

“Going on and on as he likes inside someone’s ability, jeez. It’s distracting,” Mao muttered, checking a crystal meter to make sure that her anti-magic and anti-radar stealth barrier was online.

Her cheat-like ability was ‘Noah.’ It was an ability that allowed her to maintain a special subspace and transport living things and items inside it.

It was, so to speak, an ability possessed by the player character of any game. It had a maximum limit, but fit about a tanker ship’s worth of objects or even people inside that special space and transport them freely, ignoring their weight.

She had utilized this to transport large quantities of supplies to the sites of disasters and to seize large amounts of evidence from terrorist bases and bring them back swiftly.

This time, she was transporting her allies. Mao could have used a transport helicopter, but flying a fighter on her own while transporting them allowed her to deliver them to the Eighth Guidance’s base far more quickly.

“Still, these were strange orders, weren’t they?”

Mao was concerned about Endou Kouya's orders. There was one more seat in this stealth fighter, but instead of a co-pilot, a small box had been placed there.

"Do not tell any of the other Bravers about the existence of this box's contents, and then hand its contents to *Amemiya Hiroto* after you arrive at the destination." Those were her orders.

Why did she have to transport it outside of Noah, and why did she have to keep its existence a secret? It was too mysterious.

"But they're the Oracle's orders, right? Even if I asked Endou directly, he probably wouldn't answer me."

There was no explanation for the results produced by the Oracle. Even Endou Kouya himself, the one who possessed the ability, was unlikely to know why things had to be like this.

But the reality was that the Oracle's strange instructions had saved the lives of the Bravers many times.

"It's a small price to pay if I have to keep the existence of one small box secret to save my allies' lives. Now then, I suppose we're arriving soon."

And then, just as Mao began switching the stealth fighter from flight mode to vertical movement mode –

"It's just as Murakami and Shade said, isn't it?" an unfamiliar, high-pitched voice came from behind her without warning.

"?!"

Before she could react, a knife held by a white hand extending from behind was thrust into her neck.

"With this, she can't recite incantations, can she? Isn't this a great victory for Jack?"

In the corner of her vision, Mao saw the member of the Eighth Guidance who possessed a swollen head that appeared as if he was wearing a pumpkin over his face, Jack o' Lantern.

“Yeah, that’s amazing, Jack. With this, everyone can die.”

And then a lifeless-looking, ghost-like girl appeared, as if this were a horror movie. It was the ‘Gazer,’ Minuma Hitomi, who had joined the Eighth Guidance along with Murakami and the others, or rather, kidnapped and taken with them.

*These guys, an Eighth Guidance member and Gazer?! Why are they here?! This aircraft hasn’t decelerated yet; we’re still traveling at the speed of sound!*

If they had used space-attribute magic, teleporting would have been possible. However, that would require accurate coordinates of the destination point.

It was absolutely impossible, even for a master of space-attribute magic, to teleport inside the cockpit of an aircraft flying at the speed of sound.

If their timing was even a little off, they would collide with the aircraft or be left falling, thousands of meters above the ground.

*How did these guys even know this stealth fighter’s flight path in the first place... this is bad, I don’t have time to think!*

Mao’s head was filled with questions, but she had no time to address them. Unfortunately, she had been adjusting the meters and disabled the autopilot, so she couldn’t let go of the joystick. She couldn’t use her proficient wind-attribute magic inside the tiny cockpit, and she couldn’t raise her voice to recite any incantations anyway.

“Does this make Jack the first to arrive, Hitomi-chan?” said Jack.

“Not yet, Jack. You have to thrust that knife in more deeply or pull it strongly. These guys have magic items for life support in times of emergency, so if you don’t kill them, they have a chance to survive!”

“I see! Thanks, Hitomi-chan.”

Obedying the Gazer’s instructions, Jack gripped his knife forcefully to sever Mao’s head.

Fortunately for Mao, Jack wasn’t accustomed to killing, and he didn’t have much physical strength. However, at this rate, she wouldn’t last more than ten seconds.

*What do I do?! Gazer can just use magic if she wants to, so if I let go of the joystick and resist, in the worst-case scenario, she might just blow us all up, including herself! I can't die yet!*

The reason was that her companions were inside Noah. If Mao died, there was no telling what would happen to them.

If Noah's user died, its effects would likely be undone. *Amemiya Hiroto* and the others who were inside would likely be thrown out.

And this was an aircraft flying above the clouds at the speed of sound. Of course, even if the Bravers were thrown out here, they were all first-rate users of magic, so they might survive.

But what if they crashed into this stealth aircraft that was traveling at the speed of sound the moment they were thrown out? What if they immediately lost consciousness due to the change in atmospheric pressure?

Even with their Magic Items, the situation was not very optimistic. Gazer was overvaluing them; the function of those Magic Items was only to buy a little time before death when their users were fatally wounded.

*To think that I was the passionate type who would give her life to save her allies!*

"Jack, hurry and kill that woman -!"

"Hitomi-chan, you'll hurt your face."

The moment Gazer and Jack spoke, the cockpit flew open as if exploding. And then the seat that Mao was sitting in was ejected.

*Escape successful. It looks like I was able to avenge myself, too.*

Mao had activated the aircraft's escape mechanism, launching herself into the sky, and now she began falling. In her field of vision, she could see her aircraft that was more expensive than her entire lifetime's income, becoming rapidly more distant, as well as Jack and Gazer, who were falling towards the ground.

The moment Mao ejected, Jack had protected Gazer. Because of this, there was a large dent in his swollen head. He had likely died instantly.

Gazer was falling, embracing the dead Jack.

*She went and found a single man. How can she do such a suicidal thing when she's got someone she loves...*

Mao coughed.

Because the knife had come out of her throat, she was bleeding more violently. And because she had forcibly activated the escape mechanism during sonic-speed flight, her bones were broken in several places, too. Her organs seemed to be in bad shape as well.

With this, even her Magic Item wouldn't know which fatal wound to heal.

At this rate, I won't have time to let everyone out of Noah and save them... I'm rapidly accelerating towards the ground, anyway.

Perhaps because of the attack that Gazer performed before dying, Mao's parachute wouldn't open.

*And I suppose I'm losing consciousness... now...*

*If you all survive being thrown out, make my funeral a grand one,* Mao thought as she parted with her consciousness.



"I suppose Jack and Gazer should have gone ahead by now," Endou Kouya said as he worked on his PC. "If I do this here, then this... how complicated. This is why I hate machines." He went through numerous complex procedures, putting a program into the computer. "And I'm done. With this, everything has become your crime. I've made the reason for your crime, 'because you heard a demon's voice,' and all of the Oracle's predictions were the predictions of a demon. Not that I know what a demon is, though."

Kouya was in a room alone, talking to himself in the mirror. Of course, the mirror's reflection of him was also alone.

However, his face was unusually stiff. The muscles of his face were spasming, and his mouth and cheeks were crooked.

“Don’t be so angry, Oracle Endou Kouya. It’s your fault for being so focused on finding Murakami and the rest of us, neglecting your own protection. That’s why your body was taken over by an evil spirit... by ‘Shade.’”

The one manipulating Endou Kouya’s body was one of the Eighth Guidance’s members, Shade, who had lost his physical body but gained the ability to possess corpses.

Normally, he could only possess dead bodies, but he could actually possess a living human, just once, taking over their body. Murakami and the others had been used as bait, and then Shade had used this power to take over Endou Kouya’s body.

And then he had set a trap for *Amemiya Hiroto* and the others, saying that these were the instructions of the Oracle. He had ordered for a box containing an almost-dead mouse to be placed in the stealth fighter’s cockpit, so that Jack could be sent in, as he was able to teleport near any almost-dead person... or to be more precise, any almost-dead creature.

“It’s easy, isn’t it? If I just say that it’s the result given by the Oracle, everyone moves about in interesting ways. Everyone carries out your orders, no matter how strange they are. Like, ‘Pretend to show no hostility towards the Undead.’”

The moment Shade spoke these words, his face’s convulsions stopped.

“Surprised? Murakami heard from Gazer, so he knows it. That’s why I’ve decided that I’m definitely going to kill you,” Shade said, picking up a hand grenade that he had acquired beforehand by saying that it was needed for the Oracle’s orders. “Even if I take your body, it’s not like I can use your abilities or magic. So, I’ll be using a method that will definitely kill you. Ah, if you don’t have a body of your own, killing yourself takes some time, too.”

The reason Shade could only take over a living human’s body once was because once he did so, he would fuse with that body and never be able to leave it.

In other words, if Endou Kouya died, Shade would die as well.

He could die. He didn’t have a physical body, but he could die just like everyone else!

“I could wait three hours for the false information that I created using Endou Kouya’s body to spread across the world, but... I don’t want to be the only one left alive when

everyone else has died.”

Shade pulled the pin from the hand grenade, held it in his mouth and closed his eyes.

“Goo’ naah...”



“Jack, Gazer, Mao Smith, Endou Kouya and Shade have gone,” Enma announced to his companions.

He was a boy whose entire eyes were black, even the parts that were supposed to be white.

The Eighth Guidance’s base... or to be more precise, the battlefield that Pluto and the others had prepared for the decisive battle, was a ruin in Northern Europe.

It was a historical ruin in the middle of what had been turned into a barren wasteland filled with rocks by an ultimate weapon that had been used in a previous great war.

The infrastructure and everything else was dead, and staying here for extended periods of time would normally be impossible. Pluto and the others were using the subway system beneath this desert as their base.

The remaining members of the Eighth Guidance, who surrounded a large table that they had found in the ruins, all directed their gazes towards Pluto simultaneously.

“So, have the others died?” Pluto asked, not moving a single eyebrow despite the gazes of her companions.

Enma, who possessed an ability that told him the names and faces of those who had died, closed his eyes in concentration for a few moments before replying. “No, the names of *Amemiya Hiroto* and the others aren’t there. The others aren’t there, either, so they’re all still alive.”

“Maybe they’re fatally wounded but just haven’t died yet,” said Isis, a black woman.

But Enma shook his head. “They possess advanced magic of all attributes, and are the users of more powerful abilities than ours. They have Magic Items, too. If a few of them are unharmed, the rest of them will recover. Only instant death is certain.”

“I see, then I suppose they’ll be headed this way right about now,” said Valkyrie, crossing her arms.

She was a tall, beautiful woman with long, platinum-blonde hair.

The Bravers couldn’t turn back just because one of their allies had been killed. The special forces of every nation were already spreading out around this area.

More importantly, they would take action to avenge their companions. The leader, *Amemiya Hiroto*, seemed to want to save the Eighth Guidance, which made things complicated, but that wouldn’t make him change the plan.

Even if *Amemiya Hiroto* stopped the plan now, the special forces were already moving. If they ran into Murakami and the others, they would be annihilated. That would mean that the Bravers had canceled the plan that they themselves had suggested, leaving the special forces to die.

Of course, even if that didn’t happen, Shade’s handiwork would cause the Bravers’ reputation to plummet regardless.

Causing the Bravers’ reputation to plummet was little more than harassment; it meant nothing in particular to Pluto and the others. Either way, they would be dying soon, and they didn’t care about what happened after they died.

However, they thought that it would be good if, after they died, the surviving Bravers suffered. But that was all they thought about it.

“Well then, Murakami and the others will be betraying us soon,” said Izanami, a barely human-shaped creature whose sex couldn’t be determined, with protuberances the size of babies’ heads growing all over its body.

But nobody denied those words. They had already established that Murakami and the others, who had betrayed the Bravers, would betray them as well.

“So, what are we going to do, Pluto?” asked the sweet-looking Baba Yaga, who had her hair in braids.

“Let’s see. For now, let’s finish eating,” said Pluto, pointing at the numerous onigiri on the plates lined up on the table.

They were in the middle of a meal.

They were upholding the Eighth Guidance's rule of all sharing a meal together at least once a day.

However, as Shade had no physical body, he had always just passed some food through the stomach of whatever corpse he possessed, and several days ago, he had gone off to act separately from the rest. And because Mao's stealth fighter had departed earlier than expected today, Jack and Gazer had disappeared partway through the meal.

"Good night, Jack, Shade, Gazer. Let us meet on the other side," Pluto said.

"I wonder about that, maybe Shade is sleeping right about now. At night, he always complained that he couldn't sleep because he didn't have a physical body."

"I wonder what Jack and Gazer are doing? Do you think they managed to say hello to the Undead?"

"Hmm, knowing those two, I'm sure they would be too nervous to be able to say anything."

"Well then, Shade won't have any time to sleep, either. He'll have to introduce those two to the Undead."

The members of the Eighth Guidance ate the onigiri that contained various different ingredients as they shared this conversation.

The onigiri made with the rice that the Undead had apparently said that he wanted to eat while he was alive.

And once they finished eating, they stood up and left the table.

"Well then, may we meet again on the other side."

The final meal together had ended. Now, their lives in this world would come to an end.

"..."

Pluto, who was the last to finish eating her onigiri, turned her gaze to the seat in which

Hitomi had been sitting. Hitomi's final prediction bothered her.

"Pluto. You will turn a blind eye to two of them," Hitomi had said.

"I'll turn a blind eye to two of them... not spare them, but turn a blind eye to them, which means either the Bravers or the soldiers, right? It's definitely the latter, isn't it?" Pluto murmured.

Pluto would probably turn a blind eye to two soldiers who would say that they had a fiancé in their hometown, or that they had young children and a pregnant wife waiting for them to return, or simply cry pathetically for their mothers.

Pluto having a long-lost sibling among the special forces... such a situation wouldn't happen.

But it would certainly not be the Bravers.

"Because I would never turn a blind eye to those guys," Pluto said.



Bravers: Endou Kouya, Mao Smith, deceased. Two casualties.

Eighth Guidance: Jack o' Lantern, Shade, Minuma Hitomi the Gazer, deceased. Three casualties.

The anti-Bravers led by Murakami: All nine members still alive.

# Side Chapter 17

## Chain of events (Origin)

The signal from the stealth fighter piloted by 'Noah' of the Bravers vanished. The army that had lent the fighter to the Bravers passed this information onto the special forces members who were on standby, surrounding the Eighth Guidance's base, and it was devastating news for them.

To the ordinary people, the Bravers were heroes, but to soldiers, they were more than just that. To the soldiers, *Amemiya Hiroto* and the others were cheats... 'unfair' beings.

One hundred geniuses that normally appeared very rarely were all born in the same generation, and most of them had been born on an island nation to the far east. And all of them possessed at least one non-magic 'ability' that worked on unknown principles.

Partially due to these 'abilities,' each of them had the power to shake entire nations.

The 'fallen hero' Kanata had possessed Gungnir, which allowed him to snipe and kill any target through any obstacles.

The 'Metamorph' Shihouin Mari, who had killed Kanata, was a master of disguise beyond what was seen in spy movies. She could change her race and physique instantly, rendering scanners for fingerprints, retinas, and voice signatures useless, and there was a high possibility that she could fool sensors that identified the Mana wavelengths of individuals as well.

The Oracle Endou Kouya, Machida Aran with Calculation, Shimada Izumi with Inspection. All of them broke the rules.

The most fearsome of the Bravers was *Amemiya Hiroto*. If he had been born before the World War, it would likely have been the eastern island nation, not the American-European alliance, that ruled the world.

"So, did the stealth fighter's signal disappear because of an attack by the Eighth Guidance? Are the Bravers still alive?" asked a commanding officer of the special

forces of one of the nations.

“Unknown,” his subordinate immediately replied. “However, the vital signals of ‘Noah,’ Mao Smith, have ceased.”

“I see, so that troublesome woman has disappeared.”

Mao had been marked among the Bravers as someone who needed to be under significant surveillance. That wasn't because her behavior was often problematic, but because her Noah ability was troublesome.

Things stored inside Noah could never be detected from the outside. Precious metals, firearms, drugs, she could transport them as she liked. Of course, that included people.

What if she were to transport a dangerous biological weapon inside Noah? The thought was enough to terrify the high officials in every nation.

The Bravers had possessed society's trust up until now, but there were Murakami Junpei and the others who were now working with the Eighth Guidance.

No matter how noble they were, there was no saying for sure that they would never stain their hands with crime.

That was why it wasn't bad if the Bravers died. It would be best if they were to work for the nation and find permanent employment, but them dying was far better than them joining other nations or criminal organizations.

“First, we should confirm how many losses the Bravers have sustained, and wait for contact from them to hear whether they're in a state to participate in the operation. In theory, we would take this option. However, it's highly likely that the Eighth Guidance has already detected our operation,” the commanding officer said.

If that wasn't the case, there was no way a latest-model stealth fighter would go missing with its young and healthy pilot dead.

How had the Eighth Guidance, who shouldn't have been in possession of any radar equipment, detected the approach of a stealth fighter? It was possible that it was the doing of Murakami Junpei or one of the others with their abilities, but it was a known fact that all of the members of the Eighth Guidance were able to use one death-attribute spell in exchange for not being able to use magic of the normal attributes.

Both possibilities were feasible.

“Commanding officer, there are none among Murakami Junpei and the others who possess a suitable ability for this,” said the subordinate. “Is it not the doing of the Eighth Guidance?”

The abilities of Murakami Junpei and his followers were already well-known.

Murakami had Chronos, an ability that delayed the activation of other Bravers' abilities and magic cast by others that were nearby. He also had incredible Mana regeneration that was always active.

His companion Tsuchiya Kanako had Venus, which charmed others. However, this didn't work on other Bravers.

There was Death Scythe that caused instant death by looking at the target's face, Super Sense that strengthened the user's five senses, Sylphid that transformed the user's body into gas, Marionette that allowed the manipulation of others by touching them, Hecatoncheir that was telekinesis... they were users of all kinds of abilities.

Gazer, who could see the future, had been a particularly problematic one, but she had apparently been in a mostly vegetative state when Murakami kidnapped her, so it was unclear whether she could use her ability.

However, the commanding officer did not trust this information. The source of this information was the Bravers, after all. Sometimes the information from his own nation's intelligence service was wrong; he couldn't just blindly accept information from outside sources.

“If the ability-users work together, they may be able to use their abilities in ways that aren't in our intel. And there is no saying that they won't have a trump card hidden up their sleeves. Don't let your guard down,” he said. “We have been given top-secret orders. As we have been ordered, we will begin our operation!”

And then, without knowing the fate of the Bravers, and without making any communications to the other squads, the squad began moving.

“We will definitely acquire the members of the Eighth Guidance, whose bodies contain death-attribute Mana, for our nation! It doesn't matter if they're corpses, kill them and take them with us!” the commanding officer shouted.

“Yes, sir!” his men responded.

Knowing how much the military nation had benefited after discovering the death attribute, the high officials of every nation couldn't help but to want that glory for their own nations.

Most importantly, that magic would allow the realization of humanity's dream, immortality, would it not? Considering that, and considering that the other nations would think the same, they couldn't help themselves.

The members of the Eighth Guidance, who could only use one type of death-attribute magic each, wielded this much power. If one nation monopolized the death attribute, how powerful would it become? Thus, it was justice for our nation to 'control' it.

This squad was not the only one to have received special orders from the upper echelons of their nation that had these thoughts.



The soldiers of the special forces possessed carefully-trained bodies and were studied users of advanced magic. In addition, they were outfitted with the latest equipment.

Active camouflage Magic Items that used light-attribute magic, the thermal sensor Magic Items that used fire-attribute magic, and the anti-infrared Magic Items were flawless as well.

And they were equipped with firearms, knives, all kinds of chemicals, state-of-the-art internal 'staff' gloves and communications equipment that could communicate both technologically and magically.

Each individual soldier was a superhuman with more fighting power than a tank. Squads of sizes varying from a dozen to thirty men had been sent by ten different nations.

They had confidence that they would fulfil their mission. They were also conceited in themselves for being highly-trained soldiers.

They certainly wouldn't lose to amateurs who relied on unknown powers... the Bravers who couldn't escape their image of seeming like civilians, and guinea pigs who

hadn't undergone any training, as long as the situation was kept under control. They couldn't lose.

That was what they thought.

*Amemiya Hiroto* had deliberately made the Bravers' abilities open knowledge so that they wouldn't be persecuted by others. However, no matter what he did, he had not been able to reduce the number of people opposing them to zero.

*Anti-personnel landmines and booby traps. The work of an amateur,* the commanding officer thought.

The soldiers of the special forces proceeded through the subway tunnels that were the Eighth Guidance's base, disarming the traps that had been set one after another. Things might have been different if they were normal police officers or soldiers that were sent on ordinary missions, but for these men, this was no different from going on a stroll.

*Is this the Eighth Guidance? They're quite –*

As the commanding officer heard consecutive gunshots, his thoughts stopped permanently.

Dozens of gun barrels had appeared out of thin air and opened fire on the special forces.

"An enemy attack?!"

"Let there be a stone wall!" the commanding officer shouted immediately, conjuring a stone wall with earth-attribute magic to hide his body behind.

The commanding officer of this squad thought that this was a surprise attack by the special forces of another nation to dispose of a competitor.

If that wasn't the case, the enemies wouldn't be using the latest active camouflage.

"Eizam, use Napalm! Beck, Tyler, oxygen!" the commanding officer ordered, knowing that the stone wall would be broken through by magic within the next ten seconds and deciding that the all of the special forces members from the other nation should be exterminated.

Under his orders, his subordinates recited incantations for an advanced fire-attribute spell and a wind-attribute spell that produced a membrane of breathable air to protect their allies.

“Delivery!”

With this signal, a hole opened in a part of the stone wall, and the fire-attribute spell was fired through that hole. At the same time, the defensive membrane of air enveloped all of the soldiers.

There was a thunderous roar. It was likely that all of the oxygen on the other side of the wall had been combusted by now, leaving the enemy unable to breathe and suffering in the burning air.

“Life signals?” the commanding officer asked.

“None. Enemy casualties confirmed,” said one of his subordinates, confirming the enemies’ annihilation with a sensor that contained a life-attribute Magic Item.

Just as the men were checking that everyone was accounted for and began moving to quickly administer first-aid treatment... the stone wall crumbled to pieces.

“Impossible! The enemy should have been dead!”

As a rain of bullets descended upon him and his men once more, the commanding officer figured out who the enemy was.

The enemy were armed Undead soldiers with loose, burnt faces, letting out harsh groans. Lifeless, dead soldiers that didn’t need oxygen.



“HAHAHAHAHA! Overwhelming, aren’t they, my brave warriors!” Valkyrie, the tall, beautiful woman with waist-long silver-blonde hair, laughed loudly as she watched the special forces soldiers fall one by one to the Undead under her command.

*TLN: This is a reference to a famous line from Gundam, “Overwhelming, isn’t it, my army!” This line is very commonly referred to, actually, I’ve seen similar references numerous times.*

“You’re right about that,” said the ‘Death Scythe,’ Konoe Kyuuji, as he looked on. “Aren’t Zombies normally small fries?”

“How rude, calling them small fries! My brave warriors are true heroes who fight on without fearing even death!” Valkyrie protested.

“Well, they’re already dead, so there’s no need for them to be scared of it now.”

Undead existed in Origin, but they were just treated as a kind of monster, corpses that moved on their own because of Mana that had remained in the body for whatever reason. In many cases, they simply rampaged like beasts; they did not possess the intelligence or skills that they had in life. The only exception was the ‘Undead’ who had used magic.

That was why the special forces soldiers would never be defeated no matter how many Zombies tried to swarm them. The most they would be able to do was buy some time.

However, the brave Zombie warriors that Valkyrie commanded could handle firearms as they had done while alive, and they could even cast simple spells.

“Of course, it’s thanks to our comrades who gathered all of the corpses for me, and Isis’s power. I’m only giving them commands, nothing else,” Valkyrie said.

The brave Zombie warriors could exhibit the same abilities that they had possessed while alive due to the power of Isis, the black woman with dreadlocks.

Just like the goddess who once joined together the separated remains of her husband to resurrect him, Isis was able to turn corpses into Undead that possessed the same abilities they had while alive. She needed between an hour to half a day to create a single one, so she couldn’t add the currently-dying special forces soldiers to her Undead, however.

And Valkyrie’s power was manipulating Undead, who were normally impossible to control. That was all.

“Therefore, my brave warriors and I will not accept criticism! We shall make full use of the equipment that we have been capturing from research facilities and criminal organizations up until now!” Valkyrie declared.

“I don’t want to go along with this, but...”

“Konoe, to your right, there are some guys trying to blow up the subway system with high explosive devices. Kill them,” ordered a voice coming from Konoe’s communications device.

“Yes sir, Murakami-danna.” Obeying these orders, Konoe released ultrasonic waves with wind-attribute magic. Sensors picked up the ultrasonic waves and projected the faces of his targets. “Death Scythe.”

With just that, the targeted soldiers went into cardiac arrest, convulsing a few times before dying.

“Did you think that you could feel at ease because you’re wearing helmets?”

It was true that Death Scythe could only cause instant death... cardiac arrest, in targets that he had seen with his bare eyes. However, he had embedded sensors into his eyeballs and could see the faces of his targets with the echoes of the ultrasonic waves that went through helmets and masks, and he could kill his targets using this method.

It was a method developed after he had accepted Murakami’s offer, so the special forces, who had acquired their information from the Bravers, were unaware of this trump card.

“Are you done? If you are, we’re marching forward! The appetizer will be devoured by I, Valkyrie, and Izanami and Berserker as well, before the fake heroes arrive!” the beautiful, brave-looking Valkyrie declared to the men.

Konoe made a displeased expression. “Why are you going out of your way to go on the frontlines? The commander is usually at the back, right?”

“It’s because my power is only effective within a one-kilometer radius from me! If the brave warriors march alone, they will stop obeying my orders once they are out of range. You can just hide behind me!”

“Yeah, yeah.”

In a place separate from Valkyrie and Konoe, Izanami’s fury was being unleashed on the elite soldiers.

“GYAAAAH!”

“A-a monster! It’s a monster! Why doesn’t light-attribute magic work?!”

“Silver bullets, holy water, salt, anti-Undead equipment, nothing works! We never heard about this!”

The Eighth Guidance had crushed several top-secret death-attribute research facilities in the nation that had dispatched this squad of special forces, and the nation had been aware that the Eighth Guidance had been taking away the corpses of the guards at these facilities.

Thus, the nation had provided their soldiers with large quantities of anti-Undead equipment, having guessed that the Eighth Guidance might turn these corpses into Undead and use them to guard their base.

However, the one stationed there was not the Undead under Valkyrie’s command, but Izanami.

Ferocious roars filled the air.

Yomotsushikome, masses of flesh about the size of medium-sized dogs, each with four short limbs with sharp claws and a mouth filled with fangs that looked as if it had been pasted onto the body. And Yomotsuikusa, which had the appearances of apes that had their muscle fibers exposed.

*TLN: Yomotsushikome are demonesses of the underworld in Japanese mythology; Izanami sent them after Izanagi who broke the contract between them. Yomotsuikusa are demons that inhabit the underworld.*

Izanami’s ability created these two types of monsters, whose heads were filled with nothing but a desire to feed.

“Ugufuh!... Go, go and eat, then come back.” Izanami used a knife to cut out one of the protuberances that covered his body, right from the base. The tumor made graphic-sounding noises as it transformed into a monster.

At the same time, the wound left behind on Izanami’s body closed rapidly.

“Kufuh, now then, kill them. They are not the ones who killed the ‘Undead,’ the one who gave meaning to this unsightly monster, but they are the allies of those who killed him. Now, dig in,” Izanami murmured.

All of the cells in Izanami's body, not just the protuberances but its internal organs as well, had transformed into something resembling cancer cells that repeatedly underwent endless cell division. Thus, it was suspected that Izanami would not die unless over 70% of its brain was destroyed.

However, in the military nation's research facility, Izanami had been nothing more than a useless guinea pig that simply didn't die. But thanks to the death-attribute Mana gained when the Undead rescued it, due to the size of the protuberances, it had become able to create two types of monsters from the tumors cut away from its main body.

Right before Izanami's eyes, these two types of monsters, Yomotsushikome and Yomotsuikusa, were forcing the special forces, who were supposed to be elite soldiers, into a disadvantageous situation.

But the price that Izanami paid was that its tumors expanded rapidly. Its cells were on a rampage to try and recover from the repeated injuries its body had sustained within a short period of time.

"Kukuh, at this rate, the pressure from the tumors will crush my organs... my brain." Now that Izanami had become unable to even walk due to the size and weight of the tumors, it had started to see the finish line, and whispered into its communications device. "I'm going to make my body light now," it said.

"Won't you last any longer?" asked the voice of Baba Yaga, who was waiting for her own turn to step up.

A bitter smile appeared on Izanami's face. "I'll probably last another few minutes, but soon, I won't even be able to speak."

"I see... Then leave the rest to me. Good night, Izanami," said Baba Yaga.

"Let us meet again, comrade!" said Valkyrie's voice.

"I'll go soon as well, so wait for me," said Pluto.

Izanami listened to the farewells from Pluto and the others. "Yeah, I'll be waiting on the other side," it replied, and then took out the switch that it had received from Isis.

Now that Izanami thought about it, Isis hadn't said farewell, but... it was probably

because of Murakami and the others, so it was fine.

“This body of mine, devour as many of them as possible.” Izanami pressed the switch, and an explosive Magic Item implanted inside its skull was activated. The explosion itself was small, but it was enough to destroy Izanami’s brain.

With the paste-like mixture of blood and what was once its brain pouring out of the hole where its face was, Izanami collapsed.

A deep growl filled the air.

Izanami’s body stood up with a creaking noise, rising as an enormous Yomotsuikusa.

With its beast-like roar filling the subway tunnels, the enormous Yomotsuikusa charged at the special forces soldiers that were still resisting, desiring more prey.



A beast was roaring in other passageways as well.

“Lee! Get a hold of yourself, Lee!”

But the beast was Sergeant Lee Jian of the special forces squad sent by an Asian nation, who had been fighting against a member of the Eighth Guidance until just a moment ago.

That member of the Eighth Guidance was a large, fat man wearing the fur of a bear, but he was a fearsome fighter who possessed both the agility of a carnivorous, feline beast and the superhuman strength of a bear.

If he was allowed to close the distance, he would take the limbs, head or organs of the enemy with a single blow.

Normally, he would not be allowed to get close, but the special forces soldiers couldn’t prevent him from closing in due to the traitor Bravers, the ‘Hecatoncheir’ Doug Atlas and the ‘Aegis’ Melissa J. Sautome, who were supporting the enemy from behind.

And so, ten of the thirty soldiers of the special forces squad had fallen and finally defeated the beast, but for some reason, Sergeant Lee, who had dealt the fatal blow, had begun killing his companions as a new beast.

“GUOH!”

“Lee, it’s me, it’s Chen! GYAH!”

Lee, who had been a specialist in close-quarters combat with his knife, was using that skill to its fullest as a beast. He cut the throat of the comrade who was sorrowfully calling his name.

“That’s no longer Sergeant Lee! Exterminate him along with the enemy!”

Though it was already too late, the soldiers saw this, changed their way of thinking and began a full-blown attack on Sergeant Lee.

Bullets and spells cast with their incantations shortened by portable magical mediums flooded in towards Sergeant Lee.

“Don’t let up on your attacks! Think of the enemy as a monster that will continue moving until you completely destroy its arms and legs!” a soldier shouted.

But this also meant that the enemy was a monster that could be stopped if its arms and legs were completely destroyed... if its entire body was turned into mincemeat. The surviving special forces soldiers had the skill and equipment to make that happen.

However, this was only true if their attacks landed.

Sergeant Lee roared, and a white, fog-like shield appeared in front of him, deflecting all of the bullets and spells. Seeing this, the soldiers’ faces turned pale.

“That damn Aegis! What are Park and Xiaolee doing?!” shouted the man who appeared to be the commanding officer.

The response to this question came from one of the two people behind Sergeant Lee, a man with an afro. “Do you mean these two that I just crushed with my bare hands?” he said, pointing at a corpse that had become compacted and thin with all of its bones crushed, as if it had been gripped by a giant, and another whose head had been pulverized.

Nobody responded to him.

“They won’t hear you if you speak with your normal voice, will they, Atlas?”

“Oi, don’t call me Atorasu!\*

“Ah, yes, yes. Doug, I just have to call you Doug, right?... Ah, how bothersome.”

“Melissa, how can you speak like that when I’m protecting – whoops!”

Behind Melissa, a half-white, half-Asian woman, the harsh sound of bullets being deflected echoed out.

“One more rat!”

The terrible sound of bones being broken and flesh being crushed came from thin air, and then a mass of mincemeat the size of a soldier, covered in an active camouflage robe, appeared there.

“Thank you for your hard work.”

“Wow, that’s such an unsexy way to say thanks.”

“I have my hands full with looking after that beast... Berserk.”

The woman’s name was Melissa J. Sautome. She was a reincarnated individual with the ability to conjure an ‘Aegis,’ a shield of ultimate defense. Her Aegis was capable of blocking any physical or magical attacks. However, she could only conjure it around herself or somewhere a short distance away from her, not both at once.

When she conjured the Aegis as she had done earlier to protect the beast... Berserk of the Eighth Guidance, she herself became defenseless.

It was the ‘Hecatoncheir,’ Doug Atlas, that covered her. This was the role of the man who had been named Shirai Atorasu by his parents on Earth, as they had wanted him to become a man who supported the world.

He possessed three abilities – a powerful ‘Telekinesis,’ ‘Omnidirectional Perception’ and ‘Force Vision,’ an ability that allowed him to switch between infrared, ultraviolet and Mana-detecting vision. He had been given the codename ‘Hecatoncheir,’ named after the giants that possessed a hundred hands and numerous heads.

Now, he was making mincemeat out of the men who were using active camouflage to try and dispose of Melissa before Berserk, one by one.

“Still, that Berserk guy is enjoying himself on his rampage, isn’t he? That failure, isn’t he getting carried away?” said Doug.

“There’s no such thing as getting carried away when you have the intelligence of a beast, is there?” said Melissa.

As the two of them watched from behind while Berserk killed the soldiers one after another, they heard contact from Murakami.

“Izanami is dead. It’s about time.”

“Okay,” Melissa replied briefly, undoing Aegis from Berserk, who had finished killing the last soldier.

“See you, bear,” said Doug, unleashing his telekinesis.

But Berserk leapt sideways, avoiding what was supposed to be a surprise attack of betrayal, an invisible telekinetic one at that.

And then it roared as it demonstrated surprising physical capabilities, gaining speed by launching itself off the walls and leaping at Doug and Melissa.

“It’s been a while since that’s been avoided. But –”

The knife attack, swung with the strength of a beast and the technique of a human, was deflected by Melissa’s broad Aegis.

Berserk roared again in anger.

“And Hecatoncheir’s codename isn’t just for show,” Melissa murmured.

Not letting the momentary opening slip past him, Doug gripped and crushed Berserk’s entire body with careful use of his telekinesis.

“Alright, we’re done... or not? What a tenacious bear,” Doug muttered.

The bear fur, which had been torn to pieces, detached itself from the mincemeat that had once been Sergeant Lee’s body. And then it began crawling towards a relatively intact corpse.

This bear fur was Berserk's real body.

It was a byproduct of the numerous animal experiments that had been conducted in order to acquire death-attribute magic. It infested corpses and living humans, adding a beast's power to their battle techniques.

The infested human, if still alive, had a part of their brain destroyed instantly, and they turned into a rampaging berserker as their body's nutrients were absorbed by Berserk.

It had been named 'Berserk' after the berserkers of Norse mythology, and research had been conducted to determine whether it could be used as a biological weapon, but it had been branded as a failed product.

It had been produced by accident, so it was impossible to create new Berserks, and because the only Berserk in existence was a parasitic organism living only inside a fur, it was impossible to reconstruct its brain in order to control it.

They could let it go on indiscriminate rampages in urban areas, but it would be weak in the face of squads of trained soldiers. That was what had been thought.

Soldiers possessed firearms, weapons that would destroy the human bodies taken over by Berserk, and more importantly, unlike the soldiers of Earth, they had command over magic.

Even if Berserk switched infestation targets from one human to the next, it would quickly be seen that the fur was the main body, and be burned by fire or light-attribute magic, or frozen and trapped inside ice conjured by water-attribute magic.

It was better to put large budgets, effort and time into other research than try to find an effective use for Berserk. That was the decision that had been made.

The reason Berserk had been able to defeat special forces soldiers, who had received far more advanced training than average soldiers, was because it obediently followed the instructions of other Eighth Guidance members for some reason, and because of the protection of the Aegis.

"But this is the end. I'll take a piece of that fur, though." Doug tore apart Berserk's glossy fur until it stopped moving.



Why were these men, who were equipped with state-of-the-art equipment and first-rate when it came to magic, unarmed fighting and using firearms, being cornered so one-sidedly? They had thoroughly planned their operation to counter the Eighth Guidance's crimes.

So, why?

There were three main reasons. First, the Eighth Guidance had kept Isis and Valkyrie's brave Zombie warriors, Izanami's monsters and Berserk a complete secret up until now. Thus, nobody had information about these, so there had been no way to come up with countermeasures for them.

Next, the objective of the special forces had been to capture the members of the Eighth Guidance, dead or alive, and take them back to their nations.

Since there was no need to make the effort of capturing them alive, every special forces squad had been aiming to kill them and acquire the Eighth Guidance's corpses, but it still meant that they were unable to use attacks that wouldn't leave corpses behind or put the bodies in a state that it would take too long to retrieve them.

And the base that the Eighth Guidance had chosen was a ruined subway system. The special forces were hesitant to use attacks that might cause the narrow passageways to collapse. If they managed to kill the members of the Eighth Guidance but took too long to retrieve the corpses, it was highly likely that the other special forces squads would obstruct them or the Bravers would intervene.

There were some squads that had collapsed the passageways deliberately, having given up on retrieving Valkyrie, Izanami and Berserk and prioritized the capture of Pluto and the others instead, but they were obstructed by the final reason.

It was the fortunes possessed by Murakami and the other former Bravers.

Pluto and her companions didn't know that the Bravers and the Undead had been reincarnated from another world. Murakami and his followers hadn't given them that much information.

However, the Eighth Guidance had noticed while targeting the Bravers that they had unusually good luck.

Bullets missed their vital areas and they gained information on terrorist organizations through coincidence. They survived in incredibly lucky ways, like protagonists of comics and dramas, and were helped by all kinds of coincidences as they achieved their objectives.

Was it really just good luck?

“At first, I thought what Pluto said was impossible, but it seems I was wrong,” said Isis, the beautiful black woman with dreadlocks, speaking to the ‘Marionette’ Inui Hajime, who was standing right in front of her.

“Really? Isn’t it just a coincidence?” Hajime asked, speaking in a sticky tone.

“No,” said Isis. “The moment we joined forces with you people, everything started to go well. We managed to dispose of the Calculation and Inspection that were getting in the way of our plans, and even the Oracle. We managed to dispose of Noah, delaying the arrival of the other Bravers. Even now, the special forces of every nation are being overwhelmed by Izanami, Valkyrie and Berserk, none of whom have experience in real battles. It’s all because of you people.”

The Eighth Guidance had welcomed Murakami and the others into their ranks not only to make the Bravers begin killing each other, but also to make use of their fortunes and destinies.

The reincarnated individuals were protected by the fortunes and destinies given to them by Rodcorte. That was why they could ‘luckily’ survive and act as they had been acting.

However, when the reincarnated individuals fought each other, those fortunes and destinies did not function well. Pluto hadn’t known this, but noticing that Kaitou Kanata had been caught in Shihouin Mari’s trap, somehow managed to narrowly escape and then died three days later, she had deduced that this might be the case.

And she had been right.

“That’s why we’re thankful to you people. I got to give Berserk some good exercise in the end, too. And Jack in particular. Thanks to you, he had a reason to go together with Hitomi.” Isis cut her words off there.

Hajime gave a broad smirk. “...Aren’t you going to ask why? Why we betrayed you?” he

asked Isis, who couldn't move a single finger due to Marionette's ability. But although he asked this question, he continued speaking, as if not interested in an answer. "Well, it seems that you'd predicted that we would betray you, right from the beginning. Indeed, from the moment we joined Murakami-sensei and left that group of good kids, the Bravers, we planned to betray you. To be more precise, we'd become reemployed at the intelligence agency of a federal state. Joining you was part of our work for that agency."

Hajime spoke proudly, smiling. He was like the foolish villain in a comic book, but he had only one opponent, Isis. All of the Undead were with Valkyrie, Berserk had been released somewhere else, and Isis was a woman who couldn't use guns or magic of any attribute.

And because Marionette already had control of her body from the neck down, she couldn't move a single finger.

Hajime's Marionette ability allowed him to take over and control the nerves of anyone he touched. However, direct skin-to-skin contact wasn't necessary.

By 'connecting' himself to his target with a weak electrical current produced by wind-attribute magic for just a moment, the requirements were met.

*I've been working on this dirty infiltration mission for over a year, so it's alright for me to enjoy some benefits on the side, isn't it?*

Tormenting someone who couldn't resist was an irresistible pleasure. Even more so when that person was a good woman.

But even after having control over her body taken from her and hearing Hajime's confession, the calm smile didn't disappear from Isis's face.

"Composed, aren't you?... I'll let you in on something good," Hajime continued. "Murakami-sensei and the others are going to retrieve your corpses. They're not going to capture you alive; other than you, it's difficult to capture you guys alive. What about the ones that have already died? Izanami has probably turned his corpse into a monster, and Shade had no body to begin with. Jack might have helped you guys escape, so it was better to have him die first."

Everything was in the palm of their hands. Hajime seemed elated as he spoke, but there was no change to Isis's smile.

Feeling irritated by that, Hajime began ridiculing her companions in an even louder voice.

“What about Gazer? It’s fine, she was never one of our allies anyway. We just kidnapped her under Murakami-sensei’s orders so that she could be used on this mission; she was just a disposable tool. But I didn’t think that she’d get along so well with you guys. She got so close to that creepy pumpkin-head, she did quite well for herself, didn’t she, that slut!” Hajime spat.

Finally, Isis frowned. “Could you keep your voice down a little? Your voice is glossy and unpleasant to listen to.”

“I don’t care about that, you shitty woman! Stop pretending to be calm!” Hajime was enraged by the fact that he was getting a completely different reaction from the one he desired. “Do you understand the position you’re in?! If I wanted to, I could make you strip and behave like a dog! By being captured alive by me, you’ve become a guinea pig again! If you don’t like that, how about you try crying and sucking up to me?!” he shouted.

Isis’s frowned turned back into a smile as she spoke in a tone that sounded as if she was pitying Hajime. “You can’t do anything without threatening a woman whose body you’ve taken control over. Maybe you haven’t even held a girl’s hand before?”

Hajime could almost hear the blood draining from his face. “Enough, shut up.”

Having snapped, he extended Marionette’s effects to Isis’s brain. With that, she was no different from a wooden puppet, and he couldn’t enjoy her reactions, but she was no longer something for him to enjoy.

“Hmph, with the money I get from selling you to the federal state, I’ll find a better woman... how can you still be smiling?!”

When Hajime controlled someone’s brain, he controlled their expression and even their eyeballs. However, Isis continued smiling, against Hajime’s will.

*Impossible*, Hajime thought in surprise.

Isis’s smile grew wider. “Your Marionette is an ability that takes over a person’s nerves, isn’t it? Then it’s simple. Medically speaking, I’ve undergone brain death. The researchers kept me alive in that state, and then the Undead made me so that I am able

to control my body directly with my soul.”

It was a miracle performed by the Undead, Vandalieu, for a reason as simple as, “It’s troublesome if you don’t move on your own.”

“Brain death?! Impossible, no human can be alive when their brain isn’t functioning...!”

“Before you act surprised, you should think about this first. What is inside my skull instead of a brain that doesn’t function? I wonder what it is that Izanami gave me?” Isis said.

“Eh?” Hajime gave a scream and tried to turn his body aside.

Isis gazed at his back and pressed the switch implanted inside her mouth. “I’m truly grateful to you. That’s why I’ll take you along with me. You’re so fortunate that you are able to die with a good woman like me,” she said.



A thunderous explosion sent Inui Hajime flying, and he fell onto the railway tracks of the subway system, along with a broken fragment of the operating room’s door. He bounced multiple times as he rolled across the tracks.

Hajime gasped in pain. He was barely alive. Perhaps because the bomb implanted inside Isis’s skull was weak, or perhaps because he had managed to put a little distance between them, he had just managed to use the door as a shield.

And thanks to the portable staff... the miniature, internalized magical medium that he was equipped with, he had been able to shorten the incantation for a basic defensive spell, managing to cast it in time.

Thanks to all of these, Hajime had managed to ‘luckily’ survive.

However, at this rate, he would die in less than ten minutes. With the pain he felt all over his body and the blood drenching his clothes, he couldn’t help but be aware of that. “Help...?!”

As Hajime tried to crawl in search of help, he saw a woman holding a gun. For a moment, he held his breath, and then he exhaled in relief when he saw that it was an ally.

“Kana... ko... help...”

Tsuchiya Kanako. Unlike Hajime, who could only use wind-attribute magic, she could cast healing spells of the water attribute. If she applied first-aid treatment with that, he'd be saved.

As Hajime looked at Kanako with his eyes shining in hope, she holstered the gun she was holding and held a hand towards him.

“I'll put you to rest now,” she said. “Strong Acid Bullets.”

She cast a spell that released projectiles of powerful acid that could melt through anything.

“What?! GYAAAAAAH! W-why...”

Hajime screamed, but that scream was cut short and he melted away along with the rubble and railway tracks around him.

Kanako watched this happen, erased the irritating odor with a spell and then used her communications device.

“Murakami-sensei, I've disposed of Marionette as we planned. It looks like he failed to capture Isis after all. He was just a creepy guy who was useless right until the very end.”



Tsuchiya Kanako had disposed of the 'Marionette' Inui Hajime. Having received this news from Murakami, Konoe Kyuuji, the Death Scythe, smiled.

*He might have considered himself to be one of us 'eight' companions, but we planned to dispose of him right from the beginning.*

What Inui Hajime had told Isis was largely true. The difference was that Murakami and the others had been ordered by the federal nation to dispose of Marionette during the mission.

When Murakami had first revealed this, Kyuuji had felt quite shaken, but he was convinced by Murakami's persuasion.

Hajime had gone too far.

*His ability is too dangerous. Despite that, he showed that power off too much. He got what he deserved for making the important people of the federal nation so scared!*

Marionette, the ability to manipulate those the user was in contact with, which had evolved so that momentary contact via a weak electrical current was enough to control the target's body. The important people among Hajime's employers had decided that this ability was too dangerous.

And he had been a dangerous person in terms of personality. He often got carried away, couldn't resist his desires and he was hot-tempered as well. He wasn't trustworthy at all.

And now that they had disposed of Marionette, the rest of them could expect to be treated better for having shown loyalty to their employers.

*Now all I have to do is kill the huge woman who's gotten carried away in front of me, and collect her corpse.*

Kyuuji looked at the chest of Valkyrie, who had almost completely exterminated the special forces that were the enemy, with a sharp glint in his eye as he activated his ability.

"With this, the enemy are almost exterminated! Though less than a third of my brave warriors remain... What is it, Death Scythe? Do you want a hug to celebrate our victory or..."

Valkyrie's speech was cut short unnaturally. Clutching her abundant chest as if she was trying to tear the flesh off, she bent over.

*This is my victory!*

Kyuuji's Death Scythe, technically speaking, was not a power that caused instant death in living creatures. It was a power that stopped the target's 'movement.'

However, he needed to concentrate for a long time to stop large movements, and this consumed a large amount of Mana as well. That was why the 'movements' that Kyuuji stopped were limited to heartbeats.

Thus, he could kill his target in an instant as long as his condition of knowing the target's face was fulfilled.

*Since I told them that it's a power that causes instant death, I just needed to use magic for rescue work in disasters and accidents, and act as a trump card for finishing off terrorists. And I got to act big in front of my allies. Now, I'll get to act big in front of the federal state!*

Now, Kyuuji just needed to ignore the Zombies who had lost their commander, pick up Valkyrie's corpse and bring her back to where Murakami and the others were.

"It was a pity to kill a woman like you, but it's all for the big payout. Don't think badly of me," he murmured.

Valkyrie was on her knees, facing down, and she had stopped moving in this position. Kyuuji leaned over in front of her to pick her up from the shoulders.

At that moment, Valkyrie, who was supposed to be dead, moved her arm.

"Eh... GAH?!"

Kyuuji gave a shout as he was flipped onto his back. He couldn't believe what he was seeing; Valkyrie was getting up, holding a stun gun in her hand.

"You're curious as to why I'm alive, aren't you, Death Scythe? But unfortunately, I don't understand why your Death Scythe doesn't work on me either, so I can't explain it to you. I don't know what principle your ability uses to cause instant death in its targets, you see!" Valkyrie said spiritedly, putting the stun gun into an inside pocket of her coat. "But Hitomi's Gazer apparently saw me 'lying on the ground, being looked down at by you,' so I thought that it probably wouldn't work. I can give a guess as to the reason, too. Isn't it because my heart is already completely non-functional?"

Kyuuji inhaled sharply upon learning that Valkyrie's heart didn't beat, even without him using Death Scythe to stop it.

Valkyrie saw his reaction and nodded in satisfaction. "My heart was surgically removed while I was an experimental subject. A Mana-powered pump implanted into a different part of my body circulates my blood instead. They said something about wanting to prove that the Mana itself hadn't been erased, even if the properties of its attributes were removed. Well, I don't care about those details, though." She stopped

her explanation short and took out a small-caliber firearm from another pocket.

Kyuuji let out a muffled scream.

“It’s true that we intend to die in the end. And we don’t care about what happens after we die. But we don’t want to have even our corpses used as guinea pigs. Judging from your look, it doesn’t seem like you can use magic, does it? As you know, I can’t use magic, either. Sorry, but I’ll shoot you with this unreliable small-caliber gun, which might even be able to pierce your skull, until you’re dead!” Valkyrie squeezed the trigger numerous times, just as she said she would.

*Damn it! How could her heart have been stopped from the beginning; this isn’t how it was supposed to be!*

Kyuuji desperately unleashed his Death Scythe, trying to stop the pump that was maintaining Valkyrie’s life. But since he didn’t know where it was, he was completely relying on luck.

Fortunately, it seemed that Valkyrie wasn’t skilled at shooting. She was aiming for Kyuuji’s head, grazing his scalp, ears and shoulders, but she hadn’t landed a direct hit yet.

But at this rate, eventually –

At that moment, something rolled out from between Valkyrie’s legs.

In the next, there was a small explosion, and Kyuuji was blinded by a violent light that burned his retinas.

There was a scream. And then, after a few gunshots, there was the sound of something collapsing.

“Don’t let your guard down. Your over-reliance on your ability caused more work for me,” said Murakami’s voice.

Kyuuji let out a triumphant cheer in his mind. *I’m saved. As expected of Sensei.*

But then, he suddenly had a bad feeling.

*Why did he use a flashbang? Firing a gun would have been enough to kill Valkyrie while*

*she was separated from her Zombies, and even if there were Zombies nearby, flashbangs are useless against them... Could it be?!*

Kyuuji was startled as he realized this, but his body was still paralyzed by the stun gun, and he was unable to do anything.

“It doesn’t look like it’s that much effort, though,” Murakami sighed as he fired the assault rifle that he had picked up at Kyuuji. *A poor former student*, he thought. “Disposing of you was part of the plan from the beginning, too. By blinding you with the flashbang I just used, in order to remove the threat of Death Scythe while you were carrying Valkyrie’s corpse. It’s the same reason as Marionette. There’s no way we can let someone with such a dangerous ability as causing instant death by looking at someone’s face live, right?”

Throwing aside the empty assault rifle, Murakami Junpei looked not at Konoe Kyuuji, who was now riddled with bullet holes, but at the corpse of Valkyrie, who had blood flowing from her head.

“This is Murakami,” he said into his communications device. “The rest of the work is up to us seven. Tsuchiya, secure Isis’s fragments. If it’s impossible, head around towards the others. I’m going to move Valkyrie’s corpse. The other five of you, avoid Baba Yaga and Izanami, who has become a monster, and aim for the others. Don’t touch Ereshkigal; Pluto is the top priority.”

Outside of a few unexpected events, Murakami’s plan was generally going as planned. It seemed that the Eighth Guidance had noticed the betrayal of Murakami and his companions, but in the end, they were just a group of individuals each capable of using only a single death-attribute spell each. It seemed that they weren’t worthy of being on guard against.

*Amemiya Hiroto* was too foolish, having his companions killed by these people.

As Murakami thought this, he heard his companions’ voices through his communications device.

“Murakami-sensei, Sylphid’s been done in by Baba Yaga! I’m running; send someone to back me up!”

“S-sensei, this is Gotouta! There’s a member of the Eighth Guidance that we didn’t know about! For even my Super Sense to not be able to perceive them, it’s like they’re

a Ghos... HYIH! H-HEEELP –”

“Huh?! Why are you suddenly dying?!” Murakami demanded.

Despite Sylphid having been ordered, “Don’t go near Baba Yaga at any costs; it’s too dangerous for you in particular,” he had been killed by Baba Yaga, and the ‘Super Sense’ Gotouta was now unresponsive after the scream on the communications device was cut off unnaturally.

The seven companions had become five the moment their real work was about to begin.

What did this mean? Had their luck suddenly turned on them?

“Sensei, I heard on the enemy’s communications devices... It seems that the Bravers have reached the ground now. Ah, it seems impossible to retrieve the fragments of Isis’s corpse,” Kanako reported.

Hearing this, Murakami understood what was happening.

The arrival of *Amemiya Hiroto*, who wanted to save the Eighth Guidance, as well as Minami Asagi and the others who wanted to capture Murakami and his companions, had changed the flow of events.

Murakami clicked his tongue. “These ‘fortunes’ and ‘destinies’ are really troublesome. Those of you who are safe except for Tsuchiya, regroup with the Aegis! The Bravers have the ‘Clairvoyance’ Tendou! If you’re outside of Aegis’s area of effect, they’ll know where you are! Tsuchiya, move as we planned!”

Murakami felt his words stabbing back into him like a boomerang as he spoke them, and his face twisted in hatred. Deciding that he didn’t have time to recover Valkyrie’s corpse, he collected a little of her blood that was flowing out, and then he hastily started running.



“Lead the brave warriors and kill everyone except for my comrades... me,” Valkyrie whispered hoarsely. Murakami was unaware that she had begun moving, though her breathing had really stopped this time.



Special forces: Almost annihilated.

Eighth Guidance: Izanami, Berserk, Isis, Valkyrie, deceased.

Murakami's group: The 'Marionette' Inui Hajime, the 'Death Scythe' Konoe Kyuuji, 'Sylphid,' deceased. The 'Super Sense' Gotouta, status unknown. Five surviving members.

Bravers: Have landed on the ground surface.

# Side Chapter 18

## I've won (Origin)

"Is this all you have?" said Baba Yaga after having burnt her second victim to death, stepping on the black, burnt corpse.

The victim was a guy who called himself 'Odin' and had claimed that he could see a few seconds into the future, but he had been defenseless against a heat attack that he couldn't see. He had been easily disposed of after his companion, Sylphid.

It was comical that a man named after a valiant god of Northern Europe had been burnt to death by a witch.

Baba Yaga, who had a sweet appearance for someone who called herself a witch, gave a cynical smile that twisted her face as she spoke into her communications device. "I've dealt with Sylphid, Odin and those other soldiers as well... about ten people in total."

"Confirmed. Ghost has disposed of Super Sense. Marionette and Death Scythe are dead as well," Enma replied immediately, reporting the successful outcomes of their companions' battles. "You don't have to deal with the other soldiers anymore. They're being cornered by Valkyrie's brave soldiers and Izanami's parting gift."

"What happened to Murakami and the others?" Baba Yaga asked.

"There are four left, including Murakami himself. But the surveillance cameras aren't picking up the locations of any of them except for Tsuchiya Kanako. There aren't any signals on the Mana sensors, either, so it's likely that someone is concealing their Mana. It's likely the Aegis."

"Tch, so they've escaped."

The remaining four enemies were the 'Chronos' Murakami Junpei, the 'Venus' Tsuchiya Kanako, the 'Aegis' Melissa J. Sautome and the 'Hecatoncheir' Doug Atlas.

The Bravers had made what abilities each member possessed open information. Using

that information as a reference, there should have been none among those four with an ability to conceal their presence.

But these four were those who had left the Bravers and killed their own former companions at the request of others. It was likely that they had a secret trick or two up their sleeves.

There was a woman with the Inspection ability that allowed her to see through all kinds of falsehoods among the former companions who had been killed, but there had likely been ways to get past it.

In fact, Kaidou Kanata had been concealing his crimes from the eyes of the woman with 'Inspection.'

"So, what should we do? Should we kill Venus? Or if Murakami and the others are somewhere in the base, should we blow ourselves up and take the whole base with us while we can?" Baba Yaga suggested.

The base was entirely underground except for the entrances via the subway system. And the final objective of the Eighth Guidance was death.

Naturally, the base had a self-destruct mechanism installed.

The reason it hadn't been used up until now was because there had been the chance that Murakami and the others would be able to escape it with their abilities.

"No. It seems that the Bravers have arrived on the ground surface, so if we're going to detonate ourselves, it will be after they enter the base. Let us save the rest for when the situation becomes helpless," said Pluto's voice.

Baba Yaga's heart started beating fast upon hearing these words. "Wow! *Amemiya Hiroto* and that woman came here as well! Then we'll have to welcome them, won't we!"

"Exactly. Well then, I'll be turning all of the jamming equipment on now, so this will be the last time we exchange words. Is there anything you would like to say?" Pluto asked.

"Not really. Well then, let's be careful to not miss our chance to die. I love you," said Baba Yaga.

“We love you too. You should be careful as well.”

Communications suddenly stopped, and after that, only noise could be heard over the communications device. The numerous jamming devices that the Eighth Guidance had stolen from the research institutions they had destroyed had been activated.

With this, all communications, including magical and satellite communications, were cut off, with the exception of cable communications. Even wind-attribute spells carrying sound to distant locations wouldn't go more than ten meters.

“With this, I'm helpless and isolated. The only ones on the frontlines other than me are Ghost and what remains of my comrade. There are still plenty of enemies. Well, it's much better than the 'Undead' who fought all on his own.” Baba Yaga walked forward, throwing away the now-useless communications device.



“As I thought, they began moving on their own without waiting for us,” *Amemiya Hiroto* murmured.

Thanks to the sacrifice of the 'Noah' Mao Smith, *Hiroto* and the rest of the team of Bravers had managed to reach the ground surface unharmed.

*Hiroto* had left Mao's intact remains in a coffin of ice for now so that it wouldn't be eaten by beasts, and he and his companions who mourned her death had used all of their magic and abilities to reach the Eighth Guidance's base.

It had taken only thirty minutes for them to do this. Their speed was incredible.

However, during those thirty minutes, the special forces squads who were supposed to be surrounding the base had started moving individually, and were nowhere to be seen above ground.

“Shit! What is this, there's not a single squad from any nation left! What happened to their words of 'international cooperation!'” *Minami Asagi* shouted in rage.

“Minami-kun, everyone wants death-attribute magic. That's how much power there is in the death attribute, so... they want it, no matter what costs they have to pay,” said *Narumi*, calming him down.

The other Bravers made no attempt to hide their disappointment in the special forces soldiers who had made a move on their own, and the higher-ups in each nation who had given them secret orders.

*Kouya, is this the way you came up with that would create the least amount of sacrifices?* Amemiya Hiroto asked his friend silently, but Kouya had already been killed by Shade, who had taken over his body.

But intelligence was in a hectic state, so news of Kouya's suicide hadn't reached *Hiroto* and the others.

"Tendou, use Clairvoyance to confirm the situation," *Hiroto* ordered.

Tendou Tatsuya used Clairvoyance... or to be more precise, simultaneously used the two abilities that Rodcorte had given him which allowed him to see through objects and see through spirits, gaining a full picture of things in the underground base.

"This is a scene from hell," he whispered, a deep crease appearing between his brows. "Most of the special forces guys have been killed, and the rest ran. We can't rely on them to fight for us. In fact, they're more likely to ask us to rescue them. The enemy is twelve armed Zombies, as well as a female Zombie that's commanding them. Also, there's something that looks like a skinless ape, rampaging around. And... I see Baba Yaga. Also, Pluto is deep inside. There's a woman and a man... a boy, around her. They're likely members of the Eighth Guidance."

Several of the Bravers grimaced at this miserable situation.

"What about Murakami and the others? Have they died?" Asagi asked Tendou.

"...I can't see them except for the 'Venus' Tsuchiya Kanako."

"You can't see them?! Your Clairvoyance is supposed to be able to find even people who are using the latest active camouflage, right?! So, they ran?!"

"No, I just can't see them. It's not just inside the base; I can see Tsuchiya, but there are four, including Murakami, that I can't see. I can see the corpses of Death Scythe, Marionette, Sylphid and Super Sense. So, I don't think they ran. It's likely that they're using some method to hide from my Clairvoyance."

This was Tendou's deduction. Indeed, as he suspected, Murakami and the others were

using the Aegis's shield to block Tendou's Clairvoyance in order to hide from it.

Tendou and *Hiroto* weren't aware that Aegis had the power to block not only attacks, but detection-type abilities. However, they couldn't imagine that Murakami and the others had fled.

The Bravers still didn't have a clear idea as to why Murakami and the others were working with the Eighth Guidance. However, they had deduced that they had some kind of business-like purpose in mind rather than a religious or political one.

With that being the case, their objective was likely the capture or collection of the Eighth Guidance members, the only known users in the world of the death attribute. The Bravers didn't know whether they were already employed by a nation or were intending to sell the members of the Eighth Guidance off after achieving their objective, however.

...The Bravers were suffering in the absence of Aran's Calculation and Izumi's Inspection.

But if these conclusions were correct, it was difficult to imagine that Murakami and the others had run away or been allowed to escape.

It wasn't certain whether Murakami had a future ahead of him if he failed his mission, and the base had been surrounded by the special forces squads until half an hour ago. Since the corpses of the special forces members and Murakami's allies were inside the base, it was safe to assume that Murakami and the others were still inside.

"Then why are they showing only Tsuchiya? Did they fail to hide her? Tendou, what kind of situation is she in?" asked the 'Avalon' Rikudou Akira.

Tendou observed Tsuchiya Kanako's situation in detail. However, he couldn't see anything out of the ordinary. "Maybe she couldn't regroup with Murakami and the others. It seems that she's using active camouflage to try to hide from the Undead and monsters, but..."

"We'll understand the situation if she's willing to talk. But right now, she's another enemy that needs to be captured. Including her, there are still six members of Murakami's group left, and four members of the Eighth Guidance," said *Hiroto*.

The reality was that the 'Gazer' Minuma Hitomi had fallen to her death in a faraway

location with Jack, and Odin had been burned to death. But since Tendou's Clairvoyance ability relied on his vision, there was no way that he would discover Minuma Hitomi's corpse that was far behind the Bravers now. It was also impossible for him to recognize a pile of scattered ashes as Odin's corpse.

But even including those two, there were ten enemies, as well as Undead and monsters to deal with. The situation was bad, but things weren't impossible for the Bravers.

"*Hiroto*, I'm sorry, but don't talk about naïve things like capturing them," Asagi said with a strict expression on his face. "Both the Eighth Guidance and Murakami's group intend to kill us. The Eighth Guidance in particular aren't going to hesitate to blow themselves up. It's too dangerous to try and capture enemies like that alive. It's not like I don't know what their pasts were like, but you know."

Asagi's companions unanimously agreed with him.

"Sorry, but I agree."

"Me too. It's not like I don't feel sympathy for them, but yeah."

"I do feel sorry for them, but they're the ones who killed our companions. Isn't that right, leader?"

It seemed that even those like Akira, who hadn't agreed with Asagi's speech inside Noah, had changed their way of thinking after Mao was killed.

"I know that you sympathize with them as well, but... I don't want you to do anything dangerous. I do feel sorry for them, though," said Narumi.

It seemed that even she had largely reconsidered how dangerous trying to capture the Eighth Guidance was, considering that they appeared to have killed the special forces soldiers and Murakami's allies, Death Scythe and Sylphid in particular.

"...Alright. I don't mind if you only capture them when possible. That applies for Murakami's group as well as the Eighth Guidance." *Hiroto* had no choice but to say this.

This situation had come about because they had obeyed the prediction given by Kouya's Oracle, but this 'plan that should yield the least casualties' had already produced many.

And since no clear instructions had been given for after the plan began, *Hiroto* had no choice but to make a harsh decision.

“Baker, use *Hermes* to make a map of the base, based on what *Tendou* has seen. *Narumi*, use *Angel* to connect us via telepathy. We’ll ask for them to surrender, and if they don’t respond, we’ll isolate everyone except for ourselves and the special forces guys. After that, give instructions to the survivors from the special forces. *Tendou*, stay here and support us. Baker and four others, stay here and guard *Tendou*. The rest of us will split up into two teams. *Asagi* and some others, I’ll have you rescue the surviving special forces soldiers first. The rest of us will deal with the Eighth Guidance.”



*Narumi*’s *Angel* ability was something like telepathy that could connect the consciousnesses of beings that she was aware of. The sensation was something similar to a video call. Even at long distances, no matter what interference devices were being used, she could communicate to others in real-time at will. She also possessed the Joint Sensation ability, which allowed her to share the vision and hearing of those she was connected with.

When she was connected with a large number of people, sharing the senses of all of them at once would exceed the processing power of the human brain, however.

There was the limitation of needing to know the locations of those she wanted to connect with, but it was an effective ability, even in *Origin*, a world where communications equipment had been developed.

In fact, without this ability, they would have become unable to communicate the moment they entered the base due to the jamming equipment.

*Narumi* first used *Angel* to connect her vision with *Tendou*’s Clairvoyance, and then she could connect to everyone because she knew where they were.

Because this ability could only be used on humans, it wouldn’t reach the *Zombies* or the *Yomotsushikome* and *Yomotsuikusa* spawned from *Izanami*’s flesh.

Upon hearing the demand for surrender, the surviving soldiers forgot that they had been trying to outwit the *Bravers* until half an hour ago, and felt relieved as they saw

the hope of returning home alive.

Pluto remained stoically silent; Enma and Ereshkigal gave a scornful laugh and Baba Yaga smirked.

“There’s no way we’ll surrender after all of this, is there?” replied Tsuchiya Kanako, and then she activated Venus.

While she was still one of the Bravers, she had told *Hiroto*, Narumi and the others that it was simply a charming ability. That she had used this ability to charm fans and succeed as an idol.

But the reality was different.

“Copy and paste...”

Venus’s true power was a brainwashing ability that allowed Kanako to copy and paste memories, experiences and emotions to and from anyone she could engage in two-way communication with.

Kanako had used this ability to succeed as an idol. She had copied the experience from idols who sang and danced better than her onto herself, and pasted favorable emotions onto audition judges and television producers to create opportunities for herself.

She just needed to make a single fan and then copy that fan’s feelings and enthusiasm to gain more.

The end result was that she was simply charming people, but because it was an ability that didn’t work if she wasn’t able to engage in two-way communication with the target, she couldn’t sell herself to people watching her through their screens, so she had worked hard to make use of her copied experiences.

Kanako didn’t think that she had cheated. Both on Earth and in Origin, the public entertainment industry was a hell where connections and the companies that idols were affiliated with had great power. Kanako had made the best use of the talents that she had been granted in that hell.

“*Hiroto* went and put all of that to waste, so you can’t complain if I put you all to waste as well, can you?” Kanako murmured.

Hiding her ability had been simple. To avoid being seen through by Shimada Izumi's Inspection, Kanako had simply needed to not lie about it. When asked, "What is your ability?" she had simply needed to reply, "I used this ability to put my fans in a trance."

Inspection couldn't see through a lack of words or explanation. It seemed that Death Scythe had used a similar method to make his own ability seem greater.

Over a long period of time, Kanako might have been exposed, but after interrogating all of the Bravers once, Izumi had only asked her companions unimportant questions. It was likely that she had been hurt by seeing through the lies of family members and friends before.

*"Well then, I'll keep my telepathy connected to only you, Kanako. But if you say anything, everyone will find out, so be careful."*

*"Thank you, Narumi,"* replied Kanako, smiling at her successful brainwashing of Narumi.

She had experienced communication through Angel numerous times up until now. She had received training so that she could control what she transmitted and didn't transmit, so there weren't any problems.

Kanako listened to the conversation being exchanged by *Hiroto* and the others through Angel as she headed for a place where a wired communications device had been placed beforehand.

"The brainwashing doesn't work that well on others with these abilities, but unlike the Eighth Guidance guys who aren't affected by it at all, it'll hold for half an hour to an hour. With this, I know exactly what's happening on their side~ ♪ If they manage to capture or kill Pluto and the others, I'll snatch them away from the side."



"How pitiful," muttered Asagi, whose group had gone to rescue the surviving special forces members.

He looked past the Zombies who moved quickly and fluidly, used firearms and could even cast a few different spells through their magical media.

There was a female Zombie with platinum-blonde hair, staggering in an unsightly manner, dragging a flag behind her.

This was what was left of Valkyrie. To Asagi, it seemed cruel to think it comical that a woman whose codename came from a battle maiden who led dead warriors in battle was now moving about as an Undead.

“What will we do? Should I use my Ifrit to cremate her with the other Zombies?” asked the ‘Ifrit’ Akaki, who could control flames more freely than any first-rate fire-attribute mage.

“Don’t do it; the area you have to burn is too wide. We’re underground, so we’ll collapse from the lack of oxygen as well. So, using my Titan –” began the ‘Titan’ Iwao, who could control gravity.

“If that passageway collapses, it’ll take longer to regroup with *Hiroto* and the others,” said Tendou’s voice.

Akaki and Iwao clicked their tongues and stepped back. However, the Zombie warriors were strong enemies to try to defeat with a frontal attack.

With the same look of pity on his face, Asagi stepped out from behind the wall that his group was using as cover. “Leave it to my Mage Masher here.”

“O-oi, Asagi!”

Ignoring his companions who tried to stop him, Asagi started running towards Valkyrie, who was standing beyond the Zombie warriors.

Of course, the Zombie warriors pointed the barrels of their guns towards him and began to cast spells.

“Mage Masher!”

At that moment, Asagi’s ability activated. His ability was erasing the effects of spells, and making it impossible to cast any further spells, in an area around him.

Because of this, the Zombie warriors couldn’t use magic, despite trying to use their magical media. However, this didn’t stop their ordinary firearms, which were not Magic Items.

But the Zombie warriors were unable to fill Asagi with bullet holes. They stopped moving, as if time itself had stopped for them.

Asagi ran between the Zombie warriors, closed in on Valkyrie who was continuing her sluggish footsteps, and pressed the barrel of his trusty handgun to her forehead. "Sorry about this."

He pulled the trigger, creating a second hole in Valkyrie's head. In fictional Zombie works both on Earth and in Origin, Undead stopped moving once their heads were destroyed; indeed, most Undead in Origin could be exterminated by destroying their heads.

Seeing Valkyrie collapse and stop moving, Asagi turned around to see the Zombies who had returned to being corpses after being defeated by his companions, and –

"Sorry about this, my ass!"

"Asagi-san, did you have a reason to charge forward just now? You didn't, did you?"

Asagi's cheeks stiffened at the sight of his companions, who were glaring at him. "I mean, using my Mage Masher was the most effective plan, wasn't it?"

Asagi's cheat-like ability, Mage Masher, nullified all attributes of magic in an area around him.

It was ineffective against natural phenomena such as wildfires and floods, as well as mechanical firearms, but it gave an overwhelming advantage against enemies using magic. In Origin, military ordnance, tanks, battle helicopters and high-explosive devices contained Magic Items unless they were extremely conventional. Although it was called Mage Masher, it was also a soldier-killer.

"You knew that they're using death-attribute magic, right? The death attribute is still an attribute of magic. My Mage Masher nullifies it. But at the same time, it also nullifies Ifrit's fire attribute and Titan's earth element. It's called Mage Masher, but even special abilities are obstructed quite a lot if they're related to the attributes. So it was best for me to charge in on my own," Asagi explained.

But he heard Narumi's voice through Angel, immediately refuting that explanation.

"Asagi-kun, all of the Zombies were within range for Mage Masher to take effect, so

wouldn't it have been better for everyone to stay there and open fire on them rather than charging in? I believe your whole team is equipped with machine guns."

"...I have nothing to say in response," said Asagi in apology.

His companions' irritation turned into exasperation, and they all let out large sighs.

"Asagi, you're not an athlete who runs across fields anymore. Tone down the grand-standing."

"Seriously. What would you have done if there was a mechanically-operated bomb implanted in Valkyrie's body?"

"Sorry. But I can't get used to this," said Asagi.

He was the type who was bad at working in an organized manner. He always felt bad when he wasn't standing at the front, when he was on standby behind his companions.

He normally suppressed these feelings, but sudden events led to him sticking his head out and acting like he had done in this case.

"And I felt sorry for this one," he said. "There was a bullet hole in her head before I shot her. Probably the doing of someone from Murakami's group. To turn into a Zombie and continue fighting even after being killed by allies who betrayed her, I feel a bit bad for her even if she's with the ones who killed Mao. Akaki, please burn them."

"Is it alright to do that?" the 'Ifrit' Akaki asked. "The United Nations have asked us to try to recover the corpses of the Eighth Guidance members, haven't they?"

Even if it was only an official stance, inhumane research into the death attribute had been forbidden. However, nobody would call the analysis of residual Mana in the corpses of terrorists 'inhumane.'

It was a small price to pay if it would lead to saving patients suffering from fatal diseases or extend the lives of influential politicians and businessmen.

"It's too much to have even your corpse tampered with after dying twice. 'All are equal in death\*,' right?" Asagi said.

*TLN\*: This is a Buddhist saying.*

“I don’t have any recollection of becoming a Buddhist in this world,” Akaki said, but she released flames to cremate Valkyrie’s remains. After they were turned to ash, even the residual Mana would disperse.

“Don’t you need to stop them, *Hiroto*?” the ‘Titan’ Iwao asked.

Hiroto responded through Angel with a strained laugh. “Iwao, if you’re going to ask, ask before Akaki has already turned them to ashes... We’ll report that Valkyrie’s remains were destroyed in a fire as a result of battle.”

Not thinking highly of research into the death attribute, and wanting to save the members of the Eighth Guidance, *Hiroto* had no intentions of stopping Asagi’s actions.

The continuation of research into the death attribute would mean creating more beings like the Undead and the members of the Eighth Guidance. It would indeed be good for as much happiness to be brought to as many people as possible, but creating such beings would be too cruel.

*And it would be best if the death attribute... it’s a power that mustn’t exist. That’s how I feel.*

The same applied to the power to transform living creatures into Undead; *Hiroto* felt like the death attribute was the same as human cloning, genetic manipulation and time machines that he had heard about on Earth – a domain that humans should not set foot in.

It was too much power for humanity to hold.

Those thoughts were his thoughts as an individual, so he didn’t reveal them over Angel. He quickly turned his thoughts towards other matters.

“Tendou, tell me the current locations of Baba Yaga, the monsters and Venus. I’ll deal with them, and capture Pluto at the same time,” he said.

“Alr – KAH?!” Tendou’s thoughts suddenly became chaotic.

“What happened?!”

“Tendou?!”

“It’s an enemy attack!”

“Tendou-kun, umm, won’t make it in time anymore!”

The Angel network was filled with screams and angry shouts.



A tall, lean skinhead with pitch-black skin. That was ‘Ghost,’ one of the members of the Eighth Guidance.

The power that this silent man had obtained was the ability to not attract anyone’s attention. He couldn’t create monsters or Undead like Izanami or Isis, manipulate Zombies like Valkyrie, teleport like Jack or possess corpses like Shade.

However, people took no more notice of him than a stone on the side of a road. That was all his ability was.

Even his companions would lose sight of him if they were to close their eyes for a while. He caused no reactions in surveillance cameras or sensors, either. He had once repeated sideways jumps right in front of a sentry watching over a military base for an entire minute, and even then, he hadn’t been noticed.

Using this bizarre invisibility ability, Ghost had assassinated the soldiers of the special forces, disposed of the ‘Super Sense’ and ambushed the Bravers on the ground surface.

In order to assassinate the personnel who had stayed behind to support their allies from the ground surface instead of entering the base.

Astonishingly, he had been standing nearby the whole time while *Hiroto* and his companions had been conversing above ground.

*At best, I can only kill one of them.*

Even Ghost would be noticed if he called out to them or touched them by attacking them.

And Ghost’s weapon was a mere knife. His invisibility ability had poor compatibility with Magic Items of other attributes and mechanical weapons; it didn’t work if he carried such items.

But on the other hand, he had confidence in his knife. It was a knife that was long and broad enough to decapitate a cow; it could possibly be better described as a sword. He had used it to decapitate as many as ten people in a single day before.

However, his skills lay in catching his enemy by surprise and cutting their heads off with a single strike; he was an amateur when it came to close-quarters combat techniques.

*Who can I kill?*

*Amemiya Hiroto* was impossible. There were too many people around him.

The same went for *Amemiya Narumi*.

And then he chose the 'Clairvoyance' *Tendou*. Based on the conversation between *Hiroto* and the others, Ghost knew that *Tendou* played a vital role, and found an opportune moment to approach him, slipping past the Bravers who were standing watch.

And then he had cut off *Tendou's* head from behind with a single attack. With the usual sensation and dull noise of someone's shin-bone breaking, *Tendou's* head fell to the ground, and a shower of fresh blood rose from his still-standing body.

"Huh?"

"This guy... it's an enemy attack!"

As the remaining Bravers stared blankly at Ghost and hastily raised their weapons, Ghost gave them a clear smile, showing them his white teeth.

"I've won."

And then he charged at the rest of the Bravers. His movements were not slow; it was that the Bravers had been discomposed by Ghost, who seemed to have simply appeared there without warning.

But in the next moment, Ghost's body was torn into pieces by flaming projectiles, blades of wind and light, and electrical attacks.

He had known how things would end from the beginning. Once his invisibility was

broken, Ghost was nothing more than an ordinary young man who couldn't even use magic.

*I've won, Izanami, everyone.*

The moment Ghost died, he didn't regret anything. The moment he had taken Tendou's head, he had already won.

However, Tendou hadn't simply died, either.

Narumi's Angel could directly communicate not only words, but thoughts as well, to others. With intense concentration, Tendou had flooded the Angel network with not the thoughts of "Help me!" or "I don't want to die!" but all of the information that he had seen through Clairvoyance.

*I haven't... lost... either.*

And then Tendou's consciousness faded.



The Eighth Guidance: Ghost, deceased. Valkyrie and her Zombie warriors, annihilated.

Murakami's group: 'Super Sense,' 'Odin,' deceased. Four members remaining.

Bravers: The 'Clairvoyance' Tendou, deceased.

Remaining reincarnated individuals: 85 of 101.



"I haven't lost, either!" Tendou shouted.

"Yeah, you haven't."

"You did well; it can't be said that you were weak-spirited."

Hearing familiar voices, Tendou looked up and saw Aran, who had white wings

extending from his back and an angel's halo above his head.

“HUH?! Why is there an angel with Aran's face?!” he exclaimed.

“Is *that* what you're surprised about?!”

“AHAHAHAHA! Well said, Tendou!”

“UWAH?! Mao, you're supposed to be dead... hey, why is my head connected to my body?!” Tendou looked around in surprise to see not only an angel who looked exactly like Aran, but Mao, Shimada Izumi and several other familiar faces. “I see, so this is heaven... or not.”

Tendou was suspiciously eyeing quite the ominous-looking group.

“...Women are scary, women are scary, women are scary –”

The ‘Marionette’ Inui Hajime, who was crouched over, whispering the same words over and over to himself.

“You bastards, how dare you betray us!”

“Yes, yes, we're sorry. Our bad~ we really regret it~”

“Konoe, things are getting good in the real world now, so be quiet.”

“Damn it! If I could use my ability, I could kill you all right now!”

“No, even if you could use it, you couldn't kill us. How would you kill dead people who don't have hearts?”

The angry ‘Death Scythe’ Konoe Kyuuji, Sylphid and Odin who were treating him without concern, and the ‘Super Sense.’

It might have been arrogant to decide whether these people were good or evil, but Tendou couldn't imagine that a place with these people could be heaven.

“Is this like a waiting room of the afterlife or something?” he asked.

“Tendou, I really failed you,” said Kouya. “I was always weak-minded, and I ended up

leading you guys to a place to die. I don't have any way of making it up to you, but please, at least let me apologize!"

"Endou...! Why are you here as well?! I don't mind you apologizing, but at least explain things to me first!"

"Ah, no matter what he says, it's useless. He's been apologizing to me non-stop for a while, too. Well, it was surprising, coming to this place right after I died," said Mao, who had come here before Tendou.

It seemed that she understood the situation to a certain extent; she seemed completely calm. Still wearing her pilot outfit, she was sprawled out across the floor that was made of an unknown material, filling her cheeks with snack food and Coke.

"...It's surprising that dead people can eat and drink. What's up with this afterlife?" said Tendou.

"It's helpful that you're relatively calm, Tendou," said Izumi. "I want to tell you what's going on, but the god who's our boss is busy, so we'll have to explain things through words."

"Your boss is a god?"

"Yes, there were various circumstances. Aran and I are both something like angels."

"...It doesn't suit you."

"You're totally right!" Aran interjected.

Ignoring him, Tendou looked around and realized that there was one companion who wasn't here. "From the fact that the special forces soldiers and the Eighth Guidance guys aren't here, does that mean that only those of us who have been reincarnated once come here?" he asked.

"Generally, that's right. From the time we died on Earth and reincarnated in Origin, it was determined that we would automatically come here once we died," Izumi explained.

"I see. I don't even know what kind of face I'm supposed to show to *those* guys; if even the soldiers and the Eighth Guidance members were here, I wouldn't be able to calm

down, so it helps that they're not here. By the way, when you say that the god is busy, do you mean the matters concerning the 'Metamorph' Shihouin Mari? I don't see her... since she died over three months ago, does that mean she's already gone to heaven or hell?"

In response to Tendou's question, Izumi and the others became silent and their faces fell.

"No, he's busy because he was interfered with when he tried to bring the souls of the 'Gazer' Minuma Hitomi and the Eighth Guidance members here," Aran said.

"So, Gazer died as well. What about Metamorph?"

"It seems that the 'Metamorph' Shihouin Mari hasn't come here. She's still alive," Kouya replied with a grim expression.

# Side Chapter 19

## A blind eye is turned to two (Origin)

The Great Yomotsuikusa, which was covered in the blood of its others and its own blood, bared its fangs and roared before charging towards its new prey with its piercing, bloodshot eyes gleaming.

Its Yomotsushikome and Yomotsuikusa brethren were falling without even having the time for their powerful regenerative abilities to kick in, but it didn't care about that.

"It's just a monster that simply obeys its powerful urge to kill. There's nothing left that resembles a human mind," *Amemiya Hiroto* murmured, releasing ten magical light-attribute attacks simultaneously at the Great Yomotsuikusa facing him.

The Great Yomotsuikusa roared as it ignored the small, firefly-sized spells and charged straight for *Hiroto*.

It didn't even feel hunger; it had a powerful instinct that desired combat instead. This instinct had told it that it would be meaningless to avoid the attacks.

The Great Yomotsuikusa had no scales or skin, but it possessed an armor of tough muscle fibers and incredible regenerative properties. Even if the surface muscles were injured a little, they would return to normal within seconds.

However, the weak spells that should have been repelled by the Great Yomotsuikusa's body surface instead pierced through its armor of muscle fibers.

It let out a groan of pain as its muscle fibers and bones were pierced through as if they were made of tofu. They immediately began regenerating, but the damage was enough to cause it to lose its balance and tumble towards the ground.

And then countless sharp metal spikes extended from the ground that it fell onto, easily piercing the Great Yomotsuikusa's flesh.

"It seems that you don't have any vital organs, so I'm sorry, but I've filled your entire body with holes. I'll pray that you don't have a sense of pain," *Hiroto* told the Great

Yomotsuikusa, which was now a writhing pile of mincemeat, as he undid his ability.

“Unrivalled as always, aren’t you?” said the ‘Avalon’ Rikudou Akira,

“It’s just difficult to use,” *Hiroto* said, referring to his own ability.

In addition to his affinity for all seven attributes, *Amemiya Hiroto* also possessed seven special abilities. Chant Revocation and Multi-Cast were the easier-to-use abilities among them, but the Ignore Defense ability that he had just used on the Great Yomotsuikusa was difficult to use.

It was a simple, powerful ability that rendered all defenses useless against *Hiroto’s* attacks, but because it was simple, one wrong step would cause disaster.

For example, if he fired a rifle while using Ignore Defense, no matter what the target tried to use as a shield, the bullets would pierce through and find their mark. But the bullets wouldn’t stop there; they would keep going, piercing the people and buildings behind the target, until they came to a stop naturally.

If he were to use it along with a spell like Exploding Flame Projectile, he would cause an amount of damage that could only be described as a catastrophe. Everything within the explosion’s radius, whether it be reinforced concrete or the ground itself, would fall apart like Styrofoam.

If he was careless in using this, *Hiroto* himself wouldn’t escape unscathed, either.

It wasn’t as convenient as attacks in video games that ignored only the enemy’s defense.

And since it only ignored defense, this ability had the weakness of not functioning if the enemy fired an offensive spell back as their defense.

“Don’t be so modest, Braver. Let’s go and avenge everyone,” said Akira.

‘Braver’ was *Hiroto’s* codename that had stopped being used after the foundation of the Bravers organization. A wrinkle appeared between *Hiroto’s* brows, though not because his companion had used his codename.

“Avenge, huh...”

“*Hiroto*, don’t tell me you still think we should capture them! Those bastards killed Tendou!”

When his head was cut off by Ghost, Tendou had transferred all of the information he had seen through Clairvoyance to his comrades through the Angel telepathy ability during the few seconds he had before his death. His death greatly shocked all of them.

And then that shock had turned into frustration and anger inside many of the reincarnated individuals. The same had happened when the ‘Noah’ Mao was killed, but they had realized that the Eighth Guidance were not ‘victims,’ but ‘assailants,’ just like Murakami’s group.

Even Akira said that.

“*Hiroto*, I think we can’t, and shouldn’t, hold back against them,” said Narumi, agreeing with him. “We’ve thought of the Eighth Guidance not as a group of religious terrorists, but as ideological ones. Pluto and her companions won’t even hesitate to blow themselves up if it’s for the sake of killing us. No, it’s like they’re aiming at us *because* they want to blow themselves up. It’s too dangerous to think of capturing them.”

What Narumi had seen from the Eighth Guidance until yesterday were calculated, ideological crimes. After securing a certain number of supporters by saving the lives of seriously ill individuals, they had continued carrying out their crimes while making sure that nobody got directly caught up in them other than their targets.

There were even fans that worshipped Pluto as a goddess.

However, after attacking Mao, the Eighth Guidance’s actions had been reckless. It could only be assumed that they were intentionally sacrificing themselves.

It could be interpreted as them being desperate because their base’s location had been discovered and they had been betrayed by Murakami’s group, but...

“I can only imagine that the person from the Eighth Guidance who killed Tendou-kun didn’t care that he would die afterwards, as long as he succeeded in killing Tendou-kun. If we show them any weakness, they’ll take us down with them. Think of it like that,” Narumi said.

“Alright. I’ll treat them as any other terrorists from now on,” *Hiroto* said.

“That’s right, Hiroto. It’s just as Narumi said, so it’s fine that way,” said Minami Asagi’s voice through the Angel network. “You guys keep going and head for Pluto ahead of us. We’ll catch up with you after we secure Baba Yaga, who’s apparently just ahead of us.”

“You guys shouldn’t let your guard down, either,” *Hiroto* said.

The reason *Hiroto’s* expression was constantly clouded was because the ‘Oracle’ Endou Kouya had said that this plan would “cause the least number of casualties, both among our enemies and our allies.”

However, both the enemy and *Hiroto’s* own allies had suffered so many casualties that he found this impossible to believe now.

*Was the Oracle wrong? Or did Kouya lie to me? Is that possible? If it is, then why?*



“Ah, the biggest Yomotsuikusa has been killed,” said Enma, the boy with the ability of knowing people’s names and faces the moment they died.

“Then I suppose it’s time for me to get going,” said the woman named Ereshkigal as she stood up, as if Enma’s words were a signal.

With her stolen military uniform, the hand grenades and assault rifle she was equipped with and the cloth covering her mouth, she looked like an ordinary female terrorist, unlike the strange appearance of the Eighth Guidance’s other members.

“I’ll do my best to take as many as them with me as I can, but don’t expect too much,” she said.

“Isn’t this the part where you’re supposed to put on a strong front and say you’ll slaughter them all?”

“Are you trying to pressure me to death?” Ereshkigal said with a bitter smile, and then she left the room.

There were only a few Yomotsushikome lurking around between her and *Amemiya Hiroto’s* group; there weren’t many obstacles in her way.

In a few minutes, the enemy would make contact with Ereshkigal, kill her within perhaps a minute at most, and then enter this room.

“Well then, I’m counting on you, Enma,” said Pluto.

“I’m kind of reluctant about this,” Enma said.

He stood up, curled his bony fingers into a fist and approached Pluto.

“I’ll say this beforehand. I’m sorry, okay?” Pluto said.

“Even if it’s part of the plan, that’s not what someone who’s about to be punched is supposed to say, Pluto.”



Minami Asagi’s group, who were proceeding along the rusty railway tracks, were now several dozen meters from where Baba Yaga was hiding. At that moment, there was an explosion and their surroundings were filled with red flames.

“It’s Baba Yaga!”

“Leave it to me!” shouted Akaki. Due to her Ifrit ability, the flames gathered to form spheres in her hands.

Among the Eighth Guidance’s members, Baba Yaga was the only one whose abilities were clearly known.

She had what was known as an ‘igniting’ ability; she caused spontaneous human combustion in those she touched, and she could even burn organic matter, including corpses, from distances of up to a hundred meters away.

Baba Yaga had used that ability to fulfil her role as the Eighth Guidance’s only combat personnel.

That was why Asagi’s group had thought that they would be able to deal with her as long as they knew where she was hiding.

“There she is!”

“I’ll stop her movements!”

In fact, Asagi’s group had noticed Baba Yaga’s hiding spot immediately; Iwao used his Titan’s gravity manipulation to strengthen gravity around her, just enough so that the passageway didn’t collapse.

“Shit! They brought Ifrit here?!” Baba Yaga cursed.

Having decided that it was impossible to escape now that her body weighed several times more than usual, even though her special ability had been sealed off, she had no choice but to leave her hiding spot.

However, she had been trying to jump out with all of her strength, but the Titan’s gravity caused her to simply collapse dully onto the ground, so her body suit was pierced by the bullets of the waiting Asagi and his companions.

Baba Yaga gasped as she rolled on top of the railway tracks, covered in blood. Asagi and his companions went to shower her in even more bullets.

“Wait! Alright, I surrender! I surrender, so don’t shoot!” she shouted before the bullets came, spitting blood from her mouth.

“What?!”

Asagi’s group had changed their view of the Eighth Guidance from ideological criminals to fanatics, so they were discomposed because they hadn’t expected Baba Yaga to surrender.

“W-what do we do?”

“What do we do... we have no choice but to take her captive,” Asagi spat.

The Bravers were an organization recognized by other international organizations, and in the present day, the flow of information wasn’t limited like it might have been in the Middle Ages.

It was difficult to imagine that Baba Yaga was really surrendering, but with that said, they couldn’t simply ignore her words and finish her off.

It was possible that hidden cameras were recording this scene and footage of “Bravers

making an independent decision to execute a criminal who has surrendered” would leak onto the internet.

And excuses could be made if it were other terrorists in question, and the public would eventually agree. However, the terrorists in question were those of the Eighth Guidance.

No matter how badly each nation’s press secretary and mass media portrayed them, the only ones they actually wanted to kill were those in organizations conducting research into the death attribute, so their victims were limited.

In addition, there were numerous people in every nation, both the rich and the poor, who insisted that their lives had been saved by the Eighth Guidance’s leader, Pluto.

And the Bravers had their enemies as well. There were plenty of influential people who wanted to make use of the Bravers’ abilities, but would be troubled if they were to go too far.

Even Asagi, who was poorly informed when it came to political matters, knew that it would be troublesome if these two different groups of people were to join forces.

“Iwao, undo your Titan. She’ll bleed to death at this rate,” Asagi said.

“B-but...”

“I’ll use Mage Masher to capture her. Everyone else, back me up. Is that alright with you, *Hiroto?*”

“Thanks. But be careful,” said Hiroto’s voice.

Activating the Mage Masher ability that nullified all attributes, Asagi approached Baba Yaga.

Baba Yaga gave a small laugh as she looked up at him. She was drenched in her own red blood that had poured out of her body. Her head was undamaged, but her limbs and torso had been hit by the bullets.

It looked like there wasn’t even a ten percent chance of saving her, even if she were to be brought to a hospital with top-of-the-line equipment right this moment.

But Asagi first checked whether Baba Yaga was concealing any weapons, not showing her any sympathy.

“What is this... you pervert...” she groaned.

“I’m doing a body check. It’d be bad if you were holding a bomb, after all.”

Once Asagi confirmed that there were no weapons, he set about administering first aid. He made Baba Yaga hold a life-support Magic Item, and put a needle in her thigh, injecting a medicine that would increase the effects of healing magic.

But it was all ineffective; it was as fruitless as trying to pour water into a bucket with a hole in the bottom.

“Asagi-kun, should I head over there?” asked Narumi, who was proficient in healing magic.

“Should I take her somewhere with space-attribute magic?” asked the voice of another Braver through Angel, who was proficient in space-attribute magic.

Asagi shook his head. “I’ll secure this one. Narumi, you support *Hiroto* and the others, and the backup team, make sure you concentrate on looking at the surroundings. There might be more like that knife guy who killed Tendou.”

“Knife guy? Ah, you mean Ghost –” Baba Yaga stopped speaking and let out a dull scream at the intense pain she felt.

“Stay quiet; I’m going to touch your wounds now,” Asagi said, but it was obvious that he had deliberately caused her pain to shut her up. “Akaki, you guys go on ahead and meet up with *Hiroto’s* group. There are no more Zombies or monsters, and it seems that Venus isn’t moving, so I’ll be fine on my own.”

“Whether at the front or the back, I think acting on your own is dangerous, but... we have no choice, huh,” Akaki said.

“Leave me behind. That Ghost guy? If there’s more like him around, you’re in danger as well, right?”

Akaki sighed as she walked away, but the ‘Titan’ Iwao tried to stay behind.

“I’m fine,” Asagi said, shaking his head. “My Mage Masher erases death-attribute magic as well. Relax.”

“Alright. I’m not sure whether I’m supposed to be an optimistic person or a worrisome one,” Iwao said as he shrugged and left.

Once he was sure that his companions were out of earshot, Asagi consciously created a wall between himself and Angel.

Tsuchiya wasn’t the only one who had received training to prevent thoughts that she didn’t want to share from leaking into the Angel network.

“Oi, I have a question,” he said to Baba Yaga.

“...What is it?”

Surprisingly, it seemed that Baba Yaga intended to reply honestly. Asagi did find it a little suspicious, but he asked her the question that had been on his mind for a long time.

“How can you guys do something like this?”

“Huh? That’s because those important researchers messed around with our bodies and used the Mana from the Undead to –”

“No, not that. I understand why you hate us. But still, how can you go so far as to sacrifice your companions and yourselves... no, fight as if you intended to sacrifice yourselves from the beginning?!”

Baba Yaga looked up into Asagi’s eyes and saw that they were filled with great bewilderment, as well as frustration and anger at his unfathomable enemy.

“I know that you guys helped sick and injured people all over the place! And until now, you’ve only killed us, death-attribute researchers and those involved with them! Not only that; you spared a lot of guards as well, didn’t you? They were guys who begged for their lives, saying that their fiancés were pregnant, and guys with photographs of their families in lockets around their necks!”

“...You’ve investigated pretty thoroughly, haven’t you? They were just hired guards, so it’s fine if we spared them, right? It’s my choice whether to get swept away by my

emotions or not. Or would it have been better if I'd killed them?" Baba Yaga said.

"That's not why I'm saying. I'm asking how you can do things like this, when you clearly have emotions that you can get swept away by!" Asagi shouted, spit flying from his mouth.

Baba Yaga could see his lips trembling.

"Don't make me laugh when my body's full of holes," she said. "It's *because* we have emotions that we can do things like this. If we didn't have emotions, we wouldn't be able to take the guys we hate more than anyone else in the world with us before going back to hell, would we?"

"That's what I'm talking about; why does it have to be that way?!" Asagi's irritation had grown to the point that it looked as if he were on the verge of ending this conversation.

Baba Yaga asked him a question in turn. "Could it be that you're the type who thinks that good things will definitely happen as long as you keep on living?"

"Are you trying to say that that's wrong?" Asagi said.

"No, it isn't wrong. Even we've had countless good things happen to us after we escaped from the laboratory."

Asagi fell into silence at this unexpected answer.

Baba Yaga smiled at his pale face as she continued. "The bread I had for breakfast was delicious; the wind felt nice; the alcohol we had after one of our jobs was good; and Pluto turned into a drunkard after a single mouthful, so I laughed so hard I was holding my stomach. A month ago, I finally beat Enma at cards; I tried talking to Hitomi and found that she was a nicer person than I'd thought; I laughed hard at the comics that I picked up at one of the research facilities we attacked; the onigiri that we had in the end contained my favorite, salmon... See, if I just think back a little, there are so many good things that happened."

All of them were small things. Almost too small to be called memories. However, there was no mistake that all of them were pleasant things.

"So then –" Asagi began.

“So then, we should have hidden quietly and lived in peace without becoming terrorists... without taking revenge? Is that what you want to say? But you know, we have no future ahead of us. If we’d tried to live long lives, relying on the small good things that happened to us, the only things waiting for us would have been pain and despair that would erase everything else. I mean, after we escaped from the research laboratory on our own, the whole world started looking for us with crazed, bloodshot eyes, didn’t they?”

Asagi was startled. For the first time, he’d noticed that there was a deep emptiness in Baba Yaga’s eyes.

She and the other members of the Eighth Guidance all possessed death-attribute Mana. The death-attribute Mana that the entire world desired right now.

Magic Items that had circulated in large volumes around the world until about ten years ago. Things ranging from hair regrowth treatments, omnipotent medicines that could cure previously untreatable diseases, countless death-attribute items of all kinds.

Now, these couldn’t be created, nor could they be repaired.

And the politicians, high officials and multi-billionaires who realized that humanity had been on the verge of achieving the dream of immortality were desperate to acquire death-attribute Mana.

Baba Yaga and her companions trying to live their lives in peace under these circumstances would have been impossible.

Origin had science as advanced as Earth’s, as well as being a world where using magic was completely ordinary. It would be impossible for the members of the Eighth Guidance, who could only use death-attribute magic, to live normal lives. Identification papers required citizens to register which attributes they had an affinity for.

Even if they were to live in fear, hiding in a place like this underground subway that was beneath a ruin that nobody knew about, the people of the world would have likely tracked them down and extorted the Mana out of them.

In pursuit of the maximum amount of happiness for the maximum number of people.

“W-we... or at least *Amemiya*, tried to save you guys! And there was no need to kill Aran and Izumi, or even Mari, was there!” Asagi shouted, averting his eyes from the emptiness in Baba Yaga’s.

Baba Yaga laughed, a mixture of blood and saliva flying from her mouth. “You people tried to save us? You people who killed the ‘Undead’ who saved us? You people, who fooled us into thinking that you’d protect us and then sold us to another research laboratory, save us?! Thanks for the laugh during my final moments! By the way, who is Mari? I don’t remember killing anyone by that –” Baba choked and coughed. “...It seems that I can’t really speak anymore. Well, it’s fine. Because I’ve bought enough time, Mage Masher.” With a smile appearing on her face that was steadily becoming more and more deathly pale, Baba Yaga grasped the hand of the discomposed Asagi.

“You, could it be?!” Asagi realized that her body was too hot; he forcibly set his discomposure aside in his mind and poured more Mana into Mage Masher. “You’re planning to blow yourself up, aren’t you! But your death-attribute magic is –”

“Your ability doesn’t work on magic that occurs inside the bodies of living creatures. Heheh, I learned that from Murakami.”

Baba Yaga’s ignition ability... to be more precise, the ability to forcibly combust organic material and cause living creatures to die in flames, caused her body to instantly reach a temperature hot enough to melt iron, and then burst.

Asagi immediately shook off her hand, undid Mage Masher and cast a defensive spell. However, even with the latest magical media, he wasn’t able to produce an advanced enough defensive spell to block this intense heat in the tiny window of time that he had.

Without even giving a dying scream, Minami Asagi was destroyed by the fire, with not even a single fragment of bone left behind.



*Hiroto’s* group, who had proceeded to the corridor leading to the room in which Pluto and Enma had shut themselves in, encountered a barricade blocking the way forward, and Ereshkigal, who was guarding it.

However, Ereshkigal had simply hidden herself in the barricade and fired her assault

rifle at the intruders.

It would have been enough of an attack if it were a regular terrorist shooting at an ordinary police squad. However, for a member of the Eighth Guidance facing the Bravers, it was difficult to even call this an attack.

“What is this?” *Hiroto* said.

It was only natural for him to be suspicious. He and his companions would be able to easily destroy a crude barricade like this by using magic.

“Isn’t this just a way to buy time? Maybe it’s a Zombie they left behind as a guard rather than one of their members.”

“No, I detected life with my spell. Since it’s not an Undead, it’s some kind of trap. We should be careful and think of a plan.”

“But if they’re buying time, giving Pluto and the others time is dangerous – !”

At that moment, Asagi’s consciousness disappeared from Narumi’s Angel. The last thing that was sent through the network was a vision filled with flames.

“This is...! Asagi...!”

“No way!”

*Hiroto’s* group, having understood that Asagi had died, stopped moving from the shock of having lost yet another companion. The only one who didn’t stop was the ‘Avalon’ Rikudou Akira.

“So, it was a mistake to leave him on his own after all. If at least Akaki was there, she would have been able to manipulate the heat and save him. And he was too reliant on his Mage Masher. If he had used defensive magic from the beginning... No, honestly, if he had just run from the beginning... there’s a high chance he would have gotten away with just some major burns...” Akira said in a matter-of-fact tone.

“Akira! Don’t say such troublesome things!” the ‘Ifrit’ Akaki said, interrupting him.

“Oi, calm down!” said the ‘Titan’ Iwao, following behind her.

“Asagi’s dead! And you’re telling me to calm down?! How dare you say that!” Akaki shouted.

“But there are limits to how much you can lose your cool, right?!”

Iwao tried to calm down the furious Akaki, but he was only making her increasingly angrier.

“It’s because we’re talking about being careful that we’re getting caught in their traps!” Akaki said. “Nobody would have died if we just went in and killed them all, like this!”

“Wait!” *Hiroto* said, trying to stop her immediately.

But Akaki fired her Ifrit’s scorching flames at the barricade. “...There was only one, huh. How disappointing,” she muttered.

Ereshkigal was set aflame in an instant, along with the barricade that she was hiding in. She writhed in agony after becoming a human torch, but quickly collapsed and stopped moving.

“Hah!” Akaki shouted triumphantly. “I should have disposed of Baba Yaga like this as – huh?”

Before she could finish her sentence, her own body was engulfed in flames.

“What?! Hurry up and extinguish the flames!”

“I am, but it’s impossible. These aren’t flames,” said Akira, who had immediately tried to extinguish the flames using water-attribute magic.

Akaki struggled for a few seconds, as if desiring help, but she quickly collapsed and stopped moving as well.

During those few seconds, Akira and several of the Bravers had tried to extinguish the flames burning Akaki’s body, but their efforts were completely ineffective. Despite that, the flames disappeared like an illusion the moment Akaki became a black, burnt corpse.

“No way... Akaki-san.”

“For Ifrit to be killed by flames...”

Narumi and Titan were standing in a daze, shocked by the repeated deaths of their companions, who had died in ways beyond their comprehension.

“This is... the power of that Eighth Guidance member, huh,” Akira murmured.

As he said, Akaki had died due to Ereshkigal’s power.

Ereshkigal had been the queen of the underworld, who had been defeated by Nergal, the god of the sun. It was said that she offered her throne in the underworld and begged for her own life, and Nergal became the new god of the underworld.

The Eighth Guidance member whose codename was taken from this goddess possessed the power to inflict the exact same injuries that she herself suffered to her attacker. It was a power that was more like a curse, but there wasn’t a more convenient ability than this for someone who was trying to take revenge and drag her enemies down with her.

That was why Akaki’s own body had been set aflame after she did the same to Ereshkigal. And the flames that burned her had been impossible to extinguish.

Because what had burned Akaki was the curse that had activated after she burned Ereshkigal alive.

“With that being the case, it can be said that she sacrificed herself to protect us. If all of us had fired our magic to destroy that barricade, we might have all been wiped out,” Akira said, analyzing things calmly once more.

This time, it was Iwao, who had tried to stop Akaki, who lashed out at him. “Akira, what the hell are you saying at a time like this – ?!”

“Wait!” said *Hiroto*, interrupting him. “...There’s nothing wrong with Akira’s attitude. The responsibility for letting Akaki die before our very eyes falls on me, the leader. And what we need right now is some composure like Akira’s.”

Iwao and Narumi immediately tried to object. Even those who weren’t there expressed their agreement with them through Angel.

But *Hiroto* didn’t change his stance. “Everyone, we’re too delicate to the deaths of our

companions. Each person's death shakes us; we become unable to suppress our anger and lose our composure. I'm not saying that it's a bad thing to grieve our companions' deaths. But for ourselves and our companions, we must maintain our composure. Please understand."

The Bravers other than Akira seemed to have been convinced by *Hiroto's* words; Iwao reluctantly agreed as well.

However, this type of problem couldn't be immediately solved, and they couldn't regain their composure right away when their companion had been killed right before their eyes.

"Iwao, you and the others stay here and keep watch to make sure Tsuchiya, Murakami and the others don't come this way. Me, Akira and Narumi will deal with Pluto and whoever is in there with her," *Hiroto* said.

Taking the two members that he trusted the most, *Hiroto* moved on to capture the two remaining members, Pluto and Enma.

*Kouya, when all of this is over, I'll have you tell me what in the world you were thinking.*

Four Bravers had already died during this plan. All but two members of the Eighth Guidance were dead. If the soldiers from the various nations were taken into account, there had been countless casualties.

The doubt in *Kouya*, who had said that this was the plan that would produce the least casualties, had already become firm in *Hiroto's* mind.



Smashing down the door, *Hiroto* took the lead as he and his companions charged into the command room, ready to unleash their spells or fire their weapons.

They were prepared to suppress Pluto and Enma, no matter what traps had been prepared or what trump card they were holding.

However, the sight that greeted them was vastly different from what they had expected.

A girl crouched over after having been punched, clutching her face as blood dripped

from her nose, and a boy brandishing a bloody fist, the finger of his other hand wrapped around the trigger of a gun.

“Help me! Please!” the girl, Pluto, screamed at *Hiroto* and his companions.

Pluto, who was supposed to be filled with a desire to kill them, was begging them for help. *Hiroto* and his companions hadn't expected this, and they froze.

“To beg the Bravers for your life, you shameless bitch!” the boy shouted.

“What's so shameless, when you're the ones who threatened me and made me do everything you said! I never wanted revenge, I just wanted to live a quiet life!”

“You bitch, I'll kill you –”

Pluto and the boy... Enma, were shouting angrily at each other. Enma pointed the barrel of his weapon angrily at Pluto, but before he could pull the trigger, a hole appeared in his head.

Akira had produced a sharp spike with earth-attribute magic that pierced Enma between the brows.

“Akira!”

“I might have been able to neutralize him without killing him. However, we don't know what his ability is, so I had no choice. And more importantly, Narumi, secure the girl,” Akira said.

Though Enma had collapsed onto the ground face-up, Akira watched him, not letting down his guard. Enma's finger had already been on the trigger. In order to ensure Pluto's safety, Akira had been given no choice but to pierce Enma's brainstem with a single attack so that he couldn't pull the trigger.

“...Sorry. It's exactly as you say,” *Hiroto* said.

Akira's actions were extremely correct. *Hiroto* realized this and turned around to check on Pluto. However, Narumi had already called out to Pluto and was trying to heal her injury from being punched.

At a time like this, it might have been easier for Pluto to calm down if treated by

someone of the same sex. If possible, *Hiroto* wanted to hear her story as soon as possible, but –

“Shit!”

Seeing through Narumi’s Angel that Pluto was smiling, and that Narumi had frozen without being able to let out her voice, *Hiroto* immediately cast an offensive spell.



The moment she touched Narumi, who had approached her with a handkerchief to wipe her bleeding nose and apply healing magic, Pluto was certain of her victory.

Enma’s poor acting had paid off.

Pluto hadn’t minded being ridiculed or laughed at; she’d just needed to touch any of the Bravers, even for an instant. To think that she had been able to touch the ‘Angel’ Naruse... Amemiya Narumi, the one she had wanted to kill second most, this could only be described as fortuitous.

*Now, die!*

Pluto poured the ‘death’ that she had accumulated from countless sick and injured people up until now into Narumi. Like black paint that engulfed all other colors in a picture, it invaded Narumi’s life force.

Ideally, *Amemiya Hiroto* would have been the best target, but she was killing the wife of the Bravers’ leader. That was enough.

*You were too late to realize, weren’t you?*

Perhaps because of the drugs being secreted in Pluto’s brain, the entire world felt like it was moving in slow motion. She could see *Hiroto*, who possessed the Chant Revocation ability, casting a spell at her.

It seemed that he desperately wished for his wife to not be killed; he was even using Multi-Cast to release multiple spells. Pluto knew that she would suffer a fatal wound if any of them were to hit her.

*But I don’t mind. Live on, and savor the pain of having something important being taken*

*away from you!*

With a great sense of satisfaction, Pluto tried to completely paint over Narumi's life with 'death,' but she realized that something was strange.

There was a life existing within Narumi other than her own.

*This is... She's pregnant?!*

Narumi's womb harbored a new life. However, it was too small to be called a fetus; it was nothing more than a fertilized egg that hadn't even attached itself to the uterus wall yet.

It was such a small, fleeting being that wouldn't even be detected by a pregnancy test or even the life-attribute spell, Investigation.

*How frustrating... I can't kill her!*

Using her own life force as a cost, Pluto began fiercely reabsorbing the 'death' that she had poured into Narumi.

Narumi gasped as the blood instantly returned to her deathly-pale face. Meanwhile, Pluto's life force was fading at an astonishing rate.

Pluto let out a groan of pain as the arm that was touching Narumi was severed by a vacuum blade. It was *Hiroto's* spell. Instead of pain, Pluto was assaulted by a sensation of heat, as if molten iron was being pressed against her.

*How frustrating! Why, this woman!*

Pluto instinctively extended her other hand towards the severed arm that was still grasping Narumi.

And then she used her ability once more. A spear of ice pierced her arm. Even so, she continued using her power.

*Why do I have to be so desperate in saving this woman?!*

After feeling several attacks land on her, Pluto's consciousness blacked out for a moment, and then quickly returned.

“W-why...?”

The first thing Pluto checked was Narumi’s status. Narumi had broken out into a cold sweat and had fallen onto her back, but it seemed that all of the death had been sucked out of her.

“Damn it, healing...!”

Next, Pluto looked at *Amemiya Hiroto*. Partway through, he had realized that Pluto had been saving Narumi, but he had been unable to stop the spells that he had already cast.

He tried to take steps towards Pluto with an expression of regret on his face, but Rikudou Akira stopped him.

“Wait, *Hiroto*. She can apparently kill those she touches. Don’t get close to her,” Akira warned.

“But –!”

“And it’s too late... None of us have the ability to resurrect the dead.”

Realizing that she was in an extremely terrible condition, Pluto felt relieved. It was unfortunate that *Amemiya Hiroto* had been stopped from coming close, but it seemed that she would at least be able to die.

The regrettable thing was that the final plan, the self-destruction of the base, could no longer be executed. Pluto couldn’t take an action that might take the life of Narumi, the life that she had worked so hard to save.

“Why didn’t you kill me?” Narumi asked.

“We... don’t... kill... children...” Pluto gasped with trembling lips.

With a surprised expression, Narumi placed a hand on her own abdomen. Since it was just a fertilized egg, it wasn’t surprising that Narumi wasn’t aware of her own pregnancy, but even so, anger rose within Pluto.

But there was something that concerned her more than that.

How would she apologize to Enma, whom she had made play such an unpleasant role?

And she had the feeling that all of her companions would laugh at her for not managing to kill anyone, despite being the leader.

*It can't be helped, I suppose... Because I wanted to die, I wanted to choose the way my own life ends.*

And so, just as Gazer had prophesized, Pluto turned a blind eye to two people.



Eighth Guidance: Baba Yaga, Ereshkigal, Enma, Pluto, deceased. All members annihilated.

Murakami's group: Four members remaining.

Bravers: The 'Mage Masher' Minami Asagi, the 'Ifrit' Akaki, two deceased.

Remaining reincarnated individuals: 83 out of 101.



"Now that we've died and our lives have ended, shouldn't we come together again with fresh resolutions?! Remember, we were once companions who studied at the same school! Let's stop blaming each other for the conflicts of our previous lives, and look towards the future!" said Minami Asagi in a positive, constructive speech.

Indeed, holding onto grudges from their previous lives and endlessly cursing each other would be unproductive.

"I'd rather you just keep blaming me! Your shouting is making even my ears die!" said the 'Death Scythe' Konoe Kyuuji.

"What's the point of coming together after we've already died?" added the 'Super Sense' Gotouta.

It was not only those who had abandoned the Bravers like them.

Even the 'Noah' Mao was covering her ears, looking fed up with Asagi's speech. "Can you just shut up a little? How can you be so loud even after dying?"

“Ah... I was such an idiot. How could I let the blood rush to my head like that?” The ‘Ifrit’ Akaki, who had died as a result of being angered by Asagi’s death, wasn’t listening to his speech at all.

“What are you guys saying?! At this rate, we’ll split up and start killing each other again even in our third lives, just as we did in our second!” Asagi insisted, but nobody was supporting him.

“I mean, it’s impossible at this point. Even my Calculation tells me that we... to be more precise, the ninety-nine of us, have an almost zero percent chance of joining our hearts together,” said Aran.

“Even though my Inspector does tell me that you’re being completely serious about this,” Izumi added.

The two of them had even gone as far as using their abilities to consider Asagi’s idea, but the ninety-nine reincarnated individuals... the reincarnated individuals excluding Vandaliu and Kanata, whose soul had been broken, had almost no chance of joining their hearts together.

As Asagi said, many of the reincarnated individuals had been students of the same school, but not all of them had been friends with each other. And there were people like *Amemiya Hiroto*, who had simply been a passenger on that ferry at the time, and Mao, who was working on the ferry as an employee.

It wasn’t as if they had all been part of a collective group since they were on Earth.

In fact, it could even be considered unnatural that they had been gathered into a single organization called the Bravers in Origin. The common history of being reincarnated from another world, the destiny of meeting the other reincarnated individuals given to them by Rodcorte, and *Amemiya Hiroto’s* overwhelming power and charisma. All of these things had made that possible.

Making the same happen in their third lives was certainly impossible.

“For now, let’s just keep watching how things unfold. Depending on how things turn out, more people might die. Gazer hasn’t come here yet, and it seems that the god isn’t free yet. It would be good if Rikudou could stay put, though,” said the ‘Clairvoyance’ Tendou.

*It would be good, but it's impossible, he thought.*

## Side Chapter 20

# The mastermind reveals himself, but the stage is set in Lambda (From Origin to Lambda)

After the light faded from Pluto's eyes, *Amemiya Hiroto* felt a sense of disheartenment that he couldn't easily rid himself of.

In order to atone for destroying the 'Undead' without realizing that it had been one of the 101 reincarnated individuals, he had tried to save the members of the Eighth Guidance who had been saved by the Undead. Despite that, he had ended up killing the last remaining member with his own hands, even if it was to save the life of his own wife, Narumi.

And to make things worse, he had done so at the moment when Pluto had noticed the small life harbored inside Narumi's body and sacrificed herself to protect it.

*I just ended up making the same mistake as I did with the Undead...*

He had definitely made a mistake. This was the only thing he could think after how things had turned out; he felt an urge to let out a shout.

"...Let's at least burn their remains. I'm sure they would have wanted that," he said.

No matter what he did, time couldn't be reversed.

"You're right..." Narumi agreed as she closed Pluto's eyes. "I'm sorry that this is all we can do, even though we couldn't save the one who was important to you..."

"You might have forgotten this, but the United Nations have appealed for us to retrieve the bodies, so... alright. We just have to make it seem like we ran into unexpected resistance and couldn't retrieve the bodies, right?" said the 'Avalon' Rikudou Akira with a bitter smile, shrugging his shoulders. "But we should be prepared to face a lot of criticism. Everyone who is watching this through Angel right now is an accomplice."

This plan was one that had been created by the Bravers. As a result, they had

succeeded in wiping out the Eighth Guidance, but the special forces of the various nations had also been almost completely exterminated, even if it had been a result of them making moves on their own.

And *Amemiya Hiroto* would be harshly blamed if the Eighth Guidance's corpses, the clues to death-attribute magic that the leaders and high officials of every nation so desperately wanted, could not be recovered.

"I don't mind that," *Hiroto* said.

He had prepared himself for that. A spell glowed in his hand. But before he could release it, news came through Angel from Iwao and the others who were keeping watch in the tunnel, telling him that circumstances had changed.

"*Hiroto*, Murakami and the others are here! They're saying some crazy stuff!"

"Some nonsense about them being undercover investigators!"

"Undercover investigators?" *Hiroto* replied. "You mean Murakami is...?!"

Through Angel, he could see Murakami, along with his three companions including Tsuchiya. They had finally shown themselves, holding identification papers from a federal state.

It was difficult to believe, but the identification papers looked genuine.

*This is bad.*

*Hiroto* didn't know how Murakami and his group had become undercover investigators for a federal nation, but he knew what they were here for. They were going to demand that the remains of Pluto and her companions be handed over.

If he let that happen, Pluto and her companions would lose their dignity. Not only that, tragic beings like the Undead and the Eighth Guidance would be created for the purpose of researching the death attribute.

*Hiroto* hastily began re-casting the spell that had been interrupted by the unexpected communications. "Akira, you take care of that boy's body –"

At that moment, the voice of the 'Venus' Tsuchiya Kanako, who shouldn't have been

connected to Angel, came through.

“Okay, stop! If you damage Pluto and Enma’s bodies any further, we’ll arrest you for obstructing our search!”

“Wha –?! Why are you connected to Angel?!”

*Hiroto* looked at Narumi in surprise to see that she was wearing a surprised expression as well. But her surprise signified something different from *Hiroto*’s.

“H-huh? Why did I leave her connected to Angel? Why did I think she was an ally...?”

Seeing Narumi in this dazed state, *Hiroto* instinctively realized what Kanako had done.

“Kuh, she used her ability!”

*Hiroto* groaned at the fact that he and his companions hadn’t understood Kanako’s ability, and in disappointment in himself for not realizing it. But even so, he tried to burn Pluto and Enma’s bodies. However, Akira stopped him.

“Akira, why are you stopping me?!” *Hiroto* demanded.

“*Hiroto*, it’s too late. Now that we’ve been seen by Tsuchiya, our excuses won’t work. Or do you intend to be arrested for obstruction of investigation?”

“This isn’t the federal state!”

“That’s right; we’re in a nation in the European Union. But do you think the European Union will cover for you? If you became a criminal, the Bravers could become disassembled. At best, the United Nations might send a new supervisor to take charge. I don’t want that.”

“That’s... kuh!”

*Hiroto* tried to think of a way, using whatever abilities, magic, information and connections possible, to protect his Braver companions while not handing over Pluto and Enma’s remains.

He couldn’t trust the United Nations, which was ruled by the European Union and the federal state that had made Murakami’s group into undercover investigators.

Kanako had already seen that Pluto and Enma were dead.

And every high government official and wealthy person in the world desired the death-attribute Mana that lingered in Pluto and Enma's corpses.

"...Shit."

Unable to find a way to fulfil both of his wishes, *Hiroto* chose to protect his living companions and the Bravers organization.

And then Murakami Junpei entered the room with a proud... or rather, bitter-looking expression, with Kanako behind him.

"What's the matter? Your face looks pretty pale considering you're the ones who chose to leave us," *Hiroto* said.

"It wasn't a complete victory for us, either. There were unexpected situations happening one after another, and we only narrowly came out victorious," Murakami replied.

Murakami hadn't exposed his identity as an undercover investigator to the Bravers because he'd wanted to. He had been left with no other choice; he had only done this because it was the final option he had been left with.

*It would have been best if we'd managed to kill Pluto and retrieve the corpses without these guys noticing, or snatch the corpses after these guys killed them, but... I didn't think they'd sympathize with the Eighth Guidance and try to burn the corpses. Are they crazy? Don't they know how much those corpses are worth?* Murakami thought bitterly as he pointed his chin towards the door, signaling for *Hiroto* and his companions to leave.

"Now then, we'll be collecting these. You guys go clean things up elsewhere," he told them.

"It'd be troublesome if you got in our way, you know!" said Kanako cheerfully.

Neither party wanted to look at each other's faces. Now that there was nothing more that could be done, *Hiroto* had no objections to leaving the room.

"...Before that, I want you to tell me something," *Hiroto* said. "Were you the one who set off a bomb in the Bravers headquarters and killed Izumi and Aran?"

He asked this question in the end. Previously, Kouya had investigated with Oracle and come up with the answer that the crime would have been impossible to commit with the abilities that Murakami and his nine companions possessed.

“Ah, that incident,” Murakami said with a nod. He closed his eyes, as if reminiscing.

The truth was that it was indeed Murakami Junpei’s doing.

Using a certain contact, he had received a hand grenade from the ‘Gungnir’ Kaidou Kanata, and using his Chronos ability, he had kept it for a long time, using his Chronos ability to delay the activation of Gungnir.

He had then thrown the hand grenade through the walls of the Bravers headquarters to kill his two targets.

“Sorry to disappoint you, but it wasn’t us. It was the Eighth Guidance guys. I don’t know what methods they used, though,” Murakami said.

There was no reason for him to be honest and tell the truth.

“Is that true?” *Hiroto* asked.

Of course, he didn’t simply believe Murakami’s words immediately.

But Kanako gave him an ill-natured smile. “Do you have any proof or anything to use as a basis to doubt us?” she asked.

*Hiroto* let out a noise of frustration.

Both the ‘Inspector’ Shimada Izumi and the ‘Laplace’ Machida Aran, who possessed the Calculation ability, would have used their abilities in situations like this, but they were the ones who had fallen victim.

“Well, you’d just need to ask the Oracle once you return, wouldn’t you?” Kanako continued.

Though *Hiroto* and his companions didn’t know this yet, the ‘Oracle’ Endou Kouya had also already been killed.

“As long as we’re here, we won’t let you do as you please,” *Hiroto* spat as he left the

room, glaring bitterly at Murakami and Kanako.

Murakami and Kanako let out large sighs as he left.

“Does that person think that we’re doing as we please?” Kanako said.

“We’ve got a lot of trouble ahead of us. Us villains have our own problems, you piece of shit,” Murakami muttered.

The two of them began their work, starting with the retrieval of Pluto’s corpse. If they didn’t take it back with them, they would lose their statuses as undercover investigators, so this was necessary for them as well.



Within the day, Murakami and Kanako, as well as the surviving ‘Aegis’ Melissa and the ‘Hecatoncheir’ Doug, were at the federal nation’s national department of defense... a building that was in the shape of a hexagon, commonly known as the Hexagon.

The headquarters of the intelligence agency that had employed them was located elsewhere, but beneath the Hexagon was a top-secret research facility, sheltering the few surviving researchers from the hidden laboratory that had originally discovered the death attribute.

That was why they had been summoned here, bringing the Eighth Guidance’s corpses with them.

“Haah... everything’s so serious here,” Doug muttered.

“We’re the ones who found employment at such a serious place,” said Melissa.

“And I feel pretty depressed.”

“We almost failed, after all. I hope they don’t cut our rewards.”

With the dissatisfied Doug and Melissa behind them, Murakami and Kanako headed into a place that was like a waiting room, led by some other employees.

Beneath the Hexagon, the corpses of Pluto and the others would be thoroughly examined and used for conducting research into the death attribute.

The corpses of Shade, Izanami, Isis, Baba Yaga and Ereshkigal had been impossible to recover, but through great effort, they had managed to collect the corpse of Enma as well as Jack o' Lantern's corpse, Ghost's corpse, Valkyrie's blood and Berserk's remaining fragments.

These would be analyzed, and inhumane research and experiments that *Hiroto* and his companions would want to avert their eyes from would be conducted here.

With the justification that this was for the benefit of the entire human race.

Murakami and his companions had experienced being in contact with the Eighth Guidance members over a long period of time while they were still alive, so they had been brought here to be questioned to aid the research as well.

"You think they'll come to interfere with us?" asked Doug. "If they do, I'll gladly fight them. I didn't get to go crazy last time."

"Doug, if you're talking about the Bravers, there's no way they'll come here. This is the national department of defense. Coming here would start a war. There's no way that *Amemiya Hiroto*, the good boy, would allow that," said Melissa.

"And thanks to Shade, he doesn't have the time for that, either," Kanako added.

The Bravers were currently being showered in criticism from the entire world. Thanks to the false information spread through the internet by the 'Oracle' Endou Kouya, whose body had been possessed by Shade, there was now a great fuss about him having been a devil worshipper, and him and the other Bravers having obtained their abilities by making contracts with the devil.

Unfortunately, the devil had never been confirmed to exist, *Amemiya Hiroto* and his companions had no way of proving that this wasn't true.

There was no way to prove that they hadn't signed a contract with a being whose existence hadn't been proven.

It literally was the 'Devil's Proof.'

*TLN: 'Devil's Proof,' or 'probatio diabolica,' is a law term. The Devil's Proof is the logical dilemma that while evidence will prove the existence of something, the lack of evidence fails to disprove it.*

There were all kinds of other rumors as well, such as that the Bravers had deliberately let the special forces soldiers of the nations perish, that Kaidou Kanata's evil deeds had been ordered by *Amemiya Hiroto*, that *Amemiya* himself had given the order to kill the 'Metamorph' Shihouin Mari because she had discovered the truth.

"Well, all of that is baseless nonsense. After a while, that information will become known to be the crazy words of the mad Oracle or fake information leaked by Shade. The suspicions surrounding the Bravers will clear, but the number of people who can't trust them will increase. Things turned out perfectly, didn't they?" Doug concluded.

"I see, so that's how it is... hey, can you not just appear out of nowhere and scare Sensei like that, Rikudou?" said Melissa.

Doug and Melissa looked in surprise at the fifth person in the room, the 'Avalon' Rikudou Akira.

But Akira was unperturbed by his presence being noticed; he gave Murakami a slight bow with a gentlemanly smile on his face. "It seems that you've managed to accomplish the minimum of what was requested, but it was quite the crude work, wasn't it?"

Indeed, it was the 'Avalon' Rikudou Akira, who was still a member of the Bravers. He was the mastermind behind Murakami's group.

He had persuaded the secluded individuals, Murakami Junpei and Tsuchiya Kanako, to betray the Bravers; he had planned things so that Murakami could obtain a hand grenade from Kaidou Kanata; he had arranged for Murakami's group to meet the top leaders of the intelligence agency of the federal nation whom he had brainwashed secretly beforehand; he had even had a hand in the kidnapping of the 'Gazer' Minuma Hitomi, who had been receiving treatment in a facility.

And it had also been him who had helped Shade kill Endou Kouya of the Bravers, without even Shade himself realizing it.

"It is our first job, after all," Murakami said.

"Everyone has a first job. But results are desired from professionals, even when it is a first job. Isn't that right?" Akira said.

"...That's true," Murakami muttered to his former student before falling into silence.

Their previous relationship on Earth was no longer valid here.

Akira had requested Murakami to do four things: Secure Pluto's corpse and hand it over to the federal state; dispose of Gazer, Marionette and Death Scythe before the mission was over; hand over any other body parts of the Eighth Guidance members that could be obtained; and erase any traces of what couldn't be collected.

The final part, the disposal, had been done by the Bravers of their own will, but all of the requests had been cleared.

However, three companions had been lost and the fact that they were now employed by the federal state had been revealed to Hiroto and his companions; if this was an exam, Murakami had just narrowly avoided a failing mark.

"But Akira, you were there as well! Couldn't you have helped us a little? Don't act like you're so important!" Doug said, lashing out at Akira.

"Doug, don't say such stupid things!"

Melissa and Kanako hastily tried to stop him.

"It's fine," Akira said, his smile not faltering at all. "He just misunderstands something. I... Rikudou Akira, was never there. The one who was there was her."

"Eh? What are you talking about, Rikudou-kun, you were with the Bravers the whole time - ?!" Kanako began.

Akira's appearance changed into that of a woman, right before the confused Kanako's eyes. Kanako and Murakami knew that woman well.

"The 'Metamorph' Shihouin Mari...?!"

"Yeah, don't call her by her name too much, though," said Shihouin Mari, who was supposed to have died in an explosion that occurred at her isolated cell. She was speaking with the exact same expression and tone, as if she had been taken over by Rikudou Akira himself. "I've carefully brainwashed her with magic and drugs, but it's not an ability, so it can't be called perfect. There might be sudden moments of noise, so be careful, just in case."

And then she transformed back into the 'Avalon' Rikudou Akira once more.

The one who was with the Bravers back then was not Rikudou Akira himself, but the 'Metamorph' Shihouin Mari, who had transformed into him.

Murakami felt astonishment and fear upon learning this fact, but at the same time, it made sense.

*I did think it strange for the mastermind himself to go out there, but it was a double right from the start.*

It had also likely been Akira who had pulled the strings behind Shihouin Mari being blown up. He had placed a different corpse there in her place, and brainwashed the real Mari to add her to his collection of pawns. Though this had been treated as the doing of the Eighth Guidance, the real culprit was among the Bravers, and this had occurred after Shimada Izumi and Machida Aran died.

It had probably been simple for Akira, as he was deeply trusted by *Amemiya Hiroto*.

That scrupulous mastermind gave a bitter smile as Murakami looked at him.

"...Ah, don't misunderstand. I'm not blaming you, nor am I reducing your rewards. This is just a little bit of idle talk," said Akira, who was even more of a villain than Murakami, through Mari who was apparently now no more than a relay device in the form of a person.

"W-what?" said Doug, seeming bewildered.

"Since you completed the minimum requirements of what I requested, I have no complaints. That's what I mean. You'll be paid the promised rewards, and you'll be employed in the intelligence agency with the treatment that you were promised. It will be difficult to have you treated like leaders right away, but I'll arrange for work to be sent your way so that you can build your achievements," said Akira, listing out favorable conditions one after another.

"Are you sure you can promise stuff like that?" Murakami asked.

"Of course. Despite my appearance, I'm controlling the intelligence agency of a superpower nation from the shadows, and nobody knows about it except for you four, you know? It's simple."

"Then I'm grateful, but..."

At that moment, an announcer's voice came in through speakers, calling for Murakami and his companions.

"It looks like it's time. Now then, I'll excuse myself," said Akira, transforming into a Hexagon employee as he left.



In an operating space, where the underground laboratory could be seen through a layer of reinforced glass, there were workers in lab coats questioning Murakami and his companions.

Doug, Melissa and Kanako were cooperating with the investigation without any signs of unhappiness, as Rikudou Akira had assured them that their futures were secure.

However, Murakami felt a strange discomfort at how Rikudou Akira had behaved.

*Something is off.*

No matter what, he couldn't shake off this unpleasant, sinister feeling.

What was so off about him? His behavior? The way he'd talked like an important person?... No, that wasn't it!

*It's the words he said, the words we wanted to hear! I said similar things to Death Scythe and Marionette! If you're going to kill them anyway, empty promises are fine!*

*So then, the reason he asked us to come here and hand over Pluto's body, with which he was so obsessed, was...!*

Having suddenly realized something, Murakami stood up from his seat, driven by his sensation of fear. He approached the reinforced glass to look at Pluto's corpse, which was under investigation.

"W-what's wrong, Murakami-sensei?"

Ignoring the surprised voices of the others, Murakami looked at Pluto's corpse just in time to see an employee touch Pluto's corpse with a dissecting scalpel.

"S-STOOOOOOOP!" Murakami screamed.

But the scalpel didn't stop, and it broke through Pluto's skin. And then something resembling a black gas erupted from that point with incredible force.

"W-what?!"

"Death-attribute Mana detected! This is... already beyond critical levels!"

Inside the laboratory, the researchers who were wearing protective equipment that included magical defense as well crumpled onto the floor, one after another. An alarm sounded, and operators' screams filled the air.

Nobody knew exactly what had happened, but Murakami was the only one to instinctively realize it.

This was the 'death' that Pluto had accumulated for almost ten years. This immense amount of death that had been supposed to be poured into Narumi, but now that Pluto had died, it had nowhere left to go and it was overflowing!

"S-Sensei! What happened?!" Doug shouted.

"Don't think about it, we're getting out of here!" Murakami shouted back with a completely different expression. "You're in the way, move!" He cast a spell towards the exit that was flooded with Hexagon employees, blowing them away along with the door.

Screams echoed in the room as blood and fragments of bone and flesh filled the air.

"W-what are you doing?! If you slaughter the employees of the national state of defense, you'll be questioned for treason!" Melissa shouted at the apparently deranged Murakami.

Doug and Kanako stared at him, dumbfounded.

"I don't give a shit! Hurry up and start running!" Murakami said as he broke off into a sprint.

When the other three looked behind them, the black fog was somehow closing in on them through the reinforced glass.

Melissa, Doug and Kanako watched the smoke make contact with a young female

operator, who let out strangled noises as she was mummified in a matter of seconds. Their expressions changed and they hastily ran after Murakami.

However, they quickly caught up to him.

“Th-this is bad, we’re surrounded!” Murakami muttered.

The passageway in front of him... the passageway that led to the elevator that would take them to the ground surface, was filled with black smoke.

The black smoke had moved more quickly than they had thought.

“M-Melissa, use Aegis, protect us with Aegis!”

“Y-yes!”

“Doug, break the ceiling! We’ll escape through there!”

“Alright!”

The four of them quickly took refuge inside the Aegis’s shield. And then Doug opened a hole in the ceiling with his telekinesis. Rubble rained down, but Doug sent it flying with his telekinesis as he tried to continue digging.

If he could continue digging like this all the way to the surface, they would be saved. Or so the four of them thought, but then Doug suddenly began convulsing.

“D-Doug?!”

“W-what is this smoke, it’s mixing in with the rubble... Touching it even with your abilities is bad...!”

Kanako let out a scream. Right before her eyes, the moisture was stripped from Doug’s body, leaving behind only skin and bones. He collapsed with a dull thud.

“You can’t touch it with your abilities, either?! Melissa, you...!” Murakami began as he turned around to see that Melissa was already dead, having become mummified where she stood. “E-even Aegis doesn’t work?!”

“Wall of Water and Wall of Ice disappear right away as well! This fog absorbs Mana?!”

Kanako was trying to build walls with spells, but it seemed that the black fog absorbed not only life force but Mana as well; her spells simply vanished like mist.

And with Melissa's death, the Aegis had been undone. The black fog closed in on the remaining two relentlessly.

"C-Chronos!"

Murakami used Chronos on himself and Kanako, trying to delay the effects of the black smoke, but he could only do so for a few dozen seconds.

His Mana was absorbed with incredible speed; even his second ability, Super Mana Recovery, couldn't keep up with it.

Kanako screamed in despair. "This, I don't want to die like this, why?! Why?!"

"SHIIIT! You knew this would happen, and you set us up, Rikudou! Damn it! CURSE YOOOUUUU!" Murakami roared.

The two of them watched each other turn into mummies as they perished.



The death attribute that the federal state's Hexagon had been researching went out of control, causing the deaths of all Hexagon employees inside the building at the time, as well as Murakami Junpei and three other former Bravers.

The black, fog-like substance engulfed the grounds of the national defense department and tried to spread even further.

The army was urgently summoned to counteract this, but they weren't even able to slow down the spreading of the fog.

Just as the flustered cabinet ministers started pressing the president to fire a nuclear missile at the Hexagon, the Bravers, whom the entire world was viewing with eyes of suspicion, arrived on the scene.

At the 'Avalon' Rikudou Akira's suggestion, the Bravers used a plan centered around light and life-attribute magic, utilizing *Amemiya Hiroto's* powers, to dispel the black death-attribute fog that covered the Hexagon.



At a meeting where the most important of his cooperators were gathered, Rikudou Akira was repeatedly joining his fingers together and separating them again, seeming to be restless.

“What’s the matter, Rikudou?” said one of his cooperators, calling out to him. “It’s unusual for you to be so restless, isn’t it?”

Akira gave a bitter smile. “This is a bad habit of mine that I’ve had since the past. I feel uneasy when things go too well. If there was a plan that I would consider a great success if it accomplished seventy percent of its goals, and then it went and accomplished ninety percent of them, I can’t be blamed for finding it hard to believe, right?”

The chain of events for which Rikudou Akira had pulled the strings. Everyone who was an obstruction or a danger to him had now disappeared, save for one person.

Those who had been obstacles to his plans, forcing him to build roundabout plans – the ‘Oracle’ Endou Kouya, Calculation, Inspector, Gazer and one more person.

Those with abilities that had posed a danger to him – Death Scythe, Marionette and Mage Masher.

The ones he had used to dispose of the above-mentioned individuals, the ones who had known that he was the mastermind, vulgar people whom he couldn’t trust because they would betray their allies for unimportant reasons – the ‘Chronos’ Murakami Junpei and six others.

And those who obstructed him and his cooperators from monopolizing the death attribute – the Eighth Guidance members who harbored death-attribute Mana within them, as well as the survivors from the military nation’s secret laboratory who had been hiding in the Hexagon to conduct research into death-attribute magic.

Akira had succeeded in having all of them die without using his own hands, except for one.

“The only one left is *Amemiya Hiroto*, huh,” one of his cooperators murmured.

“The Braver... the hero is tenacious, after all,” said another.

“No, it’s not like that at all. If he, the leader, were to disappear, there’s a chance that ability-users in the Bravers organization would scatter. It’s more convenient for all of them to be gathered in once place. It’s more convenient to utilize them, and dispose of them, that way,” Akira explained, correcting his cooperators.

In fact, he had made his plans to ensure that *Amemiya Hiroto* wouldn’t be killed by Pluto. It wasn’t *Hiroto* who was in the way.

“Naruse Narumi... no, Amemiya Narumi. To think that Pluto would stop herself from killing her.”

The death of the ‘Angel,’ Naruse Narumi. This was the only objective of this chain of events that had not been accomplished.

“It was unexpected that she was in the early stages of pregnancy, but... I suppose the most unexpected thing was that Pluto was more of a romanticist than I’d expected,” Akira said.

“Unless you were being served by the goddess of destiny, bringing about all of your desired results under those circumstances would have been impossible. Or is that one of the abilities you possess?” asked one of the cooperators.

“No. As I explained to you people, the abilities I possess are Increased Learning Speed and Unlimited Development.”

The ‘Avalon’ Rikudou Akira. He was the reincarnated individual who had received the plainest cheat-like abilities among the Bravers. The ability to learn knowledge and skills more quickly than others, and the ability to develop as a person with no limits, were not abilities that he could show others and say, “Behold, my powers!”

He hadn’t been used to draft plans like the ‘Oracle’ Endou Kouya, nor had he been noticed like the ‘Noah’ Mao for the convenience of his abilities. He was also unable to act on the field using only his abilities, like Death Scythe, Hecatoncheir and Gungnir had done.

But using his abilities, he had studied diligently and had become one of the technical personnel of the Bravers... a magic specialist. This was the result of him focusing solely on increasing his skill with magic while the other reincarnated individuals struggled to learn to use their abilities.

And because of this, Akira had a certain ambition. He had gathered people to join his side to turn these ambitions into reality, and they had now assembled for this meeting.

Members of the Bravers just like Akira, religious officials, those in the political and business fields, military personnel – powerful people from all kinds of backgrounds.

Akira separated his fingers once more and pointed at the monitor that displayed all of these people as he addressed them.

“Now then, let’s leave the reflection at that. Today is a celebratory party. From this point onwards, we will nurture humanity, stepping onto a road towards a new human race that has evolved both physically and spiritually. First of all, we will acquire the power of the ‘Undead’...the person who was supposed to become the 101st Braver!”

Quite early on, Rikudou Akira had arrived at the truth that the ‘Undead’ had been one of the reincarnated individuals... probably Amamiya Hiroto, whom Naruse Narumi had mistaken *Amemiya Hiroto* for.

He had come to this conclusion from the fact that the ‘Undead’ had enjoyed rice at the research laboratory in which he was raised.

The Undead had desired not meat, fish or sweets, but rice. He had been Asian, but raised in a European culture. Despite being raised in a laboratory, where the only food he knew should have been what was fed to him, the Undead had desired rice.

Other people might have simply assumed that he had heard one of the workers at the laboratory talking about rice, but Akira was different.

*The time he was born is around the same time as us, too. Wasn't he reincarnated from Japan as well?*

Having instinctively realized this, Akira had destroyed the document recording the fact that the Undead had desired rice.

And then, with the hypothesis that the Undead was a reincarnated individual, he’d started his own independent research into the death attribute.

“This is reasoning stacked upon reasoning, but let me declare this. Our hands shall reach the death attribute! And through the death attribute, we will evolve into a new humanity!” Akira said.

Akira's cooperators stirred and cheered, and they gave a round of applause.

Rikudou Akira's ambition was to develop in a way that truly transcended all limits.

Due to the effects of Unlimited Development, it was possible for him to develop his stamina, Mana and skills endlessly, becoming a superhuman.

But even then, he would still be within the restrictions of being a 'superhuman.'

If he continued studying diligently for the decades to come, Rikudou Akira would likely leave his name behind in history as a mage with the magical mastery of a god.

But he would not be a god.

Even if he pushed his skill with magic to the limits, one day, he would grow old and die. From an average person's perspective, he may appear to be omnipotent, but in reality, he would be limited in all kinds of ways, far from omnipotent.

Most importantly, his body was too frail.

*No matter how much it develops, the time it takes for the brain's commands to reach the nerves cannot be shortened. Sensory organs, internal organs, muscle, bone, they're all too weak. My ability only removes the restriction of development, after all. It isn't something that can make me evolve from something other than a human.*

But if he were to master death-attribute magic –

*That will be the moment I become a member of a new human race beyond the Homo sapiens... No, I will become a god!*

As his cooperators gave him a standing ovation, the genius with the burning desire to become a supernatural being reaffirmed his determination to achieve his ambition, even if that meant using others as seeds to nurture his growth.



Murakami Junpei, Tsuchiya Kanako, Doug Atlas, Melissa J. Sautome, deceased.

Remaining reincarnated individuals: 79.



Completely unrelated to these events, the god of Origin was moving.

Like the god of Earth, it was a being that had been created after humanity's birth, from humanity's religions, fears and imagination.

It was far smaller than Earth's, but it had split into numerous divine beings modeled after legendary and mythical beings, and these all existed simultaneously.

It was in a state where angels and demons were constantly in direct contact with each other, and thus, its separate components had interfered with each other ever since its birth.

As a result of a negotiation with Zuruwarn, the god of space and creation, a god from the foreign world of Lambda, the god of Origin moved with a single purpose.

That purpose was to deliver the souls of the members of the Eighth Guidance to Zuruwarn, who resided in the foreign world of Lambda.

Normally, the rebirth of all souls was under Rodcorte's jurisdiction. Interfering with this was a grave violation of the rules.

However, the god of Origin had plenty of reason to commit this act.

After all, Rodcorte had reincarnated a hundred and one individuals in Origin from another world, without any previous warning, and even given all but one of them special abilities.

And the reason he'd done that was so that they could use Origin as a tutorial... a practice ground, before being reincarnated in Lambda.

Both the god of Origin's divine beings and demons alike had become enraged by this.

That was why god of Origin cooperated with Zuruwarn.

As the souls of the Eighth Guidance tried to obey the rules and return to Rodcorte, one of the divine beings in charge of the afterlife and reincarnation stopped them and sent them to Zuruwarn. As Rodcorte tried to interfere with this, all of the remaining divine beings drove him off.

As a god, Rodcorte had the upper hand in power and personal history. However, this was Origin. The only ones who knew of Rodcorte's existence were the reincarnated individuals, of whom about eighty remained.

There was no way that all of the gods of Origin's human race would be defeated by him.

The god of Origin had the feeling that it had accidentally picked up one different soul, but a divine being of love, among many others expressed the opinion that it should be sent along with the rest, and many of the demons, demon kings and spiritual monsters disliked the idea of going through the trouble of separating that one soul out, so the god of Origin simply sent all of these souls to Zuruwarn.



Zuruwarn, the god with the appearance of a winged, four-headed lion, awaited the souls of the Eighth Guidance.

Vandalieu had already created a vessel for them to be reincarnated into once the souls were received.

“At first, he simply intended to use Vida's relic to create them, but... though it's a coincidence, it's incredible that he's taken the base form of life with no soul and the base form of a spirit with no life, and then joined them together. As expected of Vandalieu, who was once those four.”

Zakkart, Ark, Solder and Hillwillow. Vandalieu was living up to the expectations of possessing a soul born from the soul fragments of those four.

“Now, all there's left to do is to place the souls in the vessel in order, and wait for new lives to be born. I'm looking forward to it~”

Zuruwarn had always had the personality of a trickster. One of the things that he was looking forward to was this endeavor that would likely enrage Alda, the god of law and fate.

His original goal had been to send Vandalieu allies to prove that he was not Vandalieu's enemy, however.

“The god of earth’s reactions are slow; the new siblings are still wandering about. Ricklent is still groggy from overusing his power... Aren’t I amazing for continuing to work under these circumstances?”

As Zuruwarn talked to himself in a normal, informal tone of speech, the Eighth Guidance’s souls arrived.

“Alright?... Hmm? It seems that there’s one unneeded one?... Hmm, hmm, so that’s how it is.”

Deciding that this didn’t matter, Zuruwarn went to put the souls, including that of the ‘Gazer’ Minuma Hitomi, into the vessel created by Vandalieu.

But at that moment, Rodcorte’s enormous hand extended towards him.

“Hand those souls over!” Rodcorte demanded.

“Zuruwarn! Take those souls and pull back for now!” shouted Ricklent, the genie of time and magic, as he tried to stop that enormous hand. However, he couldn’t even buy any time for Zuruwarn.

“How persistent of you, to chase me all the way to Lambda!” Zuruwarn muttered.

Rodcorte’s hand sent Ricklent flying aside and grasped at Zuruwarn, trying to take the souls that he was holding.

This place was a part of Lambda, the world where Zuruwarn and Ricklent were worshipped. Normally, just like the god of Origin, they would have been able to repel Rodcorte.

However, unlike the god of Origin, Zuruwarn and Ricklent were in wounded states; they had continued using their powers despite not having completely recovered from the injuries they sustained in the battle against the Demon King.

For Rodcorte, this was little more than taking candy from a baby.

*I won’t let you take them so easily!* Zuruwarn thought as he sunk his fangs into Rodcorte’s arm. It was a small, mostly-meaningless act of resistance. The amount of damage that Rodcorte took was equivalent to welts appearing on his arm.

However, that damage caused Rodcorte's arm to stop.

"Now's the time! Go, my souls!"

Using the single moment given to him, Zuruwarn drove all of the souls that he was holding into the vessel.

"The reincarnation has already been completed! Leave this place!" Ricklent shouted.

With a groan of frustration, Rodcorte's arm vanished. He had likely realized that there was nothing more that he could do.

No matter how much power he had, he could not step outside his jurisdiction. Having only a single authority was Rodcorte's weakness.

Zuruwarn let out a sigh of relief from all four of his heads. "Are you alright?" he asked Ricklent.

"It's nothing serious. But..." Ricklent looked at Zuruwarn with a grimace.

Zuruwarn nodded. "I know. Things have become troublesome. Rodcorte has found out that we've become Vandalieu's allies."

Up until this point, Rodcorte would have been under the assumption that the gods of Lambda were not Vandalieu's allies, at least among the divine that were currently active.

However, Zuruwarn and Ricklent were Vandalieu's allies... How would things turn out now that Rodcorte knew that they had started directly interfering with him?

But Ricklent shook his head, as he continued grimacing at Zuruwarn, his brother. "No, that's not it," he said. "Brother, you have ignored all of the procedures that I set as the god of magic, haven't you?"

The souls of the Eighth Guidance were supposed to be reincarnated into the vessel one at a time, with a few minutes between them. With Ricklent casting several spells during the process, even.

But Zuruwarn had simply driven all of the souls into the vessel at once.

“...Ah,” said Zuruwarn.

“That’s not what you should be saying.”

“But it was an emergency situation... Look, the vessel seems to contain the souls now, so hasn’t the reincarnation succeeded?”

“Indeed, the reincarnation has happened.”

The two gods looked at the vessel... the basic life form that Vandalieu had created using Vida’s relic, as it burbled and squirmed fiercely.

“...Even I can’t imagine what form they will be reincarnated in,” said Ricklent.

*Have I messed things up for the first time in a while?* Zuruwarn wondered, but he decided to blame everything on Rodcorte.

“Well, I’m sure it will work out. And Rodcorte is the one at fault. Now then, I’m going to return to the negotiations with the god of Earth, so I’ll leave the rest to you,” Zuruwarn said, and then he left.

“He ran away...” Ricklent let out a deep sigh and decided that for now, he would keep watch over the vessel containing the souls of all of the members of the Eighth Guidance and the ‘Gazer’ Minuma Hitomi.

# Chapter 121

## The meaty visitor in the dead of the night

As the 'thing' gained consciousness, it fell into a state of panic.

It didn't know its own state, where it was, or even what it was.

Its thoughts were a jumbled mess of different pronouns.

In this chaotic state, it tried to move, but its body wouldn't move the way it wanted it to.

*What is this? What is this? What happened? Why?"*

With this chaos turning into total confusion, the 'thing' desperately tried to move its body around. One of its movements managed to touch something silver.

When the 'thing' touched this object, it felt strangely calm, content and happy.

*That's right, I, I, I, grr... don't care.*

Within that happiness, the 'thing' abandoned the thought of analyzing itself. It also abandoned the thought of unification and separation.

The 'thing' realized that its current state was normal for it.

More importantly, the 'thing' wanted to move quickly.

*"Ooohhh..."*

Because this was the place that the 'thing' had dreamed of. It was the place that it had dreamed of and desired more than any paradise.

*Quickly, I must be at his side!*

Driven by this maddening desire, the 'thing' that had been named Lump-of-flesh-chan

floated into the air, and in the next instant, it vanished.



“Vandalieu, wake up. It’s still night, but there’s a visitor.”

Vandalieu awoke to the voice of his mother, Darcia, whose spirit resided in a small bone fragment.

“A visitor?”

Vandalieu could hardly be described as an ordinary boy, but even so, physically speaking, he was a nine-year-old child. Due to this fact, he slept long hours during times of peace.

*Everyone knows this, so there shouldn’t be anyone visiting me in the dead of the night unless it’s an emergency,* Vandalieu thought in confusion as he looked around. And then he saw the ‘visitor’ that Darcia had mentioned, and froze.

That ‘thing’ had the most bizarre appearance that Vandalieu had ever seen in any of his lives.

The ‘thing’ was floating in the middle of the air, and it had an overall spherical shape.

But it was made of countless human limbs, torsos and heads twisted around each other to form something resembling a sphere; it had an entirely abnormal appearance.

It was more flesh-colored than pink, and it didn’t appear to have skin, hair or even eyes.

Overall, there were more female-looking parts, but there were also some male-looking ones, and there were even animal-looking parts in a few places.

If it were to be given a description, something like ‘a sphere, three meters in diameter, created by a mad artist by twisting and combining flesh-colored mannequins made of clay’ might have fit.

If this royal castle hadn’t been built for the Titan race, whose males could reach heights of up to three meters, it would likely have become stuck against the ceiling.

“Nice to meet you,” Vandalieu said, addressing the ‘thing’s’ numerous, eyeless faces that consisted of only outlines. “Excuse me, but who would you be?”

He had been surprised at first, but he had quickly become accustomed to the ‘thing.’ He often grew numerous heads and limbs himself, and this ‘thing’ even resembled the Zombie Giants that had been created by combining multiple corpses. Vandalieu thought that compared to Merrebeveil, who consisted of bundles of tentacles forming the shape of a Scylla, the ‘thing’s’ appearance wasn’t all too surprising.

“OOOOHHHH!”

The ‘thing,’ still floating in the air, froze for a moment and then tear-like mouths appeared on its faces, skillfully producing expressions of grief.

And then it expressed its emotions by clutching its heads with its numerous arms, flailing its legs and twisting its torsos.

It had apparently been hurt by Vandalieu’s words.

“Vandalieu, I’m not sure if I should call it a child or children, but they seem to love you,” said Darcia. “Just now, it said, ‘we finally met him...’”

“Did it say that?”

“Mmm, it just said, ‘ooh,’ but that’s what it felt like.”

“I see.”

Vandalieu believed Darcia’s unreliable translation that was based on nothing more than what she felt. It was his mother’s words, after all.

And he had suspected what the origins of the ‘thing’ might be, so he thought that it wouldn’t be strange for Darcia to be able to understand its feelings.

“Its body looks like Lump-of-flesh-chan, but what’s inside?” Vandalieu wondered. “Did it grow something? Hmm, I don’t know. It does look like a soul has firmly attached itself, though.”

Lump-of-flesh-chan, the failed product that Vandalieu had created while trying to use Vida’s relic, the resurrection device, to create a body for Darcia. Something had

inhabited it, and now it was the 'thing' before Vandalieu's eyes.

Considering that, perhaps this 'thing' could be considered to be something like Darcia's identical twin.

However, the question was, *what* had inhabited it?

"Oooohh... Aaaahhh..."

The soul residing in the 'thing' that was trembling sorrowfully. Because Lump-of-flesh-chan had been a life form without a soul to begin with, it was difficult to imagine that one had been spontaneously created inside it.

With that being the case, Vandalieu considered the possibility of the spirits floating about nearby entering it on their own, but that didn't seem to be the case, either. The number of spirits around hadn't decreased, and if that was possible, it should have happened much sooner. Lump-of-flesh-chan had been around for over a year.

*So then, what is it?* Vandalieu wondered.

"Bad boy!" Darcia said, interrupting his thoughts. "You can't just make a girl cry and then leave her alone!"

Vandalieu was being scolded for leaving Lump-of-flesh-chan alone to its sad feelings.

Vandalieu did feel some doubt as to whether Lump-of-flesh-chan could be classified as a girl. However, it was a fact that he had hurt someone who had a liking for him and then left them alone.

*I suppose I can analyze it later.*

Vandalieu stepped down from his bed and called out to the 'thing.' "I'm sorry for saying something so callous. I didn't intend to make you sad. Would you like to be my friend?"

Vandalieu apologized earnestly and offered out his hand. The 'thing' froze in the air for a moment. In the next moment, several arms extended outwards, ignoring Vandalieu's hand and wrapping around him to embrace him.

From an outside perspective, it might have appeared that it intended to prey on him.

“AAAHH, UWAAAHH,” it groaned.

“I’m glad you made up,” said Darcia.

The ‘thing’ clearly had no hostile intentions. Even Vandalieu, who was being embraced, didn’t have any discomfort.

*Overall, it’s soft and squishy, and some places feel muscular, and its body temperature is a little low?*



Rodcorte stared at his minorly-injured arm in disbelief.

His hand was supposed to be holding the soul of the ‘Gazer’ Minuma Hitomi, as well as those of the Eighth Guidance, which he had intended to use as hostages against Vandalieu.

But his acquisition of these souls had been obstructed by the god of Origin, as well as the gods of Lambda – Zuruwarn, the god of space and creation, and Ricklent, the genie of time and magic.

The injuries that Rodcorte had received from Zuruwarn were minor. They were so small that they would heal quickly before long.

However, Rodcorte had never been attacked by another god before until now. Since he ruled over reincarnation, far away from every world, he had never become involved with any humans, gods or beings that were hostile towards gods.

Because of this, Rodcorte had no resistance at all when it came to pain. That was why he had faltered and allowed the souls of the ‘Gazer’ and the others to get away, but the cause of Rodcorte’s current discomposure was not the shock of his failure.

“Why are Zuruwarn, Ricklent and the god of Origin interfering with me... no, why are they acting as Vandalieu’s allies?”

Zuruwarn and Ricklent might have reacted with, “You really don’t know why?!” if they heard Rodcorte, but Rodcorte was truly surprised.

In his mind, since ages long past, he had always just been acting within his own

domain, prioritizing his work.

The exception was when he had sent reincarnated individuals from another world to the world of Origin, and Vandalieu himself had been one of those individuals. Rodcorte thought that Zuruwarn would have no reason to become Vandalieu's ally.

"But then, what is the meaning behind Zuruwarn and Ricklent interfering with me? It is also likely that Zuruwarn was the one who had made the god of Origin act as well. The god of Origin, like the god of Earth, is a collective god that is branched out into countless divine beings. There is no way that it would move with a single purpose unless the existence of its world hung in the balance."

In the past, it had been Zuruwarn who had negotiated with the god of the foreign world of *Earth* when he summoned the champions from that world. There was no mistaking it.

*TLN: Reminder that italicized Earth is the world that the champions (Bellwood, Zakkart, etc) came from, not the Earth where everyone was reincarnated from.*

But even with this experience, it couldn't have been simple for Zuruwarn to conduct negotiations when he still hadn't recovered from the damage he had suffered during the battle against the Demon King.

With that being the case, that meant that Zuruwarn had been acting for a considerable amount of time in advance. It meant that he had been negotiating for years at least.

"Just when did Zuruwarn and the other gods of Lambda become aware of Vandalieu's existence? No, more importantly, why are they interfering... showing hostility towards me?"

Rodcorte had thought that all of the gods of Lambda were slumbering other than Alda, the god of law and fate. It had been unexpected for these gods to be active, even if it was only two of them, and them showing hostility towards him had been even more unexpected.

After all, showing hostility towards Rodcorte would surely yield no benefits for them.

Unlike the Demon King, he had no thoughts of invading Lambda, and didn't desire its destruction. In fact, he wanted the world to develop. In that regard, Rodcorte could even be considered an ally to the gods of Lambda, in the broadest sense of the word.

In fact, he had sent reincarnated individuals there for the purpose of stimulating the world's development.

The only thing that could be achieved by defeating Rodcorte was a suspension of the function of the circle of transmigration system, which governed the transportation of the souls of Lambda's people.

If that happened, Lambda would be overrun by monsters, or become a world where only the races created by Vida would live.

Could that be what the gods of Lambda were after?

"I see. Zuruwarn and the others have chosen the circle of transmigration system created by Vida over mine. That is why they are allying themselves with Vandalieu, who is guiding the souls of even humans, Elves and Dwarves to Vida's system!"

Rodcorte hadn't expected any of the prominent gods who had sided with Vida to ally themselves with Vandalieu except for perhaps Zantark, who had lost his sanity after fusing with an evil god. He felt surprised by his own conclusion, but at the same time, he was convinced. This was certainly plausible.

And then he felt a strong sense of danger. If the world of Lambda as a whole chose Vida's circle of transmigration system, and his own system lost the foundation upon which it was based, Rodcorte would lose one of the sources of his power.

That wasn't where the problems stopped. If Vida was revived and she perfected her circle of transmigration system, it was possible that Zuruwarn would tell the god of Origin how to recreate circle of transmigration systems.

Rodcorte didn't know if this was how Zuruwarn had negotiated with the god of Origin, but considering the effort that it had put into its actions, it was certain that the god of Origin had its misgivings towards Rodcorte. If those misgivings were large enough, it would likely change its world's circle of transmigration system.

Such movements might spread beyond the worlds of Lambda and Origin.

For Rodcorte, who had no believers and was not known to any people in any world, his circle of transmigration systems controlling fewer worlds was a matter of life and death.

If more and more worlds chose Vida's circle of reincarnation system, he wouldn't even be able to turn into a specter, fairy or demon like other fallen gods; he would simply vanish like mist.

One or two worlds less wouldn't cause any problems. He would simply need to find newly-born worlds and obtain the authority to govern the circles of transmigration for those worlds. However, worlds were not born with great frequency, and there was no guarantee that he would be able to obtain authority over their circles of transmigration.

"Before that happens, I must kill Vandalieu at all costs!" Rodcorte concluded.

"...No, why is that the only conclusion you can come to? Our boss's way of thinking is too rigid," said a voice from below.

Rodcorte looked down to see the 'Calculation' Machida Aran and the 'Inspector' Shimada Izumi, who had become his familiar spirits, and the 'Noah' Mao Smith nearby as well.

"If it were me, I would apologize and ask him to not spread Vida's circle of transmigration systems to the other worlds, then completely give up on Origin and Lambda," said Izumi.

"If you can't cut your losses, things will progress to a point of no return. I agree with these two," said Mao.

There was the other dozen or so reincarnated individuals who had recently died as well. They had already been informed that there was a third life waiting for them through the 'instant information transmission' method.

"You... since you are my familiar spirits, my ruin will be your own ruin as well," Rodcorte said, wishing that his servants would at least share some of the sense of danger that he felt.

Izumi and Aran simply stared back at him through half-closed eyes.

Having no other choice, Rodcorte looked around at the other reincarnated individuals, including Mao. "...Quite a lot of you have died all at once," he remarked.

This caused the reincarnated individuals to either react with frowns like Tendou and

Kouya, or avert their eyes awkwardly like Murakami's group.

They hadn't died because they'd wanted to, but it seemed that they didn't want to protest and point this out to Rodcorte, the one who had granted them power and a new life.

"And it seems you are surprisingly deeply hostile towards each other. Even though your lives were but a tutorial before the real thing..." Rodcorte murmured.

It seemed that these words couldn't be ignored by the reincarnated individuals.

"You should have told us that first!" shouted the 'Chronos' Murakami Junpei.

"That's right! If we knew that something was coming afterwards, we wouldn't have done such reckless things!" protested the 'Venus' Tsuchiya Kanako.

Several others looked at those two with suspicious eyes, as if doubting their words, but they didn't appear to be fazed by this.

It seemed that they were mentally tough individuals.

"I agree," said the 'Mage Masher' Minami Asagi, who had been arguing with Murakami Junpei until just moments ago.

Since they had no physical bodies, punching each other caused no effect other than a vague sense of pain, so it seemed that he had been unable to put up with Murakami.

...Despite the fact that he had been advocating for his companions to reunite as one up until Murakami and his group died.

"Life and death are important things for humans. And we aren't optimistic enough to think that we could be reincarnated a second time just because it happened once. It was correct for us to think that we had only one life left, and desperately do our best to live it... even if what these guys were aiming for was completely wrong," Asagi added, glancing in Murakami and Kanako's direction.

The 'Oracle' Endou Kouya had more to add. "Living with the purpose of gaining experience to prepare for the next world. I can't say that there are none who live with that purpose. But we're not like that. We were desperate to achieve the dreams and goals we had for our second lives. With that being the case, it was only natural that

our opinions would oppose each other and we would go our separate ways from time to time. This is only something I realized now that our second lives are over, though.”

In other words, it seemed that Kouya wanted to say that the reincarnated individuals had been desperate to make the most of their second chance because they had never been told that their time in Origin was a tutorial.

“Hmm...”

Hearing these words, Rodcorte realized that it might have been a mistake to keep quiet about the fact that they had a third life ahead of them.

The truth was that people being reincarnated with the memories and personalities of their previous lives intact was not common at all. At the very least, this was the only time that Rodcorte had carried it out.

There were probably cases in which individuals were reincarnated with the memories and personalities of their previous lives due to errors and bugs in some circle of transmigration systems, but this was impossible in Rodcorte’s systems, which he maintained scrupulously... Vandalieu was causing great damage to Lambda’s system, but such reincarnations had not occurred as of yet.

With that being the case, these individuals could not be blamed for living their second lives in a desperate fashion.

*Still, you all came from the same background, and many of you were acquaintances who studied at the same school,* Rodcorte thought, but even he would not say this out loud.

He was a god who governed circles of transmigration. He knew that humans were creatures that formed firm bonds with each other astonishingly quickly, but they were also creatures that would betray and kill each other for astonishingly stupid reasons.

And one of the reasons he had gone out of his way to reincarnate a hundred and one people at once was so that there would be no problems if ten or twenty percent of them were to be killed at each other’s hands, or if some, like Kaidou Kanata, became absorbed in their own power and disposed of other reincarnated individuals and other people living in their world.

However, it was far past the time to tell the reincarnated individuals that they had a third chance.

“Well then, do you think it would be better if I were to tell the rest of them now that they have a third life?” Rodcorte asked, already knowing the answer.

It was the ‘Chronos’ Murakami Junpei who responded. “No, it’s too late. I think things would become even worse if you were to tell them,” he said.

“What are you talking about, you shitty teacher? Everything turned out like this because nobody knew that we have a third life ahead of us,” said Asagi.

“I don’t mind being called shitty, but stop it with the ‘teacher,’ you muscle-brain Asagi,” Murakami retorted. “What you say is true; if we’d known that we had a third life ahead, we wouldn’t have betrayed you and made you our enemies for our third lives. But that only applies if we’d known from the beginning.”

“Huh? Be clearer.”

“...Sensei is saying that it’s too late,” said the ‘Marionette’ Inui Hajime, still hugging his knees. “It’s true that if the Bravers were to be told now that there is a third life, they would try to live with more dignity and justice. There wouldn’t be any more like me and Kanata. If they knew that they would be reincarnated one more time and that they would be questioned after their deaths by Inspector-sama here who’s become an angel, they wouldn’t be able to do any bad things unless they’d totally given up on themselves.”

If they did anything bad in life, rather than being sent to hell by a god, they would be killed by the waiting reincarnated individuals the moment they were reborn. No, perhaps they would be reincarnated as livestock or work-horses with the memories and personalities of their previous lives intact.

Being reincarnated as livestock with a human’s mind would be a more fearsome punishment than being sent to hell.

In fact, a certain reincarnated individual’s parent on Earth had apparently been reincarnated as a tortoise, so such a punishment was certainly possible.

“But if we told Rikudou Akira and those cooperating with him, do you think they’d stop now?” Hajime continued. “He pulled the strings from the shadows, brainwashed the Metamorph, disposed of me, Sensei and the others, as well as the death attribute researchers along with the entire department of defense of the federal nation, and he is continuing to betray *Amemiya* and the other Bravers.

“That’s... it seems impossible for him to change,” said Asagi.

All of the people that Akira had supposedly disposed of knew everything that he had done. Even if he knew this... Rikudou Akira was unlikely to change his behavior.

And people in Origin’s political and business circles were among Akira’s cooperators. Explaining reincarnation and such to them would not be an option.

In fact, it was highly likely that Akira’s actions would become even more radical if he learned that he had a third life awaiting him.

“That’s how it is. Therefore, we cannot tell the remaining individuals in Origin about their reincarnation to Lambda,” said Rodcorte. “Of course, the immortality that Rikudou Akira has made his goal is very inconvenient for me. I will take action against him eventually, so I wish for you to turn your attention towards your reincarnation in Lambda.”

“Alright, Kami-sama. So, what kind of punishment is waiting for us?” Murakami asked, sounding like he had already resigned to a punishment.

“...Punishment? What are you talking about?” said Rodcorte.

He didn’t understand why Murakami was asking such a thing.

“As we thought,” Izumi and Aran whispered to themselves.

Both Murakami and Asagi, who had been arguing fiercely with him earlier, showed expressions of bewilderment.

“I mean, you saw everything, right? The things we did. I’m even the one directly responsible for killing those two, who became your familiar spirits, you know?” Murakami continued.

He had played dumb when questioned by *Amemiya Hiroto*, but since there was no need to hide things from people who knew everything, he confessed his own deeds. The ones he had killed were even present, but he ignored them.

“Is there something wrong with that?” asked Rodcorte.

“I mean, something wrong, you say...”

Not only did Rodcorte show no signs of criticizing Murakami's crimes, he seemed to be completely uninterested. Murakami's confusion grew thicker.

Because he was the master of this Divine Realm, Rodcorte understood what he was thinking, and began his explanation, taking a little care in choosing his words.

"I am not responsible for delivering justice in Origin. Therefore, I do not intend to blame you for the crimes you committed in Origin. To begin with, laws are decided by humans to judge other humans. They have nothing to do with a god such as myself. If I were to punish every single human for killing others, what would I do with the great number of murderers that appear every time a war occurs on Earth or in Origin?"

Rodcorte was a god who governed the circles of transmigration... *only* the circles of transmigration. He would normally never reward anyone no matter how good they were, nor would he punish anyone no matter how evil they were. Indifferently, he simply welcomed the souls of the dead, immediately loaded them into his system and had them reborn.

"And if you want to speak of murderers, the others are not so different from you. Minami Asagi in particular has killed many," said Rodcorte.

Being called out suddenly, Asagi protested in surprise. "W-wait a minute! I don't remember killing anyone but terrorists and dangerous criminals! And it's not like I intended to kill them!"

"Even terrorists and dangerous criminals are just humans to me," said Rodcorte.

Asagi's face stiffened as he fell into silence.

Aran continued explaining things to him and the others. "Everyone, for Rodcorte... this god, both good and evil people are just humans. No matter what motives and background there is for a murder, it's still just a murder. Our killing of terrorists to protect the many, murders committed by deranged serial killers, soldiers killing enemy soldiers to protect their own nations, it's all just murder."

Aran believed that murder could be considered a good deed depending on the circumstances. At first, Rodcorte's opinion of "no lives are more or less important than others, so the act of taking them is simply murder, no matter what motives are behind it" might sound like Rodcorte believed that each life was important, but the truth was that this was the absolute worst sense of values from a human's perspective.

Rodcorte was completely indifferent to humans' good or evil qualities; he felt no value in life itself. It was fine as long as lots of people were born, lived and died. That was what he thought.

"He does think that it would be a problem if someone planned to wipe out all life. But that's all it is," said Izumi, adding to Aran's explanation. "It looks like he doesn't intend to blame you for killing us... though personally, I can't forgive you."

"I see, that's good," Murakami sighed, realizing that Rodcorte really had no intention of punishing him.

The fact that he showed no signs of concern over Izumi and Aran's cold gazes might have been because he felt no sense of guilt to begin with.

"Well then, the problem is what comes after we're reborn. Asagi, Konoe, if you don't like me, shall we try to kill each other once we're reborn?" Murakami suggested, turning his attention towards his next life.

"If you're still up to no good, then yeah," said Asagi.

"Of course! If I see you in our next lives, I'm going to kill you with Death Scythe right away!" said Kyuuji.

"No, that would be problematic," said Rodcorte. He had been uninterested in events on Origin, but he stepped in to stop them now. "Unlike in Origin, my objective is to have you reborn in Lambda to stimulate the development of the world. It would be problematic if you were to reduce your own numbers by killing each other. And I have something I would like to request of you."

"Is it killing that Vandaliu guy you were talking about earlier? We're not hired assassins," said Murakami.

"Considering that you don't care about anyone as long as they can't wipe out all life, it makes me shudder to imagine trying to kill someone you consider 'necessary to dispose of,'" Asagi added.

"If you tell me who he is, I'll kill him right away with my Death Scythe. So don't interfere with me killing this shitty teacher!" said Kyuuji.

The reincarnated individuals didn't seem to be too enthusiastic about this. Izumi and

Aran gave a simple explanation.

“It’s the first among us reincarnated individuals who died. He was in Murakami’s class; he was my and Minami’s classmate. It’s Amamiya Hiroto, who fell into the sea as he saved Narumi when the ferry sank,” said Izumi.

“In Origin, his name was the ‘Undead.’ It’s the one that *Hiroto* and the others faced, the one who saved the Eighth Guidance that you were fighting and gave them powers,” Aran added.

The reincarnated individuals froze as they heard this explanation, and their faces stiffened as they comprehended the meaning of these words.

## Chapter 122

### The threat lying in wait and the threat closing in

Upon receiving the information from Rodcorte that Amamiya Hiroto had been reincarnated in Origin as the 'Undead' and was now Vandalieu, the faces of the Bravers, as well as Murakami and the others who had deserted them, grew pale. The 'Oracle' Endou Kouya reacted particularly severely; he collapsed onto his knees.

Of course, the reasons the two groups turned pale were different, however.

"How could this have happened! To think that the Undead was him... Amamiya Hiroto, one of our companions!" Minami Asagi shouted. He clutched his head at the realization that he and his companions had exterminated a former classmate as a mere Undead and unknowingly handed the Eighth Guidance, the ones that this former classmate had saved, to a research laboratory for further inhumane research to be carried out on them.

Tendou, Akaki and Mao felt the same way, but it seemed that Asagi felt even more shock because Amamiya had been his own classmate.

"What have we done to such a good guy, someone who risked his life to try to save Narumi!" Asagi groaned.

"Eh?! Minami, you remember Amamiya-kun?!" Izumi asked him.

She had been the class representative and even she didn't remember Amamiya Hiroto; it was very surprising that Asagi remembered him.

"Of course, how could I forget such a good guy!" Asagi said.

"What specifically do you remember?"

"Specifically, you know, when Naruse was about to fall, but he saved her and fell into the ocean instead. Not just anyone could do something like that. And we did something like that to such a guy."

“No, that’s a story you heard from Narumi; you didn’t see it with your own eyes, right? Do you remember anything other than that... you don’t, do you.”

Asagi’s eyes wandered around restlessly as he searched his memories. “No, but he’s a good guy, right?” he said in the end.

“It’s true that I’ve never talked to him before. But I never heard any bad rumors about him, so I thought he was a good person...”

It seemed that both Asagi and Izumi simply remembered that they didn’t remember anything about Amamiya Hiroto.

Other than Asagi, the ‘Death Scythe’ Konoe Kyuuji and the ‘Venus’ Tsuchiya Kanako had been Amamiya’s classmates as well, but judging from the fact that they weren’t saying anything, it seemed that they didn’t remember anything about him either.

“I’ve realized the weakness of my Inspector once more...” Izumi once again realized that she couldn’t detect falsities that she herself assumed were true.

“Who cares about memories of a guy on Earth? Nobody remembers him anyway,” said the ‘Chronos’ Murakami Junpei, who had been the homeroom teacher of Amamiya Hiroto’s class, forcefully changing the topic. “The problem is that it’s highly likely that he resents us, and the question is whether we can kill him.”

Murakami and his group had turned pale not because of a sense of guilt, but because of the fact that there was a being waiting for them in their next life who would have a desire to kill them.

And that being was the ‘Undead’...the one who had given the Eighth Guidance their powers. For Murakami, this was quite a bad situation.

“Gazer and the Eighth Guidance are with him as well, right? He already resented us before, but now I’m sure he’ll be wanting to kill us even more. Shit!” Murakami cursed.

“No, he was unexpectedly indifferent... Murakami-san, you’ve received the information that Kaidou Kanata experienced as well, haven’t you?” asked Aran.

The information that Rodcorte had given the reincarnated individuals included the fact that the second reincarnated individual to die, the ‘Gungnir’ Kaidou Kanata, had tried to kill Vandalieu and then been destroyed.

Several of them had muttered, “Scum will always be scum, even if they’re reborn,” but the truth was that before destroying Kanata, Vandalieu had said that he didn’t care about the reincarnated individuals as long as they didn’t get involved with him.

“After he was exterminated by us... the Bravers, in Origin, and he’d just arrived here, he was angry to the point of losing his sanity, but now, the environment around him has changed and time has passed. As long as you don’t accept this idiot’s stupid idea and don’t do anything stupid, I think it’ll be fine,” said Aran.

“Aran, when you say ‘idiot,’ are you perhaps referring to me?” Rodcorte asked.

“That’s right, I’m referring to you, idiot,” said Aran.

He was an angel, calmly insulting a god that was his own boss. Of course, Rodcorte showed no signs of caring about being called an idiot. He had known from the beginning that Aran and Izumi had no respect for him, and he was aware that their objective was to ensure their companions’ safety; they were against his plan of using them as assassins to kill Vandalieu.

“And Vandalieu is capable of destroying souls,” Izumi added. “Because Kanata said something stupid about him continuing to be reborn and going after Vandalieu no matter how many times he died, if you try to kill Vandalieu and are killed in return, you won’t just die. I’m sure no matter what you say, your souls will be broken and your existence will be extinguished.”

She clearly explained the risks involved with showing hostility against Vandalieu. Even after being told that their souls would be broken, normal people wouldn’t really be able to fear how fearsome that was, but these people were those who had already experienced reincarnation and died twice; they understood what this would mean.

A final, irreversible end. They would not return to Rodcorte once more; there was not even the smallest chance of a miracle that could make that happen.

“Looking at it another way, he’s the only one who can break souls. As long as you don’t become his enemy, your soul won’t be broken,” Izumi said, imploring her companions to not show hostility towards Vandalieu.

“No, that’s impossible,” said the ‘Death Scythe’ Konoe Kyuuji, cutting her off.

“Oi, Kyuuji, what do you mean?” asked the ‘Hecatoncheir’ Doug.

“Doug, do you really believe what Vandalieu said? The words from the mouth of a person whose thoughts you can never tell, whose expression doesn’t budge an inch even as he’s killing people? And they’re words that he said after Kanata pretended to kneel on the ground. How can you be sure that those words weren’t an act as well? Or are you saying that one of you can declare with absolute certainty that he’ll do exactly as he said?!” Kyuuji shouted at everyone else.

Doug nodded. “That’s true. The records we got from this god showed that he has eyes like those of a dead fish. The fact that he shows no expression is creepy, and his voice sounds so monotone that it sounds like he’s reading a script. It doesn’t look like he’s clearly trying to deceive us, but he’s not someone we can trust.”

It wasn’t just him; it seemed that the ‘Clairvoyance’ Tendou and the ‘Noah’ Mao were doubtful of Vandalieu’s words as well.

After all, this was a person whose existence they couldn’t even remember from the time they lived on Earth. The reincarnated individuals couldn’t see a single thing that suggested that he might be trustworthy.

“Shimada, can’t you use Inspector to find out?” asked the ‘Ifrit’ Akaki.

“This happened before I became a familiar spirit, so I don’t know anything but what I saw in the record. But what I do know is that he really said those words to Kanata,” said Izumi.

When she looked at a record of the past, her Inspector could only tell whether that record itself was real or not.

“Well then, I can’t really believe him, either,” Akaki said. “I feel bad, but...”

“I mean, he does do all of those things.”

“He makes Skeletons and Zombies, commands monsters, spreads a biological weapon to slaughter six thousand people, sews corpses together or feeds them to his minions... and he’s killed several people by drinking their blood, hasn’t he?”

“He brainwashes people as well, and he’s a cannibal, too. He acts more like a demon than Rikudou does.”

As the reincarnated individuals unanimously agreed, from their perspective, the acts

that Vandalieu had committed up until now were almost purely evil. The individual events had their own circumstances, but Vandalieu being insane and the fact that he would sacrifice others for his own benefit were both real facts.

However, the reason the reincarnated individuals thought this way was because the information about Vandalieu that Rodcorte had given them was biased.

Being a god of reincarnation, Rodcorte could see the records of what the souls in his system had experienced. This was the information that Asagi and Murakami had.

However, Vandalieu was often surrounded by only those who were outside Rodcorte's system – those of Vida's races and Undead. And since he had acquired the Demon Guider Job, even the humans and Dwarves who were supposed to be a part of Rodcorte's system were led to Vida's circle of reincarnation system, so the information that Rodcorte could obtain was terribly limited.

As a result, Rodcorte could only show the reincarnated individuals records of the things experienced by those of races such as humans before they came under Vandalieu's guidance, or Vandalieu's enemies who could not be guided.

Of course, there was a limited amount of favorable feelings towards Vandalieu recorded in this information.

“So, the plan to trust Vandalieu and try to convince him that we won't get involved with him, isn't it impossible after all?”

“Haah... Even if the risk is too high and it isn't worth it, it would be nice if he could understand us.”

Whether out of trust or fear, as long as the reincarnated individuals avoided Vandalieu, their souls wouldn't be destroyed. Of course, Lambda was filled with plenty of dangers other than Vandalieu, but as long as their souls weren't broken, they had the hope of another life.

“But Kouya, hadn't you learned of the situation with your Oracle beforehand?” Mao asked. “Even if nothing could be done right after he was born, I think that things wouldn't have turned out this way if we'd found him and rescued him before he turned into the 'Undead.’”

Kouya, who was still on his knees, suddenly returned to his senses and raised his head,

but he quickly shook his head. “If you’re asking me whether it was possible or not, then I think it was possible. But I wasn’t careful enough; I didn’t notice. I realized that Amamiya Hiroto had been reincarnated quite some time after we defeated the ‘Undead.’”

“Quite a useless oracle, aren’t you?” the ‘Death Scythe’ Konoe Kyuuji muttered.

His eyes seemed to be saying, “If you did your job properly, the Eighth Guidance would have never formed, and I wouldn’t have been killed.” They were filled with clear, unfounded resentment.

“Kyuuji, shut up for a moment. Now that I’ve become a familiar spirit, and you’re still just a spirit, it would be simple for me to beat the hell out of you,” Aran reminded Kyuuji, glaring at him.

Kyuuji clicked his tongue and fell into silence.

Aran turned his gaze away from him and looked at Murakami and Asagi. “You guys, too. Feel free to discuss things, but leave the arguing for later. We won’t get anywhere otherwise. You hear me?”

“Yeah, yeah, alright,” Murakami said reluctantly.

“Alright. I just have to be the bigger person here, right?” said Asagi, being obedient for once.

“Thanks, Aran,” said Kouya. “I’ll preface this by saying that my Oracle doesn’t send me prophecies like its name might suggest. Just like how Odin isn’t actually a Scandinavian god, and how Chronos and Venus aren’t a god of time or a goddess of love, either. It’s just a codename that was given to me because it seemed like an oracle.”

The Bravers’ codenames had been decided back when they were still a non-governmental organization that conducted relief work for disasters and accidents, after consultation with each other and those whom they were close with in Origin.

To put it bluntly, it was a strategy to build an image for themselves.

Because of this, there weren’t many that used titles that would easily generate a negative image. They didn’t use the names of saints and gods of currently-existing religions, either. They didn’t want to face backlash from the people of those religions.

Thus, many of them were named after ancient Scandinavian and European gods, as well as well-known fairies and youkai.

Those who didn't fit under this description had codenames that straightforwardly described the effects of their abilities, like Inspector and Gazer.

The Oracle ability was a powerful one, so it was given that name.

It answered questions with almost a hundred percent accuracy. It wouldn't have been strange for the people of Origin or even the reincarnated individuals and Endou Kouya himself to believe that these were messages sent by an all-knowing, omnipotent god.

"The reality was different. Isn't that right?" Kouya asked, directing his question at Rodcorte.

"Of course," Rodcorte replied immediately. "I, the one who gave you your powers, am far from all-knowing and omnipotent. How could I give just one of you a power that allows you to ask an all-knowing, omnipotent being your questions and have it answer them?"

The Oracle was just another one of the abilities given by Rodcorte to the reincarnated individuals. It was one of over a hundred.

Thus, of course, it was not a power that surpassed Rodcorte's own.

"And I deliberately applied restrictions to that power. You have asked it numerous questions in various forms, trying to find out what has become of Earth now. What was the answer you received to those questions?" Rodcorte asked.

Most of the reincarnated individuals other than Kouya frowned. They had asked Kouya to ask those kinds of questions themselves.

Because the reincarnated individuals had suddenly died unreasonable deaths at the hands of terrorists, the curtain had been closed on their lives in an abrupt fashion. It was only natural for them to be curious as to what became of their families on Earth.

However, Kouya had asked the Oracle these questions and received no answers.

This was because Rodcorte had placed limits on Oracle's power. He had made it so that it would not give answers regarding worlds other than the one its owner currently

resided in.

If he had made its power encompass multiple worlds, it would have too much of a burden on a human's mind and Mana, so the person possessing the ability would become a vegetable.

Rodcorte had also thought that there was no point in knowing about things happening in other worlds.

Telling the reincarnated individuals how their families on Earth were doing might have been good for their mental states, but Rodcorte was a god who not only didn't consider these feelings important; he thought very little of them. If he wasn't like this, he wouldn't have prepared a hundred and one reincarnated individuals... enough so that there would be no problems even if some were to be destroyed, like the 'Gazer' Minuma Hitomi.

And he hadn't thought that telling them about Lambda while they were in Origin was necessary for his original purpose of Lambda's development.

If he was the kind of god to take such indirect actions, he would have explained everything to the reincarnated individuals when he'd gathered them in his Divine Realm after they died on Earth. And if he had intended to support them so attentively, he would have told the other reincarnated individuals about Amamiya Hiroto early on and asked them to save him.

"In fact, I do not understand why you were so over-reliant on the Oracle," Rodcorte said. "I had thought that you would keep your use of the Oracle to a minimum."

From his point of view, it was incomprehensible that Kouya and the others had relied so heavily on an ability that provided answers from an unknown source, a source that gave different answers to the same question depending on the words and nuances used in asking the question.

"...Now that you mention it, it's exactly as you say. I relied too much on the Oracle. So then, please tell me. What was the Oracle, the being that answered my questions?" Kouya asked.

He had once investigated what the Oracle answering his question was. Even if he asked the Oracle itself, its answer was always different, so he had investigated himself by studying psychological and magical theory, myths and legends, and even asking Aran

to use his Calculation to help investigate while he was still alive.

Even so, in the end, he never knew what was answering his questions.

“I suppose you cannot make full use of it unless I explain...” Rodcorte said. “It is the information that the souls of my circle of transmigration system know or once knew. While you were alive in Origin, you could have thought of it as the memories and knowledge of all of humanity and all plant and animal life in Origin. As an ability, it should have been named ‘Archive’ instead of ‘Oracle.’”

“I see,” Kouya murmured. “No wonder I couldn’t understand what it was that was answering my questions.”

Nobody had ever known what the source of the Oracle’s answers were, so there was no way for the Oracle to answer what its own identity was. It was only natural for different answers such as “probably a god” or “perhaps the will of the heavens” to be given based on people’s assumptions.

“Then why couldn’t he use it to find Amamiya Hiroto? Back then, he was a soul that existed in your system as well, wasn’t he?” Murakami asked Rodcorte.

But it was Kouya who answered this question. “This is only something that I know now, but he probably didn’t think of himself as one of our companions. You all just said it a moment ago, didn’t you – you don’t remember him. He was probably aware that none of us remembered him.”

“I see. And he didn’t receive anything from the god before being reincarnated in Origin. He fell outside your search criteria,” Murakami muttered.

At the time, none of the reincarnated individuals, including Kouya, had known about the circle of transmigration system. That was why Kouya had narrowed his search criteria to ‘reincarnated individuals who received abilities from a god,’ but that had done more harm than good in the end.

“And after he became the Undead, he was removed from the system, so there was no way to detect him at all,” Kouya added.

“Wait, then how did you realize afterwards that Amamiya Hiroto had died after that? After he reincarnated in Lambda, nobody in Origin should have known about him. Including the Eighth Guidance,” said Tendou.

As he said, even the Eighth Guidance had been unaware that Amamiya Hiroto, who had turned into the Undead, was a reincarnated individual from Earth.

However, the beings that the reincarnated individuals had regarded as inferior had known the whole truth.

“When Amamiya Hiroto awaked to the death attribute, the spirits around him would have known everything. As they were wandering as spirits, they were outside of my system, and they returned to my system when Amamiya Hiroto was exterminated at your hands,” said Rodcorte.

At the time, because Amamiya Hiroto’s ownership over his own body had been stolen from him, he had spent his days as a spirit outside his body, talking and listening to the spirits around him.

But these spirits were his enemies, the ones who had conducted research on him while he was alive. Though he listened to what they had to say, he seldom spoke back to them.

However, the spirits had been around him when he muttered words of resentment towards Rodcorte, who had failed to give only him any power at all, and the other reincarnated individuals who weren’t coming to save him.

“I see... I understand why. I understand why, but... nothing can be done about it now,” said Kouya.

Amamiya Hiroto... Vandalieu, wouldn’t care, even if the reincarnated individuals explained why they hadn’t noticed him and ended up exterminating him.

Even if he had been serious when he said that he didn’t care about the reincarnated individuals as long as they didn’t get involved with him, the moment they contacted him to explain the situation, they would become ‘involved’ with him.

If it was a lie, there was nothing to even think about.

“Now that I have finished explaining things, I will have you make a choice,” said Rodcorte. “The first choice is to accept my request and eliminate Vandalieu. If you choose to do this, I will grant you all of the rewards you wish that I am capable of granting, just as I promised Kaidou Kanata. The second choice is to reincarnate in Lambda without accepting my request. Even if you choose this option, there will be no

punishment or penalty. As long as you cooperate in Lambda's development, I do not mind. I do not mind allowing you to ascend to become familiar spirits as Shimada Izumi and Machida Aran have done, but be aware that if you do this, it will not be easy for you to become a human again."

Whichever the reincarnated individuals chose, Rodcorte would make adjustments and help them, just as he had done with Kaidou Kanata, or perhaps to an even greater extent.

After hearing Rodcorte's promises, the reincarnated individuals remained silent, looking at him suspiciously.

"Everyone, my Inspector isn't responding, so he's telling the truth," said Izumi.

"Of course I am," said Rodcorte. "As I said before, it would be troublesome if you were to die in Lambda so easily. I want you to understand that the situation has changed for me since the time you died on Earth and you were reincarnated in Origin."

In other words, Rodcorte was in a position where he couldn't afford to easily lose "a few of the hundred" reincarnated individuals in Lambda, unlike in Origin.

"There's no lies in his words," Izumi said, assuring the reincarnated individuals.

And then an argument between them began. Whichever they chose, the threat of Vandaliu would still exist, so they felt that it would be dangerous for one person to make a decision on their own.

"I don't mind if you argue for several days, but please give me an answer within a month. If you cannot come to an answer, do as I, Shimada Izumi or Machida Aran suggest," said Rodcorte.

And while he waited for the reincarnated individuals to make a choice, he turned his thoughts towards perhaps answering Alda's request, which he had put aside and left for a while.

"...If Vida, the manager of the system, could be destroyed, or at least removed from her position as a god, then is it possible?"



Upon laying eyes upon the thing, the man showed astonishment, and then he began trembling, tears flowing from his eyes. He was so filled with emotion that he had become completely immobilized, on the verge of soiling himself.

The thing he was looking at was what had become of the person he had looked up to as his master.

There was a boy with white, wax-like skin and eyes like those of a dead-fish, half-buried inside the sphere of what appeared to be flesh-colored clay mannequins entangled around each other.

Unable to endure his emotions any longer, the man let out his voice in a shout. “Master! You are the greatest! You did not create a living creature from a pre-existing base life form; even if you did use the relic of a goddess, you created life from nothing at all! This is truly the work of a god!” shouted Luciliano, who, as a life-attribute mage, had been moved to the heights of emotion.

The lump of flesh that had absorbed Vandalieu began to tremble as well.

“Luciliano, please be quiet. Legion is clinging onto me strongly out of fear, and there is a risk of me suffocating,” said Vandalieu.

The morning after Lump-of-flesh-chan had become a new life-form, Vandalieu had summoned all of his important allies that he could gather.

So that he could share the information that he had gained from Lump-of-flesh-chan, who had been renamed ‘Legion.’

Mouth-like tears had formed on Legion’s numerous faces; some were groaning, some were shrieking and some were simply breathing. Even Luciliano had been doubtful as to whether it was possible to understand it, but when Vandalieu extended his spirit form towards it and fused a part of himself with it, communication had become possible.

It was difficult, however, as he would hear a new, different voice take over after several seconds or a minute at most, and sometimes he heard multiple voices at once.

Communication using this method was probably only possible because Vandalieu

possessed the Parallel Thought Processing skill and he normally had his spirit form heads split into multiple.

“If there is a chance that Vandalieu-sama is going to suffocate, then perhaps it is time that you let him go?” said Eleanora, sounding a little envious.

“Van, I want to hug Lump-of-flesh-chan as well! She looks soft and pleasant!” said Pauvina; her words were rather dangerous as she could easily crush a log by hugging it.

“It kind of looks like... it would be delicious if it were cooked. I don’t mean any harm though,” said Basdia, who hadn’t eaten breakfast yet, causing Legion even more fear.

Incidentally, the Scylla Privel had collapsed onto the floor, wearing an expression that was as if the world were about to end.

“No way... I can’t even win in terms of number of legs... I can’t even compete... It’s over for me!” she cried, bursting into tears.

“Privel, it seems that you have become confused, so how would you like some tea to soothe your heart?” said Bellmond, offering Privel a cup of tea. “Incidentally, Danna-sama... What would that Legion... dono, like for breakfast?” she asked, seeming confused as to how to address Legion since it contained many female parts but several male parts as well.

Legion seemed to be a life-form, not an Undead. Thus, food was certainly necessary not just for enjoyment, but to maintain life, but... from its appearance, it was difficult to imagine what it would eat.

It looked able to eat things normally, and it didn’t seem like it would only eat raw meat.

“It seems that anything will do. Meat, fish, vegetables are all fine. It can apparently absorb any organic matter through its body surface. But if possible, meat is best,” said Vandalieu.

“So, it is like a Slime,” Bellmond said.

Her words seemed to trigger a hostile response in Kühl; it trembled and began repeatedly trying to change its liquid body’s shape to resemble Legion’s, failing and collapsing again.

“By the way, is this the kid’s kid? Or does this make it his aunt?” asked Borkus.

Legion was a failed product created by Vandalieu trying to create the body of Darcia using Vida’s relic, the resurrection device. It seemed that Borkus was curious as to its relationship to Vandalieu.

“Everyone, calm down! Vandalieu has something important to say, so please listen,” Darcia urged everyone. “Also, don’t scare Legion-chan. She was only just born, after all.”

“Still, it’d be great if it’d stop trembling whenever me and Levia-ohimesan get close to it,” said Kimberley.

“Uu, Your Majestyyy. I was supposed to spend the whole day within fifteen centimeters of you today. You promised that we’d go to visit Zandia together,” Levia complained.

“It can’t be helped; Kimberley is made of lightning and you’re made of flames, Levia. She seems to be weak to fire, too. I’ll join you, so don’t be like that,” said Orbia.

The Ghosts were muttering their complaints a short distance away.

*We’ll get nowhere if I don’t quickly explain things,* Vandalieu thought as he started speaking.

“A number of the guys who will possibly become my enemies... the reincarnated individuals, have died in Origin. About ten of them,” he said.

The memories of the Eighth Guidance and the ‘Gazer’ Minuma Hitomi remained within Legion.



- **Name:** Legion
- **Age:** 0
- **Title:** None
- **Rank:** 1
- **Race:** Living lump of flesh
- **Level:** 0
- **Job:** None
- **Job level:** 0
- **Job history:**
- **Passive skills:**
  - Mental Corruption: Level 7
  - Composite Soul
  - Magic Resistance: Level 1
  - Special Five Senses
  - Physical Attack Resistance: Level 1
  - Form Alteration: Level 1
  - Super-speed Regeneration: Level 1
- **Active skills:**
  - Limited Death-Attribute Magic: Level 10
  - Size Alteration: Level 1
  - Commanding: Level 3
  - Surgery: Level 5
  - Unarmed Fighting Technique: Level 3
  - Short Sword Technique: Level 2
  - Fusion: Level 1
- **Unique skills:**
  - Rodcorte's Divine Protection → Lost due to moving circle of transmigration systems!
  - New good fortune of reincarnation → Lost due to moving circle of transmigration systems!
  - God of Origin's Divine Protection
  - Zuruwarn's Divine Protection
  - Ricklent's Divine Protection
  - Gazer: Level 5

Race explanation:

### 【Living lump of flesh】

A mysterious combined life form created from a mixture of 'Lump-of-flesh-chan,' who seemed to be a base form of life, the disappearing silver that Vandalieu created, and the souls of all of the Eighth Guidance members as well as the 'Gazer' Minuma Hitomi, which Zuruwarn did away with various procedures and hammered into the body.

The souls were supposed to be inserted one at a time, separate from the lump of flesh and gain bodies resembling the ones they had in their previous lives, or bodies that were at least appropriately-shaped even if they were slightly different.

It has the appearance of a sphere around three meters in diameter, made of flesh-colored clay mannequins entwined around each other. The shapes of the outlines of their heads might share some familiar features that could possibly be recognized by those who knew the Eighth Guidance Members and Minuma Hitomi well.

As it appears, it is made entirely of flesh; it contains no organs such as brains or eyeballs, nor does it contain any bones. In a way, it could be described as a Slime made of flesh.

It has the ability to float in mid-air, but it can also move around by rolling across the ground.

Also, it is the failed product of trying to recreate the body of Darcia, a Dark Elf, so it possesses the Magic Resistance skill that all Dark Elves possess.

Its numerous souls have partially fused with one another, and its mental age has regressed due to having been reincarnated. However, it does possess memories and knowledge from its previous lives, even if they are a little damaged in places.

It has limited death-attribute spells (the abilities of the Eighth Guidance Members), the cheat-like ability 'Gazer' that predicts the future, and various other abilities from its previous lives other than magic of the other attributes as skills.

However, because its body is too different from any of its previous bodies, it is likely difficult to make use of all of these skills.

From its Status, it seems to be similar to Vida's races, but as there are no precedents

of such a life-form, it is unknown as to how it will develop from this point onwards. However, it possesses the divine protection of multiple gods, so it is highly likely to become a powerful being.

It had also originally possessed Rodcorte's divine blessing, but because the reincarnated individual Minuma Hitomi was led to Vida's circle of transmigration system, it has disappeared.

# Chapter 123

## They're coming!

### But let's prioritize going south for now

"A number of the guys who will possibly become my enemies... the reincarnated individuals, have died in Origin. About ten of them."

Upon hearing Vandalieu's words, everyone's eyes suddenly sharpened and became tense.

"Ten people like that Kaidou Kanata person... Your Majesty, we must kill them as quickly as possible!" Princess Levia exclaimed.

"Please calm down, we don't know where they are yet. I understand how you feel, but it's impossible to go and search the entire continent," said Eleanora.

These two were the only ones who had seen a reincarnated individual other than Vandalieu in person.

That reincarnated individual, Kaidou Kanata, had been quite the degenerate; he had repeatedly committed senseless murders and rapes before he showed himself before Vandalieu. On top of that, he had used extremely dirty methods, such as getting on his knees to try and make Vandalieu let his guard down.

However, in the end, he had been tormented and killed without being able to land a single blow back against Vandalieu, and he had been extinguished by having his soul broken.

But the ability that Kanata had received from Rodcorte, Gungnir, had been powerful. It was a penetration ability that allowed the user to choose objects to phase through; it was theoretically possible for attacks to be one-sided, passing through any kind of armor, walls or spells. Depending on the object to be phased through, it could consume large amounts of Mana, but the ability itself didn't have any weaknesses.

The reason Vandalieu had been able to defeat Kanata in a one-sided fashion was

because Kanata had completely underestimated Vandalieu, and because he had used Gungnir recklessly when committing his crimes, giving information regarding the ability to the spirits of Hannah and his other victims.

In other words, if the other reincarnated individuals possessed cheat-like abilities as powerful as Kanata's but were careful, cautious and patient unlike him, they could become formidable enemies.

"Hmm, special life-forms that have acquired the divine protection of the god of reincarnation... Master, once you kill them, could I please receive pieces of their flesh or their hair, or even their ashes if that is not possible?" said Luciliano.

"Luciliano, you're being too hasty. We don't know where they are yet, either," said Vandalieu.

"Umm, for now, let's think about things after we hear what Van-kun has heard from this... Legion-chan? I don't really understand these cheat-like ability things," said Privel.

"It's a long story," said Vandalieu.

He told everyone everything that he had heard from Legion. Because he'd gained almost no information from the previously-defeated Kaidou Kanata, this was the first substantial information that he had received regarding the reincarnated individuals.

And for Vandalieu himself, this was the first information that he had gained regarding what had happened in Origin after his death.

Honestly, he didn't care about what had happened after he died in a world where he had spent his whole life as an experimental animal until he turned into an Undead and went on his rampage. However, the fact that the entire world had fallen into chaos after the loss of death-attribute Mana, and the fact that the military nation in which the research laboratory was had been dismantled, was good news.

But the fact that the other experimental animals that he had saved were secured by *Amemiya Hiroto* and the others, only to be handed to a different laboratory to become experimental animals again later, was not good news.

According to Legion, *Amemiya Hiroto* and the others had formed something like an international rescue team, just as Vandalieu had predicted. Weren't they a little too

incompetent?

“Well, when I saved them, I accidentally gave them some of my death-attribute Mana, so I’m not entirely irresponsible for the fact that they became experimental animals again – buh.”

“Oooohhh...” Legion groaned.

“Wait, Legion! I know you’re trying to say that it’s not his fault, but Vandalieu’s going to be buried!” Darcia cried.

Leaving aside the question of how effective *Amemiya Hiroto* and the others were as superheroes, it was difficult to say that the deaths of the reincarnated individuals that followed were good news for Vandalieu as well.

“The three who died after Kaidou Kanata... The ‘Skanda’ Tanaka, the ‘Urðr’ Mackenzie, the ‘Perseus’ Sameshima. What happened to those three? If they died within a few months after Kaidou Kanata, then almost two years should have passed after they were reincarnated here,” said Basdia with a puzzled expression, referring to the reincarnated individuals that Legion had mentioned to Vandalieu.

One had an ability that accelerated time around the user to enable high-speed movement; one had an ability that allowed the user to look into past events that had occurred within a designated space; the other had an ability whose principles were not known, but could stop the movement of any target the user was aware of.

...Vandalieu didn’t know what criteria were used to decide the Bravers’ codenames, so he thought that Sameshima should have been named Medusa rather than Perseus, but thought that Sameshima might have been opposed to that, as he was apparently a man.

“Unlike Kaidou Kanata, I can imagine that they were reincarnated normally as babies, but it’s possible that they were reincarnated into adult bodies, found out that Kanata was killed and then decided to change their plans. It’s possible that they are gathering their strength in preparation to kill me... they’re a fearsome group of people,” said Vandalieu from among Legion’s arms and legs, urging his companions that these enemies could be a threat in a serious manner.

“Umm... Your Majesty, is there a possibility that they fear you and are in hiding or have escaped to another continent?” asked Princess Levia.

The truth was that her suggestion was quite close to reality.

As a result of the chaos in Origin caused when Kanata's evil deeds became known and the 'Metamorph' Shihouin Mari took things into her own hands, Tanaka and the other two had been on missions on their own, where they were forced into extremely unfavorable situations and made fatal mistakes on top of that. Even the fortunes that Rodcorte had given them hadn't allowed them to survive.

The truth was that the 'Avalon' Rikudou Akira had manipulated information to have these three sent on solo missions in order to experiment and find out what it would take for reincarnated individuals to die. However, only Rodcorte, the three individuals themselves and those who had died after them knew of this.

And after learning about all of this, Tanaka and the other two felt not anger and hatred, but fatigue from a life full of fighting.

And the 'Gungnir' Kaidou Kanata had been one of the most capable reincarnated individuals when it came to combat. After finding out that even Kanata had been defeated by Vandalieu one-sidedly, Tanaka and the other two had decided that they couldn't defeat Vandalieu, so they had refused to get involved with him and were reincarnated normally as babies.

But Kimberley, a former soldier, and Basdia, who had strong warrior-like thoughts after she learned how to use magic, didn't seem to think that this would be the case.

"No, no, it's not wrong to assume the worst-possible situation," said Kimberley.

"And they're self-named heroes with titles of heroes from other worlds, aren't they? It seems that Kanata was quite the low-life, but there is no guarantee that the others will be the same," said Basdia.

The two of them had images of the Bravers being a fearsome group of warriors with a persistent fighting spirit and a conviction of steel.

Legion didn't make any attempts to correct them.

Neither the members of the Eighth Guidance nor the 'Gazer' Minuma Hitomi knew what kind of personalities Tanaka and the other two had.

Back when they died, the Eighth Guidance had begun their activities and started

collecting information, and they were 'Gazer' Minuma Hitomi's former allies, so they at least knew their names and abilities. However, this was information that had already been announced to the world. Thus, they didn't know what kind of people they had really been.

And even Murakami and his group hadn't deemed it necessary to gather information about dead people, so they hadn't been investigated in detail.

...In addition, as it had only just been reincarnated, Legion was not particularly adept in understanding the Japanese that was being used in Lambda. It was the language that the Bravers used primarily, so the Eighth Guidance had learned it to some extent, but only to a certain extent. They could read the characters, but they could only gain partial understanding of conversations when words were spoken too quickly.

"Indeed... I do not know what kind of a world Origin is, but if they are all degenerates like that Kanata, then they could hardly call themselves heroes, could they?" said Princess Levia, convinced by the theory that they were a threat as well.

It was common for people to have natures that were different from what their appearances would suggest. Levia had experienced being tricked and murdered two hundred years ago by Duke Hartner, so she knew this all too well.

However, it seemed that she thought there wouldn't be too many people as evil as Kanata. In reality, there were some who were not so different from Kanata, like Marionette and Death Scythe, but... since they had been told by Rodcorte just how Kaidou Kanata died, there was a chance that they would act cautiously and hide their true natures.

"So, what kind of people are the reincarnated individuals other than those three?" Eleanora asked.

"It seems that Legion knows a little about their personalities in addition to their names and abilities," said Vandalieu. "Legion allied itself with them, though it was under the assumption that they would be betrayed. Until they started killing each other."

"...Considering its appearance, it seems that it can express itself quite well," said Eleanora, impressed despite Legion having an appearance that made it doubtful as to whether it was intelligent.

“It has a lot of stomachs, after all,” said Pauvina.

“That’s not what I meant, Pauvina.”

*TLN: The word for “express oneself” that Eleanora used includes the kanji for “stomach.”*

Pauvina started hugging Legion. It seemed that Legion didn’t dislike being hugged.

“For now, I’ll explain things through words. Ah, Yamata, please hand out the documents.”

As Vandaliu explained verbally, Yamata handed out documents that contained the same information that he was explaining. She was a Patchwork Hydra Zombie, created by decapitating the heads of a mutant Hydra and replacing them with the upper bodies of nine beautiful women of different races.

“Distribute~♪”

“Many, lots...”

“Strooong?”

She seemed to be interested in Legion, who had many upper body parts like she did.

“Auuuh?” Legion was simply bewildered by the fact that it was gathering interest.

Meanwhile, Vandaliu continued his explanation.

The ‘Inspector’ Shimada Izumi, who sees through any falsity that she perceives through her five senses.

The ‘Laplace’s Demon’ Machida Aran, whose Calculation ability was greater than a supercomputer.

The ‘Noah’ Mao Smith, who could store and transport a great amount of materials and personnel in a special space.

The ‘Oracle’ Endou Kouya, who could receive prophecies from a god.

The ‘Marionette’ Inui Hajime, who could take control over the body of anyone he

touched.

The 'Death Scythe' Konoe Kyuuji, who could stop the heart and cause instant death in anyone whose face he could see.

The 'Sylphid' Misa Anderson, who could transform her body into gas.

The 'Super Sense' Gotouta Kaori, who could strengthen her five senses at will.

The 'Odin' Hasamada Aki, who could see a few seconds into the future.

The 'Clairvoyance' Tendou Tatsuya, who possessed numerous vision-related abilities such as X-ray vision.

The 'Mage Masher' Minami Asagi, who could erase the effects of all kinds of magic.

The 'Ifrit' Akaki Akiko, who could manipulate heat and flames.

These were the deceased Bravers that Legion was aware of.

In reality, four more – the 'Chronos' Murakami Junpei, the 'Venus' Tsuchiya Kanako as well as Hecatoncheir and Aegis – had died as well, but Legion didn't know about this because the last Eighth Guidance member to die, Pluto, had died before any of them.

Also, the information that Legion had provided Vandalieu regarding the functions of some of the Bravers' abilities was not accurate. This was because the Eighth Guidance that made up Legion didn't possess the correct information regarding those abilities.

After hearing this explanation, everyone present had a mutual opinion.

"Van-sama, I don't really understand what the Calculation ability is," said Tarea, mentioning what was on everyone's mind.

Of course, the concept of computers didn't exist in Lambda. The field of physics was underdeveloped as well, and the mathematics level of the average person didn't go beyond basic arithmetic.

"As I thought. Umm, it's an ability that allows super-fast calculations," said Vandalieu.

"That might be amazing, but... what use does it have?" asked Basdia.

“Anyone can calculate how many times they can cast their spells and use their martial skills with their remaining Mana,” said Borkus, looking perplexed.

Everyone else had similar expressions.

It wasn't that they thought that a calculating ability would be useless. However, they couldn't be blamed for thinking it strange that it would be an ability given by a god, worthy of being a unique skill.

A professional architect might have understood how valuable it was to some extent, but the only such person in Talosheim was Vandalieu.

And since Vandalieu had been nothing more than a high school student on Earth, he didn't possess advanced knowledge in physics or mathematics, so it seemed that he couldn't explain this in detail.

“It's probably useful for advanced construction and public works,” he said with a vague memory of past knowledge, still not knowing exactly how it was used.

“Is that right?” said Borkus.

He and the others seemed convinced by this explanation.

Well, they did have some doubts as to why someone with such an ability was considered a 'hero.' But they quickly decided that there were some who played roles other than in battle.

“If the others have only one power each, then it seems like things might work out. As long as we're not taken by surprise,” said Eleanora.

“Yeah, and some of them are clearly inferior versions of Vandalieu-kun,” said Privel.

“No, my abilities are magic,” said Vandalieu.

“The fact that you can easily recreate the effects of unique skills using magic is amazing,” said Princess Levia.

Just like the previously-exterminated 'Gungnir' Kaidou Kanata, if the reincarnated individuals only possessed a single cheat-like ability each, then it seemed like something could be done about them.

Especially for Vandalieu.

Even if Death Scythe's instant-kill cheat-like ability stopped his heart, he could simply fight while using Out-of-body Experience. After that, he would just need to resuscitate his cardiovascular system before any fatal damage was done to his brain.

The same applied for Marionette; it was apparently an ability that manipulated others by controlling their neurons, so it wouldn't be a problem with Out-of-body Experience.

And these two abilities would have no effect on Bone Man, Rita and Saria, who were made of nothing but bones or armor, nor would they be useful against Princess Levia and the other Ghosts.

The Mage Masher that erased magic would be problematic, but against him, Vandalieu could activate the fragments of the Demon King and kill him through physical means. Of course, he wouldn't mind letting Borkus and Bellmond beat him to death, either.

In that regard, the Oracle and Clairvoyance would be problematic to find if they devoted themselves to running and hiding, but if they did that, Vandalieu would just leave them be.

"But they are likely aware that Danna-sama has erased Kaidou Kanata, so would they not cooperate with each other if they were to attempt to take Danna-sama's life once more?" said Bellmond.

"That would immediately increase our problems," said Darcia.

It would be immediately problematic if the Bravers formed a team and combined their abilities when fighting Vandalieu. And they weren't a group of people that were completely reliant on just their cheat-like abilities, either.

Rodcorte had granted them increased physical qualities and, more importantly, a talent for magic.

"Ooauuugh."

Seeing everyone's reactions, several of Legion's heads hung downwards in apology. It was probably regretting killing so many reincarnated individuals at once.

It wasn't that it was suffering from the pressure of being hugged by Pauvina.

“From what I heard from Hannah and the others, Kaidou Kanata tried to register at an Adventurers’ Guild and tried to acquire a Job, though he was stopped partway through. Thus, I do not think they can acquire Jobs naturally, even after reincarnating in this world. However, he was apparently quite a capable magic user, with numerous other skills as well,” said Princess Levia.

The Bravers had all been first-rate magic-users in Origin, and had even received military training. But in Lambda, gunpowder-based firearms didn’t exist, nor did Origin’s state-of-the-art miniature magical media that could be fit into a glove, so it would likely be difficult for them to display their abilities right away.

Using Kaidou Kanata as a reference, if they were adventurers, they would be between C-class and B-class.

“It’s amazing that there are a hundred of them, but are they really great enough to be called heroes?” asked Eleanora.

In Lambda, there was a tough hurdle to make if one wanted to be known as a hero. Even if one became an A-class adventurer capable of cutting down mountains and splitting the sea, they would not be called heroes. One would have to become an S-class adventurer to call themselves a hero.

“But if their base abilities are between C-class and B-class, if they acquire Jobs and spend time training in Lambda, they’ll become A-class within a few years, and S-class within a decade,” said Vandalieu.

Lambda had bonuses from the Jobs and skills that didn’t exist in Origin, as well as monster materials and metals that didn’t exist in Origin either. If the reincarnated individuals used those to gather their strength and equip themselves fully, it was possible that they could indeed gain the strength of A-class adventurers.

And if the reincarnated individuals cooperated with each other, they would become an extremely dangerous fighting force.

“Well, it doesn’t seem that all of the reincarnated individuals are on good terms with each other,” Vandalieu added. “Apparently they betrayed and killed each other back in the other world. Well, considering that, it’s still uncertain as to whether they will try to kill me.”

Even if Rodcorte promised them rewards, it was unlikely that they would form a party

to challenge Vandalieu without facing risks of conflict.

“Speaking of which, couldn’t you predict what they’ll do since you know what they’re like, Your Majesty?” said Kimberley.

“What are they like?” asked Orbia.

“I don’t know,” said Vandalieu, shaking his head. “I was never close enough to them to know what kind of people they are. And almost thirty years have passed; it wouldn’t be strange if they’ve changed... in fact, it would be more normal if they have.”

Vandalieu had been a loner without a single friend, but he at least remembered the names and faces of the classmates and teachers that had stood out.

But looking at it another way, he couldn’t remember anything other than that. And Legion’s information had made it clear that since they had already been reincarnated once, there were some whose names and races had changed.

Who in the world were Mackenzie, Misa Anderson and Mao Smith? If there had been students with those names at his high school, Vandalieu wouldn’t have been able to forget them, no matter how much of a loner he was. It was difficult to imagine that the passengers and workers on the ferry had these names, either. Though Vandalieu’s memories were faint, he had the feeling that everyone on the ferry had been Japanese.

And, of course, there was no way that Vandalieu knew the names and personalities of the ferry workers.

“Ah! That’s right, what will we do if those reincarnated people are reincarnated as babies born here?!” said Privel.

Everyone was startled by this idea. The gods who knew of the secret of the circle of transmigration systems would be able to assure them that this couldn’t happen, but that was a secret of gods.

The people and monsters living in Talosheim had been guided to Vida’s circle of transmigration system by Guidance: Demon Path, and Rodcorte couldn’t interfere with them. But nobody knew this.

“It’s fine. Everyone loves Van,” Pauvina declared, and the tense atmosphere diffused immediately.

“That’s true,” said Basdia.

“There’s no problems there,” said Borkus.

“I suppose you’re right,” said Eleanora.

“You did it, Vandalieu! It’s because you behave well,” said Darcia.

The truth was that this was due to the Demon Path Enticement and the Guidance: Demon Path skills, however. All of Talosheim’s citizens were currently under the influence of Vandalieu’s Demon Path Enticement skill.

If any foreign beings not under the effects of these skills were to appear among the citizens, Vandalieu would be able to know right away.

“Behaving well is important, isn’t it,” said Vandalieu.

Of course, this was a needless worry as the reincarnated individuals were in a different circle of transmigration system, however.

“Returning to the original topic, I think Legion knows more about the reincarnated individuals’ natures than I do,” Vandalieu said.

Legion had considered the ‘Chronos’ Murakami and the other nine reincarnated individuals under him as targets for revenge, so it hadn’t colluded with him much at all, but they had been on cooperative terms for over a year.

It was aware of their personalities to some extent.

“According to Legion, Marionette is considerably different from Kanata and Death Scythe is a little different, but both are similar to him,” said Vandalieu.

“I see... they are serious enemies of women,” said Princess Levia; she was close to Hannah and the other Ghosts who had fallen victim to Kaidou Kanata.

“Van-kun, if they are scum bastards like Rick, we have to proactively go and kill them,” said Orbia, a victim of a conspiracy involving sham marriages and serial murder.

“Danna-sama, it seems that they possess dangerous abilities, and as these two ladies say, I believe they should be disposed of immediately,” said Bellmond, who had been a

victim of a gang rape.

It seemed that their past traumas were provoking their emotions, causing anger to well forth.

“Indeed, if we can kill them, we should,” said Vandalieu.

The ‘Marionette’ Inui Hajime had apparently spoken to the female members of the Eighth Guidance about the sex crimes he had stained his hands with using his cheat-like ability during his time with the Bravers, telling the stories as if they were tales of his own bravery. It had been serious harassment.

The ‘Death Scythe’ Konoe Kyuuji was similar. Since Vandalieu only knew that Kyuuji’s ability could cause instant death by stopping the hearts of his targets, he assumed that Kyuuji had threatened his victims with death, or perhaps killed them and defiled them afterwards.

...The truth was that Death Scythe was an ability that could stop any moving objects, like limbs and engines, not just hearts. Konoe Kyuuji’s method had been to use this ability to stop the movements of his victims to commit his crimes.

Because of his own behavior, the evilness of his crimes had been exaggerated. He had gotten what he deserved.

“Also, the ‘Oracle’ Endou Kouya... Legion doesn’t know what his personality is like, but due to various reasons, it’s unclear as to whether he’ll hear us out,” said Vandalieu.

“Aooohh...”

One of Legion’s faces was changing shape as it let out its voice.

The ‘Oracle’ Endou Kouya had set up the way Vandalieu had died in Origin, and for that reason, the Eighth Guidance member Shade had taken over his body and killed him.

He seemed logical in nature, but Shade didn’t know what he’d been thinking when he died. It was possible that he felt that his own death would offset what he had done to Vandalieu, or even cancel it out.

“On Earth, Shimada Izumi-san was a person of firm character and a strong sense of

justice. A class representative – kind of like a stubborn government official,” Vandalieu recalled as he patted one of the grieving Legion’s heads.

Borkus and the others looked confused at first, but then seemed to understand once he gave the comparison.

“I don’t really get it, but... is that bad?” said Basdia.

“It doesn’t seem good, Basdia-nee-chan,” said Kimberley.

“It means she has the kind of personality who would feel opposed to how fearsome Vandalieu-sama is,” said Eleanora.

Kimberley and Eleanora were frowning; it seemed that they had only negative impressions of stubborn government officials.

If one thought about it using the common sense of someone from Earth, the things that Vandalieu had done were nothing but evil deeds. Vandalieu didn’t know how much Shimada Izumi had changed in Origin, but wouldn’t his past actions cause her to grimace now?

The truth was that Endou Kouya and Shimada Izumi were both people who would be relatively willing to discuss things with Vandalieu, but... as long as Rodcorte was the way he was, Vandalieu’s ways of gaining information about what was happening on Rodcorte’s side was horribly limited. Because of this, he had actually ended up concluding that the opposite was true.

“Well, her ability is apparently the ‘Inspector’ which allows her to see through falsities, and she’s apparently not good at fighting, so she won’t even be a threat if she appears before me,” said Vandalieu. “The other one that I know about is Minami Asagi... to describe him in a word, he’s annoying.”

“Annoying as in he’s a troublesome person?” asked Pauvina.

“They’re all really troublesome people, aren’t they? Van-kun, you suddenly seem really tired,” said Orbia.

Indeed, Vandalieu’s impression of Asagi was that “troublesome” or “annoying” would describe him in a word.

He was a sports-oriented person in the sports club, enthusiastic in everything he did and constricting in his friendships, with a hot-blooded personality. And he forced his sense of values onto others... no, he was a man who believed that it was a good deed to force others to do what he thought was right, and believed it was his duty to do so.

To those with the same or similar senses of values as Asagi, or those who found comfort and happiness in companionship, Asagi was probably a good person.

However, in the past, he had been nothing more than a nuisance to Vandalieu.

Vandalieu didn't care about the fact that he had organized a signed card to be given to a reserved teacher in training when he returned to his university.

But what about the fact that he would force students who weren't in any club to join as a trial, and then give a fervent speech about the significance of high school life to those students when they quit?

*Back then, everyone liked him except for our homeroom teacher, and he was respected among the class, so nobody stopped him and it was really troublesome.*

Back on earth, Vandalieu had always become caught up in the arguments that Asagi started. It wasn't that Asagi had been really targeting him, but because he had been living a completely opposite school life to Asagi, he had always been given instructions by him.

"Time has passed since then and he should have gone through a different environment, so I don't think he would have the same personality that he did back then, but... including his time on Earth, he should have lived a total of forty-seven or forty-eight years. If I lived in that environment the whole time, I might have died of mental fatigue," said Vandalieu.

He got an unpleasant feeling just remembering Minami Asagi. That was the kind of person Asagi was.

However, from the actions and words of Asagi in Legion's memories... Vandalieu got the strange feeling that he had become even worse.

"Vandalieu, die of fatigue?!" Darcia exclaimed.

"For Van, who is fine after doing three days' worth of work in a day, to say that he'd die

of fatigue..." Pauvina muttered.

"Q-quite the troublesome person, isn't he..." said Princess Levia.

"Danna-sama, could that not be considered a unique skill?" Bellmond asked.

"No, it's not that bad," said Vandalieu.

Everyone was shuddering; they seemed more shocked than Vandalieu had expected they would be. Vandalieu had told them what kind of a world Earth was, but it seemed that they couldn't help but to think of it in terms of Lambda and the current Vandalieu.

"Well, it's fortunate that Murakami-sensei didn't die," said Vandalieu.

Murakami Junpei, the homeroom teacher of Vandalieu's high school class on Earth. From Vandalieu's memory, Murakami had done his duties as a teacher in an ordinary way, but outside of that, he was an extremely troublesome person.

He had completely left the task of guiding the students to Asagi, and he was certainly not the type that students could consult regarding their family situations or their futures.

Vandalieu's uncle and aunt wouldn't give him the money needed for the school trip. He still remembered what Murakami had said to him when he came to school with the documents he needed to be allowed to work part-time in order to earn his own money and pay for the trip himself.

"It'll make no difference whether or not you're there; do you really want to go on this school trip that badly?"

And then he had shown great annoyance as he signed it for approval.

Vandalieu's life on Earth had ended as a result of participating in the school trip, so he didn't resent Murakami for this, however.

*What I'm concerned about is that Murakami-sensei is the one who changed the most after reincarnating in Origin.*

It wasn't too difficult to imagine someone in his teenage years like Kaidou Kanata, drowning in his suddenly-acquired power in his second life and recklessly committing

crimes.

But Murakami Junpei had been an adult at the time of his death, and though he hadn't been a good teacher, he hadn't been a criminal or a low-life, either.

He had betrayed, tricked and killed his fellow reincarnated individuals, the students of the class that he had been the homeroom teacher of. How had he fallen so far? Vandalieu found this strange.

Therefore, he couldn't imagine how Murakami would think or act when he reincarnated in Lambda.

It would have been fortunate for Vandalieu if Murakami had stayed alive in Origin, giving him time to gather more information about him from the other reincarnated individuals.

That was what Vandalieu thought, unaware that Murakami had already died.

"Now then, that's the complete report for the present situation," said Vandalieu. "If Legion remembers any new information, please listen to me as I explain it once more. Also, I'm going to publish this information on the front page of the 'Eclipse King Post.'"

The Eclipse King Post. This was the newspaper that had recently started to be published in Talosheim. It was generally published monthly, and contained news of events in the various regions of Talosheim, events being held and information of the outside world delivered by the Sauron Liberation Front that was led by Iris.

Incidentally, the editor-in-chief and reporter was Vandalieu himself. There was an open position for people worried about the unification of the government and the press.

"Hmm, that thing has too many kanji, so I don't do well with it. Can you use more hiragana?" said Privel.

"And Your Majesty, I accidentally burn it sometimes, so I would like you to make the Eclipse King Post more fire-resistant!" said Princess Levia.

"Ah, I'd like it to be more water-resistant!" Orbia added.

"Van, add more crossword puzzles!" said Pauvina.

“Privel, you should learn more kanji. But it might be true that it’s not really well-suited for the general population, so I’ll take that into consideration. Princess Levia and Orbia, please put a little more effort into controlling your flames and water. If you really can’t, then I’ll consider your suggestions. Pauvina, I’m planning to publish a compilation of the crossword puzzles that you like. Please wait a little longer. Ah, incidentally, the second page will be an introduction of Legion,” said Vandalieu.

“Indeed, if you don’t introduce it and someone were to encounter it, they might mistake it for a new species of monster,” said Basdia.

“Aaaahhh.”

And so, the head of the nation and those close to him determined the newspaper’s contents. Nobody had the role of monitoring the authority of Talosheim’s information source.

And then just as Vandalieu tried to end the morning debriefing session in a peaceful manner, Chezare came to deliver some news.

“Your Majesty, there has been a report from Bone Man, who has been patrolling the marshlands. It seems that there is something strange occurring at the southern end of the marshes,” he said. “It is likely that there is something unusual going on in the Noble Orc Empire. I believe we should deal with it immediately.”

“Indeed, it seems better to deal with that than the reincarnated individuals, since we don’t know when they’ll arrive,” Vandalieu said. “Station guards at the southern end of the marshes. After that, let’s form a squad to see what’s going on.”

There was the possibility that the reincarnated individuals had reincarnated in Lambda in adult bodies like Kaidou Kanata, but even if they did, their abilities would be around B-class level. With abilities on that level, it would be difficult for them to cross the Boundary Mountain Range, even if they formed a party.

Thus, Vandalieu thought that it was best to leave the Sauron Liberation Front to stay on guard while he and his companions dealt with the neighboring Noble Orc Empire.

“Now then, I’ll announce the criteria for being selected for the squad,” he said.

## Chapter 124

# The Sword King's determination, the hound's glory, the lips that form an arc

Vandalieu, the king of Talosheim, would participate in dealing with the Noble Orc Empire.

Normally, not just the heads of states, but anyone with a relatively high position in a nation should avoid standing on the frontlines. However, things were different in Vandalieu's case.

First of all, Vandalieu possessed the Demon Path Enticement skill, and if he wasn't present, gathering information from the spirits of the dead was highly likely to be impossible.

Undead could see spirits. However, just because they could see them didn't necessarily mean that they could hear what the spirits had to say. Even if they asked the spirits questions, there was a high chance that the spirits wouldn't answer or just give meaningless answers.

The spirits of the dead were not often friendly or honest to other dead beings unless they were very sociable.

Second of all, Vandalieu was the 'Holy Son of Vida.'

Mububujenge, the Evil God of Degenerate Corpulence, was suspected to be the chief god in the Noble Orc Empire. If he still felt a sense of duty to serve Vida, then Vandalieu being present increased the chances of negotiations happening.

And third of all... he was unmistakably Talosheim's greatest source of fighting strength.

There were all kinds of other reasons, but these were the main ones.

And the criteria to be chosen to join Vandalieu in dealing with the Noble Orc Empire –

whether it was diplomacy or war – was to possess the strength to defeat Noble Orcs, which were Rank 6 at minimum.

The Noble Orcs of the Empire had rulers, but when it came to war, it was likely that they would come out in large numbers.

And strength was necessary, even in diplomacy.

Though this was a nation of those descended from an evil god and his servants who betrayed the Demon King's army and joined Zakkart, they were still monsters. And what monsters regarded as important was not appearance or economic power, but strength.

Military strength was an important factor in negotiations between human nations as well, but for monsters, it was the most important thing.

In other words, for smooth discussions to take place, it was important to not be looked down upon.

The exception was the Black Fang Knights' Order, which was composed of Gorba and the other Orcuses.

Orcuses, which were a new race created when Vandalieu exposed Orc fetuses to death-attribute Mana, looked like black Orcs at a glance. Thus, Vandalieu had decided that they may feel compatible with the Orcs that were likely to be present in great numbers in the Noble Orc Empire.

And Orcuses had a base Rank of 4; they were generally stronger than Orcs, which were normally Rank 3. And the members of the Black Fang Knights' Order had increased their Ranks to become Orcus Tamers and Orcus Riders; they were a group of knights that were mounted on monsters.

"I'll do my best, on my honor as a knight," said Gorba, who had been selected as the captain of the knights.

He was now a Rank 7 Orcus Master Tamer with a massive body that was almost three meters tall, and powerful fangs protruding from his mouth.

The monster that he was mounted on was a Rank 5 Diatryma, an enormous carnivorous bird that had been created through years of laborious breeding from the

Rank 2 Giga birds that resembled chickens. It was five meters tall from its claws to the crest on its head; it was a bird that simply looked like a dinosaur.

Gorba had also tamed several other small bird monsters that could be used as messengers; he was well-equipped outside of combat as well.

The other members had all tamed Rank 4 monsters that could still move about with the heavyweight Orcuses riding them. Though there were only ten members, their fighting strength and mobility was not at all inferior to a group of a hundred knights.

“Captain Gorba, I don’t really understand this ‘knight’s honor;” one of the knights said.

“A knight’s honor is doing what King says,” Gorba explained.

“I’ve always listened to what King says.”

“Then you’re very honorable.”

“Bufufufu~♪ I’m happy.”

With conversations such as these, Gorba and the other members of the Black Fang Knights’ Brigade were enjoying a barbeque in Talosheim’s town. It had been at Chezare’s suggestion that these mobile Orcuses were gathered and a Knights’ Order formed, but it seemed that they didn’t really understand the ways of a knight yet.

In a shadowy street corner, there was a man watching Gorba and the others enjoying their seafood and roast meat with tare sauce.

The enormous, three-meter-tall, bald man with a shadow cast across his face watched Gorba and the others for a while. However, he didn’t reveal himself to them; he turned around silently and left.

There was impatience on the half of the face that the man had.



The Zombified Mikhail, who had been a hero of the Mirg shield-nation until his death two hundred years ago, was serving his role as a training dummy in the specialized training grounds today, just as he had done yesterday.

Mikhail had started becoming accustomed to this role of simply fighting, instructing his opponents in order to be able to defeat him and destroy his body.

As an Undead, his sense of pain was different from when he was alive, but it was also because when he watched those who came to him for training become more skilled and reach new heights, he felt happiness that was not just to console himself, but true happiness from the bottom of his heart.

He felt a sense of fulfilment at having served his role and being useful.

*I do not really intend to complain that you have come here again, but...*

Mikhail, who was forbidden from speaking any words other than the pre-decided words that he said to all challengers, faced his opponent that was looking at him with a somewhat complicated mixture of emotions in his gaze... the Sword King Borkus.

Borkus awkwardly tapped his bald head with his finger. "No, well, I mean... when you get as strong as me, there aren't any really good opponents."

*I do understand that.*

Borkus was a Rank 10 Zombie Hero, who had been an A-class adventurer while he was alive. In addition to that, his Attribute Values were enhanced by Guidance: Demon Path, and he had awakened to the superior skill, Sword King Technique. It was nearly impossible for him to find a good opponent.

"The only ones that put up any resistance are the bosses of B-class Dungeons, but even those aren't enough, and once I defeat them, they don't appear again for a while," Borkus continued, mumbling his words for some reason. "Despite that, the kid said this morning that next week, he's going to choose those he's taking to the Noble Orc Empire."

*Is this supposed to be an explanation for me, since I am always confined to this place? In that case, is it alright to tell me this? This is a matter of national importance, after all,* Mikhail thought to himself as he continued standing there.

From an outsider's perspective, Borkus simply appeared to be an Undead, talking endlessly to a training dummy.

"I'm Rank 10; I won't say that I'm the strongest if you count out the kid, but I'm among

the top three. So, it's not that I'm anxious that I'll be left behind... Apparently, Bellmond-jouchan isn't participating this time," Borkus said, raising the Obsidian training sword that he was holding. "But you know, I'm doing this just in case."

*In the end, you are anxious, aren't you? And the last time you came here, did you not say that you would only strike me down once?*

"Shut up! You bastard, you're saying it all with your eyes! If you're going to complain, do it with words!" Borkus shouted.

"The training will begin," Mikhail said.

"Are you making a fool of me?!"

*I cannot speak of my own will... well, at least become strong in my stead, and become of use to that person. I will have no complaints if you do that,* Mikhail thought as he attacked Borkus with his blunt training spear.

Incidentally, Borkus appeared before Mikhail every day for the next week to repeat this training.



It was time to remain in obscurity for a while.

Compared to the length of her life so far, a mere three years was supposed to be nothing more than an instant. However, she had been impatiently waiting for this time to come.

A new life given to her by a new master. She would never forget the words spoken to her when she was given a body for a second time.

"You are mine."

*What sweet words. I have been stolen by this person from my previous master. My body, my heart and even my soul.*

However, what had awaited her was endless days of cold treatment.

After she had spat out all of the information that she had seen and heard while serving

her previous master, she had been placed under the command of a little girl who was far younger and weaker than her.

And that little girl had never possessed subordinates before; there was no proper work for her to do.

The only thing she had been given was the position of 'chief of torture.' She was proficient when it came to torture, so this should have been a perfect job for her, but...

*What need is there for torture here in Talosheim?*

Her master was Vandalieu. As long as he was present, there was no need for torture. Any prisoner of war would spill everything once he secreted truth serum from his tongue into their ears or their eyes.

Even if the truth serum was ineffective for whatever reason, he could simply kill them. Prisoners of war turned into spirits would gladly betray their former masters and companions for Vandalieu's sake. Just like she had.

Thus, prisoners of war were never brought to Talosheim, nor was she ever called for to torture prisoners of war.

Torture wasn't necessary as a punishment, either. The rate of crime in Talosheim was so low that she found it impossible to believe. There were some crimes that occurred due to carelessness and accidents, but there were none who broke the rules out of ill intent.

Other than the fact that the citizens had been charmed by Vandalieu, there was also no need to turn to crime. The nation was developing, and everyone could become wealthy without needing to resort to theft, fraud or robbery.

And even if they did want to commit crimes, everyone knew that there were surveillance Golems stationed in the city.

And Vandalieu, the ruler himself, often roamed the city.

If anyone committed a serious crime and lost their place in Talosheim, they wouldn't be able to survive. Since the city was surrounded by the Boundary Mountain Range, ways of reaching the outside world were limited.

Committing crimes under these circumstances would be plain foolishness. Impulsive fights and drunken brawls were the worst of it.

Thus, the few criminals were given a verbal warning, and then were made to pay a small amount of money in compensation and perform some community service for a short period of time. Even the punishment of a hundred lashes hadn't been carried out.

Thus, her daily work was to clean the empty dungeon with her companions and write "Nothing unusual" into a logbook.

*But I haven't become useless!*

She had used her excess time to the best of her ability. She had retrained herself in Dungeons and the surrounding Devil's Nests to reacquire the power she had possessed in life, and successfully increased her Rank.

She had analyzed Vandalieu's roaming patterns around the city and casually tried to show off to him that she was working hard, and that she had undergone a change of heart, building favorable relationships with the other citizens.

Even when a child ran into her while holding a frozen dessert, ruining her clothes, and then called her "Oba-chan," she had smiled and forgiven the child.

She picked up lost items and returned them to their owners, and she even cleaned up trash and removed weeds of her own initiative.

These were deeds that would have been unthinkable for her, someone who had previously held an important position in the underworld while she was alive.

She had instructed her companions to do the same, and even ordered a group of men with particularly exceptional bodies to casually show their bodies off to Vandalieu while he was bathing in the public bathhouse.

And then the turning point had come last year. Her companions... those similar to her, drastically grew in number.

*Thanks to that foolish Gubamon, we've grown in number. Enough for us to be useful as a fighting force, not just in quality, but in numbers as well.*

And her steady efforts had been recognized, and today, the day had arrived.

“Now then, I will confer the knighthood. Isla, step forward.”

“Yes, Your Majesty!”

Isla, ‘Ternecia’s Hound,’ former servant of the Pure-breed Vampire Ternecia, who had used General Mauvid and joined the expedition force with the Mirg shield-nation’s army at its center three years ago, plotting to kill Vandalieu and the traitor Eleanora.

She was now a Vampire Zombie. Resisting the urge to skip out of happiness, she stepped forward in front of Vandalieu and kneeled.

Vandalieu took the ceremonial sword he had made for knighting purposes from Chezare.

*I always think this every time, but isn’t such a ceremony rather unnecessary?* Vandalieu said secretly to Chezare, extending his spirit form to connect with him.

*What are you saying, Your Majesty? The ceremony is important. Even if the actions themselves have no meaning, it is important to perform them and show them off.*

*I see. The ceremony is important.*

Vandalieu remembered that in Lambda, ceremonies and rituals had practical purposes even outside of showing power and bestowing honor on the recipient.

In fact, in order to acquire the Equestrian and Knight Jobs, one needed to reach level 100 in the Apprentice Knight Job and then be knighted. In other words, receiving a knighthood fulfilled the conditions for acquiring the Job, so the ceremony had a practical use.

Isla was a Vampire Zombie, so she couldn’t acquire Jobs. However, there was the possibility that her Rank would increase and her race title would change to Vampire Zombie Knight in the future, so it wasn’t completely meaningless.

“Isla, as the Eclipse King, I bestow upon you the position of knight,” Vandalieu declared as he touched Isla’s shoulders with the body of the blade.

A pleasant numbness spread throughout Isla’s entire body, and she shivered slightly.

“Yes, Your Majesty! I am fortunate and most grateful!” she said.

“At the same time, I remove you from Eleanora’s command and appoint you as the captain of the newly-formed Dark Night Knights’ Order,” Vandalieu continued.

“Oooh...!”

This was the new post that Vandalieu was giving her. The Dark Night Knights’ Order was... an advanced fighting force of Vampire Zombies.

As all of them had been Noble-born Vampires in the past, they could fly at will and possessed the strength to tear steel with their bare hands. And since they had become Zombies, they had conquered their weaknesses of sunlight and silver. Isla’s former superior, Eleanora, had thought to have the Vampire Zombies acquire the Sunlight Resistance skill, but there had been no need.

Because there had been almost no precedents of Vampires becoming Zombies, even Isla and the other Vampire Zombies themselves hadn’t known this fact, so it was a misunderstanding that couldn’t be avoided.

Unfortunately, there were many who couldn’t use magic as well as they had been able to while alive, but they were more than enough compared to ordinary Knights’ Orders with human knights.

Now, Isla was the leader of this Knights’ Order and she would have tasks that made use of her abilities and skills!

Isla was wearing a delicate armor that closely matched the curves of her body. It wasn’t for ceremonial purposes; it had been created by the blacksmith Dataru, and Vandalieu had used Alchemy to imbue numerous death-attribute spells into it, turning it into a Magic Item.

The same applied for the sword hanging at her waist.

She was bathing in glory right now. However, there were still two things missing.

“Your Majesty... I am thinking of receiving the promised item,” she said.

“Eh? Here?”

Vandalieu and Isla were the only ones speaking, but Chezare was present, and the eyes of Eleanora, the Zombie Vampires of the Dark Night Knights' Order and many others were watching.

Vandalieu was hesitant to hand it to her in front of all of these people.

"Then are you saying that you will hand it to me personally when we are alone?!" Isla exclaimed, her lightless eyes opening wide.

"Ah, I'll hand it to you here."

Apparently, it was better for people to be watching.

"In addition to your promotion to captain of the knights, I praise your loyalty and diligent self-improvement, and reward you with this chok—"

"Your Majesty, it's a collar," Isla corrected him.

"...Collar, and grant you the Title of 'The Eclipse King's Hound.'"

Vandalieu attached a collar to Isla's neck, hiding the seams where her head had been reattached to her body after she died by decapitation.

"Aaaah! It is an honor, Your Majesty!" Isla exclaimed.

The collar and the Title of 'Hound.' These had been the two things that Isla requested when Vandalieu asked her, "Is there anything you would like to celebrate your promotion?"

The Title was something that Vandalieu couldn't grant her until he declared it to the whole of Talosheim, but if he put it in the Eclipse King Post, wouldn't she acquire the Title within a few days?

*If it doesn't work, I'll go to Fidirg and Merrebeveil and report it to them,* Vandalieu thought.

Isla ran her fingers lovingly across the collar. Seeing her looking so happy, Vandalieu vividly imagined a tail protruding from her waist, wagging furiously from side to side.

"Even I haven't received one!" Eleanora whispered in frustration, glaring at Isla with

fierce jealousy. Her dangerous eyes would have been enough to make even a seasoned war veteran tremble like a puppy.

“...Hmph.” Isla gave a proud snort towards her former superior, Eleanora. She even tilted her head upwards to show the collar off.

Vandalieu felt like he could practically hear the sparks of tension flying between them.

However, it seemed that even Eleanora didn't dare shout abuse at Isla at a knighting ceremony.

*And it's true that there is nothing about her for me to speak ill of...!*

Eleanora didn't think of Isla as having done anything unfair to gain Vandalieu's favor. She'd simply done what was needed for success.

In fact, Vandalieu valued Isla despite being aware of her various tricks. She was capable of such tricks and flattery, which meant that she could use her head and get along with the humans, Black Goblins and the rest of Talosheim's citizens, so he thought that there weren't any problems with her.

Eleanora couldn't mention that Isla had once been an enemy; she herself had once been an assassin sent to Talosheim to kill Vandalieu.

Eleanora looked at Isla once more, grinding her teeth in anger.

*Before, I would have been able to call her an old woman, but now, it would only sound like the barks of a defeated dog.*

Isla was resplendent enough to make Eleanora acknowledge this.

Unlike the armor she had worn while she was alive, the close-fitting armor that Isla wore now emphasized rather than concealed the fact that her body had both power and abundant feminine curves, emanating an attractiveness that Eleanora, who physically appeared to be around twenty years old, couldn't.

And yet, her skin was smooth and springy, not wrinkled. It was because Vandalieu hadn't held back in treating her from when he'd turned her into a Zombie, but...

Isla had lived around thirty thousand years, and her external appearance should have

been that of a woman in her mid-thirties. Now that she had become a Zombie, she had clearly become younger than she had been when she was alive.

*I would like to become Vandalieu-sama's dog if I could, but I don't want to become a losing dog!*

"Vandalieu-sama, I have training to do, so I shall excuse myself," Eleanora declared as she turned around, not even concealing her feelings.

"See you later," Vandalieu said towards her back.

"I know it is strange for me to ask, but is it really all right?" Isla asked.

"It'll be fine. Eleanora is more of a hard worker than me (when I was on Earth)."

"More of a hard worker than you, Your Majesty? Won't that little girl die from fatigue?"

"More importantly, I have a mission for the Dark Night Knights' Order right away. Isla, I would like you and the rest to rendezvous with Bone Man at the southern end of the marshlands and patrol the area."

"Please leave it to me, Your Majesty." Isla got down on both knees this time and brought her face close to the sandals on Vandalieu's feet –

"Ah, please do it on my hand," said Vandalieu.

"How can this be?! You will not accept my vow of obedience and servitude?!" Isla exclaimed.

"Isla-dono, this is a place for knighthoods to be bestowed, so I would like you to perform it on the hand to show loyalty, not obedience and servitude," said Chezare.

In the end, Isla's cold but soft lips were placed on Vandalieu's fingers, and then he sent the Dark Night Knights' Order out on their mission.

"Incidentally, your Majesty, I was also killed by having my throat torn, so I was thinking of wrapping something around my neck. Kurt makes a pained expression as he looks at me from time to time, you see," Chezare said.

"Chezare, I think that if I gave you a collar, Kurt would be even more pained... he would

look at you with pity,” said Vandalieu, suddenly getting a bad feeling.

The bad feeling that receiving a collar from him would become a popular trend among a certain group of individuals.



The sun’s scorching light burned his body like a curse. His lips, which were painted with his favorite rouge lipstick, smiled.

“More... Burn me more... Ahh... That’s right, deeper, burn me deeper.”

Miles Rouge, whose entire body was emitting white smoke, gave a heroic smile even as he experienced intense pain and his survival instincts were warning him of danger.

He was a Noble-born Vampire formerly under the command of the Pure-breed Vampire Gubamon, and he possessed the unique skill known as Warning. It was a skill that produced an alarm bell that only he could hear when he sensed danger.

However, Miles did not hear alarm bells right now.

He could only hear his own footsteps as he approached new heights.

However, the one thing he couldn’t endure was how dry his throat was. He extended his burnt, blistered hand outwards to bring a mug to his mouth.

He filled his throat with a thick, blood-colored liquid... the Blood Potion that had been created with Vandalieu’s blood with the Demon King’s blood activated as a base, with the Demon King’s horns and Demon King’s carapace added to it in powdered form along with various medicinal herbs and Magic Stones.

The moment he did, the pain receded from all over his body, and his burns began to heal. However, as he was a Vampire, Miles’s body would continue to burn as long as he stood in the sun’s light – or at least, it was supposed to.

“Aaaah... Uooooh!”

As Miles looked up at the sky and gave a particularly large shout, the white smoke rising from his body stopped. His burns began to heal rapidly.

And then, Miles was standing in the sunlight, not a single wound on the skin covering his spectacular, muscular body.

A wide smile appeared on his face that was already wild-looking to begin with.

“Wonderful... What a pleasant feeling of victory! My entire body is filled with strength; I feel like I’ve become an all-powerful, unrivaled being! This excitement is far greater than what I felt when I went from being a human to a Noble-born Vampire! Right now, at this moment! I, Miles Rouge, am certain that I am worthy of being known as a true Vampire!”

Miles stood there with his crimson eyes blazing, wearing only the single pair of boomerang underwear that had recently started being sold.

Bellmond called out to him. “It seems that you have finished. Miles, this is a celebratory present from Danna-sama.”

She gestured towards a silver tray with a silver pendant on it. It was a Magic Item with death-attribute Mana imbued in it, but silver was another weakness of Vampires alongside sunlight.

Of course, silver-inflicted wounds caused pain, but even touching the skin would cause burning and blistering. Giving a Vampire a silver accessory was like declaring hostility.

“Oh my, that makes me happy~♪”

Miles took the silver pendant and put it around his neck without hesitation.

But the silver necklace around Miles’s thick neck, resting against his heavy chest, didn’t burn him.

“What do you think of my silver camouflaging accessory, Onee-sama?” Miles asked.

“It looks very good on you,” said Bellmond. “But could I ask that you stop referring to me as ‘Onee-sama?’”

“Oh my, why is that? We are both Abyssal Vampires, are we not?”

Miles, who had repeatedly endured his body being burned while drinking Blood Potion to heal, had become an Abyssal Vampire.

He had already confirmed this through his Status, and though his appearance hadn't changed, his biology had clearly changed from when he had been a Noble-born Vampire.

"How wonderful... There have been no changes to my Rank or level, but my Attribute Values have increased, and I have overcome my weaknesses to sunlight and silver. We have erased two of the main reasons us Vampires could not replace humans on the front stage of the world. If us Abyssal Vampires increase in number, the power balance between humans and Vampires could be reversed," Miles said excitedly.

"Blood Potion takes a considerable amount of time and effort to produce. More importantly, more than half of the base ingredients come from Danna-sama himself," Bellmond reminded him in a calm tone. "It is not an item whose production can be increased so easily."

The Blood Potion that was necessary for Vampires to become Abyssal Vampires was currently being made by several of Talosheim's resident Alchemists, including Vandalieu himself and Zadiris.

Vandalieu, who had over one billion Mana, could activate the Demon King's fragments as much as was needed to produce the ingredients. However, it seemed that this was not enough to enable mass production on the scale of something like Earth's soft drinks.

...Considering that it was a Potion that could not only heal broken bones but rejoin severed limbs, the current production rate was already beyond what could be reasonably expected. If Vandalieu increased Blood Potion production to its maximum possible rate and distributed it cheaply to every nation, the world's Alchemists would likely lose a great portion of their income.

Miles was well aware of the manufacturing process and ingredients required to produce Blood Potion, so he quickly withdrew his words. "I know," he said. "I'm talking about the future, the future. And it's not easy to become an Abyssal Vampire, is it? I experienced first-hand that drinking Blood Potion isn't enough on its own."

In order to become an Abyssal Vampire, one needed to drink Blood Potion and make it exhibit its effects... in other words, the Blood Potion needed to heal wounds.

However, Vampires were a race with the Rapid Regeneration skill. Wounds like cuts

would heal within seconds.

Drinking Blood Potion while undergoing drastic surgery like Bellmond's where she had all of her skin and the underlying components replaced or continuing to be damaged by sunlight or silver so that the Rapid Regeneration skill would not take effect were the effective methods.

It was also possible to suddenly undergo the transformation if one regularly drank Vandalieu's blood like Eleanora did. However, with this method, a large amount of time, blood and Blood Potion was necessary.

"Though it's strange for me to say this after I insisted on doing it, it's quite the torture," Miles continued. "It's fine for a tough guy like me who's resistant to pain, but normal Vampires would lose consciousness partway through."

"My surgery was also something that normal Vampires would not be able to endure," said Bellmond.

These two, who were resistant to pain (or so they thought), shook their heads at the thought of the predicament of other Vampires.

"Come to think of it, what about that girl? Is she leveling?" asked Miles.

"Yes. She is a little disappointed with the fact that her Sunlight Resistance skill is only useful as sunscreen, and she is now aiming to become Rank 10," said Bellmond.

"She's working hard, isn't she? Maybe it's a difference in youth. Ah, how delicious," Miles said as he licked the last few drops of Blood Potion left in his mug. "Now then, I shall go to the bathhouse to let out some sweat," he said, picking up his change of clothing. "I'm going to the Sauron Duchy with Vandalieu-sama tomorrow and meeting with Iris-chan and the others, after all."

It had been decided that Miles would not be going to the Noble Orc Empire; he would be joining the Sauron Liberation Front to make preparations against the reincarnated individuals.

He had been speeding up his transformation into an Abyssal Vampire so that the fact that he was a Vampire wouldn't be revealed to Iris's supporters and her enemies, the Amid Empire's army.

Even with pale skin, crimson eyes and long fangs, nobody would suspect that a man exposing himself to sunlight and wearing a silver necklace was a Vampire.

Of course, he had transformed to provide more data on Abyssal Vampires as well as to disguise himself, but that was a bonus.

“I will be transported inside Vandalieu-sama, so I must purify my body.”

One of the other characteristics of Abyssal Vampires was that they could be equipped by Vandalieu’s Insect Binding Technique and Plant Binding Technique skills, and they would not experience any discomfort during this.

Thus, the plan was for Vandalieu to transport him by teleportation using the Labyrinth Construction skill.

“...I do believe that you should put on some clothing before thinking about purifying your body,” Bellmond said.

It seemed that her words didn’t reach Miles, who left holding only a single pair of boomerang underwear to change into.



- **Name:** Isla
- **Rank:** 9
- **Age:** Approximately 30,000 years old
- **Title:** The Eclipse King’s Hound
- **Race:** Vampire Viscount Zombie (Broken)
- **Level:** 85
- **Passive skills:**
  - Dark Vision
  - Status Effect Resistance: Level 10
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 9
  - Rapid Regeneration: Level 5
  - Mental Corruption: Level 7
  - Slaughter Healing: Level 7
  - Intuition: Level 5
  - Strengthened Attribute Values: Loyalty: Vandalieu: Level 6
- **Active skills:**

- Bloodwork: Level 1
- Water-Attribute Magic: Level 5
- Fire-Attribute Magic: Level 5
- No-Attribute Magic: Level 1
- Mana Control: Level 5
- Swordsmanship: Level 10
- Armor Technique: Level 9
- Surpass Limits: Level 8
- High-speed Flight: Level 5
- Pursuit: Level 8
- Torture: Level 5
- Commanding: Level 3
- Housework: Level 2
- **Unique Skills:**
  - Transformation: Level 7

‘Ternecia’s Hound,’ Isla, who has now become a Zombie.

She was originally Rank 10, but her Rank decreased all the way to 5 when she became a Zombie. After that, she regained her power back to Rank 9 through training in Dungeons.

However, she still cannot display her original abilities. Incidentally, Vandalieu and Luciliano noted that the “Broken” in her race title means “Undead that are weaker than when they were alive.” After this, “Broken” began appearing in the Statuses of all Undead that match this description.

In addition, she has already acquired the Title that Vandalieu thought would take more time for her to obtain. This is because Vandalieu himself acknowledges her by this Title, and because he has increased influence over those under the effects of Guidance: Demon Path.

She should be weaker than when she was alive, but her Bloodsucking skill has transformed into the Bloodwork skill, and her Status Effect Resistance, Mental Corruption and Surpass Limits skills have increased. She is growing stronger in a different direction from when she was alive.

Also, she has acquired the Commanding and Housework skills.

The design of her equipment is a little seductive, but this is because Vandalieu had used his personal image of what an “evil female boss” should look like. The reason for this was because “it seemed like it would fit.”



Title explanation:

### **【The Eclipse King’s Hound】**

Receives favorable bonuses when tracking or searching for those that have been deemed as prey or enemies by the Title possessor’s master, the Eclipse King.

In addition, the Title possessor gains positive bonuses to all Attribute Values, attack and defense when fighting under the Eclipse King’s command.

# Chapter 125

## The eyes of heaven that look this way. And a great scythe is raised

She didn't want to let it out.

She used reason as a weapon to firmly resist her instinctive urge.

Letting it out was, in itself, a very natural thing; it wasn't something to be embarrassed over. In fact, it was one of the essential processes in development, and reaching that stage was something to be happy about.

In fact, her companions and kouhais like Pete and Pain, the ones taking care of her and even Vandalieu were happy and congratulated her when told that she would soon let it out.

However, the timing was terrible. Once she let it out, she wouldn't be able to move for a while, at least for a few months. It was difficult to say that she was "able to move" now, but she would become completely immobile.

That was why she didn't want to proceed through this stage until the matter of the reincarnated individuals, which was apparently a large problem, and the matter of the Noble Orc Empire, were settled.

"Pigiih~"

Quinn, who was several times the size of a regular larva, let out a frustrated cry inside her chamber in the Cemetery Bee nest.

"There, there. Unlike the business with the Noble Orcs, the reincarnated individuals will take at least a decade... no, depending on how they act, multiple decades, to deal with. I'm sure you'll make it in time," Vandalieu said as he used his extended tongue to lick Quinn, stimulating her growth.

Indeed, Quinn was about to finally become a pupa.

Bees didn't form cocoons, but they closed their chambers with lids made of string-like fibers, with the soon-to-be pupa inside. It was no different for the monster bees that were Cemetery Bees.

And it seemed that the same applied to Quinn, the Cemetery Bee queen who had undergone a pseudo-reincarnation into an egg filled with death-attribute Mana.

"Pigih, pigipigippigih."

"You're worried about the time during which you're a pupa? It does seem like it will take longer than ordinary bees," said Vandalieu.

Normal Cemetery Bees took about a month to emerge with wings. Even the pupa that would become the queen bee would apparently take half a year.

However, Quinn, who had undergone a pseudo-reincarnation, was already a member of a different race that was not the Cemetery Bees. Her biology was similar, but that didn't mean everything was the same.

It was possible that she would stay in pupa form for over a year.

"But that doesn't mean I can keep you equipped with Insect Binding Technique as a pupa..."

"Pigih..."

The inside of a pupa was completely liquid other than the nerve cells. Thus, excessive movement would cause the pupa to die.

The pupa would be isolated from any vibrations from the outside world while equipped inside Vandalieu's body, but there was the possibility that it would slip outside of Vandalieu's body.

Knowing this, Quinn reluctantly backed down.

And then, seemingly having made up her mind, she began producing thread from her mouth.

"Pigih..."

“I’ll come and visit you every day when I can,” Vandalieu said reassuringly as he looked at Quinn’s beautiful eyes.

Vandalieu’s image reflected off Quinn’s beautiful compound eyes until the lid made of her thread blocked him from her vision.

Once the lid completely covered Quinn, Vandalieu suddenly looked to the side.

Buzz-buzz-buzz.

Cemetery Bees used their jaws to chew up what appeared to be enormous caterpillars, rolling the minced meat into spheres. It seemed that this was the replacement for the tea cakes that Vandalieu had been feeding her.

“Fire shouldn’t be used here should it...”

It seemed that the Cemetery Bees knew better than to feed Quinn meatballs made of the meat from the Reborn Sauron Duchy Army. It might simply have been because all of that meat had already been eaten, however.



The night before the journey to the Sauron Duchy, Vandalieu had Zadiris, Tarea, Datara, Luciliano and the Lich Nuaza, the leader of the Church of Vida, gather in his workshop.

“Now then, we will begin the investigation to find out the reason Lump-of-flesh-chan turned into Legion, as well as examining the Life Gold and the disappearing silver,” Vandalieu said.

This was the topic of discussion.

It seemed that Legion itself didn’t really remember why it had been reincarnated in another world with Lump-of-flesh-chan as its body, as a single organism.

But if Vandalieu could figure out just why Legion had been reincarnated into the living lump of flesh that was a failed attempt to create Darcia’s body, it was possible that it could lead to Darcia’s successful reincarnation that Vandalieu desired so badly.

“Well, not that I expect that much to come from this,” Vandalieu added.

“Indeed... Even if it is possible, it could simply result in more Legions,” said Zadiris.

“More importantly, where is this ‘Legion?’ I wanted to hear more about the time it ate the mysterious silver,” said Datara.

Legion was not present in the spacious underground workshop. The pool that she(?) had been in as Lump-of-flesh-chan was currently empty.

“Legion seems to be tired from her first leveling session, so she is sleeping with Pauvina and Privel, who were also leveling with her,” said Luciliano with a distant look in his eyes.

“First? I heard that in that ‘Origin’ world, she was a group of warriors that went wild and massacred over a hundred elite soldiers and even killed a number of that world’s heroes, but... have I misremembered?” Datara said, scratching his head with a baffled expression.

“It seems that in this world called Origin, there were no levels, Jobs, Ranks, skills or Experience Points,” Zadiris said. “That is why she never gained Experience Points no matter how many enemies she killed, and, of course, her level did not increase.”

“What?! It is surprising that there are more of such strange places other than ‘Earth.’”

Everyone in Lambda understood the concepts of levels, Jobs, skills and Experience Points the moment they became aware of themselves. Even toddlers who couldn’t read letters and foolish Goblins and Orcs.

The Status that could be seen through the no-attribute spell ‘Status’ that could be cast by anyone was displayed in kanji and numbers for those who could read them, like Vandalieu. For those who could only read hiragana and katakana, it would automatically be displayed in only those characters rather than kanji.

Statuses were perceived orally for those who couldn’t read at all, and those who didn’t understand words at all or those with extremely limited vocabulary simply felt a vague feeling that allowed them to understand their own Status.

For monsters with the intelligence of animals or even lower, they simply instinctively understood that they could become stronger by eating others.

However, beast and insectoid monsters instinctively understood the concepts of

Ranks and levels.

That was how ordinary these concepts were in Lambda.

It seemed that it was difficult for Datarā and the others to imagine a world without these concepts.

“Well, I don’t know whether there are more worlds with levels and Experience Points than without, but at the very least, Earth and Origins were worlds without them,” said Vandalieu. “So, Legion has been feeling the sensation of gaining Experience Points and hearing the announcer informing her that she has learned skills non-stop for the first time, so she seems to have become tired.”

“Experience Point intoxication, isn’t it? That once caused me an embarrassing experience while I was alive,” said Nuaza.

“Yes, that is something that all who acquire battle-related Jobs must experience at least once,” said Zadiris.

There was a certain pleasant sensation associated with gaining Experience Points. For Vandalieu, it felt something like a sense of fulfillment and accomplishment.

And that pleasant sensation became a sense of exaltation when gaining a large amount of Experience Points at once. One entered a state similar to a runner’s high, or the high-tension state that resulted from staying up all night.

Apparently, this had caused troubles for Nuaza and Zadiris while they were young.

“During my first real battle, I experienced terrible Experience Point intoxication; my fatigue vanished and I went on a rampage while facing weak monsters, but... when I became sober, my fatigue returned and I felt exhausted. I made quite the embarrassment out of myself in front of the other priest-warriors of my age,” said Nuaza, reminiscing.

“I experienced something similar,” Zadiris said with a nod. “When I experienced my first battle, I gained a large amount of Experience Points no matter what I was defeating.”

“I remember that as well,” said Tarea. “It was not enough to put me into high spirits, however.”

“Oh? You have not acquired a combat-related Job, but you have experienced Experience Point intoxication?” Luciliano asked her, as she had only ever acquired creation-related Jobs.

However, his question was soon answered.

“Van-sama took me with him to level up, after all. I experienced it then,” Tarea said.

When the non-combatant civilians of Talosheim were made to level up while wearing Rita, Saria and the Living Armors of the former Red Wolf Knights’ Order, Tarea had become a Rank 5 Ghoul High Artisan. Apparently, she had plainly experienced Experience Point intoxication in doing so.

“Ah, that time. Well then, that means that all of Talosheim’s citizens have experienced Experience Point intoxication,” said Luciliano.

“No, I haven’t,” said Datara.

Those with creation-oriented Jobs such as craftsmen or farmers gained Experience Points at a slow pace. Those with such Jobs earned Experience Points by performing work related to those Jobs. They couldn’t perform advanced work that would earn them a large amount of Experience Points while their levels and the levels of their skills were still low.

That was why they didn’t normally suffer from Experience Point intoxication. The citizens of Talosheim were a rare exception due to the advanced leveling that Vandalieu had made them do.

However, the craftsmen among the Undead Titans, like Datara, were already far stronger than the average soldier if they were to swing their hammers as weapons, so they hadn’t required such training.

“Well, not that I want to experience it. More importantly, the topic at hand is the investigation, isn’t it? Apologies for getting off-topic,” Datara said, trying to return to the main topic, having sensed that Vandalieu might suggest that they leave the investigation until after the business in the Noble Orc Empire was dealt with.

He was more interested in spending his time in the workshop with the Ghoul crafting team, which was made entirely of women, than increasing his level and Rank.

“Ah, yes. First, the cause of Lump-of-flesh-chan becoming Legion. It’s probably the doing of a god. That’s all,” Vandalieu concluded.

“Master, that is too vague,” said Luciliano. “Well, it seems to be the result of the actions of multiple gods.”

Legion’s Status displayed the divine protections of three gods.

The divine protections of Zuruwarn, the god of space and creation, and Ricklent, the genie of time and magic, who were two of Lambda’s original gods, just like Vida and Alda. Plus, the divine protection of the god of Origin.

It was commonly thought that Zuruwarn and Ricklent had fallen into slumber in order to recover their power after the battle with the army of the Demon King Guduranis, but surprisingly, it seemed that they were working actively.

According to legends, Zuruwarn had manipulated space and opened a door that connected worlds with one another when he summoned Zakkart, Bellwood and the other champions from the foreign world known as *Earth*. With him acting, it would have been possible to bring the souls of the Eighth Guidance and Gazer, Legion’s form in its previous life, to the world of Lambda.

Ricklent was a god who ruled over the time attribute as well as magic, and statues of him were enshrined in every Mages’ Guild branch. He had almost certainly used some spells to assist Zuruwarn.

However, the god of Origin was a mystery.

“Master, what kind of a being is the god of Origin?” Luciliano asked, looking curious and confused. “I have never heard you mention him at all.”

“In fact, the Holy Son once told me that it is possible that no gods exist on Earth and Origin,” Nuaza added.

But Vandalieu gave them a puzzled look himself. “I don’t know, either,” he said. “As Nuaza said, I thought that they didn’t exist, or at least that there are no gods with their own personalities and individual intentions like the gods of this world.”

When he was on Earth, he hadn’t really been a religious person. However, he hadn’t been an atheist, either.

He had simply vaguely thought that there was probably a supernatural, transcendental, divine being somewhere that was beyond human wisdom and knowledge.

It was only after he died and learned of Rodcorte's existence that he had become aware that gods existed, however. But this had actually made him more doubtful that Earth and Origin had their own gods.

He had thought that if a god with its own personality like Rodcorte existed on Earth and in Origin, there would be more miracles and tragedies and such.

Particularly in Origin, where not only science, but magic existed as well. Even though utilizing spirits had been impossible until Vandalieu awoke to the death attribute, their existence was known.

However, hard proof that a god existed had apparently never been found in Origin.

Leaving aside the existence of religious figures, it had only been recorded in small writing in specialized books that a god likely existed, as various phenomena could be explained by the existence of god from a magical perspective.

"That's why I thought that there wasn't a god. The reincarnation of souls is something that Rodcorte should be in charge of, too. But this has made it clear that a god does exist in Origin," Vandalieu said.

It was a great discovery if it could be shared worldwide. There was no way to share it with the people of Origin, however.

"And it seems that it is interested in you as well, boy," said Zadiris.

"I'm thankful for that," said Vandalieu.

Legion hadn't received any messages from Zuruwarn and Ricklent, and she didn't have any memories of being saved in the first place. Immediately after her individual souls died, the next time she awakened, she had been in that state.

However, Vandalieu couldn't think of any other reason that Zuruwarn and Ricklent had made the effort to have Legion reincarnated where Vandalieu was.

Their exact motives for them acting as his allies was unclear, but... perhaps they were

more loyal to Vida than the myths said, or perhaps they wanted to declare that they stood on Vida's side, not Alda's.

And the reason for the god of Origin cooperating with them and granting Legion its divine protection was even more incomprehensible.

After all, Vandalieu had no knowledge on what kind of being it was. He had the feeling that if by some miracle it had taken a liking to him, it was fine whether that was due to something that had happened while he was alive in Origin, or perhaps after he became an Undead.

After considering things up to this point, Vandalieu shook his head. "Well, I'm sure gods have their own circumstances, there are not enough materials to work with to conduct an investigation into the god of Origin, so let's set that aside for now," he said.

"Indeed, we do not know what kind of god it is, so it cannot be helped. If only we knew the effects of the divine protection it gave Legion, we might have a hint," said Zadiris.

With that, it was decided that the matter of the god of Origin would be set aside. It was a mystery as to why that god had lent its assistance. Perhaps Zuruwarn had offered something to it in negotiation, or perhaps it just hated Rodcorte.

Rodcorte didn't appear in the myths and legends of any world; he was simply a god who ruled over reincarnation. Thus, his relationships with the gods of the various worlds was unknown.

At the very least, according to what Vandalieu had heard from Fidirg and Merrebeveil, the gods of Lambda... those on Vida's side, apparently didn't think of him very favorably.

"I cannot go into detail, but he is shit."

"Scum."

"Worse than vile."

This had been Fidirg's response when Vandalieu asked him about Rodcorte.

"I cannot speak in detail, but if he existed in a place my tentacles could reach him, I would wish to strangle him to death. That is the kind of god he is."

This had been Merrebeveil's response.

It seemed that Rodcorte had been making a mess of things in the past as well.

As gods, Fidirg and Merrebeveil hadn't been able to explain matters regarding souls, reincarnation and past events to Vandalieu in detail, but he got a clear picture of what they thought of Rodcorte.

"There are statues of Zuruwarn and Ricklent in the Church of Vida, aren't there?" Vandalieu asked.

"Of course, Holy Son," said Nuaza.

Gods other than Vida had also been enshrined at the Church of Vida that was currently being run by Nuaza. Statues of Alda, the god of law and fate, who was responsible for heavily wounding Vida, as well as his subordinate gods and other subordinate gods who were said to have joined his side had been destroyed, and the other statues remained as they were.

Of course, Zuruwarn and Ricklent's statues were enshrined there.

"Well then, let us make sure to pray to them the next time we visit the Church. It seems that prayers reach the gods in Lambda, after all," Vandalieu said.

It was difficult to imagine that the gods understood all of these prayers, however. Perhaps they would eventually send Divine Messages or something similar.

"Now then, next is Lump-of-flesh-chan that became Legion's base, the Life Gold and the disappearing silver," said Luciliano. "For now, let's discuss what we know –" He began announcing what was known about each item. "First is Lump-of-flesh-chan. I believe that it was likely one of the three holy grails that Alchemists are trying to create – the base form of life."

"...What is that?" Vandalieu asked.

"...If the one who created it does not understand, that makes things difficult, Master."

Vandalieu had simply created Lump-of-flesh-chan as a result of using the goddess-created resurrection device after magically reconstructing it in an attempt to fix it. That was how Vandalieu felt, but Luciliano looked at him with a gaze that was as if he

were looking at something disappointing.

“The three holy grails are the supreme Alchemy techniques that are considered impossible unless one becomes a god. It is said that the gods used one of these techniques when they created new life. It is otherwise known as ‘life with no soul,’” Luciliano explained.

“Is it more incredible than the Homunculus that Van-sama is trying to create as a body for Darcia-Ogibosama\*?” asked Tarea, referring to Darcia as her mother-in-law.

*TLN\*: This is an honorific that means “mother-in-law.”*

Luciliano nodded. “A Homunculus is ‘artificial life.’ It would normally be considered the step before creating the ‘base form of life.’ A Homunculus is also ‘life with no soul,’ but the versatility after creation is what makes them different. A Homunculus can only become an artificial human, but the ‘base form of life’ can theoretically become any form of life. From a mouse to a true Elder Dragon or Colossus.”

“Even an Elder Dragon! Borkus says that he can only defeat regular Dragons... Holy Son, you’ve gone and created something incredible,” said Datará. “Wait, why are you sleeping?”

Vandalieu had been attempting to create a Homunculus for the purpose of Darcia’s resurrection; it was apparently a great shock to learn that he had created something a step above Homunculi in doing so.

“No, it seems that he has simply gone limp like a dead tree from the shock,” said Zadiris, stopping him from falling onto the ground with her arms.

Why was it that he had managed to achieve a holy grail of Alchemy but failed to create a Homunculus, the step before that holy grail? It seemed extremely absurd to Vandalieu.

Still being held from falling onto the ground by Zadiris, he asked Luciliano a question. “If I created a new Lump-of-flesh-chan and put my mother’s spirit into it, would it be possible to resurrect her?”

Luciliano looked not at Vandalieu, but at Zadiris. “Zadiris, make sure you hold Master properly,” he told her. “Master, it is theoretically possible. It is possible, but it is impossible for you as you are now. That Lump-of-flesh-chan... even after it was

complete, it did not accept the souls around it at all. You even tried to put spirits into it yourself, did you not? But the fact that it was impossible means that both creating it and making use of it are impossible without becoming a god or acquiring the supreme techniques of Alchemy.”

Incidentally, Vandalieu would later ask the gods that he was able to go and meet, Fidirg and Merrebeveil, to see if they could help him, only to find that it was impossible as he had expected. It was apparently possible if he didn't mind Darcia becoming a Lizardman or a mass of tentacles, however.

“How tragic, Van-sama...” said Tarea.

“...Say, Tarea. Stop embracing both me and the boy,” said Zadiris.

It was as if Vandalieu had somehow created a nuclear fusion reactor while trying to build a steam engine.

The result was incredible, but the technology was too advanced and he couldn't make use of it.

“Well, it is unlikely to become a living organism on its own without powerful gods acting as they did in this case, so there is no harm,” Luciliano added.

It seemed that it wouldn't be either harmful or beneficial at this point.

“...Now then, let us pull ourselves together and move on to the Life Gold and disappearing silver,” said Vandalieu's spirit form, which had floated out of his body.

“Judging from the fact that you've used Out-of-body Experience, it seems that you haven't really pulled yourself together, but... Anyway, what I can say as a blacksmith is that both are metals, but at the same time, they are things that aren't metals,” said Datará. “Life Gold would be simple if it were simply a metal that could change its shape. It's as soft as clay, you see. But whether I heat it up or cool it down, it stays soft, and it keeps moving around and its shape keeps changing. If I try to hit it with my hammer, it ends up running away.”

Unlike the Death Iron and Dark Copper that Vandalieu had previously created, which were liquid metals that solidified as they were heated, Datará had struggled to make something out of Life Gold.

It was completely unaffected by the temperature. It was meaningless to put the slime-like Life Gold into a mold, and it couldn't be forged with a hammer, either.

Tarea had also struggled to process Life Gold.

"I tried mixing it with monster materials to create paints and adhesives, but it was a complete failure. No matter what I mixed it with, it wouldn't stop moving around," she said. "But I found out something interesting when Datarara ate the Life Gold."

"I'm not sure if it can be called a processing method, though," Datarara said with a strange expression before opening his mouth wide, showing his teeth. There were several golden teeth among his thick, white ones.

"Are those gold teeth made of Life Gold?" Vandalieu asked.

"Yeah, these have made me feel better. Hmm, the moment the Life Gold entered my mouth, it went and became teeth for me. After that, it stopped moving on its own and stayed solid," Datarara said.

Vandalieu, who had regained his willpower, looked to see that Datarara's golden teeth were indeed motionless, staying in the shape of teeth.

"Ever since I got these gold teeth, my body's been feeling good. My Vitality has increased; it's like I've become younger," Datarara said.

"Judging from this, Life Gold cannot be used like normal metals; I think there are plenty of ways to use it other than having it eaten by Undead," said Tarea.

It seemed that the living metal, Life Gold, could be used to repair missing parts of non-living beings such as Undead. Apparently, it even increased the Undead's Vitality and improved their health.

"If Undead can use it, could Living Armors and Cursed Weapons not use it?" said Zadiris. "Why not test them on Rita and Saria? It could even become an accessory for them, killing two birds with one stone."

"Indeed. I'll test it next time," said Vandalieu, who was still being held in Zadiris's arms. "By the way, Luciliano, is this Life Gold another one of Alchemy's holy grails?"

"I'm afraid I have no idea," Luciliano said, shaking his head. "Since it is a life form

without a soul, it is likely something similar to the 'base form of life,' but I am not a specialist when it comes to Alchemy... though I do not believe any Alchemist would know anything about the mysterious things that you create, Master. However, the disappearing silver is likely one of the holy grails, the 'base form of spirit.'"

The disappearing silver that only Legion had been able to notice and absorb. Judging from that result, Luciliano had guessed that it was the 'base form of spirit.'

It had been recorded in myths that in the age of the gods, the gods had used the 'base form of spirit' to create their own Spirit Clones and familiar spirits. When they created the humans, Elves and Dwarves, they had used the 'base form of life' for their bodies and the 'base form of spirit' to create their minds.

"However, among the three holy grails of Alchemy, the 'base form of spirit' is the one that is shrouded in the most mystery. To the point that most Mages believe that it is a mere concept that does not actually exist. There is not a single detailed description of it in any myths or legends," Luciliano continued. "That is why I cannot make a certain conclusion, but Legion is likely an organism that was born when Zuruwarn and Ricklent drove the souls from the foreign world of Origin into the object that was a combination of the 'base form of life,' Lump-of-flesh-cha, and the 'base form of spirit.'"

That was apparently how things were. The technology was excessive even for Luciliano, so this was the only conclusion that he could make.

"For the work of a group of gods, I feel like it was rather crude," Tarea commended. "If they were going to do this, it would have been better to have them separate one by one and be reincarnated as humans or something similar."

"Now, now, there is no need to say that. I am sure there were some circumstances that did not allow them to do this. And it is possible that if they were not put into that form, something might have prevented the reincarnation from being successful," said Nuaza.

If Zuruwarn and Ricklent had been listening, they might have winced at Tarea's words and then given the thumbs up to Nuaza's response.

"In that case, I can't think of any way to use the silver. For now, let's try using it on Undead like the Life Gold," said Vandalieu. "We'll lose track of it without Legion holding it for us, so we'll have to test it later, though."

“So, Holy Son, what will you name it?” Nuaza asked.

“Let’s call it ‘Spirit Silver.’”

The ‘disappearing silver,’ or ‘mysterious silver,’ was now known as Spirit Silver. It was apparently one of Alchemy’s three holy grails. But creating it from silver caused even Vandalieu and the Undead to lose sight of it, so it was a slightly troublesome metal that needed Legion’s assistance to find a way to make use of it.

“Incidentally, what is the other holy grail of Alchemy?” Vandalieu asked.

“The creation of the divine metal, Orichalcum,” Luciliano replied. “Thanks to you and some others in Talosheim, it seems to have become less impressive, however.”

“There was a Dragon-shaped Orichalcum Golem, after all,” said Zadiris. “Even my staff is made of it.”

“And with the Holy Son’s fragments of the Demon King, there are plenty of materials that are easy to smith despite rivaling Orichalcum,” Datara added. “It’s only natural that Orichalcum seems less impressive now.”

“Now that I think about it, we are truly blessed,” said Tarea.

Since the investigation couldn’t be carried out in any more detail, it came to an end and idle chatter began.

At this rate, Vandalieu would enjoy the idle chatter for a while and then say, “See you tomorrow” and dismiss everyone.

At that moment, Vandalieu suddenly felt a gaze from above his head and looked up at the ceiling.

The ceiling of this underground workshop was incredibly high. However, it appeared to Vandalieu as if there was a distorted ‘hole’ open at a height below the ceiling.

“That’s...”

Through the ‘hole,’ Vandalieu could see an enormous, shining, familiar-looking silhouette as well as a dozen more silhouettes lined up in front of him, some that looked familiar and some that didn’t.

They matched the descriptions of the deceased Bravers that Vandalieu had heard from Legion... though there were some among them who were supposed to still be alive.

Leaving that aside, this was an emergency situation.

“Is there someone’s spirit or something there, boy?” Zadiris asked curiously.

Vandalieu didn’t know what Rodcorte and the reincarnated individuals were intending to do before they were even reincarnated, nor did he know what they were able to do, and there was no reaction from Danger Sense: Death, either. But for now, he decided that everyone should step back.

“Everyone, step back –”

The moment Vandalieu felt a pain that felt as if something was gripping his heart, and he felt Danger Sense: Death reacting, he realized what they were trying to do.

This wasn’t a declaration of war, a call for discussion or reconnaissance.

It was an attack.



Material explanation:

### 【Life Gold】

A living metal that has transformed from gold after being imbued with death-attribute Mana. It is something similar to one of Alchemy's three holy grails, the 'base form of life.'

In this form, it is something resembling slime with the same mass as gold; it is alive but does not possess the ability to fight, nor can it multiply. It continues moving even when exposed to temperatures that would evaporate gold or absolute zero, but it simply moves and is not able to do anything.

Also, it does not possess a mind or a sense of self. It is impossible to have spirits inhabit it.

Its first use is that it can be eaten. Eating it grants a small amount of Experience Points. Also, it causes a slight increase in the Vitality Attribute Value.

It possesses the ability to improve health; it does not produce effects in healthy children and young people, but it improves the condition of unhealthy creatures and incomplete Undead.

By ingesting enough Life Gold, it is possible to replace chipped or missing teeth, heavily-damaged organs and bones. Also, it works as a medicine to boost sexual function.

When ingested by monsters, it can cause special evolutions as their Rank increases.

For monsters without mouths (Cursed Weapons, Living Armors), there are cases where it takes effect just through direct physical contact.

## Chapter 126

# How to counter a cheat-like ability that forces cardiopulmonary arrest

Many life-forms that died and lost their bodies had a dull sense of time.

They didn't have hearts that beat in rhythm, nor did they have lungs that breathed. They didn't have the physical need to eat or sleep. Spirits wandering the outside world could look at the sky to gain a broad sense of the flow of time, but spirits that remained indoors sometimes couldn't even tell if years were passing.

That was why Rodcorte had installed a 'clock' in his own Divine Realm, for the reincarnated individuals to use.

The Bravers and Murakami Junpei's group that had left the Bravers, who had died in Origin, had the time limit of a month to decide what they would do after being reincarnated in Origin. The clock was to make sure they kept to the time limit.

Recently, Rodcorte was a little freer from dealing with the problems in the circle of transmigration system that arose from souls being broken.

"I've regained the instincts I had when the Demon King Guduranis was running rampant in Lambda over a hundred thousand years ago."

Now, Rodcorte was only made a little busier than usual in order to deal with the problems caused by a broken soul or two.

He had been forced to devote all of his efforts into this when Raymond Paris, Rick Paris and a dozen other members of the Reborn Sauron Duchy Army who had been involved in the Scylla serial killing incident had their souls broken at once, however.

"Instead of thinking of using the souls in Vida's circle of transmigration system for my own system, should I start working on a version update to my system so that it can effectively deal with souls being broken?" Rodcorte wondered.

But considering that he was planning to solve the problem by erasing Vandalieu, the only one capable of breaking souls, he felt hesitant to begin such a task.

It was unlikely that another being capable of destroying souls like the Demon King Guduranis would begin an invasion from another world, anyway.

And if Vandalieu did something reckless like destroying tens, or even hundreds of thousands of souls within a short period of time, no version update Rodcorte could implement into his system would be able to cope with it. The only thing he would be able to do in such a situation was to detach the part of the system that managed reincarnation in Lambda and several other worlds to prevent the entire system from collapsing.

This was something that even the Demon King Guduranis hadn't done (likely because it was unclear as to what would happen in Lambda after the destruction of Rodcorte's system), but there was no guarantee that Vandalieu wouldn't do it.

"So then, isn't it better to make it so that you could detach only the Lambda portion of the system?" Aran suggested, having listened to Rodcorte's monologue.

"That would be difficult," Rodcorte replied. "My circle of reincarnation system has never been completely divided by world to begin with. Normally, souls are reincarnated within a single world, but the system has been designed so that a world can borrow souls from other worlds in order to deal with unexpected circumstances."

It was a setup so that if World A experienced an explosive growth in population and lacked souls, it could borrow souls that were awaiting reincarnation in Worlds B and C.

And due to this setup, worlds A, B and C could not be individually detached from the system.

*I see*, Aran thought as he gave a sigh. "So, in this case, those multiple worlds are Earth, Origin and Lambda?"

Rodcorte had reincarnated Aran and the others from Earth, which was close to Lambda in the system, into Origin, which was also close to Lambda. Now, he was trying to reincarnate them in Lambda, which was close to Origin.

At the same time, Aran understood that if the situation called for it, Rodcorte would

be forced to abandon Lambda, and Earth and Origin along with it.

As the system's manager, Rodcorte probably had the right mindset, but...

"Precisely. However, it is not that I desire to discard these worlds, including Lambda. That is why I reincarnated you people from Earth, and I want you to understand that this is also why I am requesting that you erase Vandalieu," Rodcorte said.

"...No, isn't the latter for a different reason? I understand that he's dangerous, but it's not like he needs to break souls in order to survive, so wouldn't he stop doing it if you asked him to?" Aran said, his face stiff. He didn't think it was necessary to persistently try to kill Vandalieu.

But it seemed that Rodcorte had a different opinion.

"If there was a highly-intelligent, dangerous biological weapon with its own free will loose in the world of Origin that could not be controlled by humanity, what do you think humanity's leaders would choose to do?" Rodcorte asked.

Knowing the answer to this question without even using Calculation, Aran looked downcast. "Rather than believe in the possibility that it won't harm humanity, it would be safer to erase it and reduce the chance of humanity being harmed to zero. Yes, yes, I understand," he said, and then he walked away from Rodcorte.

Rodcorte finally realized that he had a habit of unconsciously talking to himself, as he had spent most of his time alone.

Now that he had created Familiar Spirits, even if they were only temporary, he needed to be more careful from now on.

"Umm, Kami-sama, can I have a word?"

The next person to call out to Rodcorte was the 'Marionette' Inui Hajime. He had come alone, without bringing any of his companions – not that it was clear if he had any companions left among the reincarnated individuals.

His face was pale, his eyes were wandering, and his hands and knees were trembling.

*I'm surprised he can express his emotions to this extent despite being a mere soul,* Rodcorte thought. Even he, who thought little of the human mind, was impressed. It

seemed that Hajime's thoughts were in disorder.

Thus, Rodcorte spoke to him with a gentle tone. "Have you come to a decision?"

This didn't seem to be effective, however.

"That's right! About that decision! Is it possible for me to be reincarnated somewhere as a baby with my memories and personality erased?! If possible, without my fortune and powers!" Hajime shouted.

"...Hmm." Despite being able to read Hajime's thoughts, Rodcorte fell into a surprised silence at this unexpected request.

*I thought that humans were creatures that do not even hesitate to kill others in order to protect the power, rights and fortunes that they have gained, but...*

For Rodcorte, who had these thoughts regarding humanity, Inui Hajime's request was an unexpected one.

Unlike Earth and Origin, the value of life was small in Lambda. Excluding those born as royals or nobles, the world's inhabitants had their lives and belongings stolen in frequent wars, and this was considered normal.

It couldn't be said that regions where this was true did not exist on Earth or in Origin, but this applied to the entirety of the world of Lambda.

To reincarnate in such a world without a cheat-like ability or the memories and knowledge that he had gained so far, starting over again as a baby, was...

"Are you aware of the dangers?" Rodcorte asked.

"O-of course! I don't even mind dying right after I'm born!"

Inui Hajime's mind had been broken to a greater extent than Rodcorte or anyone around him had imagined.

If he was reincarnated as he was now, it was likely that he would be killed by Vandalieu, Murakami's group or Lambda's inhabitants; he had been driven into a corner.

This was what he had made himself believe.

Even if he became an assassin to kill Vandalieu, Vandalieu was certain to have already received information about him from the Eighth Guidance. With that being the case, he would be killed like Kaidou Kanata had been. He couldn't use Marionette to manipulate Golems and Ghosts that didn't have nerves, and if Vandalieu himself used Out-of-body Experience to separate himself from his physical body, he couldn't manipulate him, either. And after he was defeated, even if he begged for his life, he couldn't expect any compassion from Vandalieu.

If he didn't become an assassin, Murakami Junpei's group would kill him to silence him. Even if Vandalieu had information from the Eighth Guidance, it was possible that the Eighth Guidance had reincarnated in an imperfect form. And considering the risk that Hajime might let it slip to Lambda's natives that they were reincarnated individuals, he couldn't be left alive.

He couldn't rely on the other reincarnated individuals to save him. Hajime hadn't killed them directly, but there was no changing the fact that he had betrayed the Bravers.

Even if he was killed by Murakami, they would just consider it to be 'internal discord.'

Of course, being 'killed' wouldn't be in the literal sense of the word. Murakami's group knew that Hajime's soul would simply return to Rodcorte if he was killed.

They were certain to choose a way to half-kill him, such as destroying a non-vital part of his brain, leaving him alive but unable to speak.

Hajime wasn't sure that he would be sane when he died and his soul returned to this place if they did something like that to him.

And if he were to be killed by Vandalieu, he would almost certainly have his soul destroyed thanks to the foolish Kaidou Kanata. Now that Hajime had become a spirit, he could imagine the intense pain, sense of loss and despair that he would feel if that were to happen to him.

"Th-that's why I think it would be easier if I just disappeared! If I were just a baby with no memories or personality, nobody would think of going out of their way to try to find and kill me, right?!" Hajime said.

This was the conclusion that he had arrived at. He would lose his power, have his memories and personality erased and start over. Since this was an ordinary reincarnation, he was aware that this would be the end of the person known as Inui Hajime. However, this was what he wanted.

Having seen the gist of what Inui Hajime was thinking, Rodcorte became aware of a mistake that he had made.

*I should have considered the circumstances and stress associated with repeatedly reincarnating individuals in a group with their memories and personalities intact.*

Humans were normally born anew, but in the case of these reincarnated individuals, they would regain the memories and personalities from their previous lives once they were around five or six years old.

In other words, their natures would take shape at that moment.

This made it difficult for them even if they decided that they wanted to work hard after being reborn into their new lives. It didn't need to be said that it was difficult to change one's past experiences and human nature that had already been established.

And what would happen if they were reincarnated alongside those who knew them in their previous lives?

Starting over became even more difficult.

And they even retained their memories of their deaths, so those who had been betrayed by those they thought were their allies, like Inui Hajime, would carry their traumas into their next lives.

It seemed that Kaidou Kanata hadn't thought much about it, simply thinking that he would be reincarnated once more if he died again. However, that was because Kanata was an abnormal case; Inui Hajime's reaction was more normal.

The human nature, relationships with the other reincarnated individuals, the fear of death. It was Rodcorte's mistake, having taken all of these too lightly.

*I suppose it was a mistake to have them reincarnate in Origin to gain knowledge, skills and experience,* Rodcorte thought, but he wasn't capable of reversing time.

Right now, responding to Inui Hajime's request came first. At this rate, he would be both useless as an assassin to kill Vandalieu and useless in bringing the knowledge and skills of his previous worlds to Lambda for its development.

"Unfortunately, I cannot do that," Rodcorte said.

If he granted Hajime's request, it would waste the effort he had spent in granting him a cheat-like ability and the time that he had spent in Origin. Even if he would be nothing more than a sacrificial pawn, Rodcorte wanted him to play that role up until the end before he disappeared.

"W-why?!" Hajime demanded.

"Because I cannot do it."

Though those were Rodcorte's thoughts, he could not honestly speak them out loud.

If the plan for Lambda's development was proceeding smoothly, then it wouldn't have been a problem for Inui Hajime, a single individual, to give up. But the current situation was one of crisis. Every single usable resource needed to be utilized to its limit.

"Th-then, what the hell am I supposed to do...?" Hajime muttered.

At this rate, it was likely that Hajime would choose to kill himself after being reincarnated, so Rodcorte decided to lend him some strength.

"I will set up your Marionette ability to activate itself automatically and end your life in the event that you are put into the half-dead, vegetable state that you are fearing, and you do not wish to recover from that state. Will that be enough?" Rodcorte asked.

Though such a thing would have been impossible for Rodcorte to carry out on Vandalieu, as he had received no cheat-like ability, it was possible for him to perform adjustments like this on Inui Hajime and the other reincarnated individuals.

"Th-then... well... kind of..." Inui Hajime looked crestfallen at how small Rodcorte's support was. "Let me think about it a little more," he said as he walked away.

*If he comes back, that is when I shall decide how to use him, or whether I should return him to the circle of transmigration if he will be of no use,* Rodcorte thought.

Another reincarnated individual approached. It was the 'Clairvoyance' Tendou Tatsuya.

"I have a proposal. I want you to let me gather information," he said.

"What do you mean by 'gather information?'" Rodcorte asked.

"From this Divine Realm place, it's possible to see the worlds whose circles of transmigration you control. Isn't that right?"

"That is correct, but... I do not think there would be any meaning to gazing at the worlds."

It was possible to gaze at the worlds from Rodcorte's Divine Realm. However, the precision of the image would be like looking at Earth from outer space at a distance that made it appear to be the size of a clenched fist.

It would be possible to see the shapes and locations of the continents, as well as phenomena that were larger than the continents themselves. However, islands would be difficult to see. Seeing the activity of humans would be impossible.

"I do not mind if you wish to gain a broad idea of Lambda's geography, but..." Rodcorte muttered, displaying an image of Lambda in front of Tendou.

The world of Lambda could be clearly seen in this spherical image that was about the size of a baby's head. It could even be considered a special privilege for a mortal to see the shape of the world that was still unknown to the people living in it.

Incidentally, the reason that Rodcorte could only see the world at this distance was because he was not a god that was acknowledged in Lambda. If he were a god who was worshipped by many people, like Alda, the god of law and fate, he would be able to see the areas where large numbers of his followers were living in with more detail.

But for Rodcorte, whose very existence was not known to anyone in Lambda, this was the limit.

"Hmm?"

At least, that was supposed to be the case, but for some reason, there was one part of the world of Lambda that was a little easier to see.

*Is it just my imagination? This is the southern area of the Bahn Gaia continent... the nation ruled by Vandalieu! I see; Vandalieu, as a reincarnated individual, is aware of my existence. Is that why? But this is a matter that has nothing to do with Mana; it is a matter of how many people acknowledge me. Can a single person have this much influence?*

Though it was 'visible,' it was only a little better than the other regions; it wasn't enough to be useful. Just as Rodcorte decided that it was just his imagination after all, Tendou smiled, gazing intently at the world of Lambda.

"Alright, this will work!" he said. "Kami-sama, please make it so that I can use Clairvoyance. With this, I want to see the inside of the Boundary Mountain Range, the nation that Amamiya has built."

The Clairvoyance ability that Tendou Tatsuya had received from Rodcorte was a collection of multiple vision-related abilities. Among them was an ability called 'Telescopic Vision.'

However, that ability on its own wasn't a particularly incredible ability. Since a pair of binoculars or a telescope was enough, he hadn't really tried to improve it. He could only magnify his vision by a few times.

Even so, he would likely be able to see Talosheim's geography and its town, as well as the shape of the castle's walls. That alone would be information that Asagi and his other companions could use to make decisions.

Or so Tendou thought.

"I see," Rodcorte muttered, thinking of a way to use Tendou to gather information. "Now that you have become but a soul made of spirit, no physical limitations exist for you. The problem is Mana, but I can simply lend you some and it will be sufficient. Very well, Tendou Tatsuya. Let us try to see the current Vandalieu, using your power."

Tendou's Clairvoyance was originally something that Rodcorte had created by processing his own divine power, but the pre-processed divine power could not be used by any other than its owner, Rodcorte himself; it was nothing more than energy. And because there were restrictions associated with being a god, there were many things that were impossible for him to do.

However, by processing his divine power so that a human could use it, humans could

use that power to do things without the restrictions of being a god.

*I see. Humans are useful after all,* Rodcorte thought.

“Now then, I will make it so that everyone can see what you can see,” Rodcorte said.

“You can do something like that?!”

“It is possible. For better or worse, you people are currently in a state where you are free from the limitations of physical bodies.”

In fact, the reincarnated individuals didn't have limbs, eyes or noses. The sharing of information was simple with Rodcorte's assistance.

And then Rodcorte gathered all of the reincarnated individuals, as well as Aran and Izumi, his Familiar Spirits. And then he explained the principle of using Tendou's Clairvoyance to gather information on Vandalieu.

Nobody objected. No matter which of the options presented by Rodcorte they would choose, no matter what they would do once they were reincarnated in Origin, acquiring information about Vandalieu couldn't cause any harm.

Even from Aran and Izumi's point of view, information about Vandalieu and Talosheim was so limited that they were desperate to know more about them.

And this was a Divine Realm. It was a space that was isolated from Lambda.

Even if they used Clairvoyance to look at Vandalieu, Vandalieu himself would never notice. And even in the near-impossible event that he did, he wouldn't be able to do anything about it.

“Is this really alright? You're the ones who said that there's a lot of things that we don't know about his powers!” Inui Hajime shouted, seemingly still uneasy and seeking reassurance.

Indeed, it was impossible for Rodcorte to see Vandalieu's Status, as Vandalieu was not one of his followers. The only information he had regarding Vandalieu was what others had seen and heard of him.

That was why Rodcorte could only guess when it came to things that the people who

had seen Vandalieu didn't know or understand.

"It is fine," Rodcorte said in an attitude that was as if this was the only natural answer.

Izumi and Aran reassured Hajime as well.

"I understand your doubt, but it's just as this guy says. This place isn't connected to Lambda, so no matter what death-attribute spells he uses, he can't do anything to us," Aran said.

"Even with a billion Mana, even with the Demon King's fragments, he can't reach us here. And he won't even notice us to begin with," Izumi added.

"Then I suppose it's fine –" Inui Hajime said.

Tendou immediately began activating his Clairvoyance. "This is amazing. The sensation of being supplied with an inexhaustible amount of Mana..."

The image that Tendou saw was shared with all of the reincarnated individuals and the Familiar Spirits through Rodcorte. At first, it was like an image of the planet Earth taken by a satellite, but it quickly zoomed in, allowing them to see the ground surface.

What they saw surprised the reincarnated individuals and even Izumi and Aran, who had already investigated Vandalieu to a certain extent.

"This is... incredible. There are more walls than the last time we saw it."

"Eh, how many walls does he have to build before he's satisfied? And are those catapults? And there are crossbows in the gaps in the walls... What are these?! They're all Undead!"

"Wait, the outside wall isn't just a wall! The whole thing is a Golem! And... the patterns and decorations on the buildings and walls are all Golems as well! Are they for surveillance?!"

"No, it's not just Golems! What are those flying things?! Transparent skulls, and are those Pteranodon Zombies below them?!"

The majestic appearance of Talosheim as viewed from the sky... No, perhaps it was better described as bizarre. Its defense system looked terrifyingly outlandish in the

eyes of the reincarnated individuals.

Including the wall-shaped Golem, there were eight, tall, heavy walls. A number of Cursed Crossbows that would be foolish to try to count. A number of catapults. And the surveillance network and anti-air nets spread out across the city.

“All of this stuff is ridiculous,” Murakami muttered. “Is this some kind of model created by an amateur in siege and military tactics without thinking about the costs of maintenance?”

“But Murakami-sensei, that ridiculous nonsense, none of it is just a model, is it?” said Kanako.

“I’ve heard about it, but... actually seeing the whole thing... I’m speechless.”

As Murakami Junpei said, Vandalieu was almost completely ignorant when it came to siege and military tactics. If he had been somewhat more knowledgeable, he might have used Japan’s castles as a reference and come up with better shapes for the walls.

But being ignorant, he had simply built the walls to be tall, thick and many. He had increased the number of crossbows, set up rows upon rows of catapults and created Golems, Lemures and pterosaur Zombies for surveillance.

Normally, such an inefficient defense method would be impossible to make a reality.

But as Vandalieu’s Mana was in the hundreds of millions, and he possessed the Golem Transmutation and Death-Attribute Magic skills.

He had even mined the stone from Dungeons, made up for the building costs with his own Mana and created a defense system that had almost no maintenance costs other than more Mana.

“...I’m going to look inside the town,” said Tendou, recovering from his surprise as he looked further inside Talosheim.

It seemed that it was the middle of the night, but people were going back and forth in a lively manner.

Seeing this, the reincarnated individuals felt just as much shock as they had when they saw the walls and defense system.

“Human-shaped monsters, and those are the Black Goblins and Anubises. There are even goats with the lower body halves of fish swimming in the waterways.”

“The Undead are having conversations just like people. They aren’t specially made humans or anything, are they?”

In Origin, monsters were creatures that had been transformed by Mana; they were dangerous beasts, and even though they had various uses such as being stuffed after they were killed, they weren’t things that could be kept as pets.

And Undead were simply moving corpses, treated as monsters that needed to be disposed of.

Those dangerous beasts were exchanging words, using tools and carrying out cultured lives. It seemed that there was a disparity between the information the reincarnated individuals knew and what they were actually seeing.

“Once we are reincarnated on that side, we can’t exterminate monsters carelessly,” Asagi said.

Nobody could blame him for saying that.

However, Aran denied that opinion with a bitter smile on his face. “It’s not like all monsters are as civilized as this. Talosheim is special. Also, Ghouls and Scylla are people in that world, just like Elves and Dwarves.”

One would certainly die an early death in Lambda if they made the misunderstanding that all monsters and Undead were like the citizens of Talosheim. And it would also be dangerous to not acknowledge those of Vida’s races, such as Ghouls and Scylla, as people.

“They’re people? There’s got to be a limit to how exotic you can be; they’re pretty much monsters!” Doug exclaimed.

“Well, there are a lot of people who think that way, but... that’s the way of thinking of almost all of Vandalieu’s enemies. Don’t blame me if you end up standing out and gathering attention as being one of Vandalieu’s enemies,” Izumi said.

Doug clicked his tongue and fell into silence.

The problematic thing about Vandalieu was that even if the reincarnated individuals tried not to get involved with him personally, it was possible that the society that the reincarnated individuals belonged to might be hostile to him.

If their parents in Lambda were devoted Alda extremists or human supremacists that began driving out Vida's races from the cities they lived in, or their nation declared that Vida was an evil goddess, conflict with Vandalieu was very likely.

If it were just a matter of personal involvement, there would be no need to be so afraid of him. However, he was the leader of a nation, and even had the mobility to effortlessly step foot outside of Talosheim.

And he possessed the power to slaughter any nation's noblemen and important figures while feeling nothing more than as if he had exterminated some hoodlums that attacked ordinary people in back alleys; he had become insane. At the very least, it appeared that way to Izumi and the others.

In the future, if he were to pass through a nation and found members of Vida's races and Vida believers that he felt pity for, it was possible that he would burn everyone else in the nation in the fires of disaster in order to rescue them. Even if he couldn't save them, there was no guarantee that he would stay uninvolved.

"That's why I want you to do your best to not be on any side that opposes him, even if you choose to not get involved with him," said Izumi. "You don't want to get hurt by getting mixed up in that, do you?"

"...I'll keep that in mind," said Tendou.

And then Tendou displayed Talosheim's numerous facilities with his Clairvoyance. The training grounds where Borkus was mumbling words to Mikhail, the Church of Vida where the statues of various gods were enshrined, the Golem factories, the casino, the theater that was in development. He couldn't see past the entrance of the buildings for the public bathhouses, however.

"Is there no sound? I want to know what they're saying," said Akaki.

"Akaki, my ability is Clairvoyance," said Tendou. "I don't have ears attached to my eyes. They're speaking something close to Japanese, so do your best with lip reading."

*TLN\*: The kanji for the Japanese word for 'clairvoyance' is something like 'long-distance*

*eyes.'*

“...There are a lot of them that have really differently-shaped jaws, though.”

Though this was obvious, the image was nothing more than ‘clairvoyance.’ Thus, there was no sound at all.

There were some among the reincarnated individuals who had knowledge on lip-reading, but... none of them could read the words of the lion-headed Ghoul males, the Orcuses, the Anubises or the Skeletons that had no flesh on their faces.

“Hurry up and display Vandalieu, the main subject at hand. Also, I want to see the Eighth Guidance members and Gazer, who should have been reincarnated here,” said Murakami.

“Murakami, my Clairvoyance isn’t an ability that can immediately look at a designated person,” said Tendou. “If they’re not somewhere in the castle, we’ll give up for today.”

Tendou directed his gaze at the last remaining building, the royal castle, and displayed the interior of the castle. Even the inside of this enormous castle had bizarre defenses set up.

Dinosaur Zombies and Dinosaur Skeletons lined up in rows, as well Titans and Ghosts that seemed to be there as security. A room where an enormous girl that had come up in the known information, sleeping in a room with bizarre Zombies.

Legion was inside that room, but... though it wasn’t in the known information, even Rodcorte looked over her, simply thinking that she was a new Undead that Vandalieu had created.

“What is that lump of flesh? And there aren’t any babies or pregnant women. Where are Valkyrie and the others?” Murakami wondered.

“Wait, it looks like there are some people in an underground chamber,” said Tendou.

The image went one floor lower, displaying Vandalieu’s underground workshop.

Vandalieu was in there, but there were also a pair of beautiful female Ghouls, one who appeared to be in her mid-teenage years and the other in her late teenage years; a slender man with a handlebar mustache; and two Undead Titans with him.

The image displayed white hair, bloodless, candle-wax-like skin and the eyes that looked like those of a dead fish, the exact description from the known information.

“Oi, he’s looking at us!”

“No, our eyes have met by coincidence. That should be the case.”

“Huh? No, this guy, hasn’t he seen us?”

As this situation bewildered the other reincarnated individuals, as well as Aran and Izumi, there was one person with something else on his mind.

*Oi, Kami-sama-san. Keep quiet and listen to me.*

It was the ‘Death Scythe’ Konoe Kyuuji.

He had realized that Rodcorte could read his mind, and he had utilized this to call out to Rodcorte without the other reincarnated individuals noticing.

*Make it so that I can use my Death Scythe! Also, lend me your Mana, like you did with Tendou! If you do that, I’ll be able to attack Vandalieu one-sidedly from here, right?!*

Reading these thoughts, Rodcorte considered Kyuuji’s idea and gave an immediate response.

*Very well.*

He allowed Kyuuji to use Death Scythe’s power as a spirit and backed him up with Mana as he had done with Tendou.

“Hah! If I kill him, make sure you give me plenty of rewards!”

And then, without any hesitation, Kyuuji stopped the movements of Vandalieu’s heart and lunges with his Death Scythe.



Unable to breathe and feeling a pain in his heart, Vandalieu instinctively realized that he was being attacked.

And before thinking about anything in detail, he fired Death Bullets towards the hole near the ceiling through which Rodcorte and the reincarnated individuals were visible.

“Van-sama?!”

“Holy Son, what is the matter?!”

Vandalieu could hear Tarea and Nuaza’s surprised voices, but he didn’t have the ability to respond. The Death Bullets that he had fired using Chant Revocation as usual passed straight through the image above him, hitting the ceiling and vanishing.

The reincarnated individuals in the image appeared to be surprised, but they seemed to be completely unaffected.

Next, he activated the Demon King’s horns and produced a single horn and fired it using Telekinesis.

“Something is attacking!” Zadiris shouted.

At the same time, the Demon King’s horn, like the Death Bullets, passed through the image and crashed into the ceiling.

“Just what kind of attack is it, from where?!” shouted Luciliano.

“Damn you! Cowards, not even revealing yourselves!” Nuaza cursed.

Next, Vandalieu placed a Magic Absorption Barrier between himself and the image, and even turned the floor into a Golem to create some cover.

But there was no effect. Among the reincarnated individuals was one who resembled the ‘Clairvoyance’ Tendou Tatsuya in Legion’s description, who was clearly flustered. Him bending backwards and stiffening unnaturally was indeed a change, but it wasn’t something that changed the situation for the better.

Vandalieu couldn't breathe, and his heartbeat had stopped. He still remained conscious due to the activation of the Surpass Limits skill, but...

Left with no other choice, Vandalieu used Out-of-body Experience to leave his body.

"Ah, I couldn't breathe. Well, I still can't," he said.

With this, he wouldn't lose consciousness due to a lack of oxygen in his brain. Since his spirit was now doing his thinking instead of his brain, the oxygen consumption of his brain would decrease as well.

"Boy, what is happening?!" Zadiris cried.

"An attack from a Divine Realm," Vandalieu replied. "It is likely Death Scythe's ability, so my heart and lungs have stopped."

"What?! Is it that reincarnation god?!" Datara exclaimed, cursing Rodcorte.

"We can't attack back?!" Zadiris was holding her staff, looking frustrated.

Vandalieu now understood that only he could see that image.

Next, he instinctively realized that there wasn't really a hole open in the space above him; he was simply being seen, and there was no physical connection.

It was likely that the Clairvoyance ability had been reflected by the Abyss skill, allowing Vandalieu to gaze back at the reincarnated individuals.

That was why no spells, including the Death Bullets Vandalieu had fired, nor the Demon King's fragments, would reach his foes. Since Clairvoyance could see through objects, creating cover was meaningless as well.

Normally, Vandalieu would be quite hard-pressed by these circumstances. His heartbeat and breathing had been stopped, and he couldn't run away, either.

As for Zadiris and the others, they couldn't even see the enemy. Vandalieu was about to tell them to run, but quickly realized that there was no point.

As long as Clairvoyance was among the enemy, the enemy could find them no matter where they ran.

“I did try to counterattack, but... it seems that it’s not very effective,” said Vandalieu.

One of the reincarnated individuals, the ‘Death Scythe’ Konoe Kyuuji, seemed to be suffering a little, but that was all.

“I guess reflecting the damage from cardiopulmonary arrest with Abyss doesn’t have much effect on someone with no physical body,” Vandalieu said.

“Master! I’m sorry to say this while you seem to have calmed down, but your body looks like it is in bad shape!” Luciliano warned him.

“The color of your lips is a little paler than usual!” Tarea exclaimed.

It seemed that it was probably best for Vandalieu to do something about his body.

“Well then, first of all, I’ll activate the Demon King’s blood.”



In Rodcorte’s Divine Realm, the reincarnated individuals had lost their presence of mind.

“You bastard! Are you trying to get ahead of us?!” Murakami shouted in frustration.

“Heh! I can use Death Scythe as long as I can see the target’s face! It was an easy victory with the god’s permission and cooperation!” Kyuuji said, his face twisting horribly with an expression of triumph.

“O-oi, stop! What the hell are you thinking?!”

Realizing that Kyuuji was trying to kill Vandalieu, Asagi and Akaki tried to grab him and stop him, but they couldn’t touch him.

“Spirits can’t touch each other?!”

“They can, but only when they have no hostility towards each other. Or at least, that is how it works in my Divine Realm,” said Rodcorte. “I have adjusted things so that you people cannot fight amongst yourselves and become fewer in number.”

“Oi, Kami-sama! Make him stop, right now!” Asagi shouted, realizing that he couldn’t

stop Kyuuji himself.

“...I am the one requesting you to kill Vandalieu; why do you think that I would stop?” Rodcorte said, not even looking at Asagi.

This was only natural; Rodcorte wished for Vandalieu’s death. He had no intentions of being fussy over the methods used to achieve this.

“S-shit!”

“Aran, Izumi, you guys stop him! Since you guys are Familiar Spirits, you should be able to stop Konoe!” Endou said, turning around to look at Aran and Izumi.

But their faces were twisted with unpleasant expressions.

“I want to stop him, but I can’t,” Izumi said. “Right now, Konoe is using Rodcorte’s Mana. In other words, he’s Rodcorte’s tool right now.”

“And although us Familiar Spirits can complain about the actions of our boss, we can’t interfere! Damn it, I didn’t think there was such a dirty method!” Aran cursed.

As the two of them lamented the current situation, the Vandalieu in the image began attacking. Kyuuji gave a tense scream, but Vandalieu’s spells and Demon King’s horn disappeared, not coming out through the image.

“D-damn him, threatening us like that!” Kyuuji cursed.

“Hey, isn’t he completely aware of us?! W-we’re not involved at all, you know~!”

“Keh, it doesn’t matter! Whether he notices us or not, I’m going to kill him, right now! Oi, Tendou, don’t you stop the Clairvoyance! I’ll share my rewards with you!”

“Tendou, stop, right now!” shouted Kouya.

Tendou was receiving completely opposite instructions, but he couldn’t respond. Rodcorte was forcibly pouring his Mana into him, making it impossible to close the Clairvoyance.

“No way, isn’t there anything we can do?!” Kouya muttered.

“Oi, oi, calm down,” said Murakami, who seemed to have calmed down completely, though he looked a little frustrated. “It’s not really that bad a thing. We’re just killing him without any of us dying. It’s not like you guys think of him as a virtuous saint either, right? And Izumi, Aran, you only want us to not attack him because you don’t want Asagi and the others to fight him and get killed; it’s not like you actually want to save him. So then, isn’t it fine to just let Kyuuji kill him now if he can?”

“Th-that’s...!”

Murakami’s words seemed to have hit the mark. Izumi and Aran felt sympathy for Vandaliou, who had once been Amamiya Hiroto. However, they prioritized their companions, the planet Earth that had been their home, and the world of Origin that had been their second home.

If the sacrifice of Vandaliou, one individual, could remove the danger to all of those, was it something that needed to be stopped?

“He’s more persistent than I thought... Damn it, just hurry up and die! Your heartbeat and breathing have stopped, you have no choice but to die, no matter what you do!” shouted Kyuuji.

He was ignoring Asagi and Akaki, who had stopped moving, as well as Izumi and Aran, and using his Death Scythe with all of his might. For some reason, he felt a pain in his chest, but as Vandaliou seemed to be more tenacious than he’d expected, he couldn’t let his power falter.

He felt impatient as he watched Vandaliou, who had postponed the death of his physical body by using Out-of-body Experience and was seemingly even taking the time to explain the situation to his companions.

Every time Kyuuji had used Death Scythe previously, it had never taken more than a minute for his target to lose consciousness; since he currently had no other ways of attacking, Kyuuji felt impatient.

To the point that he took no notice of Rodcorte, who was quietly observing him and Vandaliou.

However, at this rate, he would be able to kill Vandaliou. That was supposed to be the case, but suddenly, black blood spurted out from Vandaliou.

“What’s that?!”

“Unable to endure the pain, he killed himself... No! He’s moving the blood himself to replace the function of his heart?!”



Having activated the Demon King’s blood, Vandalieu returned the blood that had spurted from his body back into his body through a wound that he had opened elsewhere, circulating the blood inside his body.

“This is a countermeasure that I thought of when I first heard about Death Scythe, but to think that I’d be using it so soon,” he said.

Death Scythe simply stopped the movement of his heart and lungs. The organs hadn’t been physically crushed, nor had his blood vessels been blocked. Thus, there was no problem in circulating blood if the blood itself moved.

He couldn’t control his blood perfectly, so he was causing excess pressure against his blood vessels and causing his capillaries to scream. Blood was flowing from his eyes, ears and mucous membranes, but it was far better than dying... though he felt bad for showing this to Zadiris and the others.

Next was his breathing, but he had a solution for this as well.

There were ingots in the workshop for creating Death Iron; Vandalieu used Golem Transmutation to produce two thin pipes from these.

He used Telekinesis to move the pipes and create two holes of appropriate depth in his own chest.

“Boy?!”

“Van-samaaaa?!”

“It’s alright; I’m just opening holes in my lungs to create an entrance for air so that I can breathe.”

There was a dull sound, and blood seeped out of the wounds. Being pierced between the ribs caused a considerable, sharp pain.

Next, Vandalieu created a Golem of the remaining iron and other metals to act as a pump that circulated air inside his lungs. With this, he could maintain life even though Death Scythe had stopped his heart and lungs... Now the problem was, he could maintain life, but he still couldn't think of a way to counterattack.

What now? Since Konoe Kyuuji was using Rodcorte's Mana instead of his own, Vandalieu had the feeling that a war of attrition was meaningless.

As this thought occurred to him, Zadiris suddenly put the iron pipes in her mouth.

"I just need to send air into you, is that right? Leave it to me," she said, and then she started to carefully breathe air into the pipes.

"Please wait, I'm going to make a Golem –"

"What will you do if you make a mistake with the Golem's strength and your lungs rupture?!" Tarea exclaimed.

"...I can't deny that there is that risk, but I thought it would be better than doing nothing and dying," said Vandalieu, avoiding eye contact.

The truth was that he had never tested making an artificial respiration Golem, so there was indeed a risk that he would make a mistake with the pressure and cause his lungs to rupture.

However, there was a reason that Vandalieu didn't want to ask them to do this.

Inside the image of the Divine Realm that Vandalieu could see, the 'Death Scythe' Konoe Kyuuji was shouting about something. His eyes were glaring at Zadiris.

Vandalieu felt a shuddering reaction from Danger Sense: Death.

"Uguh?!"

"Aah!"

"Ugh!"

Zadiris, Tarea and Luciliano staggered, clutching their chests.

“What is this? Even our lungs have stopped!” said Nuaza.

“This is no good; the enemy is trying to stop all of our lungs so that the Holy Son can’t breathe! Us Undead won’t die, but Jouchan and the others are in danger!” shouted Datara.

It seemed that Konoe Kyuuji had decided to simply kill Vandalieu and had no intention of giving up.

That was why he intended to kill those other than Vandalieu as well.

“So, you’ll use any method available,” Vandalieu muttered.

As Zadiris, Tarea and Luciliano suffered, breaking out into a cold sweat, Vandalieu extended his spirit form towards them and fused himself with them.

“Well then, I’ll use any method available as well.”

Before Vandalieu even finished speaking, the face of Konoe Kyuuji, which was twisted with murderous intent, fell apart. It scattered into very small pieces, disappearing like particles of light.

The other reincarnated individuals stopped moving, and then the image of them disappeared.

“It seems that by fusing with Zadiris and everyone else, I was able to reflect the damage for everyone with the Abyss skill and overcome the enemy’s limit,” Vandalieu said.

“Kahah!”

“H-haah, I-I thought I would die,” said Tarea.

“M-Master, is it over for now? I-if it is, then please tell me about the Divine Realm, tell me what it looked like...” Luciliano gasped.

“You should rest a little!”

“And please wait until the Holy Son has recovered!”

Luciliano was downed by the rather merciless knuckles of Datara and Nuaza.

Vandalieu watched them with a satisfied nod as he stimulated the recovery of his body, which had two holes in his lungs and blood pouring from the mucous membranes of his face.

With this, he had destroyed one of his enemies.

He had also seen the rest of the reincarnated individuals. They hadn't reincarnated yet, and most of them were enemies.

Vandalieu wasn't sure about the 'Clairvoyance' Tendou Tatsuya. He had appeared as if his free will had been stolen from him; it was dangerous, but Vandalieu reserved judgement for now. The next time something happened, he would be the priority target to kill.

The 'Oracle' Endou Kouya had been saying something, but Vandalieu didn't know what he'd been saying, so Vandalieu reserved judgment.

He had seen Minami Asagi and one more, probably the 'Ifrit' Akaki, trying to stop Death Scythe. But since they stopped partway through, judgment was reserved for them as well.

"There were some who didn't make a move from the beginning, and some that were shaking their heads the whole time while making X's with their arms, so are they trying to be my allies? Well, in that case, I'll look on them a little favorably as I reserve judgment," Vandalieu decided.

Suddenly, he realized something.

"Come to think of it..." Vandalieu coughed up the remaining blood from his lungs, which didn't taste particularly bitter to him, and both the blood and his newly-realized truth rolled off his tongue. "...That was my first time killing a classmate."

The 'Death Scythe' Konoe Kyuuji. Unlike the 'Gungnir' Kaidou Kanata, he was a classmate at the same school, whose face Vandalieu knew.

"Ah, I also had the option of attacking with the Mental Encroachment skill."

『The levels of the Abyss, God Slayer, Rapid Healing, Surpass Limits, Soul Break and Grotesque Mind skills have increased!』

# Chapter 127

## Mountains cannot be moved for now

An unbearably anguished dying scream.

The reincarnated individuals, who had been through numerous battlefields in Origin, had heard such screams multiple times.

However, even so, the scream of the 'Death Scythe' Konoe Kyuuji echoing in the Divine Realm was so wretched that they covered their ears.

"I thought it would go a little better than that, but this was at least a reasonable outcome," said Rodcorte, glancing at Kyuuji as he fell apart, becoming particles of light that dispersed and disappeared. He stopped his forceful Mana flow into the 'Clairvoyance' Tendou Tatsuya.

Tendou staggered; Asagi and Akaki hastily rushed over to catch him before he fell.

And then the image of Vandalieu, who had black-red tears of blood running from his eyes, disappeared.

"Oi, is Kyuuji... dead?"

"W-why? This Divine Realm place is supposed to be special, so that guy, Vandalieu, shouldn't have been able to lay a hand on us, right?!"

With the tension broken, the reincarnated individuals, especially the 'Marionette' Inui Hajime and the 'Venus' Tsuchiya Kanako, were shaken and making noise.

"I-it's over! I'm going to be killed again!" Hajime moaned.

"H-hey! I'm going to be fine, right?! I'm not going to be killed, right?!" Tsuchiya shouted hysterically.

"H-how am I supposed to know! O-oi! I'm not involved in this!" Hajime said.

“Calm down, all of you! Tendou’s Clairvoyance has already stopped! He shouldn’t be able to see us anymore!” Asagi shouted loudly, and the unrest settled down, at least on the surface.

In fact, Kyuuji Konoe was the only one who had been extinguished. The reason Tendou was so exhausted was because of the shock and fatigue from having Rodcorte force Mana into him to make him continue using Clairvoyance.

“Can you move now?” the ‘Oracle’ Endou Kouya asked Izumi and Aran.

The two of them let out great sighs.

“Yes, because Rodcorte isn’t doing anything now. Phew, that was frightening,” said Izumi.

“More importantly, can you explain what the hell you were thinking?!” Aran demanded, looking at Rodcorte.

“Hmm? Very well, if you do not mind that I do it as I perform maintenance on the system,” Rodcorte said.

The destruction of Konoe Kyuuji’s soul had caused a slight error, so Rodcorte had already started his maintenance work on the circle of transmigration system. He began his explanation, not even looking at Aran and the others.

“It appears that Vandalieu has acquired a special skill that reflects the effects of skills that use the eyes... vision, and abilities that require vision as a condition for their activation, back upon the user. This allowed him to gaze back and see the inside of my Divine Realm through Clairvoyance, and reflect the power of Death Scythe, which requires the user to see the faces of creatures in order to stop the movements of their organs, back upon to Konoe Kyuuji to destroy him.”

*I suppose it is also this skill’s power that allowed him to reflect that Pure-breed Vampire’s Demon Eyes of Destruction as well,* Rodcorte thought to himself, satisfied with this explanation.

“W-wait a minute! Does that mean that whenever we look at him through the vision of Lambda’s people, he can attack us?!” Izumi exclaimed.

“And why am I unharmed? No, if the effects are reflected, why did Kyuuji die? We’re

just souls; we shouldn't have hearts or lungs, right?" asked Tendou.

Even as the questions came one after another, Rodcorte answered them without hesitation.

"As you are Familiar Spirits, it is unlikely that he will notice your gaze. If you are so concerned about it, you can simply observe him not through humans' present vision, but their memories of the past. The reason Vandalieu was able to see into my Divine Realm was simply because he reflected the effects of Tendou Tatsuya's Clairvoyance, and he exists within my Divine Realm. Clairvoyance is a power that I bestowed, but it is simply a power that has been altered to be usable by humans."

*With that being the case, it is best to avoid using Clairvoyance for gathering information,* Rodcorte thought as he continued answering the next question.

"Next is the reason Konoe Kyuuji, a soul with no heart or lungs, was destroyed... to explain things in a way that is easy for you to understand, it is because the damage reflected by Vandalieu exceeded his Vitality, his maximum Hit Points. I do not know if Vandalieu did this on purpose or unconsciously, but it was not the effect of the heart and lungs being stopped itself, but the damage caused by this effect that was reflected."

"M-maximum Hit Points?" Tendou repeated.

Perhaps having not played many games, he and several others had bewildered expressions on their faces.

"This concept doesn't exist on Earth or in Origin, but it does in Lambda, so don't make fun of it and listen," said Izumi.

"I know that, but... we're souls, right? I don't get how we can break and fall apart just by having damage reflected onto us," Asagi said.

It seemed that he had imagined that minds and souls were inviolable and more resilient than physical bodies.

But Rodcorte said otherwise. "You are in a state with no physical body, so the damage was done directly to Konoe Kyuuji's soul. You seem to be unaware of this, but you are like shellfish without shells. Even so, I protected him to some extent, allowing him to resist the damage from just Vandalieu. However, it seems that attacking the others as well was fatal."

Even with the Hostility skill increasing the damage, Kyuuji had been able to resist the damage from just Vandalieu, but when he attacked Zadiris and the other two, he had been unable to resist all of it.

As Rodcorte gave this explanation, he finished his maintenance work. It wasn't just that he had become accustomed to dealing with these errors; it was fortunate that Konoe Kyuuji's soul had been separated from the regular circle of transmigration and his reincarnation destination had not been decided yet.

Having resolved both problems, Rodcorte looked back towards the reincarnated individuals, and though he had answered their questions, they and his familiar spirits, Izumi and Aran, were looking at him with pale, stiff faces.

"In other words, you made Kyuuji, who was equivalent to a shellfish with no shell, attack. And you realized that Vandalieu was counterattacking partway through but didn't warn him or stop him?" said Izumi.

"On top of that, you were protecting Kyuuji? Then shouldn't you have been able to save Kyuuji? By making your protection stronger or covering him. The fact that you didn't do that means... you let him die?" said Asagi.

The two of them were blaming Rodcorte, as if he had killed Kyuuji himself.

"That is correct. What of it?" Rodcorte said in response, sounding unconcerned.

The reincarnated individuals shuddered.

"Y-you! Didn't you say that you didn't want our numbers to be reduced for no reason?!" Inui Hajime shouted, his face pale.

"That is right," said Rodcorte, as if nothing were out of the ordinary. "In exchange for the being known as Konoe Kyuuji, we learned of a part of Vandalieu's power."

Rodcorte did not value the reincarnated individuals to the point that he would protect them at all costs. They were simply beings that he had gathered to accomplish his goals; it was only natural for him to use them in order to accomplish those goals. Also, some of the reincarnated individuals were more useful than others; there were some that he did not mind sacrificing as long as they were useful in the process.

Like the currently-screaming Inui Hajime, and Konoe Kyuuji.

Kyuuji's Death Scythe was powerful, but like Marionette, it was poorly-matched against Vandalieu's death-attribute magic, and he couldn't be relied upon as an assassin on his own.

And he would be of almost no use at all for the future goal of developing the world. His level of knowledge could be replaced by any other reincarnated individual.

He would have been fairly useful for hunting powerful monsters. However, that was something that could be achieved by granting the people already living in Lambda divine protections and abilities. And this was something that the gods of Lambda, such as Alda, the god of law and fate, were already doing.

In Rodcorte's eyes, this was insufficient for a reincarnated individual that he had spent time and effort into bringing to Lambda.

Kyuuji himself had brought up the idea of using Clairvoyance to try and erase Vandalieu. There had been no reason for Rodcorte to refuse.

It would have been good if he had succeeded, and even in the unlikely event that he failed, Rodcorte would be able to observe a part of Vandalieu's powers.

Those had been his intentions, but... it seemed that Kyuuji succeeding had been the more unlikely event.

Incidentally, it was true that Rodcorte would have been able to save Konoe Kyuuji if he had wanted to. It would have been possible to make Kyuuji stop at any moment. The reason that Kyuuji had been able to use Death Scythe as a mere soul was because Rodcorte had allowed it and provided him with Mana, after all.

But because there had been the possibility of killing Vandalieu by allowing Kyuuji to continue, Rodcorte hadn't stopped him.

If Rodcorte had put any more of his power into protecting Kyuuji, there would have actually been a high chance of breaking Kyuuji's personality and memories, but it would have been possible for Rodcorte to cover him using his own body. Even the damage Rodcorte would have received by doing so would have been equivalent to his pinky finger being broken. It would have been far from a fatal wound.

However, Rodcorte hadn't even considered Konoe Kyuuji to be as valuable as his own pinky finger. There hadn't been any guarantee that he would only receive that small

amount of damage, and even if Kyuuji's soul was broken, Rodcorte had been prepared to deal with it.

There were still ninety-five remaining reincarnated individuals, and among all of the worlds that Rodcorte governed, there were hundreds, thousands of trillions... an uncountable number of souls, so there was no need to value Kyuuji's soul so highly as long as its disappearance didn't cause any problems to the system.

"Now then, with the information that we have just gathered, I wish for you to think about the decision that you must make," Rodcorte said. "I am sure there will be individual differences in how useful your abilities will be, but I will allow all of you to use your abilities here. I want you to use those to make your decision as well. You will be using your own Mana, however, so there will be limits."

With that, he left the speechless reincarnated individuals and familiar spirits behind, returning to his work and meditation.

*Of course, with this incident, I believe it has become difficult to choose any option other than to kill Vandalieu.*

This incident had been an unforeseen fortunate event for Rodcorte. With the 'Death Scythe' Konoe Kyuuji's attack, it wasn't difficult to imagine that Vandalieu now saw the reincarnated individuals as his enemies.

*Considering Vandalieu's ferocious personality, he will not think of it as the Death Scythe's individual, rash action. Even if he does, he should view the others as guilty for not stopping him. The other reincarnated individuals should realize this, even without me telling them.*

With this, the number of people choosing not to become assassins would decrease. And there would be none betraying the other reincarnated individuals to join Vandalieu.

And the more reincarnated individuals chose to become Vandalieu's enemies, the more difficult it would be for the individuals that would reincarnate from Origin in the future to not become Vandalieu's enemies as well. Rodcorte wanted Vandalieu to die before then if possible, however.

"I'm sure they will have their answer just as Vandalieu's sense of vigilance loosens."



Vandalieu was painting the highest roofs of Talosheim's royal castle, using the Demon King's ink sacs.

"This is taking longer than I thought."

He was working while hovering using the wings of an insect he had equipped with Insect Binding Technique, so the work wasn't too inefficient. It wasn't too inefficient, but the area of the roof was too large for Vandalieu.

"Van-kun, you're still recovering. I can help, too... if you teach me how," said Orbia, who had been born a Scylla and was now a water-attribute Ghost. She was looking at the parts that Vandalieu had already painted, and her voice didn't have much confidence in it.

She was looking at the indescribable thing that was drawn in stimulating, retina-piercing colors.

At first glance, it simply appeared to be an abstract painting. However, looking closely, it looked like a portrait depicting a person drawn in twisted lines against a landscape made entirely of primary colors.

And for some reason, simply staring at it made one feel at ease. That was the kind of picture that Orbia was looking at.

"Hmm... If I could ask someone else to do this work and still have my Mental Encroachment skill take effect, I would," Vandalieu said.

"Mental Encroachment? What is this?" Orbia asked. "I was under the impression that you were so overjoyed with your first kiss that your eccentric behavior took over."

"Wow, that's a terrible misunderstanding. Zadiris just performed artificial respiration."

Artificial respiration didn't count as kissing. Especially the type conducted by blowing air straight into the lungs through metal tubes.

"This is a countermeasure against Clairvoyance," Vandalieu explained. "It will eat away at the mind of those looking at it."

Now that the soul of the 'Death Scythe' Konoe Kyuuji had been broken, it was unlikely that the reincarnated individuals with Rodcorte could attack using Clairvoyance.

But even if they couldn't attack, there was no reason to allow the enemy to gather information freely.

This was a mental trap to prevent that.

"Well, there's no sure positive proof that Clairvoyance used from the Divine Realm looks down at us from above, though," Vandalieu said.

It was Clairvoyance from a god's perspective, and even last night, the enemy had been looking down from above, so Vandalieu thought that it was likely that they had to view from above.

...The truth was that this was quite accurate.

"Really? It's definitely a strange picture, but... I don't dislike it," said Orbia, doubting whether this picture was effective as a trap.

But this was a sign that it was successful.

"Yes, because I drew it in a way that those affected by Demon Path Enticement and Guidance: Demon Path are unaffected by it," Vandalieu said.

The picture was drawn on the tallest roof of the royal castle, so it wouldn't be seen unless looking at it from the sky. However, there were many who could fly in Talosheim.

It would be a problem if Orbia and the other Ghosts, the Pteranodon Zombies and the Cemetery Bees dropped like flies every time they saw the royal castle's roof.

"So, are you changing the shape of the walls surrounding the city as a countermeasure for Clairvoyance as well?" Orbia asked.

Though Vandalieu had silenced the noise of the work with magic, one of his spirit form clones that had separated from his body was changing the location and previously circular shape of the city's walls.

He was adding more walls and building new watchtowers.

“Yes,” Vandalieu said. “I’m using Golem Transmutation, trying to make a large stone circle that surrounds Talosheim to apply the effects of my Mental Encroachment skill.”

Pictures would lose their effect if the paint, the Demon King’s ink, faded away. But the positioning and organization of structures wouldn’t lose their effects as long as the structures weren’t destroyed.

It was something that would need to be viewed from an even greater height than the rooftop pictures to take effect, but it was targeted at someone using Clairvoyance from a Divine Realm. There would be no problems.

“But to get the most out of the effects, more work needs to be done... I suppose I’ll do it when the rest get back from the Sauron Duchy,” Vandalieu decided.

“Yeah, yeah, that’s a good idea,” said Orbia.

In the coming days, the previously stone-colored royal castle of Talosheim was painted artistically, and the unremarkable fortress walls were arranged in an avant-garde style.

『The levels of the Mental Encroachment and Golem Transmutation skills have increased!』



Baron Cuoco Ragdew was likely doing his best to put on a sullen expression.

In fact, Iris could see his effort in the wrinkle between his brows... though the effort had no effect, as his cheeks were red with excitement, his nose was twitching and he appeared to be swallowing his saliva that was overflowing with anticipation.

“Iris Bearheart-dono. I would like you to... understand my position as well. I have been placed in a very... very, difficult position,” Cuoco said in a voice that sounded as if he were suppressing something.

He had a slightly rectangular contour and his hairline was receding slightly, but his features could be described as well-ordered enough. He was looking at Iris with his

eyes filled with blazing desire.

“Of course,” Iris said, nodding. “I and everyone in the Sauron Liberation front understand your efforts and sincerity, Cuoco-dono. It can only be described as fortunate that we have gained the cooperation of such an understanding nobleman of the Amid Empire as yourself.”

Baron Cuoco Ragdew was not a nobleman of the Orbaume Kingdom, nor was he a subordinate of the late Duke Sauron. He was one of the noblemen who had been dispatched by the Amid Empire that had invaded the Sauron Duchy and was now occupying it.

The Ragdew house of barons was a rising family. Cuoco’s grandfather had been an adventurer and had been allowed by a family of barons whose bloodline had ended to marry an adopted daughter from another noble family, reviving the family of barons.

In the Amid Empire, which still had strongly authoritarian views, such families were disdained and insulted as ‘a bloodline of a lowly adventurer,’ with the exception of special cases like the Thunderclap Schneider.

And thanks to a certain bad habit that had continued since Cuoco’s grandfather’s era, his entire family had been sent to the Sauron Duchy, the frontline of the battle against the Orbaume Kingdom despite not being a military family, where policies for occupation were still unstable.

That was Cuoco’s background, but he wasn’t cooperating with the resistance, the Sauron Liberation Front, because he harbored a particular spirit of rebellion against the Empire.

The continuous bad habit of his family. That was the reason.

“I still have not received a formal knighthood, but I will certainly make the Orbaume Kingdom swear that the Ragdew family of barons will carry on. I swear it on my life,” Iris said.

“Oh no, of course, I am not doubting you and your group, Iris-dono. After all, I consider the fact that you have told me your true identity, something that you should normally keep hidden, to be a symbol of trust. However,” Cuoco added before continuing. “Bonds of trust are cultivated through repeated exchanges with good faith. Is that not right?”

“...Of course, I am aware of this,” said Iris. She covered her eyes and extended a hand towards her belt – or rather, towards the small porcelain bottle hanging from it, and placed it on the table.

Normally, such a bottle would contain a Potion of some sort, but the contents of the bottle were no Potion.

“Oh, this, this is it!” Unable to hold himself back any longer, Cuoco reached out for the small bottle like a starving beast, pulled out the cork stopper and poured the contents onto his palm.

He let out a noise of wonderment as an amber-colored liquid with a phlegm-like viscosity dripped from the bottle.

“Oh, this color, this fragrance, I cannot have enough of this!”

And then he licked the fluid with his tongue! Normally, the head of a noble family would have someone test it for poison, but Cuoco possessed the Poison Resistance skill at a high level, so he had no hesitation.

And Cuoco was displaying his intoxication at the sweetness that melted his tongue and the rich fragrance that filled his nose. He even took no notice of the saliva dripping from the corner of his mouth.

“Wonderful... I have sampled Ent Syrup refined from Ent sap on numerous occasions, but this is truly extraordinary. The rich sweetness, the smooth texture and the full-bodied fragrance. This is truly the nectar of the heavens!”

“...It seems that you have taken a liking to it,” Iris said in a slightly exasperated tone as she stared at the head of the Ragdew family of barons, which was known for its gluttony that had ruined the family in the Empire.

Cuoco’s grandfather’s motive for becoming an adventurer had been the truly simple one of “I want to eat delicious things!” Even after he became an honorary baron, his appetite and passion for delicious food hadn’t grown any weaker in his son or grandson, and now in, Cuoco’s generation, the family had repeatedly fallen into debt.

Normally, a small, weak family like the Ragdew family of barons falling deep into debt would mean the end of the house. However, Cuoco did have exceptional military prowess, though not as much as his grandfather, and he possessed a capable private

armed force as well as close relationships with adventurers.

Cuoco might have appeared on first glance to be a stubborn bureaucratic nobleman, but because he was actually friendly, wasn't concerned with the relative social positions of others, had no interest whatsoever in power struggles and was only interested in delicious food, he was an individual who was completely free of conspiracy.

Thus, the work that his private armed force did was gathering delicious monsters and produce from Devil's Nests and Dungeons, and buying ingredients from distant places. His requests for adventurers was gathering food ingredients as well.

An employer that would be difficult to offer your whole life to, but was friendly when working for him for a short period of time. That was Cuoco.

Thus, in exchange for erasing his debt, his whole family and his private armed force had been moved to the Sauron Duchy.

It was certainly fortunate that a baron who would discard his own nation for the sake of delicious food had been successfully tempted by the support goods provided by Vandalieu.

*Every time we have this conversation, we acquire quite a lot of information. It is a little tiring, however.*

"My subordinates are in possession of bottles containing this syrup," Iris said. "This is a symbol of our gratitude to you, Baron."

"Ah, Iris-dono, the food that you provide is wonderful as usual. But where in the world do you acquire such products?" Cuoco asked. "This syrup is even finer in quality than what can be obtained by Treants, the superior race of Ents. Has the Sauron Liberation Front tamed a new mutation of Ent-type monster?"

He was no mere food maniac. It seemed that he questioned how the Sauron Liberation Front could supply this Ent Syrup... the purified sap (blood) of Eisen, the Skogsrå.

"My apologies, Baron, but I do not believe our bonds are yet deep enough to share that secret," Iris said.

*This Baron seems like he would gladly rebel against the Empire if it meant that he could*

*immigrate to Talosheim, but... this is not something that I can decide on my own.*

Cuoco gave a bitter smile at Iris's reply and took out a piece of paper from his breast pocket, showing her the cryptogram written on it. "I suppose it was ill-mannered of me to try to force a lady to divulge her secrets. This is the route of the army's transportation troops. As usual, please memorize it right here."

And so, information regarding the Amid Empire's army was sold for the price of some syrup.



"That baron named Cuoco has some things in common with Luciliano, doesn't he? He simply prioritizes different things," said Vandalieu, the sponsor of the Sauron Liberation Front, as he carefully stirred a bubbling, simmering curry.

"Your personal disciple, Your Majesty? I do not know him very well, so I cannot say anything, but... is he really so strange... is he really so incredible?" Iris asked, looking a little perplexed, as she chopped some leafed vegetables to be used in a salad.

Having finished her dealings with the traitor, she had regrouped with Vandalieu and his companions who had brought support supplies to her base, and they were exchanging information. They roughly discussed future plans, and then Vandalieu had suggested that they have a somewhat late lunch.

Lunch was important. A single bowl of curry would preserve the morale of Haj and his Armor Tamer squad.

"Rather than incredible... he is already within the realms of eccentricity," Vandalieu said.

"Then he may indeed get along well with the baron," Iris remarked.

"That's true; he does seem to have a certain amount of interest in eating as well. Now then, I suppose it's time to serve the food."

Right before the eyes of Iris and the others, Vandalieu's spirit form slipped out of his body and split up to produce more Vandalieus, one after another. The sight of the countless Vandalieus heaping the curry and rice onto wooden plates and setting the

tables was quite spectacular... though it wasn't a sight that one would want to see late at night.

"If Brownies really existed, I'm sure they would be spirits like the boss," said Miles, who was helping serve the salad.

That was how skilled Vandalieu was.

Brownie spirits, that helped with housework while families were asleep. They were generally beings that were considered to be creatures of superstition and fairy tales, but they were unlikely to resemble Vandalieu.

*TLN: This is a reference to Brownies, household spirits in English and Scottish folklore.*

"I wouldn't work for a glass of milk," said Vandalieu, meaning that he wouldn't want to work under such conditions.

But Iris took it in the opposite meaning. "Indeed, you would not even take a glass of milk in payment Your Majesty," she said.

"It's true, you lack desires," said Debis, nodding.

"Yeah, why aren't you conquering the Sauron Duchy?" said Haj.

"Eh? Is that how you take it? Also, Iris and the rest of you are not my subordinates, so you don't have to call me 'Your Majesty.' Please call me Vandalieu-san," said Vandalieu.

He would be hurt if they suddenly started calling him by his name with no honorific, so he wanted them to add -san. But all of the resistance members under Iris's command denied his request, shouting, "We can't do that!"

"...Then calling me by my name is fine."

"Why would you say that?! Are you aware of just how incredible the things you're doing are?!"

"Providing funds, supplies and military strength, and making delicious curry."

The curry had been almost completely prepared in Talosheim and then preserved using Preservation, so Vandalieu had simmered it overnight. Iris and her companions

were the only ones in the Sauron Duchy who could eat this.

“Thank you very much for that. But please, I want you to reconsider the value of the funds, supplies and military strength that you have provided, Your Majesty!” said Iris.

“I mean, it’s not that I don’t understand,” Vandalieu said.

Vandalieu was over-supplying the Sauron Liberation Front. He didn’t have Amids that were the currency currently circulating in the Sauron Duchy, but he provided funds in the form of gold, silver and jewels. He had trained Haj and the other former fake resistance members in Dungeons, given them several disguised Dark Copper Living Armors and even dispatched Miles, a Rank 9 Abyssal Vampire.

He was even providing high-quality arms, even if they were made of regular iron and Obsidian, as well as food like curry and other daily necessities. It was thanks to this that Cuoco had been successfully enticed.

Just how much would the total value of these items be worth if converted at market value...? It was far in excess for supplying to a resistance organization. If the Amid Empire’s army were to learn of this, they would be certain that the Sauron Liberation Front was Vandalieu’s private army.

It was Vandalieu’s idea of maintaining a relationship as equals after having provided so much support that was strange.

If Iris were one of the late Duke Sauron’s orphans or a relative of the duke’s family, then considering that the Sauron Duchy might return to the Orbaume Kingdom’s possession in the future, this could be considered. However, unfortunately, although the Bearheart family was well-known for its military prowess, it was a mere house of knights. It was of the lowest rank of noble heritage in the Orbaume Kingdom.

No matter how much action the Sauron Liberation Front took, no matter how much Iris was praised, she would never become the new Duke Sauron.

Because the real sons and daughters of the Sauron family who had the rights to succeed it had already fled to other duchies.

“Your Majesty, if you are holding any expectations of my future, it is unfortunate, but I cannot answer those expectations,” Iris said. “Even if I were to raise the decapitated head of the Amid Empire’s general, even if a nobleman is adopted into my family, the

Bearheart house would become a family of barons at most.”

“No, Ojou, if you achieve something like that and that nobleman is a distant relative of the Sauron family or something, I think your family will become a family of earls at least, you know?” said Debis.

It seemed that Iris’s self-value was so low that even Debis had felt the need to slip in a word.

“But I think it’s strange, too. Why isn’t His Majesty gaining control over the Sauron Duchy with military force? We’ve found out that the Thunderclap Schneider that you were worried about isn’t an enemy, right?” said Haj.

Merrebeveil, the goddess of the Scylla, had informed Vandalieu that the Thunderclap Schneider, the S-class adventurer of the Amid Empire, was actually an ally of Vida’s races.

Vandalieu knew this but hadn’t changed his decisions.

“First of all, even if the Thunderclap Schneider is an ally of Vida’s races, that doesn’t mean he’s my ally. Next is the fact that I find it difficult that I would be supported by the people. And for geostrategic reasons, it will be difficult for me to occupy the Sauron Duchy and maintain rule over it,” explained Vandalieu, who had returned to his physical body. He was expressing that it would be dangerous to assume that the Thunderclap Schneider was not an enemy until meeting him and talking to him directly.

Vandalieu had learned from Merrebeveil that Schneider was actually a believer of Vida, and had saved many tribes of Vida’s races, including Scylla living in the Amid Empire. However, if he were to decide that Vandalieu’s actions would have negative consequences for the members of Vida’s races that he had saved, it was possible that he would still become an enemy.

Vandalieu couldn’t be sure that Schneider would be an ally.

Next, as for the question of whether Vandalieu would be supported by the people, it didn’t even need to be discussed. As someone who wasn’t known in the region at all and commanded large numbers of Undead, creatures that were considered to be taboo, Vandalieu was more likely to be thought of as a villain that needed to be exterminated than a hero.

And Vandalieu intended to introduce the rich eating habits of Talosheim and the light income taxes, but that would be equivalent to picking a fight with influential people with vested interests.

Last was the geostrategic reasons... If Talosheim, a third nation, were to occupy the Sauron Duchy that was sandwiched between the Orbaume Kingdom and the Amid Empire, it would have a great nation adjacent both to the east and to the west.

Even going back and forth from Talosheim would be difficult because of the Boundary Mountain Range. Even if Vandalieu teleported from Dungeon to Dungeon using his Labyrinth Construction skill and the flying Knochen and Sam were to travel through the skies, it was difficult to imagine that they would be able to transport enough personnel and goods.

“It won’t go so well, huh. Then how about turning an entire portion of the Boundary Mountain Range into Golems and changing the terrain?” Miles suggested as a joke.

Vandalieu blinked and looked towards the Boundary Mountain Range.

*Can he actually do it?!* everyone thought as they looked at Vandalieu, holding their breaths.

But Vandalieu quietly replied, “No, that’s impossible. For now.”

“R-right?”

As Haj and Debis exhaled, Iris and Miles shuddered, forgetting the hunger-stimulating scent of curry.

“For now, he says... so he’ll become able to do it one day?” Iris muttered.

“It’s something that I suggested myself, but the fact that he doesn’t deny it is terrifying,” Miles whispered.

# Chapter 128

## The leaping sphere of flesh

After finishing eating curry with everyone, Vandalieu informed Iris and her companions about the reincarnated individuals with the exception of the now-destroyed Death Scythe, warning them to be careful.

Each person's name, the cheat-like abilities they possessed and the attributes of magic that they were proficient in. And what the reincarnated individuals had in common with each other.

Explaining that cheat-like abilities were like unique skills gave the inhabitants of Lambda a good idea of what they were. And it was convenient because no matter how impossible-seeming and outlandish the cheat-like abilities were, inhabitants of Lambda generally accepted it, saying, "That's the kind of unique skill it is," and, "It's a unique skill so there's nothing to think about."

This was because in the past, there had been newly-discovered unique skills that defied previously-existing reason and knowledge.

The reason Vandalieu had told them about the attributes of magic that the reincarnated individuals were proficient in was because he thought that if they were smart enough to keep their cheat-like abilities hidden rather than use them rashly like the 'Gungnir' Kanata had done, they would likely use magic.

Unlike Vandalieu, the reincarnated individuals apparently had the experience, knowledge and skills they possessed in Origin as skills from the moment they reincarnated in Lambda.

But if they were to be reincarnated in adult bodies, the thing that they would be relying on in addition to their cheat-like abilities was not martial skills, but magic.

The reincarnated individuals had received military training in Origin, and they had learned various combat techniques as well as how to use firearms. Kaidou Kanata had also possessed the Throwing and Unarmed Fighting Technique skills.

However, according to Legion, none of the Bravers who had died were masters in combat techniques.

They had reasonably high ability in military-style unarmed fighting and the use of knives, but most of them were simply at the level of “ordinary professionals.” If converted to Lambda’s skill levels, they would be mostly around level 5 or 6.

The only exceptions were apparently the ‘Mage Masher’ Minami Asagi and the ‘Odin’ Hasamada Aki.

As martial skills didn’t exist in Origin, combat techniques were inferior to magic in all kinds of ways. This was especially true with the existence of modern weapons such as firearms and explosives.

Even so, masters of combat did exist in Origin, but... rather than aim to become such masters, the reincarnated individuals, having been given cheat-like abilities, had likely chosen to polish the use of their cheat-like abilities and magic.

And in Lambda, firearms and explosives didn’t exist... The reincarnated individuals might become able to create gunpowder, but doing that would be equivalent to hanging up a sign that read, “Hi, I’m a reincarnated individual.”

And according to Iris, a former believer of Alda, Alda’s teachings stated that the champion Bellwood had forbidden the creation and use of a ‘flammable black powder’...though not a single person had created such a powder in a hundred thousand years, so this was a taboo that had been all but forgotten, recorded in only the oldest, heaviest scriptures.

And although Rodcorte could grant reincarnated individuals the qualities and affinities for magic, he could not give them experience directly. If he could, there would have been no point in reincarnating them in Origin first.

That was why the reincarnated individuals wouldn’t suddenly become new masters of elemental magic.

Thus, for the reincarnated individuals to take action without being able to rely on modern weapons or use martial skills, they had no choice but to use the elemental magic that they had been proficient with in Origin.

“But is there any purpose to knowing their names? Since they are being reborn, will

they not be given new names?" Iris asked.

"That's a reasonable assumption, but that's only if they're reborn as babies," said Vandalieu. "If they come in adult bodies, their names should be the same as the ones they had in their previous lives. I've heard that it's not easy to change your name, too."

In Lambda, one couldn't simply follow a procedure and undergo a name change. The reason was that the name displayed on a person's Status was the one that was considered to be that person's real name.

And the identification papers that would be needed for long-term activity in Lambda required one's real name. Even if one were to talk their way into registering with a fake name, they would be found out once the Magic Item for issuing Guild cards was used.

Among the reincarnated individuals, there were some whose names had clearly changed since they lived in Japan, but... there wouldn't be anyone who would suddenly perceive themselves to have a different name without even being reborn as a baby.

"I see. But why won't you tell us what their faces look like?" asked Debis.

"Their bodies and probably their races can be different. Also, their faces will be quite different depending on their age," Vandalieu said.

When he had gazed back at the 'Clairvoyance' Tendou Tatsuya with the Abyss skill, he had seen the general appearances of the reincarnated individuals while they were just souls.

He had been able to recognize them from Legion's information; it would have been impossible with only his memories from Earth.

That was the case even in Origin, where humans were the only race, but there was no telling how it would be in Lambda, where there were multiple different races.

It would still be alright if they were Elves, who had similar physiques to humans, but if they were reincarnated as Dwarves, who possessed quite different physiques, or even Beast-people who possessed the characteristics of beasts or Drakonids, it would certainly be impossible to identify them based on appearance alone.

The truth was that they couldn't be reincarnated as members of Vida's races due to

them being a part of a different system from Rodcorte's, however.

“And the thing that the reincarnated individuals will have in common is that they won't be able to use No-Attribute Magic at first.”

In Origin, time-attribute and no-attribute magic didn't exist. Even if Rodcorte granted the reincarnated individuals an affinity for time-attribute magic, there was no such thing as an affinity for no-attribute magic, so they would have to train from scratch in order to become able to use it, just as Vandalieu had done.

“In other words, we must be wary of those who possess unique skills that have the effects that we have information about and are proficient in certain attributes of magic, as well as those who cannot use no-attribute magic despite being able to use magic of the other attributes?” Iris concluded.

“That's right,” said Vandalieu.

If the reincarnated individuals were to be reborn in adult bodies, they would have unknown personal histories. Despite that, they would possess skills at around level 5.

Unless they were extremely clever in their behavior, they would certainly stand out.

And the Sauron Duchy in which Iris and her companions were based was under the Amid Empire's occupation. Entering and exiting the duchy on the Orbaume Kingdom side was difficult, and only soldiers and merchants with passes were allowed in and out on the Amid Empire side.

Iris and her companions, who had the wide support of the people and even had informants inside the Empire's army, would be able to notice the presence of any reincarnated individuals.

“However, the reincarnated individuals should also notice that it is difficult to enter this region. I am unsure if we will be of any use...” Iris murmured.

“No, if you do notice them, you shouldn't try to capture them,” said Vandalieu. “Secretly sending word to me will be enough. I'll be leaving Golems that you can use to contact me.”

“No way, Your Majesty! We won't lose to them! No matter what unique skills they have, a bunch of guys who can't use martial skills will be a pushover! Isn't that right,

everyone!” said Haj.

He and the others raised their fists, which were still holding their spoons, into the air to show their fighting spirit.

“No, that’s not really the case,” Vandalieu said, trying to calm them down.

“Calm down! Listen, those guys are really crazy, they’re not opponents that you can match!” said Miles, his loud voice drowning out Vandalieu’s. “Last night, Boss fought one of those reincarnated individuals and nearly died! You people just need to report information to him! Do you understand?!”

“W-what?! His Majesty almost died?!” Haj exclaimed. He and his companions opened their eyes wide in astonishment.

“No way, His Majesty... His Majesty, who still had room to breathe even while fighting the Pure-breed Vampire Gubamon... Kuh, indeed, as we are now, we would be able to do nothing but buy time,” Iris murmured in frustration.

“...No, well, I did almost die, but...” Vandalieu felt like he was tricking them. It was true that his heartbeat and breathing had been stopped, and Zadiris and the others had been in a little danger as well.

“It’s fine, isn’t it? They’re listening now. Lying is a means, too,” Miles whispered with a wink so powerful that it was almost audible.

“I suppose you’re right. It’s true that the reincarnated individuals are really formidable enemies, too. Well then, I’ll be applying Clairvoyance countermeasures to this base and then going back,” Vandalieu said.

After that, Vandalieu carved strange patterns on the roof of the base and set up mysterious stone circles in its surroundings.



Having returned to Talosheim, Vandalieu headed for the usual Job-changing room.

Normally, participating in battles himself while increasing his level helped him progress with the acquisition of skills, but he’d been too busy this time, so he had been leaving a clone of himself nearby where Borkus was defeating Mikhail to leech

Experience Points, and his Zombie Maker Job's level had reached 100.

“Setting up Clairvoyance countermeasures seems like it will take quite a lot of time, after all. I suppose it'll be stone circles in the marshlands of the Lizardmen and Scylla.”

He had to spend time on countermeasures against the reincarnated individuals, but the reincarnated individuals were a new, powerful threat, so Vandalieu needed to become stronger to face them. It was all very troublesome.

『Jobs that can be selected: 【Corpse Demon Commander】 【Disease Demon】 【Spirit Warrior】 【Whip Tongue Calamity】 【Vengeful Berserker】 【Dead Spirit Mage】 【Dark Healer】 【Labyrinth Creator】 【Demon King User】 【Magic Cannoneer】 【Golem Creator】 【Dark King Mage】 【Divine Enemy】 【Dark Guider】 』

When Vandalieu touched the crystal ball, the list of Jobs displayed in his consciousness had even more dangerous-sounding Jobs.

“Assuming Dark Guider is similar to Demon Guider... Can one person have multiple Guider Jobs? But Divine Enemy... If someone found out I had this Job, they'd immediately treat me as an evil being.”

Though Vandalieu had recently built new relationships with gods, it was undoubtedly because of Rodcorte or perhaps Alda, the god of law and fate, that this Job had appeared.

...It could just be because he had destroyed Gubamon, however. No, it hadn't appeared when he changed Jobs to Zombie Maker after that, so it was because of Rodcorte after all.

Getting a hold of himself, Vandalieu chose the Job that he would change to.

“...I choose Golem Creator.”

Considering the bonuses to his Attribute Values, the choice would have been Dark Guider, a Guider-type Job like Demon Guider. However, Vandalieu chose the Golem Creator Job that seemed like it would be related to Alchemy.

He had created Life Gold and Spirit Silver and successfully created two of Alchemy's

three holy grails. He thought that if he could increase his Alchemy skill even further from this point, he could get closer to achieving Darcia's resurrection.

That, and the Golem Transmutation skill was certainly helpful.

『The levels of the Golem Transmutation and Alchemy skills have increased!』

『The Golem Transmutation skill has awakened to the Golem Creation skill!』

『The Carpentry, Engineering and Blacksmithing skills have fused with the Golem Creation skill!』

- **Name:** Vandalieu
- **Race:** Dhampir (Dark Elf)
- **Age:** 9 years old
- **Title:** 【Ghoul King】 , 【Eclipse King】 , 【Second Coming of the Demon King】 , 【Guardian of the Cultivation Villages】 , 【Holy Son of Vida】 , 【Monstrosity】 , 【Scaled King】 【Tentacle King】
- **Job:** Golem Creator
- **Level:** 0
- **Job history:** Death-Attribute Mage, Golem Transmuter, Undead Tamer, Soul Breaker, Venom Fist User, Insect User, Tree Caster, Demon Guider, Archenemy, Zombie Maker
- **Attributes:**
  - Vitality: 2241
  - Mana: 1,082,220,588 (+324,666,176)
  - Strength: 996
  - Agility: 748
  - Stamina: 1053
  - Intelligence: 2225
- **Passive skills:**
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 5
  - Rapid Healing: Level 10 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Death-Attribute Magic: Level 10
  - Status Effect Resistance: Level 8

- Magic Resistance: Level 6
- Dark Vision
- Demon Path Enticement: Level 2
- Chant Revocation: Level 6
- Guidance: Demon Path: Level 4
- Automatic Mana Recovery: Level 6
- Strengthen Subordinates: Level 7
- Venom Secretion (Claws, Fangs, Tongue): Level 5
- Enhanced Agility: Level 3
- Body Expansion (Tongue): Level 5
- Strengthened Attack Power while Unarmed: Large
- Enhanced Physical Ability (Hair, Claws, Tongue, Fangs): Level 4
- Thread Refining: Level 3
- Mana Enlargement: Level 3
- **Active skills:**
  - Bloodwork: Level 3
  - Surpass Limits: Level 8 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Golem Creation: Level 1 (Awaked from Golem Transmutation!)
  - No-Attribute Magic: Level 8
  - Mana Control: Level 7
  - Spirit Form: Level 8
  - Carpentry: Level 6 → Combined with Golem Creation!
  - Engineering: Level 4 → Combined with Golem Creation!
  - Cooking: Level 5
  - Alchemy: Level 7 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Unarmed Fighting Technique: Level 6
  - Soul Break: Level 10 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Multi-Cast: Level 6
  - Long-distance Control: Level 7
  - Surgery: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Parallel Thought Processing: Level 6
  - Materialization: Level 4
  - Coordination: Level 4
  - High-speed Thought Processing: Level 5
  - Commanding: Level 4
  - Plant Binding Technique: Level 5
  - Thread-reeling: Level 5
  - Throwing: Level 5
  - Scream: Level 4

- Dead Spirit Magic: Level 5
- Insect Binding Technique: Level 5
- Blacksmithing: Level 1 → Combined with Golem Creation!
- Artillery Technique: Level 4
- Shield Technique: Level 1 (NEW!)
- Armor Technique: Level 1 (NEW!)
- **Unique skills:**
  - God Slayer: Level 8 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Grotesque Mind: Level 7 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Mental Encroachment: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Labyrinth Construction: Level 6
  - Demon King Fusion: Level 4
  - Abyss: Level 4 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Hostility
- **Demon King fragments:**
  - Blood
  - Horns
  - Suckers
  - Ink Sacs
  - Carapace
- **Curses**
  - Experience gained in previous life not carried over
  - Cannot learn existing jobs
  - Unable to gain experience independently

The announcer's voice echoed inside Vandalieu's head. His creation-type skills had suddenly fused with the Golem Creation skill, which seemed to be a superior version of the Golem Transmutation skill.

"Hmm...?"

Vandalieu was slightly bewildered. From previous experience, he knew that the skills that existed prior to skill fusion didn't disappear when they fused.

Thus, he was trying to test the skill out right away on the Death Iron of a throwing kunai that he was holding, but... the sensation was somewhat strange.

"I feel some discomfort, but there's no response from Danger Sense: Death... is it a

problem with my Mana?”

When he tried to turn the Kunai into a Golem to change its shape, he could intuitively think of two different ways to do it. One was the usual method. The other was a method that would consume an amount of Mana that was an order of magnitude higher than the usual method.

“What is this sensation that feels like a million-yen corner has been built into a hundred-yen shop?”

Now that Vandalieu thought about it, was it best to create a one-Luna shop in Talosheim sometime? He wondered how profitable the hundred-yen shops of Earth had been. Talosheim had many nocturnal inhabitants, so the number of 24-hour retail stores was increasing, however.

With his thoughts going in strange directions, he turned the Death Iron kunai into a Golem with the normal method first.

The sensation and accuracy of the shape alteration was the same as always.

“Next, the large Mana consumption method...?!”

Vandalieu’s Mana decreased by an enormous amount. Not by one million, but by a hundred million.

And then a kunai appeared in Vandalieu’s palm and fell onto his foot with a heavy noise. Fortunately, it was made of liquid metal so it didn’t pierce his foot, but... even though it was liquid, it was just as heavy as iron, so it was quite painful.

With watering eyes, Vandalieu looked at the kunai-shaped Death Iron that had appeared, which was now lying by his feet, and the Death Iron kunai whose shape he had altered by turning into a Golem.

“This is a result that seems like it would make Luciliano happy if he saw it.”

Just as its title suggested, it seemed that the Golem Creation skill could create matter and use it as a Golem.

Up until now, Vandalieu had been unable to create Golems with Golem Transmutation without using pre-existing matter as materials. Even when he built structures, stone

and lumber had been necessary materials.

However, the superior skill, Golem creation, could create matter from nothing.

It seemed that it used a large amount of Mana in return. Since Vandalieu needed over a hundred million Mana to create a single throwing kunai's worth of Death Iron, how much would he need to create the usual material-transporting Golems or fighting Golems?

However, if Vandalieu could master the use of this skill, he would really be able to build a fortress city in a barren wasteland.

"Well, I already have Knochen, so I get the feeling that I won't need to be able to do that."

The Bone Fort Knochen, who was a combination of a large number of bones joined together, was a mobile fortress that could fly through the sky. It was currently at the southern end of the marshlands, acting as a base for the Dark Night Knights' Order led by Isla.

"For now, I'll inspect how much Mana is consumed based on the properties and amount of matter I use this on... but before that, I'll try to see if I can fix the resurrection device," Vandalieu said to himself as he left the Job-changing room.



The Sub-Dragon monsters that inhabited the C-class Dungeon, Borkus's Sub-Dragon Savannah... that were now referred to as dinosaurs, fled in fear of the sphere of flesh.

"HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!"

This sphere of flesh was not the one found on the paws of animals such as dogs or cats. It was an enormous, spherical lump of flesh.

*TLN: The word referring to the pads on the paws of dogs and cats is "flesh sphere" in Japanese, so there's a kind of pun here.*

It was closing in on the dinosaurs and mowing down the fern trees in its path. Even though the dinosaurs were Dungeon-born monsters that were more ferocious than regular monsters, they couldn't help but to instinctively flee.

And numerous arms and legs were protruding from the side of the sphere's surface, kicking against the ground to propel itself forward.

“FAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!”

It was even letting out the loud laughter of a woman from somewhere.

Even a tyrannosaurus rex was fleeing.

However, tyrannosaurus rex monsters were Rank 4 monsters. They would be classified as small-fry in Borkus's Sub-Dragon Savannah, a C-class Dungeon.

That tyrannosaurus rex was running towards a roaring Rank 5 Huge Triceratops. Already ready for combat, it charged forward, sending the carnivorous tyrannosaurus rex flying as it attacked the lump of flesh.

“FUHAHAHAHA! My advance does not stop! Spiral Attack!” shouted a woman's voice with extremely strange pronunciation.

However, at that moment, the arms protruding from the lump of flesh began moving quickly, rapidly accelerating the lump of flesh's speed of rotation!

It collided head-on with the charging Huge Triceratops that was over ten meters in length, and it was the dinosaur that was sent flying.

The Huge Triceratops, whose horns and cervical vertebrae had been crushed from the impact, as well as several tyrannosaurus rexes that hadn't managed to avoid the collision, were scattered around the surroundings.

If one ignored the size of the objects, this scene resembled a number of animals being sent flying by a car in a traffic accident.

“HAHAHAHAHA! Sieg!”

*TLN: Sieg is the German word for “victory.”*

Having gotten the better of the collision, the lump of flesh stopped rolling and the upper body half of a woman suddenly popped out from its top surface. Its surface was the same color as the rest of the lump of flesh, and it didn't have eyes or a nose, but from its outline and form, it was clearly the upper body half of a tall woman.

The half-woman put her hands on her hips and held her chest out in triumph.

But the upper half of a person with a neutral form that was difficult to distinguish as male or female called out to her from the side.

“Valkyrie, cheat.”

“Wha-?! Enma, why?!”

“Because ‘sieg’ isn’t understood in Lambda.”

“N-no way! We gained Experience Points and our level went up, so it’s fine, right?! OK?!”

“No. Because it’s a game where you have to use only Lambda words. Berserk, hold Valkyrie down.”

A flesh-colored golem appeared and squashed Valkyrie back into the sphere of flesh.

“Nooo!” Valkyrie cried. “I’m weak! Hard work is –”

“Valkyrie, it was in our previous lives that you were the weakest among us after Pluto. In this world, we all share the same Attribute Values.”

While the lump of flesh... Legion, was increasing its level, gaining skills and changing Jobs, it had become able to separate its thoughts to some extent.

Now, Valkyrie, Enma and the rest of the Eighth Guidance, as well as the ‘Gazer’ Minuma Hitomi, were able to speak separately.

However, unlike in cases where a body was shared or cases of split personalities, their memories were completely shared.

To make a comparison, it was like there were terminals called Enma and Valkyrie connected to the server known as Legion. That was the state that Legion was in.

In this state, Legion was playing a game where only the use of Lambda’s language was allowed as it leveled, in order to learn Lambda’s language which was based on Japanese (to be more precise, *Earth’s* Japanese rather than Earth’s).

“Jeez... that hurts.”

Enma suddenly looked behind him to see that three tyrannosaurus rexes seemed to have thought that this was an opening and taken the opportunity to start biting and shredding Legion’s flesh.

Three tyrannosaurus rexes, shredding and chewing the meat with their sharp fangs and powerful jaws. Ten humans’ worth of flesh had already been eaten.

However, Enma didn’t feel a great deal of pain or much of a sense of danger.

“Status... I see, so this is the phenomenon that occurs due to the existence of Vitality,” he said as he calmly cast the no-attribute spell Status and checked his own condition.

Legion had lost around ten thousand of its ten million Vitality. In other words, Legion had taken ten thousand points of damage.

Despite that, Enma and the rest of Legion didn’t feel much pain because when considering the whole, this damage was small.

The creatures of Earth or Origin wouldn’t merely feel some pain if tyrannosaurus rexes were to bite into them and shred a mouthful of flesh. Humans and other large mammals would die. Whales and elephants could survive depending on where they were bitten, but they wouldn’t be able to remain calm; they would let out screams of pain.

However, in Lambda, where Vitality... the concept of Hit Points from video games existed, the size of wounds was determined by the damage amount in relation to the maximum Hit Point total.

“With a large amount of maximum Hit Points, even the bites of tyrannosaurus rexes are just like scratches...” Enma murmured.

“...Still, we’re being eaten too much,” said Valkyrie as she and Izanami’s upper bodies emerged next to him.

“We’ll heal soon though,” said Izanami.

The two of them had vague forms, and Izanami in particular was unrecognizable at first glance as there were no tumors on her body.

“If you think that way, then attack back. I’m still not good at fighting,” Enma told them.

“Alright,” Ereshkigal whispered.

In the next moment, one of the tyrannosaurus rexes that had been one-sidedly biting into Legion died as invisible fangs pierced the flesh of its head, sending blood spraying out.

Enraged by the sudden counterattack, the other two tyrannosaurus rexes tried to sink their fangs into Legion once more. However, one of the fragments of flesh remaining between one of the tyrannosaurus rexes’ teeth exploded, sending its head flying away.

The last tyrannosaurus rex was ended by a martial skill from the short sword in one of Legion’s hands, Quick Draw, which slashed through the arteries in its throat.

New flesh rose in the wounds where Legion’s flesh had been gouged out, returning to normal in no time.

“Well then, shall we eat to make up for our exercise?”

“You mustn’t eat the skin, Magic Stones or the bones, Jack.”

“I know, Hitomi-chan.”

The arms and legs extended from Legion’s sides, squirming and eating the meat of the dead Huge Triceratops and tyrannosaurus rexes as if assimilating it into itself.

Pauvina and the others, who were taking a break, ate their obentos as they watched this spectacle from a distance.

“Hey, what does ‘sieg’ mean?” Pauvina asked.

“It means ‘victory,’ Pauvina,” said a lump of flesh with the form of a girl... the personality of Pluto, which had separated itself from Legion.

“By the way, what kind of state are you in when you’re using Long-range Control?”

“Unlike the Undead... Vandalieu, we can’t share our memories when we’re separate.”

“Hmm. Maybe it’s because unlike Van, who is one person who splits himself, you were

originally different people?”

“I think so. For us, it’s more like ‘Separation’ than ‘Long-distance Control.’”

“Eat,” said Eisen.

“Thank you, Eisen-san,” said Pluto.

“All of the nearby dinosaurs are all going to Legion, so it’s really easy for me,” said Braga. “Could it be that you guys are delicious?” he asked Pluto.

“Please don’t eat us, Braga-san.”

Legion had formed a party to level up with Pauvina, Rapiéçage, Yamata, Privel, Eisen and Braga, who had followed them to act as a scout.

“Separation...” Rapiéçage groaned.

“Separation... ♪” Yamata sang.

The two of them seemed to be imitating Pluto and trying their Long-range Control skills. They had detached their assorted parts from themselves and were moving them around.

Rapiéçage had already possessed the Long-range Control skill, but... Yamata’s nine beautiful women’s upper body halves were simply crawling around on the ground, creating quite the ghastly sight.

Incidentally, Eleanora had been with them until yesterday to make sure that Legion, Pauvina and the others could pass through Borkus’s Sub-Dragon Savannah, but seemingly having decided that they would have no trouble with the upper and middle floors, she was leveling in the B-class Dungeon, the Scaled King’s Nest, starting from today.

It seemed that she had been dissatisfied with the Experience Points that she could earn from a C-class Dungeon as a Rank 9 Vampire Viscount.

...It might have been fine for her to fight Mikhail, the Rank 10 training dummy, but since she couldn’t defeat him with her current fighting abilities, even though she would be able to polish her skills and improve her ability greatly, she wouldn’t gain

any Experience Points whatsoever.

The Zombie heroes Zandia and Jeena were acting separately as well. This morning, thanks to the Surgery skill of Isis who was a part of Legion, Zandia and Jeena had been restored to a state that was extremely close to how they had been while alive. Now, they were training with Borkus in the B-class Dungeon, Barigen's Fall Life-Mountain, in order to become accustomed to their Undead bodies. It seemed that they intended to once more battle their fated enemies once they were sufficiently accustomed to their bodies.

"Gochisousama! Now then, let's get going. By the way, can you pass through the stairs after becoming that big? Won't you get stuck?" Pauvina asked Pluto as she started picking up Yamata's upper body halves that were lying on the ground.

"Big?" repeated one of Yamata's upper body halves.

"Stuck?" said another.

Pauvina couldn't be blamed for wondering this; Legion's main body had grown to be more than ten meters in diameter.

"They've changed their size using Size Alteration, so it's fine," said Pluto.

"Oh! Size Alteration is so nice. I want to learn it too. If I did, I could go and play at Braga and everyone else's house," said Pauvina, who was around two and a half meters tall.

It seemed that she was jealous of the ability to change size at will. However, Size Alteration was a skill that only monsters could normally acquire.

"Aren't there any Magic Items or drugs that have the effect of making you smaller?" Pluto asked.

"Hmm, I don't know," said Pauvina.

"I don't know either," said Privel. "I've heard of things that make you bigger in folk tales, though. I'll ask my mother when we get back."

And so, the inhuman girls + extra party members continued their leveling for a week.

- **Name:** Legion
- **Age:** 0
- **Title:** None
- **Rank:** 6
- **Race:** Legion
- **Level:** 87
- **Job:** Enormous Meat Sphere Warrior
- **Job level:** 0
- **Job history:** Apprentice Mage, Mage, Apprentice Warrior, Warrior, Meat Sphere Warrior
- **Passive skills:**
  - Mental Corruption: Level 7
  - Composite Soul
  - Magic Resistance: Level 3 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Special Five Senses
  - Physical Attack Resistance: Level 5 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Form Alteration: Level 3 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Super-speed Regeneration: Level 2 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 3 (NEW!)
  - Mana Enlargement: Level 1 (NEW!)
  - Enhanced Vitality: Level 6 (NEW!)
  - Strengthened Attribute Values: Consumable Meat: Level 3 (NEW!)
- **Active skills:**
  - Limited Death-Attribute Magic: Level 10
  - Size Alteration: Level 5 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Commanding: Level 3
  - Surgery: Level 5
  - Unarmed Fighting Technique: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Short Sword Technique: Level 3 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Fusion: Level 2 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Charge: Level 5 (NEW!)
  - Chant Revocation: Level 1 (NEW!)
  - Parallel Thought Processing: Level 5 (NEW!)
  - Long-distance Control: Level 3 (NEW!)
  - No-Attribute Magic: Level 1 (NEW!)
  - Mana Control: Level 2 (NEW!)
  - Surpass Limits: Level 1 (NEW!)
  - High-speed Travel: Level 1 (NEW!)
  - Strengthened Regeneration: Consumable Meat: Level 3 (NEW!)

- **Unique skills:**
  - God of Origin's Divine Protection
  - Zuruwarn's Divine Protection
  - Ricklent's Divine Protection
  - Gazer: Level 5



Job explanation:

### **【Zombie Maker】**

A Job for those who create Zombies from corpses. It is a Job with the effect of drastically reducing the time and Mana required to create Undead, including Zombies (but especially Zombies).

The bonuses provided to Attribute Values is slight, but the Job makes the creation of large quantities of Zombies possible. But Vandalieu has always been capable of creating Zombies without taking any time, and he has always possessed a vast amount of Mana.

Thus, by changing Jobs to Zombie Maker and reducing the time and Mana it takes to create Zombies, he has acquired the unexpected side-effect of unconsciously turning corpses in the area surrounding him into Undead.

Job explanation:

### **【Meat Sphere Warrior】**

A Job that can only be acquired by a member of an intelligent race whose body, which must be over a thousand kilograms in mass, is comprised entirely of meat. Naturally, Legion is the first to acquire this Job in Lambda.

This Job greatly increases Strength, Stamina and Vitality, and grants large bonuses to the Unarmed Fighting Technique, Charge, Rapid Healing (Legion possesses the superior skill to this), Size Alteration and Cooking skills. Also, this Job makes the owner's meat more delicious, and grants the ability to make delicious meat.

If the level of the Meat Sphere Warrior Job reaches 100 and the owner's body of meat surpasses 10,000 kilograms in mass, it becomes possible to change to the superior Job, Enormous Meat Sphere Warrior.

Note that the above recorded Status is after Legion has finished leveling.

## Chapter 129

### The heroes comforting the king with their bodies

The consciousnesses of the two had been in a foggy state for two hundred years. They were in a state that was far worse than being drunk on alcohol.

When drunk, one would think foolish thoughts and express emotions more intensely than usual, but these two had not even been capable of these things.

During those two hundred years, they had been unable to recall their memories of their past, nor could they move their bodies freely.

Zandia and Jeena had felt a sensation that was as if there was a transparent object separating themselves from their memories and bodies.

Their sense of time had been vague, so it was only later that they learned that around two hundred years had passed.

However, that vague sensation came to an abrupt end when they met a Dhampir boy with a crimson and a bluish-purple eye in a dimly-lit place. Behind him were a group of extremely familiar people.

They felt a strong sense of disgust at the commands that were issued to them by an old man's voice, which they had never had any doubts about before.

Once they and the other Zombies were captured and taken away to a place where they received 'surgery,' they became at ease.

They felt surprised at how much they had been suffering and how normal suffering had become to them, and they regained their memories and their ability to think to some extent.

They were surprised when they became aware that they had died and become Undead. They were dumbfounded when they learned that their comrade Borkus had become a Zombie, and that Princess Levia, who was supposed to have escaped to the Hartner Duchy, had turned into a Ghost.

And then they learned that the destroyed Talosheim had been restored, and it was expanding beyond its scale of two hundred years ago.

“Your fury was terrible back then. You were howling terrifying things, like how you wanted to go to the Hartner Duchy right now to castrate all of the Hartner family’s men and put an end to their lineage. And when the kid tried to stop you, you just picked him up and tried to take him with you,” said Borkus.

“That’s right, Zandia. You’re the Second Princess, so you have to have some self-control.”

“No, Jeena-nee, I just shouted that I wanted to kill them all. The one who shouted that they’d castrate the Hartner family’s men and then tried to carry His-Majesty-kun away in an iron-claw grip was you!”

“That other time was pretty incredible...” said Saria.

“It was great that Luciliano-san got stepped on when he was trying to peek at your surgeries. Nobody got angry at the peeking incident, either,” said Rita.

“He traded a rib for that, and it was Jeena who started running around wearing only a single surgery gown,” said Zadiris. “In a way, being seen would have served her right.”

The Living Maid Armors Saria and Rita, as well as Zadiris who for some reason was accompanying them just because her name was similar to Zandia’s, were roasting some tare-soaked meat as they nodded to themselves, recalling the events that had occurred several months ago.

Jeena had stepped on Luciliano and tripped over him, giving Vandalieu the opportunity to grab her and calm her down. Given this achievement and the fact that he had given up a rib for this, Luciliano had been forgiven for attempting to peek.

“I’m already unemployed, so it’s fine,” said Jeena. “The Church is being well looked-after by Nuaza-kun... and everyone except that bearded person apologized, and even His-Majesty-kun forgave me, so it’s fine, right? He said, ‘When I first learned the truth, I instinctively felt a desire to start killing everyone without discrimination, so I know how you feel.’”

“You’re right about the latter, but unemployed, you say... Nuaza-kun is clinging to you and begging you to return to the Church every time he sees you,” said Zandia.

“It just means that my tendency to do things at my own pace hasn’t become any better after I died. Well, he’ll give up soon.”

After that, Zandia and Jeena, who had become even weaker after the contraptions that the Pure-breed Vampire Gubamon had added to their bodies were removed, began leveling right away in order to regain the strength that they had possessed while alive.

However, they struggled more than they had expected. Jeena had been an A-class adventurer, while Zandia had been B-class. They had defeated Earth Dragons and Stone Dragons without any problems before, but perhaps because their bodies had been tampered with by Gubamon, unlike Borkus who had become an Undead on his own, they couldn’t move their bodies as they wanted, and they couldn’t control magic well, either.

Even if they could apply an iron claw on a Vandalieu who was standing still in a daze, it was difficult to land their weapons and spells on moving monsters.

Because of this, at first, they had needed to fire their spells haphazardly and apply numerous full swings of their halberds to defeat Goblins.

Though they were feeling depressed, saying that even novices holding weapons for the first time wouldn’t struggle this much, they had steadily learned how to move their new bodies by facing monsters and Mikhail, regaining the strength they had possessed while alive.

It was this morning that things had changed for the better. Legion had acquired the Parallel Thought Processing skill, and one of its personalities, Isis, had carried out surgery that allowed Jeena and Zandia to regain their strength.

“Someone who has already modified Undead before trying to modify the bodies of a race that they’ve never seen before is quite terrifying, though,” said Jeena.

“Isis’s ‘surgery’ is half death-attribute magic, so please don’t worry about it. And I don’t have any pride when it comes to that,” said Vandalieu, who didn’t consider himself to be a doctor even if he did conduct surgery. “Come now,” he said to the two of them, beckoning them towards Legion, whom they were staring at in surprise.

“Well then, I won’t decline,” said Isis.

“The ones who want to decline are us!”

“Don’t say that. I have a lot of hands with this body, so I have the feeling that I can do more incredible surgeries than I did when I was alive.”

“Ah, I’ve just thought of something urgent I need to do, so see you later~”

“Jeena-nee! It’s unfair for you to just fly away with the upper half of your body!”

“And it’s my first time messing around with Undead that aren’t humans... I really want to play around so badly that I can’t help myself,” Isis said.

Zandia gave a shriek of terror. “You just said some really scary words, like ‘mess around’ and ‘play around,’ didn’t you?!”

“Uwah, I forgot that this flying mechanism can’t go too far away from my lower body! Don’t mess around with my cross section!” Jeena shouted.

“Well then, me and my apprentice who won’t learn his lesson will be waiting outside,” said Vandalieu.

Luciliano gave a shriek. “They are already conscious, so let me watch, Master!”

As a result of the surgery that seemed like fleshy tentacle-play, Jeena and Zandia succeeded in rapidly regaining their strength, though a few steps short of what it had been while they were alive.

“In Origin, any corpse could become capable of moving like it did while it was alive, but... I suppose because this world is different, it’s not just the laws of physics, but the properties of magic that are different as well,” said Isis.

It seemed that the ‘surgery’ that could be conducted by Isis could only restore full strength for Undead who were below Legion in Rank.

Vandalieu had never consciously thought about it before, but it was possible that such things were different for different worlds. Or perhaps because he had been unable to bring his experiences from Origin to Lambda due to Rodcorte’s curse, he had relearned everything from scratch on his own to adapt to this world.

The ‘Gungnir’ Kaidou Kanata had also reincarnated from another world and used magic, but he had never voiced any particular flaws in his magic before encountering Vandalieu or even afterwards.

It could simply have been that he hadn't had enough time to notice the flaws during his short third life, or perhaps Rodcorte had made adjustments to all of the reincarnated individuals except for Vandalieu so that no flaws with their magic would occur.

It was likely the latter.

Leaving that aside, thanks to the tentacle play that messed around with their organs and muscle structure, and the hard work that they had put in, Jeena and Zandia, who had originally been Rank 6, had regained their strength to Rank 8.

And now, they were leveling in Barigen's Fall Life-Mountain.

"It really is tough for the two of us to fight Rank 9 monsters without Borkus. By the way, this Dungeon Card is really convenient. Even the Dungeons have been relocated to be closer to the city; His-Majesty-kun is amazing, isn't he?" said Zandia, who appeared to be in her mid-teenage years or even younger despite actually being in her late teenage years, as she held up a flame in the left hand that had been restored by Vandalieu.

Her brown skin looked as if blood had returned to it; she looked like a normal beautiful girl... though she was two meters tall because she was a Titan.

"Right! Bocchan is amazing!" said Rita.

"Yeah, his Mana is amazing, he's the hero of Talosheim, he saved us, he saved Nee-san and he saved everyone who was turned into slaves by the Hartner family. I don't know how we're supposed to return the favor," said Zandia.

That was what Vandalieu was to Zandia. She knew she was no longer a princess but a Zombie, and Vandalieu was her master, so she had wondered if she should treat him as such. But Vandalieu had told her, "Even Borkus calls me 'kid,' so you can just call me by my name."

Vandalieu had restored the destroyed nation while she remained in captivity, and he had only received the gratitude she had been able to give as what was left of the royal family.

"So, will it be marriage, then?" asked Saria.

“That is a little early, is it not? Does engagement not come first?” said Zadiris.

“Wow, congratulations!” said Rita.

“...Yeah, that’s what surprised me most. Or rather, what still surprises me the most,” Zandia said, glaring at the happy-looking Rita and the others through half-closed eyes.

The thing that surprised her most was the fact that she had become a marriage candidate for Vandalieu.

“I mean, I *am* a part of the royal family, the Second Princess. Talks of marriage into the Hartner family started when trade with the Hartner Duchy first began. I’ve never really had anyone I liked while I was alive, and I thought that my marriage was something that was going to be decided by my parents.”

She didn’t have any dissatisfactions with the fact that Vandalieu would marry not only her, but Levia in the future, as well as numerous other wives, though this hadn’t been formally decided yet.

Talosheim had always had people with wild ideas about the relationships between men and women, and considering the state of the new Talosheim, it was actually necessary for every race to take multiple wives.

Connections of blood and marriage had the effects of strengthening bonds between the inhabitants of nations, particularly between those who lived in tribes.

As a member of the royal family of Talosheim, which had been isolated for a hundred thousand years with an absence of the concept of democracy, Zandia thought this way.

Bonds and religious faith were needed to gather the people into one.

And she had no complaints with Vandalieu himself. The fact that he was small couldn’t be helped since he was a member of another race, and he would be growing a little larger in the future. She knew that he had even taken care of the nails of her left hand, treating it with care.

He had rescued her from an evil Vampire, if one ignored the fact that he had done so after her death. The romance was perfect.

That was why she didn’t really have any dissatisfaction with the fact that she had

somehow become a marriage candidate for him. She didn't, but –

“The problem is, I'm a Zombie! Why?! Why would he marry a Zombie?!” Zandia exclaimed.

“What problem is there with being a Zombie?! We're Living Armors as well!” said Saria.

“We'd have a big problem with succession!”

What Zandia viewed as a problem was that because she was a Zombie, she couldn't see any point in a marriage.

“Well, I understand what you want to say. You mean that there is no continuation of the lineage, do you not?” said Zadiris.

“That's right. Undead can't have children, unlike actual members of Vida's races like Vampires and Ghouls. I understand political marriages can have various purposes other than having children, but... His-Majesty-kun is the king of Talosheim, right? He has statues of himself standing all over the city, right? There isn't anything for him to gain by marrying me, right...?” Wanting to sigh but realizing that there wasn't any air left in her lungs, Zandia inhaled so that she could let it out again in a sigh. “I understand a marriage with Nee-san. She can do housework, she has a tolerant mind, she seems to expose more of her body than she did when she was alive, she burns, and with her curves, especially her chest, she was said to be one of Talosheim's two leaders along with Jeena-nee. Compared to that, I have confidence in my magic, but that's all. My body is skinny, and –”

“Ah, saying any more about that would be bad for Zadiris-san,” Rita pointed out.

“Eh? Ah, sorry, don't take it personally!” Zandia said hastily.

“Having that said to me hurts more... Rita, I will be confiscating this,” Zadiris said.

“Aaaah! My serving of meat!”

“Ignoring your curves, isn't it fine? Whether you marry him or not,” said Jeena, who had finished eating her meat at her own pace, speaking to Zandia in a light-hearted tone.

“Jeena-nee, don’t say it so simply...”

“I mean, it’s just a matter of whether you’d be a bride or a mistress, right?”

“No! You’re wrong, Jeena-nee!”

“Am I? I intend to give him my body and my heart, though. It seemed that His-Majesty-kun liked my body, too,” said Jeena, who had been praised as the ‘Saint of Healing,’ as she pointed at her plentiful chest – no, at her powerful biceps brachii muscle and her ripped (actually ripped at some point between her upper and lower body halves) abdominal muscles.

Jeena was in her two hundreds, marriageable age for a Titan woman, but her clothes and armor were kept to a minimum other than her enormous shield.

For the Titans, their own bodies were beautiful things that they were proud of, and especially for Jeena, who was a saint of Vida, the goddess of life and love, showing her vitality was a part of the Titan race’s faith.

Being an Undead Zombie didn’t change anything about that.

“Children and that sort of stuff is fine, isn’t it? It seems that His-Majesty-kun has a long lifespan, so they’re probably not that necessary,” Jeena said.

“That’s true, but...” said Zandia.

“I actually want him to marry me. It comes with delicious food, Saria-chan, Rita-chan and Zadiris-chan.”

“Wow, you go too far as usual, Jeena-nee.”

Jeena, a tall woman even for a Titan with a height of 2.7 meters, had a preference for those smaller than her.

“Oh my, how embarrassing,” said Saria.

“I have grandchildren; do not refer to me using -chan. Despite my appearance, I am soon to be three hundred years old,” said Zadiris.

“If you include the time I was alive, I’m already over four hundred,” said Jeena.

They shared this foolish conversation, occasionally looking towards Borkus, who was completely still and silent as if he were an ornament.

Borkus had been brooding frequently ever since they entered the Dungeon. He behaved normally during battle, but he was always like this while the party was resting.

“What do you think? I was sure that you’d tell Zandia to ‘let the kid take you,’ but it feels unpleasant to have you sitting there quietly like an ornament,” Jeena said to him.

“Unpleasant, you say... well, it really is unpleasant,” said Zandia.

“That’s a word that explains what kind of person Borkus is to you two,” said Rita.

For Jeena, Borkus was a reliable companion and, at the same time, a mischievous father. To Zandia, he was a father-like figure and a man who was something of a friend to her.

And to Borkus, Jeena was someone he considered to be his innocent younger sister and Zandia was something like another daughter, someone he still needed to look after. As such, they were unreserved when interacting with each other.

“You don’t need to call me unpleasant,” Borkus groaned. “I’m feeling unpleasant too, from using my head so much.”

However, Jeena, Zandia and the rest of the women were merciless.

“Worrying about things isn’t called ‘using your head,’” Jeena said.

“That’s right; it’s easy for our sense of time to become dull as Undead, so if you think for a long time, there won’t be any end to it,” said Zandia.

“If you have no appetite, please give us your meat,” said Rita.

“Well, how about saying what is on your mind? Though I can imagine who you want to consult regarding what,” said Zadiris.

It seemed that everyone had seen through Borkus’s troubles. Perhaps realizing that his thoughts showed on his face even though half of it was a skull, he pressed a hand against his forehead on the bony side.

However, confiding in and asking for help now was like betraying Zandia and Jeena, and betraying the old Talosheim. Nobody could blame him for acting unlike himself and being troubled.

“Then I’ll say it, but... I want to release that bastard Mikhail from his role as a training dummy. It’s hard to say that he should be acquitted and made a free man, but I was wondering if he could at least be able to open his mouth and be an instructor of the training grounds... so, I was thinking of asking the kid...”

The thing that Borkus was troubled over was the betterment of the treatment of Mikhail, the Divine Spear of Ice, former hero of the Mirg shield-nation, responsible for the destruction of the old Talosheim.

Currently, Mikhail had multiple safety devices made from the Demon King’s fragments as well as explosive devices buried in his body. He was being used as a training dummy with no freedom over his movement or speech. The only thing he could move of his own will were his eyes.

It was far too tragic a fate for a hero, but to the citizens of the old Talosheim, he was the detested enemy who had destroyed their nation.

And to Borkus, Mikhail was his own killer.

“But, well, he’s an Undead now, and he can’t return to his homeland. He probably doesn’t have any faith for Alda left now, and he regrets what he did while he was alive. It’s not like I feel sorry for him, but... I was wondering... if he could at least be like a criminal slave... or... something...” Borkus said in disconnected words, gazing at Zandia and Jeena with a dull look in his already lightless, dull Undead eyes.

Mikhail was the one who had killed Zandia and Jeena as well. After Borkus was killed, Jeena had been stabbed to death, and Zandia’s left hand had been sliced off before she fell in the same way.

After that, Mikhail and his companions had challenged the Orichalcum Dragon in order to destroy the goddess Vida’s relic, where his companions were wiped out. After losing his precious spear, Ice Age, he barely escaped alive, only to run into the Vampires who were gathering the three corpses.

Although he managed to repel the Vampires, his wounds were deep, and he had died because he was not treated in time. After that, his corpse had been stolen and added

to the Pure-breed Vampire Gubamon's collection of Undead heroes.

"Hmm... well, isn't it fine?" said Jeena.

"I suppose I'm okay with it as well," said Zandia. "I would be reluctant to have him acquitted, but I don't really care if he's going to be a criminal slave."

The two of them approved of Borkus's idea.

"Are you serious?! We're talking about *that* Mikhail, you know?!" Borkus shouted.

"This is surprising," said Rita. "You made a sport of him so violently in the training grounds, so I thought your guts were still boiling with anger at him."

"My guts aren't boiling, they're cold. You want to see them?" said Jeena.

"I wouldn't go that far," said Borkus, placing his hand firmly on Jeena's head before she could float the upper half of her body away.

It seemed that Jeena was proud of the fact that she could float with just the upper half of her body and couldn't resist any opportunity to show it off.

"So, why?" asked Zadiris. "The boy once told me that it is difficult for Undead to forgive those that they once hated."

"It's not really that I've forgiven him, but I was satisfied after having defeated him once. I think Jeena-nee feels the same way," said Zandia.

When Zandia and Jeena faced Mikhail in the training grounds before, when they had still only recovered a small amount of their power, they had stood at a distant spot and fired spells at him endlessly until he fell.

Mikhail, unable to leave a certain area or even ready himself for combat unless someone approached him, had simply stood there and received their spells. Jeena and Zandia had chosen this method of fighting him because they knew that he was a training dummy and there had been measures taken to ensure that he would not prioritize protecting himself.

And after defeating him once, it seemed that their pent-up resentment towards him had faded considerably.

“And you’re livelier than we are, Borkus... and it’s not like the old Talosheim was destroyed by Mikhail alone. I think that the city would have been destroyed in the end even if Mikhail hadn’t participated in the battle,” said Jeena.

“W-what?! Are you saying that we’d have lost to the Mirg shield-nation’s army without him there?!” said Borkus.

“Yeah. Though I think we’d have lasted longer.”

By the time Mikhail joined the war, Princess Levia and the others had already evacuated Talosheim, and the remaining Borkus and the others had been relying on the walls to hold the city.

At the time, they had been waiting for reinforcements from the Hartner family, but they now knew that the head of the family at the time had been an Alda fundamentalist who had decided to abandon Talosheim and rob the national treasures that were carried by Princess Levia and the other evacuees. Thus, the battle to hold the city had been one where reinforcements would never arrive.

With that being the case, the Titans would have had to resist until the Mirg shield-nation and the Amid Empire behind it gave up, but would that have been possible for Talosheim back then?

“Impossible. Definitely impossible,” said the Second Princess clearly.

“That’s not true! If Mikhail wasn’t there, we could have won!” Borkus protested.

“So, do you resent Mikhail, or do you wish for his treatment to be improved? Which is it?” Zadiris asked.

It seemed that Borkus could endure being defeated by a powerful enemy, but the idea of losing to an army of nameless soldiers was something that his pride would not allow.

“I understand how you feel, but it can’t be helped. Back then, we did have Barigen and Ogbahn with us, but we only had one wall and far less people capable of fighting than we do now. And the Dungeons were all outside the city, so we couldn’t secure food and supplies while holding the city,” said Jeena. “Of course, I think we could have killed ten or twenty thousand enemy soldiers, but I think we would have been defeated in the end.”

In Lambda, where there were many with what would seem to be superhuman physical abilities from the point of view of someone from Earth, the tides of battle were often changed by the presence of a single person.

However, there was a limit to this.

If the Mirg shield-nation and the Amid Empire backing it up were to continuously throw their fighting resources into the battle... if they let their religious fanaticism take over and kept sending in soldiers and knights, closing their eyes to the large number of casualties, Talosheim would likely have fallen even without Mikhail.

If it came down to it, the Empire would have sent its own high-class Adventurers or used some other equivalent trump card.

“That’s how it is, so my hatred for Mikhail personally is... well, I get the feeling that it’s fine now. He spent two hundred years being petted by that creepy old man as well, so he’s suffered a lot as well,” said Zandia.

“Yeah, if I had to pick, I’d say I hate that Gubamon and the other Pure-breed Vampires more. And the Hartner family, the Mirg shield-nation and the Amid Empire. We think they all deserve to be castrated,” said Jeena.

“Jeena-nee, don’t just include me in your opinion.”

There were several individuals in Talosheim who were from the Mirg shield-nation, such as the general Chezare, who was essentially acting as a prime minister, as well as the lieutenant general Kurt, but it seemed that Jeena and Zandia had no intention of taking out their hatred on such individuals.

Incidentally, in the old Talosheim, where the goddess of love and life Vida was worshipped, castration was considered a punishment equivalent to execution or even worse. It was such a severe sentence that it was more of a symbol of fear; it had never actually been carried out in a hundred thousand years of history.

Vandalieu had already handled the punishment of the Hartner family to some extent, so it might have been painful for the men of the family.

“Ngh... Well, if that’s your reason...” Borkus muttered.

“For some reason, the conversation turned towards convincing Borkus-san at some

point. But I think the most difficult thing is convincing Bocchan,” said Saria.

“The boy is the type to hold a grudge, after all,” said Zadiris.



The next day, after returning from Barigen’s Fall Life Mountain, Borkus requested for Mikhail to be treated as a criminal slave rather than a training dummy, with the same resolve as one intending to leap off a precipitous cliff. Vandalieu looked at Borkus with even less life in his eyes than usual.

The surroundings were littered with gold, silver, iron, copper, Obsidian, Mythril, Adamantite, gemstones as well as minerals and metals that Borkus and the others hadn’t seen before, in lumps of varying sizes.

Vandalieu was sitting on a small mountain of gold, right in the center.

“To be more specific, you want me to restore Mikhail’s freedom to some extent and remove the self-explosive devices?” he said.

“Y-yeah. Is that too much to ask?” said Borkus.

Vandalieu had a strange, intense aura about him, while Borkus seemed a little timid.

Behind them, Zandia was talking to a worried Darcia.

“He seems a little wild; did something happen?” Zandia asked.

“About that, he acquired the Golem Creation Job, and with the effect of the Job’s skill, he became able to create all kinds of things from nothing, but –”

“Wait a minute?! Create from nothing, you mean the gemstones and precious metals that are lying around?!”

“Th-that’s right. Also, Vandalieu has created Mythril, Adamantite, Death Iron and Dark Copper as well,” said Darcia, looking like she didn’t know why Zandia was surprised at that part, but sounding a little proud nonetheless.

“Wow...” Zandia breathed as she looked around at the minerals and metals scattered around their surroundings once more. “I don’t know what I’m supposed to say, but

that's amazing.”

“Isn't it~? But you know, he couldn't create Orichalcum,” Darcia added.

“No, it would be too incredible if he could,” said Zadiris. “If I recall, that is one of alchemy's three holy grails, the only one that the boy has not achieved.”

Vandalieu, who had become a Golem Creator, had tried creating all kinds of materials. Obsidian, marble, ordinary iron, copper, silver and gold, gemstones, as well as aluminum, which was known as aluminium in this world. And then he had tried the materials that he had invented himself – Death Iron, Dark Copper, Life Gold and Spirit Silver. He had been able to create all of them.

The amount of Mana required differed based on the quantity and type of material he was creating, but it cost less Mana to create large amounts of materials that already naturally existed in large quantities. Thus, he could create iron more easily than copper.

Huge amounts of Mana were needed to create Death Iron, Dark Copper, Life Gold and Spirit Silver, which didn't exist naturally. So much that it was far more efficient to create iron or copper and then use the ordinary method of pouring death-attribute mana into the metals and casting Inanimate Aging.

And creating materials directly into the shapes of tools needed even more Mana. It was simple to make sharp points, but creating iron knives or brilliantly-cut diamonds needed several times or even several dozen times the ordinary amount of Mana.

Creating a well-forged Death Iron sword or Dark Copper suit of armor could cause even Vandalieu, who possessed over one billion Mana, to run out.

Overall, it could be described as an ability to create matter from nothing, albeit very inefficiently. If Vandalieu's Mana pool wasn't so great, it wouldn't have been very helpful at all.

It would be better to obtain normal metals or precious metals from Dungeons or even purchase them.

However, Vandalieu had wanted to be able to create Orichalcum. Either that or gain the ability to precisely change and control the shape that Orichalcum took.

However, he had not gained either of these abilities simply by acquiring the Golem Creator Job.

“He’s become able to change the shape of Orichalcum far more freely than before. But he said that he was unable to completely repair the resurrection device,” said Darcia.

Zandia looked in the direction that Darcia was looking, and saw the pool that had once contained the quivering lump of flesh, the base of Legion’s body, that had been created as a result of activating the incomplete resurrection device. The pool had been filled once more.

It was likely that Legion would fuse with it once they returned from leveling.

“So, he’s depressed because of that,” said Zandia.

“A resurrection device... it’s hard to make possible what even the goddess herself couldn’t do,” said Rita.

“Yes,” Saria agreed.

The magical resurrection device that could revive the dead if completed. Even with such a device before them, Zandia, Rita and Saria felt no desire to come back to life.

This didn’t apply to just them; almost none of Talosheim’s Undead felt any desire or attachment to the idea of coming back to life. Though it might have been different for ordinary Undead.

“But Borkus-san came at the perfect time, so I’m sure he’ll feel better now,” Darcia said.

Meanwhile, Vandalieu was requesting something of Borkus. “Well then, please move as I move. Put strength into your muscles and put on a side chest pose.” And then he made a strange movement.

*TLN\*: This is that bodybuilder’s pose to show off the chest muscles. You can Google it if you want.*

“Y-yeah, side chest?”

“Side chest~”

Borkus moved in the same way as he was told, and Jeena was joining in for some reason as well. Unlike Vandalieu's thin body, they had powerful muscles that swelled with a creaking sound.

Borkus and Jeena were made to perform more bodybuilding poses, one after another. Partway through, they became aware of Vandalieu's intentions and made their movements smoother and more charming.

"...What should I do? I feel an even higher hurdle to climb than needing a nice body," said Zandia.

"Apparently surgery to transplant muscles cleanly is harder than breast surgery," said Saria.

"We don't even have bodies for transplanting to, anyway," said Rita. "How about you, Zadiris-san?"

"No, well, the boy should have interests in things other than muscles... I wonder if he does?"

"I-it's fine, everyone! Vandalieu will go through puberty soon!" said Darcia.

After enjoying Borkus and Jeena's physical display for a while, Vandalieu replied calmly. "Alright. Well then, let us treat Mikhail as a criminal slave."

"Oh, are you alright with it?!" Borkus exclaimed.

"That was unexpectedly quick," Zadiris remarked. "I did not think that he would really object, but did he not have the tendency to not forget past grudges?"

Everyone seemed surprised that Vandalieu nodded and agreed to improving Mikhail's treatment (though he would still be a slave).

However, Vandalieu didn't really mind. "It's true that I have the disposition of not forgetting grudges. But I don't have any direct grudges towards Mikhail. I do resent him for doing horrible things to Borkus and everyone else, but if Borkus himself says it's alright, then I think it's fine," he said.

Grudges were nothing but emotions, after all. Unjustified resentment existed; grudges were not things that could be held and discarded through logic and reasoning.

If that was possible, the world would be a more peaceful place.

For that reason, Vandalieu didn't resent Mikhail particularly fiercely. In fact, in terms of evil acts committed, those of Isla, who was currently in the Dark Night Knights' Order, were far greater in number and severity.

That was why Vandalieu didn't mind if Borkus and the others wanted to allow this.

"But I can't acquit him," Vandalieu said. "There are still people who resent him, after all. Well, there are numerous other candidates to act as a training dummy in the training grounds, so I'll leave it to them for a while."

The Undead heroes stolen from Gubamon. There were some among them who were members of Vida's races, like Zandia and Jeena, but there were more heroes from Alda's side. Some among them had hunted even more of Vida's races than Mikhail to increase their fame.

Neither Vandalieu nor the citizens of Talosheim intended to punish those whose names they didn't even know for sins they had committed in the past. However, there were some who had regained their sense of self and were tormented by feelings of guilt, causing them to be in even more confusion than before they had regained sense of self.

It seemed that Vandalieu was thinking of having them serve as training dummies for a certain period, giving them punishment so they could feel less guilty.

He had even tried to lessen their feelings of guilt directly with Mental Encroachment, but they had become too deranged and this had been mostly ineffective.

"That's how it is," Vandalieu said. "By the way, tomorrow marks the passing of one week. Have you finished leveling?"

The day of departure for the Noble Orc Empire was upon them.

# Character Summary Page (Volume 5)

## **Vandalieu – Dhampir (Dark Elf), 8 years old, male**

The main character of this story. At the beginning of the volume, he is eight years of age, and at the end of the volume (excluding the side chapters), he is three months away from turning nine.

He has reached an age where he has gradually started feeling an interest in the opposite sex that he has been unable to feel until now because his body was too young; he thinks about various things, but it has not reached a point that it could be called sexual desire.

“I’m quite precocious, aren’t I?” he thinks in a carefree manner.

In trying to acquire rice, he proposed to Privel, disposed of one of the significant causes of his parents’ death and retrieved the Zombies of Zandia and Jeena, Talosheim’s heroes, as requested by Borkus and the others. He also exterminated the upper echelons of an influential resistance organization, and added an onee-type Vampire and Chezare’s younger brother to his subordinates. Too many events of all kinds occurred.

As a result of this series of adventures, the Orbaume Kingdom’s value in his mind has crashed. The admiration he felt towards it in his younger days (during the first volume) is on the verge of vanishing.

With Orbia and Kimberley joining his Ghosts, he has become able to use Dead Spirit Magic of the water and wind (lightning only) elements, and his methods of attacking have expanded.

Vandalieu has become more inhuman over the course of the fifth volume, but he himself isn’t very aware of it. He has become stronger, so he is able to do more things. That is all he feels.

## **Pauvina – Half-Noble Orc, 5 years old, female**

A half-Noble Orc girl who turned five during the fifth volume. She is around two and a half meters tall, and if her size is ignored, she appears to be around the same age as Vandalieu.

Her Club Technique skill has reached level 4, so while it is still too early for her to go into a Dungeon, she was able to be taken on this adventure. This was her first time traveling away.

She looks pudgy, but she possesses the superhuman strength needed to lightly swing a steel mace larger than a man's head with a single hand. It is expected that if she continues to grow at this rate, her height and physical strength will become greater than Borkus's.

She gets along well with Yamata, who was brought to Talosheim by Vandalieu before, so she has more Undead friends now.

- **Name:** Pauvina
- **Race:** Half-Noble Orc
- **Age:** 5 years old
- **Title:** None
- **Job:** Warrior
- **Level:** 98
- **Job history:** Apprentice Warrior
- **Passive skills:**
  - Night Vision
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 3 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Enhanced Vigor: Level 1
  - Physical Resistance: Level 1 (NEW!)
- **Active skills:**
  - Club Technique: Level 4 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Throwing: Level 2 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Armor Technique: Level 1 (NEW!)
  - Shield Technique: Level 1 (NEW!)

## Levia – Blood Blaze Ghost, ? years old, female

Her Rank increased while she was drinking Blood Potion, and it increased again during the battle against Gubamon.

When in battle mode, she takes on a fearsome form that scatters crimson flames around her, but as always, she normally takes on the form of a Titan princess floating somewhere near Vandalieu.

Seeing the chaotic state that the Sauron Duchy is in, she has understood that politics is difficult, and she is not suited for it.

She gets along with her new Ghost companions, Orbia and Kimberley, but Kimberley's vulgarity must be moderated.

She is a little bewildered by the Sauron rice that is similar to Japonica rice and different from the Indica-like rice that has been cultivated in Talosheim, but she has quickly taken a liking to it, saying that it is delicious in its own way.

For the first time in about two hundred years, she has been reunited with her younger sister Zandia and the former chief priestess of the Church of Vida, Jeena. They are currently in rehabilitation (adjustment), and like the other Undead heroes, it is uncertain as to how close they can be made to their states while they were alive, but Levia isn't pessimistic.

She has hope because although Zandia and Jeena were only able to groan and screech, there is the precedent of Rapiécage, who is gradually becoming able to speak.

- **Name:** Levia
- **Rank:** 7
- **Race:** Blood Blaze Ghost
- **Level:** 0
- **Passive skills:**
  - Spirit Form: Level 8 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Mental Corruption: Level 5
  - Heat Manipulation: Level 8 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Flame Nullification
  - Materialization: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Augmented Mana: Level 5 (LEVEL UP!)

- Self-Enhancement: Subordinate: Level 4 (NEW!)
- **Active skills:**
  - Housework: Level 5
  - Projectile Fire: Level 8 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Possession: Level 4 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Silent Steps: Level 2 (NEW!)

**Bellmond – Abyssal Vampire Marquess, forest-monkey-type Beast-person, approximately 10,000 years old, female**

After leaving Ternecia's command, Vandalieu transferred the Live-Dead Ternecia's parts to Bellmond to remove the scars all over her body, and restored her tail. Though discolored patches remain, she now has smooth skin and a voluptuous figure.

Also, perhaps because she drank Blood Potion repeatedly during the surgery, she has become an Abyssal Vampire.

The only tangible changes are that her Attribute Values have increased and that her Bloodsucking skill has transformed into the Bloodwork skill, and there are no visible changes. She is still undergoing observation.

As a housework master, she is so capable in this field that she can clean things unconsciously, but it has now become clear that her interpersonal skills are very outdated; she is a competent but thick-headed steward.

Since her body has grown various curves, it has become more difficult to move, but her fingers haven't been touched, so she can use her threads as before. Also, her tail's attack is so powerful that a suit of poorly-made Adamantite armor would be destroyed by a single blow.

The tail is too sensitive; she has a new weakness of having her tail brushed, which causes her to squirm.

Despite that, she has acquired the Tailed Beast Warrior Job that is specialized in using the tail because she thought that it would become a powerful weapon.

For some reason Privel views her as a rival, but Bellmond isn't very aware of this. In any case, even if her tail is included, she has no hope of winning in terms of number of legs.

During the battle against Gubamon, her Rank increased from countess to marquess.

- **Name:** Bellmond
- **Age:** Approximately 10,000 years old (18 at time of Vampire transformation)
- **Title:** Ternecia's Foolish Dog
- **Rank:** 11
- **Race:** Noble-born Vampire Marquess (Forest-Monkey-type Beast-person)
- **Level:** 0
- **Job:** Tailed Beast Warrior
- **Job level:** 97
- **Job history:** Apprentice Hunter, Apprentice Thief, Thief, Assassin, Servant, Thread-user, String Master
- **Passive skills:**
  - Dark Vision
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 5 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Rapid Regeneration: Level 7 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Status Effect Resistance: Level 7 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Self-Enhancement: Subordination: Level 10
  - Super Mana Recovery: Damage: Level 1 (Awakened from Mana Recovery!)
  - Sense Presence: Level 8 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Intuition: level 3
  - Mental Corruption: Level 7
  - Enhanced Physical Ability (Tail): Level 3 (NEW!)
- **Active skills:**
  - Bloodwork: Level 2 (Awakened from Bloodsucking!)
  - Archery: Level 1
  - Throwing: Level 1
  - Short Sword Technique: Level 9
  - Wind-Attribute Magic: Level 3 (LEVEL UP!)
  - No-Attribute Magic: Level 1
  - Mana Control: Level 2 (LEVEL UP!)
  - High-speed Flight: Level 2 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Silent Steps: Level 8
  - Trap: Level 5
  - Dismantling: Level 3
  - Transcend Limits: Level 2 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Housework: Level 10
  - Thread-reeling: Level 8 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Unarmed Fighting Technique: Level 4 (NEW!)

- **Unique skills:**
  - Offering
  - Petrifying Demon Eye: Level 3 (NEW!)

## **Shashuja – Lizardman High Geronimo, ? years old, male**

A descendent of the Lizardman tribe that was once the largest tribe in the marshlands of the southern region, which formed a non-aggression pact with Talosheim over two hundred years ago.

Fortunately, by encountering Vandalieu, he has risen to the position of acting as a mediator for all Lizardmen.

His special skill is being able to moisten his eyes and make a puppy face despite having the face of a reptile. Until he met Vandalieu, it was a skill with no use that couldn't even be called a special skill. Nobody, not even Shashuja himself, would have thought that this skill would change the fate of countless Lizardmen.

He was a Rank 5 Lizardman Geronimo to begin with, but with the acquisition of Fidirg's divine protection, he has become a Rank 6 Lizardman High Geronimo.

Currently, all of the children hatched that have hatched from their eggs have become monsters with crocodile heads called Armans, and at this rate, the Lizardmen in the marshlands will go extinct. However, as monsters, the fact that their children have become stronger is something to be happy about, so neither he nor any of the Lizardmen feel any sense of crisis.

## **Fidirg, the Dragon God of Five Sins**

An evil god who once belonged to the Demon King's army but accepted Zakkart's proposal and changed sides. He has the appearance of a scale-covered hand that has had its fingers replaced by the heads of dragons, and has quite a low position as a god.

Four of his five heads were destroyed during the battle between Vida and Alda that occurred a hundred thousand years ago, and he was forced into a long slumber.

After that, he suffered further when the faith of the Lizardmen that he had laboriously

gathered was stolen by Luvesfol, the Raging Evil Dragon God.

He accidentally almost got himself killed by Vandalieu, but because he had been in the lower portion of the Demon King's army (the monsters serving the evil gods were not even considered a part of the lower portion, but merely pawns), he discarded his pride immediately and surrendered, and was spared as a result.

Incidentally, he is a god, but has nothing resembling a doctrine. This is because the majority of his believers are Lizardmen, and he thought it best if he didn't force any complicated requirements on them... he is quite a simple god who is happy with being prayed to normally.

His attribute is water, and he is able to create a D-class Dungeon that produces Lizardmen close to water. However, currently, he must make a desperate effort to do so; it is not a simple task for him now.

At present, he now has three healthy heads, and according to him, it will take another ten thousand years for a full recovery.

In addition, he has had a discussion with Merrebeveil regarding the Scylla who have moved in, and they have come to an agreement that they should strive to achieve a favorable relationship between them.

## **Luvesfol, the Raging Evil Dragon God**

A traitor who was originally one of the subordinates of Marduke, the Dragon Emperor God, but changed sides and joined Guduranis's army after Marduke was destroyed by the Demon King.

He continued to be a part of the remnants of the Demon King's army even after the Demon King was defeated, and consistently performed cowardly acts such as surprise attacks on members on both sides of the war between Vida and Alda, aiming to profit from the conflict.

His base is in the Dark Continent, but he robbed Fidirg of the Lizardmen's faith in order to increase his strength further, and instead of appointing a priest, he gave his divine protection to an Earth Dragon whose Rank had increased and gave it the Title of 'Scaled King.'

Also, he is capable of creating B-class Dungeons that produce large numbers of Dragons.

After these events, the Scaled King and Luvesfol's own spirit clone was killed, and while he tried to flee the Bahn Gaia continent, he was unfortunate enough to be noticed by Schneider and his group. Each of the five members were capable of killing an Elder Dragon; they beat Luvesfol into a pulp.

Instead of being sealed, he has been forced to materialize himself as a Dragon that is much smaller than his original form and is now a servant for the group.

### **Shimada Izumi – Human, 31 years old at time of death, female**

One of the reincarnated individuals killed by an explosion caused by Murakami, who betrayed the Bravers in Origin. On Earth, she was the committee chairman of the class that Vandalieu, Amamiya Hiroto, was enrolled in.

Regarding Amamiya Hiroto, she remembers his name, but she doesn't remember anything else about him other than that he was a male student who didn't stand out or cause any problems.

She possesses the cheat-like ability 'Inspection,' which sees through all kinds of untruths, and she used this ability to serve as the Bravers' analyst. She has been given the qualities and ability for using magic, and she has received training, so she possessed slightly better fighting ability than the average military personnel. However, it is not enough to fight like a superhuman on the frontlines as Kanata did.

On Earth, she had the typical committee-chairman-like personality, but after gaining experience in Origin, she understands that it is difficult to continue living while keeping her hands clean.

After her death, Rodcorte told her the truth regarding Amamiya Hiroto, and she wants to avoid a conflict between Hiroto and her companions of the Bravers.

For this reason, she has ascended to become Rodcorte's Familiar Spirit.

She sympathizes with Amamiya Hiroto, but she does prioritize the safety of her companions of the Bravers.

## **Machida Aran – Human, 31 years old at time of death, male**

A reincarnated individual who died in an explosion in Origin with Shimada Izumi. He was in a different class from Amamiya Hiroto on Earth, and doesn't remember him at all.

He possesses the cheat-like ability 'Calculation' that allows him to perform calculations as well as or better than a supercomputer, but like Shimada, he worked behind the scenes for the Bravers.

Ever since he lived on Earth, he has been a smooth talker with a light-hearted personality. But after being reincarnated in Origin, he and the other Bravers have formed strong bonds as companions who can talk to each other about their memories on Earth.

This is also one of the reasons that he became Rodcorte's Familiar Spirit after his death.

Incidentally, there are no feelings of love between him and Shimada Izumi; they are coworkers and good friends.

He has recently become accustomed to being a Familiar Spirit, but he is agitated by the fact that he cannot do anything but watch events unfold in Origin.

## **Murakami Junpei – Human, 31 years old, male**

On Earth, he was the former homeroom teacher of the class of Amamiya Hiroto, Shimada Izumi and Naruse Narumi. However, he was neither enthusiastic nor exceptional as a teacher.

Using the cheat-like abilities and qualities suited for magic that he had been given after being reincarnated in Origin, he became an athlete in a sport similar to tennis, fulfilling the dream that he had been unable to fulfil on Earth.

However, because of *Amemiya Hiroto*, who thought that it would be dangerous for the reincarnated individuals as a whole to continue using their cheat-like abilities while keeping them hidden, the existence of the cheat-like abilities was revealed and Murakami reluctantly joined the Bravers.

But with the revelation of Kaidou Kanata's evil deeds, he invited his former student who had hoped to become an idol, Tsuchiya Kanako, and left the Bravers. They joined the international terrorist group, the Eighth Guidance.

Considering that he used a bomb to kill Izumi and Aran, his former companions, his personality is considerably different from how it was on Earth.

### **Pluto – Human (?), ? years old, female**

An Asian girl with black hair and white skin in her mid-teenage years. However, according to the records of the secret laboratory that had housed her, she has had the same appearance for over ten years; her exact age is unknown.

She was one of the subjects of the 'Second Undead Project,' which was conducted in the secret laboratory to produce a second death-attribute mage. This project aimed to remove the acquired affinities for magic in the subjects in order to artificially create a death-attribute mage like the Undead (who later become Vandalieu).

However, although her affinity for magic was successfully removed, she did not possess any death-attribute Mana. The researchers continued the project, but with an accident where the Undead died, became a true Undead and went on a rampage, researchers died and the research data was greatly damaged.

During this, the Undead freed Pluto and the other experimental subjects, but the Bravers who exterminated the Undead handed them over to an international organization where they were once more turned into experimental subjects with serial numbers.

However, after that, they gained abilities due to the Undead's Mana being transferred to them, and they used these abilities to escape. Pluto and her companions founded the Eighth Guidance.

Their objective is revenge against those who made use of them and against the Bravers who killed the Undead. And their final goal is for themselves to die.

Their criminal acts are thoroughly well-targeted; they have not caused the death of a single innocent person.

Even so, society calls them an international terrorist group because every nation wishes to capture them, dead or alive, and use them for research into death-attribute magic.

She has the kind of personality that takes things at her own pace and keeps her companions in mind, but has a peculiar view on life and death. She likes the sunrise and sunset, and hates people who kill others and say that they are merely tools.

As her appearance suggests, she has no stamina and her body is weak.

In exchange for being unable to use any kind of magic, she is able to use an ability that takes the life-force of a person in direct contact with her as a cost to remove the death from another.

Even cerebral palsy, terminal cancer and severe physical trauma can be cured once using her ability. Even if a person is completely dead, she is able to revive them if she only needs to restore heart and lung function (though if they have external injuries, their survival will depend on the treatment of these afterwards). Whether a full recovery will be made depends on the condition of the brain and body.

For those dying of old age, she can prevent them from dying for a while, but she cannot reverse their aging. Their lives may be extended several days, months or even a few years, but in the end, they die.

She has companions such as Jack, Shade, Enma, Baba Yaga, Izanami, Valkyrie, Isis and Ereshkigal, and as of recently, the reincarnated individual Gazer can be thought to be among her companions as well.

## **Knochen – Bone Fort**

Due to Vandalieu's Guidance: Demon Path, Knochen's Rank has increased and it has become a Bone Fort. It is an assembly of bones that is continuing down the path of being a disaster-designated monster.

It has not only able to simply become a fortress-shaped structure; it can also use some of its bones to produce furniture such as chairs, tables and beds.

It intends to play a great role by serving as Vandalieu's moving stronghold, even after

he becomes an adventurer.

### **Sam – Nightmare Carriage**

With the effect of Vandalieu's Guidance: Demon Path, he has finally achieved his goal of being able to run through the sky.

His daughters' Ranks have increased and they have become maids; life is going smoothly for him.

He intends to follow Vandalieu when he becomes an adventurer, pretending to be a mere flying carriage.

### **Rita and Saria – Living Maid Armors**

A high-leg armor older sister and bikini armor younger sister who have now had the experience of being worn as suits of armor for the first time.

Due to the Dark Copper decorations in the shapes of frills and laces, as well as the effects of Guidance: Demon Path, their Ranks have finally increased and they have become Living Maid Armors.

Now, nobody can deny that they are maids.

The battle against Mardock's resistance extermination force was their first battle against humans in a while. During this battle, they learned that they can capture enemies alive by severing their limbs with a fifty percent rate of success, stepping more firmly onto the path of being murderous maids.

### **Zadiris, Tarea, Basdia, Vigaro**

The group of Ghouls whose Ranks increased during the fifth volume. Notably, Tarea has become a High Artisan, a race title that hasn't been seen by anyone before.

Though she is unaware of this, if her existence were to become known, large sums of money would change hands in order to acquire her, as she is a hard-to-find skilled craftsman who can be legally enslaved.

The other three have also acquired race titles that are rare or undiscovered, so their existence would likely draw the attention of the Mages' Guild or the Tamers' Guild.

## **Chezare Legston**

The most exceptional civil official in Talosheim. He is essentially a prime minister, but he holds the official position of general.

During the fifth volume, he experienced general-like work for the first time since he died, for the first time in a long time. After learning that his younger brother was stationed in the fort neighboring the Scylla territory, he suggested that Vandalieu recruit him.

He is currently working busily with his younger brother serving as his aide, but he is slightly bewildered at the fact that his brother behaves a little more distantly than when Chezare was alive.

## **Kurt Legston – Human, 28 years old, male**

The third son of the Legston family of earls in the Mirg shield-nation. Due to the failure of the expedition into the Boundary Mountain Range, he was demoted to being the commanding officer of a small, unimportant fort.

He doesn't have exceptional bravery like the first son, nor is he exceptional as a military official like Chezare, but steady work is his characteristic feature.

He displayed his abilities on the lines of defense. As he was still young, he wasn't left in charge of large units or forts, but it was expected that he could be entrusted with the defense of important locations once he had gained more experience.

In fact, Earl Thomas Palpapek thought highly of him as well, and intended to return him to a major post once things had settled down.

He was treated poorly due to the expedition's failure. Talks of his marriage had stopped; he was demoted and made fun of by those in lower social positions. But realizing that this was what it meant to be defeated in battle, he continued working day after day without becoming a degenerate. Perhaps because of this, he didn't feel very strong resentment towards Vandalieu.

However, after learning that Pure-breed Vampires existed behind the scenes and that Earl Thomas Palpapek was deeply involved with them, Kurt and his subordinates distanced themselves from him and joined Vandalieu's side.

Though he is bewildered by Talosheim, which is inhabited not only by members of foreign races but monsters and Undead as well, he is currently working as Chezare's aide. However, the thing that he is most bewildered by is his older brother's behavior, who assertively tries to involve himself with Kurt more than he did while he was alive. It is as if his personality has changed.

### **Orbia – Broad Ghost, 65 years old at time of death, female**

A Scylla woman tricked and murdered by Rick. She lost her memories of the events surrounding her death, and while she was searching for the deadly weapon retrieved by Rick, the ring with a poisoned needle attached, she met Vandalieu and Pauvina.

She was supposed to be the shrine maiden in a festival for Merrebeveil conducted by the Scylla race, but she died on the day she had decided to discuss this with Rick.

Her personality is bright and a little light-hearted, and she was popular. Incidentally, she has never been married, and she believed that Rick would become her first husband.

While she was alive, she was more hot-blooded than her appearance might have suggested; instead of working hard to improve her average talent for magic, she decided that it would be better to work hard to hunt and only trained her body. She was a hunting, meat-eating onee-san.

Currently, she is a Rank 5 Broad (swamp) Ghost. She was originally a monster with a strong Jibakurei-like nature, but she has become able to move about by haunting Vandalieu.

One might think that she would not get along with Princess Levia, who is of the fire attribute, but Levia actually has a good relationship with Orbia as a Ghost senpai and as a friend.

- **Name:** Orbia
- **Rank:** 5
- **Race:** Broad Ghost
- **Level:** 17
- **Passive skills:**
  - Spirit Form: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Mental Corruption: Level 6
  - Water Attribute Nullification
  - Liquid Manipulation: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Materialization: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Augmented Mana: Level 3 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Earth-Attribute Resistance: Level 1 (NEW!)
- **Active skills:**
  - Unarmed Fighting Technique: Level 3 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Fishing: Level 3
  - Housework: Level 2
  - Dancing: Level 4
  - Projectile Fire: Level 2 (LEVEL UP!)
- **Unique skills:**
  - Merrebeveil's Divine Protection

### **Privel – Scylla, 16 years old, female**

The youngest daughter of the chief of one of the five Scylla tribes. She is a bokukko.

After Orbia was killed, it was hurriedly decided that Privel would be the shrine maiden, and while she was secretly practicing the Scylla race's traditional marriage proposal ceremony in the river near the village, she encountered Vandalieu. She is the first girl in the world who has been formally proposed to by Vandalieu.

She has a bright personality, and though Vandalieu proposed to her entirely by accident, she has taken a liking to him. At first, she thought she could wait a little for him to grow older, but because Vandalieu is a Dark Elf Dhampir, she was surprised at the fact that she would have to wait longer than she'd expected.

But she has calmed down and realized that Scylla have lifespans of four hundred years and waiting a few decades would be easy.

After the Scylla migrated to the southern region of the continent, she has become one of the priestesses maintaining the statue of Merrebeveil that has been erected in the Church of Vida in Talosheim.

Incidentally, her fighting ability is that of an average Scylla, plus a little extra. As she was originally a shrine maiden, she isn't the type to fight on the frontlines. However, she is still able to hunt a medium-sized crocodile with her bare hands (or bare legs).

But she is a bokkuko who is more skilled at rice cultivation. Her special move is the high-speed rice-planting technique that involves the use of all eight of her legs, passed on to her by her mother.

She received a divine message from Merrebeveil and was granted her divine protection at the same time, so she has blessed future prospects.

While she has admitted defeat to Bellmond, Basdia and Eleanora due to her somewhat modest bust size, she is aiming for beautiful legs (tentacles) to compete with her lower body.

- **Name:** Privel
- **Age:** 16 years old
- **Title:** None
- **Rank:** 3
- **Race:** Scylla
- **Level:** 79
- **Job:** Shrine Maiden
- **Job level:** 89
- **Job history:** Apprentice Shrine Maiden
- **Passive skills:**
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 1
  - Water Adaptation
  - Night Vision
  - Enhanced Physical Ability (Lower body half): Level 1
  - Ink Secretion: Level 1
- **Active skills:**
  - Farming: Level 4

- Unarmed Fighting Technique: Level 1
- Dancing: Level 3
- Singing: Level 2
- Dismantling: Level 1
- No-Attribute Magic: Level 1
- Water-Attribute Magic: Level 1
- Earth-Attribute Magic: Level 1
- Mana Control: Level 1
- **Unique skills:**
  - Merrebeveil's Divine Protection

### **Periveil – Scylla High Shaman, 315 years old, female**

She has a helpful personality, but she is actually an emotional chief of a tribe. Just as she was at her wit's end with having to deal with the incident of Orbia's death, negotiating with the empire's army and conducting discussions with chiefs of the other villages, her youngest daughter brought Vandalieu to the village.

As she is getting old, she seriously started considering training someone to succeed her when troubles befell her one after another; she actually faced many hardships.

She was one of the most capable of all the Scylla in the entire territory, and has long been able to receive Merrebeveil's Divine Messages. In fact, she has a high position as a clergyman.

Now that the murder incident has been resolved and the migration is complete, she has no worries, thinking that the tribe will be secure once Vandalieu and Privel get married.

She has possessed Merrebeveil's divine protection for a long time; she is very capable. However, she was appointed as village chief because of her skill in hunting and the speed and accuracy of her planting and harvesting of rice plants, as well as the fact that she was popular.

- **Name:** Periveil
- **Age:** 315 years old
- **Title:** Hunting Champion, Shrine Maiden of the Heroic Goddess (Merrebeveil)
- **Rank:** 5

- **Race:** Scylla High Shaman
- **Level:** 100
- **Job:** Shrine Maiden Leader
- **Job level:** 100
- **Job history:** Apprentice Shrine Maiden, Farmer, Hunter, Warrior, Shrine Maiden, Advanced Shrine Maiden
- **Passive skills:**
  - Water Adaptation
  - Night Vision
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 3
  - Water and Earth-Attribute Resistance: Level 5
  - Enhanced Physical Ability (Lower body half): Level 4
  - Ink Secretion: Level 3
- **Active skills:**
  - Farming: Level 5
  - Unarmed Fighting Technique: Level 3
  - Spear Technique: Level 3
  - Archery: Level 3
  - No-Attribute Magic: Level 2
  - Water-Attribute Magic: Level 6
  - Earth-Attribute Magic: Level 6
  - Life-Attribute Magic: Level 2
  - Mana Control: Level 3
  - Dancing: Level 4
  - Singing: Level 4
  - Familiar Spirit Descent: Level 1
- **Unique skills:**
  - Merrebeveil's Divine Protection: Two-fold

### **Iris Bearheart – Human, 17 years old, female**

The eldest daughter of the Bearheart family, a former house of knights, now working in a resistance organization in the Sauron Duchy that has been occupied by the Amid Empire.

She is the leader of the Sauron Liberation Front, and is known by her Title of 'Liberating Princess Knight.'

She was originally one of Alda's believers, who are a minority group in the Sauron Duchy, but as she is now a part of the resistance that is on the side that breaks order, she has stopped believing of her own will... though she still remains a believer in her heart, even if the fact that she no longer wears Alda's holy symbol seems to indicate that she no longer believes.

Her personality is noble, just, serious and she is kind to the weak; she is a female role model for chivalry. She is exceptionally capable, but believes that she is only a leader because of the popularity of her father, who was also exceptional. She has a slight father complex.

Her Title is well-known, so she was targeted by Gubamon as a hero, but although her fighting ability is quite excellent for her age, she would be C-class if she were an adventurer. This is because she is a hero as a symbol for the resistance movement. The truth is that she narrowly falls outside the ten strongest individuals of the Sauron Liberation Front.

The Sauron Liberation Front led by her is comprised of those left behind when the empire's occupation began, young nobles who failed to escape, as well as sons and daughters adopted into noble families, so in terms of family court rank, hers is the lowest. However, more recently, soldiers with commoner backgrounds have joined, so her family's rank is no longer the lowest.

Of course, even if they are young nobles, the majority of them are in the unfortunate positions of being reserves for the first or second sons or reserves for the reserves, so nobody cares about anyone's origins.

After she was saved by Vandalieu, she formed an alliance with him, and under his influence, she has stepped foot onto the demon path.

Incidentally, she is essentially not a believer of Alda at present.

### **Haj - Human, 21 years old, male**

Originally a city hoodlum. He mostly made money through day labor, petty crime and running errands for people of the underworld who seemed stronger than him.

After his homeland was occupied by the Amid Empire, around the time he heard of

the glorious tales of the resistance organizations like the Reborn Sauron Duchy Army and the Sauron Liberation Front, he gathered his companions who were also struggling to feed themselves and began conducting fraud, pretending to be members of the resistance.

He was the leader of his companions, and he is relatively smart and capable. He can read simple kanji (such as 山 and 川\*), and possesses the Unarmed Fighting Technique and Short Sword Technique skills at level 1.

*TLN\*: These are very basic kanji meaning “mountain” and “river” respectively.*

While his group was conducting the fake resistance fraud, they had swords visible at their waists to help them pretend, but the scabbards were often empty.

They were noticed by the resistance extermination squad led by Mardock, but happened to encounter Yamata and Rapiécage and were saved. Currently, they are being forced to undergo a hellish training in Talosheim in order to become real resistance members.

But the standard of eating in Talosheim is exceptional and they can feel themselves growing stronger day by day, so they are apparently living unexpectedly fulfilling daily lives.

At present, all of them, including Haj, have acquired the Berserker Job... Just what is a legitimate resistance?

### **Raymond Paris – Human, 25 years old, male**

The illegitimate child born when Duke Sauron laid his hands on the fourth daughter of the Paris family of knights, who was working as a maid. Raymond was not formally recognized and gave up his right to succession when he came of age, so on paper, he was not a nobleman.

However, he was an individual with abundant talent; he was knighted with the support of the duke’s family that he gained in exchange for giving up his right to succession, and he distinguished himself in his Knights’ Order. If things had continued without incident, he would have been successful as the leader of a Knights’ Order.

After the Sauron Duchy was occupied, he led the surviving members of his Knights' Order and founded the Reborn Sauron Duchy Army. He did feel anger towards the empire and a desire to free his homeland, but he was also driven by an ambition to become duke.

On the surface, he had a well-featured face and a favorable personality, but on the inside, he had a strong sense that he was a 'chosen one.'

He was targeted by Gubamon to be used as materials for an Undead hero, but Raymond himself didn't possess great fighting ability; he was exceptional at strategy and managing an organization. He was a hero as the leader of his organization.

He was in a difficult situation since the beginning of the fifth volume, having been noticed by Gubamon and having instructed his younger brother to conduct a conspiracy against the Scylla.

As a result of trying to bring Vandalieu to his side, his body's freedom was robbed with ease, and in the end, he was remodeled and turned into a Live-Dead by Luciliano.

However, the public story is that he fought a fierce battle against a resistance extermination force and died an honorable death alongside his younger brother.

Incidentally, even if he successfully made use of the Scylla race, he intended to maintain the same situation as before the Sauron Duchy's occupation, not giving the Scylla any reward other than the right to rule themselves. The most he would have offered them was inviting them to ceremonies or increasing the number of companies they could do business with.

In his mind, formally acknowledging the Scylla race as people of the Sauron Duchy would have been a sufficient reward.

Also, although he was a believer of Vida, there was no profound reason for this; it was simply because Vida's religion was prospering in the Sauron Duchy.

### **Rick Paris – Human, 22 years old, male**

Raymond's younger half-brother. His good looks were characterized by his long bangs. Like Raymond, he was knighted and belonged to a Knights' Order.

He was an extreme bro-con, and blindly believed that his older brother was someone who should be standing at the top of society.

This tendency grew stronger as he devoted himself entirely to the resistance, and developed into a trustworthy retainer who would loyally carry out the dirtiest work for the sake of his older brother.

Raymond's own talent was one reason he was able to grow his organization to a large size, but the loyal service of Rick, his younger brother, was another major reason.

He felt contempt towards the Scylla, who refused to fight for the duchy despite having been given the freedom to rule themselves by the Sauron Duchy, but he 'knew' the path that Scylla history had taken.

However, as a human, he believed that these were simply 'things that occurred hundreds of years ago' and 'events of my grandmother and great-grandmother's generation,' not realizing that the Scylla's views on this was very different.

### **Miles Rouge – Noble-born Vampire Viscount, several hundred years old, male**

A Noble-born Vampire, formerly Gubamon's subordinate. He was originally a human, and possesses a wild beauty. However, at some point, he began wearing make-up, always having lipstick on hand and speaking in a feminine tone, so he was very unique even among Gubamon's other subordinates.

He grew up an orphan, but he possessed the unique skill 'Warning' ever since he was a human, and as a result of living with survival as his highest priority, various things happened and he became a Vampire.

After that, he managed to live steadily in a reasonable social position within the society of the Vampires who worship an evil god that is full of harsh power struggles. However, with Gubamon going insane as the turning point, he betrayed Gubamon and surrendered to Vandalieu.

His Rank increased and he went from being a baron to a viscount during the battle against Gubamon.

He feels respect and affection towards Vandalieu who protected him and his

subordinates, and has sworn loyalty to him.

Incidentally, he simply wants to dress up to be beautiful and likes beautiful things; he does not want to become a woman. He likes 'beautiful people, regardless of their sex.'

- **Name:** Miles Rouge
- **Age:** Several hundred years old
- **Title:** None
- **Rank:** 9
- **Race:** Noble-born Vampire Viscount
- **Level:** 1
- **Job:** Clawed Fanged Warrior
- **Job level:** 97
- **Job history:** Apprentice Thief, Thief, Mage, Fire-Attribute Mage, Unarmed Fighter, Magic Warrior
- **Passive skills:**
  - Dark Vision
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 8
  - Rapid Regeneration: Level 8
  - Status Effect Resistance: Level 5
  - Mental Corruption: Level 1
  - Enhanced Physical Ability (Claws, Fangs): Level 7
  - Strengthened Attack Power while Unarmed: Medium
- **Active skills:**
  - Bloodsucking: Level 7
  - High-speed Flight: Level 8
  - Transcend Limits: Level 1
  - Trap: Level 4
  - Silent Steps: Level 5
  - Short Sword Technique: Level 3
  - Unarmed Fighting Technique: Level 8
  - No-Attribute Magic: Level 1
  - Fire-Attribute Magic: Level 6
  - Mana Control: Level 2
  - Magic Warrior Technique: Level 3
- **Unique skills:**
  - Warning

## **Merrebeveil, the Evil God of Slime and Tentacles**

An evil god who was one of the evil gods of tentacles in the Demon King's army, but changed sides like Fidirg and became one of Vida's subordinate gods. After that, she mated with Vida and became one of the parents of the Scylla race.

She was originally a mass of tentacles of all sizes, but she forged a false past for herself and became a heroic goddess in order to protect the Scylla race from persecution, and now she resembles a Scylla-shaped mannequin made of countless bundles of tentacles. She was originally of both sexes, but this transformation led her to become more female.

She respects and loves Zakkart and Vida, and she loves the Scylla race, her own children. She is one of the gods whose personalities have changed greatly since they were in the Demon King's army.

As she has a similar disposition to Vida and is able to maintain seals relatively easily, when the Demon King was defeated, she was entrusted with three of his fragments – the ink sacs, suction cups and tentacles. However, during the war between Vida and Alda that occurred a hundred thousand years ago, she received a surprise attack from someone (not Luvesfol) and one of the Demon King's fragments, the tentacles, was stolen.

Welcoming a deeper relationship between her Scylla children and Vandalieu, she granted Orbia, Privel and Periveil her divine protection and even sent a Divine Message of, "Everyone, GO!"

But the reason she does not invite Vandalieu into her own Divine Realm very often is simply because she is scared of Vandalieu's form.

In terms of position as a god, she stands far above Fidirg and Luvesfol, is one of the ten most powerful among all gods who turned to Vida's side, and is the absolute top if considering only gods of tentacles.

Though she received considerable damage a hundred thousand years ago, she has made a full recovery through receiving the Scylla's worship. However, because she has been maintaining the seals on the Demon King's fragments, and because she was scared of provoking Alda and his followers, she has not been able to take proactive actions up until now.

She has a loving personality, but towards the gods and believers on Alda's side, those who would harm the Scylla, she shows the same mercilessness she possessed while she was a part of the Demon King's army.

Her attributes are earth and water.

## **Gubamon**

He was originally a human who worshipped Vida, but was turned into a Pure-breed Vampire by the Vampires' True Ancestor. He is one of the Pure-breed Vampires who changed sides and began worshipping one of the remnants of the Demon King's army, Hihiryushukaka, the Evil God of Joyful Life, after Vida was defeated in the war between her and Alda a hundred thousand years ago.

He is the one responsible for turning Valen, the main character's father, into a Subordinate Vampire, and he ordered one of his subordinates, the Noble-born Vampire Sercrent, to dispose of Valen and Darcia. To Vandalieu, Gubamon is the enemy of his parents.

At some point, he began indulging in the hobby of collecting the Undead of those known as heroes and started to show less and less interest in everything else.

He was a master of space-attribute magic, and possessed the Demon Eyes of Destruction, which directly attacked those in his line of sight. In addition, he possessed the Demon King's carapace, which granted him the greatest defense among the three Pure-breed Vampires when activated.

He was not weak by any means, but all of the actions he chose to take ended up tightening a noose around his own neck, and he was defeated by Vandalieu.

However, he is one of the few individuals who successfully dealt damage to Vandalieu.

He didn't cause as much damage as Bugogan, who cut through over half of Vandalieu's torso in the first volume, but it can be said that he put up more of a fight than Kanata, who could not even cause Vandalieu a single scratch.

## **Zorcodrio (also known as Zod) – Pure-breed Vampire, ? years old, male**

One of the one hundred Pure-breed Vampires. He has served Vida since he was a human and is a warrior with a long record of service, having fought the Demon King's army alongside the champions. A hundred thousand years ago, he stood deeper in the frontlines and endured more attacks than anyone else, and he was so sturdy that Alda's army gave up on trying to defeat him and decided to seal him away instead.

After Schneider and his companions removed his seal, he felt amazed by the world's changes and became one of Schneider's companions, as Schneider is a secret believer of Vida.

Not only is Schneider a believer of Vida despite being born in a nation whose national religion is Alda's religion, he also secretly protects Vida's other races, Zorcodrio's brethren. Zorcodrio acknowledges Schneider as a hero.

He is normally a smart, elderly gentleman who acts as a bartender at the party's base, but his true form is that of a monster with his entire body covered in powerful muscles, making an Ogre look weak.

Even after becoming a Pure-breed Vampire, his talent for martial skills and magic was hopeless, but he (self-proclaims to) use the science he learned from Zakkart and Solder, Peria's champion, as a weapon, allowing him to perform all kinds of feats with his muscles.

He has even used only his muscles to defeat enemies with the Complete Physical Damage Nullification skill.

When he was a human, he was a warrior who fought the Demon King's army with the motto of, "The strongest violence is better than detailed techniques!" But as a result of continuing down that path after becoming a Vampire, he has broken away from it in various ways.

He is the only one in this world who possesses the Muscle Technique skill.

His hobby is drinking. He says that his muscle training isn't a hobby, but a way of life.

## **Lissana – Elf, 95 years old, female**

An A-class Elf adventurer... in outward appearance. In reality, she is the reincarnated form of Jurizanapipe, the Evil God of Degeneration and Intoxication, who left the Demon King's army and joined Vida's side.

Her power decreased greatly when she was reincarnated as an Elf woman, but it has returned, though not to the extent of before her reincarnation. Those around her are so incredible that she is unlikely to stand out considerably even if she were to regain her power as an evil god, however.

After her memories returned, she decided to go to the Adventurers' Guild to work as an adventurer, increase her level and regain her power, and happened to meet Schneider, with whom she formed a party.

She was Schneider's third companion that he'd gained after becoming a secret believer of Vida. Incidentally, the first is the Dark Elf, Dalton.

As a god, she rules over alcohol, fermentation and depravity. She herself is a heavy drinker. However, she is not particularly strong when it comes to alcohol. These are qualities she had since she was a part of the Demon King's army; she sees no meaning in drinking if one does not get drunk, and her way of thinking is, "If you're going to drink, drink until you're drunk! Keep drinking even if you're drunk!"

She knows of events that occurred over a hundred thousand years ago, and has spoken to Ricklent and Zuruwarn on numerous occasions. However, as she was reincarnated during the war between Vida and Alda, she doesn't know what happened after that, nor about the events that led up to present day.

She knows Ternecia, Gubamon and Birkyne, and actually feels pain in her heart over how much her former comrades have changed.

She spends her days throwing quips at Schneider, who is absorbed in ways of staying healthy and food that is good for his health despite having a perfectly healthy body.

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## **BUST RANKINGS**

Consultation required: Princess Levia

Impossible to measure: Yamata (The size of each of her upper body halves varies)

Ranking on hold as the results may vary depending on the outcome of adjustments:  
Jeena, Zandia

### **Rankings from the top**

Bellmond, Eisen

Tarea, Basdia, Darcia (Spirit)

Saria, Rita, Eleanora, Rapiécage

Periveil

Orbia, Kachia, Bilde

Privel, Zadiris

With the appearance of Bellmond and Eisen, the order with Tarea, Basdia and Darcia at the top has collapsed, and the rankings have changed significantly. The new Scylla force has not added any new faces fighting for the top, but depending on how Yamata is judged from now, it is possible that she may encroach on the upper ranks.

Also, according to sources, an initiative led by the Eclipse King will see the introduction of chest size being measured in cups using alphabetical letters, like on earth. If this is implemented, it will be possible for Princess Levia and the Saint of Healing Jeena, who were praised to be the two leaders in Talosheim two hundred years ago, to join the rankings.

The rankings are currently in the midst of a turbulent era.

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## **THE DEVELOPMENT OF TALOSHEIM**

### **Population – Approximately 15,200**

Ghouls, Undead, Black Goblins, Anubises, Orcuses, Titans, Vampires, Humans, Beast-people, Dwarves, Scylla, Half-Elves, Lizardmen, Armans

Golems and Cursed Weapons are not included in the population.

### **Facilities in Talosheim**

Mercury mirror Golems, Explorers' Guild (Trading post, distribution center, Job-changing room), Church of Vida (with statues of subordinate gods), public bathhouses, carts of all kinds, publicly managed casino, Immortal Ent forest, Golem factories of all kinds, Monster Plant fields

B-class Dungeon x1, C-class Dungeon x2, D-class Dungeon x3

### **Marshlands, Lizardman district**

Capricorn farm, Capricorn milking factory, Explorers' Guild branch, small shrine to Fidirg, the Dragon God of Five Sins

B-class Dungeon x1, D-class Dungeon x1

### **Marshlands, Scylla district**

Paddy fields, mud bath hot springs, small shrine to Merrebeveil, the heroic goddess of the Scylla, Explorers' Guild branch (Preparation for establishment in progress)

## **Extra: Kimberley – Blitz Ghost, male**

He was a scout in the resistance extermination force led by Mardock Zeck, and he was a capable man with a high level of skill and a silent personality. However, while he was pursuing Haj and the other fake members of the resistance, he was disturbed by Yamata's grotesque form, and he was electrocuted to death by Rapiécage, who had been keeping watch from the skies.

After his death, he turned from a spirit into a Thunder Ghost, and now, he is in charge of Vandalieu's wind-attribute (lightning only) Dead Spirit Magic.

His Rank increased during the battle with Gubamon, and he is currently a Rank 5 Blitz Ghost.

However, his personality changed completely after his death, and now he behaves like a hoodlum who is infatuated with women. It is not that a screw has come loose; it seems that he has just become unrestrained and the various things that he had kept bottled up inside while he was alive have been released.

Princess Levia uses physical language to scold him for this, but even that is a reward for him.

He is currently studying to learn magic of his own. As a result, for some reason, he has acquired the Mana Enlargement skill.

- **Name:** Kimberley
- **Rank:** 5
- **Race:** Blitz Ghost
- **Level:** 21
- **Passive skills:**
  - Spirit Form: Level 4
  - Mental Corruption: Level 3
  - Wind-Attribute Nullification
  - Lightning Manipulation: Level 5
  - Materialization: Level 2
  - Intuition: Level 2
  - Mana Enlargement: Level 1
- **Active skills:**
  - Silent Steps: Level 6

- Trap: Level 5
- Projectile Fire: Level 4
- Possession: Level 3

## Appendix (volume 5)

# Scylla race introduction+Interview with an evil god

### Scylla

A race born when Vida, the goddess of love and life, mated with a monster (in truth, with Merrebeveil, the Evil God of Slime and Tentacles).

They are a unisexual race of only women, who possess the upper bodies of beautiful women and lower bodies with eight tentacles resembling those of octopuses.

Their upper bodies often look like those of humans with green-colored hair and eyes, but depending on their parents, there are cases where they resemble Elves, Dwarves, Dark Elves or Beast-people. In addition, if they possess Titan blood, their lower bodies become more enormous as well as their upper bodies.

But no matter what race their father is, they are always beautiful.

In most cases, their lower bodies have eight tentacles like octopuses, but there are occasional cases where they have nine or more tentacles. Also, legends say that the Scylla of the past had the heads of beasts such as wolves, snakes and dragons on the ends of their tentacles, but this has not been observed in the present day.

It is currently theorized that Bellwood and the other champions exterminated all of the mutant Scylla that existed back then, or that this is simply a fabrication by those who wanted to portray the Scylla as an evil race.

Perhaps due to the monster that is one of the Scylla race's parents, many Scylla possess affinities for the water and earth attributes, and there are also many who possess an affinity for the life attribute as well.

Because they possess the Water Adaptation, Night Vision and Superhuman Strength skills from birth, contrary to what their beautiful appearances may suggest, they are capable of becoming powerful warriors and mages. Also, many Scylla acquire the Ink Secretion and Enhanced Physical Ability (Lower body half) skills while spitting ink and using their lower bodies.

The roots of the lower body's tentacles contain their own sub-brains, allowing separate action from the upper body. Therefore, a high portion of Scylla individuals possess the Parallel Thought Processing skill compared to other races.

Incidentally, if the tentacles of the lower body are severed, as long as the Scylla receives good nutrition, they will regrow.

Their lifespans are as long as four hundred years; they grow at the same rate as humans up until their mid-teenage years, and after that, there are individual differences in aging, but upon reaching a certain age, their aging stops entirely. Scylla individuals are acknowledged as adults once they reach this point.

They have bright, cheerful personalities, but they often hold grudges if angered once. Although they are a unisexual, female-only race, they do not really have a female supremacist view. But since many believe that men are those who should be protected, it may feel like they hold such a view. Scylla themselves would say that this is simply how roles are divided.

There are no Scylla who have registered as adventurers in the Bahn Gaia continent, but when they do become adventurers, they have flexible qualities that make them suited for fighting both on the frontlines and from the back. However, it is said that they are not well-suited for being scouts. This is due to the fact that while they are able to perform well in open air and inside Dungeons that mimic open areas, the size of their lower bodies become an obstacle in confined human cities and Dungeons that mimic ruins.

However, in aquatic environments, they are likely the most powerful allies one can have after Mer-people.

Many ordinary Scylla become hunters, fishermen or farmers, and there are also many who are exceptional at dancing and singing as a part of their religion.

There are some craftsmen who make dyed fabrics with special dyes created by mixing the ink they secrete with materials such as plants, but the ones who actually do the work are often the husbands and sons of the Scylla.

Scylla are born with the qualities of a Rank 3 monster, and they are strong enough that new adventurers cannot face them on flat ground. Even ordinary hunters and fishermen are hard to hold down with several average soldiers.

They often build villages in marshlands, lakes and coastal areas. Small villages may be comprised of a single family, but the largest groups of Scylla are the five large villages, each with a thousand Scylla, located in the Sauron Duchy (currently occupied by the Amid Empire) in the Bahn Gaia continent.

But what they all have in common is that they do not completely distance themselves from other races; they build their villages relatively close to other races. This is because the Scylla are a unisexual race, so men of other races are required for reproduction.

However, they have long been persecuted as targets for extermination by nations and groups of people who are strongly influenced by the Church of Alda, so it is said that they have never formed a nation like the humans.

They were once feared for having an insatiable craving for human males, but this is not the case. They eat marine products, meat, vegetables, fruit and even grains. The Scylla that live in their own territory in the Sauron Duchy in particular have been cultivating rice for tens of thousands of years, and it is even said that their farming technology has surpassed that of humans.

They mainly worship Vida, her subordinate gods and Merrebeveil, who is said to have become the heroic goddess of the Scylla.

There aren't any races that treat them as an enemy as a whole, but they are very wary of believers of Alda, the god of law and fate, as they have a long history of being persecuted by these believers.

Their view on love is typical of Vida's races; they marry particular husbands, but their relationship is then cut off about ten years after their child is born. They cooperate while their child is still small, but after ten years, the child grows to some extent and no longer needs so much care, so there is no problem in the parents separating after that.

Of course, most married couples have feelings for each other even after ten years pass, and it is more common for couples to continue their married relationship after that.

Also, although it is called marriage, it is common for a single husband to be surrounded by multiple Scylla, and for a single Scylla to serve multiple husbands.

Though its origin is unknown, the Scylla have a peculiar marriage proposal ceremony

where they make a courting display by dancing and singing with their upper bodies visible above water, and the marriage proposal is established when the man accepts by approaching the Scylla and calls out to her or embraces her.

Misunderstandings can easily arise from this marriage proposal ceremony; many men mistake the singing, dancing Scylla for drowning human women and try to save them, and this ceremony was often seen as the Scylla pretending to be drowning women and trying to make the men that try to rescue them drown.

The ceremony has become disused in the present day; it is now only performed by shrine maidens during religious ceremonies or by old-fashioned couples.

Scylla are fertile, and lay around three eggs on average in a single clutch. The eggs hatch after about a year, giving birth to new children.

## **The world that the Demon King Guduranis and his army came from**

The Demon King Guduranis and the evil gods that were his subordinates appeared in Lambda during the age of the gods, but almost nothing is known about the world in which they originally existed.

This is because the Demon King's army is comprised of monsters created by the Demon King himself and his evil gods, so there is no way of learning this information without interviewing one of the evil gods.

Also, perhaps the Demon King and his evil gods didn't leave records in books or stone tablets, or perhaps they simply didn't possess the concept of leaving information behind in such ways. There are almost no documents that could be referred to.

Documents detailing the things that the champions saw and heard in the midst of battle and the items left behind by the Demon King and his subordinates after they arrived in this world make up the few research materials that are available.

It is said that there is a detailed document of words exchanged between evil gods and their high-ranking subordinates, directly heard by Zakkart, the champion of the goddess of life and love Vida, Solder, the champion of the goddess of water and knowledge Peria, Ark, the champion of the genie of time and magic Ricklent, and Hillwillow, the champion of Botin, mother of the earth and goddess of craftsmanship.

However, it is unknown as to whether this document actually exists.

The information detailed below is a collection of the information that has been announced to date, considered to be from highly credible sources.

### **The name of the Demon King's world**

Unknown. The Demon King Guduranis and his evil gods referred to it using the words, "the world we were originally in." From this fact, it is thought that this world had no designated name.

At the same time, it has been deduced that the Demon King and his subordinates' journey to our world (Lambda) is the only time they crossed to another world.

If they had been to multiple other worlds, they would have likely given their own world an individual name, but if they didn't know of the existence of any other worlds, it would have been fine for them to simply refer to their world as "the world."

### **The Demon King's world**

There is no information whatsoever regarding the Demon King's world itself in terms of geography, climate, wildlife, history or nations.

Due to this fact, it is thought that the Demon King and his evil gods did not possess a culture of passing information from generation to generation through written text or word of mouth.

However, it is not entirely shrouded in mystery. It is possible to make conjectures as to what kind of world it was from the forms of the Demon King and his evil gods, as well as the monsters that they created.

It is thought that their world had harsh environments that cannot be compared to this one, and though many monsters lived on their own, those of the same race likely formed groups in a world of carnage where all living things fought a fierce struggle for existence.

## **The gods of the Demon King's world**

The identity of the one responsible for the creation of the Demon King's world is unknown. But considering the state of that world's gods, it is very different from this world.

The gods of the Demon King's world are "superior beings with strength that allows them to transcend regular living creatures." Once one became strong in the Demon King's world, they reached the state of being called a "god," and all beings who had reached such a state were known as gods.

It wasn't that they became gods because many worshipped them; it was because they became gods that they created followers who worshipped them.

The being who was most powerful among them were known as the Demon King, and it is thought that the Demon King Guduranis defeated the previous Demon King to become the Demon King.

## **The creatures of the Demon King's world**

The natures of the creatures of the Demon King's world can be guessed from the monsters that the Demon King and his subordinates have created. It has been recorded that the monsters created by the Demon King's army in the early years of their arrival in Lambda were vastly different from the creatures that already existed in this world.

However, it is also recorded that because they were too different, they couldn't adapt to this world and went extinct within a short period of time.

According to these records, there was no coherence to these creatures, such as dragons, snakes and crocodiles with scales, creatures with tentacles or made entirely of tentacles, beasts with multiple heads and over five limbs, or with only a single limb.

It is said that many of these creatures had sinister appearances that would cause us to feel revulsion and fear towards them.

All of this information is nothing more than a collection of records of rumors and conjectures. However, seeing the statues worshipped by the believers of the evil gods

that are squirming in the darkness in the present day, as well as the form of the few surviving early-age monsters, this information seems credible.

But the lifestyles, culture and values held by the creatures of the Demon King's world can be deduced in detail from the lifestyles of monsters.

This is because new subspecies and new races of monsters formed after the champions defeated the Demon King, but the lifestyles and culture of monsters have remained almost unchanged.

Does it not seem likely that in the Demon King's world, creatures gathered knowledge and trained their skills on an individual basis, with no culture of passing on information to the next generation or creating tools?

As proof of this, some monster races form groups and some even form primitive villages, but in general, the passing of knowledge and skills from parent to child is poor.

It is easy to understand if one takes Goblins and Orcs as an example. They create the next generation by producing many offspring, and the superior individuals among them independently observe and steal knowledge and skills from adults in the group in order to learn. Incidents of individuals with dispositions to become mages being taken as apprentices have been reported at the Adventurers' Guild, but these are rare cases.

Their creation of tools is even poorer. Many individuals simply swing appropriately-sized tree branches as clubs, and these monsters largely rely on plundering equipment from their victims. There are some individuals who create spears, bows and arrows, but the majority of them only use these for themselves or offer them to their superiors; they do not distribute them to the entire group or teach other individuals the process of creating these weapons.

Monsters such as Lizardmen and Noble Orcs, which are considered to be more intelligent, train their children and distribute equipment among their entire groups, but considering monsters as a whole, these races are in the minority.

Considering these facts, it is thought that the creatures of the Demon King's world did not possess the culture... the concept of using tools, and they used what they were capable of with their bodies and the magic that they had mastered in order to deal

with all situations.

Also, it is thought that they did not possess the ability to farm, and instead depended on hunting and gathering... living lifestyles similar to beasts.

However, it is said that they might have bred members of inferior races as livestock and used them for manual labor or as a source of food as necessary.

Vandalieu closed the old book and asked Fidirg, the Dragon God of Five Sins, a question.

“That’s what it says in this book, but how much of it is true?”

“It is largely factual.”

“But to be discussing us for tens of thousands of years...”

“Humans are really interested in us, ain’t they?”

Fidirg, who had slumbered for tens of thousands of years after the war between Vida and Alda and awoken to find himself separated and isolated from human society by the Boundary Mountain Range, was exasperated by the curiosity of humans.

However, it wasn’t a bad thing that humans had an interest in these matters. Their feelings of awe were similar to worship, too... though no matter how much the Demon King’s army of the past was feared, it meant nothing to Fidirg as no records of his existence remained in historical records.

“I was also a member of a race known as ■■■■■.”

“In this world, I believe they are called Experience Points? Well, I ate a lot of them and became a god.”

“Ah, you can’t make it out, can you? It doesn’t exist in this world’s words, so pardon me.”

*Those were hard times*, Fidirg thought with a distant look in his eyes.

“And that’s how I began calling myself the ‘Dragon God of Five Sins.’”

“Incidentally, there are evil gods with similar names, and it means that they were originally of similar races.”

“Maybe like a cheetah or tiger? They might be completely different, but in that world, those kinds of differences are nothing at all.”

The gods of the Demon King’s world didn’t need to gather believers and propagate their religion in the normal sense. The members of the race that they originated from would simply become their believers. If there weren’t any, they simply needed to create some, and if there were any inconveniences arising from two gods having similar names, they would simply kill one another.

This was why, although Vandalieu was unaware of it, gods with similar names came to exist, such as the Evil God of the Magic Tome and the Evil God of Foreign Writings\*.

*TLN\*: They are more similar in Japanese than in English; they share a kanji.*

“Well, it was a real shock when we came to this world.”

“Most of the creatures here only have one head, and there are almost none with tentacles. Ah, but there were quite a lot with scales, so I still felt alright.”

“The tentacle gods like Merrebeveil-san were really surprised.”

Fidirg’s heads all expressed the surprise he felt when he first came to Lambda. It seemed that from his point of view, Lambda was the more bizarre world.

“If that’s how you felt, why did you accept Zakkart’s proposal?” Vandalieu asked. “I know that you didn’t like the Demon King, but from your perspective, it must have seemed like a suspicious proposal made by an unfamiliar creature.”

Despite everything, Fidirg and others had accepted Zakkart’s proposal and joined Lambda’s side. Hearing this story, Vandalieu had to question what made them want to even begin communicating in the first place.

Had Zakkart possessed some kind of special negotiation technique?

“Ah, that was good timing. Bellwood and the others had come out, and although the Demon King’s army was in the superior position overall, the small-scale defeats were occurring more frequently...”

“Also, the monsters we’d created had started stealing arms from the humans and using them for themselves...”

“It was a time where we saw this world in a different light. I ordered the Lizardmen to use the arms created by humans as a reference to make their own, too.”

And so, one of the champions had come to meet them for something other than battle, and because this was an unusual event, they heard him out and found his offer attractive.

It wasn’t clear whether it was mere coincidence or whether Zakkart had chosen the right timing, but... if it was the latter, then perhaps Zakkart had been one with an eye for strategy.

“By the way, from our point of view, it is strange that you didn’t make tools. Why didn’t you make tools while you were in the Demon King’s world?” Vandalieu asked.

From the perspective of Vandalieu, who had learned in school the process by which civilization had developed on Earth, it was quite strange that intelligent life would have a culture without tools. But Fidirg’s response to this was quite easy to understand.

“Ah, we were also asked this by Solder and Ark.”

“Our world had materials such as trees and rocks as well, but...”

“Those materials are far weaker than the skin or fangs of anyone with a bit of strength, so we didn’t need to use them. We had magic, too.”

It seemed that special metals that existed in Lambda, such as Mythril, Adamantite and Orichalcum, hadn’t existed in the world the Demon King had come from.

In reality, it might have existed, but in order to discover and make use of it, the technology to mine and refine ores would need to exist, and it was unlikely that anyone had had the time to develop this technology.

Creatures that had no need for stone tools wouldn't suddenly develop the technology to refine and process copper and iron.

"That's how it was, so the situation was that only weak, inferior creatures used tools. Because of this, using tools was proof of being livestock to be used as food for superior beings."

"There were races that made tools, though they were weak. But the Demon King decided to leave behind everyone that wasn't a god, so he didn't bring them here."

"And that's why we looked down on the humans of this world, who used arms to fight. But then we were divided into those who were defeated by the champions and those like me who changed our way of thinking."

It seemed that the Demon King's army had also learned from experience after coming to Lambda, but few of them had changed their sense of values.

"Well, no matter what, monsters' technology will never catch up to the technology of humans."

"Even among us gods, the ones who used weapons and armor were in the minority."

"Humans can't be underestimated, after all."

"...I've come to see the Demon King's army in a new light," said Vandalieu.

According to Fidirg, most of the gods who had zealously made their monsters create tools had accepted Zakkart's proposal and changed sides like he had.

Fidirg was the creator of the Lizardmen. They had been stolen away at some point by Luvesfol, the Raging Evil Dragon God, but the Lizardmen created by Fidirg in the marshlands created and used arms that were not inferior even to those used by human soldiers.

And Merrebeveil, one of the parents of the Scylla, had made them develop advanced farming technology.

*If Zakkart hadn't made Fidirg and the others change sides, this world might have fallen to the Demon King, Vandalieu thought.*

# Character Summary Page (Volume 6)

## **Vandalieu – Dhampir (Dark Elf), 9 years old, male**

The now nine-year-old protagonist of this series. Having found out for the first time what happened in Origin after his own death there, he thinks that the Bravers are no good after all. He was hoping that they would live for much longer and not be reincarnated in Lambda until later, so he had wanted them to be more dependable.

At this stage, Zombie Maker is a failure of a Job, and Golem Creator isn't living up to his expectations, so his Job-changes have been of poor quality lately.

However, he has learned that he has new allies in Zuruwarn, the god of space and creation, and Ricklent, the genie of time and magic, who fell into a slumber after becoming powerless during the battle between Vida and Alda that occurred a hundred thousand years ago, and he considers this to be fortunate.

After reincarnating in Lambda, he had forgotten about the members of the Eighth Guidance who later become Legion, as he did not have the time to form deep emotions and bonds with them in Origin.

But after their reunion, he does not have any negative feelings about being deeply adored, albeit one-sidedly, so he considers them to be his friends.

A reincarnated individual, the 'Gazer' Minuma Hitomi, is among them, but Vandalieu does not have any particular individual grudge against her, so he doesn't mind. After all, her Status shows that Rodcorte's strings are not attached to her.

He has finally learned the Shield Technique and Armor Technique skills, but he is capable of creating barriers without the need to recite any incantations, so for this to be useful, he may have to wait until he faces an enemy possessing a fragment of the Demon King that can break those barriers, or fights a battle under special circumstances where he is unable to use magic.

He was attacked by the Clairvoyance and Death Scythe combo from Rodcorte's Divine Realm, but he repelled this attack. During this incident, he learned that Murakami Junpei and three others, who weren't in the information provided by Legion, have

died. In the end, Vandalieu gained more than he lost.

Immediately after that, he remembered that the 'Death Scythe' Konoe Kyuuji had been a classmate of his on Earth, but he didn't feel any particular shock after killing him. He felt a little surprise at the fact that he didn't feel any shock.

However, he has used the Demon King's ink sacs to paint the roof of Talosheim's royal castle and altered the arrangement of the city's walls as countermeasures against Clairvoyance, and he has been examining the effects of his Golem Creator Job, so it seems that the greatest shock to him is that he has found himself with no time to do his own leveling.

### **Legion - Legion, 0 years old, gender = ?**

The heroine of Volume 6? A being created when the members of the Eighth Guidance, who were saved by Vandalieu and began worshipping him, as well as the 'Gazer' Minuma Hitomi, were reincarnated into the 'base form of life' due to a twisted series of events.

Their usual appearance is that of a sphere of countless mannequins made of flesh-colored clay twisted around each other, around three meters in diameter. As their appearance may suggest, they have no bones, eyeballs, nerves or organs. Even they themselves do not understand how they are alive, how their senses work and how they can have conscious thought.

Due to the Mana granted to them by Vandalieu, they are able to use their own limited death-attribute spells. They have also become physically powerful as well; as their appearance may suggest, they are capable of ramming their heavy body into enemies.

Also, due to the composition of their body, toxins that poison the blood and neurotoxins are ineffective, and since their body is made entirely of flesh, there are no vital points.

But since their flesh is exposed, they have less defensive power and they are weak against heat and electrical attacks. They are weak to these attacks, but due to their ten million Vitality and the effects of the Rapid Regeneration skill, these weaknesses are effectively meaningless.

They do not possess a 'core'-like organ that could be a weak point that one might

expect beings such as this to possess. Even severing or burning the human-shaped parts protruding from their body is almost meaningless.

The personalities making up Legion all share their memories, experiences and acquired skills with each other.

It is as if each personality is a terminal connected to an enormous server where memories and such are recorded. With the acquisition of the Parallel Thought Processing skill, the personalities can disagree with each other and multiple personalities can surface at the same time.

Also, with the Long-distance Control skill, it is possible for the personalities to separate from Legion's main body and act independently. However, while they are separate from Legion, they cannot share memories. Once the separated personalities return, the memories are shared once more.

Incidentally, if a separated personality's body is attacked and destroyed, the personality simply returns to the main body; the personality itself is not extinguished, nor are the memories from when it was separate from the main body lost. However, the personality falls into an unconscious state, and can become unable to act for anywhere between a few minutes to a few hours, or even up to a day.

All of the personalities share Legion's skills and can use them. However, each personality has strong areas and weak areas; other than the personalities of the Eighth Guidance Members who were making full use of their limited death-attribute spells in Origin and Gazer, they are weak in most things.

They have received multiple divine blessings from Zuruwarn, Ricklent and the god of Origin (though they have lost Rodcorte's divine protection in return), and due to their effects, they have become Rank 6 and undergone numerous Job changes in less than ten days after being born.

The effect of Meat Sphere Warrior and Enormous Meat Sphere Warrior allows them to make meat that they touch delicious, so they can lure less intelligent, carnivorous monsters. However, it cannot make the meat of creatures other than itself (and Undead) delicious while it is still living.

Below are Legion's personalities.

**Pluto** – Legion’s leader after having led the Eighth Guidance in Origin. By using her own Vitality and that of others as a cost, she can completely cure diseases, remove poisons and even resuscitate those who have died from external wounds by sucking the ‘death’ out of the target. However, she cannot revive those who have died completely (those who are in a state where cardiopulmonary resuscitation would be meaningless). Also, she does not replace damaged body parts or heal external injuries; she merely resuscitates her target.

She is also able to pour the ‘death’ that she has gathered into any organism she touches, causing death.

Because she used this ability in Origin to save numerous ill and injured people in order to gather ‘death,’ there are people there who worship her as a goddess.

Incidentally, if her form from when she was alive in Origin is used as a reference, she is at a level where she can barely contest Zadiris in the bust rankings.

**Enma** – A boy who was something like an advisor for the Eighth Guidance. Inside Legion, he mediates interactions between the other personalities and can act as a judge for games they play. He has a calm personality, but he is generally uninterested in those other than his companions. He favors those who favors his allies and detests those who detest them; he has no independent opinions on others. However, after becoming a part of Legion, his companions have expanded significantly.

He is the user of a death-attribute spell that allows him to know the names and faces of those who have died in the world that he is currently in, no matter where their deaths occurred. However, after becoming a part of Legion, he feels slight doubt in regard to how useful this spell is.

He learned the basic method of using this spell during his previous life.

**Shade** – After he was saved by Vandalieu, he was protected by the Bravers who handed him over to a research institution where a cruel experiment caused him to lose his body. He became a being consisting of only a mind, capable of casting a death-attribute spell that allowed him to possess corpses.

By becoming a part of Legion, he has acquired the physical body that he so desperately wanted, and now enjoys various things. He likes delicious meat.

Incidentally, his possession ability can also be used by Legion, as he can separate from Legion's main body with the Long-distance Control skill and infest corpses that way.

He has an easygoing personality, but at the same time, he has the characteristic of being unable to resist killing those he feels a murderous intent towards.

**Jack** – A boy with a swollen forehead and back of head, appearing as if he is wearing a pumpkin on his head. He is capable of using a limited teleportation ability, and if he knows his destination beforehand, he is able to teleport to the locations of his companions and organisms that are near death. After becoming a part of Legion, he has become able to teleport to those with the death attribute present in them. However, he dislikes separating himself from Legion's main body and acting on his own for extended periods of time.

He has a timid, kind personality, and he is not adept at moving his body. He got along with Minuma Hitomi, who had a timid personality as well, and the two began to like one another.

Generally, when his personality surfaces, Minuma Hitomi's does as well.

**Valkyrie** – In Origin, she was a tall, beautiful European woman. At first glance, she may have appeared to be the cool-beauty-type with a nice figure, but she always speaks in a loud voice and has a brave, virtuous personality. She likes military uniforms and flags. However, because her heart had stopped and her blood was circulated by a pump implanted in her body, she was physically weak to the point that she would suffer from anemia if she were to run, despite her appearance.

She is the user of a death-attribute spell that allows her to control Undead, which normally cannot be controlled, like an army.

After becoming a part of Legion, her personality surfaces often and she enjoys moving her supernaturally powerful body around.

She joined forces with the 'Death Scythe' Konoe Kyuuji in her previous life before he betrayed her, but she doesn't have any particular emotional attachment to him. When told that he had been extinguished, she simply gave a laugh and said, "So, he was a boring fellow even after death!"

Incidentally, she and Isis are the top two in the Eighth Guidance; in Talosheim's rankings, she stands with Tarea and the top contenders.

**Isis** – In Origin, she was a beautiful black woman with dreadlocks. She gained an incomplete knowledge of medicine through self-study and became able to use a death-attribute spell that turns corpses into Undead with the same strength that they possessed while alive. However, because self-study is what it is, she has not performed any surgery other than when she implanted self-explosive devices in her companions' bodies.

She was actually placed into a state of brain death as a result of an experiment, but when Vandaliu saved her, he gave her soul the ability to move her body directly, so her brain and nerves were in an inactive state.

Even after she became a part of Legion, her death-attribute spell works well, but with the new limitation that it does not exhibit its full effects when used on Undead that would become stronger than Legion.

She is aware that she is not much use in a fight, so she emerges in times other than during battle.

**Berserk** – The Eighth Guidance's only non-human member. A parasitic biological weapon that was created as a result of animal experiments. It did not obey the orders of any but Isis and the other Eighth Guidance members.

After becoming a part of Legion, it now resembles a bear and obediently obeys the orders of others.

Also, it retains its parasitic ability.

**Izanami** – A woman with enormous tumors covering her body all over. It is thought that she was originally Asian. She is the user of a death-attribute spell that allows her to sever her flesh to create monsters called Yomotsushikome and Yomotsuikusa.

Also, she possesses superhuman regenerative abilities, which has become the Rapid Regeneration skill after she became a part of Legion.

She has a somewhat mature, calm personality, but she is unable to conceal her cruelty towards her enemies.

Her exact size in Origin was unknown due to her swelling tumors. The volume of her tumors has been retained even after she became a part of Legion, so she is large and plump.

**Ghost** – A young black man. He has an ability that rendered him invisible if he remains silent in the darkness, even to his allies in the Eighth Guidance. Also, since he was able to slip through all kinds mechanical and magical sensors and surveillance equipment, he was one of the Eighth Guidance's infiltration members alongside Jack and Shade.

He has a shy personality. He enjoys surprising his companions and severing the heads of his enemies with his knife. He thinks of himself as a man who cannot do anything in battle but take the enemy by surprise, so he made himself the king of surprise, one-hit-one-kill attacks. As a result, he killed the 'Clairvoyance' Tendou Tatsuya, and feels responsibility for causing Tendou's reincarnation into Lambda.

After becoming a part of Legion, his invisibility only works on the part of the body that is being moved by his personality. He is adept at using this to approach enemies and place his dagger between their necks and their spleens. Incidentally, he has learned martial skills.

**Baba Yaga** – A beautiful, blonde, Eastern-European woman. The reason she had her hair in twin-tails to give a youthful impression was to have her enemies let their guards down due to her appearance. She wore a body suit that exposed the curves of her body, but this was for functional reasons; it was an item that she had stolen from a research facility she had attacked, made of cutting-edge materials.

She uses a death-attribute spell that causes organic matter to catch fire and combust. She remains capable of this even after becoming a part of Legion.

Using this ability, she acted as the Eighth Guidance's only effective combatant before the final battle. Incidentally, she spared several enemy guards, which is possibly why she has some fans in Origin.

She possesses a savage personality, but at the same time, enjoys the daily things in life and has the compassion to spare her enemies, and is not bothered when this contradiction is pointed out. This is something that can be said about the other members of the Eighth Guidance as well, but this is normal for them, so it is nothing worth worrying about.

The world's knowledge, philosophy and psychology are things that are used to describe the creatures known as 'humanity,' which she and her companions are not a part of.

Incidentally, among the Eighth Guidance, she is even more modest than Pluto. In Talosheim's rankings, she does not even reach Zadiris's level. This threatens their scarcity value.

**Ereshkigal** – A woman who had the appearance of a female terrorist in Origin, covering her face below the eyes with a cloth. She had the physical abilities of a well-trained soldier, and she studied in the use of guns, knives and unarmed combat with the Zombies created by Isis and controlled by Valkyrie.

She is not particularly talented in this field; she is only as strong as a single soldier in combat. However, she has a counter-type death-attribute spell that reflects the damage that she herself receives back onto the attacker, so whoever kills her is certain to die.

However, after becoming a part of Legion, this counter ability only works on the individual that Legion was last attacked by, and due to the rules of Vitality (HP), the effect has changed to reflect the amount of damage dealt to Legion's Vitality.

She has a dark personality, contrasting with Valkyrie's. The fact that she hides her face is also a sign that she has no confidence in herself. However, she takes pride in her counter ability. The end of her previous life was the greatest highlight of its use, but in

this world, she is able to use it multiple times, so she is happy about that.

However, she does not surface often.

She is ranked third among the Eighth Guidance members. In Talosheim's ranking, she is a little below Rita and Saria.

**The 'Gazer' Minuma Hitomi** – The only reincarnated individual among Legion's personalities. She possesses a cheat-like ability that certainly predicts future events (that still take place almost exactly as she predicted it, no matter how much effort is made to change them).

Once she was reincarnated in Origin, she thought that she would be able to succeed in life just by predicting the lottery numbers once, but she ended up joining the Bravers led by *Amemiya Hiroto*, repeatedly foreseeing the victims of disaster and fiendish crimes, but failing to change their futures no matter how much she tried. With her mind suffering, she turned to drugs.

After that, she was housed in a treatment facility as a disabled person, her drug addiction kept a secret from the public, but Murakami Junpei and his group left the Bravers and kidnapped her. Following this, she was treated by Pluto and the damage her drug addiction had caused to her brain and internal organs was healed. She and Jack later came to like one another.

She has become unable to use earth-attribute magic after becoming a part of Legion, and she hasn't made any predictions of the future, either, but nobody around her minds this.

When she surfaces, she usually does so with Jack. Also, after becoming a part of Legion, she has fallen under the effects of Vandalieu's Demon Path Enticement, so she worships him like the rest of Legion's members.

## **Mikhail – Zombie Hero (Broken), late twenties, male, approximately 200 years elapsed since death**

A man who was once a hero of the Mirg shield-nation. He was born poor and aspired to become an adventurer to make a living. He displayed talent in the use of the Spear Technique skill, rose to become an A-class adventurer, and would likely have become an S-class adventurer if he had lived longer.

He died as a result of the expedition to Talosheim, and though the details are unclear, his corpse was stolen by Gubamon's servants and added to Gubamon's collection, along with Zandia and Jeena.

His grave lies in the Mirg shield-nation, but it is thought that the coffin is empty.

After being captured by Vandalieu, numerous mechanisms were placed into his body and he was turned into a training dummy for the training grounds, in a state where he cannot move his body or speak through his own will.

However, due to the requests of Borkus and the others, he will be treated as a criminal slave. At the very least, he will likely be able to move his body and speak on his own. However, he will be in the same state as a criminal slave, so it is far from freedom.

He is no longer a believer of Alda; he is under the effects of Demon Path Enticement and Guidance: Demon Path.

He has noticed that Rapiécage is a Zombie made by sewing together the corpses of his former companions, but since the soul inside her is different, he is doing his best to think of her as 'someone else who looks like them.'

He is an exceptional spearman; while he was alive, he was praised as being able to slay a Dragon with a single wooden spear. However, he would tell them, "It's impossible with a wooden spear. At least let me attach a stone tip to it."

Incidentally, eye contact is his specialty.

- **Name:** Mikhail
- **Rank:** 10
- **Race:** Zombie Hero (Broken)
- **Level:** 75
- **Titles:** Divine Spear of Ice, Most Powerful Training Dummy

- **Passive skills:**
  - Dark Vision
  - Mental Corruption: Level 5
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 1
  - Strengthened Attack Power when equipped with a Spear: Large
  - Strengthened Defense Power when equipped with Armor: Small
  - Strengthened Agility: Level 10
  - Detect Presence: Level 5
- **Active skills:**
  - Spear God Technique: Level 5
  - Throwing: Level 8
  - Transcend Limits: Level 3
  - Transcend Limits - Magic Spear: Level 5
  - Armor Technique: Level 6
  - Coordination: Level 7
  - Dismantling: Level 2
  - Farming: Level 1

### **Iris Bearheart – Human, 18 years old, female**

The leader of the resistance organization, the Sauron Liberation Front, that is active in the Sauron Duchy that is currently occupied by the Amid Empire.

They are currently receiving support from Vandalieu, and are effectively a lower part of Talosheim's society. Everyone acknowledges this, and Iris herself refers to Vandalieu as "Your Majesty." The only one who does not acknowledge it is Vandalieu.

Incidentally, they are currently searching for ways to set up cooperative relationships with the Ghouls and other members of Vida's races that are living in small tribes within the Sauron Duchy.

She has been given a sword that has become a Cursed Weapon containing the soul of her father, who was turned into an Undead by Gubamon, and now has the Cursed Spirit Swordsman Job as a result.

After that, she began to show her companions not only her face as a leader, but a face appropriate for a girl of her age... the problem is, the subject of her emotion is a sword, so to those who are not aware of the circumstances, she simply appears to be an

extreme sword enthusiast.

She has no time to be concerned about the thickening plot as she gains the aid of Baron Cuoco Ragdew, who is a valuable informant despite always beginning discussions with a similar exchange, and a helper in the form of Miles Rouge.

Vandalieu has given her information to warn her of the reincarnated individuals, but perhaps it would be best for her to be more vigilant of capable reinforcements being sent to the Amid Empire, which feels threatened by her organization.

Incidentally, her coordination with the resistance in the Orbaume Kingdom's mainland is not going very well after the death of Raymond Paris.

- **Name:** Iris Bearheart
- **Race:** Human
- **Age:** 18 years old
- **Job:** Cursed Spirit Swordsman
- **Level:** 49
- **Job History:** Apprentice Knight, Lesser Knight, Warrior, Swordsman
- **Passive skills:**
  - Strengthened Attack Power when equipped with a Sword: Small
  - Strengthened Attribute Values: Loyalty: Level 1
  - Strengthened Agility: Level 2
  - Strengthen Subordinates: Level 1
  - Strengthened Attack Power when equipped with a Cursed Spirit Sword: Small
- **Active skills:**
  - Swordsmanship: Level 5
  - Shield Technique: Level 1
  - Armor Technique: Level 3
  - Archery: Level 3
  - Mount: Level 1
  - Housework: Level 1
  - Silent Steps: Level 3
  - Coordination: Level 4
  - Surpass Limits: Level 1
  - Surpass Limits - Cursed Spirit Sword: Level 1

## ***Amemiya Hiroto* – 30 years old, male**

The leader of the Bravers. He has an affinity for all of the attributes of magic that exist in Origin except for the death attribute, and possesses multiple cheat-like abilities, including Simultaneous Multi-Cast Chant Revocation (an ability that uses both Chant Revocation and Multi-Cast) and Ignore Defense. His codename is 'Braver.'

All of the members of the Eighth Guidance that he was trying to protect are now deceased. Even his own companions suffered multiple casualties; he feels responsibility for this as their leader.

His failure arose from the fact that all of the important members of the Bravers, other than those working behind the scenes, were made up of reincarnated individuals. Almost all of them were students on Earth, and once they were reborn, blessed with cheat-like abilities, fortunes and destinies, they were never exposed to the difficulties of the world, which turned out to be for the worse. Many of the Bravers had still not escaped the feeling of being a student, or were working in the Bravers as an extension of their student life.

People normally encounter obstacles, worries and various setbacks as they become adults, but due to the fact that all of these were solved by the talent, abilities and fortunes that they had been given, they repeatedly experienced success with things simply 'working out in the end,' and these experiences accumulated and took root in them.

*Hiroto* realized his failure partway during the battle against the Eighth Guidance, but is now troubled because he is unable to quickly change the mentality of the members of the Bravers.

He lost the world's trust due to the great casualties caused by the plan to attack the Eighth Guidance, as well as the fact that Shade took over the 'Oracle' Endou Kouya's body and caused an outrage by leaking false information mixed in with some truth. But immediately after that, he brought about a conclusion of the 'death-attribute release' incident that occurred in the federal state's department of defense, and it was revealed that Murakami Junpei and the others who had been working with the Eighth Guidance were secret investigators for the federal state, so the brunt of the public's criticism has been redirected to the federal state's government.

The incident has even caused the president of the federal state to step down, but in

the end, unlike the people of the nations, high-ranking government officials still distrust and harbor fear for the Bravers.

The losses of the members that acted as the brains of the Bravers organization, such as the Oracle, Clairvoyance, Laplace and Inspector, as well as the 'Mage Masher' Minami Asagi who was respected as a senior member by the others, were particularly heavy.

*Hiroto* is now busily engaged with the reconstruction of the organization with the help of the 'Avalon' Rikudou Akira, but he has not noticed that Akira is the mastermind behind everything.

He has not expressed this opinion to anyone, but his belief that the death attribute is something that should not exist in this world is growing stronger by the day.

Incidentally, both his wife Narumi and their second child that she is carrying are currently in good health.

### **Amemiya Narumi – 30 years old, female**

The girl that Amamiya Hiroto (Vandalieu) tried to save on the spot before he died on Earth. After being reincarnated in Origin, she tried to thank him, but she mistook *Amemiya Hiroto* for him and caused an argument, but that was the beginning of their romance and relationship.

After exterminating the 'Undead,' they got married, had their first child and were told by Pluto that she is currently pregnant with their second.

Narumi is under the impression that Amamiya Hiroto did not reincarnate in Origin, and does not hold any particular sense of suspicion towards her husband. However, she has vaguely noticed that the atmosphere around Rikudou Akira is strange.

She possesses the cheat-like ability known as Angel, which is similar to telepathy, linking her thoughts to her companions to not only communicate with them, but share their senses as well, through any kind of communications jamming devices.

Until she was saved by Amamiya Hiroto on Earth, she didn't have any thoughts regarding him other than as an unmemorable classmate, just like the other

reincarnated individuals.

### **Endou Kouya – 30 years old, male**

Possesses the 'Oracle,' an ability that causes his questions to be answered by some unknown being. However, during this volume, his body was taken over by Shade, which allowed Shade to get away with all kinds of things, and then he was forced to commit suicide with a hand grenade in the end.

Shade's methods were crude, but even so, the damage was not prevented because the Bravers were over-reliant on the Oracle.

He is one of the few among the Bravers who believed in the existence of a god while he was on Earth, but after his death, he was told by Rodcorte that his 'Oracle' should have been named 'Archive' instead; he is certain that this is not the god that he believes in.

He does not have any intention of trying to kill Vandalieu once he is reincarnated in Lambda, but he is wondering what he will be able to do, as his Oracle is unable to gain information from the souls of Vida's races.

### **Rikudou Akira – 31 years old, male**

The reincarnated individual who was granted the plainest cheat-like abilities among the Bravers, Increased Learning Speed and Unlimited Development. In Origin, where the Status and skill system does not exist, his skills and knowledge cannot be quantified in numbers.

However, while the other reincarnated individuals mastered their use of their cheat-like abilities, Akira spent that time studying magic and gathering knowledge, and he was given the codename of 'Avalon' after becoming one of the most accomplished, ideal mages among the Bravers.

However, he is simply a reincarnated individual whose learning is fast and without limit; his potential can be reached by any other human as well. Unlike his companions who possess cheat-like abilities that cannot be replicated by others, no matter where

he goes, he is simply thought of as an ordinary person who has worked very hard.

This caused the development of a strong complex within him, and this became the reason he devoted himself to the idea of becoming a superhuman beyond ordinary people.

He is aware that the 'Undead' was Amamiya Hiroto and believes that the death attribute is something that was created from a cheat-like ability. Judging from the fact that Hiroto was able to partially grant the Eighth Guidance the death attribute, he suspects that there is a possibility that he himself can develop the death attribute on his own.

On the surface, he pretends to be an amicable, rational person, but in reality, he looks down on everyone other than himself; he does not consider them to be organisms on the same level as him. He has a personality that is capable of utilizing and discarding anyone in order to achieve his goals.

He falsified the death of the 'Metamorph' Shihouin Mari, used magic and drugs to brainwash her to use as his pawn, and has used the death attribute as bait to gather other members of the Bravers, as well as important figures in political and business circles of every nation, as allies.

Naturally, he is unaware that all of his actions have been revealed to the reincarnated individuals who have died.

### **Minami Asagi – 31 years old, male**

A reincarnated individual who possesses the 'Mage Masher' cheat-like ability that nullifies the power of all attributes, particularly those magical in nature.

He was a member of the track-and-field club when he was on Earth, and maintains his sports-oriented mindset, still clinging on to past relationships on Earth. He wants the other reincarnated individuals to think like him as well.

Because of this, Murakami Junpei thought of him as annoying even before thinking about leaving the Bravers.

He was once strongly opposed to *Amemiya Hiroto*, who seemed to be nothing special

other than having a name similar to a classmate's, taking leadership. But after a fierce contest in which they compared their skills, he came to acknowledge *Hiroto*.

He is not a bad person, but he has a strong tendency to force what he believes is right onto others and believes that this is the right thing to do; he has a suffocating personality. He is a Buddhist; he knows the phrase, "Everyone dies as equals."

He is one of the few Bravers who is physically talented, and he has mastered numerous martial arts.

Incidentally, Vandalieu has a top-tier dislike for him in particular among the reincarnated individuals.

This is the result of Asagi having good intentions and repeatedly trying to interfere with Amamiya Hiroto on Earth, a 'classmate who was wasting his youth.'

Despite that, Asagi doesn't remember Amamiya Hiroto because Hiroto was just one of the many whom Asagi perceived to be in need of guidance.

Perhaps this is similar to bullies not remembering the victims they bullied once they become adults.

### **Konoe Kyuuji – 30 years old, male**

A reincarnated individual with the 'Death Scythe' cheat-like ability that stops the movement of physical objects.

Unlike Kaidou Kanata, who was an ordinary student on Earth, Kyuuji has always been a delinquent.

After being reincarnated in Origin, he used the talent and fortune that he had been given for his own success. During this, he caused a fatal accident for a bully who tried to target him (by stopping the tires of the car that the bully's parents were driving).

However, with the formation of the Bravers, he became unable to perform such acts, and was forced to act like a good person. Then, Kaidou Kanata's actions were revealed, and Kyuuji became unrestrained.

He joined the Eighth Guidance with Murakami Junpei, having only been told that they would find the right moment to kill the Eighth Guidance members and sell their corpses to the governments of the various nations. However, he failed to notice until the moment before he was killed that he himself had been marked as a target.

As a result, he became unable to trust anyone other than himself and attempted to use the 'Clairvoyance' Tendou Tatsuya to attack Vandalieu with Death Scythe, but was destroyed in return when he tried to kill Vandalieu's companions who were interfering.

### **Inui Hajime – 30 years old, male**

A reincarnated individual with the 'Marionette' cheat-like ability that controls the nerves of those he touches. This ability can be activated simply by using a wind-attribute spell that produces static electricity to contact the target, so it was an easy-to-use ability.

He has committed a number of small crimes both before and after the formation of the Bravers.

On Earth, he was a boy with a weak presence, though not as much as Amamiya Hiroto, and even after reincarnating in Origin, he really lacked confidence in himself, feeling anxious that no members of the opposite sex would ever pay him any attention unless he established superiority over them.

After being reincarnated in Origin, he used the talent and ability that he had been granted to try and gain confidence in himself for a period, but because he was forced to join the Bravers, he felt like he was buried among the hundred special individuals there and lost his confidence once more.

That was why his dependence on his ability grew even stronger.

With a strong desire to be noticed by others, he believed in Murakami Junpei who chose him as a companion, but the truth was that this was only to keep him close by so that he could be killed in the end, just like Konoe Kyuuji.

After being made a complete fool of by Isis and dealt a fatal wound, he was killed by Tsuchiya Kanako, so his mind has been broken and he is in a state of gynophobia.

After his death, he learned everything in the Divine Realm, and is now unsure when the other reincarnated individuals will become his enemies.

His current wish is for his self to be erased so that he can undergo an ordinary reincarnation, but there is no chance of this wish being granted.

### **Murakami Junpei – 31 years old, male**

On Earth, he was the homeroom teacher of a class that included Amamiya Hiroto. The cheat-like abilities he possesses are Chronos, an ability that delays the timing of magical phenomena and chemical reactions, and Super Mana Regeneration.

He originally aspired to be a professional sports player, and he managed to satisfy this desire in Origin, but he was forced to join the Bravers, and his discontent accumulated within him... though he didn't possess any sportsmanship to begin with; he was always using Chronos in a way that wouldn't be caught by judges or observing equipment to turn matches in his favor, so he later gathered a negative impression along with the revelation of his cheat-like ability.

He is strong in one-on-one combat against other humans, using the attacks of his enemies (with methods such as causing accidental discharges of weapons by delaying the explosion of the gunpowder in their bullets) and prided himself in never being defeated or even wounded in battles against terrorists.

However, because of this, he became knowledgeable about terrorists and caught the eye of Rikudou Akira, who made him his pawn.

On Earth, he did the minimum amount of required work to fulfil his duties as a teacher, and even when the ferry sank, he did try to save the students to some extent, but after being reincarnated in Origin, he considers himself to be a different person with the same memories. Thus, he does not feel any sense of duty as a teacher anymore.

He is a calm pragmatist when it comes to things other than his own desires, and though he acknowledges that it would be disadvantageous to fight Vandalieu head-on, he left Death Scythe to try and kill Vandalieu, knowing that the problem would be resolved if he succeeded.

He didn't cause as much trouble for Amamiya Hiroto on Earth as Minami Asagi did,

but when told that Hiroto would provide the funds required for the school field trip on his own, he said, "It'll make no difference whether or not you're there." He used Hiroto as a stress outlet, realizing that unlike the other students, Hiroto was the type who wouldn't complain no matter what.

Because of this, Vandalieu hates him the most after Minami Asagi.

### **Tsuchiya Kanako – 30 years old, female**

A reincarnated individual with the 'Venus' cheat-like ability that allows her to copy and paste her memories and emotions, as well as those of others.

On Earth, she was a high school girl who dreamed of being an idol, but thought that it was impossible to achieve this in reality. After being reincarnated in Origin, she used her ability to seize her chance, putting in hard work as well to work as an idol.

However, though she became a hero after the formation of the Bravers, this was different to what she had wanted to do and what she had wanted to be, so her discontent grew. And she accumulated feelings of irritation towards the other Bravers who were performing their roles zealously.

This was the reason she accepted Murakami Junpei's offer. Also, because she came into contact with human death through natural disasters and terrorism, she has come to perceive human life more lightly.

She has a self-centered personality, having a strong tendency to make decisions based on her own losses and gains. This is why she seems to want to avoid fighting Vandalieu at all costs.

Incidentally, she feels absolutely no guilt over the fact that she killed Inui Hajime herself.

## **Isla – Vampire Viscount Zombie (Broken), mid-30’s in physical appearance, female**

A Vampire who was once a close aide of the Pure-breed Vampire Ternecia. She possesses the ‘Transformation’ unique skill.

She was originally zealously loyal to Ternecia, but after being killed, the subject of her loyalty has shifted straight to Vandalieu.

After becoming an Undead, she was placed under Eleanora’s command, but she spent her days as an outcast, unable to display her power. However, she did not rot away; she is a hard worker who seized her own chance for a better career... though perhaps it is only natural for her to be able to endure a few years in obscurity, considering that she has lived for tens of thousands of years.

She specializes in torture, and while she was alive, she had dangerous-sounding Jobs such as Slaughtering Executioner, and she was feared as a cold, cruel person by those around her. However, she seems to enjoy suffering at the hands of certain individuals (those who are superior to her).

That is why she requested that Vandalieu grant her the Title of ‘The Eclipse King’s Hound’ and a collar when Vandalieu told her that she was to be inaugurated as captain of the Dark Night Knights’ Order.

She has secured her status as one of Talosheim’s leaders, but still unsatisfied, she is aiming to become Vandalieu’s close aide, surpassing Eleanora.

She is Eleanora’s most recent rival.

## **Gorba – Orcus Master Tamer, 5 years old, male**

One of the initial members of the new race born when the fetuses conceived between Orcs and Ghouls were exposed to death-attribute Mana. He has been selected as captain of the Black Fang Knights’ Order.

He is the most successful among the Orcuses and is something of a leader to them. He had a child with a Ghoul three years ago.

Incidentally, the one who started breeding Giga birds (chickens turned into monsters)

was Gorba, and it is thanks to him that fresh eggs can be eaten in Talosheim. He has the respect of the citizens that enjoy mayonnaise.

Incidentally, Gorba himself prefers miso over mayonnaise. His favorite food is roast meat with miso-dare.

- **Name:** Gorba
- **Rank:** 7
- **Race:** Orcus Master Tamer
- **Level:** 39
- **Passive skills:**
  - Dark Vision
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 7
  - Bad Eating: Level 1
  - Physical Resistance: Level 6
  - Strengthen Subordinates: Level 5
  - Disease and Poison Resistance: Level 3
- **Active skills:**
  - Axe Technique: Level 7
  - Armor Technique: Level 5
  - Surpass Limits: Level 5
  - Training: Level 6
  - Mount: Level 5
  - Cooking: Level 2

### **Bone Man – Skeleton Marquis, ? years old, male**

Having finally acquired the Dragon mount (Leo) that he wanted, he is on a mission to patrol the marshlands. The Dragon's appearance is a little different to what he imagined, but a Dragon is a Dragon, so he is satisfied.

On his days off, he clears Dungeons with Leo (Only the Scaled King's Nest, due to restrictions arising from Leo's size) and polishes Leo's scales.

Skeleton Marquises are monsters that have never been sighted outside of when they appear in B-class Dungeons, but the highlight is that he rides an enormous Dragon, and those who do not know anything about him would likely assume that he was a famous Dragon Tamer while he was alive.

- **Name:** Bone Man
- **Rank:** 8
- **Race:** Skeleton Marquis
- **Level:** 70
- **Passive skills:**
  - Dark Vision
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Strengthened Attribute Values: Loyalty: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Spirit Form: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Strengthened Attribute Values: Mounted: Level 2 (NEW!)
- **Active skills:**
  - Swordsmanship: Level 7 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Shield Technique: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Archery: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Silent Steps: Level 3 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Coordination: Level 4 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Commanding: Level 2 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Armor Technique: Level 5 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Mount: Level 3 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Long-distance Control: Level 3 (NEW!)

### **Borkus – Zombie Epic Hero, ? years old, male**

He was spending his days teaching swordsmanship to his daughter and grandchildren who had been enslaved in the Hartner Duchy and visiting his friends as they played Reversi when he heard that his hated enemy who had killed him and his companions had been placed in the training grounds. His boss, whom he views as a younger brother, tried to stop him, but in the end, he was unable to suppress the hatred within himself and conducted a revenge match, just once.

Or at least, that was supposed to be the case, but due to various circumstances, he sparred with Mikhail day after day to level up, and as a result, he has reached Rank 11.

This made it necessary to see Mikhail's face every day, but Mikhail could not willingly open his mouth or change his expression. As a result, Borkus often spoke to him in one-sided conversation, and a strange communication through eye contact was established.

...It is unclear as to whether Mikhail's eye contact ability should be praised, or whether Borkus's communication ability should be praised for being able to read his eyes.

Perhaps with his hatred having faded after defeating Mikhail multiple times, Borkus began to feel pity for Mikhail, so he discussed things with Jeena and Zandia and then made a request to Vandalieu, only to have the request easily accepted in an anti-climactic manner.

Zombie Epic Heroes have never been seen by the Adventurers' Guild; this is thought to be because almost all heroes worthy of becoming Epic Heroes after becoming Undead are noticed by the gods and their souls are turned into familiar spirits or heroic spirits.

It is also likely because Zombie Heroes and Undead Heroes are unlikely to increase their Rank to this point.

This is because ordinary Undead are driven to slaughter people by their murderous urges; they do not train themselves and gather experience through battle out of a desire to improve themselves.

- **Name:** Borkus
- **Rank:** 11
- **Race:** Zombie Epic Hero
- **Level:** 2
- **Title:** Sword King
- **Passive skills:**
  - Dark Vision
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 10 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Physical Resistance: Level 7 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Strengthened Attack Power when equipped with a Sword: Large
  - Strengthened Defense Power when equipped with Non-metal Armor: Large (LEVEL UP!)
  - Intuition: Level 4 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Mental Corruption: Level 5
- **Active skills:**
  - Sword King Technique: Level 3 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Unarmed Fighting Technique: Level 8 (LEVEL UP!)
  - Archery: Level 7
  - Armor Technique: Level 9 (LEVEL UP!)

- Transcend Limits: Level 1 (Awakened from Surpass Limits!)
- Dismantling: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
- Commanding: Level 2
- Coordination: Level 6 (LEVEL UP!)
- Teaching: Level 1
- Transcend Limits - Magic Sword: Level 2 (NEW!)

## **Jeena – Zombie Hero (Broken), ? years old, female**

One of Talosheim’s heroes, known by her Title of ‘Saint of Healing.’ As well as being an A-class adventurer, she was the highest-ranking member of the Church of Vida, and her healing magic and beauty was known even in the Hartner Duchy.

She is also a master of the halberd.

Although she is a tall Titan woman, her height is 2.7 meters. She possesses both a well-trained, beautiful physique as well as feminine curves, including a chest as abundant as Princess Levia’s.

However, her actual personality is that of someone who does things at her own pace, and while she is normally gentle, she is also rough, whimsical and goes into a frenzy when drunk. And she became the most fearsome person in the old Talosheim when enraged, causing people to tremble in fear.

After becoming an Undead, a magical apparatus was installed in her body by Gubamon, allowing her to separate herself into two at the hips and float with only her upper half. After Vandalieu and Luciliano’s remodeling, she became able to do this more efficiently, without losing the ability to speak. Incidentally, flying through the use of this magical apparatus consumes Mana as fuel.

Her type is those smaller than her, and she was always bad with housework, so in the past, she would say, “Zandia should just learn how to cook and be my bride.” Now, she is always accompanied by Zadiris, Rita and Saria, and she herself is aiming for the small Vandalieu, who is a capable cook. Zandia accompanies her as well.

When she was first rescued from Gubamon, her memory was damaged here and there, and her strength was greatly decreased, but due to Vandalieu and Legion’s surgery, she has regained her memories from while she was alive to the point that it doesn’t

cause her any difficulties.

Currently, she calls herself 'unemployed' and ignores Nuaza's requests to reappoint her to her previous post, working hard on leveling instead to regain the strength that she had in her prime.

Perhaps because she enjoys flying, she tries to take pride in it when given the opportunity. Also, she holds an interest in bodybuilding after being partially taught about it by Vandalieu.

She has defeated the 'Divine Spear of Ice' Mikhail once in his training-dummy state, so she does not resent him much. Her resentment is directed more at the Amid Empire, the Mirg shield-nation and, most of all, the Hartner family.

"Crush them, hunt them down!" were the first words she said upon learning of the Hartner family's betrayal of two hundred years ago. The people of Talosheim normally believed that the son should not be punished for the sins of the father, but it seemed that her rage had erased this belief.

While she was alive, the only defensive equipment she used other than her enormous shield was her armor that left much of her body exposed, giving her the appearance of a savage warrior and drawing attention to only her superhuman strength. However, she actually possessed the superior skills, Life King Magic (Life-Attribute Magic) and Saint Shield Technique (Shield Technique), as well as Healing Effect Enlargement, a unique skill that increases the effects of healing performed by the one who possesses it. She was a shield-bearer and healer that specialized in defense.

When she was under Gubamon's control, she was almost completely unable to display this power.

She is currently equivalent to Princess Levia on the bust rankings.

Incidentally, the goddess Vida is in a state of slumber, but her familiar spirits have not been destroyed, so she is capable of using the Familiar Spirit Descent skill. However, unlike summoning familiar spirits of powerful gods like Alda, the chances of a successful invocation is low.

- **Name:** Jeena
- **Rank:** 8
- **Race:** Zombie Hero (Broken)

- **Level:** 98
- **Title:** Saint of Healing
- **Passive skills:**
  - Dark Vision
  - Mental Corruption: Level 6
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 7
  - Physical Resistance: Level 7
  - Augmented Mana: Level 5
  - Strengthened Attribute Values: Religious Faith: Level 8
  - Strengthened Defense Power when equipped with a Shield: Large
  - Poison Resistance: Level 5
- **Active skills:**
  - No-Attribute Magic: Level 3
  - Life King Magic: Level 1
  - Mana Control: Level 7
  - Halberd Technique: Level 10
  - Saint Shield Technique: Level 1
  - Surpass Limits: Level 5
  - Surpass Limits - Magic Shield: Level 7
  - Familiar Spirit Descent: Level 3
  - Long-distance Control: Level 5
  - Spirit Form: Level 4
- **Unique skills:**
  - Healing Effect Enlargement: Level 5

### **Zandia – Zombie Hero (Broken), ? years old, female**

The Second Princess of Talosheim, and though the Titan race has a low affinity for magic, she is a genius mahou-shoujo who possesses an affinity for all attributes (except the death attribute). However, she is two meters tall.

When she was young, she let this get to her head, but as a result of the special education that she received from Borkus, who was already known as the Sword King back then, as well as other heroes of Talosheim, that attitude was broken (when she learned that qualities mean nothing without training) and she did serious training in magic.

As a result, she rose to become a B-class adventurer in her teenage years and became

praised by her Title of ‘Tiny Genius.’

Because she grew up around her slightly air-headed older sister and the heroes of Talosheim who had great individuality, she actually became someone with common sense.

After being saved from Gubamon, she was given the left hand that had been severed by Mikhail back to her like a wedding ring (after sewing it back on), and she is conscious of Vandalieu. She is conscious of him, but it seems that she still feels great confusion... though Vandalieu’s attitude of “let’s wait until things calm down” could be one of the causes of this.

After becoming a Zombie, there are several holes in her body, and Gubamon remodeled her to be able to cast spells using a staff connected to her by special tubes. In exchange, she lost the Augmented Stamina skill that Titans possess from birth and was tormented by extreme pain. But now, those devices have all been removed and her body has been restored.

Incidentally, she is still outside of the bust rankings, but it is thought that the volume of her chest is around the level where she contends with Zadiris, who has a similar name to her.

Also, the ‘Tiny Genius’ Title does not have any effects that limit the restriction of certain body parts.

Almost all of her skills are magic, and this is because she spent almost all of her less-than-twenty years on training in magic. Even so, she normally wouldn’t have been able to gain such high levels in these skills, but the effects of her ‘Genius of Magic’ unique skill makes it easier than normal to gain magic-related skills.

- **Name:** Zandia
- **Rank:** 8
- **Race:** Zombie Hero (Broken)
- **Level:** 92
- **Title:** Tiny Genius
- **Passive skills:**
  - Dark Vision
  - Superhuman Strength: Level 1
  - Magic Resistance: Level 1

- Augmented Mana: Level 10
- Increased Mana Recovery Rate: Level 6
- **Active skills:**
  - No-Attribute Magic: Level 6
  - Life-Attribute Magic: Level 7
  - Light-Attribute Magic: Level 7
  - Fire-Attribute Magic: Level 7
  - Water-Attribute Magic: Level 7
  - Earth-Attribute Magic: Level 7
  - Wind-Attribute Magic: Level 7
  - Space-Attribute Magic: Level 7
  - Time-Attribute Magic: Level 7
  - Mana Control: Level 10
  - Dismantling: Level 1
  - Chant Revocation: Level 3
- **Unique skills:**
  - Genius of Magic

## **The god of Origin**

The god of the foreign world of Origin. He is not a god who created the world, but a god born from the awe, fear and religious beliefs of the humanity that appeared when life emerged after the world's creation.

It is a group of gods that are divided into the individual beings that humanity awes, fears and worships. It is as if it is made of countless terminals known as gods, demons and apparitions that are connected to the 'god of Origin' server. It is in a similar state to Legion.

The difference is that these beings do not cooperate with each other. Because it is as if all of the gods of every religion and all of their enemies have been packed into one large room, so they are constantly interfering with each other.

Because of this, the existence of this god does not make a difference in Origin. Large-scale, god-created miracles or disasters don't happen.

However, due to the persuasion of one of Lambda's gods, Zuruwarn, the god of space

and creation, as well as Rodcorte's daily evil acts, it worked towards a single cause for the first time.

It is rare for the god of Origin to grant its divine protection (when it does try to grant someone its divine protection, it is interfered with); Legion is the only one in present times with its divine protection.

Incidentally, the reason Origin is utilizing Rodcorte's circle of transmigration system is simply because Rodcorte took control of the reincarnation of all of Origin's life forms before the god of Origin was born.

### **Rodcorte – God of reincarnation**

A god who manages reincarnation in multiple worlds. He has existed since long before the creation of not only Origin and Lambda, but Earth as well.

He is a god, but he does not have believers in any world, and his existence is not recognized by any other than other gods. He maintains the energy he requires to exist by the workings of his circle of transmigration systems.

In cases of worlds like Origin, where the world is created first and then humans create the god afterwards, Rodcorte's method of acquiring authority over the reincarnation of new worlds is to simply insert himself into the world's system. He does this as if invading and occupying an undiscovered, uninhabited island, and once a god is born, he simply notifies them of his presence.

In cases of worlds like Lambda, where gods create the world, he makes deals with the newly-born, pure gods and suggests to them that he manages reincarnation for the world. If refused, he gives up there, and when accepted, he inserts himself into the system.

Since Rodcorte's systems are generally exceptionally stable, they normally operate without any difficulties. Thus, he does not often have any conflicts with gods of worlds other than Lambda, which was invaded by the Demon King who was capable of breaking souls, and Origin, which he used as a training grounds for the reincarnated individuals.

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## **THE DEVELOPMENT OF TALOSHEIM**

### **Population: Approximately 15,200**

Ghouls, Undead, Black Goblins, Anubises, Orcuses, Titans, humans, Beast-people, Dwarves, Scylla, half-Elves, Lizardmen, Armans, Vampires

Golems and Cursed Weapons are not included in the population.

### **Facilities in Talosheim**

Mercury mirror Golems

Explorers' Guild (Trading post, distribution center, Job-changing room)

Church of Vida (with statues of subordinate gods, Zuruwarn and Ricklent)

Public bathhouses

Carts of all kinds

Publicly managed casino

Immortal Ent forest

Golem factories of all kinds

Monster Plant fields

Training dummy grounds (inhabited by Undead heroes from Alda's faction, such as Mikhail) (NEW!)

Theater (Under construction) (NEW!)

Artistic paintings that remain in the minds of those who view them (entire paintings cannot be viewed except from the sky) (NEW!)

B-class Dungeon x1, C-class Dungeon x2, D-class Dungeon x3

### **Marshlands, Lizardman district**

Capricorn farm

Capricorn milking factory

Explorers' Guild branch

Small shrine to Fidirg, the Dragon God of Five Sins  
Mental Encroachment stone circle (NEW!)

D-class Dungeon x1, B-class Dungeon x1

### **Marshlands, Scylla district**

Paddy fields

Mud bath hot springs

Small shrine to Merrebeveil, the heroic goddess of the Scylla

Explorers' Guild branch

Huge Capybara farm

Duck farm

Mental Encroachment stone circle

Temporary base for the Dark Night Knights' Order (Knochen)

### **Sauron Liberation Front base (Former Scylla territory)**

Mental Encroachment stone circle

Death  
attribute  
Magician

3

# 四度目は嫌いな 死属性魔術師

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