

The Result of a  
Debilitatingly Shy  
Woman's Genderswap  
in Another World



# The Result of a Debilitatingly Shy Woman's Genderswap in Another World

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Description

Saitou Yoshiko was a boring 24-year old woman. She had always hated her job, but due to her debilitating shyness never spoke out, leading to a suffocating lifestyle. Then at home she suddenly reincarnated?! And into that no less! She had become a man!

Thus, Yoshiko, now named Altis, lives her life in this other world, her shyness causing a whole mess of misunderstandings, unable to rectify them...

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<http://moonbunnycafe.com/the-result-of-a-debilitatingly-shy-womans-genderswap-in-another-world/hitomishiri-onna-1/>

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## Chapter 1: I, born

Having too much of a good thing can quickly spiral out of control...

Uwaah uwaah uwaah!

So noisy... I lived alone, so why could I hear a baby crying in my room? Jeez, I finally had a day off from work tomorrow, just lemme sleep!

“Congratulations, it’s a healthy baby boy.”

“Oooh, ooh, Meria, you did great, you did great!”

“Heheh, are you crying Ryan...?”

“Aaah! That my child and my beloved are both in good health, I couldn’t be happier!”

Huh, what’s all this? Blonde? Giant? What’s going on? I should’ve been in my room. Excited about my day off, I’d collapsed onto my bed, and... I can’t remember anything after that. I probably fell asleep. So why...

“Uwaaaaaaah (Why am I a baby?!?!?!)”

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Saitou Yoshiko, dead at age 24; cause of death, currently unknown.

I appeared to have been reborn. I was so confused at suddenly having a baby’s body, I panicked and cried. When put to my mother’s breast, I instinctively grabbed it, and by the time I was done I had calmed down. I was being held in my beautiful mother’s arms, and using sheer willpower I used my sleepy eyes to take

a look at my surroundings. My mother had soft, golden hair, gentle and light eyes with a strong green color, and small rosy colored lip; truly a beauty. Sitting in a chair by the bed was my father with thick brown hair, and two keen blue eyes. He had been smiling for a long while with that wide grin of his, and it didn't look to be going away anytime soon; truly a handsome man.

I had apparently been born to these beautiful parents. I looked forward to my future. And that was when my consciousness started fading out.

“Grow up well, Altis.”

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[Meria]

“Mother!”

With a particularly loud entrance, Solis, my second son, entered the room. Scolding him from behind, Jörg, the eldest, also entered. The two currently attended military school, but had come home earlier than usual. I was certain they had rushed home in their excitement.

“Mother! Is it a boy? A girl?”

Solis was excited about having his first little brother or sister while Jörg was still firmly scolding him.

“Solis, Mother is tired. Learn to read the mood.”

“Thank you, Jörg. Solis, it's a little brother. His name is Altis. Take good care of him, you hear?”

Altis had just fallen asleep, and Solis looked upon him as the babe turned and snuggled into my arms. Ryan decided to take a gander as well, and seeing his cheeks finally slacken, I couldn't help but let out a small giggle. Anyone that knew the normal Ryan would be surprised to see this Ryan.

“Altis, I'm your big brother.”

Solis felt Altis' soft cheeks, while Jörg looked on with curiosity beside him. Jörg hadn't seen a baby this small since Solis was born ten years ago. I knew Altis would be well taken care of by these two. I patted Jörg's soft brown hair, and he averted his eyes, embarrassed. Come now, you're already a big brother.

“Meria, you should sleep soon. I’m sure you’re tired.”

Jörg and Solis nodded in agreement with their father’s statement. The boys gave Altis a kiss on the forehead then left the room.

“Thank you, Ryan. That’s a good idea, I think I’ll rest for a while.”

Ryan kissed Altis’ forehead and mine. Whispering for me to have good dreams, he quietly walked out of the room.

I carefully laid Altis down in the crib next to the bed so as not to wake him. He was already fast asleep.

“Good night, Altis. Have sweet dreams.”

I laid down in the bed, closed my eyes, and soon drifted off to sleep.

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## **Chapter 2 Getting used to things**

“He’s so cute!”

“I know, he’s like a little angel.”

It’s been 1 month. Thanks to the neighbor folk, my shyness slowly began to ebb away with having to deal with things like diapers and breasts. And just a bit of trivia, my mother’s breasts were larger than mine in my previous life.

Currently, Mama was having a tea party at the house with some of her friends. Everyone was dressed in beautiful clothes, and all the girls over 10 were already unbelievably beautiful with good figures. Mama and her friends all called me cute and angelic, lavishing me with praise, and it felt rather nice. I still hadn’t been able to really see what I looked like, but I was probably pretty cute. For a boy at least.

Yes, I, formerly Yoshiko, was now Altis, a boy. That thing that wasn’t there in my previous life was now blatantly between my legs. At first I was like, noooo, you’ve got to be kidding me... But I had no choice but to get used to it. Along that same train of thought, I tried to stay optimistic about potentially falling in love with girls in the future.

“Mother, I have returned.”

“Mother, I’m back!”

The eldest son, Jörg, and the second son, Solis, had come home. Over the past month I came to know that they attended a military school. They had both inherited my Dad’s brown hair and bright blue eyes, along with his good looks; of course, not once in my previous life had I conversed with a hot guy, other than when absolutely necessary. The sad truth was that even though I’d come to accept my newfound gender, I still wasn’t used to them. I hated my shy self for that.

“Al, how have you been little buddy?”

“Solis, if you’re going to hold Al, wash your hands first.”

When my brothers got back, they immediately made for my crib. I think they’re nice. But it hurt when they poked my cheeks and I wished they’d stop.

The adults all smiled at the boys. Don’t smile at them, save me! It seriously hurt!

I could only think such things to myself as I was still incapable of speech. Speaking of, what should I say for my first word? Mother? Father? Brother? It was the only worry I had at the moment, but I thought it was pretty important. It was important to me as in my previous life, I’d never had such a warm and welcoming family.

In middle school, my parents passed away, and suddenly I was living with my relatives. Shy as I was, I never really spoke much with my Aunt and Uncle. There was the fact that my parents had just died, but even before that I didn’t talk much, and I was slow at responding, leading others to call me a boring girl behind my back.

Still, now that I’ve been reborn, I suppose that doesn’t matter much anymore. Still, for my new parents that laughed gently and my brothers that fussed over me, I wanted to live up to their expectation. That was what I wanted to live for.

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### Chapter 3 Sickness discovered

I remembered the day I got the motivation for the course of my future.

The smell of Mom's cooking always woke me up, but today was different. Something lurked in my body, something hot. That was what disturbed my slumber.

I wondered if it would go away, but the heat gradually got worse until I started to cry.

"Ugyaaa, Ugyaaa (Mom! I'm burning up!)"

"Al? Are you hungry?"

Hearing me cry, my mom came to get me, but she was wrong! I wasn't hungry!

"Ugyaaaaaaa (It's hot! Help me!)"

My crying was like screaming which even caused Mom to realize something was amiss while she held me and she looked at me intently.

"Ryan! Ryan come here! Something's wrong with Al!"

"Mm? With Al?"

Mom's voice as she called for Dad brought my brothers in as well, rubbing their eyes as they followed Dad into the room.

"...I'll go get the doctor."

Taking a look at me, Dad also felt something was wrong and called for the doctor. My brothers squeezed my hands tightly. For just a moment, it felt like the heat abated, and I hoped it was all over, but the heat suddenly became worse again.

Something hot was running rampant inside me, and I felt horrible. I felt so bad that everything started to fade away.

"Geoh, ge..."

"Al! Jörg, bring me a towel!"

The heat got so bad that I involuntarily threw up. Shit, this is the worst. I heard the sound of Jörg taking off to get the towel, and in my heart I whispered thank

you to him. You're a good brother.

"Al! Al!"

Mom, I can still hear you. But it's so hot, I can't even cry anymore. I'll just close my eyes for a bit. I'll wake up soon, don't worry...

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[Jörg]

"Al! Al!"

Hearing Mother's heartbroken voice, I hurried back to the room with the towel. In the room, Mother was frantically crying out for Al, and not understanding what was going on, Solis was crying too.

I handed Mother the towel, and noticed that Al wasn't crying anymore, he was limp and unmoving. ...What'll we do, if Al dies... No, I drove away those ominous thoughts.

I stroked Solis' head as he cried, telling him it would be all right, that he was a big brother now and shouldn't cry, and he finally managed to stop. Truthfully, I wanted to cry too.

I heard the sound of heavy steps running through the house. Ah, Father made it back. I felt so relieved, a single tear slipped out. I was glad Solis didn't notice.

"Meria! I brought Dr. Safi."

Behind my vigorous Father, the tall and lithe Dr. Safi came in like the wind, his long blue hair pulled up into a ponytail on the back of his head. Whenever we came down with a cold, Dr. Safi was the one we trusted to cure us of our ails. This also set my heart at ease, or so I thought, but I was still anxious. Even though Dr. Safi was here, why was I still so nervous?

Dr. Safi whispered an incantation and a large yellow light appeared in his right hand. He then put it over Al, who was being held in Mother's arms. I saw sweat form on Dr. Safi's forehead.

"...This is,"

"Is Al...is Al going to be okay?!"

Everyone held their breath waiting for Dr. Safi to speak.

“Altis-kun has Hereditary Excessive Magic Disorder.”

At those words, I understood why the space around Father suddenly screeched with magic.

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## Chapter 4 My Resolve

“Al! You opened your eyes?!”

I slowly awoke to the sound of words, and it felt like I had slept for at least a month. At the time I didn't understand it at all, but my body felt super fatigued! That was the kind of situation I'd fallen into.

“Al! Dr. Safi! Al opened his eyes!”

Mom and Dad came to check on me, and behind them I heard footsteps. Suddenly, I saw a face I didn't recognize; The person Dad called Dr. Safi had beautiful blue colored hair tied behind his head. And what was this, I had always thought guys with long hair in my old life were nasty looking, but this guy was different.

“Yes, his face has a good color, he should be fine now. However, this will still occur periodically, so please make sure your family is prepared.”

“...We will be. Thank you so much Dr. Safi.”

Mom and Dad stood and gave their heartfelt thanks to Dr. Safi. Apparently he had saved me from my fever.

I babbled an ‘Au au (Thank you)’ at Dr. Safi, with all my gratitude. His kind eyes crinkled as he laughed. Seriously, yet another handsome man.

“All right, I'll see myself home.”

“Really, thank you for everything!”

“...I know I told you once before, but Altis-kun will continue to be afflicted by these symptoms throughout his life. Caring for him will be difficult. So I hope your family will come together and support him with all your power.”

I could hear the adults talking together. I couldn't see their faces, but they certainly weren't laughing. I could hear the seriousness in their voices.

Form what Dr. Safi was saying, I would be a big burden on my family from here on out. It could even get worse. ...I wanted to help my family, but how? And with a body like this? I was already powerless as it was. Even when I got older, I would

probably still need to be looked after, even though I should be the one looking after my parents at that time.

I had to leave home.

I knew just how much love they had to give after only this one month of living with them. It made me so happy...but that was exactly why.

I couldn't stay babied forever. I *had* been an adult in my previous life after all, and I'd held down a decent job. If I put my mind to it, I could certainly do it. I'd take care of myself. And I'd study; I could do it.

“Au auah (I absolutely won't force my parents to care for me forever!)”

At the tender age of 1-month old, I quietly made up my mind.

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[Ryan]

“...Ryan-san, please calm your magic. You could have an adverse effect on Altis-kun right now!”

At the doctor's pleading, I let out a long breath, and calmed the magic emitting from my body. It was a bad habit of mine. When I got overly emotional, magic would leak from my body. I had more magic than most, and that was the likely culprit.

“Doctor! Can Al... Can Al be cured?!”

“That's... it would be very difficult with today's current magical knowledge.”

The doctor's declaration caused Meria to stagger. I supported her from behind as we finally understood what was going on.

*Excessive Magic Disorder.* Meria and I had both heard of it before. After all, I also suffered from the same illness, but I only had a mild case; if I took medicine once a month, it would lessen the effects to the point that there weren't any problems. Meria knew this as well.

Excessive Magic Disorder is something you're born with, and those afflicted surpass the limit of magic their bodies are able to contain. You don't often encounter someone with it, but it's most commonly found in births between

nobles, who have a large capacity for magic, and commoners, who only have a moderate capacity for magic. However, in this case, I was the cause.

“Certainly, Ryan-san also has Excessive Magic Disorder. ...It is likely hereditary.”

My mind blanked when Dr. Safi confirmed my fears. Somewhere inside, I knew it. Meria grabbed my hand tightly, and it was so wondrously comforting, it calmed the magic stirring inside me.

“Altis-kun has a very acute case of Excessive Magic Disorder, and as such the attacks will worsen, causing his body to weaken. I’ll prescribe some medicine. Have him take it every single day, do not miss a dose. If his condition worsens while on the medication, please call on me again. Do you understand?”

The one to respond the quickest was neither myself nor Meria.

“I understand! I’ll rush to get Dr. Safi immediately!”

It was Solis, who had been crying just before. Everyone was surprised at the expression my son wore. Only Dr. Safi lowered his head, bidding Solis thanks for the help, and patted his head.

Solis faced the doctor with a fierce light in his blue eyes, then gave a single nod in return. That my son wore such an adult expression despite being a child, filled me both with pride and sadness.

“Ryan, we must also do all we can to help Al. Let’s all protect Al together, okay?”

Meria had been supporting me, and now wore the most motherly expression I’d ever seen. Aah, that’s right. Al, Meria, Jörg, Solis, and myself, we were all family. It was important to protect each other. I would absolutely *absolutely* protect them.

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## Chapter 5 Everyday Life

Time flew by even faster than in my previous life.

“Al, good morning.”

“...’Morning.”

I had become 6-years old. In these past 5 and a half years I had been battling the Excessive Magic Disorder, and thanks to my shyness resurfacing, I hadn’t even been able to talk with my family much! Agh, when I was a baby it was so much easier to say what I wanted (it was all baby talk though)! I’m such an idiot!

“Al, you’re looking good today. But don’t overdo it, okay?”

Mom examined my complexion, then laughed gently when our eyes met. ... Still, I was really bad at making eye contact, even though it was such an important part of communication.

That was why I averted my eyes quickly. Even though I knew it would make Mom a little sad. I’m so sorry, but it’s impossible!

“Hurry and take your seat, love; breakfast is almost ready.”

She tapped on my head, then I watched as she exited the room. Aaaaahg, the guilt consumed me!

On the dining table was a vegetable soup and a hard bread like French bread, and milk from an animal called a ‘Mille’ (I had never actually *seen* a Mille, but I guessed it was something like a cow). This was the usual Westoria home breakfast fare.

The eldest son, Jörg, had already gotten ready and headed out, thus, the second son, Solis, was running late! While he caused a ruckus around the house, he jammed some bread into his mouth. However he put in too much and...

“Gegh, it’s, stuck! Al! A drink!”

As expected...

Solis was in pain with bread half lodged down his throat, so I brought him the Mille milk, and he quickly snatched it out of my hands. Watching him chug it down made it seem that much more painful.

“All right, I’m off!”

“...Have a good day, Onii-chan.”

“Have a good day, take care now!”

“...Well, I’d best be on my way too.”

I watched Solis leave while I ate at the table, and Dad stood up to follow suit. Dad was an Imperial Guard for the king. Being part of the Imperial Guard was something every boy dreamed of. Solis often talked about it, so it was easy to remember.

“Ryan, take care. And have a good day.”

“I will. I’m off then. Al, be good while I’m gone.”

“...Okay.”

I loved the big hands Dad used to muss with my hair. They were rough and calloused, but it was the proof of how hard he worked. My cheeks started to pull into a smile, but it would be bad for me to start smiling now. So, as usual, I bit my lip to keep myself from smiling. After all, if his son started laughing suddenly, he might not muss with my hair anymore.

Mom and Dad kissed each other goodbye, but not a deep French kiss. The first time I saw them do that, I was shocked at the sudden PDA, but after six years, I’d gotten used to it. For the most part.

Dad was the last one to leave the house, so it was just me, Mom, and the maid Michella-san. After I was diagnosed with Excessive Magic Disorder, Dad hired on the 70-year old lady. Her age didn’t matter, and Mom had complete faith in her to perform her duties.

Whenever I suffered from my disorder, Mother wouldn’t leave my side, and Michella-san was left to do the chores. Every time I had an attack, Michella-san indicated her understanding and took over managing the household. I tried to look at her with respect, but I could tell I was disliked. She often looked at me coldly, even though she smiled while talking to my brothers.

Even so, I didn’t have the guts to even try and speak with her, much less be discouraged from doing so by her.

“Al, your fever only just went down yesterday. Just in case, stay in bed for today, okay?”

And so today, once again I was confined to the bed.

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## Chapter 6 Her resentment

I awoke to the sound of the bell. I had been sleeping, but the capital had a large church with a bell, so I figured it must be noon already. The church rang the bell 3 times for morning, noon, and night. There was no more darkness left in the sky, so it must be noon.

When I was 5, I got my own room and a large brand new bed. When I was a baby I slept in my parent's room in the crib, but they had bought all that furniture so I could sleep on my own. There was even a large and wide window in front of my new small desk, brought in for my own private use. I really liked it.

"Altis-sama, your mother has prepared dinner."

Opening the door, Michella informed me while I slept on my bed, looking at me expressionlessly. She may have been 70, but her back were in good shape, and her teeth were beautiful. And like always, she approached without warning. I answered her with a simple 'yes', but she had turned around and left the room without even listening, and I watched her go until she was out of sight. She always acted with haste. Or wait, did she just walk fast maybe?

On the breakfast table was Mom's specialty: a line of Hamus sandwiches. The Hamus meat had a chicken-like texture, with a sweet and spicy sauce and vegetables, and was sandwiched between two slices of bread. It was pretty delicious.

"Oh, Al you're up? We're just about to eat, so go wash your hands."

I nodded in acknowledgment, then hurried off to the washstand.

There was a magic circle inscribed to the spigot so that when you turned the handle, water would come pouring out. Easy-peasy. I wasn't quite tall enough to reach yet, so I used the small step stool that Dad had made when Jörg was younger. Solis had used it as well.

The face reflected in the mirror was utterly different from the one in my previous life. I had inherited my mother's golden hair and drooping eyes. When I was born, my eyes had been blue like Dad's, but now they were violet. It was a

side effect from the onset of my Excessive Magic Disorder. Still, purple eyes weren't altogether uncommon, so it was fine.

And as always, the one thing I couldn't get used to was my own charming pretty boy looks. I tried not to think about it and washed my hands so I could finally eat my Hamus sandwich!

I rolled up my sleeves to wash my hands, and also gave my face a wash since I had just woken up. Okay, I should be fine now. I hopped off the step stool (about 50cm/20in), then headed off to the living room.

My mind was full of sandwich thoughts, so when I opened the door to the living room and found a person was there, I was so surprised that I took a step back. At my small stature, I couldn't even see the person's face when I looked up. But just seeing the moss green skirt and white apron, I knew it was Michella.

I wondered if she was going to say anything. Then the words that fell upon my ears were...

"...What an atrocious amount of magic, you vile child."

Cold and painful words.

I hardly remembered the taste of the sandwich that I'd been looking forward to. Before I realized it, I was already back in bed.

Mom had been in the kitchen at the time and hadn't heard what Michella-san had said, and I was torn on whether that was a good or bad thing.

Well, I already knew she loathed me, so it's fine if I hate her right back. Even though I settled on that, for the first time since I was born into this world, my body trembled at the memory of those hateful eyes.

This is why I didn't like people. You never knew what people were really thinking. It's why I never involved myself with other people.

I hid myself away in my bed, and even though I took it every day after my meals, today I completely forgot to take Dr. Safi's medicine.

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## Chapter 7 Beloved

I awoke to a raging heat in my body. Another fit of my Excessive Magic Disorder...? Ah, that's right, I forgot to take my medicine.

My vision was dim from the fit, and it would do no good to blink in attempt to clear it up. I sighed in resignation. It'd been a long time since I last forgot to take it...

I couldn't even tell if it was night or day, but since I hadn't left the room, Mom should come in to check on me soon. It was lonely by yourself when you felt sick. Even so, I had no desire for Michella-san to keep me from my loneliness; that would just make me mentally ill as well.

I was certain my eyes would speak a thousand words. I was always bad at making eye contact in my previous life, so it was easier for me to understand people like my Aunt and Uncle just by glancing at their faces. I understood after seeing their eyes. Even if their faces looked normal, I could always tell from their eyes, whether they were unconcerned, disgusted, or curious. I gradually came to understand each of their emotions. I always did my best to not make eye contact, talk, or show my emotions. ...Which led to a very lonely life.

I often thought of my past when I was weak like this. But it was nothing I wanted to remember, and I hoped my Mom would hurry and make me feel better. I wanted the warmth of her passionate heart.

As I worried endlessly in my thoughts, I heard the sound of heavy footsteps. It must be Solis. Dad always told him to be more careful, but it was a hard habit to break.

The footsteps were coming towards my room. Dinner was probably ready, and he was going to get me to come eat.

“Aaal! Time to eat!”

I knew it. But you'll have to forgive me Solis, I'm unable to move at the moment.

“Al? Are you all right?”

Apparently Jörg was accompanying him. My brothers really did take good care of me.

“...Sor...ry. ...Forgot, morning...medicine..”

My brothers were at my bedside, but it was still hard to talk and tell them about my fit due to my fever. Ugh, really hard...

“You forgot to take your medicine? If it hurts, don’t force yourself to speak. I’ll tell Mother to make you some Panus instead. Solis, could you get me a towel to wipe down Al’s sweat?”

“Got it, I’ll go get it.”

Solis took off like a shot out of the room. Normally, Solis was a chatterbox, but he always took on a very serious demeanor when it came to my disease. I suppose he was 16-years old after all.

“Hang in there, Al.”

The way Jörg gently stroked my head hadn’t changed. He had always been a gentleman. When Jörg was 18, Dad had asked him if he’d found a special someone yet, and I secretly listened in on their conversation. But Jörg said, somewhat happily, that he was looking after me for the time being. He may have had a bad Brother Complex...but it still made me happy.

Even though I knew they’d be right back, I was a little lonely when they both left the room.

Solis came back first. He had a fluffy white towel in each hand. Later I would wonder why he had one in each hand, but at present I was so feverish and out of it that I was simply happy he’d returned.

“Al, are you in pain? Are you okay?”

He asked while gently wiping the sweat from my forehead. I found myself grasping his kind outstretched hand, tightly gripping it. I found the human hand to be strangely comforting.

As always when I felt this way, my vision was unfocused, but to send Solis my thanks, I kissed his fingers. Being born into this world, I found kissing to be a normal matter of course, a way to communicate one’s feelings. In my previous

life, rather than being embarrassing, kissing was something you only did with those beloved to you.

My heart put to ease, I once again closed my eyes.

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## Chapter 8 Symptoms

[Solis]

Al's breathing was pained as he gripped my hand in his sleep.

Father said he also had Excessive Magic Disorder, but it wasn't as bad as this. It just further solidified that this wasn't an illness that could be cured with medicine, only treated.

This little guy was the spitting image of our mother, and didn't look anything like me or our older brother as we very obviously took after our father. I worried that might be the reason he always seemed a little flighty, or even a bit aloof. It might even be a side effect of his disease.

I wiped away Al's sweat as he lay passed out on the bed. I ran the cloth in figure eights across his eyebrows and reddened cheeks. His eyes were closed now, but when they had been open with his gaze wavering, even though he was my little brother, there was a pang in my heart when he looked at me with those violet eyes full of tears.

If it had been my older brother, I'm sure he wouldn't have been so shaken and would have cared for Al perfectly.

My brother returned with Mother, and it seemed as though Father still hadn't returned from work. Mother came in holding some Pan porridge; it was made from Pan, a soft fruit, boiled until it was completely liquified. It's what we normally ate when we weren't feeling well. It was supposed to be incredibly nutritious.

"How's Al doing?"

"He still has a fever."

Mother left the Pan porridge on top of Al's small desk, then she and my brother got closer to check on him. Al had yet to let go of my hand, anxious as he was. He had developed a habit of hanging onto someone's hand when he felt ill. But, he had never *kissed* anyone's hand before. It did make me happy though.

Just remembering the little kiss had me grinning, and I suddenly realized my brother was staring at me coldly. For now, I would just keep that memory deep inside my heart.

"Solis, hand me a towel. You probably haven't been able to fully wipe away his sweat with him clinging to you like that. I'll do it for you."

It's true that I was in a bit of an awkward position for wiping him down, but for some reason I didn't want to have him let go. And when I met my brother's eyes... cold! Those were some frigid eyes! I immediately handed over the towel to him. I mean, that glare! It was way too scary.

Jörg put forth his best effort in wiping down Al's body with the towel. He was probably jealous that Al had clamped onto my hand and not his. Al was his beloved little brother after all.

"...Mother, let's get Al out of these sweaty clothes and into some fresh ones. I'm afraid he'll catch a cold like this."

My brother took note of just how much Al was sweating, and after conferring with Mother, she said she'd get his pajamas, then left the room. At the same time, Jörg began to remove Al's sweaty clothes.

His clothes were so soaked in sweat it was hard to remove them, and Jörg whispered a quiet apology to the exhausted Al as he lifted the little guy up to expedite the process. Even so, Al's eyes remained shut in his fatigue. It was always worrying when he was too tired to even open his eyes. But I wasn't the only one worried, my brother's furrowed brow made that all too clear as he continued to wipe Al off. Even though we all ate the same food, Al hardly gained any weight. I always thought that even if he *wasn't* sick, he might just collapse at some point from that.

Jörg deftly dried Al's exposed upper body. As expected of my brother, he was quite skilled. He wasn't the eldest for nothing.

“...B...bro...ther...”

When Al finally opened his eyes, he predictably released his hold on my hand. It left me with a momentary lonesome feeling.

“Al, are you awake? Mother made some Pan porridge for you. Do you feel up to eating?”

I wondered if Al was still feeling fatigued, but at Jörg’s inquiry, he covered his eyes and slowly shook his head.

“But if you don’t eat, then the medicine...”

He even refused my encouragement, which was unexpected. Al didn’t usually protest much, so this was quite unusual. Without thinking, I looked to my brother, but even he was bewildered.

Amidst that confusion, magic suddenly radiated from Al’s body.

It happened so quickly that we involuntarily jumped away from him.

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## **Chapter 9: Intruder**

[Solis]

“What the?!”

“What just happened?!”

It took all we had to brace ourselves against the magic pouring out from Al like a thick, muddy stream. It was the first time I had seen such magic. We went through magic training at military school, but I’d never been subjected to such a large amount of magic. ...I wouldn’t last if my body had to contain this much magic all the time. And despite the continuous waves of magic, I didn’t see any sign of it abating. At this rate, it’d be dangerous for me and Jörg to continue being subjected to it, not to mention what might happen to Al if he didn’t stop soon.

Jörg somehow managed to resist the intense amount of magic and tried to get closer to Al, but the magic was so dense he couldn’t take a single step forward.

And it was all I could do to remain standing.

“Al! Jörg! Solis!”

“Young masters, are you all right?”

Michella and Mother’s voices sounded far away. With that much magic suddenly being released, I was sure they were instantly aware of what was going on, but they couldn’t get any closer either. Or rather, they were probably instilled with fear at the sight of such heavy magic.

There wasn’t anything we could do, and I involuntarily clicked my tongue. Al had already lost consciousness, and was lying limp on the bed. ...Al was worried. I could tell that he was conflicted inside and about to cry. I, who could only rely on others now, desperately wished: Please, someone please save him!

And in that moment, the wave of surging magic stopped.

Neither my brother nor I could guess what had just happened, and our mouths were both left agape. No one dared speak, but the voice that broke the silence belonged to someone I didn’t know, someone who didn’t recognize the situation for what it was.

“Ah—, I felt a cra—zy huge magic and came running—. Uh—? You all appear to be slackjawed—. It’s ruining your good looks—, you little devils.”

That person had come in through the window, then patted Al’s head while looking at us, smiling intrepidly while laughing. They wore a black cloak that covered much of their body, but I could tell their body was fairly slight. They had light indigo-colored flowing hair that fell down to their back, and golden eyes and shone like a cat’s. Their light pink lips wore a flippant smile.

“...Who are you?”

The first to recover was my brother who quickly made for the sword sitting at his waist. He drew the sword, pointing it towards the intruder. This person was definitely a shady character. I got that they somehow stopped Al’s rampant magic, but why? No one knew. But still, that black cloak... They were normally worn by bandits and thieves to hide themselves in the dark, and wore it deliberately for that purpose.

Both Mother and Michella wanted to rush to Al's side, but that stranger was closer, and neither of them knew what might happen to Al if they moved. I thought the deadlock would continue for a while, but it was unceremoniously broken.

“Al! Altis! Is he safe?!”

It was Father, and he entered the same window behind the intruder.

Father simply pushed the intruder aside, as if they were merely in the way, to check on Al's condition. Once again we all looked on, dumbfounded at the situation. The intruder immediately wiped the smile off their face and looked to be pouting. Father was probably the only one who had any idea what was going on, but neglected to fill anyone in as he fussed over Al's complexion.

Although he was tired, he gave Mother a smile after seeing that Al's complexion had gotten better. Even Mother let out a sigh of relief upon seeing that.

“...Al's going to be fine. You really saved him, thank you Mādquila. If you weren't here, the magic might have started eating away at Al's body.”

“No need for thanks—, Ryan. I always end up owing you one anyway—. It's not such a bi—g deal. Also—, as expected of your sons, Ryan—. They haven't even become adults yet and they're already pointing their swords at me—. Y'know—, lately no one has challenged me to a fight, I got a little excited—.”

The intruder called Mādquila casually talked with Father, their eyes continuing to shine as they spoke.

This was all 5 minutes before Mother finally lost it, and snapped at my Father for not explaining anything.

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## Chapter 10: Identity

The uproar caused me to stir.

I opened my heavy eyelids, only to be greeted by a stranger looking at me. It

was so sudden and unexpected that a sound that wasn't quite a scream erupted from deep inside my throat. That stranger seemed to find my reaction amusing, and their golden eyes crinkled with intrigue.

“Altis!”

I heard my father's voice from behind the stranger.

“Mädquila, is Altis all right?”

“Yep—, he's ri—ght as rain now.”

...No really, who was this person? Mädquila?

From my point of view, this person with flowing indigo hair seemed like a man, however their mannerisms might indicate a young woman. What bothered me the most was their completely black attire

“Al, I'm so glad.”

I noticed my father, who was happily patting my head, had his right cheek swollen. I was more worried about what had happened to him than myself. ... Because it meant someone had hit him right? I wondered what exactly happened.

“...your cheek...hurt?”

I reached out my hand to stroke his swollen cheek when he suddenly grabbed my hand and rubbed our cheeks together. Although I was shocked, I didn't pull away from Father's genuinely gentle face. I was troubled; if you add my years in my previous life to this one, he was rubbing cheeks with a 30-something year old. There were all sorts of reasons this shouldn't be happening.

As I lay there conflicted, I cast a sidelong glance to the opposite side of my bed where my mother and brothers suddenly appeared. All three of them had slightly reddened eyes. Had they been crying over me? When I thought they had, I could feel myself also getting teary-eyed.

“Al, do you remember? About suddenly releasing magic?”

Mother slowly led into the question while patting my head.

Releasing magic? I understood what she said, but didn't remember a thing. In

the first place, I still remembered in the past when all the adults were discussing magic with such serious faces; it'd had me worried back then.

I was made to realize this was truly another world fairly quickly thanks to that. When someone tells you that you have “Excessive Magic Disorder” with a straight face, at first you have to wonder if the household was practicing some weird religion, or if this really was some unknown and fantastical place. My initial thought was ‘yikes, what religion is this...?’, but when Dr. Safi came to give me my regular physical examination, he never used anything like a stethoscope. Instead, he checked over my body with a glowing hand, which finally made me realize, ‘ah, that’s just the kind of world this is’. After that, I was at the mercy of my new reality.

“Al...?”

“I’m...okay.”

In any case, I first had to reassure my mother. Even my brothers seemed relieved at my statement of wellbeing, and their stiff expressions relaxed.

“E—hem, well then— I’ll just take my leave from here—. Even Altis-kun says— he’s doing fine—.”

Mädquila...-san was a bit scary. I still didn’t have the first clue as to who they were.

“Oh, thank you, Mädquila.”

“No— no—, he’s Ryan’s son—, it’s simply a matter of course—. But still—, you did your wife a disservice—”

“Well...that...she also jumped to conclusions!”

“No—, the little woman was in the right—. Even if I meant no harm—.”

While saying that, they seemed to laugh while looking at my father’s cheek. ... Could it be, my mother was the one that struck him?!

“...*Ahem*, in any case, I’d like to give you something later to show our gratitude, Mädquila.”

“Ah— I don’t expect anything—, but I’ll be waiting—.”

Mädquila-san jumped out of the window to my room. They were quite a...*unique* character. Even their way of speaking was very lackadaisical. Father noticed me looking out the window after Mädquila-san and finally thought to tell me that they were Father's friend from work.

Still, Mädquila-san was very slight, just like a woman. And they were expected to be a fighter? Did women also do battle in this world?

Mother was sure I was famished by now, and left the room with the Pan porridge to reheat it. As soon as she left, my brothers drew closer to tell me about everything that happened before I awoke.

According to them, Mother first thought Father was cheating on her with Mädquila-san, and when Father didn't explain anything, Mother finally snapped and gave him a good slap, which apparently made quite the sound.

It was on a night when I was 6 years old that I first learned about my mother's scary side.

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## **Chapter 11 Object of Scorn**

A few days passed since my magic went haywire. After I opened my eyes, I was plagued by a high fever for a while, but I somehow safely recovered. Dr. Safi even certified that I was all better yesterday.

According to Dr. Safi, my magic was increasing day by day, and although the medicine forcibly decreased it, it had finally reached the limit of its effectiveness. And the final straw came from forgetting to take the medicine entirely, causing the magic to go out of control and overflow from my body.

Even though it was a very serious discussion, as I thought...an adult talking seriously about magic, and it further going out of control was very embarrassing. It would appear I was still a bit reluctant to accept all this talk about magic. At times like this, I realized once again that this was, indeed, another world. In my old life, I simply went through the motions every day, and nothing ever really changed. I didn't socialize with my colleges or the higher ups, and instead I was

always afraid that they were saying horrible things about me. Meeting the gaze of others was frightening. Even now, that hadn't changed.

And speaking of which, Michella had also changed.

"I hope you perish soon, you vile child."

Very obviously, she meant it spitefully. Michella's words were getting more intense all the time. Plus, after my haywire magic incident, she became more brazen with her words. Disappear, perish, vile, and all I got out of it was that she despised me and that excessive magic was something to be shunned. Previously, I read a book I filched from my father's room. A large amount of magic is usually a good thing, however, there were places that, if your magic was *too* large, you would be persecuted as a 'demon'. The demons were beings that had better physical and magical abilities than humans. But, in a war 500 years ago, their numbers were decimated, and now they were something of an endangered species.

In this day and age those Demons were no longer persecuted, but among the older generations, there still seemed to those that believed they were creatures to be detested, and discriminated against them.

It was probable that Michella, being quite old herself, had been taught that Demons and those with excessive magic were abominations. But it's not like I could just shrug it off even knowing that; it still hurt.

It's not like I wanted to be born with this disorder. I didn't ask to be born into this world. So why?

"Because of you, the Westorias living around the corner met misfortune. It's your fault."

And again today Michella was going full bore with the death wishes, continuously slandering me. I didn't want to be the tragic heroine, so I felt I couldn't tell my family. Not about this.

"Michella—, do you know where my workout clothes got off to—?"

"Your workout clothes, Young master Solis? I believe they are right over there."

“Oo—! Thanks, Michella.”

“Michella, what’ll I do?! I burned the bacon!”

“It will be fine, Madam. For now, why don’t we have something else to eat this morning?”

“Oh yes! You’re such a big help!”

“Michella—?”

“Yes, yes, how can I help you?”

Michella was already more than a mere employee to my family. So if I said anything, this happy atmosphere would crumble. That’s why I withstood the abuse. No matter how much she looked upon me with contempt, or how many nasty words she said to me, or even when she would occasionally hit me, I could endure. ...If the day ever came that I could endure no more, *then* I would tell my family. For now, I was still hanging in there, yeah. I just had to be more careful and not forget to take my medicine so I wouldn’t go out of control again.

I went to the washroom to clean my face. Reflected in the mirror was me, with the golden hair I got from my mother, and the purple eyes I got from my magic disorder. In my old life, I was very plain looking, but now I had transformed into a very beautiful young boy. I tried to grin, but saw it contorted my eyebrows into a figure eight, and I quickly returned to my normal expressionless face. When Michella was around, I shouldn’t be smiling anyway. So I would just stick with the expressionless look. It’s not like I smiled that much in my old life anyway.

With a small clap, I slapped the sides of my supple cheeks. Okay, I’m gonna work hard today too!

Thus, I made my way to the living room at a quick jog.

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