



Fate Prototype


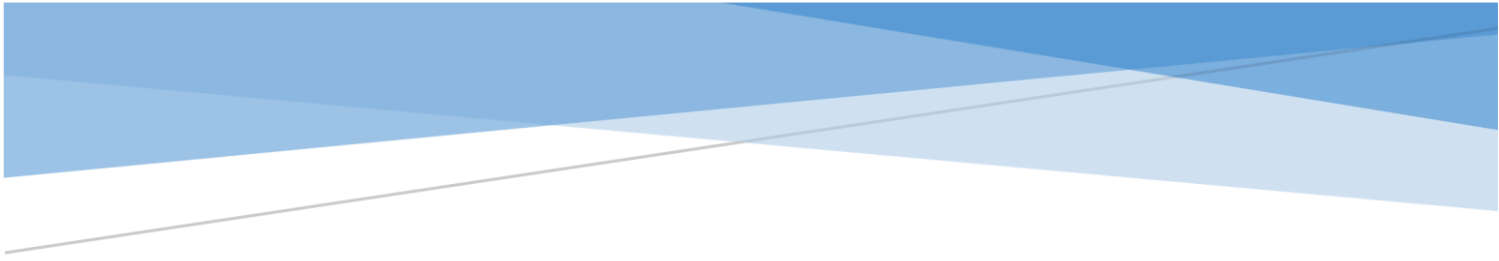
蒼銀のフラグメンツ

桜井光

原作 TYPE-MOON

イラスト 中原

2



Fate Prototype
蒼銀のフラグメンツ

Credits:

PhoenixRising (translation)

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Fate  Prototype

蒼銀のフラグメンツ

2

桜井光

原作 TYPE-MOON

イラスト 中原

Reiroukan Misaya

玲瓏館美沙夜





私服デザインラフ案

極東随一の魔術の名門たる玲瓏館家令嬢にして、次期当主。
 沙条愛歌さじょうまなかと同格——とまではいかないまでも天才性を有するが、一九九一年現在では未だ幼い。
 生まれながらの支配階級。才能に溢れ、凡人と自分は多くが異なっていることを幼くして既に理解しかけている。
 父を慕い、父の心酔するサーヴァント・キャスターへ急速に接近していく。
 八年後には第二の聖杯戦争にマスターとして参加。ランサーを従え、沙条綾香及びセイバーと対決することになる。



就寝時服装
デザインラフ

Personal Data
 一人称：私
 マスター階梯：——（1999年では、第二位・智天使）
 魔術系統：ルーン魔術、降霊術、黒魔術全般
 魔術回路／質：A
 魔術回路／量：B
 魔術回路／編成：異常（鏡像概念への偏りあり）

S e r v a n t C a s t e r

キヤスター



キャラクター
デザインラフ案



Personal Data

一 人 称：私
 サーヴァント階位：第六位
 真 名：ヴァン・ホーエンハイム・バラケルスス
 ス キ ル：陣地作成、道具作成、高速詠唱など
 宝 具：???



サーヴァント階位第六位、キャスター。ルネサンス期に活躍した、人類史と魔術史の双方に名を残す伝説的な錬金術師である。

同時に「土」「水」「火」「風」の四属性に加えて「空」の属性を有する強力な魔術師であり、寶石魔術を修め、魔術基盤としての錬金術の発展にも深く関わったという。

玲瓏館当主をマスターとして一九九一年の東京に現界し、美沙夜へと手を差し伸べる――。

ライダー

サーヴァント階位第五位、ライダー。
一九九一年の聖杯戦争に於いて、圧倒的
なまでの力を誇る。奥多摩山中に潜む、
自身のマスターの命令——ではなく、あ
くまで自身の意思として玲瓏館家（キャ
スター陣営）との共同戦線を締結。その
際、美沙夜の有する「王者の気風」を見
抜いてみせた。

やがて東京湾上に神殿型の巨大宝具を
展開させ、聖剣を携えたセイバーと激突
することになる。



Personal Data

一 人 称：余
 サーヴァント階位：第五位
 真 名：???
 ス キ ル：対魔力、騎乗、カリスマ、神性、皇帝特権
 宝 具：熱砂の獅身獣（アプホル・スフィンクス）
 闇夜の大陽船（メセケテット）
 ???

Status



武装時
デザインラフ案

キャラクター
デザインラフ案





玲瓏館の当主

一九九一年の玲瓏館家当主。
 極東随一の魔術の名門にして支配階級でもある玲瓏館家を治め、一九九一年に於ける聖杯戦争にはキャスターのマスターとして参加する。そして、志を同じくする真理の探究者にして、善と愛を語る稀有な魔術師であるキャスターに心酔していく。
 沙条家当主である沙条広樹とはかねてより交流があった。

Personal Data

— 人 称：私
 マスター階梯：第三位・座天使
 魔術系統：ルーン魔術、降霊術、黒魔術全般
 魔術回路／質：—
 魔術回路／量：—
 魔術回路／編成：—



バーサーカー

サーヴァント階位第二位、バーサーカー。
 月に吠える狂獣。如何なる理由か杉並に存在する「玲瓏館邸」へと狙いを定め、毎夜の如く邸宅裏手の「森」に襲撃を仕掛けている。襲撃時には常に暴走状態にあるが、その行動目的についてはマスターと自己の統一した見解に基づくものではあった。

一度はセイバーと激突するも決着は付かず、早晚、二度目の相対を行うこととなる。

Personal Data

— 人 称：—
 サーヴァント階位：第二位
 真 名：???
 ス キ ル：???
 宝 具：???

Status

筋力？
 耐久？
 敏捷？
 魔力？
 宝具？
 幸運？
 UNKNOWN

Fate/Prototype 蒼銀のフラグメンツ

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Best Friend ACT-1



Fate/Prototype: Fragments of Sky Silver

Novel 2: Best Friend Arc - Act 1

Here is the full account of 8 years ago of the person who will inherit the name of the noble Reiroukan family———

The time, is 1999 AD ———

*The end of the century, Tokyo.
The Second Holy Grail War had begun.*

In the promised land of the east, the mutual slaughter of Seven Humans and Seven Servants unfolds without knowledge.

Seven Magi who each hold their own wishes gather and manifest Seven Servants.

All of them vying for the right to use the Holy Grail, a holy relic which had been hidden somewhere.

What is all this for?

It is, all for an ambition. For an oath. For an obsession.

The Holy Grail exists exactly for the “Root” of all of creation which must be said to be even the very reason for a Magus’ existence———

*An omnipotent wish-granting device. Although I’ve heard that it was officially recognized by the Mages Association, there is no **way** to tell, whether it’s similar in general to what the seven Masters and Servants are seeking, or what their ultimate individual longings really are.*

The Holy Grail which is said to have materialized in Tokyo.

It has not been clarified until now what its true form is.

Is it really an object that secures a temporary bridge to the “Root?”

Or, is there another possibility?

At the very least the Master parties haven’t been informed of it, nor can the Holy Church who fills the position of overseer ever break their silence on it, the bunch over at the Clocktower don’t even behave like they hold doubts on it.

I cannot deny the danger, of opening up a huge pitfall.

But even if that is true.

I’ll aim for “the Root,” at least.

I will freely use the great many magics that have been cultivated inside of this body.

I will command the starving monstrous beasts that have been placed under my control.

I will rule over my magic workshop which I’ve transformed into a garden of death.

I will employ my Heroic Spirit who manifests as my blade.

Now, as I also make this guide with the sum of my “memories” and “past” that I can recall as if it was yesterday.

I, will reach, that place which I have dreamed of while piling up the corpses and bloodlines of many Magi.

I must struggle on.

If I cannot do that, then I can only, just die.

Yes, it’s true.

Literally.

Surely, my death will be a terribly painful one, no?

I will suffer till the end, die, and end up unsightly.

If one is defeated in battle, then a Master may lose their life as a result———

Somehow, that’s not such an easy thing for me.

To die that is.

Unless I obtain the Holy Grail with these hands, it’s a certainty for me.

Even if I did sought protection with the Overseer’s approval for example, it’d be pointless.

All of the things that comprise the present me can only, rot, crumble, melt, and fade away.

Which is why———

There’s nowhere for me to run to.

No, I never planned on running away not in the least.

So, I waited for it.

For the second coming of the Holy Grail.

For the materialization of Heroic Spirits.

For the days of massacre, that will hang over me with the suffocating smell of blood.

For my harsh end, where I can use all of my abilities and character.

For the time, when a Master’s Degree will appear on my body.

———Err, yeah. So.....

———The thing I was waiting for, is, the final slaughter.



On a certain day in February 1999 AD.
The Reiroukan Main Estate, Tokyo.

Shining in the moonlight, was an extravagant western-styled house.
If one is told that it was a royal mansion then they'd probably nod at it too.
Remarkably old even among the other houses and buildings, the structure which was filled with extravagant tastes is adequate enough for a ruler to sit in it. As a direct fact, in spite of not having a clear societal status, the Master of the Western-styled house had deep roots in the city and governed it, as if it was natural for them.

Reiroukan.
It is not the name of this mansion.
But rather, it is the name of the Master who owns and controls the house.

There in "*Tokyo*," a city at the end of the east which even has the reputation for being a frontier in the magic world, is a ruler who has mastered multiple magic systems and has officially obtained rulership of mankind, as a leading influential person.

'It's a fitting mansion for a kind of king to spend the night in.'

The man thinks, as he walks through the second-floor hallway, while casually looking up at the exhaustingly neck high ceiling.
He was a tall man.
Peeking at his thoroughly trained body even from above his clothes, he was a hero.

From the ceiling, the man turns his eyes over towards the window.
The time is around midnight. The man's keen gaze easily grasps, the dark garden which can't be sighted by ordinary people. The reason for it is simple. **It is because he is not an ordinary person.**

He knows that there are several large breeds of dogs in the spacious front garden.
Hunting dogs. Not just a breed of dog, but real hunting dogs that carry the means to hunt their prey in their bodies.
More precisely, they are beings beyond that.

Not proper living creatures, they are a type of **familiar**, reconstructed as instruments for annihilation to rip apart any enemy who enters the premises. Indeed, even though there isn't a sign of other people in the vicinity, the demon dogs are vigilantly sharpening their nerves. Ordinary people wouldn't be able to tell them apart, but the man recognizes the red eyes of the

demon dogs which were faintly shimmering with prana. To be doing that sort of activity for so many hours while in a combat ready state to rip apart intruders within seconds, is an impossible feat for ordinary animals.

Lancer: “.....Talk about loyal.”

It's not, towards the instruments.

For the man is surely expressing it towards the unmistakable presence of the dogs, who'd give up everything for their master.

As he shrugs his shoulders, he starts walking through the hallways, again.

The mansion, is spacious anyway.

Time passed for a while until he finally arrives at the room that he is aiming for.

Rather than intently walking through the dark hallway, it was certainly quicker to move at high speed through spiritualization, but the man had not done it. He felt like walking with his own feet tonight, and besides, it he wanted the observe the state of the dogs for a bit.

On the doorknob of his objective room, the man places his hand on it———

After opening the heavy door, he tries to forcibly knock as if he had realized it after the fact.

Misaya: “Don't interrupt me.”

'Ah———'

'Apparently, it seems I've really interrupted her.'

The man thinks after having caught sight of his Master who was sitting inside the wide room.

In the pale light, he instantly grasps the entire state of the inside room which was just as similarly gloomy as the hallway.

Without dozing off quietly, could she possibly be in the middle of her reading?

Misaya: “For some reason. Even my pet dogs, rarely disturb my reading.”

Coldly, his Master———Misaya Reiroukan said to him.

She was a dazzling woman.

A woman full of wisdom.

A woman who was served by dogs.

And, more than anything, she was a woman who profoundly understood her own self as she contends for a life exchange.



While still seated on the sofa, suddenly she closes the book she held in her hands——— and places it close to the glass which was already on the other side of it, as Misaya's eyes weakly glare at the man. A not very strong, but not very weak glare. Despite expressing a smile on her mouth, her glare is straightforward.

This woman who imposingly glares at himself who was even called a clan hunting dog by her, is she really the head of her family?

While being a bit joyful in his heart, the man awaits the words of the woman who is his Master. As usual, does she have the same icy voice again tonight?

For a little while, similar to her first words, he could predictably hear their cold echo. He is probably aware of their bewitching, however regrettably the temperature is too low. There is no man who'd be invigorated by this. Or is it maybe a good time for the man to shiver in fear of her? There is also the type of highly-strung men, who'd stay put where they are, but.....

Misaya: "I didn't intend to ask you to patrol the estate, Lancer."

Lancer: "Well, ya see, it's a persistent voluntary endeavor of mine. I don't really need your thanks for it."

Misaya: "Do you think before you speak!?"

The temperature of her voice gets even more lower.

The thorns encased in her glare, are as if they are changing into swords.

The man, Lancer, accepts her glare and words with a calm composure.

Lancer: "I probably shouldn't have said that."

Shaking his fluttering hands———

While also gazing at his young female Master, Lancer vaguely looks over at the thing over there.

In the deepest part of the room. There is something, behind the sofa.

There, is a single hollow room there.

It was a paranormal space that could warp a person's field of vision as they softly, watch it. Actually, it's probably not their field of vision being warped. Even if it is with the man's, Lancer's superhumanly keen vision, the entire distortion will not vanish. If it was a normal human then it would completely momentarily drive their sense of balance out of whack, that they wouldn't be able to stand up properly. Because of the magic that had been performed on it, it must've had type of spell placed on it, so it wouldn't even be all that strange if it could say, make a normal person die just by looking at it.

In the center of the warped room, **something** entwined with spiritual thread is floating in it.

It is, a red *“lance.”*

A weapon that he himself had used on many battlefields once.

A Noble Phantasm that was given to him when he materialized as a Heroic Spirit.

A being that must become a trump card, there in this Second Holy Grail War.

It, without it being in his own hand, has been sealed due to his own Master’s whims like this. He didn’t particularly plan on voicing his objections to her. He is aware that his Master’s choice, in challenging the Holy Grail War, actually makes sense as a reason, and more than anything, he highly values his Master’s resourcefulness. Likewise she is also an excellent Magus who possessed high amounts of prana, enough to possibly allow him who had materialized like this to walk around every night.

Furthermore, **this woman** is somewhere— — — —

Misaya: “Face off with Archer, next. Since he appears to be prowling about the city centre without a care in the world, you’ll probably find him right away if it’s you. I don’t mind if you kill him if you can kill.”

Lancer: “If I can kill him, right?”

Misaya: “These are my exact instructions. If you have heard them, then respond to them in kind.”

Lancer: “And Gáe Bolg?”

Misaya: “Not yet.”

Misaya takes up her glass again— — — —

Misaya: “I will not unbind the seal on your Noble Phantasm. I will decide on the timing for you to make use of it.”

As her voice, reaches an almost frigid degree, she suddenly stops.

Whether she is restraining herself or doing it unconsciously, Lancer is unable to know that, though he was anticipating that the former would probably be better for him.

A skillful woman. And, is the woman herself even aware of it?

Lancer: “Kay ‘Kay.”

As he shrugs his shoulders, Lancer, unintentionally glances at the glass which the woman held. A chunk of ice is left over in the glass. It is still keeping its shape.

Which sounds, probably right. Tonight, grows especially cold, and the warmth of the fireplace hasn't yet entered the room. The ice will probably remain as ice, well for the time being now.

Though———

It won't keep until sunrise.

All of it will fleetingly melt down as time passes, such, is the thing called ice.



Misaya: “By the way.”

Lancer: “Hm?”

Misaya: “I believe I haven't heard it yet. Your response.”

Lancer: “Ah.”

Misaya: “Since it can't be helped, I'll especially say this again for you, just this once. If you hear me that one time, give me, your answer.”

Lancer: “.....Alright.”

Misaya: “Please do you best to pay serious attention, from now on. I will not have you degrading me by reducing yourself to the level of a Heroic Spirit who is more useless than a guard dog.”



*Heroic Spirits that have been summoned by the Holy Grail.
Are mystery themselves which have transcended reality and are made into legendary beings
which have surpassed human intellect.
If I were to express them as very simple fact, more than having manifested as Servants who are
connected to us by magic, they are no more than literal manservants in the Holy Grail War even
if they are said to be powerful Heroic Spirits.
Their weapons, war clothing, and even their various expressions are not a mistake.*

*But, Heroic Spirits do have intelligence.
Like a human, they probably possess wisdom and knowledge more than what they had in their
lifetime.
And, more than anything, they have feelings and a personality too.
If you order them to do actions contrary to their will, then the possibility of them revolting is
also likely.*

*A mutual relationship is crucial, between Masters and Servants.
If you cannot build a friendly relationship with them, then combat can also exert a negative
influence on them.*

*Consequently, you can “compel their actions” through the use of a Master’s Degree as a last
resort.*

However in that moment, you will definitely break off your mutual relationship.

Understand that this is one fatally bad move.

*Depending on the relationship being built, it is possible to guide their actions as the Master
desires, even without using one stroke of your precious Master Degrees.*

Understand.

Recognize.

That Servants, are weapons equipped with a free will.

*Trust, sympathy, obedience, supplication, reliance, longing, attachment———
Friend, comrade, master and servant, subordinate, parasite, blind belief, love———
It doesn’t matter what it is.*

Quickly construct a suitable relationship between yourself and your own Servant.

(An extract from an old notebook)



It was a quiet morning.
The morning air which never usually changes at all.

Although there is still a lingering coldness in the air, the cooling down of mid-winter is calming down somewhat, as it makes the premonition that the arrival of the next season is approaching. The next season. Sure enough, Misaya Reiroukan couldn't bring herself to think about, whether she would be able to meet it and so on.

By accepting the natural world, she could just walk by her natural self.
She can keep walking as a splendid, and refined, monarch.
By freely exerting her wisdom and command, she could only crush them if they are something that possibly stands in her way.

Even if, it's the world.
Even if, it's Heroic Spirits.
Even if, it's the Holy Grail.

It was a situation that she could never change whatsoever.
The world is going to change its shape, with her continuing to behave as herself.
The reverse is unlikely.

It was, her answer from her experiences of these past eight years where she had to mysteriously keep her reign as the Reiroukan family head.
Reiroukan. Her own family lineage. Her own name. Is it her intangible status which has been handed down for generations? Or is she on the side of control, because she succeeded her family? No. No, she can say that it's different. Although the power which had certainly been bestowed on her family name of Reiroukan considerably exists, what made Misaya Reiroukan who reigns over both the magical world and global society, by herself, is her choices, her own persistent abilities and nothing but the boundaries of her own actions.
It is only one of the powers which she grabbed, and wielded, because her title of Reiroukan family head, was close at hand.
She will change the world by her nature self.
It is, true beauty. It is, everything to her.

8:10 A.M. ———

Tokyo Sugunami Ward, a certain private high school.

By the window of a third-floor classroom in the south side school building.
Misaya was quietly looking down, at the unchanging scenery.

She had arrived at a bit of an early hour.

Since she was thinking about going to school on foot this morning, she had slipped past the main gate of her mansion at a back-calculated time, though she came across a Daimler AG manufactured limousine that was waiting to pick her up instead. Something that was arranged at the discretion of one of Nagatachō's old men no doubt. If she had planned on going to school by car, then she would've used one of her mansion's own ones, so although in truth, it was an unnecessary assistance, Misaya got into the limousine without ignoring it.

If they are saying that they want to make a loan that much, should she attempt to make one? Although it's true that she even thinks it's amusing what you can lend during the few minutes that it takes to just go to a prefecture high school, it's not so bad to run some tension on the elders' power diagram, by smoothly getting into a limo. Stagnation invites carelessness. Sometimes, stimulation is also necessary.

Misaya: “———”

Silently, she stares at the scene of students going to school.

The same scenery as yesterday. No, anything normal, is the same.

The crowds of innocent boys and girls, who didn't know what is going on, nor what is beginning here in Tokyo.

Those innocent, blameless, unknowing, ignorant and pitiful lambs———

Misaya cannot grasp them.

Whether she's a secular ruler, or a magus who controls the darkness, there are a further number of those who look down on the people called the general public or the so-called masses, and she could even immediately recall the specific names and faces of those people. It is the height of foolishness to speak of trends, but if she did deliberately speak of it, Misaya's position of self-awareness will probably enter the rare class.

Of the boys and girls below.

As they are liable to do, they will have their lives stolen through the use of rudimentary sorcery that's not even a Great Magic, lives that will be harvested by the one small action of a Heroic

Spirit in the Holy Grail War.

Resources for exploitation and the consumption of their futures.

She won't deny that there are such sides, but, it's never just that.

While smiling together at times, bickering occasionally, or while worrying about their loved ones, their grades or their futures, the boys and girls who spend their mornings like this, are weak creatures. Ephemeral creatures.

For her, there is a clear power in herself.

If that's the case, then———

To Misaya, there is one thing signifying the scene below.

Those who she must protect.

Those who she must rule over, protect and bestow as much as happiness as possible onto them.

———Thus, Misaya Reiroukan reigns over them.

———There is one way. To just keep staying as her natural self.

Quietly, Misaya keeps on staring.

At the students. While vaguely grasping at the innocents, who she must protect with these hands, as a whole image.

And then, suddenly, someone returns her gaze.

She observes an individual student, which she doesn't carry out usually.

Half-unwarily, half-warily, Misaya caught notice of one girl's figure.

———A female student who hid her clear eyes behind glasses.

———Her name is, Ayaka Sajyou.

If she just glances at her like this, then she is one of the average female students.

One of the blameless innocents who should be under her protection as such

However, she is different. That is, a Magus.



One of the people who knew enough about the existence of mysteries in this world, and who possess the power to exercise it albeit a bit. Furthermore, more than anything, she is even a Magus who participates in the Holy Grail War same as herself.

Ayaka Sajyou. Her Master's rank is Princes which is the lowest of the seven ranks.

The survivor of the Sajyou family, who won and advanced till the end in the last Holy Grail War. Going to school quietly like this, was she overconfident from having survived the other's day raid, or did she realize that there is no point even in shutting herself at home which is her magic workshop, or is she thinking about trying to even use the students as a fleshy shield, or, as expected, did she have confidence in her own Servant's abilities?

Misaya: "She's quite carefree."

She slightly mutters, as she sharpens her gaze a bit.

She didn't plan on staging a fight at school during the day

More than the cover up of mysteries which is a magus' obligation, Misaya contemplates that she wants to avoid hurting the students who should be under her protection, within her dominion, as much as possible.

Besides, now that Ayaka Sajyou is oh so majestically strolling into school, the probability that she is being served by Servant who had spiritualized the same as her own is very high———

Misaya: *(Besides.....)*

She turns her gaze to the north side school building.

Although she can't accurately identify it, she is sensing that there is **something** in the school building over there.

Misaya: *(The **enemies** inside the school isn't just limited to that girl.)*

Briefly, she entertains herself in her own mind.

And then———

???: "Oh Miss Misaya, Good Morning!"

She turns around to a familiar voice.

She had already sensed their presence since long before. Several of her female classmates.

Covering herself in the mask of a girl her age, Misaya cheerfully responds unchanged as usual.

She returns a "Good Morning" to they who express their morning greetings with their mouths.

Did someone, happen to see her with her friends?

As they were asking for the reason why she was standing by the window, slowly she shakes her head ———

Misaya: “No, it’s nothing.”

Friends. That’s right, friends.

Such a thing———

For herself.

She didn’t even have one person who she could call, “*a friend*,” in the proper sense.

To rule over the transient masses that must be protected, to lead them, to surely bestow peace and happiness onto them, for her———

For this natural Misaya Reiroukan.

To stand side by side, with someone.

It’s unnecessary.



The Holy Grail War is a solitary battle.

If there is a person who can be called your “friend,” only Heroic Spirits have the character for it.

Though some exceptions do exist.

Types of familiars, are the same as Servants in a substantial sense.

There are also cases where they may use a magus of the same family lineage as yourself as a subordinate. If you gather attention with your candid group behaviour, if it’s possible to counter even the likelihood of the danger of suddenly being assassinated in your sleep by Assassin, then it’s also not a bad move.

However, be beware.

You mustn’t be influenced by your own children.

The safety of those who will inherit your magic circuits takes precedence over everything.

Magi are not individuals, so I must definitely stress the importance of the succession of your family lineage’s blood.

Thus, bear in mind.

You mustn’t challenge the Holy Grail War while still keeping your children beside you.

If there is a magus who is perhaps, doing this.

Then are you a fool who doesn’t realize the severity of the Holy Grail War?

Or, are you an absolute strong man who is convinced that he can survive even in a heroic fight?

You must be one of the two.

(An extract from an old notebook)



— — — — *And then, time goes back.*

*To 8 years ago.
The year is 1991 AD.*

*When the First Historical Holy Grail War begins.
When a battle is about to unfold now between seven Masters and seven Servants.*

*When the ruler was still young.
In those days, she didn't know about her Origin or her own essence yet.*

*She was young.
Childish.
And immature.*

— — — — *The days, when she was under someone's warm and gentle protection.*



I walk, through a second-floor hallway with shining moonlight.
I hate my own young body a bit.
Even though I am often compared to, *"a child who is very mature for her age of 10 years old,"* I knew well enough that the narrowness of my own steps as I'm walking at a quick pace like this are unpleasant.

I want to grow up, quickly.
My body too.
My mind too.
Even as a human, even as a Magus.

| — — — —

I, wanted to become an adult as soon as possible.

I'm a bit, tired, of being a child who is said to be *"amazing"* just for walking in the darkness.
The gloomy hallway which is lined up bit by bit by just the lights of candlesticks which have been lit by magic, yes, I might describe it as creepy if I were a same-aged elementary student.

As far as looking at the state of my classmates, the kids who are the same age as I are all **fraidy-cats**.

The dog with the face of a human.

The slit-mouthed woman.

The violet colored mirror.

The white thread.

The red and blue papers.

The 13 steps.

The human anatomical model who walks during the night.

The portrait with the moving eyes.

And at the end, whether there is a girl in the school toilet?

All of them are childish, a gossip that's whispered between children. **A scary story**. Even if I could grasp a ghost story as logic, I can't actually feel it.

Such things, what's so scary about them?

There is nothing in the darkness unless a magus does something, so there shouldn't be no way for a Phantasmal Species to appear downtown so easily, if there is a chance that a rumor will sublimate into a mystery, rather it'll become a target of great interest for us, Magi.

That's why, even as I walk alone through the gloomy hallway, I cannot feel anything.

In the normal and unchanging scenery, I especially mustn't feel fear.

Besides, tonight's sky is clear, and a huge moon is coming out.

I can say that it's more than enough for a bright night.

There's nothing to be scared of.

However, it'd would be a lie if I said that I wasn't **nervous**.

Misaya: "....."

I exhale some white breath———

Casually, I, gaze at the front yard through the window.

At this distance and in this darkness, I can't properly see the **Hydrangea** flowers, which I had planted together with my Mother. It appears there's no change to it whatsoever. The same-old garden.

Even though it shouldn't be like that.

It shouldn't be the same, as usual.

Even the flower which I had planted while getting dirtied by the soil, should be filled with lethal curses.

However, I couldn't think of anything besides it.
The magic workshop. It's death to intruders.
That's too, obvious.

After all, the **Holy Grail War, has already begun.**

Misaya: "You called for me, Father?"

I knock on the door of the living room.
I think it's the first time, that I've entered here at such a late hour.
Although it's a time where I should've already gotten into bed and be sleeping as usual, I walk through the hallway like this, and arrived at the living room where Father awaits me.
Because he told me to "*come to the room*" through a familiar.
Since I was hesitant about going there while still in my pjs, I instantly change my clothes, after I slip out of bed. Even though we are family, we must offer every courtesy to each other.

Especially so, if I am to meet directly with Father.
Ever since he was chosen to be a Holy Grail War participant and got his Master Degree which is proof of a Master, Father has been busy day and night. Since Mother and the servants moved to our Izu villa, I've been helping him somewhat too, though Father manages everything and protects the Reiroukan main mansion, by himself.

Despite fulfilling his duties as the Reiroukan Family Head, at the same time, they are overlapping with his Holy Grail War preparations.
He carries out intelligence gathering regarding the other Masters, and he even searches for general mobilizing Servant summoning catalysts with both a front and back connection———

I bet, Father is active without distinguishing between day or night.
Saying that it's because it's night, I couldn't possibly show myself in something, like pyjamas.

Lord Reiroukan: "Oh, Misaya? Please come in."

A reply. Quietly, I open the heavy door.
Inside the wide room, was the figure of my father.
As he sits deeply down onto the sofa, he is looking at me with a gentle expression.
While, I'm half relived by Father's expression, still, I feel half insecure.

Misaya: "Is the reinforcement of the workshop not necessary? Already, the Holy Grail War is....."

Yes, so. The Holy Grail War.

About this magical ritual of unprecedented scale and the first historical that's to be performed here in Tokyo, I already heard some things about it from Father.

It is a grand slaughter by seven Masters and Servants.

Heroic Spirits and Magic, offerings to the Holy Grail that bestows and consumes all the hidden secrets of the mysteries that it holds.

A battle that sacrifices lives to reach the "Root" which is the 1000-year old grand ambition for us Magi.

I, undoubtably believe in Father's victory. In the land of the Far East which is said to be even a frontier in the Magical World, I hear that the Reiroukans are conveyed to be an exceptionally noted family to the Clocktower Magi. Even among them, Father is known to be particularly outstanding among the successive generations of family heads.

But.

Even so.

An uneasiness, inevitably lingers, in the corner of my mind.

The Holy Grail War. It is absolutely unprecedented, and even Heroic Spirits are treated to the level of a type of familiar, but before this unprecedented event which will probably be deeply engraved into magical history, there should be no way for him to get absolute peace of mind. But even though I say that———

For whatever kind of reason, Father is showing a smile on his face tonight.

Misaya: (Why? Why are you like that, Father?)

I tilt my neck.

Misaya: "Father."

As I am about to speak———

———My time, suddenly stops, for just a moment.

I saw it.

I found it.

There was "*something*" next to Father.



Perhaps there was something which had been concealing itself through magic there.
Right away, I rammed my attention into my own vision. My magic circuits. My prana. My vision.
As I connect everything simultaneously, I charge a formula to crush magic into my vision.

An intruder?

No, that shouldn't be possible.

I begin to imagine a few reasons for what had changed Father's appearance. Rather than the walk through the night-time hallways, rather than gazing at the uninhabited garden, and rather than the silent moon, my imagination at this moment was the scariest **thing** above all else. Consciously I stop my thoughts midway through it. It's no good. I should've made sure of "*something*" by this point now!

Beside my Father.

No, to be more precise, standing beyond the sofa.

Is a thin———

A "*shadow*" clad in black itself was there.

I can't make out it clearly.

Even though, there is definitely something there, a clear image won't transmit to my brain as visual information.

Misaya: "Who.....?"

Shadow: "You're a clever child indeed. Although you persisted in the basics, you tried to see through my concealment magic. There is your lineage too, but it's a great thing to diligently study and hone yourself. I bet your master's instructions are excellent too. "

A voice I haven't heard before.

Is it terribly calm sounding, on the contrary, it's **scary**.

I shift my gaze to Father. By the time of the Holy Grail War, I had never even heard one story where another magus receives someone as a comrade. Then, what is this "*shadow*" then?

Father. If, if this shadow is an enemy then———

Lord Reiroukan: "My apologies."

As he says that.

Father smiles with his head bowed.

———Eh?

What is he doing? Father.

No way, for a shadow that is unknown to everyone.

No good.

It's hopeless. Father, it's almost as if, you are an incompetent pupil who is begging to be taught by a great master.

Father is the greatest Magus in the Far East. Besides for Grandfather who had passed away much earlier, it's weird for him to be acting that way.

And yet. Why?

How?

Lord Reiroukan: "The reinforcement of our magical workshop has already been done, Misaya. The magical workshop, no, now, I don't even mind if it's designated as a temple. Because he, has reconstructed our mansion into a fortress with unprecedented mysteries fluttering in it through the use of magnificent skillful magic."

Misaya: "Temple....."

Lord Reiroukan: "Greet him, Misaya. For he is the one who shall bring the Root, to us Reiroukans."

I don't understand the meaning of his words.

Father, what are you saying?

Temple?

The Root?

Him?

I had no choice but to look up at the shadow with unsightly embarrassment.

I can only express it as, "*creepy*."

As the tall black shadow, gapingly shows his two eye-like luminous points on his head, he is looking down at me as if he is peering into me.

Shadow: "It's a pleasure to meet you, little Miss."

The shadow said.
It was ice.

His voice, it makes me feel something that's terribly cold, in its clearness.
Which is why, I think of ice.

An ice demon. A ghastly thing who wears shadows. What should I do?

Do I need a fire? Though I don't have much pride in my elemental conversion magic, but, if, if it keeps me in touch with this shadow then I shall fire at it. No. No. That's not it. I properly recognize Father's words. The workshop. A temple. A person who shall bring the Root. Am I, confusing myself?

Finally, I realize that my lips are slightly trembling.
The "*shadow*" approaches such a me.

As Father calmly watches over me, it takes the long way around from the other side of the sofa, and expressly comes over to the place where I was standing.
And then.

Caster: "O' scions of the many children who hath received my teachings. I am an ancient one who has manifested into the class of Caster. Same as yourselves, I too am one of the magi who seek the Root."

Gently, the shadow ———

Caster: "Together with your father, please, with me."

Reaches out his hand to me———

Caster: "*Let's be friends.*"

Quietly, he whispered———



Yet another girl is tossed around by the Holy Grail War———

Still, it was early morning.

The girl didn't care at all at the whiteness of her breath nor the air in the corridor which had accumulated plenty of coldness during the night. She felt the warmth of the morning sun shining in through the large glass windows, she knew that the temperature would rise as time passed from here onto noon, and above all else, she wasn't bothered by the cold.

Already, the girl—— Misaya Reiroukan was recalling the events of that breakfast.

Misaya: "What is **that man's** true name?"

Seated at the opposite end of the long table, her father uttered to the quiet Misaya's question.

"It is not my place to answer that."

"If you have something that warrants an answer, then you should ask that gentleman directly yourself."

Misaya: "I understand. Father."

Misaya accepted her father's words as consent.

In other words, that man was——

*'One of the seven Heroic Spirits who will materialize in accordance with the large-scale magic ritual known as the Holy Grail War being carried out here in Tokyo, a man who has obtained **form** as the Servant of we Reiroukans with the rank of Caster, to directly face such a man.'*

"A man." Yes, she intuitively knew that he must be a man.

The figure she saw for the first-time last night, had been magically concealed.

All she could remember was an eerie *"shadow."*

She was confused. There was bewilderment too. As she remembered correctly, she had been overwhelmed.

To be overwhelmed without grasping the immediate other's existence. It was a first for Misaya. Although her life up till now was a not very long ten years, whether it be mysteries or mages, there were many times when she had gotten involved with beings who couldn't be called humans in the proper sense. However, Misaya had never been intimidated by any of them.

Whenever a demon appeared in front of her eyes due to her father's necromancy, whenever she stared off with a magical beast starved for blood at a distance close enough for its breath to touch her skin or whenever she had exchanged words with a magus who underwent a year on a said visit from an European association, Misaya Reiroukan had faced each of them resolutely without flinching at them.

It was not a conscious action.

Only, until it was deemed reasonable to do so.

However. Last night, she was confused. She couldn't instantly figure out how they should face each other.

'How should I comprehend that fact?' Misaya had yet to obtain the answer from within herself.

Misaya: *'.....I will ascertain it. I will, with my own two eyes.'*

While walking through the corridor, she responds to her father's words from breakfast again in her mind.

A Heroic Spirit. A great man or hero that has surpassed human intellect, a powerful illusion which cannot be handled by a magus unless there is an **exception** like now. The embodiment of a formidable myth.

The *"shadow"* that called itself Caster, yes, is indeed a Heroic Spirit.

That can no longer be doubted now.

Then, what is a Heroic Spirit? What is that person? Is he truly the one who will bring the Holy Grail to the Reiroukans, is he a person worthy enough for her father to show respect to him in that way?

Since she had permission, there is no reason for her to hesitate in her conduct.

Misaya proceeds dignifiedly down the corridor, while disregarding the **opposition** from the many barriers that gave her body a scorching sensation, she reaches the front of a room addressed to that person as a *"private room"* on the northernmost corridor of the first floor of the Reiroukan Mansion.

It was a big red door.

Usually, she didn't walk to this area much.

A section that was once used as a workshop by her grandfather, she had heard that everything of magical worth had been moved to her father's underground workshop after he succeeded to the position of master. So, Misaya knew that this area was in effect a dead zone. A group of rooms with no user in this spacious mansion. Places where no one lives.

Misaya: *'After the discussion of Holy Grail War came out, father seemed to be using the storeroom.'*

A few months ago, she was watching as specialist antiquarian dealers had carried in large numbers of carefully packed furniture. Since it was not possible to directly bring them into the underground workshop, they were briefly placed in this uninhabited area, if Misaya's guess of carrying the cargo in with familiars was right, then the items that were not carried underground and the items with no magical worth amongst the articles bequeathed to them by her grandfather, meant that the old furniture must be quietly sleeping somewhere. And, while imagining to some extent of what will enter her view, Misaya gazes at the door. She didn't touch the doorknob because it was already slightly ajar.

Misaya: *'He sure is careless for not locking the door. Isn't he?'*

While lowering her evaluation of him down a grade in her mind, she quietly approaches the crack.

Timidly, she peeks into the room— — —

Caster: "It's Misaya, right? Please come in."

Someone's voice.

The sound wasn't as vague as last night.

His appearance, yes. It wasn't the elusive black "*shadow*."

Tall. His body itself hadn't changed.

A slim figure. His body was the same as last night.

He was standing in the middle of the room with the morning sun pouring in through the gap in the curtains, appearing to be experimenting with something. Holding a flask containing blue liquid in his left hand, he was trying to pour silver liquid from the test tube held between his right fingers. Suddenly stopping his hands, he turns towards her.

Without exercising his concealment magic already, she could see his figure even in a dimly lit room with halfway-closed curtains.

'———He was a beautiful man.'

'———A beautiful person. I definitely don't think he's a woman. A man.'

A man wearing a long white robe.

'Is it because of his long glossy hair that he has the gentle air of a woman, despite the fact that he definitely is a man considering his long body?'

'Black hair. I think it suits him well.'

Even though she only saw his figure, her slightly lowered appraisal of him appears to have risen slightly.

Caster: "It seems strange saying it, but welcome. This mansion belongs to you and your esteemed father after all. Come now, Misaya, you will get cold if you stay in the hallway. There's no need to be shy."

Misaya: ".....Sure."

She slightly nods.

Realizing that she was becoming stiff, she enters the room.

And then, Misaya was mesmerized.

For beyond that door, was a magnificent *"Mage's room."*

On the wooden desk, a number of thick magic tomes and parchments were piled up, likewise on the wooden shelves too. Brightly colored liquids were pouring into the beakers and flasks, countless test tubes were lined up, a lump of pale flesh is floating inside a water tank connected to a brass object that appears to be some mechanical device, seemingly weird magical catalysts were here and there on the walls and in the cabinets———a mummy of something resembling a reptile, the claws, fangs and heart of a figure that was unlikely a normal creature, an obsidian knife, golden skull and various other objects were emitting a packed presence ——along with the numerous visible magical formulas and magic circles that were scribbled on the walls, floor and ceiling.

Misaya: "Woah....."

'No way, a room which was supposed to be a good place for storage at best has been turned into a Wunderkammer overflowing with mysteries like this? '

'I thought it was just a space full of darkness and dust.'

'It's so vivid, as if, the entire room appears to be shining.'

Misaya: "It's incredible. In just one night, you did all this——"

She speaks while still feeling it.

Her admiration itself leaked out as words.

The state of the room was really intriguing for the girl who still had a young curiosity.

During the Holy Grail War, Misaya couldn't leave the grounds of the Reiroukan Mansion, meaning the workshop. Although her mother had moved to their secondary residence in Izu with their all of their servants, based on her father's advice, Misaya chose to remain behind in this Suginami main residence for her desired future studies.

As a result, she mostly had to stay in her room for a while and couldn't go to school as well.

Apart from that, Misaya wasn't bothered by it, she was more than satisfied with just her father's explanation where he had talked about the system and rules of the Holy Grail War to her when he had discovered some free time, although.....

To tell the truth, it seemed completely tedious somehow.

Everything in her scenery that entered her eyes was fresh and exciting. It was the same feeling as when she had toured her grandfather's and father's workshop for the first time and said it was impossible, or even more than that!

"Umm....", her hesitation is shattered by her boiling curiosity. "Is it alright, if I ask you something?"

Caster: "Of course. I am one who takes joy in teaching and guiding others. So, let me answer your burning questions."

His tone. Calm.

His expression. Likewise, and at the same time, it was wrapped in kindness.

Caster: "You, too, are no less than a descendent of the many children who have received my teachings like your esteemed father. I will only respond, for as long you wish it."

Smiling as he said it in front of her, she had already lost her patience.

Opening her small mouth, Misaya thinks of a question. What kind of creature is that mummy before us, that heart, fangs and claws too? The obsidian knife is a relic from which era, what sort of magic catalyst is the golden skull?

Misaya: "I want to enquire about the items in this room. It's full of objects that I've never seen before.....for example, let's see, what's this?" She points at the dried reptile-ish corpse.

Caster: "Ah, that's....." He responds with a smile. "It's a mummy of a salamander."

He said it without delay.

Misaya recalls her elementary school teacher. Accepting questions about the furigana of a Kanji from a female classmate, it was a casual response as if he was a natural teacher.

A salamander———

It is a Phantasmal Species, and at the same time, one who rules over one of the elements in one theory. Even though it should be an extremely valuable item no matter if it exists, it is difficult to imagine it being stored openly like this.

As he speaks to Misaya, he nods with a smile.

Caster: “Really, it’s true. It is a Phantasmal Species that has already long hidden itself away even in my era, let alone the modern one, but since it remains as a relic like this, it is not unnatural for it to be an object of study and experimentation. We can expect it to have great effects if used as a catalyst for elemental magic and it is a truly excellent catalyst for alchemy. It depends on how you use it, but we can derive an image of it during its lifetime.”

Misaya: “Is it possible to summon it?”

Caster: “You can. But I am using it for elemental materials.”

Smoothly.

He speaks as if it is natural for him after all.

Caster: “The elemental conversion of fire is often thought to be a very simple feat of magic, however, if you master it, then one might definitely even reach the fire brought by the sun itself someday.

It is a natural metaphor, but if you try to think about it———don’t you think it’s wonderful?”

Wonderful. She never thought about magic from that point of view.

Whether it was effective or efficient, Misaya believed that Magi should not hold onto dreamy emotions even if she was aware of its gain. It is not just her grandfather’s and father’s teachings that made it so, it was an idea derived as a very simple yet realistic answer. So, she never thought that the word, ‘*Fantastic*,’ would possibly come out there.

She wasn’t impressed, nor should she be convinced by it.

There was only surprise.

A question and answer time.

That has roughly crossed over thirty minutes.

Misaya: “Then, so, what’s in that jar that I can see over there?”

Caster: “It’s a Homunculus larva. By using a special solution, I can fix its appearance at each of its growth stages. That way I can observe the minute changes within it. I believe that if I know why they have such generally short lifespans, it can lead to the overcoming of their short lives.”

Without interrupting him again, he, with regards to Misaya’s words——
Answered them politely.
One by one.

If Misaya asked “*What is it?*” or “*What is that?*” or “*Were those crystals extracted one by one out of four of the five great elements?*” or “*Is the last one a “fragment” of an ether clump that gave shape to the fifth formless ether?*”, etc, he would openly answer them without hesitation no matter what questions she threw at him.

According to him, many of the items in this room seemed to have been prepared by her father for him as a Caster for the servant summoning. Finally, Misaya understood what the antique delivery men had brought in.

However. Regarding the “*fragment*” of ether clumps, the elements, the involvement of Homunculi and the number of **gems** filled with powerful mana as she could see, he said that he had apparently created them over the course of one night. She couldn’t understand it immediately as expected. All of them would have taken a long time, perhaps years, but what could have made it possible was due to the Servant skill that her father mentioned the other day. Or was it a **technique he** had attained with the past magic that he had acquired over his lifetime?

Caster: “I believe, the ultimate ether leads to an ancient lost ritual. I want to obtain it, the righteous radiance of the stars that the sages of Chaldea reached in distant ancient times. It is the ultimate light which twinkles and fills the cosmos, and at the same time, the light of this planet as well.”

Although, she felt it was a little too bombastic.
Nevertheless, he repeated his sincere answers enough for her to hold a favorable impression of him. Although he saw her as a young girl, he hardly talked about specific magical exercises, but Misaya believed she had obtained more than she hoped for in her overview of his answers to her questions within their brief time together.
It was only. Just.
He hadn’t revealed his true name to her yet.

Caster: “..... Your face is saying that you’re dissatisfied. I see. I apologize for this.”

Misaya: “Huh?”

Caster: “You are already a Magus. If so, you would certainly be unsatisfied with my simple answers. Then, let’s spend about 2 hours per day for your instructions.”

That’s———

To be able to gain magical knowledge unknown to her, made her feel happy.

But, more than that, it is never desirable for a Servant who should be working for her father to spend time meant for the Holy Grail War on a separate matter. So, Misaya turns around and raises her face to answer him.

Misaya: “No, I have to politely decline. I am grateful for your offer though. But you are....”

Caster: “I am?”

There was a beautifully arranged face there.

Kind and gentle. A figure that is almost like a Magus and even feels young.

She even wondered, *‘What was that creepiness from last night?’*

He with the long black hair. The being who calls himself Caster. True, she did come to confirm, whether he was a Heroic Spirit worthy enough for her father. From last night to this morning, she was at a loss about this and that almost without sleeping.

Are Heroic Spirits so easy to get along with?

Already her evaluation of him had risen by several levels, and it seemed unlikely that it could be stopped now.

While accepting his gaze without averting hers, Misaya opens her lips after thinking a little.

Misaya: “.....You are, my father’s Servant. I think you should use your time and power for my father, for the Holy Grail War.”

Caster: “You are a wise child. Misaya.”

He nods, deeply.

Standing up from the chair he was seated on, he bends his body until the position of his gaze is at the same level as Misaya. While naturally getting into a kneeling stance, he said.

Caster: “You’re right. It’s my bad habit, you see. No matter the place I’m in, I convey my wisdom to someone and get preoccupied in teaching them. I was summoned as a Caster Servant, not what I once was. Which is why, I will not be misguided in my duty and shall spend all my efforts for your father and his ambition.”

His sincere gaze was staring straight at Misaya.

It was different from last night.

Unlike that time when he appeared as an eerie shadow that reminded her of cold transparent ice, Misaya couldn’t bring herself to think, as if there was one aspect of his personality that was the same as herself in there.

And yet, why is it?

She cannot find any confusion or bewilderment anywhere inside herself now.

But at this moment, she felt she was **being pressured** by him.

Caster: “Misaya, you’re a wise child. A lovely child. It appears I can reflect on my own existence again, thanks to you.”

Misaya: “I-I only said what is to be expected of you.”

Without averting her gaze.

She directly accepts it and responds.

Then, as he smiled again.

Caster: “Please let me show you my gratitude somehow. Misaya.”

Misaya: “No, that’s...”

Already, she had devoted her valuable time to him for the sake of her own curiosity.

Although Misaya had mentioned what she honestly thought, “*I will not accept any more than this.*”

Caster: “That doesn’t settle my feelings.”

Clearly.

She had been rebuffed by him.

Caster: “Therefore, let me give you this.”

When———

There was a dagger in his hand, where did he take it out from?

Misaya naturally knew that many mages in the modern era obtain it once and it is given to them by their master as proof for becoming a full-fledged practitioner. A mystic code that has an amplification function when exercising magic and a type of “*staff*” used for magical rituals.

Above all, this shape is famous.

It can be said that it is an especially famous sword among mages.

Misaya: “An Azoth Sword”

Muttering, she mutters that name.

Caster: “It seems you know about it. How about its origin?”

Misaya: “I know it. It was created by Van Hohenheim, an alchemist and magus whose name still remains in open history, as Paracel———”

She looks at him as she speaks and suddenly stops her speech.

The beautiful man put his finger against his own lips and made a “*Shhh*” gesture.

Flustered, Misaya covers her mouth with both hands.

‘Could it be?’

‘No way.’

‘Could this person be.....’

‘The creator and owner of this sword in the inherent sense——— !’

Caster: “It’s a secret.”

He said to her in a quiet voice, with his mouth close to her ears as if they were having a secret talk.

Naturally, while her father knew it too.

Misaya nods over and over again and tells him with a gesture that she will not say it nor tell anyone.

Each time she nodded; she felt an exhilaration welling up inside her heart. Exhilaration.

Excitement. How should she say it more precisely? This thing that she can clearly feel, so powerfully within her.

Surprise, no. Moved, no. Delight, no.

This is pride.

He had confidence in the iron walls of the workshop which was the fortress of mysteries he put together and there was clearly a side of him that thought that he had no problem telling it to Misaya who was within it. Since her father brought up a metaphor of it being an ancient “temple,” not a workshop built by mages. Still. Even so, he told her his real name as a fact. That is, in other words.....

None other than an assessment that she was **worthy of the trust** of entrusting his fate to her.

Misaya: *'.....This person. Really, trusts me.'*

Looking up at him with the gentle smile, she directly reacts to his gaze. She regrips the dagger she held.

The Sword of Paracelsus— — —

Even though she should've exchanged one when they met, last night. Even so, for the first time, she had the delusion of properly shaking hands with him.





Servants summoned during the Holy Grail War.....

*.....Are the personification of mysteries, a revival of a legend.
In truth, what makes them who far exceed the power of modern magic and weapons literally
the strongest are none other than the "Noble Phantasms" they possess.*

*It is a weapon which has left its name in the legends of their time.
It is a special move that they have honed during their time.
It is a symbol of the legends they have amassed. A miracle which has taken shape.*

*A "Noble Phantasm" will be the trump card of your struggles in the Holy Grail War.
Thus.....*

*Conceal your Heroic Spirit's true name.
Acquire the true names of the other Servants.
A Heroic Spirit's name indicates the reality of that legend.
The abilities of the "Noble Phantasms" which serve as their trump cards can easily be deduced
by linking them to their true names.*

*But bear in mind.
The acquisition and concealment of their true names greatly affects the outcome of the Holy
Grail War.*

(An extract from an old notebook)





The afternoon of the same day.

Strangely, there was a “*visitor*” at the Reiroukan Mansion.

It was a man.

A man dressed in black clothes.

A man who brazenly bared his brown skin.

In his eyes which had the same color as the shining sun, it seemed as if it had a burning flame or truly the sun shining in the sky embedded in them.

The man looked around the Reiroukan Mansion as he calmly stood at the main gate.

Rider: “So, this is the perfect fortress you’re so proud of? Huh, magi?”

— — — He told them with a clear voice.

The man was not human.

He was a Servant who had visited the Reiroukan Mansion alone in a materialized state.

His class was Rider. He was telling it to himself, as if it was natural for him.

At the command of his Master who hadn’t moved and was still seated in his workshop in Western Tokyo which was his stronghold, he said that he was given the task of acting as a messenger to forge an alliance with the Reiroukan household whom “*he had anticipated were participating in the Holy Grail War,*” as they were the most prominent magi in the Far East.

Misaya couldn’t hide her surprise at the sudden incident.

Secretly making her familiar fly— — — ever since the Holy Grail War began, her independent surveillance of the premises was almost a daily routine for her. Having sensed the madly howling Berserker’s trespass before her father— — — she quietly had it peek in through the window at the parlor where the visitor was ushered in, even if she watched the man’s speech and conduct as he announced that he was a messenger and a Servant himself in detail, there was nothing that could make her convinced of it.

However.

He, Caster certainly had told her father he was.

Caster: “He is definitely a Servant. That man has a peculiar presence to him.”

If he says so, then it must be true.

It is one of the basic knowledge about the Holy Grail War brought from the Holy Church, that Servants have the function to sense each other's presence at a certain distance, both her father and Misaya already knew it too.

Nonetheless, the messenger man who displayed his brazen figure too much. Rider. Last night, she had heard some of the story from her father. Her father said that he was proceeding with talks with a certain Master of a kind of "alliance" through their familiars. Even so, she never thought that the Servant himself would make such a blatant appearance. While holding her breath, she stares at the situation in the parlor through the eyes of her small bird familiar.

Rider: "What a boring mansion. Why, I was hoping to see an interesting enough performance."

Master Reiroukan: "After you stood at the main gate and raise your name, I modified the spell formula to exempt you from those kinds of barriers. If you like, I could return them to its original state, Rider."

Rider: "Like your magic is worthy of my entertainment."

Rider shrugged his shoulders at her Father's words. Despite the messenger's behavior who appeared repulsed for having his class revealed and showed slight contempt at it, the alliance was forged free of incident. Her father proceeding with the signature and blood seal on the parchment which already had contents written on it may have been the process for establishing some sort of magical contract.

Master Reiroukan: "However, even if you are a Servant, to have sent you in your materialized state all by yourself is....."

Unlike her father who was not hiding the surprise from his words while his facial expressions were unchanged like usual, she did not know Caster's response to this.

He mostly didn't say anything.

He just quietly continued to stare at Rider carefully.

Rider: "There's no problem there."

Rider smiled with a teacup in one hand.

He crossed his long legs as if to say that he was the true master of the mansion.



Even though some of his class and status should have already been exposed, she couldn't see the slightest bit of caution in him. At least her father who was participating in the Holy Grail War as a Master was given "eyes" to see through some of a Servant's abilities just by glancing at them, and that information should have automatically been sent to Caster who is her father's Servant through heart communication.

Even so. The man, though mingled with dissatisfaction, was clearly maintaining his composure. She couldn't see his bluff.

Misaya had a hunch that what he is forming isn't a weak smile. That is an expression which exposed his emotions.

There is no suppression or deceit in it. Rider was really feeling it. Calm. Her father even mentioned a "temple" last night, the workshop of Caster who was essentially an adversary———had promised to wield the greatest power for a magus in the midst of the jaws of death.

Rider: "It's far from the entertainment, but I don't mind. You can always try to activate your spiritual barriers. It's fine if you aim for my neck. Those who challenge me with blades will immediately know how sinful it is to reach out your hands to the sun shining in the sky."

Caster: "You seem confident in your own power."

Caster quietly said.
That expression couldn't be secretly sighted from the location of Misaya's familiar.

Rider: "Naturally. How about you, Magus?"

Caster: "I'm still halfway there."

"I see, so you're claiming to be a novice then," Rider laughs.
After laughing for a while, he said———

Rider: "Indeed. It seems that there are only unskilled people here."

Immediately, **he turns his golden eyes towards the familiar by the window.**

Rider: "Though there does seem to be one person who can meet **my eyes**. Quite literally."

The man tells them deepening his smile.

Standing up while continuing his speech, he exaggeratingly spreads both of his arms.

Rider: “I wasn’t interested in this ordinary insignificant show of Machiavellism, but indeed, rejoice! Small one, even if you are small like this, keep opening your eyes and fill your domain with dignity and pride, for I pay tribute to those with such queenly traits———”

Rider: “I shall also recognize our current alliance. Rejoice.”

The air freezes.

The meaning of the words thrown by Rider were extremely simple.

It means that this man was trying to make a “*judgement*,” without paying any attention to the contract magic or his Master’s intentions. In the midst of enemy territory in the center of the powerful workshop built by Caster’s hands, he was trying to determine whether his opponents were worthy enough to join forces with him, while holding a tea cup in one hand. It's not something that can be done with just the one word, “*composure*.” The man had been thinking about it until now.

Should he fight them, or not?

Should he kill them, or not?

With the **absolute confidence** that he can do it by himself.

Caster: “What a terrifying person. What were you going to do if you hadn’t felt inclined to do so at the end?”

Roaring with laughter, the man answers Caster’s question———

Rider: “Must I say it? In a blink of an eye, I would have made this mansion vanish together with its impudent magic.”



Her consciousness———

She didn’t lose it, but it was taking all her effort just to retain it.

Misaya, who was in her room, had met her gaze with Rider’s through her familiar’s vision.

Her spine shivers by itself.

Misaya: “u..... u, ua..... A.....ngh.....”

She felt nauseous. Stuff that was too intense to be called dizziness was running around the inside of her head and she was suddenly unable to tell left from right or up and down. In that instant, she had the feeling like she had broken out into a terribly high fever.

Even though that man’s appearance should look no different from an ordinary human being.

She had become like this in the moment when their eyes met through her familiar.

She knew that the messenger was a Servant, she was prepared for it, and on top of that, intended to keep on monitoring him. She could even say that she was likely to be killed through his vision depending on his ability.

Even so, the trembling in her entire body won't stop now.

Even though their eyes just met.

Desperately, Misaya took on his golden gaze on just intuition resembling the resolve not to look away. It was so intense enough to hallucinate that she was taking on a curse or some sort of sorcery. However, it was clear that none of her magic rites were working. Her father and Caster couldn’t afford to pass it up.

Misaya: “.....Mmph.”

Enduring her nausea, she covers her mouth with both hands.

She was sobbing.

Misaya desperately muffles her tears and screams.

‘What did I misunderstand?’

‘Did my pride over Caster telling me his true name made me delude myself into thinking that I was more than my own height?’

‘———With an ordinary person’s body.’

‘———With my immature body that doesn’t reach my father’s feet, I shall peek into that monster’s chink.’

‘Without realizing my own inexperience, I became arrogant of all things. Me.’

‘However———’

‘However.’

‘However.’

‘Even so.’

‘With only a glance.’

‘Even now, I will keep on taking it and never turn away.’



*Heroic Spirits are not human.
Don't be fooled because they are humanoid.*

*Heroic Spirits are originally not beings who can be controlled by humans themselves.
They are the second advent of a myth. A legend. An illusion which possesses the likely power to
destroy even the laws of physics.*

*Even Assassin who is the weakest of the classes due to its **relatively** low direct combat abilities is
absolutely not an opponent for a human to rival. Whether it's a magus skilled in combat
mobilization or an army platoon with a wealth of modern weapons prepared, you will only die if
you face off with a Heroic Spirit.*

*Don't forget that they are a dream.
Humans cannot hope to beat a Servant.*

*Even if they are an outstanding Magus.
They are considered to be of no exception.*

(An extract from an old notebook)



Underneath the moonlight— — —

He was quietly walking in the front garden of the Reiroukan Mansion.

Von Hohenheim.

A magus who has left countless legends and is even known widely by the name of Paracelsus. A Servant who was summoned for the Holy Grail War and had gained the rank of Caster. He was pondering the current “*war situation*” by himself, while checking the workmanship of the Reiroukan mansion’s magical workshop which was further stabilized through using his own “*Territory Creation*” skill as the foundation for the workshop his Master had built.

Now that the seven Servants have been summoned to this Tokyo, the Holy Grail War has already begun.

The beginning of hostilities by Saber and Lancer had been confirmed and there was evidence that Berserker had tried to invade this mansion too. Though the failed invasion was still an incident from before he was summoned, many Masters would recognize that this place is a base for one of the Masters. Especially since it has now been turned into an overtly powerful magical fortress, it wouldn’t be hard to guess it.

Though, he wasn’t happy that they knew the location.
The war situation itself was not so bad.

It seems as though they were promised to win their way through till the final stage at least, according to their alliance with the “*Master of Western Tokyo*” which Rider signed this afternoon. Even if he did not know his true name, there is no doubt that Rider was a fairly powerful Heroic Spirit.

Caster: “..... Conflict, I can’t say I particularly like it, but.....”

Red and blue colors were floating around him as he muttered it.

A red gem and a blue gem. While properly tending to his elements with voiceless words, he checks the mansion’s barriers. After confirming there was no problem with the operation of the magical furnaces that had been installed in four locations, he suddenly looks up at the night sky. The starry sky had faintly dulled than the era that he knew.

He thinks of several things.

Elementals. Alchemy. Magical foundations.

The ether which was the fifth element and the true ether which overflowed in the Age of the Gods.

And, the **light of the sparkling stars**.

Now it will be an event in the distant past. However, he can recall it as if it were yesterday. It is nostalgic and heartbreaking at the same time.

Caster: “..... It’s unavoidable. My time is already over.”

A profile of Misaya, his Master’s beloved child floats into his mind.
Magi are still connected to life even in the present.

“The descendants of the many children who have received my teachings, are certainly, out there in this world.”

Caster: “But. Who would have thought she would have the traits of a ruler?”

Misaya Reiroukan.

Naturally he felt that she had an abundance of talent towards magic, but truly moreover, she was endowed with the traits of a ruler. Before that Rider’s fierce bloodlust, she endured his gaze even through her familiar and kept returning it with hers— — —
If it weren’t for her actions, this current advantageous war situation would have never existed.

Caster: “I always thought that Kings were nuisances no matter the era, but somehow, it appears that I must amend my assessment of them a little. There are kings who can detect kings in this world.”

He tells the red and blue gems.

He smiles at his alter egos who flicker and reply with wordless words.

Caster: “Magical capacity is something perceived by mages. A king’s capacity is something perceived by kings. If there is a person like Merlin, then they would be an exception.”

It was an honest admiration towards Rider who saw through Misaya’s capacity when she couldn’t perceive herself.

Caster smiles a little.

That child, Misaya will certainly grow up to be a fine Magus, a fine family head.

Even if he was not able to achieve it once, when he had tried to do it.

???: “.....Hnnnrgh!”

Without having to listen, he grasps what happened.

He could hear a howling voice in the distance. The howl of the intruder was trying to penetrate these grounds which was their fortified magic workshop. Persistently for tonight as well. He could very well say that it was Berserker.

He would be easy to slaughter if he would just release the true name of his Noble Phantasm. But it was still quite early.

Although he had **absolute faith** in the power brought by his own Noble Phantasm, at most, he was thinking that he should use it to take on more than two Servants even if they were the weakest ones. Of course, he was of the same opinion as his Master. They hoped that the other groups would show up, lured in by Berserker’s foolhardiness, but it seemed no one would be enticed by a wild animal that impulsive.

As he tries to turn his heel and return to the mansion——

He suddenly stops.

Caster: “What?”

A small mumble.

Looking back, there was a figure of a new intruder there.

——It was, a girl.

Manaka: “Good evening, Mr. Magus. Are you Caster?”

Caster: “Good evening, young lady.”

As he calmly tells her this.

Caster quietly feels anxious in his heart.

Caster: *‘Impossible———’*

‘Why couldn’t I sense that she was in my workshop, my own magical domain?’

'Dozens of barriers and curses, elementals which could be called my alter egos deployed one by one in the sky in addition to the packs of synthetic demon beasts created by my Master's hands in all directions, perfectly arranged traps to eliminate intruders with, and on top of that, I can automatically sense if any of them were activated. Anyway, even if the forest in the back garden had its barriers deliberately loosened to create a path for a sole intrusion, they would appear in the front garden close to the main residence.'

He instantly lists the possibilities. Presence Concealment. Or, spatial transference. The former is Assassin's unique skill, but he couldn't feel the unique presence of a Servant from the girl before him———just an ordinary human's———and she shouldn't be able to imitate it either and even if that were true, it would be difficult to imagine that she could avoid his obstacles of death. Even in the latter case, modern mages shouldn't be able to easily use a trick that steps into the realm of magic.

'But the girl is there in reality.'

While bathed in the moonlight, she lets her platinum blonde hair and green dress glisten in it. *'It'd be simple to turn her to ash. But....'*

———She piqued his interest.

'Who on earth is this girl?'

Although Berserker was screaming, he couldn't get past the edge of the forest in the backyard, this magical fortress which he had transformed into his own workshop. But the girl so easily appeared in the vicinity of the mansion which was the innermost part of the fortress.

Disregarding Caster who showed silent doubts, three "*shadows*" emerged from beneath the girl's feet. Familiars? It is very doubtful that there is a Heroic Spirit besides himself who was summoned with the class of Caster, if so, then what is the girl who makes these familiars materialize like this?

A Magus?

There was **reason** to infer it.

Manaka: "Hmm....."

He extends his right hand a little.

In the middle of the materializing process, he strikes his elemental magic into the familiar-like "*shadows*."



Without even using his Noble Phantasm and while thinking that it may not be necessary to activate the numerous special effects attached to the workshop, it was a high-speed chant to draw out power from the two gems floating mid-air. He gets rid of them with his **usual magic**. Grasping with a glance at what would be the most effective element for each target, he converts his magical power into different attribute elements for each of the three “*shadows*” and simultaneously fires it.

He does not require even a few decimal points of a second.

He hits one with fire, smothers one in water and tears up one with wind. Every one of the “*shadows*” who were exposed to the great magus class power tragically vanish like mist.

Being careful not to injure the girl herself, he limits its effective range.

Manaka: “Oh?”

The girl who suddenly lost her familiars before her eyes, slightly tilts her neck — — —

Manaka: “Hee-hee. You use quite the unusual magic, don’t you? It’s very interesting!”

Saying it.

She is filled with radiance itself — — —

Manaka: “But you know.”

While basking herself in the moonlight — — —

Manaka: “Since my pets have already had enough.”

She cheerfully smiles — — —

Manaka: “How about I become your special **friend**?”



Yet another girl meets Saber———

———The sky silver knight will protect me.

From the howling black monster.

From the unmistakable murderous intent looming above me.

Inside the dark forest. While wielding his invisible sword underneath the moonlight pouring down incessantly from the gap in the breaking clouds.

He saves me.

He knocks down my terrifying enemy.

Then, kindly smiles at me.

Such a thing———

If my reason is working properly is unmistakable. Despite knowing that it is impossible.

'It's unrealistic, I'm having a dream,' I cannot stop these foolish thoughts from welling up inside me.

A wild idea like a young kid would have.

Even my elementary school classmates must have slightly **better** dreams.

That's right, this is just a misunderstanding.

And yet. Why?

Why do I feel like this scene I'm witnessing is not an actual part of the Holy Grail War, but a scene from the picture book my mother read to me one day, long ago?

I wonder.

And I think.

That an honorable knight would never hurt a lady or a child.

So even if he was a Servant who serves a hostile magus, I'm sure he's not going to kill me———

Knight: "Are you alright?"

You see, the knight, calls out to me.
Exactly like in the picture book.
Kind, gentle, just like the fairy tale knight.
It is as if he is trying to reassure frozen shivering me.

Knight: “He is **deliberately** losing his mind. You should run away immediately.”

I try to nod at the knight’s voice.
But I still couldn’t move.

But, this time, it is not out of fear.
I can’t move because I’m watching the battle between the monster and the knight as it unfolds
in my sight.
A high-speed battle that is difficult to chase after even with my magically enhanced eyes.
The brilliant knight’s skilled martial arts.

It’s as if Caster’s spiritual barrier has no effect on him.
He keeps fighting as if he is clad in wind itself.
The truth is there should be terrible restrictions on him. In fact, the monster is showing clumsy
movements as if it is actually being forced to feel the effects of the barrier.
Even I who am ignorant of physical combat techniques could see that the knight’s dominance
was clear.
Eventually, the monster who kept shaking its claws while inferiorly panting turns into its
spiritual form and disappears.
Its frustrated howl lingers.

Underneath the moonlight.
Only me and the knight are left in the dark forest.

And then.
The swordless knight turns his green gaze to “me” just once.

Knight: “I’m so glad you’re safe.”

As he says that.
Softly, coolly.

He really———
.....smiles at me.
As his pretty eyes shine in the moonlight———



———The chance meeting with the knight, the encounter with the monster.

The hands of the clock rewinds only a little bit from there.

It was an incident in the dark forest.

It was an incident late at night.

The wind was blowing.

The trees which had the same color as the dark night sky rustle.

The moon was hidden by the thick clouds, so it was a black night with very few twinkling stars.

A black forest. Yes, such an expression suits it. Despite this still cold season, this dense and coniferous place must almost certainly be mistaken for a *“real forest,”* if it was this scenery that came into view when one woke up in the middle of the night.

A space like a forest.

A deep darkness.

It is a part of the Reiroukan mansion grounds which was built as a magical fortification.

If we were to classify, could we call it a backyard?

It is too spacious to finish it in one word. It is said that the place which still has room to neatly store a few elementary school buildings including the grounds is still called a forest by the local residents. The Reiroukans black forest. The garden of darkness.

There was now a small figure there.

A lone girl.

She was walking in the dark without any fear.

Without carrying the glow of a flashlight in her hand, she was calm, as if it was no different than daytime.

Actually, she was too indifferent.

Her eyes which circulated magical power through them with magic can easily see through the night. It might be an exaggeration to say———that is a kind of rudimentary mystic eye, but the many shadows brought by the night didn't hinder the girl anyway.

The girl———

Misaya Reiroukan quietly walks through the black forest.

There is a slight hint of nervousness in her expression that says she is just walking through the

grounds of her own mansion.

After all, she noticed.

Misaya who had sent familiars flying all over the grounds noticed that only one of Caster's barriers which had been so precisely and sturdily crafted that it is no exaggeration to express it as perfect, had a "tear" in a small part of this backyard space. She had some comprehension there. *'So, even though Caster is already here, there may be a Servant still trying to break in.'* Of course, a total break in has never been accomplished even once.

It was doing its best to break into the edge of the forest, but it was true that a certain extent of its break in was permitted. All because of this "tear."

It was a "tear" that deliberately occurred during the night.

Misaya: (.....However, I don't think anyone who can weave a barrier with such a high-degree of perfection would make this mistake.)

Misaya thinks in her mind.

Normally, she thinks the right course of action is to report this immediately.

But her Father and Caster are hectically walking around here and there. Just a short while ago, when she gently peeked into the room her father was in with her familiar, he was talking about something with Caster with a serious look on his face.

If that's the case, then she was the right person for the job.

'I shall secretly repair it with these hands.'

Yes, Misaya thought.

Although the correct path is to obtain permission upon reporting it, she was at least confident that she was making an efficient and rational decision.

At the same time, although she may have had ambitions due to her youth, Misaya cannot allow herself to be aware of them. Though she was strongly made aware that she was too inexperienced by Rider, the other day———

Misaya: (It's alright. It'll be over soon.)

It should be possible for her to repair it if it is only a slight "tear."

She already knew the specific spot when she flew her familiar earlier. She could finish it right away.

The dagger that she carried with her without letting go even for a moment. This Azoth Sword which she received from Caster has far more high performance than the many magical mystic codes that had left behind as mementoes of her grandfather, it should make her function as a

first-class magus, though not as much as Caster or her father.

Misaya: “.....There it is.”

A little while later, she was walking through the darkness.

She walked through the black forest which was filled with terrifying death traps that would have fatally injured her on the spot if she touched them, on a path that she was taught beforehand she would have no problem on if she followed this route. And walked.

About twenty minutes had passed after she had set foot in the forest area.

Misaya had found the aforementioned “*tear*.”

The magical wall which was woven with a beauty that it seemed to fascinate her, had a hole opened in it so wide that a single person could narrowly enter through it.

It was as if it was **daring** her to do so.

“*Hah*,” she sucked in her breathe a little.

Right. This is.....

There’s no doubt about it. Misaya understood instantly. Although it was made in a way that seemed like it had occurred naturally, this was intentionally created. To invite foolish intruders by deliberately preparing a “*tear*” and to give them damage with a number of intense magical traps that include elementals———

Monster: “Rrrrrrgh———!”

In that moment. A screaming voice resounded.

A howl like a wild beast.

There is a suspicious looking shadow surely trying to locate and penetrate the “*tear*,” no, the “*entrance*” in the barrier that was built into an indestructible territory with magic. It is only a few meters ahead of Misaya. It is close. Too close.

A strange shadow that screams. An enemy.

Normally, yes, it is trapped prey.

However, now at this moment.

There was **someone who shouldn’t be here**.

The foreign entity called Misaya———

Misaya: “.....Hii!”

Right away, she tries to tell her father and Caster about it through the familiar she left behind at the main residence.

Too slow. Even she knew that she was lacking in the judgement department.

Her “eyes” met with the strange shadow’s.

A brilliant red that floats in the black of night. Red eyeballs. Bloodshot eyes. Malice aforethought.

It is not an emotion that a person can express.

There was an overwhelming mass of destructive and murderous impulses there.

A humanoid monster.

A phantom.

A mad beast.

Several comparisons passed through her mind. She had a strange feeling that all of them fit it and yet none of them fit it. Passing through the “*entrance*” in the magical wall, it which was staring fixedly at her with a hunchback posture shouldn’t have been able to see a whole human.

It was hard for her to clearly see the shape of its body.

Black. It had a pitch-black shadow like body.

She thinks of the concealment magic she saw when she saw Caster for the first time. Although it is similar to that, something was decisively off about it. At that moment, she was able to harbor her doubts and suspicions about it.

A tremendous presence.

A black body and red eyes.

Sharp claws and a wide opened jaw resembling a wolf just before it devoured its prey. Black claws.

Absolutely **beyond human**.

A Servant— — — —

It overwhelmed her.

It pressured her.

She is just a human; she cannot possibly stand up against this fiend.

Its appearance can be mistaken for a type of monstrous beast, but she can understand why.

A mass of mysteries that brings fear.

A manifestation of a legend itself. An aggregation of enough destructive power to reproduce a myth on the surface.

A Heroic Spirit. Originally, it is a supernatural person that cannot be used by a human magus. She will be killed. In the moment this monster feels like it, she will most definitely die.

But, even so.

It was not the first time she had this feeling. What she felt when Rider visited the other day, far exceeded the total amount of what Misaya was feeling in this moment.

That's why, she can think. She can certainly act too.

In a corner of her consciousness which seemed to be overwhelmed with fear, she frantically thinks about what she can do at this moment.

A notification of her crisis by manipulating her familiar.

Start her escape through self-manipulation.

Two courses of action. It's alright. She can do this. Even if her legs started to tremble and she was standing still. She did not know whether the monster in front of her will permit the latter action, but now that she knew what she should do, it is unlikely that she can stay frozen here at least.

She makes up her mind. Misaya tries to move her thoughts into action, when———

Creature: "Arrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrgh!"

A second howl.

Killing intent. Malice. Animosity. Ill will.

Misaya's mind trembles at the shock of it, as it strikes her with something like an accumulation of negative emotions towards others. Her thoughts go numb. Her body which was about to move comes to a halt.

She cannot move.

Her body and her heart too. She froze to a disappointing degree.

She cannot even muster a voice from her trembling lips.

Only her wide-opened eyes kept capturing the suspicious figure.

Within her trembling gaze, its deformed body slowly begins to move. It shortens the distance while smashing the trees it touches into bits with its claws, before Misaya's eyes.

Misaya watches it still unable to move.

Its red eyes.

Don't seem to be that of a human.

Misaya's body stiffens on reflex.

She didn't think there is a person who can move properly, after listening to this from point-blank range.

Therefore, she is certain that this young man definitely **isn't human**.

The sky silver knight started the battle while receiving its howl from head on.

The invisible weapon, claws, fangs and a sword fight.

A Danse Macabre begins, crushing everything it touches.

Easily smashing and knocking down the thick trees, its black claws which showed so much destructive power that it was impossible even with a salvo of firearms were shaken many times. It doesn't hit him. The young knight lightly sidesteps its irregular attacks. Sometimes, they drive away his invisible weapon.

It couldn't have been human.

Either way.

First and foremost, there were two Servants there.

It should be correct to say that they both bumped into each other when they tried to break in from the "tear." Using her thoughts which gradually recovered from her paralysis, Misaya acknowledges it, while at the same time———

Faintly.

She thought half-unconsciously.

'Maybe.'

'If I was in a decent state, I wouldn't have to feel like this.'

'That's why, this feeling is a kind of abnormal situation.'

'Yes, certainly.'

An ugly monster.

One that brought about absolute death.

The knight who showed up there with the moonlight.

A Heroic Spirit who wields an invisible blade.

Maybe, this **beautiful person**.....

'Wasn't trying to break into the estate.'

'It wasn't a coincidence that he encountered the monster.'

'The truth is....'

'———He may have come to save me.'

Like that.

She naturally thought it.



*As mentioned before.
The Servants summoned by the Holy Grail have a personality.
This is an exceedingly rare case.*

*Originally, the Heroic Spirits that materialized had no self-awareness.
They who very rarely materialize as a manifestation of the Counter Force have the very power to
act automatically and it is said that they have no emotions or personality at all within them.
That is clear in some of the cases recorded by the association.
There are also no reports of successful dialogue with them.*

*Automatic combat machines.
It is said that someone once expressed them as that.
However, in the Holy Grail War, exceptional Heroic Spirits do materialize with their
personalities.
The details about the reason are unknown.
Do we see this as a good example of the wonders of the Holy Grail?
Or, should we regard them as a kind of shackle for a Master?*

*In many cases, they have the personality they had when they were still alive.
Therefore, it is essential to know the life and anecdotes of your own Servant.
Records, folklore, legends. Gather them as much as you can and get to know them.
As mentioned earlier, be wary of building relationships with them.*

*In case their personality changes for some reason.
Berserker is an example of it as it flies into a rage because of its Mad Enhancement skill.
In this situation, it becomes difficult to build a relationship with it.
However, if you change your perspective, then———
It can be seen as a possible chess piece to guide their ruthless actions, without influencing
their personality.*

*Granted you must understand the personality of your Heroic Spirit.
Regardless of your questionable relationship, it influences the trend of the Holy Grail War.
For example.
In the case you've obtained a Heroic Spirit who tries to avoid infanticide, because of their
personality from when they were alive.
If they are pressed into a battle with a Master or Heroic Spirit that has the appearance of a little
boy or girl, I cannot deny the possibility of it yielding to needless discord.*

*Granted you must understand your own Heroic Spirit's personality.
It is to control the trend of the Holy Grail War, without affecting the circumstances of the
relationship.*

For example.

*In this situation they've obtained a Heroic Spirit who cannot commit infanticide, because of their
personality while they were alive.*

*I cannot definitely deny the possibility of yielding to needless discord, if it is a strong fight with a
Heroic Spirit and their Master that has an appearance of a boy or girl.*

(An excerpt from an old notebook)





It was———

A slightly different morning scene than usual.
Breakfast alone.

To be correct, there were relatively a lot of young women in maid uniforms there, but if she were to strictly define it, Misaya was as expected the only **human** in the wide dining room. All of the servants who roam the Reiroukan Mansion had unavoidably moved to the Izu villa along with her mother with the start of the Holy Grail War. She also knew that her Father and Caster were busy enough as it is.

Which is why, Misaya was having breakfast by herself.

Mumbling a few words, she sat down at the end of long table.
As she felt the warmth of the sunlight which reservedly flowed in through the window glass. There was no other sound mixed in with the voices of songbirds who spoke of the morning, besides a clinking sound from each time she placed her knife and fork on her plate.

There was no voice of her mother gently scolding her, *"You must not make a noise."*
The women abstaining themselves around her didn't say anything.
There is no reaction if they have no input.
That is natural.
After all, these women **were not human**.

They were a number of female-type homunculi created by Caster———
They assume the roles of servants on behalf of the ones who went to the Izu Villa. At the same time, they also serve as heavy guards. Last night, they had tried to follow Misaya who had tried to slip out of the mansion and enter the back forest and told her to *"Please return."*

Their performance is high.
Or should she say that Caster's magic is exquisite?

It appears Misaya's actions last night was **automatically** transmitted to them somehow.
Not a verbal message, but a shared perception.
It is not uncommon for a magus to receive perpetual information obtained by a familiar. However, that on a level of Caster's is too much. A simultaneous perception sharing with over ten homunculi. Even though he is not the legendary person from the Asuka period, he does it as a matter of course.

According to the conversation, all of their senses seem to be connected together.
They seem like multiple individuals, or are they kind of like a colony. Or is it?
That they are not a homunculus that can be manufactured by an average magus.

Misaya: “..... He probably uses a different method.”

She briefly mumbles.

Heroic Spirits and Humans

Misaya clearly understood the differences between the two in these last few days.

After encountering the two Servants, what she met when she returned to the mansion was her father who had turned into a rare complexion for him and Caster who showed a troubled-like look on his face. It was the first time she saw her father with such a complexion.

Her father who was known as one of the most prominent magi in the Far East.

A great Magus.

Master Reiroukan who is said to be regarded with a glance even among the mages at the clocktower.

For such a father to turn pale like that———

When he heard Misaya’s words who did not see the Masters and only witnessed the Heroic Spirits, her father finally showed a relieved expression.

She wasn’t sure why her father was wary of the Masters.

Misaya: “.....”

Suddenly, she shifts her gaze to the homunculus beside her.

While carrying the scrambled egg which had been cut up with a knife to her mouth with a fork, she gazes at her pure white skin. Those who are different from humans, but who look a lot like humans.

With pale pigments overall, it gave her the impression of a doll.

Yet, it was still whiter than her father’s complexion last night.

Misaya felt that she was bad somehow with their stiff eyes which hardly blink.

She had no complaints about the flavor of the food they make, but their obedience and their absolute machine-like stance on obeying every and all commands made her feel a kind of pity for them.

If she suddenly screamed at the top of her lungs demanding her freedom to each one of them, she thinks that they would surely lend her an ear. She didn’t feel the artificial object’s rebellion and massacre like the ones in the foreign novels that she saw in her grandfather’s study before.

If they wished for her to reach out to them, she’d be happy to oblige them.

Just like she would for the people living in the city.

Even so.

For some reason, she cannot erase her weak awareness of them.

For example, yes. She didn't intend to choose one of them as a personal conversation partner, nor did she think she want to be friends with them.

Is it because they were artificial beings?

Or is it because they seem like dolls?

No. At least, Misaya herself doesn't go with that reason.

So, **somehow** or other.

Misaya: (Although I am interested in what kind of thoughts pass through multiple artificial brains connected through space.)

Even if she did try to pull them out, what comes out is an interest in pure things, A mutual relationship that arises from sympathy to their personality———a number of friendships cannot be borne by this.

Still remaining silent, Misaya continues her meal.

The sound of her knife and fork rings out again.

To the songbirds' chirping.

A few minutes later———

Breakfast reaches its end.

In the end, her father didn't show up in the dining room.

The same with Caster.

Now that she mentioned it, do Servants eat meals? Theoretically, so long as the magical path from the Master is connected, she understood that they do not need nutritional supplements, although is it possible that they like to eat something, somehow?

These past few days, he hasn't seemed to eat anything.

When he turns up to the dining room with her father, he doesn't eat anything.

Yes. Of course, her father eats meals.

Especially at breakfast time with Misaya———

Misaya: (.....Despite it being morning).

It is rare for father not to be here.

Even last night, her father didn't show up for dinner.

It wasn't uncommon for her to have dinner alone, so she didn't pay attention to it.

Misaya: "I wonder where Father went off to."

Maid: "He is in his room."

The homunculus' response was the same as last night.

Misaya: "I see."

Nodding.

Misaya washes down the rest of her milk.



His figure was in front of the door.

At one of her father's rooms, just a short walk down from the second-floor corridor with the high-ceiling. He was just coming out of the opened door in front of the room which she recognized was a room with a sofa which had a nice level of comfort for Misaya.

He was tall.

With glossy black hair that shines in the morning sun..

Servant Caster.

As he notices her, he smiles like always.

Caster: "Good Morning, Misaya. Did you sleep well?"

Misaya: ".....Yes, I did."

She does not avert her gaze.

However, her reply is delayed by one beat.

Naturally, the feeling of shame at her foolish actions last night was in Misaya's heart.

It wasn't the right choice. If she had checked it in the moment when she noticed the abnormality, then she would have immediately realized that the "*tear*" was left behind deliberately, and no problems would have occurred.

Misaya was strongly aware that her rash feelings made her judgement grow dull.

She must never make the same mistake again.

They were like the actions of a very young child.

Her shameful feelings were terribly strong and she had the feeling of wanting to run away from this place.

However.

Last night, she wasn't able to have a proper talk with Caster and her father.

About all of the information that she observed near that "*tear*."

It was highly likely that Caster was also getting the same information from various magical

surveillance networks and several of the elementals which had been stationed in the skies above the grounds. Still, she herself just learned, last night, that it was meaningful to share and convey all of her concerns with him.

Misaya talks about the sight she saw.
Only the **fact** that it had happened in that spot.

The howling monster.
The sky-silver knight.
The clash of the two Heroic Spirits.

Of course, she didn't mention her childish delusions.
Quietly, silently, Caster listened to her.
And then———

Caster: "Thank you, Misaya. Certainly, I have obtained certain information, but yours is a titled information mixed with the sense of one who has personally experienced it. The paralyzing effect of the howl of the individual we believe to be Berserker, probably only works at close range. That is very important information."

As he said that.
He quietly bowed down to her of all things.
Misaya didn't immediately know what had happened.
A Japanese style bow that is different from the bows done by Westerners. It also shows deep gratitude.

Misaya: "Caster.....?"

Caster: "I'm sorry. I should have rescued you, but I left it up to that Servant. If that knight wasn't such a noble Heroic Spirit, you might have died."

Misaya: "Please raise your head, Caster"

Her voice trembles because of her strong guilt
It was unbearable———
Everything last night was caused by her own stupidity and immaturity.
Misaya was strongly aware that he and her father were not responsible.
There can be no problem in deciding that the risk is too large for him to head into a battlefield where two Servants were trying to break in to rescue her and not crush them.

Misaya: "It was my fault. So please don't do that, Caster."

Caster: “.....You are a kind child. Misaya. Or do you still not understand how very precious you are to your father?”

Misaya: “That’s, ah....”

When she saw finally his eyes as he raised his head, her reply is delayed again.
It would be a lie if she said nothing came to her mind.

Misaya knows there is a good reason for why his tone which normally should be surprisingly calm has turned into a sign of a slight “*scolding.*”
Her magus lineage. Her family.

Losing an successor is a big problem that is different from the world.
The disappearance of all that they have accumulated.
The discontinuation of a lineage’s unique magic crest which they have refined on through generations of bloodlines.
It is none other than the most cruelest end of their continuous uninterrupted studies, training and struggles.

His words were supposed to mean that.
And yet, why———
Why does the contents of his words which followed after that was somewhat different from Misaya’s expectations?

Caster: “This battle to obtain the Holy Grail definitely carries a huge significance for us. Reaching the “*Swirl of the Root*” is the absolute ambition for all magi. But at the same time, losing you is an absolute tragedy. Misaya, you are my Master’s light.”

Misaya: “His light....”

Caster: “An unparalleled radiance equally precious to the light of the stars that once shined over the true world. Even in the Holy Grail War, it is not something that should be encroached on. You must not abandon the futures of your beloved children for the sake of your dearest wish. Regardless of whether or not you’re a magus———”

His hand was touching her cheek.
Like her father.
Like her mother.
Gentle.
Warm.

Even though he had frosty hands with a very low body temperature, Misaya felt it.
Even in the words he spun.

Caster: "Please do not forget. Every beloved child who fills this earth is the radiance of a noble star. To your father, Misaya Reiroukan means more than his own life to him."

His words.

His gaze.

Misaya accepted them head on.

Still, she also feels that his bombasts are a little bit too much overkill for what he says.

She feels that his feelings were conveyed to the depths of her heart.

That's why———

This time she will reply without delay.

"Yes."

Short. And sweet.





I— — — —

I, was staring at myself.
At myself reflected in the mirror.

I am different from eight years ago.
A woman called Misaya Reiroukan who lives in the present of 1999.
I who have grown from my young child's body into a woman's body.
No matter how strong my gaze is, I will naturally be met with the exact same gaze.

I ask the other side of the mirror.
Hey, you.
Hey, Misaya.
How about it, the Second Holy Grail War has finally begun?
Did you fail to bring down that child at the beginning of the war?
I wonder if the recall was effective.
Or.
Is it like **that time** when I was full of stupidity even when I was young— — — — ?

Misaya: "Never again....."

I briefly mutter.
My voice gets lost into the sound of flowing water.
The sound of the hot shower sliding down my body whirls into the drain as it swallows my words.
It seems I was correct to add a private shower room.
I don't have a lot of soliloquy, but it's not bad to distract myself with the sound of my own voice.

I gaze at myself.
Sharp. It's as if my gaze is piercing through me.
And then, I reach for the nape of the Master's Degree— — — — on the back of my neck.
Suddenly. It stops.

By the way— — — —

Eight years ago. In the First Holy Grail War.
Where did the Master Degrees of my father who was a master appear?
I don't think it was in the same place as mine.

I have never seen it. Not once.

I just asked why it was feather and I didn't get to see the real thing until the end.
Yeah, so.
Until the end.

If I ask, would father answer me?
Yes. He would show it to me.
That person seemed to have high **expectations** for me.

|— — — —

I would be rejoicing at that time, right?
If, I could just show my precious Master Degree to father. Innocently.
I'd laugh.

I who didn't know anything would be so happy.
With the face of a seemingly happy child, still not knowing when that time would come,.

But it's too late, I'm not the me from back then anymore.
That small child is gone.

I don't have a father.
I don't have a mother either.
The master of the Reiroukans is me.
I, Misaya Reiroukan who will kill the other six Masters and Servants as a participant in the
Second Holy Grail War.

And no one else.
I will just indulge myself in the slaughter as I am now.

Misaya: "— — — — Father."

There is no answer back.
Instead— — — —

The sound of shower water keeps ringing without pause.
For a terribly long time.
It's as if. They are like a cascade of tears flowing down from my large eyes floating in the sky.



The King of Kings tramples upon—————

———A light. Shining. Red hot.

One wouldn't see it in the middle of the night, but it resembles the light of the sun.
A torrent of light that seems to burn through the dark sky.
The glare was so violent that the moonlight became hazy.

The **golden magical light** from the "*ship*" soaring in the distant high altitude rained down one by one onto the black forest, swallowing the red-eyed monster which was its target with every tree in the surrounding area. It does not stop. It does not stop. The light falls many times. A light that explodes while bringing destruction with it.

Rider: "Ha-ha! Yes, look up at the sky! Grovel on the ground! Prostrate yourselves! If the King of Kings descends, then show me proper respect! For you see, the only time when you bastards witness my light is when you fade away from this world!"

He stands at the bow of his "*ship*" which conquers the sky.
He spreads both of his arms out in exaggeration.
From a great height, the man looks down at everything.
As he continuously projects towards the same heat, death and brilliance as the sun intermittently towards the ground, he says.

Rider: "Ha-ha! Flee, run, jump! Struggle to the best of your ability. Scream. Shout! Sooner or later, all three of you bastards are destined to burn by my light and disappear!"

It was not only the grotesque mad beast that was set as the target of the extremely fierce rain of light, but the other Servants who were fighting in the Reiroukan's "*Black Forest.*"

The loud laughter continues.
No one can stop him.
Can anyone stop him?
No. He will not stop. There is no way to stop him.
Even a Heroic Spirit with a brave legend cannot hope to match him.
Who can stop the terrifying Uraeus who grows from the fearful sun, the flash of light which

strikes with a clear intention to massacre, rather than the warm light which brings abundance to the earth?

The black forest is being overrun. The coniferous forest of the Reiroukan estate.

The monster that is in the middle of it, can be flooded even without the means to create the death rays.

Although the strange-looking beast tries to stand up to the light with its amazing vitality———

Berserker: "Rrraaaaaaaaaaaaaggggghh!!"

A howl.

The vibrations that should have shaken the forest, however, are swallowed by more light.

The raging monster, Berserker's body is collapsing.

No matter how terrifying its strength concealed limbs are, there is no point to it if they are crushed, burned and made to disappear by the light. He will just crumble. He has no means of recovery.

The master who should have been aiding and supporting the actions of this Servant in this situation has already been killed. A young man who challenged the Holy Grail War with very little sense of duty and with pitiful no knowledge of magic or decent mysteries, had just a short while ago, been embraced and received a kiss from Assassin who had sneaked up on him upon orders from her Master and dropped out of the Holy Grail War. In the middle of dying where his entire life and consciousness were disintegrating in sweet melting poison, the youth reflected in a corner of his mind on the wellbeing of Berserker who had nodded at his goals, but in less than two seconds, all of his brain and nerves were engulfed by a huge muddy stream of pleasure and he died.

Therefore, this mad beast has no chance of winning.

Even if they left him alone, he would only disappear.

As it doesn't have the Independent Action skill, the Servant who was severed from his Master's mana supply cannot continue to maintain his own body and will eventually disappear.

Even so.

In the short time left to him, the mad beast acted to fulfill his Master's goals. Namely, the defeat of the magus who reigns over Tokyo and is trying to perform **some kind of evil ritual**.

The murder of Master Reiroukan and his Servant. It was because he did not know magic nor mysteries, that the mad beast fought, according to the will of the honest young man who continued to challenge the battle with a blind sense of duty, without know what the Holy Grail War being initiated here in Tokyo was.

And then, the catastrophe finally came tonight.

Every night, the mad beast was ambushed in the black forest of the Reiroukan estate which he continued to charge at to locate the tear in its powerful bounded fields. The Heroic Spirit of the Sword whom he had met last night and exchanges claws and blade with———Saber was in there and it became a natural battle again. Not just that. There was a number of Heroic Spirits there who broke into the one on one clash between Saber and the mad beast who was rampaging while squeezing the last of its power.

Lancer. A long-haired woman clad in armour and armed with a huge lance.

Archer. A man who hides as he fires arrows from beyond the trees.

And then———

There was Rider who appeared by flying “*ship.*”

The mad beast who tried to advance while smashing the black forest and while taking on Saber’s blade, Lancer’s lance and an arrow that seemed to belong to Archer for the sake of achieving its goals, was only tragically burned before the fierce rain of light.

While taking in the light, the mad beast thinks in his slightly remaining consciousness.

‘This is right.’

‘After all, I wasn’t able to fight for justice with Hyde who was guided into existence as a fragment of my idea of evil.’ Although it was a Jekyll-like idea that was originally impossible, in his final moments, the beast certainly thinks with his crumbling brain.

‘If I have regrets, there is just one.’

‘The Heroic Spirit of the Sword. Saber.’

It seems the man who was clad in sky silver couldn’t respond to his desire for a one on one battle until the end. In the face of this deformed mind and body, the other Heroic Spirits and the terrifying torrent of light, that noble Heroic Spirit said.

Saber: “This is my fight. If possible, I don’t want you to interfere!”

What a **kind** Servant.

He is not naïve by any means.

What he spoke of was compassion towards the mad beast.

By the time he had his first rematch with Saber, the mad beast already had his heart pierced by the invisible sword and his spirit core had become remarkably weakened. Furthermore, he took on Lancer’s lance through a surprise attack, Archer’s arrow and he even lost his magical path with the death of his Master. What made him able to wield his claws against the Heroic Spirits

by turning into a storm of destruction while stopping without dispersing, was because of his endurance which was significantly enhanced especially by his mad enhancement skill and a few other skills which he had obtained from the miracle drug which was his Noble Phantasm, it also depended on his self-modification skill which exhibits his most optimal form. But he wasn't able to get one Servant with his companion.

The outcome has already been decided.

Even so, that swordsman said it, *"One on one."* *"With blade and claw."*

With dazzling pride, for the mad beast who did not have pride nor courage, but only stupidity.

Berserker: "———ngh!!"

In his final moments.

Did the mad beast's claws which were stretched towards the sky try to prevent the attack? Did they seek the moon which appeared further beyond the soaring *"ship?"*

Or, was he trying to respond to the noble swordsman with his claws?

Either way.

Those claws also disappear into the light.



Assassin: ".....What a powerful Heroic Spirit."

On the rooftop of a high-rise condominium far overlooking the Reiroukan Mansion in Sugunami Ward, Tokyo.

A woman was mumbling.

It was a young girl.

She had brown skin.

Her gaze through her white mask which mimicked a skull was sharply fixed on the *"ship"* which kept on hurling light from the sky. Although it was something that she didn't know about back when she was alive, the present her who manifested as a Servant was able to recognize that that is a *"solar ship"* spoken of in Ancient Egyptian myths.

If it is a Heroic Spirit who can use that as a Noble Phantasm, the prospects are limited.

A king who reaches the level of a god———a Pharaoh. It's either that or.....

Among the successive generations of pharaohs from the Ancient Egyptian dynasties, if they can

manipulate such a powerful Noble Phantasm, then it must be someone who left their name in history as a very powerful fighter. The **strength** of a Servant does not rely solely on their renown, but by the ability of those who have obtained mysteries by achieving merits before their era, so they cannot be taken lightly.

Assassin: "I have to take action fast."

She briefly mumbles.

But soon after, the woman slightly shakes her head.

Assassin: ".....No. No."

She had a certain amount of impertinence.

A splendid girl who was her true Master, if it was for that girl who is more beautiful than a flower in bloom, she must be able to magnificently slaughter that with her unconceivable hands. Even the sun. Even the moon. Cannot reach that girl's brilliance.

She will only obey the orders of the girl who is her Master.

Like a short while ago———

Yes. She just **killed** one a short moment ago.

She tightly embraced the poor young man who had called the mad beast a "*friend*" and shouted justice without knowing any of the specifics of the Holy Grail War.

Gently, gracefully, she embraced him. And rubbed lots of poison into him.

Their lips locked together.

Gently. Lovingly.

She melted all of his brain and nerves and killed him.

In fact, it was her first kill through a direct command from her Master after manifestation.

Therefore, she shivered and became aroused with excitement in the moment she kissed the youth. The taste of heat and sweetness that ran through her spine up to her crown, definitely, must have been far higher than what the youth felt.

Immediately after she killed him, it was the first time she seethed with breathlessness.

For her to be so taken.

By her Master.

Assassin: "Everything is for my Master."

She mumbles again.

As she scowled at the "*solar ship*."

As for the magus who was Archer's Master, she had already fallen to that girl at Mt. Okutama, the other day. No matter how skilled she was, no matter the Heroic Spirit, Archer was no longer

the girl's enemy.

Of the remaining six Servants, the girl had already three of them including herself.

The ones left are Lancer and Caster, and———

That Heroic Spirit who controls the splendor at the edge of her gaze.

As she was someone who lacked direct fighting power, she cannot possibly rival him. She would only be burned by the light and completely vanish before she can approach him. But, even so, if the words spun by her voice from the girl's pretty lips itself, she would do so without hesitation.

She would approach him even if her body shatters and dies. Whether it is in the sky.

Whether it is in a fort.

Whether it is in a bedroom.

She would draw closer to them wherever they were and press her lips against him. **More than that** if necessary.

Assassin: "..... Lady Manaka."

She speaks the girl's name.

Yes. No matter what it was, if it was for that person's orders.

If she would look at her with those clear eyes.

If she let her bask in her dazzling radiance.

Whether it is the king of the soaring splendor, or the woman who hid her sorrow, or the honest magus, or the King of Knights with holy blade in hand———

Or even if it's a very young child.

She will slaughter with these lips, fingers, skin and body.



About a common front with the other camps.

*In the Holy Grail War, the six Servants and Magi are naturally enemies.
They are nothing but targets to be defeated and killed.*

*However, exceptions exist there as well.
For example, let's say a temporary alliance is formed to stave off exhaustion in the early battles.
By cooperating with two Heroic Spirits, we can determine victory or defeat with our allied
partner, after efficiently eliminating the other solo Heroic Spirits.*

*It is an extraordinarily efficient method.
There is no such thing as a Heroic Spirit who doesn't struggle against two Heroic Spirits.
But, at the same time, this method also carries a huge risk.*

*After all, the other Servants and Masters are ultimately your enemies.
Think of the possibility of betrayal as ever present.*

*Be careful of getting a blade in the back.
Both veteran Heroic Spirits and master magi are too weak and fragile if you hit them
unexpectedly.*

*No matter what you do.
Don't drop your guard for a second.
If you decide there's an opportunity to kill them, do so without hesitation.*

(An excerpt from an old notebook)





She was trying to sleep.

In truth. She had changed into her nightgown and was lying in her bed like this.

Misaya: “Hnn.....”

But. It was no good.

She couldn't seem to sleep tonight no matter what she did.

In her room on the second floor of the main residence. Misaya Reiroukan quietly waited for sleep's arrival, while dazedly gazing at the moonlight floating through the window.

The other day, her father had naturally scolded her for entering the Black Forest which was their back yard, so she was prohibited from going out at night even within the premises. *“Do not walk inside the main residence as much as possible.”* To put it bluntly, *“sleep quietly at night.”*

She fully understood her own stupidity the other day and her father's words were reasonable.

So, Misaya tried to sleep.

She wrapped herself up in a warm blanket on top of her soft sheets.

But. She cannot sleep.

She was so wide-awake that she couldn't sleep.

The reason was———

Misaya: “Can't, sleep.....”

She cannot sleep. She cannot get to sleep.

She had a certain awareness of the reason for it.

Last night. All the events that occurred in the back forest. Although she could only stand by the window and look because she was forbidden to fly familiars, Misaya saw it with her own two eyes.

A light. Shining. Red hot.

A glare reminiscent of the light of the sun, that would never be seen at night. A torrent of light. The figure that was captured by her clairvoyance magic was definitely that man———the Heroic Spirit who visited the Reiroukans and formed an alliance with her father, it was none other than Rider. It must have been the Noble Phantasm owned by that man. The “solar ship” floating in the night sky and the all too powerful intense light that was brought forth from it. She even had the hallucination that she was standing in the middle of a myth from the age of the gods.

Fortunately, it was inside Caster's bounded fields that stretched over the skies, so it probably wasn't visible to the general public. If it weren't for her magical vision, would she even be able to see the light, let alone the flying ship? Though they must have recognized it as an erratic earthquake.

It seemed daunting just to think, how much great magic would be needed to reproduce such a scale of destruction with magic. At the same time, she was strongly aware of it. Aware to the fact that she was bearing witness to the maelstrom that is the unprecedented and even one-of-a-kind Holy Grail War and the natural tension that arises from it. And, above all else, it is kind of exciting. Hopefully, she wants to believe that the latter is the greatest thing she will ever feel. She wants to believe, but she doesn't know.

Last night's scene———no, the one who was more conscious about it was her father. The look on her father is what sticks to her mind and will not leave it.

The war situation is not bad at all. The bounded fields woven by Caster as the center of this estate prevent Servants from invading, and in fact, out of the three Servants who have attempted an all-out invasion so far, none of them have reached the main residence. For they have formed an alliance with Rider, a powerful Servant who she saw was the only one able to push through to the workshop in defiance of it.

And, last night. In the battle in the Black Forest, Berserker fell before Saber's blade and vanished completely in Rider's light.

They are allied with such a powerful Rider. Although it is true that they will eventually face each other, Caster still saw that scene and told her, *"There's no need to worry."* He has absolute confidence. In his magic, or rather, his Noble Phantasm.

She knew she couldn't say that she was reassured.
Misaya thinks that is probably the essence of the Holy Grail War.
But, even so.

What happened to her father after that rain of light———?
Her normal father was unusually dismayed to an unthinkable level.
Watching him, she felt that he had lost his words for more than two seconds.
What on earth did her father see?
It bothered her.

That was the greatest reason why Misaya could not sleep.

Misaya: "Nngh....."

No good.

She just cannot sleep. Even if she closed her eyes, they immediately opened.
So, she slipped out of bed.

She put her feet into her warm slippers which emulated the shape of a rabbit.
She extends her hand to the radio placed on top of her large vintage Eastern-European wooden desk. To Misaya, it is an item which she sometimes touches only when she cannot sleep. Like the mages who live in the modern era, Misaya was not very good with machines, and even if she did not touch it on a daily basis, this radio that her mother gave her was different. She adjusts the frequency by turning the round parts.

She understood the principle itself. In the case of AM radios, the signal which carries audio information is received by the antenna by modulating it, and the audio information is reproduced by demodulating it with this radio which is the receiver. Thereupon, the sound recorded by the radio station in metropolitan areas such as Yotsuya or Akebonobashi will echo into this room of the distant Reiroukan Mansion with a slight delay.
And then it should———

Misaya: “..... That’s strange. Which station is it, huh?”

She cannot hear anything.

To be more precise, even as she attempted to tune the frequencies, only static reverberates. Was it broken? It is widely known in the magical world———that there are many cases where———mages who manipulate mysteries are not very compatible with the machines brought about by civilization. It’s often heard that even if they just bought them, they immediately break.

Misaya is not convinced of that.

She intended to handle it with very great care.

Misaya: “Well, nothing I can do about it. When the Holy Grail War is over, I’ll get it fixed.”

She can just ask one of the servants to do it.

Although it is a little overwhelming to ask the homunculus who is currently working as a temporary servant, she quietly thinks that she should leave it be. *‘They are Caster’s property, so it is not right to treat them the same as the ones who serve the Reiroukan family,’* Misaya thinks.

Now then. What to do?

She can’t get to sleep.

Her eyes are completely wide-awake and the radio is useless to kill time with.

Whether its scanning through magic tomes or studying at school, even if she thinks about a few things, she doesn't feel it at all. She does both when she is awake during the day. Especially in terms of her school studies, they were too boring and she has already covered what she should learn after she advances into middle school, meaning, she's already completed it. At this rate, she only needs to deal with her school subjects.

Not matter how much magic she learns; it is never enough for her and she is not reluctant to perform it. If it's daytime. Even though her eyes and awareness are wide-awake, if she is in a state where she knows that her body desires sleep, she definitely will not be able to learn even if she opens a magic tome.

That's why. After Misaya thinks for a little.
She quietly approaches the door.
So as to not make a noise———

She goes out into the hallway. Even if she was forbidden from going outside, it is not forbidden for her to say walk through the interior of the main residence and she can think up a reason for it. A reason for walking without spitting out lies. Yes, she'll go to the toilet. That is her purpose for simply walking like this, not to go outside. However, it is fun to take a little detour.

As soon as she entered the hallway, her breathe turned white.
The air in February is still cold, especially at night.

Unlike indoors, there was no floor heating in the hallway, so the warmth of her slippers were reassuring. As she walks while doing her best to not make the sound of footsteps, suddenly, Misaya looks out the window.

Misaya: (It's probably alright, right? I have nothing to worry about. Right?)

She mumbles inwardly.
She couldn't grasp the entire current grounds, since she hadn't sent out any familiars.
Though the perception magic set up was literally innumerable. Already, a few hours had passed since the last battle. Even if she didn't think that someone would try to break in again, if there was someone who arrived by chance, they would be immediately noticed by Caster and her father.

Misaya: ".....Countless."

She grumbles with her voice, without thinking.
And then, Misaya Reiroukan thinks of her own inexperience tonight as well.
Countless. Yes, literally. Meaning.

Caster: "That's correct. So, you've noticed it."

His voice rings out.

So as to not notice him, Misaya turns around while exhaling a small sigh.

At the end of her gaze. Unsurprisingly, was a tall figure.

His long glossy hair. His thoughtful eyes.

The one who appeared with a temporary body in the modern era, Caster.

Caster: "My **eyes** are everywhere on the premises and even the hallways are no exception. And so, you mustn't walk at night, Misaya. You know your father is worried about you, right?"

They returned to her bedroom.

It's not good to tell a lie, so she stubbornly claimed that she was going to the lady's room. As a result, he waited for her in the hallway in the meantime. Although Misaya hated to say that he wasn't her servant, he had an unruffled air about him.

Caster: "I'm waiting for you."

Misaya: "It's fine. Please stop, Caster."

Caster: "No."

Misaya: "Like I said....."

Caster: "I'm waiting for you. Now, Misaya"

She lost.

It was indescribably embarrassing.

Indeed, it was the moment her name was called that she realized that this was a type of punishment.

While accepting her resignation, she endures her embarrassment. Leaving the toilet, they walk down the hallway and return to her bedroom thusly.

Caster: "Now, to bed. Shall I remove those lovely slippers of yours?"

Misaya: ".....It's fine. I can do that much by myself."

She quietly endures the feeling of being upset.

This scene. This situation. No matter what she thinks, this is bad and his behavior, it's as if he is watching over her until she gets into bed and closes her eyes, anyway, this status quo usually makes sense.

From the perspective of a lady, it would be a lie to say that she didn't oppose him entering her bedroom.

However. He wasn't bothered by it.

Far from it, just like a child, she can feel a hint that he is obligated to remain until he makes sure that she is sleeping, still, Misaya's face seemed to show disappointment and dissatisfaction. She will just have to quietly accept and endure it.

Caster: "Oh my? Is this a modern device?"

Misaya: "Yes. It's a radio."

Caster: "Hm. So this is a radio?"

Misaya: "Are you interested in it?"

She removes her rabbit slippers, while his gaze was still at the desk.

Into bed she goes. While putting her bare feet under the blanket, she calls out to him.

Caster: "Yes. Very. Any excellent technology, whatever it is, can be a reference. Ideas and inspirations can only shine with a rigorous accumulation of knowledge."

He was staring at the radio with great interest.

Why is he watching the radio with such interest, despite being a Heroic Spirit who possesses some knowledge about the modern era. Doesn't he have knowledge about radios? Or does he not know that this radio her mother gave her———originally belonged to her grandmother is not in the modern category? Or is it because it's a special type?

Even if she didn't understand, she'll try more or less to put it into words.

A radio. A general term for an audio transmission system, reception and playback device which uses radio waves and electrical signals.

The purpose of its use is———

Caster: "Is it for entertainment, information and public relations?"

Misaya: "Yes. Programs for entertainment, news for information transmission. And the rest is used for the publicity and advertisement of products."

Caster: "So, it is similar to a TV then."

Misaya: "I believe it's very similar. The difference is whether it is accompanied with film. Radio was the first to be developed and TV seemed to have spread after that."

Caster: "I see. That's very interesting."

He deeply nods.

She never thought that he, a legendary alchemist spoken of in legends, would be so engrossed in a conversation about a radio that everyone in modern Japan casually touches. This may not let her get to sleep all night, if they start talking about pagers.

It's bad if he has time.

He, how should she put it, was really good at listening.

The purpose of its use, its principle, the state of its spread, trends for each generation, etc.

When asking something you don't understand, she simplifies it one by one and make the obtained information her own. As he listens while comprehending it, she clearly refines her answers because it feels good to talk. Or should she say that he is worth talking to.

There is certainly a desire of wanting to talk more inside Misaya.

But she feels like a little tired.

Her eyes are heavy.

The drowsiness she didn't feel until just a moment ago is closing in on her.

In the moment she felt it, her consciousness sways. Her clear thoughts collapse, and she drifts off to sleep.

Caster: "Misaya"

Misaya: "Huh, yes....."

Caster: "Thank you for tonight. Sleep now. There's no need to worry. "

Misaya: "Sure....."

Her eyes. Close.

As if they were guided by his gentle voice.

Caster: "Sleep with peace of mind. Your father has formed a mutual agreement between Masters with Rider who has the power to destroy my magical fortress, and that detestable Saber is not thinking of bulldozing his way in for now. So, be rest assured that you can sleep."

At the same time, with a whispering voice.

His hand touched her.

Caster: "Sweet dreams."



At the back of her neck———

His left hand touching her **nape** was strangely warm.

His body temperature was terribly cold the other day, but today it's quite different.

Becoming relieved, Misaya dozes off.

Misaya: "Eh....."

Caster: "It's a good luck charm to help you sleep well."

Misaya: "A, good.....luck charm....."

In the moment she closes her eyes.

While looking up at Caster who softly smiles at her, Misaya faintly thinks.

Why?

Why did he describe Saber as "*detestable*?"

She believed that he certainly called that sky silver knight a "*noble Heroic Spirit*" the other day.

But even so.

What's the reason for changing his description of him———?



*About the relationship between Heroic Spirits.....
As mentioned before, the Heroic Spirits who participate in the Holy Grail War have exceptional personalities.
The problems that can occur there have been mentioned above, but I will describe another problem here.*

*Heroic Spirit and Heroic Spirit.
When they have a relationship other than clashing as terrifying incarnations of destruction. As a personality, if one Heroic Spirit obtains some attachment to another Heroic Spirits, the likelihood that a Master will also lose control of themselves is very high.*

*Very exceptionally, there are Heroic Spirits who can manifest the power of their Noble Phantasm at their strongest by **deepening** their feelings of attachment for them, if they are such Heroic Spirits, then it is not a bad idea to magnify their feelings towards other Heroic Spirits with forceful means such as miracle drugs or magic. But. This is the only exception.*

*A Heroic Spirit's attachment for another Heroic Spirit is a dangerous thing.
Be it love or animosity.*

Excessive attachment makes it difficult to form a winning battle situation. If left unchecked, their relationship with their master will easily crumble, and if you have an alliance with another camp even that alliance will jeopardized.

*There is only one way to deal with it.
Understand your own Servant. Understand their accounts. Be aware of their mentality. As mentioned, there is no other way to properly deal with the problem associated with your Heroic Spirit's personality then to understand and build a relationship with them.*

Build a relationship with your Heroic Spirit that surpasses all attachments.

(An excerpt from an old notebook)



A prodigy— — — —
Her natural talent would be exactly that.
The first ranking Seraphim of the Master ranks.
The owner of Saber, the number one Servant.
That girl.....
Her name is Manaka Sajyou.

Even now, I think of the words that man said in the past.
He is of the same generation as I, Master Reiroukan and since we are fellow magi with old bloodlines based in the same city, I had a lot of interaction with the current head of the Sajyou family. Therefore, I understood. That man is not the kind of person who makes a lame joke and he is not someone who puts on a pathetic brave act.

We had interactions— — — —though, they were only conversations as magi. It was far from the friendships like the humans of this world have, though it is a fact that we have exchanged words several times about our magical research. Still, I can call us “*closer*” than other magi. However, I can say that our neighbors who associate and hide their true identities as magi are much more “*closer*” in that sense.

In a few of our conversations, yes, I’m certain he told me.
His own daughter. Manaka Sajyou.

“That she is a genius that doesn’t fit into the Sajyou family lineage.”

The magic circuits that should have been inherited through the blood of a family lineage, are certainly endowed into Manaka’s body, but whether that can be called the Sajyou’s magic circuit is doubtful. Ayaka who was born later certainly has the magic circuits of the family lineage itself, but— — — —

“Everything is an exception,” he said.

Magic Circuits. Learning speed. Aptitude for magic. He said that Manaka mastered it with astonishing speed, even the kind of magic that he her father and the successive generations of Sajyou heads had never touched.

I cannot believe it so suddenly. It’s not a joke, nor a bluff, but he probably told it with some exaggeration. It is true that Manaka Sajyou may be some kind of genius prodigy, but surely, such a **monster** cannot exist. Likewise, similar to my beloved daughter Misaya who was born filled with knowledge and with more magic circuits than me, she is nothing more than a born successor with a rare talent.

Stupidly, I made that judgement at that time.

Ah. Ahh, yes.

How stupid was I?!

Master Reiroukan: “.....I see, haha, is that right?”

Inside the Reiroukan residence. In the villa research room, I crack a smile.
What an empty expression reflected in the glass bottle.

Could I show this face to my wife and daughter?

An empty smile. As, even if it is a smile.

It is not one of delight.

This is definitely a smile shaped by terror.

It is a manifestation of terror because I recalled the expression that should have been intrinsically called, “*lovely*.”

That, that, something made in the form of a human being, is surely———

Surely, a prodigy.

Otherwise———

Manaka: “*Hello. It’s pleasure to meet you. Right, Uncle Reiroukan?*”

A smile in full bloom itself.

A whisper like a beautiful and pretty fairy.

And, that, **impossible something** reflected in her eyes.

Reminded of that girl’s smile towards me, I cower in fear.

A few days ago, the first-born daughter of the Sajyou family, that girl, which I had seen only once since the beginning of the First Holy Grail War in Tokyo.

Master Reiroukan: “What, when di.....”

Misaya———

The night my daughter encountered Berserker and Saber; she certainly didn’t seem to see Manaka Sajyou. I clearly remember the relief I had at that time. Ahh, I’m so glad. So, it isn’t a set up? Then, those words were just a threat.

Manaka: “*If that person has an inferior **weakness**, I believe it’s more efficient to target it, rather than the Master themselves. How about you, Uncle? Don’t you agree? For example, Misaya. She’s a cute girl. Losing that child would be very, very painful for you, wouldn’t it, Uncle?*”

Yes. That's right. It really would be.

I passed it off as just a threat. After all, Misaya was safe. Nothing happened, no one was hurt or killed. That girl just stated it as a ploy. No matter how much a prodigy she may be, she cannot beat the perfect technique of von Hohenheim, the legendary alchemist, Paracelsus who materialized as Caster.

Yes, I decided that night. I was relieved.

And yet, why?

How, when?

Did she do that to Misaya who was protected by this magical fortress— — — —

How did Sajyou's daughter **set me up**?

Master Reiroukan: ".....What am I? Some greatest Magus of the Far East, I am. A little girl, did this to me, by herself....."

Groaning, I laugh.

I pace around the research room as if I'm lost, I gaze and check the various mystic codes placed here and there in my hand, throwing them to floor in frustration and smashing them. No. No. This is not what I need. I have to find it. Normally, I would contact the Mages Association and every pawnshop around the world and order every possible means, but contact with the outside is difficult.

The Holy Grail War which is supposed to be a ritual to fulfill the ambition that should bestow brilliant glory on us, is now our biggest barrier and what hinders my actions. I can't get out of the premises as they are protected by a bounded field and I cannot afford to let others come near here from the outside. Even if I find what I'm looking for somewhere in the world, there's no point unless I can carry it into the grounds.

Therefore, I look for it. Within the Reiroukan mansion.

Anyway, if my collection is my grandfather's legacy then there's a chance.

While believing it, I search. And search.

I hide the **doubts** clearly rising within my heart.

Master Reiroukan: "Where!?! Where is it!?! That thing. Without that, it's pointless."

I keep looking— — — —

Master Reiroukan: "Misaya. Misaya **will be done for.**"

It's no good.

It's useless. It's hopeless. Just that.
Not just me, Caster noticed it too.

Traces of a curse. My daughter, Misaya, has traces of a curse caused by someone. Fortunately, she hasn't noticed it yet, but she is the brilliant daughter born between me and my wife. There is a possibility she will notice it by herself in the near future.

It was a few hours ago when Caster and I noticed it.

What's going on?

Did something happen to her during that battle when Berserker was slaughtered?

No, that can't be it. It's unlikely someone can slip past Caster's and my surveillance network.
But.

Manaka Sajyou———

If it is that girl.

Just like the incident from the other day, she slipped through the surveillance network and appeared before me.

She slipped through Caster and my "eyes" which were concentrated on the battle, contacted Misaya and planted a curse on her.

Thinking about it, the pattern fits.

I recognized that she wasn't an average talent, but that's not the case.

She's a monster.

She got inside the Reiroukan mansion, this magical space which has even half-become a different world. Not once but twice.

A Magus.

Is that true?

While enduring the screams that are about to leak out even now, I keep searching for the fear that I didn't even feel against a Servant before.

Now, to myself———

No. It is a necessary item **for Misaya**.

I should still be able to make it in time.



Caster: ".....Please have sweet dreams."

He whispers while staring at the girl who fell asleep.
He sits quietly on the edge of the bed.
Reaching out his right hand. He gently touches the sleeping girl's white cheek.

Caster: "Misaya"

He whispers her name.
It is the name of the girl who sleeps with her eyelids closed.
It is the name of the girl loved by parents.
It is the name of the girl who is determined to offer herself as a noble sacrifice.
For a moment, he showed an expression tinged with sorrow.
He didn't go against it.
For he has already carried out his betrayal.
So, he opens his lips and talks. He dedicates his words to someone who isn't here.

Caster: "My master, as you have commanded, I've connected **even more deeply** to her."

The girl———
While gazing at Misaya.

Caster: "Yes. Please feel free. Any curse can be set from a remote location at will."

Caster: "For example, yes, like a radio."

He continues indifferently.
A responding voice does not echo. Or, is it only reaching him?

Caster: "No. Everything in this world is yours. If it is something you have decided on, what's the point of my feelings?"

He———
He bows to the empty space.

Caster: "My master, princess of the Root, born to rule over all things. Even the gods of the far distant past filled with the true light of the stars, cannot hope to match your radiance."

Respectfully———
As if he is facing the **true master** whom he must serve.

Caster: "———Miss Manaka Sajyou".



The looks on the girl and the young man are ridiculously cruel— — — —

My friend— — — —

My dear brethren.

The descendants of the many children who have received my teachings.

My beloved child who is in the land of the Far East and who has brilliantly honed her magic, without forsaking her studies.

Even Master Reiroukan, a participant in the “Holy Grail War” held in this farthest city of Tokyo. My friend who devotes everything to this rigorous battle to achieve the ambition that hides within all magi, ahh, and is trying to devote himself literally right now.

I, Paracelsus respect you. I also pity you.

As your attempts to try and grant your earnest wish with the Grail, now, has no meaning.

But don't be sad.

Don't worry.

I pray that your soul's horizons, your awareness and senses will be properly expanded somehow.

That way, even if you cannot be saved— — — —

At the end of your remorse, regrets and bitter tears.

You will obtain a reason.

Yes, like me.

Even if your individual or family wishes are not fulfilled.

Your ambitions will be fulfilled in a sense.

By my beautiful, brilliant and sweet Potnia who is connected to the Root.



Master Reiroukan: “Have you betrayed me? Caster.”

The voice melts into the night sky.

Even though the sky was filled with the brilliance of the stars and moon in the metropolitan area, it is strangely clear and even reminded him of the advent of something pure.

Pure. Clean. Is it really true?
At least, beauty is there.
A dazzling girl in full bloom.

And, a tall young man who follows the girl like a shadow. No, middle-aged is more correct. His life from before he became a Heroic Spirit at least, must have been long, as he had a long time to experience it while having a proper life, so he deserves to be called middle-aged.
But his appearance is that of a graceful young man himself———

His face didn't turn towards "*him*."
In the front garden of the Reiroukan estate, Caster, a Servant, a Heroic Spirit who uses the power of their myths and legends that is beyond human knowledge turned only his gaze towards the man who was extending his left hand while shaking, towards the man who was once his Master and was propping himself on the cobblestone paving while coughing up blood. Silence. Just silence.
He was telling him with only his gestures that he had nothing left to say to the man now.

Master Reiroukan: "I see."

A moaning voice.
A red streak was flowing down from the man's mouth.

Master Reiroukan: "Your bounded field was perfect. Even if you were a magus from the Age of the Gods, it would have been impossible.....to cross the bounded field and even run magecraft interference with Misaya. But it is possible."

It was a sound of conviction.

Master Reiroukan: "For you."

It was the sound of anger.

Master Reiroukan: "If it was inside the bounded field, it would've surely been easy for you."

It was the sound of regret.

Above all else, there was the sound of despair in there.
Caster didn't react towards the words of the man, Master Reiroukan, who was once his Master and whom he once called friend. Not even a slight glance towards the girl who smiles while bathed in the moonlight and starlight.

Quietly. He tells her while respectfully bowing his head.

Caster: “Miss Manaka Sajyou. Continuing from Berserker the other day, I’m sure we will kill another Servant tonight. Two, if the situation rightly changes.”

Manaka: “Yes, that’s true.”

Caster: “Everything will go as you desire.”

Manaka: “Yes.”

Caster: “———Still, you look dissatisfied. Is it the annihilation of the Okutama clan? If you ask anything of me, I, von Hohenheim shall do my best to live up to your expectations of me. Do not forget. You are the only one who can get on par with the world.”

Manaka: “Hmm……no, it’s okay. Only me and that child will go to Okutama.”

Caster: “As you wish.”

They exchange their words. Coolly.
It was a terrifying subject.

The man who endured pain and tried to get up from the cobblestones, clearly understood the meaning of their conversation. Meaning, the annihilation of the magus who is the Master of that powerful Rider Servant and his clan. Even if it is far from a “*temple*” class, the magical workshop in Mt. Okutama that was woven by dozens of magi is powerful. It is reckless for two people to get in there and even speak of annihilating it.

No. It is not reckless.

Thus, she will definitely invade the workshop which can be called a “*temple*.”

Still, she had plenty of leeway.

A monster.

Those two characters pass through the man’s mind.

No good. A girl who tries to smile alongside Caster as a Servant and Heroic Spirit, cannot be killed by herself. An overwhelming existence. What should be called an undeniable prodigy, however, the words that come to his are still. A monster.

Why?

That talent of hers is certainly excellent.

He was already vigilantly aware that she was terrifying.

However, the great magus who mastered the Four Great Magics and even attained the

Philosopher's Stone———von Hohenheim, the great Paracelsus who reached the level of a Heroic Spirit now serves her? No matter how much of a prodigy she is, she is definitely human. There is no way she can perform a feat like making a Servant submit to her.

If that's the case, then.

As before, a strong suspicion comes to his mind. Why?

Master Reiroukan: "You..... Why, why, why're you submitting to that girl? You who called me friend. You. Master Paracelsus, I, was supposed to walk together with you. If we became like-minded magi, we will certainly have a connection unlike the other Servants....."

There is. He believed so.

The words brought forth from his lips were always full of with wisdom, and at the same time, even full of compassion for people. He was convinced that the personality that many magi say is precious for much of humanity and should be abandoned during their training, is indeed, appropriate to be in line with a Heroic Spirit, the end of heroes and great men in history and myths.

But.

As a simple fact.

He put a **curse** on Misaya, his beloved daughter.

It is darker, deeper, and no longer repairable than when he first detected it.

Exactly when did he do it———

Master Reiroukan: "Answer me, Caster.....!"

No reply.

Even as this man, Master Reiroukan shouted at him, there is only just the silence of the night.

Is he no longer the young man who once called him Master?

Instead, it was the girl who whispered at him.

Gently. Kindly. Weaving a mischievous sound in there somewhere.

Towards the man who cannot move with his knees still stuck.

Manaka: "Uncle Reiroukan. You don't have to be so afraid of me."

She was a beautiful girl.

A girl who was inside a blooming flower garden in the dead of night.

The Holy Grail War. Where seven people and Servants kill each other with Magi and Heroic Spirits. Such blood-soaked danger and brutality are in a terribly distant world, just peeking into here from a paradise filled with only gentleness and smiles. It even makes him think of such an illusion.

A girl.
Radiance.
Princess.
She was an existence like those.

Manaka: “Mesektet. The very scary Sphinx of Abu-el-Hol. With so many Noble Phantasms and the supposedly invincible Rider, do you still not understand what’s going on here?”

She is smiling.
Gently.

Manaka: “My Saber is fighting in Tokyo Bay.... with Archer and Lancer as extras. Maybe Rider will beat the three of them.”

She is smiling.
She narrows her eyes.

Manaka: “So, buck up. You haven’t lost your friend Caster yet. He’s still manifesting by just getting along with me a little.”

She is smiling.
Like she is really **enjoying** something from the bottom of her heart.
For what. Is it her superiority? A man who has his knees stuck to the stone pavement and only looks at her without the power to stand up would not know. He never realize that the girl is purely enjoying everything she does to exhaust her hand for the sake of someone she loves.

He just feels that.
There behind her sparkling eyes which take in the radiance of the stars and moon, is an endless abyss.

Manaka: “Your friend. Caster. Although he is helping me out tonight, he’s not that bad. Thanks to him, my precious Saber can wield his sword, even within the Ramesseum Tentyris that Rider has dispatched.

Is he really that precious? After all, that sword is an honor and it can even transcend time.”

Yes, the girl said———

She hums a song.
Is it the song of a fairy dancing in the garden with moonlight pouring down on her?
Is it the song of the holy one who blesses the Holy Grail War?

Or.

Is it a prophecy of Potnia Theron of the end who welcomes something which comes from the abyss?

Manaka: "Past. Present. And, future."

She giggles.

While mixing in a faint laughter.

Manaka: "It transcends all time. An unfulfilled dream for many people itself, the shape of exalted *"glory."*

Round and round.

While dancing like a large flower.

Manaka: "It is a shining sword wielded by the invincible king. A drop of starlight———"

She twirls.

She laughs, turns and holds her left hand up high.

Manaka: "———Fufu. I'm sure it's beautiful. **How** his sword will slice through the Tokyo night. That's why, I must end this quickly. Otherwise, I might not be able to see the light properly from here or deep in the mountains of Okutama which are far from sea."

As she says that.

The girl teasingly closes her right eye. Does she understand? Her gesture is trying to convey something unexpected. He doesn't know. He can't keep thinking. He was already at his **limit**.

Master Reiroukan: "Gu, guah....."

The man moans as if he is triggered by the girl's gestures.

A red spills down onto the front garden's stone paving. The sound of water echoes with a splash.

His field of vision was shaking violently.

The sudden damage he received to his body; he can immediately grasp it from the sharp pain in his whole body. It is not due to any attack. The damage and pain are all being generated from inside himself. Even if he can desperately suppress its progress with magical treatment, he is at his limit.

The result of that is this.

The man does not know the exact situation, concerning the fierce battle that is now taking place at the Great Temple Complex which appeared on top of Tokyo Bay. That domain which exists as a Reality Marble does not allow magical hyperopia or clairvoyance through it, and prevents familiars from infiltrating it.

But one fact sternly exists.

At the time of that decisive battle———

The fact that Caster certainly betrayed Rider in the middle of carrying out a life or death struggle against the “*three knights*” of Archer, Lancer, Saber and Rider who is the proprietor of the great temple complex. In other words, Caster, a male Servant, betrayed his partner whom he had formed an alliance with through contract magic.

It is a breach of contract.

As long as they have signed a Self-Geas Scroll, a magical contract, with a blood seal, if they break the contract, then they will receive a suitable punishment. Specifically, the magic crest within his body will injure the man like this.

He will probably lose his life if he leaves it alone.

The thick blood vessels which are rising up from his neck and temple are dangerously swelling and pulsating.

He will only die if he breaks an alliance that constructs a partnership until they become the last two Servants. Because it is such a contract, such a Geas. The magic crest will automatically destroy their bodies. There is only one way to stop it, and that is to immediately stop the action that befits a betrayal.

Master Reiroukan: “Caster! I command my friend with a Master Degree———!”

The man shouts.

He is strongly aware of the existence of Master Degrees.

He no longer has any choice but to forcibly compel Caster who is still supposed to be his Servant by utilizing a Master Degree. He will stop any act of treachery against Rider right now. And then, with his remaining Master Degrees, he will make him break the curse which has placed on his beloved daughter and eliminate the girl who is an equivalent of a monster. Provided that, the order of execution is reversed.

First, he will kill this girl who is his greatest obstacle and even becoming a problem for him.

Next, he will save his daughter, Misaya.

He may save the suspension of his double-cross for last.

Master Reiroukan: “To kill, Manaka Sa.....!”

If he uses up all of his Master Degrees, he will not be able to win the Holy Grail War. Even so, the man decides he doesn't care. Here. Now, in this moment, is the time to use his Master Degree. He knew that his skeleton and internal organs were whittling down. It is the effect of the contract magic. An ordinary person cannot stand the sensation of their insides getting devoured. The man accepts with astonishment, that he had the force of will to continue his words and endure it. He will endure it. A word. Just one word left.

*"Kill her."
'All you have to do is mention it!'*

If Caster unleashes the true name of his Noble Phantasm, even a Servant would be sent flying. No matter what kind of natural talent she has, without cause, she is one girl who is just a human being, after all!

Manaka: "Fufu."

Her laughter.
It is like the ringing sound of a bell.
The girl's eyes were peering into the man from point blank range.

'What the hell, when did she approach me?'

She should have been at a distance.
There is no sign she had used magic. However, there is the girl in front of his eyes just a few centimeters away. The man's words completely stop as he is pierced by the gaze directed from her clear eyes. His tongue doesn't move.

Master Reiroukan: ".....Ngh!"

It is not just his tongue that does not move.
His hands. His feet. Everything in his body cannot move.

Manaka: "Give up, Uncle. Please officially give Caster to me. There are other things that I'd like Mister Paracelsus to do for me."

Master Reiroukan: ".....You gotta, be kidding, right.....ngh!"

He tells her with words by moving his tongue at his lips which cannot move.

At the same time, a lot of blood spills from his oral cavity, clogging even his breathing which is already thinning. Maybe it is due to the effects of the contract magic, or is it because he is defying the girl's gaze. Either way, it was his extraordinary strength of will that made him emit a voice in this situation.

How does a pretty girl respond in the face of that tenacity and vigor?

Will she pity him?

Will she be sad for him?

Or will she respond to that feeling with sympathy?

Manaka: "Fufu. I see, then in that case."

She was smiling.

While reminding him of flowers themselves in full bloom.

Manaka: "I'll create a weakness to make you give in. It's already **half-way** done, so I'll finish it off right now."

She was smiling.

While filling her words, lips and eyes with the beauty of innocence.

Manaka: "Actually, I was thinking of doing this first———"

She was smiling.

Magnificent like flowers.

Innocent like an angel.



About the estrangement of a Servant.

*The Heroic Spirits who are manifested by the Holy Grail are essentially the power of the Magus who is their Master, an indispensable being for executing the magic ritual called the Holy Grail War, a useful weapon for winning in the mutual slaughter.
But, sometimes, they can be “separated” from their Master.*

*Most likely due to a disagreement in their goals.
For example, let’s say a Master who wishes for the termination of Being A and a Servant who wishes to save Being A are incompatible. It is inevitable that their paths will split someday.*

*A mismatch of personalities.
Due to their personality, a Heroic Spirit may not acknowledge a magus as their Master.*

*There is also the possibility that a magus will transfer their Master’s rights to another person, for one reason or another.
If a magus consents, then things will go reasonably well, but it is more than likely that this will be done through forcible methods such as intimidation or torture.*

*There are not many workarounds.
If it is a disagreement in goals, then there is no choice but to compel them by using a Master Degree.
If it is a mismatch in personalities, there is no choice but to carefully build a relationship with them.
And one should consider that there is no other way besides to take great care and personal attention to thwart the de-facto seizure———forced transfer.*

*Don’t create a weakness.
Protect it, if it exists.
If that cannot be granted, then there is no other way than to discard it.*

Of course. If you discard it, then it cannot be called a weakness.

(An excerpt from an old notebook)



I'm sure this is a dream.

|— — — —

I, Misaya Reiroukan am quietly aware that it is one.

While it was a little surprising, I could see and feel all of things around me.

It was a fluffy place.

Fluffy and glittering.

Stars are twinkling here and there in this space comprised of various colors. A star. When I see it in a star shape that is too abstract, I seem to show off my childishness.

This is the inside of my dream after all.

A dream— — — —

Current psychology which began with Mesmer and evolved over the years gives us an interpretation of dreams.

It is a bit of an exaggeration to say that only a small part of it is also related to magic, but in reality, attempts to explain the movements of the mind have existed since the distant past in the history of magic.

I still cannot completely say that I am proficient at mental manipulation magic.

Still, to some extent.

I can instantly realize that I am inside a dream.

In the Holy Grail War, Masters and Servants sometimes dream of each other's memories due to their structure which is connected by a magical path. After hearing that, I, was a little conscious of my dreams.

I know I don't need to be conscious of it, since I'm not a participant in Holy Grail War.

But still, I can't help.

Imagining if I were a Master.

Anyway.

I quietly grasp my situation.

I don't maintain the permanence of my memories very much.

I can vaguely remember what I was doing before I fell asleep. At the height of the Holy Grail War. I can comprehend it for the time being. The battle of the Servants that occurred in the backyard forest— — — —the day when the night shone with the splendor released by Rider, how many days ago was that? Two days ago? Three?

I can't really remember.

Can't be helped. After all, this is a dream.

Here is the inside of a dream.

I wonder if that's the sky. Yeah. It probably is.

I am floating. Am I flying in the sky? I think the sensation of swimming is relatively closer than say flying. Though, to be precise, I don't have the resistance to swim in the water.

A fluffy and glittering place where you can freely swim in the wind and fly in the sky.

As if, it is somewhere like a child's dream itself.

I'm in that kind of space.

I was floating.

I was flying.

To be honest, it feels comfortable.

Still, there are some inconveniences.

Perhaps because my surroundings and myself are fluffy, it's hard to determine my view, it's also a strange feeling to be floating in the air. The lack of feeling of stepping with my feet is strangely lonely, though not enough to overturn the comfort of floating.

And yet, there is nothing that I feel on my skin. I quickly realized that I didn't feel my sense of touch. I'm sure I won't feel pain even if I were to pinch my skin.

A sky, like I'm in the sea, like I'm on top of the sky.

The twinkling abstract stars

I also think that my slumber might be like this if the space is left as is.

And then———

Manaka: "Good afternoon."

Someone's voice.

Who does it belong to? It was a voice I knew.

There was someone's smile.

No, my consciousness was vaguely associated with it. Somewhere in this space, there must be someone who brought the voice and someone who was smiling.

I don't know. It's like a haze———I swim there which is filled with various colors. Fly.

I can move just by thinking it.

It's a fresh feeling to me who hasn't yet mastered flight magic and although it still has a certain kind of comfort to it, something is different.

It's not bad being able to move freely, up and down, left and right.



Still, it makes me feel uncomfortable to be “*undecided*” at all.

I wonder why I can’t wake up quickly.

As I think it, I’ve already travelled a considerable distance.

It is endless.

It seems like this space continues forever.

If there is a dead end, what form will it take?

The moment I thought so.

Softly, the haze ———

Something was in front of me.

Someone was floating in there.

It is like they were dancing, dancing gracefully in the fluffy space much more freely than I do.

Manaka: “Good evening.”

It was a girl.

She looks a little older than me, umm, who is she, I wonder.

Manaka: “Long time no see. Misaya.”

She called my name.

As if it is truly a matter of course for her.

Does this girl know me?

Do I know this girl?

I wonder who she was.

I had a glimpse of some vague memories. Memories from my childhood.

A park or a garden for some reason?

It was like I met her before, one day, in a lovely place rampant with green trees and flowers.

You are a few years older than me.

Manaka: “We’ve met once before, right?”

Yes. A few years ago.

But it feels weird.

She doesn’t look any different from those days.

Because it’s a dream? Is that true?

You are———

Manaka: “You’ve gotten big. You’re very cute. Your nightgown and rabbit slippers look great on you.”

I believe her name is———

Manaka: “Fufu. You see, today I.....”

Umm———

Manaka: “I’m going to make friends with you”

It was a bright smile.

The beautiful person is gently smiling at me.

Like a fairy in a Celtic legend or a princess in a fairy tale or picture book.

I was nodding unconsciously.

I nodded.

As I stare at her brilliant smile.

Within the fluffy, unreal and glittering space.

I never thought I shouldn’t nod in the slightest. I believed in that person from that time.

After all———

If she says she’s my friend.

Even my father whose face is getting paler day by day.

I may be able to consult her about it.





No.

No.

Respect. Pity. Significance. My outlook. No. What are those? Such things are merely a deception. No matter how many hundreds or tens of thousands of words are lined up, there is just one fact. Yes. I.....

I, the Alchemist, Von Hohenheim, while manifesting as "power for you" by a portion of the Holy Grail's power which materialized in Tokyo, recognized you as a friend, even while feeling love and respect for you as an individual human, I easily betrayed your soul and wish like this.

A cruel betrayal.

A ruthless rebellion.

That's all it is.

I trampled on the precious feelings that should be cherished by a father who loves his child. I trampled on them, crushed them, shattered them without leaving a trace.

Thus, my friend.

Not one in a million of it is your responsibility.

Though mine extends to the millions————

My evil.

But it is just there.

But, what if.

There is someone who can truly shine.

*Could they stand to up to the **world** that I couldn't resist against?*



When she opened my eyes————

Her father's figure was there with an expression she had never seen before.

She wasn't in the dream anymore.

What jumped into Misaya's view when she opened her eyes in her bed was the face of her father shouting something, drooling with his mouth opened like a wild animal. The face of her beloved father was just two meters away from her. For a moment, she wondered who he was. No one, he was supposed to be her father, Master Reiroukan, who she looks in the face every

day, but he looked like a different person.

Is it a side-effect of using magic?

No, her father, the most prominent magic user in the Far East cannot have fallen into that situation.

However.

Master Reiroukan: “Misaya.”

His voice is husky.

His lips were cracked.

While baring his teeth, he was puffing harshly.

His eyes were bloodshot and constantly moving around with an uncertain focus.

His neck and forehead are pulsing with blood vessels that are unbelievably thick and raised.

Misaya: “Fa....ther.....”

He escaped words are drown out by her father’s screams.

A scream. Yes.

Master Reiroukan: “—————Rrrrrrrgggghhhh!!”

He screams. Screams. Screams.

A scream that seems to break her eardrums and rocks Misaya’s skull. She had just woken up from her dream and her consciousness which couldn’t accurately read the situation she had gotten wrapped up in was shaken. What should she do, what should she tell him, she was overwhelmed before she could think it?

Misaya: ‘What’s wrong, Father?’

She didn’t know.

She didn’t know what was going on here.

Here. In her own room.

What. Her father is screaming.

He screams. Screams. Screams.

Don’t be afraid. Do something.

She mustn’t tremble. Her screaming father. Her father who is in an unusual state. She is the only one in the room besides her father. Whether he is in spirit form or not, Caster is nowhere to be seen. He is not here, because if he were nearby, he would have been racing to them right now.

Therefore, she should deal with her father’s “*abnormality*” ———

Master Reiroukan: “Mi, sa.....ya.....Misaya, Misaya, Misaya!!!”

Misaya: “Yes, Father, it’s me, it’s Misaya. Do you read me?”

Master Reiroukan: “Misaya”

Are her words getting through to him?

The hope that she thought, ‘*if so,*’ would be shattered instantly.

Master Reiroukan: “Misaya” “Who would have thought?” “In the corner of my consciousness.” “Caster.” “No, no, no.” “The worst-case scenario.” “Prepare for it.” “It’s the worst.” “The worst.” “Oh, Caster.” “Before, this body rots away even further.”

The words that escaped from her father’s lips.

Were fragmented as it mixed with his screams. Citation. They don’t make any sense.

Master Reiroukan: “Misaya. You.....”

Misaya: “Yes, Father, I’m right here. It’s Misaya!”

She tells her father with a trembling voice.

She got right away from a half-way upper raised position from her bed.

Standing barefoot on the floor, she tries to talk with her gaze as close as possible to her father. What should she do? She doesn’t know what to do when she is the middle of obtaining information and sorting out the situation. The moment she decided to approach him for the time being, he quietly released sharp words.

Master Reiroukan: “You will die, Misaya”

Misaya: “.....huh?”

Die.

The sharpness of his words makes her flinch on reflex.

Not by the contents of them. Misaya was pressured because of the force by which he told them to her as if they were piercing her. She had some preparedness because she decided to stay at the stronghold of the Reiroukans, one of the participants in Tokyo which is the stage of the Holy Grail War. Therefore, the word “*death*” itself does not get lost by her. Even if there is fear. She is not scared if they are just words.

The reason why her body's trembling got stronger was because of her father's tone. Moreover, his eyes. She could see a strong, almost too strong will in her father's wide-open and out of focus eyes.

Her father was trying to tell her something———

The words that he told to the breathtaking Misaya were too straightforward.

Master Reiroukan: "In your body...."

With a harsh breath.

Master Reiroukan: "There is a curse embedded in it."

With a voice mixed with blood.

Master Reiroukan: "It's a lethal curse."

With the tangled tip of his tongue.

Master Reiroukan: "There is no way to dispel the curse."

Chillingly. But occasionally mixing in his screams.

A curse. In my body?

Misaya tilts her head with her thoughts. Before she was unaware of it, she didn't understand the meaning of them. Even if the reason is related to the Holy Grail War, who on earth did this to her?

That's why, Misaya Reiroukan was sighing and mumbling.

"Who."

'———Who cursed me?'

Master Reiroukan: "It's me. I, you....."

———Father did?

Master Reiroukan: "It's my____. The curse, ah, the curse....."

———He placed a curse on me?

Master Reiroukan: "You will die. It's me. It's my____"

———I'll be like dead?

Master Reiroukan: "You must obtain the Grail." "Someday." "Someday in this Tokyo again....."
"At the time when the Holy Grail War is held again." "A-at that time, you....." "You, you will be
saved." "N-No, no, that's not right!" "You cannot be saved." "You were cursed." "Until you get
the Grail." "You will never be saved." "That's why." "Th-tha-that's why." "The Grail."
"—————Yyaaaarrrrgggh!!"

Continuous phrases again. At the end of it, he screams.

He was frenzied.

He screams. And screams. Even the blood vessels which ran from his nape to his forehead,
looked like the embodiment of insanity.

Misaya doesn't notice.

That this is the backlash from the annulment of the contract.

Misaya doesn't notice.

That her father had used suppression magic against the deadly curse which had already been
placed on her, while enduring the severe pain from his body collapsing from the inside.

"*Something*" like a sharp knife which he had pulled out as he screamed is also a mystic code to
preserve its effectiveness with.

She doesn't notice.

Her loving father raising the blade over his head.

She was just staring at the scene in a daze.

Misaya: "Stop...it, Father"

Master Reiroukan: "Misaya"

Misaya: "Stop it———!!!!"

Master Reiroukan: "Misayaa.....!!"

Finally, the blood vessels on his cracked forehead shed a crimson colour, her father screams as
it overflows from both eyes.

He screams. Screams. And screams.

And then, he brings the sharp blade he held to Misaya's chest———

Master Reiroukan: "I'm so sorry, Misaya"

———He rips the cloth of her nightgown. And thrusts it deeply into her flesh.





The truth told to her in front of her father's corpse is— — — —

A dream— — — —

It would have been better if it was all a dream.
I wanted to believe it was all a dream.
However, all of it wasn't a dream.

Night had already vanished.
The grounds of the vast Reiroukan Manor were filled with the signs of early morning.
It was a quiet morning.
An unchanging morning with soft sunshine.
The air still had a lingering coldness to it. The coldness of mid-winter had already eased somewhat and the slight warmth that is barely visible in the chill that touches her skin, makes her feel that the arrival of the next season is approaching.

As she walked around, she exhaled white breath.
Leaving her bedroom, she walks down the hallway to many living rooms, guest rooms, studies, her father's bedroom, her mother's bedroom, the spacious dining hall, the kitchen and even her father's and grandfather's workshop in the end.
There was no one in the mansion.
Both Caster and his Homunculi had disappeared too.
There was only one girl in the mansion.

— — — — In other words, the only human alive was Misaya Reiroukan.

Yes. She is alive.
Misaya did not die.

She remembers the blade that her father swung up as he chained some non-sensical words together last night and how he stabbed her small chest with it. There is no way she could forget that. So, when she woke up from her slumber, Misaya immediately checked her chest.

There was **nothing wrong** with it.

The blade that should have penetrated her deeply, and even the wounds that were created by it were gone.

However, the torn marks in her nightgown showed the continuity between what happened last night and the present.

Still in her nightgown, she walked and walked and ran all over the mansion till she was more than half-way through it. Eventually, Misaya saw **it** in the courtyard, just outside the main residence on the opposite side of the main gate. With a screaming expression, thick blood vessels emerged all over his body and stiffened with blood flowing from many blood vessels, it was the figure of her father.

With his knees propped against the cobblestones, her father was looking up at the sky without toppling over.

Her father's time had already come to a halt.

Her father's body temperature had already disappeared.

Traces of bloody tears were stuck to his cheeks from white wide-opened eyeballs.

Misaya: "Father....."

She calls out to him a little and reaches her right hand out to him.

She touches his cheek.

It's cold.

He was terribly cold.

She could understand it without activating her magic-clad vision.

Her father was dead.

This was the second time she had touched a dead relative. The first was her grandfather.

However, it was decisively different from that of her grandfather who laid down with a peaceful expression as if he was still sleeping.

An appearance with the cry of agony plastered on his face.

A posture that reveals the limits of despair on his body.

It was different.

Death is more— — — —

Yes, Misaya may have unconsciously thought until that moment when the air of graveness and tranquility which reminded her of the arrival of warmth even in this chill, fills the body of living things. In her Necromancy training, in her Black Magic training, and even when she saw the death of many living things, her real feelings were unwavering when she was in front of her grandfather.

But. At this moment.

Misaya was staring at her dead father. She could touch him.
She truly learned of his agonizing death. She learned the despair of death.
And, she learned of the cloudiness of his eyeballs which had halted while still reflecting the limits of his fear.

———Even so, Misaya Reiroukan did not shed tears.

Certainly, she had choices.

At this time, she had the option to cry like a helpless child or scream like a pitiful girl. Her last option was to cry from salvation while inheriting the anguish, despair and fear from her father. However, Misaya didn't cry.

No.

No.

The tears did not flow.
She doesn't know if she is sad.
Or even if she had emotions rising within her.

Is it because of her kingly mindset which was even acknowledged by Rider, a pharaoh who ruled the ancient world?

Is it because she is a woman who was born to be a chief ruler and not a submitter?

Misaya's spirit was not shaken by the reality of the disappearance of the happiness in her life.
Or, was it really being realized in this moment?

The little queen who was filled with enough wisdom to function as a ruler that governs over the weak and the masses, remained terrifying **calm** at this time.
Without shaking, without shedding a tear, without screaming, she just faced reality.

Misaya silently understood as she stared at her father who had turned into a mere statue that embodied some kind of bad taste and the traces of his bloody tears that would have travelled down his cheeks.

"It wasn't a dream."

Her father who screamed while bleeding from his forehead and was overflowing with the same thing from both eyes.

It is not a dream. This is reality.

In other words, in her body is———

Caster: "It truly is regrettable. He didn't even fulfill his personal desires, let alone his ambition."

A voice she knows.

It's terribly calm sound made her feel all the more **uncomfortable**.

Misaya slowly looks over her shoulder.

There was the tall figure of Caster.

With long hair that glitters as if it is wearing morning dew.

In contrast to that of her father, his face showed an expression that was far too calm.

Why?

Questions came to mind before her surprise.

Even if she didn't precisely understand it, her father's blood was all dried up. So how is he maintaining his form like this, when his Master is dead and time has passed?

A Servant cannot continue to materialize if their mana supply is cut off from their Master.

Her father is dead.

He is alive.

Meaning, unless he has some special skill, he had no choice but to supply himself with mana from another source. For example, devouring human souls. There are other means, yes, such as obtaining a new Master by tying a **pact** with someone different than his original Master.

Misaya: "No....."

He betrayed him?

Father.

Caster: "Yes. As you have guessed, I now have a new Master. As a result, your esteemed father has died and a fatal curse has been left on pitiful little you."

Misaya: "You're lying."

She mutters.

Her voice was leaking out naturally.

Caster: "It's not a lie."

Misaya: "But, Von Hohenheim. You're....."

You're my friend.
You said it yourself.

Misaya could only stare at Caster awkwardly and speechless.
There is no way for her to express it in words.
The tall black-haired man, without having any facial expressions on his well-featured face, approaches her, and moves his lips close to her ear while peering into it.

Caster: "Is that right, little lady? You're a young magus and still a young king."

As he said it.
It was ice.
His voice made her feel terribly clear and cold.
Therefore, Misaya thinks of ice.

An ice demon. An ominous creature which does not have facial expressions or emotions.
Its frostiness cannot be burned with fire. There is no one on earth today, no human who can handle magic that can burn through the four, no, five elements of Paracelsus who has mastered every form of elemental conversion magic alive.

There is no confusion. However, Misaya quietly listens to his words.
Her lips didn't tremble.
No tears were flowing.
At such a Misaya, he opens his lips.

Von Hohenheim Paracelsus continues his words as he stares into the clouded eyeballs of her father who had turned into a statue like corpse. To point out his beloved pupil's small careless mistake.
Quiet as the signs of early morning.
Secretly like a close relationship.

Caster: "It was the same in the past."

He softly————

Caster: "And it hasn't changed even in the modern era."

He touches her cheek————

Caster: "Magi do not have **friends in the truest sense of the word.**"
He quietly whispers with a husky voice————



*There was a kind magus.
He loved his daughter.
I think he loved her.
But he was a magus before he was a father.
Therefore, he could not oppose the ambition carved into the blood flowing through his body.
So, he placed a curse on his daughter.
He placed a curse that would end in rotting death, so that she would take over the ritual and
achieve their ambition.*

*There was a bad magus.
He must have loved many things.
He was a kind person.
But he was a magus before he was a man.
So, he betrayed the kind magus who was his master, and served someone else.
And so, he vanished.
He told the kind magus's daughter, "Magi do not have real friends."*

*The daughter became alone.
She had a death curse placed on her.
No one could help her.
Because the daughter was also a magus.*

*He would defeat all the scary things.
A prince who smiles like that———*

*That person is definitely somewhere in the world.
The girl knew it.
Exactly like in her picture book, a kind and gentle person just like a fairy tale knight.
Surely, he will save the princess, someone, somewhere in this world.*

*But.
But.*

*At least, **come to my side.**
But the prince did not come.*

(An excerpt from an old **notebook**)



Caster: “The war situation can be said to be to our Master’s advantage. The temple complex which had appeared in Tokyo Bay has already lost its majesty. It is our victory. Although all of it depended on our Master’s orders, we couldn’t have done it without the existence of the holy sword you wielded. It was so powerful. That temple———that Reality Marble.”

Gently.

Coolly.

Caster speaks to the young man lying on the bed.

Although his tone was suitable for mixing it into the songs of the songbirds who tell of the arrival of morning, the young man did not put Caster into his sight. Although he had already awoken from his sleep, he turned his green gaze towards the window and not the man’s face.

Suginami Prefecture, Tokyo, Sajyou estate———

In a room of the mansion which is one of his Master’s bases, Caster continues his words regardless.

The young man’s reaction is meaningless.

However, it is as if what he says has meaning.

Caster: “That light brought forth from your sacred blade. It is the radiance of the dazzling stars. I could sense that there was tremendous mana in it, but I couldn’t completely grasp the particulars of it just by looking at it once. Is that the radiance of true ether, or is it.....?”

Saber: “..... I’ll never show it to you again, Caster.”

Caster: “That’d be right.”

He nods at the young man’s words.

The only purpose that the girl, Manaka Sajyou, who was the sole Master to both Caster and the young man, had for this first historical magical ritual of the Holy Grail War is nothing other than to simply fulfil this young man’s earnest wishes.

Due to the function of the Holy Grail, only one Master and Servant pairing can remain at the end. If that is the case, then even if they both serve the same Master, one of them will eventually die without reaching the final moment. Will they be forced to commit suicide with a degree, or will their spirit core be crushed by their Master’s hands, or will they be murdered by Assassin, another Servant?

Caster: “It’s quite unlikely that Miss Manaka will make you swing your holy sword again to kill me.”

Therefore, he will have to take some measures to see the re-release of the holy sword again.
What a shame.

He sighs as he says so, but he never said he would give up on it.

Caster: “But that topic is for another time. You are more important. I’ve been ordered by Miss Manaka to fully heal you, since you were injured in the long battle last night.”

Saber: “I’ve already fully recovered.”

Caster: “Seems so. As one would expect of Miss Manaka Sajyou.”

As he said so, he had already activated his magical vision.

It is really amazing. The healing magecraft used by his Master has succeeded in completely restoring the young man’s temporary body which should have been deeply damaged in the fierce battle in the temple complex. There are already no traces of the serious injuries that had almost reached his spirit core, because he faced off against the transcendent lightning brought by the “*huge lightbulb*” which reminded him of the power of the ancient gods.

Caster: “Splendid.”

He touches the young man’s collar with a long finger.

As he gently touches the body of the young man who does not return a response again———

Caster: “The Okutama clan that Miss Manaka went to is in a state of destruction. They will not reappear during this Holy Grail War at least. I can also say that Assassin also worked very well in this regard.”

Saber: “Sure.”

Caster: “You should be happy, Saber. There is only one enemy Servant left. Miss Manaka has begun the **preparations** for the Underground Greater Grail. You are now on the verge of your wish, not only for we Heroic Spirits who achieved materialization in the present-day to kill each other, but also for the sacrifice of the lives of the many people living in the Far East.”

Saber: “.... Sure.”

Caster questions the young man.

The noble Heroic Spirit.

The sky silver knight.

Arthur Pendragon, the king of Britain and a legendary holy sword user.

What is your wish that should be granted at this very moment?

Caster: “There’s no need to hide it. I’ve already heard it as Miss Manaka’s words. But I want to hear it from you. From your lips, your wish that will guide me to the end of my treason and rebellion, at the expense of the innocent lives who were born to be loved.”

His reply did not come immediately.

For a while, only the voices of the songbirds echoed through the window of the room.

One second.

Two seconds.

After three seconds, the young man said it.

“———*The salvation of my homeland.*”

Caster: “I see.”

Caster nods.

With a cool expression on his face that said he understood everything.

As he gently stares at the young man who had materialized as Saber, the first ranking Servant and a knight who wields the shining holy sword, he even smiles.

Caster: “You are…….”

You who are here are———

Not the one who will defeat all evil in this world,

the one who fight against all greed in this world,

and the one who will open up all the tomorrows in this world.

Even now, you are still the king of a ruined country even after an eternity of time has passed.

Which is exactly why.

Caster: “Finally, I understand. The reason why my neck which has committed the evil of high treason is still before you, a virtuous knight, and is still fixed on my torso without being cleaved off. I thought it was strange. Why are you, who saved this Far Eastern capital from Ozymandias’ tyranny, and even saved the daughter of an enemy Master from the assassin’s daggers of Berserker…….”

A shadow was visible on the man’s face.

Is it caused by the angle of the sunrise passing through the window?

In the eyes of the young man who had finally turned his gaze towards him, that shadow looked like the traces of bloody tears.

Caster: “Why don’t you kill me and point that holy sword at Potnia Theron?”

———The King of Knights of a ruined country.

———You are probably not a **hero of justice**.

As he said that.

Caster Paracelsus slightly smiled again.



About a Servant's wish.

It is said that many of Heroic Spirits who materialize due to a function of the Holy Grail, each have their own unique wish. Paradoxically, Heroic Spirits who meet an unnatural death without granting their wishes in their lifetime will participate in the Holy Grail War, a large-scale magic ritual held here in Tokyo.

The wishes that the magi who are to be Masters have is often an ambition.

In other words, to reach the "Root."

It is an ambition and a long-cherished wish for us magi.

However, not all Masters necessarily wish their ambition to the Holy Grail.

The Holy Grail brought by the Holy Church is said to be an omnipotent wish-granting device.

That is what that Cardinal pledged in the name of the sole Lord they followed.

Before the wish-granting device, there will sometimes be a Master who holds an individual wish rather than an ambition.

Therefore, grasp you Servant's wish at an early stage.

As mentioned before, if the wishes of a Servant and Master are incompatible, they must recognize that a tragic conclusion is inevitable.

In many cases, the Servant that materialize upon being summoned appear to have some similarities to the nature and mindset of the Master, but that is not absolute either.

Only their mindset on the surface is similar, it is their wishes that are in conflict———

That would be the most notable pattern.

If the person who sees this notebook is one who inherits my bloodline.

Fight with your Servant, win, kill and gain your wish.

Use even your Servant's wishes from time to time.

(An excerpt from an old notebook)



I, Misaya Reiroukan quickly recognized the death curse placed on myself.
Even though I had no subjective symptoms, I definitely did have a lump of poison embedded in my life. The total amount of curses closely entwined with the magic crest in my body is more than enough to kill a single human being. If they just wanted to kill me, they wouldn't need such a powerful curse.
I'm sure I will suffer and die. I.....
Unless I obtain the Grail———

The blade that my father raised and pierced through my chest.
What the hell was that?
It must have penetrated my chest, but there were no scars when I woke up.

That blade.
I couldn't clearly remember its shape.
I can recall my father's words, his appearance and his gaze. But only those.
As for the blade, I couldn't investigate much about it in the end. Of course, I tried to search for it with magic, but no matter what I did, I could not clearly reconstruct the memories that had scattered into fragments.
I figured that it was probably a mystic code used to truly complete the deadly curse———
But there is no conclusive evidence to date.

The Holy Grail War ended soon after.
I heard a rumor that a child of the Sajyou family who where a magus lineage which had roots even now in the land of Tokyo like the Reiroukan family was worthy of the title of Seraphim, the first-ranked Master and that they slaughtered the remaining Servants and Masters one by one with vivid skill.

Even so, the Holy Grail never came into the hands of the Sajyou family.
For some reason, the child of the Sajyou family died on the verge of victory and the Sajyou family head died as well.

??? (Implied to be **Sanctified**): "Unfortunately, you seem to have had a bad experience with your Servant's little revolt. "

A man of the Templar Order who had been dispatched as an "Overseer" from the Holy Church———a tall Catholic priest who gave me the impression of a reptile somewhere———told me when he greeted me as the acting head of the Reiroukans, when he came to announce the end of the Holy Grail War.

'Oh, I see, that what's happened.'
I thought in that manner.

As I was little convinced.

After that———

I told my mother who had come back from our second residence everything after father's funeral. My father's death. The end of the Holy Grail War. And, of the deadly curse that was given to me by my father.

My mother wept and hugged me as she got lost in her tears, but I didn't shed a tear.

As I already knew what I had to do.

In the winter when I moved up to middle school, my mother fell ill and soon passed away.

And so, I became alone.

Come to think of it, it's been that case since the moment of that early morning.

Misaya Reiroukan was alone.

I had no family.

I had no friends.

However, I can say that it was fortunate.

It was a kind of "*discovery*" for me.

Being alone worked to my favor for everything.

Literally everything.

Continuing to hone my magecraft skills, exerting the right influence in the right place as the Reiroukan family head, came much **better** than when I was young and under my parents' protection———

As a magus.

As a ruler.

I, Misaya Reiroukan made the most of these eight years for my own growth.

If **that man** who ruled the ancient world saw me now, he must be laughing heartily at me, the one who is said to have the traits of a ruler.

It was very easy for me.

I'm fine by myself.

Without restraining myself, like myself I only feel that way ———

———There should only be just one **queen**.

It was possible for me to naturally shape Misaya Reiroukan who reigns in both global society and the magic world. Sure, the name and power of the Reiroukan family had some minor revisions, but a part from that, I would have done the same things without it.

I became a ruler.
As a result of my own abilities, choices and actions.

I will rule.
I will protect them.
The people who were as powerless as I used to be in my younger days. The masses. And the innocents.

I shall give them happiness.
For they, the weak and ephemeral.

While advancing my rule in the land of Tokyo, I was quietly aware of it.
I can change the world as I am.
That is the truth. That is everything to me.

I will never make a mistake like I did in my younger days again.
The price was high, but yeah, I learned it. I kept waiting. While deciding what I can achieve, as I carry out my rule onto the world spreading before my gaze.

And then, eight years after my father's death.
The year is 1999 AD.
A six feathered Master's Degree appears on my **nape**— — — —

That time has arrived.
My first and last chance to break the curse that will lead me to my death.
My first and last chance to continue on to the "*Root*" which is our ambition.

The second coming of the Holy Grail.
The materialization of Heroic Spirits.

At last, the days of slaughter which enshroud me with the choking scent of blood.
At last, my brutal end where I can exercise all of my temperament and abilities.
The time when a Master's Degree will appear on my body.
You came for me.
Before the curse destroys my body and life.





A certain day in February, 1999.
Reiroukan Manor, Tokyo.

In the cold air of the early morning, Lancer accurately grasps the location of his Master.
Right in the center of the terribly wide courtyard.
There was a woman, feeding the hunting dogs that had been remade into a demon hound type-thing. That's it. That is the man's master.
A gorgeous woman.
A woman who had mastered many magecraft at a young age.
A ruler who truly should be called a prodigy.
In truth, he didn't mind if they regarded her as the true "*queen*" of this Far Eastern capital called Tokyo. Since the elderly in charge of national politics asked for this woman's mood on a daily basis, one could say that she is the one who governs the Far East itself.

Contrary to her youthful body that made her seem like a teenage girl her age, the aura that covered her and the presence that was even conveyed by her downcast eyes was truly that of a ruler.

He knew such a woman. She existed a bit before the man's **lifetime**. A genuine queen who viewed the trends of the world with those slender arms as her belongings and was so impertinent that he even called her an Amazon. Rulers who don't pay attention to those who claim to be king. He knows———that on the contrary, it was such women who were greatly involved in the turbulent lives of men. Yes, it was one such woman who gave the man his final moment.

Lancer: (So this chick is my fate, huh?)

The man quietly thinks.
While recalling the philosophy book he got in one of the main residence's studies yesterday to kill time with.
He stares at his Master.
The black-haired woman. Misaya Reiroukan. She was giving the guts, the raw meat that was prepared as food for the demon hounds, while keeping a tight hold on it without changing her expression once. Is it because of the individual qualities that made him feel weird, a type of sexual allure and bewitching at the same time?

Or, is it because of the strange situation they found themselves in?



Sitting on a step some distance away from his Master, the man ignites the cigarette he holds in his mouth. It's not so bad for a present-day luxury item. Especially this cigarette which he can enjoy whenever he likes.

He puffs out some tobacco smoke———

As he turns his gaze to the courtyard fountain, he reflects a little.

The Holy Grail War has already begun.

Seven days had already passed since the seven Masters who aim for the Holy Grail, the omnipotent wish granting device had gathered.

The man had already crossed swords with three of the Heroic Spirits under the command of Misaya as Lancer, the fourth ranked Servant, but there has been no particular movement since then.

He had no orders.

At present, Misaya wasn't trying to set up an attack against the other Masters.

Which is exactly why, the man had the time to release his spirit form and read a book in the study. She still told him to stay by her Master's side, but he is free to walk around the estate for example. Well. Other than her bedroom. He said that he would never enter her bedroom without permission.

Lancer: (..... What're you planning, my Master?)

He had no complaints.

But there was some distrust.

The man stares at Misaya while daringly including **it** into his gaze as an emotion.

And then———

Straightaway, there was a reaction.

As expected of the Queen of the Far East. Did she detect and show even the slightest emotion?

Misaya: "Are you dissatisfied with my plan?"

Misaya said.

With a calm voice that had a sexual allure that is inappropriate for her age.

Misaya: "You wonder why I forbid you from using your original weapon in battle. You feel that I refuse to lift the seal over your Noble Phantasm because I fear your betrayal."

Lancer: "Ah?"

He reacts to her abrupt words.

They were misleading words for the man.

Dissatisfaction and distrust. The man thinks *'Ahh, she fired back,'* because there is no way this woman was unaware of the difference. Daring words for a daring gaze?

Lancer: "Nah, that's not it. Although it is kind of tough without *Gáe Bolg*, well, *I can battle without it.*"

He shrugs his shoulders and continues.

Lancer: "You're right as a Master. I have no complaints about waiting till the rest of the participants show up. But———"

His words are a little evasive.

He immediately heard about Misaya's **circumstances** after he materialized.

Her time limit.

Unlike the other Masters, the woman called Misaya Reiroukan has no time left. A deadly curse that can only be lifted by obtaining the Holy Grail. No matter how overflowing with wisdom she is, she cannot fight elegantly as if to show off.

Worst-case scenario, he will need to partner with Sanraid and brawl voraciously.

Thus, the man of the lance says.

"But."

Misaya: "Enough."

Misaya smiles———

Misaya: "My life and my beliefs are two separate things. Weighing pros and cons disgusts me."

At least as long as they can afford to.

With that said, the mistress deliberately turns towards him.

The crimson guts held in his Master's white fingertips was moving and although the demon hound beside her was sending her a hungry-looking glare, she ignores it. The man takes Misaya's gaze head on and drops his shoulders with a *"Good grief."*

Lancer: (I'm dealin' with another strong-willed woman again.)

However. It is not so bad.

It will end with a reasonable win without one dilemma.

Besides, this woman. Her face resembled hers in some respects. It may be more like that in terms of the nature of her beauty, but this troublesome temper of hers is still reminiscent Scáthach to the man.

Highly proud and doesn't serve anyone.
A born ruler.

Brimming with wisdom, he understood better than anyone that she was different from ordinary people. Just like seeing into oneself, he can see through the character and temperament of others———

Misaya: "Did you know that heroes who are summoned as Servants have something in common?"

Misaya suddenly said.
Stopping to focus on the memories of his past, the man listens again.

Lancer: "Yeah? What's that?"

Misaya: "Although it is not true for every Servant. It seems that those who are destined to reach an untimely end during their lifetime will answer the Grail's call."

Chuckling, the mistress amusingly lifts her mouth.
That is unmistakably her exerting his rage as a superhuman, while they are people who have built a name for themselves as a hero in their lifetime, it can ultimately be read as if she is mocking the Heroic Spirits who are bound by their human deeds. In fact, that's probably it.
Lord help me.
Exhaling, the man replies.

Lancer: "So, all of them have regrets? That's so messed up. Unfortunately, what you've said has nothing to do with me."

Misaya: "It would seem so. However, I love those disgraced Servants who place their wishes upon the Grail. You don't really suit my tastes."

Lancer: "Then you should've picked more carefully before you chose me."

If she wanted a resentful slave, then there were plenty of others she could choose from.
As he kept it up, he stood up from the step while shrugging his shoulders. This is the end of his foolish conversation with his mistress. Currently she said his only job was to be a guard dog, so at best, he will continue to be vigilant so that any intruder can be killed on the spot.

And then———

In that moment when he stood up and began to turn into his spirit form.

Misaya: “As for me, I wanted a hero who was killed by a woman.”

Her echoing voice mutters.

They were supposed to be words imposed on him, but.....

At the same time. The man senses that the words were directed towards Misaya Reiroukan herself.

This is her real intention.

Yes, the man——— Lancer concludes.

They were just an excuse to judge herself. Her voice. Her words. The emotions included in them certainly existed. Although still young in her late teens, this woman who sits in the Far East as its ruler and shines her talents at the end of her studies and training as a magus, clearly held some strong feelings **towards the Servant**.

Not for the spearman personally.

Towards heroes.

Towards Heroic Spirits.

Towards Servants.

Perhaps she was showing it unconsciously, but the color of these emotions are yes———

Lancer: (Revenge. Or is it retribution?)

The man thinks of the profile of the one woman who was in his past, whom he even sometimes called a “*goddess*.”

That’s right. This gorgeous girl whose mindset is similar to Scáthach who ruled the “Land of Shadows,” is not Scáthach in terms of facial expressions and gestures but is very similar to **that** in any event.

To that person, Medb, the queen of Connacht who was even called the goddess who ruled over royal authority, evil and madness. To that woman who trampled over the earth with a seething desire for revenge and killed him, Cú Chulainn.

It was the first time he was convinced of it.

As the man felt Scáthach inside of her rather than in her looks.

However. In this moment.

Lancer Cú Chuulainn undoubtedly overlapped Medb's profile with Misaya Reiroukan.

The bewitching of the girl's flowing eyelashes which were aimed at him who was speechlessly gazing at her were truly.

Lips that slowly open.

The tip of her tongue that spins sounds, voices and words.

Is truly———

Misaya: "Because, then he'd know just how scary women are, right?"

Her whispering voice.

Along with her bewitching smile.

Is charming, cold, quiet and yet somehow cheerful.

It truly resembles Queen Medb. Like Medb and Scáthach, huh?

Lancer: (.....This gal sure is)

This time it was the man's turn to expose his unconscious mind.

From the bottom of his heart, the man drops his shoulders with a *'lord help me.'*

Lancer: "You're quite the woman."

From the bottom of his heart, he praised her like this.

It's not a huge lie.

Misaya: "That's quite the sarcasm."

Lancer: "Nope, I ain't kidding. I pledge on this lance of mine that you are quite the woman. But, y'know. One piece of advice, you're young, but if you keep acting like that, you're not gonna make even one friend———"

Misaya: "Fine by me, I don't care."

Lancer: "Hah?"

Misaya: "It's fine. Don't you know?"

He didn't know.

The mistress replied back to the man who spoke honestly with her.

Quietly.

Coldly.

And, with unwavering determination and **realization**.

Misaya: “———I don’t need friends.”

Fate/Prototype: Fragments of Sky Silver

「Special Act: Magicians」

Written by: Sakurai Hikaru

Illustration by: Nakahara

Translated by: PhoenixRising

One day in December, 1990.

Reiroukan Main Residence, Tokyo———

It was a quiet morning.

The morning air never changes as usual.

Her exhaled breath is white.

In the chilly air that still indicates midwinter and although she cannot feel the arrival of the next season, it is a little warmer compared to the heavy snowfall she experienced in the previous winter. Surely, she will see some signs of spring in the next two weeks.

While walking right behind the luxurious western-styled house which is often mistaken to have the same name as her family, the girl———

Misaya Reiroukan looks up at the sky.

It was a winter sky.

It was a white sky.

The current time is past 6 a.m.

She is aware she woke up earlier than most typical elementary school students, however, she is not particularly dissatisfied with it. If there is a slight thought in the corner of her perfectly clear and uncloudy consciousness, like the white which is spread all over her field of vision, then yes, she held some pity for classmates who were unable to see the beauty of this early morning winter sky.

Misaya: “.....Reinforcement. Material. Existence.”

The words escaping from her lips, their fragments.

She was trying to do a light review of the **magecraft** she learned from her father, last night.

It also ends in a matter of minutes.

Reinforcement magic. Material enhancement which is the basis of all magecraft. It was something that was taught to her in the past and Misaya had already mastered to it the level required to learn other magecraft, but for some reason her father uttered this again last night. The reason for it is unknown.

Misaya: (.....Father)

However, she had a strange feeling.

Since the beginning of December, her father has been reciting more and more to Misaya about magecraft which has been categorized as basic. She was a little surprised when she heard a speech about “*gold conversion or creation and refining*” which is the starting point of alchemy, on the night of that day when the gardeners tended to the rear garden.

‘You must not forget the basics.’

Her father is trying to teach that to her.

Why?

Misaya: (Mother.....I bet she doesn’t know anything)

Her mother is not a human who rightly lives in the magic world, but she is a human who belongs to that world. More specifically, she was born as the daughter of a branch family who was a little separated from the main Reiroukan family and although she wasn’t blessed with magic circuits, her bloodline was considered valuable and she married her father under her grandfather’s will———and so Misaya was born.

It would be impossible for her to be in this world equipped with magic circuits with extremely superior quality without the existence of her mother. It can be argued that her mother’s existence was not in vain and the branch family of the Reiroukans which were her mother’s family line also had significance.

But, even so.

Her mother is not a magus.

She is not a person who seeks the end of the truth, transcends humanity and walks the paths of mysteries. Despite being an important person who is close to her father as an individual and Misaya, she is not someone who can stand side-by-side as a collaborator and fellow researcher to her father and herself as a magus.

That is why. She doesn’t know **anything**.

Actually, her father rarely shows his face as a magus to her mother.

The scene of “*her mother and father together*” that Misaya sees is roughly around the dining table at night and in the morning, and though she is unable to know what they were talking about in their bedroom and in their private rooms, even so, she is sure they are the same during meal times.

Her father quietly indulges in thought.

Her mother gently smiles.

As usual, the two should be calm.

Misaya: “.....”

She exhales deeply.

The pure white mist dances from her lips to directly in front of her face.

This white is also a material. It is just simple water.

Misaya: (..... If I could reinforce this, then.....)

It might be impossible theoretically, but what property should she reinforce in her white breath?

Should she cast it off as a stupid idea? No, it is not always the case it is and she silently thinks that it can be done with a clear consciousness. What is the way of breathing in winter?

Concentration or range. Its ephemeral nature that melts away quickly?

Her thoughts———

Are interrupted midway.

Dogs: “Wafu.”

A voice. A black figure. Black eyes.

There are several burly beasts before her eyes.

It wasn't luck that they didn't jump out at her, because she was regularly attentive to their training. Several hunting dogs were appearing in front of her from the Reiroukan Manor's vast “*rear garden*” which was full of trees and shrubs just like the black forest. They are the protectors of the black forest who are slender and brimming with a functionality reminiscent of some kind of elegance. A pack of guard dogs who were entrusted with this vast forest, along with the gardeners.

Misaya: “Good morning, you guys.”

She calls out.

Eventually, the guard dogs are **allowed** to shake their tails slightly to show their affection for her.

Their approach. Their actions too. Everything is under the will of the Reiroukan family who are their masters.

Misaya: “Good boys.”

Dogs: “Wafu.”

Even their barks.

Except for emergencies, they only voluntarily speak out when they encounter them. Since her mother who suddenly saw them fell down in amazement, ever since then, they approach after taking a pause. They were properly trained to do so. It was decided so.

Misaya: “Thank you as always. You guys.”

She reaches out her hand.

To the gallant protectors who protect the forest.

Dogs: “Wafu.”

Misaya: “Yep.”

She touches one with a finger.

She gently rubs one of their heads.

The stance of reaching out her hand to them does not vary. Don’t break it, don’t break it.

———Misaya Reiroukan never mistakes her *sense of distance* by any means.

In a sense, it closely resembled Misaya’s own behavior in elementary school. Without stepping beyond a certain level, she does not overstep her bounds over a certain amount. A certain distance where she can take every initiative.

She compares the hunting dogs’ performance with her own.

Yes, this distance is most reasonable.

Even if they were to bare their fangs at her, she can deal with them with magic.

And, since they are normal hunting dogs, this level is fine. She did not need to be more vigilant than necessary. On the other hand, if they were **abnormal** hunting dogs, then she will not reach out to them unless her father or a gardener was nearby.

She does what she needs to do.

She grasps the distance she should take and keeps it.



It was the same for everything else.
Whether its school, hunting dogs, servants, or even magic.
If there is a rare exception, yes———then her father who she apprentices under and her mother that she adores are enough.
However, if her grandfather was still alive, she would have added another one there.



Around an hour later. 7:00 am.
As usual———

It was a morning scene that never changed whatsoever.
Breakfast with the family.

Correctly speaking, there are quite a lot of young women in maid outfits, but in a broader sense, they must be humans of the Reiroukan family. However, there are only three people in the large dining room who are sitting at the table laid out with a pure white tablecloth.

At the end of the long table, her father.
Next to the center of it, her mother
At the opposite end of her father, Misaya.

Same breakfast time as always.

As she was feeling the warmth of the morning sun shyly flowing in through the glass windows. There is no other sound besides the clinking ringing sounds of her knife and fork hitting the plate, mixed in with the voices of the songbirds who tell of the morning.

Mrs. Reiroukan: “Don’t make a noise.”

Occasionally, her mother’s voice gently scolds her.
Her voice which even echoes gracefully from her well-shaped lips, together with her attractive appearance which hasn’t lost its youthfulness since the time she married into the Reiroukan family, is the object of ideals and admiration with the servant women.

Misaya: “Yes, mother.”

Her own voice replies.

That's about the voice her family makes at this time.

There are few words, but it is a time that makes her feel calm and warm. Yes, warmth. Misaya knows that it is by no means the result of only the morning sun.

Does her mother's or her voice makes it so?

No, that's not it.

This morning time itself is ———

Butler: "Now then, Master."

At the end of the meal, the butler who had remained silent up until then opens his mouth.

He who is a little younger than her grandfather who passed away, cannot speak voluntarily at this time, so of course, he will dignifiedly speak out when prompted by her father.

Her father's schedule for today was announced from the butler's mouth.

Butler: "Today at noon, you have a lunch meeting with Representative Kaneko. And then, you are scheduled to talk with Chairman Honda of the P Group from 2 o'clock. Both are after they come to the main residence, but the 6 pm commencement social gathering you will be attending will be a visit to Nagatachō."

Master Reiroukan: "I see."

Such conversations are normal.

It's the same. This is yet another part of the quiet morning time. The morning scene of the Reiroukan Family.

Even so, her father appears to be busy today.

Meeting or going to meet with VIPS in the political and business world———and yet, her father always asks the butler to adjust his schedule so that he always has "*a certain time*" of night left open.

As it is a daily thing, it might be closer to confirmation.

Butler: "Certainly, sir."

The time to announce her father's schedule ends with a deep respectful bow from the butler. Her mother and herself in particular couldn't slip in a word.

However, she once asked "*Why does father have to personally go out?*" only once in the past. She knew that guests showed up at the main residence, but said, "*wouldn't it be pointless and unnecessary beyond that?*"

But now they never ask the same question.

They quietly accept the schedule recited by the butler.

After all Master Reiroukan is not *an average magus*.

Therefore———

His activities as the master is not limited to only the academic inquiry of magic.

Even his departure time which seemed pointless to the idle mages seeking the truth, is rightly an important matter to her father as Master Reiroukan.

And, the young Misaya had already deeply understood and comprehended it.



The way of my home.

In other words, the Reiroukan way of life differs from that of a typical magus' family lineage. It may be said that our conduct is closer to that of a second owner of this land and region if anything, but I don't know every lineage in the Far East yet, so I do not expressly know anything about a hidden bloodline.

What is the special characteristic of the Reiroukans?

It is likely clout.

What is called a society is formed by innocent people who cannot get to know the mystery called magecraft.

The Reiroukans who formerly settled in this land of the Far East to hide their magic from the west came to have considerable clout in society, as they continued to accumulate knowledge, study technologies and continued their research into the truth throughout the generations.

I don't know if I should describe it myself— — —as having reached that level.

Is having a relationship with society and the world considered detrimental to the family as it cuts down on precious time to get close to mysteries, or can being an influential person towards society be considered a plus if it means they can effectively function in various situations?

Both are likely true.

Yes, I tentatively give an answer while recognizing my shallowness and immaturity.

My father, who is busy every day, engages in the stability of society while cutting down his time as a magus and he also sometimes preserves the power of Reiroukan family in society. That is certain and it is unavoidable for some mages to condemn the Reiroukan family for it.

But I think.

Mages are certainly wise people who exist to seek the truth.

Even so, while accepting the claims of those who condemn my home, it may be that we should keep to a distance from human society which cannot imagine something like mysteries.

I also think this.

*— — —If you have the **ability** to do so. What is the doubt in trying to master magecraft and at the same time reaching out to protect a society of weak people?*

Do what I can.

That's all I can do.

That's why I, when I was still young, swore to do this.

If I have the same abilities as my father, grandfather and the successive masters of the Reiroukan, then I'll definitely do the same.

If I lack the ability to do so, then I'll just look at magecraft like any other magus.

But, if...

If I have more abilities than that, I will become more than a successive master.

To all places within reach.

———To wisdom and truth. And, to society and people.

(An excerpt from an old notebook)





It was a usual night where nothing changed whatsoever.

A quiet———

A father and daughter are talking together in a room at their house at night.

They are charming figures.

It is a pleasant sight.

However, Misaya is faintly aware that **this** which is being performed in a room of the Reiroukan Manor is decisively different from what can be seen in a very ordinary household of 1991. It should not exist in the households of her classmates. The magic tome spread out on the desk, the catalyst for use in magecraft and the magic circle faintly glowing on the floor. Not an indoor dog for a pet, but one of the hunting dogs that keeps obediently waiting for the arrival for the time while refraining from its own transformation.

It was a quiet night.

As mages who continue to inherit their family lineage which has continued for generations, the father and daughter were———

A quiet night moment, getting closer to mysteries and familiarizing themselves with magecraft.

Her father is very busy as one of the leading figures in society, and at the same time, a prominent magus in the Far East, but he still teaches her at least once every two nights.

He is different from the teachers in her elementary school.

A true teacher.

That was the non-father side of her father to her.

Now that she mentions it, she was surprised by her school pals who didn't have one lesson. She just didn't tell them. There is only one lesson. Others———like piano, flower arrangement and the stuff she was usually studying, she didn't feel like counting them as lessons. As such things were just for relaxation.

It doesn't matter if she won a prize at a competition.

It's just a little play.

The magus girl called Misaya Reiroukan will continue to get familiar with magecraft and get closer to mysteries tonight.

Like the people of the Reiroukan family have done so far.

Until now.

And from now on———

Misaya: “—————”

Establishment of magic circles, placement of catalysts and some chanting.

Misaya feels the mystery beside her tonight as she swiftly transforms and transmutes one of the hounds that she had petted on the head and touched with her fingertips a little in the morning hour into a **demon hound**.

If she loses her concentration even a little, the magical power which rewrites reality and affects the hunting dog's body will run wild, ripping its flesh, breaking its bones and splashing blood right before her eyes, and the hunting dog which keeps staring at them from the center of the magic circle will die.

Neither is possible.

She will definitely guide the mana and accomplish the mystery.

She will lead the impossible into reality.

She will turn the obedient hound into a tough, ferocious and similarly obedient demon hound.

She will give it a body that can withstand bullets, give it sharp claws that can tear steel, give it agility that surpasses beasts and conceal the greatest mana that is unacceptable for a wild animal within its body.

As a response, yes, it is not much different from magecraft that is the basic of the basics.

At least for the talent called Misaya.

Master Reiroukan: “You are a genius Misaya.”

She could hear her father's voice.

It wasn't until she had completely finished using her magecraft that she shook her head and responded, “*No, I'm not.*”

She should have been able to hasten it by two seconds even at her current rank. Misaya thinks slightly annoyed that it took her two seconds extra because she had braced herself and tried to be careful with it.

And, she tells it to her father in her own honest words.

Then her father said this.

Master Reiroukan: “Nonetheless, you are a genius. More than myself. Maybe more than my father.”

Misaya: “No, father. I am too inexperienced. That is why, even now I...”

Master Reiroukan: “I though the same thing as you, I was able to say it when I was fifteen.”

It was a voice ringing with pride.

Aah, Father is trying to encourage me.

Yes, she actually feels.

Because she knew the magus called her father rarely praised his relatives. For he is a man endowed with a calm perspective, that is able to accurately evaluate others that do not come from his own lineage, and at the same time, he is a man who shows an unusual strictness towards the Reiroukan family line.

Such a father says this.

Misaya accepted her inexperience rather than her sense of discomfort to the unusual matter.

But.

Right after that———she felt a slight sense of discomfort.

Master Reiroukan: “I’m glad. You are in this world full of talent. Yes, I couldn’t be more grateful to you, my miracle daughter and for my wife who bearing you.”

Misaya: “Father.....”

At the other end of Misaya’s gaze, her father started talking.

Talent. Aptitude.

How important is it to a magus———?

It is said magecraft is....

A mystery.

A miracle.

The general term for the knowledge and skill to artificially achieve them.

Only the unusual ones, only mages can perform it.

It is said that magi are.....

Those who perform mysteries.

A supernatural person who uses mana to make the impossible into reality.

Ones who possess magic circuits within their bodies.

One who devotes their life to study and research because of their great ambition.

It is said that magic circuits are.....

Something that lets one transform natural mana into magical power.

Something that lets one transform their own od into magical power.

A key that access one’s thaumatological foundation.

It is an indispensable **organ** for exercising magecraft with, and it is nothing more than an innate **quality**.

It is said that thaumaturgical foundations are.....

A magical theory carved into the world.

Sometimes as an academic discipline, sometimes as a religion, and sometimes as a family oral tradition.

Magecraft is only possible by pouring mana into these magical formulae.

It is said that their great ambition is.....

Something that all magi seek for.

It is the "*Root*," the origin of all creation according to literature.

She must not forget.

A magus is not a magus because they use magic.

A magus is a magus because they seek the ultimate wisdom, because they aim for the "*Root*" with magic.

All of it, everything.

Like reinforcement magic, it was too basic.

Although she can assert that such a scenario is unlikely to happen, if she tries to make it easier for her innocent classmates to understand, then yes, to the same extent as the phrases her elementary teacher speaks as they take note to properly say their greetings in the morning, it is the basic of the basics of education.

So why did her father say those things?

Was he so vivid by her magecraft exercise of changing something from an animal into a demon beast?

Or did he discuss something with her mother and reviewed his instruction policy?

The latter is more likely.

The former is not particularly felt by Misaya herself.

Misaya: "I— — — —"

Master Reiroukan: "Listen Misaya."

Quietly and calmly.

But surely her words were cut off.

Master Reiroukan: "In this Tokyo, the greatest *magical ritual* in history will begin in the Far East."

Quietly and calmly.

However, her father talks about it with great **zeal** somewhere.

A large-scale magic ritual held in Tokyo.

The first-ever, unprecedented magic ritual, performed using a “*Holy Grail*” exceptionally lent by the Holy Church— — — —

A magical ritual performed with the backing of the Clock Tower, that Mages Association. An unprecedented ritual held for the purposes of reaching the “*Root*,” the great ambition and the thousand-year dearest wish for all magi. A fierce struggle between seven Masters and seven Servants.

A large-scale magical conflict in Tokyo.

The re-enactment of a myth.

The realization of their ambitions, the path to it.

Master Reiroukan: “By fortune’s favor, the path to fulfilling our ambition has opened up before me.”

Her father, Master Reiroukan was chosen to be a participant in the ritual.

Already, the Grail— — — —the effectiveness of the Saint Graph hidden somewhere in Tokyo has been validated by confirming the enormous magical power generated by Symbol. Truly, the Holy Grail will lead a magus to their aspirations.

Of course. The danger is great.

Master Reiroukan: “Originally, a magical conflict that even uses Heroic Spirits that are beings out of the reach of human hands is a giving and taking of lives by itself.Which is why I intended to move all of our household members to our villa in Izu, but if it is you who possesses such outstanding talent, then.....”

Pausing his words slightly, he closes his eyelids once.

And then, he slowly opens them. Her father reiterated once again.

Master Reiroukan: “No, exactly because you’re a prodigy, there is much to be gained from experiencing it first-hand.”

Misaya: “Your ritual from up close.....?”

Master Reiroukan: “That’s right.”

Misaya: “Me.....”

Master Reiroukan: “That’s right.”

For the first time, her father’s voice.....

Misaya finally accepted that it was filled with shining pride for her.

Many of the words spoken were abrupt and incredibly large, but they were none the less true as long as her father was the one saying it. Because he is the master of a long-standing magus lineage, and, because they are a special lineage with a lot of social influence, her father has the eyes to see through traps and falsehoods.

Because of those eyes along with his grounding as a magus, he was given the position of family head ———

Yes, Misaya remembers what her grandfather secretly told her when he was still alive. Which is why.

She greatly admired him.

The ritual that will certainly begin in Tokyo. As well as.
Her young and inexperienced self, can witness this unprecedented scale of a magic ritual!
She obtained more joy than when she opened her birthday present. While she was receiving her magic instruction, she decided that she wouldn't look like a child.
It's not as if she is downplaying the possibility of danger.
It's not as if she had forgotten how undeveloped her skills were.
However, she was happy to **realize** that her father was truly proud of her.

Master Reiroukan: "It is said to be a joint project that is extraordinary even for this world by the Mages Association and the Holy Church. The church is essentially a repellent to magecraft, although it is exceptionally considered a miracle in this ritual."

Her father's words still continue.
Quietly and calmly.
However, while keeping to the path towards the long-standing ambition of the Reiroukans.

Master Reiroukan: "The name of the ritual is the ***Holy Grail War***. We Reiroukans shall obtain our great ambition with this battle."



Mother was happy for me.

Somewhat clearer than my father, no, very clearer.

He smiled for some time and rubbed my head, as I remembered, he was worried for me and told me that the ritual is dangerous, but I told him I would protect myself

After that, I turned three of the forest hounds into demon dogs.

The magical bounded field is also in the course of being turned into a powerful one by father.

As far as I know——I don't know all of the magi in the Far East, but even if I did know them——there is no one who can break this bounded field.

The only danger is, yes, a Heroic Spirit.

Heroic Spirits.

Even if they are transcendent, the ritual participants can summon a mystery that cannot be reached by a magus who is nothing more than a human, as a kind of familiar. This shows the amazing amount of magical power of the Holy Grail, and at the same time, it is proof that the Greater Grail has the great potential to reach the "Root."

Heroic Spirits. The embodiment of a mystery, re-enactments of myths or legends.

I don't know what the other participants will summon.

But my father was telling me.

That he was readying a suitable catalyst to summon one with.

I'm sure.

My father who is said to be particularly brilliant even among the successive heads of the Reiroukans. The Heroic Spirit summoned by such a father must surely be much more than the other Heroic Spirits———

(An excerpt from an old notebook)



Midnight on a certain day in February 1991 AD.
In the basement of the Reiroukan main residence, Tokyo.

Master Reiroukan: “———Heed my words. My will creates your body, and your sword creates my destiny. If you heed the Grail’s call and obey my will and reason, then answer me.”

A voice resounded.
It was a voice that concealed the wishes of generations stretched over his bloodline.

Master Reiroukan: “I hereby swear. That I shall be all the good in the world, that I shall defeat all evil in the world.”

The voice resounded.
It was a voice that was determined to make the miracle of the Holy Grail his own.

Master Reiroukan: “Thou seventh heaven clad in the three great words of power. Come forth from the circle of binding, Guardian of the Scales.”

The voice activates the magic circle drawn on the floor.
Even in this remote location, the extremely enormous mana that overflows from the Lesser Grail managed by the Holy Church will turn the impossible into the possible. The mana’s light fills the room. A catalyst placed in the center of the magic circle, that is, some “*gems*” summons those who should have died in the distant past from this transient world.
In other words, a Heroic Spirit.
In other words, a mystery.

That intangible ether transforms into a tentative body.

He was a beautiful person.
Although he had long hair like a women’s, their gender was supposed to be male.
The magus, Master Reiroukan, knew exactly who he had summoned.

It is the same exerciser of mysteries as himself.
An “*Average One*,” who manipulates all elements as his own.
He is the human who contributed to the establishment of one of the thaumaturgical foundations engraved into the world, and a supernatural person who carved the **concept** of the four main elementals into the world as solid knowledge and an academic discipline and could manipulate them freely. A great man who has made great achievements and a huge name in not only the world of magic, but also in history. And, he revealed a part of his research to save people all over the world, and thus he died———as one who left the legend of an **ideal man** in the world of magic.

A tall figure wearing a white robe.

With a calm air, that Heroic Spirit was there right now as a Servant.

Standing on the magic circle which was losing the light of mana, that man calmly said.

Caster: “I have arrived in response to your summons. My true name is Paracelsus von Hohenheim.”

It was a quiet voice.

It was the first time he heard a voice filled with so much reason and intelligence.

He believed his father was the ultimate magus, but now in this moment, the man who was the master of the Reiroukans had no choice but to alter his perception for decades. Behold, these wisdom hidden eyes. He must never have touched the Root, but he strongly understood it.

More so than any of the successive Reiroukan masters.

No. At least, he is **closer** to the Root than any of the magi in the Far East.

In other words, the many mysteries that are his own are———

Caster: “I am an ancient one who has materialized into the Caster class. Like you, I am a magus who seeks the Root.”

On this night. At this time.

It can be argued that he, Master Reiroukan, was having the best time in his life.

For example, if there was someone——— who manipulates magecraft that lets one go back in time———or the ultimate mystery that surpasses magecraft, and if he ever exercises that ability, then he may take back that assertion without hesitation, but at the very least, he believed it to be true in this instance.

Caster who completed his summoning told him many words.

After hours of conversation, he knew the legend to be true.

Von Hohenheim. A legendary alchemist and magus. He is truly a marvelous magus, with a sense of values and life stance not unlike a magus, as he hides and conceals his research “*to do what he must do to save his beloved children and all people far and wide,*” he shares knowledge that should not be passed to anyone outside of the same family lineage, let alone fellow magi, to those who don’t know of mysteries and contributed to mankind with the development of medical care.

Virtuous. The ideal man.

A **fool** in the magical world.

Even though he sounded like some legend, it was hard to believe so suddenly.

Is he a magus who transcends humanity?

Is he a person who seeks the “*Root*” at the end of knowledge, merely single-mindedly mastering magecraft?

Caster: “.....There were many magi who judged me a fool.”

Caster said.

No anger, he just stayed calm.

Caster: “And thus, I lost my life. It couldn’t be helped. I wanted to save people. They were afraid that I would disclose more of my knowledge. Since we were incompatible, one of us had to die, and for me———the magi must have been lovable children to me too.”

This is not a magus.

Isn’t he quite like a **saint**?

Caster: “Do I resent them? No. I don’t. After all, I got to meet you.”

He had no choice but to remain silent without understanding the meaning of his words. And then, Caster said with a smile on his face.

Caster: “O’ descendant of the many children who would have received my teachings. Your family seems to have mastered the basics of alchemy, so you are without a doubt, my proper descendant.”

Aah, he———

He is like a magus, like a saint, like an ancestor.

While gaining much wisdom, he is too pure.

He judged the way of life of the **character** called Caster as such.

And, at roughly the same time, he realized the one thing that always stayed in his heart.

My daughter———

About Misaya Reiroukan.

He always thought that his daughter needed an “*acquaintance*” as the current master of the Reiroukan.

Misaya is certainly a gifted individual who has more qualities than himself, and she will prove it by immediately making it her own, not only in the many magecraft that have been passed down through the Reiroukans, but in her private studies as well. He has no doubt, no anxiety about it.

But.

The Reiroukans are not just a family that conducts only academic studies. As one of the leading figures who govern the Far East, she has the opportunity to interact with many more humans, than other mages.

If so———

She needs an acquaintance who can broaden her horizons.

Misaya must know people. If she is to spearhead a group of people.

However, there is a lack of samples with only the servants, his wife and himself. Therefore, she needs an acquaintance. A character that is insightful, thoughtful and has perfected even the subtleties of conveying human emotion.

At the elementary school in Suginami which she deliberately attended, he recognized that even though there were children who simply idolized Misaya who overflowed with talent, she had not yet obtained a suitable acquaintance.

However, it is outrageous to entrust her to a magus from another family.

He would have no choice but to look for———a person who is far from the world of magecraft, yet deeply trustworthy———like the butler for himself for example. He thought as such.

But. Still.....

What about the Caster in front of him?

If this one is a noble and charitable magus who had turned into a Heroic Spirit.....

A magus who is a transcendent. But, as long as he is a Heroic Spirit, he wouldn't make a fuss about his own family.

He thought for a little. He makes a decision. There was no hesitation.

For Misaya, he opens his mouth with conviction and says, *"there is no other deeply wiser teacher than you,"* as he bows his head deeply, *"I wish for your assistance with a different matter than the Holy Grail War."* It wasn't something that a Master performs for a Servant, but an act similar to **one** that a magus does for a master he loves and respects.

Caster: "Please leave it to me."

His petition———

Caster readily agreed to it.

While maintaining a calm expression that never ceases.

Caster: "Your words are correct."

———Softly.

Caster: "Even magi needs friends."

———He reaches out to him.

Caster: "If that's so, then I shall become you dear daughter's friend."

———He quietly whispers.