

ABNORMALITY IN TYPE-MOON: MADNESS OF ANIMEVERSE

Chapter 51: Chapter 51: The End of the Line



[🗨️ Shoutout to N3bul0u5, John Doe, Sabre for joining patreon. Thank you very much. □]

"Everyone, leave this place immediately!"

Rin Tohsaka's voice rang out, as loud as she could manage, echoing through the shelter.

If you listened carefully, there was a faint tremor in her tone.

It was the middle of the night, but Zenjou, who was working overtime, rushed over without even a proper greeting. He quickly began urging the staff to evacuate the premises.

Ichika Nakano and the other ten or so refugees bowed their heads and followed the staff out of the lobby.

Atram glanced around, sensing that something was wrong. But due to his pride, he maintained a composed façade, standing still with an air of arrogance.

With a loud bang, the shelter door slammed shut as Rin left.

In an instant, the vast shelter lobby was reduced to just two people: Roy and Atram. A cold draft seemed to rise from nowhere, filling the empty space between them.

"What now? Are you challenging me to a duel?"

Atram's alertness spiked. His eyes locked onto Roy, who hadn't moved a muscle, yet he sneered through clenched teeth.

"Heh..."

Roy let out an exaggerated sigh.

"Atram, I'm not in a good mood today."

He raised his hand, slowly removing the glasses perched on his nose.

At that moment, it was as if a switch had been flipped.

The smile on Roy's face vanished, replaced by an overwhelming sense of dark, suffocating malice.

"Who do you think you are? You think you're Tohsaka Rin?"

Roy's lips curled into a disdainful grin, his head tilted upward, the storm brewing in his eyes.

His footstep echoed—thud—as his leather boots clicked against the tile floor, the sound reverberating in the hollow hall.

A thin sheen of sweat appeared on Atram's forehead.

"What are you trying to do... a magic battle? I'm not afraid of you!"

As Roy approached, Atram's wariness collapsed under the weight of his rising panic. He knew Roy's magical prowess was formidable—just from the barrier he'd helped repair. So before Roy could get any closer, Atram snarled and, in a show of intimidation, pulled out his magical artifact.

It was a small ceramic jar.

Its surface bore signs of wear and age, with intricate patterns hinting at ancient human imagination.

The artifact had been excavated from a Middle Eastern ruin. It was often considered the world's oldest battery—created not for practical electrical use, but as an accidental discovery while attempting to gild objects. In the world of magic, the concept extracted from such ancient artifacts formed the basis of the "Primitive Battery" technique.

This was Atram's family specialty, and it fit the image of nouveau riche magi perfectly.

"You've only been practicing magic for a few years! Let me teach you something—magical knowledge doesn't equal strength!"

Feeling his confidence return, Atram smirked as he held the jar. Injecting his magic into the artifact, a pale electric glow flickered to life across its surface. In the blink of an eye, the light expanded outward, forming a web of electricity that shot toward Roy.

In the magical world, knowing more magic didn't necessarily make you stronger. The key was transforming that knowledge into power.

The "Primitive Battery" allowed Atram's family to convert various forms of magical energy—such as vitality—into electricity, a force revered by many mythologies and regions since ancient times.

It was one of the more destructive techniques in magic, capable of altering weather if deployed by a large enough group. But—

"Pathetic."

Roy's eyes opened, and the glow of his Mystic Eyes radiated out.

In an instant, Atram felt something wedge itself between him and the jar.

In the blink of an eye, the ceramic jar slipped from his control.

Even though he had activated the spell, the magic now felt as if it belonged to someone else.

The electric web hanging in midair vanished like mist, dissipating silently.

"—M-Mystic Eyes?"

Atram's voice wavered, tinged with a fear he hadn't even realized he possessed.

Mystic Eyes were the mark of an elite magician, but if someone was born with them, it signified a rare, innate power.

And those of gem-level were always innate.

But he's a homunculus, right? How could a homunculus have Mystic Eyes?

Roy casually waved a finger.

The electricity from the jar flared up again, forming a massive hand of lightning that lunged toward Atram.

"Aaaghhhhhhh—!!"

Before Atram could process the chaos in his mind, the electric hand clamped down on him. As he screamed, currents surged through his body, burning his skin to a crisp.

The pain silenced his voice, even destroying his vocal cords, rendering him unable to scream anymore.

Worse still, he could feel his magic power draining away.

Yes, the electricity generated from his own artifact was using his magic against him.

Could there be anything more humiliating?

With his limited magic reserves, it wasn't long before Atram was spent.

He collapsed onto the floor, his entire body charred black, the burns covering every inch of him.

For an ordinary person, these injuries would be fatal. But for a mage, their inherent vitality allowed him to cling to life a little longer.

Roy approached, a dissatisfied expression on his face.

"You're already down? How disappointing."

Please... let me go...

Atram's primal instinct begged for mercy. But his destroyed vocal cords prevented him from speaking, from even pleading for his life.

Roy activated the runes on his arms and legs, walking over to Atram's prone form. He bent down, placing a boot on Atram's shoulder and gripping his arm.

With a sharp yank, the sound of tearing flesh filled the air as he ripped Atram's arm clean off.

A twisted grin spread across Roy's face, malicious satisfaction radiating from him.

Atram could do nothing.

No screams.

No resistance.

Like a condemned prisoner awaiting execution, he lay there, waiting for his end.

...

Ten minutes later.

With a soft creak, the shelter door opened once again.

Roy stepped out, glasses perched on his nose, a smile playing on his lips.

"...Feeling better now?"

Rin was the only one waiting outside. Her expression was complicated as she looked at Roy.

"Refreshed, beyond words!"

Roy exhaled heavily, as if purging all the pent-up negativity in his heart.

"What about the refugees? Let's get going. The sun's almost up, and I'm exhausted. Let's finish the attendant paperwork and head home to sleep."

Before leaving, Rin glanced back inside the shelter.

No blood.

No remains.

Not even any clothes.

All that was left were scattered patches of thin, gray ash.

Rin's heart felt heavy, weighed down like it had been filled with lead.

"Sometimes I wonder if you're a murderer," she said quietly.

"How rude. I love humanity," Roy responded, his smile completely sincere.

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Chapter 52: Chapter 52: Seven Women in the House



[👉 Shoutout to Kieta_Aki for joining patreon. Thank you very much.👈]

In the Aozaki residence, before the sun had even risen, Kasumigaoka Utaha was already forced to get up.

The reason? Last night, their master, Roy, who had gone out to hunt down the corrupted Servants to protect Fuyuki City, had returned.

"Lord Roy, as long as you're safe, nothing else matters," Kasumigaoka sighed in relief when she saw Roy come back, calm and unscathed. The heavy weight in her chest finally lifted.

She glanced around the living room.

Near the heater, a small, white-haired, red-eyed girl, who bore a striking resemblance to Roy, was curled up.

Sitting at the table were a pair of identical twin sisters.

The mayor of Fuyuki, Tohsaka Rin, whom Utaha had met a few times before, was also seated there, sipping plain water.

Kasumigaoka wasn't sure how to describe her current emotions.

There was no denying it—she felt a slight twinge of jealousy.

At that moment, she had to admit something to herself.

She had begun to develop a faint affection for Roy, the man who had saved her in a time of peril.

Kasumigaoka Utaha wasn't one to deceive herself; she was always straightforward with her feelings. If she stayed here for a few more months and got to know Roy better, she imagined she might actually confess to him.

But now?

She looked at Tohsaka Rin, glanced at the white-haired loli, then swept her eyes over the twin sisters. Finally, she cast a sidelong glance at Hayasaka Ai, who was busy cooking in the kitchen.

Her face remained expressionless, and she said nothing.

What... is this?

Rin Tohsaka, she could accept. But why, after just one night, were there three new women in this house?

She counted carefully—there were already six women living here! No, wait, if you included that strange Servant, Okita Souji, that made it seven!

"Utaha, let me introduce you," Roy called her over with a wave.

"This is Illya, Illyasviel von Einzbern. I rescued her from the corrupted Servants, and she'll be staying with us from now on. Just think of her as my... well, my sister."

"I'm the older sister!"

Illya, who had been lounging by the heater, immediately shot up in protest.

"I was born long before Roy! I was created right after the Fourth Holy Grail War ended, so Roy should be calling me his big sister!"

"Alright, alright, you're the older sister. Happy now?"

Roy shrugged, looking helpless but indulgent, his tone full of affection for the little white-haired girl.

Kasumigaoka's expression became complicated.

No matter how she looked at it, this white-haired loli couldn't be more than eleven or twelve years old. How was she claiming to be Roy's big sister, when Roy looked to be around sixteen or seventeen?

But then again... created?

What did she mean by that?

The Fourth Holy Grail War—that was ten years ago, wasn't it?

And Einzbern? That name sounded familiar.

Hadn't Roy mentioned it before? Weren't they one of the Three Founding Families who had created the Holy Grail? They were punished by the Mage's Association and had to give up their homunculus technology...

Homunculus?

Created?

Ten years ago?

Sister... and brother?

Kasumigaoka suddenly rubbed her temples.

A lot of things were starting to make sense.

On her first night at the Aozaki residence, she had felt something slightly off about Roy's appearance after his bath. At the time, she couldn't pinpoint what it was, but now she understood the source of that discomfort.

Roy's face was too perfect, like it had been sculpted by human hands. His entire body seemed meticulously crafted, with no imperfections—something you wouldn't normally see in a human being.

Because a normal person would always have some rough edges, somewhere.

But Roy didn't.

That was the source of her unease.

Oh, and of course, his Mage's Rank...

Why didn't I see it sooner?

Despite Roy's exceptional magical prowess—his ability to effortlessly sneak into houses shielded by magical barriers, and his own comments about the treatment of homunculi—she hadn't connected the dots. She hadn't realized that his low rank as a mage was due to this.

"These two are Ichika and Miku Nakano," Roy continued, introducing the twin sisters. "They're refugees we found outside the city, captured by the corrupted Servants. We rescued them, and now they're my attendants. For now, Miku is under Rin's name, but they'll both be living here from now on."

Kasumigaoka's expression, already complicated, grew even more so. Roy smiled as if he didn't notice and continued with the introductions.

"Hello," Ichika greeted, looking relatively composed.

During their journey back to the Aozaki residence, Ichika had carefully apologized to Roy for using his name to reject Atram's advances without permission. Of course, Roy hadn't been upset at all and had even comforted her, which had eased her nerves.

"H-Hello..."

Beside her, Miku seemed much more timid. Her eyes were red, as if she had been crying earlier.

She looked so timid, almost like a small rabbit.

Maybe she'd make a good bunny girl.

"And where's Saber?" Kasumigaoka asked, dragging herself out of her tangled thoughts.

"Ah, as for Okita..." Kasumigaoka trailed off as she showed Roy to a nearby side room.

"S-Sorry, Master... I couldn't greet you properly..."

Inside, Okita Souji lay on a bed, pale as a sheet, her breathing weak.

"After bringing Illya back, she suddenly coughed up a lot of blood, so we let her rest," Kasumigaoka explained.

"Ah, it's her old illness. Even as a Servant, she's still stuck with the same sickness that killed her in life. Luckily, it didn't flare up during battle. Don't worry; Servants can't die from illness. She'll recover after resting for a while."

Okita Souji could only offer a weak, speechless smile.

After making sure Okita was resting well, Roy and Kasumigaoka returned to the living room.

"Okita... sickly... Servant?"

Miku's ears perked up again, and her eyes sparkled with curiosity.

"Breakfast is ready," Hayasaka Ai announced, bringing the food to the table.

For a moment, everyone set aside their concerns and gathered around the dining table to enjoy the meal.

With so many people, the table was a bit crowded.

"I'm heading home to rest now. If anything comes up, just contact me through my familiars," Rin said with a yawn after finishing breakfast. She left the Aozaki residence shortly after.

"Lord Roy, please take a bath. I've already prepared the hot water," Hayasaka Ai said with impeccable professionalism as she returned to the living room.

"Thanks," Roy replied with a smile, grabbing a change of clothes before heading into the bathroom.

Left behind in the living room were the five women.

Kasumigaoka and Hayasaka exchanged glances with Ichika, while Miku shrank back like an ostrich, seemingly wanting to speak but hesitating.

Meanwhile, Illya quietly observed the other four women.

Suddenly, there was a loud thud from the direction of the bathroom.

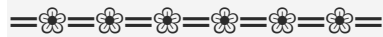
"Roy?"

Illya froze for a moment before quickly rushing towards the bathroom.

Moments later, she emerged, dragging a stark-naked Roy out of the bathroom, bound tightly in silver threads.

Illya wore a serious expression as she looked at the other women, focusing particularly on Kasumigaoka and Hayasaka, who seemed just as startled.

"Something's triggered the curse on Roy's body. Do any of you have any idea what's going on?"



Chapter 53: Chapter 53: Utaha



[👉 Shoutout to Witch_of_serenity & The_Hidden_Hermit for joining patreon. Thank you very much.☐]

"A curse?"

Ichika and Miku Nakano both looked confused.

They didn't even understand what a curse was in this strange world.

Kasumigaoka Utaha and Hayasaka Ai, however, immediately turned pale.

Their eyes snapped to Roy. As expected, his face was already flushed, his skin inflamed as if burned. His fingernails, claw-like, had scratched deep wounds into his own flesh.

If it weren't for the silver threads binding him, his body would have been even more mangled.

His slender, naked body made the girls blush with embarrassment as they averted their eyes.

"The curse on him runs deep. This definitely isn't the first time it's erupted. Have any of you seen this curse flare up before?" Illya asked coldly, her gaze moving between Utaha and Hayasaka.

"It happened three nights ago."

Hayasaka recalled that night. Roy had suddenly collapsed in the warehouse when his curse had surged. Aozaki Touko had carried him inside. They had only glanced at him then, but his appearance had been identical to what it was now.

"And how did you deal with it that time?"

Illya's sharp gaze locked onto Hayasaka, her tone growing increasingly impatient and anxious.

"That time..."

Hayasaka began to speak but hesitated halfway through.

Illya's brows furrowed, and irritation seeped into her voice.

"What are you hesitating for? Time isn't on our side. How long are you going to let Roy suffer like this?"

"That time, Aozaki Touko used... her body to help him vent the curse."

Utaha's voice broke through the tense atmosphere, drawing Illya's attention.

"Used her body...? I see. That's certainly effective. I didn't expect Aozaki Touko would go that far to relieve Roy's curse..."

Illya muttered to herself.

Meanwhile, Ichika and Miku Nakano were utterly stunned.

Wait, what?

Using her body to relieve the curse?

Vent?

It couldn't possibly mean what they were thinking, right?

Was this world's logic seriously that insane?

"Since that's the case..."

Illya pondered quickly, her eyes sweeping across the four women in the room.

"I'll take Roy back to his room. In the meantime, one of you needs to decide who will go in and help him."

"Let me be clear," Illya added coldly. "Roy may treasure you all, but I don't. If you can't decide who it's going to be by the time I return, I'll throw all four of you in there, no exceptions."

With that, she used her silver threads to lift Roy's unconscious body and carried him toward the master bedroom.

In truth, the most suitable choice would have been that sturdy Servant of his, but Okita was too ill to do anything. So, these women would have to do.

Back in the living room.

The four women trembled at Illya's heartless declaration. Even the usually stoic Hayasaka Ai couldn't help but grit her teeth in frustration.

As for the Nakano sisters, they were utterly dumbfounded. Had they just escaped one predator's den only to fall into another?

"Have you decided?"

Illya returned swiftly, her eyes as sharp as ever.

"I'll do it," Kasumigaoka Utaha said, standing up from her seat.

She tried to maintain her composure, but the trembling in her legs and the flush in her ears betrayed her inner turmoil.

Ichika had started to rise but quickly and quietly sat back down, while Miku looked at Utaha with the wide-eyed admiration of someone gazing upon a savior.

Hayasaka's expression was complicated. But she agreed with Utaha's decision.

Of everyone here, Utaha had been with Roy the longest, and she wasn't technically his attendant like the Nakano sisters who had just arrived today. She was the most suitable choice.

"Besides, Utaha owes Lord Roy quite a lot," Hayasaka thought silently. If no one had volunteered, and Illya had planned to throw them all in, Hayasaka would have suggested Utaha anyway.

Cold and pragmatic, but that was the reality.

Fortunately, Utaha had stepped up on her own.

Now, Hayasaka wouldn't have to play the villain.

"You're quick to decide. I like that," Illya smiled, her small face showing an eerie satisfaction. She didn't seem like a twelve-year-old girl at all; instead, she carried the air of someone who held everyone's fate in her hands.

"I'll lessen the pain for you," Illya said, stepping closer.

She did something, though Utaha didn't feel anything different. Her body, however, began to glow faintly.

Under Illya's watchful gaze, Utaha took a deep breath and opened the door to the master bedroom.

Upon entering, she was greeted by the sight of deep, clawed gashes all over the walls, vicious and menacing.

Only now did she remember what Aozaki Touko had said: Roy often bore the burden of the curse alone. These must have been the scars from his solitary battles against it.

Utaha walked to the bed.

Roy lay there, completely naked, covered in wounds—some fresh, some old. Some seemed to have healed long ago, but others were deep, indicating damage to his internal organs.

His eyes were glazed, his consciousness unclear, his entire body flushed red. His jaws were clenched tight as he endured the dual torment of both physical and mental anguish.

Biting her lip, Utaha undressed and climbed into bed, wrapping her arms around Roy.

A faint fragrance filled the air, and the sight of her smooth, pale skin triggered something primal within Roy. Without his glasses, the inhibitor was gone, and the violent side of his psyche broke free. He immediately pounced on her, sinking his teeth into her snow-white collarbone. His fingers, like iron claws, dug deep, leaving bruises across her body.

By the time it was all over, Utaha finally understood just how much Illya had spared her by numbing the pain.

Roy, in his berserk state, had treated her as if he didn't care whether she lived or died, tossing her around like a rag doll.

"You're worse than a dog!"

Utaha gritted her teeth, looking at the bruises and the dull, throbbing pain coursing through her body.

Even a dog would be more gentle!

...

By the time the sun was high in the sky, Utaha finally emerged from the bathroom, wrapped in steam after her bath.

Her body was covered in bruises and ambiguous red marks, with faint traces of blood in some places. If it weren't for Illya's magic, she wasn't sure she would've been able to stand.

Honestly, it had been an absolutely terrible first experience!

In the kitchen, Hayasaka Ai was preparing lunch.

Meanwhile, the Nakano sisters were busy cramming knowledge about this world. Their teacher? None other than a bored Illya.

"Servants, familiars summoned from heroes in history..."

Miku's eyes lit up at this revelation.

"So, Roy's Servant, the sickly Lady Okita... she's the real Okita Souji from history?"

"That's right," Illya nodded, her tone indifferent.

Miku seemed excited but also confused.

How could Okita Souji possibly be a girl?

When Utaha finally emerged from the bathroom, Illya gave her an approving nod, recognizing her contribution to helping Roy.

"Oh? It seems like more people have moved in since I last visited."

Just before lunch, Aozaki Touko returned.

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When Aozaki Touko returned, Kasumigaoka Utaha felt as if her world was crumbling.

"Touko-sama, why didn't you come back a few hours earlier?"

"Hmm? Oh!"

Aozaki Touko seemed momentarily puzzled, but when she noticed the familiar marks all over Utaha's body, realization dawned, and she let out a mischievous chuckle.

"Haha, I see... So Roy's curse flared up again. Well, it's not all bad, is it? You don't dislike the kid, do you?"

"I mean, I don't dislike him, but..."

Utaha sighed, exhausted and overwhelmed.

If given a choice, she would have preferred to reach this point naturally—under circumstances that didn't involve a chaotic curse.

Instead, her first experience had been in a situation where Roy wasn't even conscious, driven mad by his own curse. To make matters worse, she was fully aware of the ambiguous relationship between Roy and Aozaki Touko. It left her feeling like an intruder, the "other woman" in someone else's relationship.

Should she see herself as Roy's lover after this? Or should she treat this as merely repaying a debt, and continue to keep her distance moving forward?

"Oh, you don't need to worry about me," Touko said, instantly seeing through Utaha's internal struggle. She waved her hand dismissively, as if to say none of it mattered.

It was almost as if she was implying that her relationship with Roy wasn't romantic at all.

Then why did she go so far for him? Was this just how magicians operated?

"Enough with that. Let me tell you something good."

Aozaki Touko stepped out to the courtyard, sliding open the glass door, and sat down on the corridor ledge.

She extended a hand toward Utaha, who looked on in confusion, signaling her to come closer.

Utaha, still perplexed, placed her hand in Touko's.

Was her emotional turmoil really that trivial in Touko's eyes?

Suddenly, a soft hum escaped Utaha's lips.

She looked down in surprise at their joined hands. From Touko's palm, a subtle warmth was seeping into her, circulating through her body before returning to the center, as if some internal switch had been flipped.

"Ah!"

Utaha let out a small gasp as her face flushed with warmth.

In that moment, something inside her had changed—she could feel it.

A new sensation coursed through her, something she'd never experienced before.

"Try using it. Imagine those nerves in your body like pipelines, transporting oil from deep within you. Picture it that way," Touko said, a cryptic smile on her lips.

Hearing this, Illya suddenly turned around, her expression full of disbelief.

"No way...!"

Though Utaha didn't fully understand, she followed Touko's instructions and began imagining what she'd said.

In an instant, those strange nerves seemed to spring to life, extracting energy from deep within her body like a machine squeezing out juice.

A faint blue glow began to emit from her skin.

Utaha was so startled, she broke her concentration, causing the glowing nerves to cool and stop.

"W-What... is happening?"

Panting heavily, she stared at her hands in confusion, completely disoriented by the unfamiliarity of her own body.

She wasn't sure what had changed, but it felt like her body was no longer hers.

"This... this is unbelievable!"

Illya shot to her feet, glaring at Utaha with wide eyes.

The Nakano sisters and even Hayasaka Ai, busy in the kitchen, turned their heads, their curiosity piqued.

"Calm down," Touko said with a soft smile, her expression relaxed as if this were all expected. "Your body hasn't changed. You've just gained something new."

"Gained something?"

Utaha asked, still processing what had just happened. "What did I gain?"

It couldn't be something strange, right?

"You've gained a magic circuit."

Touko's grin widened.

"You now have magic circuits in your body. What I just taught you was how to activate them and draw out your mana."

"Magic circuits?!"

Utaha's eyes widened in shock.

Ichika, Miku, and Hayasaka all exchanged glances, their eyes lighting up with barely concealed hope.

"But... I don't have magic circuits."

Utaha remembered the time Roy had tested her and Hayasaka.

The result had been clear—neither of them had even a single magic circuit. There was no way she could ever wield magic.

Could Roy have made a mistake?

"You didn't have any before," Touko said, her tone growing more cryptic.

"But now you do."

Utaha was still trying to grasp the situation when Illya spoke up, her disbelief turning into an outburst.

"That's impossible!"

"Magic circuits are determined at birth! There's no way they can be added later. Magic circuits are nerves tied to the soul. You can't just suddenly gain them!" Illya's voice shook with frustration. What she was witnessing defied everything she knew as a magician.

If news of this got out, the entire magical world would go mad. It was that unthinkable.

The idea that magic circuits could be acquired later in life was an absolute law, a fact as solid as the foundations of magic itself.

"This is real. You're a magician, aren't you? Then face reality and use it." Touko's words were blunt, though there was an undertone of mentorship. In her eyes, Illya still had a long way to go before she could call herself a true magician.

"I... have magic circuits now!"

Utaha's mind raced, though there was no denying the surge of joy she felt.

"But why...?"

How could she have gone from having no circuits to suddenly possessing them?

Was it because her body had adapted to this new world?

"It's simple," Touko said, lighting a cigarette, her tone growing enigmatic.

Her lips curved into an eerie smile.

"Roy's body has a certain... characteristic. Or rather, his soul has. It's something he's unaware of himself, something I only recently discovered. That trait is called 'adaptation'—his body can adapt to modifications that would be impossible for others."

"When you slept with him, something must have stayed behind. That was pure life force, the most refined kind a magician can offer. You absorbed it, and your body adapted."

Touko's explanation hung in the air like a surreal dream.

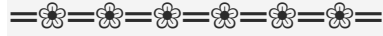
Every woman in the room, including Hayasaka peeking from the kitchen, stood there wide-eyed and speechless.

So... Roy was—

The genuine article.

A monk of legend.

The real deal.



Chapter 55: Chapter 55: What If She Gets Pregnant?



[👉 Shoutout to CrypticAssault848 & Ash01 for joining patreon. Please check out my new book— "Beast Tamer: I Can See Evolution Paths". Thank you very much.□]

"Um...?"

Kasumigaoka Utaha didn't catch on at first. But when she heard Aozaki Touko mention "the purest life essence left inside her," her face turned bright red.

Though Utaha was often bold in her thinking, hearing such a thing so plainly—especially with the clinical tone of magic—it caught her completely off guard.

"Are you sure that's what caused it?"

Utaha tried to steady herself, but the blush on her cheeks betrayed her embarrassment.

"Couldn't it be something else?"

"No, it's definitely that."

Aozaki Touko shook her head firmly, her voice filled with certainty.

"Because I've received that too. I did some research."

Research?

Not just Utaha—everyone present, including Hayasaka Ai, was completely stunned.

You researched that sort of thing? Are you serious?

"Don't underestimate it," Touko continued, grinning at their reactions. "That's the essence of a magician's life force, brimming with mana. If a Servant is low on energy, the Master can replenish it this way. It's not just some trivial matter—it has magical significance."

Seeing the women struggle to wrap their heads around it, Touko laughed. Her head bobbed slightly, as if thoroughly enjoying their shattered worldview.

There's actually magical meaning behind it?

Though Utaha was still a bit shocked, she quickly regained her composure.

As ridiculous as this new information seemed, the fact that she had gained magical abilities was nothing short of a monumental surprise for her.

In this world, magicians were, without a doubt, a class of their own—those truly standing above others.

Only by becoming a magician could she ensure her own safety and security. She wouldn't have to rely on others for her entire life, existing as nothing more than a pretty face with no substance.

Besides...

Who wouldn't want supernatural powers?

Even for someone like her, the thought of gaining such power filled her with a kind of glee that made her want to jump for joy.

Back in the kitchen, Hayasaka Ai returned to her cooking, the savory aroma still filling the air.

In the living room, Illya sat with a collapsed worldview, while Nakano Miku cautiously observed everything like a curious child discovering the world for the first time.

Nakano Ichika's gaze flickered, her eyes glimmering with a sense of intrigue and temptation.

During lunch, Roy was still unconscious.

Following Touko's instructions, the women quietly ate by themselves.

After the meal, Ichika and Miku helped Hayasaka Ai with the chores, while Kasumigaoka Utaha, utterly exhausted, was granted permission to rest.

Looking around to make sure no one was nearby, Utaha swiftly approached Touko.

"Do you... have any birth control?"

Touko raised an eyebrow knowingly.

"Don't worry about it. You won't need that."

Utaha looked confused.

Touko paused before explaining further.

"Roy's body doesn't have the ability to impregnate anyone."

Utaha blinked in surprise.

Then it clicked.

Of course—if homunculi could impregnate people, the population of this world would probably be much higher by now.

"If you ever want children, you can wait until after the Holy Grail War."

Touko pulled out a cigarette from her pocket but paused, seemingly rethinking it. She tucked away the battered pack and pulled out a fresh one instead.

"If he survives, I'll help modify his body. Then he'll be just like an ordinary person."

Touko's expression became complicated, a mix of nostalgia, melancholy, and perhaps even uncertainty. It was as if her thoughts had drifted somewhere far beyond the present conversation.

Utaha thought to herself that she wasn't exactly in a rush to have children. She was still young and hadn't even begun to mentally prepare for motherhood.

Before returning to her room, Utaha saw Ichika working busily in the courtyard.

She hesitated for a moment, then went inside and brought out a maid outfit, a soft smile on her face as she handed it to Ichika.

The outfit was quite revealing, with an open back, lace trimming, and accessories like a headband and garter.

It was one of the "cool" maid outfits Roy had bought as a backup for Utaha.

Ichika blinked, puzzled.

"What's this?"

"It's your uniform."

Utaha smiled and headed off to her room for some much-needed rest.

Ichika stared at the rather scandalous maid outfit, completely speechless.

This is a uniform?

Roy-sama's tastes... really are something, huh?

Yet, despite her surprise, Ichika's face turned a soft pink. With a slightly mischievous grin, she slipped into the outfit. It was a bit chilly, but once she started moving, the chill subsided.

From the side, Hayasaka Ai gave Ichika a deadpan look as she watched her bustle about in the revealing maid uniform.

Without a word, Ai went back to her room and returned with another maid outfit, handing it to Miku.

Miku glanced at the stoic Hayasaka, then at her already uniformed sister. Slowly, she made her way to her room.

"You can keep your stockings on," Ai suddenly advised.

Apparently, Roy was fond of those kinds of things.

And really, what guy wouldn't be?

Of course, the reason she gave them these outfits wasn't just to please Roy.

No, it was more about initiation. She had worn one before, so now the new arrivals had to experience it too.

If my umbrella broke, none of you get to stay dry either!

Miku nodded silently.

She didn't change into the full outfit, but she also didn't wear the leg garters. The stockings with garters kept slipping, and Ai didn't really mind.

It wasn't until the evening, just before dinner, that Roy finally woke up.

Cradling his throbbing head and rubbing his sore back, he washed up and went to sit in the hallway.

Kasumigaoka Utaha was still resting.

Ichika and Miku were cleaning the courtyard, occasionally glancing over at him.

"Ah..."

Roy let out a long sigh of relief.

He vaguely remembered some parts of the previous night, though not much. But what stood out most clearly was that Utaha had sacrificed herself to help him through the curse. He wouldn't forget that.

"Sighing? Seriously, you little brat. You got off easy and now you're acting like you didn't enjoy it."

Aozaki Touko sauntered over with an amused smile on her face.

"If only I could've done that while I was conscious," Roy grumbled.

What a waste. His only clear memory was how soft Utaha had been. Everything else had been a blur, acting purely on instinct.

He was certain he'd left quite a few bruises on her too.

How disappointing.

"You could always go for a round two now."

Touko tilted her head toward Utaha's room, winking suggestively.

"...I'll pass. I don't think my back can take it."

Roy winced, rubbing his still-sore waist, and decided to let the idea go, no matter how tempting.

"Then try again tomorrow."

Touko's playful expression faded as her tone turned serious.

"I'm not joking. You understand that, right?"

Roy remained silent for a moment before slowly nodding, a helpless look in his eyes as he sighed.

"These past three years... I've come into contact with the Holy Grail far too much."

"What did you expect, doing something so reckless?"

Touko scolded him sharply, though she soon calmed down, sighing as she sat beside him.

"In the blink of an eye... It's been three years since you came to Fuyuki City."

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Chapter 56: Chapter 56: Increase the Frequency?



[👉 Shoutout to Randy_Makengo for joining patreon. Thank you very much.☐]

Roy remained silent, staring up at the sky.

There were no stars, no moon—just a murky, dark night blocking any dreams or ambitions humanity might have.

Despite the disorientation of time and place, this night sky looked exactly the same as it had three years ago.

Three years ago.

He had been wandering aimlessly through a snowstorm, unsure of where he was going, when he accidentally crossed paths with a magical beast.

A certain red-haired woman had saved him, bringing him to Fuyuki City, where he had eventually settled.

This mansion also belonged to her—though, of course, she had no money. It was a gift from the Mage's Association, sent to curry favor with her.

Roy met Aozaki Touko because she had heard that her younger sister was keeping a boy toy in Fuyuki City and decided to check things out.

She never believed her sister would actually be wooed by any man, let alone some random boy.

What Touko didn't expect was that she would end up being the one intrigued by him.

Slowly, she started teaching him magic. She showed him how to use his Mystic Eyes, how to split aspects of his personality.

And so, Roy began interacting with the Greater Grail.

The Grail wasn't something one could easily touch.

Its perimeter was saturated with an enormous, oppressive curse. Anyone foolish enough to approach it in the past ten years had paid dearly for it. Even the Mage's Association had no way of purging the curse and had chosen instead to leave it in the massive underground chasm, shamelessly declaring that the Grail was now under their control.

In truth, no one could touch the Greater Grail.

Anyone who tried—regardless of their power, even the highest-ranked magicians—would be tainted by its curse before they could wield its power.

At best, they would be driven insane.

But Roy was different.

Roy possessed the Mystic Eyes of Inversion, which allowed him to control any spell he laid eyes on.

Not negate. Not disrupt. Control.

In other words, he could forcibly take control of a spell, deciding whether it should dissipate, go haywire, or turn against its caster. If the spell was designed to drain a mage's mana, it would do so under Roy's command.

Negation could only make an enemy's ability ineffective, putting both parties on even footing. Disruption was even weaker. But control? Control meant turning an enemy's power against them.

With these Mystic Eyes, Roy could seize control of spells, cause them to backfire on their casters, destroy enchanted grimoires, nullify enchanted artifacts... he could even take another magician's crest if they exposed it.

Even the Greater Grail, a construct of true magic, could not escape his Mystic Eyes.

The Grail, in essence, was just a colossal spell.

As long as he could see it, Roy could manipulate the Greater Grail by opening his Mystic Eyes. He could modify its parameters, redirect its flow of magical energy—he could do it all.

That is, as long as the Grail didn't fight back.

Or rather, as long as what was inside the Grail didn't fight back.

But that was impossible.

In his multiple interactions with the Grail, Roy had managed to tweak parts of its design.

However, the Grail had begun to pollute him in turn, subtly infecting him through his Mystic Eyes.

Over time, the curses from the Grail had accumulated within his Mystic Eyes.

This was the source of the curse now plaguing him.

These curses, like seeds, had taken root in his eyes. Every so often, they would erupt, scorching his body and clouding his mind with madness.

Had he chosen to remove his Mystic Eyes right when the curse began, there might have been hope. Perhaps replacing them with ordinary eyes could have saved him.

But Roy had refused.

Now, three years later, the curse had spread throughout his entire body, intertwining with him to the point that even replacing his eyes wouldn't be enough to purge it.

His Mystic Eyes were steeped in the curse, and anyone else daring enough to use them would be instantly tainted.

Even in death, his body would likely turn into some cursed, zombie-like monster.

And it would probably be quite powerful too.

"Three years ago, you refused my offer to replace your eyes. It's too late now to change anything," Aozaki Touko said, her tone somber as she looked at Roy seriously. "Back then, the curse on you only erupted every ten days or so. But now, it's been less than three days since the last outburst. The increased frequency is partly due to mental strain... but the real reason is that you've been using your Mystic Eyes too much these past few days."

Commanding two Servants had indeed increased his mental burden.

On top of that, he had repeatedly used his cursed Mystic Eyes, pushing the curse to erupt more often.

And the Holy Grail War had only just begun.

In the battles to come, Roy would undoubtedly rely on his Mystic Eyes more frequently.

Which meant the curse would erupt more frequently as well.

"There's only one solution left—up the frequency of your 'relief' sessions," Touko said bluntly. "Instead of bottling everything up like before, release it all. You know the saying: better to channel than to block. Now, you even have someone to help."

Three years ago, Roy had mostly endured the curse on his own.

Touko often traveled, exploring new phenomena and investigating the truth behind the events of ten years ago. She only returned to Fuyuki City occasionally, helping Roy vent the curse when she did.

But now, Kasumigaoka Utaha could take on that role.

"She won't refuse you. And if she does... well, you know what to do. Use some sweet talk. Girls her age love that sort of thing."

Touko shrugged with a teasing smile.

In the courtyard, Nakano Ichika had been quietly listening to their conversation.

Most of what they said went completely over her head.

But when Touko mentioned increasing the frequency of 'relief,' Ichika intuitively grasped the meaning.

That 'relief' was referring to what had happened earlier with Kasumigaoka Utaha, wasn't it?

Mages truly were something else, able to discuss such things so openly without a hint of shame.

But if doing that could leave something inside her and allow her to adapt to this world, gaining its power...

Ichika cast a worried glance at her sister Miku, who remained silent as usual.

In this world, they had no one to rely on.

Depending on a powerful protector wasn't a long-term solution. They needed to find a way to stand on their own.

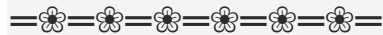
"By the way, Kasumigaoka has gained magic circuits," Touko casually mentioned.

"What?!" Roy jumped in surprise.

"Yep. I hadn't told you this before, but you have a special trait—an extraordinary ability to adapt. You can even help others adapt to this world. That's how Kasumigaoka gained her power. And... well..."

Touko paused, her expression deepening with a hint of complexity.

"Your Mystic Eyes... might've adapted the same way."



Chapter 57: Chapter 57: Equality in Personhood



[🌸 Shoutout to Glib for joining patreon. Thank you very much.□]

"Shi Yu, are you awake?"

"Yes, come in."

Roy pushed the door open.

Kasenokyo Shiyu had just woken up. She sat upright on the bed, wearing a pale yellow nightgown. The scab on her collarbone was still visible, but her eyes were clear and alert.

"Thank you for what you did this morning... and I'm sorry."

Roy sat at the edge of the bed, offering a sincere apology.

Even if he hadn't been in his right mind at the time, giving a young girl such a rough first experience weighed heavily on his conscience.

"Let me heal you."

Roy extended his hand and drew healing runes over Shiyu's body.

"What happened earlier... I did it willingly."

Shiyu felt waves of warmth spread over her wounds, marveling at Roy's versatile magic.

"I've acted impulsively before, and Lady Illya even reduced the pain for me. You really don't need to apologize."

After all, she was nothing more than a servant.

Even if she died in his house, it wouldn't matter much to Roy.

But Roy treated her like a person—more than that, as someone equal in dignity. His apologies and gratitude weren't just empty gestures; they were rooted in respect.

Having witnessed the darkness of the magical world firsthand, Shiyu found comfort in this rare kindness.

"Take this."

Roy pulled out a pink-wrapped charm from his pocket and handed it to Shiyu.

"What is this?"

The charm seemed to pulse faintly with concealed magic, as if infused with hidden power—a sensation Shiyu hadn't expected.

"It's a custom charm I made. In all of Fuyuki City, no one makes better charms than me," Roy said with a confident smile.

Of course, his confidence was well-founded.

His Inverse Moon Mystic Eyes could manipulate any spell, enhancing not only his opponents' magic but also his own, elevating them beyond their natural limits. It was as if the spells themselves strove to reach their peak.

When he fought the Lancer-class servant, Roy had crafted over 200 runes in a single breath—thanks to the power of his Mystic Eyes. Without that ability, not even someone like Aozaki Touko could match such a feat.

In the realm of magical combat, Roy's Mystic Eyes were unrivaled. Naturally, anything he created, including charms, was of the highest quality.

Whenever money was tight, he even sold a few charms to make ends meet.

"I meant to give it to you earlier, but I didn't have time the past couple of days," Roy explained. "But now is just as good. This isn't some disposable trinket—just replenish it with magic, and it'll keep working. Since you've activated your magical circuits, you'll be able to use it more effectively."

The charm offered powerful defensive capabilities, blocking both physical and magical attacks. It also provided a few auxiliary effects to support the user.

"Then I won't be polite—thank you," Shiyu said with genuine curiosity as she accepted the charm without hesitation.

"Oh, one more thing."

Roy seemed to remember something.

"There are divination spells in this world that can detect the state of people close to you. If your family has also arrived here, we should be able to locate them. Just bring them here in my name."

"Really?" Shiyu's eyes lit up with hope.

"Of course."

"Thank you so much, Lord Roy!"

"Dinner is ready. I'll bring it to you."

"I can get up—"

"Nope. Until you've fully recovered, don't move around."

Roy gently pressed her back onto the bed and stood up, heading toward the kitchen.

A soft smile unconsciously crept onto Shiyu's face. Realizing this, she quickly buried her face in the pillow, rubbing against it in a flustered attempt to hide her emotions.

Her body still ached, and the way she moved was bound to raise questions if someone saw her. But compared to the physical discomfort, what truly warmed her was Roy's kindness.

Roy was, without a doubt, the moral compass of the magical world.

As time passed and Shiyu began learning magic, she came to understand just how rare Roy's compassion was among magi.

It was as if he existed in a world apart from the other mages. His kindness seemed almost like a defiant rebellion against the cruel, pragmatic nature of their kind.

At Dinner

"Miss Touko? It's been a while."

Rin Tohsaka entered the room, bowing politely to Aozaki Touko as if she had timed her arrival perfectly.

"No need to be formal. Just pretend I'm not here," Touko said with a playful smile.

Roy had just finished serving Shiyu's dinner and returned to the living room when he saw Rin arrive.

"How are things going, Tohsaka?" Roy asked. After sleeping half the day, he was eager for an update on the Holy Grail War.

"The good news? Only two corrupted servants remain," Rin replied as she accepted a bowl and chopsticks from Ai Hayasaka, taking a seat at the table without hesitation.

"Last night, while we were running for our lives from the corrupted Saber and Berserker, Bazett and Caster managed to eliminate the corrupted Assassin."

"So fast?" Roy raised an eyebrow in surprise.

Bazett's combat prowess was impressive. To take down two corrupted servants in one night—her strength and determination were undeniable. She probably had five Command Seals by now.

"The bad news is that Saber and Berserker have completely disappeared from our surveillance. No one knows where they are."

Rin sighed, frustration evident on her face.

"And the even worse news? The exorcism barrier is deteriorating faster than expected. At this rate, it won't be long before spirits find a way to breach it and infiltrate the city."

If that happened, it would spell disaster. The spiritual disasters that plagued other cities—vengeful spirits, cursed beings, and more—would inevitably converge on Fuyuki City.

"Any idea what's causing it?"

"All the foundation points of the barrier seem intact. The only possible issue could be with the leyline itself, but checking the entire leyline would take too much time."

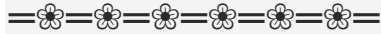
"So many problems to deal with..." Roy muttered.

"With three corrupted servants down and two missing, the real fight is probably about to begin—between the current Masters."

Hayasaka Ai stiffened slightly at the mention of this.

She glanced nervously between Roy and Rin, relieved to see that the atmosphere between them remained unchanged.

If they were to fight, it would at least be a direct confrontation. And she preferred it that way—because if things turned messy, being caught in the middle would be dangerous.



Chapter 58: Chapter 58: The Challenge Letter



"Atram is dead."

"Who?"

"That noble who bought his position and title with money."

"Do we really need to discuss the death of a second-rate magus?"

"He was killed by Roy."

In the Mage Association's branch, the gathered magi from ancient families fell into awkward silence, their expressions as grim as if they had swallowed something foul.

"Roy! It's him again! A mere homunculus—what right does he have to keep stirring trouble under our noses? He doesn't deserve it!"

"Indeed, he doesn't. But he has the favor of that one. Because of their protection, there's little we can do."

"Damn it! How could a mere homunculus gain such favor?"

"Regardless, Atram was still a magus under our banner. He contributed substantial taxes to the Association every year, benefiting all of us here. We can't ignore this matter, or it will affect future tax collections."

"Even so, what can we do? You know very well how that one reacts to provocation."

"We couldn't touch Roy before, but he made a fatal mistake by joining the Holy Grail War. Now that he's involved in combat, if he dies during the war, no one—including that one—can raise any objections."

"That makes sense."

"Indeed."

"Where's Bazett?"

"She just finished dealing with a corrupted servant and is resting."

"Send her a message. Tell her to target Roy. She already has a reason—Roy's intrusion into the Great Hollow and his theft of her family's magical crest has been confirmed. With five Command Seals at her disposal, revenge is well within reason."

"Perfect. Let's proceed with that plan."

Knowing the corrupted servants had vanished, Roy treated himself to a good night's sleep.

The next morning, a letter arrived at the Aozaki residence.

Seated in the living room, Roy opened it.

"What does it say?"

"A challenge."

He tossed the letter toward Aozaki Touko, who caught it effortlessly.

"It's a duel invitation for tonight, at the southwestern outskirts," Roy explained.

"Signed by Bazett Fraga McRemitz. She has quite the reputation for being honorable. Judging by this letter, she seems straightforward."

Touko smirked with intrigue. "Planning to go? It could be a trap set by the Mage Association."

"Of course I'm going. If the Mage Association dares interfere, I'll tear their branch apart."

Touko burst into laughter. "Interesting! If that's your decision, then go all out."

That night, Roy rested throughout the day to ensure he was in peak condition.

"Saber."

"Yes, Master!"

Okita Souji materialized before him, her cheeks glowing with health. After two days of rest, the pale and exhausted appearance she once had was gone, as if it had been a mere illusion.

In the courtyard, Miku Nakano, tending to the garden, had been waiting eagerly. Her eyes sparkled as she gazed at Okita with fascination.

Though she'd known of Okita's existence, seeing the real thing—a beautiful young girl—left her stunned.

"Okita Souji... is really a girl?"

"Miku."

Ichika Nakano nudged her sister's arm, urging her to control herself.

Miku jolted back to reality, shrinking like an embarrassed ostrich. She had only intended to sneak a glance, but once she started, she couldn't stop.

The urge to comment on the absurdity was too strong.

Of course, Roy didn't care at all about being stared at.

"Lord Roy, I'll prepare a late-night meal for your return."

Kasenokyo Shiyu steadied herself and offered him a heartfelt blessing.

"Make something warm."

Roy waved to her and left the Aozaki residence with Okita.

The southwestern outskirts of Fuyuki City featured a raised hill—a far cry from the bustling city center. This area was known for its luxurious homes, with villas and even small castles, all in a distinctly European style. Only the city's most esteemed magi resided here.

It was the perfect place for a duel between servants, far from prying eyes or collateral damage.

Bazett had chosen the location well.

When Roy arrived, Bazett was already waiting.

"My instincts at City Hall were right."

On the barren field, Bazett pulled on her leather rune gloves. Her sharp gaze cut through the night like a dagger aimed at Roy.

"You're the one who broke into the Great Hollow and used the Greater Grail to summon your Saber early. You've come into contact with the Greater Grail—and survived its curse. Honestly, I'm impressed."

Even though she knew Roy was her target, Bazett couldn't help but admire his resilience.

The curse of the Greater Grail was no trifling matter. Even elite magi struggled to withstand it more than once or twice. Decades of accumulated curses couldn't be compared to ordinary spiritual taints found in the wild.

"Meeting you back then was... unfortunate," Roy admitted with a touch of regret.

"I have no personal grudge against you. In fact, I respect you. In a world of corrupt magi, you've stayed true to yourself. That's rare—like a breath of fresh air."

"Thank you for the compliment. I've heard stories about you, too. Despite being treated unfairly as a homunculus, you've earned the admiration of many in the security corps. You've saved countless lives. If I had the choice, I wouldn't want to fight you."

Bazett's praise was genuine. Her expression was serious, devoid of the usual deceit that plagued magi.

Most magi were selfish, quick to abandon others at the slightest threat. Few, if any, cared about ordinary lives. Roy's compassion made him an outlier among his kind.

Nearby, the golden-haired girl and the blue-haired young man exchanged glances.

"Should we suggest they become sworn brothers?"

The blue-haired man—Cú Chulainn, draped in a druid's robe and holding a wooden staff—chuckled. His carefree demeanor suited the Caster class perfectly.

"Thankfully, there's no trace of Odin's presence in him."

If Odin, like Yuanshi Tianzun, were observing this world, it hadn't reached the point where the deity would intervene directly. After all, this wasn't the kind of catastrophe you'd see in FGO's universe... or was it?

Before the fight began, Bazett stretched, her expression growing cold.

"There's one thing I need to ask before we start."

She rolled her shoulders, loosening her muscles.

"My family's magical crest—part of it was stolen in our last encounter. I'd like you to return it."

Roy gave a faint smile and shrugged, silently declining her request.

Bazett sighed.

"I figured as much. Looks like we'll have to settle this with strength."

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Chapter 59: Chapter 59: A Rematch with Bazett



[👉 Shoutout to Pika_academy for joining patreon. Thank you very much.👉]

The battle rang out like the toll of a bell, sounding simultaneously without warning.

Scathach's Disciple, with his signature blue hair, was the first to charge forward. In an unexpected move, he spun his wand, wielding it like a spear, thrusting it with precision.

In the blink of an eye, the air tore apart, leaving ripples of smoke drifting across the space. The tip of the wand, sharp as thorns, aimed directly at Okita Souji.

Okita was surprised at how out of character this spear-like combat style was for a Caster. But she wasn't caught off guard—her hands moved swiftly, deflecting the wand with her katana and seizing the chance to close in on him.

However, Scathach's Disciple gave her no opening. A mischievous grin spread across his face as he twisted his wrist. The moment she deflected the first thrust, the wand snapped back for a second, then a third strike, all in quick succession.

In an instant, the flurry of attacks dazzled Okita's senses, the wand tip darting like a swirl of petals in a storm.

Despite her sharp instincts, Okita couldn't find a gap to exploit.

Her expression turned grim.

Before the fight, her Master had shared Scathach's Disciple's true identity and deduced his likely combat style. As the clash unfolded, the information proved spot-on—though a Caster, he was wielding his spear technique with terrifying precision.

That a Caster, with inherently low physical stats, could suppress her attacks so thoroughly only highlighted his skill. If this man had arrived in the Lancer class instead, she might have been in real danger.

"But as things stand now, I won't lose!"

A fierce glint flashed in Okita's eyes, and the air around her grew calm and steady.

Her figure blurred—she closed the distance between them in a single step, reappearing right before Scathach's Disciple.

Flash Step!

Okita's B-Rank Flash Step had been honed to perfection, elevating her movement technique to an art form. She had polished every detail—breath control, blind spots, mental focus—until it resembled an almost magical form of teleportation.

The only technique beyond this level would be dimensional travel, a feat beyond ordinary human limits.

When it came to movement skills achievable by mortals, Okita Souji stood unrivaled.

Scathach's Disciple's expression momentarily froze, startled by her sudden advance. But his reflexes were sharp—he retreated instantly, pulling back his wand to parry the near-fatal strike.

Blocked again?!

Frustration flickered across Okita's face.

"Don't underestimate me, girl! If I couldn't get past trials like this, the Queen of the Otherworld would train me to death!" he laughed heartily, his face free of any malice. With a flick of his wrist, the wand swung like a massive hammer toward her.

Okita had no choice but to step back, waiting for another opening.

"Ha! Try this one on for size!"

During her retreat, Scathach's Disciple swiftly sketched a rune in the air.

In an instant, primordial flames surged forth like a tidal wave, surging toward Okita.

But then, his brows furrowed in confusion.

"Hm?"

The sea of fire abruptly vanished, as though swallowed by a vacuum, leaving only a single suspended rune hanging in mid-air, inert and powerless. Worse, it continued draining his magical energy.

He severed his connection to the rune immediately. His sharp gaze shifted beyond Okita, falling on Roy, who stood not far behind her.

The sight of Roy's eyes—mystically marked with swirling patterns—made him grin in delight.

Just then, a chilling gust sliced through the air. Before the blade even touched him, a cold sense of impending death crawled up his spine, raising the hairs on the back of his neck.

Startled, he crouched low.

In that fleeting moment when his attention wavered, Okita seized the opportunity, her form ghostlike as she slipped behind him. The edge of her katana flashed, aiming directly for the back of his neck!

Blue strands of his short hair scattered into the wind like fragments.

"Close call, close call!" he laughed, rubbing the spot where his hair had been sliced. Relief washed over his face, grateful to have escaped with only a minor loss.

Okita clicked her tongue in frustration. Even with a sneak attack, this slippery opponent had evaded her blade. His battle instincts were razor-sharp, and his experience ran deep.

"Still, I managed to cut your wand," Okita taunted, her expression sly. She knew better than to expect a quick victory against a half-divine warrior, but she couldn't resist a little jab.

"Ah!" he yelped, realizing the truth of her words.

In his scramble to avoid her strike, he had accidentally left his wand exposed. Now it lay on the ground, snapped clean in half.

"No wonder—it's useless without the rune's protection!" He grimaced, visibly annoyed.

"A spearman without a spear—how do you plan to fight now?" Okita crouched low, preparing another Flash Step. With a sharp thrust, she drove her katana straight toward his heart.

Clang!

Her blade came to an abrupt halt, suspended mid-air.

Okita's eyes narrowed.

A rune-inscribed barrier had materialized in front of him, blocking her attack without leaving a scratch on him.

"I'm a Caster, after all. Of course I fight with magic!" he grinned confidently.

"Honestly, I was a little concerned about your Master. Those eyes of his seem dangerous—he even defeated my own Master once. But now? I'm not worried anymore."

Okita's eyes widened in realization.

Of course! As a seasoned warrior trained by Scathach, how could he make such a careless mistake in battle?

That earlier fire rune—was it all just a ploy to test Roy's mystic eyes?

And now, having confirmed their abilities, he wouldn't be caught off-guard again.

Boom!

A thunderous crash, like a bell tolling at dawn, echoed across the battlefield.

Okita turned sharply toward the source of the sound.

On the other side of the field—

Bazett had charged at Roy without runes on her arms, aiming a bare-fisted blow at him.

A barrier, identical to the one Scathach's Disciple used, materialized in front of Roy, absorbing the force of her punch with a deep thud.

"So that's how it is," Roy murmured calmly from behind the shield. His runes were modern recreations, inferior to the ancient ones wielded by Scathach's Disciple.

Roy locked eyes with him, and his mystic gaze dissected the runic barrier with ease.

His opponent's face tightened, and he immediately severed his connection to the barrier, retreating without delay. He gave no further openings—now that his curiosity about Roy's abilities was satisfied, he wouldn't repeat such a blunder.

"As expected of a druid—sharp and cunning," Roy praised with a nod.

Few people who understood the true power of his mystic eyes lived to tell the tale. Bazett was one of the rare exceptions.

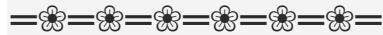
It was likely that she had already discussed strategy with Scathach's Disciple before the battle, using him to probe Roy's abilities. Only after confirming the truth did she make her move.

"Saber, don't worry about me—focus all your efforts on defeating Caster!" Roy commanded.

"Yes!"

With a burst of speed, Okita launched herself forward, leaving afterimages in her wake.

She unleashed the full extent of her agility—her katana danced wildly, each slash swift and relentless, like a downpour of rain threatening to drown Scathach's Disciple.



Chapter 60: Chapter 60: Compatibility



[👉 Shoutout to Muhammad_Jamaluddin & Ruben_Gene_Dangpilen joining patreon. Thank you very much.👉]

"Just from a brief exchange, you've managed to deduce that my Mystic Eyes are linked to magecraft? Impressive."

Roy withdrew his gaze from the two Servants, focusing instead on Bazett standing before him.

The battle between the Servants had reached a stalemate. It seemed likely that the outcome would ultimately rest on the two Masters themselves.

"So, your strategy is to avoid using magecraft in the face of my Mystic Eyes?"

"But if you won't use magecraft, how do you plan to defeat me?"

Bazett's expression was solemn.

Her martial arts skills were indeed formidable, and when combined with her Rune magic, she even stood a chance against a Servant. However, if she couldn't use magecraft to enhance her abilities, her physical prowess alone wouldn't be enough to break through Roy's Rune barrier.

In fact, just moments ago, one of her punches had indeed been blocked by Roy's barrier.

"From what I've observed, he doesn't even have to activate the barrier manually. It's an automated defensive Rune he set up in advance."

Bazett carefully analyzed the situation in her mind.

"An auto-defense Rune prepared in advance... He must have inscribed it on paper or stone beforehand. If that's the case, no matter how much I attack, I won't be able to drain much of his mana."

"Which means... there's only one option!"

Having steeled her resolve, Bazett took a step, lowering her stance and swiftly maneuvered around Roy, positioning herself behind him.

In an instant, her right fist struck repeatedly at the barrier from behind, each punch raining down in rapid succession. Meanwhile, the Rune-engraved glove on her left hand began to glow subtly as she channeled magic into it, preparing to deliver a powerful blow to Roy's back.

The only condition required for Roy's Mystic Eyes to activate was for him to have his target within sight.

If she could blind him with a flashbang or obscure his vision with smoke, his Mystic Eyes would be rendered useless.

Bazett didn't carry flashbangs or smoke grenades with her. She didn't have the skill to create a dimensional pocket, and carrying something like that openly would've only made Roy suspicious. Attempting to generate smoke or a flash with Runes would require a considerable amount, which would be both impractical and ineffective—especially if Roy's Mystic Eyes were indeed linked to magecraft. Preparing a large number of Runes right in front of him would be nothing short of courting death.

So, she opted for the most straightforward approach—attacking from behind. Even without Rune assistance, her movements were swift, and her footwork, agile.

In contrast, Roy was a homunculus with a frail physique. Running even a mere 500 meters would leave him winded. He was nowhere near as nimble as she was, and Bazett was confident that she could eventually land a Rune-empowered blow by continuously maneuvering around him.

"Boom!"

With her left fist infused with Rune energy, Bazett struck the barrier.

The barrier held for barely a second before shattering under the sheer force of her assault.

The protective layer that Roy had inscribed on paper hidden under his clothes contained only a small amount of mana. Without any reinforcement, it was nothing more than a floating defense that couldn't withstand a powerful strike.

Seeing her success, a fierce gleam flashed in Bazett's eyes. Her left fist was already on its way, aiming straight for Roy's spine.

"Thud!"

But at that moment, another Rune barrier materialized in front of her fist.

In that brief second, her punch lost its momentum. She only managed to create a few cracks on the barrier, unable to break through it completely.

Bazett sighed internally, realizing that Roy had indeed prepared multiple Rune papers.

She immediately cut off the flow of magic to her Rune glove, staying alert for any sign that Roy might turn around to face her. She couldn't afford to give

him any opportunity, intending instead to rely on agile movement and direct strikes to chip away at his defenses.

"No problem. Go on; keep attacking."

Unexpectedly, Roy stood perfectly still, making no move to turn around.

"I won't turn to face you. Attack me all you want. I won't even defend myself."

His arrogant words drifted into Bazett's ears.

She frowned.

Did he really have so much confidence in his Mystic Eyes that he believed she wouldn't be able to defeat him, even if he stood motionless?

But what happened next left her stunned.

Dozens of Runes began appearing around Roy, forming chains that coiled around his entire body. Upon closer inspection, she realized there were hundreds of Runes, creating an unbreakable diamond-like barrier around him, offering complete protection from every angle.

"Go ahead, unleash everything you have!"

Roy's voice was calm and unruffled, carrying no trace of anxiety, as if he was entirely certain that Bazett could do nothing to him.

And indeed...

Looking at the hundreds of Runes forming his barrier, Bazett felt an unusual sense of helplessness creeping into her heart.

How could anyone draw so many Runes in such a short amount of time?

No, it wasn't done by hand; she hadn't seen Roy make a single move.

Could it be that his Mystic Eyes did more than disrupt his opponent's spells?
Could they also strengthen his own?

What kind of Mystic Eyes could do such a thing?

In all of human history, there had never been such Mystic Eyes.

With a barrier formed of hundreds of Runes, Bazett had no way to break through.

Not even Cú Chulainn could break through something like this.

Without a Noble Phantasm-level attack, there was simply no way to breach this defense.

Roy was indeed a bad match for Bazett.

Against a mage who relied purely on magecraft, he could decide the outcome with a single glance.

But against someone like Bazett, who used a combination of martial arts and magecraft, he had to put in considerably more effort to secure victory.

"What's wrong? Not attacking anymore?"

Roy's voice rang out again, his tone almost teasing.

"If you don't hurry, your Servant might be in trouble."

Bazett's face tightened.

Could it be?

She quickly turned her gaze toward the other battle.

Okita Souji had altered her tactics, using her speed and agility to her advantage. She moved like a bullet, darting around Cú Chulainn with astonishing speed and dexterity, her blade flashing from all directions.

In comparison to Okita's graceful and relentless assault, Cú Chulainn looked visibly frustrated.

In his Caster class, his spear skills remained sharp, but his base stats were painfully lacking. He was completely outpaced, relying solely on his intuition and extensive experience to dodge and parry Okita's strikes.

He didn't dare take his attention off the fight for even a second. One lapse in focus could be fatal.

Fortunately, he had some Rune stones prepared, allowing him to keep himself afloat, but, much like Roy's Rune papers, they could only block a single attack from Okita. They wouldn't hold against a second strike, and with each stone used, his defenses were wearing thin. If a conclusion wasn't reached soon, things would look bleak.

Okita's gaze turned sharp, locking onto Cú Chulainn with unrelenting focus.

Suddenly, she shifted directions, launching an attack from his right flank. As Cú Chulainn sidestepped backward while drawing another Rune, he suddenly felt an intense heat from behind him.

His heart skipped a beat.

"Damn it!"

