

Episode 37 "The Pride of Rosetta Platrine"

Rosetta Pratoline is thinking.

Betrayal, jealousy, slander.....

Why are there so many people who are obsessed with dragging others down? It's not hard to see why people envy others. It's undeniable, one can use such feelings to improve oneself. However, many people try to make themselves look relatively superior by kicking others down.

It is not beautiful. It is not beautiful. How ugly this world is!

Rosetta Pratoline, daughter of the wealthy Rosetta Stoll, is, at the age of 17, a renowned gourmet and adventurer. Her achievements include the discovery of gachare, a portable food essential for adventurers, her arrival in Barreia, and the creation of Mantisca, to name just a few. She is a genius who has created a revolution in the food industry.

However, behind her glamorous career, there is always a shadow. She is now the heiress of the Rosetta family, but her path has been a thorny one. The Rosetta family is one of the wealthiest families in the country and has a great influence on national politics. When it came to the race for the heir, it was clear that blood would be spilled.

Pratoline had several older brothers and sisters. Pratoline, who was outstanding in beauty and talent, stood out from her older siblings.

Her father, Stoll, took great care of her and doted on her. 'This girl is the perfect heir to our Rosetta family.....' Stoll designated Pratoline as the next heir and placed her above her older brothers and sisters.

Naturally, her brothers and sisters, who thought they were the heirs, did not remain silent. They harassed her. It was not so bad if they directly abused her or beat her up. But there were those who approached her under the guise of sweet talk, secretly tricked her behind her back, and even tried to assassinate her. Without the protection of her father Stoll, she would have died at an early age.

Growing up in such an environment gradually took its toll on Pratoline's mind. If things continued this way, she would have become a ruthless and inhumane head of the family with no feelings of any kind.

However, a turning point came when Pratoline was nine years old.

After being named the next heir to the throne, Pratoline sought the guidance of renowned teachers of all genres. An authority on magic, a professional in the martial arts, and a scholar in

the royal family's service who had mastered imperial studies.

And then there was.....

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It was a cook whom father called in because he was worried that I would be poisoned; a teacher who was invited to teach me how to recognize poison so that it couldn't be used against me.

Hmmm, now that I think about it, she was quite an unusual person.

She did not flatter or condescend to me, the heir to the Rosetta family, but treated me as a normal person. She was always openhearted, yet passionate when it came to cooking. In that sense, she was just like Tilea.

At that time, I thought of food as just a source of nourishment. It was one of the things necessary to survive. That was all.

But.....

"It's amazing, it's so delicious. I never thought cold food could taste this good....."

Cold food after the poison testing was over. I had always put it in my mouth mechanically without feeling anything. But this time, I couldn't help but say the word. I couldn't help but say, "It's delicious."

"Cooking is not just something you eat, young lady. If it doesn't move you, it's just 'food'."

"What do you mean by that?"

"The young lady used to get excited when she saw paintings and sculptures. That kind of excitement is important."

"Muu! I am not such a child. I shouldn't get that excited."

"Haha, I had thought you were a cynical young lady because you were always so gloomy, but I'm now seeing you had a childish side to you."

"That's not a compliment."

"It is a compliment. Listen, being moved is a privilege only human beings have. Why are you not taking advantage of it? Don't limit yourself to paintings and sculptures, young lady. Your world will expand."

"I don't understand. Paintings and sculptures never betray you. You can only see their beauty."

"There is beauty everywhere, young lady. As I said before, it is the same with food. If it doesn't move you, it's just food. However, when people put their hands to it and spend time on it, it creates an impression. That is what makes it a 'gourmet meal'."

"It's gastronomy....."

"That's right, it's gastronomy. You were impressed by the food I just cooked for you, weren't you, young lady?"

"Y-, yes, I was. It was my loss....."

"Haha. You're not being honest."

"Muu, I remember the taste. I won't lose again."

"Don't worry, young lady. I will thoroughly teach you how to recognize poison. When I give you my seal of approval, you will be able to eat hot food. Then you'll lose again."

"Oh, I'll be able to eat hot food?"

"If you work hard, I'll make you eat my real food, not cold food."

I was shocked, even though I tried to keep my composure. I thought this world was full of things that were not beautiful. I had been trying to be polite in my language, hoping for my words at least to be beautiful.

冷静を装っていたが衝撃であった。この世は美しくないもので溢れていると思っていた。言葉使いを丁寧に心がけているのも、せめてこのぐらいいは美しくありたいと思っていたのだった。

However, beautiful things existed in the familiar, in the form of food. No, I learned that I could grab the beautiful things by my own power.

Because of this eccentric chef, my training to detect poisons became a discipline to master cooking and gastronomy.

My training with her was demanding, but more than that, it was a fulfilling experience.

And then, in the blink of an eye, it was exam day for the assignment.

"The poison in this soup is puazon. The poison on the edge of this dish is peneno. And all the dishes are sprinkled with iato poison powder."

"Brilliant. You were even able to distinguish the poison of puazon from the slight sedimentation. If you can detect the tasteless and odorless puazon, it is unlikely that you will be poisoned."

"Hmmf~, that's nothing. But more importantly, please tell me how to prepare this soup."

"Haha, the request from your father was for you to identify the poison."

"Fufu~, I've done my work. All that's left is to greedily absorb your cooking."

"I know how hard you work, young lady. You have my word. I'll feed you my real cooking."

"Great! B-, but the poison testing....."

"I'll tell your father. It's impossible to poison the young lady. He'll agree with me. Besides, I'm going to sternly tell him that it's more detrimental to your health to eat cold food all the time."

She was blunt, but kind. She must have been dissatisfied that I was always eating in a bad mood. So...

"I shall look forward to it. B-but this is goodbye, isn't it? This is the end of cooking, with you"

"Yes, the assignment is over. I'm going on another gastronomic journey."

"Y-, yes, of course. But I still have so much more to learn from you. I can't do it alone....."

"You have a gift, young lady. You have talent, and above all, you have a heart that is moved by beautiful things. You will eventually be able to do it on your own without me having to teach you."

"Is that so.....?"

"What's this, you're looking so timid. Where's your usual confidence?"

"Hmmf~, I'm not timid. I'm not weak at all, o-of course not. There is nothing I can't do."

"Haha, now that's your usual ladylike self. That's what a lady is."

She smiled carefreely saying so. How much of a misanthrope she was! And yet, I could tell that she was concerned about me. Her words and actions dazzled me to no end yet made me feel sad. My feelings for her were growing day by day, but I could do nothing about it.

I was too young to have feelings for her, and the day came when we had to say goodbye.

"You saved me. It is no exaggeration to say that you changed my life. I would like to give you something in return, but I have nothing of my own right now. The money belongs to my father....."

"My dear lady, it has been a pleasure spending time with you, even if it was short-lived. The pursuit of gastronomy is never-ending. If you want to thank me, then yes, when you get back on your feet, you can share your excitement with me."

She was a woman of her own pace from start to finish. And the food that was served by her at the end was a moving experience. I had never eaten anything like it. No, it was a..... wonderful dish that I doubt I would ever be able to eat again.

Fine then, I won't lose!

As a gastronomic adventurer, I will catch up and surpass that dish. And I will surely impress you with my cooking!

The next few years were a time of great excitement. As heir to the Rosetta family, I continued to push forward as an adventurer who had mastered the art of gastronomy.

The world was still an ugly place with constant betrayal and strife, but the discovery of new ingredients and the pursuit of delicious food continued to move me.

And while there had been many disappointments in my encounters with people, there were two things that had moved me in recent years. The first was my encounter with Remilia, who became the commander of the security forces. I thought her proud and beautiful way of life was valuable.

And the other impression was

The restaurant Belm. The owner, Tilea-san, seemed silly, and in fact, that impression was mostly correct. Except, of course, when it came to culinary skills. Her cooking skills were on the same level as mine, and her imagination was astonishing. I never praised her out loud, but I could not hide my surprise that someone of her age was so well versed in cooking.

Tilea-san loves her younger sister and was always bragging about her enrollment in the magic academy. Having grown up with no connection to sisterly love, this was a new feeling for me. I was genuinely happy to have witnessed a familial love that had nothing to do with jealousy, envy, or kicking each other down.

Then one day, a rude customer at Belm made a jeering comment to Tilea. Her sister is a

talented girl at a magic academy, he said. But Tilea was different, she was miserable..... he hurled abusive remarks like this that provoked a sense of inferiority.

I hated it. I liked hearing Tilea-san talk proudly about her sister.

Tilea-san was subjected to abusive language that provoked a sense of inferiority.

Maybe Tilea would end up feeling the same way as my siblings I didn't want to see that!

Hearing jealous words from her would be unbearable.

But

"Of course! Right! That's right. Timu is amazing, unlike me. I didn't give birth to her, but she's like the hawk that flies over the eagle. You know what you're talking about, don't you?"

「でしょ！ でしょ！ そうなのよ。ティムはね、私なんかと違ってすごい。産んではいないけど鷲が鷹をとって奴よ。あんた、なかなかわかっているじゃない」

My fears were unfounded. Ironically, Tilea-san didn't even understand she was being insulted.

I was stunned.

I wondered how she could think of her sister so genuinely. Even if it is not as big as the family feuds of the nobility, there must be conflicts between sisters among the common people as well.

Especially if one of them is a talented girl from a magic academy. Weren't there times when she compared herself to her sister? There must have been times when she had felt worse by comparison and been troubled by it.?

I couldn't help but ask Tilea.

Tilea-san answered with a scowl.

"What are you talking about, Oujo? Are you taking me as thinking something like 'the younger sister should never be better than the older sister?' Is that what you're saying? That's just a story from a comic book. In reality, the older sister wants her younger sister to grow up. There's no one better than Timu. I don't know what kind of sister would feel otherwise. Hahaha. You must be an only child, huh?"

「お嬢、何言ってるの？ もしかして『姉より優れた妹なんて存在しねえ！』とかまに受けているの？ あれは漫画——創作だけの話よ。実際、姉は妹の成長を願っているものなのよ。ティム以下等じゃない。この姉心ってやつ、わかんないかな。はは～ん、さてはお嬢、一人っ子だな？」

My head hurt. Did she really understand? Tilea-san spoke with such ease as if she never thought of such a thing.

Did she really not think of envy and hatred?

I blurted out what had happened to me and explained it vividly.

"I see, I see. In short, you're saying that Timu is going to become so great that she's going to forget about me? Yes, that's all right. Sure, I have my reputation as a sister to maintain, and I might miss Timu when she's become too big for me. But you know, it's impossible."

"What's impossible?"

"Timu, you know, I've watched her since she was little. She would follow me around saying, 'Oneechan, oneechan'. She's so cute and sweet and I can't hate Timu no matter how much she changes, and I'll forgive her no matter what she does to me."

Then Tilea-san talked about Timu in a very, very loving way. Actually, Tilea-san may have just been speaking normally. But..... to me, who had lived in a world of lies and power struggles, every word she said was very beautiful.

I have argued with Tilea every time I've seen her. She is silly and good-natured, and I hate her carefree smile, because she doesn't understand how I feel when I'm so moved by her.

I was always on the edge of my seat, afraid she was going to do something. And now she has finally done it.

Tilea-san, you have defended the demon tribe

Do you understand? You're already a felon.

Normally, I would have to notify the appropriate authorities to take action against the demon tribe. But if I did that, I would lose this silly but kind woman as well.

It is one of the few beautiful places in this ugly world, and I won't go out of my way to lose it. I don't know why that demon tribe has their eyes on Tilea. I don't want to know. But I will not allow a demon tribe to defile this beautiful place!

"We are ready, Mademoiselle Pratoline."

"Yes, then, when I give the signal, we will go in."

"Ha!"

Dozens of elite men in black surround the restaurant "Bellum". The assassination squad of the family, Ikkitousen. They specialize in covert operations, traps, and assassinations against forces hostile to the Rosetta family. Only the head of the family, Stoll, and his heir, Pratoline, are in command of this unit. This is truly the dark side of the Rosetta family.

This time, because of my idiot friend, I can't officially report it. Then, I have to use the underhanded way.

Vampires, you can fool Tilea, but you can't fool me. I'm going to settle it all at once here.