We're going to cover volume 6 feats for the best manipulator, information about the no game no life cosmology to an extent, as well as practical war game. Which is volume 9.5. Which heavily buffs Jibril and a character who's abilities Riku makes a mockery of "Think Nirvalen".

V6
At the mere age of 18 Riku was the leader of what remained of the imanity race and even Individual groups within it due to his sharp decision making skills and analytical ability, as well as his cold demeanour.

This is shown when he is willing to threaten someone called "allei" with death if they aren't able to follow instructions and even provides an effective fallacy in combination with his death stare to corner the person emotionally.
(Direct manipulation, decision making, leadership)
Riku off of the map of the world they found from the dwarves as he is fluent in Dwarven is able to determine the map is extremely accurate despite the fluctuating state of the world, based on the incomplete map in his head and is even able to determine and transcribe the positive strategic points for them and the negative points that contain the enemies forces after a few moments. (Data analysis, PRI)

Riku in a life or death scenario, cut the tip of his fingertip with his knife unhesitantly to bolster his senses to better acquire information, places his fingertips on the ground and is able to transfer that information to his ears to fully understand his enemy through the level of vibration and rhythm and can gesture that info to his comrades and feed them the information deductively. He is able to prioritise the survival of the race over his own wellbeing without a second thought (VCI, Logical reasoning, FRI, data Analysis, deductions, EQM, decision making, EQE, Observation+perception)
Riku analysed their requirement to be a sacrifice to escape the demonia as all traps, strategies and plans were futile against its strength and commanded Ivan to die, which he did immediately follow the command, out of the ideology Riku has effectively instilled into the imanity race. And even personally knowing what motives his soldiers have such as Ivans daughter. And knew specifically who to sacrifice, Alei being young means their death would be a waste and Riku himself is important, while he was deciding this he was also calculating their escape route, the time they would need how quickly the demonia would approach and its thought process. To guess the outcome (Direct manipulation, Leadership, EQE, Brainwashing, logical reasoning, predictions, overall thinking, senses, PSI)
Rikus' abyss -like dark eyes contained no fear, hesitation, sorrow or pain, or any emotions. Due to this despite Riku being a teenager which Ivan acknowledges means his life can be thrown away like garbage. Because in his eyes, Riku gave a better reason for his life to be used than one he can come up with. (Charisma, aura, direct manipulation, fast thinking, EQE)
The ideology that humans were weak and fragile to the point they could not survive as one but must survive as a race, personal feelings ignored, everyone existing to survive as the whole. Sacrificing one to save two, sacrificing the minority to save the majority, regardless of the one sacrificed, saving others at the colony was the top priority therefore other means were not to be considered, this was implemented by Riku. And the burden would be carried

by Riku. (Mass manipulation, Brainwashing, EQE, indirect manipulation, Leadership, Metacognition)
Riku made the wife of Ivan believe Ivans sacrifice was necessary, done because they thought the ends justify the means, specifically mentioning it was directly for his Daughter's sake. To the point she thanked him (Direct manipulation)
The lives of 2000 people are under Rikus' jurisdiction at this point, he even has to lie and make a persona for himself, locking his heart to cope. (Superior defence mechanism, EQM)

Izuna was able to relate the morals of great war to the current disboard, and then to herself without lying. She also possesses knowledge of the Ex machina to the point Tet said she gave a perfect answer about them. (Knowledge, VCI, thinking)

Riku grasped the situation he was in in a millionth of a second. And organised his jumbled thoughts systematically. And attempted to answer what is happening by checking for amnesia by reciting his important details, why it's happening and what is going to happen. First he checked if the metaphorical lock on his heart was still secure. (PSI, EQM, Metacognition, deductive reasoning) then he accelerated his thoughts to the point it was as if time had stopped. Meaning he did this instantly. (PSI, WMI) riku then replays what happens with perfect detail.
After reading the Dwarven map to collect loot or intel in the ruins of an eleven city after a flugel attack. [This is shown in practical war game] he hides in cover due to the Elemental black Ash, a substance that completely destroys and poisons the body of all lifeforms. He spots an ex machina, and reasons despite being a violent race it's an analytical one too and will not attack without being provoked, and tries to keep moving but this one betrays expectations, and he is pinned down and his upper body was stripped naked 😳 with the ex machina asking him to turn her into a women.
He reasons he hit has memory loss with the possibility being high as he hit his head hard when he fell down, his first kiss appears to have been stolen too. Leading back to the current situation post memory replay. (W rizz, abductive reasoning, wmi, Inductive reasoning, crystallised intelligence)

Riku played off Schwi's desires to confirm his abductive reasoning that she was removed from the cluster by playing into her desires. Predicting her answer beforehand, based on her current actions and the fact he is still alive.
(Love bombing, predictions)
Riku after obtaining information makes a move that turns the undesirable situation into a profitable one and askes Schwi if he can change the Victory conditions this will allow him to know her true motives. And even acts like he thinks he can win their game to trap her into a two sided agreement on conditions. (Information gathering, social adaptability, strategy, deductive reasoning, thinking)

Riku even when gifted a lucrative condition still rejects it on the spot if he can reason it's incoherent. (Critical thinking, Decision making)
The Ex machina has methods to calculate the best possible way to win in Chess.
(Misc)
By understanding psychological factors and implementing effective strategies using traps he is able to be schwi in check.
(PSI, setting traps, strategy, EQU, psychological analysis)

He knows the same trap won't work twice, but there are an unlimited amount of baits and strategies he can use under psychological guidance. (Metacognition, strategy) he still loses regardless due to schwi adaptability on top of her monstrous PSI and calculations.
Riku was calculating what to do with Schwi/Shuvi. Until he slept.
Riku didn't have a calendar. But is able to estimate that Schwi was in the colony for approximately a year. Riku felt it was a few days. (QRI)
Riku studied all types of Dwarven equipment, as I'll show in volume 10 is beyond our technology by miles, and still thinks Shuvi technology is superior and can't quite understand it. (Misc)
There are an unlimited amount of Old deus, with an unlimited amount of concepts proportional to them. With Artosh (The God of war) and Kainas (God of the Elves) being top dogs. And the god of games being the weakest, barely living.
Riku knows Dwarven, Demonia, Fairy, Elven and Werebeast as well as imanity. More impressive when you realise he would have just had to figure it out himself (VCI)
Riku through notes, words and the like, he is able to understand the nature of each race, their nature, language and habits. (EQU, VCI)
Riku played Chess against Shuvi and lost 180 times, not even drawing at least once. (Misc)
The suniaster represents the concept of absolute control. (Misc)
Riku leads 177 people as part of The Ghosts other than himself and Shuvi (Leadership)
Riku made a powerful speech that had every ghost hang on every word fueled by his own emotions. (EQE, Charisma)
The Ghosts chances of ending the great war are one in 1 hundred quintillion (misc)
Shuvi calculated each of the Ghosts plans succeeding was less than 1% and every single one succeeding was 0% success chances (QRI, planning)
Riku figured out her calculations rather easily to the point she was surprised.
And even refuted her calculations with his own logic to the point she was confused. Giving a sound argument looking from a perspective even an Ex machina hasn't considered. (Creativity, overall thinking)

Riku nodded towards ShuVi's conclusion----that mathematically, any more calculations about this will be too troublesome.

"This is called cheating. Interesting right?"

----Even so, ShuVi still doesn't understand. You can't talk about this [game] by using the Probability Theory.

She was able to understand that. But, even so, why----

"...Why, can you turn... the lowest... probability... into, the value you, expect?"

After ShuVi looked straight at Riku and asked---- Let's see, Riku started thinking.

He can answer whatever he wants---- If you don't believe you can't do it, or something like that?

By believing, by having hope there's no need for a basis, or something like that?

----But Riku thought, that the answer ShuVi wanted surely wasn't that kind of answer.

While looking outside the entrance---- to the world that was becoming a star of death---- Riku answered.

"ShuVi, what are the percentages of... coming out the [result] of humans surviving in this world?"

"........I got, it."

After Riku said that with a creepy wry smile, ShuVi recognized. Probability Theory is, just statistics after all.

Before the result of a [miracle], any calculations at all are dismissed. Then paradoxically that is----

"...If you make a..."miracle" happen... something like, Probability Theory, becomes... far- fetched."

Riku laughed, and nodded at ShuVi's answer.

"Saying it in your style, we go around as a "singularity of calculation". Whatever predictions, strategies, calculations... with just a minor manipulation, we mess up with everything, and make it converge to the direction we want."

Riku thought after saying that. It's impossible to predict everything, those words turned back to him.

Knowing that---- if that was really possible, wouldn't exactly that be a [Work of God].

Then, Riku deepened his smile.

"Isn't it interesting? The work of the guys with a smug face waiting for the return above the heavens, forced to suffer a downfall by the manipulation of mere humans. If everything goes well---- don't you think that it will be the greatest irony?"

Towards Riku who innocently said that---- towards his crystal clear black eyes... ShuVi finally understood.

----[This] is it. The true identity---- of what she saw the first time she met Riku.

If it's now, then ShuVi can affirm. This is the [Origin of the Heart]---- the [Soul].

It's what she (Ex-Machina) illogically held "interest", and finally "longed" for.

It's like that because it was necessary to be like that---- Something herself (Ex-Machina) who is just a [Responder] doesn't have.

It's because she wanted to be like that that she wished, challenged, struggled, aimed for---- [Ideal]----

"Well, besides... fundamentally, Probability Theory is after all, just desk speculation you know?"

Certainly she was forced to confute. But to even say that it's speculation, ShuVi felt troubled.

"Then let's prove it---- <Question>What are the probabilities of me proposing to ShuVi here and now?"

While unable to scoop the intention of the question, ShuVi gave out the approximated numerical value.

"........? Intention of the question, unclear... approximately... near zero."

"Look, it missed---- Marry me, ShuVi."

Towards ShuVi who froze, Riku handed out a small ring, and said.

"In the Probability Theory there's no zero---- The probabilities of being victorious in this [game], no one can deny it, isn't that right?"

They put Coron's surname, bellow their own names. Somehow they felt like the writing was a little bad but----

After the engraving was done, to Coron whom the stone seemed more dazzling than to anyone else, she put it away dearly.

And then---- with a face looking like a older sister's, even more so than a real older sister.

"...Hey, Riku, ShuVi."

I want to stop them, but I can't do it. She understood it, and with an smile---- that even now seemed to be forced.

"I don't know what you two---- that everyone is trying to do---- You two aren't in this world, but."

Saying that, Coron---- hugged those two, her younger siblings, and said.

"I know---- I have a dear younger brother and cute little sister. That's why...please."

"----I, don't want to lose my family anymore. Don't be reckless, please..."

----Her face can't be seen. But towards Coron's trembling whisper, the two younger siblings nodded.

"Aah. No one will die nor will I let die. At least only this [game]---- I'll definitely win."

"...Count on, us...onee,chan..."

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

----After the [ghosts] gathered around the round table, the head of the ghosts, spread the[Board] with his hands.

"We don't exist."

"Without killing anyone, without letting anyone die. While using any methods, information, plans, and deceives alone we will induce the situation of the war---- we have rules, so if there's a victory condition then this is clearly a [game]----"

"Everything will be decided by this map---- by this board alone. Then... let's decide on the [pieces]."

After receiving the gazes of the ghosts, the head of the ghosts---- took out a white piece.

"This is us."

----A White, King.

"The weakest piece. The piece that can't become anything. But it's the most important piece. It's the piece that if it's taken it will be the end."

He set that on the map---- correction, on the outside of the [board]---- on the border of the table, and continued.

"We are the King. But at the same time---- we are also [ghosts]."

Something that doesn't exist. Something that mustn't exist. Therefore it's something that mustn't be allowed to be sensed.

"We don't exist anywhere, but we can exist anywhere. We are the ones that control everything from outside this board."

And then, he continued while taking out many pieces---- all white pieces,

"We will obtain victory in this game, without taking a single piece. Therefore all races are---- [white]."

Saying that---- he took out a [White Pawn]----

"This is---- the Warbeasts."

He placed the White Pawn---- on the [board]----in the region of the warbeasts' habitat.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■

----Three warbeasts killed their presence, and wandered inside the forest searching for food.

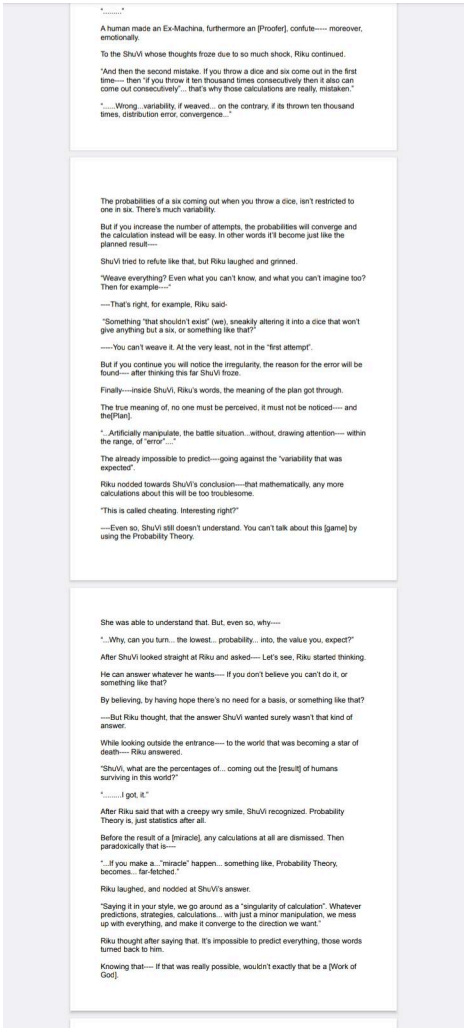
In this world, at this age, securing food isn't an easy task even if they are warbeasts. For starters there are too few decent animals living. Much less when it's limited the other races they can "hunt" without attracting risks.

After sharpening the five senses, and following the smell---- they finally found one prey.

----It's a human. It's an animal that's not much delicious but, it will fill the stomach.

They cooperated with a voice that only a warbeast can hear. Even if the

Anyway



A human made an Ex-Machina, furthermore an [Proofer], confute---- moreover, emotionally.

To the ShuVi whose thoughts froze due to so much shock, Riku continued.

"And then the second mistake. If you throw a dice and six come out in the first time---- then "if you throw it ten thousand times consecutively then it also can come out consecutively"... that's why those calculations are really, mistaken."

"....Wrong...variability, if weaved... on the contrary, if its thrown ten thousand times, distribution error, convergence..."

The probabilities of a six coming out when you throw a dice, isn't restricted to one in six. There's much variability.

But if you increase the number of attempts, the probabilities will converge and the calculation instead will be easy. In other words it'll become just like the planned result----

ShuVi tried to refute like that, but Riku laughed and grinned.

"Weave everything? Even what you can't know, and what you can't imagine too? Then for example----"

----That's right, for example, Riku said-

"Something "that shouldn't exist" (we), sneakily altering it into a cice that won't give anything but a six, or something like that?"

-----You can't weave it. At the very least, not in the "first attempt".

But if you continue you will notice the irregularity, the reason for the error will be found---- after thinking this far ShuVi froze.

Finally----insice ShuVi, Riku's words, the meaning of the plan got through.

The true meaning of, no one must be perceived, it must not be noticed---- and the[Plan].

"...Artificially manipulate, the battle situation...without, drawing attention---- within the range, of "error"...."

The already impossible to predict----going against the "variability that was expected".

Riku nodded towards ShuVi's conclusion----that mathematically, any more calculations about this will be too troublesome.

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Knowing that---- if that was really possible, wouldn't exactly that be a [Work of God].

Riku visualised the map as the world of the great war and represented it with Chess pieces with the Ghosts being The White King from outside the board.
He represents the werebeast with a white pawn. (Planning)
Riku lured werebeasts in by allowing them to kill their presence and then making a noise only a werebeast can hear. Using himself as bait, unfortunately for them he poisoned himself with Black Ash. And then caught their attention when they tried to cold read him. Intentionally fed them information directing them to a Dwarven superweapon. Getting the dwarves and werebeast to collide by saying the Dwarves are using a werebeast base for a detonation site. (Information control, direct manipulation)
Caused the Dwarves to flee from the site and Werebeasts to discard the bomb and escape. As the Dwarves couldn't let the bomb off and couldn't defend themselves at the ambush against several blood burst werebeasts.
(Indirect manipulation, misdirection, strategy)
In 15 minutes the ghost collected the information before the Dwarves returned by causing this clash. (Information gathering)
Next riku pulled out a white rook symbolising the Elves.
Think with analysis magic couldn't even read the outline of Riku due to him being cloaked and using elemental black Ash. (Deception, creativity)

Riku offered Think a game where the bet is information and then gauges Thinks reactions and reads her thoughts, as he specifically chose her or rather Nina her puppet disguise, because she's perceived to be an excellent and sharp person. (Planning, mind reading)
Riku guided her thoughts and due to how he appeared to her knew she would accept the game for sure. (Indirect manipulation, Deception) making her believe he's from a higher race.
Riku fed her one piece of information, something Think has direct involvement in is being leaked to the Dwarves. Something Think would be able to confirm the veracity of it as she is the caster of the logic behind it and the formula editor. She then puts on a calm face and starts thinking exactly how Riku planned for her To. It was a secret being concealed from even the logic caster, even confidential documents which could lead to the ones involved in its development was recorded as encrypted. She didn't know it was contained in information in certain Elven ruins so in her eyes Riku was an existence who knew everything. She was using magic to sense the lies but they were none. As the one doing the leaking was the ghost himself. (Deception, direct manipulation, strategy)
She couldn't leave without knowing his identity so they decided to play a game of fast move Chess.
She tried to take white but was seen through despite casting Deception magic.
(EQP)
Her thoughts were guided to think "it was dangerous to test out magic when the opponents identity is unclear" she then tried to bluff Riku which he saw through and even saw through that it was a lie with magic designed to make him believe it. Riku couldn't even detect magic or even confirm the piece was moved but she couldn't do anything wrapped under Rikus bluffs that were disguised as Truth. (Deception)
He then let Think Glance at the bait of an even greater hook. That the Dwarves concluded the weapon to not be a problem. Which gave her 3 possibilities which Riku guided her thoughts to the one he wanted and even deepened the Illusion that he's a mind reader. (Mind reading, direct manipulation)
He returned fire with a bluff that he is holding the information that the dwarves have a weapon equal or greater than The Elves.

bet it.

Saying that, Riku handed out the recording stone on which was recorded the transmission sent from the Dwarfs' crashed battleship.

The information that Riku (the one leaking) is telling can't be betted. That's exactly why---- he turned it into a bait...

"More importantly---- the information that I'm offering is----"

And then---- he let her take a glance of a hook and bait even greater than that.

"Let's bet the reason for why, on top of knowing about Arka-shi-anse, the Dwarfs concluded that there's no problem."

"----------what, was it?"

----Arka-shi-anse was "confirmed to not be a problem".

What it meant, can be only three things.

It was undervalued, there's something to deflect it----or maybe, it can't be----

"----It's exactly that "it can't be"."

That's right, after waiting for the elf called Nina think---- Riku said.

The thoughts are being read----in order to deepen that illusion even more.

That's why---- she complied again.

"...So you say that you're holding it. That information, I mean."

----Returning fire with a bluff, by avoiding the specifics of that "it can't be"---- but Riku laughed.

"I'm holding it. The information of the [weapon], that the Dwarfs concluded to be equivalent or greater than Arka-shi-anse."

----That's right, if it's Riku he will answer.

Towards the answer that was exactly what she considered that "it can't be"

thought to be, she clenched her teeth.

But...again she fell to a childish induction right, or so Riku laughed inside.

Evaluating an absolute weapon as [no problem]---- the possibilities that can be imagined are limited.

But she didn't notice---- the importance of the meaning of mentioning "that information".

If she, who held confidence that there's no way they could have something to deflect it, were to be asked without the presence of specific information then.

-----By method of elimination, that "it can't be" is----the [existence of a weapon greater than that].

She was upset; with the fact that her own thoughts, were being read by some unknown method.

While being the current generation's number one caster, she had a reputation of being a sharp person, yet was being played one-sidedly in intelligence warfare.

That fact wounded her pride---- her ability of thinking calmly was being stolen...

About that, Riku thought----what an odd person.

If it were the absolutely strong ones then, they would be fine if they just killed him without a word in the instant they come across each other.

Regardless if that's possible or not, if it's just a half-assed power that can do nothing but use tricks and measure your enemy then----don't boast about intellect.

If you don't boast about foolishness, about weakness itself then, on the moment that that [half-assed power] gets sealed----

-----Trying to hit off against humans with only "intellect", such a thing---- It won't even become a talk.

"The magic system lost due to a Flügel---- after that a new system was created,

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"The magic system lost due to a Flügel---- after that a new system was created,

and I respect that it's your pride that conceitedly thinks that it overcame the first one by far, but if I win let's talk about details. What is it that you will bet?"

With a sigh towards Riku, who was yet standing in an advantageous position, talking about the information gathered by ShuVi and the [ghosts].

The elf called Nina bit her fingernails and tied her thoughts.

"----Arka-shi-anse's current number of continuous uses possible, and the number of machines capable of loading it, how about this information?"

"It helps that you understand fast. As expected of the Elf's sharpest person."

A weapon that surpass the Arka-shi-anse. That by itself is tremendous information.

So she understood---- that if she wants those details to be revealed, anything besides an appropriate compensation won't be accepted.

----As for how much dangerous of a bet that is, Riku too could imagine, but.

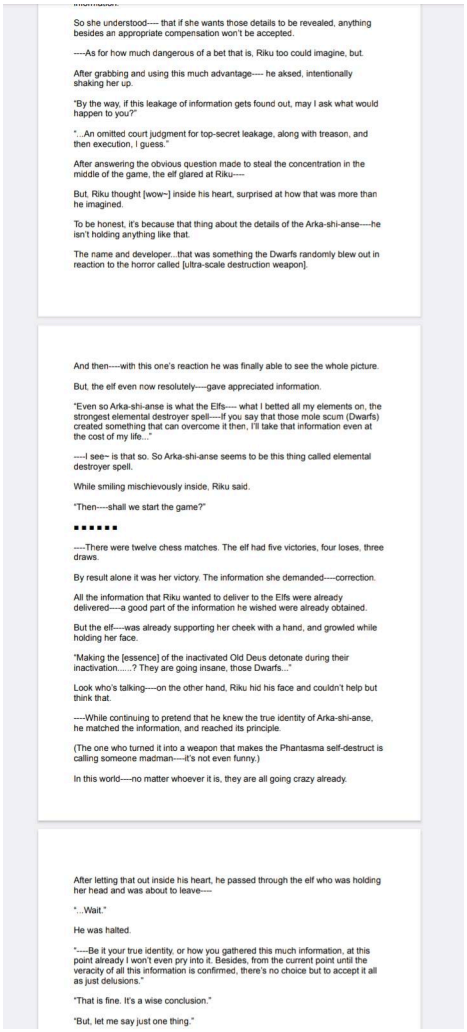
After grabbing and using this much advantage---- he aksed, intentionally shaking her up.

"By the way, if this leakage of information gets found out, may I ask what would happen to you?"

"...An omitted court judgment for top-secret leakage, along with treason, and then execution, I guess."

After answering the obvious question made to steal the concentration in the middle of the game, the elf glared at Riku----

But, Riku thought [wow~] inside his head, surprised at how that was more than



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But, Riku thought [wow~] inside his heart, surprised at how that was more than he imagined.

To be honest, it's because that thing about the details of the Arka-shi-anse----he isn't holding anything like that.

The name and developer...that was something the Dwarfs randomly blew out in reaction to the horror called [ultra-scale destruction weapon].

And then----with this one's reaction he was finally able to see the whole picture.

But, the elf even now resolutely----gave appreciated information.

"Even so Arka-shi-anse is what the Elfs---- what I betted all my elements on, the strongest elemental destroyer spell----If you say that those mole scum (Dwarfs) created something that can overcome it then, I'll take that information even at the cost of my life..."

----I see~ is that so. So Arka-shi-anse seems to be this thing called elemental destroyer spell.

While smiling mischievously inside, Riku said.

"Then----shall we start the game?"

▪▪▪▪▪▪

----There were twelve chess matches. The elf had five victories, four loses, three draws.

By result alone it was her victory. The information she demanded----correction.

All the information that Riku wanted to deliver to the Elfs were already delivered----a good part of the information he wished were already obtained.

But the elf----was already supporting her cheek with a hand, and growled while holding her face.

"Making the [essence] of the inactivated Old Deus detonate during their inactivation.....? They are going insane, those Dwarfs..."

Look who's talking----on the other hand, Riku hid his face and couldn't help but think that.

----While continuing to pretend that he knew the true identity of Arka-shi-anse, he matched the information, and reached its principle.

(The one who turned it into a weapon that makes the Phantasma self-destruct is calling someone madman----it's not even funny.)

In this world----no matter whoever it is, they are all going crazy already.

After letting that out inside his heart, he passed through the elf who was holding her head and was about to leave----

"...Wait."

He was halted.

"----Be it your true identity, or how you gathered this much information, at this point already I won't even pry into it. Besides, from the current point until the veracity of all this information is confirmed, there's no choice but to accept it all as just delusions."

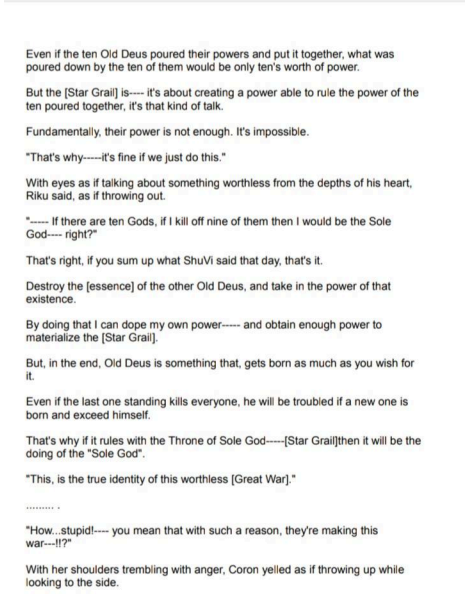
"That is fine. It's a wise conclusion."

"But, let me say just one thing."

8 (Deception, indirect manipulation, information control, strategy)
Think noticed Riku was losing some of them on Purpose to feed her information, and Riku saw through that she wasn't Nina but was Think from the start. (EQP)
Riku intentionally chose Think, because she can perfectly cover up that she met with a Ghost, pick up support of the information and reapply it. (Deductive reasoning, Planning, anticipation)
Elves have the greatest magical aptitude of all the races. With Think being their number 1 caster, who got deceived and played with by Riku (Misc)
It was the perfect plan as a powerful intellect and magic caster. She couldn't identify Riku due to the black Ash and not deduce the method due to it practically being suicide.
And Riku had been ingesting black Ash for the entirety of the operating showing how great his mental fortitude is also making the other 179 ghost fleet ingest black Ash when necessary too, showing how great his command, instilled through Charisma is. (Charisma, Leadership, Superior mental fortitude) Some ingested the poison to deceive the dwarves, some traded an arm to make a mere induction, some would eat carrion to deceive the demonia and some would even get bitten by a dhampir, meaning they could never walk in the sun again. Showing how great Rikus control is, making anything usable as long as they don't use their own life as a tool. (Methods, mass manipulation+emotional manipulation)

Anyways some cosmology shenanigans.

Riku poses a question about what the Gods are seeking for and fighting for. And his sister Coron, answers. That it's the throne of the sole god.
Old deus are birthed from stars which is crazy to think about since they become Ni omniscient platonic ideals, but the symbolism makes sense, wish upon a star and a miracle may come. Here they are prayed upon and their essence is born or their quintessence as it's called multiple time, which means the perfect or ideal example of something.
But the Deus were born too much, so the Star or Holy grail (Type moon, yay) is a control device that limits the existences able to use magic or the ability to create races to one.
But 1 Old deus creating a device to seize the power of all Old deus is impossible, right?
Shuvi poses. Which Coron understands why instantly apparently after hearing the information, it's like the power of 10 trying to create power Superior to 11. Which Riku says is correct. And establishes that, the Sole god aka the power to rule all gods. Regardless of status or power.



Even if the ten Old Deus poured their powers and put it together, what was poured down by the ten of them would be only ten's worth of power.

But the [Star Grail] is---- it's about creating a power able to rule the power of the ten poured together, it's that kind of talk.

Fundamentally, their power is not enough. It's impossible.

"That's why-----it's fine if we just do this."

With eyes as if talking about something worthless from the depths of his heart, Riku said, as if throwing out.

"----- If there are ten Gods, if I kill off nine of them then I would be the Sole God---- right?"

That's right, if you sum up what ShuVi said that day, that's it.

Destroy the [essence] of the other Old Deus, and take in the power of that existence.

By doing that I can dope my own power----- and obtain enough power to materialize the [Star Grail].

But, in the end, Old Deus is something that, gets born as much as you wish for it.

Even if the last one standing kills everyone, he will be troubled if a new one is born and exceed himself.

That's why if it rules with the Throne of Sole God-----[Star Grail]then it will be the doing of the "Sole God".

"This, is the true identity of this worthless [Great War]."

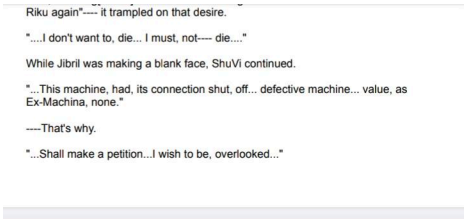
..... .

"How...stupid!---- you mean that with such a reason, they're making this war---!!?"

With her shoulders trembling with anger, Coron yelled as if throwing up while looking to the side.

Riku cools Corons anger by saying "Coron… watch your words it's rude towards the idiots because you see"
He touches the map/gameboard as he has come to believe it as abstractly and shows even if they don't use the Old deuses methods they can make the star grail materialize. He plays with the Black's King in the palm of his hand. He askes Coron if he's told her where Old deus are born from. She answers "Stars, right?" And he confirms her answer, but elaborates on how stars are the metaphorical for the elemental circuit itself aka the source of all things, the power flow of all creation, in other words born from the stars" with the elementals as a race I suppose being the lifeblood of such a force.
Which makes since why they're concepts, albeit lower tiered ones than the Old deus and Phantasma which is another reason why the Old deus are platonic forms since there are hierarchical concepts beneath them, with concepts beneath those ones.
Shuvi continues, supplementing Rikus words.
"The creatures, the races too, the old deus essence, pass through the elemental circuit and are created."
Which Riku confirms, remembering the day he thought about it in the Elven ruin, off vague details. Showing how he's able to grasp the most complex abstract concepts.

After hearing the talk about the reason for the war between the gods and the star grail. It clicked for him, thinking it was so obvious why had no one thought of it to the point Shuvi an Ex Machina was even surprised at the time about his conclusion. Compared to the Old deus themselves, the star itself has more power thinking normally.
That's why he announced to Coron who's eyes were peeling off. The Ghosts victory condition, picking up the black king and centering it on the map/Game board. If the star (gameboard) is destroyed the star grail will materialize.
Riku and Shuvi look away from Coron, and point to the floor. They say. "The core of this star, if the elementals flow circuit is pierced, the expelled power will overcome the power of all the deus." "Manifestation is $10^{\wedge 46}$ Square seconds, destruction, power expel, Manifestation, will be immediate"
"If the Star grail is obtained and the star is immediately recreated." Riku and Shuvi announced and align together "Checkmate" to a dumbfounded Coron who usually is quite competent. (Abstract thinking, fri, deductive reasoning, creativity and cosmology details)
Coron screams that's it's a power great enough to pierce a star where will they obtain such power from. And then notices the map hung on the wall after rising from her stupor.
"Make them do it themselves, not a stalemate but a complete collision of the full forces"
Finally understanding the aim of Rikus plan.
Riku says joyfully showing an incredible smile "about the Artosh camp and coalition they won't do a stalemate"
Each other's certain destruction. The stalemate situation is based upon their certainty that if one side layer their hands on another then both sides would be destroyed.
Something like that can only work if from the start there was an option of not laying hands.
"The objective is the star grail, but those guys who are there just for the killing, will definitely ignite the spark sometime soon." There will be a Manifestation of war never seen before born from the eternally great war. It means the amargeddon. Riku says "But that firepower won't head towards anyone." Riku and Shuvi prepared for this. The eensweg set by him and Shuvi, is a setting that will distort the directivity of every power and make all the power head straight below, like the lens of a telescope." What the Ghosts risked everything but their life's to gather was the information about the weapons that are going to be used in that place.
Going by Shuvi who analysed and planned everything the exact amount of eenswegs going to be necessary is 32. (Planning, strategy information gathering, mass manipulation, indirect manipulation, logical reasoning, Deception, analysis, anticipation)
Onto Jibril as nothing really happened. Until this point where Shuvi unfortunately ran into a truck.
Ever since the Ex Machina nuked Aranreiv the true dragon, laying your hands on one was made taboo for the Flugel. But it's also a head of platinum rarity inside Avant heim.
Shuvi tries to act here as if she will summon the cluster, with pretty good acting however Jibrils analytical abilities are truly monstrous.
She concluded there is one proofer, as she confirmed there is no reaction of any Ex machina outside of Shuvi in a 100k meter radius, so why can one walk alone outside the cluster this piqued her interest.
She also concludes since she's alone she cannot use her prized "monkey-act analyse replicate" so it would be a rare chance to take a platinum head.
Shuvi tried to act to make a petition for her survival, but Jibril is literally the most irrational of the flugel. But Shuvi thinks if Riku was there he could negotiate successfully.


Riku again"---- it trampled on that desire.

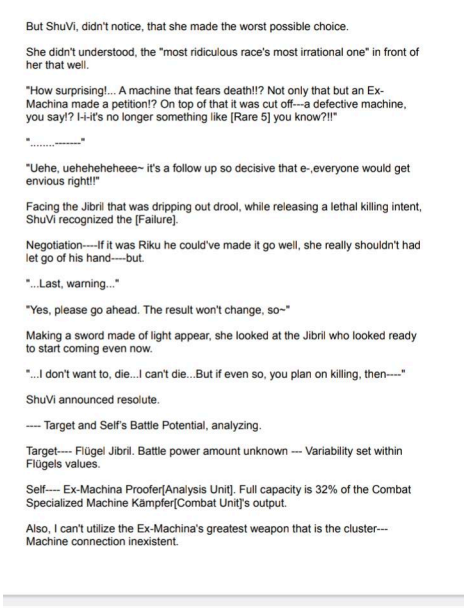
"....I don't want to, die... I must, not---- die...."

While Jibril was making a blank face, ShuVi continued.

"...This machine, had, its connection shut, off... defective machine... value, as Ex-Machina, none."

----That's why.

"...Shall make a petition...I wish to be, overlooked..."


But ShuVi, didn't notice, that she made the worst possible choice.

She didn't understood, the "most ridiculous race's most irrational one" in front of her that well.

"How surprising!... A machine that fears death!!? Not only that but an Ex-Machina made a petition!? On top of that it was cut off---a defective machine, you say!? I-i-it's no longer something like [Rare 5] you know?!!"

"........-------"

"Uehe, uehehehheee~ it's a follow up so decisive that e-,everyone would get envious right!!"

Facing the Jibril that was dripping out drool, while releasing a lethal killing intent, ShuVi recognized the [Failure].

Negotiation-----If it was Riku he could've made it go well, she really shouldn't had let go of his hand----but.

"...Last, warning..."

"Yes, please go ahead. The result won't change, so~"

Making a sword made of light appear, she looked at the Jibril who looked ready to start coming even now.

"...I don't want to, die...I can't die...But if even so, you plan on killing, then----"

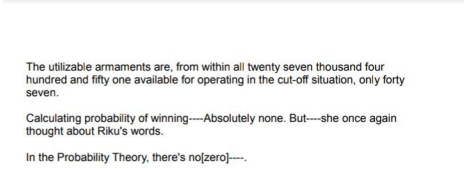
ShuVi announced resolute.

---- Target and Self's Battle Potential, analyzing.

Target---- Flügel Jibril. Battle power amount unknown --- Variability set within Flügels values.

Self---- Ex-Machina Proofer[Analysis Unit]. Full capacity is 32% of the Combat Specialized Machine Kämpfer[Combat Unit]'s output.

Also, I can't utilize the Ex-Machina's greatest weapon that is the cluster---Machine connection inexistent.


The utilizable armaments are, from within all twenty seven thousand four hundred and fifty one available for operating in the cut-off situation, only forty seven.

Calculating probability of winning----Absolutely none. But----she once again thought about Riku's words.

In the Probability Theory, there's no[zero]----.

Shuvi tries to jump to a position that's impossible to give chasing outside 100k meter radius, and in the middle of 0.000046 seconds Jibril tags her reaching her hand in the space and tears through it like a knife through hot butter.
Jibril actually tells Shuvi what her best logical course of action would have been there, and then Shuvi realises the horrible truth even 43% of the attack from one of the 3 Kings of the draconian didn't leave a scratch on Jibril, Jibril praises shuvi for making her deploy defensive magic. Nearly kills her but Shuvi narrowly escapes the attack using Intuition something Riku instilled into her,ignoring logic something a machine should be incapable of doing. Jibril overcomes her curiosity because she has a bad feeling about Shuvi and prepares to kill her with no questions. There is no 0 in probability theory. But after things went this far escaping or even surviving against the irregular was impossible no matter the logic or reasoning used for the extreme (will be important after volume 9s analysis) and even involuntary reasoning that ignores logic called Intuition told her that. But Shuvi told herself that despite being an agglomeration of logic, she was afraid of death and it was necessary to win. She remembered her husband Riku and the Ghosts got their skins burned out and charred for 1 victory. Because of her mistake she didn't want defeat to come so she starts thinking so fast time stops. And thought of 1 hand. The huge amount of thoughts, feelings, sensations and memories recieved from Riku. No matter what information, battle plans and armament. It was much heavier for her.
Riku surfaced in her mind, she sadly smiled. "This is a game" she must survive for 4 minutes 11 seconds or 251 seconds she calculated that's how long she must survive against Jibril. If

she can survive that long she wins, if she dies before then she loses. The feelings and heart born from a machine she recieved all of it. Bet all of it on the survival time required.
"ALLES LOSSEN" (Unload all, from Dutch) German robots, lol.
All the armaments, firepower and tactics were deployed by the ex machina at the same time to its limit.
The irregular Jibril even now combat abilities had an unknown value.
It had been concluded even using all of an ex machinas armaments, defeating her alone would be impossible.

The huge amount of thoughts, feelings, sensations and memories that couldn't be kept inside, received from Riku.

No matter what armament, battle plans, information, it was much----much, much more [heavier].

Riku's face surfaced on her mind, and ShuVi sadly smiled----this is a [game].

Four minutes and eleven seconds, in other words two hundred fifty one seconds, that's the amount of time that she must survive, from the death incarnated that is Jibril.

If she can stay alive until the time limit she wins, and if she dies she lose.
It's...the kind of [game] that Riku hates the most.

"...Those feelings, heart...born, from a machine...the life I received, all of it---

----I'll bet it all--- on those two hundred fifty one seconds---!!

"----<ALLES-LOSSEN>----!"
(TL Note: dutch for "unload all".)

All the armaments, all firepower, all tactics possessed within the Ex-Machina got deployed at the same time to its limit.

Those tools that were made solely for the sake of massacring and destroying, brought on by fools----giant wings of steel spread.

"---Oya, are you planning on alluring me?...I couldn't ask for more~"

While saying that Jibril once again----as if releasing light spread the giant wings----and laughed.

Flügel's [Irregular Individual] Jibril. Her combat abilities are even now an unknown value.

It has been concluded that, even while using all of Ex-Machina's armaments, defeating her alone is impossible.

Possibility of existence's time limit----estimation impossible.

----But, there's no problem, ShuVi nodded.

"----<Vorm>...Versus Unknown Combat Algorithm----Activate."
(TL Note: vorm is dutch for form/shape/build.)

After saying that and giving out what she built, she could feel the cluster receiving errors.

ShuVi thought----why get surprised. If the opponent is unknown, then it's all about hypothesizing everything that you couldn't hypothesize.

Don't try to understand. Don't try to plan it out. Believe in your sensations and move----just that alone.

Survive the [Death] in front of her eyes for two hundred fifty one seconds.

The logic (theory) asks----can you do it?

The error (emotion) replies----it's a foolish question.

Humans have been surviving for a time close to an eternity----under worse

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Standing in a land that was like a cataclysm had run through it,

"...A mere doll cornering me to this point...you have the nerve."

It's just an Ex-Machina, a single [Proofer] machine, yet being unable to destroy it, that made Jibril speak with anger.

"……I won't, die----I can't, die...yet.....----!"

ShuVi moved, overcoming the limits. Turning the members into plasma, she released a white pulsating light.

Unable neither to react nor to sense, inside Jibril's storm of attacks, she stood painfully.

By making full use of the Ex-Machina's every armament, and everything taught by Riku (humans), she struggled against death.

----Don't stand in your opponent's stage; definitely don't hand over the spotlight.

----Make your opponent get careless; make them understand that you are a worthless opponent.

----Make your opponent be wary, make them have the illusion that you're not an opponent that will make a careless move.

----Don't provoke your opponent; if you just invite him you'll be able to see the result----

Against an attack which you can't react to you should just predict it beforehand. If you can't even imagine then you should just reference----

And then evade by a single hair-width of distance, handling, offsetting---- trembling anger overcame Jibril's amusement.

The Ex-Machinas of the cluster already had their understanding fail, and now are just calling it an [error].

But----what the fully-wounded body of ShuVi was seeing, was only the few numbers displayed in her vision.

----<<Seventy-two seconds.>>

(...Hey...Riku...I wonder, why...)

When holding hands together with Riku, the time seemed like one hour felt like an instant, but----

Without being able to perfectly handle Jibril's attack, the right abdomen got blown away.

----<<Fifty one seconds.>>

(...Riku... right now, one second, feels like an eternity...you know...)

The light blast released once again by Jibril, when it was about to explode on the left hand,.

"------!!?　<Lossen>----[Eensweg] !!"

Because of the unbelievable speed that ShuVi opened Eensweg, the light that was deflected,

Pierced not the left arm----but the chest.

"----Finally you committed a miss-like mistake...you really gave me trouble."

Towards Jibril's voice, ShuVi looked above to the sky and asked----

"...Miss...?...what are you talking about, I wonder..."

Certainly now moving is impossible, and with this her movements were completely sealed off.

But, ShuVi smiled as she moved her gaze.

Left hand----towards the ring finger----

She protected, the glimmering ring.....

"...Goodbye, though----I humbly "apologize" for calling you scrap."

By her look, Jibril seemed to feel something----but ShuVi had no way of knowing.

dokun!----, A strong pulsation of elements was born as if that by itself was an attack.

And above ShuVi who tumbled on the ground without any way to do anything, highly on the sky.

She protected, the glimmering ring.....

"...Goodbye, though----I humbly "apologize" for calling you scrap."

By her look, Jibril seemed to feel something----but Shu'Vi had no way of knowing.

"dokun!"----, A strong pulsation of elements was born as if that by itself was an attack.

And above Shu'Vi who tumbled on the ground without any way to do anything, highly on the sky,

With the light halo as the center----like a giant painting, Jibril said while spreading both of her arms----

"You, are a "threat" that must definitely be eliminated here----I recognize that you are worthy of being called[Enemy]."
(TL note: in the "you"(anata), she says "Anata-sama". -sama is a suffix of respect.)

It couldn't be compared to the mechanic elements that the soldiers of Ex-Machina used.

From the air, from the stars, the forcefully drawn elements----concentrated, compressed and condensed.

The shining elements----wavered in Jibril's both hands, and an unstable [spear] appeared.

----------[Air Strike]-----

Without any room for doubt, the Flügel's body's entire inner workings changed into a connection nerve, sucked power from the Elemental Circuit's Power Flow Source and threw it----literally, the Flügels' greatest and strongest attack.

The Ex-Machinas also have a weapon with the workings of the [Air Strike]. Even for Shu'Vi too it wasn't the first time seeing it.

But on Jibril's case that was---- that swirling power,

That [Air Strike] was, beyond the data, beyond any knowledge----the difference in the numbers was too great.

Shu'Vi regretfully, sadly dropped her expression.

----[Irregular] Jibril----as expected, nothing could be do----

---

<Sha,ring....Com,plete.>

Because of the influence of the giant amount of power swirling above her head, sound got mixed in----the communication arrived.

----...about time,

Since when----she didn't notice.

<Uc207Pr4f57t9 reviewed---- "Player[Legacy Unit] Shu'Vi"...>

What was displayed in her view was a---- <<Sharing Complete>> message,

<You're allowed to rest and leave everything else to "us"----have good dreams.>

----While the [Air Strike] poured down, seeing Jibril's face----Shu'Vi laughed.

----This [game]---- it's Shu'Vi's victory, you know...

"..........?"

Jibril's expression looked like she felt an uncomfortable feeling, but Shu'Vi looked away from her face and raised her last voice.

"----<Lossen>----[Keine Eintrag]----!!"
(TL Note: Keine Eintrag is the german for "no entry".)

----Protecting against that [Air Strike] is impossible.

Just like Jibril said, she would become scrap without question... a way to overturn that, doesn't exist.

But with Keine Eintrag's full output, if it's just diverting the trajectory for "one half and twelve millimeters"----she should be able to protect it.

...From all the things she received, from Riku, this ring alone....

The [Heart] she received from Riku, announced that the unjust and unreasonable, absolute power was pouring down.

The direct hit would cause----this body, thoughts too, after a tenth of seconds, to disappear from this world----

---

.....But, why is it.

The direct hit would cause----this body, thoughts too, after a tenth of seconds, to disappear from this world----

.....But, why is it.

The upcoming Jibril's [Air Strike], felt terribly slow.

Sensing the thoughts' irregular acceleration----is this what the humans call, the revolving lantern, she wondered.
(TL Note: she say soumatou = □ □ □. which means revolving lantern. I don't know how it's relevant, but she must be talking about that sensation of time slowing down before an accident or the likes.)

ShuVi thought----why, did it become like this.

The accelerated thoughts, instantly pointed the answer.

It's not like it was necessary; it was a really simple talk.

(...Riku...ShuVi, as expected...if Riku isn't here...can't do anything...)

----Yet she still thought that she could do the Eensweg's settings alone, that there was no need to expose Riku to danger.

That excess of confidence, brought on this result----as expected Riku was right.

If it was Riku then probably----no, definitely. He would be able to avoid Jibril and prevent a battle----I can be sure of that.

Why did she let go of Riku's hand. Even though she had decided that she wouldn't doubt him anymore.

She was told to always stay by his side. She shouldn't have left Riku's side for even a second...

(...I'm, sorry...Riku...even so, I left you...the last hand...so...)

She knew, that Riku definitely would not be satisfied with it.

----But, she also knew that Riku wouldn't refuse it.

She knew how much it'll be painful for him, and yet.

He can't reject it; she knew that so well that it hurt her, and yet.

----I'm sorry, Corona (Onee-chan)----ShuVi----until the very end----

----I couldn't become----"a wonderful bride", you see...

----Even, so----

"...Riku...hey, Riku..."

She called the one who wasn't here, she called the name of her husband.

Her capacity to produce voice was long broken. It didn't even become a sound.

There's no way it would reach; even so, she must say it no matter what.

"...ShuVi...finally...understood...you see?"

She remembered, that there was a word she never once said.

"...ShuVi...having met Riku----was really...happy..."

Now----since she finally, understood it clearly.

"...Next time...I won't go away, never again..."

"...I, really... love... you--------....."

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

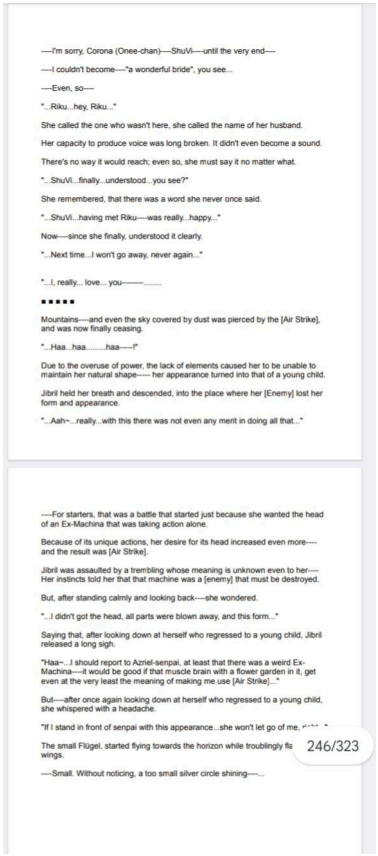
Mountains----and even the sky covered by dust was pierced by the [Air Strike], and was now finally ceasing.

"...Haa...haa.....haa-----!"

Due to the overuse of power, the lack of elements caused her to be unable to maintain her natural shape----- her appearance turned into that of a young child.

Jibril held her breath and descended, into the place where her [Enemy] lost her form and appearance.

"...Aah~...really...with this there was not even any merit in doing all that..."



,

Shuvi got murdered. 💔 Shuvi (LR, PSI, VCi, strategy, Observation, resourcefulness, strategically adaptability, inter, Metacognition, Data Analysis) Jibril (Strategy, Unpredictability, LR, Data analysis, perception, PSI)

Schwi volatilized it—and in that instant, she disappeared from Jibril's vision. Ultra-enriched spirits, given directionality and volatilized for ultra-rapid acceleration. The volatilized spirits coughed out blue masses of dead spirits, sowing pollution in their wake—as they shattered the bounds of physics. That was how Ex Machina, a race incapable of utilising magic, managed to use "magic" through the brute-force employment of technology.

This feat showcases the ex machina on the spot learned and used magic through fucking trial and error. You're gonna see how dumb this feat is. (PRI, logical reasoning)

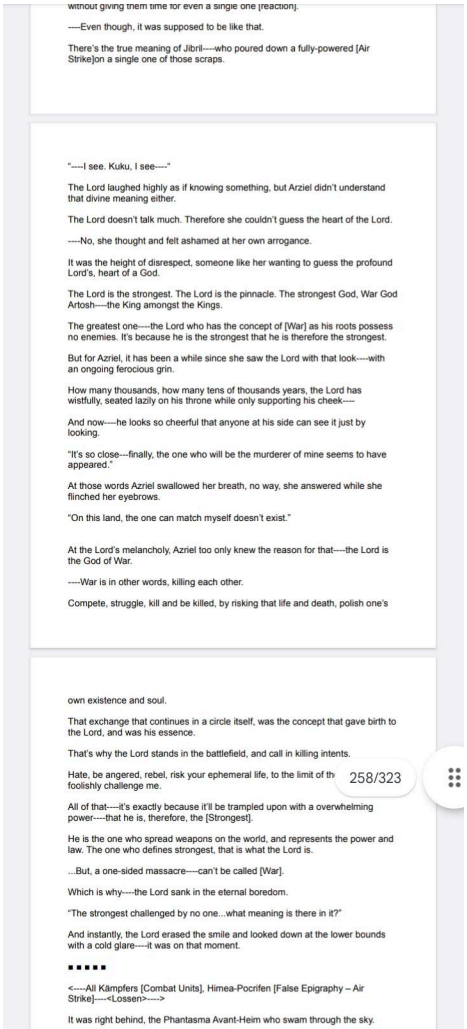
After receiving the Ghosts report about Shuvis death, returning to his room was the limit. He moved the pieces alone where Shuvi and he had played Chess many times. Just like he did as a child he looked far away at a game he could never win, while moving the pieces he looked to the empty seat in front of him. A young boy with a fearless smile was there, the god of games. He askes him why can't he win, with no answer. (Abstract thinking+sadness inducement)

Jibril's actions cannot be read even by a flugel, was trackless freely and unhibted. An imperfection given by the flugels master. (Unpredictability, creativity)

Artosh aura makes even Azril feel nothing but awe and fascination. Mentioning even herself is a mere fragment, a drop in a great ocean and nothing more than a slight representation of Artosh power.

Artosh knows why Jibril did what she did finding it amusing even though Azril cannot comprehend it. Since contextually why azril banned the hunting of ex machina was not because of difficulty but having a poor representation of their power being replicated was an

eyesore and a small team if they wanted could have wiped out the cluster with ease.(EQU for Artosh if you can even attribute such a thing to peak ni omniscience)
Azril feels ashamed for attempting to understand the heart of the profound Lord, a heart of a God.
Artosh is the pinnacle, the strongest god. War God Artosh the king amongst Kings. The greatest one, the Lord who possesses the concept of war as its roots possess no enemies, he is the strongest because he's the strongest. (Misc)
Artosh is cheerful because he sees the one who will finally murder him has seemed to appear. (Anticipation, if that can be applied once again)



without giving them time for even a single one [reaction].

----Even though, it was supposed to be like that.

There's the true meaning of Jibril----who poured down a fully-powered [Air Strike]on a single one of those scraps.

"----I see. Kuku, I see----"

The Lord laughed highly as if knowing something, but Arziel didn't understand that divine meaning either.

The Lord doesn't talk much. Therefore she couldn't guess the heart of the Lord.

----No, she thought and felt ashamed at her own arrogance.

It was the height of disrespect, someone like her wanting to guess the profound Lord's, heart of a God.

The Lord is the strongest. The Lord is the pinnacle. The strongest God, War God Artosh----the King amongst the Kings.

The greatest one----the Lord who has the concept of [War] as his roots possess no enemies. It's because he is the strongest that he is therefore the strongest.

But for Azriel, it has been a while since she saw the Lord with that look----with an ongoing ferocious grin.

How many thousands, how many tens of thousands years, the Lord has wistfully, seated lazily on his throne while only supporting his cheek----

And now----he looks so cheerful that anyone at his side can see it just by looking.

"It's so close---finally, the one who will be the murderer of mine seems to have appeared."

At those words Azriel swallowed her breath, no way, she answered while she flinched her eyebrows.

"On this land, the one can match myself doesn't exist."

At the Lord's melancholy, Azriel too only knew the reason for that----the Lord is the God of War.

----War is in other words, killing each other.

Compete, struggle, kill and be killed, by risking that life and death, polish one's

own existence and soul.

That exchange that continues in a circle itself, was the concept that gave birth to the Lord, and was his essence.

That's why the Lord stands in the battlefield, and call in killing intents.

Hate, be angered, rebel, risk your ephemeral life, to the limit of th
foolishly challenge me.

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All of that----it's exactly because it'll be trampled upon with a overwhelming power----that he is, therefore, the [Strongest].

He is the one who spread weapons on the world, and represents the power and law. The one who defines strongest, that is what the Lord is.

...But, a one-sided massacre----can't be called [War].

Which is why----the Lord sank in the eternal boredom.

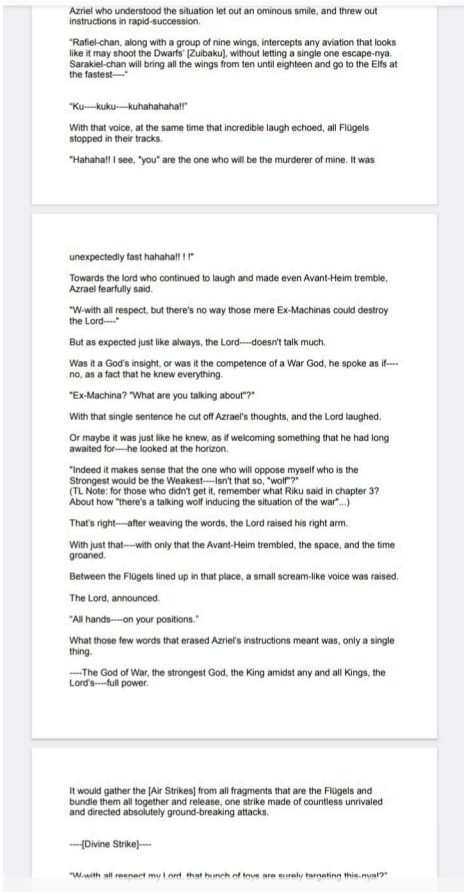
"The strongest challenged by no one...what meaning is there in it?"

And instantly, the Lord erased the smile and looked down at the lower bounds with a cold glare----it was on that moment.

▪▪▪▪▪

<----All Kämpfers [Combat Units], Himea-Pocrifen [False Epigraphy – Air Strike]----<Lossen>---->

It was right behind, the Phantasma Avant-Heim who swam through the sky.



Azriel who understood the situation let out an ominous smile, and threw out instructions in rapid-succession.

"Rafiel-chan, along with a group of nine wings, intercepts any aviation that looks like it may shoot the Dwarfs' [Zuibaku], without letting a single one escape-nya. Sarakiel-chan will bring all the wings from ten until eighteen and go to the Elfs at the fastest----"

"Ku----kuku----kuhahahaha!!"

With that voice, at the same time that incredible laugh echoed, all Flügels stopped in their tracks.

"Hahaha!! I see, "you" are the one who will be the murderer of mine. It was

unexpectedly fast hahaha!! ! !"

Towards the lord who continued to laugh and made even Avant-Heim tremble, Azrael fearfully said.

"W-with all respect, but there's no way those mere Ex-Machinas could destroy the Lord----"

But as expected just like always, the Lord----doesn't talk much.

Was it a God's insight, or was it the competence of a War God, he spoke as if---- no, as a fact that he knew everything.

"Ex-Machina? "What are you talking about"?"

With that single sentence he cut off Azrael's thoughts, and the Lord laughed.

Or maybe it was just like he knew, as if welcoming something that he had long awaited for----he looked at the horizon.

"Indeed it makes sense that the one who will oppose myself who is the Strongest would be the Weakest----Isn't that so, "wolf"?"
(TL Note: for those who didn't get it, remember what Riku said in chapter 3? About how "there's a talking wolf inducing the situation of the war"...)

That's right----after weaving the words, the Lord raised his right arm.

With just that----with only that the Avant-Heim trembled, the space, and the time groaned.

Between the Flügels lined up in that place, a small scream-like voice was raised.

The Lord, announced.

"All hands----on your positions."

What those few words that erased Azriel's instructions meant was, only a single thing.

----The God of War, the strongest God, the King amidst any and all Kings, the Lord's----full power.

It would gather the [Air Strikes] from all fragments that are the Flügels and bundle them all together and release, one strike made of countless unrivaled and directed absolutely ground-breaking attacks.

----[Divine Strike]----

"W-with all respect my Lord, that bunch of toys are surely targeting this-nya!?"

Ah yes, as elaborated in the part 1 doc, Avant heim as well as a concept is also an entire universe itself with it's own space and time above disboard. That is a meta Conceptual world.

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"W-with all respect my Lord, that bunch of toys are surely targeting this-nya!?"



"Rejoice the hatred, devour the wrath, allow the rebellion! The one who loves that foolishness is the Lord, the Lord who created the Flügels----the Sole King, the embodiment of the strongest, offer those wings for the decision of the Lord, and it'll be shown-nya!"

For those ignorant who don't know what the Lord is----

"That as long as you feel like it----just trample on everything, that is what it means to be [the strong]!!"

While the Flügels released the power they possessed, the Lord deepened his satisfied smile.

And then he announced, with a silent voice that made the heavens and earth tremble.

"Bunch of small fry (Machines and Elfs and Dwarfs and Dragons), bunch of fools who declares themselves Gods before me----there are no particulars."

No matter what it may be, in the end all of them are nothing but small fry.

All things in the universe, anything in the heavens or earth, when facing a power that destroys everything universally, everything altogether shall return to ashes.

----That was, the decision of the War God Artosh who is the strongest and the King (God) of the world.

All the Flügels, were pouring down all their elements which is the [Air Strike], on the raised arm of the Lord.

But as expected, Azriel couldn't guess the heart of the Lord.

While the laws of the universe lamented, and the order of the stars distorted with that arm as the center----

"I was tired of waiting, my "Natural Enemy"."

She surely heard, the small murmur of the Lord, but that meaning was even

now----

"If being broken by the weak is the destiny of the strong then, sure enough the strongest is the [Essence] of mine right."

The power will manifest, the method will show, and the strongest will define.

In the right arm of the Lord, a [Power (Law)] that no one in this world could do anything about it, was being gathered.

Without even standing up from the throne, as expected the left arm was supporting his cheek, and his ferocious grin collapsed.

He expanded the shining stark white wings of light, and along with the glee that filled his chest, the Lord----said.

- - - - -

Sink Nirvalein cursed herself from a few minutes ago for rejoicing for even an instant.

At the view in front of her eyes, before the upcoming storm that would bring an end to the world----a "question which mustn't be thought of" was born.

"....Just...what, the hell, is a Old Deus...?"

----------.....

The coalition fleet deployed surrounding the Artosh (camp)----was suddenly bombarded with [Air Strikes].

Sink, instantly found out that it wasn't an attack from the Flügels, and gave corresponding orders to the Elf Alliance.

Clearly----the elemental reaction was wrong. It's also because that even with those [Air Strikes] there "were no deaths".

And above all that there was "no meaning" for the Artosh Camp to bombard with [Air Strike]. If he was going to fire then it would be the [Divine Strike]----the

opponent should also know that anything besides that won't become an effective attack on the [Coalition].

Therefore she was able to find out----for Sink who knew about the [Ghost] of that day, that it was an false attack for the sake of making a surprise attack against the War God, under the guise of the preemptive strike from the Artosh Camp, in order to grant "this side" time to make a preemptive attack with the greatest firepower.

Sink quickly ordered all fleets of the Elf Alliance to release the cast of all bullets of [Arka-shi-anse]. From the eighteen shots half of them were towards Artosh----and following it was for the sake of immediately shotting down the Dwarf Alliance.

And then she received the report that the release of the cast was almost complete----it was on that moment.

----From Avant-Heim, the representation of power flowing out from it that didn't stop on just being aberrant...

----It was exactly "a power outside logic"...the divine light of destruction that made you sense the heavens and earth cower swirled.

Even Sink who was an Octo-Caster wasn't allowed to understand or guess, a power outside logic----she ordered intuitively.

To the entire coalition----the Dwarf Alliance who is their imaginary enemy included, to share all information and fleets.

Though each race and each fleet used its own observation method to understand the situation----the report was uniformly the same.

Namely----[impossible to measure].

Similarly both Old Deus from the [Coalition] side---- Forest God Cainasu, even the Forge God Ookein, went silent.

The pulse of power that made the stars shakes. Everything led to this place, finally everyone understood it uniformly.

----[Divine Strike]----that power, no one could see through it at all.

The [Coalition]had a unified view and promptly decided to bombard Avant-Heim with the entire firepower.

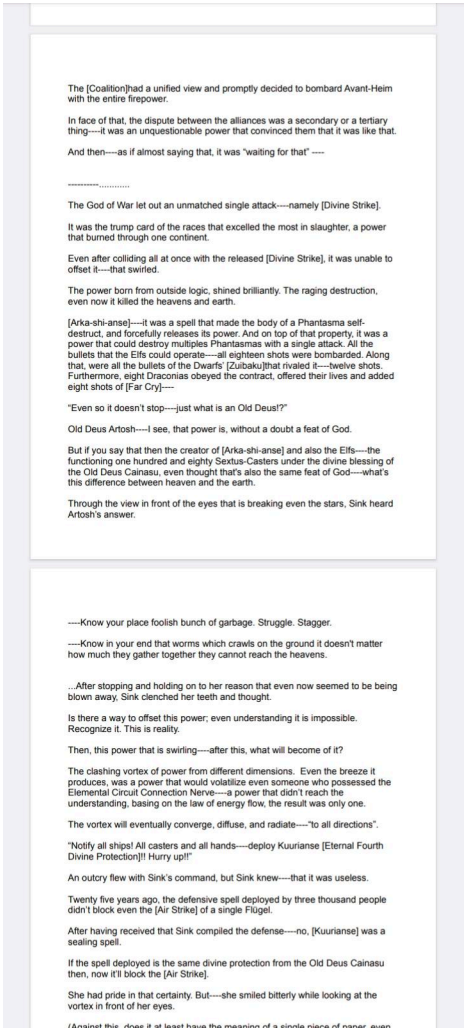
In face of that, the dispute between the alliances was a secondary or a tertiary thing----it was an unquestionable power that convinced them that it was like that.

And then----as if almost saying that, it was "waiting for that" ----

----------.....

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It was the trump card of the races that excelled the most in slaughter, a power that burned through one continent



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Even after colliding all at once with the released [Divine Strike], it was unable to offset it----that swirled.

The power born from outside logic, shined brilliantly. The raging destruction, even now it killed the heavens and earth.

[Arka-shi-anse]----it was a spell that made the body of a Phantasma self-destruct, and forcefully releases its power. And on top of that property, it was a power that could destroy multiples Phantasmas with a single attack. All the bullets that the Elfs could operate----all eighteen shots were bombarded. Along that, were all the bullets of the Dwarfs' [Zuibaku]that rivaled it----twelve shots. Furthermore, eight Draconias obeyed the contract, offered their lives and added eight shots of [Far Cry]----

"Even so it doesn't stop----just what is an Old Deus!?"

Old Deus Artosh----I see, that power is, without a doubt a feat of God.

But if you say that then the creator of [Arka-shi-anse] and also the Elfs----the functioning one hundred and eighty Sextus-Casters under the divine blessing of the Old Deus Cainasu, even thought that's also the same feat of God----what's this difference between heaven and the earth.

Through the view in front of the eyes that is breaking even the stars, Sink heard Artosh's answer.

----Know your place foolish bunch of garbage. Struggle. Stagger.

----Know in your end that worms which crawls on the ground it doesn't matter how much they gather together they cannot reach the heavens.

...After stopping and holding on to her reason that even now seemed to be being blown away, Sink clenched her teeth and thought.

Is there a way to offset this power; even understanding it is impossible. Recognize it. This is reality.

Then, this power that is swirling----after this, what will become of it?

The clashing vortex of power from different dimensions. Even the breeze it produces, was a power that would volatilize even someone who possessed the Elemental Circuit Connection Nerve----a power that didn't reach the understanding, basing on the law of energy flow, the result was only one.

The vortex will eventually converge, diffuse, and radiate----"to all directions".

"Notify all ships! All casters and all hands----deploy Kuurianse [Eternal Fourth Divine Protection]! Hurry up!!"

An outcry flew with Sink's command, but Sink knew----that it was useless.

Twenty five years ago, the defensive spell deployed by three thousand people didn't block even the [Air Strike] of a single Flügel.

After having received that Sink compiled the defense----no, [Kuurianse] was a sealing spell.

If the spell deployed is the same divine protection from the Old Deus Cainasu then, now it'll block the [Air Strike].

She had pride in that certainty. But----she smiled bitterly while looking at the vortex in front of her eyes.

(Against this, does it at least have the meaning of a single piece of paper, even

So basically Artosh is HIM. Literally everything else is relatively the same pile of trash in comparison to him. And even lower tiered ni omniscient Gods couldn't see through what he was doing…

“With that just now...for the sake of constructing this, how many tools (Ex-Machinas) were...broken?”

“----<Answer>From the eleven [clusters] that charged in, five machine are left, so four thousand eight hundred and two machines were annihilated.”

“...Five units remained huh.”

“<Affirmation>Are there any other questions?”

“It’s more of a confirmation than a question but...I’ll wait until your guys peel off Artosh’s [essence], after that I’ll pull this thing’s trigger, and pierce the core of the star----and then the [Star Grail] will manifest----is that all?”

“--------<Affirmation>Artosh too, no one will die. It won’t conflict with the <Rules>.”

Closing the eyes that were like darkness, Riku clenched the ring ShuVi entrusted and recalled.

----What, it’s a easy, talk...

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

“Reporting with frankness----there was a error in the calculations of Player [Legacy Unit] ShuVi.”

What the Ex-Machina who called himself Eintihi talked about in Riku’s hideout, was this----

Even with thirty-two [Eensweg] lined up “converging” it----was impossible.

“To induce downwards all attacks from all camps through the [Eensweg], they won’t make it within the difference of “10^-609 milliseconds”, and the power will collide and swirl. To grant it directivity and make it converge after that was----impossible.”

What came up in ShuVi’s plan, that was hazy even for the silent Nirvana, was a too much microscopic “error”.

That----was the conclusion given by the Ex-Machinas who computed alongside multiples clusters.

At those words Riku hid his eyes and smiled bitterly. So even if everything went well----they would still fail.

But----towards such Riku, Eintihi continued.

“With the thirty-two [Eensweg] set by the Player [Legacy Unit]----it’s possible to “deflect” it.”

“...And what’s with that?”

“Originally, the swirling power that collided would converge, and after that it would diffuse to all directions. But since the thirty-two [Eensweg] that she tried to set up stopped at twenty-four----there’s a hole in the southwest direction.

----In other words, Riku answered, by reading ahead.

“To make all the power that collided, not go downwards----but it’s possible to induce it to southwest, you say?”

Giving one nod----Eintihi continued.

“Accompanying it and sharing information----“

That was strictly as a tool.

“First, the Ex-Machinas possesses Himea-Pocrifen [False Epigraphy – Air Strike]----it’s an armament that imitates the [Air Strike].”

It’s nothing but information that the observer caught.

“Second, this is something that the Player [Legacy Unit] also understood but, if the star is pierced and the released power makes the [Star Grail] materialize, then with a probability of 52%----it will appear in the hands of the Artosh (War God). He possesses just that much of [Essence].”

After being told that Riku once again thought----just what, exactly, is [Essence].

much----Eintihi smiled bitterly.

It's just as Willer pointed out, mathematics is a tool too incomplete, though a machinery recognizing it is an ironic talk.

While thinking that Eintihi continued wordless, but Artosh,

"Hm, affirmative. That's fine."

More like, his smile deepened.

"The opponent of the thunderous strongest of the world for three thousand years, is the weakest neglected by everything of the world----that's what is natural."

And then, he stopped supporting his cheek----

"I was tired of waiting----soldier who is becoming the [Enemy] of mine."

Artosh stood up, from the throne. Just only that----

<From Eintihi to all remaining machines...is this a irregularity of this machine?>

The observation devices of a Ex-Machina, all of them----showed Artosh's "mass enhancement".

Wrong, that too is not correct. There's no problem optically, the man in front of them just stood up.

----Correction. The amount of energy he was wearing increased----once again correction. Not energy, what increased was clearly the information of his existence itself. It was as if something that didn't exist was trying to exist.

But the seven hundred and one machines that at long last gathered in the area of the throne, all of those machines answered.

-----<Nein>, they said. All machines observed the same thing.
(TL Note: Nein is the german for "no".)

It can't be true. It's going against any and all thermodynamic laws. Magic is, the operation of elements is nothing more than distorting the physical laws from within the range of energy exchange. It's not a talk that needs to stick with an explanation.

But----any and all sensors from all machines just, gave out the same conclusion----in other words.

The mass is increasing----the concept that engulfed the world, the heavens, and the earth, was once again appearing and taking form.

<It can't be true----what is happening...!>

Right after Artosh used the [Divine Strike]----for an ordinary time he should've remained with less than 12% of his power.

All Zeas [Observation Units] and Proofers [Analysis Unit] are calculating it as a consensus----even so.

Artosh said, as if reading that thought----or maybe he really read the thoughts of the machines.

"----The strongest is the strongest and therefore he is the strongest. What

meaning is there in the increase or decrease of power?"

--------,

Eintihi honestly recognized. I see now.

Don't try to understand don't try to calculate----what should be trusted until the end is the sensation alone----isn't that right, Player [Legacy Unit].

----Inside Avant-Heim, the Area of the Throne.

Before the "God", the seven hundred and one----machines talked, the ones with life screamed.

<[Objective, Artosh Essence]----change phenomena within milliseconds, assume that even the conversion of law is possible---->

----Then.

<Meanwhile, react as much as possible to every half second----I ask of you machines. Is it impossible for us (Ex-Machinas)?>

<<<DENIAL!!>>>

That's right----no matter what existence it is----no matter what thing (concept) it is.

<If it's harmful (exists) then we will correspond (destroy)----that is us (Ex-Machinas). I wish the best of luck to you machines, Aus!!>

<<<JAWOHL!!>>>

Towards the [Enemy (God)] that even now was enlarging and materializing, all machines took cooperation and shouted all at once.

"----<Lossen>----!!!"

And then, looking with anticipation at the swarm of Ex-Machinas attacking----

Artosh just----declared, with a voice that seemed to echoes until the continent.

"Now, this [Essence] of mine----you may show the world the quintessence of war, oh beloved [Natural Enemy (Weakest)] of mine----!!"

----…

--------……

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

Riku thought, while holding the [Stale-Mater] entrusted by the Ex-Machinas.

----Just what I, am doing in this place I wonder.

A game which the defeat is certain, and by throwing mud in it everything got ruined----

"----Shut up. Not yet. Don't think yet."

Saying that as if convincing himself, he verified the [Key] of the heart that seemed to be coming out.

----No problem. The [Key] is still turned. Still, still, can keep going...

The Avant-Heim that could be seen faintly in the far, far away distance.

In that place, the tools (Ex-Machinas), are operating to peel off Artosh's essence without killing anyone.

I'm waiting for the [Signal]----just, it'll be fine if I just pull this trigger----

And then----suddenly, a voice----no, a "severe earthquake" that seemed to make the sky away ran through

A comical death befitting of a loser----at this point, there's no need for shame or appearances.

"Hey, ShuVi----I'm, dripping with regrets you know...I'm sorry, for being such a worthless husband."

What passed through his mind was----just only many countless regrets.

The faces of the ones that until now he watched dying, one by one they passed through.

The faces of the one hundred seventy-seven [ghosts] that went along with his own selfishness too.

He noticed a sense of guilty that seemed to crush him, but above that, the greatest regret.

----Amazing back even himself, it was so uncool that he even let out a laugh.

"Aah damn it...really even if I had to prostrate to Coron, I wanted to embrace you ShuVi."

Riku – virgin – twenty years. While being a married man, will die still as a virgin.

Hmm, in a certain way isn't that quite cool by itself!?

"No, no way after all...I can't act strong with that...haha..."

----It seems like until the very end, I will die disgracefully.

Then, until the end----let's be thorough.

Thoroughly disgraceful----let's depend on "God (outside force)".

"...Hey, if God is born from thoughts then----God of Games."

----With what isn't there anymore, those both arms,

"This life was like trash but, I'll offer everything, and for the first time since I was born I'll "pray"----please."

If it's too dirty, for someone who's just a loser to steal the Holy Grail (victory prize) then.

If I'm too drenched in blood to obtain the Throne of Sole God then.

----Please. I beg you.

At least say that there was any meaning for "us (the heart)".

It's fine if it's not me. Anyone is fine, anyone is fine so----

To anyone, who can end this war----

Give that----the [Star Grail]----to...some.....one.....

.....That's right, while the consciousness was disappearing,

" sigh..."

----Riku laughed, towards the figure that was approaching the [Star Grail].

The figure who approached the [Star Grail] in the middle of the light, was someone that no one until now ever saw.

With a big hat covering the head, on both eyes were diamond and spade. It was a young boy never seen before----but.

For Riku, he knew, who that was.

It was the one who, always----always always always, made him lose, until he became fed up----

It was because he always saw him in the depths of the darkness, showing up a

Leaving those words, behind----towards Riku who was disappearing swallowed by the light.

Riku and ShuVi, born from and believed in by just those two----the weakest and the last Old Deus.

As if bearing with something, he forced himself to create one, and shot out a smile in return.

Then slowly...held over the [Star Grail] with his hand, and then----------.....

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

That view, everyone in the world witnessed.

Therefore, that was, one of the very few things of this history, that was left recorded as a historical fact...

----First, light engulfed the world.

The light that expanded in the far away horizon, covered the red heaven and dyed even the land in white, and stole the boundary of heaven and earth.

When the light that expanded soundlessly stopped----the world, had lost its color.

Everyone felt troubled in differentiating the heaven from earth, and then, in the space of one beat they noticed.

The ash that danced in the sky stopped in space, the fires of war forgot to flicker, and any and all things stopped.

----Even the time. Everything, besides those who possessed life.

While being silenced by that view, leaving behind the life and the living ones, in the space of many instants.

----A impact engulfed the world.

It was clearly different from destruction----a gentle power passed through as if licking the world.

At the same time, the ones who looked up to the sky----opened their eyes.

A view that missed the normal course----all living things, and races just gazed at that while still not understanding it.

----Only.

One hundred [ghosts] and, a single human looked at it with understanding...

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

--------.....

A [Ghost] who once had a name, and due to contamination from elemental bones leaned his body on a rock.

"...You really, did it right...General..."

He looked at the sky with his barely remaining vision----the dus
red heaven----

As if rolling along with the wing, he saw it being scattered like a joke and disappearing.

--------.....

Similarly a [Ghost] who once had a name, that was bitten by a Dhampir and got sick.

Any and all intelligent life form of this world, were created by the many Old Deus.

----The only...exception being the humans.

"Not being created by anyone, not being desired by anyone, not being wished by anyone. They are the single race which, just by their own will, from beasts they stood up with two legs, and reached up to obtain intelligence, so therefore----race without a name----humans."

Only they, succeeded in ending the barren and purposeless war.

Even if that result ended up being thrown in mud----only they alone.

Can you talk about that, while saying that it's the same level as just a beast?----Definitely not.

"That's why I, as the Sole God will grant you guys a name----Immanity (Humanity Race)...[Immunity]."

They pile up learning, obtain tolerance, and definitely don't stop resisting, not giving up even until the last one person.

Finally they made stop the war (sickness) of the foolish ones, who where all about the immunity system of the star itself.

The concept of evolution, the infinite possibilities----for the race which concealed

that in their bodies, it was a befitting name.

And then on, Tet continued on laughing.

"Well then----let's continue the game."

Keeping on being in a draw due to repetitive moves is also annoying so, just like they desired----

"One that everyone can enjoy, and no one will die, I'll prepare such a game, and will be waiting ok."

In this world----there's no cycle of reincarnation.

Even so they kept believing in the "next" until the end----I'll try believing in it too.

"Well----now then."

Saying that the weakest, and the last Old Deus held up the [Star Grail].

And announced, with a voice that reached all things in the creation above and below the heavens.

Those of the Exceed [Sixteen Races] that proclaims to have intelligence----!

----And then this myth that will never be sung.

Now continues, carried onto the myth that's now talked on----in other words.

Carrying on the Ashieit (The Rules of the Legacies),

Nothing of the Aschent (Agreement of the Sixteen Races),

Based on the Throne (Ashente) of Sole God it will be established the [Ten Oaths] .

Now look up and behold. Today, in this day, the world changed.

----Aschente<Swear upon the Oaths>----!!

Ending Talk

Without being noticed the sun was setting, and a pale light shined on the back alley of Elkia.

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Towards Tet, who finished talking with distant eyes, Izuna opened her mouth once,

"...That story, until where it's a lie, and until where it's serious, desu?"

----With half-opened eyes, she "concluded" that there were lies.

Depending on the contents of the lie you won't get away with it, to Izuna who glared like that while showing up tears, Tet laughed.

"Huh~? Why do you think that there are lies in it I wonder~?"

"Riku and, ShuVi…are a little similar, to Sora and Shiro, desu. Don't treat me like a idiot, desu."

While sipping her nose, even without using the special senses of the Warbeast, she knew that much.

Additionally----towards Izuna's eyes that proclaimed that she knew she "was being teased",

"Ahaha□ as expected you are sharp right, un un♪ it's obvious that I adapted a few of it. Because----"

----And then, while continuing the game, talking until the sun set----

Tet who didn't let Izuna win a single time, with a face that was like a child----

"If I really said everything it'll stop being a "untold myth", right□ "

The existence that was in the furthest line from being childish----said that with a smiling face that was like of a child itself.

"...You, as expected I don't like you, desu."

Izuna glared at such Tet with steady eyes----but.

"...But you're good at stroking so I'll forgive you, desu."

good girl *good girl* while being patted like that, after getting her neck stroked, she easily turned back on it.

For an instant while patting such Izuna, Tet thought with eyes that were as if he was the God of Affection.

This child is, Hatsuse Izuna is, young----and "fool".

----"That's exactly why"...she is wise, clever, and good at guessing.

----"That's exactly why"...she is wise, clever, and good at guessing.

Izuna's words----[are a little similar]----he was impressed from the depths of his heart.

That's right, Tet certainly, added some adaptations to the facts he knew.

But---the two who made him feel like creating, this <Disboard>.

Those two certainly are similar to [ ] but----it's "just a little".

It's because those two, when compared to Sora and Shiro...to [ ], they are----

----Far stronger.

Those two went against the game that [ ] threw away.

The game known as the reality (world) without rules----it's because they challenged it----and earned a stale-mate (draw).

Even if the end, it was desperately thrown in mud.

It's because for starters----a stale mate, is such a thing.

A stale-mate is, and a perpetual check is too.

From a back foot that was almost a certainly defeat----but even so without giving up, this serious blow was their single retribution.

But----even then...

"...For me it looked extremely brightly. So much that it made me want to believe in them, right♪"

"...? What are you talking about, desu?"

Towards Izuna who was purring while looking up and having her neck stroked, Tet returned a smile.

Sora and Shiro----[ ] is...they are exactly what they wished for----two as one.

Really, will they be able to go to the place those two couldn't reach, I wonder.

Will they come to make him lose just like they proclaimed, I wonder.

Or maybe...surprisingly----...? Haha□

Towards Tet who was indulging in such thoughts, but suddenly----Izuna declared.

"...But, I won't let you win and run, desu."

After he noticed that he stopped stroking her neck, Izuna looked at Tet with the eyes of a gamer.

"Together with Sora and Shiro, and with the other guys (races)----we will definitely win, desu."

Oh my, while laughing merrily like that----

"Tehe~□ ----I got found out?"

----Tet who held up the [Star Grail] like that----Tet (the Sole God) laughed merrily.

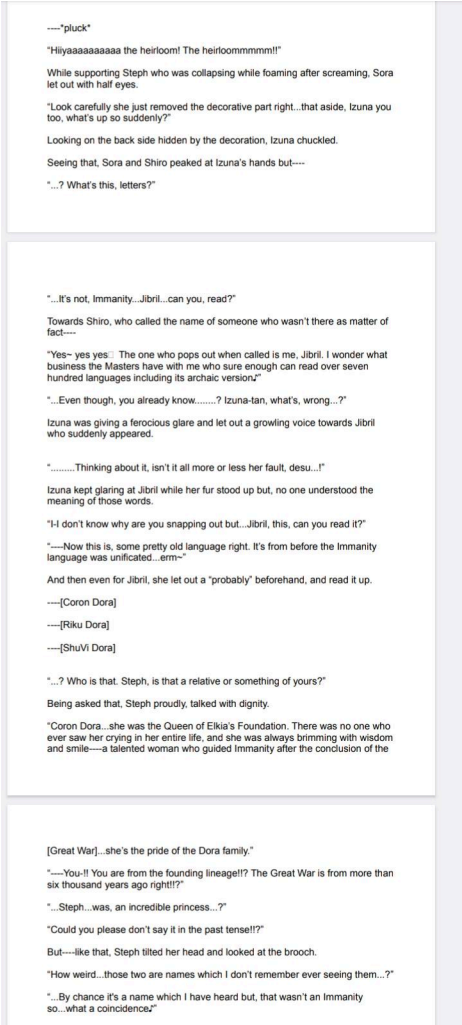
Looking at that with unchanged half eyes, Izuna answered.

"Izuna, is a child but----isn't a idiot, desu."

"----Un, it's exactly like you say. I know♪"

Youngness is foolishness but, it's exactly because she isn't bound by the odd illusion known as understanding----that she's wise.

Even if the world looks complex and absurd, its nature is, no matter the time,



----*pluck*

"Hiiyaaaaaaaaaa the heirloom! The heirloommmmm!!"

While supporting Steph who was collapsing while foaming after screaming, Sora let out with half eyes.

"Look carefully she just removed the decorative part right...that aside, Izuna you too, what's up so suddenly?"

Looking on the back side hidden by the decoration, Izuna chuckled.

Seeing that, Sora and Shiro peaked at Izuna's hands but----

"...? What's this, letters?"

"...It's not, Immanity...Jibril...can you, read?"

Towards Shiro, who called the name of someone who wasn't there as matter of fact----

"Yes~ yes yes□ The one who pops out when called is me, Jibril. I wonder what business the Masters have with me who sure enough can read over seven hundred languages including its archaic version♪"

"...Even though, you already know.....? Izuna-tan, what's, wrong...?"

Izuna was giving a ferocious glare and let out a growling voice towards Jibril who suddenly appeared.

".....Thinking about it, isn't it all more or less her fault, desu...!"

Izuna kept glaring at Jibril while her fur stood up but, no one understood the meaning of those words.

"I-I don't know why are you snapping out but...Jibril, this, can you read it?"

"----Now this is, some pretty old language right. It's from before the Immanity language was unificated...erm~"

And then even for Jibril, she let out a "probably" beforehand, and read it up.

----[Coron Dora]

----[Riku Dora]

----[ShuVi Dora]

"...? Who is that. Steph, is that a relative or something of yours?"

Being asked that, Steph proudly, talked with dignity.

"Coron Dora...she was the Queen of Elkia's Foundation. There was no one who ever saw her crying in her entire life, and she was always brimming with wisdom and smile----a talented woman who guided Immanity after the conclusion of the

[Great War]...she's the pride of the Dora family."

"----You-!! You are from the founding lineage!!? The Great War is from more than six thousand years ago right!!?"

"...Steph...was, an incredible princess...?"

"Could you please don't say it in the past tense!!?"

But----like that, Steph tilted her head and looked at the brooch.

"How weird...those two are names which I don't remember ever seeing them...?"

"...By chance it's a name which I have heard but, that wasn't an Immanity so...what a coincidence♪"

Anyways that's Rikus exploits done for now at face value. Outsmarted everything in Disboard and achieved a draw in the great war. Tet (He's technically an Old deus but he was below average Humans when he aizened Riku so (Anticipation, Indirect manipulation, strategy)
Riku (everything, too lazy but it's obvious what he did the proofs are here after all) Jibril (Yes, Vci feat again) Steph (potential, she has prime Dola genes makes sense why in pwg she can almost beat Sora when she awakened her full mental abilities)
Next up is PWG in this doc.

Sora through sheer memory of his moves, is able to recognise his piece was moved into a place it wasn't before despite the action being concealed by magic. And Jibril not even being able to recognise the usage of it. While using such a spell, fiel is able to also maintain the mental functions of creating a mini sun indoors while also concealing Shiro's existence from ordinary perception. And still playing chess against Sora, with Sora anticipating and recognising these cheats through reasoning despite them not even being provable. Fiel (WMI, PSI) Sora (Anticipation, PRI, LR, WMI)
Sora employs a test to his theory that based on Zermelo Frankos finite two-person games of perfect information theory, even if your opponent is a mage or god there are games you can fight them as equals and cheating is almost impossible due to the ten covenants all that's classified as harm is forbidden. Meaning you weren't allowed to directly inspect or falsify your opponents thoughts and perceptions. If a player knows the score, indirect cheating

such as falsifying the board is also prevented. Or if it's a 1 v 1 you can get away with saying "I'm remembering wrong" but with an observer even this method is prevented. If you think about it normally. So Sora decided to offer a game to the best manipulator of magic he knew. Which Fii brushes him off coyly. Sora responds using the fact he has Kuramis memories, to wager her most embarrassing moments from her memories. Fii implies she already knows stuff like her perverted thoughts while she sleeps which Sora plays into perfectly using that she doesn't know who she's having those thoughts of. Which fii readily agrees.
(Planning, abstract thinking, tactics, negotiation, EQU)
Shiro implements a suggestion that leads with Fii being fine with winning or losing. (EQU)
So after Sora wins completely drained
They go over the analysis of the game, Jibril's by memory and her mental abilities and there's by technology for efficiency. (Analysis, WMI for Jibril obviously is irrelevant though)
Sora askes just to confirm with Jibril if Casting multiple spells at once is a speciality of the Elves.
Jibril replies yes but of course there are always a few exceptions and perhaps even other ways to emulate it.
Fii is a hexa caster with the ability to cast 6 spells at once. And by chance there are those superior even to her, Sora concludes off Jibril's words. (Not even gonna bother tbh)
Jibril mentions her memories. That as far as she knows there were two octo-casters. Sora, and even Shiro amazed at the fact that there were more.
“The first one was Nina Clive.”
According to the Flügel, near the end of the Great War they were a genius of the divine realm who had made the Elves one of the three major powers. They were a monster, unprecedented in their tactical strategies, of course, but also in the development of magic—the compilation of magic spells. They were the highest-ranking Elf whose spirit-breaking rites are still unmatched to this day—the Gran Magus.
“……Spirit-breaking rites?”
“Yes. There are a total of five spells—from the Eternal Fourth Protection, Kú Li Anse[2], to the Void Zero Protection, Áka Si Anse[3].”
—I see. That’s what I saw in the figurative scriptures with Jibril’s Materialization Shiritori and the Great War reenactment RTS… One was a defensive spell that could stop even a H-bomb, and the other was a bomb that literally wiped out their city—the two spells were still fresh in my mind. But more than that…Jibril, don’t you think you’re being oddly specific?
He guessed the answer early, but Jibril continued.
“The other one was Think Nirvalen.”
Until the rise of the former Gran Magus, the same Gran Magus who was heralded as the one and only genius in the history of Elven Gard. They constructed and systematized the foundation of the Elves spiritual magic spell compilation utilizing multiple magic principles that continue to this day. They were also the first person to organize a squad for the first time in the Elves’ history, and was also a tactician who used large-scale magic for group organizing—
“Um…wait a minute!? Nirvalen is…”
Interrupting the narrative, Fiel couldn’t help but slip her gaze to Sora, Shiro, and Jibril.
“Yes, for heaven’s sake~ I’m Think's descendant, Fiel Nirvalen~ ♥”
“Hii! Ears! Not my ears—Hiiiiiiiii!!!”
In front of Sora’s smartphone’s camera, intertwined with a same-sex Immanity, and a same-sex Elf—Chlammy and Fiel were at it again. Sora and Shiro thought to themselves,
……Your ancestors would be crying in pain right now if they knew of this.

“……By the way, what kind of guys were they… If you don’t mind me asking?”
Sora asks, as he wipes his eyes, plucking a piece from the chessboard and proceeds to

play with it with his fingertips. But Fiel just twisted her smile maliciously as she covered Chlammy’s ears. For some reason, she proudly stretched out her chest—looking at Jibril, she replied.

“As for the details~ There are hardly any records left, you know…so—”

“Yes, Master. They seemed to have lived in the same city that I destroyed long ago, and where I *borrowed* most of the books from♪”

—Yeah, I was starting to think, “Oh, no wonder you’re so good at this. How do you know so much?” It’s always this girl's fault, Sora and Shiro sighed together.

“But my guess is—perhaps they were the *same person*.”

—Report. The culprit’s new theory. A new one, and the culprit presents her reasoning to the dimwitted Sora.

“First of all, they were both born about three hundred years before the end of the war.”

“…Really? If so, it’s pretty suspicious that the two octa casters were, for some reason, a part of the same generation.”

“Also, just before the rise of Nina Clive, all references of Think Nirvalen disappeared from my possession, even from my books. But after the war…”

“……”

“But after the end of the war, Nina Clive

vanished after their involvement in the founding of Elven Gard. Their family tree was never verified. Instead, the supposedly vanished House of Nirvalen continues to its unfortunate daughter, little problems all in her head."

She pointed to Fiel, who was still lewding Chlammy after thirty minutes—and concluded.

"Nina Clive was an alias Think Nirvalen went by, I think."

To Jibril's reasoning, which was concluded with a bow, Sora—*heh…*

His fingertips were still playing with the chess piece, even more amused as a smile of some conviction appeared on his face.

"……Nii?"

He was even crazy enough to share this fun with his sister—Shiro, who was still curious. Sora, in turn, turns his gaze—to the piece in his hand. He then turns to the piece that rose beyond the horizon outside the window.

"As an added bonus, can I ask you one more question?"

He asked a question he already knew the answer to, "How long has chess been played in this world?"

With those words from Sora, Shiro also noticed—a common understanding between the two as 『』.

"Although its origins are unknown, the rules did not unify until after the Ten Covenants…Master?"

The two of them inwardly think in sync, looking at Jibril, who notices Sora's amused smile and tilts her head slightly.

—Ah, of course. Of course, it was already present at the time of the Great War. Hence why Tet made the horizon pieces and set the race pieces as pieces played in chess. If so, to someone who refused to end the Great War, which existed as a game, that is. Sora and Shiro just laugh and think—did they really come up with it?

—Was it only you who had this idea…?

……Chess. It's best described as an abstraction of real wars on a board; ultimately, it is—an *abstract war game*.

An ancestor that surpasses even Fiel, a chess game that already existed at the time of the Great War—

"I think there were…*others*. I guess there were more people wanting to end that war with games, huh?"

For now—yeah, at the time of Fiel's ancestor, the game was another: real war that was decided through the practical use of force.

That's right, a practical war game——

An ignorant, overly wise child who knew nothing, thought that. A child with dry, colorless eyes, who saw the world so clearly, thought, and—indeed, the world followed.

Each time the child uttered an idea and put it into practice, the messy, ugly world became simpler and simpler. Magical spells were systemized, making it possible to use large scale magic in groups. Groups formed troops, troops formed ranks, and ranks formed battalions, making organized combat possible. The troops were musical notes, the strategies were the score, and the battles were the melody. Cries of despair, of joy, of defeat, of victory and of war, were to be played in an orderly fashion, like a symphony. To a child who was too wise composing countless victories—the world was just that. There was no point in it. There was no reason to it, much less a purpose. For example, there's no sense in cleaning a room if it's only going to get dirty again.

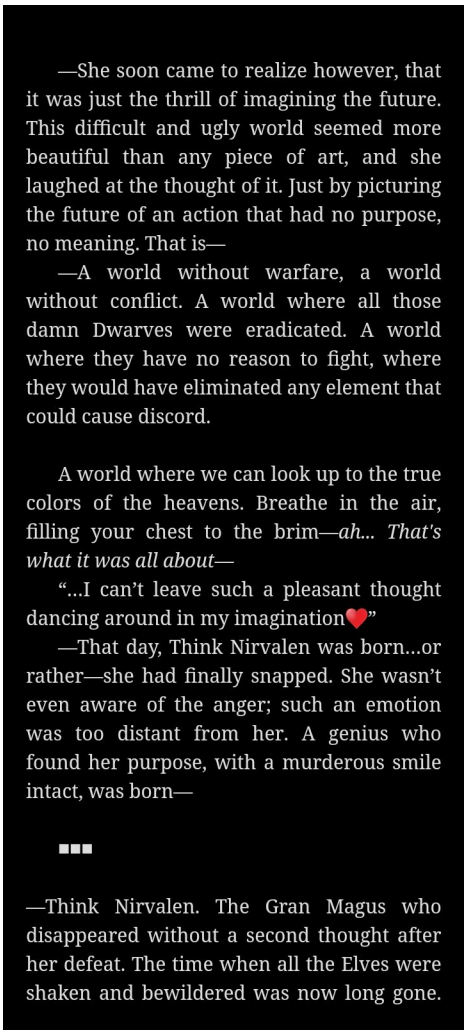
—She was no longer a child, yet the world remained obedient. Until finally, she was presented with personal grace from her creator, Kainas, God of the Forest.

She kneeled to Kainas without emotion. Posed an abstract question and seeked to answer it.

All while making fun of her own creator in her mind, To end this war? The One True God? Her heart fell as she listened closely to her speech.

When did this eternal Great War begin? Not a single soul knew, not even the foolish gods who started it. If it lasted for all eternity, there was nothing wrong with continuing it. The river breaks through the soil, the sea invades the land, the land splits the sea, and the soil fills the river. The stars constantly change their shape. It makes no difference whether we call that

which changes its shape the sea or the land, the gods, or the Elves. The seat of the One True God? You can sit on it as you wish. If you do not possess the courage to, then you can sit on a toilet seat…
She then receives the title grand Magus. But still keeps manipulating the world around her as she had done in childhood. (Abstract thinking, indirect manipulation, PRi, mass Manipulation, strategy)
She continued doing this as she had done in childhood as nothing prevented her from doing so. Until one day, while she was thinking this. She got blitzed by a shadow who spoke in a language even she didn't know.
While she couldn't get on her feat, she could barely see, but still painfully deduced what happened. "Just define and simplify the world as you see fit." Long months of hard work leading a battalion of Elves to eliminate the dwarves. They were thwarted, encountering a fleet of steel ships in the sky and they fired upon them, they were defeated. A concept Think never even knew the meaning of literally, due to how she manipulated things around her.



—She soon came to realize however, that it was just the thrill of imagining the future. This difficult and ugly world seemed more beautiful than any piece of art, and she laughed at the thought of it. Just by picturing the future of an action that had no purpose, no meaning. That is—

—A world without warfare, a world without conflict. A world where all those damn Dwarves were eradicated. A world where they have no reason to fight, where they would have eliminated any element that could cause discord.

A world where we can look up to the true colors of the heavens. Breathe in the air, filling your chest to the brim—*ah... That's what it was all about—*

"...I can't leave such a pleasant thought dancing around in my imagination❤️"

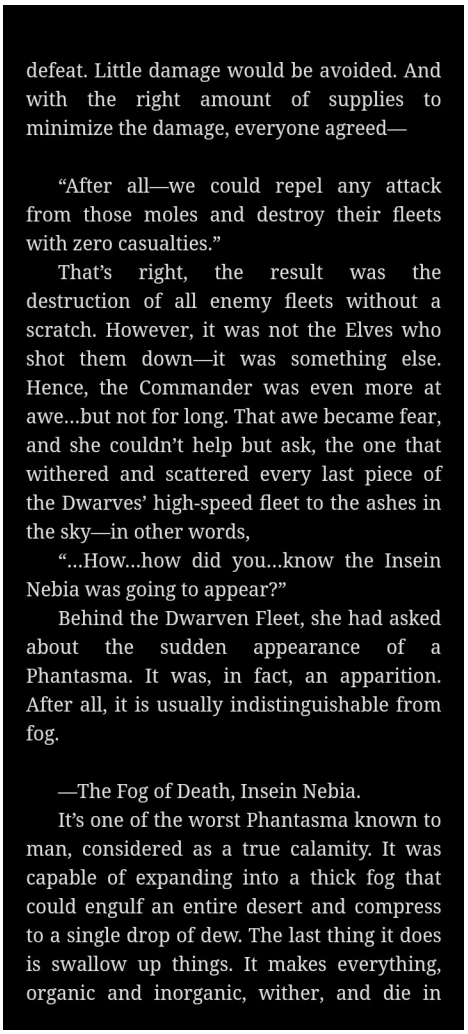
—That day, Think Nirvalen was born...or rather—she had finally snapped. She wasn't even aware of the anger; such an emotion was too distant from her. A genius who found her purpose, with a murderous smile intact, was born—

■■■

—Think Nirvalen. The Gran Magus who disappeared without a second thought after her defeat. The time when all the Elves were shaken and bewildered was now long gone.

(Abstract thinking, Leadership, planning for Think albeit off screen.) (And Loni gets strategy, planning, anticipation and Pri due to the spirit rites)
Nina Clive gave perfect instructions under pressure. (EQM, Leadership, decision making)
Nina supposedly came up with a theory that turned how magic was perceived in the moment, into a classic. Nina is the youngest grand Magus in history based on this theory. This is important because this is a God bestowed title and important for later.

(Deception you'll see why not necessarily their feat entirely) I'll elaborate on why I am not rewarding Nina the feat rn.
The legacy of renowned unique genius Think Nirvalen was renewed, improved and transcended all of it, turning it into a relic of the past. Keep in mind how crazy Think is.
(Still not your feat Nina)
Her influence has led her to have virtually all the Elven troops under her command.
The Admiral narrowed her eyes and laughed at the young maiden, whose rank, talent, and even military merit exceeded her own. You can't be envious when the difference is on such a great scale. Therefore, the officer just shook her head in silent awe.
"It was me that didn't help in anything, Gran Magus. You don't need to be modest about it…"
(influence)
From the northern front, an urgent report radioed, "A large, fast fleet of Dwarven ships is approaching."
Nina Clive sailed out with the main Elf fleet stationed in the northern city—the entire state-of-the-art Asëa Aranion Fleet. Furthermore, she showed a slightly excessive response by pulling out two hastily established fleets from the two fronts, east and west. But that decision was unavoidable. When it comes to the sky, the Dwarves had the Elves outmatched. Everyone knew it would be a fierce battle. There would be no


defeat. Little damage would be avoided. And with the right amount of supplies to minimize the damage, everyone agreed—

"After all—we could repel any attack from those moles and destroy their fleets with zero casualties."

That's right, the result was the destruction of all enemy fleets without a scratch. However, it was not the Elves who shot them down—it was something else. Hence, the Commander was even more at awe...but not for long. That awe became fear, and she couldn't help but ask, the one that withered and scattered every last piece of the Dwarves' high-speed fleet to the ashes in the sky—in other words,

"...How...how did you...know the Insein Nebia was going to appear?"

Behind the Dwarven Fleet, she had asked about the sudden appearance of a Phantasma. It was, in fact, an apparition. After all, it is usually indistinguishable from fog.

—The Fog of Death, Insein Nebia.

It's one of the worst Phantasma known to man, considered as a true calamity. It was capable of expanding into a thick fog that could engulf an entire desert and compress to a single drop of dew. The last thing it does is swallow up things. It makes everything, organic and inorganic, wither, and die in

(Anticipation for someone)

equal measures. There is no way to destroy or repel the writhing death, no way to pierce the core. The core is presumed to be one of many dewdrops within the fog, making it seemingly impossible to identify it. If the Fog was frozen and evaporated indiscrimina-tely on a large scale, it was believed that escape would be possible.

It was such an inexcusable thing that appeared on the back of the high-speed fleet that would be trying to force its way through by itself. The Elven army, which was deployed in a semi-circle, and which had vertical defense—in other words, a “wait-and-see” posture to prevent breakthroughs and flank, if possible, encirclement—had fallen into a panic and shed weakness. The premise of the operation had collapsed—much less the opponent, which was a nightmare to deal with—and the Elves were preparing a retreat. Even the Commander herself was up to her throat in orders to retreat. But in the midst of all this—Nina Clive bit down on her distorted sneer and ordered to capture the Phantasma, their true goal.

—“…Keep the status quo.”

Everyone, even the Commander, questioned the Gran Magus’ sanity as they saw the Dwarven Fleet approaching from the front.

—Of course. Ahead and to the left and right, a large army of Elves. Behind them was the Fog. The Dwarves' Fleet breaks through single-handedly as planned—there is no way out except from the front. The Elves most elite battalion, Asëa Aranion, has been deployed to intercept them. No Dwarf ship would easily break through them. However, if they engage in combat and the Fog catches up with them—*both armies would be wiped out.*

……,

—The Gran Magus. The one and only, Nina Clive. If it weren't for that reedy smile of the greatest Elf in history, everyone would be frantic. Silence envelopes the ship as the fleet and Phantasma come to a standstill, stirring up tension and fear among the crew members.

—The Dwarves' fleet dispersed. And then, ignoring the Elves, they withdrew from their siege whilst engaging with the Fog, the scene of their withdraw. Everyone, including the Admiral, stared in amazement, not knowing what had happened, except for Nina Clive. After all, it was better to bet on the agility of their vessels than to waste time fighting the Elves and end up victims of the Fog. What no Elf understood was how their leader knew beforehand and, with incredible accuracy, the whole course of the situation including the outcome.

—"General Capture Formula Vessel,

triggering the probing rites of the said Phantasma's core and its capture." Sounded the cold voice of a woman who was next to the Commander. It was as if…that was the only goal from the beginning—

……Seeing the Gran Magus reserve herself in silence, the Commander insisted on the inquiry made previously:

"Today's operation was based upon the emergence of Insein Nebia. From the very beginning, there was never any question of a fast Dwarf fleet, and the true purpose of our sortie, which included Asëa Aranion, was to —"

"Gran Magus. I'm here to report to you."

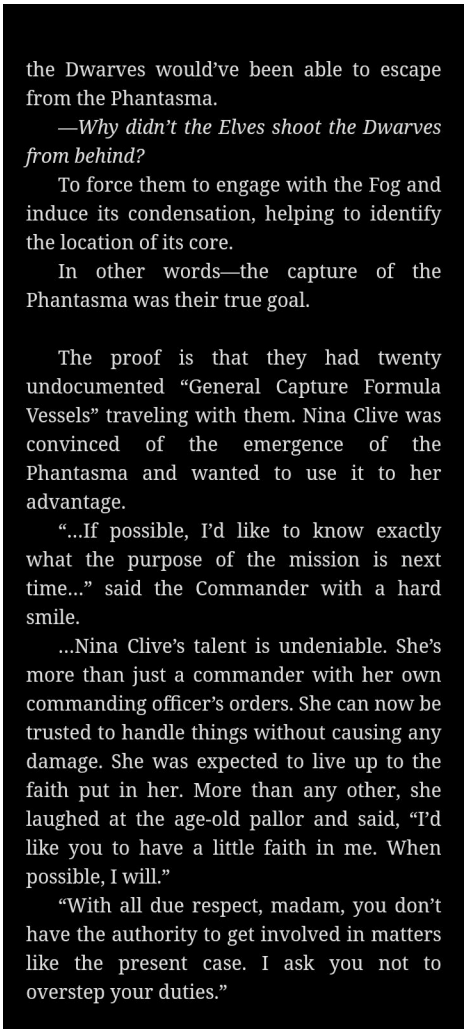
The Admiral was cut off reluctantly. When she turned around, a woman dressed in black from head to toe stood before her, her face hidden by a black veil.

"The sealing rite for the core was triggered suitably. Its transportation is also being performed without delay."

—This woman, she was not one of the Commander's subordinates. No, *they don't even know who she is*. But she came aboard with the Gran Magus herself. But even without knowing her true identity, her words answered the officer's doubts.

—Why was such a large number necessary for the Elves?

Because without the left and right flanks,



the Dwarves would've been able to escape from the Phantasma.

—Why didn't the Elves shoot the Dwarves from behind?

To force them to engage with the Fog and induce its condensation, helping to identify the location of its core.

In other words—the capture of the Phantasma was their true goal.

The proof is that they had twenty undocumented "General Capture Formula Vessels" traveling with them. Nina Clive was convinced of the emergence of the Phantasma and wanted to use it to her advantage.

"...If possible, I'd like to know exactly what the purpose of the mission is next time..." said the Commander with a hard smile.

...Nina Clive's talent is undeniable. She's more than just a commander with her own commanding officer's orders. She can now be trusted to handle things without causing any damage. She was expected to live up to the faith put in her. More than any other, she laughed at the age-old pallor and said, "I'd like you to have a little faith in me. When possible, I will."

"With all due respect, madam, you don't have the authority to get involved in matters like the present case. I ask you not to overstep your duties."

(Leadership, social skills, planning, strategy, predictions, EQE, EQU, EQP, EQM, although all of these bar social skills are for someone else, yes even Leadership)

Commander, realizing this, resigned herself to the fact that the harsh words were only reflections of immaturity.

……Until a short time ago, engaging in battle with a Phantasma was synonymous to suicide. And even defeating the Phantasma, Insein Nebia—even at the drinking table—was the subject of ridicule. And now…the two unwittingly looked at the same silhouette. It was of an infant girl, who was more concerned with fixing her vestments than anything, and even “adorable” gestures like that seemed to highlight the fear for her endless genius. Therefore, the boundless talent, which is even eerier, Nina Clive does not say much.

Just because she only hears, only understands, only thinks, and only solves, there is no consultation. Only showing, only answering, only doing, and only arranging; all things follow the freedom and come to fruition. Who could understand what was reflected in the eyes of those who look down on all things from on high?

Seeing her, the Commander and her companion, for the first time, agreed on one thing: they were glad she was on their side. Then they both bowed in reverence and left in accord. With this, no one else who could come to know what the heart of the Gran Magus felt while she saw the image of her own house. Much less, the reason behind her

tense face and tear drops in the corners of her eyes. That is, ultimately, “I want to go home soon.”

■■■

Nina Clive ducked through the gates of her home for the first time in over ten days. She closed the door, locked it, applied multiple spells of protection, and searched for pre-senses inside the residence. Checking carefully to make sure no one was listening, she finally let out a deep breath and—

“I can’t staaaand this anymooooooore! I’m at my limiiiit!!”

—took out her frustrations on the other person there. Her vestments, heavy with countless medals, were thrown to the floor furiously. The inner workings of her emotions were sullied, and she called out in frustration and tears to the other person in the house.

the house. “Senpai!! I wasn’t aware of any Insein Nebia!! This time I said, *Oh, I’m going to die today, aren’t I?*—and I accepted it with a laugh! Are you listening to me!?”

Nina began to think madly, running around her home looking for her senpai, stomping every step she took.

—«A little too modest?»

I'm not being modest! It's simply the truth!! It's a fact that I did absolutely nothing!

—«How did you forsee the emergence of Insein Nebia?»

What a good question! Too bad I have no way of knowing the answer!?

—«If you can...tell me...what exactly is the purpose of this mission?»

If I could, I would! But, Admiral? That's exactly what I want to know——!!

Running down a corridor of the large mansion, Nina screamed while crying out:

"You need to teach me a thing or two!! Then, I'd likely know what the hell the *General Capture Formula Ships* are, right!? How can I, the race's greatest authority, rely solely on Senpai's instructions!?"

—Of course, as a result, everything came out impeccably. What Nina did in that operation was to hand over her senpai's orders to Akasha. That was all. All that was left to do was to stand next to the Commander and follow their instructions with a face that said, no matter what, "It's all under control."

If I had doubted Senpai and gone against her instructions, the whole thing would've been for naught. Maybe that's how much she trusts me. Anyway, that's not the point!!

"Senpaiiiiii—!! How does an anonymous messenger from Akasha know more about

Surprise it's Think. (Information control, Deception, direct manipulation)
The Garden is the largest and most prestigious educational institution in the forest. It takes hundreds (plural so this can be 200-1000 years) just to learn the basics of magic as a field. Think mastered the entire field in just 3 years, and is among the best in it in those 3 years. (Humans can't even sense magic regardless of if they're a genius or not, and Elves who have the highest magical aptitude intellect surpassing even the dwarves who I will show how broken their fri and learning ability is. Still takes a minimum of 200 years to get the basics down in the best educational facility.) Think (PRI, PSI??, abstract thinking)
Think without treatment of her life threatening injuries in just a few hrs, came up with a thesis that changed magic as a concept, yes that thesis. (FULL SCALE IQ)
Nina has lived for 1000 years. So we can take the 200 lowball and turn it into at least 900 by assuming Nina learned it faster since she is a penta caster which is a genius even among the Elves and still wasn't even close to completing her education at the garden despite being a genius, but she's easily beyond the basics. (Misc)

specifically about the construction and testing of the magical reactor. A report from the General Staff and Intelligence Division. And from the Staff, regarding the lack of firepower in the capital—”

And then, as Nina sloshed the thick stack of papers on her desk…

“Eh~? I’m still waking up…Did you know that every worker has rights? I’m not obliged to work before experienced hours♪ Not to mention that you can fix all that, Nina—”

Think pleaded, as she laid her face on the backrest, mouth agape like a child.

“I can’t do that!? You are aware that we can’t afford to have civilians seeing you, right Senpai!?

First, Akasha—Think’s new spells were still not known very well to even experts in the field. Not only that, but no one but her could grasp all of the strategy, intelligence, development, etc. Rather, no one else could do what she could. That’s why she’s called the Gran Magus, because she can do things can do things that no one else can do, and on the other hand—

“I’m just a scapegoat—did you forget my major was in magic of divination!?”

“You haven’t forgotten, have you? You were about to lose your whole life to this nonsense of predicting the future, you know~? ……Don’t you think it’d be appropriate to kiss my feet as a sign of appreciation?”

“Yes ma’am! It was shameless nonsense that ended up becoming *classical literature* thanks to your thesis!!”

—*Senpai’s thesis.*

The thesis that Think herself made Nina submit.

—The Temporal Overlapping of Spirits.

Yes, Nina was talking about Think’s rough draft, given to the Garden so that she could graduate. In short, the thesis discussed the unification of space-time in the same environment of spirits. And, indeed, its content was worth of completion at the Garden. The result—it overturned the existing magic system and started a revolution.

“Do you want to see me suffer that badly!? Besides my graduation prove the *Principle of Variability in the Convergence of Possibilities*—a thesis thus denying my own major, I still became the Gran Magus! Can you even imagine how hated I am among my peers!?”

—In other words, the Principle of Variability in the Convergence of Possibilities meant that even a god cannot know the future.

—On top of the continuous harassment I’ve been receiving from my peers ever since—

“Divination was my only skill that I thought could help Senpai, right…?”

The poor girl lamented, her eyes

them instead❤️”

—H-Huh!?

“Ah, although I think if I do this now, I might be wasting a lot of fun~ You can repay me later~♪”

And just like a hailstorm, she relentlessly sexually harasses Nina. Not even asking for Nina’s consent—or even the possibility of refusal.

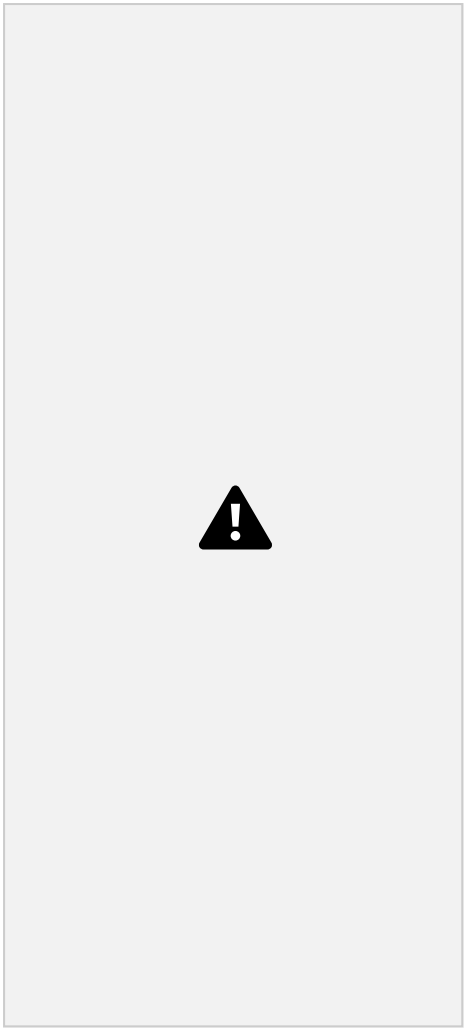
“Well…~ We’re going to have to get serious for a bit~❤️”

Think turns to the desk, and snaps her fingers—a sudden bright light rushes across the engraving on the wall—

With that connection—the air changed, literally. Everything changed, from the atmosphere of Think, to the light, to the smells—even time and space. It’s a space where a vast number of spirits run around, as if they would be crushed by even Nina.

—This is, without a doubt, Think’s laboratory in the basement of Nina’s mansion. However, the space has been expanded and transformed by the magical inscription that glows faintly on the walls.

—It’s as if it was a different world. In other words, this laboratory was larger than that of the Akasha headquarters under the capital. It wasn’t exactly abnormal looking, but for sure otherworldly. But what gave such an impression was not exactly the vastness of the place; it was the space just



……Indeed. This is only one of them—one out of four.

—For the other three were the dome, the thorns, and the water lily sprout. The four spirit-breaking rites, the remaining three of which are, namely, the ones that are out there. It is the best kept secret, one that no one but the true inventors, Think Nirvalen and Nina Clive, even know it exists. The scene was overwhelming no matter how many times one gazed upon it, and Nina asks for the umpteenth time:

"…Senpai, why are you hiding these things, even from Akasha……?"

I don't fully understand—no. No one could understand it, no one understood it other than Think. Nina, who has received a *that's how* kind of explanation, can't help but think that.

—Massive spatial transfer. Disabling magic. Spirit particle decomposition.

—If these were to be mass-produced and introduced onto the battlefields, that would be it. The end

—Almost all the races would be destroyed without a trace…

"Nina, haven't you ever played a card game?"

However, Think's response to that question was still the same as it was many times before.

"You can only say that you have an *ace up your sleeve* if you keep it hidden until the

It's almost impossible to foresee the movements of a self aware, natural phenomenon so what Think did is just manipulate the dwarves into bringing it with them. But think didn't know exactly how the dwarves had brought it, so she was orchestrating events on how to figure that out.

"In fact, it wasn't at all that complicated! Watch out for the line of defense to the north!" Think said, reaching her hand out toward the table—the chess pieces beginning to move by themselves as if they were text in a backlog. The piece shown moved forward two spaces at a time—the Dwarven fleet that Nina had engaged. Think tilts her head slightly at the sight of them attacking from the east and around to the north, proceeding to comment:
"Such recklessness~ Are they really heading toward the northern city~?"
"——Well, that's…"
"No matter how advanced their high-speed fleet is, if he were stupid enough to think that this is enough to conquer our northern forces in Helluin[8]…we'd have won this game a long time ago~♪"
If the Elves faced them head on, they could do some serious damage, and could ultimately obtain victory. What about him…
Think recognises they adopted that plan because the dwarves had a sure strategy to beat them.
He thought it would be enough to avoid the confrontation. Wait, is she seriously planning on utilizing Insein Nebia…—!?

“Are you out of your mind, Senpai!? Are you seriously considering bringing such a dangerous species like that to the battlefield—”
“I guess I am out of my mind. Because, I have to bring it with me~”
Think interrupted Nina while in the middle of her nonsensical spouting. She pointed to the desk again—to the huge chessboard atop it.
“Why would they waste time attacking Helluin by going around the North Sea?”
It wouldn’t be worth going all the way to the north to attacked Helluin from the east—in other words, from across the ocean. If they came from the east, they should attack somewhere on the northern front where they could also take the ground forces.
In the first place, I can’t even think of a reason to attack Helluin so far. A high-speed vessel going at incredible speeds—perhaps a surprise attack? No…definitely not
Nina shook her head. She knew the Dwarves had no intention of hiding from them.
On top of that, what would be the point in crossing the North Sea to attack Helluin…?
“There’s no particular reason for the Dwarves to attack Helluin~”
“———Excuse me?”
“In fact~ Just going through the north meant that they have a chance to win~”
—It doesn’t matter where they went. They could’ve been anywhere…!
“That’s why—as long as the North Sea is clear, they can go anywhere~”
That’s right, a hand that can win even against all of the Elves’ northern mainstays. A hand where if they attacked from the sea, they would go unnoticed.
“Those moles somehow know a way to find out more or less where Phantasmas on a similar level to Insein Nebia would appear. But, of course, they wouldn’t be able to control a Phantasma~♪ So, they went to Insein Nebia, provoked it a bit—”
That’s the strength of a high-speed fleet. You have to use your speed to the fullest extent——!!
“And they came running at maximum speed towards the highest concentration of Elven forces♥”
“……”

Nebia, they would normally break formation. But with Insein Nebia as an opponent—escape is highly unlikely. Confused and disorganized, their command would collapse, and at worst, nearly all the northern forces of the Elves would be wiped out. On the other hand, the Dwarves would have no problem breaking the center, and even the empty city of Helluin would be wiped out on the northern front.

But…what if the Elves, whether through the center or through the open air, don't break their tight formation and are readily prepared? That was the result. Playing with the pieces of a decimated Dwarven fleet, Think giggled.

"Now that we've lost our ability to predict the movements of Phantasma's—we're giving up♪"

Seeing that wicked smile of her Senpai, Nina finally understood everything and felt her entire body shiver.

—Can't predict the movements of Phantasma's? Then listen to someone who can predict them. The previous confrontation was not limited to the defeat of the Dwarves' fleet and the capture of Phantasma. By uncovering and stealing from the Dwarves; the art of predicting their emergence and movements—

Even more importantly, it was a spell that

allowed her to look even further into the future—a single move, unharmed. At this conclusion, which sent a chill down her spine, Nina remembered what Think had said in the past:

—Ah yes, we'll just kill the whole planet❤️

And the mouth that uttered such destruction of the world told her faintly that the one who stood in the end was the winner of the game. The same mouth that told her that even the gods would be surpassed, outsmarted, and killed. But this time, she spun a name that's dedicated to the path to achieve this absurdity.

"……*Áka Si Anse*—now all that's missing is the practical experiment…♪"

Namely—the purpose of Akasha. The name of the final spirit-breaking rite—

Áka Si Anse, also known as the Void Zero Protection……

A magic spell with one hundred and eighty-six layers—a spirit-breaking rite that uses and functions with the divine essence of Kainas. Its effect was to forcefully overwrite the core of a Phantasma, a spirit circuit independent, inducing its self-destruction. The massive number of spirits released by self-destruction would cause a chain of decomposition in all the spirits on which

they lean, hence the name for them: spirit-breaking rites. Therefore, it is necessary to guide the war effort and gather the enemy within the area of effect.

—With a single shot, everything would disappear. There would literally be no trace of them. Flügel or Phantasma. Once they're caught in the area, they would be caught in the chain collapse and become powerful catalysts, and there is no way to avoid it, and —in theory—even Old Deus could be caught in it. If used on a large scale, it really could wipe out the entire planet and decimate any form of life—

"By speeding up the process of discovering Phantasma's to serve as fuel—we'll be able to start a mass production and then…checkmate~"

Yes, victory at last—Think concluded, a smile growing on her face as they were on the verge of total world annihilation. Nina couldn't help but break into an extremely boisterous smirk, causing her heart to beat faster.

—*Aha. That's right,* this *is Think Nirvalen* ——

After reaffirming that that was Think Nirvalen for whom she fell in love, the individual who was part of the "players" team of the game called *world*. If Nina Clive was recognized as being superior to her predecessor—it was not by chance. What

happened was that Think Nirvalen outdid herself every day since she decided to take things seriously. At that time, she was already considered unparalleled, and a single concrete goal was enough so that her genius wouldn't put the brakes on anymore.

She poured all her heart into that single goal, and yet it was still not enough. The honor and status of… Well, no, it wasn't necessary to go that far. At any rate, she's finally reached the end of her life by throwing away even her personal affairs—the ultimate goal. She wanted to seek the very limit of the Elves being the very "roof" for her fellow men. However, it proved to be neither a limit nor "ceiling". In other words—*there was no limit.* She was now the very embodiment of the endless end. And for this very reason, suppressing the palpitation of the chest, Nina had to ask:

"B-But Senpai… Will *he* let them…?"

Of course, simple Dwarves were no threat. That is, if you don't consider the guy of whom they both respectfully refer to as *he*—their only enemy. *He* is the only man who could make Think diligently survey the chessboard—this made Nina incredibly worried. An enemy who has convinced Think to "play" with him and has yet to be overcome by her.

—Lóni Drauvnir.

Nina has never met the man, and even Think has only been beaten by him once on the battlefield, even so… They're both convinced that he is the one who could turn the tides on the battlefield—like Think, he is a de facto leader.

—A distinctive Dwarf who cannot use magic without the use of a catalyst. The Dwarf who gave the catalyst magical inscriptions and made it into a lethal weapon, the spirit arms. The Dwarf who opposes the new theories and tactics developed by Think with similar innovative weapons and strategies.

—The same genius, the same player who taught Think the taste of defeat, is the only one left in this game. In other words...*the opponent*.

—He's a terribly intelligent, rational man. Above all else, he's an enthralling guy, Nina thought to herself.

Think, of all people, admitted that *he* was the *enemy* and that she had no chance of winning on her own. The one who, along with Nina, made her think that she would have to use all she could, the whole game even, to defeat him. At the same time, the girl couldn't avoid feeling a certain respect and a little bit of fervor, amid a deep sadness brewing inside her.

…The horrible misery of being born a dirty, smelly, miserable mole. What sin deserves

such a punishment———!?

As Nina was reminded of the cruelty of the world, Think smiled delicately and returned to the subject at hand:

“Of course not, it’s only a matter of time until *he* finds out, right~?”

She turned the log back again, looking gleefully at the Dwarves' fleet that Nina had engaged and asked:

“…And obviously, why would they aim for this place with such underwhelming strength~?”

“Huh? …Didn’t we just conclude that it was to bring the Phantasma?”

“Yes~ ♪ And we had the success in capturing it, right…?”

So, Think threw her bitter sneer not at Nina, but at the chessboard; or better, at Lóni Drauvnir who saw through the play that represented her and reformulated the question:

“So, where are their main forces now that they have this information?”

“————————!!!!”

—An invasion with a fleet composed entirely of fast vessels, with the Phantasma in tow. If they were to succeed, they could overrun Helluin and even destroy the northern front with just a few men. But then, if it was such a safe plan, why had they prepared a second wave of invasion aimed at conquering the territory—!?

“It was a diversion!? Their aim is to…oh

no, that's not possible…"

"Yes ❤️ Good answer, Nina! *Sigh.* That indeed seems to be their intention~"

Nina turned pale as she, from what she'd heard so far, came to the realization of their situation. Think smiled pleasantly and pinched a chess piece resembling the black king—Lóni. Moments later she set the piece down on the board once more, this time with an answer in mind…

—Can't predict the movements of Phantasmas? Then listen to someone who can predict them.

But then—what if there is someone equally as competent as Think? What would be her deduction then?

—Can't tame Phantasmas? Then let someone who can tame them.

A someone who knows the meaning to purge and to capture. A someone to guide objective direction—

"—It can only be the capital❤️"

"Wait a minut-… And despite that you slept naked and harassed me with tentacles!?"

Nina's cry of despair reflected her understanding of the whole situation. The role of the Dwarves' fleet on the northern front—was a *touchstone*——!!

If we are unable to react to Insein Nebia, it

would destroy our helpless Helluin along with the northern front. But if we react accordingly —and nullify our once failed mission—we could succeed in taking back control of the Phantasma! Looting its control from the capital, which will now be helpless—

—it was a sacrificial pawn…for a double trap———!!!

"Hey, don't you realize we only have one regiment in the capital!? I need urgent instructions, Senpai!!"

One regiment—five battalions of six hundred high-ranking mages—a total of three thousand troops. Even Eva-le-Sierra and Vá-lu-Plums[9] could not measure against the Dwarves' main forces—!! However, as if enjoying Nina's despair:

"If your concern is our firepower, know that we have plenty! You remember how, right?"

Think continued with a vast smile on her face.

"We got a *gift* from the dirty moles themselves~❤"

——,

———*ah…*

"Do you intend to use the Áka Si Anse!? But we still don't have a decent reactor for the activation!?"

It was true that with the Phantasma's core, the Áka Si Anse was practically ready for use. But the only reactor that could be

used is the proof of concept reactor at Akasha headquarters———

—ah. Aha~ ahahaha.

No no no. No, that can't be. Right? Well, I think the world should be destroyed, and I'm ready for that day to come, but that's not it either, right?

Of course it's not, Nina thought, praying that she had misunderstood—

"—A single *bomb* the size of the capital. That's more than enough firepower❤️"

—but unfortunately for Nina, Think ignored her prayers and pointed to the board with a fearless smile, full of ruthless intent. Nina looked up to the heavens and reflected on Think's words, which were more than the opposite of amusing.

…Who am I to dedicate my prayers to now if we're determined to strike down even the gods…

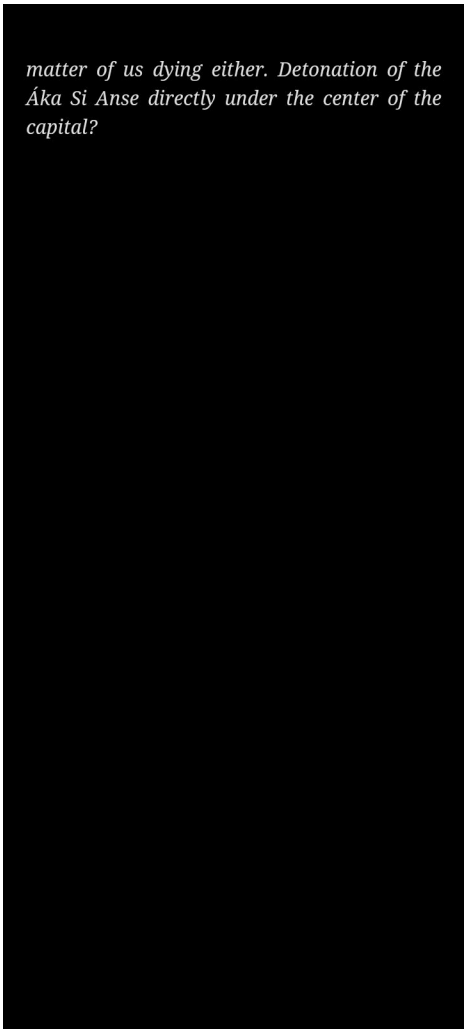
And then she continued—

"Senpai…enough—**what logical reasoning do you even have that justifies why we have to risk our lives!?"**

Nina's teary eyes contested, trying her best to hold onto her conscious for a few more moments.

No, we are not going to die. It's not a

matter of us dying either. Detonation of the Áka Si Anse directly under the center of the capital?



The population of two hundred thousand, the palace, Kainas' dwelling, the entire city—even this entire forest will disappear. That's right, no amount of Dwarven forces is going to stop us—but!

"But with the damage we've sustained—would it even be worth it to compete with a Dwarven fleet!?"

Nina bites back, and Think purses her lips with an accusatory response:

"Mmm, Nina~? Whose fault is it that the capital has no strength~?"

"The battle lines are down due to failure in securing the Phantasma—wait, are you implying it's my fault!? Weren't you the one who ordered me to, Senpai!?"

"Hmm…~ And who is responsible for the Dwarves attacking the capital~?"

"Don't say it's mine because I went there to capture Insein Nebia!? Wasn't that apart of your plan!?"

"Weeell then~ Whose responsibility is it that I can use the Áka Si Anse~?"

"Thanks to having induced the Dwarves to bring the Phanta…—"

Senpai…—

Noticing Think's grin growing with each banter, Nina self-consciously cut her words short.

Don't tell me…it was all Senpai—

As her mind finally connected the dots, she felt an agonizing chill run down her spine, the sensation exacerbating the already

present dread.

—Why? Why did the Dwarves have to bring the other Phantasma?

—Why? Were they preparing to attack us in anticipation of being captured?

—Why? Think Nirvalen is hiding the other three spirit-breaking rites!!

No way…no way, nowaynowaynoway—!! No way—it can't be—the detonation of the Áka Si Anse directly under the capital would be a disaster!

While Nina was fuming with emotion, Think simply unclasped her hands and affirmed. In other words:

"———It's a *showdown*, you know?"

Everything. The battles of the last decade or two. The state of the war. Everything at this moment and beyond.

—It was all in the palm of her hand.

Nina was stunned—and then, to her dismay, Think smiled and continued.

"Nina? The proof of concept reactor is critical for the Áka Si Anse…how powerful is it~?"

—Less than twenty percent. Even so, the capital would be extinguished. No—*only* the capital would be extinguished! Then…that means it's insufficient to decimate the Dwarven fleet—

"Nina? Supposing that the opposing fleet is sure that we'll use the Phantasma…we

could also suppose that they'll attack the capital~?"

It's obvious. For sure—no, it's one hundred percent a siege. The goal was to find a way to use the Phantasma. It's obvious that the capital is abnormally bare—it's a trap. The only way to attack it would be a mass siege, with the worst-case scenario being an engagement with the Phantasma itself—

"So, Nina? There are three spirit-breaking rites at your disposal—which are you going to use~?"

Then, looking down she noticed Think had three magical spells spread out on the table below her—

…Senpai, since when…? Nina didn't ask.

It was all silently telling me the answer. The reason why Akasha's headquarters were built here was to test the power of the proof of concept reactor and its effects. The capital was left unprotected on purpose. That is, it was all set up from the beginning.

"I've prepared five trump cards up my sleeve—these are the only way to kill *him* and destroy the entire Dwarven fleet—"

Think sneered and turned around. She turns to Nina, and then—

"—Nina, do you think *he* will be able to read this move?"

Nina got closer to her and looked into her eyes, within touching distance of her breath.

"…Not at all. And even if he could read it, there's no way *he* could prepare himself

against it!”

She shuddered and laughed; pretty much replying *no*. Think smiled at the news.

At best, the capital would be semi-demolished—or, in other words, be left in a state of ruin. There will not be a second chance. This is the only enemy in the world that Think recognized as unstoppable.

—This is the world that two players, who ensure that all is according to plan, have created. Even Nina laughed challengingly: *Read up to five trumps, that is, if you can!* And yet, Nina was still convinced that it was her Senpai who was going above and beyond—*wait...aren’t there only four trump cards—the Áka Si Anse and the three magical rites here...?*

“...? Senpai, is it just me or did you just say five trump car—**kyaaaaa!?”**

“It worked, right? Didn’t it!? Now you’ll have to let me lick your tits!!”

Nina was about to ask her about the five trump cards when suddenly, she was brutally attacked by the carnivorous animal.

“*Squish squish*~❤️ You really are as flat as a board, Nina♪”

—And so, as a simple form of resistance to the absolute harassment by the octa caster, the upper half of her body was unveiled. With unreasonable liberty, Think mumbles as she nibbled on Nina’s chest. The

least she could do was rebel, but with resignation, Nina let her thoughts drift into the clouds...

—This mad war that has lasted for eternity will soon reach its end. Think Nirvalen, the one who truly uncovered the ability to lay waste to even the stars. Her boundless genius allowed her to control the Great War and even the gods, but such a privilege was not only bestowed upon her—but to Lóni Drauvnir as well, who was there to prove that there were others who were not even a single step behind her. No matter who finishes the game first, the end is not far off...not at all.

But suddenly, a vague feeling of unease crossed Nina's mind—*what if...there was someone else that could beat the two of them? In that case...*

—A third person; the third player. If such a player exists, then...what would happen? Even so...

.....the world will end anyway.

No one can do anything about it. Unilaterally, no questions asked.....

■■■

—Then, a few days passed.

In a desert, where black ash had accumulated and turned the landscape into a glimmering snowfield, a figure clad in a

(Planning, strategy, indirect manipulation, imitative, decision making, resourcefulness, strategical adaptability, methods, predictions, anticipation, psychoanalysis, WMI, PRI, logical reasoning)

mask and coat stood idly. Through the gaps in their outer garment, they looked up at the ashes dancing in the blood-covered sky and simply waited. Without any indication; no rendezvous of any sort. In the first place, it is the side that attacks and the side that is attacked. Normally, they should not have even met. There was no way that their intentions could have intersected. And yet—*he* will surely come. It was a distant day, under the same ground.

—The man who said, *let's play again* and *I'll kill ya with my own hands*. *He* will definitely come. *He* must come. Otherwise, this game will truly never end.

After how long they waited, a figure appeared, slowly approaching. A large, corpulent figure, also wearing a mask and coat. A reunion after so many years of separation. It was just the end of a series of mutual thoughts. Despite such a miraculous and inevitable meeting, neither could see each others' faces through their masks. However, this was far from being an impediment to one knowing who the other was.

The one that awaited him was Think Nirvalen. The woman who overturned the magic system twice, sublimated to the realm of art, and threatened to enter the divine realm. She is the greatest octa caster in all

Elven history, and the greatest mage of all time. On her back she carried the vast forest that covers the capital city of Mellyrn—the domain of the forest god Kainas.

Who approached her was Lóni Drauvnir. The man who sublimated catalyst and imprinting techniques into the realm of engineering and is finally on the verge of divine achievement. He is the most prolific spirit wearer and catalyst designer in Dwarven history. On his back is a huge mass of iron twice his height—the catalyst for the imprinting spell, spirit arms. On his back, he carried a rugged flying fleet that filled the sky above them.

"....."

Already each other, at each others' pacing. They each hold their own power—standing before one another in silence. Two incomparable talents. There are no words to be exchanged between either of them. All of this is in accordance with the pledge made that day: *Let's decide this once and for all, I will kill you with these hands.*

Only you will be killed by my *hands. I'll finish it, no matter what…that's all.*

It's just a game. The more players there are, the more interesting it is. But in the palm of your hand, there is only one world to be destroyed—inevitably, there will be one winner and several losers.

_____,

And so, over each others' heads, the fleets surging into Mellyrn were inconceivable. It's just that—that's when the gunfire started. The two practical war gamers crossed paths, cowering the world.

■■■

—Two geniuses collided, far to the north.

"Sixth Squadron, Second Parallel Protection—deploy."

At the same instant she gave the order, a blinding gust of light followed by a bang struck the sky just above her.

At the same time, a tsunami of iron was surging through the vast forest surrounding Mellyrn. It was the pride of the Dwarves, a flying fleet that painted the red-bleeding sky with the color of steel.

"...Seventh Squadron, Sixth Parallel Protection—deploy."

A regiment of Elves—three thousand high-ranking mages were divided into fifteen battalions, two hundred each per squadron. All of them were blocked by invisible barriers in the void and fail to pour down into the city—the forest. While the sky is torn apart and the earth is shaken by the rumbling of the waves—

"Gran Magus! If we continue like this, we'll only wear ourselves out—!!"

The battalion commanders' screams, and exclamations of frustration and desperation were flying around. The overwhelming amount of ammunition firing at them—is the only thing keeping morale up.

"…Eighth Squadron, First Parallel Protection—deploy."

And so, because of Nina's calm and composed appearance, she muttered to herself without so much as a glance.

—There's no way to disperse or counterattack. Everyone was aware. There are too many of them—way too many. Even if we could theoretically prevent them from firing all at once, a squadron of two hundred mages will be exhausted in no time. If we don't take turns, it would be impossible for us to keep up with their defenses, and fighting back against that many? It's a drop in the bucket. Moreover, a form I don't recognize appears in the mass of iron that covers the heavens…The Dwarves "new ship."

Each time the main gun flashed; an invisible trajectory ran through the air—two explosions echoing one after the other. It crashes into the Elves' barrier and punctures it, thus forcing the constant deployment of a second barrier. It converges the amplified spirits until they are invisible to the naked eye, turning them into a force that penetrates like a needle.

With all those new ships and all those

troops, I'm sure that almost the entire Dwarven army—

"Gran Magus! Enemy fleets spreading to the left and right—we'll be surrounded!?"

The fleet continues its bombardment advance, passing Nina and the others encircling Mellyrn. And beyond that, in the midst of the desperation of a free-for-all that was closing in on the encirclement, there was only one man.

"…Yes. And let them surround us."

Nina, who knows that everything is at the fingertips of Think Nirvalen, twists her lips in amusement.

Like Think, Lóni will have a trump card to play. I don't know if it's that new ship or if there's something more to it than that.

"…Maybe it's too sophisticated for mere moles, but—"

But whatever it is, whatever you bring up, whatever you hide, it's useless. As long as it's spirit-driven—

"…here will be their tomb."

With a smile, Nina left the scene to her subordinates.

With her bewilderment behind her, Nina used her farsighted magic to look for Think outside the southern forest.

—She was probably in the middle of a battle, but Nina couldn't see her. It wasn't that she was so far away that you couldn't see her. It's just that—you couldn't see either

of them.

—It was beyond Nina's comprehension. Nina shook her head, recovering from her momentary exclamation—and rightly so. This is the first time she's seen Think in a battle where everything is decided on a board—much less at full strength. The only thing that looks like a hail of destruction that keeps blinking is probably a product of that thesis, the temporal overlapping of spirits—Think, who accelerates with the *time control* made possible by the unification of time and space in the spirit field—and Lóni, who was still following her, is probably the first reason as to why she invented it after her defeat.

And even so, Lóni seemed to be able to accompany the adversary who overcame any barrier as a living being and literally jumped in time. Nina's mind was racing—

"Good…but in the end, it is Senpai who will win. Please do your best and *die*."

One funeral verse. Looking at the shadow of the ship that was steadily encircling the skies of the capital, Nina Clive hurried through the air to her home—ready for the *showdown*.

■■■

—Nina had made a big mistake.

It's impossible to manipulate time. As long as the creature exists as a *point* in time

—no, even if there is a multiplicity that spans *time* as a “plane” like a spirit, interference with the past leads to an infra-red version of the present, and the future cannot even interfere with convergent indeterminacy. Therefore, Think, who merely expands the *point* and pseudo-accelerates her own time dodged the double attack that nearly split the sky; the sword slash that Lóni unleashed and the violent heat wave that generated in alongside it. Such a double attack could tear apart and volatilize the deformed sand giants, as well as the alchemists.

Think, who had barely been able to avoid it with the accelerated time—was impressed. Lóni’s sword—his own invention given the name of spirit arms—is, indeed, a very powerful weapon.

This is art~ A work of art worthy of admiration—it’s splendid~❤️

Think thought as she dealt with the hail of attacks from the likes of someone she’d never have dreamed of feeling that way about.

—Dwarf. A lower lifeform, more self-evident than the existence of God, but out of the question. It’s a fool’s errand worthy of a low brow, but it’s not nearly as worthy as those stupid Werebeast mutts. They can’t use magic without a catalyst and are far behind the Elves in multiple spells and even in the number of spirits. In the aesthetics of Think,

where half-measures are most despised, the multicellular organism is no better than fungus. The inspiration to imprint the spell on the catalyst beforehand led to—

"————————!!!!"

Lóni's hand leaves the hilt of the sword as it stabs the ground. As soon as Think realized that his hand had slid to the left and right of the blade, she made a quick decision.

—I won't make it at this rate.

The two spells that had been rewritten were discarded, and the three compiled ones that had been saved were activated. Lóni's hands clutched the two daggers that were separated from the blade of the great sword and ripped open the sky, followed by a violent explosion of ice where Think was a moment ago. She saw the whole area in front of her freeze and shatter as it engulfed the atmosphere from behind Lóni.

—If I had hesitated even for a moment and abandoned my spell…

A cold sweat broke out on her face as she realized that if she hadn't demi-shifted behind Lóni, she would have died instantly.

If the catalyst is imprinted with a spell in advance, the activation is instantaneous. Even if Think, who is always changing, outperforms you in terms of numbers and strength—she is still ahead of you in terms of speed.

—So why don't I just take the second one?

In an instant, Think invoked the three spells. She was going to use the same spells that sent her behind Lóni—and then two more. Just before the demi-shift, the magic left in front of Lóni's eyes—Material Fracture and Elemental Ray. The twin daggers, which were imprinted with freezing and shattering magic, should not be able to deal with the rites, however—

"——Ha—Hahaaa!!"

Lóni, who was laughing fiercely, kicked the big sword that pierced the ground and gripped the short sword that popped out. In that moment, the two daggers joined into one had already been aimed at Think.

—Think didn't comprehend that there were two swords coming at her, though. She dodged it as she ducked slightly and tried to follow it up with the reflector she had compiled.

Two in front. One of them from the back—three in total that reflect and amplify the two previous spells. Whatever magic the short sword that Lóni had drawn earlier had, the magic deployed would reflect it as well.

—No defense. Evasion is impossible. Think was convinced of this—however,

"————————!?"

She followed her gut against her own conviction and put the reflector on Lóni's

back instead——!!

The moment she activated it on her own back—she felt a collision of enormous forces ricocheting off one another behind her. The image of Lóni, which should have been right in front of her, had finally caught up and left a faint light, disappearing from her field of vision.

—Demi-shift!? A shifting spell activated to move to the dagger site—!?

He grabbed the two joined daggers that Think had dodged and swung the short sword with his other hand with a ferocious smile. There was Lóni, antagonizing the reflector here.

—Needless to say, magic with magical inscriptions can only be used with imprinted magic. If you use multiple catalysts instantly, then yes, you can use multiple spells at the same time. But that could hardly be considered multiple spells. Compounding of spells—as long as they cannot be applied interchangeably, they can only be used in a certain way. But—

In the accelerated time, Think saw Lóni's hands moving very fluidly and slowly. The sword is in his hand—a sword that should have been two daggers with the magic of freezing and shattering engraved on it. As soon as they came together, the sword turned into a demi-shift magic anchor—and then it fell apart…

This time, she witnessed it separate into countless smaller daggers. And then, she saw something that shouldn't have been there, the very thing that should have been stuck in the ground behind him, the very thing that shifted with Lóni,

"——!! In Carrion[10]!!"

In that moment, Think yelled, commanding the engraved spell on her forehead and hands to activate. At the same time, the two rites that had been deployed for time acceleration were instantly reversed —transformed into an action on space. At the collision of the two, an inaudible bang echoed out of the sky, splintering it as black ashes rained down.

————,

It was a spur-of-the-moment, forcible defense with space-warping magic. The impact, which she still couldn't prevent, bounced off the ground like a ball. Think rolled over in a cloud of ash. As she spun, she tried to look in the opponent's general direction knowing there was a good chance to receive a follow-up attack.

...But what she saw was quite the opposite: Lóni was also not unscathed, and instead of chasing her, he was leaning on one of his knees. He smiled with amusement at the sight of some of the catalysts being damaged. And Think also smiled in

admiration at everything she had seen in this brief intersection.

—In that moment, Lóni's hands were filled with countless daggers that scattered into the air. With a juggling move, he reconfigured his position and stored it in the large sword. It's the divine art of chaining and reassembling the marks like a puzzle, and finally reaching the realm of multiple spells. In the end, he even managed to create a spatial effect that defied Think's spatial distortion—

So—this is the true nature of the "art" that is the spirit arms.

It was a kind of idea that impressed Think Nirvalen—an *art* of sorts. The spirit arms alone would not warrant fear. They were not worthy of being seen as a threat if a filthy mole was using it.

Think's time acceleration and constant use of dual casting has made her less than an even match for the man. The speed and accuracy of reflexes, judgement, and reading—it was an abnormality that transcended living beings and was therefore defined as *art*.

"It's nothing short of brilliant…that's why you're my enemy♪"

"…? Ha—Hahaha."

He couldn't help but respect Think's words—even if he couldn't understand her. Lóni Drauvnir answered with a chuckle that

clearly revealed that he nourished the same for his adversary; just as he should. The spirit arms were clearly an Elf's creation—no, rather, a magic system invented by Think herself. This is because it's the same as compiling a common spell first and then choosing a spell to substitute depending on the situation.

However, the respectful gaze remained intact. Those eyes—the presence of Lóni, who has lowered his center of gravity and wielding his spirit arms, tells her only one thing:

——"I'll decide next time," he said.

…Oh. Of course—there's no way Think can win this fight. After all, Think Nirvalen was the former to Lóni Drauvnir.

I never thought she could win against him one on one—I've never thought about it even once in my life—!!

Therefore, at the rear of Lóni, she gazed up at the steel ships that blanketed the sky above the forest surrounding the capital. Since the day he defeated her, she hadn't forgotten a single second of it, and she's dreamt about it ever since—like a blueprint of sorts. And now—his position, the position of his fleet, the color of the sky to the smell of the wind—everything. It was as if she was reliving a memory from the past. Think spread her arms and announced with a reigning sneer:

“This is it—our final showdown~❤️”

With the declaration of revealing the five trump cards that had been kept hidden, she twisted her smile and ordered the first trump card to "wake up." Straight ahead—Think’s spell shoots down into the ground below and calls out the first spirit-breaking rites. The one that gave the thorns to the lily—in other words—!!

“——Single-Action Protection, Va Yu Anse[11]———!!!”

In an instant—right below Lóni’s feet, the huge water lily, which let the light shine through as if they were woven out of water, blossomed. Then, with a speed that gave him no time to react, Think wrapped Lóni up and sealed the petals.

—And thus…a man trapped in the world’s most beautiful death row prison saw *everything* all at once——

■■■

The steel-colored fleet encircling the heavens was slowly closing in on them with gunfire. On the rooftop of her mansion, Nina gazed up into the crying sky with a smile of shame as everyone else despaired. She gazed at the future foreseen by Think becoming the past.

—Four trump cards. Think says that there are actually *five*. In any case, Nina already knew the four trump cards. Today, this day, this situation, this moment—no, she stood corrected: they had all been decided a long time ago, and in turn, had been nominated accordingly:

——The only one, Lóni Drauvnir.

——Will be wholly—and utterly—killed.

It was set up as a frontline position along with a trump card built up for the sole reason of killing him.

"How foolish…for me to ask why I didn't use them before."

What is a trump card? If it's not absolutely impossible to deal with—it's not a trump card then, right? And what are the conditions under which absolutes are possible when dealing with an enemy that is equal to or greater than you?

—There's no way it can be anything other than a face-down card that kills at first sight…!!

And then, Nina finally witnessed with her clairvoyant magic the arrival of the long await ideal moment. The time for the long overdue showdown was here—and a sign of its arrival had revealed itself. She witnessed Think playing her second trump card.

—Here we go. This game is all about who has the upper hand. Which one of us will be able to beat the other in this game? The

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breaking rites that utilizes the divine essence of Kainas to function. It is, to put it simply—a form of magic that seals magic. The principle is simple. It doesn't suck the spirits out of the Spirit Corridor, it just creates a widespread magical explosion. As the flames of the explosion temporarily deprive the air—the spirits on the surface of the earth are instantly exploited and consumed.

And so, for a few moments, the wind subsided, and even the glow of the falling black ash was still and immobile. However—caught in the grip of gravity and inertia, the steel-colored sky began to fall——

Yes…magic that removes the spirits from of any form of magic or spell and makes it dysfunctional. In principle, the Ja La Anse itself would explode and break down like a bomb.

—A Dwarf fleet…is crazy enough to send that much iron into the sky—no? Fundamentally, they were already defying the laws of physics as the huge steel bodies couldn't collapse, so what could? All the spirits—they were the answer to what happens when magic is unable to be utilized.

The fleet was crushed by its own weight, eating itself up like a worm, dying in vain. A semi-transparent prison—what will the prisoner of the bud really reveal to them…?

—Ah, that's right. This is the face. That's the face I've always wanted to see…!!

"[illegible]!? [illegible]!? [illegible]!!"

The look on Lóni's face as he bared his eyes and shouted at her made Think smile with a twisted expression on her face.

What was he saying? There was no point in even knowing—that face of his was all she wanted.

Surprise, astonishment, dismay. That stupid face that confronted the completely unexpected!!

Oh, I knew it. I was sure of it. I didn't doubt it. I knew it. The look on your face says that you couldn't read this move——!! The game you've decided to hold in your hands, then cower from it!

Think scorched the ground.

—A single click of the tongue. That's was all.

The crash of the fleet and the oncoming Think have not accelerated time in any way. Lóni, grasping the situation that magic was not a viable option, thought he could escape from the confusion. And then, he cut through the prison with only the blade of his spirit arms using own arm strength to escape. After doing so, he fired a shot that Think couldn't even see, however—

"——Huh!?"

—Unfortunately, it seems he underestimated her, and a feeling of dread reigned over him. Lóni's bewilderment at the

flash of the sword was deepened as Think's crooked laughter continued.

"There's no need to be depressed, okay? It was all you could do♪"

There was a huge, multi-layered bud. Normally, you'd think it was magic wrought by Think as, typically, it would be impossible for an Elf to invoke such a large mass by themselves. Then, now that the magic has been sealed, it has no magic to sustain it, and can be destroyed with a mere blow of a sword.

Yeah—normally, typically! In any ordinary situation, that would be the right answer. However, the very thing that overturned the plausible answer were the *thorns* buried under Lóni's feet—something out of the ordinary.

——Va Yu Anse, the Single-Action Protection……

One of the eighty-six-layer spirit-breaking rites that utilizes the divine essence of Kainas to function. The "shift" magic operates in pairs with the thorns in Think's secret laboratory. It wasn't summoned, it wasn't wrought—who would have known that it was shifted from the laboratory? And even more so, that water lily that she shifted—it was a prison! She said it was nothing more than something he couldn't understand—there's no way Lóni could have known—!!

And yet—or rather, that's why Think was once again impressed by the posture of her imprisoned enemy.

"……"

The silhouette of the man who wielded his sword at his waist, leaning his body on one of his knees, concentrating to extract all his strength from himself, revealed what was going on in his mind without hiding: he had been set up, read, defeated, trapped—and yet he knew that if there's a chance to win in this predicament, it is—

—less than one would hope for. Even the six virtues[13] were not enough for a single chance.

Obviously, Lóni had no way of knowing how long the Ja La Anse would last. But he knew not that it was perpetual or even too long. Therefore, Think ran knowing that as soon as the magic seal was lifted, he would try to put an end to her.

Think's spells, from the start of activation —would certainly be a divine act approaching the six virtues. At the same time as the compilation begins—the divine speed Lóni had could subdue it. It's a simple and blunt move, but still a very clever one. A tirade that stitches and cuts away at the interstices of time and nothingness—*I'll show you how it's done.*

The slash was unleashed———

“Magical inscriptions are quite useful; can’t we just pretend it’s my invention?”

—however, it never followed through…

“All you have to do is activate it…since everything else is automatic~❤️”

Then, she stopped bluffing and gracefully walked over toward Lóni, who was beaming with mischievous delight.

“……Ha…Hahahahaha——!!”

Lóni looked down at the sword that had blown up before he released it—he was stunned…and proceeded to laughed. The prison of buds that captured him—the first sentence inscribed on her second trump card…. He realized what it was and what it meant—he shook the buds and laughed hysterically.

He had to laugh, right? He can’t be mad, can he? After all, it’s a prison of buds—the crystal-clear water lily that was slowly trying to bloom again. On the whole surface of one of them, there was an inscription so thin that one could barely see it with the naked eye. It was written in an indigenous language—something along the lines of, *well done, idiot*.

This was a message from a woman who had been thinking about a man named Lóni Drauvnir for many years. A woman named Think Nirvalen who has been termed as an unprecedented talent in Elven history. She poured all of her passion into it and carved an engraving spell that filled one hundred

thirty-seven layers of petals—that is, a gift of flowers made just for him, just for Lóni. The only flower in this world, the only one that bloomed for but a moment—

——Ag Ni Anse[14], the Everlasting Third Protection……

The one hundred and thirty-seven layered spirit-breaking rite that utilizes the divine essence of Kainas to function. Nina was the first to activate it, but it was shut down by the effects of the Ja La Anse. This is the prototype for the fourth trump card, which will disintegrate any spirits sealed within the closed bud.

That's right, any and all—without exception, including the spirits spewed out of the spirit arms—that was the result of the previous. However, the true potential of the flower comes to fruition when it is given to a Dwarf's spirit, a unique effect to be manifested on Think's vocal command. A command that symbolized the water lily: the cycle of life and death.

So—from the beginning—there was really no need for Think to run. All she had to do was gracefully approach it, touch its buds, and say the words of the flower. But Think dared to run, forcing him to use and destroy the spirit arms, extinguishing any hope of him to turn the game. She created this war situation out of delusion and

madness and used three spirit-breaking rites. What she wanted was for Lóni Drauvnir to be perfect, flawless, and complete. If you describe its glory as trivial, you do not know the value of a man (Lóni) and the craving of a woman (Think).

After a few moments of laughter, Lóni's eyes caught a glimpse of *something*. Exactly what he was looking for—a way to control Phantasmas. In other words, the fourth trump card. The Dwarf fleet gathered and crashed into the center of the capital, following gravity and inertia like a dustbowl.

—If they could have contained the magic before they reached the capital, they could have crashed it outside the city. Lóni, who seemed to have figured out why she'd deliberately allowed them to approach, surround, and even advance,

"Many of your friends will be coming down with you, so you won't be lonely❤️"

...You don't need to know the specifics. Just know that you've been defeated, is essentially what Think told him.

—A critical detonation of the Áka Si Anse in the proof of concept reactor. The destruction, which was less than twenty percent of its original power, still obliterated the center of the capital and turned it into a hollow pit. It's a mere capital city or two, and all the Dwarf ships, even the ones that survived to see the trump card, will be destroyed. It's too good a deal. If you don't

buy it, then you're missing out, right?

He had no way of knowing all of them, but he thought he had a pretty good idea of what they were,

"...Ha! Hahahahahahaha!"

Lóni spun his words in an indigenous language, sincerely amused, but not trying to hide his frustration. It was a foul, degrading language that made Think cringe at the sound of it—let alone spoken.

—"Nice work, lass. It was quite a fun game. Say, what's yer final trump card?"

If she were to translate it in the most beautiful way possible, it would mean—to hear her last words. Think, who had taken the trouble to learn the vile, vulgar, and indigenous language, replied with a lovely smile.

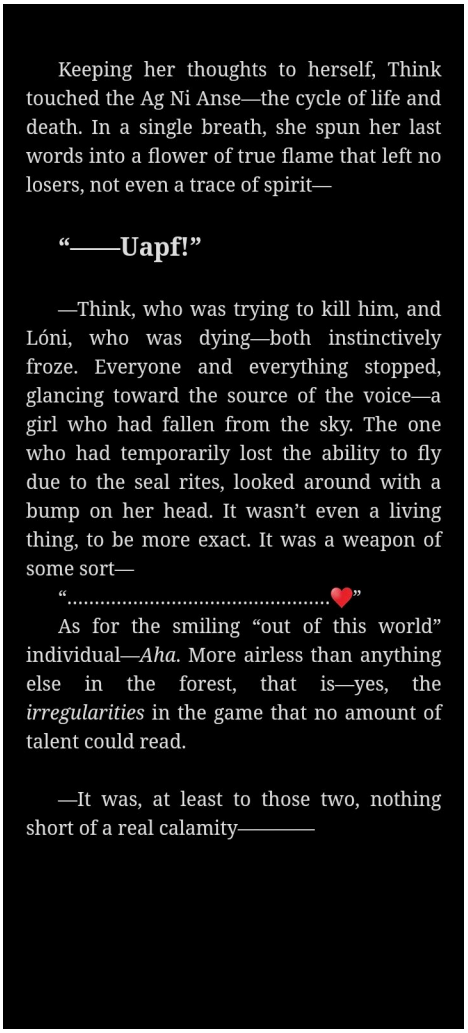
"——I'm not telling you...I'll keep my trump card hidden until the very end~❤️"

Thinking of the fifth—or rather, the first trump card, Think believes that Lóni is the single biggest reason for her defeat.

—She was overconfident that she could surpass him on her own. Think, the one and only true genius, knew herself.

...I had learned that no one can know themselves. So I didn't know who I was—and you kept reminding me that I couldn't know—

I'm not revealing my most prized possession—my cute trump card: Nina❤️


Keeping her thoughts to herself, Think touched the Ag Ni Anse—the cycle of life and death. In a single breath, she spun her last words into a flower of true flame that left no losers, not even a trace of spirit—

“——Uapf!”

—Think, who was trying to kill him, and Lóni, who was dying—both instinctively froze. Everyone and everything stopped, glancing toward the source of the voice—a girl who had fallen from the sky. The one who had temporarily lost the ability to fly due to the seal rites, looked around with a bump on her head. It wasn’t even a living thing, to be more exact. It was a weapon of some sort—

“.....❤️”

As for the smiling “out of this world” individual—*Aha.* More airless than anything else in the forest, that is—yes, the *irregularities* in the game that no amount of talent could read.

—It was, at least to those two, nothing short of a real calamity————

(Planning, Full scale iq, strategy, EQE, setting traps, Deception, information gathering, information control, intrapersonal intel and interpersonal intelligence, EQU, EQP, linguistics, exploitation, Cunning, awareness, creativity, mass manipulation, indirectmanipulation).
Obviously a lot of this is on a level beyond anything we can and likely ever will do here on earth, so I didn't bother explaining however in debates I will. But you can make inferences of the scans provided here.
But Think anticipated events, manipulating and had been planning for 24 years.
Only one error which Jibril dropped in by accident, nuked the capital, slaughtered a lot of Elves, stole their books and left in a cheery mood.

the two people who had not seen each other for twenty-four years. Of course, there is always that which was unchangeable even after twenty-four years, like Think's unbridled harassment...and with the summons of the otherworldly tentacles with the same divine power, those endearing emotions turned into a scream and echoed—

————.....

—The aftermath of that day's Heavenly Smite reached the battlefield of Think and Lóni. Throwing everything away with quick precision, Think rushed to Nina's side with a stack of demi-shifts. And even though she had to fight the monster of nightmares—she managed to escape with Nina. At about the same time she arrived at the new capital city, Melvolle, she had carbonized her gemstone due to an excessive use of magic while risking her life. They received word that Lóni, who had been swept out to sea with Ag Ni Anse, has safely washed up on the beach...

Immediately after, Think retreated to the underground of their new home—never to come out again. She didn't insult her—but even still, Nina tried to convince her to come out. Just a few times a day, she delivered her meals and daily reports. Later in the day, Nina would retrieve the food tray—and rather than a report, she would receive instructions, and typically nodded along to them.

She said that she would get back on her feet, because she is a good girl! I will continue to be the ostensible Gran Magus and follow orders thoroughly! Such as buying erotic books! And my instructions to wear erotic clothing—I've been doing it for twenty-four years—!!

So, considering the courage of Senpai who finally came out, this is the extent of her courage—!!

Think took courage and managed to leave her room, bringing great joy to Nina, even though she had to resist the harassment again with tentacles of aphrodisiac liquid.

"No way, you haven't bathed in twenty four years, you've got overgrown hair that's become a hairball that smells ferocious, **but you've got the courage to come out and do this!?"**

"It's been so long since we've talked that my ears are out of tune…but now I feel like getting more…**involved**❤️"

"I'm sorry for my slip of tongue!! Your fragrance is still as **beautiful and sweet as ever!!"**

Judging by the accuracy of the tentacles, Think had clearly improved her magical capabilities, which led Nina to correct herself, shaking herself out of her uptight head.

Is she still the same? Is she an unchanging, divine being?

—No way. Her eyes and her magic had been sharpened to an even higher level than before.

...It's going to take me awhile to get my wits about me, which is something not even I would be sure of.

Think plunged her body back into the hot spring and asked the poor girl a question that tried at all costs to neutralize the aphrodisiac effect of the tentacles:

"Ninaaa, did you really think that I would lock myself away...because I was frustrated with failure?"

—I don't think, I'm sure of it. I'll kill that Flügel, Lóni, everyone. I will kill them. I will kill them all, no matter how many centuries it takes.

Nina replied silently to Think, with a burning passion, but—

"There's nothing to worry about~ I've never made a mistake in my life—have I?"

Nina gasped at the words that followed, fearlessly and firmly. In other words, the logic that "true geniuses never fail" says only that—

"This isn't enough—we'll just have to keep piling on the verification successes indefinitely~❤️"

With that, Think generated a small image in her palm and held it up in the air. And

then, reflecting on the successes she had verified, she announced what she had been working on in the basement—

"——Eternal Fourth Protection, Kú Li Anse…"

The fifth spirit-breaking rite—Nina understood when she was told of its horrible effects.

Oh…Lóni's survival and the overhead strike. It really was a minor error…

Indeed, it was painful for the Dwarves to know about their four trump cards, which in the first place should've been face-down. Both the destruction of the Elves' capital and the annihilation of the entire Dwarven army were more than just any mere damage. The lack of strength on both sides—it changed the face of the war by making it difficult to take over the war on either side. Each race, each fight—it was enough for make them all seek an alliance. With that in mind, what is the end result?

It's the future—the future of guiding the battlefield and gathering the enemy within the area of effect. Thus, the conditions for ending the game and fulfilling the victory were in place. Showing the last spell to stand—the Kú Li Anse, Think reiterated her previous statement:

"The plan to end the game is proceeding smoothly—all is in order❤️"

“Waa——? Aaa▬▬uaaaablub, blub, blub!!”

The tentacles suddenly disappeared, and Nina was thrown into the hot springs, drinking the water through her nose. While nearly drowning—she felt a sharp, chilling sensation seep into her head.

“…There’s something in the house, isn’t there…?”

Nina whispered, instantly changing her mind as she understood Think’s intentions.

—*Something* was here, in her home. Something that was unidentifiable, something that did not inform Think of its intrusion.

“…Is this about me…or Senpai…?”

Whatever it is, it’s an enemy. The question is, however—whose enemy? The obvious answer would be Nina. After all, this *is* Nina Clive’s home, *the* Gran Magus. But with Think Nirvalen lurking in the background, and an enemy whose true identity is unknown to even her—

“……*I* will go…*you* stay here.”

After a few seconds of fidgeting—she was told to stay back. Implored, even. Think then became almost any entirely different person, from the switch in her facial expression to her tone of voice, movements, and even gestures—her entire being completely changed, and she quietly left the hot spring.

"…How do you do? I'm afraid I've made myself at home."

—The *it* greeted her with a twisted smile, and an eerily flickering black stare.

■■■

…Nina still couldn't believe what she had seen, she was in a state of total confusion.

"S-Senpai! I-I must go after that dirty—no, let me go after it!!"

She popped out of the shadows, following the back of the thing that had claimed to be a *ghost*. Nina had no idea what it was—she couldn't possibly know. The incomparably gifted woman ponders in silence, and with murderous intent seems to have taken on mass, and she knew of only one thing.

—He didn't let her know *anything*. Think Nirvalen—it was as if she had been treated like a child. Whatever *it* is—it's too dangerous—!! However…

"…Ninaaa~ That thing, do you know what it is…?"

"W-What…i-if you don't know, th-than how should I—!?"

Nina squealed, but caught Think's gaze and gasped.

—Are we dealing with someone who doesn't expect to be pursued…?

The reason as to why Nina unknowingly hesitated in her pursuit—in other words, she

might as well have lost her life if she had gone any farther.

You are the one who has the urge to follow—no, rage, enmity, and humiliation. All of my burning emotions.

The one whose eyes held Nina back with reason bordering on madness waited for her answer. Nina took a deep breath, let her thoughts wander…and opened her mouth.

"…I-it looked to me like…maybe, *it* was a player."

She murmured as if she was trying to figure out something vague that she herself did not understand. Nina pondered as Think rested her head on the desk and waited for her to continue. The voice, the gaze, and the gestures of the ghost that was clad in rags and animal skin and whose outline could not be discerned were the same as those seen in Think. The player's unmistakable—and intense—will. But still, something was… different. That's what Nina didn't know…no,

"…But, that thing—was *something* that no one knows yet—"

This time, Nina asserted firmly, staring back into the eyes of Think, and thought:

—I wonder if that thing had really noticed me hiding behind the pillar. Why would someone who was powerful enough to see through an octa caster be so thorough in hiding his true identity? Why do they choose

to—no one should have to—!

Nina finally spoke up regarding the discomfort she felt.

“That thing…is playing a game with different rules from the rest…”

In Think Nirvalen's case, she intended to conquer victory by exterminating everything on the face of the earth. Lóni Drauvnir was likely no different. No—in this game, where even the gods are engaged in warfare, there are minor differences in the targets, scope, and means of warfare, but at the end of the day, the means and ends are the same for everyone…however—the ghost…

“I-It seems to me that he's...aiming for a different kind of victory than everyone else…”

While sincerely hoping that no one would die, and yet never doubts his own victory. It was a contradictory thought, but for some reason, Nina was—convinced.

—This was exactly the fear she once had—the reality of a third player. No one can do anything about it. The game will end unilaterally, without question—

“The ghost’s goal itself is simple~”

Nina shivered with anxiety but Think nodded and smiled with satisfaction.

“My plan and his…you could say they’re exactly the same❤️”

Think’s plan—in other words, what Nina

had just told her: let the major races form alliances and create a grand coalition in front of a common virtual enemy—Artosh. After gathering them all together in one place…they'll use the Áka Si Anse—and wipe them all out. However, there was only one difference:

"I'm going to play my final trump card—and crush you all to win the war♪"

She now understood what the ghost meant by the E-Bomb—the insanity of detonating such essence is astonishing. If it's true that it's already completed, that's also, frankly, surprising. Above all, the insanity of claiming to have surpassed the Áka Si Anse was the biggest surprise of all. As usual, the crazy mole who doesn't know his place must be eradicated.

"Thank you for your help, Mr. Ghost—you've saved me a lot of trouble❤️"

Indeed—aside from the details, the existence of the Áka Si Anse has been leaked. It was obvious that Lóni Drauvnir would prepare something that would come close to its power. That's why Think was in such a rush to develop the fifth spirit-breaking rite—

——Eternal Fourth Protection, Kú Li Anse……

One of the sixty-seven-layered spirit-breaking rites that utilizes the blessings of Kainas to function. The strongest defense in

principle—it's a seal rite that simply seals the spirits of the boundary plane of action. In principle, no action can break the veil that is created by stopping the temporal overlapping of spirits. There are no exceptions to the rule, whether it's the Flügel's Heavenly Smite, the Dwarves' E-Bomb, or even the Áka Si Anse. There is no contraption in the world that can defeat the strongest shield in the world.

So—shoot each other. The only ones who will survive are us...but—

"Well, it seems...beyond that—there's yet another person..."

Think mumbled with a wry smile and started to walk away, but then she turned around.

"It's fine...it's just one more person I'll definitely eradicate~❤️"

She said, her smile twisting into a provocative, deadly grin.

"There's still one trump card—the Kú Li Anse."

But as she hurriedly followed her back, Nina wondered—*was it her imagination?*

"Let's see what you've got, Mr. Ghost—let's see if you can keep us on our toes until the very end♪"

Nina, in turn, listening to her partner, had a slight impression that her words did not carry the usual full confidence, so she asked a question,

“S-Senpai! Another thing—you said you have another trump card up your sleeve. Can’t you use that!?”

In addition to the spirit-breaking rite for use against Lóni, there was one more card that was not revealed to Nina. Nina thought she should ask her about the details, however, Think turned around gently. A small—troubled smile appeared on her face —

“I’ve already used it♪ And this time, I’m expecting it to go awry❤️”

She smiled mischievously and didn’t tell her, sticking out her little tongue——

■■■

And then—Think Nirvalen’s day of destiny came. The sun was warm enough to make her sleepy, and she gazed blankly into the sky.

…Her long ears picked up only the sound of wind and waving grass. It was like drifting through a slumbering sensation. The eyes that held the six diamonds were gazing at the answer to an old, old question—the glow of heaven. It was a light so blue that it could envelope one entirely. Sunlight pouring down—white clouds drifting through the sky. Elves, Dwarves, and all who had fought against them fell to the ground as if they had been let down gently. She chuckled at the giant chess board towering beyond, thinking

Yep, think is the Elf Riku negged. This same Think who's done all this and this was even after she directly had been improving.

that it must've been an afterthought.

—Apparently, this was the true color of the sky. It seems that now that the long war has finally reached its end, the world has decided to take on a beautiful form… That's what she came to understand, and with a serene smile, she finally understood……

She was defeated.

……Ah, it seems like I've lost, again…

It was neither anger nor surprise that came to her heart as she was defeated once again.

—Yeah, I knew it.

It was a reaffirmation that her "greatest trump card" would not fail her. And yet, such a reliable trump card herself can't seem to recover from her stupor,

"…Uh, Senpai…? What…what the hell… happened, in the end…?"

She slumped down next to her and asked her with a stupidlook on her face.

—I'd like to know what's going on too, Nina complained inwardly, correcting herself. What had happened, Think had seen it all and knew it all. It was just—

"It seems the game is over—that means… they beat us to it…."

In the end, I lost, Think replied shortly, rising from her heels. Then, she gracefully

walked away, and for a moment, she faced the horizon, imagining such a ghost. In other words, that self-proclaimed ghost was not a ghost—and rather apart of the monkeys who now seem to be called Immanity. He was able to move everything through to the end with ease, including those Ex-Machina. And thus —

——only *killed* the world… The contradiction of hoping that no one dies, but never doubting victory, is thus resolved. I see, Think was honestly ashamed of her own inadequacies.

—Instead of wasting time trying to kill every single race, it's much easier to just break the board and end the game, no?

Think felt as if she were being told that by the ghost—she couldn't help but gulp.

…But, if I may be so bold as to admit defeat. . Think looked up to the heavens, wondering about the question that still lingered after seeing it all unfold. In other words—*why did* it *determine who would be the One True God—*

"…I thought that Kainas would be more useful than tissue paper, but it seems I was a fool~"

—I've never heard of such a rule… Think cursed herself, as she put it, for being a incompetent fool who couldn't even get her act together.

—«What are Old Deus...»

If I'm right about that too-late consideration, that hypothesis—

Think sighed deeply and lamented over her biggest loss, an oversight so stupid.

"I should have killed that incompetent bitch Kainas first..."

"—S-Senpai!? Even if that's true, please keep your grudges to a minimum!! You know you'll be punished greatly, right!?"

Think laughed at Nina, who hurriedly stopped her, unaware that she had just agreed to be salacious. . *Yeah, that's how it's always been. But, from now on—things will be different.* Thinking about the words the cocky little shit who just recreated the world, she continued.

"If it's reasonable to punish someone for disobeying you just because you created them, can you kill a child who disobeys their parents? For such a small, hysterical, no-good failure of a god, a cold toilet seat is more appropriate than the seat of the only god—at least, that's how I feel❤️"

In order to clear up the years of resentment—as well as to reiterate a certain point—she lays out all she can say. Before Think walks with Nina, who is confused and flustered beyond belief—she turns...

...to the sight of a man standing over her with a mass of iron,

"—L...Lóni Drauvnir—!?"

Nina gasped and shouted out *his* name.

—Two players who wanted each other more than anyone else in the Great War, who confirmed that they had found each other—concurrently. Think Nirvalen has refined her magic even further than before. Lóni Drauvnir had likely reached a higher level as well. As if it were natural. As if it were a contract, a pledge. With all their might—they shattered the earth. Two players who promised raging destruction—but faster than they can collide, no questions asked. The power to say “no” to contracts, pledges, promises, and everything in between—in other words:

【I】In this world, all bodily injury, war, and plunder is forbidden.

—I’ve been screwed over by these rules, which apparently have really been enacted.

Not only did they try to harm each other—they didn’t even know *how* to harm each other. The spirits—no, the magic of destroying the Ixseed was forbidden from the very beginning and dissipated into thin air. Elf and Dwarf, the strongest of the two, smiled at one another and snapped back. Words were unnecessary. The Great War—the practical war game—is over. It has come to an end. The two of them, who are merely losers, have no right to argue—*if that’s the case…*

“Ninaaa? I want all the best children in

the time limit, Nina wins—that's the gist of this game."

—She proposed a game based on the Ten Covenants.

【VI】Wagers sworn by the Covenants are absolutely binding.

Nina rolls her eyes as she remembers the new rules of the game but Think continues to smile at her.

"Ninaaa, what should I bet—for you to continue playing with me?"

"……Ah…Senpai…I…"

Nina gave a small gasp at the thought of Think hidden in that smile.

—I can't even begin to express my gratitude. But still—I lost. We'll win next time…and she needs me to do it. So, what do I need?

She told Nina that she would accept any request, but what would she say? In the end —

"Th-Then—l-let's, I, er…please marry me!!!"

…,

……Eh…eheheheh~ As expected of you, Ninaaa~

Think was impressed by such a bold move, which surpassed the assumptions she had made and prepared for, from tentacle payback to subversion.

“…Ninaaa, the first post-war Elf nation to allow same-sex marriage…how liberal of you~”

“——No. I-I! I…is it!? I—”

Nina’s love affair with her was something that she had known about from the beginning. As for Think herself…well, to be honest, she’s not quite sure what love is…but marriage?

Marriage. To become husband and wife. To make a vow to spend the rest of one’s life together.

…Contrary to her relatively calm thoughts—

“A-ah, it’s okay!? I don’t give a shit about traditional conservatism, and I don’t care if it’s with Nina—y-you see, I am a genius, aren’t I? I thought this might happen! I’ve been working on procreation magic for same-sex couples…ah, just give me fifteen minutes to adapt it to the new rule of using spirits~❤️”

Think, strangely buoyant and restless, began to construct the spell.

She didn't know why her eyes were out of focus and her warm cheeks were forcing a smile, but she didn't want Nina to notice any of it. And, as desired, Nina didn't notice, because she said this with the determination and weight of a lifetime—and told her the truth:

“A-Ah…I-I’m, um—I’m a…man…”

_____

_____

...E-eheheh~ again again again~ she's obviously joking~❤️ I'm not sure why she'd lie about something that can be revealed with a single shot of analysis magic♪ I'm able to use magic very easily, you know. I am a genius after all~!! That's right~ the Great War was lost, right? But, you see, I've read the world to a very fine point.

"NINA CLIVE—HAVE YOU BEEN DECEIVING ME ALL THESE YEARS?"

When the analysis magic answered *man*, Think heard the sounds of her emotions freezing. Emotions that were at the boiling point transitioning to the freezing point. Up and then down... Indeed. In the midst of an unimaginable sadness, her broken heart stopped to defend itself—one step at a time.

—Thank you for everything you've done up until now. At the very least, I hope you die in peace, knowing no pain.

Then Nina saw *death* approaching one step at a time, involving an aura of spirit capable of charring the heavens and the earth. Therefore, her only alternative was to shout out her justifications:

"I-I'm not deceiving youuu!! Hey!! I never once said I was a woman!"

"You didn't lie, just omitted, huh...if you have a better excuse, please hurry up with

it❤️”

“No, don’t you realize that I’ve tried to tell you so many times!? But then you always interrupt me—”

“You dressed like a woman; you washed my body thoroughly to take advantage of every corner of it, but you *tried to tell me several times*? …Okay, got it, next❤️”

“I didn’t dress as a woman and I didn’t take advantage of it!! I had to endure Senpai’s *excitement*—I’d rather get a compliment, wouldn’t you!?”

I shouldn’t have to endure this impending death, Nina complained—regretfully.

“Be honest, are you really telling me that you always acted your natural way, with no intention of hiding or deceiving me, and yet you never made me question that you were a man?”

“————I’m terribly sad to admit that as a man, but…yes…”

Nina was in tears and nodding continuously, but Think smiled like the sun—and thought:

…Pretty face, thin shoulders, high, clear voice… If, even after the revelation, to my eyes they look like a lovely girl…

A man who, at this very moment, leaves no doubt in Think Nirvalen’s eyes—

“You’re already a girl~❤️”

As soon as it was determined, Think compiled the spell with divine speed,

however—it did not work and fizzled out,

"…Ah. Is changing another's sex without consent a violation of the Ten Covenants? … *Tsk*."

"Wait a minute!! Did you just try to turn me into a girl without even asking me!?"

Think gave one wry smile in response to Nina's scream as she received the first protection by Ten Covenants since the war.

"Well~ Nina is Nina, you know. Gender doesn't really matter."

Think then looked away from her own unmanageable emotions, and with a sly smile—

"…It's okay. As long as Nina loses the game—"

…And that's why, with a smile that would make anyone fall in love with her—she told him,

"I, Think Nirvalen, vow to be Nina's wife."

After hearing those words, Nina's breath stopped for a moment—

"—Ah…r-right! Yes!! I-I'll make sure to finish building the country on time!!"

Nina was in tears, determined, and overflowing with fighting spirit.

"But if you lose—Nina is going to be my wife~❤️"

"Got it! —W-Wait, wh-what!? I-I have to bet as well!?"

【III】Games shall be played for wagers

that each agrees are of equal value.

"If I want Senpai to be my wife, I bet I'll be your wife, too—is that really of *equal value*!?"

If I lose, I get a sex change, Nina thought to himself as he complained about the unfairness of the risk.

"…Yes~ …I don't think you'll want me as a wife if I become a man…"

Smiling so self-deprecatingly, he turned to the depressed Think——

"What are, the deadlines…and requirements to achieve founding our nation…?"

The true nature of this new game has revealed itself—bargaining.

Looking into Nina's eyes as she was asked cautiously, Think began,

"You must rule at least two cities, set up an administration, and set up a plenipotentiary♪ The deadline is—"

Then she murmured, as if to check on him:

"—Two years…"

"T-T-Two years!? Ah—all right!! If I'm going to have it, I'll give it my all and—"

And this reaction of his was exactly what made him the final trump card. Think giggled inwardly, using her precious trump card once more, and announced with another smile,

"—Less than that💔 Within a year and

eleven months! Go for it~❤️”

“Wait—ehhhh!? Th-That’s impossible!! A-Are you serious!?”

Ignoring Nina, who had just lost a month, and now declared it impossible, Think continued:

“Well, whatever the results are, we’ll be husband and wife in two years. Here, let me see your hands~♪”

Nina organized the bet—and Think proceeded to lift his hand up.

—He was moved by the fact that she had said *yes* to his marriage proposal, regardless of its duration or his gender. He was terrified of the very serious question whether he could become a man or a woman.

…A game that has already been won or lost. She held up a trembling hand—not quite realizing that it was Nina himself who had made the decision. But that’s as it should be. After all—no one can know themselves. Just as Think Nirvalen cannot know Think Nirvalen.

—Nina Clive also cannot know Nina Clive.

So, you just have to…know someone who knows you better than you know yourself. … Who can believe in someone else more than they believe in themselves?

That is, in the case of Think, for example, the first person to smile sincerely at him.

—*«Senpai…why do you try so hard to always smile…?»*

The person who made her realize that she was *trying* and *smiling* unconsciously. So, if Nina believes that it is possible for Think, then it *is* possible. If Think believes that it is possible for Nina, then it *is* possible. Make it possible.

We can make it possible—We will make it possible. On the other hand—if you believe it's possible, then it's impossible no matter how it turns out… Such as when I was told that there was nothing I could do in front of the ghost that day,

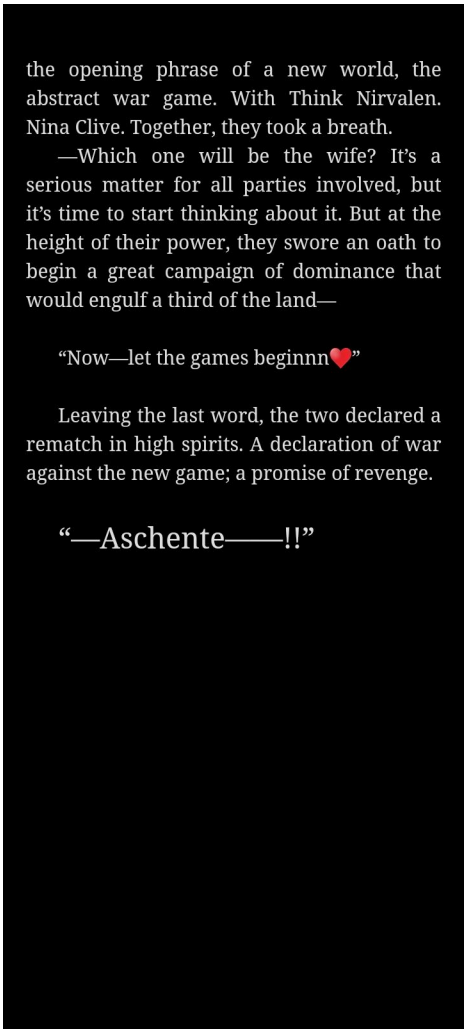
—Think should've dropped out of the game. As soon as you hope to be wrong—you've lost the game…

…but Nina doesn't know that. Think didn't teach him that. "How can an ordinary person work as a Gran Magus if he's only been given a pamphlet?"—the thing that comes to mind is… If Nina believed that Think could do it, he would do whatever it took. That's why, if Think believes it's impossible—she will make it impossible for herself.

I'll tell you about it…well. Another time, Think laughs.

A trump card—is a trump card because it stays down until the final moment❤️

And so—to the final phrase that signals the end of the practical war game. It is also

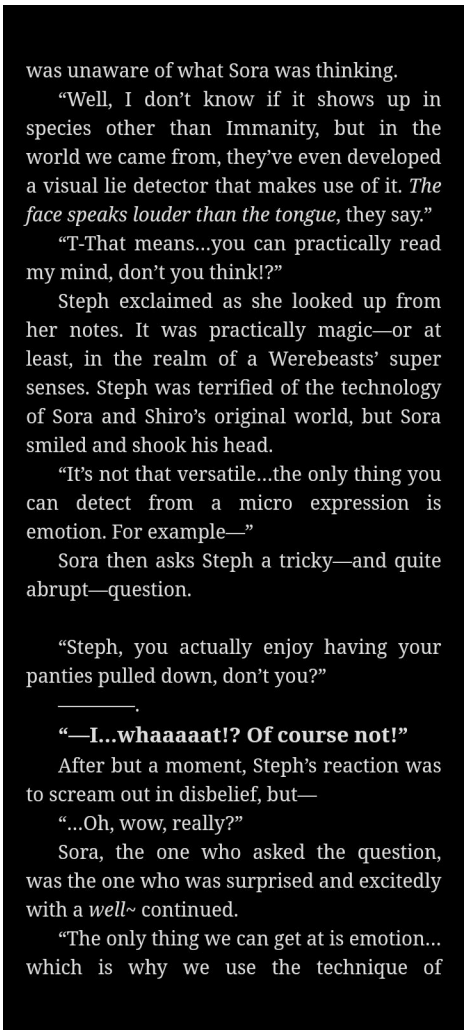


And that is it from The demons known as Think and Loni. Now they're in 1 place cannot wait to use them.

Onto Blank shenanigans.

Steph spent every night for 3 days straight, challenging Sora and getting beaten to the point that it was like she never tried in the first place, despite her heavily studying and Imitating Sora's tricks. (Strategical adaptability Stephanie) (Same for Sora but creativity too)
Sora points out the reason Steph is losing so bad is her poker face in particular sucks.
He proceeds to explain the concept of microexpressions. "Our original world, this world's Immanity, and somehow Jibril and Izuna—all have micro expressions of their own."
"Micro expressions…you said?"
It's moments like these when you make up your judgement for a word or a concept that you don't know. Steph looked up from her prostrate sobbing state and quickly pulled out a notepad. Looking at the scene unfolding before him with a somewhat amused expression, Sora turned on his tablet PC—but didn't pick it up,
"In the world we came from—there was a psychologist named Paul Ekman."
He generously shares some of his special skills with Steph.
"He explained that regardless of your upbringing or culture, facial expressions, no matter how conscious you are of them, show your true emotions for a moment without meaning to—for less than point two five seconds—and that's called a micro expression." Sora

elaborates that by the time he could walk and talk, he had already understood this so when he found out about the scholars teachings he thought they were inferior to his own ideas about it to the point he asked what's the big idea.



was unaware of what Sora was thinking.

"Well, I don't know if it shows up in species other than Immanity, but in the world we came from, they've even developed a visual lie detector that makes use of it. *The face speaks louder than the tongue*, they say."

"T-That means…you can practically read my mind, don't you think!?"

Steph exclaimed as she looked up from her notes. It was practically magic—or at least, in the realm of a Werebeasts' super senses. Steph was terrified of the technology of Sora and Shiro's original world, but Sora smiled and shook his head.

"It's not that versatile…the only thing you can detect from a micro expression is emotion. For example—"

Sora then asks Steph a tricky—and quite abrupt—question.

"Steph, you actually enjoy having your panties pulled down, don't you?"

————.

"—I…whaaaaat!? Of course not!"

After but a moment, Steph's reaction was to scream out in disbelief, but—

"…Oh, wow, really?"

Sora, the one who asked the question, was the one who was surprised and excitedly with a *well~* continued.

"The only thing we can get at is emotion… which is why we use the technique of

instantaneous response to questions—”

In other words, it was a question asked to see the slight expression on Steph’s face in response to said question.

But that slight expression on Steph’s face—would it be okay to tell her?

Sora hesitates, but when he sees Steph’s eyes questioning his intentions, he scratches his head and explains.

“The first thing that came to Steph’s face was a small expression of anger. This alone could be taken as a response to an embarrassing question, but just before she shouted, there was no cocooning indicating anger, but rather a raised eyebrow.”

—What that meant was…

“*Astonishment*—how did they find out? Steph, that kind of hobby—”

“Ab-so-lutely not! That’s not truuuuue!!”

The coughing Steph interrupted Sora’s words and denied them, though, Sora let out a *wow*…and took a step back to say:

“Now joy and excitement…no sign of anger again…seriously, Steph?”

“…Steph…are you…a masochist?” Shiro, who was reading a book with Steph’s panties on her head, giggled.

Fighting off the urge to scream again, Steph kept her mouth clamped shut in search for more information. So—looking down and biting her lip—with a smile of shame on her

face, she uttered:

"S-Suppose that's true, hypothetically! A hundred—no, let's assume for a second that Sora is right!"

I don't want to take Sora's word for it. But—if it's true,

"Are you saying that you'd be able to see through a lie like a Werebeast with just the glimpse of a facial expression!?"

If that's true, it's a skill I'd like to acquire at all costs—Steph impatiently thought.

"That's impossible."

The more Steph's shoulders began to slump, the more she denied it, and Sora continued with Shiro on his lap.

"I told you already. Micro expressions only show emotion. It's instantaneous and unconscious. Sometimes Steph doesn't know why she feels the way she does. But not for me! For example, do you seen your reactions, like I just did?"

Just like claiming not to have repeated the eight-year game with Sora. Shiro mumbles, rolling her eyes at Steph's reaction, which was not as harsh as her brother's, but way too obvious.

"…Twice emphasized, angry…Steph, that is…proof…of sloppiness…"

"That doesn't matter! So, how do you do it, Sora!?"

Steph stared intently at Sora—ignoring Shiro with her gracious words equating to *I*

don't care.

"I'd tell you, but—it's pretty hard, okay?"

"I'll be fine!"

He smiled at Steph, who said she would write everything down and show him. While playing a game with Shiro on his lap, Sora chats about everything he can think of.

"First of all, *joy*—that is, a smile—is a *fake smile* if it lasts more than four seconds."

"Eh—?"

"On the other hand, a momentary smile is ingenuine unless the eyes are closed. A sincere smile is one in which the cheeks rise, and the lower eyelids lift. But if it's only one side of the smile, it's a distinction—a *mockery*. You can't tell from the slightest expression who it's a sneer at. If you also show the trait of disgust, it could be *disgust* with yourself. With that—"

———

———————

"…What do we do? Shall we continue?"

"…T-That's, enough…"

When Sora asks to go on, seeing that the notepad has been filled with joy, Steph responds with a blank stare. After all this time, Steph realized that she didn't feel like she could read a point two five second facial expression.

It's way too late for that. Sora chuckled in response to her looking to him for help, as if she couldn't give up.

(Psychoanalysis, logical reasoning, PSI) Sora.

“—Well, it takes some practice, but it’s quite easy to counteract.”

Yes, it’s that simple.

“Just cover your face, that's all.”

At that point, Steph stood up with a puffy face.

“O-Oh, I see! Then I can put it into practice right away!!”

I’ll have to keep my face covered in that case—Steph thought to herself.

“Yes, you’re right. And then—if you cover your face, they’ll focus on your voice and movements.”

“……Yes, that’s right. That’s the kind of person…Sora is.”

Steph deeply wondered—*how fun it would be to lift him up and push him down to the ground?*

She answered—*Sora would reply, “This is the most fun I’ve ever had!” and laugh it off.*

Steph bats an eye at Sora, but surprisingly, Sora continues his explanation carefully.

“However, voice and movement are not as instantaneous as micro expressions. Aside from people like Izuna, who can even read blood flow and the sounds of one’s heartbeat, if you’re dealing with an Immanity, you can mislead them with your conscious mind—”

—*Hoho…* Steph smiled to herself. *I mean, if you’re dealing with Immanity, Sora*—that’s how he sees what Steph’s thinking. In fact, she used the exact same method that he said

she would use, and Sora, who literally read her, laughed at the irony.

"—but, of course you can use that too. Sorry Steph, but do you honestly think that's gonna work on me?"

"U-Uhh…"

Yes, now that her thoughts have been completely read, Steph can't even gulp. It was Sora, of all people, who had taught her this whole process in the first place.

If your trying to compete with Sora in a field where his skill level is overwhelmingly distinct, that's exactly where he comes in.

Steph was nodding her head in thought—but then she suddenly realized something.

"……Well, that and…"

With some shade covering his face, Sora smiles self-deprecatingly—and warns her,

"Don't think that I'm going to be conscious of it on a regular basis. It's not that good, you know."

"……."

Shiro, who had weighed in on the truth and weight of Sora's words, silently slumped in Sora's lap.

—It's too obvious. What it means is that—

"…Yeah? Why is that?"

A girl who is a perfect example of what it means to be a "good girl"—the vision of a young man reflected in Steph's blue eyes—that is, Sora, with his *disgust* for himself, patted Shiro on the head and smiled

(Psycho analysis, EQM, EQE, indirect manipulation)

enviously.

"…Well, I guess we don't have to worry about that with Steph. Okay, so—what's next?"

—Said Sora, who raises his mouth fearlessly. The game continued until dawn, in which by then Steph had been stripped down to nothing but a bed sheet…

Day Four—Also at Midnight

Normally, Steph barges in through the door, but today, she knocks properly and leisurely—and with that, Steph appeared in Sora and Shiro's room once again, looking confident of victory.

"Today's the day to end your career, Sora. Are you ready to finally work?"

Steph questioned the half-eyed siblings, asking in a fearless and elegant manner.

"…Hey, it's not for us to really say."

"…Steph…when are you…sleeping?"

"Reaaaally. You two don't have the right to say that? You'd better be ready to work!"

—Sora and Shiro are practically nocturnal animals, they have no problem with this. During the day, Steph is probably busy with her work as Prime Minister. And at night, she visits Sora and Shiro—playing games with them until sunrise.

This has been the case for the past few days. The dark circles around her eyes, indicating fatigue, are darker than they were

yesterday, and they should respect her vitality…but, unfortunately for her, it'll never be justified.

—That's right. It never would. Because—

"This game is very simple."

—Steph herself doesn't even realize it. Sora and Shiro can almost predict what will happen next.

"Sora will win if he finds the *thing* I've hidden in the castle!"

To Steph, who was shouting about today's game, Shiro was thinking about ending it rather quickly, but Sora stopped her with a glance. And then—

"—Ah~ So there's a *thing*…and you expect us to find it without any hints?"

"I wrote the word THIS on it. I'm not going to be cowardly and say *this isn't it* after it's been found either."

Hmmm, Sora thought. He kept his face down as Steph confidently explained. His face was only visible to Shiro, who is in a fixed position—that is, in Sora's lap. Sora's eyes were downcast, and his face prostrate. He felt like screaming.

—I want to tell her that I already know where she hid it—

However, with great mental strength, he suppresses his desire and says something more interesting than that.

"…No matter how I do it, if I find it, I win,

right?”

Shiro, who has known Sora for many years, understood the meaning of his distinct expression when he asked that question.

—He was already well aware of what Steph’s answer would be.

“No, it wouldn’t be a fair game if you could bring someone like Izuna-san or Jibril-san who can trace by scent or psychical reaction. This is a game between you and I, Sora!”

Steph’s answer was just as expected, and the smile on Sora’s face spoke volumes about its purpose. That is—he said it was nothing more than *guidance*.

“A game between only you and I…and I assume I can’t just guess where it is, right?”

“Of course! Feel free to search, but I’ll make sure you don’t rely on anyone else!”

—Of course? Oh, of course. Otherwise, if you say a place here and there, it will hit you at some point, and you’ll need to monitor it. Yes, of course. Then—we have no choice, do we? Isn’t that right?

With a chuckle, Sora gently lifted Shiro up off of his lap and began walking away,

“I see, I see…oh well…It can’t be, helped… I don't, like this either~”

When Shiro saw him standing up with a goofy expression on his face, she understood.

“…Nii…that’s really…bad…”

“Shiro! Don’t say a damn thing! Your brother’s gonna hang himself if you do,

okay!?”

Sora shouts with a melancholy face, despite the ember in his voice.

“…Sorry…I said, too much…but Nii…”

Shiro really wants to apologize, but since she knows what her brother wants, she can’t just give in—

“Shiro! This is a one-on-one game with me, according to the rules Steph laid out! It’s an inescapable situation! Or is it that Shiro thinks it’s okay for her brother to lose!? Hmmmmmmm!?"

However—Shiro has been with her brother for eight years. She seems to know how to handle him—

“…Nii, in confusion…rejected…”

That single word, she expressed *Sora’s excitement*. Sora hardens with a look of despair, as if a gong had been rung inside him. But it was only for a moment, and then he lost his temper—no, Sora, who’s mauve cells have been activated, changes his mind with frightening adaptability. This is a much less pleasant turn of events than they had originally planned, but—

“…Well, okay. Now, Steph, give me your hand.”

“Well, um, okay?”

When Sora held out his palm, Steph put her hand over his.

“Now, we’re going to play an interesting game, okay?”

Sora says with a big smile on his face,

squeezing her hand lightly.

"Steph—*tell me where you hid it*."

"Y-Yes…?"

I'm not telling you—he ignored Steph, who was just about to say that. Sora moved Steph's hand slowly, as if he didn't want to be told from the start. Up and down, left and right, as if checking something—and then… Then, slowly, with a hint of hesitation—

"Wai—!?"

He led Steph's hand up her own skirt.

"Well, Steph, it's a shame I can't take it off myself, as I've been told not to touch it."

With a deep sigh of regret, but without a doubt in his mind, Sora declares,

"Let me see *what's in your panties*."

"_____"

Stunned. There's no other emotions or words that comes to mind, and Steph does as she's told. She took out a slip of paper with the word "this" written on it…which she had put inside her underwear. As soon as he saw the word THIS written on the page, Sora smiled and said,

"Here we go. Are you sure this is a win for me?"

Steph, who hasn't recovered from the tragic events that had unfolded, burst into laughter when Sora called out to her.

"—Oh no, how did you—how did you know!?"

Sora replied to Steph, who seriously doubted that she could even use magic, but Sora was blasé.

"Steph, hypothetically, what if someone asked you to show them to Steph's underwear drawer?"

"I…I would reject——ah…"

—Sora was quite impressed with Steph's attempt—and Steph herself seemed to have noticed that. So yes, Steph wasn't stupid at all. Rather, she is quite intelligent. That's why it's easy to read her thoughts. If you were a real idiot, you wouldn't be able to read what the other is doing.

"So, when you're being led in a direction you don't want to go, no matter how conscious you are of it—well, the more conscious you are of it, the more you try to go against it. In order words, if I'm asked to tell you where something is that I don't want you to find, it's in the direction I'm straining. It's a cheap psychological trick that I would hesitate to even call a magic trick."

He looked at Steph, who looked at him with admiration, but…

"…Nii, that's…a lie."

Shiro dismissed it as a lie. Of course, it is—because…

"…Nii, knew from the beginning…what the game, was…and where it was…"

"—Y-Yeah!?"

Steph shouted in response to the words, which were too much to handle, but Sora

(Deception, anticipation, cold reading,

assume that she has something in there she doesn't want to fall out as she moves."

Leaving behind Steph, who could do nothing but pant and moan inaudibly, Sora also took his place. In other words, he sat down with Shiro in his lap and continued.

"In addition to that, I talked about micro expressions yesterday, and today. There is a preparation. A look of confidence that you will win. And yet, I'm not hiding my face. In other words, I'm confident that even if I were about to lose, I wouldn't even make a micro expression —"

—If that were the case, it'd be a lot easier to talk about. No matter how much preparation you do, if it's preparing to cheat, you can lose. If you're certain that you can't even get a micro expression using a trick, then the meaning is simple. Such preparation—is not meant to be used. In that case, what's the point of preparation?

"*A treasure hunt game where the preparation itself is the treasure*—If Steph has it, you won't see it on her face anywhere you look."

So, let's say that she *did* hide something within the castle. Given that the day before they talked about micro expressions, Steph should have expected to have one on her face as Sora approached the location of the treasure. A place where she would be accompanied by someone to monitor her and where her face would remain stagnant no matter where she looked. There is no better place to hide such a thing

than in one's own possession—plus—

"I'll be the first to admit, Steph, that you were on a pretty good track this time. Even though I own it, I haven't lost it yet! And considering that I've been a virgin for eighteen years, and that Shiro is here, you hid it in a place where no one could find out about it even if the police tried! You did your best, but…"

Empty heartfelt praise. But—

"—it was still not enough."

The moment she entered the room, she was defeated—a fact that brought Steph to her knees. But Shiro mumbled again to Sora, who told him with a stern face.

"…Nii, another lie…"

"—Huh?"

Shiro continued, abandoning Steph, who looked as if she was about to lose her mind, wondering what more there was to lie about.

"…The problem…is not, there…"

"Yeah, I changed my mind halfway through. Steph—*she wanted me to find it*."

"Eh? What do you mean—"

—Yes, both Sora and Shiro saw through the charade that Steph had planted the treasure in her body. However, there's no way to pinpoint exactly where it is.

I used it as an excuse to touch things around within a healthy range—that was Sora's initial idea. Shiro had nailed him, and whimpering—Sora had to change his plans. In other words…

"Oi, Steph, you know that psychological trick you pulled earlier where you direct it where



you don't want me to find it?"

"Y-Yes…?"

"At that time, your hand didn't actually resist any direction."

"————Eh?"

"So, I'll admit, I was a little confused, but for some reason I didn't resist directing my hand down to your lower body."

—Now, how should I interpret it in this case?

"Two possibilities!" Sora raised two fingers to the ceiling and shouted, "One, you wanted to see how I could find the thing you hid with absolute certainty, and what method I would use if I were to lose in this game where even the mention of micro expressions was used against me. Two, if it's in your panties, you'll usually resist unconditionally. The fact that there was no resistance means—"

And then, on Sora's lap, rolling her eyes, Shiro's word came straight from the heart.

"…Steph, is a pervert…"

————.

————————.

"That's…not true—I don't believe iiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit!"

Steph had no choice but to run out of the room, red-faced and sobbing. Meanwhile, Shiro spills out after seeing her off.

"…Nii, Steph, today…was pretty amazing, huh?"

"Yeah. I even factored in the relationship

Sora:(data analysis, logical reasoning, profiling, hot reading, psychoanalysis) Steph: (Deception, adaptability, strategy, planning)

I will skip this basically Steph psyche breaks until she is relative in intelligence to Sora. She becomes a mental sage with absurd fri to boot. But gets hypnotised to go back to normal until she finds out how she was enlightened without consequences. After losing to Sora extreme difficulty which goes to shows Stephs potential likely due to her lineage. Of Makoto Dola and the goat Riku Dola.

Which I would like to delve into and break apart much like a coconut monkey breaks into the rich goodness of nut to fulfil it's needs. I need to explore Jibril's exploits in this volume as the closing statements one could say.

Flugels were born of absurdity itself. An embodiment of death that manifests itself as the biologically aspiration to fight in all living things especially true of the time of the great war. They're conceptual and they operate off inquisition and their idiosyncrasies. Battles are

nourishment to polish the soul (misc, EQE) but however it does give food to thought perhaps you could play around with this in arguments.

Jibril is noted to be of extraordinary quality even in comparison to over flugel. Defeating a Phantasma and an entire Elf province, the Elves there, Fairy village and Elf resources developed to manipulate Gigants, Phantasma and even the flugel, that were there . With her army of 100 including Azril and Rafiel. But, Phantasma is broken. They are rank 2 and the dragonia are ranked 4 to put this into perspective. But Jibril with 30 others specifically took out this Phantasma. Phantasma are phenomen with a will whose existence itself is ambiguous. She killed it off an opening the Elves created. And through induction she made. , Azril began her report first. “I’ll begin with the battle results—the enemy has been exterminated and our losses are twelve.” The girls engaged in battle with the Elves—to be precise, a rite devised by the Elves activated for a test drive. —This rite was capable of forcibly controlling and manipulating a magic-capable life form and make it a force to be reckoned with. Nina Clive, a clever little girl, had devised a rite that, when functioning properly, can control Phantasma, Gigant, and even them—nonetheless, Jibril did not hide her intentions as she reported. “I educated that mongrel from the forest that her attempt to deal with one of us was a crazy fantasy, and that is was all but a pipedream. The poor bitch should’ve known better than to dream of such things♥” Jibril reported with a look of overwhelming condescension in her eyes. The results of the battle simply confirm them as hard facts. A total of one hundred Flügel, led by Azril, Jibril, and Rafil. She brushed off any interference from the rite and simply laid waste to it with a deadly grin. All the Elves involved in the rite compilation and all related facilities were, quite literally, obliterated. Also, the Fairy village, which seemed to have assisted in the rite’s creation, was also destroyed.
Then—Rafil took over. “As you know, the Fairies involved in the rite’s development are hiding in a village—a spatial phase boundary called Spratool—and is rather difficult to find…there are only two hidden villages that we’ve been able to identify so far.” Rafil then glanced over at Jibril. “The Phantasma, Cloud Vortex, was affected by the incomplete rite, then went out of control and attacked us.” As if to follow, the triumphant Flügel’s gaze falls on Jibril—and then… “—Thirty of us, led by Jibril eliminated it.” At those words, the eyes of everyone except the now triumphant Flügel widened in shock. — The Cloud Vortex, or the cloud with a will, as they call it, is a Phantasma. In its nature, it is literally a natural disaster, a neutral phenomenon with a will, and its existence itself is ambiguous . Defeating a Phantasma is extremely difficult, but Jibril answers their gazes without hesitation, smiling. “I only destroyed the nucleus that the Elves kindly impeded and exposed to me♥” While Azril and Rafil report the results of the battle in a clerical manner, only Jibril speaks with a personal touch on top of a smile. While in the presence of the Lord, she doesn’t even try to hide her mockery and pleasure. As a result of the incomplete controlling rite, the Phantasma went out of control. Jibril began to speculate that in order to control a Phantasma it was necessary to interfere with its core. If one were to try and find the source of the collapsed, broken magic of the Phantasma, they would trace it to the nucleus. Furthermore, usually against a Phantasma even flugels would get a death toll in the 300s but got 0 mortalities and only 12 injuries a testament to Jibril's finesse. (strategy, potential, Leadership, tactics, resourcefulness, logical reasoning)

Jibril casually went to the demonia and soloed many of them and their four heavenly kings in seconds. (This will be Misc for now until vol 12 is translated and I see what they're capable of)

The fact that such a huge body the size of a small mountain was flying in the sky was abnormal in of itself. Perhaps it's not flying to be exact. Rather, space is moving away from the dragon, leaving it behind. Rejection of space-time interference, fixation of self-coordinates. (Misc Dragonia)

The pure white dragon scales shine in the sunlight, clearer and more unblemished than the glaciers of the polar seas. And the most beautiful thing of all is the profoundly intelligent look in the eyes staring back at her. Eyes that seem to be looking at some time that is not now, some place that is not here, all of it—truly the most perfect of all Dragonia. The overwhelming dignity that makes one think that it's much more divine than any Old Deus other than the Lord. (Dragonia can see through time and space while not being present there)

"Foolish False God's scraggly feather, I'll forgive your rudeness—now get lost."
—Jibril didn't understand what the dragon had said to her. However, the words spun in the draconic language made her feel that the entire space around her—
No, the vision in the dragon's eyes—all of it was instantly turned to rubble and obliterated.
—It was magic in and of itself—a command of sorts to all things in the universe, a draconic language. Everything that was told to die will die, and everything that was told to crumble will crumble and return to the earth. Fragments of power of the creation of heaven and earth. The primordial language of the stars. Known by countless names and legends, such as the "universal language" and "language of creation," no one but the Dragonia know of its true purpose—
(Conceptual vci 💀)

With one word the Dragonia did this.

"Particle bonds of all things dissolve and the very meaning of them disappears. In the storm of destruction that threatened to destroy Jibril's ability to hold onto her form even after she gave up her entire soul"

(Misc)

Just showing how broken the Dragonia are.

It takes 50-100 flugel to even face a Dragonia usually and 1000 Dwarves (keep this in mind)

Through ordinary means 50 flugel can even pierce through 1 Dragonia scale and they have 1 trillion layered on top of each other.

Yet Jibril rejected the notion that dispatching them is luck. As they've killed many Dragonia but it has been through Intuition so based on this Jibril would have to face it until she can break down their power and reject their language. To figure out the conditions of what it takes to harm them. (This is obviously suicide under normal means) but Jibrils absurdity piqued the rare pure white Dragonias interest. (Logical reasoning, EQE, charm)

Jibril charismatically gave all the flugels trying to restrain her on Azril orders their hearts desire and reversed them into restraining Azril. (Charisma, manipulation)

Jibril came up with a plan that allowed her to shave a few scales off the Dragonia with her strongest attack but it just rewound time on the damage. (Planning)

Jibril was intelligent enough to read Thinks' thesis after self teaching herself Elven. (Vci abstract thinking)

Flugels can see space, and spirits which is Conceptual energy within the naked eye. (Perception)

Jibril learnt how to not only manipulate time but move through space-time through sheer movement just from reading Thinks writings. (Fri)

Strength based on laws and principles is nothing more than a trick to play smart."
Laws and principles—that is, if it is "strength for a reason," as soon as the foundation collapses, the contradiction will disappear. To put it simply—
"If I reveal your trick, I will win. I'm here today to expose your deception♪"
The dragon seemed to find Jibril's argument fascinating and questioned her.
"—Are thee declaring that strength without laws and principles is truly powerful?"
"Yes. Everything in this world except my Lord is weak—so if the weak can surpass the weak, there must be a principle in it. In a short while, I will reveal all those tricks.
(Abstract thinking)

The dragonia casually rips through space time sending multiple strikes at the same time irrespective of time sequence. (Misc)

She laughed and continued, "You exist across multiple time periods, do you not?"
————The dragon was speechless.
"Oh my, do the Dragonia show their expressions even when they are told something vital? What a fascinating discovery♪"
—That is indeed the ecology of Dragonia.
They are multi-temporal beings that exist in multiple times, centered on the present and spanning the past and future. They are perfect creatures with an eternal life span, and their power is comparable to that of the Old Deus, and therein lies their secret.
In the space-time continuum, since they do not exist as a point but as a plane, no matter how they are attacked in the point that exists in the present, they are corrected by the past and the future, and the present will recover immediately. Its nearly infinite power, on the

other hand, reverberates its power in the multiple time periods, and by converging on the present, it is able to increase its power infinitely. Their flesh is nothing more than a vessel to hold the deflation world.[32] But—
“—O little feather, how didst thee arrive at such conclusion!”
The white dragon did not hide its surprise in the slightest and asked her directly.
—She should not be able to know, and even if she did, she would not be able to understand. Not only for Flügel, but for all living beings bound to the present time—
(Essentially the Dragonia are 5d existences constantly moving at immeasurable speed and are omnipresent and omniscient throughout space-time)

Jibril deceived this creature. Carefully guiding it's thoughts psychoanalytically and intuitively. (Deception, psychoanalysis, abstract thinking)

Jibril flew backwards and forwards through time and space, collected and analytically broke down the information of what the Dragonia was and pierced through it's skin after her Deception created space for her first strategy.
The ecology of this deflation world is able to reverberate and increase its power that exists in the present, past, and future into a single point. If this deception is the basis for the strength of the creature, the Dragonia, then this transcendence of common sense is the reason why the dragon can be killed. If the dragon’s true body is reverberating space-time, then its power is theoretically infinite.
Regardless of the present, past, or future, it is impossible for someone to bring a dragon to its knees with force. Then all the Dragonia that were crushed in the past—and in the future—are the same. All of them have been destroying themselves because of the ecology that creates their overflowing power…!
If the ecology of a dragon is to reverberate its power to the past and the future, and after infinite reverberation, coalesce to the present, then—if there is the slightest crack in the sturdy armor of its isolated space-time shell—the dragon will reflect its small “wounds,” even the attacks that have eroded into its body—endlessly. That would explain why they cannot be killed alone but could be killed by a group of maybe a hundred, because the problem was only how to make a drop of water flow from the crack.

Jibril final strategy in her child form as a Layer of Deception forcibly rewrote the heavenly smite to cause a kamikaze effect capable of killing the Dragonia.

“I ask thee again—art thou mightier than I, that thou hast defeated me with artifice, skill, and wisdom?” (anaylsis, strategy, planning, abstract thinking, Full scale iq, emotional engagement) for jibrils massive feat.

They say that dragons can see through the gaps in time. (Misc adding to its ni omniscience)