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판타지 세상에서  
작가로  
살아가는 법

# Information

**Table of Contents URL:** <https://novelbin.com/b/how-to-live-as-a-writer-in-a-fantasy-world#tab-chapters-title>

Reincarnated in a fantasy world. All of the novels worth reading here appear to be SAT English problems. So I began writing my own fantasy novels as a hobby to augment my previous job.

However, the novel I wrote had an odd ripple effect. That's fantastic as well.

# Chapter 82: Relax (1)

The journey back home was very smooth and quiet, without any disturbance. The carriage that Dimitry had called for, at an expensive price, had functions that were incredibly comfortable. The food that was handed to him on the way was also delicious.

The dish, prepared by the chef at the Requilis mansion, was a kind of kebab with vegetables, but the texture of the meat was so exquisite that he didn't get tired of eating it. Thanks to the three or so packages of food that were given to him for the trip, he wasn't hungry.

Kebabs are usually not suitable for eating in a shaking carriage, but the interior of the carriage had shock-absorbing magic, so there was no big problem with having a meal. It was actually comfortable enough to stretch his legs and even sleep.

After thoroughly enjoying the kebab that Dimitry had given me to satisfy my hungry stomach, I fought off impending drowsiness and read a book.

By the way, the book was a history book about the racial war that I had been focusing on reading before meeting Dimitry.

I couldn't finish reading it, so he generously gave it to me as a gift. I was a bit hesitant to accept the gift, especially since he had already given me a remover, but Dmitry insisted that it was okay and that I didn't have to give him anything in return.

I'm not sure if he gave it to me because I'm Marie's boyfriend or if he had some other intentions. Maybe he just liked me after having a conversation with me.

Nevertheless, it was clear that Dimitry was fond of me, and he didn't show any signs of being overly possessive or obsessive. Dimitry was just an ordinary father figure that you could see anywhere.

*'Maybe he knows that I'm the author of Xenon's Biography.'*

I guessed while savoring the last bit of my kebab. It was just my speculation, but Dimitry's excessive kindness towards me was enough to make me suspicious.

Of course, he didn't pressure me like Rina or Leort did, and he didn't directly ask me about it, so I couldn't be sure. Again, it was just my speculation.

*'Let's just think about getting home now.'*

After finishing the kebab and throwing away the remaining trash in the bin, I looked out the window to check the time. The view outside the glass window was a gradually reddening sky. We had left during lunchtime, and it had been about six hours since then.

It usually takes around 10 hours by carriage from my house to the capital, but this carriage cost a lot more, so it was probably faster than that. I might arrive sooner if I read a bit more.

As soon as I arrive, I will greet my parents and finish dinner, and the day will pass by quickly. On the carriage ride home, I thought hard about what I would do during the vacation.

*'I think I'll gradually write Xenon's Biography...'*

Even though the notice had already been posted that I would be on break, my hands were already itching. Without smartphones or computers, there was nothing to do during the vacation except to read.

I planned to exercise with my father from time to time, but even that was not enough. A month may seem short at first glance, but it's actually quite long when it's all said and done.

While I was thinking about how I could spend my vacation productively, a clever plan flashed through my mind.

*'Should I write a spin-off?'*

The notice only said that Xenon's Biography would be on break, but it didn't say anything about not releasing other books.

Furthermore, there is a past story that many people are curious about. That is the story of the teacher and the elf queen.

How were they able to love beyond their race, and why did the teacher come to only look at the elf queen until he grew old? These are the questions that people are curious about.

Although Xenon's Biography main story briefly described the past history, it was not nearly enough. Therefore, countless readers are guessing, but unless they peer into my mind, they will never know.

*'Moreover, the teacher is close to a comedy character, so it was difficult for people to accept it.'*

When the teacher taught Xenon, he looked like a weirdo. In addition, he used a flippant tone that didn't suit his age, so many readers were shocked when his relationship with the elf queen was revealed.

But eventually, they found it more attractive, saying that people of that kind usually devote themselves more to their own people and evaluated the teacher highly. Since then, the popularity of the teacher has skyrocketed, and many people have been looking forward to the future development.

Of course, they were enraged by the sudden hiatus without warning, but it was a small matter.

*'It's okay. Since it's a side story, it doesn't matter if it's short.'*

Once I roughly got an idea, I took out my notebook and started writing down one plot after another. It was a side story that showed the relationship between the teacher and the elf queen, so there would be almost no direct combat and it would be somewhat close to a romance.

There may be some impulsive aspects, but Xenon's Biography was just a hobby after all, so there shouldn't be any big problems even if I write it.

Moreover, if the side story more intensively reveals the relationship between the two, the teacher's death could be even more impactful. Besides, since I had already decided on their last words, I could insert a similar story in their first meeting.

*'Let's see... the teacher was once a mercenary who had made a name for himself, and the elf queen had just ascended the throne at that time...'*

On the carriage ride home, I worked hard on the plot.

"Isaac, look at this. All these letters are for you."

"...All of these?"

“Yeah. Our son is really popular.”

When I got home and saw the pile of fan letters stacked in a box, I couldn't hide my surprise.

The letters my parents sent to the academy were just the tip of the iceberg. Judging by the amount of letters piled up, it would take me several days to read them all.

“Oh, and could you look at this first before the others? It's something your mother picked out and wants you to see.”

As I stared blankly at the mountain of fan letters, I was handed a few letters by my mother. I snapped out of my daze and checked the letters my mother had given me. Some had fancy designs, while one was plain.

What could be so special about this letter that my mother picked it out? With that thought in mind, I checked one of the letters.

‘The Lirus Orchestra?’

It was the first time I had heard of this group. I glanced at my mother while looking at the name of the organization that had sent the letter. She smiled brightly, as if she knew something good.

I turned my attention back to the letter and opened the envelope, which was plain despite its flashy exterior. The contents of the letter were nothing out of the ordinary, and it began with the following words.

[Hello, writer. My name is Lirus, the leader of the Lirus Orchestra, which operates in the Ters Kingdom. I'm also an avid fan of your work, Xenon's Biography. I'm not sure if this letter will reach you, but I'm sending it to you with a small request.]

I expected it to be some strange proposal when Lirus mentioned a small request, but as I read the letter, my expression could only be described as one of increasing surprise.

[...Although it may be insufficient, we would like to express Sakran's life through music. Every time we see his final moments, the scene plays faintly in our minds, accompanied by the flow of music. If you allow us, we would like to compose music for it, even if our skills are lacking. You can decide the profits from this endeavor however you please. If you give us this precious opportunity, we will definitely repay you with a wonderful song. This is Lirus, signing off.]

Wanting to express a scene from a novel through music. As for me, it's a surprising proposal. Considering the background of this era, it can be seen as a kind of 'fan art.' The term itself means artistic fan art.

I stared blankly at the letter sent by the Lirus Orchestra, then quickly checked another letter. It must have been sent from a similar place, as my mother had picked them out for me.

As expected, the request was similar, coming from various fields in the arts such as bands or theater groups, painters, sculptors, and finally, craftsmen. They all worked in the field of art and wanted to depict a scene from Xenon's Biography. They didn't care about the profits.

As I looked at similar letters, I raised my head and faced my mother. She was still waiting for my reaction with a bright smile.

"Mother?"

"Speak up."

"I don't know much about this, but everyone who sent these letters..."

Even though I trailed off, my mother nodded her head and answered with pride.

"You're right. They are artists who can boast of being the best in their field."

"... .."

"This mother is really proud of you. I'll have to ask the publisher to send at least some letters home from now on. Maybe I'll ask for a favor somewhere."

So, my vacation began with receiving letters from the masters of the cultural world.

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"Sigh..."

It has been two months since the hiatus of Xenon's Biography was announced, and the publisher's CEO let out a deep sigh as his worries deepened day by day.

The events of the past month have been a series of ups and downs in his life. Suddenly, Xenon's Biography announced its hiatus, which then led to a large-scale protest. Then, just a day after the appearance of the draft, it was stolen.

After that, they were hit with a massive tax investigation that resulted in an enormous fine. Fortunately, they were able to talk their way out of the tax evasion charges, but the fine itself was still a painful blow to the CEO.

*'How long can I keep this up?'*

Despite the suspension, the popularity of Xenon's Biography is still strong, and the printing presses are still in full swing. However, with at least a year-long suspension, sales will inevitably plummet as time goes on. Although there are no debts, the CEO, who has already tasted money, is desperate.

They must find a way to survive until the release of the next volume of Xenon's Biography, but it is doubtful how long they can endure. The maintenance cost of just the printing press alone is no small amount, and it is difficult to survive on just the profits from Xenon's Biography.

*'Damn it. Who the hell emptied the entire safe? This is driving me crazy...'*

The culprit who stole the draft has not yet been identified. Even the investigative team dispatched by the empire has no clues, and they returned empty-handed.

It was already a nightmare for the CEO just to have the draft stolen, but not being able to find any leads made each day a living hell. It was at a level where even if someone threw a stone at him while passing by, he couldn't say anything.

Fortunately, the normal operations were still going on, but mentally it was still agonizing. The CEO wiped his dry face with both hands and sighed deeply.

"Ugh... should I cut the employees' salaries... no, then I'll have to hire more people... I have to save as much as I can."

They say that a person's true abilities are displayed during moments of crisis. In the biggest crisis of his life, the CEO thought as hard as he could about how to overcome this situation wisely.

He wanted to visit a writer and plead with them to write a book, even if it was a short one, but it was impossible since he didn't even know who the writer was.

"If this goes on, sales will drop sharply within a month. I have to earn money somehow..."

The CEO was agonizing over his problem.

Then...

“Sir! I have something to report!”

Mathew, an employee who the CEO valued, burst into the room without even knocking. He was the one who was affected by the draft theft but he had recovered and could move around now.

And the CEO was momentarily taken aback by Mathew’s surprise visit, but he quickly regained his composure and gave Mathew a cold stare, even though he may have sold his manners for it, for not even knocking before entering.

“...Are you going crazy too? No matter how busy you are, you should at least knock...”

“It’s not that, please take a look at this! It’s a manuscript Xenon sent!”

“What?!”

Upon hearing the news from Mathew, who showed him the mail, the CEO suddenly stood up from his seat. If Mathew’s words were true, what was inside that mail was nothing short of a lifeline or salvation.

The CEO then walked up to Mathew without saying a word and snatched the mail from his hand. Although it looked like ordinary mail from the outside, the CEO asked Mathew in a trembling voice.

“Is it really from Xenon? Did he really send this?”

“Yes! He sent it through his usual courier. It’s definitely authentic!”

“But he clearly said he was taking a break...”

“I don’t know why, but it’s better to take a look once. I haven’t even opened it yet because I was in such a hurry.”

As Mathew had said, the mail had a clean and undamaged exterior. The CEO realized that Mathew was telling the truth and hastily opened the mail.

Inside the mail, there was a manuscript, and the CEO pulled it out with shaking hands, like a bamboo tree in the wind. As he pulled out the manuscript, a letter that had been stuck between the pages fell to the ground.

The CEO handed over the manuscript to Mathew and checked the letter first. He didn't know why he had a change of heart, the letter will tell why.

Finally, the CEO eagerly unfolded the neatly folded letter with a pounding heart. The familiar handwriting caught his eye.

[Hello, CEO. This is Xenon. You must find it strange that I sent you the manuscript despite declaring a hiatus. But I didn't say I wouldn't publish a side story.]

“Side story!”

The CEO's face broke out into a broad smile at the contents of the letter. It was like a shower of rain that broke the drought.

The CEO couldn't hide his joy as he quickly read the next part.

[The side story is called 'Kair's Side Story,' which is the name of Xenon's master. It contains the story of how Kair came to be connected to the Elf Queen and how he fell in love. I don't know if the readers will enjoy it, but I'm sending it because I thought they might find it interesting.]

Up to this point, it was like a salvation for the CEO. But that wasn't the end of the letter.

[Also, many artists have asked me for a favor. They want to express their work in their most confident field. I hope you can relay this to them on my behalf, whether they generate revenue or not. However, I ask that you send me visual artwork separately. And just in case, I'll attach my own autograph. This is Xenon signing off.]

Thud!

After reading all the letters, the CEO unknowingly kneeled down. Startled, Mathew, who was reading the manuscript, hurriedly called out to him.

“Are you okay, CEO? What's in the letter...?”

“Oh, Luminous! Thank you so much! You haven't given up on me yet!”

Regardless of Mathew's concerns, the CEO found himself looking for a god while kissing the letter.

Translators note:

## Chapter 83: Relax (2)

Although Xenon's Biography declared a hiatus, causing disappointment to many, a new book called "Kair's Side Story" was released as if to mock the situation.

As the name suggests, "Kair's Side Story" depicts the life of a character named Kair, and many readers purchased the book with high expectations and curiosity.

If it were someone else's book, readers might have lost interest quickly, but it was the work of Xenon's Biography author. Therefore, even as a side story, there was great anticipation for it.

Although it was not the main story, if it could alleviate the emptiness during the long hiatus period, it was enough as a side story.

[The identity of Kair is revealed in the last scene. Do not spoil the ending under any circumstances.]

[Although it is a side story, the book has a deep connection with the main story of Xenon's Biography. If you are a fan, you must read it.]

[It is not a simple side story as it seems.]

Furthermore, the reactions of readers who read the side story were intense. As the review above states, it was not just a simple side story, but it transformed into a book that readers must purchase to understand the main story.

Because Kair was actually Xenon's master, and the prequel contained a story about the master's past. It delved into the background of the master's birth and growth, the hardships and adversities he overcame, and the relationships he encountered along the way.

It also revealed how he met the woman who would later become the Elven Queen, and why, ultimately, he fell in love with her. The novel managed to weave a sweet love story between humans and elves, which many thought was impossible, and Kair's silent monologue was enough to touch readers' hearts.

-How nice it would be if I could see her sunshine-like smile just one more time.

As mentioned before, regardless of race, if one can handle mana at an advanced level or higher, the aging process is slower. This is why elves and demons live long lives, while humans and beastmen have shorter ones.

Knowing this, Kair trained himself like a blacksmith hammering a piece of iron in a flame, in order to extend his short lifespan and see the smile of his beloved woman, Elisha, who would one day become the queen of the elves.

During this process, he met the person who would later be in charge of 'envy' and taught him, and finally, he met Xenon to finish the side story neatly.

[A story that is more sympathetic because it is realistic. Could his efforts have been meaningless?]

[Elisha knows Kair's sincerity better than anyone else. But that's why it was hard to accept.]

So far, quite a few readers have criticized the love story between an elf and a human being as too absurd, but when Kair's sincerity was revealed in the side story, the evaluation turned around 180 degrees.

From a realistically impossible story to a story that could happen in reality.

Despite the difference in lifespan, he sharpens himself to see the smile of the person he loves. It was an almost impossible story, and thus, it could only be felt more painfully.

When the relationship between Kair and Elisha was revealed in the main story, it seemed somewhat abrupt, but it was clearly resolved in the side story.

[I wonder what will happen to their story. Will it end in happiness or tragedy?]

[The signs of an unhappy ending had already been shown, but the readers still wanted a happy ending.]

[If Kair dies, Elisha will suffer too.]

However, when the side story was released, the readers became even more anxious. They feared that the poignant story of Kair and Elisha would end tragically.

Before Kyer left in the main story, he had already given Elisha words that were enough to make the readers feel uneasy. Moreover, the appearance of "Envy" and the

confrontation at the end of the main story added to the readers' anxiety.

The next main story should resolve this anxiety, but unfortunately, it will not be released for at least a year. The readers knew that even if they protested, there was nothing they could do but wait.

Until the publisher delivered a surprising message.

[The Publishing company conveys on behalf of the author, Xenon, that it is okay to express scenes in the author's work in various ways. Whether it is expressed through music, painting, or sculpture, it does not matter. It is also okay to generate revenue. So, artists can express themselves freely.]

Expressing the epic masterpiece, Xenon's Biography, in another art form. This news was enough to excite the readers who had been immersed in the art world.

In particular, the reaction of the Ters Kingdom was very intense, which is natural because art takes up a large part of Ters Kingdom's culture as a cultural powerhouse.

Although the Minerva Empire used various means to strip away much of the culture, there are still many famous artists gathered in the Ters Kingdom.

Additionally, after the Jayros Revolution, art became a culture that everyone could enjoy, not just for the nobility. For these reasons, the Ters Kingdom could not afford to miss this golden opportunity.

[For artists who want to express Xenon's Biography, we will provide full support at the national level without distinguishing between rookies and veterans. We want a culture that everyone can enjoy.]

While the nobility of the Ters Kingdom may not be as wealthy as the nobility of the Minerva Empire, they were quite open-minded when it came to culture.

On the other hand, the Minerva Empire perceived art as the exclusive property of the nobility, so the majority of artists had no choice but to turn their attention to the Ters Kingdom.

Even though the Empire provided a large amount of funding, it was meaningless to the artists because the world was a medieval era where there were many people who died for "honor".

Especially for artists, honor is so important that it can be exchanged for their lives. Most people who work in the art world do so with the goal of honor rather than money, which is why there is a perception that artists are hungry professionals.

So rather than becoming the exclusive property of the nobility, they want to become an artist that everyone can recognize just by their name.

This “event” has become a really important turning point for artists because their evaluation will be sharply divided depending on how well they express the scenes in Xenon’s Biography.

[Leader of the Lirus Orchestra, Lirus. He said he would compose Sakran’s life with his insufficient skills... He will strive not to tarnish the fame of the work.]

[Painter Imar also regards Sakran’s demise as... the most meaningful experience in his life.]

Among them, the most popular famous scene was undoubtedly Sakran’s demise. It played a decisive role in changing the tragic perception of demons and was so famous that anyone who knew about Xenon’s Biography would not be unfamiliar with it.

As it was the most famous scene, many people had high expectations, and Helium’s attention was inevitably drawn in that direction. Princess Cecily of Helium also mentioned that she was looking forward to it and would visit the exhibition when the time comes.

Of course, there are various famous scenes that people remember besides Sakran’s demise. Readers waited patiently until the results were announced, and artists expressed themselves in their unique ways.

However, there was one thing that was not entirely problem-free during this process, and that was ‘profit generation.’

Isaac said that he was free to generate revenue through secondary creation. It’s true that being an artist is a passion driven job, but that’s only when you’re a newcomer. The story changes when you have a certain level of fame.

It’s true that artists prioritize ‘honor’ over ‘money.’ However, ironically, it’s money, in other words, personal value, that shows one’s value more clearly.

Because of this, people thought they had to pay a high price to see the works of the masters, but an unexpected situation unfolded here.

[We will receive profits in the form of donations. It will be a work that everyone can easily enjoy.]

[Xenon's Biography is a work that anyone, regardless of gender, age, or social class, can enjoy. I am no exception.]

[Exhibiting artwork for a high price damages the reputation of the work. It's unacceptable.]

Even well-known artists, not just newcomers, have declared that they will not generate profits but receive donations instead. The reason is simple. Xenon's Biography is not just a simple novel but a 'culture' that anyone can enjoy, regardless of social status or gender, so they believed.

The decisive reason why Xenon's Biography gained worldwide fame was precisely because of the above reason. They judged that generating huge profits would harm the reputation of the work.

If it were Earth, everyone would have made profits from the moment the author allowed it. However, here, honor is more important than life, so things have gone differently.

[The donation will also be used to develop the culture industry, as there are many talented people who wither away without being able to bloom their talents.]

[Through this incident, we will make efforts to foster children's dreams. ]

[Collaboration between the Lirus Orchestra and the painter Imar. In addition, many artists say that they will collaborate...]

The butterfly effect of secondary creation permission has become uncontrollable.

Even though the masters all have strong pride, they are ultimately nothing more than fans of Xenon's Biography. They decided to collaborate, saying that fighting among themselves would only displease Isaac.

Isaac was only willing to allow secondary creation with the concept of receiving 'fan art', but the ripple effect far exceeded expectations.

A culture that can be enjoyed by anyone, rather than a culture enjoyed only by a certain class, has begun to emerge and has become a driving force that accelerates development.

Of course, if there are people who enjoy it, there are people who don't.

“No. I'm a writer, but I can't even enjoy it.”

That person was Isaac, the original author of Xenon's Biography and who caused another stir.

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I couldn't help but feel astonished as I read the news delivered through the newspaper. All I had allowed was the concept of secondary creation in the form of fan art, but the scale had grown to that of an exhibition.

Furthermore, the Minerva Empire and the Ters Kingdom are currently in a heated dispute over where to hold the exhibition.

The Minerva Empire insisted that it be held near their publishing company since it was located in their country, while the Ters Kingdom bravely stood their ground, saying it would be held in their own capital city.

*'It's a shame that I can't even see visual artwork.'*

When I wrote a letter to the publishing company, I requested that they send me any visual artwork separately. However, the publishing company replied that it would be difficult.

While drafts can be sent by mail without concern of tracking, the situation is different for artwork.

Most of the items that cannot be sent by mail are too large, and as a result, the likelihood of being traced has increased significantly.

My father also said that it is regrettable, but it is better to give up because the publisher's point makes sense.

“I also want to see it...”

It's such a ridiculous situation that the artist cannot see fan art. I held my chin and looked at the newspaper where they were having a lively conversation among themselves.

I would have liked to run to the place where it was held and see it for myself, but unfortunately, I don't have time.

They are currently fighting over where to hold it, but the vacation is less than two weeks away, so I have to aim for the next opportunity, but even that is difficult until I become a third grader.

“Sigh... I have to wait for later.”

It's such a ridiculous situation that the artist cannot see fan art.

I put down the newspaper with regret. Now there is something more important than the exhibition, and that is the fan letters that are piled up on my desk.

The most eye-catching among them was a pink letter.

[Cherry Blossom Roseberry]

When I picked up the letter, I saw a familiar name. It was the name of a reader who had sent me fan letters continuously for over a year.

Despite not having received a single reply, I couldn't help but smile at the consistent appearance. Could this person be a true fan?

*'Come to think of it, she'll be entering the Academy soon.'*

She said she would enter the Academy in two years in the letter sent a year ago, so she will probably enter next year. If I'm lucky, I might be able to meet her.

I maintained a warm smile and started reading Cherry's fan letter.

[Hello, author! This is Cherry from the Roseberry family. The weather has been getting hotter recently. How about you, author?...]

I always feel it, but her handwriting is beautiful and the writing itself is not ordinary.

If my writing is plain, Cherry's writing is like a lightly fried and plump taste with a hint of spiciness. Above all, she didn't use difficult words like other nobles, so the writing was easy on the eyes.

*'This person should write a novel.'*

I finished reading Cherry's fan letter with a light heart.

Thus, my vacation seemed short and uneventful.

[Ters Kingdom. Giving up on the exhibition. What could be the reason?]

[The Minerva Empire does not miss the opportunity. They want to hold it in the highly developing Michelle Territory in the near future...]

Until our empire's dignitaries did some trolling in less than two days.

“What is this again?”

Could it be the project of Rina and Leort siblings? Of course, from my perspective, it's trolling, but the current citizens of the empire were praising it.

“Isaac! Have you heard the news? The Academy has extended the vacation period!”

“... ..”

“I've always wanted to listen to Lirus' music... This mom is really happy.”

It seems that my vacation will just pass by eventually after all.

Translators note:

Isaac really is building up that masters death. I can't wait for the fallout already, it's going to be glorious.

# Chapter 84: Relax (3)

Literature, art, language, technology, theater, religion, customs, way of life, architecture, and so on.

There are various types of culture, and the power that culture holds is so enormous that it cannot be fully expressed.

If you have a good culture, it has the effect of making people follow it “voluntarily”. Like a drop of ink in clean water, the power of culture slowly influences from within, rather than superficially.

It is not a shallow idea that is implanted through brainwashing or education, but rather, the effect is bound to be excellent when you naturally follow it as you encounter that culture.

Moreover, in this world that is close to the medieval era, the most influential culture is undoubtedly “art.”

As previously mentioned, art includes music, painting, sculpture, crafts, and so on, and the masters who are hailed as the best in each field possess a tremendous status in the world.

In addition, the world of art is also mixed with Elves, who laid the foundation of civilization, and Dwarves, who are called the craftsmen’s race.

The Beastmen are a warrior race and have little interest in the arts, while the Demons, instead of the arts, focus on humanity, so they have no particular pride in the arts.

The country of culture, the Ters Kingdom, recognized the power of culture early on and concentrated on cultural strength, resulting in its growth into a powerful nation that even the Minerva Empire cannot easily confront.

The reason the Minerva Empire cannot pressurize the Ters Kingdom, despite its formidable military and economic power, is because the culture of the Ters Kingdom has already permeated into the roots of the Empire.

The Empire has therefore changed its course to maintain a balance by plundering the culture of the Ters Kingdom, rather than trying to wage a conquest war with force.

If the cultural strength of the Minerva Empire becomes similar to that of the Ters Kingdom, the title of cultural powerhouse will become meaningless, which is why the Empire is seeking opportunities.

The Ters Kingdom is also mindful of this and is currently waging a cultural war against the Empire, even though it is not spilling blood.

“I understand that, but why are we holding an exhibition in our territory, not the capital? And why delay the reopening of Halo Academy for this?”

I retorted to the woman sitting across from me with some dissatisfaction and bewilderment. Honestly, it was difficult to grasp what was going on.

The woman with golden hair, Rina, who was sitting opposite me, smiled sardonically with a more troubled expression than before. She seemed to have nothing to say either.

However, one has to know what is going on to at least understand it. Rina knew that, so she quietly opened her mouth.

“...At first, we didn't plan on holding an exhibition in the Empire either. But since you're not yet subject to the Empire, and all the renowned artists are in the Ters Kingdom, we just wanted to show that our Empire is making efforts. That's all.”

“By the way, the Ters Kingdom suddenly passed on the exhibition to the Empire, right?”

“That's right. I don't know why, though.”

Rina sighed deeply, feeling frustrated with the current situation, and gave her answer. Although her response left me feeling somewhat helpless, I took a deep breath and tried to calm myself down.

We were currently in the reception room of the Michelles' mansion, where Rina had come to find me as soon as the decision to hold the exhibition in our territory was made.

Not only Rina but also Leort had come to find us, but he had gone to see my father first. They were probably discussing the matter in a different reception room by now, rather than the one where Rina and I were.

*'According to what my mother told me, it's not just a simple exhibition...'*

As I took a sip of the tea brought to me by a maid, I recalled the information my mother had given me. Until I heard it from her, I had thought it was simply a concept similar to fan art, but as I listened to the story, it far surpassed the level of fan art.

If we were to compare it to a past life, groups like the Lirus Orchestra would be like Beethoven composing and playing, and the painter Imar would be exhibiting his own works. Furthermore, theater groups could be considered Hollywood-class.

It was all thanks to my work, Xenon's Biography, that stars from all over the world had gathered and formed the exhibition.

‘A culture that anyone can easily enjoy...’

As this phenomenon appeared, new cultures were also emerging to the surface. Although art in this world originally had some profound aspects, reminiscent of the medieval era, with the appearance of Xenon's Biography, the paradigm began to shift.

It's not a culture that requires a certain level of education to understand and appreciate, but a culture that anyone can enjoy casually.

It could be called “snack culture” borrowing terminology from a past life, but there are many different aspects to it in various places. Literary snack culture is a culture that emerged with the proliferation of the internet and smartphones, and no one knows how it will change in the future, as it was a work that became a global hit.

As I pondered the influence of Xenon's Biography, I carefully put down my teacup. With the noise of the clattering street, Rina's blue eyes fixed on me.

“Let's put Ters Kingdom aside for now, but why does it have to be our territory? Are they deliberately letting everyone know that the author of Xenon's Biography lives here?”

Startled by my sharp question, Rina quickly raised both her hands, a different reaction from when she usually treated me with a mask. It means that she regards me as an equal and is reflecting on her past mistakes. As I thought so, Rina hastily explained.

“No, that's not it at all. It was purely a coincidence that the venue was decided on the Michelle territory. I'm sorry to say this to you, but Michelle territory is a newly allocated territory with almost no characteristics. However, it's a territory given to a hero who defended the borders, so the potential for development is very high.”

“Come to think of it, I heard that development of the territory will begin in three years.”

I slowly recalled at Rina's explanation. It was a story I heard from the carriage driver heading to the Academy. Anyway, it was a story I had heard somewhere.

“Right. The potential for development is high, and the distance from the capital isn't too far. It's natural for Michelle's territory to be chosen. Moreover, Lord Hawk isn't interested in politics, so it wouldn't matter if we gave him our support.”

“Father seems to be getting more white hair though. Have you both come to an agreement?”

“My brother is trying to persuade him now. Of course, Lord Hawk will prioritize your opinion, but...”

Rina trailed off, looking at me. If it was before, she might have pressured me with a smirk, but now she was politely asking for my approval.

In this strange, reversed relationship, I thought hard. To be honest, I wanted to say yes right away.

However, considering the size of the exhibition, it was ambiguous whether it would be easy to accept.

As Rina said, our territory only has potential and no unique features like other territories' specialty products or diverse food options, or even the discovery of precious minerals. We don't have any of these distinguishing features.

But that doesn't mean my father's abilities as a lord are insignificant. He was granted the title of Baron only five years ago and officially received the territory two years ago. The mansion itself existed since before I was born, but my father didn't become a proper lord until after he retired.

“Hmm...”

I thought and thought in my head. Should I focus on reality, or should I focus on the masters' works? Even if I were to approve, if my father didn't agree, it wouldn't work. On the other hand, if my father agreed, but I didn't like it, it wouldn't work either.

In the end, we came to the conclusion that I needed to discuss it with my father. While looking at Rina waiting for my answer, I expressed my thoughts.

“I'll talk to my father first. Even if I'm okay with it, there are many difficult practical aspects to consider.”

“Don’t worry about that. We still have two weeks until the exhibition. During that time, we can get support from the capital and the palace. Luckily, Michelle territory is close to the capital, so we can resolve everything in three days.”

Rina, who was rarely enthusiastic, had a strong determination in her blue eyes. She would never give up easily.

Looking at it from a previous life perspective, this event was like an Olympic event. If we give up, we will be throwing away our money and reputation. And that opportunity will naturally pass on to the Ters Kingdom. They may even be targeting this opportunity in the Ters Kingdom.

Externally, it’s just an exhibition for fans of Xenon’s Biography, but politically, it’s a complicated festival. It may seem like an international celebration to ordinary people, but for politicians, it’s complicated.

*‘I need to be prepared for the worst.’*

If I get exposed, the situation will become complicated.

Of course, it will be relatively safe for me because I have a rare fraudulent skill, ‘stop serialization’ or ‘stop writing’.

However, the world is wide and there are many crazy people. As we could see in the high-level theft incident, some crazy person might be targeting me.

Until now, I had been worried about revealing that part of me, but I became convinced after the draft theft incident. As I was thinking to myself, a curious thought came to mind, so I asked Rina a question.

“But what if it doesn’t work out? What will we do?”

“We’ll have to hold it in the capital city regardless. The capital is currently overcrowded, so it’ll be difficult to hold a normal event, but it’s possible if we push it.”

“So, the reason we’re holding it in our territory is because of that? It’ll be easy to do since it’s empty.”

“Exactly.”

“So, do you know who’s coming?”

For large-scale events like this, important guests are sure to attend. Considering the relationship between the Minerva Empire and the Ters Kingdom, each country's rulers will probably send representatives rather than coming themselves.

Sure enough, the names that came out of Rina's mouth were very familiar to me.

"First of all, as you expected, you and your father will participate, and Duke Requilis will also be there. Cecily might come to Helium. In the Ters Kingdom, Viktor, the Cultural Ambassador, will visit."

It might sound funny to call him the Cultural Ambassador, but considering the characteristics of the Ters Kingdom, he would probably be of very high rank.

Perhaps he would be on par with Duke Requilis. As someone who has to greet guests, it's a nerve-wracking lineup. However, if I'm well-prepared, I'm confident that I can win the battle.

"Other countries aside from that?"

"From The Church of Savior, a bishop might come to visit. I don't know much about the Kingdom of Belarus, but they're coming because they want to, not for political purposes."

As the outline of my plan started to take shape in my head, I decided that it would be best to have someone responsible for the face-to-face interactions, even though everything would be taken care of by the royal family.

My father is not without his reputation, and he even has the title of the Red Lion, so there's no need to worry about being ignored. If all else fails, we can just watch and leave.

*'We need to pay more attention to security.'*

Our territory hasn't even started development, so crime is rare, but we never know.

Above all, there is something that concerns me the most. It's not the capital or our territory, but the fact that we will be holding an exhibition, and there will undoubtedly be people who are suspicious of it.

The rough drafts from volume two to volume ten are all in my personal desk drawer. I sealed it tightly with a lock, but it's wise to be prepared in case of a draft theft.

“Rina, I have a favor to ask of you...”

“You want me to focus on security? Don’t worry, I’ll send a group of knights from the palace.”

How do the people around me read my mind so well? It’s amazing.

Still, I should be grateful that they’re sending knights from the palace. I bowed my head and expressed my gratitude.

“Thank you. Honestly, I wanted to see the exhibition too. If the exhibition goes smoothly, I’ll definitely repay you.”

“No, there’s no need to repay us. We just need to work harder to uphold the Empire’s name. You can just enjoy the artwork presented by the artists.”

“You must be under a lot of pressure with the time constraint. Can you really finish everything within two weeks?”

It’s not as big as the Olympics, and it’s an event that is primarily driven by fan enthusiasm, but for leaders like Rina, it’s really important.

Above all, she feels even more pressure psychologically because the original creator is right in front of her. When I expressed my concern, Rina smiled and replied in a low voice.

“Even if it’s not perfect, we have to do it. It’s money overflowing into our empire, so we can’t not do it even if it’s hastily made.”

Then she looked at me and muttered quietly.

“...I’m sorry.”

It seemed like there were many complex reasons why our territory was chosen. I looked at Rina with a solemn expression and gave her some words of encouragement.

“Stay strong.”

As for me, I just need to prepare and open a bag of popcorn.

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It was around the time when news came out one after another that major figures from various countries around the world would attend the exhibition.

There were growing concerns that the exhibition would not be like an exhibition, and as too many nobles gathered, even the common people began to look around cautiously.

As the eyes of the exhibition's participants began to increase too much, the artisans gradually felt burdened. They had organized the exhibition out of respect and fandom(?) for Xenon's Biography, but there was a riot outside.

If things continued like this, there was a high possibility that the original meaning of "culture that anyone can enjoy" would be lost.

Until Isaac's words, which were left behind a week before the exhibition was held, were revealed.

[Everyone, please put down your pens for a moment and enjoy. So that it can be a happy memory for everyone.]

As soon as those words came out, something amazing happened. News of who would attend from which country disappeared, and only the words that the exhibition was being prepared were mentioned.

Thanks to that, the politically complicated exhibition could return to its festival meaning.

Artists could now focus on their work without feeling burdened.

When everyone who loved Xenon's Biography smiled with happiness in the festive atmosphere, there was someone who couldn't laugh...

"Ah, fuck. Those Elders. I missed the timing."

It was Arwen, the queen of Alvenheim, who missed the attendance timing due to bickering with the Elders.

She frowned as she looked at the newspaper that Rain had delivered.

If she officially declared that she would attend, it would be like striking a match in this festive atmosphere.

Originally, she planned to attend the exhibition to fulfill her personal ambition and to find information on the author. However, the Elders strongly opposed it.

Do they really need to go to such a place? On the contrary, they said they should come to Alvenheim from their side.

Arwen stared at the newspaper intensely and muttered quietly.

“...That won't do. It'll be okay for just a day.”

Translators note:

# Chapter 85: Relax (4)

‘Festival’ is one of the concepts that can never be excluded from the history of humanity.

Even now, for ancient people, ‘farming’ was an especially important means, so they were sensitive to the changing seasons of nature. Even if the environment was not conducive to farming, the seasons still changed.

Due to the changing environment with each season, people believed that ‘gods’ must have intervened and offered them sacrifices. The customs that arose from offering these sacrifices became festivals.

As time passed and civilization developed, festivals began to take on various forms. Festivals that involved offering sacrifices to gods were still held, but as history accumulated, people began to assign special meanings to special days.

Among the famous types of festivals, there are of course the ‘National Foundation Day’ and the New Year’s festival.

National Foundation Day includes the meaning that the country has overcome various difficulties and hardships, so it is appropriate to hold the largest-scale festival even if it is held.

However, even such a National Foundation Day is inferior compared to the New Year’s festival. The New Year’s festival naturally has the largest scale because it contains various meanings for all people regardless of race.

Thus, as mentioned earlier, ‘festivals’ are an indispensable part of the history of humanity, and are still ongoing today. Then, what is the most important thing in opening a festival recently? Holy offerings to offer to the gods? Capital to open a grand festival? Various sights to see?

Not really. Essentially, a festival only truly becomes meaningful when ‘people’ gather together to enjoy it.

No matter how much money is spent, or how systematically planned it is, or how many attractions there are, it's all useless if there are no people in the end.

And I fully understand that common sense, not in a negative sense, but in a positive sense.

“Wow...”

I exclaimed in amazement, gazing at the unbelievable sight outside the window. While usually the atmosphere of our territory came from its tranquility, now people were bustling and lively.

As I mentioned before, our territory has no particular characteristics and is just a rural area. The reason why there is high potential for development is because many young people reside in our villages and it's close to the capital city.

Nevertheless, it's always been relatively quiet, being a rural town. The reason why young people remain here is because of my father.

They probably don't know that my father has made a name for themselves as a Navy knight, but the fact that my father has become a noble from a commoner is enough to pique the curiosity of the young people. That's why the sound of music is heard in the mansion yard every day.

But now it's different. Buildings and stalls are being constructed one by one on the almost deserted streets, and a performance venue that can be considered the centerpiece of the festival is being built on the vast plain.

In addition, even the villagers who rarely show their faces are contributing to the festival preparations. Since it's not a festival planned by the village itself but supported by the empire, they have no choice but to work hard.

Of course, there was no dissatisfaction on their faces. Rather, the village was prospering, and they were probably unaware of any difficulties due to their happiness.

“It's been a few years since I received this territory, but it's the first time I've seen it so lively.”

As I watched buildings being generated in real-time like in a game, my father, who was standing next to me, spoke up. I turned my head to listen to his words, which were imbued with his characteristic solidity.

As always, his stern face exuded manliness, but today he seemed a bit tired. Perhaps it was because he hadn't slept for several days and his fatigue had piled up on his face.

In fact, when the exhibition was decided to be held in Michelles territory, my father became much busier. He handled payment documents that piled up like mountains, and met various people.

He met with those who visited the territory out of curiosity and signed contracts, consulted with construction managers, and meticulously planned the exhibition with Leort.

Due to the sudden surge in workload, he had no choice but to work overtime, and it was inevitable that he would become tired.

“You look very tired, father.”

“Even when I'm tired, looking at the outside makes me feel like all my fatigue is gone. And I've done much more than this when I was on active duty. It's just been a long time, that's all.”

Come to think of it, he wasn't just a simple knight, but a knight commander. He wasn't just a member of an ordinary knight order, but a commander, so he probably also handled administrative tasks.

Moreover, the Navy Knight Order was responsible for the border and had to spend the allotted budget frugally. Of course, they would receive more money than other places, but no matter how much money they poured in, the military was always lacking.

The Navy's Knights are similar to special forces, so training one knight alone requires astronomical budgets. As the person in charge, my father would have to allocate that budget efficiently, so naturally his abilities would have increased.

*'But it must still be hard.'*

I heard that my mother also helps my father with his work. By now, she must be struggling with the piles of paperwork that have accumulated.

Feeling sorry for him, I chuckled bitterly and my father smiled, placing his hand on my shoulder. I could feel the texture and weight of his thick palm.

“You don't have to feel too sorry for me. This festival is actually all about you. I've told you before, but I'm proud of you. You're accomplishing everything, one by one, even

things that I can't do."

"If you hadn't helped me, it would have been difficult."

"I haven't done anything for you... but it's nice to hear you say that."

His words conveyed his love and affection for me. A child can't do anything without their parents' love and care, but here were my parents, saying that they hadn't done anything for me.

As I looked at him with sad eyes, my father ruffled my hair without saying a word. I wanted to act like an innocent child in front of my parents.

I giggled and pointed to the work site, asking my father.

"So, will everything be completed before the exhibition starts?"

"It will probably be completed just in time. Our plan is to use the entire territory instead of building a separate building for the exhibition. I heard the scale of the play is also big, so it's suitable for our empty territory."

The exhibition, as explained by my father, will be held using our entire territory. So, it is more like a festival than an event held in a complex building like a museum.

Of course, the performances will proceed as planned, with the bands and drama groups coming. During the lively daytime, we will be able to enjoy the artworks, while in the quiet evening, we will focus on the drama and theater performances.

As I thought carefully about the drama that would take place in the evening, I asked my father.

"Father, have you ever seen a play before?"

"I saw one a few times with your mother a long time ago. It was quite entertaining."

"Did that play also use the entire open field like this?"

Plays are usually performed on stage, but for some reason, this play was planned to be performed in a wide open field.

The venue where the performance was going to be held was also set up on the plain, and the viewing seats were quite spacious. They even installed a semi-transparent curtain that resembled what I had seen at the Academy's arena.

“Hmm...”

My father looked in the direction I pointed with my finger and then stroked his chin. He replied as if he found it fascinating.

“The play I saw with your mother was performed on a stage. However, the theater group coming this time is famous in many ways.”

“In what ways? I only know that their name is Matrics Troupe.”

“It’s a highly realistic play known for its extreme realism. For example, if it’s a scene with snow, they actually make it snow, and if it’s raining, they make it rain. Moreover, I heard that they even create explosions, making it much more dynamic than any other plays.”

It’s almost like a movie-level production in terms of the production techniques, similar to the famous director Christopher Nolan from my previous life. However, he is a movie director, and with the current level of technology, such productions are almost impossible.

When I looked at my father with a bewildered expression, he chuckled.

“I don’t really know the details about this. It would be better to ask your mother about it. However, most people believe that they use magic for their productions.”

“Just using magic for a theater performance seems a bit...”

“That’s why it’s even more famous. There’s a high chance that elves or demons are involved among the staff. Above all, people say that it’s fascinating to see how well they create the effects.”

I’m really looking forward to seeing a play with special effects, it feels like I’m watching a movie.

Even if it’s only for a short time, it should be enough to enjoy. I looked out the window with increasing excitement towards the exhibition. In the blink of an eye, a few buildings had been constructed in the gap between the buildings.

It normally takes several months just to build one building, so I was worried that they may have done a shoddy job.

‘I should visit here later.’

A shoddy construction could lead to a disaster, so it's best to be especially careful. In my previous life, there were many cases where buildings collapsed due to poor construction.

Of course, it is unlikely that such a situation would arise, given the support we receive from the royal family, but the world does not always go according to our plans.

“Isaac, did you send the letter stating that you would be attending the exhibition?”

My father asked me as I gazed outside the window. I turned away from the window and looked at my father, expressing my curiosity.

“What letter?”

“Well, we know that this festival is for you as an author, but to others, it's a festival for the creator of Xenon's Biography. If the main character doesn't show up, I wonder if this festival would have any meaning.”

Again, let me reiterate that this exhibition is a festival where masters from all over the world have read Xenon's Biography and created their own works. So, without the original author, not only will the enjoyment be diminished, but the attending artists may also be greatly disappointed.

After listening to my father's words, I thought carefully about various concerns and asked a cautious question in a careful voice.

“What if a problem arises?”

“That won't happen, so don't worry too much. After all, there will be many people participating in the festival, and all you have to do is say that you will attend. When the festival is over, send a letter mentioning some of the artists and how much you enjoyed it.”

“Hmm... I understand.”

My father's words were as comforting as a lullaby. He smiled contentedly as I accepted his proposal.

“Then, I'll take a break for a moment. It'll be better to rest now because more documents will pile up in a few hours.”

“Take it easy. What will you do if you pass out from exhaustion?”

“Compared to when I was on active duty, this is nothing.”

“Shall I help you with something?”

“No. You just sit still and enjoy the festival. As I said before, this festival is for you.”

Father left with those words and went back to his room. I looked towards the door he left through and then turned my head back towards the window.

This festival was solely for fans of Xenon’s Biography. The once quiet territory was filled with energy and liveliness, and smiles bloomed on people’s faces.

As I silently watched this scene, I became absorbed in the experience. My written work had become a new culture that breathed life into the territory. It was completely different from just hearing about it in the newspaper.

*‘Come to think of it, there was a similar place in Korea.’*

They created a culture street in Kim Kwang-seok Street, the birthplace of Kim Kwang-seok, and it transformed into a unique area.

*‘If our territory becomes like that...’*

My desires began to rise as I witnessed the rapidly changing appearance of the territory. If the place where I was born and raised becomes a landmark where countless tourists come, and if we hold festivals at regular intervals like now, how proud would I feel? Although I have no greed for money and power, there is a strange allure in knowing that my novel has become a part of the culture.

Should we call this honor? I thought I somewhat understood why so many people die and live for honor.

*‘Even artists must find it difficult, wandering around here and there...’*

Maybe it was my greed, but rationalization began to take place inside me little by little. I was aware of it, but it was difficult to endure.

I looked at the streets that were gradually changing into a territory and muttered quietly.

“A festival for me...”

I wonder what form this territory will have in the distant future. Will it grow into a cultural place like Kim Kwang-seok Street, or will it just remain as an ordinary

territory?

*'Should I just reveal that I was born in Michelle Territory?'*

I've always said it, but people are assuming that the author of Xenon's Biography is an old sage, so they'll probably only do some research after finding out that I was born in Michelle Territory.

They won't know where I live now, because I was only born in Michelle Territory.

*'I can't decide this alone. I need to ask my father and Rina.'*

After that, I continued to stare out the window for a long time.

Translators note:

# Chapter 86: Preparation (1)

While admiring the view outside the window, I discussed with my father and mother the idea of designating the Michelle territory as a cultural city, just like the Kim Kwang-seok Street which was beautified based on the fact that famous people were born there.

I expressed my opinion that if we decorate the territory with just one piece of evidence of a famous person's birthplace, it would definitely lead to the development of the territory.

Of course, I was worried about the aftermath of such a decision, but I suggested that I could keep my birthplace as it is and just not disclose our actual residence.

I thought that even if someone were to investigate, there would be no disturbance as long as I deny my actual residence and play it off smoothly.

Since I had witnessed the development of the previously quiet territory with my own eyes, I couldn't help but be a little greedy. However, I judged that there would be no problem since my suggestion was convincing.

As for my parents' reaction to my story, my father seemed to be deep in thought, but my mother's response was ambiguous. Even though my father was someone who thought deeply, it was surprising that my mother didn't seem to agree.

When I asked if there were any political problems with my idea, my mother looked at my father without saying anything. After pondering for a while with his hand on his chin, my father looked at me with a solemn expression.

Isaac.”

“Yes, Father.”

“What you suggested is definitely a good thing for you, for our territory, and for its development. It will allow us to increase our potential for growth even faster and maximize the effects of tourism. Who knows, this place may become the fixed location for exhibitions.”

In reality, the latter part was the biggest goal of the idea. I wanted to show exhibitions in our territory every cycle without the need to wander around here and there.

Force them to do it only in our territory! It's not like that. You can display your artwork as you please until the exhibition. The exhibition is only significant in that artists from around the world gather to showcase their work. Of course, the condition for that is that the popularity of my work must continue steadily, but given the current situation, that is simple.

Father looked at me with a questioning expression, then chuckled quietly before speaking in a low voice.

“But that's short-sighted thinking. There are many concerning factors if you look at the bigger picture.”

“Concerning factors?”

“Yes. First of all, I have realized a few things while working as a knight in this country. The Minerva Empire has too much greed, it is even well-known that we are aiming for the Ters Kingdom.”

Father opened his mouth with a solemn voice, extending his index finger. I could only tilt my head at his words.

I knew well of the cultural ambitions of the Minerva Empire. They were absorbing other cultures to swallow up the Ters Kingdom and firmly establish their dominance in the world.

The military and economic powers were already raised as high as possible, and through centuries of history, they had also established a solid foundation. It was only natural to turn their eyes to neighboring countries.

However, the Holy Kingdom Xavier could not be touched due to religious issues, and the commercial country of the Belua Kingdom was far away, and it was challenging to handle other places where different species were established.

So, the priority is on the Ters Kingdom, whom we share the same human race with, and with whom we have been enemies since the war of the races. But I couldn't understand how that relates to turning the Michelle Territory into a cultural city.

“I know that too. If I ask them not to use us politically, wouldn't the Empire stop too?”

“Maybe for now, but do you think they will do that even after 100 years?”

“What do you mean?”

“I asked if our empire will just sit still even after you die.”

I struggled to understand what my father was saying.

My father must have read my expression and continued to explain seriously.

“Isaac, the true power of culture lies in its steady continuation not only in the short term but also for future generations. Even after you die, including Xenon’s Biography, your works will take their place in culture. And if your true identity is revealed, our territory could also become what you said it could be.”

“So, it’s not the right time now?”

“That too, but it’s also because you were born in the wrong era. Sadly, that’s the truth.”

“What?”

“If you die, your works will naturally increase in value. And the Empire won’t miss that. They can create a pretext for invasion by deliberately taking your manuscripts away from the Ters Kingdom or, in the worst case, they can burn them all and frame them for it.”

“... ..”

“Even now, if they were to find the culprit of the high-level theft case, they would be quick to eliminate three generations. But what if all the manuscripts disappear? A war wouldn’t be surprising. It just proves how immense the cultural value you possess is.”

Here, I realized once again that this world is in the medieval era. Common sense from my past life hardly applies, and it’s a society that’s socially backward.

For example, let’s say that in a past life, a country burned all the high-level documents because they insulted J.K. Rowling’s masterpiece, the Harry Potter series. Many people around the world, including the British, would be outraged, but there is a high chance that each country’s government would only issue a statement of condemnation and let it end there.

If you still don’t understand, a great example (?) would be China. Even if China is acting ridiculously, the countries that suffer damage can only issue critical statements

and cannot declare direct war.

Of course, this is also because of China's overwhelming power, but it's worth remembering that even the United States could not use force recklessly. In the same way, China cannot use force without a valid reason.

In a highly developed society and civilization like this, even drawing a knife is difficult.

*'... It's really medieval times'*

However, this is a fantasy world set in the medieval era. This is a place where they unreservedly commit to common sense that humans on Earth would consider barbaric, where honor is more precious than life itself. It's not surprising to start a war over a trivial reason.

If my manuscripts were all burned by some country, they would inevitably receive a declaration of war, and after that, it's natural that they would be destroyed.

As my father explained, as long as I live my life steadfastly, a war may not break out, but the problem is after I die. As human greed knows no bounds, it wouldn't be strange for them to do crazy things with my works.

It's been 17 years since I was reborn into this world, but common sense still seemed difficult to accept.

"...I understand. Listening to what my father said, there seem to be many problems."

"Isaac, don't be too disappointed. Your father's words are just predictions and not necessarily certain. There may come a time when you get what you want."

As I became dejected, my mother comforted me. Her kindness made me feel a little better, but I still felt regretful.

It was a rare plan that I had planned with enthusiasm, but the idea of the butterfly effect scared me. My father didn't say that I was born in the wrong era for nothing.

My father, who had been silently watching me, opened his mouth in a calm tone.

"It's natural for someone like you to have ambitions when visible results appear. It's a normal reaction. But I sense a bit of impatience in you."

"...Yes."

“However, I’m not saying not to do it at all. I’ve only given you advice, I’m not forcing your choice. If you’re willing to take responsibility, I’ll gladly support you.”

My father only speaks words of agreement. He was a soldier who had served on the front lines, so he knows more than me.

Above all, my father was born and raised in this world. As someone whose common sense is deeply rooted in my past life, my thoughts could differ in various ways from his.

*‘Immediate progress in this era is unlikely to happen...’*

How can I prevent my work from being politically exploited? There may be no problem as long as I am alive, but the problem lies in the future. Like everyone else, no parent wants to give their child a terrible future. I will eventually get married and have children, but I cannot pass on such a future. Especially if the cause of that future is directly related to me, it is horrific to even imagine.

*‘I still have time. It’s better to think slowly.’*

I almost lost my mind in greed. I overlooked even the most basic part by trying to fit common sense from my past life into this world. I looked at my parents and decided that I should postpone developing our territory into a cultural city.

Both of them were waiting for me to finish thinking.

“...But it’s hard to give up on ambition.”

Father seemed to agree with my embarrassed laugh.

“If you were born as a man, you should have that kind of ambition. Honor is a precious thing that cannot be measured by money. Of course, you may discover something more valuable than that honor.”

“Right, dear.”

Father subtly touched Mother’s hand and smiled. Mother was embarrassed, but she still leaned her head against Father’s solid shoulder.

Regardless, my plan, full of ambition, was put on hold, but the preparations for the exhibition continued without any interruption. Thanks to the support from the palace, the territories were changing in real-time almost every day.

However, that didn't mean our family's life had changed. I sent a letter to the publishing company, and my parents were sweating over the incoming payment documents.

Of course, there were some changes.

“Hi! Our cutie pie!”

“Oh? Adelia? Are you going to the exhibition too?”

“Of course! How can I miss such an event?”

Nicole, who was expected to be at the academy during the break, came to the mansion with Adelia.

While Nicole was family, I never thought Adelia would be invited to the mansion.

“To be honest, I also came to see our cutie pie...”

“Stop talking nonsense and I'll show you the room where you'll be staying.”

“Ah~ why~ I wanted to talk more with our Isaac.”

“What kind of trick are you trying to pull on a guy who has a girlfriend? Stop talking nonsense and follow me.”

Adelia was dragged by Nicole. Seeing her waving goodbye with a bright smile, I couldn't help but think that she was still the same.

“She's definitely close with Adelia.”

Nicole had never invited anyone to the house before. It might be because she was busy working as a martial arts assistant, but it could also be that our territory was not worth showing off.

However, now that the exhibition is being held, it seems Adelia has come out of curiosity. And she probably asked Nicole for an invitation. Although I haven't seen it with my own eyes, I can imagine it since it's Adelia.

“I wonder who will come as guests?”

There were originally rumors of people attending from various countries around the world, but as soon as I said something, they all disappeared. So I don't know exactly who is attending.

“Well, I think I know a few of them.”

And as expected.

“Isaac~”

The day before the exhibition started, Marie visited our mansion. Since she sent a letter instead of making a surprise visit, we could welcome her visit.

“Hello, I’m Sara Hausen Requilis, the hostess of Duke Requilis. Nice to meet you.”

“My name is Kay Hausen Requilis, the eldest son of the Duke of Requilis. Nice to meet you.”

Marie’s mother and older brother also visited with her. I had seen her brother once before, but this was my first time meeting Sara.

Sara was a beauty with brown hair and brown eyes, and she looked so much like Marie that you could tell instantly where Marie’s appearance came from. She exuded an elegant yet gentle atmosphere like our mother, giving off a sense of dignity.

‘...But isn’t the exhibition opening tomorrow?’

I couldn’t help but have that doubt as I greeted them. Unless they had mistaken the time...

“I’m sorry, Isaac. I ‘misremembered’ the date and came a day early.”

“... ..”

“Can I impose on you just for today?”

Looking at Marie, who was smiling cheerfully, she glanced back. Her mother, Sarah, was also smiling like Marie and Kei was shaking his head.

‘She’s becoming more demanding.’

So what was there to do? I smiled reluctantly as if accepting it.

“Okay.”

The exhibition was just around the corner.

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Meanwhile, in Alvenheim at a similar time...

“You understand, Rain? You must not get into an accident this time.”

“I understand, Your Majesty. I won’t cause any accidents.”

“That’s right. Let’s hurry before we get caught by the Council.”

Two elves hid their tracks by teleporting somewhere.

“What should I wear? I showed this one last time, so I should wear something else... Should I wear this?”

“I think this one is better than that...”

“Don’t you have anything else besides this?”

At Helium, Cecily was busy choosing a dress.

‘What should I wear to get his attention?’

Thinking of Isaac in her heart.

Translators note:

## Chapter 87: Preparation (2)

As I've mentioned before, a festival becomes a true festival only when there are people present. As if to prove that point, our territory has become increasingly bustling with people as time goes on.

Just a fortnight ago, our territory was quiet and still, but now it's teeming with so many people that it could rival some cities. And yet, I couldn't help but feel worried. While it's great to have tourists flocking to our territory right now, the future is uncertain.

As I've said before, our territory doesn't have many unique features. Right now, the palace is providing various forms of support to host the exhibition, but it's only temporary. Even if the exhibition is successful, there are concerns about the upkeep and whether the tourists will come back again.

*'It's fortunate that so many people are coming, but... still...'*

Tomorrow, the exhibition will begin, and more people are flooding in than ever before. Not only humans, but various species can be seen here and there, and many security guards have been deployed to maintain order.

Furthermore, the appearance of the territory has changed drastically compared to before.

According to Rina, they said it was done in a rush, but it was hard to tell if it was actually planned like this from the beginning or if it was just good directing by the supervisor, because there were almost no signs of rushing.

They had originally planned to develop the territory in three years, so perhaps they just moved that plan up.

*'There shouldn't be any big problems.'*

To prevent accidents from happening, the palace had inspected the buildings not just once or twice, but many times. They were particularly meticulous in managing the inns where nobles and artists stayed.

In addition, many shops, including a variety of stores, were established. Before, our territory only had basic shops selling goods, clothing stores, and a blacksmith, but after contracting with the upper management, various new locations began to appear one after another.

Of course, as more people came and went, various problems arose, the most notable being illegal street vendors. When they heard the news that an exhibition was being held in our territory, they quickly rushed to set up shop and make a profit.

Of course, there were more cases where they had contracted with my father and set up a proper store, but there were always those rebellious people lurking around.

My father, being a former knight, promptly banished them from the territory as soon as he received reports of illegal street vending. Thanks to this, there were no obstacles blocking the streets.

*'But illegal street vending in the medieval era...'*

I always feel this way, but this world is a strange place. I alternated between watching the illegal street vendors being removed and the vendors causing chaos, before quickly turning my gaze away.

There were more important things piling up like a mountain. If my parents were busy dealing with documents that were flooding in like a tidal wave, I was busy receiving guests.

The start was easy because it was Marie's family, but after that, I met people I didn't know at all. Not only nobles living in the Empire but also dignitaries from other countries were welcomed, so the tension was no joke. If I made a mistake here, it would not only reflect on me but also on my parents' reputation.

Fortunately, the people who came to visit all loved Xenon's Biography and came together, so there were no major problems. Moreover, the guests who came a day early like this mostly rested at the inn all day as they had come from distant areas.

However, not only nobles but also artists came a day early for rehearsals.

"Nice to meet you. I'm the conductor of the Lirus Orchestra, Lirus Hughesman."

"I'm Isaac Ducker Michelle. It's an honor to welcome the renowned Lirus Orchestra."

It was Mr. Pringles.

This was my first impression after meeting Lirus, the conductor of the Lirus Orchestra.

He had no hair on his head, reflecting even the sunlight, but his unique mustache was somewhat charming and showed a professional aspect.

Anyway, even if it was just for the first impression, it could be said that he scored a perfect score. Most renowned artists tend to be picky or arrogant, but Lirus was quite different.

As I saw in the letter, Lirus was quite polite and humble, but even that couldn't hide his charisma that oozed out. He looked like a perfect fit for the job of 'conductor,' and his neat dress gave off a sense of politeness.

"Red hair is truly unique. And your shining eyes are like those of a wild beast."

"Mr. Lirus, your mustache is also impressive. It must be difficult to maintain."

"Your tone is as blunt as your expression. Still, thank you. There aren't many who appreciate the true value of this mustache, but you do."

Lirus gently tugged on his distinctive mustache and smiled proudly. It seemed like he thought of it as a kind of identity.

I thought to myself that his personality was as unique as his appearance, but I didn't say it out loud since it was just stating the obvious. It was indeed very difficult to maintain a mustache like that without a considerable amount of effort and care.

I was sitting across from Lirus, the Pringles guy...no, Lirus, and quietly spoke up.

"Did you like the stage? As you know, we made it in a rush, so there are many shortcomings."

"Not at all. There was no sign of a hastily-made stage. Of course, it's not as great as the stages in the Ters Kingdom. If the Minerva Empire had had more time, we could have made an even better stage than this."

Lirus said that if the empire had had more time, they could have built a much better stage. It was a problem that they had to pass on the exhibition as a message to try harder to the Ters Kingdom.

Still, it was fortunate that both he and I were satisfied with it. However, there was still an element of unease.

“What do you think about holding the exhibition like a festival?”

“That’s not a big problem either. Not only me, but those who love Xenon’s Biography will gather together and enjoy it. If this isn’t a festival, then what is it? And looking at the schedule, we will show paintings and sculptures during the day and perform at night. It seems like the plan was well-coordinated.”

The Pringles uncle... No, it’s Lirus, who kept saying strange things. Thanks to him, I was able to relax a bit.

But it’s probably just the Lirus gang that’s like this, other artists might have different thoughts.

Especially the Matrics troupe, I heard they have a high pride as they boast of their splendid stage performances. Not only the Matrics troupe, but other artists in general tend to have a high self-esteem.

“I’m relieved that you liked it. If there’s anything uncomfortable, please let us know immediately.”

“Well... It’s not really uncomfortable, but there’s one thing that bothers me.”

“What is it?”

With a hint of disappointment, Lirus opened his mouth as I asked him with a slight tension.

“I’m not sure if Xenon’s writer really will come to see our performance.”

“... ..”

“Although the publisher said he would attend, it’s not certain, and there might be unexpected circumstances.”

As I was in front of the Pringles old man, I couldn’t help but chuckle at his story.

But the following words from Lirus made my chuckle turn into a doubt.

“More than anything, there’s a play that I want to show Xenon, even the Matrics troupe cooperated.”

“Do you want him to see the play that we’ve prepared?”

“Yes, absolutely. It will be the perfect play for fans of Xenon’s Biography.”

What kind of perverts... no, what kind of people would make such a self-assured play?

I couldn’t help but wonder, as even artists throughout history have had their share of perverse tendencies.

I looked at Lirus with a glint in my eye and slyly asked.

“Can you at least give me a hint?”

“That’s not possible. It wouldn’t be fun if you knew ahead of time. Instead, I can tell you that we’ve rehearsed with the Matrics troupe several times before starting, all for the sake of a perfect play.”

It seemed like some kind of collaboration. With two world-famous masters combining their talents, I had high expectations.

“Alright then. I hope you can rest comfortably after your long journey.”

“Thank you for your hospitality. If I ever have the opportunity, I’d like to turn this land into a cultural city. It would save me the trouble of wandering around all over the place.”

“I’ll definitely consider it. To be honest, I also have my own ambitions.”

“Hehehe. It’s for Xenon’s sake... as a fellow artist, I feel jealous, but as a fan, I’m looking forward to it.”

Afterwards, Lirus left, wishing us a pleasant viewing of his stage. It was natural that I was left with a favorable impression of him, especially given his humble attitude before leaving.

*‘By the way, a collaboration...’*

What kind of play will the artists show? It’s not just any play, but a collaboration with Matrics Troupe, which is known as the best in performance.

Comparing it to the movies of a past life may be a bit unrealistic, but I’m excited because they’re so confident.

I escorted Lirus to the nobles and artist-exclusive inn, and then made my way back to the mansion.

Not only Lirus, but there are still people I have to meet. The Matrics Troupe will be arriving soon, so I planned to prepare ahead of time.

*'The real VIPs will be visiting tomorrow...'*

VIPs greater than nobles that have already arrived at the capital's palace. They will use carriages to reach our territory when the time comes.

By now, Leort and Rina are probably facing them. Maybe Cecily is with them too.

It was just before I entered the mansion.

“Isaac!”

“Huh?”

A familiar man's voice entered my ears. It was a very welcome voice to me.

As I turned my head, I saw a man slowly walking towards me from the gate I had just passed through.

He was a handsome man with red hair and golden eyes like my father, and he looked pleasant overall.

He was my older brother Bryce, who I had heard joined the navy knights a few months ago and was in training.

“Bryce hyung? Is it really you?”

“Yeah. How long has it been? You seem to have grown taller since I last saw you.”

As I was taken aback, Bryce smiled brightly and patted my head. I looked at his face in disbelief.

His appearance hadn't changed much, but as a knight, his skin had tanned a lot from training under the sun.

In addition, there were small scars on his arms, which were visible because he was wearing a short-sleeved t-shirt, and he seemed to have gained some weight.

“Did you come out for vacation? Didn't you say you were in training?”

“That’s true, but for some reason, the deputy commander sent me here. I think it’s because there’s an exhibition in our territory. I heard that there was an order from the royal palace, but I’m not sure.”

“... ..”

I had a feeling I knew whose influence was behind this. Still, I was happy to see Bryce.

I was secretly disappointed that Bryce didn’t come to see the exhibition, but it was a timely gift. I should thank Rina soon.

“Is training bearable?”

“Don’t even mention it. Thanks to that, I realized how great my father is. Have you ever fought for a month without sleeping or eating?”

“How can humans do such a thing? Even elves would find it extremely difficult.”

“That’s what I’m saying. But if you endure it with grit and determination, you can do it. Is father inside?”

“He seems buried in paperwork.”

“Our father seems to be struggling too. Oh, right. Isaac. Do you happen to have any connections with the Princess of Helium?”

“Huh?”

I opened my eyes wide at Bryce’s question. Had he met Cecily before coming to the mansion? If not, there was no reason for Bryce to ask such a question.

Bryce explained what had just happened when someone had called my name while looking at him before coming to the mansion.

“I saw her at the entrance to the territory. But it’s not common to see red-haired people like us, right? And when I looked at her face, she was the Princess of Helium.”

“Where did you meet her?”

“I saw her at the entrance to the territory. But it looks like she didn’t take the carriage and came on foot with her bodyguard.”

“Huh? How?”

“She must have used magic. The direction I first heard her voice from was towards the sky.”

Well, she’s a demon who can use magic as easily as breathing, so there’s no need to use a carriage. Still, it was unexpected that she came directly to our territory instead of the capital.

“I have to go see her soon.”

She’s probably staying at a noble’s exclusive inn by now. While I was thinking about that silently.

“Anyway, what’s your relationship with the Princess of Helium? The voice calling you didn’t seem ordinary.”

“It’s just that we’re close friends.”

“Hmm... You said it’s just a friendship, but she seemed really glad to see me...”

Bryce murmured softly as he looked at me. There was a deep suspicion in his shining golden eyes, which shone as brilliantly as mine.

I don’t know what kind of reaction Cecily showed, but judging from the way Bryce reacted, she probably didn’t react lightly. From the perspective of an outsider who knows nothing, it’s understandable to be suspicious.

*‘I hope I’m not being labeled as a playboy because of this.’*

I tried to avoid his gaze and changed the subject. Bryce will probably know that I have a girlfriend as soon as he enters the mansion.

“By the way, do the senior knights all like you? I heard that places like the Navy Knights have a lot of mean people.”

“Don’t say that. They make fun of me every chance they get just because I’m an apprentice. They even asked me if I left my sword behind and told me to go make one at the forge...”

“... ..”

It’s a repertoire that I’ve heard a lot somewhere.

When I was drafted in my previous life, such absurdity was almost nonexistent, but I remember seeing it a lot on the internet. Since it's a military without even a television, let alone a computer, there will probably be even more absurdities than in my previous life.

Well, places like the Navy Knights fight battles day in and day out, so they probably won't have time to create absurdities.

"I take care of my body so that I don't die at a time when I make absurd mistakes. And recently, there has been a rumor that the young lady of Matheus' family made inappropriate remarks. Because of this, the atmosphere has been a bit tense."

"Inappropriate remarks?"

"Yes. She said that soldiers are like meat shields who protect their homes. Luckily, she wasn't exiled from the family, but she must be suffering a lot right now. They put her in a knight training camp, which is not just an ordinary training camp, but one that's known for its intense training."

It's not a place where they train ordinary soldiers, but a knight training camp. The training period is much longer, and the intensity of the training is famously abnormal.

Normally, they select talented individuals from regular training camps and put them into the knight training camp, but it seems like Aira's family forced her into it.

Furthermore, they probably ordered them to fix her mentality, so her future looks bleak without even having to see it.

"That's really unfortunate. Were there any casualties?"

"We were too busy guarding the border and didn't have time to be injured or die. Luckily, there's almost no activity from the elf scouts or monsters, so we're relaxed."

"When does your vacation end?"

"Three nights and four days. According to the seniors, it's a three-point-four second vacation, but I don't think it's that short. Tomorrow is the exhibition, so time will fly by quickly, but I'll be able to enjoy it to the fullest."

"Um... Do you have a Xenon's Biography in the Knights?"

"Of course, we all live in the same place."

I chatted with Bryce and unloaded all the stories that I couldn't tell before, and returned to the mansion.

Thanks to that, I had a feeling that I could enjoy the exhibition even more.

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“Here is his mansion.”

It was just after Isaac and Bryce had entered the mansion. There was someone watching them from the blue sky, and it was Princess Cecily of Helium.

If a human saw her, they would have been astonished to see Cecily standing confidently in the sky, but she was a demon. She belonged to a race that had received the blessing of magic along with elves.

Using magic to fly through the sky was basic, and teleporting between spaces was also easy for her.

*‘The brothers look similar but subtly different.’*

Even though she was looking down at the mansion from high up in the sky, everything seemed clear as day to Cecily. Being a demon, her vision was naturally superior, and it was even easier with magic.

*‘I should have just gone to the mansion with them at the time...’*

Cecily regretted watching the brothers enter the mansion. At first, she thought it was Isaac with the red hair at the entrance of the estate, but she later realized it was Bryce and was too embarrassed to come back down and join them.

However, looking back now, it was a missed opportunity for her to enter the mansion with Bryce. As someone who was always on the lookout for opportunities, she couldn't help but feel regretful.

The only relief is that I wore my outdoor clothes when I met Bryce. If I had been wearing a dress for the exhibition, my regret would have been even deeper. I hope Isaac sees me in the dress I wear for the exhibition first. Just imagining him blushing and feeling embarrassed like he did during the freshman event makes my heart flutter.

“Your Highness?”

As Cecily was thinking of Isaac, a man next to her called her quietly. He was also a demon, and if Cecily had horns protruding from her head, he had a shape resembling a goat's horn. He had jet-black hair and red eyes like a typical demon, but he was wearing a black mask that made it difficult to see his face. However, based solely on his outward appearance, he was handsome enough.

His name was Gartz Valak, a member of the "Reaper," who was appointed as Cecily's bodyguard. Like Cecily, Gartz was a demon, so he was proficient in magic and was able to stand in the sky.

"Wait a minute, please. Valak hyung, there's something I need to confirm."

"... .."

Gartz didn't say anything in response to Cecily's request and just waited silently. However, he couldn't help but wonder inwardly. She had mistaken the red-haired man for someone else and had greeted him happily, and now she was watching him from above.

Although it was a basic principle for the members of the Reaper to exclude personal affairs of the royal family, Cecily's actions today were enough to raise suspicions. Cecily was usually not interested in men, but she showed a deep curiosity and interest in the red-haired man. Even as a member of the Reaper, he couldn't help but be curious.

*'The mansion that doesn't look like much from the outside, but...'*

The basic security magic was set up in the mansion, but it was meaningless to Gartz. After all, it was just something set up by humans, so he had the confidence to easily break through it.

However, the energy felt inside the mansion was quite different. Even though he had summarized it, there was one powerful force that confidently guarded the mansion.

As Gartz looked at the mansion with a dry but curious gaze, Cecily looked through the mansion with her clairvoyance magic.

Although her gaze was fixed on Isaac, she couldn't help but glance at his feet.

*'There's already someone here.'*

Marie had already arrived at the mansion, although Cecily didn't know when. Since it wasn't a noble-exclusive inn but Isaac's mansion, it seemed like she was trying to make

it a fact.

Upon realizing this, Cecily clenched her fist. She was the one who was most interested in Isaac and the one who first noticed his identity.

But she made a mistake without realizing her feelings. If she hadn't been so excited and had approached slowly... the future might have been different.

Even if Isaac felt burdened by her, it didn't matter. Even if he said he wanted her to look at himself, not the author of Xenon's Biography, it didn't matter.

Isaac is the author of Xenon's Biography, and he is himself, so what's the problem? They are all meaningless words.

*'If I could turn back time...'*

While watching Isaac and Marie embrace secretly, Cecily bit her lip. She felt an ominous desire welling up inside her, perhaps due to the 'evil cycle' approaching.

*'Just a little more... Just a little more restraint. And for now...'*

She suppressed her desire and meticulously searched the inside of the mansion with her clairvoyance magic. It was impossible to see it like a cross-section, but she could confirm the structure of the room.

Eventually, she was able to find a room that seemed to be Isaac's. She was confident because there were far more bookshelves than any other room. She already knew that Isaac was a bookworm and loved history.

*'And there...'*

Except for the first volume, the drafts of Xenon's Biography were sleeping there.

These drafts were priceless relics that far surpassed any treasure to a demon. However, the level of the security magic laid on the mansion was too low. While humans could be stopped, it would be easy for other races like elves or demons to invade.

Moreover, the exhibition would begin in Michelle's territory, and there would undoubtedly be some criminals who would try to commit crimes with suspicion. Of course, the empire would take preventive measures beforehand, but Cecily was still uneasy.

If all the drafts were stolen here, Isaac might not just be discouraged, but he might even fall into despair and lose his passion for Xenon's Biography. That was something that had to be prevented. Cecily firmly resolved and called Gartz, who was waiting silently by her side.

"Valak, please."

"Yes, Your Highness. Please just give me your command."

"Use the clairvoyance magic to look at the room on the right side of the second floor. It will be easy to distinguish it from other rooms because it has many bookshelves. If you have confirmed it, nod your head."

"I have confirmed it."

"We will enter the mansion in a little while. And as soon as you enter that room, install detection magic so that we can immediately detect anyone who intrudes."

"I understand."

Gartz internally wanted to ask why they had to do that, but he held back. He was nothing more than a sword who only had to follow the orders of the royalty.

Cecily smiled satisfactorily at Gartz's loyal response. He was indeed a reaper with patience several times stronger than that of an ordinary demon.

"Oh, and did you bring that with you?"

"If it's a book containing the history of our demon race, then yes, I brought it."

"Good. Then..."

Cecily smirked and pointed to the front entrance of the mansion.

"Now let's start preparing to visit officially."

"Yes, Your Highness."

Guests began to gather little by little.

Translators note:

The chapters are late cause I got sick, but now that I'm feeling better I will catch up. 2 chapters today and 3 tomorrow to set it even.

## Chapter 88: Preparation (3)

Isaac was greeting guests in his territory, while in the palace, they were also receiving guests with hospitality. Those who visited the Michelle's territory directly, without passing through the capital, were mostly commoners, artists, and nobles below the rank of a Marquis.

Those of higher ranks mostly held important government positions and were officially invited by the country they were visiting. Of course, they could also visit unofficially, but it was avoided because any mishap could have a significant diplomatic impact. In particular, the Minerva Empire and the Ters Kingdom had a relationship as fragile as that between enemies and thus even minor visits required complicated procedures.

Previously, the Ters Kingdom had planned to hold an exhibition in their capital, but they suddenly transferred the authority to the Minerva Empire. The Minerva Empire only expressed their appeal but ended up being busy receiving the authority.

They had to work hard every day to successfully hold the exhibition just over a month later. Even the nobles of high rank had to work overtime, and the same went for the palace.

Some people may think that the royal family, such as the Crown Prince and Princess, do not work, but it was quite the opposite.

The empire, aware that the country would collapse the moment the emperor's attention was turned elsewhere, even if it was not regarding affairs of state, entrusted specific fields to the emperor's children to take care of them.

This was the reason why, even with 500 years of history, the empire never had a scandal that could bring the country to ruin, despite the emperor's various mistakes. Furthermore, Duke Requilis was always by their side, watching closely, so they had no choice but to work.

Thanks to the recent increase in workload, Prince Leort and Princess Rina couldn't even get proper sleep and had to receive guests.

“You look very tired. Haven’t you been sleeping well lately?”

A handsome man with sky-blue hair, blue eyes, and a sharp nose opened his mouth with a cheerful tone.

Maybe it was his good looks and constant giggling that annoyed them. Leort, who was facing him, also smiled and replied.

“Thanks to whom? On the contrary, you look good.”

“We are here to enjoy, not to host, so we came with high expectations.”

Leort’s eyelids fluttered as he didn’t like the blue-haired man’s answer. Due to the overwhelming workload that had piled up like a tidal wave, dark circles were deeply etched under his eyes. Even his usually sharp blue eyes had lost their light due to exhaustion.

On the other hand, the blue-haired handsome man and Ters Kingdom’s Crown Prince, Laos Dukeard von Kurchers, was fine. He was full of energy and even had a carefree demeanor.

The reason for Laos’s visit to the Empire was only for the exhibition. However, there were complex politics involved internally, as it was merely an external reason.

For the Ters Kingdom, even if the exhibition was successful it would be good, but if it failed, it would be a grievous matter for Minerva Empire, so Laos could come with any worry.

Honestly, he wished the exhibition would fail grandly, but the likelihood of that happening was significantly low. As the Empire knows the intentions of the Ters Kingdom better than anyone else, they must have been well-prepared despite the urgent situation.

So Laos simply came to the Empire to enjoy the festival.

“But did the Empire have a reason to hold the exhibition this quickly, even if it meant putting a strain on themselves? I don’t understand.”

A cute girl sitting to the left of Laos spoke up in a clear voice. Like Laos, she had blue hair and eyes, and her long hair and neatly trimmed bangs were her distinguishing features. Her doll-like appearance and slender build also triggered protective instincts.

This girl's name is Lara Dukeard von Kurchers, the third princess of the Ters Kingdom and the youngest among the four sisters.

The eldest sister, the first princess, had already married and headed to the Michelle Territory without issuing an official statement of attendance, and the second princess...

“Lara. That's impolite to ask such a question, didn't I tell you to refrain from doing so?”

She was sitting on the right of Laos in the center. Her low-pitched voice was a characteristic unusual for a woman. Her appearance also gave a stern impression, but her innate beauty couldn't be hidden, and her ponytailed hair emphasized her mature charm. And the most unique thing about her was her attire. While normally one would wear a dress to such a formal occasion, she was the only one dressed in a military uniform that only knights could wear.

Her name is Hiliya Dukeard von Cutchers.

Even without her background, she was known for her outstanding abilities as a knight in the Ters Kingdom.

“Was it a question that I shouldn't have asked?”

“Yes. We came here just to enjoy the exhibition, as we've said many times, right?”

“Then I'll apologize. I'm sorry.”

After hearing Hiliya's rebuke, Lara bowed her head towards the front.

Leort, of course, and even Rina, who was sitting next to him with a sullen expression, chuckled.

Lara was only 12 years old at the time, and at that age, she had to ask everything she was curious about in order to feel satisfied.

But as the breach of etiquette remained unchanged as Hiliya said, Laos also apologized solemnly...

“No, Lara doesn't need to apologize. I was curious about the same thing.”

...which was the opposite of what they expected. Hiliya glared at Laos, who was trying to escalate the problem, and closed her eyes silently with her arms crossed.

This complicated and dirty political world was disgusting to her, but since she had a position to uphold, she had attended forcibly. She wanted to stay in the kingdom and devote herself to the training.

Meanwhile, Laos, with a grinning face, asked his siblings, perhaps with the intention of pressing them properly at this opportunity.

“Hosting an exhibition is something that can take a long time. But is there a need to prepare in a hurry like this?”

“There are circumstances. You don’t need to know. Anyway, isn’t it enough to just enjoy it?”

“Well, is it something big related to the author of Xenon’s Biography?”

Even the sharp-witted Laort intellectual, as well as Rina, who was pretending to be fine while drinking coffee, couldn’t help but be taken aback by Laos’s words.

Fortunately, the reaction was so minimal that Laos didn’t notice.

Leort continued to speak without changing his expression.

“You’re quick to catch on. You’re right. I’ve moved up the schedule of the exhibition because I want to show it to Xenon as soon as possible.”

“You’re good at lying.”

Sometimes, the truth sounded like a lie, and Leort’s truth sounded like a lie to Laos.

Laos believed it was impossible for the empire to find the person they were looking for just like the Ters Kingdom was. Moreover, as they were on their tail, they would soon know who they were.

Thanks to his confidence, Laos judged that Leort was lying. For Leort, it was a fortunate circumstance, but he couldn’t help but feel uneasy.

In fact, it was like gambling. Everything he had said so far was the truth, not a lie. He moved up the exhibition date to show it to Isaac no matter what. It was an effort to get forgiveness for the mistakes Leort and Rina had made to him.

*‘I was too hasty...’*

He could hold the exhibition in about a year, but if he did, there was a high chance that the Ters Kingdom would steal the opportunity. If that happened, Isaac would certainly be more likely to visit the Ters Kingdom, and even indulge in their culture.

According to Lina in particular, Isaac is someone who loves history, so he might go to the Ters Kingdom to conduct cultural research. There is a high chance that he will be taken away in the way that a talent responsible for the future of the Empire would be snatched away.

Strictly speaking, he is a historian who is dependent on the Empire, but that's not important to Leort. Laos, who had no idea about Leort's feelings, shrugged his shoulders and remained relaxed as if it didn't matter.

“Anyway, I understand. We can relax and watch what your empire is preparing. Xenon is also attending, so if you're lucky, you might find him.”

“What if we do find Xenon?”

Rina asked in a cautious tone, not Leort. Unlike Leort, she is well aware that Isaac is Xenon, so she had to react more sensitively. Laos briefly showed his doubts and then opened his mouth with a tone that it was no big deal.

“Of course, we'll politely take him to our kingdom. And by the way, it's not a metaphor, we'll really take him politely. Before he gets caught in your empire, that is.”

“Xenon expressed his desire to live an ordinary life. What if he decides to stop publishing again?”

“Has our kingdom ever pressured artists? Did we ask the Lirus Band to compose our national anthem or the Matrics Theater Company to make a propaganda play? We even stayed quiet when Jayros Revolution was recreated as a play.”

I may have said it before, but there was a plan to use Isaac's reputation until the protest. It wouldn't matter how powerful the Empire's might was if it collapsed from within.

The Ters Kingdom had to use all means necessary, especially since the Empire had already taken away countless talents. One of them was using Xenon's reputation for propaganda.

However, after the so-called hiatus incident occurred, they had to abandon that plan completely. They had to prevent another event like the Jayros Revolution from happening again.

Instead, they changed their course of action. They allowed the book to be freely distributed but had make sure to tie Xenon to the kingdom somehow.

Just that alone would keep the Minerva Empire at bay. The Ters Kingdom could strengthen its foundation, which was already shaky due to the Jayros Revolution. It was a win-win situation.

*‘And the most effective way to keep such a giant-sized artist in check is...’*

Laos looked at Hiliya, who was sitting with her arms crossed, and Lara, who was snacking like a hamster. Both women boasted of their own unique beauty and held high positions as princesses of their respective countries.

They were the most suitable women for Xenon, who could influence the world. If he were just an ordinary artist, it would be an unthinkable story, but it was possible because he was Xenon.

However, Hiliya had already chosen the path of a knight, and Lara was too young. Even if it was a strategic marriage, she had to be at least an adult to be eligible.

Above all, Xenon is currently estimated to be an old philosopher, and it is questionable whether he has any interest in women. However, if they showed this much sincerity, Xenon would have no choice but to accept.

Moreover, it didn't have to be Hiliya or Lara. Even if it was a child who had been abandoned, as long as there was someone with "royal blood."

Laos opened his mouth, reminiscing about the bloodline he was forced to leave behind at the Halo Academy.

“Come to think of it, how is life at the academy?”

“It's quite comfortable thanks to the talented individuals from various countries who have dedicated themselves to our empire. The culture and welfare here are beyond comparison.”

“Hahaha. I suppose that's true.”

“But why do you ask... Ah, is it because of Adelia?”

(TL note: In earlier chapters I thought Adelia used a different name in academy, and her real name was Adele but it turns out it wasn't and they actually call her princess Adelia.

Sorry about that.)

Leort asked questioningly. Rina, who had also heard about it from him, remained expressionless.

Laos nodded, confirming Leort's thoughts. However, there was a faint hint of displeasure on his face.

“You're right about the person you're thinking of. But I hope you won't mention that name.”

“Well... did she really have to be discarded? Even if she became a knight like Hiliya, it wouldn't have mattered. She's currently serving as a martial arts assistant instructor at the academy.”

“... ..”

Hiliya didn't even bat an eye or respond to Leort's mention of her name. She seemed to have no desire to answer. Despite her rude reaction, Leort didn't care. He had seen her indifferent attitude many times before and knew how to overlook it.

“If she had abandoned her title and lived a normal life, then maybe that would've been the case. But it doesn't look good to be striving for recognition as an illegitimate child. My father also said it was the biggest mistake of her life.”

“She has the surname ‘Cross’ at the academy though.”

“Since we threatened her not to use the surname of the royal family before sending her to the academy, then Cross might be the surname of her mother, a surname of a lowly prostitute.”

“... ..”

It was a response that still retained the prejudice from pre-Jayros revolution. Leort thought of the personal life of Friedrich, the king of the Ters Kingdom.

To the people of the Ters Kingdom, Friedrich was known as a romanticist who loved only one woman without being a harsh king. In fact, Friedrich himself poured out his love only to one queen without having any concubines.

However, the problem arose when Friedrich had a relationship with a prostitute to relieve himself before meeting the queen. Unfortunately, the contraception failed at that

time and a child was born.

If the prostitute had kept quiet, it might have been different. However, she became greedy due to her poor life and went to Friedrich openly.

It was inevitable that the palace would be in chaos due to that incident. Friedrich strongly denied it, but the blue eyes of the child, like the sky, confirmed that she was his daughter.

Fortunately, thanks to the thorough concealment of the incident, it did not leak out, but the mother disappeared without a trace.

*'Maybe the reason she plays pranks on Nicole often is because she was the first friend Adelia has made since she was born.'*

In her always lively face, there was a deep loneliness. Of course, Leort wasn't very interested, so he just passed it off.

"Anyway, why do you ask that? Do you want to know if Adelia is attending the exhibition?"

"As expected, you know my heart well."

"Stop joking around before we start swearing."

Such mischievousness is undoubtedly genetic. Adelia, as well as Laos, loved to play pranks whenever the opportunity arose. Laos, who was pleasantly tapping his fingers and playing around, shrugged his shoulders at Leort's words and returned to the point.

"Well, you're right to some extent. I'm curious if she's living well and if she still wants to be recognized."

"What if she abandons her surname?"

"You guys can handle that. Whether you use it for propaganda or not, it's not a problem for our kingdom. That woman is just a "mistake" of my father."

It was an attitude that considered one person's birth and life as simply a "mistake." If Isaac were listening, it would have been an attitude that would make him frown, but to these people, it was common sense. If a ruler makes a political mistake, the people will express their dissatisfaction, but they don't really care about his personal life.

They just brush it off and say, ‘Oh well, that’s how it is,’ and say that a ruler’s personal life isn’t that important.

Leort nodded his head as if he understood and opened his mouth.

“Got it. It’s just my prediction, but she’ll attend the exhibition.”

“Thank you. Should we start preparing now, then? It’s better to rest now if we want to enjoy tomorrow.”

And so, the night before the exhibition approached little by little.

“I’ll introduce myself properly. I’m Princess Cecily Drat Eisilia Bin of Helium. Thank you so much for welcoming me despite the sudden visit.”

“No, it’s fine. Rather, it’s an honor for us to have a Princess with us. By the way, you are really beautiful.”

“Thank you. I was curious where Isaac got his looks from, but it seems he inherited them from the Baroness.”

“Oh my, are you saying our Isaac is pretty?”

Isaac was feeling embarrassed by Cecily’s sudden visit. At first, everyone was taken aback by her visit, but they were able to melt away naturally through Cecily’s brilliant eloquence. She even seemed to be able to communicate well with Isaac’s mother.

“Oh, and Isaac. Here’s the book you wanted.”

“Huh? What book is it?”

“It’s a book about the history of demons. A Helium scholar selected it, so it should be a great help to you.”

“Wow...! Thank you so much, Noona.”

“Thanks are unnecessary. I should be the one thanking you.”

Above all, even Isaac was briefly captivated by Cecily, who gave him a history book as a gift. However, there was one person who had the biggest complaint here, and that was Marie.

She was filled with thoughts of spending time with Isaac, but everything was ruined by Cecily's visit. However, she couldn't express it directly, so she felt frustrated.

In the end, she secretly called Isaac to a secluded place, and scolded him harshly.

"Isaac."

"...yes."

"As your girlfriend, let me tell you now. You must stick with me throughout the exhibition. If you stray away or look at other girls, I won't even let you hold my hand."

"Can I at least kiss you then?"

"...You're such a pervert."

Feeling her face flush at Marie's Isaac's advance, she lowered her head. Isaac then asked in a teasing tone.

"So, can I get an answer? Can I kiss you?"

"...Not now, later. Cecily might see us. She might think we're doing something if she catches us..."

"Are you shy?"

"Forget it! You're such a red pervert! We can do it tomorrow without any restrictions!"

"What's a 'red pervert'?"

She had a feeling that the exhibition would be a tumultuous one in many ways.

Translators note:

Red pervert lol

# Chapter 89: Exhibition (1)

The morning of the exhibition, which was both eagerly anticipated and feared for a long time, has dawned.

Although the exhibition was hastily arranged like crossing a wobbly bridge, thanks to the numerous resources and personnel invested by the empire, it has been prepared to some extent. Furthermore, the exhibition itself is not in the form of viewing works in a quiet building, but rather in the form of a festival.

In an empty land, a separate space was designated for exhibiting artworks, and apart from that, residents could simply enjoy themselves. In addition, there were planned music and theater performances that could be considered highlights in the evening, so during the day, visitors could enjoy the displayed artwork while strolling around the land.

“How does it look? Does it fit well?”

This was before the festival started, after all the preparations had been made, inside the mansion. I couldn't help but admire Marie, who was dressed up for the occasion. She looked beautiful in her white dress.

Her shoulders were completely exposed, while her chest was slightly revealed, and the white dress emphasized her milky skin even more. The overall appearance was simple with very few flashy patterns, and the hemline barely reached her knees. As a result, her slender and graceful legs were completely exposed, stealing everyone's attention.

If the dress she wore at the previous event made Marie look more mature, the dress she was wearing now made her girlishness increase twofold. They say that women's transformations are innocent, but with such a transformation, any man would have to declare her innocent.

*‘Wow, is this really my girlfriend?’*

It was to the point where one would doubt reality that such a pretty woman could really be their girlfriend. This meant that Marie was exceptionally beautiful.

Moreover, not only was she beautiful, but her personality was also outstanding. From her white hair with a hint of blue, to her milky skin and her jewel-like blue eyes, she was beautiful and lovable to the extent that no one else could replace her.

I watched Marie in silence for a while, waiting for a response, before blurting out my honest impression.

“You’re pretty.”

“That’s it?”

“When describing a woman who looks like a pure, white snow falling from the sky, I think I can use you as a reference.”

“What’s that supposed to mean? That sounds like something a novelist would say.”

Marie blushed at my compliment, looking a little shy but not displeased. I took a good, long look at her, trying to commit her image to memory even though I couldn’t capture it in a picture or painting.

“Isn’t it embarrassing to stare like that?”

“You’re just too pretty, I can’t help it. Sorry.”

“It’s fine. Let’s go outside now.”

Marie blushed again at my frank confession and headed towards me. I gave up my admiration and followed her. Marie would be wearing that dress all day, so it wouldn’t be hard to remember her appearance. It might be a little irritating to see other men giving her attention like hyenas, but Marie was a noblewoman and wouldn’t let them approach her easily.

And since the imperial palace personally dispatched guards to take care of public order, the probability of a crime occurring is extremely low.

“Oh, are the two of you leaving now?”

“Huh?”

As Marie and I were about to leave the mansion together, I heard Cecily’s charming voice in my ear.

Turning my head to look at Cecily, who called us, I couldn't help but catch my breath. Cecily, dressed in a black dress, was so beautiful that it seemed to pierce the sky.

With her arms and back exposed in a halter-neck dress that fixed the straps behind her neck, her prideful chest was even more prominent thanks to the dress.

If it were any other woman, one would simply say she looked sexy, but with Cecily's chest being so large, it felt even obscene. Moreover, the material was subtly clingy, highlighting her figure entirely and stealing our gaze.

*'But the necklace...'*

A slightly strange thing here is the necklace that Cecily is wearing. The dress seemed to boast an expensive value even at a glance, but the necklace had a worn-out appearance.

Even though it was an ordinary silver necklace with not even one jewel, it couldn't help but stand out more compared to Cecily's appearance.

"Wow... that's not fair..."

Marie muttered quietly next to me while I was focusing on the necklace. I nodded in agreement.

Even Marie, who was looking down on Cecily, a woman just like herself, couldn't help but express admiration. You can imagine how beautiful Cecily must be right now.

If Cecily's dress at the last event was striking, she is now fully showing off her strengths. With just her attire, she exudes a seductive aura and her captivating appearance steals my gaze.

grip-

Did I instinctively feel that I shouldn't succumb to temptation? Unconsciously, I grabbed Marie's hand.

Marie flinched for a moment when I grabbed her hand, but soon I felt her grip tightening.

Cecily, who briefly showed a subtle expression when we held hands, smiled softly and spoke.

"If I disturbed your date, I'm sorry. Actually, since this is my first time in this territory, I also need a guide."

“Ah... yes.”

“If you refuse, I’ll just step back.”

I turned my gaze to Marie at Cecily’s request, and coincidentally, Marie was also looking at me. After she smirked, she turned her head back to Cecily.

“Okay. Just for today.”

“Really? You’re really allowing it?”

Cecily reacted with a strong reaction, as if she never thought Marie would permit it.

Her red pupils widened slightly, revealing joy as she strode towards us. Even Marie and I were somewhat shaken by her approach. In fact, I missed the timing to speak, distracted by Cecily’s chest, which was shaking slightly as she walked towards us.

Fortunately, I realized that Marie was next to me and quickly checked her reaction. While I regained my composure, her gaze was still focused on Cecily’s chest. Her blue pupils trembled slightly, as if overwhelmed by an overwhelming presence.

Even when she walked towards us, shaking slightly, it was impossible for anyone, regardless of gender, not to be drawn to her gaze. Marie then swallowed her saliva and spoke in a trembling voice, looking away.

“Uh... okay. But you have to stay by my side instead. Don’t ever come near Isaac.”

“It’s okay. After all, the exhibition is the main purpose, right? Do you really permit it?”

“Yes, so you don’t have to keep asking. There’s something I want to talk to you about, too.”

Her pupils kept trying to go down, but Marie seemed to prevent it by shaking her head slightly.

Marie, who is also a woman, is like that, but I’m a man. In the end, I couldn’t hold out, so I persevered by closing my eyes tightly.

There is a saying that says covering up just a little bit of skin is more provocative than exposing it all, and Cecily is advertising to the world that she is a succubus descendant.

*‘It’s no wonder that I was tempted back then...’*

When I revealed my secret, I remembered what she had done to me. Just thinking about it makes me dizzy and my face turned red as if it's about to burst.

I took a deep breath and tried to calm myself down. My girlfriend is right next to me, so how could I even have these thoughts? As a boyfriend, I'm disqualified...

*'...What's with that? Men are just sad animals.'*

I wonder if Marie will understand, but it might be better to get scolded later. I slowly opened my tightly closed eyes and looked ahead. I caught sight of Cecily's smiling face. I couldn't bring myself to meet her gaze, so I coughed nervously and tried to avoid her.

"What about Isaac? Marie gave permission, too."

"I don't mind, but where is your escort?"

"Don't worry, they're watching over us even if we can't see them."

"Okay, then..."

I heard that he was also a skilled knight in Helium. His abilities are outstanding even by demon standards, so I can relax.

*'By the way, wasn't Cecily supposed to be the next Demon King?'*

At the academy and elsewhere, I wonder if there's any need for escorts. Of course, it could be just for show, so I can't say anything. Anyway, Cecily joined us, so I finished all my preparations and stepped outside the mansion. Marie stood next to me, and Cecily stood next to Marie, and we moved together. As soon as we came out of the mansion, the sunny weather greeted us and made us feel good.

*'Thank goodness it's not raining.'*

Our territory, like South Korea in my previous life, has four distinct seasons. So by now, it's normal for rain to come frequently, but there are no signs of it yet. In addition, the sky was spotless, which made me even more proud.

Then I looked up at the sky and turned my head forward. The security guards at the mansion gate spotted us and opened the gate. Unlike Marie's mansion, it was a simple and ordinary gate, but I had no complaints. On the contrary, I was grateful to the security guards who worked hard even though they were having this festival.

"You're working hard. When will your work be done?"

“Soon, the knight unit dispatched from the palace will be here.”

“Then you might be able to enjoy the festival soon.”

“Haha. That’s right. I hope you enjoy the festival too, my lord.”

After exchanging pleasantries with the security guards, we stepped out of the gate. The distance between the village where the festival was taking place and the mansion was a bit far apart, but we would arrive soon if we walked a little.

Until then, anything they did was just small talk. As luck would have it, Mari started the conversation by approaching Cecily first.

“By the way, Cecily. This might be a little awkward to ask, but can I ask you something?”

“Huh? What is it?”

“How can your chest become so big?”

Until then, anything they did was just small talk. As luck would have it, Marie started the conversation by approaching Cecily first.

“By the way, Cecily. This might be a little awkward to ask, but can I ask you something?”

“Huh? What is it?”

“How can your chest become so big?”

The straightforward question hit Cecily like a curveball. Not only Cecily but even I, who was listening quietly, was taken aback. If there were other people around us, we would have pretended not to have heard it. Maybe we could have acted like we were strangers.

In any case, Marie’s blue eyes contained a deep curiosity and a slight desire(?). Cecily noticed it too and glanced at her own chest before shifting her gaze back to Marie. Then she blushed slightly and opened her mouth with an embarrassed smile.

“Why are you asking that?”

“Isaac keeps staring at you.”

“Hey.”

“Why are you trying to deny it? Did you think I wouldn’t know?”

Marie responded clearly when I looked at her in disbelief. I had nothing to say because everything she said was true.

Is this what it feels like when you want to say something but can’t? I shook my head, feeling helpless against Marie’s expression that seemed to urge me to say something.

As I already said, a man is a sad creature. Upon hearing this, Marie became more confident and said to Cecily again.

“I think Isaac won’t look at anyone else if I grow up like you. Every time you wear a dress like this, Isaac only looks at you.”

“Marie, you’re definitely not on the small side. It’s actually the opposite.”

Cecily spoke to Marie in a soothing tone, as if she were calming a sulking child. In fact, Cecily’s words implied that Marie was bigger than average.

As a noble, Marie naturally had better food and sleeping conditions than commoners, and she had received body management, so it was natural.

“And there are many inconveniences that come with being this big. You know that, right?”

“I do. But I think Isaac will like it.”

“Can’t you talk about this when I’m not around?”

The listener was embarrassed beyond belief. When I pleaded with her to stop, Marie teased me with a playful smile.

“Why? Are you embarrassed?”

“Of course I am. You’re not supposed to talk about those things in public...”

“Can you lend me your ear for a moment?”

Before I could finish my sentence, Marie gestured for me to lend her my ear. I hesitated, wondering what else she would ask of me, but ended up lending her my ear.

Then, after giving Cecily a mischievous grin, Marie cupped her hands around my ear to keep her voice from escaping.

“There’s no need to be embarrassed. Why?”

-You’ll see it all later anyway.

My two legs, which were walking fine until that one word, stopped abruptly. I stared at Marie without being able to close my gaping mouth. Marie’s face turned red on her snow-white cheeks, even though she had said it herself. But looking at her beaming expression, it seemed as though she had already built up anticipation for this moment.

Honestly, I couldn’t help but admire her. The more a woman falls in love, the more devilish she becomes, it seems.

“Okay, let’s stop playing around now. Let’s go enjoy the festival.”

As I stood there stunned for a while, Marie took my hand and led me to the village. I was pulled along by her touch, still in a daze.

Even when the two of us got ahead, Cecily still stayed where she was. As if the world had been split in two, Marie pulled my hand whether Cecily was standing still or not.

“...This is fun.”

With Cecily’s ominous grumble, the exhibition began.

And then...

“This is crazy. What is this?”

“It’s a statue.”

“I know it’s a statue, but... why is it so big?”

As soon as we entered the village, I was reminded once again that there are many perverts in the world.

Translators note:

3 chapters to fill the quota.

Also holy shit Marie is down bad.

## Chapter 90: Exhibition (2)

As mentioned before, being an artist is a costly job. To create one's own work, tools are necessary, and even the cost of those tools is not insignificant. Furthermore, artists often have strong convictions or philosophies of their own, which can lead them to discard completed works. As a result, money goes out while the quality of the artwork may suffer in a vicious cycle.

Due to this structure, art has come to be perceived as a culture enjoyed by nobility or the affluent, as long as they do not indulge excessively in gambling or luxury. Therefore, most famous artists are known to be from the upper class or the wealthy. As a result, art was once a luxury of the nobility and even theatrical and dramatic performances were similar.

However, after the Jayros Revolution in the Kingdom of Ters, culture spread to the entire nation and there was an increase in people from the common or lower class who pursued a career in the arts. Of course, unless they possessed exceptional talent, it was almost impossible to succeed, and most ended up abandoning art and moving on to other means to earn a living.

In order to sustain art, one needs money, but one also needs those who recognize their work in order to earn money, facing such an ironic situation. Nevertheless, there are artists who consistently create their own works in the midst of such circumstances.

In the first place, many artists have chosen honor over money. This is why artists from common or lower class backgrounds tend to have strong determination and unwavering convictions or philosophies of their own. In addition, they possess inexhaustible patience and stamina.

These artists fall into one of two categories. They either endure and eventually give up, or they succeed and make a name for themselves among the public.

People in this world may praise the latter case as the spirit of an artisan or something, but for someone like me with memories from a past life, it can be summed up in just one word.

*'pervert'*

“...What is this?”

And as soon as I entered the village, I could clearly experience what kind of results these perverts can achieve with time, money, and inspiration.

As I stood at the entrance of the village, staring blankly at something that confidently occupied the space, Cecily, who was standing next to me, spoke up.

“It’s a statue.”

“I know it’s a statue. But why is it so... big?”

Marie responded on behalf of me to Cecily’s comment. But she too was mesmerized by the imposing statue, just like me, unable to take her eyes off it.

I stood there for a while, seemingly transfixed, observing the statue carefully.

To describe the appearance of the statue I am looking at now, it depicts a young man who seems to be hitting a middle-aged man with a club.

The young man seems to be trying to block the attack with a dodgy posture, as if telling the middle-aged man not to hit him, and the middle-aged man is swinging the club with an expression of excitement.

The most remarkable thing here is not just the well-detailed muscles, but the expression. Whether I should say it is overflowing with liveliness or it was sculpted based on a real person’s expression.

Above all, the quality is so astonishing that I doubt if it’s appropriate to call this a “statue”.

“There’s a plaque here too. It says... ‘Xenon, who is training under the master’?”

Cecily, who found a plaque while admiring the statue, explained to us.

Although I had already guessed it just by looking at the statue, I never thought that it would vividly depict a scene from the beginning of Book 1.

I scratched my head uneasily and muttered in a perplexed voice.

“Out of all the scenes, why this one...”

“It’s written here too. It was sculpted because it’s not everyday that you see someone learning by getting hit by their master.”

Thank you for the kind explanation, Cecily-noona.

However, I still couldn’t easily get away from the awkwardness of the situation.

The expression on the statue was truly one-of-a-kind, making it difficult to take my eyes off of it.

“So, how does it feel as the original author? Bringing the content from the beginning of the story as it is.”

“Heeuk!”

While I was unable to take my eyes off the artwork, Cecily whispered into my ear with a husky voice. Her sultry voice pierced into my inner ear.

Her voice was already irresistibly sexy, and now she was whispering right into my ear, making me jump in surprise. My ears tickled so much that my body trembled.

“G-Goodness, you scared me. You surprised me.”

“Hehe. So, what’s your answer?”

Cecily, whether I was surprised or not, smiled and asked me. I wrapped my ears in my hands and turned my head back toward the work.

As I mentioned before, I have a bit of a knack for drawing, so I tend to add illustrations.

Thanks to the detailed descriptions in the story, readers can roughly imagine what the characters look like.

Not only in the illustrations but also in the story, the physical descriptions are carefully crafted. Perhaps that’s why the appearances of Xenon and the master, as depicted in the statue, match what I had in mind.

*‘I wonder how long it took to sculpt just this one...’*

I feel like applauding the sculptor. It’s not just a matter of being a fan, but a level of admiration. Even though I’m not a sculptor, I can tell how much effort and dedication must have been poured into achieving this level of result.

Moreover, especially for a sculptor, growth is almost impossible without the guidance of a master, and even the innate talent affects the outcome.

“I feel so proud and respectful of the sculptor. I only had to write, but this person has made a sculpture.”

“Aren’t you belittling yourself too much? You changed the world with your writing.”

“It’s just a matter of perspective. Let’s look at other things too. Marie, let’s go.”

“Huh? Oh, okay. Let’s go.”

Calling Marie, who had been quiet while admiring the statue, they moved on to find other works. Soon after, they were able to find another statue, which seems to be displaying sculptures throughout this street.

“Is this Jin and Lily?”

“It’s for sure, considering the horns.”

“Beautiful.”

I was initially annoyed by the noise from the passersby and tourists on the street, but it didn’t bother me when I was enjoying the sculptures. Occasionally, there were people who glanced at Cecily and Marie, but they were also focused on appreciating the artwork.

“Isn’t that woman a demon?”

“Yeah, I heard there was a demon attending. But it looks like these are nobles, let’s not mess with them for no reason.”

But it was still the medieval era, and sometimes I could hear people whispering about Cecily and Marie. Even if I didn’t want to eavesdrop, I still could hear it, and my eyebrows furrowed in annoyance.

Of course, both women had their own unique beauty, and they were wearing dresses that showed off their figures, naturally drawing attention. At times like this, I wished my ears weren’t so sensitive. I would rather not hear anything...

Snap!

As I was frowning and looking around, Cecily snapped her fingers without saying a word.

And something surprising happened.

The noise from the bustling town suddenly disappeared, and the surroundings became quiet. It was as if we were the only ones in this space, a surreal feeling of tranquility.

I blinked and looked at Cecily, who was smiling brightly as she opened her mouth.

“It’s a silence spell. I took care of the noise because I noticed you were uncomfortable, Isaac.”

“...Did it show on my face again this time?”

“Yeah. I don’t care because I hear that a lot, but I feel bad because you’re uncomfortable. And this is much better, right?”

I smiled at Cecily’s consideration. I had caused trouble by using magic for myself, but it was nothing compared to what the demons who used magic like breathing did. Still, I felt sorry about it.

*‘But I also feel bad...’*

Did she really need to add that last part? I paused for a moment, looking at Cecily’s kind face, before deciding that the important thing now was the exhibition, not her feelings.

Besides, it was rude to have such thoughts in front of my girlfriend, who was right next to me.

So I turned my head away from Cecily and towards Marie. Marie seemed to be completely absorbed in admiring the sculptures at the exhibition.

“Is Marie okay too?”

“Huh? What do you mean?”

“Oh... it’s nothing.”

Her reaction was so cute that I pinched her cheek. Marie looked at me quizzically.

“Why did you pinch my cheek? Do you want a kiss or something?”

“Not yet. Should we look at other places first?”

“Sure. By the way, why did the surroundings suddenly become quiet?”

“It was a bit noisy, so Cecily used a spell.”

Afterwards, we went deep into the village and started to enjoy the festival in earnest through the exhibition. Thanks to the diverse support from the palace, there was plenty of food to eat and plenty to see.

Especially noteworthy was that not only humans but also various races were passing by among the pedestrians. Of course, humans were the most abundant, but elves, dwarves, beastmen, and even demons were all attending the exhibition.

The demons had jet-black hair like charcoal, red eyes, and horns, which were the symbols of a demon, making them even more noticeable.

“...There are demonic beings too.”

“Yeah... I wasn't the only one attending. It feels like a dream...”

Cecily momentarily shocked at the sight of other demonic beings enjoying the exhibition, spoke about her feelings with a slightly hoarse voice.

Until the appearance of Xenon's Biography, demonic beings were treated like ticking time bombs and it was impossible for them to openly roam the streets, but now they were enjoying the festival.

As someone who always worked hard to fulfill the wishes of the demons, Cecily couldn't help but be moved.

I too was surprised like her, but soon I looked at the people who were enjoying the exhibition with a satisfied smile.

All races were gathered together to enjoy the festival with just one exhibition. If it had been before Xenon's Biography, it would have been unimaginable, proving how much the world had changed.

*'I'm getting greedier.'*

My father said that this exhibition itself had the potential to be politically abused, but once I watched the exhibition with my own two eyes, it was impossible not to feel greedy.

How wonderful it would be if there were festivals like the current exhibition where all races could enjoy themselves happily. Of course, there will still be conflicts between races, but we can gradually narrow them down.

While watching the demons mingling in the crowd and enjoying the exhibition, I turned my head to the side.

Cecily seemed unable to distinguish whether the sight she was seeing was a dream or reality, holding both hands tightly and closing her eyes.

“Thank you, Mora...for bestowing this blessing upon me and our demons...”

“... ..”

Seeing the demons praying to their patron god, Mora, my heart became overwhelmed with emotion.

She entered the academy, and because she was a princess, she must have been more moved as a demon.

Feeling embarrassed, I rubbed the back of my neck and then turned to the side, meeting eyes with Marie. Marie chuckled and whispered to me.

“Our cute writer. Now you know how amazing you are, right?”

Playfully, I just pinched her cheek without saying anything. Every time I pinch her white and soft cheeks like snow, it’s addictive.

I really wanted to keep doing it, but it’s a shame I couldn’t because there were too many people watching. I waited quietly until Cecily finished her prayer, then suggested to her.

“Noona, how about going to see that person once?”

“Huh?”

When I recommended it, Cecily turned to me with a skeptical expression. For some reason, her red eyes seemed even darker.

“Well, I’m curious too. How did those people get here? It seems like there’s an interesting story behind them, since they’re mixing with humans and enjoying the artwork. Why don’t we ask them once?”

“Hmm...”

Cecily listened to my explanation and looked towards the demons who were mixed in with the human crowd to enjoy the artwork. If they were noble visitors from Helium, they would be wearing formal attire, but the demons who were currently mixed in with humans were wearing unique equipment.

Therefore, it is highly likely that they are wanderers or adventurers who have come out of Helium, and since Xenon's Biography was launched just a year ago, it is natural to be curious about what they have been doing so far.

Eventually, Cecily watched a demon who was conversing properly with a human woman and nodded her head in agreement.

“Okay. Let's go check it out.”

“Sure. Marie?”

“Hmph. I'll let it slide this time.”

What does it mean to let it slide? I was briefly puzzled by Marie's indifferent response.

Cecily also seemed to be excited, with a brighter expression than before, as she approached the demon who was enjoying the artwork.

“Hold on. Be patient... Don't do it here...”

While approaching, Cecily lightly tapped her chest and muttered softly.

Translators note:

This arc is gonna be loooong.

## Chapter 91: Exhibition (3)

“Excuse me for a moment.”

“huh?”

My companions and I approached the demon man who was having a friendly conversation with a human woman and called out to them for a moment.

The demon stopped talking to the human woman who appeared to be his lover and turned his gaze towards me. If Gartz’s horns were like those of a sheep, then this man’s horns stretched up long and twisted. He had the characteristic black hair of his demon race and, unlike Cecily’s escort knight, Gartz, he had a sturdy build and a flamboyant and passionate appearance.

The human woman, who was assumed to be his lover, was not as beautiful as Marie and Cecily, but she revealed a graceful and adorable charm. However, as the man was a little bigger than her, she was holding onto his arm, almost hanging on him.

“...What can I do for you?”

The demon asked with a lot of suspicion at first, but as soon as he saw Cecily, his expression softened considerably. It seemed he had concluded that at least I hadn’t approached them with any malicious intent since he had another demon beside him.

However, the woman who was assumed to be his lover still didn’t let her guard down. Instead, as soon as the demon became slightly less guarded, she clung to his arm even more tightly.

I looked at the woman who was attached to the demon’s arm like a cicada and turned my head to face the demon. Eventually, I asked a question out of curiosity, facing his reddish eyes, like Cecily’s.

“There are a few things I’d like to ask.”

“Things you’d like to ask?”

“Yes.”

“Well... I don't know what the nobles are curious about, but I'll answer with sincerity.”

The man seemed to have seen through our nobility just by looking at our appearance and clothes. However, he didn't seem to know that Cecily was the princess of Helium. Since there were also social classes in Helium like in human society, if this man was a commoner, he might not even know who Cecily was.

“Rai...”

Meanwhile, the woman who was still holding onto his arm called out to the demon with a worried voice. Her face became even more anxious as she realized that we were nobles. The demon named Rai gave her a gentle smile and patted her head. She seemed a little relieved by her sturdy boyfriend's comfort.

“We're not bad people. We approached because we were really curious, so you don't have to be too wary.”

“...I see.”

“Thank you. Did you say your name is Rai?”

“Yes, I'm Rai Estor.”

“My name is Isaac Ducker Michelle. I was just curious about how you came to our territory.”

Rai looked at me sharply before glancing at Cecily and then spoke calmly.

“Seems like it's because I'm a demon.”

“Exactly.”

“Hmm...”

Rai scratched his chin with a hand that wasn't holding onto the woman. I waited patiently until he opened his mouth.

If Cecily wasn't here, he might have had some doubts after my question, but there was no sign of that. Perhaps Rai didn't realize how close this was to an interview.

However, as a demon, he must have experienced many ups and downs.

“The reason we visited your territory is the same as everyone else’s. We’re both fans of Xenon’s Biography, that’s all.”

“Of course. Then, if I may ask a personal question?”

“That’s fine.”

“As you know, demons couldn’t reveal their true appearance until the release of Xenon’s Biography. They were often treated harshly if they were discovered.”

The more I continued my explanation, the more doubtful the expression on the woman’s face, while Rai’s expression was calm.

It seemed that she trusted Rai absolutely, and it was uncomfortable for her to treat him as a devil.

I glanced at the woman and then got to the point.

“However, Xenon’s Biography changed everything. The perception of demons has completely changed, and they are no longer treated as devils. So my question is this. When did you come out of Helium, what kind of life did he lead, and when did he meet his partner next to him?”

“Was that what you were asking? I’m embarrassed that I doubted you. Hahaha.”

Rai laughed heartily, as if completely dispelling any doubts he had. Thanks to him, the woman seemed to be less suspicious as well.

Then, Rai seemed to organize his thoughts and began to recall his life story with a bright smile.

“As you said, I’m from Helium. I came out to human society about five years ago. There was magic to hide my identity, so there were no problems as long as I was careful. During those years, I met various people and made many connections. Of course, there were dangers. Many times, I found myself in difficult situations, but I always managed to overcome them.”

“Why did you come out of Helium?”

“It’s nothing special. Being only in helium, my body ached and I couldn’t stay still. That’s why I took the risk and came out.”

Rai seemed to have a natural adventurer temperament.

I'm not sure if I should call them brave or reckless for embarking on an adventure despite knowing the discrimination that demons face.

“Have demons who ventured outside of Helium not experienced enough tragedies to warrant such risk?”

Cecily, who had been listening quietly, asked Rai with a somewhat puzzled tone. Unlike me, who used polite language, Cecily spoke informally to Rai, as he was one of her own people, there was no need to use honorifics.

“Well, that's because...”

Rai looked at Cecilie's face as she asked the question, but instinctively his gaze dropped downward. She barely managed to stop herself from snickering at his very male response.

“Ahem. We venture out not because there is something worthwhile, but to find something worthwhile. Demons have lived longer than other species in Helium, so we can't just live there. Although we have experienced both good and bad things, we are experiencing good things now.”

“Are you talking about your significant other next to you?”

“Yes. Even though she knows I'm a demon, she's the only person who stayed by my side. That was even before Xenon's Biography came out.”

The story of Lily and Jin in Xenon's Biography was not just a fiction.

I had expected such beings to exist in a world as vast as this and with so many people, but now that I had met them in person, I felt a strange feeling.

Watching the man and woman who exuded a lovely atmosphere, I smiled gently and spoke.

“It's a very romantic story. I didn't expect to see a story I've only seen in Xenon's Biography.”

“Hahaha. I've already heard that countless times.”

“Then, when were you able to confidently reveal your identity like you do now?”

“Of course, it's been since the fifth volume of Xenon's Biography. Before that, I had no choice but to hide my identity.”

The moment when demons' perception drastically changed was during the climax of the fifth volume, a memorable scene that is still talked about today, Sakran's sacrifice.

It's been speculated that since that scene, the perception towards demons did a complete 180, and they were able to confidently reveal their true form.

"Is it still okay though? Even though Xenon's Biography changed the way demons are viewed, the conflicts that have occurred until now will still be difficult to resolve."

This is a question from Cecily. She is the princess of Helium, so she was somewhat free from discriminatory looks, but she doesn't know much about the commoners' situation.

This worry is natural, as the persecution of demons by other races lasted for over 1000 years. This means that instead of fading away, their emotions have been maintained over this long time period.

Furthermore, there is a history of the demons being labeled as devils by the Savior and massacred, so the divide between the two sides may be deeper than the valley.

Therefore, the demons may still look down on or disdain others, and other races may still view them as devils.

"Yes. Thanks to Xenon's Biography, life has become more comfortable, but there are still discriminatory attitudes in various ways. Just a month ago, there were cases where we couldn't stay at an inn or receive a request because I was a demon."

"... .."

Listening to Rai's story, memories of racial discrimination that were prevalent in my past life naturally came to mind.

Although racial discrimination is strictly prohibited except in certain countries, unfortunately, news often comes out about crimes committed due to racial discrimination.

In this world, there may be even more severe discrimination based on ethnicity than on race, so if we continue to do so, we will definitely not be doing less.

"... We still have a long way to go."

Cecily smiled sadly after listening to Rai's story. Although things have definitely improved since before, prejudices against demons still existed.

Rai spoke in a reassuring tone after seeing Cecily's melancholic smile.

"But you don't have to worry too much. Although there are still unfavorable views towards us, our demon race will no longer be covering. As the princess knows, Xenon's Biography has given us a sense of pride."

"...You recognized me?"

"Of course. Only royalty can wear that necklace. I'm sorry I didn't realize it sooner."

I listened to Rai's words and confirmed the necklace that Cecily wore today. It only looked like an old silver necklace at first glance, but it seemed to have a special meaning to the demons.

*'Come to think of it, did she wear that necklace at the gathering?'*

My memory is not that good, so I'm not sure if she wore this necklace back then. All I remember is Cecily's dress being so striking that it's the only thing that comes to mind.

"No. It seems you were enjoying the exhibition with your lover, but we rudely interrupted you."

"No, it's fine. It was actually a pleasant conversation."

"Then I'll ask you one last thing. Which direction do you think our demon race should go in?"

"As I mentioned earlier, if we follow the phrase in Xenon's Biography, it's enough. We were born as demons, but we are more human than anyone else, moving towards the light. Isn't that enough?"

Rai answered faithfully with a proud smile on his face. It was an answer that only someone with a strong belief could make, and there was no doubt in it.

What I wrote in the book shows the direction that certain people should follow. It was indeed a proud result.

"You're right. That's the identity of our demon race. Anyway, thank you for your answer."

"I hope the princess will also find her light."

Rai gave Cecily a compliment and gently hugged the woman attached to his arm. It seems that he found the light through his relationship with her.

Although they may eventually part ways due to the difference in their lifespans, they will not regret it.

At least for this moment, it will be a beautiful memory for them.

“The light...”

As Cecily muttered something under her breath, she slowly turned her head towards me. I also met her gaze.

After staring at my face intently for a while, she smiled and then shifted her attention to Rai.

“Thank you. Thanks to you, I feel like I’ve rediscovered what light is.”

“I’m honored to have been able to help.”

“You don’t need to. Anyway, let’s go. Oh, by the way, what’s your name?”

“...My name is Veronica Echens.”

“Veronica, you should stick close to Rai as well. As creatures of darkness like us, we tend to wander when the light leaves us.”

“...Okay.”

Veronica’s response was as timid as her appearance. Cecily giggled at Veronica’s response and then spoke to me.

“We should go now.”

“Yes. Marie?”

“...Sure.”

Even though I called out to her, Marie only fixed her gaze on Cecily without looking at me. It was hard to describe, but it seemed like she was on guard. Furthermore, she clung even closer to my body, interlocking her arm with me.

Feeling a bit awkward due to her action, I looked at Marie's expression and couldn't help but be wary. Her blue eyes were filled with deep suspicion.

It seemed like Marie felt something from the conversation between Cecily and Rai earlier. While I was thinking that, Marie called out to Cecily in a quiet voice.

"...Cecily."

"Yeah? What's up?"

"You're not thinking anything strange, are you?"

Cecily blinked her eyes at Marie's uneasy question, then suddenly smiled.

And then, half-closing her eyes, her red eyes glistened and she replied in a low voice.

"I don't know what you're asking."

"You..."

"Well... Marie? How about we have a private conversation just between us?"

After saying that, Cecily looked at me and finished speaking.

"It could be something important to you."

It could be my imagination, but the red light on her horns seemed to have deepened.

Translators note:

## Chapter 92: Exhibition (4)

I gazed at the backs of Cecily and Marie as they left, saying they were going to have a private conversation. When I asked how long it would take, they said it would take a little while and urged me to view the exhibited works until then, as they walked away.

I could guess roughly what they were going to talk about based on the situation just now, but there was no room for me to intervene, so I had no choice but to stay put.

They would return eventually, as I enjoy the exhibited works, but I couldn't help but become curious.

“Hmm...”

What would it feel like to be left alone after starting with three people? I stared blankly at the spot where Cecily and Marie disappeared, then looked around.

Although I was left alone by chance, there were still many passersby going around the village. They all seemed to be busy enjoying the exhibition and festival without a break. This meant that there were few people who cared about me being alone.

*‘Well, let's go for a walk first.’*

Since Cecily said it would take a while, it would be better to look around than to just stand there. I started to enjoy the artworks one by one, which I hadn't seen yet, as I moved my steps.

If sculptures were lined up on both sides of the street like buildings, the art pieces were exhibited all over the village, providing a variety of sights. Artworks were not the only things exhibited at the exhibition.

“A nobleman is above the common people, and a king is above the nobleman, and a kingdom can exist because there are both. However, what supports that nation is strictly the common people. That means that in front of the common people, whether it is a king or a nobleman, they are nothing. But Lord Crost, you are mocking the foundation of that

nation just because you are bothered by them. It is truly the behavior of a true nobleman. Isn't it so?"

"Shut your mouth! How dare you mock me?!"

"Mock? I just stated the facts. I heard that if you poke at the truth, people get angry. But it seems like that statement is true."

There was also a theater company performing on the central stage set up in the middle of the village.

Just to let you know, the Matrics Theater wasn't the only that joined the exhibition, and there were occasional actors who pursued theater as a hobby, even if they were not part of a theater group.

The fact that the performance space was set up in the village square might make some people think that the voices would not be audible due to the people passing by more than in other places. However, thanks to the special work done, the actors' voices came across vividly in my ears.

Moreover, although not on the same scale as the Matrics Theater, the actors' performance skills were outstanding, making it immersive.

For these reasons, there were quite a few people who came to watch the play. Judging from their clothing, most of the people sitting in the chairs placed in front were nobles, while those standing and watching from behind were commoners.

*'I wonder what are the nobles thinking while watching this?'*

The play currently being performed by the theater group is from the early part of the eighth volume, representing the lives of both the nobles and the commoners.

In the scene, they target Xenon, who poses a threat to their privileges, and make him fall into a trap, but instead, they end up being played by him. One might think that most of the people watching the play are commoners, but surprisingly, a considerable number of aristocrats were also watching it. They were not showing any signs of discomfort and were entirely focused on the play itself.

Honestly, I was worried that it might be uncomfortable as the original writer, but luckily it seems that everything turned out well. In fact, even the aristocrats said that they had many thoughts after watching the early part of the eighth volume, so perhaps it was part of it.

*'Even if they cause a commotion, the security guards will stop them, so there shouldn't be any problems.'*

I thought as I stood far away, watching the play and then decided to move my footsteps to look around as there were too many exhibits to focus only on the play.

Before long, I came across a piece of artwork that caught my eye.

“Someone actually drew this.”

In South Korea, there is a very famous meme called the “Hectopascal Kick.” It depicts a scene where a girl delivers a dropkick to a boy who is going crazy, and the phrase “Hectopascal” itself is so random that it has become a meme.

I described that scene in detail in Xenon’s Biography. The protagonist and heroine Mary appears confidently, kicking bad guys with a dropkick. In a world where most of the descriptions were plain, it was an exceptional first appearance that left a lasting impression on countless readers.

*'It's really well drawn.'*

Although the art style may be different because it is set in medieval times, except for that, it was 100% identical to the Hectopascal Kick I knew. From Mary’s purple hair fluttering as she delivered the dropkick to the expression on the gangster’s face as he was hit by it, the composition, characters, and expressions were all perfect, exactly like the Hectopascal Kick itself.

*'Are there other reincarnators besides me?'*

I had thoughts that didn’t even make sense. To find out who the owner of this piece of art was, I lowered my gaze to the bottom, where a sign with an explanation was hanging.

First of all, the artist’s name is Karl Zvazsa. He is from the Minerva Empire, not the Ters Kingdom. The reason why he chose to draw this scene among many others is that it reveals Mary’s personality and identity at once.

Furthermore, it is said that he draws his works in a comical manner to make people laugh, unlike other artists.

“Karl Zvazsa... I should remember this person.”

I took out my notebook and pen, storing in my mind the work of Karl that matched my mental image of Hectopascal Kick. It was in case I forgot the name. As I might have to mention the names of some artists after the exhibition is over, it was essential.

“Phew~”

“Huek?!”

While I was writing down the name in my notebook, someone blew into my ear. I couldn't help but let out a strange scream, feeling ticklish and shivering. I turned my head to check who did this to me. As soon as I confirmed the face of the culprit, I couldn't hide my surprise.

“...Adelia noona?”

“Haha. Nice to see you here.”

It was Adelia, who had left the mansion earlier than me to go to the exhibition. When she greeted me with a cheerful smile, I was surprised. Adelia usually dressed simply even on weekends, but today, she seemed to have put extra effort into her outfit for the festival.

Her short brown hair, grown to the neck, and her beauty without any makeup remained the same, but her outfit was like wings, with a brown vest worn over a white shirt and leather pants that revealed her elegance, perfectly expressing her unique style.

Her cheerful and energetic charm, which was not diminished at all, was still the same as when I saw her at the academy, even though her clothes were different.

“Where are the others? Why are you wandering around alone?”

Adelia asked me with her characteristic husky voice, putting her hand on her waist.

I rubbed my fingers on my ear, which was still tickling, and answered curtly.

“They have something to do. Why are you here, Adelia noona? Weren't you with my sister?”

“Well, I was originally. But Nicole disappeared in the blink of an eye.”

“...Did you get lost?”

“It's not that. I'm not lost, I lost Nicole.”

I chuckled at Adelia's audacity and impudence as she claimed to have lost Nicole when we were in a narrow territory and there was an exhibition going on. I couldn't even imagine how it would have been at the academy.

Adelia seemed to be embarrassed by my laughter and nervously scratched her cheek while chuckling. It seemed like she thought it was unreasonable even though she had just said it herself.

"Anyway, will you accompany me for a while until we meet Nicole? I'm really bad with directions, so I can't even go back to the mansion."

"Walking together is fine. But is it so severe that you can't even return to the mansion?"

"I've wandered around all day while trying to find the dorms at the academy. Impressive, isn't it?"

"That's not something to be proud of. Anyway, are you enjoying the exhibition?"

"I am enjoying it, but..."

Adelia hesitated at my question, then smiled brightly. I felt an indescribable sense of discomfort from her smile. It seemed forced, and I became even more suspicious after seeing her genuine smile just a moment ago.

"Yes, I'm enjoying it without any problems. You don't have to worry too much."

"Hmm...I see."

"How about you, cutie? The exhibition is being held in your territory. Aren't you happy?"

She quickly changed the subject, and though I had a vague idea of the situation, I decided to pretend I didn't know.

But I was still curious, so I continued the topic to get a few more details.

"Of course I'm happy. It's the first time our territory has been so lively in our history. Especially seeing everyone, regardless of their race, enjoying the festival is the proudest moment for me."

"Oh, now that you mention it, I saw some demons as well as werewolves. I was really surprised. Demons usually try to hide their identities and act cautiously."

“That’s all thanks to Xenon’s Biography. How did you used to think about demons before Xenon’s Biography came out, sister?”

“I didn’t really have any thoughts about it. Whether it’s demons or nonsense, I was too busy trying to survive on my own to care about others.”

She spoke as if it was nothing, but I couldn’t just let it go. It gave me a glimpse into Adelia’s past, even if it was only a fragment.

It seemed like her past was more complicated than I thought. I heard that people who laugh a lot often have many hidden wounds within themselves. Perhaps Adelia was the same. I watched her smile brightly, and then quietly asked her a question.

“By the way, where is your hometown? My sister told me you come from a faraway place.”

“Oh...there is such a place. It’s a village without a name, so it’s hard to describe. It was also lucky for me to get into the academy in the first place.”

Adelia replied, putting her hair behind her ear. Her gaze shifted to the right, and I could tell she was lying. Her beauty alone was enough to prove that she wasn’t an ordinary person, and it was clear that she had some connection to nobility.

I glanced at her as she lied and spoke in a calm voice.

“That’s too bad.”

“What do you mean?”

“It’s a shame that you can’t enjoy festivals with your family because of the distance.”

“Family...”

Adelia murmured meaningfully and chuckled, then softly answered with a hint of nostalgia in her husky voice. The huskiness of her voice added to the poignancy of the moment.

“Right. As you said, this kind of festival should be enjoyed with family.”

“... ..”

“It would be so much fun. Chatting with your siblings, enjoying delicious food with your parents...”

Adelia's voice was different from her usual firm tone, and even her usually husky voice sounded softer, conveying a subtlety that could even sense the sadness that had been suppressed in her heart.

Could it be that she had lost her family in the past? Otherwise, it would be impossible to make such a facial expression.

As someone who had also lost their family in a past life, I knew what kind of expression that person would make. Just like Adelia, looking up at the sky and reminiscing about the past.

It was a time when it was just an everyday occurrence, but looking back, it was a happier time than any other. The family who were stronger allies than anyone else.

While Adelia was lost in her memories, I waited for her to wake up while pretending not to notice. I didn't want to force her to recall memories.

“Um...”

But why is she suddenly looking at me? Adelia, who was looking up at the sky with a nostalgic gaze, seemed to have come out of her reverie and shifted her gaze to me.

As Adelia, who stared at me with her sky-blue eyes, pierced me with her gaze, I wondered about her intentions when she grinned and finally spoke in a low voice.

“It would be so nice to have a little brother like you. I think I would find you cute every day.”

“You're starting to talk like my older sister...”

“Ay, don't be so defensive. Didn't I say I would treat my younger sibling well? And if I had a cute younger sibling like you, I would just want to spoil them? I think I know why Nicole cherishes you so much.”

“Oh please, stop it. I have a girlfriend, you know.”

“But not right now, just let me touch you a little. Hm?”

“No, you can't.”

I firmly rejected Adelia, who was clinging to me like a pervert. Adelia, however, seemed a bit disappointed at my resolute rejection, probably because she was sincere about wanting a younger sibling like me.

“Ugh, are you really doing this between us? That’s too much.”

“What do you mean by ‘between us’?”

“Between a friend’s younger sibling and their friend?”

“That’s what other people say.”

“Don’t you think that’s too shameless?”

“I guess that’s not something you should say, considering you threw the first punch when we first met.”

“...I’m really sorry about that.”

Adelia and I chatted while looking around the exhibition, occasionally buying street food. Of course, I paid for everything.

Adelia had originally intended to pay for it instead of me, but as a nobleman’s son, I wanted to refuse at least that.

Due to this, Adelia tried to subtly touch my cheeks and express her gratitude, but when I became unresponsive, she withdrew with disappointment.

“By the way, when will your girlfriend and the demon princess come back?”

“I don’t know. They said it would take some time... Huh?”

It happened while I was walking around, casually eating chicken skewers. I noticed a crowd of people gathered in one particular area, arousing my curiosity. Adelia seemed to have a similar reaction and gazed in the same direction, muttering with a puzzled voice.

“Is there any spectacle?”

“It’s highly likely. Shall we go and see?”

“Let’s do that. I was getting bored anyway. Haam.”

Adelia quickly finished the remaining meat on her skewer and tossed it backwards without looking, perfectly landing it in a nearby trash can.

I briefly made a strange expression at her skilled technique of throwing the skewer without looking, but then shifted my footsteps towards the crowd. As I got closer, I could hear their conversations clearly.

“The royals from the Ters Kingdom have come?”

“Yes. Two of them, the Crown Prince and Princess.”

“Wow. It’s quite an event for our empire to have Ters Kingdom’s royals visiting.”

From what I could deduce from their conversation, it seemed that the royal family from the Ters Kingdom had come to visit.

I was curious about what they looked like, so I craned my neck to get a better look at their faces, but there were too many people around to make it difficult to see. Eventually, I gave up, thinking that I would have to see them if the opportunity arose.

However, I realized belatedly that Adelia’s reaction was not normal.

“Those guys... came here...?”

“Adelia noona?”

Did she experience some kind of shock? Adelia’s complexion rapidly turned pale, and her sky-blue pupils began to shake aimlessly. Even when I called her name and shook her arm, Adelia remained rooted to the spot.

“Noona.”

“... ..”

“Noona, snap out of it.”

“Huh? Oh, yeah.”

Eventually, I forcibly brought her back to reality by pulling her cheek. Adelia was startled by the pinch and blinked her sky-blue eyes a few times. Then, with a vacant expression on her face, she looked at me before exhaling deeply and smiling widely. It was a forced smile that felt very awkward and fake.

“Uh, sorry. I spaced out for a second.”

“Is everything okay?”

“Not at all. I’m suddenly feeling dead tired.”

It is clear that there was a problem as they spoke nonsense. I thought of the Ters royal family, who were probably beyond the crowd gathered around. Perhaps Adelia is related to them. It is highly likely because she showed a reaction like she lost her soul as soon as she heard that royalty from Ters Kingdom came to visit.

*‘There seems to be more complex circumstances than I thought.’*

Escaping from here quickly would be good for me and especially for Adelia. I held Adelia’s hand, who was still confused. I felt Adelia flinch as I held her hand.

“... Cutie?”

“Let’s go somewhere else. It would be difficult to squeeze in here with so many people.”

“Um... Can I stay here for a while?”

“Why?”

“I want to check something out. It’s my personal matter, so you go alone.”

Adelia asked me with a trembling voice. And she still had a pale complexion, trembling pupils, and started to sweat on her cheeks.

Adelia is already showing symptoms of anxiety attack. If this goes on, we don’t know what might happen to her. People cannot remain sane when they are in extreme anxiety.

For her sake, and because I could get tangled up in unnecessary complications, I firmly refused.

“No, we can’t. Do you know how noona is doing right now? Whatever is going on with them, it’s better for you to stay calm.”

“No, absolutely not. It’s a very personal matter, so keep your hands off. It will be just for a moment, just to check okay?”

Adelia grew anxious and started to hit my hand, but I didn’t budge and pulled her closer. Perhaps because her anxiety was getting worse, she couldn’t put up much of a fight. I couldn’t just ignore her because she was Nicole’s precious friend, even if I would have ignored her if she were a stranger.

“Take a deep breath and try to calm down first. I can feel your heart rate fluctuating just from holding your hand.”

“Is it that bad?”

“Why don’t you try placing your hand on your chest and thinking for a moment?”

Adelia followed my suggestion and put her hand on her chest. Then, a little belatedly, she realized her own condition and took a deep breath before exhaling slowly. At that moment, I tried to let go of Adelia’s hand.

“Adelia Unni?”

A lively and somewhat husky voice entered my ears. Both Adelia and I turned our heads in the direction of the voice. The first thing that caught my eye was her sky-blue eyes, unlike the deep blue of Marie and Rina, but a light shade of aquamarine.

Next to the girl were a man and a woman. They all had unique characteristics with sky-blue hair and eyes that emitted charm. As their hair was a contrasting red color to mine, they seemed even more mysterious.

“Adelia Unni!”

A doll-like cute girl with twinkling eyes shouted Adelia’s name loudly, causing a momentary pause in the situation. Adelia trembled and stepped back in surprise.

Just as the girl was about to approach Adelia, someone grabbed her shoulder and stopped her. The owner of the hand was a woman who stood beside them, dressed in a uniform that could be worn by a knight rather than a dress. She had tied her hair in a ponytail, and her mature charm was subtly spread.

“You can’t do that.”

“Huh? Hiliya Unni?”

The girl looked at her questioningly as the woman in uniform spoke in a concise and gruff tone.

Although the girl was puzzled, the gaze of the woman named Hiliya was fixed solely in one place, and it was definitely not a friendly look. It was, in fact, at the level of contempt.

I slowly turned my head towards the direction of her gaze.

“... ..”

Adelia’s sky-blue eyes, just like those of the people in front of her, shook aimlessly.

thump – thump – thump

Even though I was holding her hand, I could clearly feel her heart beating wildly.

Translators note:

I just translated the first NSFW chapter for this novel and I must say hoLY FUCK  
WHAT THE FUCK DID I JUST READ WHY WAS IT ACTUALLY GOOD WHY DID  
CHAT GPT TRANSLATE IT BETTER THAN ANYTHING EVER BEFORE AND  
WHY WAS IT JUST SO WELL FUCKING WRITTEN?!?!?

But yeah it was pretty good. You will propably see it in like 3 weeks. But it will be on  
kofi for subscribers this week.

So yeah, a shameless plug. If you want to read ahead, up to 15 chapters, go to my kofi.

# Chapter 93: Two Girls (1)

When Isaac and Adelia were having a subtle encounter with the Ters royalty, Marie and Cecily left the event and arrived at a desolate place on the outskirts of the village.

Despite receiving extensive support from the royal family, there were still places in Michelle territory where human hands had not touched. This phenomenon was particularly noticeable as they went further out towards the outskirts of the village.

The village and the outskirts seemed to be separated as if by a distinct line, which created many suitable places for walking around unnoticed.

Marie and Cecily were standing face to face in the outskirts of the village. The towering trees, which had been nurtured by the earth for decades, provided shade from the blazing sun.

“So, why did you call me out here to talk?”

Marie stood with her arms crossed, giving Cecily a sullen look. Her mood was currently very uncomfortable, to say the least.

Originally, she had planned to enjoy the exhibition with Isaac alone, but her plans were ruined by the woman in front of her. To make matters worse, they were now completely alone.

As someone who had been looking forward to a romantic date, Marie was not surprised that her annoyance had turned into frustration. Even though she wanted to ignore Cecily’s words and feelings, she couldn’t do so because of the atmosphere.

She knew that she would have to call her out separately soon, if not now. As a woman, and with Marie’s characteristically sharp intuition, she knew it was the right thing to do.

I decided that it would be better to solve the annoying problem as quickly as possible, so I obediently followed behind Cecily. And when we arrived, we were under this tree.

“Sorry. It’s something I absolutely have to talk to you about.”

Cecily looked at Marie, who was uncomfortable, and then answered with a bright smile that was beautiful and refreshing enough to naturally relieve her guard.

But Marie didn't react that way. On the contrary, she narrowed her eyes, making her wariness even stronger.

Then she quickly scanned Cecily up and down, exhaled a long breath through her nose, and placed her hand on her chest.

"I'm telling you in advance, I have absolutely no intention of giving you Isaac. I confessed to Isaac first, and he likes me too. Got it?"

Marie's firm and decisive statement drew a clear line, stating that she would not give in to her.

If it were an ordinary person, they might have flinched at Marie's momentum, but there was no such indication from Cecily. On the contrary, she seemed to have fully anticipated it, nodding her head with a slight smile.

"I know. I've watched from the sidelines how much you like Isaac. It was a little surprising that you talked to me about chest size. I felt like I had received a punch after a long time."

"Okay, I get it."

"But Mari, do you happen to know about polygamy?"

"... What?"

As soon as polygamy was mentioned from Cecily's mouth, Marie opened her eyes and wondered if she had misheard it.

Cecily maintained a small smile, as if acknowledging that what Marie had heard was correct, and spoke in a calm and gentle tone.

"What you heard is correct. It is a custom for one man to have multiple wives. This is a common practice not only in human society but also in Helium and even in Animers."

"Hey. You..."

Marie repeatedly opened and closed her mouth like a fish.

As a princess of a nation, and furthermore, Cecily who was expected to be the next demon lord, this was never a suitable topic for her to speak about. With Cecily's position, it was normal to practice monogamy instead of polygamy.

Helium has not yet engaged in diplomacy, but in terms of national power alone, it was strong enough to rival Alvenheim.

Above all, in most cases, polygamy is linked to political reasons rather than romantic love. It's like a weak country sending its princess to marry into a powerful country to form a strong alliance.

Marie could not tolerate Cecily using Isaac as a political tool, regardless of anything else. Polygamy and nonsense like that should never be allowed.

With a dry laugh, she muttered to Cecily as if she could not stand it.

“Ha. I thought you were different from Rina... I must have misjudged you. I never thought you would hide such a vulgar intention.”

“... ..”

“Do you really think Isaac would accept that? Someone who hates politics so much?”

Marie can boast that she knows about Isaac better than anyone else, except for his family, of course. Anyway, Isaac is an ordinary young man who is simple, considerate of others, and enjoys writing.

He wrote Xenon's Biography purely as a hobby, and he simply brought life to another world that was in his mind and captured it in a book. Therefore, it took him a long time to realize his popularity.

Well, sometimes he got fixated on strange parts, but it didn't matter to Marie. In fact, she liked it better because she could see Isaac's blunt reaction.

She approached Isaac not with a political intention but with pure kindness, and their relationship grew into love. At least she could claim that her love for Isaac was more pure than anyone else's.

“Um... I don't know what kind of misunderstanding you have, but that's definitely not true. Politics is just an additional factor. My feelings for Isaac are genuine.”

Despite Marie's continuous ramblings, Cecily maintained a calm attitude.

In addition, she smiled and blushed slightly, as if she were a shy woman being confessed to. This made Marie more confused than ever.

As mentioned before, she was born with the ability to instinctively distinguish whether a person's words were true or false. And now, her heart was screaming that every word Cecil spoke in his gentle voice was true. There was no political intention, just a very pure heart of a maiden in love.

Marie could vividly feel it.

“...Since when?”

“Do you believe me? Really?”

When Marie believed without any suspicion, Cecily asked with a bright expression while holding her hands, moved by her reaction.

Marie, on the other hand, responded with silence without nodding her head. Whether Cecily's heart was sincere or fake, it didn't matter because there were various types of sincerity.

If her heart was very impure, Marie would have refused instantaneously, and even if it was pure, she would have done the same.

Marie had no intention of sharing her Isaac with anyone, without even a speck of pretense.

She wanted to see him every day, hug him all day long, and share various types of love with him. However, the moment she shared him with someone else, even that time would be cut in half.

As someone who had been betrayed by someone she trusted in the past, she could never give up Isaac.

“I'm grateful that you believe me. As for when it started... it's a bit ambiguous. I had a liking for Isaac at the beginning of the semester, and it turned into love after the release of Xenon's Biography volume 9. To be exact, it was when we talked alone. Do you remember?”

“... ..”

Marie remembered. After that, she became a little impatient, talked to Isaac and confessed her feelings, and started dating after she kissed him first. Although the process was unusual, like crossing a moat, there was no problem because the result was good.

“You said this to me back then. That love formed by sharing secrets is worthless, because it means that you like the person’s secret, not the person themselves.”

“I remember it clearly.”

“Thanks to you, I realized that I truly like Isaac.”

What is this nonsense again? Marie blinked her eyes at Cecily’s explanation that she couldn’t understand.

Cecily looked at Marie’s expression and smiled gently, placing a hand on her chest.

Was it because she thought of Isaac’s face? Her heart throbbed harder than usual.

It was pounding so hard that even the demon’s typical patience couldn’t hold it back, and she felt a strong desire rising, perhaps because the evil cycle was approaching.

*‘ It’s coming earlier than planned... ’*

Originally, the evil cycle came at certain intervals, but there were cases where it came earlier in special situations. That’s when the ‘desire’ that was like drugs to the demons came into the equation.

The stronger the desire, the stronger the red glow of the horn becomes, and if it cannot be endured, the evil cycle comes. And if you can’t stand that either, you become a devil.

Cecily was in a similar situation. If it was before, she would have just passed it off as nothing, but since she realized her feelings for Isaac, the desire started creeping up.

Even she didn’t know how this desire would manifest itself. Until now, it had come like a physiological phenomenon, but now it had suddenly appeared as if she had taken drugs.

Fortunately, she could be sure that she would never become a devil, but like a human woman becoming violent during her period, she might experience a similar phenomenon herself.

Cecily closed her eyes tightly and calmed down her heart that was pounding as if it were about to burst, then slowly opened her eyes and looked at Marie.

“At first, I was confused too. Is this feeling directed towards Isaac himself, or towards our savior of the demon race? But the conclusion was surprisingly easy to come to.”

“...And what is the conclusion?”

“It’s both.”

It was a very clear but at the same time difficult to understand conclusion. However, Marie quickly understood the meaning through Cecily’s explanation that followed.

“Isaac is the author of Xenon’s Biography, and the author of Xenon’s Biography is Isaac. Who do I love? It doesn’t matter. Isn’t it strange to value one over the other when it’s the same person? The author who wrote Xenon’s Biography, that is, Isaac, is the one who saved our demon race. The feeling towards Isaac is true because of this.”

As the absurd logic flowed out of Cecily’s mouth, Marie became dumbfounded. In fact, everything she said was true. No matter how much they tried to separate themselves, the fact that Isaac is the author of Xenon’s Biography cannot be changed and is like the truth.

So it’s not strange for Cecily to have feelings for Isaac. Xenon’s Biography was a salvation given to demons like Cecily by heaven. It is an invaluable treasure that has completely solved the harsh persecution and discrimination that lasted for a thousand years.

Cecily smiled and put her hand on her chest as Marie listened to her words attentively.

“So I want to repay Isaac, who saved our demon race. Honestly, I don’t think my feminine charm falls behind at all. Don’t you agree?”

“...I do.”

She had to admit it. Marie carefully scrutinized Cecily’s appearance. With silky jet-black hair and mysterious red eyes exuding an overall mature image, she had a beautiful appearance. Her plum-like lips also emitted a subtle hue. Above all, the most noticeable thing is undoubtedly her figure. Her chest, displaying overwhelming presence, goes without saying, and her waist and hip line, which smoothly connect, are emitting an irresistible charm.

As much as it hurts her pride, Cecily is superior to Marie in terms of feminine appeal. Marie trembled at the fact that she couldn't deny objectively and hurriedly opened her mouth.

“Still, I never thought of sharing Isaac with anyone else. I have no intention of losing him to you.”

“I'm sorry, but your opinion doesn't matter. Isaac's opinion is important.”

“Are you picking a fight with me right now?”

With a voice full of anger, Marie pushed her back against Cecily's provocative statement. Cecily smiled differently than before, looking somewhere ominous and very sinister. She then looked at Marie, who seemed to be snarling like a cat with fur bristling.

“Why are you talking as if he was already yours? You're still in the dating stage, and aren't officially engaged or married, right?”

“You...!”

“And I can also provide great help to Isaac politically. Although it's still in its early stages, our Helium has begun to establish exchanges with other countries, and demons have strong power from birth, so we can benefit diplomatically.”

Although Helium has taken a semi-compulsory and closed stance, Cecily is a princess of a whole country.

Marie is the daughter of the Duke of Requilis, who has the power second only to the emperor, but she can't help feeling inadequate compared to Cecily.

As a woman and as a noble. Her position was far behind Cecily, making her uneasy.

‘... Absolutely not.’

This is a declaration of war. Cecily's declaration that she will somehow take Isaac.

And Marie will have to fight a siege to protect Isaac...

‘... Huh? Wait a minute.’

A question popped up in Marie's mind. It is true that Cecily is charming, but she is a demon and Isaac is a human.