



Siegburn

Let's finally get to number 100!

One hundred chapters into this story!

Are you excited? Because I am.

Reaching double digits in a work is a great achievement even if it's personal, I want to cry.

That's why I will tell you this spoiler, in this chapter the most important character of the novel appeared. I won't say more.

I bet you wanted to see Razel and Amy's date, didn't you? Let me tell you that it will come in the SS, we already entered the final part of the volume as the most serious thing.

It's time to reveal more unexpected secrets of the world and the empire!

I leave the mature version of Leila, so you want to see her with brains, that is, grown up:

<https://chan.sankakucomplex.com/es/post/show/31182754>

After flying for a few minutes we arrive at Weissland

Village.

It is a beautiful place where all the buildings are made of wood with rocks.

It is a tourist place where people come to rest and spend some time locked up, away from the capital.

I discovered it yesterday while carrying Lily back.

Leila's eyes sparkled as she admired the place.

"Master look! This place smells good for being built out of wood, it's amazing!"

I replied "Well, they keep this place clean and fresh" as we walked.

The main street was crowded with people.

This place served dishes that were brought in from the county, they had their own hot springs and mostly nightly activities to enjoy as a couple.

I said to Amy "I'll go check out a free inn" due to the fact that this place may have the whole place full.

I hope that's not the case.

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I walked away from them a while ago and searched every inn and couldn't find a free one.

"At this rate we'll have to use her magic to get back to the hotel, but I want to spend here with her... and play with Leila like the good Master I am in passing."

I was staring at the ground deep in thought and didn't realize I bumped into someone.

"Kyah."

A cute voice rang out. It came from a girl who fell to the ground.

Seeing that she was on the ground I immediately gave her my hand.

"I-I'm sorry. I was thinking about a free inn that I didn't realize."

The girl in front of me was very beautiful, her skin was pale, snow white hair pulled back in two long pigtails, beautiful red eyes.

She wore a similar outfit to Celia. A small blouse that perfectly showed her large breasts, exposed her belly, short skirt with asymmetrical stockings, and a red coat.

On her head she had a pair of sunglasses and in her

mouth a lollipop.

The girl in a cheerful tone said to me.

"Yo~ho~! I'm Anjie-chan~, a pleasure~."

Her personality was energetic like her gaze.

"M-Much pleasure."

I returned her greeting, she didn't seem to mind that I made her fall.

"Onii-san~, you're looking for an inn right, what a coincidence! I just came out of one."

"Really!"

"Yes. Just keep going long to that alley. There are many that are hidden."

"Thank you very much."

"You're welcome~. Bye bye~."

The girl went off in another direction singing.

I immediately went to where she told me and found the inn.

I asked the woman who was listening to music on a

device similar to a music player if there were any free rooms.

She said there was only one left and I booked it for the three of us.

I immediately ran to Amy and Leila.

This is going to be a great day.

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-Pleven Household Mansion-

In a huge garden full of flowers not normally seen in plain sight sat a man reading a book.

The sunlight was beating all over his face, but because he was an expert with magic he activated a light repelling spell so only the necessary amount of sun touched him.

He was wearing casual clothes, he was a tall, stocky, but overall very old man.

This man was not like other retirees. He was still working despite his old age.

"Grandpa."

He noticed a young man called out to him.

The old man stood up from his comfortable chair and went to hug his grandson.

"Oscar, what a pleasant surprise."

This man was the grandfather of Oscar's capture target, Brian von Pleven, known to all as the wizard god.

Oscar approached his grandfather with a bag of desserts.

Both of their favorite was there.

They went to a nearby table and while a maid was preparing the dishes, Brian asked him.

"What brings you back home?"

Oscar smiled as he imagined savoring his favorite dessert.

"I finished my magical training. I came to rest until I go back to school. I promise I'll try really hard this year."

Brian remembered last year's dueling trouble where his grandson and other important young men were involved.

They were all beaten up and punished severely.

At first he punished his grandson for losing by using magic.

Brian, as the member of the holy magicians with the most renown and authority, felt angry for his grandson. He felt he was a disgrace to the Pleven family name.

But then he understood that this behavior of his influenced his grandson.

He did wrong too, he recognized it too late.

(Oscar, since you went on that mission with the dukes. You have changed.)

(You even try to rely on the help of others since you returned from the Rosenbergs' war game against the second prince.)

(You've grown up, my grandson.)

Brian smiled. Oscar noticed this.

"Why the smile Grandpa, did you remember anything from the past?"

"You could say so. Oh, speaking of the past, I remember something similar happening when I was young."

"Similar?"

"Yes. It was a quiet day like today and I had lunch together with my mentor."

Oscar's cupcake fell on his plate at that.

"You, the wizard god? The man rated as the best magician in the imperial court, respected and praised by all... had a mentor!"

"Why the surprise?"

"It is natural for an apprentice in magic or in the ministry to have a mentor. In fact, it's thanks to that person that I'm named after the wizarding god."

"I never liked that title, it feels like I presume too much. But the emperor wants to show the superiority of the empire to the whole world, so there's no other way."

Oscar refuted what his grandfather said, to him... no, to everyone it's absurd what he heard.

"G-Grandpa! Do you understand what you're saying? The reason we have all the advances of today is because of you. It's because of you that the empire advanced decades or centuries in a matter of years."

Brian sighed.

"It's only because my mentor before he died handed me his will. He told me not to give his name to anyone, so I had to swallow my desire to reveal his name."

"His name is that important?"

Brian looked at Oscar in a very serious manner.

"There will always be one person in this world who motivates you to do something unimaginable. For some that person is a woman you marry, in my case, my wife came after meeting my mentor."

In Oscar's mind came his reason to better himself, it was Razel, he remembered the duel, he remembered when they went to destroy black raven bases and then he remembered the words of Bellange who witnessed how Razel took on the dark side of the empire and won.

To Oscar, Razel was a foreign existence which he wanted to overcome.

"I understand Grandpa."

He clenched his fist in frustration.

"I'm sure you can at least tell me his first name and not his last name, right?"

"..."

"Okay."

Brian set his cup of tea down on the saucer and revealed

his mentor's name.

"His name was Linhard. That man is the most brilliant mind in the world, so much so, he was nicknamed as the mad scientist."

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A man was running for his life through a thick forest.

His breathing was heavy, so much so that he could barely breathe.

His feet were full of blood.

The man was running from his captors.

Why was he running?

This man a few months ago was at the top of the most important people in the world.

His breakfast was exotic foods.

His lunch was the most expensive animals and seafood in the world.

His afternoon snack was the most nutritious.

The man had it all.

He was also a minister of the Arklight Empire as a marquis.

He was the benefactor of a man, that individual one day declared a fake war against a noble house.

They had everything to win... but the goddess Alexia flipped the board and lost everything with that defeat.

To make matters worse... he is being hunted under suspicion of murder. And not of just anyone, the death of the second prince, His Highness Blake.

That man was... Garrett von Olgren.

His appearance is that of a middle-aged man, short in stature, without a single hair on his bald, shiny head.

Piercing gaze with that foxy expression of his, coupled with his toad-like voice made him untrustworthy.

He was in fact. He was part of the three right hands, the Yatagarasu, of a criminal organization known as the Black Crows.

Olgren managed to escape several weeks ago.

At first he had places to hide, but they were of no use to him.

Both his own allies, in order to wash their hands of him and avoid execution, automatically sold him out.

Knights, adventurers and even bounty hunters came after him.

No one was his ally, he was a prize.

Whoever caught him would be rewarded with a juicy bounty.

It was even rumored that the emperor would promote you up to two titles depending on whether you were noble or not.

Olgren learned of this when he abandoned his horse with his food while the bounty hunters destroyed his camp.

His clothes were in tatters, the foul odor on his body was evidence of how bad a time he was having.

His face showed signs of sleep deficiency and he was even suffering from malnutrition.

The man who had once been at the top now fell to the bottom.

Even the very black crows are looking for his head.

What was his reason for living and not taking the suicide

route?

The answer was clearer than water.

Revenge.

Revenge against all those who want him dead.

Revenge against those who betrayed him.

Against the palace, the imperial family, the emperor, but more than any other.

The Rosenbergs, especially Razel.

If it weren't for them, Olgren would be at the top now, enjoying his ascent.

He also discovered that Razel was Licht, the criminal who has murdered several members of the organization.

Olgren was not going to die without first seeing them all bent over licking the soles of his shoes.

So, he came to a certain place.

An old acquaintance which he knows will undoubtedly help him.

He has been running for three days and two nights in this

forest to get rid of his pursuers.

Hope for anyone would be lost, but it seems that the goddess smiled on him.

After removing some branches, he found a huge castle hidden deep in the forest.

It was smaller than the Rosenberg mansion, but it was an ancient castle.

Olgren with his shoes off, his feet covered in mud, blood and leaves walked to the door.

"Open the door! I know you're in there! Open it please!"

He knocked on the door with a rock so that the noise would wake the owner which Olgren knew was inside.

Olgren's arms had no strength, but his spirit urged him to knock.

After ten minutes of knocking, the door opened.

Olgren showed an expression of joy, but no one was there. The door opened by itself.

"Why, an unwanted guest. How did you get through the barrier?"

A male voice spoke to him from the back of his neck.

He felt something suffocate him and within seconds he passed out.

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Olgren opened his eyes.

He was inside the castle, but in a dark smelly room.

He panicked at the thought that he was captured by his pursuers, but suddenly...

"You took your time waking up. I had to heal your wounds as you were indeed unwell. You could have died the instant I knocked you unconscious rarara."

A man speaking in a strange tone similar to the people of the Kansai region spoke.

The man approached and placed a chair in front of Olgren.

A small lamp illuminated the area around Olgren.

He could see him at last.

Wearing black clothes just like a Chinese martial artist, but with a rebellious touch because his left sleeve was

torn off.

From his arm and build it was obvious that he was muscular, tall and, above all, a joker.

"It's pitiful to see a man like you, what must you have done to have ended up like this?"

Looking at his face, she glimpsed his short blue-black hair, half of his face, starting from his forehead to the middle of his nose was wrapped in a red cloth which was tied from the left side covering his ear.

He had a black Chinese dragon design over his eyes.

The man introduced himself.

"My employer is a busy man so he hired me to be his bodyguard for a season. Nice to meet you, I'm Judal the Quiet One, part of the twelve candidates to be the next sword saint."

Olgren's eyes widened as he saw an unexpected man in front of him.

He answered him.

"What are you doing here? No, more importantly, call your employer! He knows me and I came to ask a favor."

Judal stood up and began to walk around Olgren.

"Bring my employer in front of a mysterious man who came out of nowhere. He somehow broke the spell that covers this place and most of all he was escaping from someone."

"Your prank is high level, I'd like to do one like it, but I wouldn't know how to end it."

Judal moved closer to Olgren's face.

"Pitifully that won't happen. Now tell me what I want to know nicely as I am not a man of little patience."

Open

A door was opened. Footsteps could be heard coming down a staircase.

"What is this commotion?"

The voice of a young man, possibly in his twenties spoke.

He approached to the point where his feet were visible.

"Judal, you reported an intruder. I came to see it with my own eyes since it is impossible for anyone to break through my barrier."

Judal stepped aside to point to the man in front of him.

"But here he is. You can see for yourself."

Olgren raised his head and shouted.

"Linhard! It's me, Garrett! Your benefactor!"

The man moved closer until his body was touched by the light.

He was a scientist apparently by his white coat.

Black gloves on his hands and slim build.

His face was visible to Olgren when he got close enough and leaned in as he saw his face.

An attractive man with long dark blue hair pulled back in a ponytail with a metal piece holding it back from the nape of his neck.

Through his thin, thick glasses, his gray eyes sparkled.

His expression was subdued because he felt no interest in this man.

He even told her.

"Is that your Garrett boy? You sure have aged."

"Careful with those words Linhard! You forget that thanks to me you were able to do your research because of my funds!"

"I appreciate that. But you are talking about something that happened thirty years ago. You're old now, what's wrong with telling an old man he's old?"

Olgren got angry.

But not because of his brash attitude, he was angry because of his appearance.

(Why does he look young? He certainly was older than me, but he's totally different now. What did you do?)

"Release me... please."

Olgren was forcing Linhard to release him, Linhard sighed and said.

"Judal, release him."

"On command~."

Judal heeded him and with one motion cut the ropes binding Olgren.

Then he went to bring him a wheelchair.

"We have a lot to talk about, but not here. Let's go to the surface."

"You're right."

The three of them went up the stairs straight to the visiting room.

This castle was not that of a king or a prince. It was the abode where a certain person resided.

Linhard Weissman was his name, and he is the smartest man in the world.

The one responsible for implementing all the advances of the empire.

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