

Toriaezu Densetsu no Yūsha no Densetsu:Volume 8 A Genius' Style

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Jump to: [navigation](#), [search](#)

Dizzy Legendary Heroes' Legend

A Genius' Style[\[edit\]](#)

The Greatest Magician in Roland.

That's what he was called.

And said **Greatest Magician in Roland**,

“Aaah? Hey, you brat. What the hell did you just say to me now?”

Was hollering in anger.

Ryner Lute shrugged at that.

“.....woah~ geez. This is turning out to be such a pain...”

He muttered quietly.

He had messy black hair and black eyes tinged with a hint of sleepiness.

He was taller than average, but he's still only thirteen. He hadn't finished growing yet.

But draped around his young body was the combat uniform of the special organization **Hidden Elites**, a group of assassins feared and treated as monsters even within the Roland army.

A black cape and light, navy-colored armor.

His entire body was covered by dark colors.

In other words, the attire was made to meld into darkness and disappear from people's eyes...

Yes.

The **Hidden Elites** was such a place.

A gathering of people who were made into war machines through the army's human experiments that were hidden from the public's eye and monsters with special abilities that were despised.

As the dark side of Roland, their jobs - as expected - were often underground missions that had to be hidden from the public.

And this time's mission was another one of those underground ones.

Ryner looked at the scene unfolding before him.

“ ... ”

They were at a noble's mansion.

Standing in the hall were men wearing the same **Hidden Elites** attire that Ryner was, and five women were sprawled on the floor.

Three of them already had their clothes torn off and were laying stark naked on the floor.

The men were cheering while wearing disgusting expressions.

Even Ryner knew what was going to happen next despite his age.

Really, these things happen all the time. The **Hidden Elites** was that sort of place, after all.

No, it might be better to say that this mad country, the Roland empire...was that sort of place.

It had been a few years since Ryner was assigned to the **Hidden Elites**.

After every mission's completion, there would always be another disgusting order.

Assassination missions.

Kidnapping missions.

Blackmail missions.

Annihilation missions.

They were the worst of the worst and most sickening.

It was simply an endless repeat of killing, killing and more killing, simply because he became involved in the games of glory and desire that the army's higher-ups and the nobles were so fond of.

So Ryner aborted missions, interfered, leaked sensitive information and rebelled to the best of his ability...

And he was assigned this mission.

In other words,

He was put into the team commanded by the worst kind of monster, the **Greatest Magician in Roland**, and was assigned the mission of kidnapping Earl Runoshow's daughter.

Even the problem child Ryner Lute won't dare to defy the **Greatest Magician in Roland** Quont Quo – that might be the army's line of thought.

And because of that, Ryner now found himself stuck between a rock and a hard place.

He was facing off against that **Greatest Magician in Roland**, Quont Quo, and conflict was imminent.

Quont had short, golden hair. His right eye was mutilated by a knife wound, and his left eye glared with an intensity that seemed to slice through everything.

He was quite a bit bigger than other members of the **Hidden Elites**, but size wasn't all he had for show.

Just by the way he held himself, it was obvious that steel-like muscles rippled underneath his combat uniform.

Quont smiled,

“...you mean, this kind of rough? Or...”

This time, he grabbed the legs of the screaming woman...

“W-wait! Stop...”

Just as Ryner began to shout...

Crack.

“ ... ”

The woman's screams stopped. She lost consciousness from the excruciating pain.

Quont spit on the woman's face with a bored expression.

“Ahh? What the hell...I love hearing women screaming, so don't cut my entertainment short.”

Quont's underlings spoke up.

“Come on, Quont, don't kill her before the fun begins!”

“Geez, Quont just can't help himself.”

Quont laughed.

“Oh, my bad, my bad. That brat was being so stuck up, I just couldn't control myself.”

That was their conversation.

And before such a scene,

“ ... ”

Ryner remained silent.

He merely observed the situation with his half-opened eyes.

Quont glared at Ryner again.

“...hey, Ryner Lute. I don't know how the hell you've been acting before, but you're under my command now. Try that shit again and I'll break your arms and legs and f*** you up. Some of us would love to do that. See, that guy over there.”

He pointed the man with a moustache, standing off the side with the most disgusting smile on his face.

“That chap loves women, but he also loves brats like you...”

He said.

But Ryner,

“ ... ”

Still remained silent.

He merely gazed at the broken woman with languid eyes.

Quont's underlings spoke again.

"Haha! Is the brat so scared he can't speak?"

"Come on, Quont, just leave the kid alone and do this. I can't hold myself back any longer."

Quont nodded.

"Yeah, let's do this. Hey, Ryner. Speak up if you want in, alright?"

He laughed.

In face of that,

In face of that, Ryner said,

"...ah geez, this is such a pain."

And gathered up all his strength.

He dashed straight at Quont and raised his fist,

"I said, stop..."

It! He punched.

But Quont reacted.

He stopped Ryner's punch and smiled.

"I saw that coming."

He tried to twist Ryner's joints, but Ryner freed himself from Quont's grasp and delivered a kick into his face.

But Quont didn't even move an inch.

"Shit, guess the difference in weight really shows...."

Ryner cursed at the same time that Quont grabbed his foot.

Quont was still smiling,

"You do want to get f***ed, huh."

He poured more strength into his hand.

However, Ryner wasn't fazed.

He drew the knife sheathed at his waist and tried to slice apart Quont's arms...

But Quont swung Ryner by his foot and threw him away, avoiding the knife.

Ryner recovered in midair and landed.

He raised his knife again, but...

He saw Quont's foot right in front of his face.

“Woah, fast...seriously!?”

Ryner groaned and dodged by rolling on the floor.

This is bad...he thought.

Shit shit shit.

Quont was much stronger than he'd expected...

Well, he picked a fight with the monster called the **Greatest Magician in Roland**, so it was to be expected...

And his opponent wasn't Quont alone.

Quont had four underlings.

And they were all members of the **Hidden Elites** – a group of monsters.

The situation is very...

Just as Ryner was recovering from his roll, Quont's underling was waiting for him.

“Hehehe...you're not going anywhere, brat.”

He struck out.

Ryner grabbed his arm, twisted, and broke his bones.

He then punched the man in his face and crushed his leg bones.

The man could not react to Ryner's movements at all.

But Ryner wasn't holding back.

Actually,

“...hmm? Ah, sorry. I can't really afford to hold back this time...”

He smacked the man's neck with the side of his hand, knocking him out.

That's one down.

But there were still three more, as well as Quont himself.

Ryner turned around immediately.

And saw three knives flying towards him, courtesy of Quont's three underlings.

Behind them, Quont was drawing a magic circle at breakneck speeds...

“Shiiiiit reaaaaaaaaaaaaally!?”

Ryner shouted.

He couldn't spare a second to dodge the knives.

He had to deal with Quont...with Quont's magic...

Ryner adjusted his body to minimize damage and closed his eyes once.

At the same time, the knives struck his body.

His face, right chest and left shoulder.

He moved his face a little, so the knife only left a scratch. His chest was protected by armor and the knife was repelled.

However, his left shoulder...

"...ouch."

It struck true.

A searing pain ran through his shoulder.

However, he couldn't afford to be distracted.

Ryner opened his eyes wide.

Vermillion pentacles appeared within his black eyes.

The eyes of a monster despised and avoided by everyone.

A special kind of eye called **Alpha Stigma**.

With those eyes, Ryner looked at the magic that Qount was casting.

In an instant.

Ryner saw everything about the magic.

Structure.

Activation method.

Mechanism.

Even the time for activation and its effects.

He saw everything.

And...

He despaired.

He couldn't dodge it.

And he couldn't really cancel it because Quont's casting speed was too fast – his canceling magic won't make it in time...

Now what?

What should I do...

Quont smiled and said,

"Ah, the army told me to go easy on you, but to hell with that. Die, Ryner Lute."

And he began the incantation. "WHAT I SEEK IS..."

What should I do...

And a sudden thought struck him.

How to resolve this situation.

But it was far too reckless. If he failed, he'll definitely die. No, even if he didn't fail, he'll receive fatal injuries.

But he was going to die anyways.

Then...

"Shit, I might as well do it!"

Ryner began running again.

Towards where Quont was standing.

Ryner knew that he couldn't cancel the magic, but he ran on anyways.

Quont laughed at him.

"Your struggles are futile. It's too late!"

He shouted, but Ryner knew that better than he did.

It was too late.

He won't make it.

Ryner knew it better than anyone else.

The magic was about to be activated in front of his eyes.

"WHAT I SEEK IS BURNING FIELDS>>>..."

Right then, a huge ball of flame appeared in the middle of the magic circle that Quont had created.

That was the worst magic.

Kurenai.

As the cost of immense power, the spell's casting speed was slow and would burn not only the target, but everything surrounding him or her, so it wasn't really convenient to use indoors...

But in exchange, once it was activated, there weren't any simple spells that could cancel its effects.

Even though Ryner's **Alpha Stigma** can analyze magic completely, he couldn't do much against a spell that had little to no counters.

And if he took it head on, Ryner would be burnt to a crisp in an instant.

He couldn't neither escape nor defend.

Additionally, Quont's casting speed was about the same as that of Ryner's.

There's no way that Ryner would be able to cast a counter.

Quont knew that, so he casted this spell.

So that Ryner couldn't do anything, even as the bearer of **Alpha Stigma...**

"Ugh..."

Ryner groaned to himself.

The Greatest Magician in Roland.

The title crossed his thoughts.

I really chose the wrong guy to defy, he smiled in self-deprecation.

But he didn't stop.

He threw the knife in his hand.

But it was dodged completely.

And Quont laughed.

"It's not going to work."

He knew that as well. But as long as the magic was delayed even by a second, he'd be fine with it.

Quont said,

"This is it. Die, brat."

And said the last word of the incantation.

"Kurenai."

In an instant.

The magic activated before Ryner's eyes.

A huge ball of flame was hurled towards Ryner.

But still, Ryner did not stop.

He ran as fast as he could towards Quont and reached out his hand.

Towards the giant ball of flame.

The flames rushed towards him.

Ryner twisted his body in hopes of dodging it, but...

"Gaahh!"

He couldn't dodge it completely.

His arm was burnt.

His body was burnt.

It hurt so much that he could barely keep his consciousness.

But,

“Aaaaaaaaaaargh, f*** this!!”

Ryner didn't stop.

He reached inside the flames...

He forced his arm inside the activated magic circle and began to rewrite it.

So that...the spell would reverse.

Quont was surprised,

“Wh- i-impossible...are you out of your mind!? Sticking your arm into an activated magic...I-I won't let you!”

He hollered and stuck his arm inside the magic circle. Then, he began to repair the places that Ryner had rewritten.

He was fast.

Very much so.

But I can't lose here.

Ryner tried his hardest to rewrite the magic circle.

So that the spell would reverse.

So that it'll be changed into **Izuchi**.

So that it'll be changed into **Misumi**.

But time and time again, he was foiled.

Ryner scowled,

“Y-you bastaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaard!!”

He tried his best to rewrite the magic circle.

But gradually...

He was being pushed back.

No matter how much he rewrote, it was all repaired.

His opponent's casting spell began to overwhelm Ryner's, bit by bit.

Quont said,

“...y-you fool. Who...do you take me for...how can my casting speed...be lower than a brat like you.”

Still, Ryner rewrote the magic circle desperately.

“Shit, shit.”

“It's all useless. Ha, haha. You're..gonna die.”

“Shit, shit, shit!!”

Ryner rewrote the magic circle desperately while shouting.

However.

He was being pushed back, slowly and surely. His opponent’s casting speed was obviously faster than his.

“This is really the end, Ryner Lute. Die.”

And in the end, Quont managed to finish his magic circle...

Ryner lost.

He lost completely.

Quont smiled smugly in anticipation of victory.

And activated his magic again, directing it towards Ryner.

However.

“Shit, shit, shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit.....just kidding~”

Everything went according to plan.

Ryner stuck out his tongue.

“Wha?”

Quont wore an expression of shock, but it was too late.

Ryner pulled out the knife in his left shoulder...and threw with all his strength.

It was twice as fast as the one before.

Yes, he held back on purpose when he threw the first knife.

The knife headed straight towards Quont’s neck.

Astonished by the difference in speed, Quont’s reaction was a split second late. His face paled.

“Ugh.”

He still managed to dodge it, just barely. But his hands left the magic circle.

Ryner smiled with satisfaction.

“Hehe~ I’m digging in~”

He forced his hand into the magic circle again and brought it under his control.

Of course, Quont reached out towards the circle immediately, but...

Ryner imitated the disgusting smile that Quont wore,

“It’s too late.”

And began to rewrite the magic circle.

Rewrite.

Rewrite.

At a speed that far surpassed his old one.

And the spell's equation was different from its usual version – it was a much more complicated and hard to dispel magic that Ryner had improved by himself...

Quont's face contorted.

“..y-you bastard, you did that on purpose...”

But Ryner's smile didn't falter.

“And it's too late for you to realize.”

Ryner rapidly finished up his magic.

Quont's stance faltered, and since he was too used to the slow pace of magic construction just now, he couldn't react.

Additionally, when Quont stumbled and turned his eyes away, Ryner had already broken down the most basic components of the magic circle and begun to reconstruct the magic he developed.

No matter how much magical knowledge Quont had as the **Greatest Magician in Roland...**

It was impossible for him to find a counter right away.

Of course, it'll be a different story if he had **Alpha Stigma...**

Ryner looked at Quont.

Quont groaned, completely unable to deal with Ryner's magic circle.

“Ugh, wha...this is...”

However, he still tried desperately to interfere with the magic. Ryner laughed.

“Hah. That structure is just a decoy. Changing it is meaningless.”

“Y-you...”

But Ryner interrupted him,

“Oh and by the way, I'm not spending time listening to you talk rubbish.”

He completed the magic.

And he began the incantation immediately.

“This is it. WHAT I SEEK IS...”

“W-wait”

“No way. See ya.

WHAT I SEEK IS WATER MIST >>> MISUMI”

In an instant, compressed liquid gathered at the center of the magic circle and erupted.

A huge amount of liquid crashed into Quont's body as a swift torrent.

"Guah-"

Along with sounds of distress, Quont vomited blood. But the water pressure didn't stop there. It engulfed Quont and blew him away.

"Uah, gaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah....."

Quont was thrown against the wall screaming. And just like that, he lost consciousness.

Ryner stared at him.

"..."

Quont didn't move at all.

He probably wasn't dead...but if he really was a monster that could get up even after being blasted by **Misumi** at such a distance, then Ryner knew that he couldn't win.

"And really, I don't have that much stamina left...please don't get up."

Ryner stared at Quont.

But there was no sign of him getting up.

He was completely out of it.

After confirming it, Ryner looked at his surroundings.

He defeated the most dangerous of them all, but enemies still remained.

And they weren't fodder. The three of them were monstrous **Hidden Elites**.

Still, no matter how much of an elite they are, the average **Hidden Elite** won't stand a chance against Ryner, but...

"..."

He looked at his left shoulder.

Because he forcibly pulled the knife out, his wound worsened. Just using a little strength hurt him so much that he felt dizzy.

Ryner scowled,

".....so my left arm is useless....and my right...."

He muttered.

And looked at his right arm.

He didn't feel any pain because he was desperate back then...but because he forced his way into **Kurenai** during activation, his arm suffered burns from his fingertips to his elbow.

His fingers...he can move them if he wanted...

(Alright! You're doing great!)

But he didn't let that show.

I'll prove that looks can kill! He pinned his opponent with his gaze.

And the guy beside him...

"...m-me too...I-I give up...s-such killing intent...it's impossible to fight with such a monster..."

Hearing that,

(Yes yes yes yes! This is going well! One more person! Just one more!)

Ryner didn't let his expression change, and glared at the last person.

"...so, what about you?"

And he...

"...I, I do not have the courage...to face someone who defeated Mr. Quont..."

For some reason, he spoke politely.

Ryner quietly let out a sigh of relief.

He motioned towards Quont with his head and said,

"So, take your comrade and get the hell outta here."

The polite man replied,

"B-but, Master Ryner...our mission was to kidnap the daughter..."

Master Ryner? Ryner wanted to say something about that, but held himself back.

"Shut up. I'll do the job, so take him away."

"Y-yes."

And the three of them took the fallen Quont and the unconscious man whose arm and leg were broken by Ryner. They ran away.

Ryner confirmed their escape and sighed.

"...haaah~...I'm really tired..."

He said while leisurely picking up the clothes on the floor. He handed them out to the naked girls.

"...ah, you don't have to be so scared. I don't feel like kidnapping anymore since I'm so tired...so, I'm leaving, but don't forget to lock up your doors from now on."

He said and stumbled towards the mansion's exit.

A woman called out from behind him,

"...t-thank you, for saving us."

But he was tired, so he didn't turn back.

He didn't wave his hands since it'd hurt.

But the woman continued,

"...y-your name....can you tell me your name.....?"

Hearing that question, Ryner felt like saying 'Well, Quont was repeating my name like some kinda mantra just now, weren't you listening?'

But it was such a pain, so he ignored her.

"...please, tell me...."

The woman still called out to him in a sad voice...

"...."

But Ryner did not tell her his name in the end.

The dark side of Roland.

As one of the **Hidden Elites**, his name will never come under proper daylight.

◆

But, it was different in the underworld.

In the dark side of Roland, the name Ryner Lute had become famous because of that incident.

The monster who defeated Quont Quo – the **Greatest Magician in Roland**.

The monster with **Alpha Stigma** in his eyes.

The monster who defeated Quont Quo at the age of thirteen.

No no, I heard that he was a giant man, twice the size of adults!

That's a lie! I heard that she was a cold-blooded woman with unparalleled love for men!

That's wrong. He was an old man who studied magic in the mountains for twenty years, apparently. He's like an expert in magic.

Isn't there also this rumor about twins or something?

No no, Ryner must be a transsexual.

Et cetra et cetra.

Anyways, he appeared, followed by numerous rumors.

The new monster to be called the **Greatest Magician in Roland**.

Ryner Lute.

His voice didn't reach any of them.

And Ryner

“...haauuh.”

Sighed again, looking like he was about to cry.

By the way, he was sure that he'd sighed over a thousand times since five days ago.

“...not something I can be proud of though....uhh....”

Ryner said and looked up at the sky.

The sun had begun to set.

He was playing with idiots all day long, and didn't even realize that it was sunset.

“...my poor self even skipped out on afternoon naps and lunch, you know?”

Of course, nobody replied.

Ryner's shoulders slumped,

“...aah, geez...guess I'll clean them up before dinner....”

And sighed for the umpteenth time. Just when he was about to move-

“Hey, boy. Is it true that you know the whereabouts of Ryner Lute?”

A man's voice called to him from behind.

And Ryner...

“.....hah~....”

Did his usual thing.

The man seems to have gotten the wrong impression though, and said,

“You don't need to be scared. I have no business with children. I just have a bone to pick with your master, Ryner Lute.”

Of course, he wasn't the only one.

Apparently, there were rumors that Ryner was a huge man or an elderly, so there were plenty of people who didn't recognize Ryner for who he was due to his childlike figure.

And this was another one of them.

“...”

Ryner turned around.

And saw a huge man with a messily shaven beard.

He held himself differently from the huge man just now. His eyes were sharp. His stance did not falter.

Compared to all the challengers, he exhibited an atmosphere on a completely different level.

He was very strong-

But he wasn't someone that couldn't be beat....but that'd be quite a pain.

If Ryner was 80% serious, he could beat him within a minute.

A minute.

A minute, huh...

Honestly,

"...such a pain..."

Ryner muttered softly.

Because, you know?

I'm afflicted with such a dangerous disease that it wouldn't be a far stretch for a doctor to tell me, 'You have such a weak body, you just can't go around jumping and running! Stay still, and sleep 30 hours a day!', if I fought for a minute without napping...

If I fought....

"I-I'd be risking my life..."

It was dangerous.

This opponent was too dangerous.

So Ryner looked at the bearded man and said,

"...s-sorry, but I, I don't know anyone called Ryner..."

But the man cut off his words,

"No, I have accurate information telling me that you know where Ryner Lute is."

So accurate that you don't even know that I'm Ryner! He was tempted to point that out, but managed to stop himself.

"B-but, I really don't know. So if possible, I'd like you to just call it a day and go back....or better, to just never come here again, and spare me the trouble...."

He said, and the man looked at him in confusion.

"Hmm? I don't really get what you're saying, but it seems like you really don't know, right?"

"Huh? S-so, you'll go back?"

Ryner's expression brightened immediately.

And the bearded man nodded.

"Well, you said you don't know, so I don't have much choice, do I?"

He said.

And Ryner turned around to face the garden.

He looked at the mountain of corpses and said,

“W-woah...I mean, I think I kinda like you...being able to say that after looking at this garden...”

“Hmm. Really? I am pretty good with kids.”

“I wouldn’t be surprised. I really, really like how you’re not troublesome at all.”

“Hehe. I’m not going to do anything even if you flatter me, you know?”

“No, no, it’s fine if you don’t. Actually, I’ll be more troubled if you did, so, um, just go back.”

“Hmm. So, boy, would you tell me if you learned anything new?”

Ryner nodded immediately,

“Of course of course! You’ll be the first one to hear!”

I don’t know how to contact you, though! He said in his head.

But the man didn’t seem to realize that, and said,

“Alright, I’ll be excusing myself.”

And trudged back.

“....haaah.”

Ryner sighed in relief.

It seems like he was able to avoid the most troublesome thing toda...

But suddenly,

“Hey! Are you Ryner Lute? Asking is such a pain, so just die! Take thiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiis!”

Another voice butted in.

And Ryner looked over with an annoyed expression.

“Huh? A kid?”

Ryner said without thinking.

A boy about the same age as that of Ryner’s stood there.

Brown hair and blue eyes that sparkled with assured victory.

He was a bit shorter than Ryner, but not by much.

And he wore the same attire that Ryner did – the attire of **Hidden Elites**.

That boy shouted ‘take thiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiis’ and kicked at the bearded man with a surprising amount of force.

And his kick was,

“Fast!?”

Ryner couldn't help but exclaim.

“Hmm!?”

Of course, the bearded man hurriedly stopped the kick.

“W-what are you doing, boy!? I am not Ryner Lute...”

But the boy interrupted.

“Hmm? What? You're not Ryner Lute?”

“N, no. I'm not...”

But he was interrupted again.

“Ah, well, whatever. You stopped my kick, so you're strong, right? So be the great Zohra's sparring partner and be blown away!”

The boy who called himself Zohra hollered and twisted in midair, attempting to kick the bearded man's face with his other foot...

The bearded man wouldn't allow himself to be kicked so easily. He attempted to smash Zohra onto the ground by his foot.

But Zohra placed his hands on the floor and twisted his legs around the bearded man's arm,

“It goes 'crack'~”

He broke the bearded man's arm without hesitation.

“Guah”

The man groaned along with a dull sound.

However, Zohra didn't stop there. He stepped onto the man's broken arm,

“Bye bye~”

And smacked the back of the man's neck with the handle of the knife he'd just drawn.

“...”

And it ended.

The bearded man's huge body crumbled onto the ground.

Zohra jumped on his body, twirled in the air and landed.

And,

“Finished~”

He said in satisfaction.

And Ryner,

“.....ah~ahh..”

Wanted to do the 'face, meet palm' routine again.

The man who was defeated soundly wasn't a weak man.

But this Zohra boy defeated him easily. It probably wasn't even one minute since the battle began...

That means....

“...”

He is very strong.

Just from his movements, Ryner knew that Zohra wasn't too bad compared to himself. If they really fought, Ryner truly couldn't predict the outcome.

But he knew one thing.

He really, really didn't want to get involved with a troublesome guy like that.

So Ryner,

“E-erm..m-mister Ryner told me to clean up his garden, so I came...but it seems like you're in the middle of something, so I'll be taking my leave....”

He said and began trudging back.

And Zohra,

“Oh, you over there. Are you some kind of clean up guy hired by Ryner Lute? So you know where Ryner Lute lives, right? Can you tell me?”

Called out to him, but Ryner shook his head without turning around.

“N-no, um, our master doesn't really show his face to us, so I don't really know...”

Zohra sounded disheartened.

“Whaat? Really? You're useless.”

“I-I'm sorry.”

“Ah, you don't need to apologize. I can't blame you for not knowing.”

“Hah.”

“Hey, you, turn around. Weren't you taught to look at people's eyes when they're talking?”

Ryner hurriedly shook his head,

“N-no, I-I'm in a hurry, so...”

“Just turn around. I can be pretty annoying about those kind of manners. I won't let you go back until you do it.”

“...”

Inconspicuously, Ryner sighed again.

This guy really is troublesome.

Ryner turned around.

And saw a pair of strangely energetic blue eyes staring at him.

And Ryner asked,

“...u-um, I turned around, what should I do now?”

But,

“...”

Zohra still stared at Ryner, and suddenly said,

“...huh? You’re Ryner? The rumored genius, Ryner Lute is such a kid?”

W-what!? Busted immediately!?

Eh? Eh? But why?

Ryner recoiled, but Zohra answered wordlessly.

He first pointed towards the mountain of corpses in the garden and then to Ryner’s clothes.

The black combat uniform reserved for **Hidden Elites** – not something you’d find on a regular clean up guy.

Everything made sense now.

“...ah, I see...that’s right.....that bearded man just now was careless, so I thought I could fool you as well...”

But Zohra ignored Ryner’s words and said,

“Hey, how old are you?”

“Eh? W-what’s with the random ques....”

“Just answer. How old are you?”

“...um, I’m thirteen.”

Zohra frowned.

“Thirteen? Then I can’t kill you. I don’t kill kids, you know.”

Even though he’s a kid himself.

“K-kid...but you look about the same age as me.”

Ryner seemed to have struck a nerve, and Zohra said with a troubled expression,

“Ahh~well, let’s say that I don’t kill people who’re the same age.”

“You’re just thirteen!?”

“No, no, it’s like that, you see? I might be thirteen, but I’m much older than you mentally, you know?”

“Huuuuuuuuuuuh? Are you serious?”

Ryner couldn't stop his outburst, and Zohra looked displeased.

"HUH!? Got a problem with that!?"

....just how are you mentally older, again?

But,

"...I'm an adult, so I won't say that..."

Ryner said tiredly, and Zohra's expression darkened by the minute.

"Ah, ah! You bastard! You made fun of me just now, right!?"

"I didn't."

"Did too! More like, you're making fun of me by looking sleepy!"

"No, I really am sleepy."

"Do I look like I care? Anyways, you're making fun of the great genius Zohra Rom! Do you understand that means!?"

And Ryner replied,

".....aaah...what a pain..."

"ANSWER MY QUESTIOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOONNNNNNNN!"

He hollered and punched.

Fast!?

"W-wait, that was a close call!?"

But Ryner still managed to block it.

But Zohra didn't stop, he tried punching Ryner's face with his other hand.

And Ryner tried to block that as well...

But Zohra smiled.

"That's what you think. But it's a feeeeeeeeeiiiiiiiiiiiiint!"

His stopped his punch and tried elbowing the pit of Ryner's stomach.

"Woooooooah really?"

Ryner scowled and hurriedly tried to dodge....

"Impossible, huh. Then take this."

He twisted Zohra's left arm in his hands. Zohra shouldn't be able to elbow him, because if he stretched himself any further, his left arm will break under Ryner's grasp...

But.

However, Ryner was aiming to elbow somewhere below that.

A vital spot even lower than the stomach.

A vital spot that every male had....

“H-huh? Seriously? Tell me you’re kidd.....gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

His elbow struck true.

Of course, Zohra dodged, and it didn’t hit **that**. What he hit was Zohra’s thigh.

But Zohra was writhing on the ground.

“O, ou, ouuuuuuuuuuuuch. More like, I’m scaaaaaaaaaared! That was a close call!? You brushed against it just now!? Y-you, what the hell are you up to!”

He said while pressing down on his thigh.

Ryner sighed at his antics.

“You made the first move.”

“T-that’s true, but y-y’know, people don’t, normally aim here! Are you a devil? A devil?”

“Seriously, a devil....?”

“Geez, you don’t even know the basic etiquettes of men!”

“Well, even if you say that....”

“In the first place, you’re at fault for not answering my question!”

Ryner tilted his head.

“Question? What was it again?”

Zohra glared at him in fury,

“I said! Do you know what happens to people who make fun of the genius Zohra Rom?!”

“Hmm...so, what happens?”

Zohra stood up. It seemed like he finally recovered from the pain in his thigh.

He wore a smug smile.

“People who make fun of me....will get express tickets straight to the afterlife. The afterlife, you know...”

For some reason, he said ‘afterlife’ twice...

And he also, for some incomprehensible reason, flicked his hair.

And put on a face that just screamed “Alright!”.

Ryner responded by putting on his best “I’m tired...” face.

“...well, I’m fine with going to the afterlife and all....but didn’t you just say that you don’t kill kids?”

Zohra suddenly pointed at him.

“That! That’s the problem! Because I’m not gonna do whatever the fools in the country tell me to. I’ve made some rules about my assassination missions.

Rule one!

I don’t kill kids.

Rule two!

I don’t kill women.

Rule three!

I won’t engage in mindless slaughter.”

He started talking about his own rules.

And Ryner,

“Really, your rules don’t mean anything to me....”

“Rule four!

I won’t kill if I don’t feel like it.”

“No, seriously...”

“Rule five!

I won’t kill the weak!”

“....well, whatever makes you sleep at night. So I’ll be going back, alright?”

“Rule six!

I won’t kill unless I think it’s right to do so!”

“That just completely disqualifies you as an assassin, doesn’t it...”

Ryner couldn’t stop himself from butting in, and Zohra smiled and nodded happily.

“Exactly! I failed perfectly. Three years ago, I was one of the best of the **Hidden Elites**, and I was almost gonna be the **Greatest Assassin in Roland** – but right then, I had an epiphany! Real, strong men don’t rely on pesky titles like **Elite** or **Greatest** that they get from the country!”

Ryner ignored Zohra, who was babbling non-stop and off in his own world.

“...”

Ryner wordlessly made his way towards his house.

But Zohra walked beside him,

“Ever since that day, I stopped doing what the country tells me to!”

“Hey, don’t follow me!”

“Real strength cannot be gained by relying on the country!”

“He’s not listening...ah geez...”

Ryner looked at the fallen challengers in his garden. Tidying them up...is too much of a bother.

Zohra still continued.

“By the way, you want to know how I realized the truth, right?”

“No.”

“Everything began on that day in the holy kingdom of Veiohl, the instant I met that girl!”

“.....ugh.”

Ryner walked across his garden, opened his door and closed it immediately so that Zohra won’t come in. He locked it.

But it was unlocked in two seconds, and the door opened.

“She was such a hottie, and unbelievably strong as well. And like the birds that roam the sky, she was free. Even though she was ten years old like me, she was alone, without relying on anyone or any place.....well, there’s a strange kid that looks stupid following her around, but I don’t need to count him as a human, so she’s alone. Anyways, she walked the earth all by herself...”

Ryner completely ignored him and grabbed some bread, cheese and milk from the kitchen. He began eating after placing them on the table.

All the while, Zohra’s motor mouth was still running.

“When she beat me up, I knew. I knew that I couldn’t go on like this.”

He finished eating and yawned.

He stood up, placed the dishes and cups into the sink and went to the second floor.

He entered his bedroom, and hurriedly closed the door to keep Zohra out, but the lock was disengaged immediately.



“I said, ‘I’ll become strong enough to protect you.’”, and she said, “Aha. You want me to wait?” Back then, her face was both like that of an angel’s and a demon’s and my heart...”



“....I can just feel the tears coming...”

Ryner groaned and tucked himself into bed.

And Zohra took one chair from the bedroom, put it beside the pillow and sat down.

He looked comically like a gentle mother about to tell fairytales to her child.

“Anyways, we exchanged vows of love. This is important. Yes, the two of us loved each other. And I, I swore to grow stronger. Stronger than her, and that annoying idiot around her! I’ll kill that guy dead! Well, that aside, I...”

It felt like Zohra’s voice grew softer.

Really, his story was just so boring, I feel like sleeping....ah, this feels kinda nice, sleepy....good nigh...

And the pillow flew out of the window that just happened to be open....

"A-aaah!? My pillow!?"

But he won't make it.

The pillow disappeared outside the window.

".....m-my pillow...."

Ryner repeated while shaking.

With anger and despair.

A good night's sleep can only come with a splendid pillow – that much is common sense, isn't it....

Impossible.

Beyond impossible.

Just because of an idiot like this, an innocent pillow was.....the pillllloooooooooooooooooow!

And Ryner glared at Zohra with unprecedented hatred.

Zohra recoiled.

"...w-well, that's not my fault, right?"

"I-I can't let anyone who makes fun of the great pillow survive....that's the tradition passed on in the Ryner family for generations...."

"Huh? The Ryner family tradition...I mean, Ryner isn't a surname, but a first name, right? What are you lying fo..."

But Ryner interrupted,

"You fool! Do you have any idea what you've done!?"

He roared in anger.

And Zohra was overwhelmed by pressure,

"D-did I do such a bad thing?"

Ryner nodded.

"The pillow you just threw outside was....a memento from my dead grandfather!"

Zohra wore an expression of shock at this sudden revelation.

"...f-for real?"

"For real! And that's also the family treasure of the Ryner house, passed on from generation to generation. And what did you do to that pillow?"

"Er, I, um..."

"What the hell did you do to me grandfather's keepsake!?"

“U-um, I-I’ll get it back! Just wait!”

Zohra said and hurried out of the room.

And Ryner immediately jumped from the bed and grabbed some ropes.

He locked the door, placed a cupboard in front of it, closed the windows and wrapped the rope several times around the lock.

“I did it! Finally! I kicked that idiot out!!”

Ryner shouted.

It’s alright now.

He’s not going to get in....

But right then,

“You! What’s all that rubbish about your family treasure! This pillow’s just one of the cheap ass ones sold in stores!”

Zohra hollered and began twisting the doorknob.

And though he managed to pick the lock...

“Huh, it’s not opening! You! You did something, right? Hey, open up!”

Thump! Thump!

Zohra battered at the door, but he couldn’t open it because of the shelf.

Ryner smiled,

“Hehehe. Fool. That door can’t be opened by brats who’re mentally immature enough to be a toddler.”

He said and leisurely hopped onto bed.

All the while, Zohra rammed the door, but it didn’t move by a bit.

Ryner looked at the door in satisfaction.

“Now now, let’s just ignore the idiot and sleep...”

And outside the door,

“...WHAT I SEEK IS THUNDER...”

“W-what? H-hey, hey, stop joking....”

But it wasn’t a joke.

“WHAT I SEEK IS THUNDER >>> IZUCHI!”

In an instant.

Boooooooooooooooooooooom!

Magical lightning disintegrated the door, the wardrobe, and Ryner’s clothes in it.

In an instant.

“Gyaah!?”

They screamed funnily at the same time, clutched their faces and crouched again.

Zohra bore his pain, and said,

“I-I’ll definitely....kill you....”

“And I said, that’s my....”

Line! Ryner lashed out with a kick.

But Zohra was thinking the same thing, and they kicked each other’s stomachs at the same time....

“Gueh!?”

Like that....the two of them writhed on the ground, clutching their bellies.

The battle went on for dozens of times...

◆

Ten minutes later.

◆

“....I-I’m...d-dying....”

Zohra’s battered body lay in the corner of the room.

And Ryner,

“...p-please just go ahead and die....as soon as possible...”

He wasn’t that much better off, and half of his body hung out the window.

Their battle ended in a definite tie.

They punched and were punched, they kicked and were kicked, their power and speed were about the same.

Looks like this retarded kid really is on a different level than the challengers these days.

Ryner lifted himself up,

“....woah, I’m hurting everywhere just by moving....”

But he was so beat up that he couldn’t even tell where he was hurting.

He dragged himself back into the room and sat on the floor. He looked at Zohra, still sprawled in the corner.

“....so, what did you come for? You’re not a challenger who came just for the title **Greatest Magician in Roland**, right?”

He said.

He gathered that much from the conversation that he mostly filtered.

This guy looked at Ryner and said he wouldn't kill kids.

So he did come here to kill Ryner at first. But he also said....

'I'm not gonna do whatever the fools in the country tell me to. I've made some rules about my assassination missions.'

Assassination.

He won't do whatever the country's idiots tell him to.

So, what did that mean?

Ryner said with his half-opened eyes.

"....the army told you to kill me?"

Zohra got up, took out a few slips of paper and rolled them into balls. He chucked them at Ryner.

Ryner caught them and opened them up.

It was a familiar piece of paper.

An order issued to the **Hidden Elites** that Ryner was part of.

The following words were written there,

"Within three days, kill Ryner Lute, belonging to the 42nd squadron of the Hidden Elites."

On the second and third pages were Ryner's characteristics.

Black hair, black eyes, bearer of **Alpha Stigma**. Recently defeated Quont Quo and gained the title the **Greatest Magician in Roland** – et cetra et cetra.

Ryner looked up.

"So, you came to kill me?"

Zohra smiled,

"The army's a bunch of idiots as usual, right? They knew that I don't kill kids, so they didn't write your age on the papers."

Ryner looked at the papers.

Zohra was right, Ryner's age wasn't mentioned anywhere.

But,

"Hey, Zohra."

"Suddenly calling me by name now?"

Ryner ignored him.

“Hav...have you ignored orders on the basis that you don't kill kids and women?”

Zohra nodded immediately.

“Of course. Why do I have to do whatever the country tells me to?”

“...”

Ryner frowned at his words.

Because....the country won't allow it otherwise.

Ryner was like that.

He belonged to the **Hidden Elites**, but he didn't follow orders at all.

Of course, there were consequences.

Torture, imprisonment – he'd gone through all kinds of suffering that he could imagine and then some more.

He wouldn't be surprised if he was killed any day.

But the reason that he was left alive was due to his unusual **Alpha Stigma**.

He was an unusual and rare specimen, so he won't be killed now.

That's all.

Ryner was left alive for such a simple reason.

But this guy....

Ryner looked at Zohra.

And,

“...so you're going to defy orders by not killing me?”

Zohra's reply was immediate.

“Yeah.”

He nodded.

But Ryner continued to stare at Zohra,

“....do you understand the full repercussions of that action?”

Zohra stood up, looking like a brat who didn't understand at all.

“What about them?”

He asked.

Ryner couldn't stop himself from sighing again.

So he really is just a brat. He's strong, but just an idiot.

Well, most of the **Hidden Elites** are like that...

The army brainwashed them into thinking that they're geniuses, elites, the 'chosen' and that they have to work for Roland.

Of course, sometimes the brainwashing fails, and people who attempt to defy the country appear.

But they're dealt with immediately.

Roland won't spare such powerful rebels...

And this guy....

"Listen to me, look..."

Ryned began, but Zohra waved him off in annoyance.

"I'm not listening."

"Just listen. Right now, you're..."

"Geez, you're annoying. I get it. I'm gonna get killed, right?"

Zohra said.

"Righ....huh? Ah, you knew..."

Zohra looked at him with a face that screamed "Duh!".

"Of course! You taking me for a fool or something? And isn't the order itself suspicious? I defied all sorts of orders, and they knew that I don't kill kids, but they still order me to assassinate a kid like you – and they didn't even bother writing your age on the order. Why? The answer's simple. They gave me a fake order – they just wanted the **Greatest Magician in Roland** to take care of a rebel like me...that's what I thought, did you get some sort order that said 'the great genius Zohra Rom is a dangerous person, so please take care of him with your bed-wetting magic'?"

Rnyer replied,

"....you're getting more and more annoying by the minute..."

Zohra laughed.

"So you didn't. I see, this wasn't like the case with Biore Mente."

Ryner's expression darkened at his words.

"You knew about Biore..."

Biore Mente.

It was a nostalgic name. She was a girl who came to kill Ryner, but said that she loved him for some reason, and ended up running away from Roland with him.

But.

"...."

She died to protect Ryner.

She took her own life to protect Ryner from the men who called him a monster.

“...you knew...”

Zohra nodded.

“I did. I met her once before she was killed. And I looked up how exactly she died. She used to be called the **Greatest Assassin in Roland**, so as someone aiming for the same position, of course I'd be curious, no? And it turned out that she was lied to and killed. She was ordered to kill Ryner Lute...but it was a trap. Ryner Lute was ordered to kill Biore as well....but she realized after fighting with you. Back then, Biore couldn't do anything about you. And Biore was killed...”

Ryner shook his head.

“I..I didn't....”

Bur Zohra smiled,

“I know. You didn't kill Biore. The army killed her to experiment on you. And, this time...”

Zohra pointed outside the window.

Ryner turned around.

And dozens of people who wore the same combat uniform of the **Hidden Elites** were gathering around the entrance to the mansion, they seemed to be waiting for something.

There was a familiar face amongst them.

The man who was formerly called the **Greatest Magician in Roland**.

Quont Quo.

“That's...”

Ryner spoke, and Zohra shrugged.

“They came to kill me, right? They came to kill me, weakened from fighting with Ryner Lute...or both of us, weakened from fighting each other...well, it doesn't matter in the end...”

He said.

He passed by Ryner and placed one foot on the window frame.

“I've been waiting for something like this. The great Zohra Rom, the strongest man who managed to survive even after facing off against Roland. Hehe, it has a nice ring to it, no? If I could get out of this situation, then I think it's about time for me to confess to that girl, right?”

He said stupid things like that.

“Fool. You're going against the country by yourself. Are you that eager to die?”

But Zohra smiled. An innocent smile – the kind that belonged to children.

“I won't die. More like, I can't die. If I die from something like this, I'm not fit for that girl...”

“She sounds crazily strong.”

Zohra smiled bitterly.

“She’s just amazing. No, I’ve trained, so I might’ve caught up....I think, but at the same time, she’s growing as well... oh right! I’ll tell you about when I first met her...”

“I heard that just now. And it’s way too long, so spare me that.”

Ryner said with an annoyed face, and Zohra looked at him happily.

“Come on, just listen, please?”

“No.”

“There’s nothing wrong with listening, right? I don’t really have people that I can talk to, so I can’t help myself. There aren’t that many idiots like me who suffer torture and imprisonment because they defied orders, abandoned missions and beat up nobles, right?”

Ryner tilted his head.

“...just who are you talking about?”

Zohra pointed at him.

“You.”

“I’m not such a delinquent.”

“Haha. Well, whatever. So, I’ll tell you all about my fateful meeting with my angel when I get back...”

Ryner sighed at those words. And he looked sad, just a little.

“...you really think you’re coming back?”

Zorah replied in his usual energetic voice.

“Of course!”

Ryner spoke tiredly,

“...you’re stupid, right?”

“Hahaha. I’ll beat you up later.”

Zohra said and put his other foot on the window frame.

And Ryner felt like sighing again.

There’s no way he’d come back.

The army decided to kill Zohra.

They can do it.

He can still survive if he chooses to escape from the country, but he’s an idiot, so he’ll fight.

Even though there’s no way he can win by taking the army head-on.

Also.

Ryner looked out the window again.

He was standing at the entrance to the mansion.

The man who was once called the **Greatest Magician in Roland**.

And ten or so of his underlings.

There's no way he can win.

"..."

Ryner whispered softly,

"...are you really going?"

"Of course."

Zohra replied brightly.

But Ryner warned him,

"Why don't just escape from the country instead of doing stupid things like this? You're strong...if I helped you, I'm sure we could succeed."

"That's how you convinced Biore, huh? But sorry, I don't swing that way. I might just be your type, considering my beautiful features, but I hate your sleepy face, so I don't want your help."

"...well, I think you're annoying as well, so I won't help....but seeing you die a meaningless like that just disturbs my sleep...."

"Aaargh you're annoying. Are you like my mom or something?"

"If I gave birth to such an annoying kid, I'd kill myself."

"...alright. I've decided to kill my mother."

However, Ryner said,

"...you can't do it. Before...before you can kill that mother, you'll be killed by Roland first."

"I won't be."

Ryner shook his head.

"You will be. That guy with the short gold hair – that's Quont Quo."

Words of despair...

However.

Zohra's eyes sparkled for some reason.

"Oooh! Really!? He was the **Greatest Magician of Roland!**? Woah, lucky! So if I beat him faster than you did, do I get the title "**Super Great Zohra who's a hella lot stronger than the Greatest Magician in Roland!**"!?"

"You're reacting to that!?"

Ryner said with a deadpan expression, but Zohra paid him no heed.

“Just answer me. If I beat him faster than you did, will you acknowledge me as the **Greatest Magician in Roland?**”

“...well, I don't really care about the title and all. I can give it to you right now if that makes you happy...”

“Idiot. I don't care about the title either. But since I can't beat up a kid like you, I'll use that guy as a measure of who's stronger. If I can tell myself that I'm the strongest in Roland, then I can go ahead and confess to that girl. Alright, let's do this, let's do this!”

“No, no, why don't you look at the situation properly instead of fixating on that...”

But Zohra ignored him, as usual. He turned around and asked with a giddy face.

“So, how many minutes did you spend on that guy?”

“I said not to...”

“Just tell me! How many minutes? How many minutes did it take you to do him in?”

Ryner wore a troubled expression,

“Well, even if you ask me...I don't really remember...”

“Just give me an estimate, you idiot.”

“Idiot...well, whatever...aaah~ around ten minutes...”

“Ten minutes! Alright, just watch! I'll beat him in eight...five, no! She won't acknowledge me if I set my sights too low! I'll beat him in an instant, an instant. I'll beat that big guy up in an instant! And the legend of the great Zohra will be passed around the world, and after it reaches her ears, the legend of us two will begin! Is that so!? Ehehe <3 So, I'm off, I'm off!”

“W-wait, I'll help...”

But he wasn't listening.

Zohra jumped from the window frame.

“Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah!”

He twirled in midair and landed.

Quont noticed him, and attempted to pounce on Zohra with his underlings, but...

“S-shit! He's gonna die!”

Just when Ryner was putting his foot on the windowsill,

Zohra clutched his chest.

It was stained red. Zohra put his hand on his chest and looked at it.

“B-blood....”

And even from his mouth came red liquid...he vomited something that looked like blood....

And.

“.....gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah the **Greatest Magician in Roland**, Ryner Lute is really strong!

IIIIII've~beeeeen~beaateeeeeeeen~"

Flop.

He fell on the ground.

"Well...that's just too obvious, isn't it."

Ryner pointed out, but his efforts were futile.

"Fuhahahaha! Just as I thought, they fought! Both of them are weak now. Let's first kill Zohra Rom, and then gut Ryner Lute like a fish!"

"Y-you fell for it!?"

Ryner shouted, but Quont rushed into his garden.

Quont drew the knife at his waist, swung it up and tried to bring it down on Zohra,

"Juuuuuuuuuuust kidding!"

Zohra's cheerful voice sounded....

"Gyaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah"

Followed by Quont's scream.

"Hey, Ryner! Did you see? Did you see? I beat him in an instant! He went like "Gyaah!" Isn't he an idiot? Haha. And these fodder are no match for meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee."

He laughed and began fighting with the ten or so **Hidden Elites**.

He was overwhelmingly strong.

He'd be a good match for Ryner, even at his peak.

It really didn't seem like Ryner's help was needed.

Zohra beat up one, two and three of them, and just as he was about to get the fourth one,

"Hehehe. Did you just see that? My powe....gyaaaaaaaaah!"

Zohra let his guard down for a moment, and got a knife to the back as a reward.

"O-ouch! Damn! Woah! I'm losing!?! Ryner, help me!"

"Haaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah? You...are you shitting me....geez, whatever, you're so annoying!"

And in the end, Ryner had to jump out of the window.

◆

The sun had set.

Under the moonlight.

"So, what are you going to do now?"

Ryner sat on the huge mountain of corpses piled up in the garden (they were just unconscious, so nobody's actually dead...)

"...you got out of that somehow, but you're still going to die eventually, you know?"

He asked.

And Zohra, sitting on corpses and pulling out a knife from his back, said,

"Ah geez, you've be quite annoying since a while ago, bed-wetting mom."

"Bed-wetting.....you're really....ah damn, whatever...."

Ryner sighed again,

"But still, the army won't just let this slide. You're really going to get killed. They're probably sending more men after you at this very moment...."

But Zohra didn't seem alarmed,

"I'll deal with it when the time comes. If I die from something like that, then I'm just that kind of man."

"Well, you *are* that kind of man."

Zohra smiled,

"Alright. I've decided to kill my bed-wetting mom."

"It's impossible."

"I can do it."

"Even though you have a gaping wound on your back?"

"Hah. This kind of handicap suitable when dealing with someone like you."

"...alright....but I'm really suggesting that you run away from the country."

Ryner looked outside the mansion.

He felt the presence of other killers.

"....woah, too late."

There were lots of them this time.

Judging from their presence, there were tens....no, probably more than a hundred.

It was a despairing situation.

But Zohra still smiled,

"Nice. I've been waiting for a situation like this."

"....positive thinking, huh."

"Right?"

“Or are you just an idiot?”

“Hehe. A pesky kid like you cannot comprehend someone of my caliber.”

“....as expected, you are an idiot...”

“Go die!”

He threw the knife that he pulled out a while ago, but Ryner dodged it nonchalantly.

Zohra observed that and stood up.

“Alright.”

Ryner looked up at Zohra’s face.

“....you’re going?”

“Yeah.”

“To die?”

“I won’t die.”

“You will.”

“I won’t. I’ll come back, and I’ll tell you all about how close I’m with that girl....”

“You’re not even dating yet, are you.”

Ryner pointed out, and Zohra scowled.

“Ugh....I really hate you....”

Ryner smiled,

“Haha. I’m glad you didn’t like me.”

Zohra ignored him and turned around.

Facing the outside of the mansion.

He looked towards the night’s darkness, where hundreds are hidden within.

“So, I’ll be off.”

And Ryner,

“....”

Ryner said,

“....don’t die.”

And Zohra turned around with his innocent look again,

“Haha. Who do you think I am?”

He said and ran out.

Towards the darkness of the night.

◆

And Zohra Rom....

Died.

◆

Three days later.

Midnight.

Bedroom.

Beside the pillow.

“And the kid Zohra Rom died....and right away, the **Great Zohra Rom who’s a hella lot stronger than the Greatest Magician in Roland kyaaaaah how cool please go on a date with me- no, sorry, there’s someone else, honey** version of the great Zohra returned from that hell like a phoenix and was born to this world!”

He described his personal history along with his meeting with the unknown girl, how he got through the army’s encircling net, got himself familiarized with nobles who don’t like the people that ordered for Zohra to be killed, cancelled his own assassination order and even killed the ones responsible for it, and now he’s back after making a name for himself in the **Hidden Elites**....

He pretty much talked Ryner through all thirteen years plus four months of his life in the last ten hours.

Ryner felt dizzy.

“...it’d be good if you died...”

“Eh? Do you want to hear about my meeting with that girl agai...”

“I don’t! I don’t!”

“Now, now, don’t say tha....”

“I’m saying it! If you’re subjecting me to any more of your ridiculous stories, then I’m going to kill...”

“Before that, take this puuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuunch!”

Ryner blocked his punch and shouted,

“Fool! I know everything there is to know about your punches now, kiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiick!”

Zohra dodged his kick,

“That’s my line chooooooooooooooooooooooop!”

Ryner blocked Zohra’s hand coming down on him.

And they tried forcing each other back....

“Ugh, ugghhh”

“Gaaaaaaah”

But their strength is about the same.

They continued until both of them are red-faced and panting, but the match didn't reach a definite end....

"Gaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaah damn, I'm tired....h-hey Zohra....let's just stop it...it's getting pretty stupid."

"Y-yeah....you're right....it's time for us to grow...."

The two stared at each other and nodded.

They pulled back their hands at the same time.

In an instant!

"What an idiot, go diiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiieeeeeeee!"

The two of them said the same thing and punched.

But Ryner expected that to happen.

He knew that this dirty bastard - who kept saying this and that about girls but probably isn't very popular amongst them - will use dirty tricks.

So he cleverly devised a counter to Zohra's punch and responded in kind.

This is really it.

If the counter goes through, even this pain in the ass who keeps bullshitting won't be able to go on....

Won't be able to go on...

"..."

However.

As expected, Zohra's punch was faster than Ryner had thought.

Instead of countering, it looks like they're both going down....

"Gweh!?"

The two of them let out a funny scream and fell.

◆

This is the first meeting between the two kids who defeated the **Greatest Magician in Roland**.

The two of them will change the world....

Well, sometime in the future.

To be continued!

