

# 実は俺最強？ でした。

澄守彩

illust. 高橋愛



# **JITSU WA ORE, SAIKYOU DESHITA?**

– Actually, I was the strongest? –

**- VOLUME 1 -**

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## – STORY –

Protagonist Vaito, who was reincarnated as a werewolf magician, becomes the Vice Commander of the Third Division of the Demon Lord's Army.

Having captured a frontier trade city, he is in charge of controlling and protecting it.

Formerly a human, now a monster, he understands the feelings of humans and the feelings of monsters as well.

Thanks to that he is being considered as a great commander with both wisdom and courage by others, but in reality it is just one hardship after another:

Making the violence loving demons obey, doing something about the always complaining humans, today also he is working hard as the main leader of the demon army.

## – GENRE –

Light Novels, Romance, Slice of Life, Yuri



「囚われたにもかかわらず、命を救われた。  
その上、新たな名もいただいた。ここに契約は成立しました」  
ん？ 契約ってなに？

フレイさんは首を深々と下げて続けた。

「我が主よ、  
この身を  
貴方に捧げましょう」

◆◆◆ フレイ ◆◆◆

ハルトと契約した  
フレイムフェンリル

◆◆◆ ハルト ◆◆◆

転生したら  
LV が 02 (ホントは 1002)  
だったため殺されかけた王子。





「ついでだ。」

全部つぶせろ」

盗賊なんて迷惑でしかない。  
貧しい暮らしに耐えかねて、  
とかいろいろ事情があるかもしれないけど、  
ぶっちゃけ俺にはどうでもいい。

「んじゃ、行くか」

「はっ。お供します」

俺は百近い結界のほとんどを消し、空を翔けた――。

◆◆◆シャルロッテ◆◆◆

ハルトの妹。ハルトの  
正体に気付いている――？





「あにうえさま、あそんでくださいー！」

勢いよくドアが開かれ、突入してきた小さき人。シャルロツテだ。

「お前さ、ノックくらいしろよ」

「あにうえさまは、まえもってしつていたごようす。ひつようでしょうか？」

「マナーの問題としてね」

「わかりました。つきからは、かならず」



The background is white and filled with various floating geometric shapes. There are several dark gray cubes of different sizes and orientations, some appearing to be in motion. Interspersed among the cubes are circles with a halftone or dotted pattern, also of varying sizes. The overall aesthetic is clean and modern, typical of contemporary Japanese book cover design.

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# CHAPTER 1

## IS THAT A BAD MEASURING DEVICE?

I reincarnated into a different world. Although I will overlook the details.

According to the Goddess (she claimed she was one) this was a world where magic power was the absolute power. I was worried that I would suffer here. But she also gave me a cheat ability. So I can enjoy my second life to the fullest.

During my 3rd year of middle school, I was bullied to the point of becoming a shut-in. And after five years, I was living a vague life without any hope for the future. Even if suddenly you said: "Enjoy your second life"...

But what I want is to live a peaceful life

Away from those heartless people.

A life where I could spend every day watching anime and playing games without even realizing the sun had already set. That is the best way to live life!

So I decided. I will be a shut-in and live a life full of laziness! For that purpose, I'll do my best.

And then I was born

I felt like someone was throwing something in a blurred view.

Suddenly the voice became clear when I thought I could not hear anymore.

"Your Majesty, It's a healthy boy!"

"Oh! Gisserot, You've done it!" (King)

My body was held by someone.

But I couldn't see anything. I don't know who is who.

I tried hard to open my eyes and see.

Suddenly the view was cleared.

There, in front of me, stood a dandy old man.

He had blond hair with deep-cut features. He looked like one of those good-looking actors in Hollywood. He also wore luxurious clothes.

The dandy old man held me in his hands.

“Let’s see, Gisserot. It’s a beautiful boy, just like you. The color of his hair and eyes are the same as yours. You see the crest on his left chest. It looks like there’s no mistake. He’s definitely our son.” (Dandy- King)

The dandy oldman passed me gently to a very beautiful woman.

Her hair and eyes were black. She looked young and fair-skinned.

As expected from a King. The Queen is young and beautiful.

“Oh my, there is no way I’d ever cheat on you, dear.” (Gisserot)

Anyway, it seems that I was reborn as a prince of a country.

I wonder why the conversation has a disturbing tone to it?

I won’t complain even if I was born as the eighth son. This way I can live as a shut-in without worry. As I was thinking that, the King moved to another room while holding me in his hand.

Why did we enter a suspiciously terrifying room?

The windows were hidden by thick curtains and the candles that lit the room flickered and created strange shadows.

On the floor of the large room, there was a large magic circle. In the center of it was a wooden baby cot.

“I’m waiting for you, Your Majesty. We are ready.”



An old man in a black robe laughed. I'm scared.

I was entrusted to the black robed old man, and was placed in the cot.

The old man removed a crystal ball and started chanting some kind of spell

Even if I'm scared. I opened my eyes and stared at the crystal ball. The crystal ball started shining brightly.

Uh, dazzling...

The ball started shaking and fell from the palm of the old man's hand. Although we are indoors, a strong gust of wind appeared suddenly.

"Wha- What's going on!?"

The King started panicking. Eventually the abnormal phenomena stopped.

"Hmm, hmmm... This is...!?"

"How is it? What is the Prince's maximum magic level?"

Apparently my magic level was being measured.

According to the description of the Goddess, everyone in this world was born with the ability to handle magic. But the quality is determined at the moment of birth.

The maximum magic level the King asked about was basically the maximum magic level that one can reach in their lifetime.

No matter how hard you tried, it wouldn't go beyond that.

"He's the son of the Lightning Princess, Gisserot. His magic level must be 40. No, considering this mysterious phenomenon, he must be more than 50 !"

My father was very excited.

The highest magic level ever in history was 77. He was worshiped as a great sage.

Generally it is pretty great if it exceeded 30. Even the common people could raise their

status to a noble by raising their level later.

But,

“...2”

“Huh? What did you say just now?”

“The Prince’s maximum magic level seems to be 2... and no attributes are displayed. Only the warding magic can be used.”

According to the Goddess’ explanation, the people of this world are determined to have “attributes” of nature.

[Fire], [Water], [Earth], [Wind] were the basic four elements. In addition to the basic four elements, there are also [Light] and [Darkness].

If you had one or more of these, you could use the magic of that element.

You couldn’t use magic besides your own element.

Only warding magic seemed to be the exception. But there was no explanation for that

[02] / [02] was displayed on the crystal ball. There was nothing other than that.

“Oh, but the current magic level is 2. He reached the maximum magic level as soon as he was born. As expected of a Prince!”

The black robe old man tried to desperately turn the situation around.

However, the king was trembling in rage and bellowed angrily.

“Fool! There is no way to have a magic level of 2 at birth! Two... Two...!? Maximum? What’s more, no attribute? Such a piece of junk is born from the womb of Lightning Princess and is my seed?!”

The black robed guy stepped back in fear.

” No. The ‘Mija’s Crystal’ is broken. Yes, It must be!”



My father desperately tried to deny the result.

But even I thought the same. It is likely that there is some mistake with the measuring instrument.

The cheat ability that the Goddess had given to me is unknown. But even if it is not related to the maximum magic level, there is no way my magic level is only two... right?

“But I checked the preparation before the preparation but there was no problem-”

“Give me another crystal right now!”

The black robed old man scurried out of the room.

After a while, he came back with a couple of other black robed guys. One person was carrying a crystal ball.

The same ritual began.

The same result appeared.

My father’s eyes dulled. Maybe mine too...

” My son Prince Reinhard, who was born today,... is dead.”

Huh?

“He was stillborn.”

I was trying to get a grip of my surroundings.

What? Am I really gonna get killed right after being reincarnated?

Cheat ability? Didn’t you say that you would give me one?

In less than an hour after reincarnation, the dream of a cheat ability and shut-in life seems to have been broken.

I can only express the loneliness and resentment with a “Dah” or “Uh”,

”Aree? But it’s strange. Shouldn’t 【2】 be displayed instead of 【02】 ?”

One of the men in the robe muttered under his breath.



On the other hand, the Goddess that incarnated him was talking to a fellow Goddess.

“What’s wrong? Have you given the cheat ability properly?”

“Ah... I forgot to give him an attribute.”

“Isn’t that bad?”

“It’s okay. His magic level is high.”

Certainly, she had set his magic level at the maximum level.

His magic level is not just two.

The fact that only two digits appeared on the crystal for measuring the magic level meant that it failed to measure his ability.

His true magic level is ——

【1002】 / 【1002】

It seems like the Goddess went way overboard.



## CHAPTER 2

# I REALISED MY DREAM

There were five old men in the room.

One of them was my father in this world. His name is His Majesty, ZirkOrteas. Others are just extra characters.

“I’ve decided. It is not a good thing to do. But I cannot be laughed at by my subjects because of an incompetent prince.”

“But, your majesty, even if you pretend that it was a stillbirth, who will take care of the prince?”

“Hm. Surely it’s a problem to give up on a royal child.”

This was an unusual situation where they discussed how to kill me. In the beginning there was an old man who was begging for my life yesterday but he had been discharged.

I could understand my father saying that, but my mother also said,

“This kind of thing as my son will be a stain to my reputation.”

I knew that there were bad people out there. But I realised the true ugliness of people after being reincarnated.

In the end, humans are bad. Everyone is rotten.

But it’s not like I can sit and wait for death.

I have no regrets in this world but it is still scary to die. Even if you are really weak, there should be a way to enjoy and survive in this world.

I was supposed to have a fragile heart, but I am feeling very positive right now. Probably because of the reincarnation.

I will survive!

That's why I have decided to think about how to survive.

Think while looking at the ceiling.

You need magic power to use magic.

And the total amount of magic that individuals can handle depends on the current magic level. I heard about this while the adults were talking.

Putting it together, it was quite easy to understand.

It seems the amount of magic power one can handle is roughly proportional to one's magic level squared.

There's a four-fold difference between level 1 and level 2.

For example, if there were a level 1000 guy, then the difference between him and a level 1 is a million times greater.

That's amazing.

But as expected, a four-figure person is unlikely to have existed.

Well, I'm a level 2 small fry. Besides, I don't have any attribute. I think I can only use warding magic.

The goddess is really foolish. What cheat did you give to me? Do your job properly!

And I don't even know how to use the warding magic. There was a vague image of a 'ward' in my head was that of a transparent wall. Let's try it.

And strange things happen in it. When it detects someone intruding, there will be an explosion.

I think I have to master this magic to survive.

So, let's try it now.

I will first make a transparent box.





That was quite easy.

The King did not notice so maybe it cannot be seen by others. Somehow, I can see a square box floating.

By the way, I'm a baby so I can only lie on my back and say, "Dada booboo"

I tried moving the box.

I can move it smoothly in the air and manipulate it at my will. The magic power seems to have been consumed a little. But even with magic level 2, I could operate without burden. It feels good when I'm tired.

I hit the wall against the wall.

It blew into pieces... The wall is broken into pieces!

"What's happened?!"

"The wall suddenly..."

"Explosion magic?"

"Is it a thief? Is it a remnant of the demons?"

There was a huge fuss. I will try to control myself and stop.

It is easy to put out.

It disappeared when I thought of making it disappear. However, if you make it and leave it, it will not disappear. It is just a feeling, but if it is only maintenance, it seems like it does not consume magic at all?

Let's keep trying.

A square box can be as small as a needle hole or it can be large enough to fill a room.

The shape can be anything. It can also create complex shapes. It could cover the strangely shaped vase and the flowers in it with a thin film.

When I tried to move the ward, a strange thing happened. The flower and the vase floated in the air along with it. Another fuss was created.

“Are you doing that? No way...”

The King stared at me. I was trembling and sweating while swallowing the saliva that dripped out of my mouth.

What should I do? If I am exposed, my life may be in danger. Should I try to attack him? Hit the transparent ward into his head? It will be messy—I was thinking of killing just like that?

I must calm down.

In the first place, I seem to have a magic level of only 2. I don’t understand warding magic well, and it is definitely clear that even if I hit a surprise attack, he will fight back.

Let’s wait and see. Let’s act like a baby and see how the King will react.

“Gu gu gu” I gazed at him with innocent eyes.

“...Well, there’s no way, right. His magic level is only 2... and he’s still a baby. It’s probably because the large-scale warding magic protecting the palace malfunctioned.”

After saying so, he left with everyone.

I was left behind.

Fufu, my baby acting is perfect.

It seems that the crisis has been solved for the time being, and now I can practice the warding magic without hesitation.

I tried to color the box this time.

Red, blue, yellow. Make gradations with multiple colors. I could change it freely.

I tried to imagine a bird.



It doesn't look very real because of my poor image, but when I try to color it and make it fly, it flies like a bird.

You are free...

I can only lie on my back. There is no strength in a baby's body. I can't move my hands and feet freely. I can't speak words well. I wanted to grow up soon.

Hmm? But wait,...

If things covered by the ward can be moved at will...

I can just cover my body with thin film of warding magic. I can walk, run and even float in the air.

Now that I was able to move, I climbed to the window and looked out.

It looked like a fairly high building built on a small high hill. At the foot of the hill I saw a medieval European-styled cityscape surrounded by walls.

Beyond the walls, there is a deep forest. And beyond that there is a mountain range.

Suddenly I realised I was just born.

There was no hazy vision. My eyes were good enough to see anything clearly.

For a moment, I can even see the mountains far away.

What is that?

It was magnified. As if looking through a telephoto lens. Even the rocky surface of the mountain range could be seen closely. No. That's not right.

Apparently, I had a special ward around my eyes. When I consciously erased it, the scenery faded and I could not see it clearly anymore.

I attached the ward to my eyes again. When I thought about "being able to see well", the field of vision was once again clear.

I wonder if a vague image would work...

So it's confirmed.

By the way, I just realised I had achieved every boy's dream.

It is a ward that allows you to 'see through'.

I know I will never do that, but I'm sure it will be useful in the future. For now, let's challenge ourselves.

Look at the wall.

It was a wall no matter how much time passed.

Hmm. Isn't it supposed to be all-purpose magic?

I can not give up on my dreams. Trial and error.

Then I finally realized my dream.

I made a square plated ward in front of me. And then, I made a square plated ward of the same size on the other side of the wall. Then I connected it.

The ward in front of me reflected the view on the other side like a tablet.

When I tilted it downwards, the outer ward also turned downwards and the ground appeared.

I checked out of the window. There seemed to be nothing except for me. But there should be a plate-like ward there.

Alright. It's complete.

I get it now. Warding magic is magic that creates many forms and it's magical.

In less than three hours of age, I came to a conclusion.

In addition, I made improvements and applied the membrane of the ward to the wall and stretched the membrane to the other side of the wall. That part of the membrane becomes the outside scene.

If this is stuck on the front and back of the clothes... No. In that case, I can see the see-through state of myself. That would be weird. Yeah, let's put a membrane on a part of my eyeball.

After that I slept for the rest of the day.



# CHAPTER 3

## ABOUT THE ROYAL PALACE

Two years ago, the subjugation of the devil was accomplished.

A special unit led by the Lightning Princess- Gisserot infiltrated the Demon Lord's castle and killed the Demon King after making many sacrifices.

While everyone was feeling euphoric and prideful after the defeat of the Demon King, only the King was not happy.

Everyone was praising Gisserot. The King had also commanded the army troops many times in the frontline and inspired the soldiers. But only Gisserot was famous.

In this world, magical power was the absolute.

But it did not necessarily mean that the one with the highest magic power would be the King.

Because the emphasis is on pedigree, it is impossible for people to suddenly be promoted as a king.

However,

Although Zirk himself is a king, his maximum magic level is [34]. This is slightly lower than that of the previous kings.

Furthermore, his current magic level was stagnant at [17] after passing his prime.

In general, the phenomenon where the current level does not rise is expressed as “the level is closed”.

The King's magic level had closed.

The magic level of the Lightning Princess was [41] / [46].

She was a top-class quality in her generation, and at that time she was only 17 years old. It was amazing to possess a magic level over 40.

Her house was that of a low class noble who had been stripped of power. But they were now recovering due to her success.

For the King, her rise was no longer acceptable.

During that time, Gisserot, who was asked for a reward for defeating the Demon Lord, asked for something outrageous.

“I have long admired His Majesty King Zilk. I know it is impolite and disrespectful. But if His Majesty feels sorry for me, please fulfill this wish of mine.”

The crowd was boiling with excitement.

With this, the royal family would be safe. Not only is there anyone to blame her, but the public opinion is also in her favour.

However, King Zirk shuddered.

They have finally come to take over the royal family.

However, the popularity of the Lightning Princess was great. The previous Queen had died last year so there was no reasonable excuse to deny her wishes. There was no opportunity to refuse amidst this atmosphere.

That year, Gisserot became the Queen

“Your Majesty! Don’t be unreasonable!”

A big man with a strong beard entered the King’s room. He was a little older than the King. He was Gordo Zenfis.

“It is final. My decision will not change.”

Zirk sat on the chair and massaged his temple.

“You cannot just kill a baby because he is useless!”

Gordo was the only one who defended Prince Reinhard.

“I know it is wrong. But it is not like Sir Zenfis cannot understand.”

“But...”

Zirk sighed loudly.

“Okay Gordo. This is an opportunity. It’s a great opportunity to deprive Gizerotte of her voice.”

Gordoo sat down with irritation.

“Hmm. I heard that the Queen is ready to accept the punishment. But it can’t be to the point of weakening the Queen.”

“If there is a problem with the genetics of the Prince, it can be blamed on both the King and the Queen. But if the baby is born stillborn, we can manipulate the opinions against the Queen and claim that her womb is defective.”

Zirk chuckled.

“If I had the right qualifications, I would have ripped off the title of Queen from her and turned her into my loyal puppet. Don’t you think it is easier this time?”

“You’ve changed, Zirk. You used to be a good man.”

“Be careful what you say now Gordo. I am the King now. We don’t have the same relationship as when we were children.”

They both were similar in age. There was a time when they were as close as brothers. But now there was a rift between them.

Gordo swallowed his anger and softened his tone as he advised his brother.

“How about hiding his identity and leaving him somewhere? Is it necessary to take his life?”

Zirk shook his head.

“On his left chest, he has the crest of the royal family. No matter how well he hides it, it will be exposed.”

A special spell had been cast on the royal family.

During the ceremony of succession, the royal crests are erased and they reappear on the children of the succeeding kings.

“Can’t it be hidden until the next King is crowned? I can take care of it if you want.”

“That’s enough! That piece of shit is simply annoying. This is a highly political issue. I don’t care what kind of frontier Baron you are, if you don’t obey my decision, you’ll be sentenced to death!”

Zirk yelled angrily and then complained under his breath, “That’s why you’re just a brainless warrior...”

Gordo was angry and disgusted.

‘It is true that I am not well versed in politics. But I know that the Lightning Princess, whom you also call a brainless warrior, is actually a cunning, intelligent fox.’

Guiselotte was a magical swordsman who specialized in the Art of War.

She had defeated her enemies with a variety of offensive magic, not to mention close combat with body strengthening and armor enhancement.

On the other hand, with the beauty accompanying her brains, she had schemed her way up to rise to her current position.

Gordo suspected that the former Queen also died because of her.

Even for the Lightning Princess, there must be meaning if the Prince was killed. It was frustrating for Gordo that the King’s own foolishness was hindering him from seeing the real motive.

“I will no longer talk with the Lord. You may leave.”

The King would not listen anymore. Even if Gordo tried to talk to him, it would simply anger the King and hasten the Prince’s death.



‘Is there no way to save the Prince... ’

Gordo raised his heavy body and left the room.

It was going to be a long night. And there was a lot to think about.

—

Meanwhile, Queen Gisserot was secretly meeting the Blaines in the inner courtyards of the palace.

“Your Highness, is it alright? If you treat the prince as a stillborn, it could cause rumors regarding your body.”

One of the knights asked but Guiselotte laughed.

“That’s fine. I’m sure you’ll get your results in the next one. I’m sure I’m the right person for you. Let them find some peace of mind for now.”

Then she looked at the robed old wizard who gave a flattering smile.

“I have completed the analysis of the ancient magic that holds the ‘royal crest’. If we apply it to the Queen, then the royal crest will appear on your son in whatever ‘seed’ you have next.”

“But it is necessary to have an alibi. It is annoying to deal with them several times.”

From her point of view, the royal family was already in the midst of a decline. The maximum magic level had been decreasing since the previous generation. She didn’t have any expectations from them. Except from being the ‘royal family’.

“I’ll have to choose my next partner properly. Maybe it could be one of you?”

The eyes of Blaine’s men changed color at her bewitching smile.

Gisserot giggled, as if she was enjoying the scene.

And, speaking of the Prince whose life is in danger-

(Phew, that felt good.)

He drifted unsteadily in the air with a bodhisattva face, as if freed from the urge to take a bowel movement.

In fact, he was.

I used the barrier magic to hold down the urge to urinate. I don't want to pee without diapers. In fact, I don't want to pee even with the diapers on.

I waited till the middle of the night, until everyone was asleep and then jumped into the bathroom.

I think while lying in my bed.

It is one thing to run away in the dark but it's another thing to be hunted for my life. I don't want to be chased for the rest of my life.

'If you want to kill me, I will strike you first.'

Since I do not know how to kill yet, I will confirm it first. Because of that,

「Suu- piii-」

I decided to take it easy for now and rest.

# CHAPTER 4

## I MET A DOG IN THE FOREST

“That’s a weird order.”

A soldier in light armor held me tightly and said that.

I was wrapped in a white cloth from the neck down, and placed in a basket.

“Is this baby a sinner’s child or something?”

The soldier with me wondered aloud to his companions, but I was the only one who knew the answer.

I wonder what they would do if they found out that I’m a Prince. I can only see the future of being sold out.

“Well, an order is an order. Don’t feel bad about it, okay?”

The soldiers, who didn’t seem to feel any guilt, arrived in a clearing and carelessly put the basket I was in on the ground.

“This is a hellhound’s territory. Let’s get the hell out of here quickly.”

“Yeah.”

They just left me here, in the middle of the woods, without even looking back.

Yes.

I was abandoned.

My father, the King, would not take matters into his own hands. Nor would he allow his men to kill the prince.

Instead, he threw his newborn baby into the woods.

There were very few voices protesting the King's behaviour towards me. Or rather, only one. He was a strong old man, but I wonder why he was so desperate to change the King's mind.

There's some reason behind it, isn't there?

After all, I don't trust people. I don't believe that anyone is naturally good at heart.

In my previous life, and in my new life, people were rotten to the core. Probably everyone, including me.

I can't lose myself in sentimental feelings now.

I don't want to be eaten by a beast. I'm living in the present.

Well, I'm glad the king chose not to kill me outright.

At least, I wouldn't be dead until a beast showed up. I could still find a way to fake my death.

Lying on the ground, I could see the blue sky and white clouds above through the gaps of leaves and branches.

I was born in what seems to be a royal palace. But this place is very far from where I lived for a few days.

For now, let's get up. I cast a ward to protect the fragile skin.

"Ugh, wow!"

"This forest! Why is there Fen– Oh, my God!"

In the distance, I heard many frightened cries. It was the soldiers who had left me.

After a moment's silence, I heard the sound of rustling bushes and cracking trees.

And then...

I looked to the side, and saw a huge head suddenly appear between the trees.



It was a big dog.

It's fur was a fiery red in color, and its nose was truly heroic.

But normally, dogs aren't ten meters tall, right?

As expected of a different world. It's likely a demon, you know.

Is this the hellhound the soldiers were talking about? But, something feels different about it.

The unidentified doggie is staring down at me from a distance.

I thought he'd attack me immediately. I wonder if he's discouraged by the fact that I wouldn't even make for a decent snack.

Step by step, it approached slowly, as if the ground was covered in land mines.

But all of a sudden, the dog opened his mouth widely and leapt towards me with a tremendous speed.

[Tsun!?!]

Huh? I thought I heard someone's surprised voice inside my head. Thankfully, I didn't get eaten. The red-furred pooch struck its nose against my barrier, and was whimpering in pain.

Yeah, apparently I succeeded.

I had activated my warding magic.

Just by imagining 'a specific area surrounded by a transparent wall', my magic constructed an invisible cage around me.

The doggie quickly recovered but looked around in confusion. Eventually, it began to attack with the ward from all directions. But the ward didn't budge. It tried to dig the ground beneath me, but it couldn't.

Well, the immediate crisis is over.

Or perhaps, contrary to its appearance, this doggy might actually be weak. I'm trapped in my warding magic, which is only a level 2 magic, so that's a possibility.

However, even I don't know how long it will last.

I have to find a way to attack before it's too late.

I wriggled out of the cloth wrapped around me, and raised myself up with a whimper. In order to warm up, I ran and jumped around my small "enclosure".

"Nyah!"

I thought I heard another strange voice. But when I looked around I didn't see anyone.

The large dog was still lying on the ground.

Well, okay, I don't mind it if it's not bothering me. I deployed countless small transparent wards around me.

I aimed at a large tree that made a good target, and shot the small ward towards it as fast as I could.

Thud thud thud!

The lower part of the tree trunk disappeared completely, and the top came crashing down.

"Whaa-oh?"

I heard the annoying mystery voice again.

I looked around once more.

But still, no one. It's just the doggie with its mouth wide open.

I have to admit, that attack was impressive. It's more powerful than firing a machine gun at random, isn't it? I don't know.

I'm going to take care of the dog this way, and walk away from the danger of my life. But I don't think I'm as comfortable with killing a monster as I'd like to be.

Magic is very powerful in this world. It's extremely likely that this power is a basic one. Each shot is probably light. So it would be easily deflected by some sort of magic defense wall.

At any rate, my opponent is a demon. I wouldn't be surprised if it could use magic.

I tried to make a transparent rock-like ward on top of the fallen tree. It's big enough to crush that dog.

I let it fall with all my might.

The tree shattered, leaving a huge dent on the ground. Both of us protected ourselves with our wards.

What do you think?

Would this be enough to beat that giant dog? No, but...

"What the hell is going on...? Suddenly, the base of a large tree was smashed and then the ground... Was that magic? Explosions, gravity manipulation...? And this transparent wall is not just a magic wall. Does it fix the space itself? No, but--"

That unknown voice mumbled something in my ear.

"Hey, what were you doing earlier?"

I ignored the question. I can't keep being distracted by noises.

I look around three times.

I couldn't help but notice that there was no one there. Just a big dog shivering pitifully.

In fact, I had built a large detection ward with a radius of a hundred meters. I don't want any more demons to come in or anything.

If even a single ant invades, it would set off the alarm. In fact, it's been so noisy for a while now because of the insects and birds that have been going in and out of the area.

In order to investigate more closely, I made two types of wards.

One is a range type ward.

It gradually expands from my surroundings, and reacts to anything that isn't just a plant or a rock.

The other is essentially a ward for clairvoyance.

It sends a plate-shaped ward to the area that reacted with the range-type ward. And another plate-shaped ward connected to it displays the image in front of my eyes.

Every time there is a reaction, I can see what is going on.

It shows a rabbit. Oh, there's a deer, too. Hmm? The dog... they're too big for dogs... they're huge. Smaller than the giant dog here. But I found a black-furred, wolf-like pack of them with their tails curled up. Are they frightened?

"What's that floating object? It looks like a window? Hey, are you listening to me?!"

I didn't listen to the auditory hallucinations, and the strange reaction that image made me brace myself.

These are... the soldiers who abandoned me. They don't seem to be breathing. Or rather, they were covered in blood all over and looked insanely grotesque.

Strangely enough, even I, who had an extremely low tolerance for gore, wasn't bothered by it for some reason.

As I suspected, there were no creatures nearby that seemed to speak human language.

Let me guess.

Is it a ghost?

"Are you absolutely ignorant? Flame Fenrir, who is right in front of you, is trying to talk to you!"

The voice sounded exasperated.

In this world beasts can talk. That's amazing.



By the way, this dog has a beautiful, dignified female voice. It's a girl, isn't it?

As a shut-in NEET who has never spoken with any woman or girl besides my mother, I am very nervous.

# CHAPTER 5

## WHAT A BABY NEEDS TO LIVE

The beast spoke.

Well, it's probably a demon. Anything can happen in another world.

The only problem is that I'm a loner who's not very good at communicating with others.

But if it's not a person, I think it should be okay.

I like dogs, cats and hamsters.

I felt like I could do it. But there was a fundamental problem that could not be solved.

"...da... uu"

I am just a baby. I cannot talk yet.

"Can't you talk? It seemed like you were acting consciously before. What happened now?"

But that doesn't mean I'm going to give up. I have a warding magic that is very handy to use.

I created a ward in my mouth that 'vibrates the air and emitted sound based on your thoughts'. I thought to myself that this was way too convenient.

"Nice to meet you."

That was cool. But the voice sounded very robotic.

"Creepy."

Ah well, that didn't seem to go well.

“No, I’m sorry. I was surprised to hear a baby make such strange noises. But after seeing you already running around and floating in the air, it’s a bit late for another surprise now, isn’t it?”

The red-headed Fenrir lowered her head.

“Now that we can finally communicate, may I ask what are, no, who are you? From the looks of it, you are probably a new-born baby.”

I guess I should introduce myself. My name is Reinhardt. But it is too long. Let’s change that.

“My name is Hart. I was born as a Prince in this country. But I was labelled as a child whose magic level was too low, and I was thrown away.”

I cut my real name and made it look like Japanese.

The red dog rolled his eyes.

“A Prince? A child of the “The Lightning Princess” Gisserot Orteas? Certainly there is a royal crest on the left side of your chest... but there is a problem! What do you mean that the magic level is low? I feel a tremendous amount of magic from you.”

But... my maximum magic level displayed was only 2.

“No way!”

She must be exaggerating!

That’s the only explanation I can come up with.

While I was silent, she began mumbling under her breath,

“Ah right. It’s weird how you wouldn’t be wary of me even if I tried to eat your magic. The fact that you, as a royal member, was thrown in the forest right after birth might be a little complicated. Huh? No way...”

The dog continued her monologue and looked at me.

“Are you the reincarnation of the Demon King?!”

What?!

I was just a shut-in NEET from Japan in my previous life!

But when I think about it again, people already think I am an incompetent royal with low magic. This took a weird turn but let's go along with it.

"That's right. I'm the Demon King."

"I see. So you succeeded. That is why you let us escape and stayed behind alone."

She seemed somewhat annoyed.

"But it is truly amazing. You reincarnated into the belly of the Lightning Princess who killed you. I don't understand your plan but it is pretty impressive."

If that's what makes you happy.

"But it's strange. Why doesn't the Demon King recognise me? And why do you talk so strangely?"

She stared at me. Ah, this dog is such a busybody.

I have no choice. Let's fake it.

"Ugh... my head! Who am I? I can't remember."

How about that?

"Hmm. Was your memory harmed due to the side effects of the reincarnation magic? It looks like even the Demon King is affected by the consequences of the divine arts."

Good. I was able to fake it.

"If you have forgotten then so be it. If you want to kill me, you can. Now, boil it, burn it, kill it, do what you want."

The dog rolled on the ground and exposed her belly.

I know this! This is a pose of submission!

Hmm?

I finally noticed something strange.

“Injury...?”

A red liquid darker than red hair was stuck on her body.

“Ah, this. The demon hunters caught me off guard. Right now, I’m pouring almost all of my magic power into blocking the wound. But it won’t last long. I’m an attack specialist, so healing isn’t my forte.”

I think I heard a dry laugh.

I see.

I have only level 2 magic. But I can confine her because she is injured.

I stare at the blood. The wound was hidden by the fur. But from the way she spoke, it looks like it is a very serious injury.

I want to heal her, I thought.

I wasn’t good to humans in my past life. But I had helped plenty of injured animals in my past life. Especially furry ones.

But as soon as I am done with healing her, she might break the ward and attack me.

The demons are the bad guys. Isn’t it so?

But the way she was talking to me seemed kind.

Ah I don’t get it. I don’t get it.

I am very bad at judging a human’s nature. But this is a dog. I don’t know.

Plus, I like furry animals.

I’m conflicted. Let’s try negotiating.

“Um... if I heal your wound, will you pretend like you didn’t see me?”

“Didn’t see you?”

“Ah um... No no. What I am saying is that, will you promise to stay away from me?”

“If you are the Demon King, I’m sure you can use healing magic.”

Unfortunately, I can only use warding magic. I don’t have any medical knowledge. But I’m sure I can make a convenient, medical pod-like thing called ‘Warding to Heal’, hopefully?

If it’s a scratch, it can be managed.

The dog lay there still showing her belly.

“In the first place, you’re a human now. Do you think that I, as a demon, will keep my promise?”

“Are demons liars?”

“Some demons are dark. Like those who betrayed you, the Demon Lord. But I am a proud Flame Fenrir. I will keep my promise even at the cost of my life.”

She declared all this while exposing her belly. So I will believe her.

“Huh? Wh- What’s this?! The wound closed!?”

The first thing I did was use scanning wards to locate the wound underneath the fur.

The cut was quite deep and had reached the internal organs. It was already a good thing she’s alive.

Then I prepared numerous wards to connect the severed parts and pulled them tightly together.

However, this was just a state of ‘connecting the wounds’ with the wards.

From here on, I applied a tape-like warding outside the muscles and organs at the amputation point, and tightened the warding that was initially attached to the wounded



areas. After this I eliminated the previous wardings. Then I treated the capillaries and other small parts of the body separately.

It was quite nerve-wracking since I was also simultaneously focusing on the minute details. But I don't feel my magic power has decreased that much. It was strange that I didn't feel any consumption.

I think there is a better way to do this. But for now, it's okay. We'll have to work on that in the future in case I hurt myself.

Speaking of which, there's something that's been bothering me.

I asked the dog, "What's your name?"

"What did you just do?"

I felt angry.

"Cure it?"

"I'm worried about how that was more of a question rather than an answer. However, it feels different from healing magic..."

It was too troublesome to go into details so I asked again, "What's your name?"

"Don't be so obsessed with it. My name? That's an easy question to ask. But it cannot be answered easily. A name has a special meaning for the demon race. I can't tell you, a human being, what it means right now."

"Then, Frey."

"What—"

The dog, who was still lying with her belly exposed, froze.

"You don't like it?"

I'm sure it's a Flame Fenrir so calling it dog would be weird. So I thought of using an abbreviation of its species name.

"No... Frey, hmm, it sounds good."

Apparently she liked it, but why the polite tone?

She rolled over and crouched down.

"You saved me from a life of imprisonment and gave me a new name. The contract has been established."

Hm? A contract?

Frey lowered her head further and continued,

"My Lord, I offer myself to you. You are my friend and my guide, even if you have no memory of it. I vow that this time I will give you the loyalty that I was unable to give you in the past."

「囚われたにもかかわらず、命を救われた。  
その上、新たな名もいただいた。ここに契約は成立しました」  
ん？ 契約ってなに？

フレイさんは首を深々と下げて続けた。

「我が主よ、  
この身を  
貴方に捧げましょう」

◆◆◆ フレイ ◆◆◆

ハルトと契約した  
フレイムフェンリル

◆◆◆ ハルト ◆◆◆

転生したら  
LV が 02 (ホントは 1002)  
だったため殺されかけた王子。



Is she a samurai?

This has become very troublesome but that's not the main point for now.

I've been in a very dangerous situation for a while now.

"I'm hungry."

"Huh?"

Please give me your breasts.

I am a baby and I only accept breast milk.

# CHAPTER 6

## A NATURAL AIR HEADED DOG-GIRL

I've been in this world for a little over two days, and I haven't said a word. I've released all the wards though.

I could still tolerate the hunger. But I could say that solving the food problem was urgent.

There is a lot of food in the jungle.

But I'm a baby.

I don't know if my body would be able to accept meat and vegetables that have been blended (probably possible with my warding magic) and turned into mush.

Only breast milk and liquid with similar ingredients would work, right?

However, it's hard to ask a beast of an unknown gender to breastfeed an infant who may or may not be a baby.

The master-slave relationship was formed before I even understood it. But then I was reminded that I was a bad boss for imposing unreasonable demands on my subordinates.

"Breast... breast milk? If that's the case, I can do something about it, but--"

"Really?"

I was surprised. My robotic voice even came out louder than before.

"The wound... Yeah it seems fine. For the sake of My Lord, I'm prepared."

Frey closed her eyes.

Her large body was suddenly shrouded with light. Her giant body started shrinking and... she became a human?

She had red hair which was the same colour as her fur. It flowed all the way down till her waist. There were dog ears that sprouted from her head and a bushy red tail from her behind.

She had big breasts, thin waist and long and supple limbs with a neat and beautiful face.

She had turned into a beautiful girl!

“...Fu. There was no problem with the transformation. It looks like it was a success.”

Her melodious voice rang in my ears.

“Get dressed!”

As I screamed that, I remember even I was naked.

If it was a beast I could handle it. But she had turned into a human, moreover a beautiful lady. Even if I am a baby, I’m shy.

I closed my legs to cover my crotch and crossed my arms to hide my chest.

Not to mention my crotch, before reincarnation I could not stand even the long hair on both my nipples. That was before. But now my head is thin and my body is smooth from the neck below.

“Oh, sorry for the disgrace, My Lord. However, this appearance is based on the characteristics of my original form, and therefore cannot be changed. I won’t be able to return to my original form for a while. I’m sorry.”

“Ah no. It’s not that it is intolerable. I’m just saying that I can’t look at you.”

I made a ward to match the lines of her body and colored it. A quick thought came to mind, but in essence, it was like a rider suit.

“In fact, it’s erotic!”

I chose the color black, which made her look like a sexy female thief.

“I’m sorry for the trouble. It seems like I cannot wear the clothes you have created for me.”



It's not. It's not that- well, whatever. It's hard to explain.

Suddenly encountering an erotic naked and beautiful girl is surprising. But maybe it's because I'm a baby, or maybe it's just because I'm a baby I'm sexually aroused. No. Specifically, my little son is aroused.

"My Lord, by the way. Was this costume made by your magic? It looks like a power that transcends the realm of the Gods. It can create something out of nothing, but..."

I can't say that I just made a ward.

How would Frey feel if she knew that I had no attributes and therefore could only use warding magic?

"What did you say, you asshole?! How dare you just deceive me!"

She might even bite my head off in anger.

Yeah, I'll keep my mouth shut.

But I want to know what warding magic is.

"I'd like to ask you something, Frey-san."

"Fufu, My Lord. There is no need to speak in such a fearful manner. In fact, the relationship between master and servant should be clear. Yes, from now on, I will call you Master Hearth. And you please call me 'Frey' without any honorifics."

Would I feel better if I get down on one knee and bow my head?

"I'm practicing my warding spell, but I don't really know what it is."

"Warding magic, Master? Even without mastering such rudimentary magic, Hearth-sama already seems to be able to control various magic. If that's the case, you should proceed further. I'm good with flame systems, so--"

"No! Warding magic only."

I don't need any extra knowledge at the moment.

“Y- yes. Well then, here it is.”

For some reason, Frey sat upright on the spot and began to speak.

“Warding magic is a magic that builds a ‘camp’ so to speak. By creating areas and assigning attributes, you can create a situation that is advantageous to yourself and disadvantageous to your opponent.”

“Is the attribute needed?”

“If you don’t that means you are not bound by the attribute you are using.”

Frey started explaining by using herself as an example.

She specialized in flame-based attack spells. But if she used the spells from within a ward with the [Fire] attribute, the power of the flame-based spells would increase. On the contrary, if her opponent has the conflicting [water] ward, the power of her magic would be reduced.

“Well, that’s pretty convenient.”

But I don’t have any attributes, so it doesn’t make sense.

“It’s convenient, but it’s not flexible.”

“Is that so?”

“It’s just an aid. The other major disadvantage is that when you build a ward, the area would be fixed and you can’t move it.”

“Eh? But I can move it normally.”

I made a colored box-like ward and sent it flying towards Frey. She started feeling nervous.

“Well... It’s definitely moving. Rather than attaching it to an object, it is moving by itself. Is it really a ward?”

It’s funny to see her reaction so I created 20 more of those.

“Wait, please don’t be reckless. If you create more than one ward at the same time, the magic power to maintain it increases dramatically with each new ward. And the amount of burden that goes to the brain will also increase dramatically!”

“What? You don’t need magic to maintain it, though?”

Frey was agitated again.

“Although I need to expend some amount of effort in moving it around, there is not much burden.”

I’m more tired by attaching the cells together, as expected.

“As I said, you shouldn’t be able to move it in the first place.”

Is she perhaps terrified?

“Is that really a ward...? But creation magic has been lost and..... Hearth-sama’s warding magic is, to put it simply, far from common sense. However, ward magic is a speciality that is not bound by attributes, and because it is basic, it could not be an object of study... But, eh...?”

Looking at her confused state, perhaps my warding magic is special.

So, even if I ask Frey all sorts of questions, she wouldn’t be able to answer them.

So this is what I’m going to do.

“Can I get your breasts first?”

I need to fill my stomach.

“Huh? Oh, oh, yes, that’s right. Um, how do I get out of this costume?”

“Isn’t there a zipper at the nape of your neck? Just pull that down.”

“Oh right. Then, excuse me–”

Frey pulled the zipped all the way till her waist.

“Good grief. Do you want me to pull it down further?”

Wait. Why do you want to pull it further?

“Just the chest, just the chest.”

This sounds like sexual harassment.

“What do you mean? It can’t be done with just breasts.”

“What do you mean...”

Frey sat down with her body exposed and spoke smugly.

“Of course, it’s reproduction. I’m not familiar with how humans work, but breast milk does not come out until the woman conceives. Now, seed me.”

Haha well, she is a natural airhead, isn’t she?

Apparently, my dietary issues have reached a deadlock.

# CHAPTER 7

## BABY OUT OF CRISIS

Why am I giving sex education to a different species?

“That’s why, if you don’t ovulate, you can’t conceive and have children. Even if you do conceive, it will be a long time before you can produce milk. I won’t be alive until then. Do you understand?”

Frey, a beautiful red-headed girl, sat there naked and shivered.

“I’m sorry. My remarks were weird and made you think of something strange.”

Frey’s eyes were filled with tears.

It looked like she would commit seppuku if I left it this way. So, I decided to say something.

“Well, don’t be upset. I’m sure we will find some way. We’ll just...”

I wrapped the white cloth around me and tucked myself in the bed (the basket that I was thrown in).

“Let’s deal with the intruders first.”

The alarm for the detection ward rang loudly. It was not a small bird or animal. It was a human with strong magical powers.

“I’ve sensed it too. It’s coming towards us at great speed but... it stopped.”

Yup. They stopped at the mangled corpses (the soldiers who abandoned me) and are now running towards me again.

There wasn’t much time.

Frey, who was struggling to put on her rider’s suit, didn’t have time to hide.

“You don’t know anything about me talking, flying or standing, okay? It’s a secret, Talk to that person first.”

As soon as I said, a large man in armor appeared from the bushes.

It was a strong-looking man. I think his name was Gordo Zenphis. The frontier count. He was the only one who begged for my life until the end.

But I’m not so sure about that.

“Can’t we just kill him?”

“No. First talk to him. This guy...”

I made a thread-like ward which acted as a phone and then I told her about Gordo so that only Frey could hear me.

“He tried to save me when the royal family wanted to kill me. Don’t let down your guard.”

“Shouldn’t we still kill him?”

I think this is her demonic nature showing.

“First ask his purpose for coming here.”

It is very hard to leave this to this airhead but I don’t have any choice.

If this uncle had come to save me in secret at his own discretion, I can ask him to protect me until I can eat my baby food.

If he came to confirm my death on the King’s orders, then I’ll have to deceive him and fake my death.

Either way I’ll have to be very careful.

“I understood.”

She whispered back and then her tone turned dignified.



“What brings you here? ‘The Hammer of Earth’s War Cry’”

The what?

The uncle lowered the package in his hand to the ground and held it up like a stupid big hammer.

“Demon race... You seem to know me. But I’ll ask you instead. What do you want to do with the baby?”

“It was a coincidence that I passed by here. But I was lucky. I found a Lord worthy of my life!”

That. Is. Why!

“I don’t care about that.”

I pretend to scream internally.

What? That doesn’t work? Don’t look at me as if I am your Master!

“Since when did demons start taking the son of a man as their masters?”

“Ah that part. I don’t really care about the race or gender or other stuff like that. I don’t care even if he is the son of our nemesis The Lightning Princess.

“What? How did you know the boy was a prince?”

“What? Uh, uh... well... yeah! The royal crest. It is on Master Harthe’s left chest.”

I handled it well! Don’t look at me with that face.

I’m sorry but wagging your tail while saying that is not a good idea.

“Is Hart the name you gave him?”

Frey has the face that is practically saying, “I’m done for.”

As the Boss here, I should have given proper instructions. But I have never worked before!

I grumbled towards her.

Frey nodded her head.

“There was a note in the basket. ‘Please take care of it. The name is Hart’. By the way, I accidentally burned the note.”

I shot myself in the foot.

I told her to do so... but this kind of a lie...

“It’s suspicious. It’s incomprehensible that a soldier who couldn’t stand the guilt would know the real name. But wait, wait? That one...?”

Hmm? Uncle’s beard is shaking. This is your chance to regain control!

“You can’t just keep on asking me questions. You have to answer mine too! What is ‘The Hammer of Earth’s War Cry’ doing so deep in the forest?”

“I’ve come for the baby.”

“I refuse.”

Stay silent.

“I don’t know why a demon wants this child but I have no intentions of killing him. I just want to save a life that has been tossed away.”

Frey remained silent as instructed. I wanted him to explain.

“My wife was going to give birth once. But the child was never born. I want this child to enjoy life, no matter how useless he is. This is my willfulness.”

I don’t trust people. I don’t trust them.

But somehow... I feel like I can trust this Uncle.

But in my past life, I have betrayed every time I have placed my hopes on someone and clung onto them.

Will it happen in this world again?

All my emotions froze at that moment.

In my previous life, all I did was cower, hide and escape into the darkness.

No. Now when I think of something I hate...

— Erase everything and put it away.

Let's not think about it. I took a deep breath to calm myself.

"Ughhh... Well, that's not very sad."

"Uuuuuu... tha's not sad at all! \*sniff\*"

Frey is crying. Isn't she too sensitive? Is she really a demon?

Uncle felt the same way, and the atmosphere softened somewhat.

"You are a strange demon, aren't you? I thought the demon tribe didn't feel anything for a human life. The corpses you found on the road were your doing, weren't they?"

"If a soldier is a man, that is my enemy. The enemy is killed on sight. But this is different. How sad it was for the mother who could not even hold her child in her arms! How frustrating it must have been for the child to die without being embraced by her mother's arms. What do I care if it is a human or a demon?"

Frey messily wiped the snot and tears from her face. It's a shame to see this, because she is so cute.

"I see. I'm not sure if he is your Master or not, there is something fishy about this..."

The bearded uncle dropped his hammer and took out a small leather bag from the big bag and threw it towards Frey.

"I secretly asked the Prince's nanny to tell me. But ever since he was born, he hasn't eaten anything. Please feed him."

It looked like a water bottle. Inside it must be the breastmilk that I have been waiting

for.

Frey was cautious in the beginning. But when I spoke to her, she opened the lid of the bottle and placed it near my mouth.

I gulped it down.

If he wanted to kill me, he wouldn't feed me. Would he?

"So, what do you want to do with him, demon? I can't imagine you raising him. I'm sure the demon society would not allow you to raise a human child."

Yes. I totally agree with that.

"You're free to look up to him as your Lord. But whether he wants you is another matter. Isn't it a vassal's duty to watch him grow up, at least until he comes of age?"

This uncle is a righteous goofball.

Frey didn't even gag.

"I don't suppose you have any counter-arguments. So here's the deal. I'll keep the boy. I swear to raise him to adulthood. If you're worried about him, I will hire you to serve the child."

I was surprised. I thought that humans and demons were hostile. Would he really hire you?

"You are going to hire a demon? Is that even allowed?"

"With that appearance, no one would suspect you of being a half-breed. Or is it not?"

"I'm Flame Fenrir, a pureblood."

Now, what will you do?

"Well this is troublesome. No wonder the hellhounds don't come near you. But if I don't tell anyone about it, no one would even realise. We can pretend that you are a half-breed. What do you think?"

“I don’t know why you have trust in me. But I don’t trust you.”

“Well, I don’t trust you. If you try anything funny, I’ll split your head open with this hammer.”

“Ha! Human who knows only how to bark. If you try to harm my Lord, I will bite your head without any mercy.”

“Why do you call this boy your Master...? I don’t want the answer right now. So, do we have a deal?”

“Very well. I will entrust Hearth-sama to you. And I will oversee you.”

The bearded uncle gave a small nod and put the giant hammer on his back. Then he pulled out a white cloth from his bag.

He ripped the cloth and slashed his own arm with a knife and then wiped the blood with the cloth.

“Destroy the basket that the Prince is in.”

Frey held me and crushed the basket.

Now, I have successfully faked my death. I’ve even got what it takes to survive my infancy (probably).

And so...

–I spent the first ten years of my life under the Aegis of frontier Count Gordo Zenphis.

# CHAPTER 8

## I MADE AN ALTER EGO

Chapter two begins. I am now ten years old.

I survived ten years.

It sounds like a big deal, but I'm not proud of it because it's the result of being a parasite in another's home

The man who took me in was frontier count Gordo Zenphis. I'm related to the King who abandoned me, so I'm related to him in this world.

But his actions are a direct opposition to the King's order. If the King finds out, he'll be in prison for the rest of his life, and so will I. Still, he's a good man who helped me out.

Initially, I was raised within the depths of the castle for the first two years. No one knew of my existence except for Count's wife and few others.

I was a social recluse so I was happy with it.

But the Count felt sorry for me.

I'm planning to leave my house.

But it is only for a short time. I'm going to use this as a preparatory period for my life as a shut-in.

I hid the 'King's Crest' in a thin skin-like ward. I called it 'Surprise Texture'. I pretended that it was done by Frey.

Shortly after those two years, my father officially adopted me. He claimed that he found me in a bandit village.

It was the birth of the frontier Count's son, Hearth Zenphis!



I was born as a Prince and abandoned in the forest. But I've become a nobleman's son now.

But you know what?

I was going to leave when I was weaned. But I ended up in the care of my cheating father and others.

I was touched by his kindness and the kindness of people around him.

And so I survived the decade.

"Hahahahaha! At last, at last, it's done!"

I shouted in my room, early in the morning. The room was soundproofed with a protective perimeter set up to detect intruders, as I didn't want to disturb anyone.

This part of the castle is located in the north of the kingdom. It's the early springtime. It should be cold. But thanks to the warding, the room is warm. It's comfortable.

So what did I complete?

There, in front of me, is a boy with dark hair. He may or may not have inherited it from his parents, but he has a very well-defined face. But he had no sense of dominance. When I prompted him, he introduced himself.

"I'm Hart Zenphis. I'm ten years old"

Yes. That's me.

This is an exact copy of me that I made with my wards. Ten years of hard work and I've come this far.

I've always been able to make any shape I wanted since I was three years old. But this one is something else I can be proud of.

"How are you doing?" I ask him.

"I'm okay. There is no problem." My look-alike replied.

That's great. That's wonderful! Perfect, if I do say so myself.

It can respond automatically and can even judge and act on its own. In short, it's an AI-powered ward. There's no need for "Hey Hart" or "Ok Hart".

Well, it traces my thoughts, so it can't speak to me. It's better than being raggedy.

Fu fu fu. More, more. I'm going to verify my perfect work!

"What's the weather like today?"

"You can see that, can't you? It's sunny."

"Are you hungry?"

"I don't have such a function, do I? Well, I can pretend to eat it if you ask me to."

This guy is a pain in the ass! I mean, it's me. Am I this annoying?

Well, it's still in the test run stage.

And the operation of this so-called 'android copy' isn't just about making it autonomous.

I put on some kind of night vision goggles that I keep by my feet.

It's called the 'My VR Goggles'.

It was connected to my copy of the android. And when I put them on, I could control the android. Real Virtual Reality! A monstrous contradiction.

My vision became that of the copy android.

I think to myself, and the copy starts to walk. I go to the desk in the corner of the room and look at the pen on the top. My right hand is in front of me. I see the copy's right hand in my vision. Carefully I move my hand and grab the pen. The sensation washed over me.

"Success!"

When I scream, my copy screams, too.

Thus, when something goes wrong, I can move my copy to get through the difficulty.

Yeah, that's great. That's cool. I'm amazing.

No one is praising me, so I give myself a pat on the back.

I twirl around with my copy.

I had my VR goggles on. And in the bed behind it, a little girl in a comforter was looking at me.

"How?!"

It's no wonder English unexpectedly came out of my mouth.

This room is wired for protection and intruder detection. When did it happen?

The little girl rubbed her sleepy eyes and her eyes widened in shock. She looked at me and my copy in turn.

And shouted.

"Brother! There are two brothers!"

I ask her

"Which one is my brother? Or are both of them brother?"

Yeah, neither of them are your brothers Charlotte.

This is my 'sister'. She is Gordo Zenfis's real daughter. She is seven now, three years younger than me.

I can't believe she's the daughter of that tough guy. And she's very pretty, too. He's lucky to have a little girl like her.

Oh, I just remembered.

She had a habit of breaking into my room and falling asleep. It was so irregular and frequent that I didn't want to be woken up by the alarm going off, and so she was the

only one who was removed from the scanner.

It's nice and warm in here. It's comfortable to sleep in, so I don't blame her.

For now, I took off my control goggles and stopped the copy as well. As the metaphor goes, the copy collapses in place like a broken puppet string.

"This is bad! Brother disappeared!"

"Relax. That's not me. This is a doll that looks like me."

"Is that brother's magic?"

"Uh... well yeah..."

"It's amazing! It's the real thing. What kind of magic is this?"

"Well it's a secret for now. It's top secret research."

I see, Charlotte nods. Charlotte is also called Char.

"But why is there such a thing? Can I have it too?"

It looks like she really wanted it.

But I cannot answer.

The reason I made a copy of the android.

It's because I want to leave the castle and live on my own.

I was originally thinking of leaving the castle after my infancy, but it's been somewhat hesitant until now.

However, even now, I'm not thinking of running away from home in the slightest. It's just that I feel way too comfortable.

However, my ideal life as a hermit has begun to suffer.

My father is always trying to get me to practice my sword. My mother rushes into my

room to teach me how to study.

Char also seems to want me to play with her somehow or other.

I'm still in the stage of researching this and that about ward magic.

It's a very basic and auxiliary magic in this world. Although its use is limited, it's actually a horrible magic with no bottom line.

I want to investigate all the ward magic for my ideal reclusive life.

So the plan was that I would settle deep into the forest and leave a copy of the android in the castle for me while I studied the wards.

When I was quiet, Char began to panic.

"Has the Evil Organization started to move?"

What did she say just now?

"Brother often disappears because he fights with them, right?"

...When she was a child, I would often tell her stories to deal with her. I was not good at communication, so I cut and pasted anime, manga, and game knowledge, and talked unilaterally to connect them.

It seems that in order to be consistent with the fact that I was immersed in strange magical research and was occasionally away from home, she got mixed up with the story and misunderstood me.

You can't underestimate the imagination of a child.

No, it's because I brought them up in a strange way...

"Yes. That's right. But don't tell anyone, okay?"

But I didn't want to break the dream of this child.

"I want to help you too!"

“No. You are still young. Grow a bit more, okay?”

“I’m a grown-up already! I’m not going to drag you down!”

I cannot rest after watching the kid smile like that.

In fact, this kid has some crazy qualities. The maximum magic level is [51]. It’s a good thing that I’m not the only child.

The reason I’m accepted in this castle even with a lousy magic level is because this kid was born right after father adopted me. It was a huge deal for her to be born. Now I’m being praised in a weird way, saying that I ‘brought them luck’.

“They’re not so nice. What you need to do now is build up your strength until it’s time.”

Charl looked down in frustration.

“I want to grow up quickly.”

Even Char will change someday eventually.

Don’t wash your brother’s pants and my underwear together! I wonder if she will say something like that in the future.

I hope my carefree and peaceful life will continue for as long as possible.

I didn’t realize at the time that thinking like that was easy.

I didn’t know that Charlotte’s life was really being targeted by an evil organization.

# CHAPTER 9

## ABOUT THE ROYAL PALACE

### (CONTINUED)

This is from a third person perspective.

The kingdom of Orteas was engulfed in sorrow when it was announced that the first child of Queen Giselotte Orteas, the Lightning Princess, was stillborn.

The next year, however, a new prince was born. Although he was not as good as his mother, he had enough qualities. She overcame her sorrow and lived up to expectations of her people, and her popularity grew even more.

Her opponent, King Zirk, was losing popularity.

There were no notable failures but there were no notable achievements either.

While Giselotte was praised, the King was despised.

Amidst all this, there was only one good thing for the King.

It had been ten years since Prince Reinhardt had been abandoned in the forest.

“You wanted to see me, Your Majesty?”

A beautiful blond-haired, blue-eyed girl entered the king’s private chambers.

At twelve years old, she had the innocence of her age. But she also exuded a mature and bewitching charm.

“Oh, Marianne. Oh, Marianne, I’m so proud of you. Come on, come on. Move it closer.”

“Excuse me.”

She bowed and stepped forward in a refined and gentle motion.

"Don't be so afraid. This is my room. And I'm your father."

Zirk, with the corners of his eyes slackening, had aged a lot in the past ten years.

The girl – Marianne, stood within his reach, smiled and brushed her blonde hair behind her ear.

On the back of her left hand, there was a royal crest.

She is the daughter of the former queen, and a half-sister to Hart.

"So, father, what is it you wanted to talk to me about at this time of night?"

Marianne asked as she sat down on a chair next to the king.

"Hmm. It's about your next provincial tour."

"This will be my first official duty. Don't worry, I'll do my job well."

"Well, you see, Rias asked me to take him along with you."

"Rias? But he's only nine years old. It would be a big deal if he fell ill on the long journey. At any rate–"

At Marianne's next words, Zirk stood up. His face was flushed in anger.

–because he is the next king.

"I will not let that man be king!"

Marianne flinched back.

"You'll be the next King, Marianne. Definitely not Rias."

"I am... a woman. There is no precedent of a Queen in this kingdom."

"Then you shall bear a son and he shall be the next King. This is my decision."

"Why do you hate Rias so much? He's a little selfish, but his qualities are much better than mine."



Marianne's magic level wasn't too low either. Moreover, she was a twelve-year-old whose magic level was currently generally hovering in the mid-single digits, and was close to 15.

However, the qualities of Prince Rias, who was the blood of Princess Lightning, is even higher than that, and his level was increasing rapidly.

"Anyway. You'll have to be very careful about what he says and does. You can't tell what he's up to."

Zirk reached into his pocket and pulled out a dagger.

"Take this with you. It is the one that contains the spirit of your main attribute, the wind. It is also equipped with the ability to detect danger and deploy defensive magic."

The pressed dagger had a distorted shape. The blade was heavily warped. It was short and thick. It would be difficult to use it for cutting or stabbing.

"Thank you for your concern. However--"

"Don't say it. The guards this time are all under my command. I will warn them as well. But Rias's bodyguard is under the command of Queen Guiselotte. Let my heart be at ease."

Oh, I see. And Marianne's shoulders slumped.

(Does father hate mother, and not Rias.....)

Marianne recalled that her grandmother – the Dowager Queen- had feared that the King was jealous of the Queen's popularity and was delusional that she would take over the royal family.

People whispered that the King was jealous of the Queen's popularity and believed she was going to take over the royal family.

To Marianne, the queen was the object of her admiration.

Although they are not related by blood, her image of the "Lightning Princess", a hero of salvation, is strong. The memory of being treated coldly by the queen is not so strong. Rather, she remembered being taught and trained well in the art of sword and

magic.

If the queen was going to kill Marianne, she would have done it long ago.

The king no longer had anyone to rely on but his beloved daughter.

He intended to raise Marianne as a rival to Rias in order to thwart Guiselotte's plot.

But the secret talks were counterproductive.

(Quarreling amongst ourselves will lead to civil war. For the sake of the country and the people, I must deal with the two of you.)

With the dagger in her hand, Marianne decided to befriend her brother Rias on this journey.

The next day at the palace.

One of the knights from the King's entourage came to visit Guiselotte. He was the man who was the captain of the guard on Marianne's provincial tour. Naturally, the visit was a secret.

"Yes. As usual, His Majesty is 'out of the loop'."

Guiselotte chuckled as she rolled over on the large sofa in her nightgown.

"It's good to have a sense of urgency. But it's just pointless to point it in the wrong direction. You won't be able to handle the frontal assault. This is why men with little experience in fighting..."

"Our words have fallen on deaf ears. His attention is focused solely on the princess, and his political affairs are neglected."

"No wonder. That's why I have a knight in shining armor under the King's command, just like you."

"Of course, that's not all. I am convinced that you are the one who is fit to lead the kingdom. Perhaps that is the greater reason." The knight grinned and flattered her.

Though his mouth spoke of the good of the kingdom, he considered it more important

to ride the future winning horse.

A knight who was supposed to value loyalty betrayed his Lord for his own profits.

It had been more than ten years since the Demon King was defeated. After a long period of peace, the heart of the country had been corrupted.

“From the beginning, the prince was the first in line of succession to the throne. Even if Your Highness Princess Marianne had grown to the maximum level of magic in the future, that would not be a problem. The next kingdom is yours, my Queen.”

“Yes, of course. What good would it do to kill a little girl like that after all this time? I think it’s more important to–”

Guiselotte stood up languidly and picked up her wine glass. She swallowed a sip of the red liquid. The sharp look in her eyes is the one that can only be seen on the battlefield. She revealed a murderous intent.

“The only thing in my way is Charlotte Zenphys, who is born with royal blood and more qualities than me. We need to get rid of that damned girl as soon as possible.”

The knight gulped and forced back the sense of dread that rose within him.

“There is no obstacle to our plan. However, we anticipate a situation in which the princess’s attention is strongly focused on Prince Rias, in which case, some caution is necessary.”

“Hmm. I wonder if His Majesty’s ‘fearfulness’ might be an unexpected obstacle? Oh, yes.”

Guiselotte turned around and smiled like an innocent girl.

“How would you like to blame Marianne for the crime?”

The plan was for Rias, who was closer in age, to invite Charlotte to join him and make it look like she died in a car accident. Rias could be in danger. But Guiselotte had given strict orders that he must be carefully guarded.

If she cares about Rias, Marianne would follow. Then this could be used to her advantage and blame Marianne for Charlotte’s death.

Hopefully, she will be able to sway the King against Lord Zenphys, the most powerful royalists.

The king will have nowhere to turn and will give up everything.

There's still time. They still had some time to think together and work out a detailed plan.

The knight asked the cheerful Guiselotte fearfully.

"By the way, Sir Zenphis has another child, a boy. What do you intend to do with him?"

"Oh, I heard about that. But we're talking about a waste with a maximum magic level of 2, right? He is adopted, so it's okay to throw him away. I wouldn't mind if he died along the way, though."

Magic Level 2.

It was a word that reminded Guiselotte of her black history. Naturally, the space between her eyebrows arched.

(But it's unusual for two such extreme wastes to appear in the same era...?)

The same prince who was once abandoned by him in the forest. Knowing this, it's understandable why Lord Zenphis would go out of his way to adopt a commoner's orphan. He's a man who is easily influenced by his emotions, despite his face.

(Well, thinking about that waste just makes me sick.)

She simply stopped thinking about it.

But she doesn't know that he is her son, the one she once abandoned, and that he would be her biggest obstacle.

# CHAPTER 10

## TWO GOOD FRIENDS

I sat cross-legged on the floor in my room. There were plate-like wards around me, and various scenes were projected on them.

“Ah this doesn’t feel right. I’m sure a lakeside would be better.”

What am I doing? I’m looking for the perfect place to set up a dwelling for me to retreat to.

I’m still looking for a place by the water. The quiet and serene atmosphere is also important. And as for the monsters in the area, I can set up wards and keep them out. Probably.

For now, I will focus on the location.

“Your tail! Today I want to make it fluffy.”

“Enough, little girl. I am Master Hart’s servant. I have no reason to listen to you.”

“Fluffy fluffy.”

“As I said! I have dedicated my entire body to Master Hart– hey, don’t jump on me. Huh, you’ll never catch me”

“Huhuhu yah!”

“Ha! It doesn’t matter how many times you try. The challenge is commendable, but sooner or later you’ll hit the wall–oh! From the side that said..... Hey Charlotte, are you okay? Does it hurt? You’re hurt– What?”

“I caught you.”

“Wow. Even as a child you are already conspiring against me? Ah wait. Don’t hold so tight.”

“What are you guys doing in my room? It’s so loud. It’s hard to concentrate.”

If you look down, you’ll see a beautiful, red-haired, red-tailed, dog-eared maid sprawled on the floor. The little girl was hugging her tail and was playing with it.

The beautiful girl was the Flame Fenrir, whom I met when I was a baby and had changed into human form. Her name is Frey. Now she worked for me in the castle as a servant, hence she was wearing a maid’s outfit.

Her appearance hasn’t changed at all since I met her.

She said that she’ll live for a thousand years, and her real age is about 170 years old. She doesn’t know the exact age.

And the little one is my sister, Charlotte. She’s only seven years old. Still she’s a strong child who managed to trick Frey into fighting her.

“You’re in the way, so can’t you get out?”

“I’m not going to be able to do anything about that.”

I did not know that the tail was her weak point. Well, if she does something bad, the punishment will be decided by this. I can also enjoy the fluff.

“Brother, what are you doing?” Charlotte asked.

Kids don’t listen to people, do they? There is no need to respond to questions that have nothing to do with them. But I’m pretending to be the nice brother, so I’ll treat you right.

“I’m looking for a place to do some magical research.”

Char knows a lot of things about me, and to some extent I’ve told her about my goals and secrets.

The only people who know that I was a Prince are my parents and Frey. I’m supposed to be unaware of this though.

The fact that my magic level is 2 is public knowledge. But my parents and I are the only ones who know that I have no attributes. It seems that having no attribute is an

irregularity among irregularities. To the outside world, I am said to possess the attribute of [earth]. Apparently. They're going to find out sooner or later.

And I'm the only one who knows that I can only use warding magic.

It's just that—

“Is it a secret base to fight the evil organisation?”

Char has this weird delusion that I'm some kind of “behind-the-scenes hero fighting to protect the world from an evil organization. It's a shame. Too bad.

“Yes. Don't tell anyone, okay?”

“I just don't like to be known to the public.”

The young girl's pouting face was very cute and smiling, but I sincerely hope she wakes up from her delusion soon.

“I also want to become a part of Brother's group as soon as possible.”

“Char's much more talented than I am, you know. It won't take long.”

Char shook her head in denial.

“I cannot do what Brother did. Brother is amazing.”

The only thing I can use is the warding magic.

But it is very different from the norm in this world. So I said, “I'm going to study the ancient magic that can only be used for no attributes”. Frey was happy when she heard that.

“I still can't believe it. Are you sure your magic level is 2?”

“Truly unbelievable.” Frey agreed with Char.

I knew something was wrong about that, too.

Perhaps the problem was that the measurement crystal could only display two digits.

That's why I had once analyzed a measurement crystal and made my own using warding magic.

The result–.

[002] / [002].

No change.

As expected, the highest in human history is 77, but it can't be four digits, right?

It was quite difficult to make a three-digit display, and I don't have the energy to make a four-digit measurement device right now. It's because I'd rather spend my time researching warding magic.

Conclusion.

I'm probably able to use warding magic very efficiently because I am unattributed.

The cheat I got from that goddess is a convenient warding spell. I'm not sure, but maybe that's the one.

I don't want to talk about this subject too much, and it's time to free Frey. For some reason, I feel like my waist is feeling sore and my bones are jittery.

"By the way, Frey, I thought you had something to tell me?"

Since I was entangled with Char as soon as they entered the room, I did not ask before.

When I instructed Char to let her go, Frey finally broke free and straightened her posture.

It was as if she was never playing around with Char before this.

"That fellow Gordo is looking for Hart-sama."

"Father? What for?"

It's not sword practice again, is it? It's super annoying to go out there.



“Let’s go.” It was Char who responded to my question instead of Frey, who could barely run an errand.

“A guest is coming today.”

“Guest...? Ah!”

I forgot. I was told that someone was coming from the royal capital to visit the frontier county for inspection, so I was told to welcome them together. I’m the oldest son. I’m the oldest... Char is excluded because she is still a child.

I hurriedly changed into my formal wear and ran out of the room—

# CHAPTER 11

## THE ANGELIC OLDER SISTER AND THE SCUM LITTLE BROTHER

Today is the day that a delegation from the royal capital would visit.

I had forgotten all about it and hurriedly made preparations and managed to arrive on time.

“It’s a bit dusty, and there’s a strange smell. Is this what the countryside is all about?”

A brown-haired boy was complaining as soon as he got out of the luxurious carriage.

From the way he was dressed, he was a good-looking man. His face is well-groomed, but he had a bad look in his eyes. His words and attitude were also bad. He’s right in the middle of the type I don’t like.

“Rias, it’s not polite to say that. You forced yourself to follow me, didn’t you?”

This time it was a beautiful blonde girl with incredibly beautiful hair. She was a little older than me, but she looked very mature. The pants look like a typical travel outfit, but the fabric and other details of the outfit were high quality. At the first glance you could see how well they were raised.

“Oh, I couldn’t help but be honest with you.”

What is this little shit?

I sullenly looked at him, and our eyes met. He stared at me.

But then a huge body came in between.

“Thank you for coming all the way, Your Royal Highnesses. Your Royal Highnesses Princess Marianne and Prince Rias.”

It was a strong bearded man. Even at fifty-two years of age, he was still a strong man, my father, Gordo Zemphis, Earl of the Frontier. He had royal blood in his veins, and he guarded the borders of a foreign land where war could break out at any moment. He's a very capable man.

When it comes to a person like that, I can pretty much imagine what it's like to be feared by your father.

I mean, it's pretty obvious when you call him out.

These two were my own siblings.

The cocky little bastard, probably Rias, glared at my dad.

"What do you mean by 'as well'? Furthermore you introduced me later."

"My apologies for this. I was told that the leader of this delegation was Her Royal Highness."

"It doesn't matter! I'm a prince, okay? I'm the next king!"

I'm not good with these kinds of power-hungry people so I just stood there in a daze.

"You there! What's that look you're giving me now? You have something against me, don't you?"

They thought I was staring at them. Could it be that I was causally linked to them?

My father is defending me again.

"I apologize for my son's rudeness. It was my indiscretion to begin with, and the blame lies entirely with me—"

"Oh, so this is the magic level 2 scum you were talking about."

Rias interrupted my father's statement and sneered at me.

The vein on my father's forehead twitched. This meant he was 5 seconds away from losing his temper.

Although, my father is a man of sense and a veteran fighter. He doesn't lose his temper over the words and actions of his children. He's not like Frey. If she was here, she'd already be attacking him. You're lucky you're alive, kid.

"Rias, that's enough! No matter how much of a royal you are, no, because you are a royal, you need to show some courtesy."

They had some brains on the other side. Princess Marianne is my half-sister. She's beautiful. I'm sure her mother wasn't just some scruffy woman whose only claim to fame was her face and her magical powers.

On the other hand, the ridiculed Rias said,

"Can you stop playing the big sister? You and I are in different positions. You're just a political tool."

"Rias, you are just a child..."

Marianne was shivering in anger and frustration.

Rias looked at her smugly and then turned to me for some reason.

"It's these guys who need to be polite, right?"

And then, for some reason, he pointed at me.

"I'll discipline you in person. It's good to unwind after a long journey. Hey, you're gonna play with me."

What's this guy's thought process? I'm genuinely interested.

"Your Highness the Prince, that's there... there is a vast... difference in ability."

"Ha ha, of course I'll be holding back. It will end in an instant if I use magic, or fight seriously with the sword. His magical talent is near zero. It wouldn't even count as practice."

Marianne tried to calm him down.

"Bring me what I need!"

Eventually he pushed me and we ended up having a sword fight.

Dad said with a resigned look on his face, "I'm sorry."

But there was no need to apologize at all. I just had to shrug my shoulders as I got into all the trouble.

We moved to the courtyard and picked up our wooden swords and faced each other. The distance between us was about twenty meters.

Even though it's a wooden sword, it had an iron core to replicate the weight of a real sword. It hurts like hell when you're hit, you know.

"What are you thinking about? Don't worry. I'm too lazy to practice my sword, so I hardly ever do it."

Rias grinned and mumbled something. He was casting magic. His body flashed a few times and his wooden sword also lit up. Increased agility to strengthen muscle strength, increased response speed to the lighter weight, and then armed reinforcement.

I don't know much about anything other than warding magic, but I found out about it from the analysis wards attached to my retina.

At the same time, I could see Rias's magic level.

The current level is [9]. The actual amount of magic power is twenty times that of me. The maximum magic level is [40]? That's amazing.

"Let's go!"

Rias shouted and kicked the ground. He rushed three meters in a single step. Far from being at the level of a child, he was faster than an Olympic athlete. I wonder if he's going to seal my movements.

If I get hit, it will probably hurt.

If I don't do anything, it will be hard.

So I will...

\*bump\*

“Ah!!”

I lightly poked the back of his head. Rias shouted and collapsed on the ground on his face.

“Wh- wh- what?”

Finally, he sprang up and faced me. He held his bloody nose in surprise.

I just poked it lightly. Why is there so much damage?

“That’s why I told you, Your Highness Prince.”

Dad mumbled.

—“The difference in ability is too vast.”

# CHAPTER 12

## PRINCESS, TREMBLING IN FEAR

‘Just... just what in the world is going on?’

Marianne could not believe her eyes.

She clearly saw what happened.

Rias strengthened himself and his weapon and attacked Hart with a speed that exceeded that of an ordinary man. Hart jumped up to avoid the rush and lightly poked Rias in the back of the head with the tip of his wooden sword.

But this was only on the surface. There were a number of inexplicable points in the current sequence of events.

The first and most incomprehensible was the difference in ability.

Rias’s current magic level is 9, and there was a difference in the amount of magic power he and Hart had which was roughly 20 times greater.

The power of magic is directly related to the amount of magic power. The amount of magic power affects everything related to magic, including its activation time, power, duration and parallel activation.

Hence, it was impossible for Rias, who greatly surpassed him in magic level, to be caught unaware.

He was probably caught off-guard because he underestimated Hart.

But Rias had strengthened muscle power, increased agility, applied self-lightening, and increased his reaction speed. In addition, armament enhancements were layered on top of each other almost simultaneously with chanting optimization.

At only nine years old, he had shown a glimpse of his terrifying talent and urge to fight someone with overwhelming force.

With a magic level 2, even if Hart had tried to counter it with defensive magic, he would have been unable to activate it in time. He would have broken one of his legs without even being able to react.

But the reality was going the exact opposite way.

“That’s why I said, Your Highness, the difference in ability is too vast.”

I heard the Princess muttering next to me.

“Uncle Gordo... what the hell is he?”

Marianne was so surprised that she forgot that she was still in public view.

Gordo responds accordingly.

“It isn’t shocking that you’re surprised. Even I don’t know what that guy is doing.”

“What?”

“I can’t find any traces of magic, but he’s moving his body more than me who has strengthened with magic.”

Although Hart, whose magic level was extremely low, had been practicing his sword in order to be able to be as active as possible in the future, there was no one other than Gordo who could cross swords properly against him in this castle.

“Traces... yes, that’s right. When did he activate his magic?”

Even if he had cast a self-reinforcing spell beforehand, he wouldn’t last a minute with his magic level 2. In addition, it’s impossible to pile on more than one spell.

Was it after the match started? It couldn’t be. He was not chanting. Unchanted activation could not be done with a single-digit magic level. Depending on the type of magic, it would take at least level 30.

“I don’t know.”

“Huh...”



‘Even his father, who had spent 10 years together doesn’t know what he’s done. I can’t stop thinking about that.

However, it is also true that his movement cannot be explained without magic.’

“He flew up to avoid Rias, didn’t he? Did he stop in mid-air after that?”

There was no preliminary motion at all. Flying magic? This is also impossible. It’s a B-grade magic that can only be used by those with a magic level of 30 or higher.

“You’re saying that’s not magic either?”

“What do you think?”

“But he should be casting some sort of magic. Otherwise...”

Marianne shifted her gaze and glanced at Hart.

Just then Rias got up and swung his wooden sword towards Hart. He swung the sword over and over again with a speed comparable to that of an adult, cutting through the wind each time.

“D-Damn it! Why can’t I hit you?!”

Rias swung his sword with a face that looked like it would cry at any moment.

In comparison, Hart was fluttering with the wind and dodging the strikes. He seemed to be suppressing the urge to yawn.

“Ah! See, uncle, that move was unnatural too. Didn’t you notice the direction of movement in the air? I mean, he almost seems to be floating now, don’t you think? He’s not even moving his feet around yet he is sliding on the ground!”

“It does look that way.”

“No, I’m sure. It seems strange.”

“It is.”

“Doesn’t that make you wonder?”

“I pointed out several times during the lesson and asked what he did, but that kid didn’t even know what it was.”

The Earl of the Frontier, Gordo Zenphis, is considered to be one of the best in the country in terms of earth magic. He is not called ‘The Hammer of Earth’s War Cry’ without reason.

Marianne respects him for forming a special team with Princess Flashlight to defeat the Demon King.

(Although she still respects him...)

The only flaw was that he was rather sketchy.

“Look, Marianne. He is moving his legs.”

“Is it possible that he can hear us?”

“...maybe.”

‘There is a lot of distance between us and our voice is low. Only a person with good hearing could hear. I don’t know what’s going on anymore.’

(What in the world is the matter with you...?)

I’d like to find out what the secret is, but I can’t think of a way.

“Damn it!!!”

Rias struggled in desperation. In rage, he swung the sword widely. Hart ducked the oncoming strike skilfully. The momentum was too much for Rias. He ended up losing his balance and falling down disgracefully.

Rias started moving his mouth after he fell down.

He was chanting.

Even though it was a sword fight—

“Rias, don’t do it!”

Gordo noticed the abnormality and tried to rush towards Hart. But he was too late.

“Eat this fireball!”

Rias stretched his arm out and pointed it towards Hart.



Well, the conversation between the princess and my dad has been going for a while now.

I’ve been sneaking around because I’m too lazy to move my body. But if you look closely, you would notice the oddity. Dad has always let me get away with a lot of things, but I guess I shouldn’t have done it in front of a bunch of strangers.

Of course, it’s thanks to the barrier magic that I can move beyond the magic-enhanced Raiace. The barrier that covers my body works like a power assist suit.

But, it’s troublesome, since this power assist suit move a little roughly, so it’s easier to make it float in the air. I want to upgrade to strengthen it on a cell-by-cell basis.

Well, it’s okay to think that I’m using strange magic. But what if they examined me and said, “Is he the prince who was thrown away 10 years ago?” It’s not good to be suspected.

At best, I’ll just say that my physical ability is great.

I had no choice but to keep my feet on the ground and act like I’m doing my best to avoid Rias.

I mean, I can’t wait for this to be over.

I don’t want to pretend that I’ve been hit by the little bastard’s attack now. Well, let’s wait for them to run out of magic and give up.

“Dammnnnn itttt!!!!”

Rias, with the last bit of strength he had, swung his wooden sword widely.

When I dodged it, he fell down.

So clumsy. He's so clumsy.

This feels good ! Well, actually not. Because I still have to think about my father's position.

Hmmm? Rias was mumbling as he plopped down.

Ah, he's chanting.

Even though it is a rule that you have decided, you try to get revenge with a magic attack.

It's a fireball spell.

"Rias, stop it!"

At this angle, if I avoided it, it would hit the castle wall. I could normally catch it and block it, but...

"Even so, eat this. Fireball!..... Huh?"

Shin-

The courtyard falls silent.

"W- Why? Fireball! Fireball ugh!"

There was no apparent change in the hand that Rias extended as he called out the magic attack.

"Rias, your magic power is already exhausted."

My sister, Marianne, came over.

"No, no! I'm still-Hick?!"

Rias looked into my eyes and made a weird sound.

You do understand, don't you? I'm sure you understand that you have properly activated your magic...

I had created a plane ward right in front of Lias' right hand. The fireball he fired was sucked into it and disappeared.

Somewhere other than here.

I don't know where it went beyond the dimensions

"What do you want me to say next...?"

Rias was frightened out of his senses and muttered something unintelligible.

"Marianne, this guy—"

"That's enough! Are you going to break your own self-imposed rules and make it even uglier?"

"Guhhh!"

Rias was escorted by my father and his escorting knights to rest in the guest room.

Now it's over. It was a waste of time.

I turned on my heels to go back to my room, when I was stopped.

"I'm sorry. My brother was rude. By the way, is your magic level really 2?"

"...yes."

That was the only conversation I had with my sister for the first time.

# CHAPTER 13

## THE MAID IS WATCHING

The room that had been prepared for Rias was the finest guest room in the castle.

He plopped down on the canopy bed and slammed his fist into the pillow.

“Damn it, damn it, damn it, damn it! Why? How could I lose to that bottom-feeding piece of garbage?”

“I can’t believe it. I can’t admit it. It’s unacceptable.”

(I’m a Prince, right? I am the next King. The blood of the Lightning Princess flows within me, doesn’t it!)

It’s a lie to be beaten unilaterally by an opponent with one-twentieth of the total amount of magic power, rather than it being a blunder.

“No. He was doing all he could to defend. So, it wasn’t a one-sided oppression...”

He didn’t want to think about it. He wanted to believe that it was actually different.

But when he looked back at it, a creepy feeling ran down his spine.

What did Hart do in the end?

Indeed, the magic that had been invoked had vanished without a trace. Magic that nullifies magic. That’s a trick that only the [Great Sage] of the past could do.

“Why am I in this situation...”

It was never in his intention to take part in such a complicated business.

It was on his mother’s orders that he had come all the way to the frontier.

To find the “coarseness” of Lord Zenphys, the leader of the royalists. He had to find

something to bring him down. Even if it's enough to weaken his voice, it's good enough.

That was the task at hand.

This was not a task for a Prince, he thought. This was too troublesome.

But he reminded himself that this was the perfect opportunity to gain his mother's approval. That is why he had come here all the way.

'What would mother do to me if I failed?'

—You can do it, right?

An icy smile appeared in his mind and unearned fear coursed through his body.

Rias shook his head from side to side, as if to shake off the horrific imagination.

Even then, he had thought about how to accomplish this mission along the way.

He figured that rather than finding the coarseness of Sir Zenphis, he should find something around him. So, he thought of showing a dismissive attitude towards them. If Sir Zenphis showed slightest bit of anger, then he was rude to the Prince.

But this was the limit for a nine-year-old. This was the shallow wisdom of a child.

Even if this does not work, Sir Zenphis will have no choice but to focus on the 'Selfish Prince'. On the other hand, the escorting knights would start working behind the scenes. This was because they had received secret orders from the Queen.

It was a good strategy that could be carried by himself thanks to his [Earth] personality. He does not have to act like a good boy. Or so he thought...

"Excuse me, Your Highness the Prince, please excuse me."

There was a knock on the door, and without waiting for an answer, several knights came in shamelessly.

"It's almost time for the dinner party. Please get ready."

The maidservants poured in and started dressing Rias.

It was a dinner to welcome the delegation. But to be honest, he didn't want to see Hart. Even as a child, or perhaps because he is a child, his instincts whisper to him.

—that thing is a monster.

One of the knights, who hadn't left the room while Rias was getting dressed, told him.

"Please invite Sir Zenphis's daughter to visit the farmland tomorrow."

"Huh? For what?"

"You'll need someone to talk to on the way. Then it would be more appropriate for you to go with Lady Charlotte, who is closer in age to you. 'He' won't be much fun to talk to."

Rias clenched his teeth at the mockery in those words.

"Are those Mother's instructions?"

"Please understand that this is all for the Prince."

'It is Mother's instructions since the subject is hidden.'

(But what is mother thinking...? I mean, what are we going to talk about here with a seven-year-old little kid? How can I get information that leads to the weaknesses of the frontier count?)

But he still did not understand his mother's intentions.

.

Even when Rias went to the dinner party, the knights were still in his room in secret.

The noble guest room arranged for the prince had multiple layers of protective wards and no sound could leak out. The knight took advantage of it.

"The Prince has done something unnecessary. And he lost disgracefully in his own game. If you report it to the Queen, the Prince will be scolded."

The older knight remarked and there was a burst of chuckles.



“At any rate, it won’t interfere with our plans. The real work is tomorrow. At this point in the forest, we will attack the carriage in which the prince, princess, and target are riding.”

The older knight points to a map spread out on the table.

“I will flee with a few of my men and take the three of you and lead you to this point.”

“So that’s where you’re going to have the giant summoner attack him,” a younger knight remarked.

“Yes. We’ll get around and let the summoner take care of the target. I wish we could blame the princess for the crime, but our first priority is to ensure that the target is eliminated. You two will keep Sir Zenphys at bay.”

“You mean we must hinder him from doing his best, right? We understand.”

A separate task force was already deployed at the target point. It was a summoned beast disguised as a demon that does not have a leg.

If either the prince or the princess is injured, they could accuse Sir Zenphis of failing to ensure their safety.

“Don’t make any mistake! Keep in mind that if you fail, you will be penetrated by the arrow of light.”

The Lightning Princess was merciless. There was no room for failure for tomorrow.

The knights gulped in fear and left the room.

This whole thing—

.

“Humph, you shallow people.”

The maid was watching.

Frey had been spying on Rias’s room with the remote monitoring wards that Hart had entrusted to her while she was cleaning the hallway.

Their entire conspiracy, the maid knew it.

# CHAPTER 14

## YES, MY BROTHER WOULD

Freya watched all of the secret talks in the room through the surveillance ward. However, this was not because Hart had ordered her to do so.

She usually wanted the castle to be monitored.

If you don't give her any work, Freya would find something to do. This was the conclusion that Hart drew after 10 years.

"But, what on earth are they planning?"

She had heard the entire plan yet she could not guess their motive.

What was the goal? Why go through the trouble of summoning a beast when it seems like it's all about eliminating someone?

"Well, Hart-sama would know what it is."

The surveillance wards could also record footage. There was no way Hart would miss it, Freya was sure of it.

"This is a trivial thing. Even if I don't report it, Hart-sama should already know."

Since it is important, let's repeat it.

The reason for leaving the surveillance ward to Freya is so that she would not do anything unnecessary to keep herself busy.

Hart was not expecting Freya to provide useful information.

Previously, Freya only gave useless reports like "The chefs were discovering a mouse hideout." Hart hated it and said, "You don't have to report every little detail."

This castle was peaceful.

As a result, Frey only monitored and didn't report at all.

"I don't know why, but I want them to know how terrifying Hart-sama is! Huh, hahaha, hahahahaha!"

Frey's laughter resounded in the hallway.

On the other hand, speaking of Hart...



"Huh?!... What time is it?"

I was totally asleep. It 's already dark outside. Ah, I slept well.

I was so exhausted from my one-on-one battle with Rias that I slept. The battle itself was lukewarm, but the attention we received from strangers was unbearable.

Is it time for the dinner party to be over? My stomach is growling.

I get out of bed and spend some time lazing.

"Brother! I brought you food!"

With a bang, the door was opened and a little girl jumped in. It was my sister Charlotte. I was so surprised.

Another person entered after her. It was me. My copy of the android, to be precise.

"You have woken up. That's good. You ordered me to go to the banquet while you were just lazily sleeping here. Do you understand how hard it was to be in a banquet?"

His eyes were scary. Well, I understand. It's a meal surrounded by unknown people. I can't stand it. That's why I asked my copy to go instead of me.

"Haa... Please stop pushing everything you hate on to me. What do you think I am? A convenient tool? Well, I guess that's why I was made."

My copy rolled around on the floor and lay there in daze. He is totally wilted. He's completely swayed. It seems that frustration is accumulating because it has a learning

function. I may have to reset it once.

For the time being, I touched the head of the copy. My figure shrinks and becomes a beautiful girl figure in bikini armor. This is how I usually love my copy to be. I feel a little complicated.

I eat the meal that Char bought for me. It is more luxurious than usual. As expected, with the prince and princess coming. Quality is different from usual.

During the meal, Char is talking about what happened at the banquet.

“— And then the prince invited me for tomorrow’s visit and I will have to go with him.”

“Why do you have to go too?”

For a moment I thought he was a loli-con. But he is only 9 years old.

However, according to the information obtained from the copy android (the memory will come to me when I restore it), it is not like the Prince was paying attention to Char. Rather, he kept on glancing towards ‘me’.

Do you really want someone to talk to? If that’s the case, maybe he didn’t want to nominate me, so he went with Char. Hmmm, I don’t know.

“I’m looking forward to it.”

His angelic smile is dazzling. It’s good to have a good idea of who your opponent is.

Anyway, if Charl accompanies him...

Tomorrow’s inspection is in the agricultural area east of the castle, just across a bit of forest.

Since it’s close to the castle, there are few wild thieves. Plus, ever since Frey has come, all the demons in the vicinity under her control. There’s almost no danger.

But if you’re the big brother, you should take all possible precautions for your sister to go out, right?

I will skip the surveillance ward around the castle and investigate the tour route. I’ll

call Frey if I get lost.

“...Hmm? Who are these guys?”

In the forest towards the agricultural land, I found a strange group of guys with robes just a little further down the road.

They stood in a circle and were chanting something. A magic circle shone beneath them.

“Isn’t that... summoning magic?”

Char’s eyes sparkled as she continued.

“Brother, is this related to the Evil Organisation?”

It’s not the first answer one would come to. In fact, it’s natural to assume that they are doing something for the safety of the road.

But at the age of seven, she has developed a secondary disease, and common sense answers are taboo for her.

“Looks like it’s my turn,”

“Hm? Ambush?”

“You stay here. I’m gonna get to the bottom of this.”

With a black suit and a black helmet. I look like an adult. It is a hero mode of shameless justice for my cute little sister. How many times have I fought in this style with bandits and monsters?

“It’s time to reveal their identity today!”

“Good luck brother!”

Thus, I cut through the dark night and rushed to the scene of the crime.

# CHAPTER 15

## SKELETON ARMY ATTACKS

The moon in the sky was partially hidden by the clouds. In a clearing in the forest near the road, a summoning magic was being cast. The circle was surrounded by a bunch of people in robes who were chanting a spell.

It was very suspicious!

I wondered if my dad had ordered something to keep the delegation party safe tomorrow. But I had never seen these people in the castle before. , and they were too disastrous at any rate. And they looked too sinister.

I was watching them from behind the bushes. Instead of thinking too much, I decided to ask them.

“Excuse me. What are you doing here?”

“Wha- Who is there?!”

“Oh, I’m just a passerby. I’m not a suspicious person. You can check with the frontier count, Gordo Zenphis, later on.”

When you’re playing a mysterious hero of justice, you’ll sometimes run into soldiers defending your territory. In the beginning, they were very wary of me. But now we are friendly and play together.

They are also known as the ‘Black Warrior’ by the residents of the territory.

My father doesn’t know the true identity of the Black Warrior, but he doesn’t care about it.

But...

“You are the Hand of the Frontier!”

These guys don't even know me, the Black Warrior. And...

Bam! I heard a bang right next to me.

I looked and saw one of the robed men pointing one hand at me. Did he just attack me with magic?

"Wh- what? How did you prevent my magic just now?"

I've got a protective ward covering me. I'm afraid, what if I'm suddenly attacked by a demon?

"What are you doing! Get rid of him! Don't let him get away with it!"

A man who looked like the leader shouted. It's hard to tell them apart because they're all dressed the same.

But, I see. Is it a 'cleanup' without even asking?

The magicians who were surrounding the magic circle all pointed their hands towards me. They are chanting a different spell compared to before.

"Gya!" "Guwah!" "Guh!?" and so on.

They're blown away before they could even release their magic. It's too late. They hit the invisible ward first.

"Did you do that?! Shit. Now that this has happened..."

Uncle Robe, who seemed to be the leader, put his hand on the ground. He mumbled something and the magic circle sparkled brightly.

"Come, Night Skeleton!"

The magic circle glowed even more brightly.

And from that light came many extremely pale and skinny people.

Correction – they're bones.



They're bones, so they're white. And since they have no flesh, they're frail. They looked like skeletal specimens wearing armor and carrying swords, shields, spears, and bows.

Their number was over fifty.

"Kill him!"

The robed uncle shouted. The skeleton soldier at his side clicked its teeth, raised his sword, and...

"Ugh!"

Did he just attack the uncle?

"What the hell are you doing? Not me! Him! Kill him!"

But Skeleton-kun snaps his teeth and angrily slashes at his uncle. Looks like it has lost control.

Uncle created a small magic circle in front of him to block the attack. Someone else casts a healing spell on his wound.

Immediately, the skeleton army started attacking the robed men.

"Stop, stop! Why? Why don't you follow my orders? Did I fail to summon them?"

Uh, yeah. Maybe it's my fault.

When the magic circle flashed, I put some wards in place, like stakes. It was just an attempt to interfere a bit. But I didn't expect this to happen.

It was going to be a melee fight.

The skeleton soldiers were strong. They formed a small team and the swordsmen attacked the flanks while holding the mages in check with their bows and spears. The shield-holder blocked the opponent's attack magic.

The small team's cooperation with each other was also excellent. Frankly speaking, it was a one-sided fight.

In this situation, what should I do?

As I was thinking, I met a skeleton soldier with a bow. No, it has no eyes.

The skeleton clattered its teeth and shot an arrow towards the robed man who was trying to shoot magic at a distance.

Huh? Isn't it supposed to attack me? Or is there a problem which caused the command to be executed in reverse?

"No, captain. We can't fight so many Skeleton Knights."

In fact, half have already collapsed and annihilation is a matter of time.

But that's a problem for me.

I need to talk to them about who they are and what their purpose is.

"If possible, I hope they don't kill us..."

Perfect.

I snapped my fingers and the skeleton army stopped attacking.

Click, click, click!

Their teeth started clattering together. I'm sorry.

And then they attacked the robed men again... But this time they weren't killing them. They were hitting rather than slashing with their sword. The spear is also turned over and knocked on the side without the blade. The bow was clearly aimed at the foot.

This... Could it be...?

"You won. Stop rattling your teeth."

Click, click, click, click, click, click!

I'm sorry to let you not do it, but you're very loud!

I knew it. I was right. It looks like the Skeleton Army is following my orders.

But I did not tell them to attack the robed men, right? Did they get angry because they tried to kill me? So, did they decide who were enemies based on the dress that is similar to the uncle?

It makes sense.

But why are they following my orders?

Is it because I put my wards in the summoning magic circle?

Yeah, I don't understand the logic at all.

"Run!"

"What? Where are you going, Captain?"

The uncle who was slashed was the Captain huh. He fled and disappeared in the forest at a tremendous speed.

Others tried to run after him.

"What's going on?"

"What's with the transparent wall?"

"No. This one's dead too!"

I'm sorry, but you all... I have placed an invisible barrier around to prevent them from escaping.

"Well, don't let them run away."

With a clicking reply, the Skeleton Army began to chase after the Robe men even more vigorously- that's a good response.

I left the place and exited on the street.

A translucent screen-like object floated in front of me showing me a map of the area. On the map, a red symbol was twitching.

“So you’re not running on the road, you’re heading deeper into the forest beyond the road?”

I had secretly attached a tracking ward on the captain who had escaped first.

There were no signs of eating or sleeping tents around the magic circle. So I figured their base of operations was separate.

I let the Captain escape on purpose so that he could guide me.

The red mark stopped.

It seemed to be in another clearing in the forest.

I erased the map and made a new ward. It’s an arrow-shaped ward that connected me to the uncle’s tracking ward.

The arrow trembles and snaps, pointing towards the direction of my right hand. Up ahead is the man who got away.

—And

As it turns out, that place was not a base.

Even there, there was a summoning magic circle and a giant stone statue waiting for me. But when I put a ward on the magic circle, it obeyed my orders. I didn’t intend to do so, but I heard you could take away the right to give orders. It’s a curious thing.

Well, thanks to that, my capture went smoothly.

So let’s start the interrogation right away.

# CHAPTER 16

## PASSION OF SUMMONERS

“What’s happening...”

The captain commanding the summoning force – Kaylee Zoff – stared at the figure in all black.

“Oh, there you are. So you’ve been using the side of the creek as your base. Well, a water source is necessary.”

The black man said happily as he looked at something floating in front of him in the shape of a board.

The more he looked at it, the more bizarre it seemed.

The slippery and glossy helm had no visible gap. It was a leather-like tight garment from the neck down.

Behind him, the giant stone man they were supposed to be using – the Giant Golem – was standing quietly.

Not only that.

Not only the army of Night Skeletons, but also the Giant Golem was taken from them. Especially the latter one, it was following their orders until the man arrived.

“I haven’t noticed this anomaly. Even the guys at the base did not have any knowledge about him. Then—”

There was no chanting and everyone was silenced one after another with something invisible. They even hit a transparent wall while trying to escape. The location of the base was known only to me and one of his subordinates who slipped up in a daze during the melee.

No, that’s not the point.

“Shall we start then?”

Zoff shakily asked the man who was slowly approaching him.

“What... what’s starting now...?”

Zoff’s head rested on the rock.

“How... are we... alive?”

Below him... the heads of his comrades were lying on the ground. Their faces were filled with horror and fear. Some of them had vacant eyes and others were laughing hysterically in an attempt to escape reality.

Everyone... was alive.

All that was left of them... was their heads.

“Oh, about that? Once, I inadvertently decapitated the bandits and I had to stop the blood from flowing. So don’t worry I can reconnect it. You are not dead yet.”

The man had a strange voice and his words could be described as condescending or frivolous. But Zoff couldn’t understand what he was saying.

“Well, at that time, I panicked. I had to find out where they were hiding and I almost killed them. But do you call it the merit since I killed them? He puked out something and I hadn’t even asked him about his mysterious state. So–”

This man could be quite talkative.

“I just thought this would be a good way to interrogate him.”

A creepy chill passed through Zoff’s spine.

He could feel his body. But it was as if something was completely covering him from the neck down, and he couldn’t move, though he had strength.

He could breathe. He could speak. He could even feel his heartbeat.

His head and his body were separated from each other, and yet...

“Oh, I’m sorry. Am I getting a little too familiar? I’m not very good at talking with strangers, and if they’re not talking, I have to go all out to get them to pause. Right. By the way... which one is yours?”

He began to rummage around his feet. Zoff’s and his men’s bodies were lying there.

“Oh, is it this one? There is a coat of arms embroidered on the chest of the robe. It looks like that of a captain.”

Yes, that was his body.

“Hup!”

“Hick!”

“It’s okay. I just lifted it.”

He can see that by looking at it. However, the sensation of being touched by somebody was certainly felt.

How much pain will he go through?

Zoff was frightened at the thought of it.

“Now, quickly, tell me your name.”

“ ... ”

“Can you tell me which organization do you belong to?”

“ ... ”

“Why were you using summoning magic here? What is your purpose?”

“ ... ”

As much as he didn’t want to say it, he was too afraid to lie. His mouth didn’t work well enough to tell a lie.

If he remained silent, the natural result would be his own death. Depending on the

man's mood, at any time, for sure, he would die.

There was no guarantee that honesty would save his life.

In the first place, since he had failed his mission so spectacularly, the Lightning Princess would never forgive him.

Whether he talked or not, death was the conclusion.

In that case—

“...I won't tell you anything.”

He didn't want to be a traitor after his death.

“Huh, hahaha... I will show you my loyalty. No matter how much pain I suffer, I'm not going to answer for anything!”

“Well, didn't you just abandon your subordinates and run away?”

“I have no excuse for that. But I had to tell the unit about the anomaly. If I was injured and I, the captain, took the initiative to leave that place, my men would follow.”

Thud!

“What the hell?”

“Oh, I'm sorry. I dropped it. I didn't do it on purpose. Are you sure? But it's just an excuse, you know? I don't think it's cool, that kind of thing.”

Zoff's face was wet with tears, snot and drool.

(I can't, I can't, I can't, I can't... I can't bear the torture...)

The pain now wasn't that great. However, he was reminded that the pain would surely be transmitted.

(How could I...)



Even if we could get through this situation, the Lightning Princess would blame us and the suffering might be even greater than this black man's.

Just kill me already.

(Wait? If I act like I feel...)

There are other people to torture. They won't force an insane person to confess.

If he won't speak, he might escape the Queen's wrath.

The man stopped to pick up Zoff's body as if he was trying to find the right moment.

But after a moment of thinking, he approached the bodies of other men.

He picked up one of the bodies of Zoff's men.

"W- What the hell? Stop. Please help me!"

He grabbed him by the hair and lifted the head.

"I'm sorry, I don't have anywhere else to hold it. But it's only the weight of the head, so it can't hurt too much, right?"

The man goes back to where the bodies were lying.

"No, I really don't know... Ah, yes. If you are conscious of the 'connection'...Yes, that... that is it!"

"No, no... Stop... help... me..."

The man lifted one of the bodies with his free arm. He carried it lightly and walked off. His figure faded among the trees.

There were no screams.

How long did the heavy silence last?

Eventually, they came back.

The man's head was back on his body.

That was a natural thing. But in Zoff's eyes, it was weird.

The subordinate had a mixed expression of relief and confusion.

But he was walking on his own feet.

The man urged him to sit on a tree that the golem had cleaved down. He was talking about something, but Zoff couldn't hear him.

"Next... is you I guess."

The man grabbed another subordinate's head again.

"No way..."

Zoff reads the man's intention.

Is he going to take each one out and make them confess by letting them return to their original form? Then check each testimony to see if you are lying.

A third person was taken and reappeared with his head and body connected. The three sat side by side on the tree without speaking with each other. They kept on staring at the ground in front of them.

(Are you trying to go back? Hey, are you selling me off, you traitors!)

He felt a twinge of anger and laughter rising within him.

He felt like an idiot for thinking of enduring the horror of torture. But now he doesn't have to worry about it anymore.

"...My name is Kaley Zoff. I am the Captain of the Summoner unit, under the direct control of the Queen."

"Captain?"

"What are you..."

His men on the ground were confused, Zoff continued quietly.

“We were preparing to summon a beast and attack the group heading to inspect the farmland tomorrow. It was the Queen’s orders.”

“Why would the Queen attack her own children?”

“The goal is to eliminate Charlotte Zenphys.”

There was a moment of silence.

“Why would the queen go after Char..... lotte-san?”

Sensing the man reveal his emotions for the first time, Zoff’s elation preceded his fear, and he became more talkative.

“Her talents exceed the Lightning Princess. The Queen fears that with the backing of the frontier count, the country would eventually be split in two. In that sense, there is also an aim to diminish Lord Zenphis’ voice with the blame of allowing the demons to invade the territory.”

After that, he revealed the entire raid plan. In the distance, his subordinates looked at him with eyes filled with accusation.

(Hmph! What are you looking at? Even though you revealed it to him before?)

The man turned around to the three subordinates. He looked towards Zoff and the three subordinates alternately.

And—

“Yeah, I guess you’re not lying. Thanks for telling me. But it’s a terrible story. I’m sure you’ll be able to blame the princess for the crime, and maybe the prince might really be injured. Well, she is still a mother. Did she really order you all to do it?”

“Huh”

What is this guy saying? No way...

“Didn’t those three tell you the same things I just say?”

“Hmm... Didn’t I tell you?”

“W... hat?”

“I just told them, ‘If you’re quiet, I’ll put your heads back’. If they told me different things, I wouldn’t know which ones were true and which ones were lies.”

The man told the captain that he was crazy.

“Oh, you shouldn’t despair. ‘I’ve told the truth,’ it’s like you’re ‘fessing up again.”

“Ha— uh... hu...”

He couldn’t get his voice to work. He forgot how to breathe and his heart beat frantically.

“Well, I would still ask the other guys in the base and the ones captured by the Skeleton Army though.”

Now, the man’s tone changed from light to cold voice.

“You guys had no choice but to follow orders from above?”

In response to the question, one of them exclaimed.

“Y- yes! That’s true!”

The people continued to respond simultaneously as if the water from a dam had broken.

“We cannot disobey the Queen’s orders!”

“I really didn’t want to!”

“So please help me!”

The three men behind him also each begged for their lives.

Zoff’s anger flared.

“You are no better than I am! You’re just a bunch of miscreants trying to make life

easier for yourselves by sucking up to the Queen. All of us here are the same!"

"Shut up!"

"I won't follow you anymore."

"At best, you'll be killed alone."

The looks of mockery spoke for itself.

After they were freed, they intended to put all the blame on Zoff alone and report to the Queen. All the mouths worked together.

"Ah, so noisy!"

The angry voices stopped immediately.

"If you don't like it, why are you here?"

"That is... because I can't go against the Queen..."

"Yeah, I get that the Queen is scary. But, I don't think it's good to try to kill a small child. I was going to let you live and hand you over to the frontier county, but—"

The man slowly lifted one hand.

"I changed my mind. You tried to kill my cute little sister, and I won't forgive you."

The moment the man said those words, Zoff and the others realized their fate.

"It's bad luck. No, you chose the wrong master to serve."

Snap.

The guy snapped his fingers.

—Bye.

The last word did not reach anyone's ears.

Everyone except the black man, including the three who should have returned to their original form, lost consciousness with a snap.

# CHAPTER 17

## FIRST OUTING

A horse-drawn carriage was going along the highway. It was the royal carriage in which I was also there laying off.

“Prince, I don’t think you can win against my brother. So you should not be troubled.”

Next to me, there was a young girl who had been praising me for a while now.

“You should be proud of yourself for the bravery to challenge my brother all by yourself!”

In front of the little girl, there was a boy who was scratching his head and gnashing his teeth.

She may not be aware that she’s disrespecting the prince, but if the Prince lifts me up a little, she’ll not stop praising me. It sounds ironic. Fear the girl.

“Hey, Char, stop it.”

“Shut up! It’s more humiliating to me to have you feel sorry for me!”

Rias, you didn’t argue against the little girl (you couldn’t do that?) and yet you are fighting with me.

“Why are you following me around, anyway? I only asked Charlotte to come with me.”

“Huh? It’s a little late for that, don’t you think?”

It’s been 30 minutes since we left?

Well, I didn’t mean to come. To be precise, I was planning to sneak back so that no one would notice it using the optical camouflage ward.

But right before we left, my father asked me to go with them, and I reluctantly agreed.

“Isn’t it good, Rias. Let’s take this opportunity to ask Mr. Hart about the situation around here.”

“Hmph! What can you even ask this guy?”

“Losing is not shameful. You only grow when you take the defeat seriously and learn something from the winner, right?”

“I didn’t lose!”

“No. You gave up.”

“Yes. It was a clear defeat.”

This older sister is as merciless as the little girl.

“Guh... You! What did you do at that time? Didn’t you use magic?”

“Yeah, even I wonder. How did you manage to pull off that kind of athletic ability without any sign of magic?”

So far, it was only Char’s solo stage for talking. But it seems that the center of the topic has changed towards me.

“I was using magic. When I confronted the prince, I was able to strengthen myself by chanting like this, ‘Be strong,’ but I don’t know what kind of magic it is myself.”

“What the fuck is that!?”

“What is that!?”

That’s strange. My father said, “I see...” and he was convinced, while Frey and Char said, “That’s great, Hart-sama, you’re the best.” “My brother can do anything.”

“You weren’t chanting, were you?”

“Yes, I didn’t see you move your mouth at all.”

“I’m good at ventriloquism so I don’t need to move my mouth to chant, right?”



“Ventra- what?”

“What kind of a magic skill is that?”

“It’s like this”, I said, keeping my mouth closed and showing off the wards that made my voice come out when I breathed out through my nose.

“That’s disgusting!”

“Yea...”

That’s strange. This was a big hit with the whole family. I don’t understand.

“Are you sure this isn’t some kind of demonic arts?”

“Huh!? Rias, there are some things you can say and some things you can’t!”

“But in this case it’s pretty strange don’t you think so as well.”

“But that is...”

These two people are saying something that I don’t understand. Do you know anything? I looked at Char, but she shook her head. Cute.

“It is extremely rare for ancestors to interact with the demons... and suddenly after a few generations, the characteristics of demons will suddenly appear on the body. In some cases, it has features such as athletic ability that exceeds that of ordinary people and have high magical powers as well.”

Generally, it is a fairy tale level, but it seems that there were actually such cases in the past. Classified stuff.

“So, the physical characteristics also appear clearly. You have no horns and your ears and eyes are okay. But do you have any scale or a tail on your body?”

“Brother’s body is smooth and silky. There is no such thing. I’ve seen it in the bath when I’m with him, so I’m sure of it.”

I’ve never paid attention to my back or anything like that. But if you ask me, it sounds fine. As long as it doesn’t interfere with my life, I don’t really care.

Hmm? What happened to both of you? Your faces are bright red–

“Y-y-y-you take a bath with your sister?”

“W-w-w-what do you mean by that?”

Wow. I’m surprised.

“Oh! A man and woman together!”

“Why are you doing such a shameful thing...”

No, did you think that I would invite her?

Char approaches me no matter where I am. Baths are no exception. In fact, I think it’s only sensible that she doesn’t assault me with her clothes on.

Besides, we are still children, right ? My condition is still okay cause she’s my younger sister. I knew her from the moment she was born, and I don’t have any weird reactions because my body hasn’t reached the secondary sexual characteristics. This is really the case.

When I couldn’t talk eloquently about such things, I was silent.

“I... can’t...?”

My sister looked as if the world was going to end.

“Can’t I share the bath with you, brother?”

“Well, no, I mean, no, no one usually does that, but...”

“There’s a very special meaning to the fact that men and women expose their skin to each other in the first place. What can I say, that noble attempt at procreation–”

Why don’t you calm down for a minute?

Well, like this.

Time passed in a lively manner.

“Brother, it’s amazing. There is a lot of grass in the field. It’s amazing!”

My sister is so excited, her vocabulary seems to have been limited to ‘wow’.

It’s late spring. The view from the top of a small hill overlooked the vast wheat fields that shined in golden color.

From a Japanese point of view, it feels strange because this season is the time to plant rice.

Charl jumped around everywhere and then came over to stare at the fields.

For the time being, I will take a break here and then go down the hill to greet the farmers.

The escort soldiers were divided into two parts. One unit stood on guard and the other prepared the meals.

“Hey dad, can I have a word?”

I walked up to frontier count, Gordo Zenphis, and called out to him.

“Hart. I’m sorry for today. I forced you to take him out for the inspection.”

“No, that’s fine. I have something to ask.”

“What?”

I thought about how to ask but when I couldn’t think of a way, I asked him straightforwardly.

“If by any chance the queen were to try to take Char’s life, what would you do?”

His eyes shrunk and froze.

“Oh, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to ask you a weird question.”

“...No, it’s alright. You also had a sense of crisis. For some reason, you rarely come out

of the room, let alone agree to come out so easily.”

Dad said something with a convinced look on his face. I was reluctant though.

“I fear that now is a good time to do it. Prince Rias joined the inspection tour. And he’s accompanied by both the girls.”

Oh, my father knew.

“And yesterday, at the dinner table, the Prince invited Charlotte to visit the farm. I thought he would take this opportunity to make a move on you, and that’s why I brought you here. I’m sorry I didn’t tell you.”

“Huh? Me? Why?”

Dad looked at Charl who was dancing around.

“I can only protect two people at the same time. And my priority right now, it is limited to princes and princesses.”

In other words, even if he knew about it, he had no choice but to abandon his daughter.

“That’s why I’m leaving her in your care.”

“What, I’m just a ten-year-old kid?”

“You still lack self-awareness. At the very least, I believe that with your physical abilities, you can escape to the castle with a single Charlotte.”

Those summoners were pretty weak, though. I guess they specialized in summoning magic. Oh, the summoners were more than that. I happened to be able to bring them under control, but what would have happened if they had attacked me? I don’t know without actually trying.

I don’t know. It’s so complicated.

“I wish the Queen didn’t exist.”

“Don’t say something like that. It’s clear that the Queen is hostile toward me, but I can’t run away from it.”

I'm already working over that matter.

"Besides", my father continued unexpectedly,

"We can't afford to lose the Queen right now."

"Huh? Why?"

"It's a pity, but it's been a long time since His Majesty King Zirk's authority has died down. There are many aristocrats aiming for the next 'King' in both central and rural areas. What makes them quiet is the presence of the Queen because it is absolute."

"When the Queen dies, will there be civil war?"

"You're a smart guy. You're right."

"...Why don't you become the King?"

The resistance can be snubbed by 'The Hammer of Earth's War Cry'.

My father laughed when I spoke of my idea.

"I'm not suited for it. But you're right..."

He stared at me and said.

"Yes, but it's too early. He's too young. At least I want to wait until he becomes an adult."

*[T/N: No specific gender is used.]*

I see, I know who he is talking about.

It's Charlotte!

"He's a bright kid. I'm sure he will grow up to be a great man who can lead his country."

She's kind of an air-head, but she's smart as well. The problem is the delusional habit caused by Chuunibyou illness. But when she grows up she will be cured from it.

“I don’t know what he’s capable of. I believe that I have the ability to surpass even the Lightning Princess.”

Her maximum magic level exceeds the Queen. If she starts her magic training in earnest, she’ll soon catch up.

“Do you understand what I’m saying? You know what I expect of you.”

Yeah, no matter how unpredictable I am, I can see that.

What I need to do is to protect Char until she becomes a great Queen. And then I can enjoy my new life in peace.

“Will you do it?”

“Of course.”

When you decide what you need to do, you must act immediately. It’s hard to imagine that from my previous life, but that’s how I feel now.

I shift my gaze to the side.

A few of Rias’s guard knights were gathered around, whispering to each other.

I don’t know if my dad knows it or not, but they’re already putting the assassination of Char into action. And the one who ordered it was the Lightning Princess – Queen Guiselotte.

That woman will definitely mess with me in the future.

I’m not sure, but I have a feeling that she will.

If so, rather than just thinking about protection.

“What can I do if I cannot kill her?”

Let’s call it a mother-son reunion for the first time in ten years, shall we?

My soft mutterings were not heard by anyone.

# CHAPTER 18

## ONE-SIDED MOTHER-CHILD REUNION

Prince Rias and Princess Marianne's tour of the frontier continued without any problem.

So.

Nothing had happened. Charlotte Zenphys was still alive and well.

"I want to hear your excuses."

Guiselotte spoke solemnly as she sat down on a horizontal couch in a room in the Detached Palace.

A few meters away from her, the knight who had served as the captain of the inspection team's escort was kneeling.

"The summoner's squad vanished without a trace. All of them have disappeared without any trace, even the supply for the base has disappeared."

The knight couldn't look directly at the Queen. He trembled as he answered and stared at the floor.

"So?"

"We would not be able to do this without any help since Lord Zenphis was watching us very closely. It would be hard for us if the detachable unit disappeared suddenly..."

"Congratulations on your return."

"This humiliation! We will make sure to wash it away! Please give us another chance!"

The knight bowed his head so deeply, it was touching the floor.

Guiselotte didn't even glance at him. She picked up her wine glass and let the red liquid shimmer in her hand.

“If you ask me to do something like that, I have no choice but to call you ‘incompetent’. All you have to do now is look into your own empty head and figure out why you failed.”

“That’s...”

“Okay? Dozens of troops have just disappeared. If there are no traces, it’s not just a simple summoning failure. There’s an enemy, you know. Somebody who wants to interfere with my plans.”

The knight hurriedly went through his memory.

“Come to think of it, during my inspection, I heard about a strange man. He’s an unidentified man called the ‘Black Warrior’ who goes around slaying bandits and demons.”

“Oh, my God. I’m shocked. Why did you know so much and yet left it at that?”

“However, the opponents were only vulnerable groups of thieves and stray monsters that did not have much in number or strength. Even if that man was extraordinarily strong, I don’t think he would be able to defeat all our men. Although they specialized in summoning magic only, he could not defeat our units all by himself—”

Splash!

The red liquid splashed on the knight.

“Did your head cool down a little now? You’re really a stupid man. Cats that look down on rats will be bitten to death by stray dogs. Do you think you’re a lion or something?”

“No, I mean...”

“And how can you tell it’s just one person? Did you even consider that Zenphis might be involved behind the scenes? If the right kind of men moved, they would always be able to find the tail. I could have denounced him from there.”

“It might not be what it looks like...”

“Oh, I don’t feel well. Do you understand how I feel to find out that the man I gave so much attention to was so stupid? You will be punished accordingly...”



The knight froze. He felt wary when Guiselotte was suddenly quiet and looked up in horror.

The Queen's eyes were widened in surprise. Her gaze was focused on something behind the knight.

"Who?!"

The Queen yelled and the knight immediately turned and bounced back.

— There was a "shadow" of a man.

It was a person who had been dyed in black. Sleek helm, tight clothes. All were black enough to melt in the dark. From the physique, it looked like an adult male.

Knights were allowed to carry their sword even in the Queen's private quarters. It was a convention that was due to Lightning Princess' confidence in her own strength.

They put their hands on the sword at their waist and shouted while trying to pull it out.

"My Queen! Please stay behi—?!"

But before he could pull out his sword, his neck was cut off silently. His head fell on the floor, and his body followed with a thud.

"That's all."

The jet-black man said. With a light wave of his arms, a number of people's heads rolled to the floor.

They were the ones Guiselotte knew. They were the knights under the Queen's direct control who had accompanied the young royals for the inspection of Lord Zenphis' territory.

Enemy. Undoubtedly, this suspicious person was their enemy.

And it must be the 'Black Warrior' of the frontier that the knight spoke about.

Guiselotte, who instantly judged it, strengthened herself without chanting. She lightly

kicked the floor with one foot and crouched behind the sofa. With another big leap backwards, she arrived next to the fireplace.

She grabbed the sword displayed above the fireplace and pulled it out with a single swing. She grabbed the hilt of the sword and took a mid-legged stance. She was prepared for both offense and defence.

The sword was the “Holy Sword of the Light Blade” – one of the “supreme seven holy weapons” that destroyed the Demon King.

(Now that I have this, there is no one who can be the enemy of me, the Lightning Princess.)

‘Curse yourself for not assassinating me before you showed yourself and die.’

However, it was impossible to do so because the automatic defense was triggered when there was a surprise attack from behind.

Guiselotte regained her composure and asked.

“How did you get into this room... in the Imperial palace? There were multiple layers of protective wards, weren’t there?”

“Warding? Oh, those messy ones. There were so many flaws in it. I didn’t even have to break them. By the way, I have put a soundproof barrier around here. You can shout at the top of your lungs and still no one will notice.”

“...Yeah. I will have to punish those who are in charge of the barrier later.”

It was an uncomfortable sound, like multiple voices overlapping each other.

She found it unbearable to hear. At that moment, she gripped her sword tightly in frustration.

Gong!

A small magic circle radiated light next to her clenched hands.

“As expected from the Lightning Princess. You were able to stop it. You can see it... right?”

What?

Guiselotte's mind was in chaos.

That was an automatic defensive magic shield that was automatically activated to prevent 'something'. She had no idea what it was at all.

"It can't be helped. If it comes to this, it's the 'poor gun' strategy time."

"What the...?"

As if to drown the voice of doubt, several magic circles of light flashed around Guiselotte.

Unidentified attacks came from all directions.

All of them were invisible. She couldn't feel it. She couldn't even predict the source.

(Not good, if this continues-)

The automatic defense couldn't keep up. Guiselotte could not even use her sword and had to pour all her magic power in defense.

The attack gained more momentum and was sharper than before.

Small magic circles appeared and disappeared all around her. The room was destroyed as if a tornado was brewing.

(Impossible! Impossible! How could I be...)

Even when she faced the Demon King, she didn't fall into this kind of predicament.

There was no room to chant. She had to resort to chantless chanting, which consumed a large amount of magic power.

Of course, she didn't have time to counterattack, and her magic power only decreased in vain.

(How long will this go on...?)

She was the one who killed the Demon King. She carried the pride of having the highest magic level in the world right now. Therefore, the magical power she contained should be the best.

The other person was not chanting.

There was a faint hope in her heart that she could somehow make it out of this.

Yet, the black man was gaining even more momentum instead of slowing down his attack.

(No more... my magic power...)

It ran out.

At that moment, she was using the magical power of self-reinforcement as a defense. She was afraid that she would become a mere lump of meat. It was then...

With a snap, the chaotic attack stopped.

At last... At last!

The opponent ran out of magic...

But it was the same for her. The magic circle that had surrounded her for a while had lost its lustre and disappeared.

If the attack continued for a few more seconds...

Shaking off the unpleasant imagination, Guiselotte's eyes glazed over.

(Even if my magic power is exhausted, I-)

The 'Holy Sword of the Light Blade' was still there.

She was also the best in the country when it came to swordplay. Even if she couldn't strengthen herself with magic, with the inherent sharpness of the holy sword, she could still overwhelm unarmed opponents.

However.

The black man said the words that filled her with despair.

“It looks like it’s impossible to crush it. Well then... let’s try to cut it.”

“...what?”

It was impossible to break it? What was the man talking about? Even though he crushed the magic circle a while ago... Did he misunderstand that it was not crushed because it appeared again?

No, more importantly ————— “Next”?

Hyun!

She could hear the sound of the wind nearby. Strange. At the same time, she had a mysterious feeling like there was something hot or cold on the neck.

Her vision blurred.

Shortly after that, the world turned dark.

“Ah! That was dangerous, I was about to kill her.”

The little murmur did not reach her ears as she had already lost her.

# CHAPTER 19

## WARNING AND COLLAR

Apparently it was only for a moment that she was out of consciousness.

Guiselotte's vision returned from darkness.

She still seemed to be processing her defeat. A man's voice brought her back to reality.

"No matter how much the attack stops, you should not just let down your defenses. You should be alert of the surrounding. Well, it's all fine now. I am trying to say is that, don't look down on me!"

(I was caught off guard? I underestimated my opponent? How dare he! I ran out of magic power. Even if I knew that the attack would continue, there was nothing I could do to prevent it.)

But before Guiselotte could express her indignation, she couldn't help but be concerned about the 'abnormality' in front of her.

She fell on her face. Yet she could see the ceiling.

She was perplexed by the contradictory sensations. Hence she concluded that she was on her back. She prioritized gaining visual information, and tried to raise her body. But her hands, which were trying to grab onto the floor, rose up towards the sky. Her chest was blocked by the floor, making it look like she was floating on her back.

She had no choice but to think that she should lie face down and try to get up. A headless body crawling on all fours appeared in her sight.

(What the hell...)

She tried to suppress her common sense as much as possible, and made a guess based on facts that she could grasp in the current situation.

The answer she came up with was very simple.

The headless body in front of her was hers.

“What the hell is this?”

But she could not understand.

Why was she still alive even though her head and body were separated? She could breathe and move her body. But why wasn't her head and body connected?

“The head and body are physically separated. But the severed surfaces are connected to each other through space and time magic, so you're not dead.”

It was strange and irritating that she had to listen to him explain her this.

“I don't know... I don't know this kind of magic...”

“Well, that's okay. So, you know, I need to talk to you. But I think it's rude to keep you rolling around.”

Guiselotte felt uncomfortable. She felt as if she was mocked. Guiselotte revealed her disgust towards this feeling.

But it was also humiliating to stay like this.

As hard as she tried to move her body, she...

(Sss, this... right, no. Not that way. This is frustrating!)

When she was facing her body, she couldn't help but move it the other way. When she finally got the hang of it and somehow reach for her head, she stuck her fingers in her nostrils. How awkward.

Somehow she managed to lift her head and face it in the same direction as her body. Fearfully and carefully, she tried to put her head on top of her neck–.

“Huh?”

A mysterious force interfered with her head and body because of which they could not align together. She almost dropped it again.

“The cuts repel each other like the same pole of a magnet. It’s like... it’s impossible to sew because the needle cannot pass through it.”

“Damn you! What do you want from me after humiliating me like this?”

She stared at the man in front of her with anger as she lifted her head.

“Gordo Zenphis, the Frontier Count. His family. And his territory.”

“Huh?”

“Don’t do anything to them in the future.”

“You were sent by Zenphis, weren’t you?”

“No. I’m a hero of justice, who vanquishes the evil of the world from the shadows. I have no name as of yet.”

“Evil? You decided that, I, the Lightning Princess am evil?!”

“It’s my personal opinion. I don’t care your reputation outside, and I don’t take recommendations from anyone.”

The black man continued.

“Don’t look so scared. I don’t care what you’re up to in the palace. Honestly, you’re free to overthrow the King and become the Queen. But...”

He continued with a hint of implication.

“Don’t mess with the frontier count or any of his affiliates forever. Isn’t that easy?”

“It is not possible for me to hold back the forces of opposition against me with such a crippled appearance. Lord Zenphis may find himself in a disadvantageous position without me.”

This was the best threat she could make right now. But it seemed to work.

The man thought for a moment and then threw something at her. He didn’t even have anything in his hand before though.



The object that fell down with a plop– it was a metal object.

“A neck ring...? It can’t be...”

“I know it seems broken but it’s a special model. It’s irreplaceable. As long as you wear it around your neck, you’ll still be able to move freely. And you won’t have to hold your head up all the time.”

In the kingdom, anyone who committed a crime was sentenced to a certain period of service. During that time, their activities were restricted and they had to leave their normal lives behind.

The sign of this was wearing a crude iron collar, commonly known as the “crippling collar”.

“You want me, the Queen and the Lightning Princess, to suffer the same humiliation as a sinner?”

“That’s as good as it gets.”

She bit her lips so hard that there was a trickle of blood flowing from them.

“I don’t need a reply. Show me with your actions. If you do something that I don’t like, then the magic will be broken immediately. It’s the magic I applied after decapitating you. So if you try to release it... you know...”

–Death.

Blood would gush out from the cut surface, and the life will be lost. Even if she used the highest level of healing magic immediately, there won’t be enough time...

“This is the end of the story. Goodbye.”

He bid her farewell and left. His figure melted into darkness- and then he disappeared.

In the cold silence, it felt as if time had stopped. Guiselotte staggered forward. She bent

her knees, supported her head with one hand and reached out towards the collar with the other.

The cold touch of the steel stopped her in her tracks.

It was humiliating to be at the mercy of a man, but could she really trust the man's word?

(If they were going to kill me, they would have done so already.)

There must be a reason to not kill her.

If she died, the country would be ravaged by those who want to be 'next in line'. And he didn't like that?

Even if that was the case, if he was that good, he could take the country for himself. Rather, it seemed more convenient for the man to be rougher.

The Queen stopped thinking about it.

Clink.

The collar fit her perfectly. Strangely, the head and body, which had been rebelling against each other, stuck together this time.

She staggered to her feet and stumbled towards of the mirror.

Her once shiny black hair was dishevelled and her face was exhausted. And the collar of a sinner. It was really a shameful appearance.

Although Guiselotte was born in an aristocratic family who was in the midst of the decline, she received gifted education throughout the country due to her high magic quality and she rose to the top of the elite course, as expected.

Not a speck of glory in her history.

No, there was one extremely poorly made child.

She was still on her way to greater heights.

She will not allow herself to break her knees and stop!

“Something like this!”

She put her hand on the collar impulsively. The collar, which had no locks, came off easily with a snap of the clasp.

“Whaa, whaaa!”

A moment later, her head bounced towards the ceiling.

She did her best to anticipate the point of fall and tried to catch it. But the head fell out of her hand. Her face hit the floor and blood dripped from her high and proud nose.

She groped for the collar and finally put her head back where it belonged again, out of sight.

How hapless it is to be on all fours, licking the floor.

She was fondly referred to as the Lightning Princess. She had the highest rank in the country almost within her reach. Yet...

For the first time in her life she stifled her voice. The woman who had basked in the light her entire life shed tears – for the first time in her life.

After that day, the Queen rarely appeared in public.

In the beginning, the collar was seen as a ‘bizarre fashion’. But when she put it on by mistake, it wouldn’t come off. The speculation began to fly.

A short time later, the mark of the guilty was changed to bangles instead of a collar. This gave a boost to further speculation. She became a laughingstock. The Queen became an easy target for those who were angry at her behaviour of neglecting the king.

The Queen’s prestige was slowly and surely diminishing.

All while keeping the line at the very edge of not causing a civil war.

All while she was frightened by the fear of 'death' that stuck to her neck.

Five years have passed-.



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