

Volume 1 Bonus Short - The Grey Colored ratboy

Note: Read all of this in the voice of a thickly accented sleazy person who is trying to ingratiate himself to you. Also “rat boy” refers to this real-life person - [https://ja.wikipedia.org/wiki/鼠小僧次郎吉_\(大佛次郎\)](https://ja.wikipedia.org/wiki/鼠小僧次郎吉_(大佛次郎))

Hehe, please allow me to introduce myself. My name is Rudeus Greyrat. I am an uncool thievish thief who calls a village in the sticks his base.

This uncool me has been on this path for five years. I made a fair amount of a name for myself, and now I am called something like “The ratboy of Buena village” on the streets.

A Greyrat ratboy. If I wackily whacked myself saying how wise this sounds, even the father in heaven(Sun) would probably laugh and forgive me. Putting my skills to work while the heavenly father rolls around in laughter clutching his stomach and turns a blind eye is my modus operandi.

Well then. It’s a big job this time. Targeting a big catch, this thing is certainly going to be a jackpot. My hands and legs feel like shaking, me having not done such a big job till now.

That said, that’s all it is. With my hands and legs filled with the skills of these five years, I am able to keep them under control. I can do sneaky steps, silent steps, invisible steps, and much more with my limbs listening to what I say. Now then, with my limbs that don’t tremble anymore, let’s set about our work.

The mark is Greyrat house. The two who live here are an average-looking husband and the beautiful lady of the house. They are always engrossed in being lovey-dovey with each other. Every night, they strive their utmost to make a brother or sister for their one and only son.

Well, I am not the one to criticize these things. Because it's due to that I am going to get my hands on the goods.

Let me see now. Even if I said I am a thief, unlike the great thief, master jirokichi, I don't have the skill to challenge it head on.

If I go at it from the front, I will be getting the tied-up reception in no time. However, what can't be stolen through brute skill can be stolen with brains.

As for the first step...,

And the maid carrying a wicker basket filled with laundry appeared. If we are talking about the maid's morning work, it's always between doing laundry, cooking, or going shopping. The weather's great today with the heavenly father shining brightly. Certainly nice for the laundry to dry.

After making sure that the maid went off to do laundry I turned my steps towards the kitchen. No one's in the kitchen or the living room. The married couple went on an outing today. With the manor's only son's teacher out on some work since morning, the only ones left in the house are the maid and me.

Meaning as long as I can hold down the maid, the goods will be mine. Hehe, this maid is one fine woman even if expressionless. Appearing cold and not showing a hint of lust normally, but brings out her womanly face when she is beside the lord of the house. The face at that time is usually completely smitten with lust.

Even I tremble like a rat thinking of the day when the lady of the house will turn into a demon because the lord laid his hands on the maid. To think that I am already a rat boy, hehe.

Nevertheless, this maid is a bothersome woman. Whenever I innocently extend my hand towards the treasure I get slapped away, on the back of my hand.

Be that as it may, this is the place where I have put my brains on the show.

I immediately walked to the water jug, with a cup in my hand, acting as if though I am going to scoop the water inside the jug right away. The water jug's still as tall as me. Oh no, how troublesome trying to scoop some water out of this jug. Thinking so, I laid my hands on the edge of the jug and pulled it down with all my might.

The jug fell with a great sound. Hearing that, the maid got flustered, left the laundry, and came flying in. This probably looks like a cruel spectacle to her. The kitchen full of water splashed out from the jug, and I dripped wet. Look upon the results of my skilled workmanship.

“Ah, sorry Lilia-san. I tried to get some water but, uhm, I made it fall down...”

Even so, the maid didn't even let out a sigh. This is probably what you would call being an ironwoman.

“Rudeus-sama. You didn't get hurt anywhere?”

“Ah, yes”

“Then, please go to the washing place, undress, and put your clothes in the basket. There's a towel at the usual place, so please dry yourself with that and change your clothes. Can you do it by yourself?”

“Yes. Uhh, what about Lilia-san?”

“I will take care of this first”

“Yes, umm, I am sorry increasing your work”

“I don't mind”

“I will be sure to help with it later”

Like that, while playing out a charming act, I headed towards the washing place with my feet light as feathers. And then I stealthily took the treasure away from the place with no one around.

The treasure's still moist when it entered into my possession. Oh, how exciting to think it's still moist even though it's just about to get washed. If I bring it along with me like this and take a deep whiff burying my face in it, I can't describe the greatness of it....

It's probably this kind of thing they are talking about when they say some things can't be expressed in words.

Thus, this Rudeus Greyrat accidentally got possession of Roxy's panties on a passing fancy.

Volume 1 Bonus Short - I Shall Not Be Named a Traitor

Betrayal originates from trust. And trust has its roots in understanding. It's something that can't be gained unless there's understanding from the heart. But sometimes it could be extremely difficult to make the other person understand.

For example, let's say there's a tall mountain here. A steeply rising cliff. A precariously leaning ledge. Let's make it a mountain that a normal person cannot possibly climb.

How would a person who has no interest in mountain climbing think when they see someone trying to climb it? Seeing people die failing to conquer the peak, what would they think? Would they laugh saying it's stupid? Or would they scoff at them saying they are reaping what they sowed? Or maybe they would lean their heads wondering why they are putting themselves in danger.

Most of them can't understand. For a normal person, a mountain's something to look at from afar. A thing to gaze at from aways, and be moved by its majesty. They are not able to understand that there's "something" that someone gains by climbing it under their own power. Even if they understand the words, they won't truly understand in their hearts.

Incidentally, Paul is caressing Lilia's bottom in front of my eyes right now. With such a lewd face that makes one wonder whether a human's face can be even so sloppy. Doing it while asking what is today's dinner going to be, secretly so that Zenith won't notice it. Even while blushing furiously with downcast eyes, she is passionately looking at Paul. Not as annoyed as she would have others believe is what it is.

Let's substitute this with the previous example and think it over.

The maid who cooks. A highly curvaceous bottom. Let's say this is a magnificent maid's bottom that most men would want to feel.

What would a man with a wife think if he sees this? What would he think of the person who unleashed a scene of carnage by letting his wife see him touching this? Would he laugh thinking this is stupid? Or scoff saying they reaped what they sowed? Maybe they would lean their head in puzzlement at why didn't he caress his wife's bottom in that case.

Most of them can't understand. For a normal person, a bottom is something you gaze at from afar. Something you look on from afar and get moved by its curvy lines.

However, I believe I am someone who can understand the feeling of a man who wants to touch it. The desire to touch other woman's bottom even while having a wife oneself. That zeal, that passion, I think I understand them.

Now, right now, Paul's surely gaining that "something". Zenith is a jealous person. If there's a secret affair going on, she would be surely up in flames. So there's a proportionate thrill involved in secretly touching the bottom like this. And because of this, the pleasure one gains is also probably more than the usual.

I am someone who can understand it.

"Mother---! Dad is touching Lilia's bottom!"

"!? YOU!"

"Ahh! Rudy!? You betrayed me!"

But in the end, it's only an understanding of words. I, who never touched a bottom, can't gain understanding in the heart. If there's no understanding in the heart, something like trust can't exist. And because there isn't such a thing as trust in the first place, this is certainly not a betrayal. It means I am not a traitor.

I had such thoughts while watching Zenith tear through Paul.

Volume 1 Bonus Short - The Future of Kids Who Peek Through the Gaps

A puppy is a cute thing. Not just the puppies, but all little ones of the mammal kind are cute. Kittens don't have to be even mentioned, and of course, the calves, lambs, and piglets are cute too. If the girls of the world see a puppy, they raise a shout of joy, going "CUUUUTE!" and approach them to rub the little furball-like head. That's common sense. There are exceptions but that is how it normally goes. Children are things that stimulate one's sense of protectiveness. There is also a kind of merit for adults in doting on children.

For example, let's imagine a puppy. A puppy left inside a box, trembling in the rain. The one passing by is a single OL. Tired from her work, she was in search of healing. Luckily her apartment allows pets. She picks up the puppy for some reason or other and returns to her apartment with it.

She carefully wipes the puppy with a soft towel and dries it with a drier. Then she makes the puppy drink some warm milk. After the puppy completes drinking, it goes to sleep with a calm expression. Seeing this puppy, the lady will feel a sense of satisfaction and warmth in her heart.

As you can see, the puppy didn't do anything. Just from its cute behavior, it managed to heal the OL's heart. And just like this, children don't have to do anything. Their existence is enough. It's a win-win situation for everyone with just that.

Of course, there's also a demerit for the adults. Children lack knowledge and experience. Adults have to scold them and tell them why they shouldn't be doing bad things like. Because children don't have the knowledge or the experience.

That said, adults can't know how children feel. They don't have a way of understanding the child's mind. Even if a child does something knowing it is bad, adults won't realize it. And because they don't know, they will

excuse them. Even if the person with the appearance of a child is a creep, their actions will get excused as a mischievous prank.

Aah, keeping that aside, the bathing Roxy looks really good. Those immature, pale, middle-schooler-looking limbs really bring out the blue in her damp hair. Although I can't see the important parts because she is turned away from me, it's better this way. Look. The wet strands of hair stuck on the back and the child-like shoulders. It's because the important parts are hidden that these solemn parts can shine bright. Umu, at any rate, it's an exquisite balance. Those body lines never stop to mesmerize me. You don't get to see these proportions out of her age range. Truly a divine mystery. A god's work to say.

Well then, let's see where she would start to wash first. Oh, under the armpits huh. I see, I see. Mufufu, I wonder what the next place is going to be. Oh, she is going for the elbow. Yeah, I can understand, joints are easy to get dirt left behind in. Ahh, she twisted her body to wash the elbow, just a bit more and I can-----.

"Nn? Is someone there?"

Oh, shit.

....now then, even if children will be forgiven, they would not want to get angered at. Leave children, no one will want to anger someone. Even adults and the elderly. No one wants to get angered at or scolded. If they feel like they are going to get scolded they make some excuse to escape from there. That's common sense. There are exceptions, but that's how it normally goes. Humans are creatures that don't want to get angered even while doing bad things knowing that they are bad.

With those thoughts, I took flight from the door of the room Roxy's taking a bath in.

Volume 2 Bonus Short - Eris's Mischief

On a certain holiday. The afternoon of a clear day drenched with pleasantly warm sun rays. Eris wandered about the manor after she completed her self-training, wondering how to pass the noon. Should she set out for the town with Ghislaine even if it's already afternoon? Or else should she go to her grandfather and get doted on? Father and mother are probably busy but maybe it's good to ask them to play with her sometimes? While Eris was pondering over her choices a certain person appeared in her view, laid across a bench in the garden. From the book resting on his chest, it seems like he was reading it outdoors.

"Such bad manners, Rudeus"

While saying that Eris approached him with silent footsteps. Rudeus has his eyes closed and lets out a steady breath like he is sleeping.

"....."

Eris, feeling restless without knowing why, took a close look at Rudeus's sleeping face. It's a rare thing to see him dozing off as Rudeus doesn't tend to show any gaps normally. Philip said it's him trying to be strong because he is in a place away from his family, but...

".....nfufufu"

Her teasing heart started to become restless. To think that Rudeus can make this kind of sleepy face. Rudeus disturbs her afternoon sleep a lot. He makes her suffer in different ways like shaking her, tickling her chest or underarms, and sometimes he even rolls her skirt up and slips her panties down.

(It's time for revenge!)

Eris smiles broadly and draws close to him. Rudeus continues to sleep peacefully like he is having a good time. Even though her heart skipped a beat at his cherubic face, Eris doesn't plan to show any mercy.

She quickly got her hands on his belt and took it off without making a sound and released the hook holding the pants. When she did that, a plain-looking underwear peeked out a bit from the edges of the pants.

“...gulp”

For some reason, Eris took a gulp on seeing that. She felt like she was doing something she should not be doing at all. Despite this being her way of taking revenge...

But Eris won't stop.

(I-it's Rudeus's fault)

She put her hands on Rudeus's pants, her heartbeat ringing out like bells. Carefully, trying to not wake him up, she continued to drag them down slowly. Under it is Rudeus's lower half, with fairly muscled thighs and hips wrapped in white underwear. Eris's gaze is directed towards its center, gravitating towards the part that's slightly rising a bit. That's a part Eris does not have.

“Gulp....”

Eris slowly, very slowly laid her hands on the underwear. The moment she tried to carefully pull them down. Suddenly, a face raises and meets a pair of wide-open eyes. The eyes of Eris and Rudeus who raised his upper half.

“Ah, eeh, what----BUAH!”

Rudeus didn't manage to get the full sentence out before Eris's sudden fist met his jaw on point and knocked him out cold. Rudeus's eyes rolled back into his head and he returned to his previous state.

“.....That was a close call”

Eris wiped out the cold sweat from her forehead that appeared at some point and stealthily returned his underwear to how it was. Getting the pants back on.... she stopped and took a look around. Confirming there's no one around, she put a finger under the underwear's edge and had a quick peek inside.

“.....fu, fnn!”

With her breath wild, she adjusted the underwear, got the pants back on, closed the hook, and returned the belt. And blushing furiously she quickly walked away.

For a while after that Eris blushed furiously whenever she saw Rudeus and raised her fist alarmingly. But Rudeus having lost his consciousness before he made head or tails of the situation and thus not having a scrap of memory of the event, can only continue to lean his head in wonder and run away.

Volume 2 Bonus Short - Craftsman

[Sculpting a God]

- By Rudeus Greyrat

- Introduction

It is said that a certain sculptor used to recite sutras before setting out to sculpt an idol.

Emulating him, turn towards the direction God lives in and offer your prayers. Then place the rock you are going to chisel towards the sun, assume your most pious posture and express gratitude in your heart.

God is certainly not an existence that grants everything you want. But It's an existence that shows the way forward in our life. We shouldn't forget our respect and affection for the God.

After reminiscing on the God's appearance and carving it into your heart deeply, visualize it on your carving stone. The thing you are set to do now is divine work. Perform it with a pious heart.

- Preparations

Chisel the stone and separate it into a few parts. Head, chest, stomach, waist, upper arms, lower arms, hands, thighs, shins, and feet. We create the God's form by carefully making each part and joining them together.

- Torso, Stomach, and Waist

Only an amateur would start from the God's countenance. The torso is the first thing we should be creating. It's desirable to start from the God's chest while keeping the God's appearance in your mind. God's chest that holds the humble yet plentiful breasts. Even if it's charming, you shouldn't sink into depraved thoughts because they would dirty the exalted nature of the God. In addition, a mole is an extremely noble and appreciated thing. Please place them without even forgetting a single one.

The stomach should be gently sloping, and smooth. The important one is the belly button and the folds circling it. It's possible to bring out the softness even if the material is stone, so please chisel it meticulously.

When it comes to the waist, it's about the hips. And as hips include the so-called secret place, anyone who exposes it would surely be struck down by divine punishment. Let's cover this part with the much appreciated divine sacrament.

- Arms and Legs

Next, carve out the legs and arms. Anyhow, God is not really a muscled figure. The arms and legs are more similar to sticks, with just a hint of immaturity. It's desirable to sculpt the limbs true to reality.

- Joining the Parts

After all the parts are completed, proceed to join them with magic. If you had any wicked thoughts at this stage, God's unadorned body turns into something with too much charm. If a misguided fellow sees that, he would be enveloped by depraved thoughts instead of exaltation towards the God.

At that time, think about the things lacking and are required in this God.

Please think about what's needed to show the God's majesty instead of stirring up wicked thoughts. You will likely find the answer in a moment.

It's the cool factor. Hiding her chest with one hand, and with another wide extended out. You can express her coolness by making her hold the ceremonial object, the staff, with the extended hand.

With this God's body is completed.

- Attire

To keep the God unadorned is proof of impiety. God should be clothed.

Instead of creating it from God's form as it is now, it's preferred to make a loose robe as it brings out more of her divinity this way. The arm hiding the would be a problem if you tried to clothe the God, but it's possible to cover with the robe's bagginess.

Now, please attach another arm to the clothes. It will look more natural holding the staff than before even while hiding another arm under the clothes.

Furthermore, by making these clothes undressable you can show two sides of the God.

- The Countenance

And finally, the face. But take a look at God's body once more before you set out to carve the face.

When God's wearing clothes and leaning a bit forward holding her staff, it feels as if she looks just as gallant as the Goddess of war Athena, doesn't she?

And the undressed God, slightly leaning forward trying to hide her chest while being embarrassed, is giving off the charm of a young maiden, doesn't she?

Considering this, it's surely desirable to think up of a countenance that is suitable for both. An expression that's made by equal parts of coolness and embarrassment.

You would likely be able to many faces of the God with such expression if you close your eyes and reminisce on the God.

And like that please continue to remake it, slowly nearing the ideal form, till it is to your liking.

- Completion

Finally, by attaching the face to the body, it's completed.

Let's make it together, Roxy figurine!

Volume 3 Bonus Short - Sneaking Mission

At the moment, I am in the middle of advancing sneakily to a ridge, heading towards the east. The destination I am aiming for is just about 50 meters away from where I started. It will take some time to explain why I am doing this.

At dawn today, while I was making preparations for the meal, the captain spoke.

“Rudeus, it’s a mission. There’s a spring about 50 meters from here. Infiltrate it alone, find Eris Boreas Greyrat, and get her on camera”

Receiving those orders, I immediately set on the task. Captain’s orders are absolute. Disobedience is not allowed.

Thinking so, after moving about 10 meters from the campfire at the place of departure, I stopped. There’s a skinhead with a scary face standing as if he is cutting off my path.

“Captain, a guard spotted. It’s a demon with a white spear and a headband”

“It’s likely the Ruijerd of the Dead-End. Try to give him the slip somehow and reach our destination”

I turned my nose at how vague the order “give him the slip somehow” sounds, but what’s important for a mission is the ability to adjust to the changing situations. I have been in many similar situations to the date. I managed to live through the situations with a head command that doesn’t know about the situation on the ground, and incompetent superiors. I can do this.

“Ruijerd-san, I am going to the toilet for a moment.”

“Ah, understood”

Good, it’s a success. I proceeded on with a nonchalant face, boldly, straight towards the east.

There's nothing suspicious so there's no problem going this way, I will be just doing it midway. Putting on this act, I advanced towards the destination slipping through the guard's mental guard.

"Rudeus"

"!"

But I was called to a halt. Where could I have made a mistake?

"Don't go too far"

"Of course"

I replied energetically and started to walk again.

I don't intend to do anything different from my word on not going too far. All the while reasoning in my heart that a distance of fifty meters is only as far as the eyes are from the nose.

"....."

I walked 10, then 20 meters. I turned back to look after reaching the halfway mark but I couldn't see Ruijerd under the ridge's shadow. I can't see the spring as well, hidden by the cliff.

Maybe I can go a bit further.

If possible, I want to watch her secretly without getting caught and happily reminisce on the scene after. But it's impossible to escape from Ruijerd's eye. The possibility that he can catch up with me in the remaining 25 meters and make me return back with him is high.

What to do.... as I thought, I should just dash for it. Even if I get found I can take a photo as long as it could get the view even for a second.

And, at that moment, I remembered something.

“A serious problem, captain!”

“What happened, Rudeus!”

“There’s no camera!”

It’s a serious issue. If it was the previous world I could get a camera that can take clear photos at whatever distance for just a few thousand yen.....no you don’t even need that much. You can probably get a disposable camera for around 500 yen.

But this is a different world. Things like cameras don’t exist. This mission was impossible from the start.

“Rudeus. If it’s your heart’s viewfinder, it’s bound to photograph even more vividly than those cameras. Carve the memory into your heart.”

Carve the memory into the heart. I resolved myself to my duty after being taught those precious words.

“Understood, captain.....!”

The shutter speed of my heart’s viewfinder surpasses even light. So it’s fine even if it’s just a moment, only a moment, as long as it gets in my view.

“All right!”

I broke into a run. The distance to Ruijerd is 25 meters. The distance to the destination is 25 meters as well. Concepts like relative velocity are irrelevant to Ruijerd, so he could probably catch up to me. But it’s fine even if it’s only a moment, just one moment!

I ran. I ran. Even as I tripped, I ran. Ten meters. Twenty meters. On the other side of that cliff, an otherworldly scene is waiting for me.

“Augghaa!”

The very next moment after the thought, I was grabbed by the collar and lifted up.

“What exactly are you doing, you.....”

It was Ruijerd. Seems like he has already caught up. How fast! To think it wasn't even two seconds...

“Sorry, captain! Mission's a failure.....!”

“Captain? What are you even saying”

“I tried to endure it, Ruijerd, but I had to give in, I really wanted to see it by any means!”

While continuing to grab me by the scruff, he replied looking flabbergasted.

“.....You, do you want to see something like that?”

“Yes, of course, I would want to see it, you know?”

When I replied that it doesn't even need to be asked, he raised me high.

“See”

Being held up by the tall Ruijerd, I was easily able to see the other side of the cliff. But is it fine if I see it? My heart's viewfinder won't let the image fade to sepia you know?

“.....huh?”

A giant tortoise-looking demonic beast is laying eggs by the spring.

“Great king tortoises are calm natured for magical beasts and are useful as a food source. So don't disturb them while they lay eggs. Didn't I explain it?”

Ruijerd looks dumbfounded. Ah, now that he mentions it I feel like I heard it before.

That there are two springs. And to bathe, because one's being used by the great king tortoise, use the other one.

Meaning... I got the direction wrong.

"You wanted to see this?"

".....Well, because it's something you get to see rarely, right"

After that, we continued to observe the great king tortoise's egg-laying. Let's just say that the spectacle of a giant tortoise spawning basketball-like eggs looked really mysterious and got preserved by my heart's viewfinder as a memory that will never fade away.

Volume 3 Bonus Short - Rudeus's Cooking in 3 Minutes

Ruijerd and Eris hunted a great king tortoise saying it's for dinner. Its meat is judged to be the most delicious by the carnivore-filled Demon continent. And thus it's a staple everywhere in this demon continent. But I find this meat terribly awful. It's more stringy than chicken, smells strongly in a way that's peculiar to wild animals, and while we are at it, it's also hard on the stomach.

I exerted strenuous efforts day and night to make this meat palatable. Let me show you the results of that hard work today. First, the ingredients.

Ingredients

- Meat from the great king tortoise
- Vegetables for seasoning that are grown in the Demon continent
- Fat from BigFootFish
- All sorts of spices

Because the journey's long, for the basic dish let's use items that can be bought in any town. As for vegetables, they tend to differ from place to place so let's buy whatever's suitable.

BigFootFish can be found in any watering hole across the Demon continent. It is a blowfish-looking amphibian with uncanny legs attached and not suitable for eating, being poisonous.

But the fat bag above the butt is just fine and is dealt in large volumes by the adventurers guild because it's used in maintaining equipment. It's also sold in the town markets so buy it.

Well then, onwards to cooking the dish

1. Cut the vegetables finely and fry them in BigFootFish's fat.

Vegetables are too bitter and harsh to eat when raw so stir-frying them is necessary. I have a feeling that by doing this you can get the bitterness out and increase the sweetness!

2. *Cut the great king tortoise meat into small pieces and smash it until it becomes pulpy.*

The tortoise's meat is tough and stringy. So you have to grind the meat to even reduce it to something manageable and bring out the softness.

3. *Mix the fried vegetables with the ground meat, season it and knead.*

Season the vegetable stir fry made earlier with a good amount of spices. After doing that transfer it into a bowl or something and knead it into a paste.

4. *Beat it with your hand to get the air out*

Divide the stuff you got from step 3 into three mouth-sized pieces and beat the air out of them like you are trying to play catch.

Because if you don't get the air out it will crack while roasting and the meat juice will leak out.

5. *Get it into some good looking shape and roast it by direct fire*

Things like frying pans and such don't exist on this Demon continent. It's also fine to make one, but because we have this netting-like thing let's just use that. Roasting everything in a direct fire, that too a strong one is the manly way of cooking. It's certainly not that it's too much of a bother for me to do it any other way.

If the fire managed to reach the middle, then it's done. Because sensible things like sauces don't exist in the Demon continent, serve it directly.

"Tasty"

"It tastes pretty good, doesn't it"

I am happy hearing these opinions from the people who would call anything tasty, but it's probably better to not pay attention to them. These people would continue to call it tasty even if they eat it raw. They are different species compared to me with my delicate tongue.

Well then, I should probably have a bite as well.

First, taking a bite, the flavor of BigFootFish's fat spread through the whole mouth. The pungent taste hit me like industrial-grade alcohol, making me think I am going to faint for a moment. It's so

strong, to the extent that it's hard to believe the words that it's something edible.

When my teeth bit into it, juices flooded out from the inside. This juice still smells raw and tastes nothing like vegetables or spices. The crunchy things I feel in my mouth are the vegetables. I can feel my face making a grimace this time, with some unspeakable cacophony of tastes spreading in my mouth.

To sum it up, I just want to say one thing. This is disgusting!

The road to good food still stretches long.

Volume 3 Bonus Short - The Characters called Left(左) and Right(右)

Here exists a character called Right(右). It's a character created by attaching ナ to the left of the mouth(口). And just like the character reads, it points towards your right.

When you face north, your right is the side east is in.

It's the side that holds the chopsticks for a right-handed person, and the world is generally molded to favor the right-handed.

The character that takes the opposite form is Left(左). It's a character formed by attaching ナ to the left of the artisan(工). And just as it reads, it points towards your left.

When you face north, your left is the side west is in.

It's the side that holds the rice bowl for a right-handed person, and the world is generally a bit cold towards the left-handed.

That said, even if there are some differences, they are the different sides of the same coin, like shadow and light. Where right exists, left does. When right is born, left is born as well, and when left vanishes right goes along with it.

If a pair of things exist, humans will rank them. They will decide which one's better and line them up from the right, or maybe they will do it from the left. But again, there also exist some things in the world that are hard to rank.

For example, the ones in front of me right now are such things. I won't disclose what they are, but I will say these should always come in pairs. If you talk from the view of functionality, even one would be fine. But from an artistic point of view, it won't do if they don't come in pairs.

But according to one measure, it seems like even the right and left here have a bit of difference. I think that I should find the truth in it by feeling them myself. I will probably be refused, but this is something that's instigated by intellectual curiosity. Definitely not because of any wicked thoughts.

“Fumu”

For this reason, I fondled Eris’s chest as she sleeps beside me with a snore. While still being mostly flat, I can feel the slight rise. This is a chest in the process of growing. But does the right and left here really have any difference?

I wonder how it is. Even if it’s just a bit, maybe the right one’s softer? Wait, wait, I am right-handed. Maybe the feel differs by whether you use left or right hand. Let’s reverse them and touch the chest with the opposite hands.

I keep the feeling from the first test in my mind. Both were soft without a doubt.

“Umu!”

And this time as well....soft. Umu, it’s really soft, and honestly, I feel like I can spend all my life doing this. But as for the difference, I don’t really get it. Left and right, left and right.... What could be the difference between left and right?

Ah, just now, I feel like I have reached some truth. The truth of the world, the space’s will, Galaxy~. The secret hidden inside the characters called left and right, that is-----.

“.....ah”

Being inattentive for a moment spelled my doom. I nearly fainted when Eris punched me in the jaw with wide-open eyes and pinned me to the ground, straddling me. Making short work, my left and right hands are pinned down by her knees in the blink of an eye.

This is the mount position Eris is good at.

“When someone’s finally got to get some good sleep, where the hell are you touching!”

A solid fist fell down like a hammer. Right, left, right, left, right, left. Overwhelming violence without a hint of restraint assaulted my face. Maybe she intends to hit me as many times as I fondled her chest.

How many times did I fondle them? I can't remember as I played with them for a pretty long time trying to find out the difference between the two sides.

Even though I am thinking with a cool head like this, no wonder I sensed danger to my life. Maybe Ruijerd or someone would come and stop this in a moment. No, bearing the damage is the natural fate for someone who brought on the disaster by their own actions.

Right, left, right, left.

Aah, my consciousness is leaving me. And at this moment I noticed something.

The truth from a moment ago.

In the words called left and right(左右)..... hides the simple word called "ero"(エロ). Meaning that boobs are erotic because they exist as a pair, a left one, and a right one.

And about the moment I reached the conclusion, I died.

"Haah...!"

I opened my eyes at that instant. Beside me, Eris is sleeping uneasily, tossing over and over. My face looks like the usual beautiful me, without any swelling on it.

I could see the little rise on Eris's chest rising and falling in sync with her breath. Normally I would want to touch, fondle and lick those small pair of hills, but today they look like fearsome things.

Boobs are erotic because they come in a pair.

Thinking that it's good fortune that I managed to understand such a great thing without the need to touch, I once again laid down on my side.

Please let me have erotic dreams without the punching this time.

Volume 4 Bonus Short - The Maiden and the Unicorn

Right in the middle of the Holy Sword highway. Roxy is sitting there demurely, while Elinalise and Talhand watch over her from the thickets a distance away.

“Haa....”

In front of the sighing Roxy, there’s a pure white horse with a long horn.

A unicorn.

With a pure white body, spiraling horn, and a mane like a lion, this horse is the one-horned existence of the legends from the Rudeuss original world. Said to be extremely violent, be it a lion or an elephant, this is a violent horse that rushes them head-on and impales them with its horn.

But for some reason, it becomes calm when held on a pure maiden’s lap, and so is considered to be a symbol of purity and an addict to virgins. Unicorns of this world also have the same characteristics.

If there is one thing that can be said to be different, it’s that this world treats them as one of the multitudes of demonic beasts that are commonplace. While they are treated as a bit special by the residents of the Great Forest from their nature of only relaxing their guard for maidens, that’s all there is.

“See, It came! As we thought, Roxy’s really still inexperienced!”

As Elinalise said, Unicorn appeared from the surrounding foliage and slowly approached Roxy. The three of them discovered the unicorn on the roadside by accident, and are trying to lure it out using Roxy.

“Oi, don’t you go before it”

“I know....”

Unicorn moved beside Roxy without paying any attention to Elinalise. Then bowing its head so deep like it's trying to bury its nose into its knees, it knelt. Roxy accepted the gesture with an expression like the Holy Mother and caressed the unicorn's head.

That scenery is truly something out of a fantasy. If Rudeus is here, he would probably shed tears at the overflowing divinity, take a knee and give prayers to the god.

With a countenance overflowing with affection, she continued to brush the unicorn's head gently, slowly moving to its neck.... And grabbed the mane suddenly.

“HiHiiiiin!”

The unicorn tried to stand, surprised at being grabbed strongly out of nowhere. Roxy moved her free hand towards the unicorn's body with experienced ease.

“O' spear of frost, impale! Icicle lance!”

And released from Roxy's hand. The spear of ice released from an extremely short distance pierced through the unicorn's heart with a tremendous force.

“HiHiiiiiiGahbh....”

Vomiting out blood, the unicorn's body twitched for a moment and fell down with a crash.

“.....”

Silence enveloped the place. The wind blew and trees swayed. The unicorn's body continued to twitch slightly and dirtied the ground with the blood.

The fantastical scenery was long gone. The only thing left in this place is the whispers of greenery smelling of blood. If Rudeus is here, he would probably doubt whether he should look to Jesus and the heavens for a moment, then shed tears at Roxy's gallantry, take a knee and give prayers to the god.

After letting out a sigh, Roxy took out rope and knife from the bag and started draining the unicorn's blood out.

"You did it! As expected of Roxy!"

Seeing that, Elinalise came out of the thickets, laughing with a face covered in glee. Roxy turned a motionless stare at Elinalise.

"If we went on normally it would have attacked us normally, so wouldn't it have been better to fight and take it down normally instead of going to all this trouble...."

"No, no, Roxy. Using maidens to hunt down unicorns like this is the way of people of the Great Forest from ancient times"

"And you say you don't even want to visit your hometown....well that's fine but help me with this. You both haven't done anything at all"

Unicorn is a sacred animal. Be it the elves, or the dwarves, both say the same thing. But as long as a living thing lives it can't escape from the shackles of the survival of the fittest.

And thus, a demonic beast unicorn turned into blood, meat, and money for Roxy and the others.

Volume 4 Bonus Short - Sermon

In the Great Forest, during monsoons.

Two men are sitting together in the Dedoldia village.

“Listen Gyes, this is something you ought to know being a warrior yourself”

“...Haa”

Ruijerd and Gyes, sitting beside the path. Ruijerd is holding a fishing rod with the line's end in the muddy currents in the Great Forest that turned to sea. The line has no bobber. Even if there's one it would probably be useless in the muddy torrent.

“The youngsters these days may call themselves warriors but they don't know what makes a true warrior”

“...Yes, as you say”

“Do you know it? What makes someone a true warrior?”

“...no, I still have a lot to learn”

Gyes sits in seiza facing ruijerd who is sitting relaxed and fishing,

“What do you think it is?”

Ruijerd continues to stare motionlessly at the water.

“.....I think a true warrior is a strong being, strongest and most gallant of the village and an admirable existence....probably”

“No, a warrior is about being strong in heart. It's fine if they are weak in strength”

Gyes hid his tail between his legs, hit by Ruijerd's strong stare.

“You passed by children on the path just before, didn’t you?”

“.....Yes”

“And even while seeing that they stood close to the edge, you brazenly went through”

Dedoldia village is built on top of trees. Wooden passages are laid out between trees such that you can pass from one end to the other without stepping a foot on the ground.

But there are a few places where the path is too narrow, just barely wide enough to let two adults pass by each other. Just a moment ago Gyes passed by his daughter Minitona on just such a path. Minitona gave way and he walked through like it’s natural and Rudeus seeing that, angrily called him to a halt.

“.....Is there something about that?”

“SOMETHING about that?”

Ruijerd’s prickly gaze made Gyes curl his ears down. Gyes can hear a pitiable whine leaking out of his throat.

“You, what would you have done if they fell down?”

“O-of course, I will jump after them and save them”

“I am not talking about that! Giving way so that they won’t fall down is how a warrior should act is what I am saying!”

It can’t be so, Gyes thought.

Giving in to the stronger person is the beastmen’s way. Someone like a head of a clan giving way sets bad example for others. For them strength is justice.....but the man before Gyes is overwhelmingly stronger than him and is Gyes’s benefactor. Dedoldia clan will never forget a favor.

He can’t say yes or no. This mood made him hesitate in his words.

“.....What’s your reply”

Someone, please save me. The one who was hit by such a look is one young boy in a grey robe. The boy-----Rudeus received his stare and approached them while looking like it’s a bother.

“Did something happen?”

“Mm, Rudeus, you see Gyes-----”

On listening to the story, Rudeus nodded like he grasped the issue.

“But normally, putting on a strong front and letting children feel a sense of security is also a warrior’s duty right?”

“Mm.... is it so?”

“Yes, I know because I too feel secure by Ruijerd-san’s presence”

“I see..... then it’s fine. Sorry, Gyes. Seems like I was mistaken”

The moment Gyes saw Ruijerd flip his opinion so easily, Rudeus’s rank increased a level in his heart.

“Well then, I will return to my work”

“Sorry for pulling you aside”

“Please don’t mind.....”

Gyes stood up and turned to face Rudeus with his tail swaying slightly.

“Rudeus-dono, please enjoy our hospitality at your leisure”

“.....? Yes, please let me until the monsoon’s end”

While looking at the leaving Gyes, Ruijerd lifted his fishing pole. At the end of the line, a single fish that’s still young is flopping around.

“ ”

Ruijerd returned the fish back to the murky stream without a word and continued fishing without any bait.

Volume 5 Bonus Short - Bargain Sale

On a certain street in the Holy Millis Kingdom.

There's a lot of footfall in this street even though it's a bit away from the main thoroughfare. And at the side of this path, a young boy raises his voice in a call.

"Come here, come here, Come and see these!"

Several stone statues are spread on a cloth before him, ranging from caricatures of animals to human-looking things. Most of them are so inexpensive that even a child could buy them with his pocket money.

But there's a costly item as well. It's an extremely well-made doll placed in the most conspicuous location. A statue of a young man with a crisp-looking face wielding a spear, its displayed price is about the amount a Millis commoner could earn with a whole month's work.

"This one here is the statue of the rare Superd clan you know!"

People stopped and looked at the statue hearing those words. There are a lot of people who are told that Superds will come and eat them if they do something bad and in turn, now tell the same thing to their children.

But there's none who saw a Superd in person.

Superds have emerald green hair and a red jewel on their forehead. They know that much about the Superd race but that's all they know. The situation is that a certain section of scholars even reason that Superds are just someone's fantasy cooked up a long time ago.

Hearing there's a statue of such a fearsome demon tribe, there's a lot of people stopping to look.

"Ho, so this is what Superds look like...."

"Yes sir. It's hard to tell from being not painted but this is a genuine Superd, yes"

The young boy rubbing his hands, approached the sturdily built man with a merchant-like appearance as he stopped by and crouched down to look. The boy's face is plastered with a slimy smile that makes one feel unpleasant.

'Ah, this is the face of a man out to swindle' the merchant thought immediately. The young boy didn't have a scrap of such intention but the merchant thought so. For some unknown reason.

(To be cheating people at such age, how lamentable.....well, let me teach him a hard lesson)

With a strained smile, the merchant pointed his hand at the Superd statue and raised his voice.

"Oi, Oi, Superds are supposed to have emerald green hair. And you can't tell that from this stone statue. How could someone believe this is a genuine superd without that?"

A child cannot possibly answer this. If I ask him this, he will get flustered and withdraw.

Or so the merchant thought, but the young boy continued to furiously rub his hands with an extremely disgusting smile.

"To tell you the truth, I thought someone would say that and brought a real Superd with me"

"Eh!"

"Well then, Ruijerd-san, it's your turn on the stage"

The young boy called into the back alley away from the merchant's view. At those words, people around turned their gazes towards the scene wondering what this is about.

A single man slowly appeared from the alley. With dangerous-looking eyes, a pure white three-pronged spear, wearing the same clothes as the statue, with a red gem on his forehead, and on his head a dazzling emerald green.....seaweed.

“Nn?”

It's seaweed. It gets harvested a lot near the sea. No one would wear one on their head though.

“Nonononono! You may think ‘isn't this just seaweed’ but wait a moment! it's still too early to be shocked!”

The young boy said that and jumped, taking off the seaweed. Is the emerald hair under the seaweed.....? Or so they thought but what appeared was a skinhead.

The rough head with even eyebrows shaved and the red jewel are bathed in sunlight and let out an unpleasant glare. The boy raises his voice further at the puzzled people.

“For those of you who are disappointed thinking ‘This person's not it, despite being a Superd he doesn't even have hair! This world's just cruel!’... ”

While saying this, the boy raised the Superd statue in his hand.

“This one's different from that fake over there, this one's a genuine Superd with hair!”

Shouting that, he pulled off the statue's head with a plop. No, it's not the head that he took off. The head is still in its place. It's hair, only the hair got free from the head. And the one that appeared underneath is the person whose seaweed got taken away just a moment ago.

This skinhead male's stone statue looks exactly like the person in question.

“How is it brothers, would you still call this stone statue a fake?”

Looking at this dumbfounded, the merchant thought.

This is probably not a genuine Superd statue from the beginning. And, the person standing like a dimwit here is also not a true Superd.

But see the crowd’s reaction. Seeing a statue that can get its hair off and the grim person who looks just like the said statue, they are laughing at the scene. This is not a swindle, this is a performance. A technique to advertise your trade, stealing people’s attention and making them gather around.

But what could this achieve? This is Holy Millis kingdom. A country where Millis church extends its controls to the corners and there’s even a Demon opposing faction in the church.

A Superd’s statue. It’s an interesting idea but there won’t be a buyer who would risk the attention of the demon opposing faction by buying it. He should understand that much but....

“.....nn? What’s this, lad?”

Then the merchant let his eyes wander over to the other dolls. There’s an egg-like thing that stood upright despite having a round bottom. There’s something like a face drawn in black on it but all of them are probably the same.

“That would be the self-righting doll. Even if you flick it with your finger like this, it will stand again without falling over, you see”

Saying that the young boy flicked the egg-like thing over. As he said, the doll bounced straight back without falling over, returning to its original position while swaying round and round.

“ooooh”

Interesting, merchant thought. The other people who gathered around started to look at other dolls like they were thinking the same.

‘So, that’s how it is’, the merchant came to an understanding at the same time. The Superd clan’s statue is simply something to draw a crowd over. The main goal is this miscellaneous collection of dolls. Skillful business this is. Not something like a swindle and such, but a splendidly thought strategy.

“Why, I see, I see. Certainly, it’s the true thing. Sorry for doubting you”

“Right?”

“Maybe I should buy one as an apology”

Saying that, the merchant took a self-righting doll in his hand.

“Eh? Aa... yes, please visit again”

Even though he got to sell one of his merchandise, the young boy’s face didn’t seem happy. But the merchant knows that’s how it could be. Only by trying to show that he intends to sell the super statue would he make customers buy other products.

“Well then, good luck in your work”

“Thanks and please visit again”

The merchant walked away from the boy’s open stall, seeing from the corner of his eye that the other customers are gathering around to buy the other dolls. While vowing to himself that he would also try something like this.

In the evening.

The young boy Rudeus’s stall emptied out. The things he made so that the sole original merchandise won’t be alone, the “Self-righting doll(okiagarikobushi)”, the “monkey amulets(sarubobo)”, the “cow toy(akabeko)” are sold out. There’s only one thing left behind.

It's the Superd's statue..... Ruijerd doll. The one he wanted to sell the most is left unsold for some reason.

".....Seems like I did something wrong"

Rudeus squatted down and grumbled. Sitting beside him Ruijerd looked at Rudeus and then at the thing beside his feet and said simply.

"It's the seaweed"

"So it is the seaweed huh"

As he thought, seaweed's no good. He should use something else for the wig next time. While having those thoughts, the two continued to look at the setting sun.

NOTE:

1. If it's unclear about the fake/real part, he means that if a fake can call himself a real superd without hair, then the statue is for sure a genuine article because it got its hair on.

2. Please look up the names in the parentheses if you are interested in Japanese toys.

Volume 5 Bonus Short - Roxy's Ideal

Somewhere, in a town on the Demon continent, two women are sitting together by the roadside.

"We came up empty this time too, didn't we"

"Yes, but we are getting closer for sure"

It's Roxy and Elinalise. They are watching the street, in low spirits because they didn't manage to get any important information this time as well. There isn't much talk going on, as there isn't much of anything to talk about. All they have to do is wait listlessly for Talhand to bring his information over.

But it seems like Roxy's the only one who thought so.

"Ara, that's a nice man"

Elinalise narrowed her eyes seductively looking at a man on the street, and even started licking her lips.

"Roxy, I will be leaving for a mome-"

"No, you won't"

Roxy immediately put a stop to Elinalise's transformation into a club hostess.

"Jeez, Roxy is still a cute little child isn't she"

Roxy broke a vein at being called a cute little child. While she herself thinks there are some childish parts to her but she is most certainly not a child anymore.

"No, I am not turning my nose up at those type of things or anything, I am just saying do it after Talhand returns and we put our information together"

"Aa--, Well.... fine"

Elinalise said and sat back with a thump. She is a man-loving slut who lives just to do them, but she is not a person stupid enough to get her priorities wrong.

“.....”

The two continued to stare at the people filing by.

It's exactly noon and the sun's high in the sky. It's not that hot if you sit in the shadows but the sun's glare is piercing and there are a lot of people drenched in sweat passing by.

And then, Elinalise's eyes narrowed again.

“Roxy, a bit ahead on your right side, the black-skinned Demon with the big nose”

“That should be the Pozzo tribe guy, right?....is there something about him?”

Roxy asked in return, gripping the staff under robe at Elenalise's serious demeanor. Elinalise continued with a tense face.

“That face, that gait, there's no doubt about it....”

“.....”

Roxy tensed up thinking maybe it's someone famous with a bounty on his head. They are not interested in bounties but anyone would become tense if they know that a mass murderer is passing in front of them.

“THAT thing should be large, no doubt about it”

Roxy did a double-take. She probably means the reproductive organ with THAT.

“What are you even saying with that serious face?”

“I always evaluate things seriously you know”

“.....you can know about THAT by just having a look?”

Elinalise turned towards Roxy with a happy face and an obscene smile like a pervy geezer.

“Ara, ara, is Roxy interested?”

“F-for future reference, and there’s no harm in knowing.....”

“Hehe, is that so....of course you won’t know everything just from looking”

Then the lecture started. She proceeded to say that those with big noses have large THOSE, those with a confident gait are well-bred, men who are not confident in their THAT are passionate, and that short men tend to be desperate.

“I-I see, it’s very educational”

The talk’s credibility is doubtful but Roxy listened to it seriously.

“But the most important thing is whether they are to our liking or not”

“Our liking, is it?”

“Relatively speaking, I can go with anyone, but even I have some partners I can’t accept instinctually. If you chose a bad partner for your first, the bad feeling will forever stick after with that”

Roxy thought over what Elinalise said. There’s no reason to believe Elinalise is lying.

Roxy is a passionate learner.

“Roxy’s taste, how does it lean?”

“About that....”

Roxy thought a bit while looking at the people passing by in the street. Nearly all of them are of Demon race with other races not visible at all. This is the Demon continent after all.

“As I thought, it’s the human race”

“Ara, is that so?”

“Yes. Migurds does not suit demon races’ sense of beauty but I heard some humans like our looks”

It’s a pitiful reason if someone puts it like that themselves. But Elinalise didn’t say anything. Because selecting someone that matches your height is also part of chemistry between people.

“I see, and then?”

“And then..... I think I would like someone tall. Someone I need to lift my head to look at would be my choice. And also, the chest should be sturdy, but not too brawny, I like them to look slender, they should be just sturdy enough to make me go “ah, how robust” when I touch them..... As for the face, instead of having a face that would match the Asuran idea of beauty, I would like it to be a bit plain looking. And then, I think someone who would love me would be best. Like instead of looking at me constantly, more like the kind that laughs when eyes meet by accident while I look up at him. And about other things..... Aa, it’s fine if he is not rich, in fact, because I want to do work, I would like someone who would allow it. Seems like there are some men who want to shut women in their houses after marriage, but I want freedom. Of course, if the lord of the house says “You are my thing. I won’t let you out of my house”, I intend to follow it but....”

And then, Roxy realized that Elinalise is staring at her with a dumb grin on her face.

“Roxy, no one talks it to the marriage you know”

“~~~~~!”

Roxy blushed furiously and dragged her hat down to hide her face. She fantasized too much.

Seeing Roxy like this, Elinalize thought something.

“She will only be getting herself a man after this work’s done huh.....”

The day Roxy gets a boyfriend is still far away.

Volume 6 Bonus Short - Eris's Cooking in 3 Minutes

"I will cook today's meal!"

Eris suddenly proclaimed in the forest leading to the Red Dragon's upper jaw.

"Yes, I will! This is the first time we are camping out together Ghyslaine! I will cook the meal for you!"

The girls are presently traveling to a certain place. They never got a chance to camp while on the road in the plentiful Asuran kingdom. Even though it's just simple fare, it was easy to get food and shelter from the villages on the road. Today is the first time they are camping since they started their journey.

".....Is it going to be fine?"

Looking at Eris overflowing with confidence, Ghyslaine felt a sense of danger. At least, the Eris she knows is not someone who is eligible to stand in a kitchen. She is someone who doesn't know the difference between gripping a sword and a kitchen knife. Although, Ghyslaine is not the one who should be finding fault with these things.

"Leave it to me! I asked a guy called Geese to teach me cooking while we traveled together, I can do this!"

"Geese? Does he look like a monkey?"

"You are right! We met him on Millis continent!"

Ghyslaine felt a sense of relief hearing those words and let down her guard carelessly. She calmed down even though Eris didn't say she managed to get Geese to teach her.

Ghyslaine knows that Eris met Geese while in the middle of their journey, from Rudeus. She can still feel the taste of the soup he makes when his face comes to mind. Mellow, warm and so rich in flavor that you won't believe he made that from ingredients one would call shit. Even now, 10 years since they went their separate ways, her mouth would drool whenever she remembers that taste.

"Is that so, then I will leave it to you"

Hearing Ghyslaine's words, Eris immediately started preparing the meal.

She started with making the seasoning. Geese and Rudeus always grind together a few fruits or leaves for the seasoning when they cook. She once made Rudeus show her how he does it.

Imitating Rudeus she picked a few similar-looking things on this journey. Black seeds and yellow-green leaves. The shapes are a bit different but it's probably doesn't matter.

Ghyslaine also didn't doubt anything as of this point.

"This reminds me, Geese also always used to do things like this" thought Ghyslaine and continuously nodded, being impressed.

The point where she started thinking something's a bit weird is when Eris started frying the vegetables. She wondered why she is frying vegetables when she is supposed to make soup. That too in the animal fat, with a strong fire without using the spices prepared beforehand.

She tried to remember whether Geese did anything similar, but on smelling the sweet fragrance of simmering fat, she threw her doubts to the wind.

The point she started doubting that's something is really weird is when Eris started grinding the meat. She started kneading the meat, mixing the seasoning prepared before and the fried vegetables. But she didn't say anything this time as well.

When she was in the party with Geese, if they hunted a bird-like game he used to say “Birds are best suited for meatballs” and ground the meat. She feels like they also ate those meatballs with the soup sometimes.

The prey this time is not a bird but a boar.....but this is probably a trivial matter.

“Aa”

Ghyslaine unintentionally let out a sound when she saw Eris tossing those meatballs into the simmering pot.

“What, do you have a complaint?”

“.....Nah”

After Ghyslaine’s reply, Eris also leaned her head with an “uh?”. Meat and the vegetables came apart inside the pot and turned the steaming liquid into a murky brown liquid. She wondered for just a moment, that it wasn’t like this when Rudeus or Geese cooked, they always stayed in the original shape while boiling.

But Eris being Eris, looking at the meat spreading around, she just came to the conclusion that the taste shouldn’t be changing too much anyway.

“With this, soup’s done”

Eris let those words out confidently and took the frypan prepared beforehand in her hand. The soup didn’t come out as she thought, but there’s still one more item left.

It’s the hamburger steak.

Eris took the remaining meatballs and moved them to the pan placed on the fire.

As one would expect, it's a strong fire. The simmering fat from the meat jumped into the fire, making little pillars of flame right in front of Ghyslaine's eyes.

"The stronger the fire, the more tasty the meat"

This is a line Eris borrowed from Rudeus. What she didn't know is this is a line Rudeus used to make appropriate excuses for a culinary disaster.

"I see"

Ghyslaine understood it. So it's like that, Ghyslaine thought and decided to remember it.

And then, the cooking's done.

The bowl is full of brown murky soup. Little pieces of meat and mashed apart vegetables are floating on the surface. There's a black-looking mountain piled on the plate. The meatballs made without a thickener crumbled apart and the already once-fried vegetables turned into char.

"Well, go ahead"

"Eris.... Did Geese really teach such a dish?"

"Geese didn't teach me at all! I learned it from seeing him do it!"

"....Is that so"

Ghyslaine regretted disregarding her sense of danger and leaving it to Eris with her mouth drooling. Despite knowing that not heeding that sense is fatal on the battlefield.

But now it's too late.

In front of her eyes, the black lumps are sitting motionlessly with a smell that says it's dangerous to eat. However, no matter how strong the enemy in front of you may be, there's nothing to do but defeat them.

(This is a test)

Ghyslaine decided on that conclusion with the way of thought that's peculiar to sword god style. My lord is testing me for something. And it won't do if I don't satisfy the test. Right now, by eating the thing in front of her, she will pass the test.

"...thanks for the food!"

Ghyslaine closed her eyes and tossed THAT thing into her mouth.

The very next moment, Phillip and Hilda appeared in a flower field that Ghyslaine never saw before and requested her to look after their daughter.

Volume 7 Bonus Short - Mushoku Tensei Hollywood Edition - Rudeus, the Ex-Soldier

I am Rudeus Greyrat.

Presently an unmarried former soldier, and a mature, nice guy in the middle of regretting my life.

3 hours ago, I was just a former soldier. But as it happened, one day out of nowhere there are divorce papers on my table. Later, I fought with my wife for my daughter's custody, but I easily lost and thus became alone.

There are no allies for me who stayed at home all day with my wartime PTSD as an excuse and was violent with my family. Even my sister Jane, who is a lawyer, allied with my wife. And the meat factory I worked at dared to kick me out the moment the court gave its verdict.

I exploded with half-madness and cried unseemingly at the last minute, but at the end most of my pay from the service got plundered for the settlement and I was left with a pitiful amount of cash and the house.

Although, I already spent that little cash on the booze.....

“.....”

I am swaggering around the town with a bottle in my hand at the moment. My ears are still ringing with the words my wife said when she left the house.

“It can finally get some peace now”

I feel queasy remembering it. Who the hell do you think protected this country's peace!

“Damn it!”

When I threw the bottle cursing, an ugly-looking cat scuttered into a back alley and a kid with a skateboard stood wincing at me. He disappeared in a moment, but my head cooled down after seeing the kid.

“Haa....”

What should I do now.....no, know it in my mind. There's no money left, so I should be searching for a job first. But how?

Of course by visiting the employment security office. I have skills. As far as driving is concerned I can handle cars, tanks, helicopters and even aeroplanes. I am good with a gun and explosives are in fact my specialty.

Only if it's not for my PTSD. I am a piece of junk now who becomes useless at the sound of an engine or a small explosion. The reason I am dropped by the meat processing factory is probably because I start shaking at just hearing a delivery truck.

“.....haa”

I am at a loss. At this point, I realized my life's at a complete dead end.

“Tch, seems like even the god abandoned me”

Furthermore, it started to rain. The summer has already ended and it's about the time when it starts getting cold. The rain soaked the tanktop already threadbare from years of use and started chilling me to the bone without mercy.

“.....If I can start over”

With those words unintentionally flowing out, I looked at the sky raining cats and dogs. There's nothing to look at there except the coal tar sky.

“Nn?”

And the moment I thought that I suddenly noticed something in the corner of my sight.

“Giving you a second life”

It’s a billboard advertising for those who want to free themselves from their white-collar jobs and manage farms in the sticks. The moment I saw the board, my second life began.

Volume 7 Bonus Short - Mushoku Tensei

Hollywood Edition - The Saint-Class Agricultural Advisor

[Ex-soldier Rudeus Greyrat decided to go do farming in Kansas state and start his life over. While he did decide to start a new life, he doesn't have the know-how for farming.

He starts his battle against the PTSD that kicks in just by starting the combine and the eternal onslaught of pests and weeds. The one who appeared in the middle of this fight is the agricultural advisor Roxy Migurdia. In a blink of an eye, she taught Rudeus farming, and the graduation day is here]

“Hats off, Rudy..... you pass”

Roxy said while swaying her voluptuous breasts, looking at the grain field stretching to the horizon. That entire thing that spreads before her eyes is nothing but wheat, the golden-brown cash I grew from nothing.

You can see the ears of the wheat drooping heavily with grain even from afar. It is an admirable piece of farming.

“Eh? But you haven't looked at the other fields yet!”

When I said that, Roxy shrugged with a forced expression.

“There's no need. The other fields also look like this right? If we are just going to look at it, it's better to use that time to harvest”

“Aa, ok”

I turned on the automatic combine's engine and started harvesting. This second-hand combine I bought on Roxy's advice is just about efficient enough but it's easy to use and it's now familiar to me as my own limbs. It took just a short time to complete the harvest.

Even so, Roxy and I were drenched in sweat by the time it's over.

"Congratulations. With this, you too are a splendid farmer now."

The gorgeous woman proclaimed while drenched in sweat, pulling back her damp hair strands and placed a kiss on my cheek. In that moment, I felt an odd feeling stirring in my stomach. I know this feeling.

The feeling of accomplishing something.

The feeling I felt in Vietnam whenever we comrades hugged each other like mad after an operation's success. For the first time since starting farming, I truly felt I took a step forward.

The next day, I cried at leaving Roxy who said she had nothing else to teach me. I truly learned a lot of things from her. Knowledge, experience, and skills. If she wasn't there, I would have been probably still fighting with my PTSD.

Really, more than all she cured my PTSD. I drove the combine. That's all it took. But I no longer fear the sound of an engine's revving. She did something my wife or daughter, my friends from the war, or the military doctors weren't able to do.

Let's respect her. That glamorous and sexy golden-haired blonde, let's respect her.

I promised so to myself in my heart while looking at Roxy's figure becoming smaller by the minute in the distance.

Volume 7 Bonus Short - Mushoku Tensei Hollywood Edition - The Kansas City Elf

[Sylphiette is one of the street children that live in the slums of Kansas City. While searching through the garbage heap to find anything to sell like usual, she accidentally saw a group of hoodlums killing a police officer. She is then chased after by those people, having seen the face of the culprits.

The one who appears in front of Sylphy while she is trying to escape is Rudeus Greyrat, who is trying to finalize a contract to sell the wheat. Rudeus took down those hoodlums in the blink of an eye and saved the girl]

I aimed and threw apples in my hand at red shirts chasing the boy. The apples stuck the back of their heads splendidly and drenched the black suits with juices. The black suits started to run away with multiple “fucks” thrown around, leaving the boy alone.

“Hey, tell me, Why did you save me?”

The boy seems to be a street urchin, all skin and bones. He looks as if he is an elf out of a fairy tale. When I think that, I even feel like his ears are a little pointy too. But unfortunately, unlike the pristine elves, this one’s a little dirty.

“That’s because I was taught to be an ally for the weak in the school. Well, the school’s for teaching tactics to marines, although”

“But won’t the people from before try to take revenge?”

They probably would, won’t they? But that’s only if they are members of a proper mafia gang. If they are the kind that colludes with the police, my life would be in danger.

“It’s fine. They killed a police officer. So, they will probably get taken revenge on by the state run gangs first”

Of course, it’s not like I thought that far ahead before acting. If my brain’s that good I would not have let my daughter and wife leave me. When I started walking with those thoughts in my mind, the young boy followed me.

“What is it? Don’t follow me”

“They could kill me before they are caught by the police....”

“Maybe”

“Hey, give me shelter, even for a short time is fine”

What an audacious brat. I stretched my neck out on my own initiative but I can’t take on more trouble.

“Hey, please, I am relying on you....”

But when I see this boy I am reminded of my estranged daughter’s face. Despite not looking the same at all...

“Okay, okay!”

“Really!?”

“But you will have to help with my work in exchange for the shelter. It’s farming! It’s going to be as hard as marine training, you know!”

“Understood! I will do it!”

When I said that, the boy’s face lit up. As I thought, a child’s smile is a good thing. Knowing that, why did I even do those things to my family.....shit.

“Reminds me, I haven’t got your name. I am Rudeus”

“Syl....phy...”

“Isn’t that a nice name. Just like the spirit of the winds”

When I said that Sylphy blushed and nodded with a quiet “un”

Volume 7 Bonus Short - Mushoku Tensei Hollywood Edition - The Jamaican Hero

Note: Read Ruijerd's lines with hippie slang.

[I am Rudeus Greyrat, a tough and cool-looking nice guy. I am employed as a home tutor for a lady from a good family after I retired from service with PTSD but this lady is still a wild horse.

I somehow got this wild horse under control and made it learn something, but while sailing on a luxury cruise, a big disaster. Naturally, it's a shipwreck.

The tough me thought I at least have to save the lady and after swimming across the sea, an unfamiliar land. According to that fucking god who started appearing in my dreams since the VietCong time, seems like this is South America.]

When I opened my eyes, there's a man sitting in front me. I rose immediately, walked over the campfire and put a gun to his temple.

"Who are you! Do you intend to use as sacrifices for your god, do you!"

"Hey, hey, hey! Calm down!"

"What did you do to us!"

"I saved you! Did schools in your country teach you gift a bullet to people who saved you!?"

Hearing that he saved us, I took my gun away even while doubting a bit. The god in my head mostly tells correct things. But there are also times when he says boring jokes while shrugging his shoulders. I have to keep it in mind.

Emerald green hair, a red jewelled nose pierce, a vertically cutting scar on face, and obsidian black skin. And to round it off, the iconic duo of a radio-cassette player and a maracas beside him. The different races taught by trainer Roxy during my time at military school floated up in my mind.

He is a jamaican.

“What happened...”

“You people collapsed on that beach over there, and I passed by, and dragged you up and made this fire to dry you. Meaning I saved you, very simple right?”

I see, it's really simple. And when I was thinking that, Lady Eris opened her eyes. She was surprised at seeing the Jamaican first, but in the end it's just a Jamaican. It's not like he is the evil monster she was told in her childhood, so she interacted with a calm head.

“.....I am Eris, and this is Rudeus. Nice to meet you”

“Oy oy, isn't this better manners than that old man getting on in his years!”

“Please give your name too”

“Okay, I am Ruijerd. A travelling musician. I make new songs while roaming around South America like this.”

Seems like this man is named Ruijerd. I thought he would be named with something like a D or a J, but seems like that isn't the case.

“Ok, I like the cut of your jib, lady, I will get you back to your hometown. On my beloved car, of course”

When Eris informed him about the situation, he pointed his thumb towards his back. There's an italian car with a slightly gleaming trident mark in the direction he is pointing at. A fairly antique one at that.

“Is it fine?”

“Yes, but don't complain about the music in the car. That's my soul”

“Of course”

While I am thinking things over, the conversation proceeds at it's own pace and Eris gets into the car with a victorious expression. Well, it can't be helped if it turned out like this. Let's just think about protecting Eris and getting her back home.

“By the way, where are we now exactly?”

“This is Ushuaia, southernmost point of the continent”

“Ah, seems like our bad luck still going on”

Thus, we set out on crossing South America in the guy’s car.

Volume 16 Bonus Short - Eris's Reading

On a certain day, a few days after entering the library labyrinth. On that day too I walked here and there searching the library for material on Gaunis. But without any results, I returned to the camp and that's when I saw that.

I saw an unbelievable thing.

It's Eris. That Eris is reading a book seriously for some reason. It's a rare thing. That Eris, who opened however many books since coming to the labyrinth whenever she got bored and then closed and returned them to the shelf with a scowling face saying she can't read them.

And that Eris is reading a book seriously with concentration with not a hint of frown. No, if it's just that I would have probably thought she is just having a look. But Eris's eyes are moving over the page smoothly, and her mouth breaks into a smile turning the page from time to time. There's no doubt she is enjoying the read.

Maybe the sky is going to fall soon. While having such rude thoughts, I got interested in the contents of the book. After all, it's a book that got THAT Eris to read it seriously, you know?

There's no doubt it has something very entertaining or useful written in it. Even if that's not the case maybe I will get to know what type of content Eris likes. It will be useful while looking for a present later.

So, I tried to get a peek from behind. Rarely does she read something with a good feeling, so it's wrong to disturb her.

“.....”

I thought it's a picture book for a moment. Because, three fourths of the page is occupied by a big picture of a cat. But I realised it's somehow wrong in a short time. It's because there's a big “White twin tailed cat”

written on the top and an arrow was drawn from the picture with information about the animal written tightly in small characters at its end. And there's a similar description of a different type of cat on the page beside it.

When Eris turned the page, again two new cats appeared. Eris' face slackened a bit.

Her gaze slowly moved to the top of the pictures in the opened pages. It's just that it feels like she is skimming over their names and the descriptions. After reading them, on to the next page. Not just the cats, there's also dogs included. Seems like an illustrated reference guide for dogs and cats.

Eris is in deep concentration. While concentrating so much that makes me even doubt whether she concentrates this much during our mock battles, she turned the page, and then her focus maxed out.

“!!!”

Eris's face moved a few centimeters close to the page. The picture drawn is of a cat. Maybe because it's an important cat, it's picture stretches across both the pages. A slender and beautiful cat.

The illustration is not colored but seems like its fur is dark purple. It got two tails with their ends sharp like blades. With these tails, its fangs and nails combined with the frenzied way of fighting it takes down its enemies. The size is a little smaller than Leo.

They are named “God's Hunting Cat” and a few are domesticated by the indigenous people, acting friendly with them. Seems like just like a dog they go along with hunters into the depths of the forest and hunt down the demonic beasts.

It's habitat is the jungle in the central part of the begaritt continent. There's also a picture of its kitten and looking at it, Eris let out a “Hou....”

And surprisingly she moved her eyes towards the letters as if to read them.

“It’s two tails move on their own like whips and evi-evisk...”

“Eviscerate the enemies”

“!!”

Eris immediately lifted her face up. On meeting my face her mouth visibly turned into a ^.

“Wh-what Rudeus! You were here!?”

“Yes I was”

Apparently she didn’t notice me until now.

“S-so you were”

“Well please continue reading without minding me”

When I said that Eris reddened slightly and returned her face to the book. But maybe because I was being conspicuous, she is taking little glances at me.

“That’s right Rudeus!”

“What?”

“Let’s get a cat”

“No”

“Why!”

“We already got the holy beast, an Armadillo and a treant at home so there’s no way to care for it ”

While mumbling disappointedly saying “Isn’t it fine if it’s just one more” and returned her gaze to the book. Well a single cat won’t be that much of a bother, but as for going as far as begaritt continent to get one, please give me a break.

Thinking so, when I looked at eris she again started concentrating hard. This what people mean when they say that people will try hard for things they like.

“Hey Rudeus, how do you read this?”

“Sharpening the claws”

For a while after I kept Eris company, helping her with reading the hard parts.