

獵角獸軍團



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lang="en">

The Unicorn Legion - Volume 02 Chapter 01-12

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A Day in Gnome Village

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo

Book 2: Mage Academy

Chapter 1: A Day in Gnome Village

When the villagers of Gnome Village woke from their dreams, other than facing a day of cloudy rain, there were also all sorts of unexpected realizations.

For example the fact that the chief they had all respected had been replaced by a fake, or that the real chief's body had been buried in the poisoned field for a week, or that the gnomes were really innocent, and the universal knowledge that the magical creatures – Gnomes, Dwarves and Goblins were completely different species.

Understanding these took a long time, but under the careful explanation of master dwarf, the villagers were soon relieved.

Of course, what sped up the reconciliation between the humans and the gnomes, was this type of truth: a single glowing black stones that the 'chief' had all reclaimed, was worth a whole bag of potatoes. Learning this the villagers sent a representative, full of apology and a large cart of potatoes to visit the gnome burrow, and received the master gnomes' generous forgiveness.

Some texts were found under the chief's bed, each book carries the seal of the Mage Academy. Their rarity was unknown, even Julian, the one who understands magic the most, had no idea. In the end the books were placed in a box, to be taken along back to the Mage Academy.

Although taking care of these chores pushed their departure back day, there was nothing worth complaining about. For the sake of master dwarf and master gnome, the 'Unicorn Legion' received unprecedented welcome. Meat even

appeared at lunch, as well as fresh milk. The siren was even able to witness the process of farming, then he suggested buying a cow to replace the horse for the road – it was naturally denied.(i)

After lunch, the rain still had not stopped. The elf sat in front of his desk, contemplating the last paragraph for his report to the queen, until he heard knocking from outside.

The knight pushed open the door to enter, placing a steaming mug of tea next to him.

The elf lifted his head to say thanks, bringing the cup to his lips for a drink.

“Black tea... where did you find it?”

The elf’s voice was a little hoarse, the knight caught on to the anomaly, frowning, he reached a hand to rest on the elf’s forehead.

“The gnomes sent it. You seem to be having a fever... I thought you said you don’t get colds because of your racial trait?”

“That’s a lie,” the elf smiled, holding the cup with both hands, “werewolves are the ones that don’t get colds.”

“... I’ve been tricked,” the knight shook his head in consternation, “Next time remind me, humans are not the only ones that lie.”

“Originally I really wouldn’t,” the elf lowered his head seeming a little apologetic, “sorry, I didn’t know that the side effects would include a decrease in my immune system.”

“Side effects of what?”

“...Of oversleeping,” the elf put down his cup, swiftly finishing the last paragraph, and signing his name at the end, “Cain, pass me the wax and seal please.”

The knight passed the things over to the elf, watching as he poured the melted wax onto the fold of the envelope, pressing the seal on top.

“Why a wolf’s head?” the knight asked.

“What?.... Ah.” The elf looked at the shape of the seal, shaking his head, “I’m

not sure, this was given to me directly from the Registry. It's probably from the Archduke's former underling, the seal of the noble that watched over the Soloris Valley."

"I know the Crane Family's emblem are wolf claws," the knight muttered, "but why is his underling from a small noble family caring for a remote land, would dare to use a wolf's head?"

"That could be the Queen's idea," the elf took the letter, standing up, "Soloris Valley is still in the hands of the rebel army."

"Not thinking of taking it back? Earl of Soloris Valley?"

"What for?" the elf smiled walking to the door.

"As a headquarters," the knight replied seriously, "I heard that the ruins of the elven tribes are near-by, the northernmost part of the continent, right?"

"Umm... Cain," the elf stopped, turning back to look at him, "although before the elves left the Ulia Continent, there was a elven settlement in the north yes, but that's not my tribe."

"Eh?"

"Northern elves have dark hair," the elf pointed to himself, "Light colored hair are southern elves. – Southern elves aren't all that impervious to the cold, or else I wouldn't have caught a cold."

"Is that so..." the knight's face was a little red, he lowered his head, "Sorry, I was being conceited."

Looking at him, the elf smiled very gently.

"Cain, the idea of getting a headquarters is not bad. If we have time, we'll go try it. also –"

" – I like the tea you make."

The elf left the room.

The knight turned around, moving towards the desk to sit down, picking up the cup of tea, he looked at it, draining the remaining tea in one gulp.

"... Isn't it... a little too sweet."

When evening arrived, the rain had finally stopped.

In the fields around the village, several small figures popped out to look around.

Then, more gnomes came out, placing ores in front of each home, and knocking on the door. When facing the homeowners who opened the door, they took off their hats and bowed and what welcomed them were not hoes, but the villagers' smiles and greetings.

"The Gnome Village now, finally lives up to its name."

Standing on the balcony of the second floor of the Gnome Inn, the elf spoke to himself.

"You're not worried that there might be problems? Since two different species are living together."

"I trust the gnomes. – And I trust in humanity's good-will."

"But you still wrote a letter to the Queen, asking her to keep an eye out on the situation here?" the knight grinned.

"Trust does not equal naivety." The elf replied, "Hope for the best, plan for the worst, that was also learned from humans."

" 'Also'?"

"Along with lying."

"If this continues, I'll really start to lose faith in my own race." The knight sighed, "...To be the same race as a bastard that would kill a whole foreign race for a few black crystals."

"That's only the dregs of human society, not even worth being called a human. If it helps comfort you for me to say this, Cain... I do like humans."

"Along with lying?"

"Yes. Along with hard working, passionate, never giving up hope. – These are the true racial trait of humans."

"I'm going to blush ...should I write this in the journal like Julian?"

"... Forget it, pretend I never said anything. Unconsciously going into lecture

mode is a fatal flaw.”

“But I think it’s very cool.”

“...Please spare me, really. It’s so embarrassing.”

Translator’s Notes:

Wow... no notes from me this chapter. But we did get another cute Cain/Ellen moment. Who knew Ellen can be so harsh when he wants to be lol, but now I’M feeling proud to be human X3 Ellen, you need to go into your lecture modes more often! I agree with Cain, it’s cool.

Ed:

(i) Oh...how I love your thinking process Shelly... I can almost see the Cow giving a sigh of relief when his suggestion was denied xD *Moووو*

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Mage Academy

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo – is totally working overtime I should prepare more brib....er...cookies

Chapter 2: Mage Academy

The mysterious castle where the sun sets on high ground, the only place for mages to gather in the whole continent.

Early on in the Legendary Era, this isolate ivory tower, was difficult for normal people to be even near its vicinity.

Of course, normal people would not have the courage to come near this place.

Any regular mage has the ability to come up against a small elite team, and high mages can even annihilate a troop of several hundred soldiers in the moment it takes to raise a hand. And Magic Talent(1) is a power that is so strong it borders on being a curse, if it ever goes out of control, the damage radius can't even be compared to any normal disaster.

But even with such great fire power, the Mage Academy always maintains a clear neutral status.

The reason is simple, whilst the power of the Church and the Monarchy can be considered to be balanced, if mages were to lean towards either side, it can cause the destruction of this delicate balance. In the past there had been Grand Masters(2) joining into politics considering themselves to be activists, but in the end they were ruined, some even started large scale civil wars.

In the end, to be swept up in the whirlpool of power struggles, is also not something good. Although mages are strong, but they are still flesh and blood, robes can't block even the lightest hit from a sword or an arrow – the greatest healing magic, still cannot revive members that died on the spot.

Of course, in the end, the Mage Academy now is still financed by the Royal

Family. Thus the church developed the Paladin Order, bringing in large numbers of those with magic talent, on the surface it was a crusade against black magic and heathens, but in reality it was an ace in preparation against mages.

As ‘the last relic of the Legendary Era’, the Mage Academy, looked no different than it was three hundred years ago. The buildings form a circle, with a tall tower as the center. That is where the name ‘Mage’s Ring’ comes from. But there was another saying, that underneath the Mage Academy is a gigantic ring shaped ward, used to negate unsteady, dark mental waves.

In this peaceful era without foreign enemies or magical creatures invading, mages are not needed. Thus these gifted special soldiers, even though they want for nothing, are idle. They are not imprisoned, and can leave here to return to society, but what awaits them is the fear and respect of regular people. Even though they have gained other worldly abilities, money, power, honor and so on, but to most of them, that has lost its appeal early on. In the end, day after day, they could only spend their life exceeding the limits of the body, in seeking even greater power.

To approach God, challenge God, replace God.

The power to destroy and rebuild the world, the power to surpass and rewrite nature’s laws –

If the ‘Mage’s Ring’ did not exist, then this place might become a black magic hell.

To control this power, for a large part relies on the choice of the Grand Mage.

The Grand Mage must have the prestige to gain all the mage’s respect, or intellect and talent, at the same time having certain diplomacy, in order to gain the highest benefit for the Academy. Most importantly, they must have basic morality, with not love of bullying the weak, or killing innocent people.

On these three points, the current Grand Mage John Cavendish, passes completely.

Granted his diplomatic ability is a little weak, but a kind personality with no ambition, plus a love for research on healing magic, he is highly praised by both the church and the royal house.

Mr. John Cavendish is around ninety years old, but still seems to be full of energy. His image is different than what the rest of the world perceives, living at the top of a tall tower in the company of books every day, but rather in a small house outside of the tower, living an ordinary along with his wife who was also a mage and a large number a cats.

While the Grand Mage was reading the Queen's letter, his wife placed down afternoon tea and a tray of snacks, then smiling, watered the plants with water element spells. The dwarf climbed onto the window, looking at the scene outside with extreme excitement, but every time the Grand Mage coughed, he would turn around, staring at the elder with respect. – Wishing he could grow another pair of eyes.

The Grand Mage quickly finished reading the letter, and started asking for the details of the curse the siren was under. The knight carefully described the shape of the blood magic circle, as well as his own observations. In the process, the Grand Mage listened quietly, not planning to interrupt him at all.

Once the knight finished speaking, the Grand Mage nodded, turning to look at the siren. Under his gaze, the normally unrestrained siren, started to become a little uneasy.

“No need to be scared,” the Grand Mage said, “I don't plan to try and release your illusions. To live in the human world, getting used to disguising yourself isn't a bad thing. What is your name?”

“Shelly – Shelly Raphael.”

“Alright Shelly, are you a mage apprentice? Whose student?”

“No...” the siren replied in a small voice, “no one taught me.”

“Do you like magic?”

“Yes.” The siren nodded seriously.

“That's good,” the Grand Mage released a breath, leaning back on his chair, “regarding a demon contract that's reached the stage of merging conscious, there are two ways of dealing with it. If you were not a mage, I could hypnotize you and enter your subconscious, and forcefully sever your connection to the demon, but that is a little dangerous, and might cause damage to your

memories.”

“And if I’m a mage?”

“Preventing mental control could be considered a necessary lesson for mages,” the Grand Mage replied, “the demon isn’t very strong, you only need to make up for this lesson, then you could remove it yourself. – The only downside is that this method will take some time, so you might need to stay here for around half a month.”

The siren looked at the others a little uneasily, “Ellen, Cain, Julian, you’ll stay as well?” (i)

“We won’t leave you,” the knight patted his head, “since we don’t have anything else to do currently. – As long as there is still space to live in the Mage Academy.”

“Even if the Mage’s Ring is currently lacking everything, we won’t be lacking in empty rooms,” the Grand Mage smiled a little bitterly, “Sir Paladin should know this the best. – You are very welcome to stay, please treat this as your own home, and feel free to use it. ... Also, if possible, nnn... let’s rest for today.”

“Did something happen?” the elf noticed the hesitation in his words, and asked.

“It’s nothing major.” The Grand Mage shook his head.

“Some trouble regarding magical creatures?”

The Grand Mage looked at him a little shocked, then smiled a little embarrassed, “I see I can’t hide from the Captain.”

“The gnomes returned to Gnome Village, I guessed something similar might have happened in the Mage Academy.”

“I apologize, this should have waited until Shelly’s problem has been solved.” The Grand Mage nodded, “Actually, we do require your assistance. –But, since the second letter is addressed to my apprentice, let’s wait for her return tomorrow before discussing it.”

“Alright, there is one other thing – about a mage that appeared in the Gnome Village.” The Elf stood up, passing over the note with the man’s writing to the

Grand Mage, “a man around thirty years old, with a mole at the left corner of his mouth, he could use low level magic without incantations.”

“Ah... Myers.” The Grand Mage shook his head, “Yes, a month ago, he passed the high mage test, then left without informing anyone.”

“The texts he took from the Academy, has been returned.”

“Yes, thank you very much. May I ask, he is...?”

“Sorry,” the elf replied, “he killed someone.”

The Grand Mage was silent for a long while, before saying a little sadly, “We should be the ones apologizing. You did what you had to do.”

Translator’s Notes

1. 魔法天赋 – Did I ever clarify this? I can’t really remember but basically translates as ‘born with magical abilities’ or something similar. Thus: Magic Talent
2. So previously I used ‘Chief Mage’ for the title of the head of the Mage Academy....but I’ve always been dissatisfied with it... It took me 30 something chapters to think of a better name T^T but “Grand Master” seems so much better So Grand Master it will be! (I did go back to the previous chapters and changed it... I’m actually not sure if I caught it all but oh wellz)

Ed’s note

(i). finally his childish side reveals itself...so cute

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A Message that Transcended Time

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo – is totally working overtime I should prepare more brib....er...
cookies Chapter 3: Message that Transcended Time

The door opened by itself, a completely black cat came in, jumping lightly onto the Grand Mage's shoulder.

"Mewlice,"(1) the Grand Mage petted the cat's head absentmindedly, saying softly, "we have guests, I'll play with you in a moment."

Hearing the cat's name, the elf lifted his eyes towards him.

"... Mr.Cavendish, does the Academy keep records of students after they have graduated?"

"Though we do keep records according to procedure, but some people don't come back to report, so it's not complete. Why?"

"I want to ask, about what happened to a mage called Anna Teal."

The Grand Mage looked at him, then smiled slightly.

"I should have realized earlier, you must be Mr Dawntracker. – There is a letter here for you."

He stood up, searching through the rows of books, then from inside a thick book, took out a well preserved parchment passing it over to the elf.

"It's from my teacher... fifty years ago. If you had come a few years later, I fear this mission would be passed along to my apprentice."

The elf took the paper looking down, and immediately had difficulty breathing.

There was no writing on the parchment, with simple childish drawing, on the middle of the parchment was a girl with a pair of animal ears on her head.

"Mr.Dawntracker?" the Grand Mage looked at him, asking in concern, "Do you need to rest? You don't look so well."

“It’s nothing,” the elf shook his head, “... Please excuse me for a moment.”

He walked out the door unsteadily. The knight stood up, nodding to the Grand Mage, and left following after the elf.

The Grand Mage took in his surroundings. Mewlice was already sitting on the siren’s lap, purring contentedly, under the attention of the youth’s petting fingers.

“Now then, Mr.Dwarf over there,” the Grand Mage suddenly said, “You have been staring at me since some time ago, did you want to say something?”

The dwarf pushed back the chair and stood up, spilling the cup of tea on the table.

“Ellen! Where are you going?”

The elf continued to walk forward, his head down, walking quickly – this is probably the first time he had ignored the knight’s call. The knight felt that this was even stranger, finally he could only widen his steps to catch up to the elf, reaching out he grabbed his shoulders.

“Ellen!”

As if he had just noticed the knight’s existence, the elf stopped, turning to look at him.

“Cain,” he said in an absentminded voice, “it’s Anna. – The letter was written by Anna. My... teammate in the past.”

He could feel the elf’s thin shoulder shaking slightly under his hand, noticing this, the knight’s heart clenched.

Please, God –

Even though the past can’t be changed, at least don’t let this letter be bad news.

Don’t add more burden onto him.

Even when he was a paladin, the knight had no memory of ever praying so desperately.

The elf took a deep breath, steadying his emotions, brushing his finger across

the picture on the parchment, and chanted the incantation for a breeze spell.

Following his chant, ink on the parchment started to disperse, once it had disappeared, new words started to form.

“Ellen!!!! You big fat liar!!!!”

There was a lot of exclamation marks. The elf could imagine the golden haired girl standing in front of him, her face full of anger.

“But since you still remember to come to the Mage Academy to ask after me, I’ll forgive you, hmph.

In these two hundred years I’ve spent a lot of time researching on magical healing, about your situation, probably no one understands more than I.

In light of how you’ve always been so reckless, I think I should tell you this.

These words only appear once! Memorize it!

Physically, the loss of your stamina, sensitivity and so on is not permanent, you can probably regain your full power after training for a while. The decrease in magical power is more severe, but considering you’re not a mage, this part can be ignored.

All magical defense is also decreased by a certain percentage, that means the damage you take from magic will be higher than before, probably around twenty percent. Chaos magic could reach up to thirty percent. So don’t run around trying to fight mages by relying on your agility, if you get hit it’ll really hurt a lot. Please let the knight in your team know this.

Some additional information regarding resistance, Light Magic, meaning buffing and healing magic are exceptions.(2) When these two are cast on you, their effect would only be a little over half their original strength. The healing rate of your injury would also be significantly slower – tell your priest not to cry, it’s not his/her fault.

Also, about absorbing energy from the Spirit Stone of the Moon, all our plans have failed. In conclusion, other than through natural process, there is no other way to wake you up earlier. Sorry.

But don’t feel sorry for me, I haven’t wasted these two hundred years.

Because Yang · Wolfin(3) is the 'Werewolf Anna', were you able to guess? I'm the Grand Mage. What, you don't believe me? How could you?!

... Alright, I didn't believe myself at first either.

Lastly, and most importantly, since you are reading this letter now, then one thing has been proven."

The ink started to disappear and appear again, the words became even larger.

"Congratulations! You did it! In the battle against the 'Death Dragon', the curse didn't take effect, all the members of the 'Unicorn Legion' are alive! A round of applause!"

The knight reached out an arm to circle around the elf's waist, pulling his wavering body against his own.

"... Then I have no regrets," the elf leaned his head against his shoulder, saying softly, "everything was worth it."

"It's not finished yet." The knight watched as new words started appearing on the parchment again, replying.

"I can't say more, I'm about to enter a long sleep.

A werewolf's lifespan, could only take me to this point.

I feel a little dissatisfied, if I could live for a few decade more, than I could have seen you wake up.

But, that's fine, because at this moment, someone must be standing by your side witnessing everything.

–Ellen's future team mate, please take care of him in our place.

Because he is our important family member, the best comrade, and an idiot who doesn't know how to take care of himself."

"... I couldn't agree more." The knight said.

The elf didn't argue, only turned his face as if to hide, and continued reading.

"Also: We have left something for you here, you have to go get it.

But in order not to let someone else take it, we might have added a bit too

many traps.

So, for safety's sake, wait till you've gathered six people before going.

Warning! This is no joke!

–It really is dangerous!”

The words disappeared, the ink gathered to form a new picture. After a few minutes, no new changes appeared. In the end the parchment settled into a map of the continent. At a far corner, was a small mark of a star.

–Anna Teal.

Joined in the second year of the formation of the 'Unicorn Legion', a fourteen year old mage apprentice.

Rather than say that she volunteered to join, it was better to say that she begged the legion to let her stay in order to cover up the changes caused by being bitten by a werewolf.

Her personality was too kind, it could almost be said to be weak. She missed the Mage Academy, missed the kitten, Mewlice, that she took in, and would cry in her bed every night until she's a mess.

The first time she witnessed someone killed, because of her sharpened senses, she threw up for the whole day. And couldn't recover even after the Priestess Rita cast several soothing spells.

No one could blame her, after all she was just a fourteen year old child, to be able to hold on is already uncommonly brave.

But in this type of environment, she grew with astonishing speed. In the fifth year of the legion's founding, she was already one of the main fighting forces in the team. Also, whether it was because of the change in environment, or the effect of werewolf blood, even her personality had changed to become more energetic and outgoing.

Even though she has a forthright appearance, she was especially keen on details and had sharp instincts.

The night before the battle against the 'Death Dragon', she had forced the elf to make all kinds of promises, that 'everyone will survive' must also include the

elf himself.

–He almost didn't get past her.

Of course, strictly speaking, the elf didn't lie, just hid the fact that he would fall into a long sleep.

But to her, to everyone else in the 'Unicorn Legion', it was actually a lie.

He had completely spent up the ten years of trust from everyone, leaving behind a letter of farewell.

Other than detailing the ritual needed to awaken him, it was all full of apologies.

There was a large possibility, that they would live, he would as well, but with no chance of reunion.

It couldn't be said they were separated by death, nor did they part ways in life.
(4)

They were just, separated by three hundred years of time.

Translator's Notes

1. Mew + Alice = Mewlice
2. She means exceptions to increase vulnerability. Since if Ellen has increase vulnerability towards light magic then he'd get extra heals but nope.... It's the opposite, damn that sucks >.< Increase damage, decrease heals, that's one strong debuff.
3. For those of you who don't remember, that was the person that Cain quoted from in the chapter 'Midnight Conversations'. When he talked about the enrolment advertisement for the Mage Academy.
4. 既称不上死别, 也称不上生离 – “生离死别” is a proverb that translates to something like 'to be separated in life and death', '生死' means life and death, and '离别' means to part ways, literally translates to 'separation in life and parting at death'. It's normally used to describe people who are separated forever either by death or each going their separate ways. Ellen's playing on words saying they haven't been separated by death nor did they part ways in life. (He's using the literal meaning rather than the proverbial

meaning.)

All these gaming terms... kinda makes me want to go back to MMO... but if I did, I'll get sucked in again, and won't surface for a while. Gaming is so fun...but so evil...

Ed: Fallout 4 Wheeee....

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Between the Past and Future

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo

Chapter 4: Between Past and Future

And three hundred years later, he finally received the letter, written inside was the answer he was waiting for.

–But is this really all that he had hoped for?

The elf thought back to the historical texts he had researched, records about Yang Wolfin.

The longest running, and widely acclaimed as the best Grand Mage.

Author of uncountable number of books, spent her life inventing and improving over fifty types of healing spells and potions, surpassing the contribution of any mages in history.

On the front of measuring magical power and resistance, she left an extremely accurate proposal.

Why she would be so focused and motivated on researching something so boring, and without much use, is something that everyone had thought of as a mystery.

She lived for two hundred and seventy two years, far surpassing the limit of any normal human's lifespan, people said that it was a reward from the heavens to her for saving so many lives.

Someone so great, the last words before her passing were: "Actually, I'm starting to forget their faces."

–No one knows who 'they' were.

She said 'don't feel sorry for me'.

But, Anna, are you satisfied with this ending?

I stubbornly rewrote yours, and 'their' life trajectory, what I wanted might not be just 'for everyone to survive'.

I want to know, if you had lived lives that you could claim as happy.

The elf lifted the parchment, looking at the small star mark.

—This star, will it give me the answers I want?

“Do you want to go?”

The elf's thoughts returned to the present, the knight was looking at him with burning eyes.

“Do you want to go to that place?” the knight asked again.

“I don't know,” the elf shook his head, “I'm a little...scared.”

The knight didn't ask what he was scared of, just locked their fingers together, gripping the elf's hands tightly.

“It's still not over, Ellen,” he said, “Your story is still not over.”

“—No matter what the future brings, I will witness it till the end.”

He finished speaking, and turned around, striding back in the direction they came from.

Mrs.Cavendish finished watering the last plant, she lifted her head and saw the following scene.

In the setting sun, two young man linking hands, walking side by side on the small garden path.

“Oh,” the old lady said to herself a little surprised, “I should ask the old man... if the room arrangements, should be adjusted?”(1) Dinner was still held in the Grand Mage's home.

The dwarf finally gathered his courage, and blurted out to the Grand Mage the questions that he had thrown at the siren before, thus, this heated debate lasted until dessert time. But a lot of the times, the one answering was not the Grand Mage himself, but Mrs.Cavendish. — Clearly, in areas other than healing magic, she is the true expert.

This would greatly explain why the gentle Mr.Cavendish could handle any

situation — If there was something more terrifying in the world than a Grand Mage, it would be a Grand Mage pair.

After dinner, the Grand Mage was ordered by his wife to wash the dishes, and the lady took on the role of guide, leading them to the central tower. From the outside, there were only a few lit rooms in the tower. When they entered, it was more spacious than they had thought, they could immediately hear the echoing of their footsteps.

“It’s too big, without magic, cleaning would be a very difficult thing.” Mrs.Cavendish said smiling.

The she walked forward, the two ‘wall lamps’ on the side lite up silently, bright light immediately scattered across this ancient building giving off a lonely feeling.

“... Glow Spell?” the dwarf asked unsurely in a small voice.

“Yes,” the lady mage stopped, lightly touching the glowing sphere in the wall with her finger, “it will light up for around one minute every time energy is injected into the man made glow-stone, it’s one of Teacher Yang’s inventions.”

“Then, it has been in use for many years? Such an amazing device?”

“That’s right, when it first appeared, the students all fought to light it, so the halls were always lit up throughout the night.”

“It must have been a sight to see.”

“Yes, but now,” she muttered, “it’s been some years since we had any newcomers. The older ones... are already tired of such toys.”

“I won’t be tired,” the dwarf said in a small voice, “If it was me, I wouldn’t be tired of it even if I saw it a thousand times.”

“How do you do it?” the siren asked, “the glow spell?”

Mrs.Cavendish told them the incantation smiling gently.

The youth ran to the front of the group, carefully recited the incantation at the sphere. The sphere glowed, but different from Mrs.Cavendish’s orange yellow light, it glowed a ghostly blue and purple color.

“Water and chaos element,” said Mrs.Cavendish, “Of course, because you are

a siren.”

“Umm, blue is water, red is fire, yellow is earth, green is wind,” the dwarf counted on his fingers, “white is light, purple is chaos... right?”

“Yes, it was designed to match the signs on the textbooks,” the mage smiled again and said, “because talent combinations are different, every mage has their own unique colors.”(2) The dwarf hesitated for a moment, he seemed to want to try chanting the spell, but in the end he didn’t speak, only followed the group forward, silently watching the lights.

“We’re here,” Mrs.Cavendish stopped, inserting the key into the lock, “I heard from the old man, Mr.Captain would like it here. –This was where Teacher Yang used to live.”

“...Thank you,” the elf was silent for a while, as if he was trying to find his voice to reply, “thank you...very much.”

“Please wait a moment. It hasn’t been used in fifty years, it has to be tidied up.” Mrs. Cavendish blinked, stepped into the room first, then closed the door.

The lady mage touched the room’s candelabra with her staff, immediately the candles lit up one after another.

The room was regularly aired and dusted, there really wasn’t much need to tidy up.

Thick tomes filled the shelves, across from the window was a table, two single beds one on the left and one on the right, positioned against the wall.

This was Teacher Yang’s room, it was also where she grew up.(3)

Many times had she curled up in the blankets, and fell asleep looking at that small silhouetted by the light.

Teacher who was very good at taking care of people, would use the pen she makes papers with, and draw a star on the back of her hand as she refuses to sleep.

“It will chase away your nightmares.” Teacher Yang would say, “A star told me this, when I was young.”

It was many years later before she experiences the truth of this statement –

The Teacher Yan who was more than two hundred years old, was young once as well, and there was someone who had also protected her that gently as she grew up.

If she was not wrong, then Teacher Yang was Anna Teal, who had entered the ‘Unicorn Legion’ when she was fourteen, the mage apprentice who had not been heard from since. The star that she talked about, was the person she left the letter for, the current Captain of the ‘Unicorn Legion’, Ellen Dawntracker.

Thinking about it, the elf should be around three hundred, or even four hundred years old.

So many years, is he the same as Teacher Yang, watching familiar people grow up, grow old, and in the end, pass away?

If that was true, and he can still choose to hold the hand of a normal human, how much this would need...

The mage sighed lightly, waving her staff, silently the two beds moved to the center of the room against each other, leaving only a tiniest deceiving gap.

Then she opened the door, placing the key into the elf’s hand.

“Please rest well. – Shelly, Julian, your room is this way.”(4)

Translator’s Notes

1. YES!! DO IT!!!
2. Wait, so if all the students lit different spheres, and they all had different elements, wouldn’t the halls become very Christmassy? Lol. This means Mrs.Cavendish is a Fire and Earth Element.... I wonder if the hues would be different too... say you have more affinity towards fire than you do earth, would your glow be a redder tinged orange? Interesting thought.... And if Shelly lit up all the lights, I swear it’ll look very scary (I have an image of ghost lights seen from the outside of the tower lol, instant haunted house!)
3. By “also where she grew up” the author means Mrs.Cavendish, not Anna.
4. 请两位好好休息吧 – she is addressing both Ellen and Cain, it really translates to “please rest well both of you” but it sounds a little too impolite in English in comparison to Chinese lol.

I am actually really dissatisfied with the translation of Anna Teal's other name >.< I want to find a better translation, if anyone knows Chinese and have some idea (雅昂·沃夫林) please share!!

[<< Chapter Three Chapter Five >>](#)

Common Sense Does Not Apply

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo

Chapter 5: Common Sense Does not Apply

A dark shadow rushed past everyone, slipping into the room.

“Ah, Mewlice,” Mrs.Cavendish shook her head helplessly, “this is not your new domain.”

“Mewlice?” the knight asked a little confused, “has that cat been following us all along?”

“No,” the mage replied, “that’s probably one of the twins – the descendent of Teacher Yang’s pet ‘Mewlice’. It’s difficult to tell them apart, so we could only call them by their last name.(1) Either way, if you’re bothered by it, I’ll come and take her away in a moment.”

“It’s not a problem,” the elf smiled, “If it was...Yang, she would probably have let it stay.”

The lady mage looked at him, nodding, reaching out, she rested her hands on the shoulders of the siren and dwarf.

“Alright, follow me, children should go to bed early.”

“I’m already twenty eight...” the dwarf complained in a small voice.

The elf exchanged a glance with the knight, smiling, he said nothing.

The knight sighed, closing the door.

“Children? Hum?”

“Mew~” as if answering the knight’s question, Mewlice let out a long sound, coming over to brush against the knight’s leg.

“The psychological age is what’s important,” the knight bent down, petting the cat absentmindedly, “right, Mewlice?”

“What....is this?” the elf opened the other door inside the room and was shocked, there is a complicated device as tall as a person inside, “An alchemist workshop?”

At this moment, the sound of knocking came from outside.

“I almost forgot, there’s no water stored in the tower,” Mrs.Cavendish’s apologetic voice said from outside, “the bathroom set up inside relies on the fireball and water spell to activate, please allow me.”

“...I finally realize that I live three hundred years in the future,” the elf looked back at the knight, smiling, “there’s nothing like this in the Legendary Era.”

“Don’t look at me, there’s nothing like this in the Age of Reality either,” the knight shook his head, “there’s a popular saying in the Paladin Order that goes like this...”

“With God’s protection, you are invincible in this world, but mages — sorry, but mages belong to another world.”

The knight opened the door, and Mrs.Cavendish, denizen from another world smiled, raising the staff in her hand.

“Um... I’m not interrupting anything am I?” she looked at the expression on the elf and knight’s face, asking in surprise.

Mrs.Cavendish helpfully found some of her husband’s old sleeping clothes, but in the end, due to problems with the shoulder width, only the elf accepted gratefully.

“Is there some sort of magic added to this thing?” an hour later, the elf walked waveringly out of the bathroom, falling onto the bed, “if there is, it must be some sort of sleeping spell... yawn...”

“Hey hey,” the knight reached out a hand to mess his hair up, “don’t sleep before you’ve dried your hair.”

“Fu... Can’t stay awake.”

“Then play with the cat.” The knight placed the black cat onto the elf. In the end, Mewlice just sniffed the sleeping robes, and then jumped back into the knight’s arms, gently rubbing the knight’s hand with her head.

“Isn’t that your owner’s clothes, don’t you recognize it at all?”

“Because the smell is different, so she wanted to cover it,” the elf said, “to declare ownership.”

“Ahh,” the knight scratched the cat’s chin, “you can’t, I have an owner.”

“I don’t mind... Mewlice, Cain is yours.”

“Mew~” as if she understood, the black cat let out a satisfied sound, laying down in the knight’s arms quietly.

But after a while, she stood up again, and started to knead him with her front paws.

“What are you doing...” the knight asked helplessly.

“Kneading for milk.” The elf flip through an ancient book casually, and replied lightly, “it seems Mewlice really likes you, she thinks you’re her mother.”

“I’m male alright,” the knight lifted the cat, looking it in the eyes, “Mewlice, say Papa.”

“Mew~”

“No not mew, say ‘papa’.”

“Mew~”

“No, ‘papa’.”

“What is it, son.” The elf said lazily.

The knight speedily drop the cat, jumped over to catch the elf that was preparing to run away.

“An ancient joke,” he caught the elf’s wrist, looking at the other, “you will pay for this unnecessary provocation, hehe.”

“Don’t you think this goes against the knightly spirit,” the elf asked, his eyes half closed, “to resort to force arbitrarily.”

“Force?” the knight grinned, releasing one hand, “who said I will use it?”

Then he brought his hand to his lips and blew on it.(2)

The elf immediately realized his punishment and struggled to escape from him,

but the results was that the knight swiftly defeated him even before the battle started.

“I say, how childish are you... hey let go... wuuu... This is cheating...”

“You’re the one that challenged me first, so who is childish? Hmm?”

Mewlice silently watched the human and elf fight for territory, determining that they planned to give all the rights to the bed to her, she yawned satisfactorily, and took over the knight’s pillow.

“Are you awake now?” the knight suddenly let go, and grinned asking.

“Eh?” The elf woke up from his curled up defensive position, looking at him quizzically.

“You’re no challenge at all,” the knight shook his head, “at least wait until you’ve regained all your strength.”

“...Will that day come?”

The knight’s hand was strong and warm, his palm was calloused where the sword hilt is held, this can only be made from training tirelessly for many years. Only touching it, will make people trust in him.

The elf sat up, looking at his own palms.

The signs of ten years of battle have already disappeared after three hundred years of sleep.

Even if he trained every day, and the skin on his fingers thickened, but compared to before, the difference is too great.

If these can be regained by training, then what about the things he can’t regain?

Magic defense decrease, healing effect reduced by half.

Anna would not completely understand, as a mage without armor, to prevent injury, concentrating on attacks under the protection of your teammates, that is their duty.

But for an archer that’s different.

They can focus on attack like an mage, but other than that there is something

more important.

Even in a party, an archer is the best choice for solo attacks.

Moving around the party's surroundings, choosing the most difficult target, or interfering with the enemy, attracting enemy fire to give your companions a chance, and if necessary, at least be able to engage in close quarter combat for a short time. Of course, these would bring many injuries. And for the 'Unicorn Legion', the chance of fighting against magical attacks, is higher than that of physical attacks.

That means, an archer without magical defense –

“An archer that can only hide behind a shield, can't be considered a fighting force.”

The elf didn't notice, that he had spoken out loud.

“Ellen, Ellen.”

The elf lifted his head, the knight sat beside him, looking into his eyes.

“Did you forget? You are not just an archer.”

“Unn, it's only half of one now.” The elf smiled self-deprecatingly, his fingers clenched in a fist.

The knight shook his head in disagreement, pressing against his hands.

“Do you still remember the mission against the rebel army? There were four groups that were sent out, each with ten members, in the end only you received the right to see the Queen, why do you think that is?”

Translator's Note

1. Wait, what? The cats have last names? lol
2. Sorry, there was a mistake in the previous version, Cain did not bring Ellen's hand to his lips to blow on them, he brought his own hand. (The -universal-? sign for 'you're gonna get it, let me warm up my hand first')... too bad, i would have happily had a nosebleed for Cain doing....things... to Ellen's hands :3

OMG It's been too long TT^TT I'm soooooo sooo sooo sorry! I have a crazy project for my office to finish and this has been put on the back burner for a while... But i'm almost done!! Then I can get back to this!! Mwahahahaha

[<<Chapter Four Chapter Six>>](#)

Irreplaceable

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo

Chapter 6: Irreplaceable

“Because the other three parties didn’t face enemies in their assigned path, and I was lucky to be the leader of our party.”

“Wrong.” The knight replied, “Even if they did meet the enemy, that was something only our party could have done. And in our party, of the nine, including myself could have been replaced. Only you were unique.”

“Umm... that’s only night vision, racial trait and good luck.”

“Do you think any other elf, with nine pick-up mercenaries, can defeat a legion of fifty?”

“Unprovable,” the elf shook his head, “as there are no other elf on this continent.”

“Are you determined to be difficult,” the knight sighed, “that night I was using magic to increase vision. –You attracted the enemy’s attention, forced them to break their formation, gave us a chance to move and an opportunity to attack, which of these can be done by someone else?”

The elf didn’t reply.

“In the current ‘Unicorn Legion’, I am the knight, my duty is to protect my teammates. Shelly undoubtedly will become a good mage. Julian still has not decided on a path, but I trust his intelligence and drive, to find a place for himself in the team very quickly. – And you, Ellen?”

This time, the knight didn’t wait for the elf to reply, but continued onwards.

“No one understands battle tactics more than you, probably not in the future either. Do you plan to think of yourself as a regular archer, or the leader of a legion? As the center of the ‘Unicorn Legion’, your duty is not to protect the

members or attack the enemy, but to bring victory. – And you actually thought, that for the brain to be protected by the limbs, is a type of insult?”

“I...”

“You’ve said to me once, that you will ‘work hard for us’, but before the real fight has even started, you plan to retreat? To see yourself as the team’s burden, then feel sorry for yourself?”

“If that’s the case, Ellen,” the knight’s voice was kind but sad, “If that’s the case, then I’ve misjudged you. My captain, the master I have sworn myself to, only has this much bravery?”

“...Cain.” The elf’s eyes widened.

“Anna said, that you can regain your physical strength, that I believe, because the day I met you, you were a homeless refugee that couldn’t even draw a bow fully,” the knight smiled, “but what you really need isn’t strength or the recovery of your magic defense, but this.”

He pointed to the elf’s heart.

“Ellen, I don’t know what you were like in the past, but if your heart still remains three hundred years in the past, and refuses to move forward then—”

The knight stopped talking. Because the elf suddenly reached out, hugging him tightly.

“Sorry, Cain, I’m sorry,” the elf said lowly, “disappointing you, that will not happen a second time. You’re right, it shouldn’t be like this. – For me... to have such weak thoughts, it’s like I’ve been cursed or something.”

“There’s no problem with being weak once in a while,” the knight laughed lightly, “Even if you complain to me, I’ll still respond. But please don’t say things like ‘I can only hide behind a shield’ anymore. – How should I feel as the one holding the shield.”

“Sorry.” The elf also laughed, loosening his hold, the looked the knight in the eyes, “Thank you.”

“No need to be so polite,” the knight shook his head, “is this a common speech pattern three hundred years ago? ‘Sorry, thank you’(1)?”

“Hmm... that’s probably just me.” The elf replied embarrassedly, “it seems I’ve been told that in the past too, but I’ve never changed it.”

“Diplomatic, it feels very distant.”

“I’ll pay more attention, sor... ahem.”

“It’s not that bad, no need to force yourself to change,” the knight replied smiling, “anyways, being polite isn’t such a bad thing – you don’t know how great it is for someone to greet you every day, when I was still in that iron bucket.”

“So, ‘good morning’ is fine?” the elf asked carefully.

“ ‘Good morning’ is fine,” the knight lifted his hand, brushing away a few strands of hair from the elf’s face, “ ‘Good night’ as well. ... Goodnight, Ellen.”

The room was warmed by magic, the elf’s hair had already dried. The knight stood up, and blew out the candle.

“...Goodnight, Cain.” In the darkness, the elf replied.

“Mew.” Said Mewlice, generously relenting half of the pillow.

At around the same time, the dwarf was currently crouched inside the shower room of his own room, investigating the mechanisms of the shower.

“Ingenious idea,” the dwarf said, “but there’s still room for improvement.”

“The biggest problem, is the effectiveness. Cycling the water through the pipes, and at the same time using fire magic to heat, that idea is fine, but the structure and materials for the pipes aren’t efficient, heat will be lost if the area is too large, if that can be modified, it will reduce the magical energy needed by at least half.”

The siren listened to the dwarf mutter to himself, confirming that it’s completely outside of his understanding, he silently returned to his desk to practice writing. Occasionally pricking an ear up, to listen to movement outside.

Unfortunately, the high tower was a very sturdy building, the thickness of each wall is enough to block out all sounds from the outside. Thus allowing the mages to research in their own rooms, whether it was an explosion or the loud call of a summoned monster, it will not disturb anyone’s sleep.

But after writing ‘Raymond Raphael’ and ‘Shelly’ a hundred times, the siren started to become bored. Finally he climbed onto the bed, and entered dreamland very quickly. (2)

The dwarf secretly was muttering the fireball spell over and over again.(i)

However, the stone indicator in the shower, was still unresponsive.

Born with the advantage of high strength and physical defense, relatively strong magical defense, the dwarven race is suitable for any physical close quarter battles, with no inborn ability to wield magic. There had never been a dwarven mage in history. It is said, that the dwarven ancestors had offended the God of Magic, and the god cast an unbreakable curse on them.

“That’s not true,” the dwarf said quietly to himself, “an elf can be a berserker, orcs can become priests through training. Even if there is an inherent advantage and disadvantage, there is never a race that’s restricted by their trait, completely unable to take on a certain job. I just need to find the correct method, that’s all.”

“—If there is no precedence in history, then create the precedence. Like how Mr. Todd became the first dwarf to remain in the world above, I, Adventurer Julian, will become the first dwarven mage.”

He repeated this several times, as if that can make himself calm down.(3)

Translator’s Notes

1. ‘失陪抱歉非常感谢’- The very polite version of saying sorry and thank you... the English equivalent would be like... ‘my apologies’, ‘thank you kindly’ or something similar?
2. I envy Shelly’s ability to fall asleep quickly -_-;; basically his mind is like: ‘eat, sleep, tease Cain, think about Raymond’ and repeat lol. Or maybe ‘eat, sleep, sexual innuendos, Raymond’... the teasing Cain part is just a byproduct since Cain makes it so easy lol
3. You know, I feel sorry for Julian... but I’m interested to know more about this story that the god of magic cursed the dwarves and therefore they’re not able to use magic O_O That seems like an interesting piece of lore.

(i) at this point I was expecting something to go boom...and suddenly water spouting out the windows of the tower like a fountain ejecting the sleeping Shelley and a flustered Julian from the tower xD...too bad it didn't happen...or will it?

[<<Chapter Five Chapter Seven>>](#)

About that Elf's Memory

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo

Chapter 7: About that Elf's Memory

The first time that the knight saw the elf, was at the ground floor of the 'Mercenary's Home's' main area.

Other than the regular reception desk at the side of the main area, tables were put out at a set time in the mornings, providing a simple breakfast.

It was an uneventful morning near the end of December.

The sheriff didn't come to investigate, so there was no special need for him to hide.

The knight sat at a table near the door, flipping up a corner of his helmet, and sipping leisurely at the oatmeal porridge with a straw. (1)

This is probably the busiest time at the 'Mercenary's Home', in a moment, they will tear down notices on the notice board, starting the work for the day.

It was at that time that the elf came in.

Wearing thin threadbare clothes, if not for the dagger at his side, he would have surely been mistaken for a refugee.

Many people noticed the appearance of this unwelcomed guest, staring at his face and unusual ears with curious eyes.

The elf did not acknowledge anyone's stares, only walking straight to the reception, asking if there is room with a soft voice.

The one on duty was 'Old Man Jake', an old mercenary, after retiring he settled down as an intermediary for the mercenaries, managing the notice board, as well as taking care of the shop.

Old Man Jake was busy posting new missions on the board, pointing to the

price listing of the inn, he replied.

“S’long as ye c’n pay.”(2)

Since refugees started appearing, the rates for rooms in the ‘Mercenary’s Home’ has risen a lot, already exceeding what a normal citizen can afford. But the elf said nothing, not even revealing an expression of shock, only fishing out a few gold coins, paying the deposit and a month of rent. This generous move was completely contrary to his appearance, causing the Old Man Jake to become suspicious. He lifted the coins, examining them for a long while.

“The style’s old...” he said, “where’d ye get it?”

“Inherited,” the elf replied calmly, lifting his dagger, “along with the knife.”

Old Man Jake weighed him for a moment, taking the coin, and throwing a key to the elf.

“Excuse me but are you the intermediary?” the elf took the key, and asked, “if I want to take up a high paying job, what are the necessary requirements?”

There was a brief commotion in the room, more gazes turned towards them.

High paying, of course equals high risk, what is this new person thinking, to take on a difficult job(3) the moment he joins?

Old Man Jake lifted his eyebrows, weighing the elf’s weak appearance, “Ye’r an... assassin?”

“Archer.” The elf replied.

At that moment someone also came up to the reception. It was the leader of the ‘Eagle Mercenary Troops’, he had the humorous name of Pugas Pauldron(4), but if someone were to laugh at his name, they would immediately be beaten until they can’t laugh anymore. Thus when people mentioned him, they used the moniker “Iron Gauntlet” instead.

“Oi rookie, you’ve got some guts,” Iron Gauntlet said in a falsely cheerful voice, “this old man can’t get anything worthwhile, why not join us? Short term job, the payout ain’t bad.”

“Gauntlet,” Old Man Jake’s brows were knitted together, “I’m talking ta ‘im.”

“It’s not like I’m forcing anything,” Iron Gauntlet looked at the elf meaningfully, “It’s just an ‘invitation’, he has the right to choose.”

‘Eagle Mercenary Troops’ is a group that only accepts close quarter fighters, such as warriors and rogues, but Pauldron is a leader that’s very enthusiastic about ‘getting familiar with rookies’. Meaning that, if the new people entering the ‘Mercenary’s Home’, were fairly good looking, they would often become his target. Since there are no females in the mercenary community in Elvira, and ‘the Mermaid’ costs money, combining these two points, relaxing on some of the gender criteria, is not really a problem. – In any case, the elf really does have a beauty that’s hard to ignore.

And rookies do have a freedom to choose, if they don’t have enough ability and strength, their only choice is to yield, give up being a mercenary, or to rely on some other power. Thus a few of the friendlier archers, quietly suggested for this peer to find some other group to rely on.

“Thank you,” the elf turned to nod at them in thanks, but didn’t look at Iron Gauntlet even once, “I prefer working by myself.”

Iron Gauntlet was not looking all that angry, for running into this problem.

“Really, you don’t look like you have much experience, you don’t need any instructions? Doing it yourself, isn’t as fun as doing it with someone else. — Give it a try, you might feel good, and come begging me for more, beauty.”(5)

The ‘hint’ had become obvious, to one side a few members of the ‘Eagle Troop’ laughed. Receiving such support, and with no reaction from the elf, Iron Gauntlet reached a hand out to drape over his shoulder.

The moment his hands touched the elf, the elf suddenly grabbed his hand, turning sideways and under his arm, the elf twisted behind him, and pulled hard. The warrior was not prepared for this kind of attack, his large body losing balance. Waving he tried to brace himself, but the elf had already lifted his foot to kick the bend of his knees, in the next second, Iron Gauntlet was kneeling on the floor.

The room was silent, many people had expressions of shock on their faces.

This was not some highly skilled move, nor did it require a lot of strength, but

to have the courage to use that on Iron Gauntlet, was another matter altogether.

To cross him means to cross the twenty plus people in the 'Eagle Mercenary Troop', and under the principle of the matter not being about themselves, no one will rush to the newbie's aide.

"That's enough," Old Man Jake's rough voice said, "Get out if ye wanna fight."

"I don't have the desire or reason to fight," as if nothing had happened, the elf released Iron Gauntlet and stepped to one side, "as long as this gentleman does not touch me. – Please tell me what the requirements for an archer are?"

All sorts of calls rose from the main room, some were trying to smooth things over, others were hoping for a good show.

Iron Gauntlet stood up, seeming a little undecided, looking at the elf his expression changed from hatred to part hesitation part anger, his gaze dropping to the dagger at the elf's side.

–This wasn't like those rookies he was familiar with, but how skillful is he, for him to be brave enough to do that?

Old Man Jake looked at Iron Gauntlet warningly again, and replied.

"Fifty paces continuous shooting for a minute, at least thirteen arrows, get anything outside of the target or overtime is a fail."

That was fairly difficult, but not an impossible goal to reach, enough to test the skills. The archers looked at each other, trying to decide in their mind who would be able to do this for certain.

"That's fine." The elf replied unblinkingly.

At that the archers were wild, they were never able to stand the 'Eagle Troop's' overbearingness, and were all for standing by the elf and calling him brother. But there were also the cautions group, looking on with suspicious eyes.

"Not gonna fight, is it?" Iron Gauntlet suddenly laughed maliciously.

He went back to his table, slapping his left hand on the table, "I'll be the banker, I bet pointy ears will lose, who's in?"

The members of the Eagle Troop fought to place coins in his left hand, after a moment there was a small mountain of coins sitting there. And the right hand representing the elf was still empty.

“No way,” Iron Gauntlet let out an expression of shock, “no one wants to bet on our sharp eared little rabbit?” (i)

Translator's Notes

1. ROFL a rust bucket sipping porridge with a straw
2. He didn't actually say it like that, but there's no accent or way to indicate accept (other than describing it) in Chinese. So I took a bit of liberty to play around... at least that's what I imagined he would speak like lol... rough old man with a no-nonsense attitude and all
3. 一上来就想啃硬骨头 – literally translates to wanting to swallow a hard bone the moment it comes up. “Biting off more than they could chew”? Or something similar.
4. 匹格斯 伯特恩 – Pugas is probably the correct translation, but Pauldron... probably not so much, but I decided to go with that because...well, they call him the Iron Gauntlet, and pauldrons...gauntlets... armor... you know (PS. Pauldrons are like the shoulder pad/armor thingies, I just found out recently Yay cosplay research?) Oh god, that was weak even for me...oh wellz
5. Urg...sleazebag... yuck, I feel like I need to take a bath just translating that lol

Ooooo I like this, Cain and Ellen's meeting

(i) I bet 1000 gold on the 'so called' rabbit (^_^) v

[<<Chapter Six Chapter Eight>>](#)

Bet

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo

Chapter 8: The Bet

The crowd jostled, but no one came forward.

Finally, a small rogue separated from the crowd to come forward.

He glared into Iron Gauntlet's eyes, placing a coin in his right hand.

"Little Fil," Iron Gauntlet narrowed his eyes at him, "I hear you joined the 'Thorns'? So your wings become hardy eh."

"I didn't have the courage to refuse you in the past," the rogue called Fil replied, "but someone will do it someday."

His small body was shaking, even though he was scared, but he still held Iron Gauntlet's gaze.

"'Someone will' is it," Iron Gauntlet laughed, saying in a pitying tone, "Bbut other than you, who else is there? --The friendship between weaklings sure ius touching."

The knight groped inside his coin pouch, there were two coins left inside, so he stood up walking towards Iron Gauntlet.

"The silent Iron Bucket Cain," Iron Gauntlet looked at the warrior in heavy armor in interest, "What is it, as a warrior, are you going to vote in glory for the archer's loss?"

"Two coins," the knight replied, "I bet the elf will win."

He emptied the coin bag onto the table, ignoring Iron Gauntlet's expression, returning to his place by the door and sat down.

"Damn that armor is too cool, I'm gonna fall in love with him," the one who spoke was the younger of the pair of mercenary siblings, he stood up, ignoring

his brother's attempts to stop him, coming forward to place the coin down on the table, then he looked at the elf smiling, "my lunch money today depends on you, don't let me down, my elven friend."

This energetic atmosphere set the precedence, many could no longer resist, all coming forward to place bets.

Most of the archers, and of all the younger mercenaries mostly chose to stand on the elf's side, and those who were more cautious or those who didn't want to insult the Eagle Troops, chose Iron Gauntlet. There were also those who chose to observe, but not many could resist the chance to join in the fun.

"One hundred and three to thirty five." Iron Gauntlet announced, "Anymore bets?"

The elf who was watching from the side the whole time, placed a gold coin among the small pile.

"I bet I will win," he smiled, saying, "that's all I have left after paying the rent, too bad, I missed a chance to earn some coin."

When he said it, those who supported the elf cheered, and those who bet he would lose revealed expressions of slight uncertainty. A few more came forward, betting on the elf's side.

Iron Gauntlet glared at the elf, as if to kill him with his gaze alone. But the elf ignored it once again, going towards an archer nearby, asking very politely if he could borrow his weapon and glove.

On the inside of the outer wall of the Mercenary's Home hung targets for archery practice, the distance from the outer wall to the entrance of the main building was almost fifty yards. The gallery separated to two sides, and of those who have heard of the commotion and came to join the fun, many ran up to the second floor, hoping to find a good position to watch the performance. – Of course, no one stood near the position of the target, since within fifty yards, the strength of the arrow is still very strong.

The elf came out holding a wooden bow, placing the quiver on the ground, he looked at Old Man Jake.

The old mercenary sat down, placing the hourglass timer on the table.

“Ye c’n start, whenever ye’r ready.”

The elf nodded, taking out the first arrow and placing it on the string, pulling the bow.

The crowd let out a sound of disappointment, the archers looked at each other, their expressions were troubled. And seeing this scene, Iron Gauntlet suddenly started laughing.

The knight in the iron armor sighed lightly.

Weak. Too weak.

Normally a hundred pounds is needed for the bow to be fully drawn, and the elf only drew it halfway, that means there’s only about fifty to sixty pounds of pull strength, the level a young woman can reach after training.

“God,” Iron Gauntlet was almost in tears from laughter, “if I knew you were a girl in disguise, I would have treated you gentler, little girl.”

The elf ignored these taunts, releasing.

Old Man Jake turned the hourglass, at the same time, the arrow flew towards the target.

“Bullseye.” The few people with good vision called out, a few of the more curious moved a few steps closer to the target.

The elf continued to release the second arrow without stopping, then the third, the fourth.

Without a doubt they all hit the target.

The crowd was silent, more people carefully moved towards to target, some exclaimed in admiration and shock.

He didn’t just hit the target, every arrow was accurately placed within the red circle in the center.

“So you are a man,” at the sixth arrow, Iron Gauntlet finally couldn’t hold back, “but shooting too fast isn’t good, a man needs endurance.”(1) This time no one could be bothered with him, everyone was staring in the elf’s direction. That irritated Iron Gauntlet immensely, so he signaled the members of the Eagle

Troop, then continued to shout insults. Profanities continued to pour from his mouth non-stop, a few of the younger more impressionable mercenaries were blushing hotly from listening.

The elf's movements started to become unsteady, one arrow landed away from the red center, some people thought he was influenced by the provocations, angrily shouting at Iron Gauntlet to shut up. But a few noticed what the true abnormality was, the knight was one of them.

Occasionally there would be some unnatural spots of light lingering on the wall.

At the moment most of the crowd was already stationed close to the targets, and the members of the Eagle Troop was scattered amongst the crowd, using small white metal plates in their hands to reflect the sunlight, every time the elf aimed, they would aim at his eyes.

But Old Man Jake who was acting as judge was concentrated on the hourglass, and had not noticed this at all.

The knight frowned, thinking about whether or not he should speak up. But he had already stood out too much today, if he revealed himself even more, it would surely cause unnecessary complications.

Luckily at this moment, the elf stopped.

"Let that be a practice run," he said "is that alright?"

"Yah," Old Man Jake looked at him in confusion, "Even though you haven't missed a shot. But why?"

"I wanted to confirm something," the elf said, "If something other than the practice target was to be hit, that would still be considered a 'miss'?"

"Course." Old Man Jake looked baffled.

"Then," the elf smiled, "please help me announce this, if those gentleman over there continues to use those metal plates to interfere with my sight, I will grant their wish and lose a gold coin. But, they might lose something more important because of this, an eye for example or their lives."

"Ye heard 'im," Old Man Jake immediately realized, frowning he shouted,

“Whoever decides ta play more tricks, c’n pack up an’ leave ‘Mercenary’s Home’ t’day!”

“Thank you very much.” The elf nodded, and started to draw the bow once again.

The knight let out a breath in relief, moving to lean on the wall, watching the elf’s movements.

Honestly, he looks exhausted. Pale and weak, uneven breathing, every time he drew the bow seemed to require all his strength, occasionally he would bite his lips unconsciously, as if being in pain. Only his eyes, were focused to the front from the very start, as if burning with a green flame, proud and blazing.

“Dazzling.”

That was the only word the knight could think of to describe it.

But not like sunlight, bright enough to illuminate all things, but a fire to burn away everything, a shooting star blazing trail of light in people’s eyes.

The knight suddenly had a strange thought.

–The elf did not belong here, it seemed as if he did not belong even to this world.

The thirteenth arrow mark has been reached, the sand in the hourglass continued to trickle down.

In the crowd someone started counting in a small voice, then the sound slowly became louder.

Fourteen, Fifteen, Sixteen...

It had already reached the limit for speed shooting, still not a single arrow left the center of the target.

What was more terrifying was that, the elf didn’t not spend a lot of time aiming, rather most of his concentration was used on drawing the bow.

Although his body had already reached the limit, almost unable to stand, but he still stubbornly continued to repeat the movements.

“Time’s up!” Old Man Jake announced, just when the crowd shouted ‘twenty’.

Translator's Notes

1. I'm fairly certain that's supposed to be some sort of vulgar remark.... *pauses*
.... Oh... I get it now...nvm *facepalm*

Damn Ellen! YOU ARE AWESOME!!! That was so cooooooolllll

And Cain's description of Ellen as a shooting star was so pretty... I'm not really sure I did it justice with the translation.

[<<Chapter Seven](#) Chapter Nine>>

Shooting Star

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo

Chapter 9: Shooting Star

The crowd cheered. (1)

Iron Gauntlet had planned to slip away in the commotion, but a large part of the people had already turn their attention to him. A few of the more impatient young men were already shouting.

“You lost!(2) Hand over the money!”

Thus he could only spit moodily, taking two gold coins and throwing it to the floor, turning he left the celebrations that did not belong to him. Seeing the situation, the members of the Eagle Troop also dispersed.

Those who won the bet rushed forward to crowd around the elf, all speaking at once.

The elf smiled a little tiredly at them, then walked over to the only archer that didn't come near.

“Oh God... this is terrible... I'll be killed by Iron Gauntlet...”

The archer, seemed to be called White, hid shaking in a corner, almost in tears.
(3) The elf picked up the two gold coins, passing one to him.(4)

White's face grew even paler, “No no, I don't know you... the bow you used isn't mine...”

“You didn't help me, this is just a business transaction,” the elf said kindly, “this is rent, the two of us are cleared. – If someone comes to bother you, the people here can be witness.”

He placed the bow and gloves on White's knees, then turned to the small rogue Fil.

“Without your support, I wouldn’t have been able to win,” the elf placed the second gold coin in his palm, “for having the courage to rebel, hero Fil.”

“For having the courage to rebel!” someone repeated this line, then more people joined in, “Hero Fil!”

The Rogue had probably never been this honored and attended in his life, he ducked his head down, his face was completely red.

“Don’t make such a ruckus in th’ courtyard, git outta ‘ere!” Old Man Jake rolled his eyes, “God, what a mess. If some’un outside hears, they’d be thinkin’ this be a rebel camp.”

The mercenaries all laughed, then started to disperse in twos or threes.

The knight also straightened away from the wake, preparing to leave quietly.

“Cain... is it?” the elf’s voice forced him to stop, “Thank you.”

“I thought you had a winning chance,” the knight didn’t even turn around to speak, replying coldly, “Doesn’t mean I’m on your side.”

“From the results it is the same thing,” the elf’s voice carried laughter, “so, thank you very much.”

It was as if the knight didn’t hear him, leaving with large strides.

“Don’ mind ‘im, e’s always been like that.” Old Man Jake said, “Now, young’un, lemme see what type a’ job suits ye.”

The elf smiled, “I’m not too picky. But, magical creatures are my field of expertise.”

Old Man Jake lifted his head, looking at him strangely, “Magical creatures? What’s that? Some’in to do with mages?”

The elf froze in shock, “That is... um, gnomes, undines, unicorns and such.”

“Young’un, ye sure like ta joke,” Old Man Jake laughed, “Don’t tell me ye specialize in killin’ dragons.”

“I can’t say I specialize in it,” the elf shook his head a little embarrassed, “but I have slayed some before, two. Of course that is not a mission that a single person can complete. Erm... there aren’t any dragons nearby are there?”

“We don’t have anythin’ from the Age of Mythology here,” Old Man Jake laughed even harder, slapping the elf’s shoulder, almost toppling the elf, “how ‘bout this, why don’t ya take the wizard contract?”

“Wizard?”

“Hm,” Old Man Jake nodded, “Sherriff’s posted the wanted poster, catch the black market merchant Daniel. Twenty gold, dead or alive.”

“That sounds good. I accept.”

“Don’t be careless, ‘twas five gold originally, a warrior and a rouge died for it ta raise that high.” Old Man Jake’s face darkened, “Some say he’s a wizard that uses black magic, now no one will accept it. But, since ye said you’ve got experience with magic, I figure an archer against cloth, that’d be an advantage?”

“Then can I use this dagger as mortgage for a few gold?” the elf suddenly thought of something, asking in concern, “that is... to buy gear.”

“Ye... for real?” Old Man Jake’s eyes were wide, “after givin’ out two gold coins so generously?”

“Sorry, I got excited and...” the elf lowered his head with embarrassment.

“Hahahaha I’ve never seen some’un like ye my while life!”

Old Man Jake laughed out loud again, reaching out to smack the elf’s back, the elf hurriedly dodged to one side.

The old merchant took out a few coins from his pocket, giving it to the elf, “Don’t need yer knife, take this fer now.”

“Thank you very much.” The elf said.

“Nothin’ ta thank me for,” Old Man Jake looked at him a little worriedly, “if ye don’t survive, ye’v still payed rent.”

“Then I will do all I can to return alive.” The elf replied, “will I find him at the black market tonight?”

“T’night?” Old Man Jake shook his head, “ye sure are impatient, at least rest fer a night, wait fer t’morrow.”

“Thank you for your advice.” The elf nodded.

The knight stood on the stairs, silently watching the scene, but he left first, before they departed.

Old Man Jake was right, that was a very interesting fellow, he may be worth approaching.

—But before that, he would have to come back alive first.

So, on the second day the elf did not arrive for breakfast.

Quite a number of people had already heard the news that he had received a mission, that had also become a popular topic in the bar and dining table of the mercenaries.

Old Man Jake was tightlipped about the whole matter, so all sorts of conjectures and guesses appeared, causing tempers to go flying.

“No matter what, he won’t survive.” Regarding this scene, Iron Gauntlet would say bitterly.

The third day passed, the elf still did not appear.

The members of the Eagle Troop acted as if they had some sort of trustworthy information, raising their moral. Many others were also in a state of half belief and half denial, starting to lean towards grim conclusions.

By the fifth day, even the most optimistic were starting to lose hope.

The topic started to die down.

It was as if Iron Gauntlet’s position had not been shaken, even speaking louder than before.

The uproar that the elven archer had caused in the ‘Mercenary’s Home’, was like the ripples thrown into a pond, disappearing.

There was still no news of the death of the black market merchant, Daniel

The elf’s room continued to be locked, no candlelight came from inside.

In truth, other than Old Man Jake, no one knew the elf’s name, so they had no place to start investigating.

But for some reason, the knight never used the four silver coins that he had won from the bet.

On the seventh day, the knight sat by the door like always, drinking the tasteless porridge.

Until the door was pushed open, and a thin shadow came in, passing his table.

“Good morning, Cain.” A very polite voice greeted.

The knight did not lift his head, nor did he reply, but under the helmet, he smiled for the first time in two months.

Translator's Notes

1. ... I shouldn't... but... can't... resist... *breaks into song* “And the crowds will cheer, when they see my face, and a voice keeps saying, this is where I'm meant to be~~” Hopefully now that I've let it out, it won't get stuck in my mind (If it gets stuck in anyone's minds, I'm not taking the blame!)
2. 愿赌服输 – literally translates to ‘if you are willing to bet, accept your loss’.
3. Yes, that is the White that got shot in the...backside...by Ellen
4. Wait...I know Ellen bet 2 gold coins...but how about the other people who won? Gauntlet just threw down 2 golds lol what about the other 35 silver/coins of unknown value? ...Continues translating...oh, nevermind...

I think this is the last we've seen of Old Man Jake.... Damn am I glad, it was interesting writing his speech patterns, but don't think I'll be doing that again lol, plus I'm sure I did pretty horribly and butchered any semblance of a spoken language it is supposed to be. I don't even use shorthand when messaging friends, you can imagine how writing Jake's speech patterns might make me insane.

[<< Chapter Eight Chapter Ten >>](#)

Choice

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo

Chapter 10: Choice

The death of the legendary wizard, 'Black Market Merchant Daniel' was confirmed, Old Man Jake finally confirmed that it was done by the elf.

The mysterious archer became the popular topic in the 'Mercenary's Home' once again.

With a new topic to discuss after dinner, really gave the mercenaries the joys of gossiping.

The only one that was not happy, was Iron Gauntlet and his group.

Of course, being unhappy means there was going to be some follow up.

The morning of the next day, unsurprisingly, all the members of the Eagle Troop arrived at the lobby for breakfast.

They sat at two large tables talking and laughing loudly, but every one of them carried weapons.

But the elf did not appear.

Until breakfast time neared an end, most of the mercenaries had departed, did a figure pass the knight's table.

"Good morning, Cain."

The elf had changed out of refugee clothing, finally looking more like a normal mercenary. Only his health seems not to have recovered, he was still pallid, he seemed to have light shadows under his eyes.

Old Man Jake was not here, so breakfast became a buffet style.

The elf took two pieces of wheat bread, followed by black tea, finding an empty table to sit down.

Seeing this scene, many of the mercenaries who were planning to leave, suddenly found that they could chat for a few more minutes.

Thus, after a short moment of silence, the breakfast lobby became as noisy as before.

But the loudest, was still the two tables occupied by the Eagle Troop.

From time to time the words 'Black Market Merchant' could be heard, then it became louder, overpowering other's conversations.

"A single killing stroke from a knife, it sure was clean."

"It can't be helped, even if it was a wizard, to be in that type of unprotected situation?"

"That type of situation?"

"That's to say," one of the rogues in the Eagle Troop laughed, "Probably when he was lying on top of him, and giving him the killing blow while he was exhausted."

Then the whole group laughed, turning to look at the elf, all their expressions lewd, it wouldn't be too rude to describe it as 'visual rape'.

The knight frowned.

The Eagle Troop didn't just want to play verbal jousting, they came with a plan, to anger the elf, and pick a fight.

The lobby was silent again, the mercenaries felt that they were about to get a good show.

But the elf was still calmly drinking tea, the hand holding the cup was steady with no signs of shaking, it was as if he didn't hear anything.

Seeing this, Iron Gauntlet suddenly changed topics, starting to 'share' his experiences. The topic continued finally coming to what sort of hidden birth marks Fil had on his body.

The Thorns were still on mission, their whole party was not present, so these words were obviously meant for the elf's hearing.

The elf was still expressionless, but his ears stood up slightly. Even for just a

moment, the knight could see a flash of anger in his eyes.

“I was outside that day,” that same rogue from the Eagle Troop was saying again in a loud voice, “Even though he’s a man, but his crying made me hard just hearing it, hehehe.”

The elf suddenly stood up.

A buzzing sound spread across the whole lobby.(1)

The fight’s about to start!

The mercenaries silently confirmed this message with each other, a few were already eager, waiting for the elf to make a move before lending a hand.

But the elf only stood silently for a moment, then turned to leave out the door.

Then the buzzing sound became a sigh of disappointment.

So, that’s the end?

The elf moved slowly, one step at a time, the short ten or so meters distance seemed unending.

The knight looked at him, his feelings became complicated.

The elf should know, if he were to fight, that there would be many who would stand on his side.

Then why, why remain silent, would he turn to leave when his friend is insulted?

The elf had almost reached the door.

The knight suddenly felt a flare of angry disappointment.

—Not at the elf, but at himself.

What, Cain Frank.

You’ve only left the Holy Paladin Order for a month or so, have you already fallen to this state?

Does throwing away the name of Felix Paladin, means throwing away your principles as well?

Only waiting for someone else to start the fight, before you dared to follow?

The things about mercy, justice, honor, a hero's pledge, were they all dog food?

There were still a lot of people in the lobby, fighting will attract a lot of attention.

But the knight didn't want to worry about that anymore.

He stood up to stand in front of the Eagle Troop's table, grabbing the rogue that was still talking loudly by the collar, he pulled him from his chair.

"Damn it Iron Bucket," the rogue fought to turn around, "Are you out of your mind?"

"That would be you," the knight replied coldly, "your mouth stinks so much, I can't even eat my breakfast."

Then he raised his fist, thought for a moment, and controlled his strength, only breaking half of the teeth in the rogue's face.

The members of the Eagle Troop all stood up to surround the knight.

A small cheer sounded from the lobby.

It's finally started!

It's alright, elf.

The knight thought.

—You can stand aloof, but someone will always step up.

In the chaos, the elf's calm clear voice carried across, forcing very thing to a halt.

"Do you only know how to scream around in the house? If you want to fight me then come outside, Fly Troop." (2) The Eagle Troop shifted their hatred immediately, turning neatly to glare at the elf, daggers, swords and fighting gloves came out.

"Don't take my prey, elf," the knight said coldly, "I can deal with them all myself."

The elf didn't reply, smiling, he turned and left.

The whole room stood nervously, fighting to get out the door.

–This time they’re going to get a good position.

“I said,” the knight said, “I can do this myself, I don’t need your help.”

“You had better not,” the elf said, “Since close quarter combat isn’t my strong point. Thinking of it as one and a half versus twenty one would be better.”

“Not that many.” The knight replied, “A rule of fighting a group – just get rid of the stupidest ones in the group, the smart ones will naturally run.”

“Is that so,” the elf smiled, “thank you for the advice.”

“Focus on that iron bucket,” Iron Gauntlet ordered, touching the sharp spikes on his gloves, “Leave the elf – I’m going to mess him up until he can’t even cry.”

“Looks like that one is the stupidest,” the elf said, “do you mind if I chose that one?”

As if the knight couldn’t be bothered to reply, he aimed at the closest one, casually striking out with a fist.

The sound of breaking collarbone came from his opponent, he heard the sound of metal clashing behind him.

The elf was also moving.

The knight grabbed the second enemy, slamming him head first into the third knocking them unconscious. Then lifted his hand, casually blocking the dagger that came from the side.

Heavy armor limited vision and hearing to a certain degree, but the pressure of going on defense is decreased by quite a bit.

If he was only one person, he would still have to be alert for attack from the back, but now that didn’t matter.

The Eagle Troop quickly realized their error.

They had originally planned to deal with an archer that had no protection once the fight became a close quarter fight, so they had only brought weapons along.

But now blocking them was an iron bucket that couldn’t be moved. Human bodies without armor against his metal cased fists, is like smashing through

paper.

So, even though their leader had ordered it, they still subconsciously moved towards the elf, planning to wait for a chance to attack.

Of course the knight refused to let that happen, he turned, blocking the attack from Iron Gauntlet, then pulled the elf behind him, the two switching places.

“Watch my back, just defense is fine.”

“...Better make this quick, I can only hold for a minute or so.”

“Ten seconds is enough.” The knight said, grabbing Iron Gauntlet’s fist, he turned sideways hitting him with the elbow of his other arm.

Iron Gauntlet himself was wearing full gear, unluckily what he wore was only chain mail.

The flexible chain mail can block attacks from knives and other sharp weapons perfectly, but under the power of this blunt attack it didn’t seem to do much.

So, he immediately fell to the ground coughing up foam.

“Good, anyone else idiotic enough?”

Translator’s Notes

1. At first I thought the author used the onomatopoeia for a buzzing sound to represent the sound the chair makes when scraping against the floor lol but then I realized later it was the sound of low talking as everyone got excited about the upcoming fight.
2. Fly as in the horseflies.

Yay a fighting scene from the past! Lol

[<< Chapter Nine](#) Chapter Eleven [>>](#)

One Question

Author: Demon Lord D (D魔王)

Translator: Lylis

Editor: MeeBoo

Chapter 11: One Problem

The winner was clear.

Eight were lying on the ground, there were still ten or so standing, but they were just standing. If not for their fear and difference to Iron Gauntlet, they would have forfeited long ago.

Iron Gauntlet regained his breath, and immediately started cursing loudly. – He wasn't afraid, since there was a large crowd watching, fighting was one thing, but killing was another matter altogether.

“Damn you to hell Iron Bucket, who would hide behind a helmet all day unless they're a criminal!? Take off your helmet and let me see your wanted face! Hiding behind a shell not daring to show your face, you still call yourself a man?”

The knight frowned, this is bad.

The ‘Mercenary's Home’ was originally a grey area, even without real proof, as long as someone reports it, the sheriff would use the chance to do a search. If that happened, he would have to leave Elvira.

–But, if he were to leave, where would he go?

The elf walked up to Iron Gauntlet's side, glaring at him coldly.

“Twenty against one, yet you still can't admit defeat, and you would call yourself a man?”

“Spread your legs and I'll show you if I'm – AH! AAHHHHHH — —“

The elf lifted his foot, and kicked hard at Iron Gauntlet's lower half.(1)

“I don't know whether you're a man or not before, but you certainly wouldn't be in the future.” In Iron Gauntlets agonized screams, the elf said

expressionlessly, “how does it feel not to be able to cry?”

The watching mercenaries laughed, some even cheered and clapped.

Amongst the cheers and agonized screams, each member of the Eagle Troop was paler than the next, some even subconsciously covered their front, then, trembling, started to leave still in that pose.

“They won’t go report it,” the elf left the already half conscious Iron Gauntlet, walking to the knight’s side, he said quietly, “they don’t have that courage anymore.”

The knight didn’t reply, because the moment he opened his mouth, he probably wouldn’t be able to resist laughing.

Until he saw the elf topple over with no warning at all, the joy in his heart was suddenly replaced by fear.

“You—“ the knight reached out to steady him, “are injured?”

“Not from this,” the elf replied closing his eyes, “it was Daniel. I said before... I could only hold for a minute, it’s now a minute.”

The elf’s face was white, his chest rising rapidly, though he’s exhausted his strength, there was no sweat. Even if he couldn’t feel the temperatures with under his armor, from the looks of it he could guess the elf was running a high fever.

Also, the elf had been hiding his bandaged left hand all along, now the blood stain was spreading rapidly.

The knight realized that he had made a grave mistake.

It wasn’t that the elf chose not to respond to the taunts, but that he could only stay silent.

I should have known, if possible, he would never have ignored it.

He wasn’t even able to use a bow, and I brought him into this with my hot headed selfishness.

“Sorry Cain,” the elf said softly, “can you help me to my room?”

—You’re not the one who should say sorry.

As if something had lodged itself in his throat, the knight couldn't say anything.

Finally he just nodded, as if treating a fragile object, he carefully picked the elf up, walking into through the main doors.

"Please don't do that..." the elf was at a loss, his eyes widening.

The knight ignored his protests, silently stepping on to the second floor landing.

A door opened down the hall, a red haired young rogue came out with his arm resting against the archer White's shoulder. From their sleepy look, not even the agonized wails woke them, they were probably completely ignorant of what just happened down stairs.

"Oh, princess carry, very romantic." The red haired rogue said grinning.

"I told you," waiting for them to pass, the elf said quietly, "this pose is like you're carrying an unconscious girl."

"Nonsense." The knight said, "should I have carried you under my arm?"

"... I can walk on my own."

The knight snorted behind the armor, "save your strength to get well."

The elf's lips lifted in a small smile, "thank you."

"For what," the knight replied with exasperation, "for almost getting you killed?"

"I don't think it would be that easy." The elf said, "Anyways... Ah, we've arrived. Please let me down."

"Do you need a healer?"

"No need," the elf replied, pushing open the door, "I can care for the wound myself. As for the other thing, I could only wait for it to heal by itself, a healer would be useless."

"The other thing?"

"Yes," the elf lowered his head saying, "poison taken from a werewolf's teeth."

"... You, won't turn into a werewolf?"

“Not possible,” the elf smiled, “only humans can be turned.”

The knight wanted to ask more questions, but realized he had already spoken too much.

—But, since he’s asked so many already, one more shouldn’t be a problem.

“What are you called?”

“Eh, me?” the elf lifted his head, “Ellen.”

“Ellen, what?”

“Just Ellen.”

“Since you’re not going to die,” the knight nodded, “I’m leaving.”

He ignored the elf’s shocked expression, pulling the door behind him, he turned and left.

That’s not right.

I didn’t want to say that.

I wanted to apologize, to say thanks, to say “get well soon”.

Want to take off this god forsaken helmet, and answer his greetings with smiles.

—Will that day come?

The knight walked on, clenching his fists.

It was snowing the next day, so the business in the breakfast lobby of Mercenary’s Home became especially crowded.

The knight sat near the door, watching the people go in and out, slowly filling all the tables.

The elf was a little late once again, but he didn’t forget to greet him. He glanced around the room carrying his cup, finally with a hesitant expression he came to the knight’s table.

“Sorry, do you mind if I sat here?”

“...Thank you.” The elf saw the knight’s silence as agreement, smiled, and pulled out a chair to sit down.

Can't get closer anymore.

Don't get closer anymore.

Don't you care, about what Iron Gauntlet had said?

Only an escaped convict would hid his face, always sitting by the door for easy escape.

"... No." the knight finally said in a hard voice, "...I do mind."

"Ah." The elf replied, his expressing a little shocked and apologetic, "Sorry, then I will leave."

He grabbed his cup, nodded to the knight, then walked to the next table where the pair of red headed mercenary brothers sat, asking the same question.

They happily accepted pulling out a chair.

"Oh right, our team is still missing a ranged fighter," he could vaguely hear the younger brother say, "do you want to consider settling down with a group?"

"...If you need help you can ask me," the elf shook his head, "if it's a permanent position. Then I'm sorry."

"Don't worry, I understand," the younger mercenary smiled, unoffended, "Compared to our small group that's nothing special, I bet a larger group would probably suit you better."

The next table over was Fil and his companions. Hearing this, the small rogue quietly explained something to his captain. Then the swordsman nodded, standing he made his way to the elf's table.

"I've heard," the captain of the mercenary group Thorn thanked the elf seriously, "thank you very much for all that you did for our teammate. – If we could have the honor, would you be willing to join us?"

With thirty or more members, "Thorn" had become one of the largest mercenary groups in Elvira, with the strongest fighters on average.

"... I fear I'm not suited for staying in a group for long term," the elf replied apologetically, "I mean no offence, that is completely my own problem, I'm very sorry."

“No need to apologize,” the swordsman replied even more politely, disappointed, “excuse me.”

He nodded, leaving the elf’s table.

For some reason, the knight sighed in relief.

Translator’s Notes

1. Ellen!! *Scandalized look.... grin... good job*

(Although... I think Ellen’s got some problems... first he shoots an arrow at White’s little man – even though it missed and only hit his butt – now he... cripples... Iron Gauntlet lol)

Cain, playing hot and cold with Ellen >.< and Ellen is too polite to get angry at him lol.

Urg... I caught a cold and am currently coughing my lungs out >.< On the other hand, having a fever means I don’t go to work, and I can translate more lol but it also means my translations will probably be extremely strange.... please forgive me if Ellen’s weapons becomes a swordfish or Cain’s rust bucket armor becomes a naked apron *drool* or something silly like that. lol

More Translator’s Notes (21/01/2016)

Sorry both myself and Meeboo has been busy with RL so the releases are a little slow. I will be going on a trip to Hokkaido (starting tomorrow, for a week. YAY skiing!! Not so yay bad weather lol). I will try and get a few chapters done in between being bone tired from rolling down the hill all day (I am under no illusions that I can skii well lol). But I cannot guarantee a release next week >.< Much apologies.

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Second Chance

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Chapter 12: Second Chance

Iron Gauntlet walked around for a week with his legs clenched together, and no longer appeared at the breakfast hall.

–It was told that since then he really didn't go to the 'Mermaid' anymore.

The "Eagle Mercenary Troop" silently disbanded, the members all entered smaller groups. Many of them were completely changed, becoming extremely polite and modest, desperate to forget the past.

The elf no longer asked to join the knight's table, of course, he had no need to do so.

Everyday when he walked into the hall, people would always jostle to ask him to join in this or that mission.

Undoubtedly the elf was popular, and very suited for teams.

Only after working together once, he would be able to remember everyone's faces and names, even though he didn't speak much, he was a very good listener. On the occasion that he did speak he would make the others in the team laugh and cheer.

Of course, he never forgot his greetings. Other than the knight, the names after "Good morning" became longer and longer.

In the end, gradually, it became "Good morning, everyone."

This is good, the knight thought.

This is where he belongs.

At night he would watch the courtyard from the upper floors, the elf would always be standing there, silently shooting twenty four arrows into the target,

taking it down, and then repeating this until the church bell sounded twelve o'clock.

The elf's movements became more fluid.

From the degree of tightness of the bow(1), it could be seen that he was slowly regaining the strength he lost.

However, the knight didn't have a lot of time to observe, because he needed to seize this time to rest.

From an abandoned well outside the city he retrieved his abandoned shield and sword.

The moment he gripped the hilt of the sword, feeling that familiar weight, the knight knew – that he had not given up.

After twelve, he would sneak into an isolated corner of the courtyard, practicing the sword skills that he had abandoned for a month or more.

The ten o'clock curfew during the war helped him a lot, no one could see him. Thus the knight could also enjoy the freedom of being out of the heavy armor for a time.

But how much longer would these days last?

There was news that the rebel army had started to abandon the other locations, gathering their forces to prepare to attack the capital.

If the flames of war really came close, the mercenaries would become very popular.

Because unlike the army that eats the king's grain, and giving compensation to the family of the fallen, mercenaries could only receive rewards if they lived to complete the mission.

The knight hated war, but hated the ones who started the war even more.

If it was possible to end this civil war as soon as possible, he didn't mind staining his hands with blood.

If he performed heroically enough during the war, there might even be a chance at amnesty.

How ridiculous, to become a criminal because he didn't kill someone, and be cleared of the crime by killing more people.

The recruitment order from the crown came out, although there wasn't much details, the requirements and expected rewards were listed very clearly.

The request were for a party of ten. The knight shook his head, preparing to leave.

When he moved to the breakfast lobby, he brushed against the elf.

"Good morning, Cain." The elf said.

The knight continued pass as if not hearing.

"Ah... please wait a moment."

This is a first.

The knight stopped, turning to look at him.

"Um, I know you only take on solo missions," the elf looked hesitant, "but is it possible to break that rule once? You know, that the crown is recruiting parties of ten, the reward seems to be fairly high. – We are still missing a warrior."

The knight was silent, but his heart had started to beat rapidly.

Too dangerous. Refuse him.

The elf's green eyes carried expectation and trust, his face was a little pleading.

The knight didn't reply, he made no movements, watching as those eyes started to cloud with the shadows of disappointment.

"Sorry," the elf lowered his head, "am I troubling you?"

Yes, leave.

As long as you ask, no other warriors would refuse you.

"I'm very sorry." The elf said very politely, "It won't happen again."

He nodded one last time, revealing a lonely smile to the knight.

"... Good bye, Cain."

Accept it.

It might be dangerous but accept it.

The team members he choose won't be informants.

You've rejected him once, this is the second and last chance.

Damn it, he heard that elven race were born with natural psychological persuasion magic, that can't be true right.

The knight sighed, despising his resistance to the Chaos element.(2)

"... I didn't say 'no'."

After a moment of shock, the elf smiled.

"Thank you," He said, "thank you very much."

Seeing the reward, basically all the mercenaries signed up.

After many rounds of selection, about half the people were ordered to return to wait for orders, only four groups remained to be taken outside the city.

"Thorn", "Wolf", "Cheetah", and the elf's temporary group of ten.

The red haired Titan enthusiastically suggested ten or more names for the team. Finally, everyone the relatively reasonable name of "Bread and Oatmeal porridge"(3). – It was the only type of food provided by the 'Mercenary's Home'.

As for the names that did not make it, the knight was too lazy to remember them.

At the camp outside they met a gloomy man, Hazlett Duncan, the captain of the Royal Knights, this mission's commanding officer.

"Tonight," Duncan said, "according to the reports, there will be a team of rebel vanguard passing through this area of the city. The numbers are unclear, in order to maintain speed, they won't send out too many people. Also, there will be no riders. It is possible that this group will not be using any flares, but rather potions to increase night vision. I will also prepare these things for you."

He pointed to the map, "Your mission is the hide along the paths that they will pass, if possible attack them. Arrows, swords, knives, traps, whatever, by fair means or foul."

"There are four routes to choose from." Duncan marked the four red lines

drawn on the map, “one, or two teams will meet with the rebels, as for the others –“

He said in a scornful tone, “Consider that you’ve each received a gold piece for free. – Good, now, are there anymore questions?”

The captain of “Thorn” thought for a moment, then said, “Will there be any backup support?”

“You can assume there won’t be.”

“Then, what is our purpose in the grand scheme?”

“... A vital pawn, but still a pawn. That’s all you need to know.”

Clearly he did not plan to continue to explain.

“After this succeeds, will there be more missions available?”

“Possibly,” Duncan glanced at the four teams, settling on the elf, “there are some amongst you I am not familiar with. So think of this as a field test.”

The elf raised a hand.

“Your question?”

“For assigning routes,” the elf said, “If we can choose for ourselves, we want number three.”

Duncan frowned, “Number three is not suitable for ambush.”

“The rebels will think the same.” the elf replied, “For being in hot water for a night, one gold coin isn’t really worth much.”

Light laughter rang out all around, and was quickly silenced under Duncan’s gaze.

“If there are no more questions,” Duncan waited for a moment, then said, “Thorn, number one, Wolf, number two, Cheetah, four. Start moving towards the ambush points at eight tonight, I’ll give the details to your captains. Everyone else can take a rest.”

1. I think he meant the weight of the bow. Remember, Ellen had trouble pulling the 100 lb bow at the start of this.
2. I assume magical persuasion is in the chaos element? Lol I'm not really sure it made sense, but since he's a paladin and probably has high amounts of the holy element, his resistance against chaos magic would be high. So why is he cursing it? >.< Probably cause he thinks he wouldn't have so much trouble accepting the offer if he didn't have resistance against Ellen's persuasions? (Poor Cain, I should probably tell you that it's not magic that persuaded you lol just Ellen XD)
3. If that's one of the more reasonable names, I worry for what other names Titan might have come up with lol, anyone have suggestions?

Notice: I will be going on a trip next week (starting tomorrow actually) I will try to work on more chapters, but I cannot guarantee a release next week. The joys of being able to speak Japanese relatively well is that I get to be the one in charge of all the dining arrangements T_T Do you know how annoying it is trying to satisfy 9 ppl with different food preferences!? Hopefully, you will not see a news report about a tourist going crazy and murdering her travel companions next week

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