



두부두부 판타지 장편소설

판타지 세상에서
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살아가는 법

Information

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Reincarnated in a fantasy world. All of the novels worth reading here appear to be SAT English problems. So I began writing my own fantasy novels as a hobby to augment my previous job.

However, the novel I wrote had an odd ripple effect. That's fantastic as well.

Chapter 126: Three Women (1)

It was when Isaac briefly went to the dorm to get some medicine. As soon as Isaac left, Rina called Marie, who was sitting across from her.

“Marie.”

“Yeah?”

Upon hearing Rina’s call, Marie looked up, pausing her slow steak-cutting. Her fair skin, reminiscent of snow, had faintly reddened due to Isaac’s words just moments ago. Her hair, white as snow, made the blush even more noticeable, but it was not important to Rina. What mattered to her was the identity of the “medicine” Isaac mentioned.

“Do you know what kind of medicine Isaac is taking?”

“Why do you ask?”

“I thought you might know. I’ve never seen Isaac taking any medicine until now.”

Rina had spent less time with Isaac compared to Marie and Cecily. She was busy with exhibition preparations and devoted herself to studying to achieve good grades at the academy. Now that the exams were over, she had some free time, but she had just learned that Isaac was taking medicine. So she planned to support him and help rectify her past mistakes.

“It’s not a chronic illness or anything, is it?”

“No, it’s not. Just... yeah, it’s really a preventive medicine.”

“A preventive medicine?”

What could it be preventing? And why was Marie’s face getting even redder than before?

Rina had received sexual education with Marie in the palace, but it was purely theoretical. She knew nothing about the secretive atmosphere between men and women or the innuendos. That's why Rina was bewildered, and it was also the reason why Marie couldn't readily explain it. Who could openly say that someone went to get contraceptive pills to have sex?

"Is it expensive? If it's expensive, then I..."

"No, it's not that expensive. It's something you can also find in stores, so there's no need for you to help."

"Is it something like a dietary supplement?"

"Well..."

While Marie was contemplating how to make Rina understand, Cecily, who had been quietly observing, smiled and spoke up.

"So, from now on, Marie will be scolded by Isaac with a bat?"

"A stick?"

What's this strange talk again? Rina looked at Cecily with a puzzled expression, as if asking for an explanation.

However, Cecily only maintained her mischievous expression and kept her gaze fixed on Marie. It was the moment her playfulness kicked in.

"Being scolded with a bat, what kind of talk is that? Could it be that Isaac hits you?"

"No, he absolutely doesn't hit me. It's just...a game. It's a game between me and Isaac."

"A game that requires medicine, and you're scolded by Isaac's bat? I just can't understand any of this..."

Rina stopped mid-sentence. It was because Marie's face, reddened like a crimson sunset, reminded her of something.

As mentioned before, while Marie had an ability to instinctively assess whether the other person was sincere or lying, Rina had exceptional powers of observation. Having keen powers of observation also meant having the ability to deduce accordingly.

Cecily's mischievous remark, Marie's embarrassment and 'Isaac punishing her with a bat'. The game that required 'preventive medicine'. In the end, it all led to one conclusion.

With everything combined, a single thought floated in Rina's mind, as she was in a daze.

“... ..”

As the conclusion came to mind, Rina's face instantly turned red. Interestingly, her face stiffened while gradually becoming flushed.

In a normal situation, she would quickly regain her composure. However, due to the nature of the conversation, even Rina couldn't help but stammer.

Even as an imperial princess, she was still inexperienced when it came to the experiences of men. In the past, she had met a few men for political marriages, but that was the extent of it for her.

As the situation settled, Rina swallowed her saliva and asked Marie with a trembling voice. Marie, with a heavily blushing face, was clutching her chin.

“... Marie?”

“... Yes?”

“Did... did you... with Isaac?”

“I did. The thing you're thinking about.”

“Since when?”

Countless times, Rina had witnessed them going on dates that were as sweet as dripping honey. However, she couldn't have guessed that they had gone so far.

At that moment, Marie took a sip of tea, her throat seemingly dry, and briefly glanced at Cecily instead of Rina. She had uttered unnecessary words, creating an awkward atmosphere.

Whether she said it or not, Cecily was observing the current situation with interest. Her characteristic mischievous expression added to the amusement.

Marie quietly opened her mouth, suppressing the desire to scratch that entertained face.

“...after the exhibition ended.”

“Then from then until now...”

“We’ve been doing it almost every day. We couldn’t do it during exam periods because we were busy. Now we’re going to do it.”

“Oh my...”

Rina, now at a loss, covered her mouth and didn’t know what to do. Rina’s reaction, with the ‘mask’ suddenly being removed, was completely new and surprising.

Marie also gave a surprised look, but for now, it was important to break the tension in the air. Besides, it seemed that even after Isaac arrived, this atmosphere would continue. So, she started reprimanding Cecily instead.

“Cecily, did you really have to say that? And what’s with the ‘bat’?”

“It’s a ‘bat’, isn’t it? It’s about the size of a bat, so what else could it be?”

Cecily replied with her hands spread apart at a certain distance. It was a very straightforward expression, typical of her.

And Rina, looking at the length of the ‘bat’ Cecily expressed, could only be astonished beyond surprise. It was much longer than what she had learned in the palace.

But Marie took it a step further.

“Now it’s even bigger than that.”

“What? Is that true?”

“Yeah. It seems to have grown along with his height.”

As he grew, the evidence of its lengthening became more apparent, and this time it was Cecily’s turn to be amazed. Since becoming Isaac’s woman, she had been receiving occasional “advice” from Marie.

As a result, she had learned what Isaac liked and what actions he enjoyed, but she was still unable to enter the main stage. The reasons were twofold: Marie still monopolized Isaac, and, above all, the “evil cycle” was gradually approaching.

To alleviate the cycle of evil, as mentioned before, one must restrain or completely eliminate desires through meditation. Thanks to recent inventions of medicine, the suffering of demons during the cycle of evil has decreased, but Cecily was still waiting for the cycle to come.

Once the cycle of evil arrived, pleasure would precede pain. Marie had been enjoying herself since the first night, thanks to Isaac, but it was true that compatibility varied from person to person.

“Um... Cecily?”

“Yeah?”

“Are you also... by any chance, Cecily?”

Rina asked Cecily cautiously, her face now completely flushed, as if trying to cool it down even slightly, with both hands wrapped around it.

The combination of her puppy-like adorable appearance and embarrassment from erotic stories exuded the charm of a blushing maiden, and her dignity and charisma as a princess seemed to have completely vanished.

Was Rina’s reaction, unlike her usual self, surprising? Cecily stared at her intently, then smiled mischievously and replied in a teasing tone.

“Well~ did I do it? Or did I not? What does our Rina think?”

“You, are you going to do it too? Ah, with Isaac?”

“Yeah, I think I’ll do it soon.”

“But, there’s Marie here. Can we just say those things?”

Rina pointed her finger at Marie and asked. She seemed quite flustered, stuttering her words in an uncharacteristic manner.

On the other hand, Cecily remained composed. As if she had just remembered something, she exclaimed, surprising Rina with a piece of news.

“Oh, I forgot to mention. I’m also dating Isaac.”

“W-What? Th-Then...”

“You’re thinking right. Polyamory. As you can see, I’m a demon, and since Isaac is Xenon. I think that explains it all.”

“... ..”

It was hard to argue with those words. Moreover, Cecily being the princess of Helium would be a significant political advantage for Isaac.

However, Rina’s mind was in turmoil due to the explicit words. She hesitated, opening her mouth like a fish, and slowly turned her head toward Marie.

Finally, meeting Marie’s stern gaze, Rina cautiously spoke.

“... Is that true?”

“Yeah. By the way, I’m the main wife, and Cecily has acknowledged that. Right?”

“Actually, since you’re not yet married, I think the position of the main wife is still vacant.”

“Come on... It won’t work. You can always leave. Break up with Isaac.”

“But I don’t want to~”

Marie and Cecily played innocent pranks on each other, but Rina still couldn’t calm her heart. No matter how hard she tried to calm down, all sorts of thoughts and imaginings swirled in her head.

‘Marie and Cecily doing things with Isaac and all... No, Cecily probably hasn’t done anything yet... Ugh...’

She felt her head overheating in real time. And she remembered the width of the gap that Cecily had shown just moments ago, spreading it with both hands.

While Marie and Cecily were whispering to each other, Rina discreetly glanced down. She would never date Isaac, but she was also at an age when she was interested in romance.

She discreetly compared the two after watching their expressions. What she was comparing, you can probably guess. And...

‘It goes beyond the navel? Is that really possible?’

Once again, she couldn't help but be astonished. Marie, who had accepted everything, was truly remarkable, and Rina once again felt the mystery of the human body.

Rina swallowed her saliva and looked up at Marie. She had a confident expression, as if she had won in the battle of the wits with Cecily.

“Um... Marie?”

“Yeah?”

“Does it really... go in all the way? Doesn't it hurt?”

Marie blinked her eyes and faced Rina, who asked a question. Her face turned red as if it was burning, and her blue eyes were filled with curiosity.

The image of the Rina she knew had completely disappeared, and there was only a girl who showed interest in the romance. Not a princess, but a cute and lovely girl who suited Marie's age.

How adorable she looked. Marie discreetly glanced at her and curled up the corners of her mouth.

It made her feel good as if she had found Rina's weakness, and she felt like she could use it to her advantage in the future.

“Rina.”

“Uh, yes?”

“Should I explain everything that happened on the first night, or should I only answer the questions you asked? It's your choice.”

“Uh...”

When Marie asked in a teasing voice, Rina's face turned so hot that steam seemed to rise. But she still seemed to want an answer, as her gaze remained focused on Marie.

It seemed like both options were possible, so Marie remembered the first night she spent with Isaac after the exhibition. Her heart fluttered and she felt tense just thinking about it, but it was a memory that had passed.

Currently, she was just a woman who had opened her eyes to sex, not much different from a maiden. They would take turns taking the lead and indulging in each other until

they reached their limits.

“Well, then let me explain how Isaac and I ended up having a night affair. It started with Isaac’s slip of the tongue.”

“A slip of the tongue?”

“Yes. Isaac invited me to his bedroom, saying he had something to talk about briefly. He even prepared coffee.”

“T-That...”

“Exactly. It was probably because he really wanted to talk to me, but I wasn’t interested. And on top of that, Cecily said some unnecessary things to me, so I was in a hurry.”

“Unnecessary things?”

When Cecily was mentioned, Rina’s gaze shifted to the side. Cecily shrugged her shoulders and casually replied as the attention turned towards her.

“I simply said that if you don’t do it first, I’ll take the lead. Who would have known she would end up working on it the same day?”

“Uh...”

Perhaps Rina was weak when it came to such discussions. She made a distressed sound.

Reason was urging her to stop, but temptation was enticing her to delve deeper.

Despite the differences from the sexual education she received in the palace, her friend’s real-life experiences provided Rina with a new stimulation.

“Isaac caressed my entire body, as if handling delicate artwork. You know how big and beautiful Isaac’s hands are, right? Just imagine those hands running over my bare skin.”

“And, and then?”

“And then...”

As the story of Marie’s first night continued, Rina became even more excited. By occasionally hearing her heavy breathing, it was clear that she was completely absorbed in the story.

When they reached a moment that could be considered a highlight...

“...gulp.”

Even while swallowing her saliva, she didn't lose her concentration. Marie, in a way that didn't match her noble upbringing, continued with explicit expressions.

Unlike Cecily, who had already heard it several times, Rina listened quietly because it was a story deeply connected to Isaac.

“Until dawn? Wasn't it tough?”

“When I woke up the next day, the sun was already high up in the sky. I don't even know how I managed it back then. Now, even 30 minutes makes me tired.”

“Oh, Isaac surprisingly has strong stamina...”

“I heard that he even received knight training when he was young. He couldn't help but be strong.”

“Gulp. And then? Was there nothing eventful in the morning?”

“There was something. It was a certain situation...”

It was a series of surprises. In Rina's mind, the image of a weak and delicate Isaac suddenly transformed into that of a 'man'.

Recently, Marie's face had brightened, and there was a strange sense of beauty. Could it all be because of her intimate moments with Isaac? Until the end, Rina felt a peculiar emotion from their splendid first night together.

“Our first night ends here. After that, we've been doing it whenever we have time, so there's nothing more to say.”

“Then, would you like to give your impression?”

“... ..”

Impression or whatever, Rina was in a situation where she went over her capacity. The more she imagined in her head, the more uncomfortable she felt.

Even just listening to it is this intense, so I can't even fathom what it would be like to actually do it. Although she wasn't dating Isaac, he had already become a 'common

standard' in her heart.

The man she recently met was only Isaac, and in the past, Jackson had clung to her, but they naturally drifted apart after a group project. Leort was there, but he's her brother, so she dismissed him immediately.

Knock-knock-knock-

"I'm here. Can I come in?"

While Lina hesitated, Isaac, who went to get the medicine, came back. Upon hearing him, Rina perked up, raising her head.

Eventually, as Isaac opened the door, her gaze turned to a stern place. The part that Marie had emphasized just a moment ago.

However, Isaac opened his mouth with a calm face, completely unaware of that fact.

"Finished eating? Should I pay?"

"Yeah. Let's do that. Shall we go right away?"

"Do you want to do that?"

"It's been building up for a few days. I can't relieve it on my own."

If she hadn't heard Marie's story, Rina wouldn't have been able to understand their conversation. But now, she can.

Rina could anticipate what they would do as soon as she heard their conversation. While the academy had an inn for guests, it wasn't exclusively for them. There were also soundproof rooms for the nobles. So what Isaac and Marie would do there...

"Gulp."

Rina swallowed the saliva that had been stuck in her mouth once again. Even though it was just an imagination, her heart raced, and she felt tense. She knew it wasn't right, but after hearing the story, she had an urge to secretly witness it.

Perhaps it would be helpful for her own wedding night in the distant future. After all, she was a princess of the Minerva Empire, and marrying a man was a natural course of events.

Of course, that was her rationality speaking, but her instinct was merely driven by sexual curiosity. She was only seventeen, just at the age when she was beginning to awaken to her desires.

Should she uphold her dignity as a princess, or should she act according to her personal desires? It was a moment when Rina found herself immersed in the most significant dilemma of her life, unrelated to public affairs.

“Hmm?”

And Cecily, who had been watching her from the side, let out a strange chuckle.

Translators note:

Chapter 3/5

Chapter 127: Hidden Sincerity (1)

I have decided to seek advice from Cecily, but my investigation did not stop. Over the weekend, I consistently observed Nicole and Adelia's sparring at the public training ground. After the sparring sessions, we planned to have a meal together.

The combat scenes were accurately portrayed according to my imagination, and my father even praised the authenticity. However, it is still better to make them more explicit. It's good to know how they fight.

Especially for humans, unlike other races, the combat abilities vary greatly from individual to individual. Some people, like my father, have records of subduing dragons, while others, like me, are mere civilians.

Furthermore, most humans are civilians, and even the knights affiliated with the military have a wide range of disparities in their abilities. Therefore, in the Xenon Chronicles, balancing is not just a choice but a necessity, and it must have a certain degree of plausibility.

Above all, the most noticeable aspect among humans is what can be referred to as "talent." Having talent is not necessarily required to reach a certain level of skill, but it is essential to achieve a higher realm.

Elves, demons, and beastmen have many innate advantages, but humans do not. Perhaps that's why humans differentiate themselves based on their skills, unlike other races.

There was some discussion about Xenon's talent, but it was just a passing remark. Currently, the most significant concerns are how powerful Xenon is and how formidable the Seven Sins are.

'I wonder if the sky would split apart when they clash their weapons like in that pirate manga.'

While reading books related to the racial war, I immersed myself in my thoughts. The racial war was a massive conflict that erupted between the Elven Union and the Human Alliance, so there are numerous records documenting it.

For example, if a human mage unleashed mass destruction magic towards the elven stronghold, there are descriptions of the earth shaking, and flames raining down from the sky, while the elves were struck by thunder and lightning like pouring rain.

Anyway, the existence of a mage can be seen as an asymmetric power similar to a missile when considering my past life. Honestly, magic is something that I can describe in any way and move on without any problem.

The biggest issue is melee combat. In other words a fight with cold weapons between skilled individuals. In most historical records, it is recorded who fought against whom, but there is almost no information about the battle itself. As my father said, when powerful individuals clash, it takes days as a minimum, and the surrounding environment becomes chaotic.

Because of this, most of the time is spent waiting until one side overpowers the other, and there are no detailed records. Only the winner knows how the battle unfolded.

As the story progresses, I agonized over the balance issues that became more apparent. Xenon eventually defeats Jin, who absorbs the soul of a great devil, in a one-on-one battle, but the journey until then is far from easy.

How can I establish a balance that will be convincing to the readers? Since it's a growth story, it was extremely difficult.

'First of all, among the Seven Deadly Sins... APride and Gluttony should naturally be the strongest.'

A fallen elf is Pride, while Gluttony is Jin's father, who is also a demon. These two pose the greatest threat to Xenon and his companions. Until then, they will defeat the Seven Deadly Sins one by one.

By the way, the first of the Seven Deadly Sins to die is none other than Wrath. I have already devised all the situations which lead to Wrath's exit, but as I mentioned before, I need advice from a specialist.

There is no better specialist to consult other than Leona at the moment, but it is doubtful whether she will help. There may be unnecessary suspicions involved instead.

How can I receive help from her? If I ask for advice, would she give it? While reading a book, I pondered deeply.

“Cutie. What are you reading?”

“Huh?”

As I sat quietly, reading a book, someone called me in a friendly voice. It was a woman’s voice, husky yet lively, just as I had anticipated.

As expected, it was Adelia, who had just finished her sparring practice. She looked at me with her sky-blue eyes sparkling, carrying a training wooden sword on her shoulder.

Slightly taken aback by the strong scent emanating from her sweat, I closed the book and replied quietly.

“I was just reading. Are you finished with the sparring?”

“I’m done. It’s only Nicole left now. Phew.”

Adelia exhaled heavily and plopped her bottom next to me. We sat so close that our arms were pressed together, but neither of us minded.

Besides her confident personality, Adelia gave off a feeling of being like a caring older sister, just like Nicole. If Nicole possessed calmness and strictness, Adelia could be described as a mischievous and innocent older sister.

Anyway, considering the way she visited our mansion during the exhibition without any hesitation, and judging by her relationship with Nicole, she was almost like family. A pitiful person seeking affection due to being abandoned by her real family.

Thinking that her energetic personality might be a mask to cover her own wounds made me feel even more sympathetic.

“Why are you looking at me like that? Is it because I’m pretty?”

“... ..”

I take back what I just said. I shook my head playfully, my clothes fluttering as I acted like a mischievous child, making Adelia chuckle and nod in amusement.

“You’re beautiful, but saying things like that ruins it for me.”

“Really? Am I pretty?”

“If you have a conscience, look in the mirror and say those words.”

“Why do you always choose such pretty words?”

Adelia pinched my cheek lightly and spoke with delight. If she hadn't been sweating, she would have probably hugged me tightly or rubbed her face against mine.

Her unique and intense affectionate gestures had lost their charm for me. It wasn't just me, she treated Nicole the same way, so I didn't consider it anything special.

“Okay. Today, I'll give you the privilege of going on a date with me. How about that? Isn't it amazing?”

“You know I have a girlfriend, too.”

“Oh, come on, just once. I'll treat you well.”

“Don't mess around with me.”

Sometimes she would jokingly ask me out on a date, which would leave me in an awkward situation. She knew that I was dating Marie, so she usually suggested it playfully.

Adelia had a mischievous nature and acted younger than her age, so sometimes it was difficult to tell if she was being sincere or not. However, judging by her tone and expression, it seemed like a joke, so I could respond with a wry smile.

“Is it because of your girlfriend? Don't worry. If she finds out, I'll confidently say that I'm going to be a mistress.”

“Why are you suddenly talking about that? I haven't even gotten married yet.”

“If you don't like me being a mistress, can I become your bodyguard instead?”

“Let's talk about it after you graduate.”

Actually, graduation is already a given for Adelia. Her skills are exceptional enough to be scouted by the Knights, to the extent that she could become an assistant instructor at the Martial Arts Department.

However, considering her status, it can be somewhat ambiguous for her to join the Knights. Whether she will return to the Ters Kingdom or continue as she is, remains uncertain.

It was such a sensitive question that I couldn't ask it recklessly.

“Graduation... I wish it could be delayed if possible.”

Instead, Adelia also seemed to have thought of that point, as she murmured with a bitter smile. However, her hand was still pinching my cheek.

Recalling her unhappy family history, I cautiously spoke up.

“...Is it because of your family?”

“That’s one of the reasons, but...”

Adelia lifted her gaze from the ground and stared at me, subtly. I, too, looked at her face with its striking high nose bridge.

Then suddenly, she smirked and pulled me into a tight embrace. Startled by the unexpected gesture, all I could do was be taken aback.

“Of course, the biggest thing is that I can’t see our little cutie! It’s been only a few months, and I can see how much more you have grown!”

“Ah, well...”

Sweat is sweat, but the embarrassment of burying my face in someone else’s chest surpasses it. Although born as an illegitimate child, thanks to the good lifestyle in the palace, Adelia also boasted a remarkable presence.

Furthermore, her scent emanated like a fragrant flower. Even when Marie sweats, a pleasant fragrance wafts, making me wonder if all women are like this.

“Back off! Please! I can’t breathe!”

“Just stay like this for a little longer. It’s your Noona’s wish.”

“What wish...!”

Anyway, Adelia tightly embraced me for a while and fulfilled her own wish. As an ordinary person, I had no choice but to do as she wished, as I couldn’t resist her overwhelming strength.

Oh, of course.

“Do you have any thoughts or not?! I told you last time! Marie is no longer just a girlfriend, practically speaking, she’s my fiancée! And we even spent the night together!”

“I-I’m sorry... Isaac is just so cute...”

“I agree that he’s cute, but some things are not allowed. If you keep doing this, I’ll have to prohibit you from approaching Isaac, so understand that. Got it?”

“N-No, I can’t be prohibited from approaching him! He’s the only healing in my life!”

She got caught red-handed by Nicole. I knelt down, alternately looking at Adelia, who was lamenting, and Nicole, who was glaring fiercely.

Perhaps because Adelia held me so tightly, her scent was all over the place. After the meal, I had to go on a date with Marie, but I was worried that I might get yelled at.

“Then why don’t you stop playing such pranks on Isaac? What if it leads to a rumor? What would you do then?”

“Well... shouldn’t I take responsibility? Should I be Isaac’s wife and leave Marie as the mistress?”

“That’s nonsense... and the responsibility should fall on Isaac, not you. Why should you take it? Don’t place the blame in the wrong direction.”

“... ..”

Nicole meticulously picked apart Adelia’s excuses. Adelia herself seemed to think they didn’t make sense, awkwardly smiling as she spoke.

“R-right? It doesn’t make sense... right? Haha...”

“... ..”

I couldn’t help but feel a hint of discomfort as I watched Adelia’s laughter. It was close to a forced, artificial smile.

Even the corners of her mouth were trembling, as if trying to hide her emotions.

“...Come to think of it, you were really happy when he said you didn’t have to return the handkerchief, weren’t you?”

Was it a sincere remark, or just a probing question? Given her usually lively personality, it was extremely rare to see her wearing such an expression.

“Yeah. And you came here to become a knight, right? You should start looking into the knight corps you’ll be working with after graduation. Got it?”

“...Nicole.”

“Yes?”

“By any chance...”

Adelia knelt down and smirked at me, tightly biting her lips. Then, she forced a smile again and spoke to Nicole.

“Ah, it’s nothing. Keep talking.”

“... ..”

Did Nicole sense something too? She shifted her gaze to me, hardened her expression, and said to Adelia.

“Follow me for a moment.”

After that, they left me behind in the training ground and moved to another place. I watched their receding figures in silence, scratching my head.

‘This feels strange...’

I had a premonition that the situation was about to become complicated.

Translators note:

Chapter 128: Hidden Sincerity (2)

Adelia has been a friend to Nicole since their freshman year. Friends can become so close that they are considered a new family, and that was true for Nicole and Adelia. They first met at a freshman welcome party, which was also the event which Isaac had experienced a few months prior.

At that time, Nicole wholeheartedly believed in Bryce's words and dressed up in a glamorous dress, which naturally attracted all sorts of attention.

With her dark blue hair reminiscent of an evening sky and rare golden eyes, Nicole possessed a striking appearance. She was considerably tall for a girl and had a well-maintained figure, likely the result of rigorous training from her family.

Nicole, exuding a mysterious aura and resembling a strong warrior, captivated many from the freshman event onwards. Even Nicole herself was taken aback by the unexpected attention, and there were even instances where some guys made advances.

However, the person who caught Nicole's attention the most was Adelia, who stood alone in a secluded corner.

Adelia, being a commoner, couldn't afford a dress and was wearing the school uniform alone. There was no obligation for her to attend, but if she was going to wear the uniform, it would have been better for her not to come at all. Moreover, Adelia's noticeable beauty as a commoner attracted Nicole's interest.

From that moment on, Nicole and Adelia's bond began. While their other classmates were all graduating, Adelia and Nicole remained as Martial Arts instructors assistants, teaching their juniors and waiting for an opportunity to be scouted by the knights' order.

In this regard, Nicole had the chance to closely observe Adelia's personality and true intentions. Knowing that sometimes Adelia played mean pranks just to grab attention, Nicole usually overlooked them. But this time, it couldn't be ignored. It was not only deeply connected to Nicole's own sibling but could also potentially affect their family.

Up until now, Nicole had let Adelia do as she pleased, flowing with the current regardless of her adventures. However, this matter turned out to be more serious than anticipated.

“Sigh...”

“... ..”

Leaving Isaac behind and moving to a secluded corner of the training ground, Nicole and Adelia stood facing each other. Nicole crossed her arms, her expression complex and subtle, while Adelia lowered her head as if burdened with guilt. Her hands fidgeted nervously, showing signs of anxiety.

Her face was obscured by the curtain-like bangs, making it difficult to discern her expression. This deeply troubled Nicole as she gazed at Adelia, who only looked down at the ground without a word.

If Adelia truly had romantic feelings for Isaac, rather than seeing him as a little brother... the situation would become complicated. And not just a little.

Isaac is currently in a formal relationship with Marie, the only daughter of the Duke of Minerva Empire. Moreover, their engagement has already been finalized, having taken place on their mansion night.

‘Recently, even the Demon Princess seemed unusual...’

Not only that, but his relationship with the Princess of Helium, Cecily, also appeared suspicious. From the visit to the mansion during the exhibition to the fact that she always seemed to be close to Isaac, it was impossible to dispel the doubts.

Nicole didn’t know that Isaac had accepted Cecily as his lover, but being perceptive, she could make some educated guesses. And if Cecily truly saw through Isaac’s true identity, it would be a story that made perfect sense and could be easily overlooked.

However, the same couldn’t be said for Adelia. Although she possessed exceptional beauty, she lacked something compared to the other two, and above all, the difference in social status was clear.

In this world, the gap between commoners and nobles couldn’t be bridged. Even if some nobles played with commoners like toys, without leaving any evidence most cases ended up being swept under the rug.

Nicole had lived with Hawk even before he officially became a noble, so Adelia could smoothly fit into their family life, but she was not like the other nobles. The story of commoners loving nobles and nobles loving commoners and living happily together mostly existed in novels.

As the class difference was evident, nobles could only regard commoners as their “toys,” and there was no need to explain how they would be treated. Unless they had an exceptional relationship, like a mistress and a master, the story would be different, but the chances of that were extremely slim.

‘Marie, that girl doesn’t seem to have any sense of authority...’

Nicole noticed that Marie, despite not appearing aristocratic, lacked a sense of authority but occasionally showed a firm side. No matter how good her personality was, Nicole couldn’t predict what would happen once Adelia’s feelings toward Isaac became known.

There were many reasons why Nicole’s mind became complicated, but amidst all that, there was one part that she couldn’t understand.

Nicole glanced at Adelia while rubbing her face with one hand.

‘After rejecting so many confessions, why now? And why Isaac of all people?’

Adelia had received numerous confessions from countless male students. Many were captivated by her confident and bold personality, and it wasn’t limited to just students from high-ranking noble families. Even female students were involved, highlighting how amazing her popularity was. However, Adelia firmly rejected all these confessions.

At first, it was simply because she didn’t like them, but Nicole, who had been with Adelia for several years, could sense that there was something blocking her decisions.

Adelia never revealed what it was, not even to her close friend Nicole. However, it seemed to be deeply intertwined with her personal life, so Nicole tried her best to ignore it.

“...Adelia.”

“...Yeah.”

Adelia responded softly with a subdued voice when Nicole called her. Not knowing how to proceed, Nicole decided to get straight to the point.

“...I’m asking just in case, but do you happen to like our Isaac? Not as a person, but romantically.”

“... ..”

“I hope you can answer. If not, at least nod your head.”

Adelia looked up at Nicole, who was full of consideration. Finally, their gazes met the golden eyes filled with complex emotions, and Adelia slowly nodded, showing a sign of approval.

Thanks to that, Nicole’s feelings became even more complicated. If Adelia were a noble and Isaac had not been engaged, she would have enthusiastically supported them. However, the situation was completely the opposite.

Isaac had a formally engaged lover, and furthermore, Adelia was a commoner. She was a character reminiscent of a tragic heroine from a novel.

This was the first time Nicole had encountered such a situation, so she was perplexed about what to do. She gently touched her forehead and cautiously spoke up.

“Since when?”

“...During the exhibition.”

“What happened then?”

This time it was Adelia’s turn to ponder. Nicole was a friend and a precious connection that should never be absent in Adelia’s life. She made Adelia feel the warm affection she had once felt from her mother and formed a relationship closer than her other blood relatives.

Even if she played a mischievous prank, Nicole would only get annoyed but still accept everything and help her avoid crossing the line. Moreover, whenever they worked together as a team during their practical training, they never lost a single time.

The reason Adelia became a martial arts assistant with Nicole was because there were hardly any people who could defeat them in practical training.

However, now I have to address her not as a ‘friend’ but as ‘Isaac’s sister.’ Since my affection for Isaac has been revealed to Nicole, there’s nowhere to run anymore.

‘Should I... say it?’

Adelia agonized over whether she should reveal her painful past, which she wanted to hide so desperately. At the same time, she recalled Isaac's words that he had spoken for her.

His words about her beautiful smile. His consideration of being there for her, even though he couldn't do anything.

His delicate touch, wiping away her tears with a handkerchief, without caring about getting dirty.

There is nothing as impressive as the comfort one receives when she's most sorrowful, and if it is genuine, it deeply resonates in her heart.

For Adelia, Isaac is like a ray of light. Despite being openly abandoned by her own family and revealing her humble origins in front of Isaac, he treats her as usual, unlike anyone else.

His caring nature, treating everyone equally regardless of their status, was as sweet as rain pouring on a drought-stricken land.

'But will Nicole... really be like that?'

Adelia stared intently at Nicole, waiting for her own answer. She is a noble, but she mingles with commoners and lacks any sense of authority.

However, Adelia was not an ordinary abandoned child. She's a discarded bastard, and being a noble-born is enough to carry unfavorable rumors, not only among the nobility but also among the commoners.

In this world, bastards are mostly abandoned even by their own families and tend to cause various incidents in unfortunate environments. Therefore, there is a kind of prejudice that if one gets close to a bastard, accidents will occur.

As a result, Adelia couldn't help but worry repeatedly. Her affection towards Isaac was certain, but she doubted whether she could tell her closest friend the reason behind it.

'...There's nothing I can do about it.'

Eventually, the truth would have to be revealed someday. Adelia wasn't sure if she could be by Isaac's side, but at the very least, she had to tell Nicole the truth without hiding anything. Even if it meant being rejected as an illegitimate child, it didn't matter. She had already made up my mind.

With a determined gaze, Adelia opened her mouth, her voice trembling slightly.

“...I met my family back then.”

“Family?”

Nicole was confused upon hearing the answer. As far as she knew, Adelia’s family lived in a remote area far from the capital city, in the countryside.

The reason Adelia was admitted to Halo Academy was because a knight happened to patrol that area and recognized Adelia’s talent, recommending her by writing a letter of recommendation. However, Nicole couldn’t quite comprehend why Adelia’s family had traveled such a long distance just to attend an exhibition.

“They came all the way from that distant place?”

“Yeah...”

“So what? You’ve always been happy whenever you talked about your family in the past.”

Adelia had always been thrilled whenever she received news from her family, as she was living far away from them. She eagerly awaited even a single letter.

But this time, something felt off. It was difficult to determine if it was a sense of unease or if her aversion was visibly showing.

As Nicole pondered over such doubts, Adelia quietly contemplated how to explain and then responded. She thought it would be better to make it easily understandable in a straightforward manner rather than rambling on with explanations.

“...Actually, I’m a noble.”

“What?”

Initially, Nicole was surprised by Adelia’s confession of being of noble descent.

“...Only half, though.”

“... ..”

At the mention of being half, in other words, the implication of being a bastard child from a commoner, Nicole sealed her lips shut.

Adelia didn't reveal which noble family or from which place she came, but Nicole had a vague understanding of how society treated children of commoner parentage. Thanks to that, she could infer a little about the life Adelia had lived.

'She's such a bright person...'

Crossing her arms, Nicole pinched her nose and looked directly into Adelia's face. It's said that people with deep inner wounds try to hide those wounds by having a bright personality.

Nicole had no idea if that theory was true. During their time at the academy, she couldn't find any signs of sadness in Adelia.

On the other hand, it was highly likely that Adelia would swallow her sadness in places where others couldn't see it. While being lively with Nicole, she would probably be overwhelmed by melancholy when alone in her dormitory.

Nicole saw a resemblance between the current Adelia and the Adelia she saw wandering alone in her school uniform during the freshman event.

"My existence was completely ignored at that time. I was treated as a complete stranger..."

"... .."

"And I ran away. I ran away and cried alone... Isaac comforted me. He even gave me a handkerchief."

Adelia poured out everything that happened back then, and Nicole clearly understood why she fell for Isaac.

Honestly, it was a situation that anyone could fall for. When she was alone, grieving from being abandoned by her family, a handsome man approached her and not only handed her a handkerchief but also comforted her.

Moreover, if that man happened to be the younger brother of a friend she already had feelings for, there was no need to say more.

While Nicole understood the whole situation, on the other hand, she couldn't help but feel a bit bitter.

'Of all people...'

Why did it have to be Isaac, her own brother? If it had been someone else, she would have wholeheartedly cheered them on, but because it was Isaac, it became a problem.

He was officially engaged, and furthermore, the princess of Helium showed great interest in Isaac, her cute and lovely younger brother. And although Adelia had no idea, Isaac was also the author of the popular Xenon's Biography, which could sway the world.

As Nicole tried to sort out her increasingly complicated thoughts, Adelia became slightly uneasy when she saw Nicole's unresponsive expression and asked in a quiet voice.

"Um... Are you okay with it?"

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"I mean... about me being a half-blood bastard. You know it too. How half-bloods are treated..."

Nicole blinked in response to Adelia's question. On the other hand, Adelia lowered her gaze with a subdued expression on her face.

As an awkward atmosphere lingered for a moment, Nicole made a bewildered expression and smirked. Adelia slowly raised her head in response.

"What does it matter? I've been friends with you, a commoner, from the beginning. Do you think being a bastard makes any difference?"

"Well, still..."

"What do you mean 'still'? It's been years since I've been with you. I've even accepted your strange personality. It's long past the time to care about your background. Besides, my father told me that knighthood is a meritocracy that distinguishes based on skill alone. So, whether you're a bastard or a noble, I don't care. Got it?"

"... .."

Upon hearing those words, Adelia's expression became complex. It was a remark that washed away her anxiety and worries, as if all her concerns were baseless.

Compassionate nobles are rare. They are inherently prone to arrogance, deeply rooted in their belief of being the chosen one's. You can tell by how they treat commoners.

However, Nicole and Isaac were different. They were genuinely considerate, to the extent that one couldn't even think of them as nobles. They treated everyone fairly, whether they were commoners or bastards.

'If I were to become a part of this family...'

Wouldn't I be happy even if I became a mistress? Even if I became an escort knight, I would be happy, wouldn't I?

As Adelia, who had suffered severe emotional abuse in the Ters Kingdom, being part of a happy family was nothing short of a lifelong wish. Even if it meant watching from a distance.

With her characteristic bright smile instead of a sad expression, Adelia looked at Nicole. Nicole, upon seeing her radiant smile, felt somewhat uneasy.

"I've made up my mind."

"W-What, what is it?"

"I will stay by Cutie's side."

"Oh, no. Adelia? Listen to me. This isn't as easy as you think. As you know, Isaac is already..."

"I know too."

Adelia cut off Nicole's words. She then hesitated for a moment before slowly approaching Nicole.

"I don't necessarily have to become a mistress. What if I become an escort knight? I could learn from your father as well."

"Well... Our family doesn't have separate escort knights..."

"I'll go and beg your father. Since you and your brother are knights, you don't need an escort knight, and Isaac does, right?"

"... .."

It's not going well, she seemed determined already.

Adelia, who usually listened to Nicole's words, held an unyielding determination this time that couldn't be swayed.

After a while, when Adelia stood right in front of Nicole, she let go of her reserve. She slowly extended her arms and embraced Nicole.

Tightly.

A heartfelt hug given by her precious friend. Nicole was taken aback when Adelia suddenly hugged her, but without realizing it, she embraced her back.

"Thank you."

"...Adelia?"

"Really... thank you..."

Perhaps to hide her crying face, Adelia spoke with a trembling voice as she held onto Nicole.

Her trembling body indicated that she couldn't control the rising emotions.

"If I become a part of your family... I think I'll be truly happy."

"... .."

"So, I'm asking you. Just once... can you help me just once?"

Could she bear to refuse her friend's request? Nicole wiped away her surprised expression and smiled wryly.

While using one hand to stroke Adelia's head and the other to gently pat her back, she comforted her.

We don't know what lies ahead, but it wouldn't be right to refuse when a friend asks for help like this. At least we should give it a try, don't you think?

"Alright. Just this one time, okay?"

"Sob. Mm-hmm... thank you..."

"Phew. How old are you that you're acting all teary-eyed? Did you lie about your age too?"

“Oh, no... I’m 22, really...”

“Then stop crying. Stop. You’ll ruin your pretty face.”

As Nicole comforted the now even more sobbing Adelia, she thought to herself.

‘How many girls does Isaac actually flirt with?’

As an older sister, she was concerned about the possibility of a major incident happening because of Isaac’s relationships with women.

The 12th volume of Xenon’s Biography was released earlier than Isaac had anticipated. The content of the 12th volume included Mary confessing her feelings to Xenon, along with their training and, finally, the invasion of Alvenheim.

When Mary confessed to Xenon, her words naturally caused a tremendous impact. However, what caught Isaac’s attention the most was the news that appeared.

[If a story about the invasion of Alvenheim comes out, we will immediately halt sales.]

It was an “official” statement released by Alvenheim. To issue such a statement, it was not necessary to obtain the Queen’s consent, but it was customary to seek her opinion at least, as Arwen had informed Isaac. Therefore, this act was something that the Council of Elders had carried out independently. Upon reading this statement, Isaac had only one thought.

“What kind of nonsense is this, communist propaganda?”

He wished he could confiscate a century’s worth of dentures.

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Chapter 129: Mixed Race (1)

Due to its rapid release, various speculations circulated among readers, but they embraced the fact that good things sometimes come sooner and eagerly anticipated what story awaited them this time.

And so, Xenon's Biography Volume 12 unfolded as a wholesome and touching story that consoled the hearts of readers who were deeply shocked by Kair's death.

Initially, the story depicted the current state of Alisha, the Elven Queen, who was worn out and devastated after Kair's passing. Despite several months having passed since Kair's death, Alisha's condition did not seem to improve in any way.

Not only was she unable to fulfill her duties properly, but she also occasionally shed tears and lamented. Her mental state revealed her grieving self, causing great distress in the hearts of the readers.

Perhaps this tragedy between Kair and Alisha would be reenacted in the lives of Xenon and Mary, raising concerns among readers. However, as if to mock such expectations, the scene where Mary confesses her feelings to Xenon happened, washing away all those worries.

But that wasn't all.

A wise saying emerged, seemingly supporting those who struggled with the inherent limitations of inter-species love, resolving all their worries. It was as if the author was cheering on those who carried such burdens.

[I don't want to live a life full of regrets. Maybe it will be a fleeting moment for me, but I want to live a life of longing rather than regret. To be able to reminisce about that time without suffering from painful memories. I want to fill a part of my life with you, Xenon, with your existence.]

The embarrassing confession that Mary, the female lead of Xenon's Biography and an elven sorceress, had brought Xenon from a dark place. A sincere confession that had been deeply hidden in her heart.

Until now, they had indirectly expressed their feelings for each other but had not directly revealed them. Like many men and women, it was because they lacked courage.

However, witnessing the tragic saga of Kair and Alicia with their own eyes gave Mary the strength to solidify her feelings. To prevent such a tragedy from being repeated in her own life.

Instead of living with regrets in the distant future, she mustered up a great amount of courage to live while longing for the person she loved.

[How many people can muster up such courage? And what kind of life do those who have actually experienced such things live?]

[A small encouragement from Xenon to those who hesitate. This encouragement will have a significant impact on the hesitant men and women.]

[A beautiful yet melancholic, and highly realistic story. Made possible by being a part of Xenon's Biography, it is a warm confession.]

In the case of another couple of different races, Jin and Lily, there were no issues as they had confirmed their feelings for each other before meeting Xenon.

Thanks to Lily, Jin was able to escape from a miserable life, and he could focus solely on her.

The love between Jin and Lily, which was so natural, was rediscovered, leading to a surge in popularity for demons and paving the way for what is commonly referred to as a "rise to fame."

Lily accepted Jin, who could become a devil at any time, and Jin, for her sake, suppressed his inner darkness and dedicated himself to her. It's a romance that can't help but catch your attention.

Certainly, readers were unaware that even this was a setting made by Isaac without thinking much, but the character interpretation was so well done that even Isaac nodded in approval.

As a result of this incident, the perception of demons, which was already improving, improved even further. Especially the keyword 'sincerity' fit perfectly with demons, creating tremendous synergy.

For demons, confessing with courage means a pure sincerity, without even a trace of ulterior intentions. Recently, there have been more and more cases of demons entering into relationships, which fueled this phenomenon.

[Since the release of Volume 12, the number of humans confessing to elves has increased rapidly. Most cases end in failure, but news of successful confessions are frequently heard.]

[Furthermore, there have been frequent cases of elves confessing to humans. In these cases, the majority of them are successful, unlike the previous scenario.]

And this applies not only to demons but also to elves. Love between elves and humans may seem like a story that can only exist in novels, but not everyone is like that.

Although they are chosen by the gods, elves are ultimately little more than humans, mortal beings who experience joy and sorrow.

While there is a common perception that elves are arrogant, they are as sincere as demons, especially when it comes to ‘love.’

[Elves are known for devoting themselves to a single partner for a lifetime. However, what kind of feelings arise when they choose a human as their companion?]

[Is filling the remaining years with longing truly happiness for the sake of a hundred years of happiness?]

However, as critics pointed out, love between elves and humans is not easy, as it came with a harsh reality. There is clearly a difference in lifespan, and nothing is eternal in this world.

However, just as love can transcend borders, love that transcends races always emerges. As numerous news stories poured out like rushing water, shocking confessions began to appear one after another.

[There are already children born between elves and humans... They live perfectly fine in Alvenheim.]

[There is nothing different about hybrids in terms of appearance compared to elves. If anything, their ears are slightly shorter.]

[Elves living in human society instead of Alvenheim hide their ears through magic, just like Mary in the tale of Zenon, to prevent social upheaval.]

It was the appearance of the half-bloods, a being born between elves and humans, which was incredibly rare.

Occasionally, there were hybrids born between humans and beastmen or humans and dwarves, but there had never been a hybrid born between humans and elves throughout their long and extensive history.

It had been a staggering 3,000 years since humans built civilization, and even further, 300 years ago, they became acutely aware of each other's existence through the war of races.

However, it was somewhat strange that there were no hybrids in this long span of time, and the reason was revealed through these confessions.

[Due human blood mixed in, they face various insults within Alvenheim. That's why most of them choose to hide.]

[My mother strictly forbade me from revealing that my father is human. I have no regrets about loving my human father, but I am afraid of the opinions of those around me...]

[The lives of hybrids are mostly similar. When their human parents pass away, they return to Alvenheim for education. Alvenheim allows education for pure-blooded elves, but strictly prohibits it for hybrids because they are not pure-blooded.]

[My father and mother were happy. Even now, they do not regret their choice back then, and they promised not to forget each other even if they remarry.]

The reason for this was due to the rigid customs unique to Alvenheim. Alvenheim is famous for its strict attitude towards outsiders, and it treated even half-bloods as foreigners.

Elves who were well aware of this tradition chose to live in human society until their human companions pass away, and afterwards, they return to Alvenheim with their children. Until the era of the racial war, elves practically treated humans like monkeys. Therefore, it was impossible to disregard the treatment of half-bloods as mere empty words.

It was equally challenging to adapt to human society. Their inherent beauty posed various risks, and hiding their true identity was also a task. However, when Volume 12 of Xenon's Biography was released and stories of love between different races gained prominence, even the half-bloods could raise their voices.

Their stories were diverse, but one thing remained the same. The love between humans and elves, while not common, was equally passionate and intense.

Interestingly, children born between humans and elves often numbered at least three or more. Moreover, they tended to be of similar ages. While elves viewed sexual relationships as a kind of ritual, humans were a race with insatiable sexual desires. Now, what if the object of their love was an elf known for their beauty?

Naturally, there would be frequent nights and a large number of children. It may be embarrassing from the elves' perspective, but they generally accepted such sacrifices made for their companions.

In this case, all the children inherited the characteristics of elves. They also inherited humans' adaptability, making it easy for them to live in Alvenheim.

[So, do elves inherit humans' astonishing learning ability as well? There is an increasing interest in hybrids...]

[One of the chiefs of Alvenheim is rumored to be a hybrid...]

[How will Alvenheim treat hybrids in the future?]

Is the butterfly effect applicable in this situation? Isaac had simply written a story about love between races, but the situation was flowing in a strange direction.

The story of love between races naturally transcended into reality, planting the seed of doubt, and that seed sprouts another question in reality.

And the fruit, or rather the flower, of that question was the appearance of hybrids, in other words, half-elves. People who were inevitably forced to hide due to Alvenheim's old customs.

It was an implicit tradition that had been happening among hybrids long before the race war, and even Arwen herself was unaware of their existence. Only the elder elves, belonging to the old generation, knew about it.

Even if such customs have faded, it is highly likely that they would have faced strong opposition in the council filled with supremacists.

The half-elves were cautious and did not act rashly, noting the inflexible and uncompromising nature of the elves.

Instead, most half-elves grew up in human society and transitioned to Alvenheim, so they have significantly different ways of thinking. Whether it's good or bad.

In any case, in the midst of this confusing situation, Isaac, who witnessed the appearance of half-elves, said...

“What’s this? Is it like a fantasy coming-out?”

He was bewildered as he read the newspaper.

I have been observing various reactions with my own eyes since the release of Xenon’s Biography. At first, I was taken aback by the intense response, but now I can pass by it with indifference.

However, the appearance of the half-elves was completely unexpected, like a kind of butterfly effect. In Xenon’s Biography, the romance between elves and humans unfolded, and as a result, the number of elves who mustered up the courage to confess their feelings increased.

Naturally, a question arised regarding the existence of half-elves. While other hybrid beings, excluding demons, were relatively common, it was peculiar that only hybrids born between elves and humans were nonexistent.

‘It’s interesting how it doesn’t feel forced at all.’

Even in my past life, one wrong word from someone could cause significant incidents. That alone led to the arrest of a president in the past.

If someone provides the spark, and fuel is added to that, things tend to blow up. Xenon’s Biography was precisely that spark.

‘By the way, children always inherit the characteristics of elves, huh...’

According to testimonies, half-elves live long like pure-blooded elves and possess beautiful appearances. Especially if they inherit specific abilities from their human parent, elves can easily acquire corresponding skills. If the human parent was a knight, they excel in swordsmanship and various martial arts. If they were a mage, they excel in magic, and if they were a priest, they show prowess in divine powers. This is in comparison to pure-blooded elves.

'Mendel would burst into tears if he heard this.'

Mendel's Law and the like are the genetics of inter-breeding races, constantly discussed and chewed upon. I'm not sure if only elves do this or if there are individual variations among humans, but I can guarantee that it cannot be understood through the genetics of my past life.

However, that's not the important issue. Currently, Alvenheim is in an uproar over the treatment of half-elves. As I mentioned before, half-elves have quietly integrated into Alvenheim and many individuals with a talent from genetics, among other things, have risen to high positions. Even the rumors of a half-elf being the Warrior's Commander became rampant, causing social turmoil.

You might ask, "So what?" But in this era, "pure blood" holds great significance. You don't have to look far, just look at how Adelia's family treats her.

Of course, half-elves are a slightly different case. However, there are still those in Alvenheim who hold supremacist views like the Elder Council, and there are differences between the new generation and the old generation.

But what if this division extends to pure-blood and mixed-blood factions? As Alvenheim, it would be more than just a headache—it would be like it being split in two.

In a way, it could be seen as a very natural social phenomenon, but it appeared too suddenly.

'Isn't a ban on sales going a bit too far?'

To make matters worse, in the climax of the twelfth volume, Alvenheim was said to be invaded. Alvenheim, the homeland and sanctuary of the elves, was under attack by devils.

In the end, if the story unfolds like this,, the situation will reach the point where Alvenheim will issue a declaration banning sales. It has caused social chaos, so there is ample justification.

However, as can be seen from its long and extensive history, this is also a natural occurrence and one of the hardships that must be faced someday. Soon, I will also write about the Dark Elves, and I wonder if they will be in a hurry to hide that too.

'It feels somewhat like China.'

Because of this, I was reminded of China, which was notorious for its cultural censorship. However, the difference is that China involved its citizens in the censorship, while Alvenheim did not.

Perhaps even now, there may be strong opposition within Alvenheim. I felt a little sorry for fueling the conflict between the older and younger generations.

'What if I write in Xenon's Biography about the issue of half-blood children? Will that lead to a MeToo movement?'

Considering that events like the Jairos Revolution have taken place, it is not an entirely impossible story. I can ignite the spark, and the instigators can add fuel to the fire.

However, this issue needs to be handled carefully as it could engulf the entire country in flames. Although the Ters royal family, who have torn Adelia's heart apart, are despicable, I should not act solely based on emotions.

'The issue of illegitimate children... should be included in the sequel.'

I am referring to the sequel of Xenon's Biography, not the one about World War II. By expanding the universe and diligently reconciling the settings to avoid conflicts, it can be achieved.

As I glanced at the newspapers pouring out breaking news due to Volume 12, I suddenly looked away.

'Come to think of it, is Arwen doing okay?'

Just what could be okay.

"Your Majesty! Are you just going to stay still even after seeing the current situation?! Please take a look at the state affairs!"

"Alvenheim is being attacked, even if it's just a fictional story, it's something that should never happen. How can you calmly observe the activities of the half-breeds in Alvenheim?"

"We must quickly drive out those filthy mongrels. Otherwise, the existence of our chosen Elven race, blessed by the gods, may be in jeopardy!"

"... .."

As if the Council of Elders wasn't already enough to drive her mad, Arwen looked at the begging elders in front of her with indifference. Previously, she had only thought of them as old-fashioned bastards, but today, things had changed.

'Disgusting old bastards.'

Disgust had been added. And one more thing.

'I am a half-blood too, you bastards.'

She clearly realized that all the rotten ones from Alvenheim were present in the Council of Elders.

Translators note:

The big reveal from Arwen!

1/5

To the person who wrote "I Became The Academy's Narrow-Eyes", I chuckled.

Chapter 130: Mixed Race (2)

I have been mentioning this consistently, but I was appointed as a recommended student, so if I only take history classes, I will not only receive credits but also be treated as a third-year student right away.

I don't know how disappointed the professors, including Professor Birus, whom I had built some rapport with, were when I told them about this fact. Especially Professor Birus seemed the most regretful, and he even suggested that I consider taking a double major in turn.

However, I politely declined because I wanted to focus solely on history rather than literature. Professor Birus's expression at that time was truly heartbreaking.

Of course, I don't only take history classes. Occasionally, I also take the classes I want. Nevertheless, most of them are closely related to history, so I take them for the purpose of acquiring knowledge.

Moreover, I can freely come and go to Professor Elena's research lab and even receive texts from the Sanctuary through Siris. It means that I never lack knowledge.

Anyway, I can say that history is the only subject I concentrate on. I probably ask the most questions and give presentations diligently.

Since I will have much more time to meet Professor Elena during my time at the academy, it seems like a good idea to earn points, so I am working hard.

“Poke. Poke.”

However, it seems that my girlfriend, who doesn't like history, was bored. While I was taking notes, Marie pressed my cheeks with her fingers.

I felt a pleasant sensation as if a cat was kneading my cheek. While I was taking notes, I glanced at her and asked quietly.

“What are you doing?”

“Just because you’re handsome.”

She answered like that and lightly pinched my cheek. In the past, I would have been embarrassed by such affectionate behavior, but now I could pass it off casually.

During the lecture given by Professor Elena, Marie expressed her desire for this time to pass quickly by pressing my cheek with her fingers or fidgeting with my fingers.

Holding hands was the most common occurrence for us, and other students were aware that we were in a romantic relationship, so they just overlooked it.

Initially, there were whispers about Marie playing around or me blackmailing her, but as I grew rapidly, such talk ceased. Moreover, when rumors spread that I was appointed as a recommended student, everyone accepted it.

Swift-

Marie’s hand, which used to hold mine and fidget with the ring finger, moved under the desk. Eventually, she placed her hand gently on my thigh and caressed it.

I could only respond with a bitter smile as I felt it. This act of Marie placing her hand on my thigh and caressing it was a kind of signal.

Although everyone knows what that signal means, there are many occasions when she does it without any warning, causing many awkward situations.

Marie’s sexual desire doesn’t seem to diminish. It was as if she even tried to distract herself from school by further fueling it. Despite diligently taking birth control pills, it wasn’t an issue yet. If it weren’t for that, we might have had a child by now.

Grab

Before Marie’s hand could reach the center, I grabbed her wrist. If I had let it go it would have meant it’s fine, but my response meant not today.

Marie looked at me with a mixture of disappointment and curiosity. I’m sorry for her, but there’s someone I need to meet after class.

“I think today will be a bit tough. I have things to do.”

“But we couldn’t do it yesterday either?”

“We did it the day before yesterday. Can’t you endure that much?”

“Ugh. I don’t think I can endure it.”

My girlfriend pouted, puffing up her cheeks. Even her expression full of complaints was adorable, with her angelic beauty.

However, what can’t be done can’t be done. I pressed her inflated cheeks firmly with my fingers. Then, with a sound of deflation, they returned to their original state.

After briefly checking Elena’s reaction, I gently stroked her hair. The silky softness of her hair awakened my sense of touch.

When I started stroking Marie’s hair, she burst into her characteristic giggle and moved her hips discreetly, getting closer to me. We openly indulged in affectionate behavior, but no one paid any attention.

Because this wasn’t the first or second time this had happened. Even Jackson didn’t pay attention and focused on his lecture.

“Can’t we stay together at the inn tonight?”

“Do we really have to?”

“You’re the one who made it like this. So take responsibility.”

“Sigh... Fine, I got it.”

How did she end up becoming such a provocative woman? I shook my head, unable to refuse.

Once I gave my permission, Marie smiled brightly and started writing the appointment time and location in her notebook. I glanced at the contents briefly.

The appointment was set for 9 o’clock in front of the fountain at Academy Square. With that, it seemed like meeting Leona wouldn’t be a problem.

“When we officially become a married couple, there won’t be a need for this... I just have to endure until the wedding. I want to call him my husband soon. Hehehe.”

“... ..”

Was Marie having some strange delusions, laughing like a pervert? It seems she was imagining what it would be like after our wedding ceremony.

I wonder how much she desires to devour me to openly reveal such an expression. It goes without saying that Rina, who was sitting in front of us, was horrified by Marie's expression, so there was no need for an explanation.

Aside from building connections, Marie was always straightforward and far from pretentious. If it were Cecily, though, I would have felt a sense of dissonance.

"The wedding ceremony..."

Cecily, who was sitting in front, murmured softly as if she had overheard our conversation. She paused abruptly while elegantly taking notes and looked at Rina sitting beside her.

Continuing, she spoke with her characteristic smirk, as if urging us to look and listen.

"Isn't having a child more important than the wedding ceremony?"

"Huh? Um?"

"Does Rina think the same way?"

"Well..."

Rina couldn't easily come up with an answer. Marie also sensed Cecily's intention and narrowed her eyes. Cecily had been teasing Rina like this for a while.

Coincidentally, Elena was busy answering another student's question, so she didn't notice.

"...Cecily."

"You called me?"

"So, what did you say?"

"... .."

Marie didn't get excited and first snorted. No matter how much Marie scratched at Cecily's inner thoughts, she could only keep her mouth shut with a single word.

As soon as those words came out, Cecily's previously raised corner of her mouth drooped slightly. In response, Marie put on a confident expression and landed a series of blows.

“Don’t bring up things like being a child if you haven’t even done it. Got it?”

“...There’s always a chance.”

“Yeah. I’ll be the first.”

“Tsk. We’ll see.”

In the end, Cecily reluctantly withdrew. While doing so, she glanced at me, and her crimson eyes were filled with an irresistible desire not to give up.

I don’t know if all women in love were like this, but all I could manage was a bitter smile. While she willingly yielded, Cecily desired an even higher position (?).

‘So, this is the so-called fight for dominance that I’ve only heard about.’

I’ve heard that fights for dominance, or so-called power struggles, are common among nobles who have more than one wife. But now that I’m experiencing it firsthand, it feels unfamiliar.

As I sensed a strange tension between Marie and Cecily, I looked at Rina, who was the third party. Even Princess Rina, who was watching discreetly, seemed uncomfortable with this power struggle.

Then, by chance, our eyes met directly. She momentarily widened her eyes before quickly turning her face away. I couldn’t see her face clearly as only her back was visible, but for some reason, her ears were turning red.

To make matters worse, she fidgeted and interlocked her hands between her thighs. Recently, Lina’s behavior had been full of inexplicable actions that I couldn’t understand.

“That’s it for today’s lecture. Thank you all for your hard work.”

After a while, Elena finished the lecture. Although there was some chatter in the middle, I heard everything important.

Even after the lecture ended, I remained seated in my place, waiting for Leona, who was sitting in the front row.

While others got up, Leona quietly stayed in her seat, organizing her notes.

“Well, then, I’ll go. We have to keep our appointment, right?”

“Got it.”

“Um... Marie? What appointment do you have with Isaac?”

Marie got up from her seat and mentioned the appointment, and Rina quietly interjected. In response, Marie coolly replied as if it was nothing.

“We made an appointment to meet at 9 o’clock. It’s not for dinner.”

“Well... Okay, got it. Where will you meet?”

“We’ll meet in front of the fountain in the square? Why?”

“Oh, it’s nothing...”

As Rina spoke, she glanced at me briefly and then walked out of the classroom. Her face seemed strangely flushed, but I didn’t pay much attention to it.

Just before Cecily left, she leaned closer to my ear and whispered in a hushed voice.

“Is it okay if I’m greedy? After all, you touched my horns.”

“... ..”

“I love you.”

This was a bit heart-wrenching. When a woman with a seductive voice like Cecily whispers love into your ear, your heart will throb intensely.

Without trying to hide my burning face, I looked at Cecily. She smiled as if nothing had happened and left the classroom.

It seems that Cecily was better at playing with people’s hearts than Marie. I wonder if she will eventually transform into an incarnation of desire like Marie.

‘That’s... a bit scary.’

Until then, I’ll have to exercise rigorously. As the people in the lecture room gradually disappeared, I quietly got up from my seat. Leona, sitting in the front row, was still taking notes even though almost everyone had left. At first glance, she appeared to be an exemplary student devoted to her studies, and she actually was.

I cautiously approached, fearing that I might disturb her. There was nothing more unpleasant than having your concentration broken, so I planned to wait until she finished taking notes, even if it meant dozing off in the process.

“...?”

However, I had overlooked the fact that Leona was a beastwoman. A race with senses far superior to humans. She would easily detect someone approaching her. As I drew closer, she slowly raised her head, momentarily ceasing her note-taking. When she finally laid eyes on me, she blinked and expressed curiosity.

“What’s the matter?”

“Ahem.”

I was currently hesitating because I knew her true form. That’s why I couldn’t help but feel a slight tension. I pondered and pondered on how I could seek advice from her, but in the end, the only option left was a direct approach.

Clearing my throat and adjusting my collar, I quietly opened my mouth while keeping an eye on Leona’s reaction.

“Do you happen to have any free time?”

“If you mean free time... Do you mean this evening?”

“Whether it’s an evening or just a quick cup of coffee. I only need about an hour.”

“Hmm...”

Leona gazed at me with a dry yet curious look. Since becoming lovers with Marie, we’ve had very little interaction until now, so it’s understandable for her to send such a glance.

However, to learn more about the beastmen, I definitely need her help. While books have provided sufficient knowledge about the history and various aspects of the beastmen’s lifestyle, there’s nothing as certain as hearing it from the source.

Leona has been staring at me intensely for a while, and I nervously wait for her to speak. How long have I been waiting?

“Objective.”

“Huh?”

“What’s your objective?”

Leona’s question about my objective. I felt relieved when I heard that question.

In truth, it’s rather embarrassing to call it an objective. It’s practically an interview, if we’re being honest. Leona was still unaware that I’ve been appointed as a recommended student in history. It seems better to start with that.

“To start with, I’ve been appointed as Professor Elena’s recommended student. Starting next semester, I’ll be treated as a third-year student.”

“... ..”

“So right now, I’m... working on something similar to a thesis. I need your help with it.”

If I say this much, she should roughly understand that I’m writing about the beastmen.

Leona narrowed her eyes slightly, trying to discern my intentions, and then stared at me intently for a while before responding in her unique, low voice.

“I understand. However...”

“However?”

She paused briefly, then followed with a threatening tone. Sharp anticipation emanated from her blue eyes, catching my attention.

“If you write something that deviates from the truth...”

“Well, I don’t think I will. I actually think they are remarkable individuals, more than one might expect.”

I reassured Leona, gesturing with my hands. It wasn’t just empty words, in the books, despite being portrayed as hostile and savage, the Beastmen had many admirable qualities.

Historically, they were a race that sacrificed themselves alongside humans, and they had a unique culture. If it weren’t for the massacre perpetrated by humans during the Race War, they might have shared the power and dominance over the continent.

After listening to my story, Leona made a subtle expression and asked quietly,

“Do you truly believe that?”

“Yes, and there is also a high possibility of them becoming formidable opponents to humans in a few hundred years.”

“Why do you think that way?”

“I’ll explain it gradually. So, are you willing to go and talk?”

In response to my question, Leona’s expression became even more curious than before as she replied,

“I would be glad to accept.”

Meanwhile, at a similar time...

“...Marie.”

“Yeah?”

“You said we’re meeting at 9 o’clock... Am I correct?” “

Yeah, you’re right.”

“Got it... In front of the fountain at Academy Square...”

Rina was once again devising a sinister plan in her mind. Seeing her like that, Cecily couldn’t help but burst into a bewildered laughter.

“...Rina?”

“Uh, yeah? What’s wrong? I didn’t do anything.”

“...Never mind.”

Cecily became concerned that she might get caught. While she understood different preferences, ethically it was wrong.

‘Do I really need to help her...’

She genuinely had thoughts to that extent.

Translators note:

Guess who has no self-control and prioritization skills. That's right, it's ya boi, me.

FIRST

I will be picking up 'How To Ruin A Love Comedy' as my second main series next month (Unless someone else picks it up until then). I don't know what the release schedule will be but I will aim for 4 chapters per week.

SECOND

I will be picking up some other new series. Yes, a plural. I will treat them as a 'secondary series' and upload new chapter whenever I feel motivated and have some free time. On the other hand if I don't like the series I might drop it for someone else to pick it up if they like it.

I have already tl'ed a new series called 'A wild man has entered the academy' and uploaded 10 chapters so please check it out!

Link to the chapter 1

Chapter 131: Mixed Race (3)

The twelfth volume of Xenon's Biography resulted in the creation of numerous interracial couples, but interestingly, it also brought to light the emergence of mixed-blood offspring between elves and humans, which had been hidden until now. It became a social phenomenon with questions that no one had ever thought of, gradually surfacing and gaining attention.

While other races may not have been surprised by this phenomenon, the appearance of mixed-blood between elves and humans was a significant shock on a global scale, particularly causing intense reactions in Alvenheim. However, I personally didn't find anything wrong with it and simply moved on. Furthermore, aside from excluding potential, half-elves inherit almost all the characteristics of elves.

They possess angelic beauty, an extended lifespan, magic, and even powerful physical abilities. In fact, half-elves have greater potential than regular elves and possess adaptability due to their experiences in human society.

I anticipate that the older generation, especially the Council of Elders, will make a fuss about this. I heard from Cindy that the Council of Elders is full of racial supremacists and will vehemently reject the existence of mixed-blood. Moreover, since Arwen is implementing an open policy, it will be an excellent opportunity for the Council of Elders to rein her in.

If they fail to mediate the chaos within Alvenheim, they will exert even more control over Arwen. Even if that's not the case, occasionally poking at the issue of mixed-blood should suffice.

Politics, after all, is a game where one must be cunning and ruthless to achieve victory.

I feel slightly sorry for the unexpected situation, but it is ultimately Arwen's personal problem, and I have no intention of interfering.

I have no intention of taking any action unless she makes the first move then we can talk about it. Just give and receive news, that's all.

“Isaac, both Cindy and I will be absent for a few days, just so you know.”

“Yes?”

Professor Elena’s research lab, where I visited to read books and papers.

As I leisurely read a book while sipping the tea Cindy had prepared, I widened my eyes upon hearing Elena’s words. It was not just Elena who would be absent, but Cindy as well. This was unprecedented.

The last time Cindy went back to Alvenheim was to submit a paper, but it was the first time Elena would be absent. Holding my teacup, I asked her.

“All of a sudden? Where are you going?”

“Alvenheim. The Queen is giving a speech to the nation. She expressed her desire for all citizens to gather if possible.”

“A speech to the nation?”

I raised my eyebrows upon Elena’s response. A speech to the nation out of the blue? Considering the current situation in Alvenheim, I doubted if it was a wise decision.

Elena must have read my thoughts as she pushed up her glasses slightly and spoke in her characteristic formal tone.

“As you know, Alvenheim is currently facing turmoil due to the half-blood issue. I suppose Her Majesty wants to resolve that problem as soon as possible. I can sense her impatience, but staying silent and doing nothing is also a problem.”

“Well... Is it going to be alright?”

“Well, I haven’t witnessed the Queen giving a speech either. This is her first nationwide address, after all.”

If it’s her first national address, does that mean the Queen didn’t do it when she was enthroned? When I raised that question in my mind and looked across, Cindy, who was sitting opposite me, explained instead.

“The Ruler of Alvenheim isn’t elected by the people but chosen through a voting process by each lineage, which means the nobles vote to elect. Anyone can attend, but it tends to be a tradition for the monarch to be chosen from among prestigious families...”

Although I'm not sure about the details, the ruler is usually selected from a prominent lineage before their ascension..."

Cindy's explanation, despite her peculiarly melancholic tone, resonated with me. I turned my head towards Cindy, who was tapping her fingers on the table, and asked another question.

"Was the current Queen also chosen from a lineage?"

"No... The current Queen used to be a familiar face in society until her ascension... Besides, she was too young to become a queen... I don't know the specifics of how she came to occupy the queen's seat... There's a rumor that she manipulated the prominent families with her political skills..."

Well, considering that Cindy was just an ordinary student or Elena's assistant back then, it's understandable that she wouldn't know. If the opportunity arises, it would be best to ask Arwen separately.

"So, when do you plan to return? Are you only there to listen to the speech?"

"No... I'm visiting home after a long time... I forgot to drop by when I submitted my last paper..."

"I'm planning to discuss things with other scholars. I'm curious about their views on half-bloods."

After Cindy, Elena responded bluntly. As I alternated my gaze between the two elves, a curious thought came to mind, and I spoke up.

"Come to think of it, Professor and Cindy are purebloods, right? Half-bloods may have slightly shorter ears than elves, but they're not much different from regular elves."

"I'm not sure about that either. Our parents never confirmed whether they are pureblood or half-blood. Maybe there's a human ancestor somewhere in our distant lineage. I should ask them about it sometime."

"Yeah, me too..."

Even the genetics of Mendel's law seem to be a light topic for the elves to casually discuss, as they themselves are unaware of whether they are purebloods or half-bloods. It's truly an intriguing situation.

As I looked at the two elves, who seemed to be indifferent to their existence as hybrids, I quietly asked,

“What do you both think about being half-bloods?”

“I don’t really think about it. In fact, scholars like me consider the existence of half-bloods to be natural. It’s been hundreds of years since elves and humans made contact, so it’s impossible for there not to be any half-bloods. Perhaps there are even hybrids between demons and elves?”

A child born between a demon’s descendant, the demon race, and an elf descended from angels...

‘Nephalem, perhaps?’

For a moment, I thought of the famous race from games in my past life, but soon another thought came to mind.

‘But aren’t there any hybrids born between demons and humans?’

Although the focus is currently on half-elves, it is possible for someone to be born between humans and demons. However, unlike elves, demons were not widely accepted until Xenon’s Biography, so the likelihood of such hybrids being present is low.

I should ask Cecily about this later, once the classes are over. While I was contemplating these thoughts, Cindy spoke up, following Elena.

“I too... If it’s for Alvenheim’s sake, I must accept it... If we tie the knot incorrectly like this, a major rift may form within Alvenheim... The current generation and the new generation are already in conflict, and now the issue of mixed-blood has emerged...”

“It’s getting really serious.”

“Yeah... The Queen needs to give a good speech...”

Cindy spoke with a gloomy expression, as if she was worried about the emerging conflicts. Not only her expression but also the drooping elongated ears showed her genuine concern for Alvenheim.

No matter how close to perfection the elves may be as a race, ultimately they are still just people. Conflict can arise at any time due to ideological differences, and it is extremely difficult to truly become one.

Moreover, most elves have deep-rooted convictions that are hard to change. They can be stubborn and unyielding.

If Arwen can change such minds through a nationwide speech, it would demonstrate her exceptional talent and ability. Throughout my past lives, I witnessed numerous cases where history was changed by a single speech.

'But from the perspective of other countries, they might see it as an opportunity.'

A crumbling nation due to external pressure has a chance for reconstruction, but if it crumbles from within, there is no solution. The future of Alvenheim, as depicted in my upcoming book, Volume 13 of Xenon's Biography, will collapse in a similar manner, as history has proven.

What will become of Alvenheim's future? Will this incident be a catalyst for growth, or the opposite?

A person's true ability always emerges in times of crisis, regardless of their background or circumstances.

"I hope everything goes well."

"It would be nice if things go well... My child could also be born as a mixed-blood..."

"You want to marry a human?"

"Not necessarily... I don't know much about human affairs... There could be humans who are handsome like you and have a good personality..."

"I'm considered attractive by elven standards?"

It was a clumsy joke. Cindy blinked her eyes, wearing a bewildered expression in response to my joke.

"Eh...?"

She even made a silly yet cute sound. It seemed like she realized what she had said belatedly, as her pale skin, which rarely saw the light, turned faintly red.

While Cindy's thought process seemed to have come to a halt, I closed my book and stood up from my seat. There was still some time left until my acquaintances' classes would end, but I planned to return to my dormitory and perhaps write something.

“It was just a joke. You don’t have to think too deeply about it.”

“Don’t tease me...”

“Who wouldn’t be easy to tease like you?”

Even though Cindy grumbled, Elena quietly intervened. Naturally, Cindy pouted with her characteristic gloomy expression.

Chuckling at that sight, I bid farewell to the two.

“I’ll go back to the dormitory for now. I’ll take this book with me too.”

“Do as you wish.”

“Goodbyeee...”

After saying goodbye to the two elves, I came out of the research lab. It’s currently around 3 o’clock. There’s about an hour and thirty minutes left until all the classes are over. Until then, I can either wander around the dormitory or work on Volume 13. I’ve already sorted out the plot, so I expect Volume 13 to be released quickly, just like Volume 12.

“Um...”

“Yes?”

As I was walking a long way back to the dormitory, someone called out to me timidly from behind. I turned my head, but I didn’t see anyone. Thinking that I might have misheard, I tilted my head in confusion, and then I heard the voice coming from below.

“Here, over here.”

“Huh?”

It was a really familiar voice. I lowered my head, and there I saw the head of a small girl wearing a white robe flipped inside out, just like I had seen at the exhibition. Her silver-gray hair flowing from under the hood caught my attention.

Finally, the person who called me slowly lifted their head and revealed their face. Their silver-gray eyes shone brightly like a galaxy, and they had a cute and adorable appearance like that of a young girl.

Despite wearing a hood, she couldn't hide her dazzling beauty. Looking at her with a slightly tense gaze, I asked.

"...Is it Arwen?"

It was Arwen, the queen of Alvenheim and the elf who would deliver a national speech in five days. Just as I was surprised by her sudden appearance, Arwen spoke with a slightly trembling voice.

"You, it's really you. By any chance, your name is..."

"Isaac, right."

"Well, you've grown a lot. It hasn't even been six months since then... Your voice has changed too."

Well, my height has certainly increased. People always comment on it, so it's not really a big deal to me anymore.

By the way, looking at Arwen like this, she's quite small. When we stood side by side at the exhibition, she barely reached my shoulder, but now she reaches my chest.

Elves are naturally gifted with physical abilities, but it doesn't necessarily manifest in their physique. I know that even being that small, she possesses the strength to crush rocks with her bare hands.

"So, why did you come here? I heard you'll be giving a speech soon."

"Wh-who did you hear that from?"

"From another elf. Someone who has a connection with Alvenheim."

"I see... Well, the reason I came is related to that."

"Related to it?"

As I showed my curiosity, Arwen looked at me with a slightly nervous expression and cautiously opened her mouth.

"I hope you could help me with writing the speech..."

"... .."

“I can’t think of anyone else who writes well besides you.”

Somehow, the image of a president facing impeachment came to my mind.

Honestly, it was a bit strange, but I brought Arwen to the accommodation. As I mentioned before, the accommodation prohibits outsiders, but if I bring her in secretly, there shouldn’t be a problem.

Moreover, Arwen can conceal her body with magic, so there was no worry about being caught. As long as we don’t use mana-intensive magic like teleportation within the academy, where magic usage is prohibited, it should be fine.

“So, you want me to help with your speech?”

“Though it’s embarrassing... yes.”

Arwen, sitting on the bed, quietly answered my question. She took off her hood, revealing her beautiful appearance, but her expression was apologetic.

It’s understandable because she has a history of causing trouble for me. Of course, it was a problem caused by Rain’s hardcore trolling, but it’s a fact that she also bears responsibility.

Siris is currently fulfilling the role of a messenger without saying a word, and Arwen is delivering books from the sanctuary to me, so she shouldn’t be in a position to ask for favors. However, her taking direct action like this indicates that the situation is urgent.

I sat at a desk seat and looked at Arwen, who seemed to be lost in thought, and suddenly there was something I couldn’t understand, so I spoke up.

“You didn’t give a speech even when you ascended to the throne, right?”

“That’s correct.”

“How is a ruler chosen in Alvenheim if they never give a speech? I heard from a friend that prestigious families vote and elect someone.”

“This is the first time I am giving a speech in front of the people. Before ascending to the throne as queen, I expressed my aspirations in front of the Council of Elders and prominent families of Alvenheim. However, that was not considered a speech per se, it was simply an expression of my aspirations.”

“So, you essentially took the queen’s position on your own?”

“That is not entirely accurate. As you may or may not know, the owner of the throne has changed several times over the past few decades. When I came forward, there was hardly any candidate, and even within prestigious families, there was hesitancy.”

“Hmm...”

It seems that the political situation in Alvenheim is complicated. Considering the existence of the Council of Elders, it is likely that Arwen succumbed to their pressure rather than voluntarily stepping up.

Moreover, she reached the queen’s position without the support of her family and relied on her own capabilities, which demonstrates Arwen’s remarkable political prowess. Through that ability, she has been able to confront the Council of Elders up to this point.

The recent issue of the stolen manuscript is a result of judgment errors and Rain’s trolling, not a reflection of Arwen’s incompetence. Although individuals may have their flaws, Arwen is being evaluated by the public as an excellent leader.

“Naturally, the content of the speech will be related to the matter of mixed heritage, right?”

“You are correct. We have to find a way to resolve the current situation... Honestly, it’s incredibly challenging. Throughout history, it has been difficult to find speeches that truly move people’s hearts...”

Actually, you can understand the importance of speeches without going far, just by looking at Lincoln and Martin Luther King. Of course, this is a story of when they played a positive role, but there are negative examples like Hitler and Goebbels as well.

The ability to move people’s hearts with a speech requires personal effort, but talent is also crucial. Speaking with a powerful voice that appeals to others, rather than rigidly reading like a language textbook, makes a clear difference between the two approaches.

However, the most important aspect is the content of the speech. Even as time passes, we can see why Lincoln’s and Martin Luther King’s speeches are still widely discussed, as well as how Hitler managed to sway Germany. The fact that they are subjects of research demonstrates this well enough.

I glanced at Arwen, who looked gloomy, and opened my mouth.

“Wait a moment.”

Suddenly, an amusing joke came to mind, and I began writing it down on a note. Arwen initially expressed doubt, but when she saw me sitting at the desk and starting to write something, she quietly waited.

About five minutes later, I handed Arwen a temporary speech that filled about half a page. Arwen looked at me with a bewildered expression as I presented her with the speech.

“It’s a speech I wrote out of boredom. Read it once and judge for yourself.”

“Well then...”

Since it was a temporary speech, she accepted it without any hesitation. Her gray eyes then turned towards the notebook page. After about a minute, Arwen widened her eyes and sincerely exclaimed.

“It’s truly an impressive speech! It’s the sentence craftsmanship befitting a Xenon’s Biography writer. However...”

However, the admiration was short-lived as she tilted her head and mumbled as if something was strange.

“Why does it feel like it’s inciting something...?”

“Hehehe...”

I couldn’t help but laugh. The true identity of the speech I gave to Arwen was none other than...

“Isaac? This is definitely strange... Even just reading it, there’s a strong accent...”

“Hahaha!”

It was a famous speech that Hitler delivered, which helped him seize power.

Translators note:

3/5

3 chapters today.

Chapter 132: Mixed Race (4)

The content I conveyed to Arwen is part of a speech that played a decisive role in Hitler's tight grip on power. Through that speech, Hitler instilled a sense of superiority and pride in the Germans who were feeling inferior due to their defeat in World War I, solidifying his own position.

Subsequently, the Nazi Party was established, and Hitler suppressed all his opponents while collectively indoctrinating the eyes and ears of the citizens. He then invaded Poland, sparking World War II.

In fact, an English spy was on the verge of betraying his country after hearing Hitler's speech, indicating the remarkable prowess of his oratory skills. The speech itself was tailored to uplift the spirits of the disillusioned citizens.

“Come on, don't be joking! How can I give such a speech!”

“Hehehehe!”

As Arwen's face turned red, I pounded the desk with my hand and burst into laughter. It seems she also belatedly realized that there was something strange about the content of the speech.

Whether it be said or not, in my current thoughts, I imagined Arwen shouting at the people of Alvenheim with a strong accent and exaggerated gestures. No matter how much I think about it, it just doesn't fit at all.

“Ah, come on. You can rarely see me laugh so loudly.”

“Ugh... Don't tease me. I'm being serious...”

As I wiped away my tears and spoke, Arwen grumbled with a deadpan expression. However, her face remained flushed, and her ears were still standing tall toward the sky.

I've heard that an elf's ears change according to their emotions. So, it means that she is feeling embarrassed right now.

Moreover, she seemed quite sulky, protruding her lips and making a pouty expression like a child. Who would think of this cute and beautiful elf as the Queen of Alvenheim?

Maybe it's because I've only seen her in her usual state and never as a queen. Until now, I couldn't possibly imagine her as Arwen the queen.

However, it seemed better to stop teasing her. I immediately apologized to the sulking Arwen.

"Okay, I got it. I won't tease you anymore. But still, the impromptu speech was quite good, don't you think?"

"Objectively speaking, it's an excellent speech. But, how should I put it... I'm not sure if it's a speech that instills pride or one meant for incitement. It's completely different from the speech I wanted."

"You're right."

In fact, Hitler himself uplifted the confidence of defeated Germans with his speeches, so it's not entirely wrong. It can be said that incitement also began from that time.

"However, does it have to be a task specifically assigned to me? Normally, someone else writes the speech, and you review it yourself."

"There is hardly anyone I know who possesses such exceptional writing skills as you do. Especially when it comes to writing moving words, it's only you."

"It would be nice if you could moderate the excessive praise."

"Being too humble doesn't look good either. Your writing is already influencing the world, so why say such things?"

When you speak so firmly, it makes me embarrassed. I awkwardly smiled and, avoiding eye contact, got straight to the point.

"Alright. So, Arwen, you want me to write a speech for you? To address the issue of half-bloods in Alvenheim?"

"That's right. Alvenheim is currently in much greater turmoil than you imagine. We don't know when half-bloods started infiltrating Alvenheim or whether our ancestors had any

mixed blood.”

In Alvenheim, mixed blood has become an irreversible social phenomenon. Elves, unlike humans who have frequent generational changes due to their shorter lifespans, can easily identify mixed-blood individuals.

However, the problem lies in the fact that the characteristics of mixed blood are not easily visible. In reality, Alvenheim can only integrate and coexist with half-bloods.

While contemplating the situation in Alvenheim for a moment, a curious question came to my mind, and I asked Arwen.

“Are there symbols of pure blood among the elves? Isn’t that a form of racial superiority?”

“That’s correct. However, as you know, there is a sort of chosen people ideology deeply embedded in the hearts of the elves. It’s about the blood of those chosen by the gods and the blood of those who were not chosen. That’s the only explanation needed.”

“The more you observe the elves, the more they become an enigmatic race, don’t they?”

Sometimes, elves are a race that follows honor and pride, but occasionally they are a race that devours themselves due to their arrogance, just like this. Pride turns into arrogance, and the belief in superiority or chosenness becomes conceit, so elves can be considered extreme in this aspect.

Furthermore, they possess enough “power” to fall into arrogance. The danger of becoming engulfed in arrogance is high. Ultimately, the issue of mixed-blood stems partially from the inherent arrogance of elves.

“Are the pure-bloods and mixed-bloods fighting with each other right now?”

“Not to that extent yet. Most of the people who identify themselves as mixed-bloods are in high positions. However, I’m starting to suspect that even people around me might be mixed-bloods.”

“If we leave it like this, it will only get worse.”

The only fortunate thing is that seeds of unrest have only sprouted, and the flowers have not bloomed yet. When the flowers bloom, it will become uncontrollably chaotic, so Arwen has the obligation to calm the situation through her speech.

The problem is whether the elves, who discriminate even against mixed-bloods, will listen to Arwen's speech and calm down. The situation is not easy at all.

In the worst case, someone incites the elves and drives out all the mixed-bloods. If this happens, the dark elves, who have experienced the same treatment, will completely turn their backs on Alvenheim, claiming that it hasn't changed, and naturally, the national power will also decline significantly.

It is still calm before the storm, and if we fail to handle it properly from here, nobody can predict what future awaits Alvenheim.

'It feels burdensome.'

I stared intently at Arwen, who was worried about the future of Alvenheim. How difficult must it be for such tiny shoulders to bear the fate of a nation? Moreover, there are many stubborn elves, and Council's elders, possess both wisdom and cunning. It's overwhelming for young Arwen to deal with such a burden.

I wondered why she specifically asked me to write the speech, of all people. Perhaps it's because she can't trust the people within Alvenheim. I couldn't help but become curious about the political structure of Alvenheim, but it's probably best not to interfere to that extent.

In a way, this could be seen as a test imposed on Arwen. I'll only assist her a little.

"Anyway, I understand. I'll help you write the speech."

"R-Really?"

"Yeah, but there should be some form of repayment, right?"

"Repayment..."

As soon as the word "repayment" was mentioned, Arwen's bright expression froze in an instant. She must be aware of what it means to ask me for a speech. It's embarrassing for me to say this, but I am the author of the ongoing Xenon's Biography, which is currently changing the world. At least it means that I'm recognized for my writing skills, and asking someone like me for a favor is no easy thing.

Moreover, Arwen personally stepped forward to make the request, while hiding her true identity. If she doesn't provide some form of repayment, it would be like selling out my conscience.

'But I can't think of a suitable repayment.'

The high-level theft incident ended with receiving the manuscript, and Siris became a messenger while Rain received a suspended sentence.

But this is purely a personal transaction with Arwen.

However, it's bothersome that I have nothing to receive from Arwen.

Money? I have enough money accumulated already, and I'm not particularly interested in it. Besides, I have two girlfriends who have a lot of money, so what would I need it for?

Honor? I am the author of Xenon's Biography. No words are necessary.

Status? If I need something, I can ask Rina.

Knowledge? I'm in the middle of receiving and diligently reading books from the Sanctuary.

Women? There's Marie and Cecily. I've been consistently sleeping with Marie until late at night, and I might also do it with Cecily soon.

'Wow... come to think of it, I really have everything, don't I?'

At not even twenty years old, I realized that I had everything a man could want. Personally, I have a modest personality and no greed for power, so I don't want anything more.

However, it would be strange to say that I don't want anything. From Arwen's perspective, it would be her owing me a favor again, and she might be the only one uncomfortable with it.

I pondered over what kind of repayment I should receive that would satisfy Arwen. I went through countless considerations. Even a sinister thought crossed my mind for a brief moment, but I quickly dismissed it.

'...Ah, yes. This should work.'

Fortunately, there is one thing left. It's something that can be referenced in Xenon's Biography, so it should be fine.

“Could you tell me in detail about magic?”

“Magic? But you’re not a mage, are you?”

Arwen tilted her head and responded with a puzzled expression to my request. As she said, I am neither a mage and just a physically fit civilian.

However, what I desire is not to inherit magic but rather knowledge about the types of magic and their effects. Not teleportation or flying in the sky kind of magic, but the magic that only elves can use.

I could ask Cecily, who is also a practitioner of the same magic, but elves are descendants of angels and demons are descendants of devils. Perhaps due to this reason, demonic magic tends to focus on “destruction.”

On the other hand, you can think of elves as a hexagon filled to the brim. They can provide support, attack, defend, and so on. However, their output is slightly weaker compared to demons.

“Well, I can still refer to it. And it’s not that I’m asking you to teach me magic, but rather to let me know its name and its abilities. If possible, write it down and send it to me.”

“Don’t you have a demonic princess?”

“Cecily is a demon. I heard that the magic used by elves and demons follows different paths.”

“Hmm, I see. Alright then.”

Arwen nodded and, after assessing my expression, cautiously spoke.

“...Is that really enough for you?”

“I’m satisfied.”

“Isaac, I am the Queen of Alvenheim. Even if it’s something difficult to ask for, I will gladly help. I don’t want to be indebted forever.”

“Um...”

Arwen gently made a suggestion, placing her hand on her chest, and I looked at her face while crossing my arms. Then, I glanced down discreetly.

Although she’s currently dressed in a robe, beneath it is a tight dress like the one she wore last time. The silver-gray dress, matching the color of her hair, boldly accentuated

Arwen's figure. Despite appearing young, I remember her hips being remarkable. Even when she knelt and bowed her head, all eyes were drawn to her, so further explanation is unnecessary.

'Oh, no. The lewd devil again...'

I quickly defeated the lewd devil and looked at Arwen. She had an expression that seemed genuinely apologetic or perhaps at a loss for words.

"It's alright. It's just a speech, after all. Or would you like me to help you with the speech too? But I have one request."

"W-What is it? I'll gladly listen if you tell me now."

"It won't be fun if I tell you now. How about practicing it here first?"

"But the speech..."

"Let's go with that."

Arwen looked somewhat uncomfortable about delivering the speech I had written on my own. However, the content itself was sufficient to inspire the citizens.

Soon after, Arwen got up from the bed, stretched her neck, and then glanced at me. As I faced her, a question arose in my mind.

"Don't you need to memorize it?"

"I already have it all memorized."

"... .."

"Elves may lack adaptability, but once we see something, we never forget it."

As expected, elves are cheat species along with the demons. It's rather sad that I'm an ordinary human. While I was having such thoughts, and a jealous gaze in my eyes, Arwen glanced at me, perhaps with a hint of tension, took a deep breath, and thumped her chest.

I wished she would go beyond that and strip off her robe, revealing her beautiful figure. However, I suppressed the desire as it felt like crossing a line.

Finally, with a determined look in her eyes, Arwen clenched her fist.

“People of Albeneim! Chosen by the gods, we established the first civilization and furthermore, magic...!”

“Pfft...”

Laughter burst out from the very first sentence. Her exaggerated gestures perfectly reflected her image, without a doubt. However, Arwen continued her speech steadfastly, making it even more amusing due to its seriousness.

“Although we suffered defeat in the race war, we learned from our mistakes and progressed even further! So, my fellow elves, rise once again... Oh, screw it.”

Eventually, even she seemed to think it wasn't right and unexpectedly spewed out a rare curse. Then, she plopped onto the bed and groaned in frustration.

“You're really hopeless! This is an instigation, not a speech!”

“Hahaha!”

“Don't laugh! I told you I'm serious! You damn red human!”

“Oh, dear, I can't help it! Hahaha!”

While Arwen groaned and nagged, I fell to the floor, unable to control my laughter. It was as if an elementary school student was delivering an eloquent speech, providing irresistible cuteness.

“Stop laughing!”

“Hahaha!”

Translators note:

Chapter 133: Mixed Race (5)

It was a great relief for me that the accommodation was equipped with basic soundproofing. If it hadn't been, not only would my laughter have been heard, but also Arwen's shouts.

However, Arwen's speech and that person's speech overlapped in a subtle way, making it impossible for me to hold back my laughter. Moreover, the arrogance of the elves and the ruthless nature of the nazis strangely matched.

Arwen standing dressed in uniform, extending her arm forward and shouting a specific slogan. Furthermore, her radical speech inciting the citizens and pushing them into the flames of war.

The more I imagined each moment, the more it provided amusement to the point where my belly hurt.

'I should write about it later, right?'

When I finish Xenon's Biography, I plan to write a novel about World War II, whether to include only humans or other races as well. But watching Arwen's speech, my heart was gradually drawn.

Of course, if I were to do that, the settings could become entangled in various ways, so it might be better to leave it for now. This setting could also be suitable for a sequel to Xenon's Biography in the future.

While Xenon was alive, all races came together as one to defeat the demons, but after a long time passed, they once again became divided and fought among themselves.

The demons, who had been patiently waiting for an opportunity, began their invasion from within rather than from the outside. After that, the world expands its worldview.

(Tl note: Isaac is talking about possible plot of a sequel)

“Hehehehe...”

I looked at Arwen while sniffing and stopping my tears from laughing. She was puffing up her cheeks like a frog, wearing a full expression of dissatisfaction.

Moreover, her embarrassed and pale skin was also tinged with a blush. Seeing her gray eyes slightly filled with moisture, I felt like I should just laugh.

“...Did you laugh at me?”

Arwen asked me with a gruff voice. It was a low voice, but her expression was so cute that it didn't pose any threat at all.

Really, who would think that this adorable girl was the Queen of Alvenheim? I couldn't help but have such thoughts, knowing only that Queen Arwen, in her role as queen, had a strong sense of responsibility.

Still, an apology is necessary if I did something wrong. I wiped away the dew clinging to the corner of my eye and opened my mouth.

“I-I'm sorry. If I upset you, I apologize.”

“Hmm... It's okay. What's disappointing is not you, but my age. You don't have to worry about it.”

Arwen replied, turning her head shyly. Right after that, she glanced at me and asked in a timid voice.

“...Is it really not suitable?”

“The speech earlier?”

“Yes. I'm curious if it really... doesn't suit me at all.”

“If it did, I wouldn't have laughed.”

It was a serious evaluation that wiped away all the mischief. I said it subtly suited her, but it was only to a certain extent, similar to an elementary school student giving a speech.

“Phew...”

Arwen sighed deeply in frustration at my harsh evaluation, as if the ground would swallow her up. At the same time, a sense of concern appeared on her face.

I looked at her silently for a moment and then asked about the point that I didn't understand.

“Don't you have someone performing a role like an advisor? Can't you ask them for help?”

“...That advisor is the Council of Elders. In Alvenheim, the king is at the top superficially, and the Council of Elders assists him.”

“This structure could easily turn into a puppet show.”

Arwen nodded her head in agreement with my sharp observation. If that was the case, the king of Alvenheim would be politically isolated.

You could question why they even established a monarchy, but it seems that it is inevitable, even if it is to keep the Council of Elders in check.

The ruler of Alvenheim is elected through voting by each prestigious family, so it appears there are complex secrets involved here. Perhaps the prestigious families choose the ruler to keep the Council of Elders in check.

'No wonder the ruler changes frequently. This must be the reason.'

I should include this in Xenon's Biography. I apologize to Arwen, but I have no knowledge of the political structure of Alvenheim.

I am merely an advisor, not a servant of Arwen. I intend to help with the speech and then leave the rest to her.

“In any case, don't give a speech in that manner. Try a different approach that suits you.”

“What speech style do you think suits me, in your opinion?”

“Hmm...”

I stood with my arms crossed, gazing intensely at Arwen, lost in thought. Speeches often vary in style depending on the situation, and they also have a significant impact on people's mood.

A bold and passionate style, much like Hitler's, ignites a fire in the hearts, while Martin Luther King's “I Have a Dream” speech touches the audience with its genuine voice.

Currently, in the realm of Alvenheim, there is a growing rift among the elves due to the issue of mixed heritage. It is imperative to somehow mend this division and unite them as a single race called “elves.”

‘For now...’

I examined her closely, not as Arwen in her usual state, but from the perspective of a third party. Despite her youthful appearance, she exuded the elegance and nobility characteristic of elves. With just a smile, she emanated compassion. Even her subtle aura exuded the charisma of a leader.

Rather than delivering an impassioned speech in such an atmosphere, it would be more effective to speak in a calm yet powerful voice, amplifying the impact.

“Have you ever communicated with the people of Alvenheim besides giving national speeches?”

“A few times, I have urged them to enjoy themselves and be cautious during festivals.”

“Other than that?”

“I have rendered judgments in difficult trials, and on several occasions, I have gathered the people for audiences. Since I can’t trust the Council of Elders, I decided it would be better to directly listen to the stories of the people. By the way, why do you ask?”

Arwen asked with an adorable yet curious gaze. I shrugged my shoulders and replied as if it were someone else’s story.

“It’s nothing special, just an Elven acquaintance of mine spoke favorably of you. They described you as a compassionate and elegant queen. I was curious if others see you in the same light.”

“Hmm... I’ve heard that despite my youthful appearance, I have a mature demeanor.”

“Where did you hear that?”

“At the festival.”

“And you’re openly discussing it right in front of me?”

As kind as Arwen may be, it was indeed an act of insulting the queen. Well, back then at the exhibition, we didn’t know each other’s identities, and now we’re in a position where we can exploit each other’s weaknesses, so we can maintain a friendship.

Arwen averted her gaze upon hearing my question and hesitantly opened her mouth.

“...I was hiding my face just like during the exhibition. At that time, I bought some food or casually asked a few people I happened to encounter.”

“It seems like you enjoy having fun, Your Majesty.”

“Well, don’t I need to relieve some stress too? After all, I am ultimately just an ordinary person!”

(Tl note: I was a bit confused here, but basically Arwen admits she sneaked out to have fun at elven festival and asked people about herself, a different one than the exhibition)

As I called the facts, Arwen exclaimed in surprise. Her cheeks, once pale, turned as red as a ripe persimmon.

Well, I can understand that stress accumulates in a situation where she is politically isolated. In fact, the reason she has been able to endure so far is probably due to occasional escapades.

“Regardless, it would be a matter of adjusting your style based on how people perceive you. It might be good to maintain your usual merciful and dignified demeanor but deliver the speech with a powerful voice, don’t you think?”

“...It sounds difficult.”

“Everything is difficult at first. Now, try practicing as I told you.”

“Are you telling me to do it again?”

Arwen expressed her dissatisfaction with a slightly furrowed brow, seemingly not pleased with the provocative temporary speech. It appears that she considers it more of an incitement than a speech.

However, that’s because it’s too radical in action. If it’s done in a style that suits Arwen, the atmosphere will change completely. The content itself is specialized in stimulating the hearts of the people who are filled with a sense of defeat.

I gently teased Arwen, who revealed her reluctance with her lips pouting.

“Just give it a try once. I won’t laugh this time. I’m serious.”

“Sigh... Just this once, then.”

“Alright. You can modify the sentences to ones that you feel comfortable with.”

“In that case...”

Arwen stood up from the bed and then closed her eyes momentarily. It seemed like she was slowly recalling the content as I had mentioned, and soon she began delivering the speech in a gentle tone.

The voice that flowed out of her mouth was closer to a true “queen” rather than a girl who behaved like a tomboy.

“Our Alvenheim, chosen by the gods, established the first civilization on this land. And further, pioneered magic...”

“... ..”

I quietly observed the distinct atmosphere and style, which were clearly different from before. If the previous speech ignited a spark of provocation within my heart, now it exuded a gentle sensation of soothing and healing the old scars.

Even though it was the same content of the speech, merely changing the style had drastically different effects. Indeed, a person should wear clothes that suit them.

“Alvenheim is no longer a loser. Rise once again, elves of Alvenheim. Let us show the world our power once more so that our voices can reach the distant homeland of the gods.”

“... ..”

“Ahem. Well...”

The speech has come to an end. Arwen, perhaps feeling tense, immediately cleared her throat and glanced at me subtly.

Then, either feeling embarrassed or curious, she toyed with her gray hair with her fingers and asked for my evaluation.

“I-Is it all over? Did I do okay this time?”

“You were truly magnificent. If you continue like this, it will be perfect.”

“Hehe...”

Upon receiving my sincere praise, Arwen chuckled happily. The dignity of a queen had completely disappeared, leaving behind only a girl who enjoyed receiving compliments.

I had a second thought about whether it was okay after seeing it, but since she found her own style, I judged that there wouldn't be any problem. After all, the remaining portion depended on her.

“It would be good if you not only speak but also use gestures and actions. I've heard that people who are good at speeches often look at themselves in the mirror to check their facial expressions and gestures. Take it as a reference.”

“Can you tell me who those people are? I'd like to look them up in books if possible.”

“I read about them a long time ago, and I forgot who they were. I'm just a human unlike you, after all.”

“Oh... that's disappointing.”

Arwen expressed a hint of disappointment. He felt a bit sorry for telling a lie because he couldn't reveal his past life.

“And when it comes to giving speeches, the most important thing is a confident tone and attitude. You can probably guess what will happen if you hesitate.”

“Well, I'm worried if I can do well.”

“As I mentioned earlier, beginnings are always difficult, regardless of what it is. Moreover, speeches are one of the most important qualities for leaders. Think of it as doing something you'll have to do eventually.”

Even though I tried to encourage her, Arwen still had an anxious expression. Her lack of confidence was evident.

At this point, I made up my mind to give her some sharp advice. If she gets discouraged here, I can't guarantee the results in the future.

“Arwen, even if I help you now, what will you do later if you continue like this? You know, I'm a human, and you're an elf. Even if I can help you with writing or reviewing speeches while I'm alive, you'll have to do it yourself afterward. I'm saying you have to fasten the first button properly.”

“...”

“Even if you’re in conflict with the Council now, remember that the people of Alvenheim should be your top priority. That powerful Council means nothing compared to the people of Alvenheim.”

In a nation, public sentiment is crucial. When public sentiment declines, naturally, people lose trust in the government, and it can escalate to a point where control becomes impossible. On the other hand, when public sentiment is high, leaders take action even without specific orders. There are numerous historical examples of small countries uniting and developing into major powers through public sentiment.

However, it is important to strictly distinguish between public sentiment and incitement. Once incitement takes hold, it reaches an uncontrollable realm when the brainwashing is released. Public sentiment, on the other hand, often stays united until the end.

“You have to captivate their hearts through this speech. It’s practically a stage that tests your crisis management abilities. It’s up to you whether you will remain as a great queen who unified purebloods and half-bloods in history or become an incompetent queen who fails to resolve rifts and causes divisions. Do you understand?”

“...Thank you. I feel energized because of your advice.”

Upon hearing my advice and counsel, Arwen smiled softly. It was a smile that seemed relieved.

At that moment, as I was about to speak, there was a sudden knock on the.

Knock- knock- knock-

Arwen and I instinctively turned our gaze towards the door.

“Isaac. Are you inside? It’s me, Marie.”

Surprisingly, the person who knocked on the door turned out to be my girlfriend, Marie.

While the accommodation was off-limits to anyone but me, knocking on the door wasn’t a problem. However, if the issue was that Arwen was in the accommodation with me, then it was indeed a problem. I looked at Arwen, feeling a shiver run down my spine.

Arwen blinked her silver-gray eyes, still not fully grasping the situation. Well, considering that she was unaware of the rules of the Academy, it was understandable for

her to react like that.

“Hey, hey! Hide quickly!”

“Huh? Why should I hide?”

“Just do it! Use magic or concealment, whatever you can! It’s said that only the owner can access the accommodation, no one else!”

“Got it.”

Per my urgent request, Arwen looked puzzled but managed to hide her body using magic. I wasn’t sure if she used teleportation or concealed herself like a dark elf, but she vanished without a trace.

Seeing that, I inwardly breathed a sigh of relief and called out to Marie, who was beyond the door.

“I’ll go now! Just wait a moment!”

After confirming if there were any traces of Arwen, I walked towards the door. Along the way, I didn’t forget to check the time. There was still some time left for all the classes to end. I wondered if the professor had finished early or if there was another reason for the early visit.

Squeak

As I opened the door, I came face to face with Marie, who had her characteristic mischievous smile. Thinking there was no one around, I looked around and asked her.

“Why did you come so early? What about the lecture?”

“I finished early because the professor had an urgent matter. Since I couldn’t find you in Professor Elena’s lab, I came to the dormitory.”

“Oh, I see. Then...”

Before I could finish my sentence, Marie forcefully pushed her hand against my chest. Her strength was far from weak, and I couldn’t help but be pushed back slightly.

Fortunately, she didn’t let go of the door handle, but she didn’t stop there. Taking advantage of my retreat, she pressed her body firmly against mine and continued pushing.

Naturally, I stumbled back from the door, and Marie had somehow managed to step all the way to the entrance. The door closed firmly with a thud.

“Uh, uh? Marie?”

“There’s no need to go all the way to the inn, right? I heard from Rina that the dormitory is soundproofed thoroughly. It’s as if you can’t hear anything that’s happening inside.”

Marie looked at me with a mischievous look in her sparkling eyes. Desire was bubbling inside them like boiling lava. It seemed like it had diminished recently, but it looks like another log has been added to the fire.

‘This is messed up...!’

If there were only Marie and Isaac, it wouldn’t matter, but Arwen is hiding here now. The moment we do it here, Arwen will see everything.

So, realizing that I had to stop it somehow, I hurriedly spoke to Marie. It would be beneficial to move somewhere other than the accommodation.

“Well... Mari? Even if it’s in the room...”

“So what? We can have a quick one here, then go on a date and do it again at the inn, right? Think of it as warming up.”

“What kind of warm-up is that? Get your hands off me!”

“Don’t you want to?”

Overwhelmed by Marie that had transformed into the embodiment of desire, I stumbled back and somehow ended up on the bed. I fell backward onto the bed, and Marie took the position to straddle me.

Why do I feel like there’s a heart-shaped glimmer in Marie’s blue eyes, even though shadows loom over? The desires of women are utterly elusive.

But that’s one thing, and as long as Arwen is watching, I absolutely cannot engage in anything here. I urgently pleaded with Marie.

“M-Marie? Can’t you endure it a little longer?”

“No. Way. Today’s classes were so difficult, and I’m under a lot of stress. I need to relieve it through Isaac’s body. For now... huh?”

Marie, speaking in a sultry voice, blinked her eyes a couple of times without continuing her words. Then, she suddenly raised her head and began sniffing.

“Sniff. Sniff.”

“...Marie?”

“Sniff. What is this smell?”

Did she really smell the scent coming from Arwen? I didn't notice it at all, but women are indeed different.

While I was thinking such thoughts, Marie, who had been sniffing and smelling, began to smell my neck. Then, she squeezed her face slightly and mumbled softly.

“I can smell this scent even on the bed...”

“... ..”

“Hmm...”

As she looked at me with suspicious eyes, I tensed up, feeling like something else was implied.

Did she really notice Arwen's presence? I hope not, in a different sense.

And so, as the heavy silence settled in the room, Marie smiled mischievously, and with that, the tension eased as she spoke.

“Did you spray perfume on the bed or something?”

“Uh, yeah?”

“At first, I thought another woman had been in the room. But the scent only comes from the bed, not from your body.”

“Haha...”

It was at that moment when I let out an awkward laugh. Marie, with the same teasing expression on her face, slowly lowered her head towards my neck and brought her lips closer.

“Mm...”

“Ugh... Marie?”

“I will make sure my scent permeates Isaac’s body.”

Although we had overcome one crisis, another one remained. I urgently tried to separate Marie, but she remained indifferent, completely sticking to me without any intention of letting go.

In the end, it seemed like I had to deal with it like this.

[...I’ll be away for a moment.]

Arwen’s voice suddenly echoed in my head. Although there was a sense of embarrassment, it was undoubtedly Arwen’s voice.

It seemed like she had conveyed her thoughts through telepathy, as if she had been watching over everything from the sidelines.

‘Oh dear...’

For a moment, I covered my face with one hand and gave Marie a wry smile. She didn’t even consider distancing herself.

Feeling frustrated and slightly angry, I spoke in a voice that reflected my annoyance.

“Marie.”

“Yeah?”

“You’re dying today.”

“What, what? Ahhh!”

I quickly recovered and went straight to the act, without any foreplay or anything.

Translators note:

5/5

Chapter 134: To Alvenheim (1)

There was a brief event, but we managed to smoothly get through it one way or another. I was worried that even if Arwen made room for me, she might secretly watch, but as soon as I left the bedroom, she was gone.

Now, the first priority was properly scolding this naughty cat. During the process, the cat apologized, but it was useless to me who was already doing as I pleased.

Eventually, we skipped dinner and it became late at night before the cat could return to its own place. Because I had been so intense, my legs gave way, and I had no choice but to support myself.

Finally, when we arrived at the front of the female dormitory, before sending off the cat, I gently stroked her head and said half-jokingly.

“Don’t play such pranks anymore. Got it?”

“Yes...”

Marie blushed and mumbled, but didn’t say anything else. She had confidently jumped at me and ended up being teased, so she had nothing to say, even if she had ten mouths.

“...I’ll be working hard on my exercise, so just watch me.”

“You’ll do great. Anything special happening tomorrow?”

“There’s nothing special, but Rina said she has something to talk about tomorrow. We can talk about it then.”

There really wasn’t anything special. Having a meal with Rina had become a familiar occurrence, so it would just be a casual conversation.

I’m not sure if I should say that Rina has been acting a bit strange lately or if I should say there’s something suspicious about her. Whenever I’m alone with her, she subtly avoids eye contact and glances at odd places.

First of all, I can assert with certainty that there is absolutely no romantic interest from her as a rational being. Not only did she not show any special favor towards me, but she also played pranks, so there's no possibility of developing any affection.

Furthermore, since Rina stopped acting on her authority, she only considers me as a comfortable friend, nothing more.

In the first place, we rarely meet unlike Marie and Cecily, only two or three times a week. And even then, it's only during meal times.

There has almost never been a moment where the two of us were alone before, and there has been hardly any contact since I started dating Marie.

“Alright, go and rest well. If you can't wake up tomorrow, I'll feel sorry for you.”

“Hehe, thanks to someone, my stamina is in top shape, so I can handle this much.”

“Really? How about going to the inn now...”

“But tomorrow's lecture is more important, so I'll go. Goodbye!”

As soon as I quietly suggested while grabbing her waist, Marie quickly escaped. She stumbled for a moment due to weak legs but steadfastly headed towards her dorm.

Of course, she didn't just walk ahead coldly but turned around, showing a playful smile, and she even blew me a teasing kiss.

I smiled at the increasingly charming Marie and waved my hand. I always think this, but I'm really happy that Marie is my girlfriend.

'Let's go back to the lodging for now.'

I left the dorm around 8 o'clock, so I still have time to write a speech for Arwen. I can temporarily pause Xenon's writing and focus on the speech for a week without any issues. Moreover, there is something that fits perfectly with the situation in Alvenheim just before the division. It is the speech by President Abraham Lincoln, who unified the United States, which was deteriorating due to the Civil War.

A great president who truly united the United States alongside the abolition of slavery. Although his speech was considered a failure at the time, it became a renowned speech recorded in history in later generations.

'I don't remember everything, but...'

I remember Hitler's speeches because I'm interested in World War II, but I barely know anything about Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, except for some parts. However, even with just those parts, it should be sufficient for the desired effect. The key now is to make those famous quotes come out naturally.

'It feels like I'm a black curtain.'

(Tl note: Black curtain is a mastermind working from the shadows)

The worst incident that shook South Korea in my past life came to mind. Democracy almost fell apart, but the people themselves came forward and ousted the president. I was concerned that it might not be a good idea that I wrote the speech for Arwen instead, but she is a genius who can memorize everything she sees once, so there should be no problem. Maybe she will quickly skim through the speech as soon as I deliver it and burn it afterward.

I just silently prayed in my heart for Arwen to deliver the speech well. In fact, even helping with the speech is a tremendous political intervention.

Perhaps this indifference stems from the fact that Arwen is more like a friend to me than a queen. I also appreciate her sense of responsibility, in which she would scold me even for a small mistake.

'I wonder if I can ask Siris to show me her speech.'

Alvenheim's entry procedures are notoriously complicated, but once you're inside, they don't really conduct any inspections or such. I've heard that because of this, there are many people attempting illegal entry.

Even teleportation is limited from overseas destinations, except for a few select individuals. Gartz mentioned that there's some kind of magical barrier typically in place, and only those granted direct permission from the king would know how to bypass it.

'Anyway, I'll come to hear the speech.'

Anticipating the following week, I made my way to the accommodation.

The next day arrived. As Marie mentioned yesterday, I ended up having a meal with Rina, and there really wasn't much to talk about. Naturally, Cecily sat beside Rina.

Sitting here with the four of us had become somewhat routine, so I didn't have much to say, but the other three seemed to be engaged in lively conversation. The saying that when three women gather, dishes are broken wasn't just an idle rumor.

However, when we finished the meal and were enjoying dessert, Rina suddenly made an intriguing proposal to us.

“Have any of you thought about visiting Alvenheim?”

“Huh?”

It was a suggestion to go to Alvenheim, the land of the elves. It was such an unexpected proposal that both I and Marie, sitting beside me, widened our eyes in surprise.

Rina is not someone who makes such silly jokes. And seeing her unique expressionless face, it really means she's making a proposition to us.

“Suddenly, why Alvenheim?”

It was Marie, not me, who asked with a voice full of doubt. I felt that Rina's offer was missing the before and after.

Not only is the semester still ongoing, but it also takes a long time to get to Alvenheim. Assuming we take a carriage, it would take at least a few days.

Of course, Rina, the royal family, and the Duchess young lady Marie can use teleportation. But not me.

Meanwhile, Rina looked at us and quietly put down her teacup. The sound of the cup gently touching the table spread faintly.

“You might have heard the news, but the Queen of Alvenheim is scheduled to deliver a national speech in a few days from now. It's in Alvenheim, where a lot of attention is focused. Moreover, this will be the Queen's first speech, so there is even more interest.”

“I know that too. What does it have to do with us?”

“It wouldn't hurt to see it once. Isn't it a bit awkward for the Emperor or the King to make a procession to such a place? So, it should be people like you and me who go. Perhaps ministers and envoys from other countries will also come.”

“If that's the case, you and Leort should go.”

I agreed with Marie's question. Usually, in such situations, it is Leort and Rina who should go, not Marie and Me.

Rina, after reading our expressions, gave us a slightly puzzling smile and began explaining the current situation one by one.

"My brother is currently busy with an engagement issue. He's in the process of pursuing marriage with someone from the Ters Kingdom."

"From the Ters Kingdom? Why all of a sudden?"

"It's not all of a sudden. It's been happening since after the exhibition. Thanks to Xenon, or rather Isaac, revealing his homeland, our empire saw an opportunity. You guys know, right? The significance of the birthplace of a world-renowned genius."

"Everyone probably knows, but my hometown, the Mishelle Territory, is gradually evolving into a cultural city. Even after the exhibition ended, tourists continued to visit to see the exhibited works, and even the upper class kept coming to visit."

"Moreover, the Mishelle Territory was an area that the royal family had been paying attention to. It was just that development was delayed in other areas. But after the exhibition, it's being rapidly developed."

"Most importantly, by confessing that my hometown is the Michelle Territory, it gained significant cultural benefits. The Ters Kingdom has no choice but to follow suit."

"That's why there's talk of sending the two princesses to our academy. You guys don't have to worry about it. The two princesses are the same age as our older brother, and they're both martial arts experts."

"What are their names?"

"Hiliya Dukeard von Kurchers. She's a girl with sky-blue hair and sky-colored eyes."

"... .."

Was she the quiet girl I saw at the exhibition? She stood out particularly because she was wearing a uniform.

However, it can never be said that she was someone who was particularly likable among them. She was one of the main culprits who made tears flow from Adelia's eyes. She even instructed her own sister not to approach Adelia.

'But Adele-noona will have a hard time...'

I would rather have Leort transfer to the Academy of the Ters Kingdom, but the Minerva Empire firmly holds the reins of power. The Ters Kingdom is well aware of that, so they must be sending Hiliya.

A bitter taste filled my mouth. Does Rina really know? That Adelia is the illegitimate child of the Ters Kingdom's king. And that she suffered severe trauma from being abandoned by her family.

"Anyway, my brother is busy with personal matters, so he can't go. And it's a bit difficult for me to go alone, right? That's why I'm offering to go with all of you."

"But why Isaac? Only we know Isaac's true identity."

Marie's words were correct. If I were to go as the author of Xenon's Biography, it might be fine, but on the surface, I'm just a son of a Baron. I'm far behind the princess and the Duke's heiress in terms of status.

At the very least, it would be much better if a Marquis or higher-ranking person went, or if only Rina and Marie went.

In response to the question filled with such intentions, Rina smiled faintly and gently teased Marie with her words.

"Well, that's true, but if you're engaged, there shouldn't be a problem. Although it's not officially announced, you're still planning to do it, right?"

As expected of a princess. I could only respond with a mixture of admiration and astonishment at the answer that turned Marie's question into a mere 'whatever'.

If you're engaged in this world, it's practically the same as being married. Marie and I haven't officially gotten engaged, but it's almost certain since we're already being pushed by our respective families.

So, as the future Duchess of Requilis, and I as her fiancé, it's not a problem to go to Alvenheim together.

However, there are still some issues remaining.

"Then are we going to use teleportation? Taking a carriage would take too long."

“Of course, we’ll use teleportation. And we’ll leave two days before the speech. The immigration procedures in Alvenheim are strict for non-elves. If we make a mistake, it could take the whole day, so it’s better to go ahead of time.”

In human society, teleportation is a magic that only nobles above the Count rank can use. Teleportation facilities are usually installed in mansions, and in the case of emperors or kings, they are developed to the extent of being able to travel across countries.

Of course, this is the current situation. Teleportation facilities are showing signs of gradually evolving into common transportation means, as Alvenheim, which is implementing an open policy under Arwen’s guidance, as well as the demons, are reaching out to the world more and more.

Dwarves are a race that does anything as long as they receive a fair price, so it doesn’t matter. The remaining question is whether magic will be passed down to the masses or not.

‘Seeing as there’s no such thing like a magic tower, it’s still a long way off.’

Just as I was thinking that, Marie, who listened to the persuasion from Rina, started asking in detail if there were any other things to be cautious about in Alvenheim.

“Are there any precautions in Alvenheim? It’s my first time going there too.”

“First, you need to distinguish your conversation partner well. There are elves who dislike humans because of the racial war. Moreover, it’s difficult to determine someone’s age just by appearance, so it’s best to be cautious about engaging in conversations if possible.”

“I see. Then, where will we sit during the speech? Do we have separate VIP seats?”

“No, of course not. VIP seats are reserved for the nobles of Alvenheim, the prestigious families. We will sit right behind them to watch.”

If that’s the case, will Cecily come? I shifted my gaze and looked at Cecily, who was sitting next to Rina.

Even during our conversation, she remained silent, sitting still.

Suddenly, she noticed my gaze, and our eyes met. As soon as our eyes met, I immediately spoke up.

“Will Cecily-noona also come?”

“I’d like to, but I’m not sure if Alvenheim will accept the demons. Unless the Queen personally grants permission.”

Was she asking me to go ask instead? Cecily smiled mischievously as she replied, and I couldn’t help but smile.

Even if the elves adopted an open policy, they are still elves. It will undoubtedly take a long time for them to accept the f demons, the descendants of devils.

Someone might question why the descendants of devils would want to come to the sacred land of Alvenheim. They are currently preoccupied with the issue of mixed-blood, so how would they feel about the demons?

“Oh, by the way, Cecily.”

“Yes?”

“I’m curious, are there any half-bloods between demons and humans?”

Marie asked the question. Not only she, but also I and Rina, we all simultaneously showed our curiosity. Amidst such interests, Cecily seemed slightly taken aback. She blinked her bright red eyes a couple of times and then tapped her cheek with her finger. It was her characteristic habit whenever she had something to think about.

After pondering for a while, Cecily responded with a somewhat ambiguous voice.

“Well... Unlike elves, I haven’t heard any stories about the birth of hybrids because demons haven’t received good treatment so far. If there were any, we would have directly intervened to protect them in our Helium.”

“...I’m sorry.”

“No, there’s no need to apologize.”

When Marie apologized, Cecily waved her hand and reassured her, saying it was okay. Then she shifted her gaze to me and, with a sly smile, opened her mouth in a subdued voice.

“You might hear news about the birth of hybrids soon. Don’t you think so?”

“... ..”

Why are you looking at me and saying that? Of course, it's possible to hear news about the birth of hybrids, considering that demons are gaining popularity day by day.

I pretended to be composed and raised my teacup.

'Come to think of it, the horns...'

Cecily's horns began to gradually turn reddish, just like in the previous exhibition.

The time Isaac left for the bathroom.

When Isaac left his seat, Rina cautiously called Marie, who was sitting across from her.

"...Marie?"

"Yeah? What's up?"

"Well... you said you would stay at Alvenheim for about a day."

"So?"

"Do you happen to need a place with soundproofing?"

Rina asked hesitantly, but Marie accurately understood what she meant. With a shy expression and a blush on her cheeks, Marie responded.

"C-Can I ask you for a favor? It might get a bit noisy... Since it's Alvenheim, it should be okay, right?"

"Uh, yeah. Of course."

Rina said with a reddened face.

"...Maybe."

Marie couldn't even hear the rest of the conversation because it was so quiet.

"Hmm..."

And Cecily, who was sitting next to them, could hear everything. She looked at Rina with a subtle gaze.

Rina's face turned bright red, as if she was already imagining something, and she couldn't even lift her head.

She even fidgeted between her legs as if something was tickling her. It was like the appearance of a maiden seeing something provocative for the first time.

'How cute.'

Cecily inwardly chuckled at Rina's uneasiness.

Translators note:

1/5

Chapter 135: To Alvenheim (2)

The next day, after it was confirmed that I was heading to Alvenheim, Arwen came directly to my accommodation. Since she used magic to conceal her presence, she managed to sneak into my room without anyone noticing. At first, I was startled when I heard a voice coming from thin air, but soon I realized it was Arwen and felt relieved.

From then on, Arwen would visit my room, and before we started our conversation, I informed her of the news. I immediately told her that I was going to Alvenheim, and her reaction was quite interesting.

“What, what? What did you just say?”

“I’m going to Alvenheim soon. My friend suggested that we go together, and I thought it would be a good idea, so I agreed.”

“Then...”

“I’ll get to see you deliver a speech with my own eyes.”

“Ugh...”

Arwen, apparently not expecting me to come to Alvenheim at all, held both of her ears and groaned. It was quite fascinating to see her elongated ears being held like handles. It seemed to be a habit that came out whenever she was flustered.

Meanwhile, Arwen, in a slightly anxious voice, asked if I had to be bothered to come. Her hands were still firmly gripping her ears.

“Mm, can you not come?”

“Why?”

“It’s, um, it’s embarrassing.”

“But you’ve already seen everything, so what’s there to be embarrassed about?”

Arwen's cheeks turned as red as the sunset, feeling embarrassed at the strange part. As someone who had witnessed my situation with Marie with both eyes, I couldn't help but smirk.

However, it's not that I don't sympathize at all. Already burdened with the pressure to do well in front of a lot of people, if I were to be watched by a person that coached me, the burden would be immense.

"Anyway, it's decided that I'll watch your speech. Besides, I already made the teleportation reservation, and I don't have any grounds to refuse."

"Well, wouldn't it be better if you instead focus on writing your book?"

"I don't know. Wouldn't you think the opposite? There's such a great material, so why would I not go?"

"Mm..."

Was it confirmed that I would be watching the speech? Arwen held onto her ears and closed her eyes tightly.

After a deep sigh, she let go of her ears, which she had been gripping like a handle, and murmured quietly.

"I guess there's no choice... But don't get your hopes up. Even if the speech you conveyed is great, it will vary depending on the person delivering it."

"If you have confidence, there shouldn't be any problems if you do it like you did last time."

"Well, I hope so..."

It seems that Arwen is feeling quite burdened. After all, this is her first nationwide address, so it's natural for her to feel nervous. Delivering a speech in front of people is already a nerve-wracking experience, let alone a nationwide address. As the day approaches, Arwen's emotions will likely fluctuate rapidly, and the possibility of not being able to sleep properly is high.

If she were a complete stranger, I might have ignored it, but because she is Arwen, I felt inclined to help. I was partially responsible if she messes up and in a way, she is one of the people I can call a "friend."

Considering my limited and narrow human relationships, I want to help my friends as much as possible. Although it may seem like an intervention in state affairs, I was simply helping a friend, so it didn't seem significant.

“What should I do? Should I cheer you on? Or should I pat your head?”

“...Don't treat me like a child. Even though I may look like this, I've lived many times longer than you.”

“For a grandma, you seem to enjoy teasing me a lot.”

“You... sigh.”

Instead of getting annoyed at being called “grandma,” Arwen patted her chest as if comforting herself. After being teased so much about being a grandmother, she seemed to have grown accustomed to it.

In fact, it's only possible to call her “grandma” because she's Arwen. I tried it once jokingly with Cecily, and she almost tore my ear off, so I would never do it again.

On the other hand, Arwen's reactions are quite amusing. Even if she acts like a child most of the time, when teased like this, she tries hard to act like an adult.

When she gets upset, she pouts like a rabbit that had its food taken away, and it was difficult to stop her from sulking.

“...The only human who can converse with me without any pretenses is you.”

“Is that a way of saying I'm special?”

“Well...”

I said it as a joke, but Arwen stared at me intensely. Because of that, I ended up feeling embarrassed.

Meanwhile, she nodded her head and calmly opened her mouth, speaking with a composed voice.

“In a way, it could be possible. I've never made human friends while living in human society, you see.”

“Huh? Weren't you from Alvenheim?”

“I’m a half-blood with human blood mixed in. It seems I forgot to mention that.”

Arwen being a half-blood was quite surprising news. It was due to the prejudice that the Queen of Alvenheim would naturally be a pureblood.

However, as Cindy mentioned last time, Arwen didn’t receive any sponsorship from the prestigious families and rose to the position of queen through her own abilities. If she were an ordinary elf, it might have been suspicious, but being a half-blood changes the story.

“I had no idea. So, did you live in the human world until one of your parents passed away naturally?”

“My mother gave birth to me and shortly after, she left this world.”

“Uh... I’m sorry.”

It feels like I asked for no reason. I’m worried that I may have touched a wound.

Fortunately, Arwen seemed indifferent and reassured me, shaking her head. Then, with a nostalgic gaze, she began to recall past memories, one by one.

“After my mother passed away, my father took me and we traveled all around the world. He taught me to see the bright and dark sides of humans, and to make their strengths my own. It served me well in Alvenheim, and I could even become a queen.”

“Did you manipulate the prestigious families?”

“You could say something similar. I asked them to lend me their power to restrain the Council. As the power of the noble families in the Council grew, they deemed it necessary to have a means of control, so they aided me.”

“What about the Academy? Didn’t you attend?”

According to Cindy, I heard that the elves of Alvenheim receive education at a place called the First Academy until the age of 50. They say one becomes a walking library, but that’s only because they focus solely on education until they turn 50. Of course, it’s not like education is forced upon them like in some countries, so there are no complaints as they immerse themselves in what they enjoy.

And elves are considered respectable members of society only if they graduate from the Academy. However, I’m not sure what happens to half-elves.

“You can attend the Academy. From what I’ve heard from other half-elves, most of them have human parents with whom they enjoyed traveling the world and then entered Alvenheim. For elves, the doors of the Academy are always open, so there’s no problem in receiving an education.”

“Don’t you usually receive education until the age of 50?”

“That’s a general story, but it varies from person to person. If you only want to graduate, you can do it in 10 years.”

“It seems quite lenient for elves.”

“It might be a story made possible due to their long lifespan. You can’t estimate someone’s age just by appearances. Even among elves, age is often inferred through speech or demeanor.”

In a way, she shows a compassionate side, particularly towards the elves. However, seeing the current turmoil caused by mixed blood issues, it is clear that there is still a long way to go.

If this situation does not settle down, won’t they intensify mixed blood tests? I am concerned that if oppression occurs, it might truly give rise to a fascist state. In that case, Arwen could also be expelled. I looked at her quietly and asked in a calm voice.

“Will you reveal your own mixed blood during the speech?”

“Hmm? Isn’t that obvious? If not, the sense of urgency won’t be conveyed.”

“Regardless of the situation, you have a strong sense of responsibility.”

“Hmph. I’m not pleased with your praise at all.”

Arwen coughed dryly, but I could see it. A faint blush appeared on her snow-white cheeks. Above all, it was the elongated ears twitching up and down. No matter how much she tried to hide her emotions, her ears were an undeniable giveaway.

“What does it matter if you’re not pleased? How will you deal with the Council of Elders with those ears?”

“As I said before, there is no one else but you who I can engage in a conversation without prejudice. In fact, there are not many individuals I would call friends.”

Why does it feel so pitiful? Perhaps the reason she cared for Rain so desperately was also because of loneliness.

From the moment of birth, living as a wanderer and then entering Alvenheim and taking the Queen's seat. It's safe to say there was hardly any time to maintain personal relationships.

Although appearing composed on the surface, there are few people with whom she can speak so frankly. In fact, even if jokingly asked if I am special, the answer would be affirmative.

“As a friend... well, in life, you can make friends. You still have more days to live than I do.”

“I hope so, but... it's a problem that I can't easily trust people because of the Elders' Council. I have no idea where their eyes and ears are, so I can't help but be cautious in everything.”

“The perfect situation to catch a case of paranoia.”

Arwen nodded silently. High-ranking politicians like her know very well how 'trust' is futile.

Originally, politics are deeply intertwined with power, and as power increases, morality and distance fade away. Naturally, the meaning of trust also inevitably loses its significance.

Moreover, the moment power weakens, hyenas come rushing in. Historically, despots are often born when they become obsessed with power, but most of them suffer from paranoia and become violent.

'If Arwen were to become like that...'

Will there really be a fascist elf? It could be recorded as the worst in the history of Alvenheim, where all the members of the Council of Elders are pushed aside by force and only she remains.

Of course, given Arwen's kind nature, the probability of that happening is slim, but you never know what can happen in the world. There have been numerous cases of noble leaders falling into the path of evil due to various incidents.

I looked at Arwen with an accusing gaze. Arwen seemed to have read my gaze and spoke with a bitter smile.

“You don’t have to look at me like that. This is the path I have chosen, and there’s no point in complaining. I am not as weak as you think.”

“Why did you choose to become a queen? You could have lived an ordinary life.”

To achieve a specific goal, one must rise to a position of high authority. So what is Arwen’s goal?

After contemplating whether she could answer my question, Arwen looked me in the eyes. My face was reflected in her galaxy-like shimmering gray eyes.

Then Arwen smirked and opened her mouth in a cautious tone.

“This is a story I haven’t told anyone, so consider yourself special. I will tell you personally.”

“In that case, I don’t have to listen.”

“Y-You must listen to what people say!”

Indeed, teasing Arwen brings joy. As she saw me chuckling, her face turned red, and she stood tall.

It’s irresistible, as if teasing an innocent child. Still, it seems like a serious story, so let’s listen.

Arwen also corrected her posture and cleared her throat before glancing at me. Then, in a quiet yet gentle voice, she spoke.

“As I mentioned earlier, I have traveled the human world with my father. I observed their bright and dark sides and learned a lot. One of the things I realized is that humans experience so many failures. In other words, they constantly strive and challenge themselves.”

“Hmm…”

“On the other hand, what about us, the Elves? We simply walk the paths laid by others. The problem is, even with just that one path, we can surpass other races. It may be fine for now, but surely significant troubles will arise in the future.”

“Because of humans?”

“It’s not so much about them, but rather our complacency. Even with the lingering shadow of the Race Wars, concealed in the light, the Council of Elders fails to regain their senses. Moreover, their power, though not as great as before, is gradually growing stronger. Just look at how many times the throne has changed hands throughout history.”

Indeed, in comparison to their lifespans, the kings of Alvenheim have not been without frequent replacements. Listening to Arwen’s story, it seemed that the severe constraints imposed by the Council of Elders were likely the cause.

“I wanted to stop that. Moreover, I am in the midst of constantly challenging it. Even if conflicts arise along the way, if we can resolve those conflicts, it means some ‘change’ has occurred. If such changes happen frequently, undoubtedly our Elves will undergo progress.”

“I don’t know if you’re aware, but there are many humans who dislike change.”

“But it doesn’t mean there aren’t people who embrace challenges. I simply want to encourage our people to take on challenges. Even if someone calls it an unnecessary policy, it doesn’t matter. Because even if it’s not understood now, evaluations may change in the distant future.”

The policies that Arwen mentioned were harshly criticized during her time, but they could receive praise as achievements in the distant future. She is more concerned about the future than the present.

However, there are still worrisome aspects. With a concerned voice, I asked her.

“What about you? Are you okay? You could be expelled if you make a mistake.”

“If it’s the people rather than the Council who drive me away, I would willingly accept it. That, too, would be a change.”

“Just by saying that, you don’t seem like a true elf.”

“Not seem like an elf...”

Upon hearing my words, Arwen shrugged her shoulders and nonchalantly replied.

“In a way, that could be true. Being a half-blood with human thinking ingrained in me. Still, I have pride as an elf.”

“That’s a response befitting an elf.”

“Then what do you think an elf is? Do you believe they are an arrogant and stubborn race like other humans might think?”

“Well, it’s just...”

I shifted my gaze elsewhere and pondered deeply. Elves, like humans, are a race that cannot be easily defined.

As Arwen mentioned, elves possess an arrogant and knowledgeable aspect, but conversely, it is because of this that they can be seen as a proud and courageous race. If humans have clear distinctions between light and shadow, could it be said that elves have such a strong light that their hidden shadows are also significant?

Still, this one thing feels certain to me. I faced Arwen directly and opened my mouth.

“A race that only regains their senses after being hit.”

“What?”

Arwen blinked in response to my answer. It was a completely unexpected reaction.

With a slight smile, I continued speaking.

“Elves are a race that only regains their senses after being hit. It applies to the Race War and the conflict between the elves and the dark elves that you told me about. They’re all similar, right? They don’t move until someone hits them.”

“...”

“So, it means that someone has to hit them for them to progress. Do you understand what I mean?”

“...”

Arwen blinked with a bewildered expression, as if she couldn’t believe it or was dumbfounded. Her innocent face was so adorable that I almost instinctively wanted to pat her on the head.

Finally gathering her thoughts, Arwen smirked and shook her head.

“Really... That’s an outrageous answer. But I can’t refute it because it’s true.”

“If you know, you should hit harder during your speech too. You’ll give you the speech, though.”

“Thank you. And... Isaac.”

“Yeah?”

Arwen called me but hesitated to speak. With a puzzled expression, she made a small request of me.

“If I take the wrong path... could you hit me once?”

“What?”

“You’re the only person I consider a friend, and you’re the only one who can hit me.”

So, she wants me to snap her out of it every time she goes off track? The choice of words is odd, but Arwen is asking me to play the role of a brake for her.

It seems that her words about considering me a special person were not false but true. I was a little taken aback, but eventually agreed.

“Alright. That should be easy.”

“Thank you.”

Arwen gave a gentle smile and softly opened her mouth.

“I’m really fortunate to have met you.”

A few days later.

“Will Cecily come too?”

“Yeah. She’s planning to come with Balak.”

“Why is Gartz coming again?”

“Just taking him along? He’ll probably want to meet you too, so it’s a good opportunity.”

I set off for Alvenheim.

Translators note:

2/5

9 more days and my tests end so finally there will be no more delays in releases. And as always, I apologize for the delay.

Chapter 136: In Alvenheim (1)

The day has arrived for them to enter Alvenheim, the country that is both the homeland of the elves and the first country created, chosen by the gods. Alvenheim boasts strict immigration procedures, as mentioned before, so we set off early in the morning.

Following that, together with Marie, Rina, and the other two, they traveled by carriage to the palace, which can be considered the symbol of the empire. Since Cecily mentioned that she would depart from Helium instead of the Minerva Empire, she wasn't present.

And if you ask why we are going to the palace, it's because the teleportation facility for moving between countries, rather than just regions, is located there. The teleportation device at the Requilis Mansion can only transport to locations within the Minerva Empire.

“Are we going to enter Alvenheim directly from here?”

“No, it's not like that. We'll arrive in Alvenheim, but we still have to provide detailed identification and state our purpose for entry there. Think of this place as an intermediate point.”

After a while, we arrived at the teleportation facility. It was installed on the outskirts because it was deemed unsafe to have it inside the palace. The security measures, including guards and the stern appearance of the building, were strict, possibly to prepare for any unforeseen accidents.

When I visited Helium, I didn't have a chance to enjoy it as I used Cecily's personal teleportation device. But now that I was facing it directly, it seemed fascinating.

The size of the building wasn't as large as expected, and at first glance, it resembled a prison.

While observing the unfamiliar teleportation device, I discreetly glanced at Rina standing beside me. She was currently giving instructions to the escort knights who had accompanied us.

It seemed like they were discussing the immigration procedures.

“Isaac, this is your first time traveling to another country, isn’t it?”

Marie, who was standing beside me, asked as she looked at Rina. When I turned my head, I saw Marie’s face beaming with a smile.

‘Come to think of it, Marie doesn’t know.’

Due to the high-profile theft incident, I had briefly visited Helium in the past. However, that visit was kept secret between me, Cecily, and Arwen. Marie was unaware of such an event taking place.

So, she would naturally assume that this is my first time going to another country. I awkwardly smiled and scratched my head.

“Yeah, and I’m a bit nervous about Alvenheim. Marie, have you ever been there?”

“Well, actually, it’s my first time in Alvenheim too. I’ve been to places like the Ters Kingdom or the Belua Republic, but this is my first experience with a country mainly populated by a different species.”

“So, you have no idea about it at all?”

“Well, I heard that the immigration process is ridiculously strict. And my dad mentioned that there’s some racial discrimination.”

“Racial discrimination, huh...”

As I listened to her story, I pondered over it. In my previous life, there was racial discrimination based on skin color, but it seemed to be called racial discrimination here because the species here are different.

I also heard from Cindy that the older generation, in particular, frequently engages in discriminatory behavior. It’s not just them, even some improperly educated younger generations do it occasionally.

The more I think about it, the more I feel like they are the perfect embodiment of “arrogance.” They may not surpass humans in terms of extremes of light and shadow, but they can definitely be compared.

“What about Cecily? Cecily is a demon, right? It seems like it would be even worse for her than us.”

“I’m worried about that too. She managed to get the entry permit, but I’m not sure what will happen after that. Apparently, demons have never set foot in Alvenheim before.”

Marie expressed her concerns with a voice full of worry. In reality, regardless of which country it was, “official” entry for demons was nearly impossible. Most of them resorted to illegal entry, and Helium had enforced a semi-closed-door policy.

The situation improved significantly after Xenon’s Biography, but there were still tensions with Alvenheim. Even if they allowed entry on the surface, nobody knew what was happening internally.

Because of this, I worried that Cecily might face discriminatory treatment in Alvenheim. However, if that were to happen, it would escalate into a serious diplomatic issue. Obtaining permission to enter was equivalent to officially stating the intention to visit.

Not only Alvenheim but also the Minerva Empire had long spread rumors. They knew that both Rina and Marie, including myself, were going to visit Alvenheim to witness Arwen’s speech to the nation.

By the way, Rina and Marie were introduced as a princess and the next duchess respectively, while I was introduced as Marie’s fiancé. It was only natural for Marie to smile with joy upon hearing that.

“Still, don’t worry too much. If that happens, it will only tarnish Alvenheim’s reputation. Besides, we are planning to stay at a nearby inn.”

“Are we going to stay at the inn all the time? Don’t you want to go out and explore?”

“If you want to, it’s fine. But I’m not sure if that’s possible. After all, you and I will be sharing the same room.”

“... ..”

As soon as I mentioned sharing the same room, Marie’s face turned red in an instant. Yet, she tightly held my hand, representing her desire implicitly.

I smiled and gave her a reassuring squeeze, as if I could understand her inner thoughts without saying a word. Marie let out her characteristic tickling laughter and looked delighted.

Although it was a joking remark, considering the infamous entry procedures of Alvenheim and our exhausted bodies, it seemed like we would need to rest at an inn for

a day. Just in case, I had brought along books and notebooks.

“Now, let’s go. They said everything has already been arranged inside. We just need to stand on the magic circle.”

“When we move, we start the entry procedures there, right?”

“Yes. It won’t be as strict as its reputation suggests, so don’t worry. We are nobles, after all. Our identities are already guaranteed.”

“Got it. But, Rina, have you been to Alvenheim before?”

“I went once with my brother. I even met the queen back then.”

“Really?”

Visiting Alvenheim was one thing, but hearing about her meeting Arwen was new information. How did Rina end up meeting Arwen?

Seeing the questions on my face, Rina smiled and casually replied.

“I had the opportunity to visit the Alvenheim’s Academy just once. It was inside a gigantic tree called the World Tree. It was truly fascinating. I met the queen during that time.”

“How was it compared to Halo Academy?”

“It’s much better there. I guess it’s because the academy was built by the elves themselves. Even a simple spell costs a lot in our budget.”

When will humans be able to use magic freely, like elves or demons, maybe not just as effortlessly as breathing, but accessible to anyone with enough effort?

If not, it wouldn’t be bad to harness the power of science. Honestly, seeing the existence of air conditioners and refrigerators, it seems like machines are more than likely to be created.

With such futile thoughts in my mind, I stepped into the teleportation facility. Passing by the security guards guarding the entrance, I entered the building, and I felt the air grow heavy.

“Oh...”

Immediately upon surveying the interior, I let out a sigh filled with various meanings. There were intricate magic circles on the floor, and around them were mages wearing robes. Rather than teleportation, it felt more like summoning demons.

Moreover, the murmurs of the mages in a foreign language echoed subtly, creating an eerie atmosphere.

“All preparations are complete, Your Highness. You may stand on the magic circle.”

A hoarse voice interjected while I observed the preparation process. It seemed to be the person in charge of managing the teleportation facility. I nodded in response and walked towards the magic circle. As I moved, Marie moved with me, still holding my hand. Soon, as everyone heading to Alvenheim climbed onto the magic circle, the former person in charge opened his mouth.

“Teleportation will be activated in 10 seconds. 10... 9... 8... 7... 6... 1.”

Wait a moment. Why did it suddenly jump from 6 seconds to 1? Before I could react or say anything, the person in charge activated the magic circle with his distinctive hoarse voice.

“Departing to Alvenheim.”

Paaat!

At that moment, a bright light, blinding enough to make my eyes ache, burst out from the magic circle. I tightly closed my eyes and waited silently until the light disappeared.

As a precaution, I squeezed Marie’s hand with a firm grip, and I could feel her silently reassuring me by gently exerting strength.

Thanks to that brief moment of relief, the light emanating from the magic circle gradually diminished. Feeling that it was safe to open my eyes, I quietly opened them.

Could it be that the bright light erupted in an instant? In my field of vision, black spots swirled and obstructed my sight. Nevertheless, it wasn’t to the point where I couldn’t see anything at all, so I could still distinguish things.

The wizards who had surrounded the magic circle just moments ago had disappeared without a trace, and in front of me a man stood confidently. When I looked closely at his face, he had a beautiful appearance and, along with it, ears much longer than those of a human.

The man was none other than an elf. As I stared at him with a dumbfounded expression, he flashed an elegant smile and spoke kindly.

“Welcome to Alvenheim, everyone. You can proceed with the immigration process over there.”

“Um... Hello?”

“Yes. Hello. Red-haired gentleman.”

In a moment of surprise, I greeted him, and the elf man responded smoothly with a gentle demeanor. Feeling foolish for doing it for no reason, my face flushed with embarrassment.

Meanwhile, Rina, following proper etiquette, greeted the elf and spoke up.

“Hello. I am Rina Urmi Christine, the First Princess of the Minerva Empire. Have you heard about our arrival?”

“Of course. You can follow that path for the detailed immigration procedures.”

“Thank you. Let’s go, everyone.”

“Okay.”

I looked around as I followed behind Rina. Unlike the teleportation facility I saw earlier, this place was filled with dense trees. The unique scent of the forest tantalized my senses, and everything around me was green. Moreover, I only saw one elf guarding this place.

As I passed the elf man who seemed to be in charge, our eyes met. I couldn’t tell what he was thinking, but he gave us an elegant smile while looking at us.

‘Are they just letting us go this easily?’

The immigration process in Alvenheim is known to be notoriously strict. So, I had mentally prepared myself for something tougher, and it felt somewhat anticlimactic to be sent off so easily.

Or maybe if we continue down this path, some kind of checkpoint similar to a customs office will appear. I had a creeping suspicion and asked Rina. There were escort knights beside us, but we didn’t need to pay much attention to them, so I used informal language.

“Are we going straight into Alvenheim now?”

“No, that’s not it. If we walk a little further ahead, there should be an institution set up for the immigration process. We’ll go through the actual immigration process there.”

“What about the person we just saw?”

“He’s a wizard who manages the teleportation facility. Unlike humans, elves can use teleportation with just one wizard.”

“Can he manage it alone?”

“He’s probably an expert in that area since he has to transport multiple people. And he’ll be on guard in unseen places. The forest is like a sanctuary for elves.”

It seems like they were serving as border patrol in an unseen location. I became fascinated as I learned new facts one after another. Upon seeing my expression, Rina smirked and told me about the plans ahead. Specifically, she explained how to smoothly pass through the immigration process.

“If you use the teleportation facility, you’re usually considered VIP and the immigration process becomes much smoother. So, as long as you don’t give strange answers, you should be able to pass without any issues.”

“For example?”

“When they ask about the purpose of your visit, you shouldn’t simply say it’s for travel. You need to provide detailed information about where you’re traveling, which inn you plan to stay at, and when you’ll be departing. We’re considered VIPs, so it’s easier for us. As you know, elves are particularly strict when it comes to other races.”

“Why are elves so strict?”

It wasn’t my question but Marie’s. She was filled with curiosity in her blue eyes.

However, Rina either didn’t know much about that aspect or purposely avoided the topic and passed it on to me.

“Well, I’m not quite sure either. Maybe Isaac knows?”

“Do you know, Isaac?”

“Well, it’s just a guess... It’s probably because of the racial war.”

“The racial war?”

Marie had an expression that seemed to ask for a detailed explanation. The same was true for Rina, who was beside her. It seemed like they both genuinely didn't know.

As I looked at the curious gazes of the two women, I slowly organized my thoughts and began explaining one by one. It was easy for me to talk about the story, since I had heard about it from Cindy.

“As you both know, humans and elves fought a racial war 300 years ago. It was a war that caused significant damage not only to humans but also to elves. However, for elves, 300 years is like 30 years for humans. On the other hand, for humans, it's been more than three centuries. Humans have recorded the war in their history, but elves still remember it. That's why the immigration process might be strict. The aftermath of the war is still ongoing for elves.”

“Is it to prevent possible terrorism, perhaps?”

“In a way, yes. However, keep in mind that elves have only recently started adopting an open policy. Naturally, they have to be cautious. A single drop of water can cloud the whole pond, as they say.”

“I see...”

After listening to my explanation, Marie exclaimed in agreement. It wasn't just her, but Rina had a similar expression on her face as well.

Shortly after, Marie let out a mischievous laugh and clung tightly to my arm. Then, she repeatedly kissed my face and murmured in a voice filled with happiness.

“To think that such a smart and handsome person is my boyfriend... I feel like the luckiest woman.”

“Marie, isn't Rina watching?”

“Then let her look. How is it? Jealous?”

Marie joked and crossed her arms, teasing Rina. It was a scene that could never have happened if they hadn't recently reconciled, or rather, it wouldn't have happened at all.

Rina smirked at Marie's innocence and couldn't hold back her words, as if she couldn't help herself.

“I envy you. I wish I had a guy like Isaac. Handsome, smart, and...”

Rina paused for a moment, gradually lowering her gaze. Eventually, her eyes stopped in the middle and she tightly sealed her lips. At the same time, a faint blush appeared on her face.

Not knowing what she was thinking, I tilted my head curiously. Just as I was doing so, Rina subtly shifted her gaze and coughed lightly.

“Ehem, it’s nothing. Just jealous.”

“Are you thinking about it again?”

Just as Rina was about to respond, Marie abruptly interrupted. The question seemed to hit the mark as Rina became visibly flustered and started stumbling over her words.

“Oh, no! Absolutely not! I’m not a pervert...!”

“For someone who’s not, your face is awfully red. Are you, by any chance...”

“Sh, shut up! Isaac will misunderstand!”

Why is my name suddenly being mentioned? As I wondered, Rina emerged with a face that had turned as red as Marie’s.

For a brief moment, eyes of a similar shade to Marie’s were fixed on my face, repeatedly shifting up and down.

And...

Gulp

Rina swallowed nervously, unsure whether it was due to the pressure or her own tension. Considering her usually composed personality, it was an unexpected reaction.

“Hmm.”

Meanwhile, Marie, perhaps thinking she had caught something interesting, uncrossed her arms and approached Rina stealthily. Her subtle nasal sound and expression indicated that her mischievousness was at play.

Following that, Marie approached Rina and whispered softly into her ear.

“...!”

Though I couldn't understand what Marie said, with a brief remark, Rina's body jolted visibly. Her snow-white skin turned completely red, and her trembling lips caught my attention.

What could Marie have said? While I was curious, Marie chuckled softly, uncrossing her arms and clinging to me.

“What did you say?”

“Oh, it's nothing. Just playing a little prank.”

“Ugh...”

Considering it was just a prank, the reaction was quite intense. Rina had buried her face in both hands and couldn't even lift her head.

“Hehe.”

“... ..”

Regardless of whether Rina responded or not, Marie stuck close to me, giggling. Afterwards, we were able to set foot on the distant checkpoint.

“No, it's not allowed. Even if you have permission, unless it's directly approved by the Queen or the Council, demons are not allowed to step foot in Alvenheim.”

“How many times do I have to say it? I received direct permission from the Queen, and I have the documents right here. Do you seriously not believe an official decree issued by the Queen?”

“Why would our Queen permit demon entry for any reason? Show me proper evidence.”

“Sigh...!”

Amidst the heated argument over entry procedures, we came face to face with Cecily.

Translators note:

3/5 Two more chapters coming later today

Chapter 137: In Alvenheim (2)

The relationship between elves and demons is subtly complex, but it can be said that elves unilaterally dislike demons. Demons have made countless efforts to be recognized as human beings and have not discriminated against elves or any other race.

As a result, even though elves are wary of and disdain demons, demons themselves do not pay much attention to it. However, during the race war, demons did keep an eye on humans, so there was some contact between them.

If demons had not helped the human alliance, the elves' self-destruction would have caused great damage to humans as well. There are research results suggesting that the reason humans were able to use magic easily was also due to the demons' interference.

Thus, the relationship between elves and demons is subtle. Elves despise demons, who are descendants of devils, but demons simply overlook it. If Xenon's Biography had not appeared and the perception of demons remained the same, and if Alvenheim had not pursued an open policy, the conflicts between the two would have been minimal. The reason they did not confront each other, despite being wary of each other's existence, is due to the risk of mutual annihilation and the lack of justification.

However, as time passed and the world changed, the opportunity arose for the demons to move towards the light, and the elves reached out their hands, shedding their arrogance.

Although they have never clashed before, the conflict between these two polar opposites is a situation that could potentially occur someday.

“Noona, what's going on?”

“Hmm? Oh.”

I approached Cecily, who was engaged in a confrontation with an elf, and called out to her. Cecily, who had been catching her breath, widened her red eyes at my appearance.

Gartz, who had been standing beside her all this time, politely nodded his head in greeting. I also returned the gesture by nodding my head in silence and refocused on Cecily.

Cecily, dressed in a pitch-black dress that complemented her hair color, exuded an aura befitting a princess. The material and delicate appearance of the dress gave the impression of being suitable for going out, but even ordinary clothing was elevated to an air of luxury when paired with her.

While I observed her attire, Cecily glanced at Marie and Rina next to me and then expressed her fatigue.

“It’s nothing major. I just have a slight headache due to the immigration procedures.”

“Immigration procedures...”

Upon hearing the mention of immigration procedures, I turned my head to look at the elf with whom she had been clashing. He had a handsome appearance befitting an elf, but there was a firm and sharp impression about him.

He was dressed plainly, but there was a symbol on his chest that seemed to indicate his rank. It seemed that he was one of the personnel assigned for the immigration procedures.

“Let me reiterate, please provide more concrete evidence. Even if you have a document, how will you prove its authenticity? Being a demon, you could easily forge such a trivial magical document.”

“Can’t you see the stamp of the queen’s approval? This seal is an enchanted insignia that cannot be replicated even with magic. It’s something I wouldn’t be able to accomplish no matter what.”

“Therefore, I request more solid proof. The queen’s seal alone is far from sufficient.”

I could gather a rough idea of the situation. It seems that the immigration officer is refusing entry by finding faults due to the suspicion that Cecily is a demon.

This alone would be a significant diplomatic offense, but considering the situation in Helium, it can be seen as an external pressure. As you know, Helium had to quietly endure harsh treatment from neighboring countries until the events related to Xenon’s Biography unfolded.

But that's not the case anymore. Helium has started actively engaging with neighboring countries for several months, unveiling their hidden strengths all at once to firmly establish their presence.

The problem here is that it's still in the early stages. Helium has had little diplomatic experience with other countries for centuries, and their perception is only gradually improving. It cannot be guaranteed what might happen if something goes wrong.

Therefore, if Cecily handles the situation even slightly incorrectly, she could face severe consequences. I'm not sure if the immigration officer has thought that far, but the situation remains difficult.

'Can a princess, not even an ordinary noble, be treated like this?'

Perhaps because they may not know how powerful the demons, especially Helium, are, they act that way. Even during the racial war, the demons supported the human alliance from behind and did not engage in direct armed conflict with the elves.

The typical arrogance of the elves towards humans has been diluted through the racial war, but their perspective towards demons remains unchanged.

I alternated between observing the immigration officer and Cecily, then asked Cecily.

“Noona, can you show me that official document?”

“Why?”

“Just curious.”

It's unlikely, but Arwen might have approved it strangely. There might be a possibility.

Cecily handed me the official document without any suspicion at my request. The official document was rolled up like a scroll, and the texture of the paper was noticeably different from ordinary ones.

After carefully unrolling the rolled-up paper, I found a neatly written official document. At the bottom, there was a stamp proving it was from Queen Arwen.

[I, Queen Arwen Elidia of Alvenheim, hereby approve the entry of Princess Cecily Drat Eisilia Vin of Helium and her escort knight, Gartz Balak.]

Although it was a brief content, the letters written with a special pen sparkled like stars. It seems to be deeply related to magic.

The date written on the stamp, as well as the context that seemed to be written with magic, clearly indicated Arwen's approval. With this alone, there is no way Cecily would be denied entry.

With a puzzled expression, I asked the immigration officer, as I couldn't understand it at all.

"Umm... No, it's an official document directly issued by the Queen. Why can't you believe it?"

"It's not that I don't believe it, but I need something more certain than this."

"Isn't this one thing enough?"

"No. The entry of a demon is unprecedented in the history of Alvenheim, so it's an inevitable procedure."

Have you ever seen someone so stubborn? I can somewhat understand how Middle Eastern people feel when they try to enter the United States.

Other races might be similar, but demons, who have the risk of transforming into devils, are always a cause for concern. However, it's particularly severe in the case of elves.

Moreover, elves pride themselves on being chosen by the gods, while demons are descendants of the devil, so it's natural to dislike them. It's somewhat comparable to white people discriminating against black people based on race.

Anyway, such discrimination is unjustifiable. I questioned the examiner with a voice that expressed my complete lack of understanding.

"If this document is genuinely approved by the Queen, what are you going to do about it? Are you willing to take responsibility?"

"I've already requested confirmation from the higher-ups. If you just wait, there won't be any issues with the entry. The Queen will personally verify it."

"How long will it take?"

"That, I don't know. Since it's the first time for a demon's entry, it might take a while. It will at least take two days."

Wow... I'm amazed. He is refusing entry because he didn't receive instructions from higher-ups. It seems excessively inflexible.

Elves are known for their strong stubbornness due to their distinctive pride, but I didn't expect it to be this intense. No wonder they imprisoned Iker during the racial war.

Cecily gave the officer an exasperated look, as if it wasn't frustrating enough.

“Can you take responsibility for this situation? It's a serious breach diplomatically. Can't you even imagine what will happen if this news reaches the Queen's ears?”

“It doesn't matter. I have witnessed 400 springs, and I have realized that a 1% chance is not a negligible figure. It is my duty to seal even the slightest gap.”

They say ignorant people become scary when they have beliefs, and this immigration officer clearly exemplified that. A typical stereotypical elf, showing it vividly.

Moreover, having lived for over 400 years, he must belong to a generation that experienced the racial war. It's no wonder his gaze towards demons is far from favorable.

However, this is clearly a misguided measure. I asked the officer calmly, with a tone questioning their sincerity.

“Excuse me. You mentioned sealing even the slightest gap, but originally, if you seal even the slightest gap, you lose flexibility. If you keep doing that, someday it will explode when it can't withstand the internal pressure.”

“This is not your concern. Go to another officer and go through the immigration procedure.”

“I think it's something I should be concerned about. Just because of your misguided judgment, it will cause significant damage to the entire Alvenheim. Are you really okay with that?”

“What nonsense are you talking about? I simply...”

“Whether it's certain or not, whether it's approved or not, are you ignoring it? Are you disrespecting the Queen, or what? Are you a higher authority than the Queen? It's an abuse of power, an abuse of power.”

As I displayed the document and meticulously examined each section, the expression on the officer's face turned cold and rigid. The atmosphere also felt heavy and oppressive, but I refused to back down.

How can any man remain silent when my woman is subjected to such discrimination? If I can endure it, then I would be the lesser person.

“What if Princess... No, Her Highness decides to return and officially lodge a complaint? It would undoubtedly serve as a catalyst for Alvenheim and the entire Elven race to be humiliated. Even though Helium has only recently started diplomatic relations, this would be a disgrace to your nation. And you would become an elf who contributed decisively to the nation’s disgrace. Elves hold honor and dignity as dearly as their own lives, and you have undermined it all as an immigration officer.”

“... ..”

“You mentioned wanting to seal the gap, right? That belief is admirable. It’s always good to be prepared for contingencies. However, the official letter shown to you by Princess Cecily is a kind of conviction that blocks even such contingencies. And yet you refuse entry? You simply dislike demons, there seems to be no other reason.”

Whether it was the blunt strike or not, it seemed to have an effect as the officer’s face turned reddish-purple. When someone else brings out the ugliness buried deep in their heart, it’s only natural for that person to get angry.

It doesn’t matter if I’m denied entry like this. I can ask Siris or Arwen to secretly smuggle me in. Smuggling is a big risk if caught, but as long as I safely reach the country, the chances of being caught are slim.

“... You’re saying something interesting. Do I appear to be refusing entry due to personal emotions?”

“Given the circumstances, it’s hard not to see it that way.”

“Ha! Well, as a human, I suppose you can say such things. Humans have always been a race of greed and foolishness. Unlike us, who are flawless, they cause many problems.”

The officer finally brought up discriminatory remarks after losing their temper. Although I have never experienced racial discrimination in my past life, I ended up facing it here.

However, it doesn’t bother me much. Perhaps it’s because the influence of my past life runs deep, making me more sensitive to ethnic discrimination rather than racial discrimination. I could just brush it off, thinking that since he’s an elf, it’s to be expected.

“... You should reconsider what you just said.”

The officer's discriminatory remark didn't sit well with me, and Cecily spoke in a low voice. Not only her, but Gartz's expression hardened, and Marie and Rina didn't seem any different. I have no idea what criteria were used to select an elf as an immigration officer, but he has clearly crossed the line. I haven't done anything other than point out the facts, yet he dug their own grave.

I had a feeling that I would have to wait for a while to enter the country. I stared directly at the officer, who returned my gaze with a cold look. Perhaps due to my height, our eye levels were almost equal.

"Well... that might be true. Humans often commit numerous wrongs due to greed, selfishness, and foolishness."

"Then why, knowing that..."

"That's why humans have greater potential for progress than any other race. Humans may commit wrongs, but at least they recognize and try to correct them. People progress when they acknowledge and rectify their mistakes. But to be flawless..."

I smirked and delivered a sharp remark to the arrogant elf before my eyes.

"That's a species with absolutely no potential for development, truly a race without dreams or hope. It's just as someone said."

"... .."

"If you truly want to become flawless, start by recognizing where you went wrong and work on fixing it. The moment you become consumed by arrogance and think you're always right, all that remains is self-destruction. I believe you understand what I mean, having experienced the racial war."

If even after saying all this, you still refuse to humble yourself, then I truly have to give you credit. Stubbornness truly can be strong.

I heard from Cyndi that Elves, as strong-willed as they are, often reluctantly concede when their pride is touched.

"Is that all you have to say?"

"Yes."

"Then just leave now. None of you are allowed to enter."

But here, there was an elf who overcame stubbornness with pride. Although I didn't know about anything else, the rigid person in front of me seemed truly hopeless.

Just as I was about to retreat, an unfamiliar voice came from another direction.

“Hahaha. I came just in case, and here you are, doing this.”

“Huh?”

It wasn't the elegant and noble tone unique to Elves, but rather a casual tone filled with levity. I turned my head towards the direction where the voice came from.

When I turned my head, there was an elf man approaching me with a bright, cheerful smile on his face. His graceful and light footsteps were somewhat unique. His hair was a bright emerald green color, reminiscent of grass, and he boasted an enchanting beauty befitting an elf. On the surface, he seemed like a person exuding positive energy, but...

“K-Keir, Keir-nim...!”

Judging by the officer's reaction, something seemed off. As soon as the elf called Keir appeared, the officer's expression filled with fear.

(TL note: His name translates the same as Kair from xenon's saga, so I will be changing it to Keir for clarity unless it's stated otherwise.)

Passing by me, Keir approached the officer and grabbed his shoulder. As he grabbed the shoulder, the officer's complexion turned pale blue. Still wearing his cheerful smile, Keir spoke, his voice as soft as his footsteps.

“I requested it several times. The Princess of Helium will be visiting soon. So, I said that both she and her escort should be allowed entry.”

“H-However, the demons...”

“The descendants of devils? Time bombs that could explode at any moment? Is that really important right now? They're honored guests who have come to witness our Queen's speech. Guests. Understand?”

“I... I apologize.”

“Don't apologize, explain yourself. The princess has the approval letter, and I even requested their entry. So why did you deny them entry? Just tell me once.”

Although his demeanor was gentle, it only made the atmosphere more terrifying. Even I, watching from the side, felt that way, so how must the officer feel?

The atmosphere continued as if something was about to happen, and the officer, whose complexion turned pale, swallowed hard before quietly speaking up.

“...I couldn’t help it.”

“Can you say that again?”

“It was an unavoidable situation, in order to prepare for the worst-case scenario.”

An immigration officer who upheld their beliefs until the end. I couldn’t decide whether to admire their determination or lament their stubbornness beyond imagination.

“I couldn’t help it...”

And upon hearing that response, Keir sighed and patted the officer’s shoulder. Then, with a faint smile, he spoke softly.

“Well, I guess I can’t help it either.”

After saying those words, Keir carefully removed the emblem attached to the officer’s chest.

Thud!

He kicked the officer’s abdomen forcefully. The impact was so powerful that he was sent flying and crashed into the wall, unable to even utter a cry of pain.

If being slammed into the wall like that, I wonder just how strong the kick was. I can guarantee that if I were hit with that kick, I would either be instantly killed or seriously injured.

Even though the officer is an elf with a naturally sturdy body, he would still need to recuperate for a few days.

When everyone was left dumbfounded by the sudden turn of events, Keir, wearing a calm expression, pinned the officer’s badge to his own chest and looked at me.

Finally, he smiled kindly and asked me.

“Since the immigration officer is absent, I’ll take care of the process on their behalf. How far did we discuss?”

“We haven’t talked about anything yet.”

“Hahaha. Let’s leave that behind for now. I would like to see some proof of identity or an approval document. The princess there as well.”

Indeed, even among elves, there had to be eccentric individuals.

Translators note:

4/5

Chapter 138: In Alvenheim (3)

Despite a storm passing by, Cecily managed to go through the immigration process somehow. Due to the official's stubborn refusal, Me, Marie, and Rina had to start from the very beginning. However, Keir followed the proper procedures and even had an approval letter directly from Arwen. Even if the official behaved like an idiot and caused trouble, with just this document, it was as good as having a fast pass.

"I won't publicize this matter, but I will file a complaint to the queen. Since there will be a national speech and we handled the situation well, I'll endure it a bit."

"It doesn't matter. It's our fault, so we have to accept it sternly. I guess it's also a good opportunity to get rid of that guy."

"What will happen if you fire him?"

Cecily pointed to the back where Keir was writing several documents and asked the question. In the direction she pointed, the unconscious official was being carried away by other elves.

Although it was just a kick, it was strong enough to slam him against the wall, so it seems even the toughest elf couldn't avoid fainting.

Keir looked at Cecily's indicated direction and replied in a calm voice.

"Princess, I'm not sure if you are aware of our customs, but elves typically dedicate their entire lives to their professions. Unless their thoughts change or there are unavoidable circumstances, they do not step down from their positions. However, if they commit a grave mistake and are driven out, it becomes a significant issue in various ways. Not only are they unable to work in related occupations, but in the worst case, they may even receive the punishment of ear-cutting."

"Ear-cutting punishment... It must be the most severe penalty for an elf. What about that person, then?"

“Since he insulted a princess from another country, at the very least, one of his ears will be cut off.”

As mentioned before, an elf’s ears are a body part that should never be damaged. Therefore, ear-cutting punishment is one of the dreadful penalties for an elf. An elf with severed ears will not be treated as an equal among other elves, but will likely face a lifetime of contempt and disdain. While the dark elves might not care much since they willingly cut their own ears, for the regular elves, it’s like advertising themselves as criminals.

The officer would no longer be able to proudly declare themselves as an elf for the rest of their lives. It was a price befitting their arrogance.

“I like that.”

“I’m glad you find it satisfactory.”

Cecily wore a satisfied expression because she also knew that, thanks to Keir’s tactful handling, only Arwen would suffer, and it wouldn’t bring disgrace upon the entire Alvenheim.

There was a brief disturbance, but she began listening to Keir’s instructions on what to be mindful of, one by one. What was even more surprising was that he showed ‘consideration’ for Cecily.

No matter if Cecily is the princess of Helium, it seems she is concerned about the difficult situations she may face as a demon.

“So, are you planning to stay for a few days after the speech?”

“After listening to the speech, I plan to return immediately. I guess I have no choice because of the Academy.”

“Oh, by the way, you mentioned that you enrolled in the Halo Academy, right?”

“You know it well.”

“With so many changes happening in the world, I feel left behind if I don’t read the newspaper. Anyway, since you said you will return after the speech, I will issue your permit. As a similar situation could occur again, please keep the Queen’s approval with you and here is my approval letter...”

Is he really the same elf as the overly strict immigration officer? Although the officer was excessive, it is generally common for elves to look down on demons.

Cecily glanced at Keir with a strange look, as if she had similar thoughts to mine.

“You are different from that officer, aren’t you? Your name is Keir, right?”

“Yes, I’m Keir Windhooper. Just an ordinary warrior from Alvenheim. And it’s a mistake to think that all elves are the same as that guy over there.”

“Have you also experienced the racial war?”

“Yes.”

Though it was a brief exchange, it made Keir even more special. The officer over there, who also experienced the racial war, had a completely different mindset.

“First of all, sincerely welcome to Alvenheim, Princess Cecily. It may be late, but I hope you can witness the beauty of Alvenheim with your own eyes now.”

“Thank you for the warm welcome. And hey, guys? Balak and I will be waiting over there, so you can come slowly.”

“Okay.”

“And Keir... What’s your position?”

“I was originally a supervisor, but I became an officer five minutes ago.”

“Pft.”

Unable to hold back, I finally burst into laughter at his witty response. As I looked away, still chuckling, Cecily stared at Keir with a strange look in her eyes.

After a moment, she smiled faintly and spoke quietly.

“Alright, officer. Please make sure this kind of thing doesn’t happen again. Understood?”

“Well, as an elf, it might be difficult to avoid that, so I think I’ll need to do it at least four times.”

“An amusing response. Balak, let’s go.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

“May your journey be short but enjoyable.”

Keir stood up from his seat, bending his waist in a respectful farewell. Despite the favorable first impression, each of his movements exuded the elegance unique to elves.

Sometimes light-hearted yet occasionally firm, and not overly rigid—a distinct personality. Such a character is uncommon even among non-elves, but being an elf makes it even more noticeable.

“Will the Young Lady also return home after the speech?”

“Yes. Oh, by any chance, are there any specialty products that I must buy if I visit Alvenheim?”

“Honestly, anything you buy will likely be a specialty product. I think Young Lady would look good in a dress woven with white silk. Since there’s only one day left until the speech, let me recommend some places...”

As it was Rina’s second visit, they smoothly moved on, and Marie kindly explained even the smallest details. Marie, who was setting foot in Alvenheim for the first time, listened attentively to his stories, feeling slightly excited.

Although I felt a little uncomfortable seeing my girlfriend interacting with another man, especially an elf, I could relax after hearing what Keir said that followed.

“My wife and daughters also have white hair like Lady. It will definitely suit her well.”

“Are you married? Ah, you mentioned that you experienced the Racial War. Excuse me, but may I ask how old you are?”

“I have witnessed 532 springs until now.”

He was an elf who had lived for over 500 years and was a married man. That elf named Keir was undoubtedly a rare species.

“Thank you. Thanks to you, I can save some time.”

“Don’t mention it. You even showed concern earlier, so I should do at least this much. Anyway, I sincerely welcome you to Alvenheim. You can board the teleporter over there to reach Yggdrasil.”

Marie received a welcome greeting from him and stood up from her seat. Then she moved to the area where Cecily and Rina had headed earlier.

Finally, I was left alone and started moving forward without Keir specifically calling me. Keir opened his mouth with his characteristic leisurely voice as I sat opposite him.

“You probably saw it earlier, but we’ll do a simple background check. What is your name?”

“My name is Isaac Ducker Michelle.”

“Isaac Ducker Michelle... the child of the Red Lion.”

“Do you know my father?”

I was surprised when Keir seemed to know about my father, who was no ordinary person. It seems he instantly recognized the combination of red hair and golden eyes.

“It’s not easy to find such a strong human. After the racial war, there was technological development, but there are few humans who can fight on par with Warrior Commanders, like Red Lion.”

“Has my father fought against a Warrior Commander?”

“Not exactly, but I heard news that he defeated a martial artist who could match a Warrior Commander in combat. There are no absolutes in battles, but it should be close. He is actually strong.”

Now that I think about it, I’ve heard that my father had a record of subduing martial artists who were scattered in the border areas during his active duty. Perhaps one of those martial artists had the skill to rival a Warrior Commander.

Although he had the assistance of the military, I’m not surprised anymore since he also had a record of subduing dragons. Combat and the military are distant stories for an ordinary person like me.

“Are you also a knight by any chance?”

“No, I’m a student aspiring to be an ordinary scholar.”

“That’s unexpected. Anyway, I sincerely welcome you to Alvenheim. Here’s your entry permit.”

“Thank you. By the way, Keir, are you a soldier as well? I heard that you participated in the racial war.”

“Yes.”

“It may be an abrupt question, but how do you feel about humans, Keir?”

I suddenly became curious upon hearing stories about my father and Keir’s participation in the racial war. While Keir sees even demons as ordinary people, I wonder how he truly perceives humans.

The racial war resulted in a humiliating defeat for the elves, but it also instilled a sense of vigilance towards the human race. Just like the officer I encountered earlier, some elves are still unable to regain their senses, while others, like Keir, have broadened their perspectives.

When Keir heard my question, he blinked and smiled mischievously before turning the question back to me.

“Do you want a sugar-coated answer, or should I be honest?”

“I would appreciate it if you could be honest.”

“I consider humans to be a fearsome race.”

“A fearsome race...”

It was an answer that felt unfamiliar, coming from an elf who is inherently more skilled than humans. However, I had to take into consideration that Keir had participated in the racial war. Instead of standing up from my seat, I firmly sat back.

Keir also seemed to be intrigued by me, as he maintained a gleeful expression and continued to smile.

“Why do you think that way? No matter how much humans progress, they can never catch up with the inherent abilities of elves.”

“That’s why it’s even scarier. Earlier, you mentioned something. Humans commit numerous wrongdoings due to greed, selfishness, and foolishness. But paradoxically, their potential for development is superior to any other race. In fact, after observing more than 500 springs, humans have shown an incredible capacity for progress. On the other hand, we have experienced only one significant change during that time.”

“Are you referring to the racial war?”

“Yes. And currently, there is a rapid change happening due to the issue of mixed-bloods. Depending on the speech the queen delivers, the situation will change. I hope she does well...”

Judging by his words and the clouded expression, it was genuine. Keir genuinely cared about Alvenheim.

Such a person made me doubt if he truly fit the arrogant elf image. Perhaps he was a mixed-blood like Arwen.

Seemingly having read my inner thoughts, Keir immediately spoke up.

“Oh, by the way, I’m not a mixed-blood. Even though I may seem like it, I’m 100% pureblood. You could say I’m a native.”

“...The term ‘native’ sounds strange.”

“Does it? As long as you understand, it doesn’t matter. Hahaha.”

“You often hear that you’re not very elf-like, right?”

“That’s actually what my wife found attractive about me and confessed first.”

His lightheartedness was refreshing, almost to the point of being cheerful. Even if humans didn’t know, it was certain that he would receive cold gazes from other elves.

Moreover, Keir is a warrior, specifically a soldier. Given the strict characteristics of the military, such a personality can only bring disadvantages in various ways.

“Well, during the racial war, this kind of personality was frustrating in many ways. I felt disillusioned when my superior, who treated me well, was held by the Council for absurd reasons.”

“... ..”

The superior who was held, could it be General Ikher? It’s almost certain considering being held by the Council for absurd reasons.

As if reminiscing about the past, Keir glanced at the desk with a faint gaze and smirked. It was a reaction that implied a sense of indifference, as if it didn’t matter anymore.

“What good does it do to say it like this? It’s already in the past. I apologize for saying unnecessary things.”

“No, it’s rather me who should apologize for touching a sore spot. It would be disrespectful to speak to a war veteran like this in the first place.”

“It was nice to think about the old times after a long time. Is there any information you need?”

“Not particularly. I think I should be going now.”

“I wish you a pleasant journey. Oh, and please don’t misunderstand about making a pass at your fiancée. I definitely didn’t do that.”

“Uh, uh.”

Could it be that he saw my expression back then? I felt embarrassed for no reason and cleared my throat unnecessarily. However, I couldn’t help but blush in embarrassment.

Eventually, just like he did with others, Keir politely handed over the entry permit and bid farewell. I also gave a courteous farewell and walked in the direction our group was heading.

In human society, carriages are commonly used, but this is Alvenheim. Teleportation facilities were available to travel to different regions. Naturally, there are teleporters that lead to the capital and to Yggdrasil.

“A bit late, aren’t you?”

“Just had a little chat.”

“He was a really peculiar person, wasn’t he?”

I nodded in response to Marie’s question. Such a personality was extremely rare, even among non-elves. But because he was an elf, it stuck in my mind even more.

“Will you include that person later on? People would find an elf with such a personality interesting, wouldn’t they?”

“I already have Mary, though. But I should consider it. The material has come my way unexpectedly.”

“Would that person also read Xenon’s Biography? He would say, ‘Could it be me?’ when they see it, right?”

Cecily also seemed impressed by Keir and asked me various questions, most of which were about whether I would include him in Xenon’s Biography.

I didn’t completely dismiss the idea, so I gave a vague answer. This conversation wouldn’t leak outside since there was no one around, and Cecily had already installed soundproofing measures.

And so, while contemplating whether to include the character Keir in the Xenon’s Biography...

“Ahem.”

“...?”

Gartz, who had been listening quietly, cleared his throat.

Translators note:

5/5

Chapter 139: In Alvenheim (4)

If we were to choose the most beautiful city in the world, regardless of what anyone says, it would be “Yggdrasil,” the capital of Alvenheim and the pride of the elves.

With various descriptions such as a land flowing with milk and honey, the cradle of the first civilization, the city of gods, and the benchmark of the world, Yggdrasil is a source of pride and dignity for the elves.

Three thousand years ago, during the war with the devils, the gods personally handed over the seed of the “World Tree,” which has been nurtured and protected until now, growing into a gigantic tree and becoming a symbol.

As it is a tree that grew from a seed bestowed directly by the gods, it possesses various abilities. First and foremost is its power to purify evil mana. Despite the chaos that engulfed the world during the devil war, Alvenheim remained unharmed thanks to this purifying ability.

Merely coming into contact with the mana caused the devils’ bones and flesh to wither away, and even the elves were able to borrow this mana and successfully eliminate them.

The second ability is healing. If the World Tree’s magic power represents a kind of divine power, the dew of the World Tree possesses tremendous healing properties. It is one of the important ingredients of the “Elixir,” which is said to even revive someone on the verge of death, and its rarity makes it invaluable, with only the administrators knowing when and where it will fall.

Lastly, it lies within the World Tree itself. The World Tree is considered the most sacred gift by the elves and is also used as a temple. However, it is not an ordinary temple, in human terms, one must be at the level of a Pope or a Cardinal to enter.

Even the queen cannot enter freely, which demonstrates the reverence it commands. Although humans also have the Holy Kingdom Xavier, they are making great efforts to set foot in the World Tree.

Like this, the World Tree is not only a symbol of the elves but also their pride and a precious treasure to the humans. Moreover, it serves as their last line of defense as elves can draw strength from it in times of crisis.

“That’s a real tree, right?”

“That’s right.”

“Are you ignoring the perspective?”

After going through the immigration inspection, we arrived at Yggdrasil. I couldn’t help but be amazed, like Marie, who was standing beside me with her mouth wide open. The view before us was beyond words, even the expression “breathtaking” falls short of describing its beauty.

Various buildings lined the wide road, which was pretty, but compared to the colossal tree standing at the end of the narrowing path, it was far from sufficient. The city and nature were separated yet harmonized, creating a scene that resembled a painting.

No, even a painting couldn’t capture this spectacle. The World Tree seamlessly blended with the city, showcasing the beauty of nature without a hint of awkwardness.

The sight of civilization and the vastness of nature merging into one surpassed freshness for me.

“You must have noticed, but the tree over there is the World Tree. It grew from the seed the elves received from the gods 3,000 years ago. The fact that the elves were chosen by the gods is not without reason.”

While I was admiring the scenic view of the city, Rina explained the history of the World Tree to me. I already had knowledge of it due to my familiarity with history, but hearing the explanation while seeing it firsthand made it feel new.

I was amazed by the majesty of the World Tree, which had steadfastly stood in its place for 3,000 years. It made me realize once again the existence of this world’s gods. Unless it was a god, it would be impossible to create a seed like the World Tree’s.

For a while, I admired the World Tree and then lowered my gaze. Beneath the towering branches, a beautiful city unfolded, comparable to the splendor of the World Tree.

If the World Tree is a gift from the gods, Yggdrasil is the first civilization built upon the land. It lives up to its reputation.

If the capital of the Halo Academy resembles medieval Europe, the streets of Alvenheim exude an ancient Greek atmosphere. It strangely fits, considering that ancient Greece had a significant influence on European civilization.

The most noteworthy aspect here is the citizens of the city. It's natural that there are many elves in the elven nation, but it's still fascinating. It feels like seeing white or black people, which are rarely seen on the streets in Korea, when you go to Europe. Moreover, they displayed vibrant and varied colors, regardless of gender, as expected of elves, making the eyes joyful.

While observing the citizens, I turned my gaze aside. Amidst the constant bustling around the streets, my eyes caught a glimpse of Marie.

“Hmm?”

When Marie noticed me staring intently, she turned her head and met my gaze. Her eyes were filled with curiosity, blinking.

Unable to resist her cuteness, I smiled warmly and gently petted her head. Marie, with her hair as lovely and adorable as any elf, was not inferior in any way.

“If Marie had long ears, I'd believe she's an elf.”

“Really?”

“Of course.”

“Hehe.”

Marie hugged me tightly in response to my heartfelt compliment, burying her face against my chest. The elven onlookers observed our affectionate display with strange glances, but we soon had to continue on our way.

However, not all of the elves were like that. Most of them showed not only signs of discontent but also puzzling reactions, aside from walking and muttering. It wasn't because of me and Marie, but rather because of the presence of Cecily and Gartz standing beside us. As expected, the reason was that they were demons.

Unlike the elves who generally wore bright-colored garments, Cecily and Garth stood out even more with their attire consisting entirely of black shades. Adding to that, an air of nobility and dignity emanated subtly from them. Some elves even showed displeasure

openly without trying to conceal it. These elves were most likely from the older generation.

Given their appearance, they displayed an aura of superiority that made others think twice before approaching them, like judges evaluating a case. It was evident that things would not have gone well if they were ordinary demons. Those elves would have easily predicted the outcome.

And Cecily, who was receiving countless cold glances...

“Achoo!”

Contrary to her mature appearance, she let out an adorable, cute sneeze. She even sniffled her nose. Her face was slightly flushed as well.

Ever since she arrived at Yggdrasil, her condition had been getting stranger, and she began to show symptoms. It was not just her, even the Gartz was experiencing similar situations.

He seemed to be enduring somehow with a stoic expression, but cold sweat was dripping profusely. He also frequently sneezed, and the two of them seem to be the only ones whose condition has worsened. Worried, I called out cautiously,

“Noona, are you okay? Gartz’s condition seems the same, and you’ve been sneezing since earlier...”

“Yeah, I know. It’s definitely not a cold... Could it be because of the mana of the World Tree? Ugh.”

Cecily sniffled and shifted her gaze towards the World Tree towering above the city. While others were fine, only the two of them, being demons, experienced such abnormalities. The World Tree actually emitted mana that purified evil in real-time, so it could have a considerable impact. The symptoms were similar to allergies.

Perhaps the sacred energy emitted by the World Tree, which is the opposite of demons, is causing this phenomenon. Thankfully, the symptoms only manifested as allergies, and nothing more serious.

However, if they continue to be exposed to it like pollen allergies, there is a high possibility of more problems arising. Cecily seemed to realize this and spoke with a slightly worried voice.

“I guess we should give up on exploring the streets and head straight to the inn.”

“That would be for the best. After all, we were planning to go to the inn anyway.”

“Then let’s depart quickly. I’ll take the lead. Cecily, did you make a reservation at the inn I told you about?”

“Yeah. I did... Achoo! Ugh.”

I thought the sneezing was cute earlier as well. Even though it distanced Cecily from her usual image, it made her even more charming.

“Pook!”

...Gartz was unique. Even though he covered his mouth with a mask, he sneezed while holding it back with his fist.

Anyway, we moved to the reserved inn without looking around. While heading to the inn, numerous gazes were directed towards Cecily and Gartz, but we were in a hurry and didn’t pay attention.

Unlike during the immigration inspection, there were not only Gartz but also several imperial guards around us. Even if they were elves, they had the right to dispose of any threats immediately.

It means they shouldn’t provoke us without being someone who has lost their mind. Thanks to that, we were able to move comfortably, unlike just a moment ago.

“Poochoo!”

Cecily’s image aside, thanks to the measures taken, the flush on her face seemed to have subsided, but it seemed unavoidable that her nose was itching.

“Are you managing?”

“I’m getting used to it now. I have the mana defense system activated. It’s a bit bothersome... Achoo! Can’t help it.”

“I’ve been thinking about it since earlier, but your sneezing is really cute.”

“Is that a compliment?”

It’s a bit ambiguous to call it a compliment. It’s cute, but sneezing itself isn’t.

Cecily smirked when I kept my mouth shut and stayed still, then she quietly approached me. She crossed our arms and subtly leaned her head against mine.

With her fragrance that stimulated my sense of smell and the soft sensation transmitted through my arms, my mind was almost overwhelmed, but I managed to suppress it. It's not just the two of us, there are also the bodyguards that Rina brought, and I'm not sure if it's okay like this.

"...Noona?"

"Just stay still. It's because it's cold."

"Ah... Okay."

What can I do about it? I looked at Cecily, who leaned against me and closed her eyes, with a trembling expression.

It would be nice if it passed like this, but my jealous girlfriends would never stay still. I took my gaze off Cecily and looked in the other direction. Lo and behold.

Marie alternated her sharp glances between Cecily and me, and our eyes met directly. Then she puffed up one cheek and turned her head with a huff!

I guess I'll have to gently appease her at the inn. Cecily's health isn't good right now, so let's pay a little attention to her.

How much longer did it take?

"This is the inn we reserved. How is it? Isn't it beautiful?"

"Oh... It looks pretty."

"Even among elves, they're different."

We arrived at the aristocratic-exclusive inn that Rina had reserved in advance. As Marie and Cecily commented, the exterior of the inn was not extravagant, but it exuded a beauty that emanated from simplicity.

Overall, the wall was predominantly white, but there were scattered vines that gave it a natural feel. At first glance, it looked like a ruin, but also appeared to be a building touched by people's hands.

Now, what about the interior? I followed Rina as she entered first. Cecily and Marie followed suit, both with their arms crossed with mine.

“Welcome. Welcome to the Sanctuary of Stars.”

A pleasant female voice greeted us as soon as we stepped inside. I turned my head to see an elegantly dressed elven woman welcoming us.

Her dress, like the colors of the building, was also white. Her wavy blonde hair and bright smile instantly warmed my heart. It seemed that she was an employee or the innkeeper of this place.

Rina nodded in response to the elf woman’s hospitality and got straight to the point.

“I made a reservation under the name Rina Urmi Christine.”

“Ah! Guests from the Minerva Empire, I see. Understood. You reserved a single room and a double room, correct?”

The single room was for Rina alone, and the double room was for me and Marie. After all, Marie and I were engaged.

Marie seemed pleased with the fact that she would be sleeping and waking up in the same room as me, as she clung to my arm. By the way, Cecily uncrossed our arms as soon as we entered the inn.

“Yes. Where will the guards be staying?”

“We have arranged separate accommodations for them. The guests can go up to the third floor, and the guards can go up to the second floor.”

“Thank you.”

“And...”

The gaze of the elven woman shifted and settled on Cecily. At the same time, an unknown current settled within the inn.

Could it be that she would also make discriminatory remarks like the immigration officer? Of course, not only me but everyone’s gaze was fixed on the elven woman and Cecily.

After a momentary silence, the elven woman’s heavily closed lips opened.

“Princess Helium, right? Cecily Drat Eisilia Vin.”

“Yes, that’s correct.”

“Welcome sincerely to the Sanctuary of the Stars and Yggdrasil. As a princess, you can go up to the third floor.”

Surprisingly, the feared incident did not occur. Perhaps it was natural, considering that not all elves would send discriminatory glances towards demons, and it was just that the previous officer was an idiot.

Moreover, from the elven perspective, if Cecily were to be rejected, then even a noble among nobles could put their existence in jeopardy. I’m not sure what her true feelings are, but I can at least say she is wise.

“Thank yo... Achoo!”

“Right. We will remove the purification magic from the room where the princess and her escort knight will stay. As a demon, you must be sensitive to the mana of the World Tree.”

In addition to this, they even showed consideration. It seems they have an open-minded mindset like Keir.

Afterward, we moved to our respective rooms to unpack, and Marie and I stayed in a double room. Well, it was a spacious room that was more than enough even if it was called a double room, it was so cozy!

“Wow~ It’s really soft and fluffy! Isaac, try lying down.”

“I’ll do it in a little while.”

As soon as I arrived in the bedroom, unlike Marie, who immediately flopped down on the bed, I started unpacking slowly. In fact, there wasn’t much luggage, just a few books, so it didn’t take long.

Next, I checked the time. It was exactly 5:20. It would soon be time for dinner. Since there was a speech tomorrow, it seemed best to stay at the inn instead of going out today.

“By the way, even the clock in this noble accommodation is so fancy.”

I was thinking that as I looked at the clock.

Suddenly, Marie, who had been lying on the bed, had taken over my back. It was fine that she had taken over my back, but the subsequent action was the problem.

Marie's hands that rested on my chest were slowly and sneakily moving down, like a snake.

At first, I flinched and was taken aback, but soon I could only sigh. Even though it's like that, it hasn't been more than five minutes since we arrived.

I firmly grabbed Marie's hand and scolded her.

“No. At least eat after dinner...”

“I'm hungry in a different sense.”

“... ..”

This horny white fox-like creature.

“Phew. It feels like I can finally relax.”

The single room right next to the two-person room where Isaac and Marie are staying.

Rina, a beautiful blonde lady, took off her stuffy dress and changed into casual clothes. Though they were just ordinary clothes, more comfortable than the dress, there was still a noticeable difference.

She then sat on the plush bed and looked around the room. The scenery of Alvenheim's Inn, which can be considered the beginning of culture, caught her eye.

It appeared modest yet strangely magnificent, with flower beds arranged here and there. Moreover, the air felt purifying, as if it cleansed one's mind.

According to the innkeeper, it was said that the mana of the World Tree purifies the dull energy, so it's natural to feel at ease. It might be the opposite for the demons Cecily and Gartz, but since it was resolved, there should be no problem.

“Isaac and Marie should be over there, right?”

Rina shifted her gaze and looked at the wall. Isaac and Marie would be sleeping together on the other side of that wall.

Perhaps tonight...

“... ..”

As Rina's vivid imagination surfaced, her face momentarily flushed, and she swallowed hard. Even though soundproofing was mentioned, it was only her own speculation and not certain.

Of course, being a noble-exclusive inn, they must have taken care of all the precautions. But just in case, she brought something with her.

She took out an item that she had hidden carefully. It was a short cylindrical container with holes on both ends, like a straw.

At first glance, it may seem like an ordinary item with nothing special, but surprisingly, it was an item imbued with magical abilities.

'I heard that if you place it against a wall and listen closely, it can eavesdrop, and if you look through it, it allows you to see through things.'

It was an item borrowed from Leort after much persuasion, so its effects were certain. The question was whether it would work in this inn, suspected to have thorough security measures.

Nevertheless, it was better to try than not. Rina swallowed her saliva and turned her head towards the wall where the couple was staying.

She knew it was a crime, but... it was impossible to suppress Rina's curiosity, fueled by her growing sexual desire. Whenever she saw Isaac, that thought kept crossing her mind, and she felt like she was going crazy.

So, to satisfy her curiosity and to verify if it was true or not, she brought this item with her, as an excuse to test it.

'I-I'm just testing it. It's a test.'

Rina was unaware, but her face was as red as a tomato. Her heart pounded as if it was about to burst, and her breathing became rapid.

Afterward, Rina alternated between looking at the item and the wall, swallowing her saliva once again as she held the item up to her eyes. Her first intention was to test its ability to see through things.

Anyway, she was too preoccupied with unpacking and settling in with Isaac and Marie, so there couldn't possibly be anything beyond the wall...

“...?!”

What did I just see? Rina quickly removed the item from her eyes.

Although it had a semi-transparent appearance, it was definitely visible. People she was familiar with were on the bed.

And on that bed...

Thump! Thump! Thump!

Her heart pounded as her mouth went dry and her chest felt like it would burst. With trembling legs, she slowly walked towards the wall.

Finally reaching the wall, she cautiously pressed her ear against it. As expected, the soundproofing was thorough, and she couldn't hear anything.

What if she used an item? Rina placed an item against the wall and pressed her ear against it.

“...!!”

She could hear it. Clearer than before.

She focused even more and strained her ears. Then, the desired sounds started to flow into her ears and resounded in her mind.

Yes, this sound is unmistakably...

“...haa.”

Rina let out a breath she had been holding. At the same time, she pressed her ear tighter and moved her empty hand downward.

How much time has passed since then?

“Huh? Where did Rina go?”

“She was just tired and took a rest. We're having dinner in the room, right?”

“Is that so?”

Rina didn't show herself to the group that day.

Translators note:

Ain't no way Rina just got a voyeurism fetish...

1/5

Chapter 140: Speech (1)

The political organization of Alvenheim, Elodia, included more than just a royal palace. Various politicians, including the Council of Elders, reside there, making it the seat of power in Alvenheim, boasting strict security measures.

The queen is no exception. The queen's residence is located on the highest floor of Elodia and has much stronger defenses than the place where the Council of Elders stays.

Unless Arwen is occupied with official duties, she spends her evenings there. Numerous attendants manage the queen's residence and even employ magic to enhance comfort.

Above all, Elodia stands right in front of the World Tree, imparting a sense of tranquility to the heart. While political institutions often buzz with noisy debates and chaotic maneuvering, Elodia's exceptional serenity is due to this reason.

The mana emitted by the World Tree is so sacred and profound that it purifies even the darkest aspects of one's being. Furthermore, the fact that the World Tree stands right in front signifies that the gods are always watching.

Hence, Elodia possesses somewhat unique characteristics compared to other political institutions, to the extent that one can hardly utter harsh words within its boundaries.

Although there have been disputes between the Council of Elders and the queen in Alvenheim, even that has improved.

“...I want to just hit everything.”

However, even with the mana from the World Tree, there was one person who couldn't find inner peace: Queen Arwen. She sat on her expansive bed, her head buried in her hands, feeling defeated.

Tomorrow is the day she promised—the national address. It is scheduled to be attended not only by the citizens of Alvenheim but also by dignitaries from around the world. When leaders from other countries give a national address, unless they have a special

relationship, they do not send dignitaries. Most often, only journalists seeking news headlines visit.

However, tomorrow's speech to the nation by her was slightly different. It was her first speech since her coronation, and the situation in Alvenheim was chaotic.

It is inevitable to wonder whether she will captivate public sentiment and govern the country stably through her speech, or if it will simply be an ordinary speech. If it's the former, neighboring countries will be cautious of Arwen, but if it's the latter, they will likely underestimate her.

Due to these reasons, Arwen couldn't help but feel increasingly anxious as the days went by. Even the mana of the World Tree couldn't calm her mind, and she reached a point where she couldn't sleep properly.

Fortunately, she was a resilient elf, otherwise, if she were human, she would have collapsed from sleep deprivation immediately.

'Can I do well...'

Arwen looked at the paper in her hand, her confidence diminishing as the days passed. It was the speech document Isaac had delivered less than three days ago.

Normally, she should have read it once and discarded it, but due to her rapidly diminishing confidence, she held onto it tightly.

Externally, she was known as a compassionate and benevolent queen, sometimes strict and resolute, but ultimately, she was just one person. Moreover, she faced pressure even from the Council of Elders, and the stress piled up day by day.

'There's nothing wrong with the speech. It should be enough if I just deliver it as it is.'

She checked the speech document once again with a troubled expression. The speech Isaac had delivered in just three days was more than enough to quell the current chaos in Alvenheim.

Starting with the introduction that tells the birth myth of the elves, it describes the sacrifices their ancestors made to protect Alvenheim. In particular, the last part contains a profound maxim that Arwen believes is unparalleled.

However, I was afraid whether I could deliver such a speech well. Even though people around me reassured me that it would be fine, I couldn't tell if their words were sincere or just flattery.

As someone who had suffered because of the people planted by the Council of Elders in the past, it was difficult for her to trust anyone within Elodia, at least.

'It's burdensome...'

She had never experienced such pressure when engaging in debates with the Council of Elders, but now, standing in front of the citizens, it felt like a heavy burden was weighing down on her shoulders. The fate of Alvenheim could be determined by her speech alone.

She wished for everything to go well, but she couldn't control her trembling heart. In her heart, she wanted to abandon the throne and run away...

'But I can't. I am the Queen.'

Due to the immense sense of responsibility as a queen, she couldn't do that. Arwen took a deep breath and shifted her gaze to the speech.

“Isaac...”

As she read the speech, the image of Isaac, a handsome man with red hair and golden eyes, known for shaking the world as a writer, came to her mind. The value of this speech, received from such a remarkable author, was priceless.

However, Isaac willingly accepted her request and even provided guidance on speech style to help her deliver a better speech. She couldn't help but be touched by his warm generosity. But she was worried about how to repay him after the speech. If he asked something of her, it would be great, but if it was the opposite, it would be a different kind of dilemma.

Money, honor, women, power, and so on. Isaac had them all at a young age. Arwen wanted to give him something in return, but she had nothing to offer.

“Sigh...”

Eventually, a sigh escaped her lips. The speech was one problem, but the issue of what reward to give Isaac afterward was also a concern. Even if Isaac didn't demand

compensation, she had to give him something without fail. It was a matter of principle and a virtue necessary to navigate the world.

Human hearts are inherently cunning, so Isaac might feel disappointed. Moreover, she had made significant mistakes in the past, and she wanted to prevent them from happening again.

“Still, I’m glad to have Isaac.”

Arwen smiled bitterly and neatly folded the speech. Then she laid down on the bed with a thud.

Her silver-gray hair scattered on the bed shimmered even in the dimly lit room. Her silver-gray eyes were the same.

‘If it weren’t for Isaac...’

Although their relationship was forged through a combination of chance and her own mistakes, Arwen considered herself fortunate. While she couldn’t condone her mistakes, having a connection with Isaac was a mixed blessing for her.

If Isaac hadn’t been there, she wouldn’t have been able to calm the chaos in Alvenheim, let alone write the speech. Of course, she wouldn’t know the outcome until tomorrow, but just getting this far, Isaac’s help had been immense.

And if she successfully finished the speech... her gratitude towards Isaac would only grow. Arwen placed both hands on her chest and slowly closed her eyes.

‘Come to think of it, Isaac said he was coming to Yggdrasil today.’

I have already received a report about the incident that occurred at the immigration checkpoint. It caused a commotion because the immigration officer denied entry to the distinguished visitor, namely Cecily, who had come from another country.

Fortunately, Director Keir managed to handle the situation well and prevent it from escalating further, but formal complaints from Helium are expected to arrive soon. It was a headache to think about, but considering the current situation, it’s relatively good.

Arwen momentarily stopped trying to imagine what Isaac might be doing right now and remembered the woman with white hair she had seen at the lodging. If Cecily was a secret lover, Marie was a woman Isaac was formally engaged to.

They even had such a deep relationship that they engaged in certain activities at the dorm. Unfortunately, because Arwen had good manners, she didn't witness the scene firsthand, but something gnawed at her heart.

It was a strange and unfamiliar feeling for Arwen, who hadn't had anyone she could call a "friend" for over a hundred years.

"... .."

Arwen slowly opened her closed eyes. Her silver-gray eyes, shining like stars, revealed their brilliance.

Rather than indulging in such speculation, it would be much better for her to practice her speech to improve her oratory skills. With that thought, she was about to get up from the bed when she turned toward the full-length mirror.

"Huh?"

A faint mana ripple was detected. Someone had unlocked and entered the bedroom's barrier. Normally, an emergency sound would ring when passing through the barrier with a physical body, but there was no reaction at all. That meant...

"Siris?"

"Yes, Your Majesty."

Siris was the only one who was directly informed of the barrier's password by Arwen. Arwen looked at Siris, who had revealed herself in the darkness, with a raised eyebrow.

When Siris visited, it usually meant that something had happened within the Dark Elves or that Isaac had delivered a message, either of the two.

Recently, the Dark Elves have been gloomy because of Rain, so there should be no news to deliver. That means Isaac is the only one left.

"Did Isaac send you?"

"Yes. He did. Isaac has something he wants to convey to Your Majesty."

"Something he wants to convey?"

"Here is a letter."

Siris handed over a letter, or rather a note, that she had in her hand. It was a note folded in a unique way.

Arwen momentarily widened her eyes at the unfamiliar way of folding the note but received it without any suspicion. She was curious about what Isaac would say.

Finally, when she unfolded the note completely, one word caught her eye.

[If you're nervous about tomorrow's speech, look at the back.]

“Look at the back?”

Arwen blinked her eyes and obediently turned to look at the back. And there, written on it was:

[Queen, fighting!]

It was a short message of encouragement.

“...Heh.”

Arwen let out a small laugh. It might seem trivial, but the strength contained within was by no means insignificant. She gazed at the contents written on the note with warm eyes and neatly folded it, albeit clumsily since she didn't know how to fold it properly.

Clutching the note preciously in her hand, she turned to Siris, who stood before her, and asked about Isaac's well-being.

“Do you know what Isaac is doing right now?”

“Currently, he is sharing a room with his fiancée.”

“...Is that so?”

When the story of Isaac sharing a room with Marie came up, Arwen's expression stiffened slightly. There was no particular issue with him being with his fiancée, but somehow...

“...I understand.”

It just made her uncomfortable.

The day of the long-awaited national speech has arrived. Despite the fact that I had to wake up early tomorrow, I was embarrassed because my clingy cat, Marie, kept meowing. Fortunately, I was able to wake up on time as planned.

But I was the only one. My lovely girlfriend, who was peacefully sleeping next to me without a care in the world, was not like that at all. Just like last night, she showed no signs of getting up, probably due to her intense workout.

“Wake up, Marie. It’s morning.”

“Mmm... Just five more minutes...”

“You need to wake up now, you know?”

“Give me a kiss...”

She’s not some sleeping beauty in the forest. I laughed as if I couldn’t resist Marie’s tantrums and gave in to her request. When I gently kissed her, she giggled and finally got out of bed. The edge of the blanket was teasingly draped over her chest, but despite that, she exuded no less charm.

I almost got carried away, but I managed to control myself. Afterward, the two of us quickly washed up, got dressed, and went downstairs.

As expected, when we reached the first floor, Cecily and Rina, along with their bodyguards, were waiting. It seemed that we were a bit late because I had to help Marie wash up.

“Sorry, we’re a bit late... Rina?”

“Uh, yeah?”

“Why do you look like that? Are you feeling unwell?”

However, there was something off about Rina’s condition. Her face seemed tired, as if she had trouble sleeping or was worn out, although her natural beauty still remained unchanged.

“Oh, no. I’m fine. Yeah... I’m okay.”

“It doesn’t seem like it.”

“Well, anyway, let’s hurry and have our meal. We only have about an hour left until the speech, so time is tight.”

As I expressed concern, Rina quickly waved her hand and changed the subject. She alternated her gaze between me and Marie, and there was something strange about her face turning red.

I wondered if maybe we were overheard due to poor soundproofing, but I had heard from the innkeeper that the inn was thoroughly fortified, including soundproofing measures. Thanks to that, we could even be a little noisy without any complaints.

So why was Rina reacting like that? I glanced at her curiously, unable to meet her gaze, but quickly brushed it off.

It could be an overreaction since it’s not like she has that kind of preference anyway.

“Please come again next time~”

After finishing our meal, we bid farewell to the innkeeper and headed towards the main square. The main square was where the speech would take place, and I had heard that there was a tree, not as old as the World Tree but firmly rooted there for several centuries, at its center.

As we made our way there, I looked around. It seemed that people were gradually gathering, perhaps to secure a better view than Arwen’s.

I wonder how long it took. We were able to arrive at the main square where the speech would begin. In the center of the square, there was a podium-like platform, and behind it stood a large tree, guarding its place.

Though not as tall as the Tree of the World, it was undoubtedly a massive tree. It had a thickness that could barely be encircled by dozens of adult men holding hands.

“Where should we sit?”

“You can sit over there. I heard that the distinguished figures, including the Elders, will be sitting in the front.”

Tina skillfully showed us our seats. Being experienced in these matters, we followed silently without saying a word.

The seats for the Elders and the nobles of Alvenheim, as well as the seats for dignitaries from other countries, were far away, so there was no inconvenience. Furthermore, noble visitors from other countries began to appear one after another.

Seeing this, it meant that Arwen's speech was equally important. I was worried if she could shake off the pressure and deliver a good speech.

Yesterday, I secretly called for Siris and passed her a note, but I wasn't sure if it would be encouraging.

"Isn't that woman a demon?"

"Really? A demon attending the speech..."

"Hmm..."

As time passed and more people gathered, Cecily's presence drew more attention. Especially the gaze of the figures sitting in the front row, the elves who were presumed to be from the Elders and Alvenheim, was very intense.

Even I, who was by her side, wondered how she would handle this. I glanced at Cecily with a worried heart.

"Achoo! Oops."

"... .."

It seems like she's suffering because of her allergic reaction, regardless of the attention or ridicule. She seemed to be better than yesterday, but the symptoms persisted.

Furthermore, this time her nose turned into a strawberry nose, displaying a cute sneezing sound and a fierce aspect. It was a moment when I once again confirmed Cecily's unique charm.

"I hope it gets better soon..."

"Achoo!"

Cecily made a sound as if their nose was completely blocked, and I couldn't help but burst into laughter. When Cecily noticed that I was laughing, they narrowed their eyes and looked at me.

"Are you laughing? Are you laughing at me?"

“Hehehe... Ack!”

In the end, my thigh got pinched. I screamed in pain as my flesh was being torn away. While I held onto my thigh and shivered, Cecily turned their head with a sense of satisfaction. It seemed like I would have to apologize later.

Chatter- Chatter- Chatter-

Just before the speech was about to begin, a huge crowd gathered. Elves were everywhere I looked, in front and behind, and even to the left and right, the surroundings were filled with elves.

Only the people seated in the VIP section were of a different race, not elves. As I felt unfamiliar in the midst of it all, someone’s words entered my ears.

“Isn’t that the queen over there?”

The utterance caught the attention of numerous onlookers, including myself.

“It’s the queen.”

“It’s the queen herself.”

“Hey! Keep quiet!”

Queen Arwen of Alvenheim revealed herself. She was slowly walking towards the center of the stage, dressed in the tight silver gown I had seen her wear before.

Though no one explicitly told them to be quiet, as soon as Arwen appeared, the noisy surroundings fell silent in an instant. Thanks to that, all that could be heard in the vast square was the sound of Arwen’s footsteps.

Tap-tap-tap-

Arwen walked with a poised demeanor, step by step, towards the center. The cheerful atmosphere of the young girl was completely gone, replaced by an air of dignity befitting a leader of a nation.

Because of this, I doubted if she was the Arwen I knew. However, when I saw her gray hair, I was certain it was her. Sensing that the speech would begin soon, I quietly closed my mouth and switched to spectator mode.

Tap-

Finally, Arwen stood at the center of the stage and slowly turned to face the crowd. As she was wearing the tight dress, her prominent hips became even more accentuated.

In fact, one of the reasons I came to see the speech was precisely because of this. I was curious about how Arwen would deliver her speech, but I couldn't forget her hip line from the last time I saw her.

I think the reward was not enough. I focused my gaze on Arwen wearing the Moonlight Crown, her face, and the curve of her waist beneath it.

It might seem a bit perverted, but since this is the first and last time I can openly (?) see it, I plan to enjoy it to my heart's content.

“...Everyone has gathered.”

While I was admiring Arwen's beautiful face and figure, her lips opened, signaling the start of her speech.

Even without using a microphone, the entire square was filled with Arwen's voice, as if she had used voice amplification magic.

“Before I begin my speech, there is something I want to tell all of you.”

She paused for a moment, then looked at the audience once again. And that's when our eyes met.

Since red-haired people are not so common, it wouldn't be difficult for her to find me. As soon as I made eye contact with her, I raised my hand and clenched my fist without saying a word.

It was a sign of encouragement.

Fortunately, Arwen seemed to gain strength from that support, as she wiped away her stern expression and smiled gently. She then spoke to the audience.

“I, Arwen Elidia, Queen of Alvenheim...”

The words she uttered were...

“I am a half-blood.”

It was a confession.

Translators note:

2/5

Chapter 141: Speech (2)

Arwen's shocking confession echoed through the square like a resounding echo. The already quiet square became even heavier with the weighty currents that settled.

Considering the current situation in Alvenheim, Arwen's confession was more than just a shock, it was like a bomb. With the tensions rising between the purebloods and the mixed-bloods, her confession had the potential to cause even greater rifts.

It was a confession that could either become fuel or sand, depending on the perspective. It was truly a gamble, fitting for the saying, "The die is cast."

"The Queen..."

"A mixed-blood...?"

"Then, what about us...?"

The sound of shattered silence began to trickle out here and there. I silently glanced around, observing the reactions of the council members and nobles seated in front of me, as well as the confused faces of the elves filling the square. It was understandable, considering they firmly believed their queen was a pureblood.

Moreover, they must have known very well that revealing her half-blood status carried significant implications in these times. It also implied that their queen felt a heavy responsibility for this situation. The elves, more than anyone else, would be well aware of it.

"Everyone must be feeling confused. But look around you."

As the murmurs grew louder and the square became noisy, Arwen spoke up. Her words were closer to commands than a speech. And everyone in the square, including myself, looked around. Cecily sat on the left, and Marie sat on the right. It seemed like she was speaking not to foreign guests but to her own people. And my guess was correct.

“Did you all know that your neighbor is a pure-blood or a mixed-blood? Or perhaps you didn’t know about it at all. They were not just pure-bloods or mixed-bloods, but beloved family, friends, and relatives.”

“... ..”

The increasing murmurs of the audience were as surprising to me as the content that was not included in the speech I delivered. Arwen, it seemed, had thought about it in her own way rather than just reciting the speech I gave her. Otherwise, such words would never have come out.

I looked at Arwen on the podium with a serious expression, crossing my arms. She happened to shift her gaze to me as well. Then she smiled like a compassionate queen, and once again looked at the crowd. As I felt before, every time our eyes met, Arwen seemed to gain confidence.

“Thousands of years ago, our ancestors served alongside the gods. They received wisdom, power, and eternal life from the gods. However, due to a great mistake, they lost their wings and descended to this land. The wrath of the gods was unimaginable, but they did not abandon us out of love. This is the blessed land of the gods, Alvenheim.”

Finally, the opening of the speech I wrote flowed from Arwen’s lips. She continued the speech with the gentle and affectionate motherly grace I led her to, exuding a childlike innocence and charm that captivated the audience’s attention. It was especially undeniable that all eyes were drawn to her slender waist...

‘...My gaze keeps wandering in that direction.’

I chuckled wryly. With Arwen being someone with particularly well-developed hips and wearing a tight dress, it was impossible for the eyes not to be drawn to her.

Perhaps, I even thought that the reason she wore such clothes was to capture the audience’s attention.

“We, on this sacred land, founded Alvenheim, the first civilization as people, taking our first steps. Since then, we have endured countless hardships, adversity, humiliations, and conflicts to reach this point. Through these experiences, we gained much but also lost much. Warriors stood against external invasions to protect this land in moments of crisis, and priests restrained their desires and sought repentance from the gods. 3000 years ago, we received a reward for those sacrifices. It was the symbol of Alvenheim itself, the seed of the World Tree, which became our pride.”

The content of the speech is unexpectedly simple. It tells the ancient history of the elves, what obligations the gods bestowed upon them, and the sacrifices their ancestors made to bring them to this day.

Lastly, how the price of arrogance has come back. Everything is written in the speech I conveyed to her.

“But was it because we have lived longer than others? Or was it merely an excuse? We have shamefully forgotten the true honor that our ancestors safeguarded even at the cost of their own sacrifices. Pride has turned into arrogance, confidence in abilities has degenerated into conceit, and honor has been corrupted. In the end, 300 years ago, we found ourselves being tossed in a massive storm that swept across the world.”

The racial war was a history stained with shame and disgrace for the elves, yet no one spoke up. Even the council members who were busy restraining Arwen were now silent.

It attested to Arwen’s exceptional oratory skills. Even I, who knows that she possesses tomboyish sensibilities, am watching silently. How must others feel?

“That storm has made us realize that we have harbored not pride, but arrogance. The humans we underestimated have grown significantly after the Devil War, but fundamentally, their achievements have humiliated us. The price of pride distorted by arrogance has made us pitiful. Can we truly be called a race chosen by the gods, the elves? No, we are nothing more than a pathetic race consumed by self-importance. Honor and pride are not something taken from someone else, they must be deeply cherished within one’s heart to truly manifest their power.”

Words that evoke self-doubt. Elves know better than anyone that they have been chosen by the gods.

However, they only know that fact, without understanding why they have been loved by the gods. The speech is a reminder of that.

“Yet, at this very moment, that honor and pride are once again at risk of being corrupted by arrogance. Pure-blood and mixed-blood, this is why we are fighting now. In my blood and someone else’s, the blood of different races is mixed. But this is foolishness. What difference does it make if it’s pure-blood? What difference does it make if it’s mixed-blood? We are the descendants who carry the pride and honor preserved by our ancestors, a race loved by the gods, the elves!”

The increasingly impassioned voice of Arwen. Her calm voice, which used to be serene, has disappeared without a trace and has begun to ignite flames in people's hearts.

The obligation that ancestors sacrificed to uphold must be honored.

That they are a race called elves, not divided by pureblood and mixed blood.

If they have a strong sense of pride, it doesn't matter if the blood of other races flows in them too.

Ultimately, they are a chosen race by the gods.

Arwen was enlightening them about the elven identity.

"I command you once again! Look around you!"

Now, Arwen's voice has completely heightened. If her previous words were a humble request, now her authoritarian side as a queen has revealed itself.

It was not compassion but charisma, not kindness but firmness.

It was emanating from her words.

"Are your family, friends, and relatives pureblood or mixed blood? We must never differentiate or separate ourselves! As elves, we must live on this land, holding the pride and honor that our ancestors have preserved! It is our last chance bestowed by the gods, the only way for us to repent for our mistakes! Not you and me, but 'us'! As one 'elf,' not defined by pureblood or mixed blood! We shall live in the blessed land of Alvenheim!"

As Arwen's intonation grows more fervent, the atmosphere among the surrounding audience becomes heated as well.

Though they may not speak, judging from the reactions of the elves, it is evident that something significant was unfolding.

They tightened their expressions, clasped hands with those beside them, and so on.

They were in the midst of transforming into a unified community called "elves," not divided by pure blood or mixed blood, through Arwen's speech.

“Furthermore, we, as elves, neither pure-blooded nor mixed-blooded, will carry honor and pride in our hearts. Alvenheim should be a place where everyone is free and equal under the grace of the gods, where we overcome arrogance and become truly united to face the upcoming challenges... Remember! Who we are and what our ancestors wanted to protect. That is our responsibility and duty as those who bear the name ‘elves’!”

Now it was time for that famous quote. Arwen’s speech, which would unify the divided Alvenheim and become a memorable quote for future generations. Arwen slowly scanned the audience and placed one hand in the center of her chest. Then, with a resolute voice, she shouted as if making an appeal.

“From this moment on, I, Arwen Elodia, the Queen of Alvenheim, declare! As an elf who is of mixed blood, I swear to the gods that this blessed land will not only guarantee freedom and equality but also become a country of the elves, by the elves, and for the elves! In such a beautiful country where no one is discriminated against, let us become one. I swear to all of you!”

“... ..”

I couldn’t help but be slightly surprised. Lincoln’s famous quote was naturally what I had written, but Arwen added her own touch to it. Whether she had planned it separately or did it spontaneously, one thing was certain, adding that personal touch to the speech was highly effective. It resonated with the hearts of the elves, who leaned more towards collectivism than individualism.

Clap, clap, clap

Thus, as Arwen’s speech came to an end, the applause that quietly resounded.

Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap, Clap!

The sound transformed into thunder and filled the square. I, too, started clapping as if possessed, and the acquaintances seated beside me did the same.

Some of the nobles from Alvenheim seated in front of me were so impressed by Arwen’s speech that they stood up and even gave a standing ovation. Of course, those presumed to be members of the Council remained seated, clapping slowly.

WOOOOOOOW!

Applause continued, accompanied by bursts of excitement throughout the area. Arwen, with a deeply excited expression, looked around the audience and sincerely expressed

her encouragement.

“Thank you all for listening to this speech! I hope you all have happy days with your loved ones in this land!”

Despite the noise that filled the square, Arwen’s words reached my ears. Filled with pride, I clapped fervently for her.

Perhaps my feelings were conveyed. Arwen clasped her hands together at the center of her chest and looked at me. I also smiled back at her, meeting her gray eyes.

As I smiled, Arwen couldn’t have been happier and responded with a smile full of warmth, politely nodding her head. To others, it probably seemed like she was greeting them.

[Thank you, Isaac. I’m really grateful.]

At the same time, Arwen’s voice resonated in my mind. It felt as if she had conveyed her thoughts through telepathy, just like before.

Startled for a moment, I looked at her face. Arwen had a faint blush on her cheeks and was looking at me with eyes filled with warmth.

[I will make sure to repay this favor. If there’s anything you desire, please ask Siris.]

What I wanted... That was all achieved when Arwen appeared. Watching her deliver the speech, I was completely captivated, so I couldn’t think of anything to ask of her.

‘Just having her deliver the speech was enough.’

However, until then, I had no idea. I had no clue about the misunderstanding Arwen had fallen into because of those words.

I had no idea about the misunderstanding the Council had formed due to the speech she had mistakenly left behind.

“It was a truly magnificent speech, wasn’t it?”

“Yeah.”

At least in that moment, I was unaware.

Translators note:

So in the end Isaac went with Abraham Lincoln's speech huh

3/5

Chapter 142: Speech (3)

Arwen's speech achieved great success, leading to fervent support from the people. However, if we delve into its essence, we can see that it is not a complete success.

There is a risk of misinterpretation that could involve elements of racial superiority, namely fascism, although she actually cautions against becoming arrogant. There are unavoidable aspects in trying to unite pure-blooded and mixed-blooded elves into one group called "elf."

Therefore, the key is to observe whether pure-blooded and mixed-blooded elves can integrate well and become truly united. If Arwen's intentions are fulfilled, it may even be possible to accept Dark Elves.

However, it is quite apparent that the Council of Elders, particularly certain individuals, is monitoring her closely and could hinder her achievements. We can only hope that Arwen handles the situation well.

After the conclusion of all the speeches and as people dispersed in the square, we remained seated quietly. The reason was simple.

"It is an honor to meet you. I sincerely..."

"I am delighted to meet the sun of the Empire..."

"Perhaps an invitation to our country in the future..."

"What is Helium like?"

Immediately after the speeches ended, there was a buzz of excitement around Rina and Cecily. In addition to the Minerva Empire, there were also distinguished guests from other countries, so it was somewhat expected.

Personally, I felt uncomfortable in such situations, and instinctively tried to leave. In order to aspire for the future, I needed to become accustomed to such spontaneous encounters, but it was a habit I unintentionally developed.

However, there was someone who prevented me from doing so.

“Where are you going? You should get used to these occasions.”

“I don’t like it…”

“Don’t be stubborn. If you marry me later, you’ll inevitably have to make your debut in society. You wouldn’t think of avoiding society after marriage, right?”

It was my girlfriend, Marie. She skillfully persuaded me to attend the spontaneous encounter.

At first, I grumbled, but upon reflection, I realized there was nothing wrong with attending. Besides, since it was a spontaneous encounter, it would only last a short time, so there was no need to feel burdened.

However, the fact that they were not nobles of the Minerva Empire but rather royal or noble figures from other countries did give me some pause. I wasn’t familiar with their culture and etiquette.

However, before long, I realized that even that anxiety was fleeting.

“Your name is Isaac, right? Red hair is quite rare in the world, it’s really unique.”

“I hear that a lot. Lady has probably heard similar things about herself, haven’t you?”

“My hair is also orange, so I hear those comments a lot. Does Lady Marie also receive such comments?”

“Yes, that’s right. White hair is not very common either.”

Perhaps it was because we had just met, or maybe it was because of Marie’s high status, but everyone was kind. Especially when they looked at me, they always mentioned my hair and eyes.

Furthermore, me being a Baron’s son and Marie being a Duke’s daughter, it was only natural for people to be curious. Sometimes, a few people even asked if I’m engaged to Marie.

It could be a slightly uncomfortable question, but considering our social status, it was an inevitable doubt.

And every time such a question arose, my girlfriend pointed at my face and answered.

“You’ll know when you see my fiancé’s face. Just imagine someone with this face smiling kindly.”

“Oh... I see. It’s convincing. Unique looks like that are not common.”

“Yes, that’s right. And it seems like your physique is also secretly impressive...”

“I received knight training in the past. Although I quit due to lack of talent, I still exercise regularly.”

“By the way, currently, he is highly regarded by professors at the Halo Academy. He is already registered as a recommended student and is assisting the professors.”

Somehow, I ended up boasting, but I’m trying to appeal that I’m the right man for Marie. That way, she won’t look down on me.

As expected, after Marie’s time to boast ended, both women and men glanced at us with envy. They probably see us as a couple of exceptional individuals.

Marie is a beautiful woman from a noble family, and I am a man with good abilities and a distinctive appearance, despite my lower social class.

Moreover, being a member of the powerful Minerva Empire, which can be considered the pinnacle of humanity, I have no trouble gaining connections. Thanks to that, I was able to build relationships smoothly.

As time passed, some people left due to busy schedules. Naturally, Rina and Cecily joined us.

Most of the conversations were led by the women, and the men answered their questions. It’s natural for women to take the lead in non-combative discussions since they excel in eloquence.

I, too, just listened to the women’s chatter. Occasionally, my eyes met those of other men, and when I awkwardly smiled, they smiled back in response.

Even though we come from different nationalities, cultures, and social classes, it was too simplistic for men to participate in the women’s discussions.

“By the way, what do you all think about the speech?”

At that moment, a certain woman mentioned the speech. She had brown hair, blue eyes, and an elegant and refined beauty.

If I recall correctly from the previous conversation, she mentioned being from the Belua Republic. The Belua Republic may be small, but it has accumulated tremendous wealth as a center of global trade.

The ambitious Minerva Empire was also tempted to conquer it, but since it is a neutral country, I guess they are being left alone for now.

“That was an excellent speech. Especially the part about the elves, by the elves, for the elves. I really liked that. But, um...”

“You think it feels somewhat supremacist?”

Cecily, who had been quietly listening, answered instead. The hesitant woman, who was reluctant to speak out of turn, nodded vigorously with a worried expression when Cecily replied.

For some reason, Cecily gave me a mischievous smile and said,

“That part concerns me too, but the Queen mentioned it clearly. Not to become arrogant. Arrogance is usually when it harms others. As long as we have pride without causing harm to others, there shouldn’t be a problem.”

“I see. That makes sense. No wonder she mentioned the war between races.”

“Yes, and we’ll have to see how things unfold from now on. The Queen had handled it well, but you know how things can be with people.”

While the criticism of the speech continued, I glanced discreetly at another place. It was where the nobles of Alvenheim were gathered.

There, people were also gathered, perhaps having impromptu encounters like us. Some of the people there might be listening to our conversation.

It’s not entirely impossible, considering that elves can use magic like the demons can breathe. Moreover, the people here are not ordinary nobles, but royal or high-ranking nobles.

‘I’m not sure if it’s right to discuss this here.’

Since it’s an impromptu meeting, important words might not come up, but you never know because people make verbal mistakes.

Fortunately, Arwen was more challenging than expected, which was surprising. Still, she's an elf, so people assumed she would be older. Those kinds of comments were made, but nothing more than that.

However, in case someone unintentionally brings up something strange without realizing it...

“Miss Kate, it seems a bit impolite to discuss that here. There are nobles from Alvenheim over there as well.”

“Oh...! I-I'm sorry.”

Rina, who could be considered the highest-ranking person here, immediately intervened. Indeed, class has its influence.

Anyway, the impromptu meeting ended within a short period, and as we had to return to the academy tomorrow, we also started moving our steps. In my heart, I wanted to explore various places in Alvenheim, but time was limited.

Above all...

“Achoo!”

“Are you still like this?”

“Yeah. Sniff... Yeah...”

Cecily's allergic reaction was becoming more severe. During the impromptu meeting just now, she barely spoke and only answered direct questions. In reality, she kept her mouth shut.

Those who saw it might have found it somewhat strange, but as she continued sneezing and sniffing, they quickly realized that she wasn't feeling well.

I could see something around her neck with a worried expression in my eyes. It wasn't just a slight goosebump, it was something protruding unevenly...

“Huh? Noona, what's on your neck?”

“What, what?”

Upon hearing my words, Cecily was startled and touched her neck in a hurry. Then, she quickly wore a heavily flustered expression and checked her arms.

On her pure white arms, there were also similar raised bumps. We were all taken aback, our eyes widening in surprise.

The mana of the World Tree was more deadly to the demons than we had anticipated.

“...Ballak!”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

Cecily, who checked her own arms, called Gartz. In response, he silently revealed himself to us.

I was slightly surprised by his ability to appear without any indication, but that wasn't the issue. Cecily urgently questioned him in a tense voice.

“Ballak, do you have these bumps too?”

“I haven't developed any bumps yet... Ah-choo! I apologize. I haven't developed bumps like Your Highness.”

“Hmm...”

Cecily narrowed her eyes and looked down at her arm as she listened to his response. The hives hadn't fully developed yet, but the symptoms were worsening, with her skin turning increasingly red.

In cases like hives, they often improve over time, but this was different, and she wasn't sure what to make of it. It wasn't caused by pollen or food but by “mana.”

Cecily turned her head and glanced behind her. Her gaze was fixed precisely on the World Tree.

“...It seems the devils couldn't invade Alvheim for a reason.”

Then she murmured bitterly and clenched her arm, where the hives had formed, with her hand. Meanwhile, I watched Cecily with a worried look in my eyes.

Perhaps Cecily sensed my gaze because she gave me her characteristic smile, easing my concerns.

“Don't worry too much. Seeing that Balak is unaffected, it's probably because I'm too strong. The stronger the demon, the denser the concentration of black mana.”

“...Let’s just hurry back for now. It could get worse.”

“Thanks for worrying. But, as weak as you think I am... Achoo!”

“... ..”

As soon as Cecily sneezed, I gently closed my eyes. Since we were facing each other, I vividly felt the spittle hitting my face.

If there had been a warning, I would have turned my head, but it happened suddenly without any premonition, leaving no time to avoid it.

“Ah... I-I’m sorry. Should I wipe it off?”

“...It’s fine.”

It seemed that preparing extensively would be necessary for the demons to reach Yggdrasil.

It was when Isaac and his party were returning home. Arwen’s speech was sufficient to eradicate the deep-rooted arrogance in the hearts of the Alvenheim citizens, but it didn’t mean that there were no dissatisfied individuals. Among them, it was natural to consider the power restraining Arwen, the Council of Elders. They could not help but be bewildered by Arwen’s unexpected and brilliant speech.

Even though it had only been about a week since the nationwide speech, whether it was talent or a hidden ability, she displayed speech skills beyond expectations. Although it was just a speech, its content shocked the Council of Elders.

“Darn it! I can’t believe she was hiding such ability...!”

Feiren, the leader of the Council of Elders and a senator, expressed his frustration as he returned to Elydia. Arwen’s nationwide speech surpassed his expectations and ended in great success, and furthermore, it was erasing the boundaries between pure-blood and mixed-blood.

Fieren, who had always restrained Arwen, couldn’t understand it. He already knew that she liked books and had excellent eloquence, but speeches were a different matter.

He couldn’t fathom what had happened in just a week, but Arwen had moved the hearts of the Alvenheim citizens and captured public opinion.

'I thought she would fail...'

Fieren pondered with his narrowed forehead, tapping his finger against his temple. The reason he hadn't bothered Arwen during the week of preparation was that he predicted she would be preparing an insignificant speech.

Originally, the purpose was to fuel the conflict between purebloods and mixed-bloods and drive out all the mixed-bloods. When Arwen initially revealed that she herself was a mixed-blood, it was enough to make one inwardly chuckle.

However, those predictions went completely awry, and the plan itself became nothing more than shredded paper. Never did I expect Arwen to not differentiate between purebloods and mixed-bloods but rather form a collective called 'Elves.'

It was obvious that Arwen would be at an advantage politically. Perhaps even the prestigious families assisting the Council of Elders might support Arwen.

"Councilor Fieren!"

"Yes?"

Someone rushed over urgently while Fieren was lost in thought. Fieren snapped out of his reverie to confirm who it was.

It was Jukiri, an elf who was both a fellow counselor and a conduit of information. She possessed a typical elven beauty but had a somewhat anxious expression.

"Why are you in such a hurry?"

"You need to see this. Look at this!"

Jukiri hastily arrived, panting, and handed Fieren a piece of paper. Assuming it was a letter, Fieren accepted it without any suspicion.

However, the contents written on the paper were enough to widen Fieren's eyes in surprise.

The contents on the paper matched Arwen's upcoming national speech.

The problem was that the handwriting was not Arwen's but someone else's. Fieren already knew Arwen's handwriting well.

"This is..."

“It’s something the maid discovered while tidying up the queen’s chamber. It seems the queen forgot to organize it. However...”

“The handwriting is different. This wasn’t written by the queen.”

“Yes, that’s correct. What do you think?”

“Hmm...”

Fieren pondered while stroking his snowy white beard. If used well, this could pressure Arwen, but it was not enough on its own.

Who, when, where, delivered a speech to Arwen, and why.

Four out of six principles are missing. Fieren’s mind spun rapidly, and suddenly, one assumption came to mind.

‘Come to think of it, the queen seemed particularly reluctant to find Xenon...’

There are many people who write well. However, there are very few who can write moving words like this speech.

Of course, this might be an overly advanced thought, but considering Arwen’s attitude so far, it’s not entirely strange. She rejected everything they said about finding Xenon and insisted it was just a book.

But what if Xenon and Arwen have a close relationship? Moreover, Arwen herself has stated that she is a hybrid and hybrids have the environment to grow within human society.

And within the story of Xenon, there is also the tragic narrative of Kair and Elisha. It’s a love story between an elven queen and a human with extraordinary abilities.

Moreover, it is speculated that even Xenon, who has experienced countless trials and tribulations, is considered to be a sage by the world. It is said that Xenon incorporated his own experiences into Xenon’s Biography. Otherwise, it would have been impossible to create such a story.

Fieren couldn’t help but suspect that the puzzle pieces fit together too perfectly.

Arwen and Xenon, it is said that they had a deep relationship in the past, a bond that may have been severed due to their difference in lifespan.

“...Jukiri.”

“Yes, Grand Councilor.”

“Send someone to the publisher of Xenon’s Biography immediately. And ask for just one letter containing Xenon’s writing.”

“Why? What’s the reason for that?”

Fieren raised one corner of his mouth.

“I have a feeling that an interesting story is about to unfold.”

Translators note:

4/5

Chapter 143: Rewriting (1)

Arwen's national address had a significant impact not only in Alvenheim but also worldwide. Although the elves seemed well united on regular occasions, they exhibited signs of division during times of crisis.

This division can be observed not only in the racial war but also within Alvenheim itself, revealing cracks in various places. The cracks are so numerous that they went unnoticed even by the elves themselves, resembling time bombs ready to explode at any moment.

Furthermore, the recent mixed-bloods incident showed signs of further division, but Arwen's speech successfully concluded it and began the process of true unity among the elves.

The content of the speech primarily focused on integrating pure-blooded and mixed-blooded elves, but upon closer examination, Arwen urged the elves to rid themselves of the 'arrogance' that they would miss. Arrogance is considered their true enemy, tarnishing the honor of their ancestors.

Thanks to this, the elves of Alvenheim have been prompted to think deeply, ultimately resulting in significant changes throughout the country.

Naturally, neighboring countries are keeping a close eye on whether Alvenheim will truly become united. Particularly, the human nations were observing, as if the elves achieve unity, it would create various difficulties for humans.

During the racial war, the reason the human side could claim victory was their unity. Despite appearing divided by various political maneuvers and power struggles, they managed to unite.

Moreover, the same can be said for the Devil War 3000 years ago, and even to this day, 'tenacity' and 'unity' are indispensable identities for humans.

Although humans possess innate abilities that are inferior to other races, their unyielding spirit and unity in the face of adversity are their greatest strengths.

But if the elves were to possess this strength, who knows if it may become a source of concern in the future, although it may not be evident at present.

[If the elves become united, it could become a significant threat in the distant future.]

[When other races hear this, it feels almost provocative.]

[Will the elves truly change?]

I am currently paying attention to the changes in the elves, just like the evaluations mentioned above. Some are wary of the elves, fearing that they might dominate the world in the distant future. Others assert that the elves are just elves and that arrogance cannot be eliminated.

Amidst these various evaluations, there is a common assessment, which is the content of the speech. Particularly, the phrase mentioned at the end, “by the elves, for the elves,” has been reiterated several times. It encapsulated the essence of the previous speeches and received praise for deeply engraving a simple sentence in people’s minds.

Of course, it was Isaac who wrote all of this, but people thought Arwen had done it.

“Isaac.”

“Yeah?”

“You’re the one who wrote that speech, right?”

Except for a very small minority.

Cecily’s condition worsened, so she promptly returned to the Minerva Empire. Then Cecily went back to Helium with Gartz and anticipated tomorrow. The next day, when it arrived, Cecily and I enjoyed a date together. Marie had her hands full with classes, but thanks to her willingly giving way, we were able to enjoy ourselves.

There were students who looked at us with strange glances, but we ignored them now. After all, even if we called it a date, all we did was have a meal together or wander around the academy.

“Isaac.”

“Yes?”

“You wrote that speech, right?”

Suddenly, Cecily asked me such a question. We were in a soundproofed room to have coffee, so there was no chance for the sound to leak outside.

I was slightly taken aback by Cecily’s question but quickly responded calmly.

“You knew?”

“I just guessed. I didn’t really think about hiding it.”

“You know Arwen, Noona. Besides, you’re observant, so I thought you would find out someday.”

There was no falsehood in my sincere words. I had predicted that Cecily, at her level, would discover the fact that Arwen had come to find me.

Moreover, there was also Siris, the messenger connecting me and Arwen, so it was definitely not a wild guess.

“Surely you didn’t just help her, right? She has a strong sense of responsibility, but she caused you a great deal of harm.”

“I know. That’s why I asked her to teach me some magic.”

“Magic?”

“Yes. Specifically, I asked her to write down the types of magic and their effects. The magic of elves and demons is quite different.”

“Hmm.”

Cecily’s expression showed that she understood my answer. However, it was only for a moment, and she asked in a tone questioning if that would be okay.

“Is that enough? Arwen’s speech to the nation was successful, and it provided a significant opportunity for Alvenheim to progress. In my opinion, you deserve more rewards, don’t you think?”

“What rewards? I already have everything I want.”

“Um…”

Cecily rolled her reddened eyes and got lost in thought at my words. Meanwhile, I calmly waited while sipping my coffee.

Eventually, she made a pensive expression and spoke with a disappointed tone.

“Well, I guess that’s true. You really have everything. Still, I wish you were more ambitious.”

“Ambitious, you say...”

I pondered while setting down my cup of coffee. Perhaps due to the influence of my previous life, I was not particularly ambitious, as Cecily mentioned.

I’ve already achieved everything there is to achieve. Could there be room for more ambition? If anything, I would like to delve deeper into history.

However, even that is being conveyed through the series of books located in the Altenheim Sanctuary, thanks to Siris. This has increased my knowledge and served as a reference for Xenon’s Biography.

If I have any ambition at the moment, it would be for more people to read Xenon’s Biography and develop the Michelle territory into a cultural hub. In reality, these are the only two ambitions I have.

‘To do that, I’ll need to complete the 13th volume, and even beyond that, finish the entire series.’

I’ve already written about half of the 13th volume. Like the previous 12 volumes, I’ve already planned everything, and what remains is the invasion of Alvenheim, or as referred to in the book, Elvenheim.

If Elvenheim were to be invaded, Alvenheim threatened to censor, but honestly, it doesn’t matter. It’s Alvenheim that will suffer, not me.

Moreover, considering Arwen’s disclosure, it seems more like an arbitrary decision by the Council of Elders. Politicians should grasp public sentiment, but they are undermining it themselves.

‘If it’s not possible, I should send a letter.’

I know well through my past life in China how oppressive it is to censor culture. What’s even more absurd is that despite cultural censorship, people continue to seek it until the

end.

I wonder if a similar phenomenon is occurring in Alvenheim as well. Perhaps this will lead to the citizens of Alvenheim also harboring discontent towards the Council of Elders.

I snapped out of my thoughts and stared intensely at Cecily. She was patiently waiting for me to speak.

At the moment, I didn't have any great ambitions, but it seemed like something had changed since I looked at her. It was also something I had been curious about all along.

"I didn't have it before, but it seems like I have one now."

"Really? What is it?"

"Horns."

"Horns?"

"Yeah."

I nodded and pointed at Cecily's horns with my finger.

"Can I touch the horns just once?"

"What, what?"

"I'm asking if I can touch the horns just once. I've been curious about them for a while."

I heard from Cecily the meaning behind demons allowing others to touch their horns. It was like a confession, saying that even if you become a devil, I will love me forever. This is not only to satisfy my personal curiosity but also to show my feelings towards Cecily. It's been a while since our last date, and I think I should do something like this.

Cecily, at first, hesitated but then quietly spoke up.

"...Y-You can touch them."

"Really?"

"Yeah. I said a few months ago that I'll do anything you want. Whether it's my horns or my body, it doesn't matter."

Cecily kindly responded, placing her hand on her chest. There was a slight blush on her cheeks, indicating her nervousness, and her voice trembled slightly.

For demons, touching their horns is similar to emotionally connecting with someone. In fact, emotional connection holds more value than physical interaction. It is natural to value emotional connection, as it tends to affect them more on a mental level.

As soon as Cecily gave her permission, I stood up from my seat and sat next to her. Cecily seemed startled when I sat right beside her, lowering her head and assuming a reserved posture.

She subtly moved her head toward me, as if subtly indicating for me to touch it, which was incredibly cute, especially after the sneezing incident. It felt like she was urging me to pet her head.

Is it that all women who fall in love are cute, or is it Cecily's and Marie's personality that makes them like this? While I was looking at her face, my gaze shifted to the horns near her temples. Slowly, as the evil cycle approached, the proportion of red occupying the horns seemed to be greater than black.

swoosh

“Hmm...”

As I cautiously touched the horn, Cecily twisted her body and made a purring sound like a cat. It seemed like she could feel my touch even with her eyes closed.

However, as I heard before, the horns have no sensation. She is simply finding comfort in me touching her horns.

'It's hard.'

The demon's horns, which I touched for the first time in my life, were indeed hard. It's natural for horns to be hard, but I expected a different feeling.

For a while, I gently caressed Cecily's horns and then moved my other hand to hold her face. Slowly, I turned it and positioned it to face me.

When I turned my face, Cecily opened her previously closed eyes and gazed at me. Her reddish eyes were strangely moist and filled with intense emotions.

I always think this, but she is truly beautiful, to the point where words like that fall short.

“Noona, did you know?”

“...What?”

“You surprisingly have cute aspects. Like the last time when you sneezed, and even now. You’re really adorable.”

“... ..”

As I spoke sincerely, Cecily’s face rapidly turned red. Even her blood-red eyes were buried in her flushed complexion, evidence of her embarrassment.

Yet, she didn’t avoid eye contact, which was typical of her. If it were Marie, she would have turned her head, ashamed and embarrassed, and yelled out.

In response, I gave a small smile and slowly brought my face closer. With one hand gently touching the horn and the other hand holding Cecily’s face.

As I brought my face closer, Cecily closed her eyes once again.

Soon, something soft and tender could be felt on my lips. Feeling that sensation, I slightly opened my mouth.

Cecily responded by cautiously parting her lips, allowing us to cover each other’s lips.

“... ..”

“... ..”

For a while, a deep kiss continued. I could feel Cecily’s body tensing up in real-time, but I paid it no mind.

Our tongues didn’t intertwine forcefully. Mixing our tongues would be for another time, not in this narrow space.

This kiss was merely a prelude. The summer vacation wasn’t going to last much longer, so this was a preliminary step to give her something to look forward to.

I gently touched Cecily’s horn while continuing the kiss, and then cautiously pulled away our lips. The sweet aroma of coffee lingered in my mouth.

“Ha... Ha... Huh...”

Was it because she held her breath while we kissed? Cecily let out a breathless sigh and wore a dazed expression.

Unlike the last time when I didn't touch her horn, now, as I kissed her while caressing the horn, she seemed emotionally stirred. I smirked and noticed that I was still touching her horn.

I had suspected it, but now there was a higher proportion of red compared to a moment ago. It seemed that along with the kiss, the desire intensified.

“Noona.”

“Huh... Yeah?”

“Can you hold on until the vacation?”

During the vacation, I had plans to officially visit Helium. I needed to observe Cecily's fighting style firsthand for Xenon's Biography, and explore various places in Helium.

And I had to do it according to her wishes. To do so, it would be best to meet Cecily's parents and explain the situation in detail.

“...It's hard.”

Cecily responded to my question by lightly hitting her chest with her fist and pouting. Still, it seemed that she didn't feel entirely unpleasant as she smiled.

While letting out a shallow laugh, I didn't stop touching her horn. It had a peculiar addictive quality, and since Cecily enjoyed it, it was difficult to stop.

“Noona.”

“Yeah, Isaac.”

With a happy smile on her face, Cecily responded to my call. I paused for a moment, admiring her beautiful appearance, before speaking.

“I told you that I named Lilith after you.”

“Yeah.”

“I’m planning to include illustrations of her in Volume 13. Can I use you as a reference?”

“Me?”

“Yeah.”

Upon hearing that I would not only use her as a reference for a character but also as a model for illustrations, Cecily’s eyes widened. Well, being a model for illustration is quite different from being a reference.

Although I have some experience with drawing, there is a world of difference between drawing while looking at the actual person and drawing based on imagination.

If possible, I wanted to draw all the Seven Sins as illustrations, but it would be difficult in many ways, so I at least wanted to include Cecily as an illustration.

“It’s fine, but is it okay for me to?”

“There’s no one who suits the role of Lilith as much as you.”

“Well, then it’s an honor for me. Will you be the one drawing the illustrations?”

“Yeah. It may not be perfect, but it’ll be better if I draw while looking at you.”

“Sigh...”

For some reason, Cecily exhaled a hot breath. I briefly glanced at her face, filled with curiosity.

Cecily’s red eyes were even deeper in color than before. It was as if she had discovered prey, like a fierce predator about to explode with desire.

Even the horn I am currently touching was the same. Except for the tip, it is completely covered in red.

“While doing this... how can I resist...”

“... ..”

“Isaac...”

“...Yes, Noona.”

She grabbed my face with both hands and uttered words that seemed to admit a defeat to her desires.

“Can’t we just do it here?”

And followed by a firm response.

“No.”

“Just once...”

“No. If you keep doing that, I won’t touch your horn anymore.”

“Hmm...”

Fortunately, Cecily obediently withdrew.

When Arwen gave her national speech, the publishing company that released Xenon’s Biography was busy with a packed schedule. They had no time to rest amidst the overflowing workload, whether it was a national speech or any other matter. Even the printing press, which was developed with advanced technology, was printing books like crazy.

Originally, Xenon’s Biography was the most popular book among humans, but starting from the 11th volume, it spread widely regardless of race. The transcendent love story captivated the hearts of readers.

Thanks to that, the CEO of the publishing company once again sat on a fortune. However, they were currently facing a difficult situation.

“So, what you’re saying is... you want me to show you the letter sent by Xenon?”

“That’s correct.”

Because of the elves right in front of them.

Elves visiting a publishing company was unheard of until now, and moreover, renowned individuals from prestigious Alvenheim families came to the publishing company. They belonged to the upper echelons of the elven nobility, so the president couldn’t help but be cautious. Furthermore, Alvenheim even issued a declaration demanding modifications to the content of the 13th volume.

The CEO, dressed in luxurious silk clothing, looked at the confident elf in front of them and replied with a professional smile.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t show it to you. It’s already been burned.”

“It would be best not to lie, human.”

“Why would I lie? There are people who can trace it just by the handwriting, so it must be erased.”

The CEO mentioned an actual incident. There are all sorts of people in the world, and among them are those who are skilled in tracking.

Of course, it’s practically impossible to track based on handwriting alone, but after the incident of the stolen draft last time, they had to be cautious in everything. Burning all the letters? It’s a lie, just as the elf said. Each and every letter holds great value, so how could they casually burn them?

However, they had no choice but to lie in order to prepare for the worst. You can’t split the goose that lays the golden eggs.

“If it’s money you want, I’ll give it. If you want, I can even provide the dew of the World Tree willingly.”

“The dew of the World Tree...”

“It’s one of the main ingredients for elixirs.”

That does sound tempting. The elixir is known as a panacea, capable of saving even a dying person.

However, its price demands a heavy toll, to the point that even wealthy nobles have to endure great expenses to purchase it. If the elixir holds such value, what about its main ingredient?

The CEO’s mind raced quickly. However, they soon concluded that it would be a loss.

The dew of the World Tree, appearing at an official auction? Such things usually appear on the black market rather than in regular auctions, and there are countless cases where people don’t receive their money properly.

With a business smile, the CEO spoke kindly.

“I apologize. Even the dew of the World Tree is out of the question. It’s impossible to give something that doesn’t exist.”

“Do you not understand the great value of the dew of the World Tree?”

“I understand. That’s why I’m declining.”

The CEO, who had gone through all sorts of trials and tribulations to grow the company, perceived the actions of these elves as an attempt to curry favor.

‘Can’t they see how busy I am? And they are demanding a letter from me?’

The CEO had a history of firmly rejecting the demands of personnel dispatched from the palace. Even proposals from esteemed figures of the empire were turned down, let alone personnel from other countries.

Above all, the CEO disliked these elves. They were incredibly arrogant, with condescending gazes. Who would accept their proposals?

“Hmph. Don’t you understand the seriousness of the situation? You will regret it.”

“I’ve already told you before, I cannot provide what doesn’t exist. You mentioned that you come from a prestigious family in Alvenheim. Could you please tell me your name?”

“I am Kalas Shadowsinger.”

“I see.”

Who is that, anyway? The CEO maintained a friendly smile but was annoyed internally.

“Anyway, I will make sure to visit again soon. It would be nice if you brought a letter then.”

“I will send a message to Mr. Xenon.”

“Understood. I will come back exactly three days later.”

The elf who appeared to be the representative concealed his appearance as he spoke. The other elves did the same.

The CEO’s friendly smile vanished instantly as the concealed elves disappeared through teleportation. He then turned his gaze to the opposite side, his expression

becoming stern, and glanced discreetly to his side.

Standing beside him was his loyal secretary and trusted employee, Matthew. He seemed slightly nervous, with cold sweat running down his face.

“Matthew.”

“Yes, yes!”

“Transcribe all the letters that Xenon wrote.”

“Understood... me?”

“And transcribe all the upcoming letters as well. Return the rest of them, rejecting them all. It would be good to inform them about our situation in the process.”

After giving those orders, the CEO licked his lips and muttered softly.

“Some things never change for these damn elves.”

Translators note:

5/5

All test done, even went to my country's capital to take jlpt.

Anyway, now I can focus on translating.

Chapter 144: Rewriting (2)

The villain should be charming. This applies not only to novels but also to other forms of media. If the villain is ordinary and unremarkable, defeating them will not bring much satisfaction to the protagonist, and it will be taken for granted in most cases. Typically, third rate villains fall into this category.

On the other hand, a charismatic villain, even when defeated by the protagonist, leaves a lasting impression and is evaluated from various perspectives. Why did the villain end up resorting to such actions? Why did they cross a point of no return?

Lastly, what beliefs did the villain hold, and so on. Especially when a villain emerges who perfectly opposes the protagonist, their popularity increases significantly.

Among the countless villains in history, there are those who are recorded for their impact. Examples include Darth Vader from Star Wars, the Joker from The Dark Knight, notorious tyrant kings in the gaming world like Arthas.

Villains must be as captivating and multidimensional as the protagonists, especially if they have a significant role like the Seven Deadly Sins.

The mention of their past in the novel and the readers' acceptance alone could be considered sufficient for success.

'Organizing each and every detail is quite a task.'

As the Seven Deadly Sins were being revealed in full, even establishing the setting was a task. Since I can gradually write the 13th volume, I'm thinking of starting with the past of the Seven Deadly Sins.

If we were to categorize the races within the Seven Deadly Sins, we have the arrogant Elves for Pride, demons for Gluttony, succubi for Lust, humans for Envy, beastmen for Wrath, dwarves for Greed, and lastly, Sloth as a kind of fragment.

As a common point, excluding the artificial Sloth, is it safe to say that they all have miserable pasts? To unfold this, it should be mentioned in various parts, but it wouldn't

be a bad idea to write it as a separate story.

'First and foremost, who will be the first to be eliminated...'

In order to prevent the protagonist and their group from returning to Elvenheim, Lust, Lilith appears. Modeled after Cecily, she is a succubus who simultaneously wields swordsmanship and magic.

With sensual and decadent beauty, she seduces indiscriminately through every movement, but, as befitting a demon, carries a tragic past.

Once, she loved a human man, and that human also sincerely loved Lilith, but due to the low reputation of demons, she lost them right in front of her eyes.

Since then, like many other demons, she couldn't control her anger and sadness, becoming a devil herself.

However, uniquely enough, she didn't lose her rationality and sought revenge with cold hatred, catching the attention of Diablo and taking the seat of Lust.

The reason she didn't lose her rationality was because she was a first-generation hybrid of a demon and a human, just like Jin.

'It turns out she's also a pure-hearted girl.'

I have already considered all the ways in which the Seven Deadly Sins will retire. Lilith will fall, calling out the name of the man she loves, even until the moment of her death. It is truly heartbreaking and saddening that even the reason she became a demon and lived in agony was to remember the man she loves for a little longer.

'I hope this doesn't lead to demons being recognized as the Sunflower race, right?'

(TL: I have no idea what sunflower race is)

Currently, the recognition of demons is skyrocketing. It is not an exaggeration to say that the number of people who have become involved with demons and entered into relationships with them has been increasing day by day since Volume 12 was released.

Demons are also moving away from the perception that they are just evil beings and are expanding their areas of activity. Furthermore, they are gaining diverse experiences. Of course, as seen in the incident at Alvenheim's immigration, minor discrimination still exists.

However, this is also clearly being treated as blatant racial discrimination.

“Phew~!”

After establishing all the settings for the Seven Deadly Sins, I stretched and yawned. The sound of my bones cracking could be heard as I’ve been sitting at my desk for a long time.

Referring to Cecily’s battle, I write a combat scene for Lilith, but it is not the part of the story when she confronts her opponent in earnest. In Volume 13, she will engage moderately with magic before leaving.

Xenon and his group would be completely overwhelmed by Lilith, and the reason is simple. Lilith has wings, while Xenon and his group do not.

The difference in merit between someone who fights in the air, using magic bombardment, and someone who fights on the ground, like a dog, is enormous. If you were to see how a tank gets mercilessly destroyed by a helicopter, you’ll roughly understand.

‘The aftermath of the invasion of Elvenheim is the biggest problem...’

I leaned back on the chair’s backrest and looked up at the ceiling. Elvenheim, as the name suggests, is the Alvenheim in Xenon’s Biography, with just a letter changed so that anyone can recognize it.

Furthermore, Elvenheim is not only under attack by demons but also the location of the World Tree. As evident from Cecily’s allergic reaction, the mana emanating from the World Tree is deadly to demons, but Lucifer of Pride nullifies its effects.

If you ask me how, I don’t know either.

However, it is mentioned that when the arrogant elves let their guard down, Lucifer temporarily contaminated the “roots” of the World Tree. I don’t even know if that’s really possible, and the Council and the Queen, Arwen, probably wouldn’t know either. Although it’s a pity, novels are just novels, and they rarely have real-life implications.

My novel is a bit of a peculiar case, though.

‘Will it really be censored?’

The Council is strongly determined to censor it, but honestly, it's a story that could be subjected to censorship. Even though it's a novel, Elvenheim being occupied by demons and even the World Tree being transformed into nourishment for the resurrection of a great devil is unacceptable for the elves who take pride in being chosen by the gods. There is nothing more uncomfortable than having the blessings and gifts from the gods ruthlessly snatched away by demons.

But if you think about it, it also serves as a warning. The long-lasting peace can dull even the sharpest swords.

'Let's ask Arwen about it gradually.'

What's most important is what happens afterward. The conflict and cooperation between the elven hero and the dark elven hero, and furthermore, the emergence of beastmen as the story progresses and evolves.

In reality and in the novel, the relationship between humans and beastmen is more than just bad. There are significant conflicts, but as they subdue demons and gradually resolve them, they eventually become friends. That's the kind of story it is.

However, it bothers me that I know very little about beastmen. I know the origins to some extent through various papers and history books at Elena's laboratory, but that's about it. Beastmen established civilization, which is Animers, just 300 years ago, and there are still beastmen living in primitive conditions in various places. Books and papers provide insufficient information.

'Do I really have to ask Leona?'

Considering that she was admitted to the Academy, Leona must have had an exceptional status. It's almost certain, considering that she mentioned she's not a mere cat but a lion in a previous encounter.

If you really think about it, lions are also part of the cat family, but let's not dwell on that. After all, to me, a human, they're all just animals.

“Hmm...”

I bit the pen in my mouth and stared aimlessly at the ceiling. Beastmen don't appear until the latter half of Volume 14, and the real conflict starts from Volume 15.

So, I still have a few months of spare time, but time flies quickly. Moreover, if I want more solid evidence, I'll have to consult not only Leona but also other people.

'Should I ask her once?'

From Leona's perspective, she might be flustered, but if I explain it's for research purposes, she should stop being suspicious. Instead, she might have something she wants, so I'm willing to listen if possible.

Coincidentally, the next lecture is about history, so maybe I can ask her then. I turned my head slightly to check the time. There was about an hour left until the history lecture.

During that time...

Snap!

I should call for Siris. I took out the summoning scroll from the desk drawer and tore it in half.

The torn scroll turned into blue particles and dispersed into the air, and I waited quietly until Siris responded.

I waited for about 10 seconds like that.

"Did you call?"

Siris appeared out of thin air and spoke bluntly. Unlike last time, she was dressed neatly in armor, not in underwear.

Of course, while it's not underwear, it still was the revealing armor commonly referred to as bikini armor. As dark elves specialize in ambushes rather than direct confrontations, they need to be light and have more exposed skin for better stealth.

I closed my eyes tightly at the dark elf's culture that I could never get used to and then slowly opened them. Although she covered the area around her mouth with a mask, it was still difficult to hide her dazzling beauty.

"Have you been well? Anything special happened?"

"Yes."

"Do you know what Arwen is up to these days?"

"Nothing special. However..."

As I leaned my face closer, curious, Siris responded in his characteristic dry voice.

“Her Majesty asks multiple times if there really needs to be no repayment. Are you truly okay with that?”

“It’s fine. It wasn’t a particularly difficult task. Just let her know that even a simple speech would have been sufficient.”

“I understand.”

“And the reason I called for Siris is to confirm something.”

“Confirm... what do you mean?”

“This.”

I handed Siris a partially written manuscript. She blinked her golden eyes, similar to mine, and received the manuscript with a bewildered expression.

She alternated his gaze between the manuscript and me, seemingly unable to grasp what I wanted.

“I asked for your advice on writing the dark elf battle scene, right? I’m curious about your thoughts after reading it.”

“Does that mean I’ll be the first one to read it?”

“Even though it’s in the middle, you could say so, if you want to be picky.”

“Ah...”

Siris’s eyes sparkled at the idea of being the first to read. I thought this person would be as blunt and emotionless as Gartz, but surprisingly, she has a rich expression of emotions.

Perhaps Siris rarely has the need to reveal her emotions, and she might not feel the necessity to do so, which might have made their personality stiff. I chuckled as I watched Siris, with eyes shining like a child who found a new toy.

“Um...”

“... ..”

I dozed off while waiting for Siris to check the manuscript. I noticed her golden eyes rapidly moving from side to side in my field of vision.

Honestly, I felt a bit nervous. It's a combat scene involving a different race, and not just any race but the lesser-known dark elves. I wondered if she, who possesses exceptional skills even among dark elves, would find the scene satisfying.

One could argue that it doesn't matter since it's not well-known among dark elves, but precisely because of that, I need even more solid evidence.

If some strange frame were to be imposed, I would not only feel sorry for that race but also face criticism. So, I want to be thorough in preserving the authenticity.

Flutter...

“... ..”

“... ..”

“Um... Siris, when will you finish reading?”

The battle scenes of the dark elves aren't that frequent, but I heard the sound of turning pages more often. I suspect she was pretending to read the battle scenes without actually reading them all.

When I mentioned this, Siris covered the manuscript and looked at me with her typical expressionless face. I don't know why, but it seemed like a disappointed expression.

Just as I was slightly tense, Siris spoke in a disappointed tone of voice.

“The battle scenes themselves are not lacking. Especially when they defeat the devil giant, starting with the Achilles Tendon Shot to disrupt the balance and then targeting the vital points one by one, it's excellent. In fact, it's a technique we often use when facing giant monsters.”

“Thank you.”

“But this is a human approach, not a Dark Elf's approach. If we were in stealth, we would eliminate everyone and attack the critical points, including the neck. Even if it's a giant over 5 meters tall, we can instantly move to the neck using spatial leap. Moreover, unless there's a lich on the devil's side, there's no way they can detect us.”

“Oh...”

“Keep in mind that we value simplicity over flamboyance.”

I exclaimed in awe, my lips forming a round shape. Indeed, it seemed like a wise decision to seek advice.

At the same time, my thoughts started to lean towards seeking advice from Leona. With all these insights coming together, I could boast an even better level of completeness.

“And...”

“Is there something else?”

She waited with a slight inclination of her upper body, as if she wanted to say something. Then, Siris asked, with a disappointed expression apparent on his face, as if probing.

“Why am I not included?”

“What?”

“You clearly said that I would be included...”

“... ..”

“Will I appear next time?”

Upon hearing those words, my eyes widened in surprise, and I checked Siris’s ears. Despite being partially cut, they were still longer than those of a human.

And those ears were drooping downwards. As she was a dark elf, it seemed like her ears were not as capable as an elf’s.

“You will appear soon.”

“Really?”

“Yes.”

“I believe you.”

As I said that, Siris’s ears perked up slightly, and her expression brightened a little. I couldn’t help but smile at that.

Since the successor of the Dark Elf’s hero is scheduled to appear anyway, why not include her there? I saw Keir, the successor of the Elf hero, during the immigration

screening.

'Mr. Gartz seems to secretly want in too...'

I'm sorry, but I can't include more demons because they already had a presence. Just be satisfied with a mention.

"Is this what you wanted?"

"Well... if possible, please ask Arwen to send me books related to beastmen. They're expected to appear in the future."

"Understood. Are you sure you don't need any separate compensation? The queen has mentioned it several times."

"It's okay, so let it be."

I chuckled and extended my hand. Just by admiring Arwen's figure while delivering the speech, I had already received my reward without asking for it. However, I couldn't say it outright, so I vaguely circumvented the topic.

"I mentioned it before, but just the sight of her delivering the speech was enough. I was able to see a different side of Arwen."

"A different side, you say..."

"I already knew you were beautiful, but to think you could become even more beautiful?" Just convey it like that."

"Hmm..."

Siris looked at me with a strange gaze. Unlike before, I couldn't read her inner thoughts from her ears.

She tilted his head curiously and expressed her doubt.

"Why?"

"No, never mind. Can you just deliver it as it is?"

"Yes."

Siris nodded at my blunt response.

“Understood.”

Translators note:

1/5

Longest chapter I translated til now.

Chapter 145: Rewriting (3)

I have been mentioning this consistently, but I was appointed as a recommended student, so if I only take history classes, I will not only receive credits but also be treated as a third-year student right away.

I don't know how disappointed the professors, including Professor Birus, whom I had built some rapport with, were when I told them about this fact. Especially Professor Birus seemed the most regretful, and he even suggested that I consider taking a double major in turn.

However, I politely declined because I wanted to focus solely on history rather than literature. Professor Birus's expression at that time was truly heartbreaking.

Of course, I don't only take history classes. Occasionally, I also take the classes I want. Nevertheless, most of them are closely related to history, so I take them for the purpose of acquiring knowledge.

Moreover, I can freely come and go to Professor Elena's research lab and even receive texts from the Sanctuary through Siris. It means that I never lack knowledge.

Anyway, I can say that history is the only subject I concentrate on. I probably ask the most questions and give presentations diligently.

Since I will have much more time to meet Professor Elena during my time at the academy, it seems like a good idea to earn points, so I am working hard.

“Poke. Poke.”

However, it seems that my girlfriend, who doesn't like history, was bored. While I was taking notes, Marie pressed my cheeks with her fingers.

I felt a pleasant sensation as if a cat was kneading my cheek. While I was taking notes, I glanced at her and asked quietly.

“What are you doing?”

“Just because you’re handsome.”

She answered like that and lightly pinched my cheek. In the past, I would have been embarrassed by such affectionate behavior, but now I could pass it off casually.

During the lecture given by Professor Elena, Marie expressed her desire for this time to pass quickly by pressing my cheek with her fingers or fidgeting with my fingers.

Holding hands was the most common occurrence for us, and other students were aware that we were in a romantic relationship, so they just overlooked it.

Initially, there were whispers about Marie playing around or me blackmailing her, but as I grew rapidly, such talk ceased. Moreover, when rumors spread that I was appointed as a recommended student, everyone accepted it.

Swift-

Marie’s hand, which used to hold mine and fidget with the ring finger, moved under the desk. Eventually, she placed her hand gently on my thigh and caressed it.

I could only respond with a bitter smile as I felt it. This act of Marie placing her hand on my thigh and caressing it was a kind of signal.

Although everyone knows what that signal means, there are many occasions when she does it without any warning, causing many awkward situations.

Marie’s sexual desire doesn’t seem to diminish. It was as if she even tried to distract herself from school by further fueling it. Despite diligently taking birth control pills, it wasn’t an issue yet. If it weren’t for that, we might have had a child by now.

Grab

Before Marie’s hand could reach the center, I grabbed her wrist. If I had let it go it would have meant it’s fine, but my response meant not today.

Marie looked at me with a mixture of disappointment and curiosity. I’m sorry for her, but there’s someone I need to meet after class.

“I think today will be a bit tough. I have things to do.”

“But we couldn’t do it yesterday either?”

“We did it the day before yesterday. Can’t you endure that much?”

“Ugh. I don’t think I can endure it.”

My girlfriend pouted, puffing up her cheeks. Even her expression full of complaints was adorable, with her angelic beauty.

However, what can’t be done can’t be done. I pressed her inflated cheeks firmly with my fingers. Then, with a sound of deflation, they returned to their original state.

After briefly checking Elena’s reaction, I gently stroked her hair. The silky softness of her hair awakened my sense of touch.

When I started stroking Marie’s hair, she burst into her characteristic giggle and moved her hips discreetly, getting closer to me. We openly indulged in affectionate behavior, but no one paid any attention.

Because this wasn’t the first or second time this had happened. Even Jackson didn’t pay attention and focused on his lecture.

“Can’t we stay together at the inn tonight?”

“Do we really have to?”

“You’re the one who made it like this. So take responsibility.”

“Sigh... Fine, I got it.”

How did she end up becoming such a provocative woman? I shook my head, unable to refuse.

Once I gave my permission, Marie smiled brightly and started writing the appointment time and location in her notebook. I glanced at the contents briefly.

The appointment was set for 9 o’clock in front of the fountain at Academy Square. With that, it seemed like meeting Leona wouldn’t be a problem.

“When we officially become a married couple, there won’t be a need for this... I just have to endure until the wedding. I want to call him my husband soon. Hehehe.”

“... ..”

Was Marie having some strange delusions, laughing like a pervert? It seems she was imagining what it would be like after our wedding ceremony.

I wonder how much she desires to devour me to openly reveal such an expression. It goes without saying that Rina, who was sitting in front of us, was horrified by Marie's expression, so there was no need for an explanation.

Aside from building connections, Marie was always straightforward and far from pretentious. If it were Cecily, though, I would have felt a sense of dissonance.

"The wedding ceremony..."

Cecily, who was sitting in front, murmured softly as if she had overheard our conversation. She paused abruptly while elegantly taking notes and looked at Rina sitting beside her.

Continuing, she spoke with her characteristic smirk, as if urging us to look and listen.

"Isn't having a child more important than the wedding ceremony?"

"Huh? Um?"

"Does Rina think the same way?"

"Well..."

Rina couldn't easily come up with an answer. Marie also sensed Cecily's intention and narrowed her eyes. Cecily had been teasing Rina like this for a while.

Coincidentally, Elena was busy answering another student's question, so she didn't notice.

"...Cecily."

"You called me?"

"So, what did you say?"

"... .."

Marie didn't get excited and first snorted. No matter how much Marie scratched at Cecily's inner thoughts, she could only keep her mouth shut with a single word.

As soon as those words came out, Cecily's previously raised corner of her mouth drooped slightly. In response, Marie put on a confident expression and landed a series of blows.

“Don’t bring up things like being a child if you haven’t even done it. Got it?”

“...There’s always a chance.”

“Yeah. I’ll be the first.”

“Tsk. We’ll see.”

In the end, Cecily reluctantly withdrew. While doing so, she glanced at me, and her crimson eyes were filled with an irresistible desire not to give up.

I don’t know if all women in love were like this, but all I could manage was a bitter smile. While she willingly yielded, Cecily desired an even higher position (?).

‘So, this is the so-called fight for dominance that I’ve only heard about.’

I’ve heard that fights for dominance, or so-called power struggles, are common among nobles who have more than one wife. But now that I’m experiencing it firsthand, it feels unfamiliar.

As I sensed a strange tension between Marie and Cecily, I looked at Rina, who was the third party. Even Princess Rina, who was watching discreetly, seemed uncomfortable with this power struggle.

Then, by chance, our eyes met directly. She momentarily widened her eyes before quickly turning her face away. I couldn’t see her face clearly as only her back was visible, but for some reason, her ears were turning red.

To make matters worse, she fidgeted and interlocked her hands between her thighs. Recently, Lina’s behavior had been full of inexplicable actions that I couldn’t understand.

“That’s it for today’s lecture. Thank you all for your hard work.”

After a while, Elena finished the lecture. Although there was some chatter in the middle, I heard everything important.

Even after the lecture ended, I remained seated in my place, waiting for Leona, who was sitting in the front row.

While others got up, Leona quietly stayed in her seat, organizing her notes.

“Well, then, I’ll go. We have to keep our appointment, right?”

“Got it.”

“Um... Marie? What appointment do you have with Isaac?”

Marie got up from her seat and mentioned the appointment, and Rina quietly interjected. In response, Marie coolly replied as if it was nothing.

“We made an appointment to meet at 9 o’clock. It’s not for dinner.”

“Well... Okay, got it. Where will you meet?”

“We’ll meet in front of the fountain in the square? Why?”

“Oh, it’s nothing...”

As Rina spoke, she glanced at me briefly and then walked out of the classroom. Her face seemed strangely flushed, but I didn’t pay much attention to it.

Just before Cecily left, she leaned closer to my ear and whispered in a hushed voice.

“Is it okay if I’m greedy? After all, you touched my horns.”

“... ..”

“I love you.”

This was a bit heart-wrenching. When a woman with a seductive voice like Cecily whispers love into your ear, your heart will throb intensely.

Without trying to hide my burning face, I looked at Cecily. She smiled as if nothing had happened and left the classroom.

It seems that Cecily was better at playing with people’s hearts than Marie. I wonder if she will eventually transform into an incarnation of desire like Marie.

‘That’s... a bit scary.’

Until then, I’ll have to exercise rigorously. As the people in the lecture room gradually disappeared, I quietly got up from my seat. Leona, sitting in the front row, was still taking notes even though almost everyone had left. At first glance, she appeared to be an exemplary student devoted to her studies, and she actually was.

I cautiously approached, fearing that I might disturb her. There was nothing more unpleasant than having your concentration broken, so I planned to wait until she finished taking notes, even if it meant dozing off in the process.

“...?”

However, I had overlooked the fact that Leona was a beastwoman. A race with senses far superior to humans. She would easily detect someone approaching her. As I drew closer, she slowly raised her head, momentarily ceasing her note-taking. When she finally laid eyes on me, she blinked and expressed curiosity.

“What’s the matter?”

“Ahem.”

I was currently hesitating because I knew her true form. That’s why I couldn’t help but feel a slight tension. I pondered and pondered on how I could seek advice from her, but in the end, the only option left was a direct approach.

Clearing my throat and adjusting my collar, I quietly opened my mouth while keeping an eye on Leona’s reaction.

“Do you happen to have any free time?”

“If you mean free time... Do you mean this evening?”

“Whether it’s an evening or just a quick cup of coffee. I only need about an hour.”

“Hmm...”

Leona gazed at me with a dry yet curious look. Since becoming lovers with Marie, we’ve had very little interaction until now, so it’s understandable for her to send such a glance.

However, to learn more about the beastmen, I definitely need her help. While books have provided sufficient knowledge about the history and various aspects of the beastmen’s lifestyle, there’s nothing as certain as hearing it from the source.

Leona has been staring at me intensely for a while, and I nervously wait for her to speak. How long have I been waiting?

“Objective.”

“Huh?”

“What’s your objective?”

Leona’s question about my objective. I felt relieved when I heard that question.

In truth, it’s rather embarrassing to call it an objective. It’s practically an interview, if we’re being honest. Leona was still unaware that I’ve been appointed as a recommended student in history. It seems better to start with that.

“To start with, I’ve been appointed as Professor Elena’s recommended student. Starting next semester, I’ll be treated as a third-year student.”

“... ..”

“So right now, I’m... working on something similar to a thesis. I need your help with it.”

If I say this much, she should roughly understand that I’m writing about the beastmen.

Leona narrowed her eyes slightly, trying to discern my intentions, and then stared at me intently for a while before responding in her unique, low voice.

“I understand. However...”

“However?”

She paused briefly, then followed with a threatening tone. Sharp anticipation emanated from her blue eyes, catching my attention.

“If you write something that deviates from the truth...”

“Well, I don’t think I will. I actually think they are remarkable individuals, more than one might expect.”

I reassured Leona, gesturing with my hands. It wasn’t just empty words, in the books, despite being portrayed as hostile and savage, the Beastmen had many admirable qualities.

Historically, they were a race that sacrificed themselves alongside humans, and they had a unique culture. If it weren’t for the massacre perpetrated by humans during the Race War, they might have shared the power and dominance over the continent.

After listening to my story, Leona made a subtle expression and asked quietly,

“Do you truly believe that?”

“Yes, and there is also a high possibility of them becoming formidable opponents to humans in a few hundred years.”

“Why do you think that way?”

“I’ll explain it gradually. So, are you willing to go and talk?”

In response to my question, Leona’s expression became even more curious than before as she replied,

“I would be glad to accept.”

Meanwhile, at a similar time...

“...Marie.”

“Yeah?”

“You said we’re meeting at 9 o’clock... Am I correct?” “

Yeah, you’re right.”

“Got it... In front of the fountain at Academy Square...”

Rina was once again devising a sinister plan in her mind. Seeing her like that, Cecily couldn’t help but burst into a bewildered laughter.

“...Rina?”

“Uh, yeah? What’s wrong? I didn’t do anything.”

“...Never mind.”

Cecily became concerned that she might get caught. While she understood different preferences, ethically it was wrong.

‘Do I really need to help her...’

She genuinely had thoughts to that extent.

Translators note:

2/5

Chapter 146: Beastmen (1)

Leona and I ended up in the usual restaurant just as you would expect—a place with thorough soundproofing. Originally, we planned to have coffee, but since the conversation seemed like it would be lengthy, we chose the restaurant instead.

“Uh, wow...”

Upon arriving at the restaurant we often visit, she looked around the interior with a mix of surprise and curiosity. It seemed like she had never been to such a restaurant before.

Meanwhile, I approached a server and asked for a room.

“Could you book a room for two? Here’s 2 gold. The 50 silver is for the tip.”

“Thank you. I will serve you with utmost sincerity.”

When I gave a 50 silver tip, the server’s face noticeably brightened. With a tip like that, they might provide us with complimentary tea after we finish our meal. It’s a win-win situation.

Before heading to the room, I glanced at Leona. She was still looking around restlessly.

‘Well, she probably hasn’t been to a place like this before.’

Leona tended to go out alone most of the time. As a beastmen, she found comfort in keeping her identity hidden.

She couldn’t easily make friends, and naturally, it would be challenging for her to dine together in a place like this. Except for weekends, I know she fills her stomach with cafeteria food every day.

I briefly thought that it was tough for her, but for now, I decided to focus on going to the room. If I left her like that, her ears might unintentionally perk up.

“Leona.”

“... ..”

“Leona.”

“Huh, huh? Me?”

Only after calling her twice did Leona finally look at me. Pointing at herself with her finger she looked rather silly.

“Who else could it be if not you? Since we’ve got the room, let’s go quickly.”

“Uh, uh... Alright... Sure.”

Even while trembling, she looked around as she walked towards me, and she did the same when following the staff to the room. She hesitated even when entering the room, hesitating before I finally extended my hand as if to assure her that it was okay to enter.

“Wow...”

Finally, as we ended up in a room for two people, Leona exclaimed in admiration.

While she was looking around the room with curious eyes, I took a seat. The sight of Leona, who was usually cynical and sharp, acting like this, resembled a country girl visiting the city for the first time.

Seeing her innocent and curious expression, I began to doubt if she was the Leona I knew. But there was no choice but to go on. I picked up the menu and spoke to Leona.

“Don’t just stand there, take a seat. Let’s order from the menu.”

“Huh? Oh. Got it. Should I sit here?”

Contrary to the polite speech just moments ago, she returned to her original cynical tone.

Instead of answering, I nodded. Then Leona sat across from me and started to glance at the white tablecloth on the table. Perhaps even the tablecloth itself was fascinating from her perspective. I couldn’t help but let out a hollow laugh, feeling slightly bewildered.

“Is this your first time in a place like this?”

“Of course, it’s my first time. How could I come to a place like this when I can barely make ends meet?”

Leona observed the table carefully and responded clearly. Then I realized that during the vacation period, she didn't return to her hometown but worked part-time instead.

I'm not sure if she didn't receive support from home or if there's some other reason, but she seemed to live a lifestyle distant from the nobility.

“Hey. Isn't this place quite expensive?”

Pong!

Leona slowly raised her head, questioning the expensive-looking appearance of the double room. At the same time, a pair of unique ears on top of her head made a distinctive sound as they perked up.

I stared blankly at Leona's animal-like ears, which were making restless noises. It was difficult to take my eyes off them since it had been a while since I last saw Leona's ears.

“Well... it's not that expensive. You don't have to worry. I'll pay for everything.”

“But, still... Is it really okay?”

“Yeah.”

“Hmm...”

Leona made a skeptical expression at my brief answer. Somehow, it seemed to hurt my pride, so I casually opened my mouth.

“Even though I may not look like it, I'm a noble. I receive about 30 gold as my living allowance.”

“30 gold...! I worked part-time throughout the vacation and barely earned 20 gold...!”

Leona exclaimed in shock, her mouth wide open. I smirked when I saw her reaction, but hearing that she earned 20 gold piqued my curiosity.

What kind of part-time job did she do, and how much was her hourly wage that she earned an amount comparable to 2 million won? From my perspective, that was even more surprising.

“I'm more surprised that you earned 20 gold. What kind of work did you do?”

“I worked as a cafe waitress. When the owner saw me, they decided to raise my hourly wage. It was easy for about a week, but after that, the number of customers increased a lot.”

“Hmm...”

Usually, cafes tend to hire employees who have good looks. There were many opinions that said the store’s sales increased after hiring good-looking part-time workers, especially beautiful ones.

And Leona’s beauty could be considered quite impressive. She has brown hair and brown eyes, which may seem ordinary in itself, but her atmosphere covered it all.

When she keeps her mouth shut, she becomes a calm and intellectual beauty, but when she reveals her true self like now, she becomes a strong and cool lady. She really exuded two very different charms.

It was quite fascinating how her impression fluctuated with just one change, but judging solely based on her appearance, it can be asserted that Leona is a highly attractive woman.

“I think I understand now. Anyway, enough about that. What do you want to eat? There’s a menu, so choose something.”

“Um...”

Flap, flap.

Leona unfolded the menu, covering her face, but she couldn’t hide her perked-up ears. In fact, her ears were flapping, making it impossible for my gaze not to be drawn to them.

After a while, Leona, who had been staring at the menu for a long time, raised her head slightly and met my eyes. Unlike before, she asked me in a voice that lacked confidence.

“...Isn’t it too expensive?”

As soon as the words were spoken, Leona’s ears twitched. Though only her eyes were visible due to the menu, I could roughly sense her expression.

Even the cheapest meal in this restaurant costs 80 silver, which is equivalent to 80,000 won. For an average student like Leona, it’s an expensive price that couldn’t help but be burdensome.

However, as I mentioned earlier, I receive a generous allowance. Moreover, whenever I have a meal with acquaintances, including Marie, they usually pay instead of me.

This much didn't bother me.

“You can order the most expensive thing if you want. Just choose without rushing.”

“Really? You don't mind?”

“It's fine. Just pick something from the menu. But don't choose more than two items.”

“I can read the situation too. Well then...”

Leona quickly lowered the menu, as if she already had a dish in mind. While I was looking at the menu, she pointed to a dish with her finger.

“Th-this one, is it okay?”

“It's a steak. How do you want it cooked? Well-done?”

“What's well-done?”

“There are different levels. Well-done is when the steak is cooked until there's almost no redness on the surface, rare is lightly cooked on the surface while the inside remains mostly red. Medium is right in the middle.”

“Make it medium, please.”

“Alright. Now that we've chosen the order, you can hide your ears.”

As I rang the bell to summon the waiter, Leona immediately hid her ears. The sight of her ears, which had been raised just a moment ago, naturally disappearing, always fascinated me.

Afterward, once the order was placed, I decided to have a question time until the food arrived. Since this was the original purpose, I didn't forget to bring my notebook and pen.

When I took out my writing tools, Leona revealed her previously hidden ears once again. I unfolded my notebook and started pulling out the questions I had prepared in advance, one by one.

“Before we start with the questions, it’s okay if you don’t answer honestly. Just remember that I might write the thesis in a strange way as a result.”

“Don’t write it too strangely.”

“Alright. Then the first question. In the beastmen world, there are various races, or should I say ethnicities? Anyway, there are many beastmen such as tigers, lions, cats, dogs, wolves, and so on. Aside from these, there are also deer, cows, rabbits, sheep, monkeys, and many other races compared to humans.”

“That’s right.”

“Well, what happens if a tiger beastman and a deer beastman have a child?”

There is a perception that beastmen are savage and aggressive, but that applies mainly to carnivorous animals. Beastmens like deer, cows, and rabbits generally lead peaceful and gentle lives.

Due to this, carnivorous beastmen used to reject and prey upon them, but since the establishment of Animers, they have united as one. It means they live together without distinguishing between carnivores and herbivores.

Naturally, there have been cases of intermarriage between different races. I was curious about how children born from such unions would turn out.

Would they inherit all the characteristics of the tiger beastmen or the deer beastmen, or would they be a mix of both, like elves and humans?

It seems like an intriguing passage for Xenon’s Biography. Although it was already mentioned in the story, the appearance of half-elves has piqued curiosity even more.

“Interesting question right from the start. The answer is quite simple. It’s either a tiger or a deer. There’s no combination of the two. In fact, even if a rabbit and a sheep were to mate, there’s a low probability of a tiger or a lion being born due to their ancestors.”

“Is that really true?”

“Yes, that’s why no one finds it strange. They just accept it as it is. However, you can confirm if my child is yours or not through ‘divination’.”

It seems like genetic inheritance was much more pronounced in the beastmen compared to humans. If Mendel were to hear about it, he would be enthralled by the race that sets

his research on fire.

“That’s fascinating. Now, the second question. There are various kinds of beastmen, but sometimes there are beastmen that appear to have the faces of animals. On the other hand, there are beastmen like you that are closer to humans. In what cases does this occur?”

“That’s the result of interbreeding between humans and beastmen. The animal faces you mentioned are closer to purebred individuals, while I am a hybrid. In fact, it’s similar to what I mentioned earlier. One could be born in a form closer to humans, or it could be the opposite. Long ago, the beastmen used to plunder humans. Elves were too powerful, and dwarves were better suited as skilled slaves rather than sexual ones. Demons didn’t even exist back then. That’s why hybrids were treated as slaves at that time, but now they’re recognized as valued members.”

“What? Really? That’s the first time I’ve heard of it.”

“It was a custom that occurred before it was recorded in books. Perhaps it remains in the form of pictorial murals rather than writing.”

Wow, this is truly valuable information that cannot be overlooked.

I found myself gazing at Leona with sparkling eyes and quickly scribbled down notes in my notebook.

Why didn’t the scholars notice this? Was it because they considered it too obvious? Or perhaps because the relationship between the beastmen and humans wasn’t good?

“The reason it’s unknown is due to the racial war that happened 300 years ago. Many of our kind were slaughtered during that time, and naturally, such historical records disappeared. Humans wanted to erase their shame.”

“...”

“Fortunately, there are a few murals left in Animers, but even those are just a few. Original history should continue being passed on, but it was cut off during the racial war.”

It was all because of the wickedness and treachery of humans. Leona spoke calmly, as if it were no big deal, but I suddenly felt sorry.

The beastmen have a history of being brutally slaughtered by humans, just like the Jews during World War II. No matter how strong the beastmen were, it was impossible to overcome the united humans.

Animers was established around the time the racial war ended. If the legendary hero and wealthy benefactor, 'Hick,' hadn't appeared back then, the beastmen would have lived as slaves to humans.

"Why don't you write it down? You said you'll write a thesis, right? It wouldn't hurt to include something like that."

"...Are you absolutely sure there's not a single lie?"

"I may as well not have a conscience to tell such lies after enjoying such an expensive meal."

The strangely convincing words made sense. It was a story that couldn't be found even in books, so it somehow gained trust. Above all, the truth was always possessed by the victims.

However, the book I'm writing is Xenon's Biography. If I include unnecessary historical facts or other details, it could create significant confusion in the world, especially when it comes to the conflicting relationship between humans and the other races, particularly the beastmen.

'For now, I should search for more books at the Sanctuary'

It seemed like a wise decision to ask Siris to find books related to beastmen. With a sense of unease, I moved on to the next question.

"Next question. In Animers, carnivorous and herbivorous beastmen coexist. Wouldn't that cause conflicts?"

"That's just nonsense created by humans. The distinction between carnivorous and herbivorous beastmen is practically meaningless. Both races have their preferences, whether it's meat or vegetables. Conflicts arise from various other reasons, such as those who believe in the need for interaction with humans and those who can't trust humans due to their history of slaughtering our kin. In essence, it's similar to humans."

"I see. But there's no difference between carnivores and herbivores? Normally, there would be some distinctions, right?"

“No, not really. Unless you’re talking about elite ones like the Tiger Clan, Lion Clan, or Bear Clan, who possess incredibly strong physical abilities, the differences are negligible. But you can’t even let your guard down. I, too, once got kicked by a deer beastman, and all my ribs were crushed. I had to recuperate for a whole week.”

“Ah... What? A week?”

“Yes, a week. What’s wrong with that?”

If it were a human, they would have suffered at least serious injuries, but she managed to recover in just a week. It’s unbelievable how absurdly fast their recovery abilities are. Leona also realized this a bit late and changed the topic.

“Oh, right, you were a human. Beastmen have exceptionally remarkable recovery abilities, just as much as our physical capabilities. Even if we sustain injuries that would be considered serious for humans, they are mere scratches to us.”

“Then what counts as a serious injury for you?”

“Losing an arm or leg or having a hole in a vital spot? That would be a bit dangerous if left untreated.”

A human would die even if just from shock, but a beastman would survive. No matter how different our civilizations may be, it was puzzling how we managed to massacre those monstrous creatures.

“A little... no, it’s quite astonishing. Beastman are incredibly strong.”

“If it weren’t for that, we would have gone extinct 300 years ago. Don’t you know how terrifying your kind is? You wouldn’t hesitate to use any means necessary if you have a goal.”

On the other hand, it seems that Leona perceived humans as a mighty race. It feels strange to have different thoughts emerging from different perspectives.

Knock, knock.

Someone knocked on the door. It seemed like a staff member bringing the meal. As soon as Leona heard the knocking sound, she quickly concealed her ears, and I got up from my seat when I saw her covering her ears.

Since the room was soundproofed, I had to open the door myself.

“Enjoy your meal.”

“Thank you.”

“Wow...”

Eventually, the meal arrived on the table as we had ordered. Leona admired the sight of the sauce enhancing the perfectly cooked and flavored dish. It was so tempting that she could devour it instantly, and I noticed the fangs, which I couldn't see a while ago, distinctly shining.

It seemed like she had sharp fangs, perhaps because she was a beastman. If she were to bite into it, wouldn't it create a hole in it?

“Before eating, first tie a napkin around your neck.”

“A napkin?”

“It's something like the handkerchief in front of you. Just hang it around your neck and use it to wipe off any sauce or juice flowing down your mouth. Do you know how to cut a steak?”

“No. I don't know.”

Eventually, after teaching her step by step, Leona was able to have her meal. At first, she watched with sparkling eyes, but as I instructed, she held the fork and knife in both hands...

“Ah!”

“... ..”

Throwing away the knife, she stabbed the steak with the fork and took a big bite. I wanted to criticize her barbaric way of eating, but seeing her so happy, I couldn't bring myself to scold her.

During that time, Leona, with her mouth full of steak, spoke with a voice filled with happiness.

“Mmm. Mmm. This is delicious!”

“...Yeah. As long as it's delicious.”

I also started to eat with laughter. As I sliced the steak with a knife and chewed it, Leona widened her eyes and asked.

“Oh? So, it’s used like that?”

“Did you think there was another way to use it?”

“I thought you were supposed to cut the bone into small pieces and eat it. There are bones here too.”

“...Did you eat the bones when you had school food?”

“Yeah.”

“... ..”

It’s a miracle she never revealed her true identity.

Translators note:

3/5

Man... Leona is so damn cute.

Chapter 147: Beastmen (2)

Munch! Crack! Crack!

There's a common expression that goes, "기가 막힌다는(giga maghindaneun)" in Korean. It's used universally to describe a situation that is absurd or beyond comprehension, similar to being rendered speechless.

(tl: I have no idea how to translate it or spell it in the latin alphabet so you get a literal translation from google tl.)

My current situation was quite similar to that. It's because of a beastman, a girl who was sitting in front of me, enjoying her steak so deliciously.

The steak that the beastman ordered is a T-bone steak, a cut of meat attached to a T-shaped bone structure. Normally, the bone was left behind, and the remaining portion was eaten using a knife and fork.

But look at this beastman behaving, not like a girl, but like a beast. She was creating her own unique way of eating. Without even cutting it with a knife, she picked it up with a fork and devoured it. This alone was strange enough, but what followed was mind-boggling.

After finely mincing the bone structure that was meant to be left, she used the fork as if it were a spoon and put it into her mouth. Then she chewed it thoroughly.

I wasn't using metaphors, she was literally chewing the bone whole. If she were an ordinary human, not only would her teeth be gone, but her jaw would be completely destroyed. Yet she was happily eating it as if it were snacks.

'...Could she be a hyena, not a lion?'

Hyenas, known for their role as scavengers, have incredibly strong jaws and can chew not only ostrich eggs bones but even bones.

Of course, Leona has stated that she's a lioness, not a hyena, so she definitely isn't one. However, doubts still arised. Lions eat meat, not bones.

Crunch! Crunch! Crunch!

“Hmm. Hmm. Bones taste delicious too. The sauce seeped into the marrow, giving it a subtle flavor.”

“...Doesn't your jaw hurt?”

“It's a piece of cake. Easy peasy.”

At first glance, she genuinely looked like she was enjoying the meal. I couldn't even use the expression “sucking the marrow” in front of Leona. After all, she was not consuming the marrow but chewing the bones whole.

I quietly watched Leona's meal until it was finished. When I looked down, there was still a considerable amount of steak left, perhaps because I stared at her too intently.

Afraid it might be snatched away by Leona, I resumed my meal immediately. The sound of chewing, “crunch!,” echoed from the front, causing a bit of noise, but we still managed to proceed smoothly.

“Ah. It's been so long since I had such a delicious meal... I'm really grateful.”

“...I'm glad you find it tasty. Your jaw doesn't hurt, right?”

“It doesn't hurt.”

Leona raised her hand to answer my question and shook her head lightly. At the same time, she wiped around her mouth with a napkin and chuckled softly.

Although her expression seemed happy to anyone looking at her, there was still a sense of uneasiness. I cautiously took a bite of neatly cut steak and asked her.

“Leona, you said you're a lion beastman, right?”

“Yeah. So what?”

“Not a hyena?”

“Oh, come on... Seriously.”

Upon hearing my question, Leona took a deep breath instead of getting agitated. It seemed like she was trying to regain her composure.

After a moment, she crossed her arms with a slightly sullen expression and opened her mouth with a dismissive tone.

“There are questions that can be asked and questions that shouldn’t be asked. It’s fortunate that it’s me, but if you blurted out something like that in front of another lion beastman, you’d immediately get challenged to a duel. Hyenas don’t have a good image even among us. It’s not a wise move.”

“A duel?”

I’ve heard about it not in this world but in my past life. It was one of the important cultural aspects of the Vikings, who are considered symbols of masculinity and ‘barbarians.’

A duel wasn’t just a simple fight; it could determine the life or death of the opponent. If you refuse the challenge or shamelessly beg for your life, you lose all your honor and won’t even be treated as a person.

‘Even Yggdrasil and Norse mythology occasionally come up in various places here.’

The capital of Alvenheim, Yggdrasil, was also a world tree that appears in Norse mythology. Perhaps this world has a deep connection with Earth.

Of course, this is a question that only the gods would know the answer to, so it’s not something I was immediately concerned about. I am just an ordinary human living in this world.

Right now, the content of Xenon’s Biography was more important.

“Is what I know about it correct? A duel that can determine the life and death of the opponent.”

“It’s similar. And the winner can have everything the loser possesses. Not only their body but also their power, wealth, and finally, their life. It’s a duel where everything, including honor and life, is at stake, so it is considered very sacred. However, it must not be used recklessly but rather with a clear justification and the permission of the chieftain.”

“Can you explain it in more detail?”

Leona readily accepted my request. First and foremost, there were conditions required when applying for the sacred duel.

First, a witness is required.

To prevent someone from arbitrarily applying for the sacred duel and taking what belongs to the other party, there should be a truthful witness.

However, if there was no witness, it must be directly approved by the chieftain. The chieftain becomes a sort of judge, and in this case, a rather rigorous procedure must be followed.

Second, a clear justification and motivation are required.

The sacred duel cannot be arranged simply because one dislikes the other party. A reason that the other party tarnished your honor, an overall accumulated dissatisfaction or resentment, etc. A justification that anyone can understand was necessary.

This was a rule designed to prevent the strong from arbitrarily plundering the weak, and conversely, if the weak accepted the challenge, the duel was then considered valid.

Third, it must be observed by a minimum of a chief-level authority figure.

The sacred duel was believed to be more than just a simple duel. It takes place under the protection of the divine power of Harte, the god of nature. Therefore, the chief must unconditionally witness it to ensure the honor of the applicant and the opponent is preserved even after their deaths.

Fourth, if someone gives up during the sacred duel, they are marked with a stigma on their forehead.

They are not merely regarded as a simple loser but as a coward who has even forsaken the protection of the gods, and they are treated as a disgrace to their tribe. As a result, those who give up halfway through are not only expelled from the tribe but often meet their demise due to shame and humiliation.

Moreover, they are denied a proper funeral. It signifies that even in death, they continue to receive contempt, unable to enter the homeland of the warriors, called "Valhalla."

"Lastly, warriors who have participated in the sacred duel cannot request or accept challenges for a year. As proof, the winner receives a bone necklace, while the loser receives a bone ring."

“But won’t it be emotionally challenging for the loser?”

“It’s about channeling that anger and sadness into strength. Besides, there’s no mocking or insulting of the loser. In fact, someone who was close to the loser can also apply for the sacred duel.”

“Hmm.”

It seems more complex than I thought. After listening to Leona’s explanation, I slowly organized my thoughts.

I understood that being able to take everything from the other person was possible, but the process leading up to it was subtly difficult.

“So... if we were to compare it to humans, the Chieftain would be like a king?”

“Yes.”

“Then, can you also apply for the sacred duel from the Chieftain?”

“For now, it’s possible. Whether it’s for the sake of justice or due to some personal grudge, the sacred duel is equal to everyone. It doesn’t matter if the desire for power arises. Power can be seen as strength, so you can apply for it with the pretext of desiring strength. However, there will be strong opposition. There is a very high possibility that another sacred duel will come flying at you in a year.”

“Has that happened before?”

“From a historical perspective, it has happened a lot. As you know, we revered power, and the concept that only power mattered was widely spread. Until we established our own civilization, it was common to apply for the sacred duel to challenge the Chieftain’s position. However, the Chieftain’s power was so strong that it rarely changed.”

“History, huh...”

As Leona had told me, I carefully reviewed the history of the beastmen in my notes. The beastmen had lived separately in different tribes without establishing their own civilization until they founded Animers 300 years ago after the tribal war.

If they hadn’t been massacred by humans, while they might not have been as numerous as humans, their population would have been significant. Moreover, there are still

beastmen out there in various parts of the world who have not yet joined Animers.

In that case, is Animers still well united to this day? When the former Great Chieftain and wealthy individual ‘Hick’ was alive, all beastmen were united as one, but it’s hard to believe that there were no political issues.

‘Just a moment ago, she mentioned that they were divided into factions—one saying they should interact with humans and the other saying they shouldn’t, right?’

Upon reviewing my notes again, I realized that I had written it down correctly. I nodded and moved on to the next question.

“Well then, can you tell me about the structure of Animers? I’m curious about how the beastmen are divided, like how humans have royalty, nobility, and commoners. Oh, and if there are any specific terms used among beastmen, please let me know.”

“Well, first, we have the Grand Chieftain, who represents the king. Below the Grand Chieftain, there are the Chieftains, who are like the nobles, and beneath them are the warriors, like the officials. In the past, we used to call the Chieftains ‘Yal,’ but we hardly use that term anymore. As for the ranks of warriors... except for the Chieftains and the elite units, there are very few ranks, you could say. Anyone can bravely fight for achievements and honor.”

“Is it normal for beastmen to risk their lives for honor? Even sacrificing their lives?”

“Of course. That’s what being a beastmen is about. Although humans may see us as ignorant and savage, we can unite as one under the name of honor.”

Leona spoke in a serious tone, not her usual cynical and fierce voice. Her originally low-pitched voice became even deeper, emitting a peculiar sense of power.

Unintentionally, I found myself staring at her eyes, which had turned golden. They had definitely been a deep brown just a moment ago, so the change in color might have reflected a change in her emotions.

I wasn’t sure why she had enrolled in the Halo Academy, but I preferred to avoid asking about personal matters.

“So, summarizing everything we’ve discussed so far, beastmen are a group of warriors who value honor, even though their numbers may be small. Is that correct?”

“Very accurate. Well, occasionally there may be power-hungry tyrants who end up consumed by their greed, but most of the time, we handle things within our own ranks.”

“Hmm...”

A very interesting story unfolded in my mind. It’s a story related to one of the Seven Deadly Sins, involving Satan of Wrath. If Lilith has lost the person she loved and become a demon, there is a situation where Satan betrays his homeland and turns into a demon. There could also be a sacred duel, and at the end, Xenon makes a request...

‘No, the sacred duel should be requested by Wrath’s younger brother.’

He would be a presence that would become Xenon’s friend and alleviate the conflict between humans and beastmen. Despite having a frail physique, this character was the child of a tribal chief with a strong spirit.

Furthermore, he would have a significant role as a character who will later be revealed to be Satan’s sibling. This character then requests a sacred duel from Satan, and reluctantly, Satan accepts, leading to a fight between them.

During the battle with Xenon at that time, Satan had exhausted all his strength, but as his younger brother was inherently weak, he was defeated as expected. However, the sacred duel was a duel that didn’t end unless one side declared surrender.

The younger brother, despite having a weak body, fights desperately, and Satan must summon the remaining strength to protect his brother’s honor.

‘And then Wrath overdoes it and perishes. Isn’t this perfect?’

Perhaps this could shatter the mindset that the beastmen worship strength alone.

When listening to Leona’s story, it seemed that the beastmen considered physical strength important in many ways. However, if it can be shown that one can become a tribal chief not just through physical power but through a different kind of strength, it could make the story quite interesting. Furthermore, by utilizing Satan’s situation, it could address the internal issues within the beastmen community one by one.

“Thank you. I was able to obtain valuable information thanks to you. Indeed, the knowledge one can acquire from books has its limits.”

“Don’t mention it. I, for one, enjoyed being able to eat delicious food. But...”

“Yes?”

Leona began to mumble and hesitate, obscuring her words. She seemed too embarrassed to meet my gaze, constantly shifting her eyes as she spoke.

As I pondered in confusion, she tilted her head and, with a perplexed expression, quietly opened her mouth.

“That.”

“This?”

She pointed with her finger to none other than the steak placed on my plate. It was also a T-bone steak, with only the bones remaining.

Then, Leona, seemingly suppressing her embarrassment, tightly closed her eyes and stated her request.

“If you’re not going to eat the bones... Can I have them?”

“... ..”

“It would be a waste to leave them. Don’t you think so?”

It was normal to leave them. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing, so I burst out laughing.

“In that case, I’d rather order another one. It’s fine to have that much, right?”

“Wh-who do you think I am, a pig?! Even if I have no shame, it’s not to that extent...!”

“Wipe the drool from the corners of your mouth before you speak.”

“Ah!”

She was lying. Watching Leona hurriedly wipe her mouth with a napkin, I chuckled.

growl-

“... ..”

Even her belly, which loudly demanded more, was a bonus. Since beastmen, being part beast, can eat much more than a human, it was natural that even a whole steak wouldn’t

fill her up.

I stared intently at Leona's face, which had turned as red as a tomato, and without saying a word, I moved my hand. It was a signal to call the waiter.

Ding

"I'll order one more. Medium-rare again?"

"...Yeah."

Leona answered while covering her face with both hands. Her ears were flushed with embarrassment.

When I called the waiter like that, Leona peeked through her hands covering her face and called me softly.

"...Hey."

"Yeah?"

"If there's anything else you want to ask later... feel free to ask anytime."

"That would be great. I still have a heap of things I want to ask."

"Instead..."

"Instead?"

Then she hesitated for a moment, her lips trembling, and spoke with a voice full of embarrassment.

"You have to buy me something delicious..."

"... .."

"...Will you?"

Why did it feel so cute and trivial to reveal one's desires while being shy?

I chuckled and responded as if giving permission.

"Do whatever you feel like."

“Thank you.”

Leona sincerely expressed her gratitude.

And...

“Um... sir? I’m sorry, but could you please tell me where the bones are?”

“... ..”

I was at a loss for how to answer the staff’s question. Without saying a word, I looked at Leona...

Chomp...

She was chewing on the bones as we watched.

Chapter 148: Beastmen (3)

After training Leona... No, I should call it coaxing, all that remained was to obtain information about the beastmen from her.

By obtaining fragmentary information through the books received from Siris and questioning Leona, I repeated the process of comparing information with each other.

Thanks to that, I was able to gather information quickly, but there was also a concern. That concern was due to the fact that the beastmen, unlike other races, had an incredibly diverse range of ethnic groups.

Leona revealed herself as a lion beastman, so I wanted to know what aspects stood out about her and what weaknesses she had, among other things. She told me many things in exchange for steak, but I had no way of confirming with other races.

Among the three tribes that could be called the leaders of the beastmen were tigers, lions, and bears. I knew the most about these three ethnic groups, but as for other animals, well, I had no idea. That doubt naturally arose.

“Don’t worry! You don’t have to worry about that. There are hardly any people who know more about our kind than me.”

“With what confidence?”

“Just the fact that I got into the Halo Academy should be enough, don’t you think?”

Confidently chewing on a bone, Leona gave a bold answer. I nodded in agreement with her convincing words. It had been about three days since I started training Leona with delicious food.

I was now accustomed to watching her chew on bones. There was no problem with the date with Marie either. After a simple interview with Leona, it would be no later than 8 o’clock.

Since the end point of our date was an inn, it didn't matter if we stayed out late. Instead, the innkeeper started looking at us with an expression that seemed to say, "Is it you again?"

It was embarrassing, but Marie had a happy face knowing that she would be with me until the next day. Likewise, being able to see the face of my beloved as soon as I woke up in the morning gave me the energy to face the day more vigorously.

'However, I should refrain from being too suspicious for the time being.'

Originally, a woman's intuition was a formidable thing. Since Leona and I often have meals together, it's not just once or twice that I've caught suspicious glances exchanged between us.

Fortunately, perhaps Marie firmly believed in me. However, I couldn't reveal that Leona was a beastman, so I needed to be cautious before facing various awkward situations.

Moreover, today is Friday, marking the end of the weekday. I didn't plan to seek advice from Leona anymore after today, as I had plans with Nicole tomorrow. Marie was also busy with her family matters today, so we made plans to meet at night. Most likely, we'll greet each other at the inn the next morning.

'I'll ask her if she wants to have a meal with Nicole.'

Since we will soon become a family anyway, it wouldn't hurt to include Marie. Nicole will likely accept it willingly since we've had meals together before. As for Adelia...

I'm not sure. Although her behavior didn't change after the last private meeting with Nicole, the atmosphere became subtly different. Her unique skinship remained, but the frequency increased unknowingly, and she started giving me hugs from behind.

I could assert that it wasn't something you'd do with a friend's younger sister.

'If Nicole doesn't say anything, it should be fine...'

Adelia seemed the same as usual, yet there was an indescribable feeling. Because she was behaving the same way toward Nicole. I'm just thinking that our relationship has grown closer since the exhibition, but it was uncertain.

Adelia has a completely different personality from Nicole, who is strict yet secretly soft-hearted, so it feels like I have a new sister.

If Adelia truly has romantic feelings for me... and even knowing that I'm engaged to Marie... if that's the case...

'...Let's think about it tomorrow.'

Right now, it was more important to gather more information from Leona. The 13th volume was scheduled to be published soon, so it's better to be prepared in advance for what's to come.

Lost in my thoughts, I glanced at Leona.

“Crunch. Crunch.”

“... ..”

“The sauce is delicious.”

No, please stop it already.

Though my frustration reached its boiling point, I managed to restrain myself. After all, Leona's antics didn't stop at just devouring meat off the bone.

As if expressing the desire to eat even more, she was licking the sauce that was smeared on the plate. I was dumbfounded and couldn't utter a word.

Finally, as she put down the plate, the clean surface caught my eye, as if I had just finished washing the dishes. I looked at the plate with a speechless expression, then shifted my gaze to Leona.

Unaware of my mood, she had a blissful expression on her face. Her ears were even perked up as if they could reach for the sky.

“Mmm~ That was delicious. I could eat this every day and never get tired of it.”

“... ..”

“Huh? Why are you looking at me like that?”

Leona, blinked her golden eyes and asked me. Her face showed no awareness of what she had done. Looking at her, I felt relieved that she has no friends. If she had friends, it would have been noticed that she is a beastman long ago.

Perhaps it's because I'm in front of her that she is displaying such behavior. I know that Leona is a beastman, and she knows it too, so there was no need for acting.

"...You don't do this even when you eat regular meals, right?"

"Well, not to that extent. You can eat as much dining hall food as you want, right?"

"How many servings do you have in one meal?"

"Well, I don't know. I just eat until I'm full."

After hearing her answer, I checked beside Leona. She had already finished three bowls of food, stacked one on top of the other.

By the way, the size of the steak was definitely not small, but rather on the larger side. From what I've heard, it comes from a section of beef that is as large as an elephant. Even for me, who has been growing in size lately, it was an amount that was difficult to finish. And since I received knight training in the past, my muscle mass is much greater than that of an ordinary person.

"Yesterday was the same, and the day before too. Are beastmen like you always big eaters?"

"There's no other choice. Beastmen have more muscle mass than other races. You could say that their innate physical abilities surpass those of all other races."

After Leona briefly paused, she asked me a question.

"Hey, how many kilograms do I look like?"

"What?"

"What weight do you think I would be?"

"Um..."

I examined Leona from top to bottom in response to that question. She appeared to have a tall figure, standing at around 170cm, and overall, she has a slender physique.

She was covered in a school uniform, so it's hard to tell if she has any excess weight, but the only visible feature is her chest. It's a moderate-sized chest, neither small nor large, with a reasonable size.

Considering that and her bone structure, I would estimate her weight to be approximately 55kg. That's my rough guess.

“About 55kg?”

“Wrong. It's 85kg.”

“What?”

It was unbelievable. Even I, with a height of over 180cm and increased muscle mass, didn't weigh more than 80kg. But Leona, with her height and presumably internal muscles, weighs 85kg. Is this what they call “visceral muscles” that I've only heard about?

Upon seeing my reaction, Leona gave her characteristic cynical smile and began to explain patiently.

“You're surprised, aren't you? It's because I'm a woman. If I were a man, I could have exceeded 90 kg. Beastmen are specialized in their ‘bodies’ themselves. Elves and demons, for example, are only good with mana, but their physical bodies are no different from humans.”

“Oh, I've heard about that before.”

Everyone was probably aware that elves and demons are naturally strong in terms of physical abilities. The same goes for beastmen.

However, elves and demons are not necessarily physically stronger than humans in terms of muscles and physique, they simply have a stronger affinity for mana. I have seen a paper stating that their weight and physique itself are similar to humans. However, it seems that beastmen were different.

In short, elves and demons could be considered as having greatly developed software, while beastmen can be seen as having strong hardware.

On the other hand, humans... we just shed tears. I opened my mouth, feeling bitter.

“There was a saying that beastmen are ignorant. Is it because of that? Since their bodies are so strong, they probably didn't have much need to use their heads.”

“Exactly. However, as the world has changed, there are now many things that cannot be solved with just physical strength. Now we need to use our heads, our minds.”

Leona proudly spoke, tapping her own head with her finger. It seems that even as a beastman, she was proud of herself for being admitted to the Halo Academy.

“As the amount of muscle mass is higher than that of other races, the amount of food required naturally increases... So, how many portions does each person eat? Is there a food shortage?”

“Before Lord Hick founded Animers, each tribe suffered from severe food shortages. This led to a culture of plundering, and that’s why humans call us savages. Honestly, I’m sorry to say this, but... humans were the easiest target for us, and they also had abundant land. Elves and demons were too strong, causing excessive losses during raids, and dwarves couldn’t be a target in plundering due to their cities built around mines.”

“What about now?”

“Now we cultivate fields, establish pastures, so there aren’t any major problems. However, if the number of beastmen increases, the territory naturally will need to expand...”

Leona looked at me, sensing my understanding. She didn’t mention the details, but I can roughly guess what she was going to say.

Food was not only important for beastmen but also for all of humanity. Until the invention of nitrogen fertilizers in my past life, we suffered from famine until the early 20th century. It’s not for nothing that Fritz Haber was honored as the “scientist who made bread out of air.”

Even in this world where magic exists, it couldn’t solve the problem of food shortage. Can’t magic make the land fertile? Even then, various problems arise, such as insects, birds, and even miscellaneous monsters that harm crops. Magic was not omnipotent.

Unless a solution like nitrogen fertilizer is introduced to solve humanity’s food shortage, famines can occur anytime and anywhere. Fortunately, there is a “god” in this world, so it might be possible to resolve famine through prayers.

The fact that the world’s total population is close to 2.5 billion without nitrogen fertilizers is thanks to magic and gods, but if things continue like this, famine, which cannot be solved by those means, could occur. In that case, a major catastrophe could also happen.

‘I should consider this as well.’

I wrote down the keyword “famine” in my notebook and even put a star next to it. I won’t include it immediately in the Xenon Chronicles, but I can add it in the sequel. There was no disaster that stirs up conflict and rapidly collapses civilizations like a famine.

Moreover, now that I know that the beastmen are a warrior group that values honor, it seems inevitable that there will be conflict with humans. It seemed fitting to include an explanation in the conclusion of the Xenon Chronicles that humans and beastmen clashed, setting up a sequel.

Of course, I plan to write about World War II first before moving on to that.

“Do you have any areas of abundance in your country?”

“We have many areas of abundance. However, the beastmen population is growing rapidly, almost by the day. With beastmen population of 500 million and humans numbering 1.6 billion, it can be considered almost equal, especially since even beastmen children consume a tremendous amount of food. We have been relying on prayers to the god Hart to solve problems, but... it’s not enough.”

“So, someday you will have to go to war with humans. After all, humans currently possess the largest amount of land.”

Leona nodded her head silently. It was a different sight from the confident demeanor she had shown before, as if she was reading my mood.

Could it be that she was hesitant to engage in a war with humans, or was it because I was human? Regardless of which was the case, the clash between humans and beastmen was inevitable.

‘The Second Racial War... It could possibly occur between humans and beastmen as the main forces.’

Three hundred years had passed since the outbreak of the Racial War, and the world had undergone significant changes. The humans, who had oppressed the elves under the name of the Alliance, were politically divided, while the beastmen steadily accumulated strength.

It was hard to predict which side the elves, demons, and dwarves will take, but the dynamics may not be similar to the First Racial War.

“Hey.”

“Yeah?”

“Can I ask you just one thing?”

When it seemed like an awkward situation would continue, Leona cautiously called out to me. I nodded in response to her question.

Upon hearing my affirmation, she hesitated for a moment, then looked straight at me with her golden eyes. Worry and concern were mixed in her gaze.

“Well... you humans are strong. That’s true, right?”

“Objectively speaking, one could say that we are strong.”

“In that case, do you think we beastmen can defeat you humans?”

Could that happen? I stared at Leona’s face intently after hearing that question. Her face was filled with unease, but there was also a subtle anticipation hidden within.

Ordinary people don’t ask such questions easily. Although the relationship between humans and beastmen is said to be strained to the level of mutual disdain, as I saw in the previous exhibition, it was evident that there are beastmen integrated into human society.

Furthermore, until the release of Xenon’s Biography, there were public enemies known as “demons,” so we had to be wary of each other. However, it was difficult to consider them as common enemies anymore, especially since the perception of demons has risen vertically.

Therefore, the friction between humans and beastmen, who were once only thorns in each other’s sides, will deepen as time goes by. Moreover, there is likely a food shortage issue. Conflict and friction between the two races were inevitable.

‘She couldn’t possibly be the daughter of a tribal chief, could she?’

Considering her extensive knowledge of Animers and the emphasis on her being a lion beastman, it is certain that her status was out of the ordinary. Even without going far, the example of Adelia makes one think along those lines.

I have to give an answer for now. I put aside those thoughts and responded to the question.

“It’s entirely possible.”

“Why? By the way, I hate sugarcoated words.”

“It’s not sugarcoated words, but an objective assessment. You should also know that humans had a particular advantage during wars. It was their unity. Through that unity, they were able to achieve victory against the elves and mercilessly slaughter beastmen.”

“... ..”

When it came to the mention of the worst history for the beastmen, Leona kept her mouth shut. I explained to her in a gentle voice so that she could understand.

“But after that, 300 years passed, and the human population skyrocketed, and their power became diverse. Do you know what this means? It means that it is a structure that inevitably leads to political division. It’s difficult to expect the same unity as the Human Alliance 300 years ago in the present. However, what about the Beastmen? They might have their own internal problems, but they are likely better off than humans. The situation could even be reversed.”

“... Can beastmen unite as one?”

“If there is a common goal, it’s not entirely impossible.”

“Do we really need to go to war?”

“Huh?”

This is a rather unexpected question. I naturally expected that we would go to war, but Leona’s thoughts seemed different.

While I was bewildered, Leona opened her mouth with a slightly sad expression.

“I wonder if we really need to go to war. Humans love politics, don’t they? Can’t the beastmen be the same?”

“Well, there’s no guarantee that it’s completely impossible, but history hasn’t proven that. Throughout history, there have been many cases where other powers attacked to restrain the growing powers. And as you mentioned earlier, you said we need to expand your territory to support the increasing population. Can we truly avoid conflicts in this situation?”

“... ..”

Even though I'm not sure if I hit the mark, Leona's ears, which had perked up, drooped down. Her expression also quickly became gloomy, making me feel sorry for saying something unnecessary.

However, at the same time, I had doubts. Leona is a beastman, and furthermore, she has proclaimed herself as a lion beastman, indicating a more aggressive personality. Naturally, I thought she would choose war, but surprisingly, she seemed to be leaning towards the path of peace.

“Leona.”

“... ..”

“It might seem cruel to say this to you, but it's important to distinguish between reality and ideals. If you have the ability to materialize ideals, you would be recorded in history like Hick, who is regarded as the founder and hero of the Animers. He gathered scattered beastmen and established a nation, protecting them from threats. A wise leader must make choices by compromising with reality rather than ideals. Even though I don't know why you concealed your identity and entered the Academy, I offer you advice because there seems to be a connection.”

Those who achieve their ideals, whether it's in a positive or negative sense, are bound to be recorded in history. It implies that it's challenging.

I couldn't know which path Leona wanted to take, but I felt like I should at least give her some advice. Otherwise, she might stubbornly lead herself to destruction for no reason.

After hearing my words, Leona pondered for a while and then gave me a bittersweet smile. She looked at me and quietly spoke.

“You're saying the same thing as my mom. She also told me that I should clearly distinguish between ideals and reality.”

“Your mother is wise. So, did you change your mind?”

“I'll think about it after graduation. By the way, you're really good with words, aren't you? You're 17, right? Or are you older than that?”

“... ..”

It was just a joke, but it stung for no reason. Leona laughed heartily as I forced a smile.

As the atmosphere lightened up, I brought up a question I had been curious about.

“...Leona.”

“Yeah.”

“What made you enroll in the academy?”

Leona replied casually, as if it was nothing special.

“To make my mom happy.”

“... ..”

She was a filial daughter.

“Can I order another dish, by any chance?”

“You, seriously.”

Translators note:

5/5

Chapter 149: Lee Waejin (1)

On weekends, as usual, I had a dinner appointment with my older sister, Nicole. Somehow, we ended up making a weekly commitment to have meals together, and it wasn't that bothersome, so I ate with her every week.

Also, Nicole is soon graduating from the academy and is expected to be assigned to the Order of Knights. It's not confirmed yet, but I anticipate that she will be assigned to a good place like Dave.

(TL: I am genuinely confused if Isaac has 2 brothers or if the author changes his name every now and again. Early in the novel there's Dave who welcomes Isaac to the academy with Nicole. before going to the Navy Knights, but Bryce returns from there for the exhibition... wtf.)

On the other hand, Adelia... It was a bit ambiguous due to her status. After graduation, it's uncertain whether she will return to the kingdom immediately or join a knights order.

Returning to the Ters Kingdom meant facing a terrible home environment, and if she joined a knights order, it was practically betraying her homeland.

Although she didn't show it due to her bright personality, as the graduation season approaches, Adelia's heart will become more complicated.

“You still don't know where you'll be assigned, right?”

“Yeah. Dave got assigned to the Navy Knights by marking his preference in advance, but I still don't know. I would like to follow Father and join the Navy Knights, but it's not easy. I heard that Dave was a special case, and they conduct internal tests. Maybe I'll have to do the same.”

After the weekend training was over, we always visited this restaurant.

I asked Nicole about her plans after graduation while sitting across from her. She casually replied as if it was nothing, but her forehead seemed slightly narrowed,

indicating her nervousness.

“If it’s you, you can definitely join the Navy Knights. They say only those with exceptional skills and grades can become teaching assistants in the Department of Martial Arts, right?”

My fiancée, Marie, who was sitting next to me, interjected while elegantly cutting her steak. Her face was radiant, and her skin had a much healthier glow than yesterday. It was because she hadn’t stopped smiling since last night until now, even as we were enjoying a meal with Nicole and engaging in a lively conversation.

By the way, Adelia tactfully excused herself. There was no place for a third party to intervene when families were talking. Nicole said it was okay for her to join us, but Adelia adamantly refused.

Before parting ways, I remembered the envious look in their eyes. Rather than being blocked, it seemed like she didn’t have the courage to step in instead.

As I mentioned before, Adelia has certainly acted closer recently, but she still occasionally hesitates.

“Well, that may be true, but the reality will be different. I’ve heard about the requirements for joining the Navy Knights, and just hearing about them was exhausting.”

“Oh, I’ve heard about it too. They say if you join, you won’t get proper sleep for a whole month, only constant training.”

“That’s right. But that’s not the end of it. Not only will you not get proper sleep for a month, but you’ll also have to be self-sufficient even for food. And the instructors often launch attacks unexpectedly. If you mess up, you could actually die, so you have to endure all sorts of hardships.”

Is that truly something a person, no, a human being can do? The answer was yes. If you were born and a human born in this world could do it.

Until now, humans have complained about being the weakest and whatnot, but that’s only within the standards of this world. Compared to my past life, they are already monsters. In a world where humans could fight and win against monsters the size of elephants without any mana, there was nothing they couldn’t do.

Even someone like me, who only received basic knight training and was close to being an ordinary person, could easily lift something like a 100 kg cannon. Nicole could

probably even lift it with one hand, let alone play baseball with it.

Still, the entrance test Nicole mentioned was harsh even by the standards of this world. The Navy Knights were not responsible for border regions for no reason.

“Speaking of which, what’s Dave up to these days? Haven’t heard any news about him taking a vacation.”

“I heard he’s finally finished his apprenticeship and is taking a vacation. It’ll probably take a few months.”

It varies between knight orders, but to be promoted from a trainee knight to a junior knight, one must serve for one year. During that year, the order assesses whether the individual is suitable for it and determines their promotion.

So, our poor brother, Dave, has been an enlisted soldier throughout the year. Regardless of the circumstances, the military has always been plagued by unfairness, so he must still be enduring difficult days.

‘The letter he sent last time was amazing.’

It was about two weeks ago. I still remember the contents of the letter Dave sent. He personally gathered the most rations for the march and merrily gave them away.

The reason was remarkable: as time passed, rations would naturally decrease and become lighter. Ironically, he completed the march without carrying a single ration and finished it in just three hours.

That impressed the order, making me realize that the knight order was indeed like the military.

“By the way, what about Adelia? Where did she go?”

“Um...”

While savoring a steak, Marie swallowed and asked about Adelia’s whereabouts. Marie admired Adelia’s optimistic nature, despite Adelia finding her difficult to handle.

From the beginning, even though she is a commoner, Marie refers to her as Unni. It’s amusing that Adelia felt awkward about it.

And when Nicole heard that question, she just smirked without answering.

Does Nicole know that Adelia was a bastard child, moreover, a Ters royal family's illegitimate child? Or is it because of Adelia's peculiar behavior that Nicole was watching Marie's reaction?

Whichever it may be, Nicole was unable to answer easily.

"Well... I don't really know about Adeleia. She's such an unpredictable person, I can't even tell if she plans things or just goes with the flow. But her skills are similar to mine, so she'll adapt well anywhere."

"I see. But Unni is a commoner, right?"

"Why do you ask?"

Based on her usual behavior, she seemed like an ordinary commoner, but her appearance and manners had a noble quality to them.

Honestly, her beauty was enough to make her pass for a noble. Moreover, her sky-blue eyes reminiscent of a clear sky exuded a sense of mystery.

Although Marie hasn't had many encounters with Adeleia face-to-face, she possessed the ability to instinctively discern the truth about the other person. So, she might be aware that Adeleia's status wasn't ordinary.

"Well... for now, let's say that's right. Don't ask any further."

"Okay, I understand."

Upon Nicole's ambiguous response and firm request, Marie coolly accepted them. Since she wasn't particularly close to Adeleia, she decided there was no need to meddle.

Following that, while Marie skillfully cut into her steak, Nicole gazed at her with a complex expression. I could sense worry and concern hidden within Nicole's eyes, shining like gold.

What kind of concerns could make Nicole have such an expression? I hoped it wasn't a major worry.

"Anyway, you're graduating this year and taking the entrance test for the Navy Knights, right?"

“Yeah? Ah, right. I’m going to take the test before I graduate. In the Navy Knights, even as an apprentice, you’re often immediately assigned to missions in the border zone. So you could say it’s a slightly different case.”

“So, there’s not much time left for me to see your face, huh?”

I asked with a tinge of regret. With Dave leaving and now not much time was left to see Nicole. Nicole responded with a pleased smile, as if telling me not to worry.

“You’re an adult now too. And it’s been a while since I became an adult. It’s natural that we can’t meet often, so don’t be too disappointed.”

“But it’s still regrettable. Dave suddenly left too. You wouldn’t do that, right?”

“Of course not. Exactly one month from now, I’ll leave for the entrance test. We just have to meet for the last time then.”

“You attended the academy for five years, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Did anything interesting happen during your time at the academy?”

As a martial arts assistant instructor, Nicole had to stay at the academy longer than others. So she must have enjoyed various events and activities.

Nicole was a dedicated martial artist, devoting herself to training every day. However, being human, she inevitably experienced stress. To relieve that stress, she enjoyed various recreational activities.

Furthermore, I heard from Adelia that Nicole has gained tremendous popularity among martial arts students. Even as her younger brother, I could attest to her beautiful appearance and strong physical abilities.

As a woman who fulfilled men’s fantasies, it was undeniable that she is extremely popular. I could confidently state that without a doubt.

“I was curious about something now that I think about it. Haven’t you had a significant other, Unnie?”

“Uh, huh? A, a significant other?”

Nicole visibly flustered, her eyes widened, clearly showing her bewilderment.

And Marie, not stopping there, delved even deeper as Nicole continued to be flustered.

“Unnie, you’re incredibly beautiful, so it doesn’t make sense for you not to have a significant other. Even if you say you don’t, have you ever been confessed to?”

“Oh, no. I’ve never been confessed to. Seriously.”

Nicole blushed, clasping her hands together. Even without relying on Marie’s intuition, it was evident that she was lying.

Marie, thinking she had caught her, gave an ominous smile and pushed further.

“Lies. Who confessed to you? We’re family now, so it’s okay to tell me, right? I won’t tell anyone.”

“But... it’s true...”

“Do you think lies like that would work on me? Just tell me any confession story, even one. I’m curious. You rarely talk about personal matters.”

“No, why are you interested in someone else’s personal life when you’re about to get engaged yourself?”

Nicole asked, as if it was incredulous.

“Well, other people’s stories are more interesting, aren’t they? We shared our own stories, didn’t we?”

“Huh. True...”

Marie’s clear response immediately left her feeling dejected. After contemplating for a while, she sighed deeply and shook her head.

Unfortunately, her answer was that it couldn’t be done.

“I’m sorry, but no. I’ve received confessions before, but it’s a bit of an unpleasant story.”

“An unpleasant story?”

“I was confessed to by not just one person, but by four people. And all at the same time.”

“Wow...”

Marie and I inadvertently let out an astonished gasp. Since Nicole was someone who usually didn't lie, the chances are high that it was true that she was confessed to by four people simultaneously.

Just by listening, it seemed like there were hidden complexities. If someone were to use that as material, it could easily become a romance novel.

Nicole, as if reminded of that moment, muttered softly with her cheeks turning red.

“The grown-up guys... There's nothing as pitiful as seeing them fight over one girl. I got annoyed and said I'd date whoever wins through a duel. But even when four of them ganged up, they all lost. At least they should be stronger than me, right?”

“Oh, so your preference is for a man who's stronger than you, then?”

“What? No! I didn't mean it that way! I just meant that a man should be strong enough to protect a woman!”

Caught off guard, Nicole hurriedly shouted in defense, displaying a reaction far from her usual strict demeanor. It was evident that she was flustered. Not knowing what to do, I looked at Nicole, then joined in Marie's mischief.

“Noona, I'm really weak.”

“Oh... Look at this. Xenon, the author? One word from you can change the world, and you call yourself weak? You should at least be mindful of your nonsense..”

“Well, what about our Hyung? He's from a noble family, and he's destined to inherit the title.”

“Forget it. Don't even go there. Once he joins the knights, he'll have to give up on marriage anyway. Why bother with a lover? You two have more than enough love stories. Are you being responsible with contraception?”

Nicole tried to change the subject, so it's probably best to stop the teasing here. I had a feeling that if I continued to play around, Nicole would die of embarrassment.

“Of course, we're being very careful. We still have plenty of contraceptives, so no problem.”

“Good. Make sure there are no situations where a mistake would happen, like becoming parents by accident.”

“Well, from what I see, it won’t happen as a mistake but rather intentionally.”

“Well... Honestly, it does seem that way. But no matter what, I highly doubt you used up all the contraceptives.”

Nicole, who had nodded in agreement with my words, suddenly asked me if she had remembered something.

“By the way, Isaac, when will Volume 13 be released?”

“Volume 13? I’ll probably send it to the publisher in about three days. Why do you ask?”

“Didn’t Alvenheim say they were going to censor it? Did you really write a story about Alvenheim being invaded?”

“Of course I did. I can’t change the story just because that country threatened to censor it.”

Even if Alvenheim censors it, it won’t matter. It’s their country that will suffer, not me. As for the profits, I’ve already earned more than enough, and Leort and Rina were helping little by little. I had no choice but to transfer the profits that were just sitting with the publisher to the mansion.

‘Come to think of it, elves came to the publisher.’

I heard the news that elves had come to the publisher through a letter sent by my father. They wanted to see Xenon, since they asked for the letters I had been sending. Fortunately, the president handled it well, and the elves withdrew.

However, my father didn’t know why elves from Alvenheim, especially from a prestigious family, had come. Although it’s just speculation, it might be a situation caused by Arwen’s mishandling of the speech. The news has been delivered through Siris, so I’ll be contacted soon.

“I’m a little worried, that’s all. Usually, when authors have their novels censored, they lose confidence. Isn’t it the same for you?”

“Not really. After all, the Xenon series is a novel that more humans read than elves, and it’s just a hobby for me. If they censor it, they’ll be the ones at a loss.”

“That’s right. Sometimes elves can be so foolish. Trying to censor a beautiful culture, it’s bound to cause backlash, don’t you think? The Queen wouldn’t do such a thing, so it must have been the Council or the prestigious families acting on their own.”

Marie was coolly sympathetic. It seemed that, as expected of a duke’s daughter, she had a keen understanding of the political situation in other countries. Nicole made a relieved expression when she noticed that I wasn’t paying much attention to it, but she still cautiously asked if there was any way to alleviate my concerns.

“Even so, please be careful not to openly express negative opinions. Each sentence you write can have a significant impact on the world. You should know that by now, considering what you’ve seen so far.”

“Of course, I know.”

In response, I spoke as if it was no longer a matter of importance.

“I don’t feel impressed by it anymore.”

A few days later.

[Shocking News! The contamination of the roots of Yggdrasil, the pride and symbol of Alvenheim, is actually taking place!]

[It was not a fiction-like devil’s scheme, but the effect of the demon war that occurred 3,000 years ago that has been continuing until now. Although the contamination level of the roots is currently at 26%, it is gradually accelerating, and it is expected to be fully contaminated in the near future.]

[The clergy of Alvenheim have united to attempt purification efforts. Fortunately, the progress of contamination was not severe and was immediately healed.]

[Could it be that Xenon’s Biography foresaw even this?]

“... ..”

Was this even possible?

Translators note:

1/5

I'm sorry the chapters got delayed almost a week, but I was busy making a game for my job interview.....which I failed *sob*sob*

The rest of chapters will come either later today or tomorrow.

And the chapters title is a korean meme for hitting a jackpot/something unlikely.

Chapter 150: Lee Waejin (2)

Words can become seeds. This proverb can be used to describe a situation where words spoken without much thought become a reality. It carries the lesson of being cautious and not speaking recklessly.

In various ways, I have witnessed numerous instances where words have turned into reality, even in past lives. Most of these instances were posts on social media, which later came true.

However, if you examine it closely, it is simply a matter of possibilities, and therefore, there are many instances where words are spoken without much consideration. For example, predicting an accident the next morning or finding a bundle of money on the street, among other things.

In this world, there are various probabilities, including extremely rare ones. The cases where words turn into reality mostly involve the coincidence of hitting such a low-probability event.

Speaking of probabilities, let's take an example. What is the probability that events described in a novel, written out of boredom, will actually occur?

There was a novel that semi-predicted the 9/11 terrorist attacks in my past life, and it was rumored that the author was later personally invited to write various scenarios. Not only that, there was a famous novel in South Korea that "predicted" the President's Gate scandal.

The overall content of the novel was about a shaman who helps the person who will become the future president. The story of the novel was astonishingly similar to real-life events, to the point where the author himself expressed astonishment.

As you can see, there are countless works that predict the future. The Earth's culture has developed significantly more than in this world, and with media pouring out content, it increased the "probability" of such occurrences.

And the current situation I am facing was similar but slightly different.

The 13th volume of Xenon's Biography mainly revolved around the contamination of the world tree's roots by the machinations of Lucifer of Pride. As a result, Elvenheim is invaded by demons and transformed into a wasteland. The protagonist and his companions hear the news and try to return, but they are delayed by Lilith. By the time they arrive, Elvenheim is on the verge of becoming ruins, with only remnants left to greet them.

If this were to happen in reality, it would be a major event that would turn the entire world upside down. However, devil's activities have completely dwindled since the Great Devil war, and not even a single devil has been discovered. So the contamination of the world tree should never occur...

[Shock! The world tree of Yggdrasil was actually being contaminated!]

[The contamination of the roots that even mana from the world tree couldn't purify. If it had progressed like this, would devils have actually invaded?]

[As the contamination of the world tree's roots occurred in reality, the leaders of each country are contemplating the possibility of a devil invasion.]

[Who is Xenon, who foresaw this situation? Is it a coincidence, or did they already know?]

But then, it actually happened. What on earth is this? It's unbelievable.

As I read the news articles in the newspaper, I was at a loss for words. I initially thought the focus would be on the part where Elvenheim was invaded, but an unexpected variable occurred.

To neutralize the mana emitted by the World Tree, devils contaminated it from its roots. This was merely my imagination, and there was absolutely no separate research or anything of that sort.

In the first place, I only visited Yggdrasil, where the World Tree is located, once. Moreover, I returned home immediately after hearing Arwen's speech, without even reaching the vicinity of the World Tree.

Therefore, it was purely a coincidence, and I swear I had no prior knowledge.

'Of all things, the World Tree...'

The problem was that not something else but the roots of the World Tree have indeed been contaminated. Apparently, a certain noble of Elvenheim, who read Volume 13, suspiciously requested confirmation from Arwen, and she complied with it.

Originally, the Council of Elders would oppose it, but it must have been difficult to oppose something as significant as the World Tree. After that, upon careful investigation, they discovered the contamination of the roots.

Naturally, Elvenheim was in an uproar. The World Tree was a direct gift from the gods to the elves, a symbol that had protected them for 3000 years.

But what if the roots of that World Tree were gradually becoming contaminated, just like in the novel?

For the elves, it was an astonishing matter and could only be described as an unprecedented crisis that should never happen.

The only fortunate thing is that it might be a phenomenon arising from the aftermath of the Great Devil war 3000 years ago, rather than someone's deliberate manipulation.

Still, it was an undeniable fact that the contamination was progressing. Currently, the priests of Alvenheim were joining forces to carry out purification work, but the aftermath was not insignificant.

A representative example would be...

[Adventurers and mercenaries are searching diligently for traces of devils. Debates arise regarding the difference between devils and the demons...]

[Leaders of each nation have decided to heighten their vigilance against devils. In a world where contamination of the World Tree has become a reality, there is no guarantee that devil invasions won't occur.]

[Three thousand years is a sufficient amount of time for all races to immerse themselves in peace. Devils may seize the opportunity just like in the Xenon's Biography.]

As a result, there were hardly any people who considered it merely a work of fiction. The number of people searching for traces of devils has significantly increased. In a reality where things that shouldn't exist have become real, there is no law saying that devil invasions won't happen. This is what was written in the newspaper.

As for me, it was an overwhelming and suffocating situation, but this wasn't the end.

[Xenon is not an ordinary sage. He is likely a renowned scholar capable of accessing Alvenheim's World Tree and has connections with the high-ranking nobles of Alvenheim.]

[Could Xenon's Biography be a book written about the future? Such speculations have emerged. While the characters may be fictional, the situations depicted in the novel could potentially occur in the future.]

[Lucifer said, "Arrogance. Prolonged peace softens even the most rational judgment. Have you enjoyed the peace all this time?" This could be Xenon's warning to us.]

Due to the unexpected warning (?), the number of people looking for me has increased, and they were treating me not just as a sage but as a "prophet." It was amusing to see them delude themselves, but I'm starting to feel that things are escalating. If I were to reveal my true identity someday, would they even believe me? Considering the current situation, I highly doubt it.

'...First, I should send a letter to the publisher.'

To avoid any potential consequences, it seemed better to clarify my position from the outset. The media may be buzzing about the prophet, but it was just a mere coincidence. I had no intention of exploiting this situation, nor could I bear the burden. I need to resolve this situation as soon as possible.

'It may take some time, as I need to transcribe it for the publisher.'

Sighing, I folded the newspaper. I could never get used to the world becoming strange because of the novel I wrote. If the praise were focused solely on the work, I could embrace it with joy, but all sorts of malicious variables keep popping up. It all started with the perception shift of the demons.

At this rate, I'm worried that when Xenon's Biography is completed and I write about World War II, all sorts of mechanical things will pour out. Of course, to them, the history of my past life was a mere fantasy, so the probability was slim.

Let's ignore the slim probability of guessing the contamination of the world tree. Right now, it was important to eliminate this troubled mind.

"...Hah."

No matter how I think about it, I couldn't help but laugh. Why does this feel so real?

The newspaper also covered the emergence of Dark Elves, but the main focus was on the contamination of the World Tree's roots. As a writer, it was an absurd situation to be in.

Of course, as time passes and the situation calms down, there is a possibility that attention will turn to the Dark Elves. The appearance of Dark Elves was a scene that cannot be easily overlooked.

'First, let's write a letter. All of this is just a coincidence, and I'm not a sage or a prophet but a simple scholar.'

More accurately, an aspiring scholar. It's necessary to mix truth within falsehoods to avoid arousing suspicion.

'Arwen must be busy now, so I should call her later.'

Since the contamination of the World Tree's roots was an unprecedented incident, Alvenheim must be in chaos. Naturally, Arwen and the leaders of Alvenheim will be working tirelessly.

If Xenon's Biography really starts to be treated as prophetic, it's obvious that it will greatly affect Arwen. She was desperately trying to prevent the Council of Elders from finding me.

Taking a deep breath in my complicated mind, I sighed once again and threw myself onto the bed.

'Yes, it'll quiet down once I send the letter. It will quiet down.'

A few days later...

[Breaking News! Traces of a devil summoning ritual found in a cave in the Kyras Mountains! A rare place with little human activity where an adventurer happened to discover...]

[Furthermore, traces left by demons are being discovered in various places. Will we follow Xenon's warning?]

[There are also traces of the extremist faction of the Mages hidden after the Race War 300 years ago... Upon hearing the news, Helium has dispatched an investigation team.]

“... ..”

It will quiet down.

[Perhaps Xenon isn't just a prophet, but a 'divine incarnation' sent from the future by a god to warn this world, which has become complacent in peace, by risking danger and defying time...]

[The perspective of each religious sect: Defying time is an impossible task even for a god. However, if it's not the god directly defying time but targeting mortal beings, it may not be entirely impossible.]

It will quiet down for real.

[Xenon claimed to be an ordinary scholar, not a prophet or a sage, but most people don't believe him at all.]

[Clearly, there must be a reason for hiding his true identity. Could it be due to a constraint that prohibits directly revealing what will happen in the future?]

[As an ordinary scholar from the future, he would have been able to publish a novel with such eloquence and readability. Because future culture would be overwhelmingly advanced compared to the present...]

Hey, you guys. Stop playing around drumming your own drums.

'I'm just a reincarnated person... from a different world'

It seems like the situation has become even more messed up.

Alvenheim before the traces of the devil were discovered in reality.

Alvenheim was in the midst of great turmoil due to an unprecedented incident called the contamination of the World Tree. The half-breed incident was something that happened among people, but the World Tree was on a different level.

The World Tree, beyond being a relic to the elves, was considered a gift from the gods, so contamination was deemed unacceptable.

Therefore, until the 13th volume was released, everyone initially lived with the mindset that the novel was just a novel and should not be associated with reality. However, when the concerns actually manifested in reality, they had no choice but to change their thinking.

Xenon's Biography was now not just a book to be read for entertainment but a must-read.

"Your Majesty, please reconsider..."

"I forbid it. How many times have I said that I won't allow it?"

Naturally, the influence reached the Queen of Alvenheim, Arwen. Not only the Council of Elders but also prestigious families were calling for finding Xenon, or rather, Isaac. For her part, it was driving her crazy.

In fact, Arwen almost brushed it off when she learned the truth that the roots of the World Tree had been contaminated. She knew that Xenon's Biography was written solely as a hobby because she had a personal friendship with Isaac.

However, once the contamination of the World Tree's roots was confirmed, she couldn't help but have suspicions. The contamination of the World Tree was an impossible event, but she wondered if Isaac had truly predicted it. There were whispers in society, slight suspicions that he might be more than just a prophet.

"Your Majesty, this is a serious matter. Whether Xenon is truly a prophet or not, it is a fact that he saved the World Tree from a crisis."

Fieren, a member of the Council of Elders, spoke in his characteristic hoarse voice, addressing Arwen with the presence of two other members.

Although his words were polite and courteous on the surface, Arwen could sense the underlying intentions hidden within Fieren's speech. He must be planning to manipulate Isaac and use him for propaganda purposes by bringing him here.

In reality, the elves of Alvenheim felt immense gratitude towards Isaac for saving the World Tree. The content about Alvenheim's demons being invaded in the book?

It's all irrelevant. What truly mattered was the reality. Despite the attention drawn by the appearance of the Dark Elves, it was still at a preliminary stage, with only curiosity being revealed.

Furthermore, Arwen knew that due to her own mistake, the Council of Elders had deployed manpower to visit the publishing house. This information was obtained from Isaac, and only now did she realize that she had carelessly left the speech document intact without burning it.

The speech document remained in its original place, but the subtle change in its position suggests that someone tampered with it. Thanks to this, Arwen realized that the Council of Elders had planted many spies.

“It is true that Xenon saved the World Tree. We are also investigating whether the content in the book will become a reality.”

“Yes.”

“But don’t you consider the burden that will be imposed on Xenon? Think about why Xenon is writing while hiding his identity. There must be a reason for him to write the book.”

That’s why Arwen could refuse more stubbornly. If the Council of Elders were to find Isaac, she would doubt whether she could protect him.

Fieren seemed to intuit that he couldn’t break Arwen’s determination, so he sighed in frustration. Normally, he should refrain from even this expression, but he still had remaining questions for Arwen.

“...I understand. Can I ask you one more thing?”

“You have my permission.”

“I’m curious about the relationship between the Queen and Xenon. What exactly is your connection?”

“...What?”

This was a question that could even startle Arwen herself. However, before such a question could be resolved, Fieren continued.

“Every time we expressed our intention to search for Xenon, the Queen has always denied us. Even when it was revealed that the roots of the World Tree were contaminated, you still refused like now. So, we can’t help but have doubts.”

“W-What...”

Fieren deliberately omitted the fact that he had glimpsed at the speech, but Arwen, taken aback, couldn’t even consider that.

Given that Isaac had a connection with Arwen and, furthermore, the feeling of guilt flowing through her body due to the mistakes she had made, it was a situation where she

couldn't help but tense up, wondering if the Council of Elders knew about it.

In response, Fieren, as if he had caught on to something, smiled subtly and presented Arwen with one assumption.

“Is it true, Your Majesty, that you were involved romantically with Xenon?”

“...?”

What nonsense is this again? Arwen blinked her gray eyes and then looked at Fieren with a bewildered and incredulous expression.

Arwen couldn't comprehend what thoughts could lead to Fieren uttering the assumption that Isaac and she were lovers.

At that time, Isaac hadn't even been born yet. Arwen was so overwhelmed that she couldn't speak. Fieren, perhaps interpreting her reaction in his own way, continued with a satisfied expression.

“But it would have been difficult for you to continue due to the fundamental difference in lifespan. So, Xenon must have incorporated the pain he had experienced into the book. Isn't that right?”

“No... that's...”

“Your Majesty, letting go of lingering emotions is inherently difficult. Especially when it comes to love. I hope you have considered what is more important for Alvenheim and cast aside those lingering feelings.”

“... ..”

“In that case, we shall take our leave. Please reconsider once more.”

After saying so, the elders respectfully bid farewell and left the Council Chamber. Arwen watched their retreating figures from a distance and burst into a bitter laugh.

“What... nonsense is that?”

At first, Arwen dismissed it as nonsense too...

[Is Xenon truly someone who has traveled through time? Or is all of this just a coincidence?]

[If he is a divine incarnation, then an impossible story isn't out of the question.]

Traces of devils were discovered throughout the world, and with the hypothesis that Isaac was a person from the future, it was hard to completely dismiss the idea. Though it might not be the present, it was possible that a similar situation to Xenon's Biography had occurred in a distant future.

Moreover, Isaac claimed he didn't need any compensation for his help with the speech, stating that merely seeing her own beautiful appearance was enough.

In addition, he showed leniency towards Rain and provided various conveniences, knowingly or unknowingly.

“...Should I read it once more?”

Arwen diligently read from Volume 10, alongside Kair's prequel.

Chapter 151: Lee Waejin (3)

Who is the devil? According to literature, the devils refers to invaders from a different dimension who came over 3,000 years ago and committed various atrocities, causing significant and minor impacts. During the Devil War, they fought relentlessly to protect this world, regardless of race, and were barely driven out thanks to the gods who protect this world. However, various incidents occurred during that time.

It is widely known that the origin of demons are the devils, and the gods who felt threatened by the devil's invasion gifted the World Tree's seed to the elves. That seed has grown into a great tree, resiliently enduring to the present day, over the course of 3,000 years.

Since then, research on devils has been actively conducted, but as time passed, interest gradually waned. It was an environment where attention naturally shifted more towards other races than devils. Humans, who are forgetful creatures, shifted their focus to other races rather than devils within a span of just a hundred years, and even the long-lived elves found 3,000 years to be enough time to forget the events.

Furthermore, since the incident of the Race War 300 years ago, an event that completely altered the fate of all races, nobody has taken the devil seriously. Only other races have been of concern.

The span of 3,000 years was, without a doubt, exceedingly long. It was an event that could only be recorded in "literature" from the beginning, so it was safe to say that aside from scholars, there were hardly any individuals who delved into it intensively.

[The leaders of countries who have recognized the seriousness of the situation are taking action to identify devil worshippers... Requesting support from various factions.]

[Luminous Church: The devil is an abomination that should never be associated with. We will definitely identify and eliminate them.]

[Meanwhile, efforts are being made to track down the militant demons who have gone into hiding in Helium...]

Until the incidents from Xenon's Biography gradually became a reality.

The fact that the roots of the World Tree have been contaminated may be attributed to chance, but discovering traces of devils is an undeniable matter. Devils, although regarded as fictional creatures in literature, have a historical record of transforming this world into a sea of flames.

Currently, civilization and military power have advanced significantly compared to 3,000 years ago, but devils remain incredibly powerful foes. Even the elves were forced to be on the defensive, to the point where they had to seek the World Tree's seed from the gods. This gives you a rough idea of how dire the situation is.

Above all, the most terrifying aspect of devils, according to literature, is the endless quantity and variety they pour forth. There are mentions of the sheer volume being so vast that it eclipsed the horizon with darkness.

Thus, it could be concluded that unless dimensions were sealed off, it is impossible to permanently eradicate demons, regardless of the development of civilization and technology. The Devil War that occurred 3,000 years ago didn't completely vanquish all the devils but severed the interdimensional connections and sent them back.

Therefore, the news of discovering traces of devils implies that there are people attempting to establish connections between dimensions.

“Sigh...”

While the world was in turmoil due to the devils, I sat on my bed in my dorm and let out a deep sigh. Currently, I was reading the newspaper that was published today.

Usually, newspapers were published once a day, according to regular subscriptions. However, due to the state of affairs, they were practically coming out every 3 to 4 hours.

I had visited Elena's laboratory today, and as a result, the newspapers had piled up thickly. So, I started reading them one by one, and the content was quite intriguing.

There were reports of traces of devils being discovered somewhere or individuals who were not demons but had used magic related to black mana, and so on.

After delving deep into the incidents that had been easily overlooked so far, detailed evidence was steadily emerging that they were indeed associated with devils. This included peculiar symbols found at ritual sites in obscure caves or on monsters causing havoc.

Taking it a step further, they have even discovered what is known as a “Summoning Circle,” believed to have been performed several hundred years ago. It was difficult to find because the location of the rituals was deeply concealed underground.

Although incidents similar to those in Xenon’s Biography did not occur, the current world was in a state of extreme vigilance against devils. There were concerns that the descendants of devils, known as demons, would be affected, but surprisingly, they have greatly contributed to identification of devil related things.

The black mana used by demons made them even more sensitive, because it was also used by devils. Perhaps due to this reason, the Mora church was said to be collaborating with Helium.

‘I’m going crazy...’

I lamented inwardly as I carefully read the incidents reported in the newspaper. Unintentionally hitting two consecutive home runs, there was nothing I could do about it.

People were speculating that I am a prophet or a person from the future, and even if I protested that I’m not, they didn’t believe me at all.

On the contrary, they were speculating on their own about the reasons why I haven’t revealed my identity. The idea that a deity imposed restrictions received the greatest support.

‘Restrictions, my foot. I just remember my past life.’

Although I was in a different world, I remember everything from my past life. The days of my school years, along with the tragedy of losing my parents in an accident. And even dying from a cardiac arrest while using the computer, just like any other day.

Although I am a reincarnator, I am not a regressor who came back from the future. However, these people simply refused to believe it.

Feeling frustrated, I sent multiple letters, but each time they were neatly discarded. In the end, I had no choice but to decide to remain quiet until the situation calmed down.

'But the devil problem... It's quite serious.'

The contamination of the World Tree's roots was a significant issue, but devils could be even worse. Whether out of curiosity or for a specific purpose, devils are beings that should never be summoned.

If you consider how much damage a devil-turned-demon can cause in the surroundings, the answer becomes clear. The Devil War that occurred 3,000 years ago was the result of such beings pouring out in mass.

As a consequence, various churches, especially the Holy Kingdom Xavier, were actively mobilizing. Other countries, including the Minerva Empire, have also set aside their conflicts for a while and started devil-purging operations.

Even adventurers and mercenaries were doing the same. It is said that they offer substantial rewards if you report the discovery of places or items related to devils.

Naturally, they inspect to see if there are any traces of 'Black Mana'.

Anyway, currently, the whole world was swept up in the frenzy of devil-purging.

As for Xenon's Biography, it's just an added bonus that it is now considered a prophecy.

'But if I had included Cecily's illustrations...'

I took my eyes off the newspaper and pondered for a moment. Originally, the illustrations were supposed to be included in Volume 13, but due to time constraints, the plan changed to include them in the full-scale battle with Lilith's defeat."

Not only Lilith, but also the other Seven Deadly Sins would be the same. They are important villains, so you could say it's a kind of bias. However, considering the current situation, I'm worried that including Lilith's illustrations could harm Cecily for no reason. Since the Xenon Saga was being treated as a prophecy, people might also think of her as Lilith.

'...I'll have to put the illustrations in during the death scene.'

Still, Lilith has a heartbreaking situation where she lives on in order to not forget the man she loves. This will be revealed to Xenon just before he strangles Lilith. Of course, I don't know if this phenomenon will continue until then. The eradication of Lilith is planned to happen after the beastem part.

For now, it's a priority to wait until the situation calms down while taking care of oneself. Just act as usual.

'Since I have time, should I meet the kids first?'

I haven't read all the newspapers yet, but it's about time for the final lecture to end.

Since today is Wednesday, I have a normal meeting and dinner appointment instead of a date. Wednesday is a time I designated for my personal time, and it seems like Marie felt the need for her own time as well, so she readily agreed.

At that time, she didn't care about what I did, and even if I went on a date with Cecily, she would only feel a little jealous, but wouldn't mind. Of course, the next day, we would head straight to the inn without hesitation. In fact, if I were to go on a date with Marie, you could say that the inn was always the final destination.

And so, it happened when I temporarily set aside the newspaper I was reading and made my way to the lecture hall. As if by perfect timing, students were coming out of the classroom one by one. Among them, familiar faces naturally popped out.

Right at that moment, Rina, perhaps having confirmed that I was coming, greeted me with her characteristic gentle laughter.

"Did you come right at the time?"

"Yeah. How was today's class?"

"Don't even ask. No matter how much I listen, I still don't understand what philosophy means."

That was my girlfriend Marie's response. As always, she crossed her arm with me and grumbled.

I gently patted Marie's arm at her cute and lovely behavior and shifted my gaze. When I met Cecily's eyes, she smiled brightly.

In response to her always beautiful smile, I smiled back.

"Shall we go to the cafe first?"

"Yeah, let's do that. It's too early for a meal."

"Where are we going?"

“The usual place.”

Afterwards, the four of us moved together to the cafe we often visited. In the past, our group might have attracted various gazes, but now, due to familiarity, we didn't feel any of those gazes.

Even while heading to the cafe, we engaged in small talk, and it continued even after arriving at the cafe. Since it was a room with thorough soundproofing, there was no need to be cautious of other people's attention.

In other words, it was an opportune moment to bring up a difficult question to answer.

“Isaac, you also read the newspaper, right?”

“Of course, I do. An extra edition comes out every three to four hours.”

“What do you think? Lately, they're calling you a prophet, a seer of the future.”

Marie, who was sitting next to me, asked with curiosity and intrigue. Silently, I responded with a wry smile, and Cecily across from us chimed in.

“I'm curious too. The stories in the book are coming true one by one. Are you really a prophet or a person from the future? Or maybe a reincarnator?”

I chuckled at that question and immediately refuted it. While I am a reincarnator, I can deny the other possibilities since I came from a different world.

“Absolutely not. If I were either of those, I would have invested in stocks instead of making money through writing novels. I wasn't capable of that in the first place, and the book wasn't that significant. It's all just a coincidence.”

“For a coincidence, it's quite precisely fitting, isn't it?”

Rina elegantly sipped her coffee and interjected quietly. If you only looked at her gaze, it was full of mischief, but her tone carried a hint of seriousness.

A mixture of playfulness and sincerity, you could say. Of course, I found it somewhat unfair.

“It's really just a coincidence. And the traces of the devil appearing everywhere just make the story quite realistic. It's been 3,000 years, yes, 3,000 years. Experts have been ignoring it until now, but the warnings themselves have existed even before Xenon's

Biography. They pretended not to know because their attention was diverted elsewhere.”

“Well... that’s true. I heard there were incidents that were overlooked in the reports due to inconvenience. In reality, nobody cared about the devils, but the threat itself was present. Cecily, how is the situation in Helium right now?”

“Helium is no different from anywhere else. However, we’re currently searching for traces of the militant faction of demons that were hostile to the Human Union 300 years ago. The investigation results will probably be out soon.”

The extremist faction of demons, known as the “Hardliners,” was hostile to the human alliance even during the tribal war 300 years ago. True to their name, they despised humans and went so far as to commit war crimes.

Typically, devils succumbed to despair and sadness, tragically becoming devils out of dark emotions. However, in the case of the Hardline demons, they frequently become devils for the sake of revenge.

As a result, they posed a significant challenge to the human alliance during the race war. Fortunately, with the help of the moderate faction of demons, known as Helium, we managed to survive unharmed.

Despite the near extinction of the Hardline demons due to the race war, a small number of them managed to escape and hide in various parts of the world. Due to the potential severity of the situation, Helium has taken charge since humans may face excessive casualties.

“The world is truly unpredictable. While pollution of the World Tree is one thing, devils appearing... Could there really be a Second Devil War in the distant future?”

“It’s not entirely impossible. After all, it’s a span of 3,000 years. In fact, even if a Second Cataclysm had occurred during that time, it wouldn’t be surprising. Devils ruins estimated to have been constructed 500 years ago have been discovered. We were oblivious, but there were many dangerous situations. Fortunately, they all ended up unfinished, but as time went on, the magical runes installed in the hidden chambers were improving.”

“At least they remained unfinished, otherwise...”

“It’s possible that a catastrophe could have struck. Connecting dimensions is a difficult task even for elves and demons, so it’s a good thing it didn’t happen sooner, otherwise,

we would have been invaded long ago.”

The current world was rapidly becoming more focused on devils, much like the conversation between Marie and Rina. Things that were once considered legendary are now appearing one by one in reality, so it’s impossible not to take an interest.

As a result, research related to devils was also being actively conducted. However, books related to devils have faced a lot of time as most have been lost.

Perhaps the only intact ones are in the Sanctuary. However, I have heard that the Sanctuary is currently in a state of over-saturation.

“Oh, by the way, Isaac.”

“Yes?”

“When are you planning to include illustrations? I’m ready whenever.”

During the conversation between Rina and Marie, Cecily asked me. It was a question about the inclusion of Cecily’s drawings, which means illustrations for the release.

Originally, we had decided to include them in Volume 13, but due to time constraints, we postponed it. I plan to visit Helium during the upcoming vacation, so it seemed like a good opportunity to draw the illustrations then.

“Illustrations? What illustrations?”

Marie next to me tilted her head in confusion. Come to think of it, I hadn’t told Marie about it.

Just as I was about to respond, Cecily smiled brightly, as if proudly, and answered clearly. It was as if she was bragging.

“Yeah. You know Lilith, who appeared in Volume 13? As I’m the model for the Seven Sins, Isaac would refer to me when drawing the illustrations. Originally, I wanted to include them in Volume 13, but it was difficult due to time constraints.”

“Ah, I see. I get it now.”

After listening to Cecily’s story, Marie slowly nodded her head and then turned her head to look at me. I couldn’t muster the courage to meet her eyes and kept my head stiffly raised, but...

“Isaac?”

“... ..”

“Is that true?”

Unable to bear Marie’s chilling question, I had no choice but to close my eyes. When I quietly opened them again, I saw Cecily lightly laughing with her hand over her mouth.

Honestly, I almost burst into laughter at her mischievous rather than demonic appearance, but I barely managed to suppress it because Marie was glaring at me.

Marie alternated between looking at me and Cecily in the slightly subdued atmosphere, then she soon broke into a deep smile. It seemed like she had some thoughts.

“Well, it doesn’t matter. Anyway, my situation is similar to yours.”

“Huh? You too?”

“I’m not talking about putting in drawings like you. Instead... let’s include the intense relationship we’ve had so far...”

“Pfft!”

Before Marie could finish her sentence, Rina burst out laughing, spewing coffee everywhere. Naturally, all eyes turned to her.

“Cough! Cough! Oops!”

Rina, who continued to cough and choke, quickly pulled out a handkerchief and wiped the area around her mouth that was covered in coffee stains.

Just as she was about to get up from her seat, thinking that she should pat her back or something, Rina coughed and asked, as if questioning if it was really true.

“Cough! Well, that... Cough! Is it true?”

“About putting my night affair with Isaac in the book?”

“Cough! Cough! Can you put that kind of thing... in?”

“Why not? There’s nothing that can’t be done, right?”

Marie asked in a subtle voice, holding onto my arm. Deliberately or not, she slipped her arm between her clothes and mine, and I felt a soft sensation.

While I was only managing to give a wry smile, Sessily patted my back, calming me down. Then Rina asked cautiously.

“In which volume... Does it appear?”

“Huh?”

“I’m asking in which volume. It will appear later, right?”

Why was she asking such a question? I looked at Rina, whose face had turned red, perhaps because of the cough, and replied.

“There’s no set plan yet. It’s intended to be used in the later part, but...”

“No, you can’t.”

“Huh?”

“You absolutely can’t.”

For some reason, Rina strongly opposed it. She was usually someone who would brush off whatever I said, but this time she was firm about it. Instead of feeling uncomfortable, I felt curious. Perhaps Marie had a similar thought, as she asked with a puzzled voice.

“Why can’t we do it? Is it because minors might see it?”

“It’s not that, but...”

“Not that, but?”

Surprisingly, Rina seemed to have a conservative personality. In response to Marie’s consecutive questions, Rina cleared her throat once and stared at us intently. Then, her face rapidly turned red, and she covered it with both hands, speaking in a voice as if an ant was passing by.

“...Keep it mild.”

“Huh?”

“Write it in a mild way... Write it mildly, then it’ll be fine.”

“... ..”

“If you write it wrong... If you give them strange knowledge... you have to consider the influence of your book...”

Was that the reason? Even in my past life, many problems arose from not receiving proper sexual education and relying solely on pornography. Moreover, this place was a medieval era where sexual education was underdeveloped. The nobles might have had diligent parents or household tutors to teach them, but the commoners did not.

Currently, me and Marie were becoming more and more passionate. Even on the first night, we enthusiastically intertwined their bodies, but now that we have grown accustomed, there's no need to say anything.

“Well... I guess that's true. But don't worry. We won't be too crazy about it.”

“Okay, I got it.”

“By any chance, do you think there will be censorship or something?”

“That's up to the publisher's discretion. The government doesn't directly censor culture unless it's something extraordinary. Maybe the publisher will attach a warning message on the first page.”

If that's the case, then it's fortunate. It seems like the issue lies with the Council of Elders in Alvenheim. While I was thinking about that, Marie suddenly thought of something odd and asked Lena a question.

“But Rina, do you know how we do it and talk about it?”

“Uh, yeah?”

“When I listen to you, it feels like you know and talk about us being aggressive. Maybe...”

“No, absolutely not! I'm not a pervert, and why would I want to watch what you guys do?!”

Rina vigorously denied, fidgeting her hands. But because fierce denial can sound like strong affirmation, suspicions only deepened.

Still, I should trust her denial for now. Besides, we only engaged in those activities in a well-soundproofed place where no one else could see.

“...Rina.”

“Yeah?”

“...Never mind.”

Seeing Cecily's pitiful expression was just an added bonus.

It was after all the meals, including tea time, had ended, and everyone returned to their respective accommodations. Isaac had hoped to enjoy a date with Marie, but for some reason, Marie immediately went back to her room.

Initially, Isaac was puzzled, but when she mentioned that he had personal matters to attend to, he returned without saying a word. Naturally, before parting ways, they didn't forget to exchange a kiss filled with love.

Afterward, Marie returned to her room, changed into comfortable clothes, and threw herself onto the bed. Even in the darkness, her white hair, tinged with a hint of blue, emitted a glow.

She stared at the dim ceiling for a while before reflecting on what had happened today.

'...he lied.'

Cecily asked Isaac if he was truly a prophet, a person from the future, or someone who had been reincarnated.

Isaac chuckled and firmly denied it, but she could tell. She could tell that Isaac had lied.

As someone who could instinctively grasp the truth of a person, Marie could sense that Isaac had lied. However, it was somewhat ambiguous. It felt like a strange mixture of lies and truths, even for Marie, making it difficult to discern. Perhaps it was a feeling of truths being mixed within the lies.

Moreover, she couldn't determine which of the three categories—prophet, person from the future, or reincarnator—he belonged to. However, one thing was the “truth”: everything currently appearing in this world was no mere coincidence.

'What is it?'

Marie pondered over Isaac. Despite his well-mannered behavior that seemed out of place for someone her age, he had a deep sense of consideration.

At just 17 years old, he was far from being a troublemaker. Moreover, he was the author of Xenon's Biography, a work that everyone assumed was written by a sage or a renowned scholar. Each aspect of him had its suspicious corners.

Isaac could be trusted, and he was even her fiance but he seemed to be hiding many things.

'Will he eventually tell me?'

However, Marie decided to wait. After all, everyone has their secrets, and Isaac wasn't the kind of person to have a dubious character. Most importantly, he believed in her. Wasn't it him who revealed his identity as the author of Xenon's Biography when he confessed?

As Marie envisioned Isaac's gentle smile, she giggled and twisted her body. If she had known it would turn out like this, they could have just gone on a date and headed straight to the inn, but today was different. Why?

'I didn't expect Rina... to be such a pervert.'

She quickly realized that Lina was voyeurizing them. Rina usually hid her true feelings well, making it difficult to discern her true intentions. But today, there was a gap, and through that gap, Marie could glimpse Rina's true emotions. Upon reflecting, there were quite a few suspicious aspects.

If their relationship had been at its worst, Marie would have snapped. But...

'How adorable.'

Marie found that Rina was really cute. She wanted to tease her and play with her so much. All the thoughts of how to unmask Rina felt useless. There was a very simple and straightforward way, but why didn't she know it before?

'Not yet. Let it ripen a little more...'

While waiting for the future event, Marie gradually formulated a sinister plan. She would never give Isaac to Rina, but at least she should receive some kind of "punishment."

As if mocking the situation, she buried her face in the pillow and chuckled.

[Helium side. We actually have a faction similar to demon hunters. They are called Reapers, like the hunters in Xenon's Biography...]

“... ..”

Isaac read the newly released newspaper and once again lost his words.

'Why are you doing this to me?'

It was the moment when he was hit by three consecutive defeats instead of three consecutive victories.

Chapter 152: Butterfly Effect (1)

There's a saying. Once is a coincidence. Twice is fate. Three times is inevitability. Even if everything is attributed to mere coincidences, it would be taken for something more.

The same goes for Xenon's Biography. The contamination of the World Tree's roots, signs of devil summoning, and finally, the reapers of Helium.

Not just once or twice, but three times in a row, events similar to Xenon's Biography have occurred, leaving me speechless. Even the 'Reaper' of Helium had similarities to the 'Demon Hunters' in Xenon's Biography.

The special forces barely known by even the high nobility of Helium. They are the strong ones who primarily carry out missions to assassinate their fellow kin turned devils, delving deeper into the dark mana until they are at risk of transforming into devils themselves.

If you were to only look at this, there was hardly any difference from the demon hunters in Xenon's Biography.

[The Reaper had been waiting for an opportunity to come out into the open. Numerous chances fell through, but this incident solidified their determination.]

[It proves that Xenon's Biography is not just a simple novel but a prophecy. Traces of the contamination of the World Tree's roots and devil summoning, and finally, the secret organization of Helium.]

[The first may just be a simple coincidence, but the third one is inevitability. The same goes for Helium's Reaper.]

[What is their first move? And how powerful are their abilities? Their future is worth paying attention to...]

As seen in the news, it seems that Helium has been vigorously promoting the expansion of Reaper's influence. Since the recognition of demons has risen sharply, they couldn't

find a reason to hide the existence of the reaper anymore.

Coincidentally, Xenon's Biography started to be treated as a prophecy, and the Helium's king decided it was the right time to introduce the Reaper to the public.

Initially, everyone was naturally surprised, but coincidentally, there was a similar secret organization in Xenon's Biography, so they just moved on with an "as expected" reaction. As a result, there was an increase in people reading Xenon's Biography.

So what should I do? My mind was becoming increasingly muddled, to the point where I was on the verge of escaping.

I'm not sure how the situation ended up like this, but there's one thing that is certain.

'If anything stranger happens, I'm truly fucked.'

I'm already in a bad situation. It's only a matter of time before I'm labeled as a prophet or a regressor when I face the fourth consecutive defeat, surpassing the third consecutive hit or the third consecutive failure.

Even if I clarify my position through a letter of explanation, no one will believe me, so I'm at a loss in many ways.

How can I calm down this situation? I covered the newspaper carefully, feeling dizzy as if I had hit my head with a hammer. The situation was so overwhelming and suffocating that I couldn't even muster the strength to say anything.

'From the very end of Volume 14, the beastman part starts...'

In Volume 14, Alvenheim is occupied by demons, and the World Tree becomes the nourishment for Diablo, ensuring a fierce struggle. In it, there is a scene where the elven hero and the dark elven hero charge into the corrupted World Tree with one heart and one mind.

However, the World Tree has already fallen into Diablo's hands, creating an irreversible situation, and the resurrection of Diablo, utilizing the World Tree as nourishment, is imminent. In the end, the two heroes choose to self-destruct using the immense mana of the World Tree. For the land chosen directly by the gods, Alvenheim. This scene will briefly reveal the passion of both the elves and the dark elves.

'To completely annihilate that massive World Tree... It would require an unimaginably large explosion. Ordinary magic wouldn't be enough.'

Here, the elves and the dark elves truly become one. The elves manipulate the “light” energy conveyed by Luminous, while the dark elves handle the “darkness” energy bestowed by Mora. Perhaps you can grasp the general idea.

If you forcefully combine opposing energies, a great counterforce will be generated. It’s one of the clichés often employed in reincarnation stories.

The two heroes gather their strengths to completely shatter the World Tree that has become the nourishment for the Great Devil, preparing for a massive explosion. The devils attempt to stop them sensing the crisis, but all their attempts are futile.

Finally, the two heroes shout the magnificent line, “For Alvenheim!” and rush towards the World Tree. Afterward, the world tree that has sustained for 3000 years appears engulfed in a massive explosion, concluding the scene.

Thanks to the solemn sacrifice of the two heroes, the resurrection of the Great Devil is narrowly averted, but Alvenheim remains under the occupation of the devils. Xenon and the successors of the heroes manage to escape with the remaining elves without time for mourning.

Subsequently, Xenon and his party barely manage to calm down the confrontations between the elves and dark elves at the dark elf city and begin gathering allies in preparation for future war. Humans, demons, and dwarves willingly lend their support due to their familiarity with Xenon’s reputation, but the problem lies with the beastmen.

The beastmen in Xenon’s Biography will have little difference from reality, such as the sacred duel or the various ethnicities.

Furthermore, the relationship between humans and beastmen in Xenon’s Biography is not just as bad as in reality, it is even worse. The reason why the prince of the beastmen became consumed by “Anger” is deeply connected to humans.

‘No way. There can’t be anyone in Animers with circumstances similar to Satan, right?’

Satan’s situation is not as simple as Lilith’s and was entangled with somewhat complicated circumstances. If he were an ordinary person, he would have long ago committed suicide due to the burden of the circumstances.

To explain who Satan is, he is the chief of a tribe and also the general of the beastmen, having the authority over them. The position of a general is similar to the elven warrior commander.

In reality, in Animers, there are often cases where tribal chiefs also assume the role of generals. If someone is a chief of a tribe, it means they are strong, so naturally, they take charge of the military. However, it doesn't mean that every chief necessarily holds the rank of a general. This was emphasized by Leona.

Anyway, Satan served as a general for decades, protecting Mad, Xenon's Biography's version of Animers. But as a result, his enemies also multiplied. Due to this, those who held grudges against him killed Satan's wife and children.

Even up to this point, it would bring great pain and sadness to him, but it didn't end there. Devastated by grief, Satan stepped down from the chief's position and, following the suggestion of the Great Chief, focused on training the military, but...

Even this ended tragically. While he was briefly absent, his own tribe was attacked by humans and completely annihilated.

The mastermind behind all these events was none other than the Great Chief, who had established connections with humans. The Great Chief was swayed by the treacherous humans and made a decision that should never have been made.

Naturally, Satan, furious to the point of exploding, challenged the Great Chief to a sacred duel, but what he received in return was a devastating defeat. The Great Chief was not wise, but in terms of power, he was one step above Satan.

After being betrayed by his homeland, Satan wandered for several decades before aligning himself with the devil side once again and once more challenging the Great Chief to a sacred duel.

The result?

Satan swiftly and cleanly severed the Great Chief's neck. With the loss of the Great Chief, Mad fell into great chaos, and Satan, having achieved satisfying revenge, returned to the devil's base.

Since then, Satan's younger brother, who can be considered the main protagonist from the beastmen side, leads the story.

'Surely, it won't be exactly the same, right?'

Lilith's was a highly personal matter, but in the case of Satan, it was an event that would turn the entire country upside down. While humans were accustomed to dirty political fights, it would be a staggering event for the beastmen.

Furthermore, I plan to unfold stories for each of the Seven Deadly Sins. The Seven Deadly Sins will vividly showcase the flaws of each race. Especially, Greed has the setting of a dwarf king who was expelled due to his tremendous avarice.

'Anyway, the beastmen part will continue until Volume 16, so it should be fine...'

I pondered while lying on the bed, staring at the ceiling. In the current situation, there was virtually nothing I could do.

Perhaps it would be better to just give up and focus on writing. I've said multiple times that I am not a prophet or a regressor, regardless of whether they treat me as one. If they were disappointed instead, it would be an opportunity to turn the situation around.

'But couldn't they just ask the gods directly? They would immediately say no.'

Although I am a reincarnator, I am definitely not a prophet or a regressor, so the gods should be able to provide a definite answer. However, there wasn't a single story about that in the news.

Instead, a strange phenomenon has occurred where there was no response even when asking the gods. It was indeed difficult to converse with the gods, but the clergy isn't stupid, and they must know how to communicate with them.

Moreover, if I were to lie, I would receive a "divine punishment," so there is a high probability that the content published in the news is true.

'Why is there no response?'

Please, spare me. What will I do if something strange comes up again? I let out a deep sigh and slowly got up from the bed. If I'm going to indulge in such whimsical thoughts, it would be much better to read a book instead.

With my current state of mind, it felt burdensome to even write anything. I think I should start writing when the situation calms down a bit.

'But is there anything else to come out here? It feels like everything has already happened.'

The contamination of the World Tree, signs of a devil summoning, and finally, the Reaper. I think everything that should come out has already come out, but what else could come out from here?

'...Oh, right.'

There was a steam locomotive. An invention created by a dwarf who inherited the will of their master, with great determination.

'But that's prophecy and legends. With current technology, we would never be able to create it.'

The steam locomotive is a machine that was invented during the Industrial Revolution. Although this world appeared to have a medieval lifestyle due to the existence of magic, there were things that even magic couldn't accomplish, and one of them is machinery.

In the first place, in this world, there was hardly any concept of engineering, let alone machines. So, even if I wasn't certain about other things, I expected that the invention of the steam locomotive would take at least a few hundred years.

'If it is invented...'

Not only steam locomotives but also steamships, steam cars, power plants, ships, and countless other inventions will pour out. And if, after the completion of Xenon's Biography, a sequel about World War II came out? Wouldn't scientific advancements in this world explode?

As I thought about it, I felt slightly afraid. It feels like I'm abnormally pushing the civilization of this world forward for no reason.

'...Should I visit the temple later?'

It seems like I should. I focused on reading, trying to calm my uneasy heart.

Masters of craftsmanship and invention, Dwarves are a race that inherently enjoys creating things. As a result, they often establish settlements near mines, and the Dwarven nation, Makina, had a city built near a vast mine as well.

Makina, the Dwarven nation, was the major trading hub for weapon commerce, and many people visited it to purchase Dwarven weapons. While the prices could be high when distributed through other channels, if one were to visit Makina directly, the prices were surprisingly affordable.

The reason behind this was that even roughly crafted Dwarven swords exhibit excellent performance that can be considered top-notch by other races. The Dwarves themselves were well aware of this, so they set high prices for meticulously crafted weapons.

However, this led to a drawback, which was “greed.” Regardless of the cost, commercial transactions related to weapons were enormous. Especially in a world where “monsters” existed, the demand for weapons naturally was always high.

As a result, Dwarven weapons, known for their outstanding performance, have become a top priority, and the number of individuals entering into contracts naturally increased. The pinnacle of this trend was the racial war that took place 300 years ago.

Humans, in their efforts to narrow the gap with Elves, indiscriminately purchased Dwarven weapons, and the Dwarves reaped enormous profits as a result.

Eventually, due to them getting a taste of money, Dwarves began producing only what was commonly referred to as mass-produced weapons, and their creative abilities regressed. Why bother with innovation when they can charge exorbitant prices for any weapon they create for humans?

Even if there were any creativity left, it would only be focused on weapons, neglecting everything else. In the past, they gave birth to inventions like refrigerators and air conditioners, but after the racial war, Dwarves fell victim to their greed.

Those who lived contentedly in reality could be seen as having lost their ability to create something.

Bang!

“Oh! These days, young people! They lack determination, determination! Has it been less than a year and they’re giving up on everything?!”

A man with a typical rugged dwarf beard and stout limbs pounded the table with his fist, letting out a loud roar. In his hand was a beer glass, and his face already showed signs of intoxication, as if he had been drinking excessively.

Another dwarf, watching this unfold, chuckled and spoke up. His face was also flushed from the alcohol.

“Einse, my friend. No matter how hard we try, some things just can’t be achieved. No matter how much that book may be a prophecy or whatever, our current abilities are far from sufficient.”

“Yeah, yeah. If we could have made it, we would have done it a long time ago.”

“Hey...”

When the dwarves didn't show any support and instead laughed at him, the dwarf known as Einse gnashed his teeth in frustration. However, he soon let out a sigh and mumbled with a disheartened voice.

“Is it really impossible...”

For several months, he had been striving to invent the “steam locomotive” depicted in Xenon's Biography. But there had been no progress, he was stuck in the same place. He had a rough idea of how the steam locomotive from the story worked, but that was it. He couldn't engage in any creative endeavors.

Until now, he only knew how to create weapons from ore, including iron, because, after the racial war, creativity had declined. Furthermore, the abundant workforce had all vanished.

In the end, there was only one person left, Einse. Somehow, he found himself in a situation where he had to invent a steam locomotive alone, just like in a book, but he didn't care.

After the racial war, the long-lost creative desire had resurfaced. It was the driving force that reignited his passion, which had been trapped in greed.

“Stop it and have a beer. Tomorrow, go to the mine and collect marble. You can earn more money than just obsessing over a black piece of rock.”

“No, in the book, they operated steam locomotives with that coal. There must be an answer here.”

“Ha, stubborn as always... Do as you please. We'll go to the mine tomorrow. We'll give you all those rocks, so do whatever you want.”

“Why are you so fixated on strange things... Tsk, tsk.”

Amidst the laughter of his friends, Einse felt even more pathetic. Was that eccentric dwarf in the book feeling the same way?

However, only one year had passed. Just one year. Dwarves boasted a lifespan of over 300 years, not as long as elves or demons, but still considerable. So, one year was a

short time for a dwarf.

Ignoring their laughter, Einse gulped down the beer without backing down. Progress hadn't been made yet, but he couldn't give up.

After emptying all the beer, he opened his mouth.

“Argh... Fine. Going to the mine? Let's go together. It'll help clear my head a bit.”

“That's a good idea. By the way, we're heading to the Hux District, so make sure to pack your equipment properly.”

“Hux District? Where's that?”

“What? You didn't know?”

The dwarf made a perplexed expression in response to Einse's question. He remembered Einse that he had recently only crafted equipment without going to the mine.

“The Hux District has been one of the active mines since the racial wars up until now. However, due to continuous digging and excavating, it has become incredibly deep. Maybe because of that, high-quality ores and magic stones are frequently found there.”

“Is that so? It's the first time I've heard about it.”

“But if you want to go there, don't you need to bring those with you? It's just unnecessarily consuming a lot of magic stones.”

“Ah, darn it. You're right. I'll end up wasting valuable magic stones for nothing.”

“What the heck is that?”

In recent decades, Einse hadn't been to the mines, so he couldn't follow their stories. He had been too occupied with assisting his father's work to pay attention to other matters.

In response, the dwarf with a black beard took a sip of his beer and explained in his distinctive, gruff voice.

“That's the thing. Due to geological factors or whatever, if you keep digging, water keeps flooding in. We dwarves have short arms and legs, so it's difficult for us to

manually remove all the water. That's why, reluctantly, we created a machine 80 years ago."

"The problem is that the darn machine consumes several times more magic stones than the amount we mine. It's filthy and inefficient, but we have no choice but to use it. It's just heartbreaking to be born as a dwarf in times like these."

Einse reacted curiously upon hearing the story.

"What principle is used to pump the water? Considering the need for magic stones, it doesn't seem ordinary."

"It's nothing special. So, let me explain..."

The dwarf with a black beard explained each detail as if it were really nothing. Einse was initially uninterested, but as he listened to the explanations, his eyes gradually began to shine.

And when the dwarf's explanation finally ended...

"Well, show it to me quickly!"

"What? Why all of a sudden?"

"Forget it, just show it quickly! It seems like it'll work if I just change it lightly over there!"

With a voice full of excitement, Einse shouted as if he had discovered a treasure.

Several days passed from that moment.

[From the Dwarven Kingdom of Makina. Invention of the "Steam Engine" from Xenon's Biography!]

[It's not a steam engine, but a machine powered by magic stones, so it should be called a "Mana Engine" ...]

[Einse: It should have been invented earlier. I realized that the dwarves lack creative ability. Dwarves should not settle for reality but strive for greater creations...]

[What remains now is the invention of a mana-powered locomotive using the mana engine. With the progress made so far, all that's left is to make it run. As attention

focuses on the invention of the mana engine worldwide, interest in the steam locomotive from Xenon's Biography also grows...]

“... ..”

Fuck.

Chapter 153: Butterfly Effect (2)

The news of the invention of a mana engine, not a steam engine, spread far and wide. The contamination of the World Tree, the signs of devil summoning, and the revelation of the Reaper had already caused quite a stir, but the mana engine took it to a whole new level.

As a result, it was safe to say that the emergence of the mana engine attracted even more attention than before. The invention of the mana engine meant that it wouldn't be long before the steam locomotives from Xenon's Biography became a reality.

When steam locomotives appeared in Xenon's Biography, people easily dismissed them as mere fiction, but deep down, everyone had thought about it at least once. Even though it was purely imagination, they believed that if it were invented, it could lead to tremendous progress. Steam locomotives held unimaginable potential.

However, since everyone simply regarded it as "imagination," they were far from taking it seriously. Except, perhaps, for eccentric dwarves that might appear in novels.

And now, with the invention of the crucial part of the steam locomotive, the steam engine, or rather the mana engine, it was enough to capture the attention of leaders from around the world. Already, they had dispatched high-ranking officials to establish contracts with the inventor of the magical engine, Einse.

Since steam locomotives, or rather mana locomotives was invented, it can undoubtedly provide significant economic and military power to the country. Moreover, mana locomotives would have a great impact not only on science but also on "culture."

Despite the existence of refrigerators and air conditioners, the concept of machinery in this world has been scarce. The reason for this is that the proportion of "magic" occupying the principles of complex inventions has been high.

The invention of the mana engine could be seen as presenting a new culture. The result can be predicted when comparing the complexity of industrialization before and after the Industrial Revolution.

Therefore, the nobles of each country made an irresistible offer to Einse in order to monopolize the mana locomotives together with the mana engine, but...

[Instead of me, go directly to Xenon and obtain permission. I may be the creator, but without his book, I would never have been able to invent it.]

[I don't know what kind of future he came from, but Xenon was the one who first thought of the concept of "railway." As long as there's a railway, mana locomotives can go anywhere, not just one-way. This is something that can only be imagined by someone from the future.]

[As much as I'd like to claim ownership, if it weren't for Xenon's Biography, I would have been just an ordinary dwarf. Once I invent the steam locomotive, also known as the manal locomotive, we can talk then.]

Oddly enough, Einse unexpectedly stated that he doesn't have ownership over the engine himself. While it's certain that he is the creator, he believed the ownership belongs to me.

It's not because the concept of patents didn't exist. This eccentric dwarf genuinely thought that he didn't have ownership over the mana engine. The reason behind this was quite absurd. Let's take a look.

[If Xenon's Biography is truly a prophecy, the eccentric dwarf in the book would have been my disciple, not me. So I have taken away the invention of my future disciple.]

[So, even if I invent the mana locomotive in the future, I will follow Xenon's words. I hope you don't come bothering me for a while since I need to accelerate the invention of the mana locomotive.]

Hahaha! I burst out laughing at Einse's humor... No, wait, what on earth is this nonsense?

As far as I'm concerned, it was an answer that could only leave me dumbfounded. I didn't even know the structure of a steam engine, let alone mana engine, yet he claimed that I have ownership. It felt like I'd been handed a bomb to avoid trouble.

Regardless, it's only natural that the number of people seeking me has surged for these reasons. Even the creator of the mana engine has transferred ownership to me. My value has skyrocketed to unimaginable heights.

That's not all. Not only am I being treated as a prophet or a regressor, but the scope of people searching for me was narrowing.

[If Xenon is truly from the future, could he possibly be a young person now?]

[Considering the constraints, it's likely that he didn't reveal himself as Xenon to others. He could have been living among us.]

[The exact period of Xenon's Biography is not well-known, but it's certain that several decades would have passed from now.]

Since he came from the future, it has been suggested that he might not be an old sage or scholar, but surprisingly a young person. It was a moment that couldn't help but make my heart race.

Though it was a situation akin to accidentally stepping on a mouse while taking a step back, the fact that the scope was narrowing is a situation that cannot be ignored. The only reason I've been able to evade suspicion until now was precisely because of this.

However, at this point where even the scope is gradually narrowing, we have reached a point where I could no longer escape the noose. This alone was a distressing situation, but...

"Isaac, sir."

"Yes?"

"Are you truly someone who came from the future?"

"... .."

Some of my acquaintances have begun to suspect me as a prophet or a person from the future, just like the Siris I summoned now.

I looked at Siris with a facial expression that indicated I was at a loss for words in response to his question. Yesterday, Marie, Cecily, and even Rina seriously asked, and now Siris was doing the same thing.

Although the three mentioned earlier were originally treating it as a joke, the coincidences, especially the mana engine, began to raise suspicions. Except for Marie, they didn't seem to believe me even if I insisted it wasn't true.

Fortunately, daily life itself hadn't changed, but the stress was becoming unbearable. And now, Siris was asking me as well, driving me crazy.

"...Absolutely not. I'm not a time traveler or anything. I don't know anything. I really don't know."

"There's a saying that strong denial is often a sign of affirmation."

"But I'm telling you, it's not true. I don't know if I told you, but if I were a time traveler, I would have invested in stocks or something. Or I would have manipulated the market and made a fortune."

"Well... I understand."

I replied like that, but once again, she didn't seem to believe me. I pressed my temples with my fingers and let out a frustrated sigh.

The reason I called Siris was to receive books related to the beastmen and also to consult with her. The content of Volume 14 was that the heroes of the Elven side and the Dark Elf side join forces to destroy the World Tree that became the nourishment for the Great Demon Diablo in Xenon's Biography.

It was a surprisingly practical strategy, combining the power of light wielded by the Elves and the power of darkness wielded by the Dark Elves to create a massive explosion. However, I hadn't heard any reports of it actually being used, so I wanted to ask Siris about it.

"...First, please give me the books."

"Here they are."

"Thank you. How is Arwen these days?"

"She's very busy. The Council insists on seeing Sir Isaac every day, so it's a difficult situation in various ways."

"Just hearing about it makes me dizzy."

I roughly sensed that the reason the Council of Elders was looking for me was for propaganda purposes. With the support for the Queen already increasing due to my speech, the Council of Elders themselves must be well aware that their position is becoming increasingly precarious.

However, due to my accidental role as the savior of Alvenheim, they now saw me as their chosen one. Moreover, with the appearance of signs of devil summoning afterward, they probably have a vague sense of what might happen.

And the Council of Elders was seeking me out to exploit that. In fact, the public opinion within Alvenheim was forming in a way that strongly suggested they must find me, as the sentiment towards me among the Alvenheim residents has reached its peak.

If Arwen approves, that's a problem in itself, but if she disapproves, it could potentially lower the support rate that we painstakingly gained. The cunning Council of Elders was taking advantage of that.

“Is it impossible for Arwen to keep blocking?”

“Maybe... I think it'll be difficult. It seems that the weight is leaning towards the idea that the people of Alvenheim should find Sir Isaac and repay their gratitude.”

“Why don't they believe it even if it's a coincidence?”

“No matter how coincidental it may be, coincidences don't happen four times in a row.”

As I grumbled, Siris immediately interjected. I turned my head to look at her, who was staring at me with a resolute expression rather than an expressionless one. I was tired of saying it's not true anymore.

Rather than proving that I am not from the future through my own efforts, wouldn't it be faster for a God to directly certify it? I had no idea what the gods were doing at this crucial moment when the world was shaking.

'I should visit a temple soon.'

Even though I can't during weekdays, I could obtain a permit from the supervising professor and go outside the academy on weekends. Since I have been appointed as a recommended student, getting a permit from Elena will be enough.

I felt a little burdened because I didn't have anyone to go with, but I heard that the people at the temple are all friendly, so there shouldn't be any problems as long as I find my way there.

“Well, anyway, I understand. The reason I called you here is that, although you probably have a rough idea, I have some questions to ask.”

“Do we really need to ask?”

“Wouldn’t I just omit you from the book if you keep talking about me being a time traveler or whatever?”

“... ..”

Siris pressed her lips tightly when I brought that up and silently pouted. She looked kind of cute with that expression.

Seeing her like that, I exhaled lightly through my nose and spoke the words I wanted to say.

“Dark Elves use power from Mora, right? The power of darkness, so to speak?”

“Yes, that’s correct.”

“And Elves use the power of light obtained from Luminous.”

“Yes.”

Then, one might wonder which elves utilize the remaining deity of nature, Hart. In the case of Hart, being nature itself, there were no separate priests within Alvenheim, and managing the World Tree alone was sufficient.

Instead, there was a race that worshiped Hart, and they are the beastmen. They used a unique power called “shamanism” to substitute for magic. Shamanism allowed them to make it rain from a clear sky or summon thunderbolts, literally borrowing power from nature. It was natural for them to worship Hart.

“So, is it possible to forcefully combine these two powers and cause a massive explosion? Not only that, but to forcibly merge opposing energies and utilize their counterforce to create a huge explosion.”

“Hmm...”

“You can use both martial arts and divine power. That’s why I’m asking.”

There was always a saying that came up when explaining elves. A race chosen by the gods. As they are chosen by the gods, they could freely use divine power, or in other words, holy power. Each elf warrior can be seen as both a powerful warrior and a cleric.

Of course, each one has their own specialized power. There were warriors specialized in close combat, wizards proficient in magic, and clerics with exceptionally strong holy power. Commonly referred to as “all-rounders” were only warriors. Moreover, being an elf made them only versatile, but if they were humans, they would be considered multi-talented abilities.

Siris listened to my question and seemed to ponder it deeply before quietly opening her mouth seemingly intrigued.

“Quite... an intriguing idea. Although there has never been a fusion of the powers of light and darkness, I’m not entirely sure, but it could harness the counterforce that would emerge when the opposing energies combine...”

“Has no one ever come up with such an idea until now?”

“Well, until just now, I believed that the powers of light and darkness could never be combined.”

This could be problematic. As I mentioned before, I wanted to uphold the rigor of the logic in this world at the very least.

To shatter a colossal world tree even thicker than most skyscrapers, an immense explosive force was required. So, I thought, what if two high-level warriors joined forces and self-destructed?

‘... Wait a moment. Joining forces?’

A feeling akin to lightning passing through my mind.

In a folklore game famous in my past life, there was a renowned character. A unit that would shout the legendary catchphrase, “With overwhelming power!” while annihilating countless enemies.

The setting was that two units sacrificed themselves and became a massive energy mass. But would it be applicable here?

Moreover, in a history spanning over 3,000 years, there was not a single record of two elves combining their powers to become an energy mass. It sounded like a story that would only exist in a “novel.”

‘Since devils will obstruct their path to the world tree, and the Seven Sins will likely do the same...’

The plausibility was reasonable enough. Frankly, even if the warriors were exceptionally strong, it would be somewhat challenging to break through all the Seven Sins.

As an added measure, incorporating a plot where the elves receive a nationalistic boost should pose no problem. Warriors sacrificing themselves for the homeland were revered as noble, regardless of their race.

I nodded with satisfaction as a more plausible storyline came to mind. For the elves, such an ending would be considered honorable.

‘But just in case...’

I knew I had to ask Siris and Arwen first. I looked at Siris, who was waiting calmly, and asked her a question.

“Siris, have you ever heard the story of two elves sacrificing themselves to become a single energy entity? By the way, I’m asking out of genuine curiosity. It’s definitely not future knowledge or anything like that.”

“I’ve never heard of such a story.”

Siris is older than Arwen. If Siris didn’t know, then there’s a high chance Arwen didn’t either.

I breathed a sigh of relief internally and decided it would be okay to include it. Although most of the elements, excluding the mana engine, were stories that could potentially exist, the “union” was entirely a fictional concept.

The books I had read so far were the same. I couldn’t find any records of two units merging into one like in a certain space game.

“I see. It’s still a good idea to ask Arwen just in case.”

“I’ll ask her once and come back.”

“Sure.”

After that, Siris left to ask Arwen.

“Even the Queen doesn’t know.”

“Really? Well, that’s a relief.”

Fortunately, the answer came back that even Arwen didn't know about the "union."

However, if I had thought a little deeper, it would have been nice to realize that both Arwen and Siris, as part of the "new generation," belonged to the "young elves."

'For now, I should visit the temple this weekend.'

A span of 3,000 years was more than enough time for records to be lost.

Chapter 154: Butterfly Effect (3)

This world was not a place where symbolic gods like Jesus, Buddha, or Allah exist, but a place where literal gods exist. If believers prayed to the gods or offered sacrifices, the gods would grant them a power called “divine power.” With this divine power, believers could display various abilities.

Furthermore, through “divine guidance,” the gods encouraged believers to follow a better path. However, even they could only provide advice at the level of guidance, as they couldn’t casually reveal someone’s future.

Moreover, perhaps due to constraints, even the divine guidance was often vague. For example, let’s say a devout believer was to tragically die in an accident shortly after. The god couldn’t provide detailed explanations to that believer. At most, they might suggest to be cautious or that it would be good to rest at home today. They didn’t offer detailed explanations.

As a result, believers often suffered as they tried to interpret the divine guidance given by the gods, and frequently encountered situations where their interpretations turned out to be incorrect.

Of course, if one offers high-quality sacrifices or an enormous amount of divine power, the gods might provide more detailed divine guidance. Seeing this, one might wonder if gods were subtly greedy by nature.

Anyway, the trust bestowed by the gods could also be considered a kind of prophecy. It is believed that there are no results without a price, so followers of each sect prayed with deep faith and offer exceptional sacrifices for a better future.

[Why haven’t the gods informed us about the contamination of the World Tree roots and the summoning of devils? Was it because the offerings were insufficient, or were the qualities of the followers lacking?]

[The Holy Kingdom Xavier. The Pope and the high priests offered sacrifices and prayers to the gods, but the gods remained silent. Could it be that the gods are

disappointed with mortals?]

[The gods have already revealed the future through a prophet named Xenon. Therefore, they did not need to provide further answers.]

However, recently, the actions of the gods have been somewhat strange. Signs of contamination of the World Tree roots and the summoning of devils—just these two alone could have caused a major catastrophe, endangering the world.

Yet, the gods have not issued any warnings or even provided a response after these incidents came to light.

Even though people have been talking about me being a prophet or a regressor from the future, the gods remained silent and did not react. However, they continued to bestow people with divine power, even though we heard nothing from them.

Based on this, it seems that the gods were taking a passive stance and observing the current situation. It was almost certain, judging by the lack of response when the Pope and the high priests offered prayers.

In that case, if I were to directly ask as the center of these events, what would happen? Would they respond like usual, or would they remain silent and watch? If it's the former, then there must be something wrong with the gods. If it's the latter, I would question why they were just observing.

However, when we look at history, even gods themselves are beings with human aspects. They were not omnipotent beings in the literal sense of the word 'god,' but rather beings that can be described as transcendent entities.

'But I've never had any divine power or even prayed. Will it be okay?'

The weekend had arrived as time passed. I stepped outside the academy and headed towards the temple.

Obtaining permission to leave the academy from Professor Elena was not difficult, and I had already informed Nicole and others in advance.

Initially, they were surprised when they heard I was going to the temple, but soon they seemed to understand. It seemed that given the circumstances, it was natural for me to visit the temple.

'It's my first time visiting the temple as well...'

Due to the existence of gods, most people tend to believe in them. Among them, humans followed the god Luminous, the deity of light and hope.

My parents were also followers of Luminous, and even Bryce and Nicole were the same. However, they weren't devout to the extent of praying every day, they only prayed occasionally.

I, too, "for now," believed in Luminous, but it's more out of interest. I don't even pray regularly. I just acknowledged its existence, to some extent.

Not only Luminous, but Mora and Hart were the same to me. I haven't paid much attention to them, as I thought they had little relevance to me, except when studying theology.

However, due to the attention my book has attracted in a strange direction, I had no choice but to go to the temple. It may be a bit awkward, but it's something I have to do to tie up loose ends.

'The temple... It should be nearby.'

I wandered around, following the map that Marie had drawn for me, trying to find the temple. It was my first time exploring the capital city alone, so it felt a bit awkward.

When I visited the mansion of the Requilis family, located in the capital, I couldn't afford to explore the city due to the circumstances. Nevertheless, the capital, especially being the capital of the Minerva Empire, was both splendid and bustling. Buildings lined up on both sides of the streets, with people walking along the roads.

If Alvenheim gave off an ancient Greek vibe, the capital of the Minerva Empire resembled the landscapes of medieval Europe.

'It's said even the slums are nearly non-existent here. Thanks to that, the public security is excellent.'

One of the reasons why the Minerva Empire could prosper was precisely because there were very few slums. As the number of slums increased, crime rates naturally escalated, but the Minerva Empire had a remarkably low percentage of slum dwellers.

However, it was not the Minerva Empire's own efforts but rather the neighboring rival kingdom, the Ters Kingdom, that played a part. The Ters Kingdom had a highly developed culture but an alarmingly high proportion of slums.

Culture thrived, yet poverty-stricken people grew in numbers. This ironic phenomenon escalated to the point of triggering the Jairos Revolution, which prompted the Minerva Empire, witnessing this situation, to quickly implement policies.

'Just by looking at this, they seem to be good at governing.'

I momentarily set aside that thought and focused on finding the temple. Whenever I got confused, I would ask passers-by for directions and continue my search.

I wonder how much time has passed since I started wandering around the capital.

“Oh...”

I was able to reach the Luminous Church that I had been searching for so long. I stood in awe at the magnificence of the temple, which I had never seen before in my life.

True to its name, the structure was supported by towering pillars, reminiscent of ancient Greek architecture that everyone was familiar with. It seemed that since Alvenheim, which could be considered the cradle of civilization, had a culture similar to ancient Greece, which is why the temple was constructed in this manner.

It felt strange to have a grand structure like an ancient Greek temple in a medieval European-style street, but it blended in surprisingly well. Considering that European culture has been heavily influenced by ancient Greece, it's only natural. I walked around the temple, feeling the overwhelming presence it exuded, before making my way toward the entrance.

Due to its size, the temple was situated away from the street, but there were many people coming and going.

“Hello! Welcome to the Luminous Temple. May I ask your name?”

As I climbed the stairs and reached the entrance, a graceful priestess warmly greeted me. She had long, flowing golden hair that resembled waves and a sunny smile that left an impression.

Usually, nun's habits were often a mix of white and black, but the attire of the priestess in front of me was the opposite. The majority of her clothes were white.

Slightly taken aback by her lively greeting, I nodded my head and greeted her politely.

“I am Isaac Ducker Michelle.”

“Ah, you indeed were a noble. My name is Anna Schalke. I am a devotee serving the Luminous One.”

Anna, the nun, greeted me warmly, placing her hand on her chest. Then, with a smile as radiant as sunlight, she spoke to me.

“Is this your first visit to the temple?”

“Yes. How did you know?”

“I’ve never seen a redhead worshiper before.”

“... ..”

This red hair was truly unique. I chuckled to myself, showing a hint of affirmation. Anna maintained her smile and began to guide me.

“Then let me show you around. The Path of Light, as revealed by Luminous, is open anytime, anywhere, so feel free to come as you please.”

“Thank you. But today, I only plan to pray...”

“Do you prefer a communal worship hall or a private worship room? The communal worship hall is free, but there is a separate fee for a private worship room.”

“How much is the private worship room? Is it expensive?”

“It’s only 5 silver coins.”

Surprisingly, the price was quite affordable. Come to think of it, I heard that the government directly supported temples like this. Supporting the temple was only natural since it makes it easier to establish a connection with the Holy Kingdom of Xavier, cultivate clergy, and prepare for famines and various crises.

There’s no need to worry about embezzlement or corruption, like in some places in my previous life. If there were any big shots committing such acts in the temple, they would have been exposed as fraudsters long ago.

If you really did such a thing, then a God would personally bring ‘divine punishment,’ so there was no place as pure as the temple.

“You said it’s your first time at the temple, right? Then do you also not know much about Luminous?”

“I have studied theology, so I know about mythology. Luminous and Mora are twin siblings, and Hart is their mother.”

I don't know who 'Father' is. Even in mythological texts, there was no mention, so people thought he simply didn't exist. Perhaps the records have been completely lost, and even his existence has vanished.

For example, let's say the father of the twin siblings was the 'supreme deity' of this world, but he committed a grave sin and even the records were lost.

“You know well. So, do you also know what Luminous prefers?”

“Yes. Luminous symbolizes light and hope. I've heard that they particularly love devotees who walk the righteous path with a resolute heart.”

While conversing with Anna, I carefully looked around the inside of the temple. Even from the outside, it felt majestic, and the interior was similar. The ceiling was so high that I had to crane my neck to look up, and I felt a dizzying sensation.

The scenery inside also exuded sacredness, becoming more solemn. If one were to pray here, would Luminous truly come? I swallowed nervously, feeling a sense of tension for some reason, and clenched and unclenched my hands before finally speaking softly.

“Um... Anna?”

“Yes, devotee. Please speak.”

“As I mentioned earlier, this is my first visit to the temple. It's also my first time praying, so could you roughly guide me on how to do it?”

When I mustered up the courage and asked, I couldn't help but feel embarrassed. However, it was essential to have a basic understanding to avoid making mistakes.

Anna listened to my question, her expression subtly changing before she eventually displayed her characteristic sunny smile.

“Don't worry about that. Luminous is forgiving. If you pray as the Holy One desires, Luminous will grant you divine power accordingly. The content isn't important, it's the 'sincerity' that matters.”

“Sincerity... I understand.”

“Good. However, please refrain from using rude language. Luminous is forgiving, but at the same time, strict.”

In other words, don't cross the line. I wouldn't go so far as to insult a god.

“This is the private chapel. After you finish your prayers, let me know and leave.”

“Thank you.”

Click

As the door to the private chapel closed, I carefully examined the room's layout. The private chapel was small, as expected, but it wasn't made haphazardly.

In front of me stood a small statue presumed to be Luminous, and considerately, there were cushions on the floor. It was literally a room prepared for one person to worship.

“Hmm...”

Being alone made me feel restless. I scratched my head and fidgeted before looking at the statue.

The sculpture bore the mark of the artisan's devoted craftsmanship. Luminous, whom I saw in the mythological book, was a beautiful man with a radiant smile, and that smile has been well captured in the sculpture.

I wonder if Luminous will respond to my prayers or remain silent like to others. I stared intently at the sculpture, and slowly knelt on the cushion.

To think that I, who was not religious in my past life, am now offering prayers. It's truly a mysterious world, full of things I can't fully understand.

“...Luminous, can you hear me?”

With my eyes closed and hands neatly folded, I murmured in my mind. I'm not sure if this is the appropriate way to pray, but I decided to follow my heart for now.

“If you can hear me, please respond...”

I hadn't even finished speaking.

[Finally, you've come! Child from another dimension!]

“...Huh?”

It wasn't a sound I heard from my ears, but a voice resonating in my head. Startled, I opened my eyes wide and looked up at the sculpture.

Despite being in a private sanctuary with no apparent openings, the sculpture's golden eyes were shimmering. No, it was more like swirling smoke. It was definitely not an ordinary occurrence.

If that voice from earlier was real...

[Close your eyes... come... hey...]

While lost in thought, the voice echoed in my mind. It was difficult to hear clearly, as if it were muffled by noise, but I could make out the instructions to close my eyes.

Quietly closing my eyes and focusing, the result of my concentration was that the voice started to sound vividly, just like before.

During the previous encounter, amidst my confusion, I didn't know, but Luminous was a deity with a soft and kind voice, often referred to as a honeyed vocal range.

[Yes. Now you will hear well. To have a smoother conversation with me, you need to close your eyes and concentrate. You have to eliminate all distractions.]

'Um... by any chance...'

[Your thoughts are correct. I am Luminous, the deity of light and hope. I truly wanted to meet you.]

Luminous responded to my words. It was such an unfamiliar experience for me that I momentarily doubted if it really was Luminous.

[Well, if you really don't believe it, I can strike you with a weak lightning bolt if you wish.]

'No, thank you. I'm sorry, '

I immediately apologized. Judging by the fact that it was a weak lightning bolt and not a real one, it seemed like Luminous was playing a prank.

Without delay, I pushed aside the bewildered feeling and decided to ask the questions I had been curious about. After all, it wasn't about my rebirth, but about the current

situation in this world.

'Luminous, I believe you also know what the current situation in this world is like.'

[Of course. I wanted to express my sincere gratitude to you.]

'...To me? Are you talking about me?'

What does this mean? I almost opened my eyes but managed to keep them closed with great difficulty.

Continuing, Luminous spoke, rendering me speechless.

[The neutralization of the World Tree and the second invasion of devils was a colossal future even we struggled to prevent. I wanted to at least give you a sign, but if that happened, the future would change completely, so it was a perplexing situation. Changing such a future so massively comes at a great cost.]

'No way. Was that a future that was going to happen?'

[Yes. Exactly 147 years later, there was supposed to be the second invasion of devils. The World Tree would have been severely contaminated and practically neutralized by then. The ongoing summoning ritual of devils was a kind of operation. It created small holes that we ourselves were not aware of, and during the second invasion, those holes would be forcibly expanded, enabling dimensional travel. The more holes there are, the easier it is to forcibly tear them apart.]

'...Why is this real?'

I was speechless with astonishment. However, the problem was that it didn't end there.

[Fortunately, thanks to the book you wrote, that future has changed completely. The devil invasion has been postponed for a whopping 2000 years, and even if it were to happen, the World Tree would be strong, and civilization would have developed, making it easier to prevent.]

'...There is no disadvantage to me, right?'

[Why would you be at a disadvantage? In fact, you are also a victim.]

'Me?'

It was around that time that I began to question it. Luminous calmly explained with their unique, clean voice.

[Just a moment ago, I explained that summoning devils requires creating a small rift in dimensions. However, due to a mistake made by a worshiper of a certain devil, the coordinates were incorrectly set, and it ended up connecting to the world you live in, Earth. Although Earth is devoid of mana, it is a planet far more advanced in civilization than this world.]

'Unbelievable.'

[That's right. Devils, by their nature, are powerful beings, so traveling between dimensions was not an issue for them. However, Earth is a place without mana, and you are nothing more than an ordinary human. The movement between dimensions is an impossible task for you. Your body has been burdened by that immense power, and eventually, your heart stopped functioning. Although your soul made it here, the 'order' has been disrupted in a damaged Earth where gods are causing chaos. In the end, we, too, went against the order to preserve your memories.]

“... ..”

So, devils were just a bunch of bastards.

Translators note:

1/5

I need to fix my sleep schedule, waking late makes me unmotivated and tired...

Chapter 155: Butterfly Effect (4)

I discovered that I was reborn in this world due to the strange influence of a devil's summoning. How should I react to this?

I feel somewhat bewildered by the revelation of an unexpected secret in my birth, but I haven't felt any stronger emotions beyond that. Anger or hatred?

In my previous life, I didn't have much attachment to begin with. After my parents suddenly passed away, I was mentally disconnected from the world, so to speak. Although it's a bit regrettable that I couldn't finish the novel I was serializing, it was an unavoidable situation.

Furthermore, unintentionally causing a failure for devils could be seen as somewhat satisfying in a way.

[Are you... alright?]

'What? What's wrong?'

[We made a mistake, and you ended up here from a different dimension. Although you lived a regretful life, your life is always valuable.]

Luminous cautiously asked me. Upon hearing that question, I once again pondered about the god named Luminous.

Luminous, known for embodying light and hope, is said to have a compassionate and lenient nature. It almost feels like I'm having a real conversation with them.

However, what I currently sensed was a subtle timidity. If they are a god or a being of that stature, they could boldly proceed even after making a mistake, but they didn't seem to do so.

It would be somewhat unreasonable to say that the gods, including Luminous, were at fault for my sudden death caused by the devil's mischief. Despite that, Luminous was truly expressing sincere apologies.

'No, I'm fine. I didn't hold much attachment to my previous life.'

[Still...]

'But being reborn now is much better. I have wonderful parents, caring siblings, and even beautiful lovers. I'm currently enjoying the happiness that I could never have in my previous life.'

It was indeed true. In my previous life, I was an ordinary person with no exceptional qualities, but everything changed after my reincarnation.

From a harmonious family and the honor and power gained through Xenon's Biography, to the women who promised me a future. I had everything a man could desire.

[...If that's how you feel, then that's fortunate. I was actually a little worried that you might hold a grudge.]

'It's strange for beings like us to worry about mere mortals, isn't it?'

[You're not from the world we oversee, but from a different world in a different universe. It was our mistake that caused this, so it's only natural for us to apologize.]

I don't quite understand, but if that's what the gods say, then let's just accept it. Talk of worlds and universes didn't suit me.

What's more important is how we resolve the current situation.

'Does that mean there's no problem with me writing Xenon's Biography?'

[That's right. In fact, we wish you would include even more. We never imagined that cultural differences would lead to these results.]

'What do you mean by that?'

[As you have noticed while living in this world, the level of science and culture here is much lower than on Earth. Xenon's Biography may seem like an ordinary novel to you, but to the people here, it's not. Things that would be considered 'cliché' in the language of Earth may actually exist in this world.]

'Cultural differences...'

[The progress of culture and science goes hand in hand with the development of imagination and creativity. Moreover, your Xenon's Biography is not solely focused on

imagination but is thoroughly researched as well. Especially when it comes to beings like devils, they were simply forgotten by everyone, but they were bound to resurface someday.]

Butterfly Effect. Could there really be such a butterfly effect like this?

Not all writers were like that, but most web novel writers are usually people who are even slightly interested in cartoons or novels. They have long since mastered things like 'cliches' and were actually trying to break down those cliches.

By a mistake of the devil in setting the coordinates, the summoned soul happened to be a web novel writer from a civilization much more advanced than this place, even though it was just an ordinary web novel writer from South Korea.

Moreover, even the world I was born into was a fantasy world where beastmen, dwarves, elves, and demons exist. Coincidences like this don't just happen, and it could be said that it was almost inevitable. I think the probability was much lower than winning the lottery.

'Well... It's strange. Anyway, there are no disadvantages, right?'

[Yes. Since the order has returned to its original state when you were born, there are no problems at all. On the contrary, we should bestow grace upon you. Although it's not intentional, the writings you have created greatly advanced the culture and science of this place. Furthermore, you prevented the invasion of devils in advance, thus averting a situation where civilization would regress.]

'I feel a little burdened by the grace. You said all of this is just a coincidence.'

[You don't have to underestimate yourself so much. If you were walking on the road and encountered a monster, and by chance a skilled mercenary appeared and saved you from a life-threatening situation, would you simply dismiss it as a coincidence?]

'Ah.'

As if she were a god, Luminous gave an example that I understood instantly. Sensing my emotions, Luminous spoke in a soothing voice.

[In fact, it's quite challenging for an ordinary cleric to have a conversation like this. At least you should be a cardinal to engage in direct dialogue like this, not just through an oracle.]

'Then why am I here?'

[You prevented a great disaster in the future and greatly advanced the culture and science of this world. Through Xenon's Biography, you created a culture that everyone can enjoy, not just a select few. You also helped the demons to come out into the world. Furthermore, you united the elves who were on the brink of division and developed a mana engine...]

'I'm sorry. You can stop now.'

Feeling embarrassed to hear such stories from someone who was neither human but a divine being, Luminous let out a pleasant laugh in response to my embarrassment.

'... Well then, can you tell me what this 'divine grace' is?'

[It can be considered a kind of prophecy. It is our ability to inform you about your future. However, the future becomes meaningless the moment it is revealed because it can change at any time. So, I recommend asking carefully.]

'For example?'

[For example... Oh, wait. Hey! You...!]

Lumina suddenly trailed off and then raised his voice out of nowhere. I felt a sense of urgency and confusion, which startled me as well.

At the same time, Luminous's words abruptly stopped, and I opened my eyes, wondering what was happening. The statue's two eyes were still shining golden.

'What's going on?'

I waited with my eyes closed until Luminous spoke. Fortunately, it didn't take long for them to return.

[Phew, sorry about that. My younger sibling suddenly interrupted...]

'If it's your sibling...'

[The God of Darkness and Rest, Mora, has arrived. She's my twin sister. She seems to want to talk to you... Ah, please, go away! I'll send him to your temple later! What if something goes wrong with him?]

'... ...'

Once again, Luminous' irritated voice echoed in my mind. I anticipated the situation, and it seems Mora has barged in again. Thanks to her, he was able to realize again that he was not an omnipotent god who created the world with a single finger, but a transcendent being with transcendental powers and human aspects.

Ironically, his human-like nature made me more fond of him. In most works of fiction, gods tend to have unpleasant personalities.

'... Can't Mora join the conversation as well? I'm fine with it.'

[No. Even conversing with me requires intense concentration, and if Mora joins in, let alone the conversing, you might even faint. Elves or demons might handle it, but you're just an ordinary human...]

'... ...'

Ordinary humans really have it rough. I feel somewhat melancholic.

Noticing my mood, Luminous seemed slightly uneasy and cleared their throat, changing the topic.

[Yes. Yes. Anyway, the achievements you've accumulated can be converted into divine power. With that divine power, we can even foresee your future. You could call it an oracle. For example, let's assume that tomorrow you get hit by a carriage. Normally, you would trust your instincts and get out of the way, but since you'll be hit by the carriage tomorrow, we can inform you not to go outside.]

'I'm curious, why do you give oracles in such a vague and ambiguous manner? It seems that the quality of an oracle changes as you offer good offerings or a significant amount of divine power.'

[Knowing the future means buying 'time.' Even if we can interfere with space, time is an area that even gods like us can't casually interfere with. In fact, even the future we predict can deviate significantly when variables occur. The Devil War and the roots of the World Tree were variables caused by you.]

'Then what about going back to the past from the future? Are there people like regressors?'

[Well, it's not impossible, but to do that, you would have to achieve something tremendous. Unless that's the case, we would have to try it at the brink of this world's destruction, risking everything. By the way, you can do it too.]

At that moment, they were surprised and startled.

[Right now, you could go back a week? That should be possible.]

'...It's less than I thought?'

[Regressing several decades into the past, unless you're an extraordinary hero, is extremely difficult. Moreover, the cultural development you have achieved is in progress. We calculate achievements accomplished up to the present, not the future. If this situation continues, you might be able to regress to ten years ago. Plus, even by just breathing, divine power accumulates within you. Of course, the negative impact of what you write exists, but the positive impact is overwhelmingly dominant, so it's at a negligible level.]

'Well... In that case, is it okay to write about the events related to World War II?'

I mentioned it before, but after completing Xenon's Biography, I plan to write a novel about World War II. However, instead of detailing each event, I intend to categorize the protagonists by each country. The main characters will be divided between the Soviet side and the Allied side, and in the later stages, they will meet each other at the Elbe River. Naturally, the Soviet protagonist will be the one raising the flag in Berlin.

Since it's difficult to describe tanks or fighter planes within the story, I planned to include illustrations and a separate guidebook for them. In the process, I will also write about the countries.

[World War II... It refers to the worst war that occurred on Earth, right? It was a tremendously brutal war.]

'Do you also know about it, Luminous?'

[Yes, when you came here, we received knowledge from the gods of Earth. We now clearly understand how a world without mana can develop and what kind of tragedies it can bring. It's fine for you to write about that war.]

'Then, can you give me a brief idea of what might happen if I write that story?'

Since magical devices existed, there was no rule that tanks and airplanes from World War II couldn't appear in reality. Even though there is a time span of at least 200 years between the Industrial Revolution and the invention of tanks, you never know.

In the first place, it's an unrealistic world where mana locomotive was coming into existence and dwarves existed.

[Do you want me to provide a detailed explanation, or just a general idea?]

'What's the difference?'

[As I mentioned before, the moment I provide information about the future, it becomes nothing more than speculation. You might change your mind.]

'Just let me know in detail. I'm planning to write it anyway.'

[So, let's see. When the exhibition is held, three dwarves will be pulling a tank. Instead of shells, they will launch mana-condensed energy beams. It will have restrained power and will be used as a siege weapon.]

Fuck. I should just not write it.

[I can hear the swearing from here.]

'I'm sorry...'

[No need to apologize. Is there anything else?]

'If there's something else... wouldn't it be extremely rare for someone like me, a reincarnated individual, to exist in this world, or even in the scope of the entire universe?'

I was a case where mistakenly instead of a devil, my soul was summoned to this world, but I'm curious if there are other cases. The world is full of variables.

And Luminous, after listening to my question, seemed to be thinking deeply, and then explained in a pleasant voice.

[It can be considered extremely rare. Especially being summoned to a different universe, rather than the same one, is almost unheard of. The moment you defy the order, the balance is disrupted in an instant.]

'So, it's not completely impossible.'

[Of course not. Even if it's one in a billion, it's still something that can happen. But for us, even that is a significant probability.]

'I see. Then... please give me a rough idea of what I need to be careful about in the future.'

Now I've asked everything I wanted to ask. What remained was the part about what I need to be cautious about in the future.

If it's a god, then it should know my future and the upcoming crises as well. Moreover, it can tell me directly, not just through an oracle.

[You should already be aware of the things to be cautious about... The situations that may arise when your true identity is revealed. Just be careful with that, and it should be fine.]

'Well then... When do you think it's a good time to reveal my true identity?'

[It's difficult to reveal it thoughtlessly. From the moment it's disclosed, the future will be completely distorted.]

Luminous sounded sincerely apologetic. It meant that I should make the judgment myself.

Although somewhat regrettable, I thought it was wise in a way. It would be better for me to take action rather than having the situation become complicated by knowing the future unnecessarily.

'I understand. It can't be helped.'

[I'm sorry. Instead, let me tell you one thing. You're planning to follow Cecily to Helium in the future, right?]

'Yes, that's correct.'

I'll go to observe Cecily's training appearance in Helium, and maybe even spend the first night together. It seems like Cecily has similar thoughts.

[Make sure to bring the medicine. You know the contraceptive pills you take every time you have a night with Marie, right? Don't forget to bring them. You'll understand the reason... even without saying it.]

'... ...'

I was almost in big trouble. Judging by the emphasis, it seems like I forgot to take the medicine with me.

And after sleeping with Cecily, what comes next...

'Thank you. It could have been a big problem.'

[Haha. A harmonious family is always important. If possible, visit the Mora Temple and receive blessings. The demons during the cycle of evil may be more difficult with one's stamina. And...]

Luminous spoke, hesitatingly. Somehow, I sensed that he was troubled.

When I became curious about it, he called me in a cautious voice.

[...Hey.]

'Yes, Luminous?'

[Cultural differences exist even among people. Something you do without thinking can be perceived differently by people in this world. It can be seen as an insult or it can be accepted as kindness and consideration.]

'...'

[While mindset can be changed, deeply rooted character traits cannot be easily altered. Especially since you have a deep sense of consideration and prefer egalitarian relationships.]

It seemed like he was advising me to be mindful of my actions. Well, I've also felt uncomfortable at times in my life, so there's no reason to think others are any different.

I understood what Luminous was trying to say and reassured him.

'You don't have to worry. I will be mindful of my actions.'

[How many people like that already...]

'Yes?'

[Never mind. Pretend you didn't hear that. Anyway, let's make sure we handle the current situation properly. You can continue living your life as you always have done.]

Somehow, I had a strong feeling that the words were being twisted. However, since I cannot question the gods, it would be best to keep it in my heart.

'I understand.'

[If you want to receive strength from us, you can always speak up. As the God of Light, I can bestow beneficial blessings upon you. Visit the temple whenever you desire. I can relieve your fatigue, so even if it's a simple request, I will gladly accept.]

'Thank you. I will make sure to visit often from now on.'

[I see. I am truly grateful for preventing disasters in advance and advancing the development of this world. Well then...]

With those words, Luminous' voice no longer resonated in my mind. I slowly opened my eyes.

As I opened my eyes, I noticed that the eyes of the golden-shining statue had turned dull. It meant that Luminous had departed.

It was strange to realize the secret of my birth and even receive prophecies from the gods.

'Nevertheless, I'm fortunate that it's a good god.'

After that, exactly two days passed.

[Luminous responded, Xenon's Biography is all mere coincidences!]

[However, his achievements are undeniable truths. Even if we were to name him as a saint, it wouldn't be enough.]

[Even if all of this is considered coincidence, if Xenon's Biography had not emerged, we would have fought against devils in the future.]

[The historical verification in the book was very thorough. It described events that could have actually happened, and some parts were really happening at the time.]

“... ..”

The situation showed no signs of improvement whatsoever.

[The content of the oracle is as follows: It may be coincidence now, but in the future, certain things are inevitable.]

Luminous?

[The Xenon Chronicles not only prevented future disasters but also presented great cultural and scientific advancements...]

Luminous?

[The Holy Kingdom Xavier. According to Luminous' words, Xenon should be treated as a saint. Even if we judge solely based on achievements, he falls nothing short of a deity.]

Luminous? What happened?

[Kate, the cardinal of The Holy Kingdom Xavier, embarked on a pilgrimage to find Xenon... Surely, Xenon must possess tremendous divine power.]

Luminous!!

Translators note:

2/5

LMAAAOOOO

Chapter 156: Butterfly Effect (5)

It feels like being hit hard on the back of the head. I couldn't focus for a while due to the news published in the newspaper. Luminous assured me that he would take care of everything and asked me not to worry, but the subsequent news I heard was quite different.

Currently, everything in the book was mere coincidences, but in the future, my words may predict the inevitable. It all started with Luminous's assurance when he first arrived in Xavier Kingdom. However, whether it's a problem with their interpretation or intentional, he went as far as making promises that weren't necessary.

While the incidents in Xenon's Biography appearing in reality may all be coincidences, it is a fact that they prevented disasters. Moreover, the impact of Xenon's Biography on the world was not insignificant, and it's not an exaggeration to treat it as a serious matter.

While Luminous praised me in his own way, it seems to have a slightly different meaning to the Xavier's Kingdom, who worshiped him. To them, finding and treating me as a saint, the author of Xenon's Biography, was something that was willed by Luminous.

Preventing the impending devil war and stopping the contamination of the World Tree, can be seen as a great thing from the gods' perspective including Luminous.

Perhaps because of this, until recently, I was treated as a "prophet" or "regressor," but now I'm being treated as a "saint" altogether.

[Could it be that he's really not a prophet or a person from the future? Or could it be something that even Luminous cannot disclose due to constraints?]

[If there were constraints, Luminous would have made the promise from the perspective of the present, not the future.]

[Treating him as a saint and knowing the true identity of Xenon are two separate matters.]

However, the assumption that I am a prophet or someone from the future remained unchanged. The title of “saint” has overshadowed it, and those who suspected me continued to do so consistently.

Moreover, there were cases where the divine oracle was delivered ambiguously, leading to Xavier’s arbitrary interpretations. Within Xavier’s followers, there were many different beliefs and thoughts.

Above all, the one delivering the oracle was a god. It is not uncommon for people to immerse themselves in deciphering the will of the gods, often getting lost in various interpretations.

Therefore, how was my current situation?

“Saint, tiramisu is delicious, isn’t it?”

“Well, yeah.”

“Then should I call you a prophet or a regressor?”

“... ..”

Well, what can I do? I could only be teased by my girlfriend.

As I let out a hollow laugh, Marie, who was eating dessert next to me, burst into laughter. I shook my head and neatly cut a piece of tiramisu with a fork and put it in my mouth.

The rich taste of chocolate and the aroma of coffee filled my mouth. However, my gloomy mood didn’t seem to improve.

Luminous gave me a migraine, but the next day, I was enjoying a peaceful date with Marie. Cecily and Rina said they had busy matters and went back to their respective dorms.

As I walked back, I recalled their gazes directed at me. Cecily had a smile that seemed to hide ulterior motives, and Rina also had a peculiar expression, or so I saw.

Regardless, Marie seemed to be delighted by the fact that we were having a private date and couldn’t stop giggling.

“Sigh...”

“Are you troubled?”

“Of course. Until a few days ago, they were calling me a prophet or a regressor, and now they’re calling me a saint. Honestly, I feel like crying.”

“Do you want to cry while hugging me? I’ll comfort you.”

Marie spread her arms wide and made a suggestion. The impulse in my heart almost moved on its own, but I managed to restrain it. Embracing her was always a happy moment, but now there was a need for a serious conversation. Besides, it wouldn’t mean much since we would soon go beyond just hugging.

“No, forget it. Let’s do it later.”

“Mm.”

Marie felt disappointed when I declined. It’s adorable how she pouted.

“Instead, I’ll hug you.”

“Hehe.”

Her response was also adorable. After I agreed to hug her, Marie quickly got up from her spot and slowly approached me. Eventually, she extended her arms as if asking to be embraced, and I, too, extended my arms and embraced her small body.

It has been over six months since we started dating, and rather than our affection waning, it has grown even stronger. Moments like this, when we share our warm body heat, make me realize that I’m not alone.

“Isaac, Isaac.”

“Why are you calling me, Marie?”

“Just because I like it.”

I briefly felt a sense of joy as I shared body heat with my beloved, but soon I started thinking about the current situation unfolding. While prophets or regressors may be somewhat detached from reality, it’s an entirely different story when it comes to being revered as a “saint.”

People belonging to the ranks of “Pope” or “Cardinal” are generally considered as “holy individuals,” but saints are somewhat different. They didn’t have a rank like

“saintess” or “saint” as seen in Xenon’s Biography. However, even Xavier seemed to have been inspired by Xenon’s Biography, as a new rank has been born—an authority that rivaled that of the Pope, yet was kind of a figurehead.

‘To think that even a cardinal would embark on a pilgrimage to find someone like me...’

According to the news mentioned, there was a certain cardinal named “Kate” who was said to be wandering all over the world on a pilgrimage to find me. It was an uncertain adventure, to say the least, but those who become cardinals or similar clergy have experienced pilgrimages of this scale numerous times. However, I didn’t know much about this person named Kate.

So, I lowered my gaze.

I noticed a cat named Marie, burying her face in my chest and behaving playfully. Her cheeks flushed, and she closed her eyes, seemingly enjoying my presence. If time could continue like this forever, it would be perfect, but there were things that need to be done.

I gently pushed her shoulder aside, and Marie opened her eyes, looking at me with a bewildered expression. The blinking of her blue eyes was truly lovely.

With that, I softly stroked Marie’s head and quietly spoke up.

“Marie, there are a few things I want to ask you.”

“What is it?”

“Can we talk properly, away from each other?”

“No, I don’t want to.”

It seems that there was no intention of separation in her resolute response. Instead, it felt like she was embracing me like a child. Eventually, we had no choice but to talk while holding each other. Until we called the waiter, no one would come, so there was no worry about our affectionate actions being discovered.

“As you know, the cardinal went on a pilgrimage to find me. I think it was Kate?”

“Are you talking about Cardinal Kate Louise Angelica?”

“Is she a noble since she has a middle name?”

“No, ‘Louise’ is the baptismal name she received directly from Luminous. And Kate is a well-known young cardinal even within the Holy Kingdom Xavier. She possessed incredible divine power from birth and rose to the position of a cardinal at the age of 19. She is currently serving as the Grand Inquisitor.”

“Grand Inquisitor?”

“It’s the highest rank among the Inquisitors.”

Grand Inquisitor... I hope the concept was firmly established. It may be a prejudice, but most Inquisitors tend to have a radical personality.

Moreover, the Grand Inquisitor of the Xavier’s Inquisitors in this world had a record of slaughtering demons after the Devil War in ancient times. Of course, it is because the demons are considered descendants of devils.

Right now, They are focused on their main job and only deal with heretics, but they haven’t stopped handling individuals associated with devils. Even in the newspaper, it was reported that most devil worshippers have been dealt with by the inquisitors.

“I guess she must be really strong since she also holds the position of a Grand Inquisitor.”

“That’s right. Currently, She’s a terrifying figure for devil worshippers. I’ve heard that her sacred power and determination can even ignite blue flames on weapons. That’s why her title is ‘Blue Flames(?)’.”

“Oh...”

Blue Flames. Even my father was called Red Lion. It felt strange. People who carry such titles often become famous, whether in a positive or negative sense.

Of course, my father didn’t want to publicly announce his achievements, so only a few people knew about it, but having a title was a kind of honor.

“When someone like that goes on a pilgrimage, it means even Xavier itself has taken action. It’s possible that since various things related to devils have surfaced, it’s a good opportunity to eradicate the devil worshippers, don’t you think?”

“We won’t know until I reveal my identity.”

“Well... according to rumors, Kate is highly sensitive to sacred power. Because of this, the individuals she personally selects have a significant influence within the country. You could say she has a keen eye.”

“... ..”

This is a bit dangerous. Fortunately, I have never directly received sacred power from Luminous, but I will have many conversations with him in the future.

Because of the current situation, I have to revisit the temple immediately. What if Luminous presents me with a tremendous amount of sacred power because of the events unfolding right now?

If I coincidentally ran into Kate, it was almost certain that suspicion would arise. Even if she doesn't suspect me as Xenon, she might suggest visiting Xavier.

“Well, don't worry too much. Even if Kate discovers you, she won't confront you recklessly. That person is more focused on vanquishing devils than finding the saint, you know?”

“How come?”

“That person recently made a remark like this: ‘A good devil is a dead devil.’ Can you get a rough sense of it?”

“It seems like she has quite a fiery personality.”

Somehow, a famous character from a game came to my mind. They called a chainsaw an excellent means of conversation and literally ripped apart demons.

However, unless grudges and hatred surpass their limits, it was almost impossible for someone to possess such a personality.

“Yeah, but you don't have to be afraid since she's kind to those who are not heretics, just like any other clergy. Besides her intense actions, she's also famous for her beautiful appearance.”

“Have you ever met her?”

“Only once a long time ago when I visited the Holy Kingdom. That someone tearing apart the entrails of heretics... Honestly, it's hard to believe unless you see it for yourself.”

“Hmm...”

Now that I think about it, Lily, a supporting character in Xenon’s Biography, was a saint, but apart from the early stages, she hardly appeared in the story related to the holy kingdom.

If it’s for the upcoming war anyway, wouldn’t it be better for the holy kingdom to participate? I can handle it there. But if I continue the romance with Jin, it’s obvious that there will be unavoidable clashes in the holy kingdom as well.

Furthermore, Jin was related to one of the Seven Deadly Sins, “Gluttony,” as his son. From the holy kingdom’s perspective, they will inevitably oppose any connection to Lily.

‘Well, this issue will come up after the beastmen part anyway.’

Jin even has to hear the famous line, “I am your father,” directly from the Gluttony. There were still plenty of loose ends to be tied up. It means that it’s not an immediate concern.

“I understand. Since the vacation is coming soon, we can relax a little.”

“Vacation... Isaac.”

“Yeah?”

I faced Marie’s face directly in response to her call. She stared at me intently and then quietly spoke.

“Um... You said you were going to Helium with Cecily during the vacation, right?”

“Yeah, that’s right.”

“Then... what are you going to do then?”

“... ..”

Instead of immediately answering, I examined Marie’s expression. In her anxious, blue eyes, there was a deep concern.

Even though I had already accepted Cecily, dealing with human emotions was never easy. Although it is a world where polygamy was common, Marie would still be worried that I might leave.

Gently, as if to reassure her, I softly touched her cheek and caressed it. Marie gently held my hand, which was touching her cheek. And as we gazed at each other's faces, I comforted her with a kind voice.

"It's okay. Cecily is also my woman now."

"I see..."

"But my feelings for you won't change. I promise."

"Even though Cecily is prettier and has a better figure than me?"

"Do you think I started dating you because of that? That's disappointing."

"Hehe."

Seemingly relieved, Marie buried her face in my chest and nuzzled against it. I embraced her as if implying that I could be even more affectionate. Then Marie lifted her head, looked straight into my eyes, and raised an eyebrow, as if asking if I had something to say.

"Isaac."

"Yes, Marie."

"Can I go to Helium too? To help Cecily..."

"No."

She slyly revealed her hidden desire. I wondered if Marie was joking as she smiled mischievously in response to my stern reaction. However, it seemed that her desire was genuine as she gradually moved her arms, which were hugging my back, downwards.

Starting from the arms, she reached the waist, and eventually, reached the hips.

And finally, the destination... There seems to be no need to say it separately. I reprimanded Marie with a smile.

"Marie, are you really a pervert?"

"You're the one who made me like this. Take responsibility."

"Gosh..."

Looking at Marie's eyes that had already turned into hearts, it seemed like she didn't have the self-control to go to the inn.

Just to be sure, I checked if the door was properly closed. Unless I call the staff, no one would come, and the soundproofing was also thorough for the expensive price paid.

So, just before doing it in a place that wasn't an inn for the first time, Marie, who was still clinging to me, asked a question.

"Isaac, can I ask one more thing?"

"Huh? What is it?"

"You're not really a reincarnator or something, right?"

It was a question that made my heart skip a beat. Come to think of it, Marie had that instinctual ability to sense a person's true intentions.

How should I answer to skillfully avoid the question at a time like this? I hesitated for a moment and ambiguously replied,

"If I say I'm not?"

"Hmm..."

Marie, who had been staring at my face for a while, said,

"Honestly, it doesn't matter, right?"

She smiled brightly and answered innocently,

"I just like Isaac, that's all."

"... .."

It seems like men really go crazy because of women.

Thus, I had a unique experience at a cafe.

[From the Helium side: Mora also expressed gratitude to Xenon!]

[Thanks to saving the demons, my heart feels at ease, and more people are finding true peace...]

This time, the mischievous goddess hit the back of my head hard.

Translators note:

Chapter 157: Winter Break (1)

Luminous and Mora repeatedly struck the back of my head hard, but they too couldn't stop the passage of time. Even if the world calls me a prophet and I'm favored as a saint in the Holy Kingdom Xavier, even sending a cardinal after me, the daily life at Halo Academy remains unchanged.

Halo Academy had a somewhat unique culture, namely, each individual has a separate graduation instead of a collective ceremony. So, unlike the entrance ceremony, there was no graduation ceremony, and it is more of a scouting process.

Furthermore, in the case of literary students, unlike non-literary students, the academy directly presents the graduation certificate. However, non-literary students were slightly different.

Most non-literary students admitted to Halo Academy were promising individuals who already had a reputation even before their admission, and they were carefully observed by people in power, waiting for the right moment.

In most cases, when they finish their fourth year, they either join a high ranking knight order or return to their family, but there were also those like Nicole or Adelia who didn't graduate and became assistants.

The teaching assistant (TA) was a highly skilled individual who interacted with non-major students and taught them various subjects, so it isn't difficult for them to join a knight order.

They assisted instructors and even took on tasks themselves during practical training conducted outside the academy. In many ways, they can be considered similar to graduate students.

Just as graduate students face a challenging path to obtain a doctoral degree, TAs also face similar difficulties. Individuals who complete their TA duties are regarded as talents that should not be overlooked from the perspective of the country. Consequently, they receive special treatment and attract a lot of attention.

My older sister, who is also a TA, Nicole, was in the same situation. I made an appointment to bid her farewell as she was leaving the academy for the Navy Knight Order entrance test.

Once I send Nicole off, the winter break will begin a few days later. Nicole will be taking the entrance test, while I planned to return to the mansion with Cecily and then head straight to Helium.

“Noona.”

“Yes? What’s up?”

“Seeing you in your uniform, it feels really cool.”

“This one?”

It was an ordinary Wednesday evening, not a weekend. I arranged a meal to have a last meeting with Nicole. My acquaintances gladly supported the final meeting with my sister without any complaints.

Nicole, as if notifying that she would be leaving the academy soon, was dressed not in casual attire but in a neat uniform. Moreover, it was a men’s formal suit that matched her hair color—a deep navy blue top and bottom. Underneath the jacket, she only wore a white shirt, and the overall design was simple. However, it was impossible to hide Nicole’s beauty, even though the outfit was plain.

Moreover, Nicole, being a woman, had a considerably tall height, so she was wearing comfortable shoes rather than high heels. She tied her hair neatly in a ponytail instead of leaving it loose, and she applied light makeup, emitting a unique charm.

Isn’t “cool” precisely used in situations like this? Thanks to her training, she had a good figure, and suits looked really good on her.

“Why do you always wear plain clothes when you know how to dress up like this?”

“Because it’s bothersome. Besides, I don’t care about impressing anyone.”

“Right! She’s been confessed to by four people... Oh my!”

“There are things you can say and things you can’t.”

As I joked, Nicole pinched my cheek. While normally it wouldn’t be much, Nicole was a formidable person who had completed all the training, including being a teaching

assistant.

Even pinching my cheek alone caused intense pain for someone like me, who was just an average person. Because of her strong grip, it felt like my cheek was about to fall off.

“Ouch... That’s what I get for playing a prank.”

“For you, it’s just a prank, but for me, it’s a headache just thinking about that time.”

“Doesn’t that mean you were popular?”

“What popularity? Ever since that day, all sorts of weird rumors have been spreading.”

Seeing her shudder as if she hated even imagining it, it was clear that they were not good memories.

And since Nicole was a woman, it was only a matter of time before rumors with a bad reputation started circulating. Having been confessed to by four people simultaneously, it must have been quite eventful in various ways.

“For the Navy Knights, do they at least conduct an interview for the entrance test?”

“Of course. If father held the position of the Knight Commander, he would have been one of the interviewers.”

“Are you okay?”

“Contrary to appearances, this big sister is quite tough, so you don’t need to worry about it, my adorable little brother.”

I worried sincerely, and Nicole comforted me by patting my head. No matter how much older and bigger I get, it seems like she only sees me as her cute younger sibling.

I don’t know exactly how strong Nicole is, but seeing her so confident, I can’t help but believe in her. And it’s not just anywhere, she’s trying to join the Navy Knights, so she must be among the top in her age group at least.

‘Well, even though she looks like that, she can easily pull a truck with one hand.’

I was curious once and checked how strong Nicole was. I witnessed her effortlessly moving a boulder the size of a house with just one hand.

I heard from another combatant who was there that Nicole has an unusually strong power. They even said that among the instructors, no one could defeat her in a strength match.

'Monsters like her exist in the world... It's truly scary.'

Can these people in this world really understand the Second World War? A world without mana might be completely unfamiliar and like a 'fantasy' to them.

Well, for now, I plan to focus on Xenon's Biography. I'm also working hard.

"But Isaac, don't you have to go to the temple first?"

"I went yesterday."

"What did Luminous say?"

"Well..."

Before I answered, I looked around anxiously. Although it was a remote area with few people, I was cautious about speaking recklessly.

"It's okay to speak. I've installed a soundproofing barrier."

"Huh? Isn't that magic?"

"Even without magic, I can create a soundproofing barrier. As long as it only blocks the noise."

Indeed, mana was an infinite power with limitless abilities. It's amazing that you can install soundproofing even without using magic.

Without showing any signs, I looked around with the soundproofing and spoke about what happened inside.

"He said they're sorry. They just mentioned it to praise my achievement, but they didn't expect Xavier to come out like that."

"Is that so?"

But I couldn't believe it. They were beings who can see into the future. How could they not know?

It seems like any incidents related to devils have disappeared without a trace. It seems like they were playing a prank on me. Maybe it was a sign of affection.

So I let it go. In my heart, I want to spend an enormous amount of divine power and go back a week, but I didn't want to turn back time for such a trivial matter.

Above all, regression was not 100% successful. It's a difficult task even for those who attempt it, and the gods had to balance the order of things, so the side effects were severe.

Instead, it's better to use it to extend my lifespan even a little or help others like a true clergyman. It seemed like Luminous secretly wanted to push me into becoming a priest.

The gods become stronger according to the faith of their followers, so if I became a priest, it would be a great help to him. He has quite a hidden ambition.

“What about Mora? Mora also seems to want to meet you.”

“Well, there won't be any problem soon because I'm planning to visit Helium. Helium has made Mora their state religion.”

“Oh, right, I almost forgot. So you'll go back to the mansion first and then go to Helium?”

“Yes, I plan to go to the mansion with Cecily-noona first.”

To go to Helium, Cecily's help was absolutely necessary, just like last time. Luckily, I would be with Cecily alone, and since Marie allowed it for the entire vacation, so there's no need to be discreet.

‘Cecily really liked it.’

Although she often joked about being jealous. Marie is always my top priority, Cecily knew it too.

So when Marie allowed it with a big smile, Cecily was touched and hugged her tightly. There was also a happening where Marie's face was pressed against Cecily's large chest and she struggled for breath and pushed Cecily away.

Anyway, this vacation will be spent with Cecily alone. One reason for going to the mansion together was to formally introduce her to my parents.

Although we won't announce it publicly, it seems proper to at least let my parents know the truth. I'll have to talk to Cecily's parents separately about it too.

If that happens, Cecily's parents will also find out that I am Xenon, but it didn't matter. Since most of the demons were friendly to me, I expected they would be grateful and show their appreciation.

"You aren't going to the mansion, right Noona?"

"Yeah. I already informed our parents. I plan to go back after taking the entrance test."

"The weather is cold, but you'll be fine, right?"

The scorching heat had subsided, and winter was slowly approaching. Although I don't know what material the school uniform is made of, it provided excellent insulation. However, occasionally, the biting cold wind still made its presence felt.

Training for a month without proper sleep in this weather, I feel like I understand why there are casualties during the test.

"It'll be fine. I've done winter training a couple of times before. Dave Oppa found it tough too, but it's not that difficult. It's just a battle of stamina and mental strength."

"Well... okay. Then what about Adelia-noona?"

"Huh?"

"Do you know where Adelia is being assigned?"

When asked about Adelia's whereabouts, Nicole's expression showed a slight hint of confusion. She avoided eye contact and gave a vague response.

"Um... well? Adelia will be assigned in a few days. Maybe you'll meet again soon...?"

"What's that supposed to mean?"

"Oh, never mind. You'll find out once you're at the mansion."

"At the mansion?"

I was becoming increasingly puzzled. I asked about Adelia's assignment place, but why was our mansion mentioned?

Nicole sighed heavily, as if frustrated by my inability to grasp something, and rested her hand on my shoulder. When I looked at her face, she had an expression of embarrassment, as if unsure of how to explain.

After a while of pursing her lips, Nicole opened her closed mouth with a bitter smile. Her voice sounded somewhat awkward.

“Isaac.”

“Yeah?”

“Well... No, I’m not in a position to say anything either.”

Nicole fidgeted with her hand on my shoulder and immediately changed the subject.

“Oh, by the way. When will your next work be released? Two volumes will come out around the time my test is over, right?”

“I’ll probably send the next volume in about a week. I need to finish up the work before going to Helium.”

“What? Send it a little earlier. I could read it before I leave.”

“Just hold on a bit. It’s not like you’ll die if you read it a little later.”

That was my last meeting with Nicole.

“Take care. Don’t get hurt.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll confidently get my uniform and come back, so look forward to it.”

Nicole left the academy with her usual kind smile.

“Isaac.”

“Yeah?”

“Adelia has a lot of wounds, so don’t be too harsh on her.”

She left behind words that were difficult for me to understand at that time.

Winter vacation has begun. Unlike six months ago when the scorching heat dominated, this time the biting cold has started to prevail, making it feel like my body was freezing.

The Minerva Empire, like the Republic of Korea, had four seasons. However, this was a story about the capital and its surroundings, but the empire's land was so vast that there are places that are cold all year round or hot all year round.

In the areas that are cold all year round, frequent pillaging by monsters and brigands occurs, while in the areas that are hot all year round, the sizes of animals, insects, and even monsters are terrifyingly large, making it difficult to find a safe haven.

Fortunately, the Michelle Territory was located near the capital, so the seasons were distinct. It wasn't just a mere talk that it has high potential.

“It seems like a lot has changed in that short time.”

“Yeah, you're right.”

It has been about three hours since winter vacation began. I arrived at the Michelle Territory with Cecily. Naturally, we didn't come by carriage but used Cecily's teleportation.

Of course, I didn't forget to take Marie to the Requilis Mansion. Although she temporarily delegated her authority to Cecily, basic manners are still essential.

The only concern was whether Marie will be able to control her sexual desires for a month. Last vacation was only a week, but now it's a whole month.

‘Well, she can always come to the mansion, so it shouldn't be a problem.’

Marie and I were not only dating but have also already been engaged. It wouldn't be strange for her to come to our mansion whenever she wants.

Moreover, it's not like I will be solely in Helium for the whole month, so she just needs to be patient. Above all, thanks to the last time at the café, where our love was properly confirmed, the frequency has also decreased.

Now is the time for me to concentrate on Cecily, who was next to me. As soon as that thought crossed my mind, I turned my head to the side and looked at Cecily.

Cecily was busy exploring the Michelle territory that has greatly changed for the past six months. Currently, the Michelle Territory was being deliberately developed as a

cultural city by the Minerva Empire.

And the cultural city was no stranger to the tourism industry. Facilities that cater to tourists visiting the territory were gradually being established.

“If you establish official exchanges with Helium, we could provide support in terms of manpower.”

“Hasn’t the Minerva Empire recently established exchanges with Helium?”

“That’s the country, not the territory. We need direct permission from the Minerva Empire to provide support to the territory. I heard that your father has personally sent a letter, but it will take time to receive permission.”

Dealing with national affairs was always the most complicated matter. Even though it may seem easy on the surface, a single wrong policy can lead to a downfall in an instant.

Nevertheless, in this world, there were not more than a hundred countries, and the system wasn’t tightly knit. If we obtain permission internally, it’s only a matter of time before Helium’s manpower comes to the Michelle Territory.

“In your opinion, what do you think about the potential of our territory? You can be honest.”

“To be honest... the potential is indeed high. However, it will take a long time to become a proper city because there is hardly any infrastructure, such as sewage systems. Without Helium’s help, it would take at least five years, I suppose.”

“What if Helium’s help is available?”

“One month would be enough. Our demon race established Helium from a barren territory, so to speak. Moreover, since its establishment, we have dealt with various incidents and accidents, including hygiene issues, which makes us superior in these aspects compared to the Dwarves.”

Cecily proudly extended her chest, but I deliberately averted my gaze as it momentarily focused on her bosom. If they had started with nothing, it would have caused various problems, from hygiene issues to the arrangement of buildings and agricultural zones.

The noteworthy aspect here was hygiene. Due to the constant spread of diseases due to the existence of monsters in this world, hygiene was given considerable attention. There

are even sewage treatment facilities that should not have existed in this era, to say the least.

Elves have the ability to magically handle waste, but humans find it difficult. It is known that they requested help from the dwarves. At least, that's how it was recorded.

“The sewage problems in most human nations were resolved by our race. Three hundred years ago, during the racial war, we realized the severity of the hygiene issue and constructed sewage treatment plants.”

“What? The records say the dwarves built them...”

“That's a lie. It's true that the dwarves helped, but it was demons who shared the technology. How do you think magic ended up flowing to humans in the first place? At that time, the elves were at war with the human alliance. Do you think they would have shared it?”

“... ..”

“If you come to the palace, you'll discover many hidden histories. Especially those related to the racial war. The truth is always shrouded in darkness.”

Cecily gently spoke as she poked my cheek with her finger. Initially, I was dumbfounded, but after listening to her story, I could understand.

Honestly, the pieces didn't quite fit together. We acquired magic from an elf during the racial war? From Alvenheims perspective, branding that elf as a traitor would be justifiable.

However, if demons had passed on their magic to humans, the story would be different. Demons didn't directly engage in the front lines, instead they played a role in preventing elves from recklessly invading human territories.

From that point on, there were records indicating a significant advancement in human magic abilities. If the demons had assisted them, everything fell neatly into place.

“Are you going to include this in your book, by any chance?”

“Thank you for the interesting material.”

“Hmph. Isn't this just a small part of the book for you?”

“Perhaps?”

Of course, to me, it was merely material for a story. But Cecily seemed pleased and smiled brightly.

From then on, the two of us made our way towards the mansion, observing how the territory had changed. Along the way, some of the familiar residents greeted me warmly or caught me staring blankly while looking at Cecily.

The more that happened, the more I wanted to feel proud. It might be because I thought of this woman as my woman.

We continued our leisurely date and stepped towards the mansion.

“Hello, Lady Baroness. It’s been half a year.”

“Oh my, Princess Cecily? What brings you to our mansion?”

As soon as I entered the mansion, I first reunited with my mother. She was surprised at Cecily’s unexpected visit, her eyes widening in astonishment.

Cecily opened her mouth with a beautiful smile and said,

“Actually, there’s something I want to tell you, Mother. It’s about Isaac.”

“Isaac... I have a vague idea of what it might be.”

Mother replied with her characteristic gentle expression. Then she lowered her head and gently touched her belly.

“Look, Lily. Your older brother is so popular.”

“Is Lily your daughter’s name? By any chance...”

“Yes, it’s the name of the saint in Xenon’s Biography. Isn’t it a beautiful name?”

By this point, you might have figured it out.

“It’s a lovely name. Are you sure she’s a daughter?”

“A few days ago, I asked a pilgrim priest. They said it’s a girl.”

Mother’s belly was swollen like Namsan Mountain. After the exhibition ended and I had my first night with Marie, the fire spread to my parents as well.

Therefore, my current age is 17.

'...Correction.'

An unexpected younger sister (Lily) came into existence.

Translators note:

Just watched Seishun Buta Yarou. The anime alone was great but the movie messed me up... I loved it so much...

Chapter 158: Winter Break (2)

My mother gave birth to my older brother, Dave, when she was 21 years old. Then, seven years later, at the age of 28, she gave birth to me. Now, after 17 years have passed, she is exactly 45 years old. Due to good management and her inherent youthful appearance, she may look like someone in their early 30s, but in reality, she's approaching 50.

Taking into account common knowledge and societal norms, it's considered quite late to have a child at her age. Moreover, in this day and age, with advanced contraceptive technology, having a late-in-life child is rare.

However, this is mainly applicable among the nobility, commoners tend to have children later as well. Contraceptive methods have primarily spread among the nobility, while the commoners have not adopted them yet.

Nevertheless, having a late-in-life child at the age of 45... It's practically like being a grandmother rather than a mother. Even if I were to marry and have a child with Marie right now, it wouldn't be considered unusual in this day and age. However, my parents were a very exceptional case.

When my future younger sister, Lily, is born, if she calls me "Daddy," people would naturally find it normal, but they might give me strange looks if I'm called "big brother."

"To be honest, we never imagined having Lily. We thought it would be fine with our age, and that we didn't need any medication. But now... Hoho. It's a bit embarrassing to say it out loud."

"Isn't it risky? They say that the risk of complications increases significantly for women over 40."

"It's alright. As long as I maintain a steady flow of mana, both the child and the mother will be safe. Of course, it's a good idea to invite a clergy member just in case."

My mother, Cecily, and I were currently enjoying a snack in the parlor while engaging in a pleasant conversation. The seating arrangement was slightly unusual, with my mother

and I sitting side by side while Cecily sat alone across from us.

It was a layout that made sense since Cecily was the guest, but my mother had already sensed what Cecily was trying to achieve. If she had willingly accepted it, she would have seated Cecily next to me. However, the fact that she didn't meant that my mother hadn't fully given her approval. Cecily seemed to be aware of that, smiling outwardly but with a hint of tension in her expression.

"And there's one more method. It can only be used while in the unsafe period, but the effect is guaranteed."

"Can I ask what it is?"

"Well... I'll just let you know that it's a slightly savage method."

"Aha. I think I know what it is. Well, it must be easy for the Baron since he's the Red Lion."

"Hoho. My dear husband does have quite a bit of strength."

"... .."

The time the exhibition began was in June. And today is the end of January, well into the new year.

Calculating the time from the day the exhibition ended until now, it's been at least six months, which means that they poured tremendous effort into it every night during that time.

Even amidst recent busyness due to territorial affairs, my father also exerted his strength for my mother, so even if he was the Red Lion, he wouldn't have recovered quickly.

I respect you, Father. I wish I had as strong a physique as you do.

"Come to think of it, Your Highness, do you have any siblings? I don't recall hearing about it last time."

"I am an only child. My parents didn't have any specific plans after giving birth to me."

"I heard that elves consider nighttime activities as a form of ritual. Is it similar for demons, perhaps for a similar reason?"

“No, demons are different. They have a much longer reproductive cycle, like elves. And most of the time, it overlaps with their evil cycle, making it quite challenging for the males.”

As I listened to the response, my gaze shifted slightly upward. Cecily’s horns were now completely filled with red, except for the tips.

The mention of the upcoming evil cycle, just like in the previous exhibition. Luminous had also advised me to make sure to take contraceptive pills when going to Helium, and the timing seemed to fit perfectly.

If I hadn’t taken the pills with me, wouldn’t it have been the first time a human-demon hybrid was conceived? From my perspective, I could only consider it fortunate.

“Indeed, demons are intriguing since very little is known about them, so each detail is fascinating.”

“If you have any more questions, feel free to ask as much as you want.”

“Really? In that case...”

As if it was the perfect moment, Mother opened her mouth while maintaining a gentle smile.

“What did you like about our Isaac?”

“... ..”

It was a straightforward and heavy question. The atmosphere was the same as before, but the underlying weight in the question was entirely different.

Cecily momentarily flinched in response to my mother’s smiling question, then straightened her lips. There was a slight tension in the two hands hidden beneath the table, barely noticeable.

I also started to watch their conversation nervously. It wasn’t a problem that I could intervene and solve, after all. Of course, if Cecily gets in trouble, I’ll be willing to help. Since I’ve already accepted Cecily as my woman, it would be disappointing if I didn’t show my support.

“To be honest, I’ve been vaguely aware since the last exhibition. No matter how close you and Isaac are, you wouldn’t normally visit our mansion. Especially as a princess of

another country.”

“...So you knew.”

“Yes. Not only that, but I could see the way Princess Cecily looked at our Isaac. As a fellow woman, I could tell. It was the gaze of a woman in love. Warm affection, love, and... even a sticky desire.”

“...”

As Mother finished speaking, Cecily’s face hardened slightly. Considering the circumstances at that time, it might have been difficult for her to keep her composure.

However, Cecily knew well that bringing up that topic now would only be an excuse. For now, it was more important to sit quietly and listen to Mother’s words.

“Princess, you must know. Isaac is already engaged to a girl named Marie.”

“Yes, I’m aware.”

“Have you talked to that girl?”

“We resolved things amicably.”

“Hmm. You resolved things amicably, you say...”

Mother gracefully placed her teacup down and caressed the growing belly of Lily.

And as if pondering deeply, she blinked her eyes while looking up at the ceiling before turning her gaze back to Cecily.

“May I ask how you resolved it? I’m curious.”

“Yes. Actually...”

Cecily relayed the exact words she had spoken to Marie to Mother. She shared her true feelings and future plans, which she had brought up during the exhibition when she had argued with Marie.

I already knew it, but Cecily seemed much more tense than she was back then. It was as if she was in a position similar to an interview, or perhaps being judged.

Fortunately, the more Mother listened to Cecily's story, the brighter her expression became. It was clear that she was pleased.

"That's... truly touching. To protect Isaac without minding the difference in lifespan... and even the descendants."

"Instead of living a life full of regrets from giving up love, I will live a life filled with longing. It's a line from Xenon's Biography."

"Yes, I know that too. Thanks to that line, the interaction between different species has increased."

"But, Lady Baroness, did you know? That line, Isaac said it to me before the book was published."

"What?"

Cecily's shocking confession made her mother widen her eyes and look at me. It seemed like there was some misunderstanding, but since what Cecily said was the truth, I couldn't help but be taken aback.

My mother looked at me with a subtle expression for a moment, then smiled and gently stroked my head. Her touch, as if comforting a young child, made me feel unexpectedly embarrassed.

Indeed, no matter how much a child grows, they always seem like a beloved son in their mother's eyes.

"Hoho. This child, really. Now I clearly understand why the princess has fallen for you. What woman wouldn't fall for someone who says such things? Just with that one line, the number of cross-species relationships has skyrocketed."

"When I first heard it, I was truly moved. It can determine whether a lifetime with that person will be a painful regret or a cherished memory."

"Ahem..."

Why is embarrassment my share? I couldn't say a word and only coughed awkwardly.

Meanwhile, my mother continued to stroke my head.

"I understand Princess Cecily's heart well. In fact, everything that happened after Marie gave her permission, it left my hands."

“Well...”

“But before that.”

Just as Cecily was about to rejoice, thinking she had received approval, my mother interrupted. She stopped stroking my head and firmly pinched my cheek downwards.

If it was just a light pinch, I might not have noticed, but because she exerted force, I felt a sharp pain.

“Ah! M-Mother?”

“Our Isaac needs to be scolded a little. I was worried that a situation like this would arise because of his deep consideration and kind personality. But not only a duke’s daughter, but also a princess of Helium...”

“I-I’m sorry! I would never do something like that on purpose!”

“That’s why I’m even more worried as a mother. Isaac will officially marry Marie, but what about Princess Cecily? We need to consider Princess Cecily’s perspective too. Are you suggesting she should be a concubine?”

“Well... Lady Baroness, I’m really okay...”

Cecily tried to calm my mother down, but she was at a loss for words.

“I’m not okay at all. Since Cecily realized, unlike Marie, that Isaac is a Xenon. I would have felt the same way if I were the princess. In the eyes of the demons, Xenon is nothing short of a salvation from God. Perhaps there was even a willingness to sacrifice your body and mind. Isn’t that right?”

“Yes, yes... That’s... accurate.”

“That’s the problem. Even with that kind of determination, you only care about Marie? Isaac, you will truly receive divine punishment from Mora. So you must take care of Princess Cecily so she won’t be lonely. Do you understand?”

“Oh, I understand! I got it!”

“Phew...”

With a sigh, Mother let go of my elongated cheeks. It was difficult to regain composure in the face of such a fiery feeling.

“Well... Will the princess not officially get engaged with my son?”

“Oh, don’t worry about that. When we go to Helium, we will inform my parents as well. Once they learn that Isaac is Xenon, everything will go smoothly.”

“I’m glad. If you ever regret this decision, please let me know. I will humbly accept it.”

“My heart will never change. Even if Isaac returns to Lady Mora, I will continue to live while cherishing his memory.”

“I’m glad to hear that.”

Cecily, whose determined will was evident, pleased Mother with a warm smile. If one smiled for a long time, wrinkles would naturally form, but Mother didn’t show any signs of aging.

Continuing, Mother gently stroked her belly with one hand, took a graceful sip of tea, and spoke in a more relaxed tone.

“From now on, I should call you Cecily, not Princess. Marie calls me Mother, but it would be difficult for you to do the same.”

“Ah...! Thank you so much. May I call you Mother-in-law?”

“Of course.”

“Thank you, Mother-in-law. As I mentioned earlier, I will protect this territory and the descendants of the Michelle’s for the rest of my life.”

“You don’t have to do that. You also need to find your own happiness.”

“This is my happiness. Doing my best for the savior who saved the demons. If it weren’t for Isaac, I wouldn’t even be able to sit here, and I would have spent my whole life confined to Helium.”

In response to Cecily’s fervent devotion, Mother let out a bitter smile. Then she looked at me, and when Cecily was like that, I couldn’t help but shrug my shoulders.

Well, thanks to that, Mother now knows exactly how much Cecily loves me, so there shouldn’t be any major issues.”

“Do all demons have similar thoughts as you?”

“Yes. If it were in the past, demons would have been treated as an enemy. But as you know, things have completely changed now, including Mother. Furthermore, with the rediscovery of Jin and Lily’s romance, such words have emerged.”

“What do you mean?”

“For demons, love is a difficult thing, but deciding to love someone means having the courage to give everything for that person. Even if I were to transform into a devil, my sincerity towards that person would not change.”

“... ..”

I remember reading that in a newspaper. It was probably written by a certain critic after the release of the 12th volume.

However, I know it was buried at the time due to the issue of half-bloods, but it seems Cecily managed to find it somehow. Perhaps if Lily’s past was revealed, those words will regain attention.

It may be seen as philosophical in a positive light, or cringe-worthy in a negative light, but given the times, it will certainly leave a strong impression on people.

“In reality, demons only transform into devils when they have lost their beloved lover or experienced despair comparable to that.”

“... So, Cecily, you too?”

“If Isaac passes according to nature, it doesn’t matter. However, if an unexpected situation arises... I am also prepared to become a devil, Mother.”

“I guess it’s your choice, but... I’m still worried. Should we assign a guard to Isaac just in case?”

My mother looked at me with a concerned gaze. We may not need a guard right now, but once I reveal that I am Xenon, wouldn’t it be appropriate to have one or two people accompanying me?

Siriss is already a messenger and Arwen’s bodyguard, so it would be difficult for her, and the only possibility is to have Gartz assigned from Helium. However, other countries might also intervene.

Since I am a citizen of the Minerva Empire, there is a high possibility that they would assign a guard from the Minerva Empire. Although the Ters Kingdom may try to keep tabs on me and assign a guard, the Empire will likely prevent it.

'Oh, right. Xavier.'

Come to think of it, they said they put a cardinal on the pilgrimage path to find me. They're causing a commotion, claiming they will favor me as a saint, so they would obviously interfere as well.

Once I reveal my true identity, the world will be in chaos. Thanks to Luminous trolling, I have no choice but to hide my identity completely.

"A guard... For now, Helium will assign a guard until Isaac reveals his identity. Gartz Balak, as you know, Mother."

"The knight with the horns. Does he also know that Isaac is Xenon?"

"Yes, he knows. He's a trustworthy individual, of few words and strong self-restraint."

"Well, that's a relief. So when do you plan to go to Helium?"

I answered that question instead of Cecily.

"We have set it for three days from today. I still need to finish organizing Volume 14. Cecily also decided to come back by then."

"I see. So, how many days are you planning to stay in Helium?"

"Maybe..."

"Maybe we'll spend the entire vacation in Helium. I got permission from Marie as well."

Before I could even say a word, Cecily interjected briskly. I was taken aback because it was a part that was not included in the plan at all. While it was true that Marie had given her permission, spending the whole vacation in Helium was not part of the original plan.

"Oh my. Then... Could it be?"

"Yes. I've already made up my mind. Isaac has too."

“Hehe. Isaac?”

“Yes, yes?”

Why did I feel so nervous at my mother’s call? As I nervously responded, my mother gently stroked her belly and spoke.

“Take care of yourself and don’t forget to bring your medication. Understood?”

“Yes.”

“Our son is quite popular. I’m worried that he might attract more girls.”

After my mother said those words, exactly two days later.

“Say hello. This is Adelia, who will receive training from me starting today.”

“Oh, hello? Long time no see.”

“...Adelia-noona?”

Adelia visited our mansion. She was dressed in a neat black suit, not in casual clothes like usual but in a clean black suit like Nicole’s.

While I was staring blankly at Adelia, my father spoke in his characteristic solemn voice.

“Nicole asked me to teach this child. It would be fine to use her as a guard when you inherit the estate in the future.”

“Um... I’ll do my best.”

I shook hands with Adelia with a dumbfounded expression. Then I noticed that her face had slightly reddened.

Not only did she grip my hand tightly, but she also subtly caressed it as if she didn’t want to let go.

“Our son is quite popular. Don’t you think so too, Lily?”

“... ..”

Mother smiled mysteriously and gently stroked Lily’s sleeping belly.

Translators note:

I think Isaac only has one brother Dave, but the author sometimes forgets his name and calles him Bryce... Like wtf it's so confusing...

Chapter 159: Winter Break (3)

I didn't expect Adelia to come to our mansion, let alone to become our escort knight. Nicole mentioned that they would reunite soon, but who would have thought it would be under these circumstances?

Having someone as a knight in our family's escort wasn't a problem. Dave and Nicole have joined the military, and naturally, I will become the next head of the family. I was aware of this and I am preparing for it whenever necessary.

Ideally, I would like to travel the world before Father retires from his position as the head of the family, but you never know what life has in store.

Moreover, it is considered essential for each noble family to have knights in their service. Our household has only recently been elevated from commoners to nobility, and our territory has not developed yet properly, so we only had guards instead of escort knights.

It was uncertain to receive personnel from the palace because it might appear as favoritism towards my father if other nobles were to see it, so that idea was abandoned.

Frankly, the likelihood of problems arising in the palace and Father being called there was much higher than problems occurring in our household. After all, my father is that influential.

So, with the territory gradually developing, it doesn't matter that Father has brought a knight in the first place. In fact, with my younger sister now in the picture, the need for an escort has increased even more.

However, the problem lies in the fact that Adelia is the one who became the knight. Who was Adelia?

She is not only a hidden member of the royal family of Ters, but also an extraordinary talent who has completed everything from the military academy to the position of a martial arts instructor. With her capabilities, she could aim not only to become a knight in our family, but even to join the Royal Guard.

Such a talent being assigned as a knight to a rural territory that was just beginning to develop externally is questionable, to say the least.

I couldn't help but have doubts.

“Adelia.”

“Yes, yes! Madam.”

“Don't be too nervous. Haven't you seen each other at the exhibition? Feel free to call me 'Mother'.”

“W-wouldn't it be appropriate for me, who will become a knight, to use such a casual title?”

In a room prepared for guests to stay, not a reception room, Adelia was sitting across from her, and clapped her hands in great astonishment at her mother's suggestion.

Her face showed a truly surprised expression, and her eyes widened as she fidgeted. It was a sight I had never seen before.

Meanwhile, my father sitting next to mother asked her a question in his characteristic solemn voice.

“I heard from Nicole. You performed the assistant duties together at the Halo Academy, right?”

“Yes, yes!”

Adelia answered with a tense posture. I could clearly see her reactions one by one, sitting right next to her.

First, her hands on her thighs clenched and relaxed repeatedly. Her legs were also trembling, clearly showing signs of nervousness.

Even Cecily, who was with us yesterday, didn't show such a reaction. I wanted to hold her hand to calm her down, but it was difficult to do so given the atmosphere.

“Don't be too nervous. We'll only feel awkward if you do.”

“Ah! I-I'm sorry...”

“No need to apologize. Anyway, why would someone like you, with your skills, come to a rural domain like ours?”

“It’s, it’s peaceful here. And even though it’s a rural domain, it’s slowly developing. I heard that it will grow into a cultural city in about five years.”

“Well, that may be true, but wouldn’t it be okay to go elsewhere and gain experience during those five years?”

“Well...”

The interview continued just like a normal interview. It seemed like Adelia was at a loss for words due to my father’s consecutive questions, and her lips trembled. If it continues like this, father might suspect something, but fortunately, mother intervened appropriately.

“While that’s true, you could also receive training under him. How amazing that would be, right?”

“Hmm.”

Father coughed, perhaps feeling embarrassed by mother’s praise. Thanks to her, Adelia let out a faint sigh of relief.

However, crises have a way of striking all at once. Father didn’t stop asking questions.

“Well, since there was Nicole’s recommendation, I won’t ask any more questions. But there’s one thing I want to ask.”

“Yes, yes! Please ask.”

“Are you really suitable for the commoner role? There are many suspicious aspects, such as the subtle mannerisms and dining etiquette. It’s hard to believe you’re a commoner.”

“... ..”

As soon as he asked that question, Adelia was taken aback. Habits, by their nature, were deeply ingrained and difficult to change. Until her admission to the Academy, Adelia had lived in the Ters Kingdom, where she would have received education in the basic etiquette and manners of a royal.

Even if she was a bastard, she should at least know the basics to avoid unnecessary criticism. It should be seen as her struggling to endure, even if only a little.

And the occasional habits that appeared intermittently were enough to make the observer suspicious. Above all, her exceptionally beautiful appearance, which was far too lovely to be a commoner's, occupied the largest portion.

“If it's difficult to speak, you don't have to say anything. Everyone has their circumstances. First, just let me know if you're a commoner or of noble birth.”

“... ..”

Adelia hesitated for a long time after hearing father's question. Her two hands clenched tightly on her thighs, and her head bowed down.

Not only could she not see the faces of my parents across from her, but I also couldn't examine her face. Her shoulder-length chestnut hair covered her face like a curtain.

Just as the time of deliberation was about to lengthen, father was the first to put an end to the situation.

“Enough. You don't have to speak if you don't want to.”

“Ah...! Th-That is...”

Before Adelia could even speak, father spoke first.

“Originally, a person with an uncertain past is not suitable as a bodyguard.”

At his words, Adelia's complexion turned paler than pale.

“However, Nicole earnestly requested it, so let it go. According to Nicole, even though you may be mischievous, you can be trusted.”

“T-Then...”

“Welcome to Baron Michelle's estate, Sir Cross. Take good care of our Isaac from now on.”

“Ah...!”

When Father called her “Sir Cross” instead of her name, Adelia's expression brightened like the sun. She always wondered why, but Adelia truly looked best with a

bright face.

“Thank you! I will work hard!”

“You don’t have to overdo it. By the way, Isaac, you were appointed as a recommended student, so you’ll be treated as a third-year student starting from your second year, right?”

“Yes, Father.”

“Do you also need Sir Cross as your escort then? I don’t know much about the literature department.”

“Well...”

As I was pondering Father’s question, I suddenly felt a sharp gaze from beside me. When I shifted my gaze, Adelia was directly staring at my face. However, as soon as our eyes met, she quickly turned her head.

Momentarily puzzled by her suspicious reaction, I immersed myself in thoughts about the upcoming studies since the winter vacation.

‘Originally, starting from the third year, it’s practically like being a graduate student...’

Unlike other majors, literature has around 50 students per year, and as soon as they become third-year students, they all scatter. It’s like having about 3 to 4 students per specialization.

It could be considered more like private tutoring. Just like there are multiple professors in the history department, including Elena, the same goes for other departments.

In the third year, you firmly decide your career path and go to each professor to acquire the knowledge you desired. Even if you haven’t decided on a career path, it doesn’t matter. As Professor Birus said during orientation, acquiring knowledge alone was enough.

Originally, the Halo Academy was an educational institution that nobles were obligated to attend, even if commoners were unaware of it. Many nobles who are expected to inherit their family titles often just obtain their graduation certificates and leave. Therefore, as a history major, I can say that I don’t necessarily need a bodyguard knight...

'I said I would be going to various places to research, right?'

Professor Elena was different from other professors. She could be called eccentric. If she's interested in something, she first looks for books or goes to the Sanctuary of Alvenheim.

If that doesn't work, she keeps searching until she finds relevant documents, going here and there. As an elf, she can teleport and explore every nook and cranny, but as an ordinary human, it would be a challenging task. Sometimes, when I see Cindy disappear silently for investigation purposes, I can tell how harshly she manages her subordinates.

Moreover, I have already been appointed as her recommended student. Since I have been marked as a graduate student, it's equivalent to declaring that she will push me hard. She will probably cover all the expenses, but I will still need means to protect myself.

"It probably won't be necessary..."

"Ah..."

Adelia's expression looked as if it would crumble if I said I didn't need it.

"But it's better to have it than not. We might need it in unforeseen circumstances."

However, as soon as I mentioned that having it is better than not, her face brightened as if light had emerged. Honestly, she doesn't seem to hide her true feelings at all.

After hearing my response, my father nodded solemnly and spoke to Adelia.

"Then, Sir Cross, you can train with me during the vacation, and when Isaac and Cecily return to the academy, you can go with them as an escort knight. Is there a residence for escort knights at the academy?"

"Yes, there is. Once you register, it's free as well."

"Great. Let's do that for now. I'll go first because of work. These days, documents are piling up like a mountain every day."

"You've been through a lot."

"I hope you can take over the job as soon as possible, but... I guess I'll have to endure until you graduate from the academy."

“... ..”

My father declared that he would delegate all the work to me after graduation. Well, my father is not a bureaucrat, but he's close to being one, so paperwork would be overwhelming.

Of course, since he once held the position of a knight commander, his ability to handle tasks was excellent, but wouldn't it be more comfortable to move around rather than being stuck with paperwork?

While I was just smiling bitterly, my father met Adelia's eyes once and then left the room. As a result, only Adelia, my mother, and I were left in the room.

As soon as my father left, Adelia seemed relieved from the pressure that was weighing on her shoulders, and she let out a deep sigh. Seeing her in that state, which was so pitiful, I lightly tapped her back and made a joke.

“I'm counting on you, sis. Oh, should I call you Sir Cross now?”

“Oh, um... I understand. My lord...”

“Ouch...”

Being called “my lord” by my sister's friend made me cringe. Adelia seemed to feel the same way as her expression became awkward, and her hands under the table curled up like squids.

My mother, observing our reactions, chuckled as if finding it cute.

“If it's hard for you, when you're alone, just call him as usual, okay? And when there are other people around, call him ‘Young master’ if you prefer that. Otherwise it's fine to call Isaac comfortably as usual.”

“Is it okay to call her Adelia noona regardless of who is present?”

“Of course. It's easier to give instructions that way. Is Adelia also okay?”

“I'm fine with it.”

“Okay.”

Then, mother began to teach her the things to be careful about when staying in the mansion. Adelia also listened attentively to mother's words with a serious attitude.

First of all, you don't need to guard me when inside the mansion. Especially, refrain from visiting my private bedroom as much as possible and always seek my permission if you have any matters.

Mother told her that it's good to engage in personal training or receive guidance from my father while in the mansion. Adelia nodded her head without saying much in response to the basic matters.

“But what about you, madam? Don't you need a guard? You're not alone...”

“Don't worry. The most reliable lion in the world protects me. What's there to be scared of?”

In response to Adelia's question, mother gently answered while stroking her growing belly, speaking kindly. Adelia looked at her with an envious gaze, at her love filled with trust towards father. Then, she turned her head slightly and looked at me, speaking with her characteristic refreshing smile.

“I'll make sure you can think like that too. You can look forward to it.”

“I'm already thinking like that, though.”

“Huh...?”

I returned the joke with a joke. Was my unexpected comeback surprising?

Adelia's eyes widened in astonishment, and her ears turned bright red. It seemed that her cheeks didn't flush, only her ears turned red. She clenched her lips, squirmed, and eventually burst into a chuckle.

“Well, you're quite... good with words. Anyway, You count on me.”

“Yeah, I'll count you.”

After expressing our trust in each other, we shook hands. Adelia's hand, calloused and hardened from years of training, felt rough but reliable.

As we shook hands, Adelia burst into a pleased laughter, and I greeted her with a warm smile. She was an unexpected escort knight, but I could trust Adelia.

“Now that we've exchanged greetings, can Isaac step aside for a moment? There's something I want to talk to Adelia about.”

“Huh? Oh, yes. I understand.”

“We should start preparing to head to Helium soon. You understand, right?”

“Yes.”

“Helium? Suddenly, Helium...”

Come to think of it, Adelia was unaware that I would be going to Helium soon. Just as Adelia was about to ask me a question...

“Adelia.”

“Yes?”

But it fell through as my mother called her. I watched for a while, and then I carefully got out of the room.

‘By the way, Adelia-noona...’

With a complicated mind in many ways.

Isaac went outside, leaving only Isaac’s mother, Anna, and the escort knight, Adelia, inside the room. Adelia expressed her curiosity when Anna called her but she remained silent for a while. However, as Isaac left and silence settled in, she couldn’t help but feel tense.

Anna was holding a teacup somewhat casually, but each of her actions carried a strange sense of pressure. If Hawk had exerted pressure as an interviewer just moments ago, Anna approached the situation differently now.

It was as if she could see through everything, piercing through her inner thoughts. Adelia found herself unconsciously licking her dry lips, waiting for Anna’s words to drop.

Clank

Finally, Anna, who had taken a sip of tea, put the teacup down. The sound of placing the teacup echoed in the quiet room.

Anna, as if savoring the tea, smiled softly and slowly raised her head, locking eyes with Adelia. Violet irises met clear sky-blue ones.

In the midst of Adelia's intense tension, Anna spoke in a solemn voice.

"Adelia."

"Yes, my lady."

"Do you also like our Isaac?"

"... .."

Isaac's mother, Anna, set aside the trivial matters and got straight to the point. As soon as she heard her question, Adelia felt her heart drop heavily. Anna got a confirmation looking at Adelia's pale face, and nodded slowly before continuing to speak.

"I had my suspicions. Perhaps he has also noticed. There's no reason for a talent like you to come into our family, and it's strange that he doesn't realize it when you make it so obvious."

"... .."

"Just let me ask one thing. I hope you can answer honestly."

Anna paused for a moment, exerting strength in her violet eyes, and asked Adelia.

"For what reason?"

"... .."

"You probably know this already, but Isaac already has a betrothed. Marie Hausen Requilis, the only daughter of the Requilis family, the sole duke's family in the Minerva Empire. They have already had several affairs, and once he graduates from the Academy, they are to hold a wedding."

That's not all. Isaac also has another lover, Cecily. However, the important thing right now is that despite having an official betrothed, Adelia had feelings for him.

Cecily personally resolved things with Marie, which allowed Anna to move forward without any concerns, but Adelia came in as an escort knight while hiding it.

It was a matter of great importance that could potentially shatter a harmonious family, so unlike Cecily, Anna couldn't take it lightly.

“And as you heard earlier, Princess Cecily of Helium is together with Isaac. Although it hasn’t been officially announced.”

“Yes, yes? What... Why Princess Cecily?”

Not only Marie, but even Cecily being Isaac’s lover made Adelia widen her sky-blue eyes in astonishment. While she often saw Marie flirting around, she had no idea about Cecily.

However, it seemed somewhat unlikely to label their relationship as just ordinary friendship. Occasionally, they would link arms or engage in intense displays of affection. Adelia felt her heart tighten as a sense of unease washed over her, but she managed to suppress it. In the midst of that, Anna spoke in a calm voice.

“There are reasons. Depending on the circumstances, I may or may not tell you. It could go either way.”

“... ..”

“Adelia Cross, why did you develop feelings for Isaac? We have noticed that you’re not an ordinary commoner, but of noble birth. So, it’s natural to have suspicions. There’s a possibility that you approached our Isaac with ill intentions, right? Be honest with me.”

Even after Anna finished speaking, Adelia kept her tightly closed lips for a long time. As if to prove that she was contemplating, her hands beneath the table clenched and unfolded repeatedly.

As a result, sweat began to bead profusely, and the thighs became damp with perspiration. To make matters worse, cold sweat trickled down her cheeks, forming droplets on her chin.

However, Anna patiently waited nonetheless. Pressuring her would be meaningless, as this was a problem that Adelia had to muster the courage to resolve.

How much time has passed since then? Adelia tightly clenched the hand she had hidden under the table and slowly raised her head. Her clear sky-blue eyes trembled as if an earthquake had occurred, and her lips trembled as well.

“...Madam Anna.”

“Yes, Adelia.”

“I am an illegitimate child.”

“I know.”

“Of the Tersian royal family.”

“...What?”

As the conversation continued, it was now Anna’s turn to be surprised. She had vaguely guessed that Adelia was an illegitimate child of nobility, but she couldn’t have imagined that she was of foreign royalty, let alone of royal blood.

In addition to that, there was another reason why Anna was surprised.

“An illegitimate child of the Tersian royalty? But the king of Ters...”

“Yes. He is famous for being a romanticist who loved only one woman on the surface. It’s also famous that he had four children despite not having any concubines. But it seems he couldn’t resist his desires in the past.”

“... ..”

“My father... had a relationship with my mother, who was a prostitute, and I was born. These sky-blue eyes are proof that I am my father’s child.”

Anna stared directly into Adelia’s sky-blue eyes.

Sky-blue hair, like Hawk’s red hair, was rare in this world. Thanks to it, it was referred to as a characteristic of the Tersian royal family in the world.

That is also true of the iris. However, the iris was not as noticeable as hair, so she didn’t realize it.

“I tried my best to be recognized as a member. But all I received in return were insults and terrible discrimination. Even my siblings I coincidentally met at the exhibition treated me as a stranger.”

“That...”

“I was so... sad. It felt like my heart was being torn apart. I hated this world that didn’t give me an ounce of consideration, alongside those who didn’t give me any recognition despite my efforts...”

Just thinking about it made me feel suffocated and my heart couldn't calm down. My lips and voice trembled, and I wanted to burst out the emotions inside me right away.

However, what followed afterwards comforted Adelia's wounds.

“And while I was crying alone, Isaac came to find me. Actually, Isaac was there at that time too.”

“... ..”

“Mother probably knows, but illegitimate children... are not treated well by nobles. But Isaac handed me a handkerchief and said this. Not to cry. That Adelia is the most beautiful when she confidently smiles. Even though he couldn't help, he said he would stay by my side. It was really... heartwarming.”

Heartwarming. It was the first warmth she received after her mother and Nicole, a rare time when a person had shown her their affection.

Mother gave her parental love, Nicole gave her friendship, and Isaac gave her love as an individual.

Despite being exposed as an illegitimate child, he handed her a handkerchief and comforted her as if everything was okay. Like a sudden downpour that soothes a parched heart, Isaac's warm words conveyed hope to Adelia.

“So I thought. Instead of going back to that hellish place, it's much better to be by Isaac's side, who gives me warmth and affection. Besides, I'll probably have Nicole with me. It wouldn't be bad to become a knight of the Michelle family's escort instead of being in the royal family.”

“... ..”

“That's my honest answer. There's no other way to explain it. If it's not possible, I'll go back.”

Adelia confided in Anna with a desperate expression. There was nothing left to hide.

Being by Isaac's side would be enough to make her happy, but if she had to give up that happiness, there would be no reason to live. She would just wander around and eventually die like a stray dog. Alternatively, she could return to the Ters Kingdom and live as a doll.

The warm “affection” she felt from Isaac was nothing short of an irresistible drug to Adelia. If she had to give up that drug, she thought it would be better to end her life.

While Adelia sat quietly, like a convict waiting for her sentence, Anna spoke softly.

“I’m glad.”

“What?”

“That you don’t have impure intentions.”

As soon as she heard Anna’s words, Adelia lifted her head that had been lowered. Anna looked at her with a kind and gentle smile.

As Adelia looked perplexed, Anna glanced at her and thought to herself.

If Adelia had any malicious intentions, that is, if she knew that Isaac was Xenon, it would have been only right to kick her out. It may be her prejudice, but illegitimate children tend to cause a lot of trouble because of their birth.

However, Adelia was focused on Isaac himself and loved him, just like Marie’s case.

“I’m sorry, but I don’t have any words that I can appropriately offer you right now. This is your personal matter, not mine, so it’s a problem that you have to resolve among yourselves.”

“Well, then...”

“Congratulations on becoming a knight in our family’s guard, Adelia.”

“Ah...! Thank you! Really...thank you...so much...”

Whether it was due to the overwhelming emotions or not, Adelia began to sob instead of expressing her gratitude. Anna, who had anticipated this, gestured for her to come closer.

Initially hesitant, Adelia nodded as if reassured by Anna and slowly approached her. Then, Anna gently embraced Adelia and softly stroked her back.

“It’s okay. It’s okay. Our family isn’t made up of harsh people like those you might have encountered.”

“Yes...alright...yes...”

“And there’s one more thing I’ll tell you. It’s also the reason why you must protect Isaac.”

Anna slowly let go of Adelia and faced her directly. Adelia, with tears still there, looked at Anna with a puzzled expression.

Anna followed, wearing her characteristic gentle smile, and gave Adelia some advice.

“One day, there will come a time when you have to make a decision. I don’t know when that will be, but even then, can you promise to protect Isaac?”

“I promise. No matter what happens.”

Did Adelia’s determination please her?

“Good. If your feelings don’t change even then, I’ll make sure to let Isaac and Marie know. Will you accept that too?”

“T-That won’t be necessary! I...!”

“But you still have desires, don’t you?”

“... ..”

Adelia’s lips tightly sealed, as if pricked at the core. Her ears also turned red, as if revealing her inner thoughts made her embarrassed. Anna found Adelia’s reaction adorable and gently covered her face with a faint smile.

“You can’t hide your desires just by saying you’ll hide them, Adelia.”

“... ..”

“Don’t you also deserve to live the life you want, at least once?”

And Adelia...

“I understand.”

She reluctantly agreed. Anna found Adelia’s compliance endearing and softly stroked her head.

‘I hope she doesn’t become more attached here. Just in case, I should be prepared.’

With those thoughts in her mind.

Translators note:

One more chapter today

Chapter 160: Winter Break (4)

“Hello! Our cutie! Good morning!”

“Hello, Adelia noona. It’s a good morning.”

After a day passed, Adelia began her activities as the escort knight of our family. Since it wasn’t an official situation, we continued to speak informally as usual.

I quickly glanced at Adelia’s simple attire, consisting of a shirt and leather pants, and then shifted my gaze towards her face. I wasn’t sure what conversation she had with my mother, but her expression had become much brighter than before.

Feeling slightly relieved by her appearance, I asked about her well-being.

“Did you sleep well last night? Was the bed comfortable?”

“Oh, it was really good! I fell asleep as soon as I laid down.”

“That’s good to hear. So now you’ll be receiving training from Father, right?”

“Yes. As an escort knight, I need to be sensitive to my surroundings, so I’ll be focusing on that aspect. It shouldn’t be too difficult.”

Watching Adelia’s self-assured demeanor, I recalled Father’s training methods. Not only me and my siblings, but occasionally even the young men of the estate had received training under Father.

And there was one commonality. Every time we received training, the sound of agony always resonated throughout the mansion. I also begged Father to spare me initially, but he didn’t pay any heed and continued with the training.

Well, at that time, unlike Dave and Nicole, I had a weak body, so my father quickly discontinued it. In fact, I know that he was shocked by the fact that I collapsed once and suffered for several days.

'But still, Adelia completed all the assistant duties, so it should be fine.'

To be honest, someone like Adelia probably had a high chance of easily passing the Navy Knights entrance test. I found out by observing the sparring matches held every weekend, but Nicole and Adelia had incredible stamina.

Even though they sparred with non-stop training students from morning until dinner, they were perfectly fine, just sweating. Although there were occasional breaks, their stamina remained unchanging, like steel.

“Alright. So, during the vacation, the daily routine is to receive training from Father, right?”

“That’s right, but... When did you say you’re going to Helium?”

“Probably after lunch tomorrow, Mr. Gartz will personally come to pick us up. Have you seen Mr. Gartz, too, Noona?”

“The demon with horns shaped like a sheep, right?”

“Yes.”

“Hmm...”

After hearing my response, Adelia pondered for a moment and then spoke with a slightly hesitant voice.

“Um... Why are you going there? Just a simple visit?”

“Yeah.”

How would I explain that I’m going to see Cecily’s parents and spend the first night with her? For now, it’s better to smoothly pass over it.

However, I needed a more definite excuse. It was a moment when I was about to add an explanation after my response.

“Are you going on a date or something?”

“Huh?”

“Well, actually, I heard from the Baroness yesterday. You’re dating the Demon Princess, right? It’s not official, though.”

Adelia spoke to me with her characteristic bright smile. Momentarily taken aback, I could only respond with a bewildered voice upon hearing that my mother had informed her.

“...My mother told you?”

“Yeah. Just in case I misunderstood, she told me. You’re engaged to that white-haired noblewoman, not the Demon Princess, right? I should’ve realized it earlier.”

Adelia confidently spoke, placing her hand on her waist. I silently observed her face, adorned with a cheerful smile.

I couldn’t tell if she genuinely didn’t care or if she was suppressing her feelings with patience. There was no reaction whatsoever, only her distinctively self-assured smile.

‘...Is it really okay?’

Adelia’s behavior towards me had always been confusing in various ways, but it was yesterday when I became certain as she came to be my escort knight.

Adelia, she has a romantic crush on me. The human heart isn’t something that can be hidden by pretending. After realizing it, those aspects came to me more strongly.

So, I thought there would be some reaction when she found out about the romantic relationship between Cecily and me, but there was none at all. What on earth did she discuss with my mother yesterday?

‘I guess I can’t ask right now.’

Asking without reason could make things awkward. Moreover, Adelia was starving for “affection” due to her miserable home environment. Even if it’s not me, she can continue a happy life by meeting a warm-hearted man. Not someone like me with complicated relationships with women.

Above all, I must eventually reveal that I am Xenon. The scope of the investigation was narrowing, and it won’t be long before my true identity is revealed by the Holy Kingdom Xavier.

If that happens, there is a high possibility that Adelia will be used by the Kingdom of Ters as well. I can almost guarantee that it will happen.

“Well... I’m not sure if I should be relieved...”

“Oh, don’t worry. Even though it may seem like that, my lips are heavy.”

“Is it really okay?”

It was a somewhat ambiguous question. Adelia might have noticed that, she flinched at first and then answered forcefully.

“Don’t worry. If it’s true, let me go to Helium with you. I’m your knight, so this much is fine, right?”

“Well, I’m not sure about that. I’ll ask Mr. Gartz tomorrow.”

“Alright. I hope a positive answer comes back. I’ll be going now.”

“Okay. Take care. Don’t push yourself and get hurt unnecessarily.”

“Sure. Sure. Don’t worry, noona, I’m tough.”

Before Adelia left, she lightly pinched my cheek and took a step. Her actions seemed like those of an adorable older sister, but for some reason, there was a sense of nostalgia.

It seemed like she was drawing a line, saying that she will only come this far. She cannot turn back the moment she crosses the line she has drawn herself. Only going forward, without crossing it.

Will Adelia also reach a day where she moves on? But before she can go straight, she must resolve the conflict with the Kingdom of Ters.

I watched Adelia walking away in the distance and then turned my back.

First, I need to go back to my bedroom and finish the remaining manuscript.

‘My mother told me not to reveal to her that I am Xenon.’

My mother said that a person’s true nature is revealed in decisive moments, and she told me not to reveal the information that I am Xenon.

I don’t know when it will be, but someday when I reveal that I am Xenon, I will observe Adelia’s reaction. As I mentioned earlier, if Ters Kingdom recognizes Adelia as royalty, there is a high possibility that they will offer her for a strategic marriage.

What decision will Adelia make then? I hope she makes a wise judgment. That way, our relationship won't be jeopardized.

After organizing the manuscript in my bedroom, I headed to my father's office where he was working. Adelia's training will begin later, so he must be busy with his work right now.

Knock- knock-

"It's me, Father."

"Come in."

When I knocked on the office door, my father's deep voice flowed out from the other side. As I received permission, I slowly opened the door and entered the office.

As I stepped inside, I noticed my father sitting at the desk, surrounded by stacks of documents piled up like a mountain. Due to the rapid development of our territory, the paperwork has been increasing day by day.

My father even had glasses on, as if his eyes were tired. The thought of eventually being responsible for all those documents makes me feel overwhelmed.

'Can't I just pass on the family duty to my older brother?'

Usually, the eldest son takes over the family duty, but there are exceptions. One of them is joining the military. Once someone enters the military, they tend to stay there for a long time unless there are special reasons. Of course, if Dave changes his mind and decides to return to the family, the family duty should be transferred to him.

However, Dave doesn't seem to have any intention of becoming the head of the family. Even if he were to suffer a major injury, he would choose a job that requires physical movement. Dave takes after our father and is ill suited for administrative work.

"Alright. What brings you here?"

Father temporarily set aside the pen he was playfully twirling and asked me. In response, I showed him the package containing the manuscript and replied.

"I'm sending out the 14th volume of manuscripts."

"Have you finished writing all of them already? Your writing speed has gotten faster lately."

“I was appointed as a recommended student, so I have plenty of time now.”

“That’s impressive. So, all the stories are already in your head, huh?”

My father looked at me with an expression of fascination as he received the manuscript. It was one of the phrases I often heard in my past life. When my friends found out that I was writing fantasy novels, they reacted with the same fascination as my father.

I often received questions like how I could remember all the details or whether I could write down everything. Many people enjoy reading novels, but it’s rare to find someone who actually writes them. Because of that, I received a lot of questions of that nature.

“Well, I just roughly outline the plot and write it. Thanks to the gift from Duke Requilis, the progress has been much faster.”

“You mean the Remover? It does seem like it would be convenient when dealing with tasks.”

“Yes. That’s one of the benefits, and most importantly, it gives me more time.”

“Hmm... I see. I’ll take care of sending this.”

My father placed the package containing the manuscript on the desk. As I was about to leave, my father called me over.

“Isaac, there’s something I’ve been curious about.”

“What is it?”

“Your handwritten signature.”

My father pointed to my handwritten signature on the package. The signature was written in “Hangul,” the Korean alphabet, and it spelled out “Isaac.”

It’s a different world, so it’s natural for the characters to have a completely different system from Hangul. The grammar itself was similar to Korean, so it’s relatively easy to grasp the characters. Moreover, since all the races use the same script, there were no communication problems. However, long-lived races like elves and demons occasionally use old words.

“Can you tell me what this means? I’ve been curious about it every time I see it.”

“It’s just my name. Isaac.”

“Your name?”

“Yes.”

“Hmm...”

My father stared at the handwritten signature that read “Isaac” in Korean and pursed his lips. I patiently waited for him to speak, observing his contemplative expression.

I don’t have any plans to promote the Korean language in this world, and moreover, I believe it wouldn’t have much influence even if I did. If Korean was truly superior, foreigners in my past life would have used it left and right.

Language, at its core, is a cultural aspect that cannot be ranked. In fact, grading languages itself can be seen as a form of superiority and ethnocentrism.

Sometimes in fantasy media, you come across unique languages for each race. Even if Korean were to appear like the language in “The Lord of the Rings,” it would receive similar treatment.

“Did you create this script by any chance?”

My father, who had been staring intensely at the handwritten signature, suddenly asked me a question. In my heart, I wanted to respond by saying it was created by King Sejong, or that it was a script developed by a great sage. But if I were to answer that way, I would seem like a mad person.

I rolled my eyes, contemplating how to respond. If I simply said it was a script I had known from the beginning, it would sound odd. However, claiming that I had created the script weighed heavily on my conscience.

But sometimes in life, there are moments when you have to compromise your conscience. After much contemplation, I mustered the strength to speak.

If I were to respond with “I know the characters for no reason,” my father might even think of me as a prophet or a regressort. I want to avoid that as much as possible.

“I just made it because I was bored. It doesn’t have any special meaning.”

“If you say you created a unique script just because you were bored... Doesn’t that mean you created a writing system?”

Oh, damn. Can it really turn out like this?

I was taken aback by my father's sharp observation. As the former head of the Navy Knight Order, he had exceptional powers of observation and judgment. However, I had also sharpened my wits more than once in the past. I calmed myself down and spoke in a nonchalant tone.

"You could say that. As I mentioned earlier, it doesn't have a significant meaning, though."

"Can you write down my name for me?"

"Yes."

According to my father's request, I wrote down his name using the magic pen and notebook that I always carried with me. Soon enough, the name 'Hawk Ducker Michelle' was written in the notebook, and I tore out the page and handed it to my father.

As soon as my father received the paper, he put on his glasses and stared intently. I felt my heart pounding inexplicably due to the tension.

"It feels like... some kind of shape. Why are there so many lines... Is this really a letter?"

"Yes."

"Will you put it in the Xenon Chronicles?"

"Um... I'm not sure. There isn't really a suitable place to use it."

It wasn't a lie, it's sincere. I don't feel the need to include Korean in Xenon's Biography at all, and it doesn't fit in terms of plausibility either. But if I was to include it, I might say that 99% of it was made up to make it easier when using magic.

Humans would create characters for more accessible and efficient magic, in preparation for a full-fledged war against devils.

The difficulty of magic lies not only in complex calculations but also in the fact that magic itself is not standardized, as it was not developed by humans but passed down from demons. This is because demons, like elves, can use magic effortlessly.

'It's amusing from my perspective.'

It would be funny to hear people in this world shouting “Fireball” or “Ice Arrow” in Korean. While I was silently chuckling to myself, my father glanced at his name written on the paper and placed it on the desk. Fortunately, he seemed to let it pass without saying anything.

“Alright, I understand. Send the manuscript to the publisher soon.”

“Yes, Father.”

“Well, I will be going now.”

Father also seemed to be getting up from his seat, probably to go train Adelia. As he stretched my body, a loud cracking sound reverberated throughout, presumably due to sitting at the desk for so long.

“Would you like to give training a try while you’re at it?”

“I’ll pass, thank you.”

“Sigh... I see.”

I have to give it my all tomorrow, so is there any need to do something that will drain my energy? My father will only feel disappointed if I firmly refuse, and he won’t insist any further.

‘By the way, should I try it?’

I thought to myself, having such unnecessary thoughts.

I planned to visit Helium and seek direct advice about using Hangul for magic from Lady Mora. It could have been risky, as it might make magic even more difficult. Being a complete outsider to magic, I might even face criticism.

And so, a peaceful day of vacation passed.

“Hello, Mr. Gartz. Long time no see.”

“It’s been a while, Mr. Isaac.”

The next day, Gartz teleported directly to our mansion.

“By the way, what’s that in your hand?”

“It’s eye drops. Do you sometimes experience dry or blurry eyes?”

“How did you know?”

“As Mr. Isaac enjoys reading and even writes novels, I could easily anticipate it. That’s why I brought the eye drops. They were personally made by the pharmacist of Helium Palace, so they are highly effective.”

“...”

While bringing me a very useful gift, it was indeed an appropriate present as my vision had been gradually declining recently.

“Thank you. I’m sorry for just receiving it.”

“No, it’s fine. Instead...”

“Instead?”

“Cough-“

Gartz coughed awkwardly, then spoke in a timid voice.

“Regarding... Xenon’s Biography...”

“Xenon’s Biography?”

“...It’s nothing. Let’s go to Helium first.”

“?”

What did he want to say?

Translators note:

There were 2 chapters today

Sorry for choppy releases last 2 weeks, I got an internship and was busy adjusting to a new daily schedule. Unfortunately there will only be 4 chapters per week for some time but it will go back up to 5 at the latest in september.