

# Toriaezu Densetsu no Yūsha no Densetsu:Volume 10 Dear My Sister

---

 [web.archive.org/web/20141001231953/https://www.baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php](https://web.archive.org/web/20141001231953/https://www.baka-tsuki.org/project/index.php)

*Legendary Heroes' Legend Sidestory*

## Dear My Sister[[edit](#)]

For me, those whom I want to protect, even at the cost my life—there's one person.

My little sister.

When I was eleven and my sister was eight, our parents died in the war... from then on, I've always been protecting her.

My sister shines, smiling with a face unclouded.

Even though we're poor and always on the verge of death.

Even though our parents are dead and there's no way she can't be lonely.

*I'm happy because you're here, Brother—she said that.*

However, the reverse is also true.

I'm happy because my little sister is here.

If it weren't for my sister, I would've stopped moving forward the time our parents died.

That's why.

For the sake of saving the one person important to me...

Even if it costs me my life—it was simple, I'd thought.

◆

"Wait for me, Eslina,"

Fiole Folkal muttered, inhaling a small breath.

Fifteen, sixteen years old.

More so than a young man... there were still traces of a boy's face in him. Black hair, black eyes. Child-faced, gentle features, but right now he had an intense expression, looking down on the shopping streets from the house on the mountain ridge above.

It was evening.

Usually, at this time, after finishing his work, fathers would come home, and mothers would be busy preparing dinner, the place flourishing with people, but...

Today, it was different.

A carriage passed by.

In addition to that, it was the carriage of a noble.

The street became as still as death.

The Roland Empire was that kind of country.

The nobles were mad, dancing around with the country as much as they liked.

At the very least, whenever the nobles were irritated by something, the culprit would immediately be killed.

Even though the new king stood up, nothing changed at all.

Dethroning the tyrannical former king, Sion Astal, the young king, stood tall, claiming that he would change the country.

Hero King Sion Astal changed the country...

The country steadily improved, everyone said.

But the reality was—

“ ... ”

Fiole looked at the street.

As the noble's carriage passed by like that, he shuddered in fear as the street fell silent.

Everyone knew.

Nothing had changed in this country.

The nobles could kill the populace easily.

And,

“ ... ”

To his younger sister Eslina, Count Sumijio Klausberr, the feudal lord of the area, had...

One hour ago.

East of here, she'd been walking down Lard Street and was kidnapped.

“ ... ”

However, it was something that happened often.

Klausberr periodically abducted young women.

Those girls never returned home.

What was being done to them... no one wanted to think about it.

In other words, that kind of thing happened.

Even with the king being replaced...

Nothing changed.

“... Some Hero King.”

Fiole narrowed his eyes sharply.

On the opposite side of the street, the carriage moved along.

That overly-decorated carriage.

With one glance, one could tell it was a noble's carriage.

It was his target.

When he'd heard that his sister had been kidnapped on Lard street, Fiole immediately ran.

Klausberr's mansion was far away to the west of Lard Street. If Klausberr would be taking other women besides his sister while driving in his carriage, then he thought that he could arrive before him.

And right now, he could tell for certain that the carriage before him was a noble's.

It was definitely Klausberr's carriage.

However, the carriage wasn't going to return home.

“Now I'll save you, Eslina,”

Fiole said, letting out a deep breath.

Some time ago, he'd bought a knife, which he gripped tightly.

He had one chance.

Failure was not allowed.

In the case of failure, he would be killed.

If that were so, his sister would be defenceless.

But, it shouldn't be difficult.

Thrust his knife at Klausberr's throat, escape with his sister.

Or if even just his sister could escape...

Again, he looked over at the carriage.

There were eight guards. Their entire faces concealed, wearing a black helmet, armed, and riding horses were a group of men, surrounding the carriage.

They were obviously stronger than Fiole.

He would have to slip by them, break into the carriage, and escape with his sister...

Up to that point... Escaping would probably be difficult.

However, there was no hesitation.

“Eslina's holding on all by herself. If I die here...”

The carriage passed before his eyes.

Facing that,

“No matter what, I'll save her!”

Fiole jumped.

Straight down.

There was a thud as he landed on the carriage roof.

At that, the guards immediately reacted...

“W-Who are you!?”

“It's an assassin! Kill him!”

With those words, they started drawing their swords.

But Fiole ignored them. As someone who had never received combat training, he had no chance at winning against the soldiers.

Unless he took Klausberr as a hostage, he had no chances at winning.

Ignoring the guards, he descended from the carriage roof. However, instead of what was to be expected, which was for the carriage door to be open, it was locked.

“Damn it—!”

He gave up on trying to open the door and instead decided to force his way through the window.

Brandishing the knife, he smashed through the window.

But there...

“Ah...”

Fiole raised his voice and stopped moving.

From that, he trembled.

*This is the worst...*

That was what he thought.

From what he saw through the window.

His sister wasn't inside the carriage.

No, to say nothing of the fact that he didn't even see Klausberr. Fiole had never seen Klausberr...

However, he could tell instantly that Klausberr wasn't there.

He'd heard rumours of Klausberr's features—with white hair, a middle-aged, overweight, and lewd man.

But right now, in front of his eyes wasn't a man.

A woman.

No, a woman who held the looks of a goddess.

Beautiful golden hair, clear blue almond-shaped eyes. Well-arranged features and a delicate body.

However, in her hand, she carried tri-coloured dango...

With an expressionless face, she gulped it down.

Looking at the Fiole who was carrying a knife, she gulped down the dango and,

“What? What are you staring at?”

Those were her words...

“Eh? Ah...”

In the instant that Fiole was dumbfounded, the guards behind him—

“Now! Kill him!”

At that voice, Fiole turned around.

Before his eyes, a sword swung down at him.

*This is the end...*

He thought.

All because he made a mistake with the carriage. It was too late already.

It was impossible to escape from the guards.

After all, he didn't protect his sister.

Really, the worst.

Protecting his sister, even if it meant throwing away his life...?

Without her, there was no meaning to his life...

Then, the sword was about to come down on Fiole's head...

That instant.

*Giin!*

As metal met metal, a high-pitched sound rang out.

The guard's sword in front of his eyes had been stopped...

“Eh?”

Without thinking, Fiole let a stupid-sounding voice slip out.

This was a strange development.

All of the guards here should be his enemies.

Furthermore, the slashing at the guards—

“W-What is this, Your...”

But those words stopped there.

The man who had rescued Fiole punched the guard and descended from a horse...

Then, he said,

“Hey, kid! You’re rather rash, aren’t you? You made a mistake in your plans.”

At those words, in an instant, Fiole understood the situation.

To the man who helped him—

“B-By any chance, are you also after Klausberr’s life?”

At those words, the man,

“Nn? Klausberr...? Um... ah...”

He said, with his voice shaking for some reason, and then promptly—

“Right. That’s it! That’s what it is! I’m an assassin after that Klausberr person who infiltrated the guards, but because of you, everything is ruined!”

“As I thought!”

That was what he thought.

As he thought, they were after the same thing.

He was the same as Fiole—a member of the populace whom Klausberr had oppressed and walked over.

However—

Fiole spoke.

“But Klausberr isn’t on this carriage! There’s a woman instead!”

At that, the man looked rather surprised.

“What!? Damn it! Is that right!? This carriage was a decoy!? Then I’ve failed. Run away! I will hold them back. You escape into the alley.”

“Eh!? B-But...”

“It’ll be fine! I’ll take care of these guards... so hurry!”

As the man said that, he prepared his sword.

After that, the other guards fell back...

Really, this man seemed strong. The other guards understood this. It’d be all right to entrust this to him. No, rather, Fiole would be a hindrance if he didn’t comply with his order.

Fiole began to run...

However, nobody pursued him.

The man, standing in front of the guards, spoke.

“Since it’s like that, I will go.”

At that, the guards,

“Eeeeeeeeeeeh!? T-That’s troubling, Your...”

However, those words were interrupted.

“It’s enough already! You all should know best as group leader that I won’t be defeated! One more word out of any of you, and I’ll break your neck!”

That voice alone...

The guards took one step back...

“... U-Understood.”

They began moving back to the carriage.

They began running, avoiding the man.

That sight...

“Amazing...”

Fiole unintentionally murmured.

Escaping into the alleyway was no longer needed.

Fiole returned to the man, who was back on his horse...

“Y-You’re strong, huh?”

On the horse, the man shook his head.

“Not that much.”

Those words...

Though Fiole was just an amateur, he could tell with one glance.

It was the way he carried himself. In his voice, he had immense power.

He changed the way he referred to himself<sup>[1]</sup> in succession—he was going from one occupation to the next, Fiole knew.

And now, he was the guards’ leader.

To be the leader, he needed great power.

There had been a mistake in the plan. There was no way he wouldn’t be discouraged. Despite that, he didn’t seem to mind at all.

Fiole spoke.

“B-By any chance, are you a professional assassin?”

“Hmm?”

The man got off his horse.

And, he removed his helmet.

“.....”

Fiole was speechless.

Looking at the man's face...

This man was...

He wasn't an ordinary person.

He had a noble feeling, with long silver hair. Symmetrical appearance...

More than that, those eyes.

Holding a strong will, those golden eyes.

With those eyes, the man looked at Fiole.

“Assassin... huh? Well, something like that.”

He smiled kindly.

First, he didn't waver even when there had been a mistake, and now he smiled with absolute self-confidence.

He smiled kindly with sharp eyes.

Looking at those shining eyes, Fiole didn't move.

But with a kind voice, the man continued.

“However, you're not an assassin, it seems? The way you move didn't indicate any training. To attack a noble's carriage... what was your reason?”

Reason...

At those words, Fiole came to his senses.

That was right. This wasn't the time for that.

He hadn't rescued his sister...

His thoughts started to go around and around.

Klausberr wasn't in that carriage earlier.

If that was the case, then Fiole must've lost sight of his carriage.

Perhaps if he gathered the right information now, he could still pursue it. For the sake of rescuing Eslina, it was



necessary to enter the manor...

By himself, it was absolutely impossible.

But in that case... what should he do?

He could ask the man, who had such power, in front of him for help?

But he rejected that idea.

This man was an assassin. An assassin wouldn't go together with him into enemy territory with no plan like that.

But for Fiole, it was necessary to invade Klausberr's manor.

This man's aim didn't meet with his purpose.

As far as he was concerned...

With a sad expression, Fiole spoke.

"T-That... One hour ago, in the Lard shopping district, Count Klausberr kidnapped my younger sister."

With a slightly surprised face, the man—

"Lard? East from here... I see. Then in only one hour, you, from over there..."

However, Fiole's discouraged expression persisted.

"But I've given up. Against the nobles, there's nothing I can do..."

"You're giving up?"

"Yes... and after you went through such effort to help me..."

"Eh... so?"

"So... um, if I could, the name of you, who saved my life..."

But at that, the man smiled.

"You want to ask for my name? Haha. That's good. You're bright, it seems?"

Suddenly, he said those kinds of words.

At that, Fiole had a surprised expression.

"Ha? What..."

But the man smiled.

"To ask for the name of an assassin, wouldn't that mean you intend to sell that information to Klausberr? Then ask for your sister as compensation... no, that's not it. To enter the manor. To escape with your younger sister... to stab at Klausberr... isn't that it?"

He said those kinds of words...

However, Fiole shook his head.

“T-That kind of... I’m not capable of such a large feat. At this point, I have to give up on my sister...”

At that, the man easily,

“That’s a lie,”

He said happily.

“A guy who would reckless attack a noble's carriage... would give up on life so easily? I don't think so... as I say that, you're gripping your knife tightly. Do you intend to use your true power? You want to know my identity? After all, you can't save your sister without it.”

Those words...

Fiole shook.

“.....”

He was being seen through entirely.

*Bad.*

*Bad, bad, bad.*

*What should I do?*

There was no time. There was no spare time to delay.

Like this, during this time, Eslina...

Fiole looked at the man sharply and spoke.

“... I want to save my sister. Will you lend me a hand?”

The man shrugged.

“If I refuse?”

“So that I can bargain with Klausberr, I'll ask for your identity.”

At that, the man smiled happily.

He looked at the grip Fiole had on his knife.

“I'm stronger than you, you know?”

Again, the way he referred to himself changed. This was how it was originally.

Sharp eyes.

However, Fiole returned the sharp look...

And.

“... There's no time anymore. I acknowledge that you're a hundred times stronger than me. But this matter...”

“You'd bet your life on it? Hum. Even if you hold the information on my identity, that won't be enough to negotiate with the nobles. Furthermore, with your power, you can't win against me... Even if you're gambling on this, your

chances are...”

But Fiole interrupted him.

“They're better than nothing,”

Fiole said.

And he was going to use all his power. It was necessary to gather all his skill for this.

Of course, he wasn't going to get out of this unscathed.

One-armed, perhaps there wasn't anything he could do.

But if he didn't do this, then nothing would come out of it.

Instinctively, he wanted to let out a sigh.

Really, his chances were small.

But, nevertheless...

Then.

The man—

“I see. Your words are sincere. Your chances *are* better than nothing. It's hard to tell what the result will be.”

Again, he smiled happily.

As he placed his hand on his sword at his abdomen, he spoke.

“Come. Show me your strength.”

“Enough talk!”

Fiole rushed at the man.

He thrust upwards in a straight line...

Then, over there.

The man swung his sword. The sword sent the knife flying, before being pushed at the nape of Fiole's neck.

“Wa—!?”

His body bended over in order to dodge.

However, the man's movements didn't stop. He brushed Fiole's legs, knocking him off balance.

Fiole hit the ground. Of course, he immediately tried to get up, but—

“Too slow,”

The man said lightly, before thrusting his sword at Fiole's chest.

He didn't stir.

“... Damn...”

“It's over.”

Right.

That was the end of this.

Right now, from here, he couldn't see the carriage.

Could he have even snuck into the noble's manor?

“.....”

It was impossible.

The chances of saving his sister were zero...

Lying at his side with a defeated expression, Fiole looked up at the sky.

The tall sky and strong wind, and the clouds streamed by quickly.

Before him, before him.

But...

“... Kill me.”

Already, he'd lost his reason to move forward.

He'd lost his reason for living.

His strength left his body... and he realized it.

His sister's words.

*“I'm happy because you're here, Brother.”*

As he thought, the reverse was true.

Without his sister, he couldn't see a reason to live.

In this kind of—

“... You're an assassin, right? Please kill me. I beg of you.”

In this kind of...

“... In this kind of rotten country, already, my reason to live...”

However, the man pulled away his sword, and while skillfully sheathing it,

“For a professional assassin, what reward would there be in that? Would you reward me with money?”

Of course, he had no money. Up until now, he and his sister had done everything they could to get by.

Past the point of despair, Fiole let out a breath of surprise.

“... Am I not even able to die smoothly?”

At that, a cynical smile floated to the man's face.

“Yeah. It’s the worst country, isn’t it? Really, it’s rotten. You can’t even dream.”

“.....”

Fiole didn’t respond.

However, this man’s words were true. This country wouldn’t allow a person to wish for happiness.

Domestic conflicts. Wars. The nobles’ tyranny.

Even though there was a new king, nothing had changed.

Nothing could change by this point.

As for what a powerless person could do, there was only cursing the fact that he’d been born and just trying to survive each day...

His parents had been killed, and now his sister had been kidnapped...

Without thinking, each day...

There,

“But... nevertheless, I have a dream. I don’t like people who give up so easily. If this is a country where you can’t dream, then shouldn’t we change it? You would abandon your sister and give up everything?”

The man suddenly said those words.

Fiole lifted his face.

Upon that, the man looked at Fiole. Golden, strong-willed eyes. Those eyes gazed upon Fiole.

“If someone says it’s impossible, you’d give up just like that? Because you were born in the wrong country, the wrong time, the wrong world, you’d give up just like that? Then die. I’ll kill you. Forsake your sister, and die...”

At that, Fiole glared at the man.

“I-I won’t forsake my sister!”

Then, the man smiled.

A strong yet kind smile.

And, in a clear voice,

“In that case, what will you do? You have a good head, so you should already know. To save your captive sister, your actions and judgements must be up to task. But, over your captive sister, you’re unsettled. You don’t fully understand the situation. Think about your plan again.”

He spoke as if there was another plan.

At those words, Fiole narrowed his eyes.

Unsettled?

Certainly, he was unsettled.

Wasn't that obvious? His important sister had been taken captive. On top of that, by the worst party.

For the sake of saving his sister...

Fiole said,

“H-How would I sneak into Klausberr’s residence...”

“That’s not it.”

The man immediately interrupted.

Those words...

Fiole thought increasingly harder.

That wasn’t it? Then what in the world was the man trying to say? Then why was this assassin talking...

There.

“... Assassin?”

Fiole again stopped his current thoughts.

Starting over from scratch, he reconsidered everything. The way to save his sister... he reconsidered that fundamental thing.

*Who in the world is this man?*

Before, he’d thought the man was an assassin who’d infiltrated the group of guards, waiting for a chance to strike at Klausberr.

But when Fiole attacked the carriage, it wasn’t necessary to save him. If he’d gone through such lengths to infiltrate the guards, he wouldn’t have shown his true colours.

*Then, what?*

*Who in the world is this man?*

He thought over his information...

He went over his memories.

*But... but that...*

“W-What is this, Your...”

The guard’s words. The term of respect. Why would that be used for an assassin?

“T-That’s troubling, Your...”

Again, the term of respect. The words before—“Your...”—what was the continuation?

And why would the guards pull away without attacking him?

Immediately the answer floated into his head. But it couldn’t be. That couldn’t...

His eyes wide, Fiole looked at the man.

The man smiled happily.

His thinking moved forward.

*“Assassin... huh? Well, something like that.”*

The man's words.

*“But... nevertheless, I have a dream. I don't like people who give up so easily. If this is a country where you can't dream, then shouldn't we change it?”*

If the nobles heard that—those proud words—he would've been executed immediately.

And he knew the guards of that pompous, noble's carriage. However, that wasn't Klausberr's carriage.

*Then, what?*

There was that question; however, he might know the answer.

But that couldn't...

“... U-Um, then, that woman inside that carriage...”

At that, the man easily,

“That was my guard.”

“G-Guard? B-But why would a guard be inside the carriage while y-you're outside?”

However, the man answered simply,

“A trap. For any assassins who come after me. That way, if an assassin strikes, I can surprise them and attack from behind? Well, if the assassin's young like you, I don't think it'd be right to attack over a misunderstanding.”

Saying that, he smiled.

*But, but that means...*

“Ah... u... ah...”

Fiole lost his ability to speak.

He was an idiot. He truly had been unsettled over his sister's abduction.

That was what this man in front of him had said.

*“This rotten country...”*

But apparently knowing just from Fiole's expression, the man gave him a kind smile.

“Don't worry about it. This country truly is rotten.”

To these words, Fiole jumped to his feet. He fell prostrate to the ground.

“P-Pardon me. I-I was very impolite... please forgive me... n-no! Do what you will with my life. But... but my sister...”

However, his words were interrupted.

“Of course, that was my intention. So lift your face.”

At the command, Fiole lifted his face.

In front of his eyes...

Silver hair with a noble air, golden eyes that gave off a strong light.

He understood why he'd lost his voice the moment he saw him.

Hero King.

The young saviour king.

Why other people called him that, he could tell with a glance.

Despite that, this man, with a remorseful expression,

“Thanks to you, I realize that it's necessary to deal with Klausberr as soon as possible. From the inspection result, this area's situation is terrible. That's my responsibility. But, nevertheless, I can't interfere with Klausberr. I don't yet have the power to easily lay a hand on the nobles.

“Hero King—I'm amazed to hear such a thing, you know? My position is still weak. My power isn't enough. My allies aren't enough. That's why, I see skilled people like you in each place, and appoint them...

“But I was testing you, who was unsettled over your captive sister. Can you forgive me?”

He said that kind of thing.

The king.

This man, who was the king of Roland Empire, said that kind of thing.

At that, Fiole,

“.....”

Words wouldn't come out.

The man continued.

“With that, if you can, become my ally... no, first help your sister? Relax. It'll be simple, after all. For the sake of selling out to me, Klausberr told me that he prepared a girl for me. Surely it's your sister? Surely, I'll meet with her.”

Then, the man held out his hand...

“So, if we save your sister, then together we'll think of a way to punish Klausberr. Become...”

His smiling face shone with overflowing confidence.

“Become my ally.”

He said those words.

To Fiole, who had nothing to offer.

He'd been raised in a poor family. To him, whose parents were dead and who struggled each day to survive with his sister.

To that Fiole, this man sincerely extended his hand...

At that...

Fiole trembled.

Immediately, he knew.

This country was going to change.

With this kind of king, there was no way it wouldn't change.

This Hero King.

“.....”

Fiole's voice, unsurprisingly, wouldn't come out.

In its place, tears spilled forth...

But the man looked at Fiole and spoke...

“... That was too bold of me. I'm sorry.”

Fiole couldn't say anything to those words.

This district.

No, as somebody of this suffering country, there was nothing to say.

All of this pain, all of this pain inside of him...

To that...

“.....”

Fiole held out his hand.

And, this young Hero King.

He took Sion Astal's hand.

◆

As Sion had said, it was a simple matter, reuniting with his younger sister.

With Fiole passing as Sion's secretary, Klausberr had sent a woman to Sion—Fiole's sister.

His sister cried tears of joy when they were reunited.

That night, she'd slept against Fiole's chest, exhausted from crying.

It was the first time he'd seen his sister cry. Even when their parents died, she didn't cry.

She'd been incredibly frightened.

No, more than that, perhaps she'd already given up. Having given up, she fell apart when Fiole came for her.

“It's all right. It's fine now.”

Fiole continued patting his sister's head.

Tomorrow's plan was already clear.

Sion was going to reclaim and free all the women who'd been captured.

Tomorrow, everything would be exactly as it was before.

"Exactly..."

As Eslina's breathing became audible, Fiole murmured.

This luxurious bedroom of things he hadn't seen.

While staring up at the ceiling...

"Everything will be exactly as it was before."

Klausberr wouldn't be punished.

Sion didn't have that power yet.

This district—no, this territory would continue to suffer at the hands of the nobles.

Klausberr—that white-haired, middle-aged man with a lewd expression... outwardly, Sion had to treat him warmly and be seen as modest...

He remembered the way Klausberr looked at Sion, with that proud, unpleasant smile.

Through the entire time, regarding that haughty attitude, Sion had smiled gently...

Looking at that, Fiole once again recalled Sion's words.

*"My power isn't enough."*

Is that what he meant by those words?

In order to change this country, his power wasn't enough...

His expression, when he'd said that.

"....."

*"If someone says it's impossible, you'd give up just like that? Because you were born in the wrong country, the wrong time, the wrong world, you'd give up just like that?"*

Those words...

To whom exactly were those words directed to in reality?

"After all, tomorrow will be exactly the same as before..."

Outside the window, it was slowly becoming bright.

Already, the night was brightening.

He looked at his sister, who was sleeping against his chest with a peaceful face—with a sweet face.

After being so worn out, she was sleeping at all. He thought that maybe it'd be fine for a while even with day approaching.

He wanted to protect her. He needed to become strong, he thought. She was only thirteen years old, and yet she'd already lost so much.

So that nothing else would happen after this... he wanted to protect her, he thought.

Despite that, his sister, raised in this country...

"Will tomorrow be the same as before? ... Is that really enough?"

He murmured as bright light shone through the window...

He regretted not closing the curtains.

At the light, Eslina frowned slightly and moaned quietly, shifting on Fiole's chest.

Fiole smiled at that.

"....."

However, his sister didn't wake up, and so he said nothing.

◆

Afterwards, approximately one year passed.

◆

It was a modest room.

But Fiole was unbelievably happy.

It was a room inside the royal castle of the Roland Empire. There wasn't even anything you could call a luxury item, but Fiole didn't need any.

A desk, a bed, and the light of a candle.

Right now, he was writing a letter to his sister.

The beginning was this.

*Eslina, thank you for writing.*

*Sorry for taking so long to respond.*

*But your brother is relieved to see you doing so well.*

*You've been getting good grades in school and doing your best. When I receive letters from you, I always feel inspired to do better.*

*Besides, I'm blessed with the boss I have. Lord Astal... the king, is incredible.*

*He deals with commoners like me on equal terms and truly puts this kingdom first in his mind.*

*I'm really glad that he's become this country's king.*

At that point, he stopped writing.

“Well, except work is troubling, with a king that overworks himself...”

He frowned, before smiling.

And he returned his eyes to the letter.

Again, he started writing.

*I'm proud to live in a country with him as king.*

*I want Eslina and Lord Astal to meet at least once...*

*Ah, that reminds me. Lord Astal is giving me a break this weekend so that I can meet with you, Eslina.*

*See? Isn't he nice?*

*So I hope to see you this weekend.*

*It's been a long time. Whenever I came back, Mother would make her specialty stew.*

*You have the same cooking skill as Mother, you know? You'll definitely make a good wife one day.*

*If you were to be with Lord Astal...*

*Well, that's not something that someone of my position should be saying~.*

*But getting back on topic, I'm really looking forward to seeing you this weekend.*

*- Fiole Folkal"*

“... All right.”

As Fiole finished writing the letter, he nodded.

Then, smiling faintly,

“It's really been a long time. Eslina will be happy,”

He murmured, alone.

Then he moved to put the letter in an envelope...

“Ah, I forgot to buy envelopes... but I feel like there were envelopes in this room...”

He looked around the room.

Surely there were envelopes on the bookshelf that he had as spares...

As he stood up, suddenly—

There was a knocking sound.

“Eh?”

At that, Fiole looked around, swinging his head.

There wasn't anyone who should be visiting this room. So as to keep up with Sion, Fiole often wasn't in his room...

In any case, aside from Sion, there were only a few others who would visit...

However,

"Lord Astal should still be attending the nobles' evening party, so... who?"

Fiole again,

"Who is it?"

It was when he was saying that.

The door was forcibly opened.

Dressed in black clothes and holding swords in their hands, several men appeared. And then that familiar white hair, middle-aged noble's figure...

It was Count Klausberr.

And Fiole, immediately alert, understood.

So his expression became slightly troubled.

"Ah... good grief. Again, Lord Astal is going to blame himself,"

He murmured, smiling.

At the same time, Klausberr spat out,

"That boy will serve as a warning. Kill him."

In that moment, the men raised their swords...

However, Fiole didn't move.

But he had a troubled face...

And he recalled his conversation with Sion that morning...

◆

"Um, Lord Astal."

As that voice rang out, Sion, as usual, didn't lift his head from his documents.

"Hmm? Ah, hold on a moment, Fiole, right now this... all right."

And then looking up,

"What is it? What's wrong?"

He said.

At that, Fiole, in a somewhat angry manner, put his hands on his hips.

"Don't 'what's wrong' me! How many hours will you continue working!?"

“Eh? Ah—how many, huh?”

Fiole knew. Forcibly taking away the documents, he spoke.

“You’ve been sitting there for twenty hours. On top of that, since coming back from the territory inspection... you haven’t eaten at all. Are you trying to ruin your health!? Here! Eat all of this, or else I won’t give you back your papers!”

And he held out an already-prepared meal. This troublesome king—if he wasn’t forced to eat or sleep, he’d continue working in his office all day.

Understanding that Fiole was seriously scolding him, Sion—

“Fiole is scary~. I understand. I’ll take a short break.”

And he lifted both hands.

With a slightly angry, *that should be obvious* face, Fiole tidied up the office desk and started placing the meal down.

Good grief. This was the country’s most important person—this person who didn’t see himself as the most important.

It was really troublesome, he thought.

But he was a bit happy at that. In spite of his angry face, he was happy. Because he knew it would be no good if he wasn’t by this person’s side.

This king was strong.

In this way, always by his side, he knew.

Hero King.

He knew best the reason why this person was called that.

At the same time, he was incredibly weak.

He took all of the people’s pain onto himself.

That was why he didn’t rest. In order to compensate the people for their pain, he tormented his own body and continued working.

He was strong, this king who advanced forward.

However, he was kind.

Fiole smiled at Sion, who was looking at documents even at dinnertime.

This person was too kind to be king.

Sometimes he thought that.

It seemed like he would break—sometimes he thought that.

If he could support him even just a little...

If he could relieve him of even a little of his burden...

Though he was only able to think such things, Fiole was happy.

He'd been with the king for one year.

This country changed all at once.

This king, to the lower-ranking Fiole, said,

"What's most important is to never give up, Fiole. That's what I think. Just because your standing is low... don't give up so easily. No matter who looks down upon you, you're never alone. You're certain to have many allies..."

"That's what I was told before, myself..."

Don't give up...

Fiole listened to his words and thought.

He truly was glad that he became this country's king...

As he told Sion that, Sion looked embarrassed.

"I'm not going to relent just because you're praising me, you know."

However, Fiole shook his head.

"I'm serious. I'm really proud that you became this country's king. And that, for my sister to be able to grow up in this country, we're really fortunate..."

"I'm thankful to God for this."

Those were his true feelings.

They were fortunate to have this hardworking king.

Because he met this person, he was able to move forward.

He'd found his reason to live.

That day... that evening sky.

At the same time he was trembling to move forward, thanks to him, he'd become able to advance...

He truly was fortunate.

That was what he thought.

That was why...

◆

Fiole smiled.

"That's why... even if I die, you shouldn't blame yourself..."

He said that much in that place...

To his body, several swords already...

Klausberr's smirking face.

That noble, with his smirking face.

But even so, it was all right.

Because *he* was this country's king.

He didn't have to worry about leaving his sister behind.

Ah, they were fortunate.

That was why...

"Ah..."

As he lost his remaining strength, he fell to the floor.

But Fiole was smiling.

That was why—that was why he wasn't sad.

◆

For me, those whom I want to protect, even at the cost my life—there are two people.

One is my little sister, and the other...

The reason to live.

The ability to dream.

To be born in this country, this time, this world—I'm truly glad.

## Notes[[edit](#)]

1. ↑ Here, Sion is switching between various first person pronouns (specifically, *ore*, *watashi*, and *boku*) every other line or so at first, before eventually settling on *ore*. Different pronouns denote different levels of formality, so it's unusual for someone to be switching between them as much as Sion is right now.