

# 死神は少女が喰

上

七夜生たりぬ 手塚まゆみ



## 死神は美味しい。

幽霊の少女が戦慄を興せるファンタジー小説

Girl who ate Death

Written by Mami Tsutsuka. Illustrated by Gougo.

# The Girl Who Ate a Death God Chapter 35

## Part 1

### The Melancholy of the Red Bulls

—*Six months after the fall of the newborn kingdom.*

Veloce Gale, who was ordered by the Star Church to rule the neighborhood of the city Mirad, calling it a patrol, was visiting the Cyrus fort.

While being a woman, Veloce was tall and she possessed a strength which even men could not draw. Her specialty was swinging her Halberd without suffering at all under the weight. With red short hair, she could not be distinguished from a woman just by one glance. In trying to show off herself, she wore long red wings at the top of the helmet.

Wearing heavy silver armor on her body, her stately and dignified appearance was reminiscent of a mighty warrior from historic battles.

She was 24 years old and it was reputed that she had made numerous victories in battle in the previous Stellar Revolution.

Inheriting the valor of her grandfather and a ferocious disposition, the morale of the soldiers she led was also refined. Not knowing the person themselves, they gave her the odd name, 'Red Bull'.

Currently, she was working on reconstruction work of the deserted surrounding area, and was so busy that sleep was cut short.

“Where is the Honorable Schera?”

“Her Honor is likely undertaking routine farm work. She is probably in the courtyard.”

“Alright, thanks.”

Expressing thanks to the saluting guard, Veloce headed towards the potato field in the courtyard of Fort Cyrus.

Staff Officer Dima and a group of escorting soldiers went after her.

The battle has ended with the new kingdom, so the state of alertness in the fortress was not the best.

“Your Honor Schera seems to be working hard on your potato cultivation.”

The Staff Officer Dima muttered, lifting his glasses. His tone was emotionless, making it exceptionally difficult to understand what he was thinking.

There was a strong/close relationship, and a common understanding between Veroce and Schera. It was somehow interesting.

“Ah, I was told before that potatoes are grown here, and you can eat a delicious stew. I must absolutely try it.”

Schera’s authority was just within the fortress, but this area had become a potato field as far as one could see.

Insects and disease resistant, nutritional and fast growing Wales Potatoes (as said by Schera).

It seemed that the first harvest had ended and the potatoes were lined up on the dinner tables of the neighborhood’s inhabitants. The taste was different, but the potatoes were what caused a large decrease in those suffering from hunger.

Now what Schera was implementing was a breeding improvement for the Cyrus Potatoes. For this, Schera and her aide, Katarina, worked on dubious experiments night and day, in order to improve the poor reputation of the taste, and furthermore, raise the productivity.

“This is brilliant. It is far more productive than pouring energy into desperate power struggles.”

“...A little more, a little more ambition, and you will be able to sing yourself as champion of the continent.”

“Surely that is not the opinion of your Honor. Or, are you trying to convince her Honor Veloce?”

“...Veroce is a stubborn one. Stop asking questions to which you know the answer.”

“I’m very sorry.”

With a face of not thinking it was bad at all, Dima apologized. Scowling, Veloce continued walking.

She did not think that she had the characteristic of a hero at all. But, Schera was a female officer respected by Veloce.

At that point, she shook her head. It could be easily guessed what was not said.

Her goals were twofold. Destruction of the newborn kingdom, as well as eating delicious food. Now, those being fulfilled, they did not bother with making a bid in a power struggle.

# The Girl Who Ate a Death God Chapter 35

## Part 2

Night Bird: Some portions of this may be roughly edited. Please let us know if you find any errors in translation, spelling, grammar ASAP. But, most importantly, do enjoy~!

— In the fields where the muddy Schera, Katarina, and the soldiers are farming while wearing smiles.

As Veloce *et al* drew nearer, they seemed to notice without stopping their work.

“It has been a long time, Honorable Schera!”

When Veloce straightened her back, giving respect, Schera wore a dubious expression.

“I suspect that I heard those words last week. Even the week before last. And even before that. Is it only me that does not feel it has been a long time?”

“Ah, even with only one, one week passing, I think that one week is completely within the classification of being a long time.”

Veloce explained, though mumbling and falteringly. When observed by Schera directly from the front, she diverted her line of sight downward.

“...Veloce. You are the true owner governing the Mirad neighborhood, right. Surely, being an owner, you do not have that much free time. I am really jealous.”

“It is not free-free time! The busy time has passed, I am patrolling the area like this.

“So, it’s okay if you don’t come. Because Katarina and I are strengthening the defenses. Please continue your duties without worries.”

Interrupting in the middle, Schera waved her hands. Not because she was acting out of coldness, it was her commanding those that were busy to dedicate themselves to their work.

“Bu-, but..”

“You are busy, right? I am busy, too. The potato breeding experiments will soon succeed. They will have a sweet taste! There will be massive productivity and we will provide them to Wales and Madoros. You will get something in return for it. Right, you must be looking forward to it?”

Without needing to say, Madoros and Wales had just passed through a dogged relationship, one which was stained with blood. Recently, nothing had changed and there was pure hatred.

However, through the leader Schera, who had an odd network of connections, a strange triangulated trade was established between Madoros, Cyrus and Wales.

Even though Wales and Madoros were adjacent, their relationship meant that they had a meaninglessly detoured trade, but with everyone enjoying the benefits, the volume and flow of trade steadily expanded.

When one thought of how it began with seaweed, boiled fish, and a bag of beans, there has been significant progress since then.

“Tha.. that’s right. Yes.”

“That’s okay. So, with that, it’s all good.”

“Ah, tha.. i.. that. That.”

Schera smiled, brushing it away. It was an innocent smile which one could not suspect any malice. Veloce was at a loss for words.

Looking at the situation, Dima tried not to laugh and lent a helping hand.

“Your Honor, please don’t bother yourself with Veloce. Veloce should also be honest.”

“D.. Dima!?”

Dima continued, regardless of Veloce, who had wide eyes. He straightened his Star Church robes and lifted his glasses.

“To speak frankly, her Honor Veloce wants to look after Schera.”

“Look after...”

As Schera tilted her head, Dima nodded deeply.

“Yes. Because recently, she doesn’t seem to be talking much. Her heart is not there, even if she’s in Mirad. I’m sorry to trouble you, but even a little... “

And with this being said, Veloce grasped Dima’s front. Her face was bright red with blood from shame and anger.

Petite Dima was stupefied from being raised into the air. He was a young 18 year old, but was struggling helplessly.

Because he was a complete civilian type, it was impossible to break out of the restraint.

“Oh, Oh, you ar..!! Do you understand what you are saying?”

“It’s terrible, please, wait, I’ll die.”

“Shut up, shut up, shut up!! Just die!”

“Gu, Ge-“

“Veloce, how about you let him down?”

“Bu.. but!”

“If that continues, he will die soon!”

Although Schera was watching, seemingly amused, she seemed to be interested in stopping it after watching Dima’s face go from red to blue. Veloce hesitated, but finally let go of Dima. The miserable scapegoat, running away from the devil’s hands, let out a great gasp while on his knees.

“I am sorry to show you this abominable state. To-Today will be one day of rest...”

“It is okay. We have finished work for today, let us eat. When one eats

something together, it is more delicious.”

“Bu, but are you sure?”

“Try some delicious Cyrus potatoes. It will be good for you stay the night here. Please do as you like.”

Veloce, whose eyes were watery with the words of Schera, had a shimmering face. With all smiles, she answered with delight. There was no feared warrior called the ‘Red Bull’ there.

“Ye-Yes! As you insist, I’ll stay tonight. Please let me tell you various stories!”

“I understand, don’t pull. I’ll get dirty.”

“I don’t mind at all!”