

# DOROTHY'S FORBIDDEN GRIMOIRE

## Chapter 15: Igwynt

The Pritt Kingdom is an island nation separated from the continental countries by a relatively narrow strait. Composed of one large island and two smaller ones, Igwynt lies on a peninsula jutting out from the southwestern edge of the main island, Pritt Island.

As a significant city in the kingdom's southwest, Igwynt has thrived thanks to the mineral wealth of the southwestern peninsula's mountainous terrain and the fisheries along its western coast. In terms of overall development, while Igwynt may not rank among the very top cities in the kingdom, it still holds a respectable position.

The sky was clear, and sunlight poured down on Igwynt's streets. Eight- or nine-story stone buildings lined both sides of the road, their grayish-white facades adorned with decorative reliefs. Some windowsills were even embellished with sculptures.

The ground floors of these buildings were all put to use, their storefronts displaying rows of colorful signs. Behind glass windows, a variety of goods

were showcased—everything from the wide, luxurious dresses of noblewomen to the finely crafted toys of children. These displays piqued the curiosity of passing gentlemen and stirred longing in the hearts of street urchins.

The main thoroughfare was paved with stone slabs. Though many were damaged, they were sufficient to prevent dust clouds when carriages rolled by. Pedestrian walkways were neatly tiled, and streetlamps stood at regular intervals along the road. Compared to the town of Vulcan, the distant skyline featured many more chimneys spewing black smoke.

Standing at a street corner in Igwynt, a silver-haired girl wearing a plain gray dress, a plaid blouse with rolled-up sleeves, and black leather shoes held a suitcase in her hand and curiously observed her surroundings.

"So this is... Igwynt?"

Dorothy muttered, marveling at the unfamiliar city before her. In her memories, she had longed to visit this city since childhood. For many young people in her village, Igwynt was a place where dreams converged. Whether by choice or necessity, many youths left for this city to seek their fortunes, their connection to home often reduced to the meager money they sent back each month.

Few dared to claim great success in this city. Most became mere cogs in its ever-expanding machinery, toiling day and night in dangerous factories. People like Gregor were rare exceptions among exceptions.

"So... when is my dear brother arriving?"

Muttering to herself, Dorothy glanced around again. This time, at the far end of the pedestrian walkway, she spotted a familiar figure.

Amidst the crowd stood a young man with chestnut short hair, wearing a jacket, shirt, and black trousers. He looked around with a slightly bewildered expression. When his gaze finally landed in her direction, the confusion on his face was instantly replaced with joy.

"Oh... Holy Son above... Dorothy, you're here!"

With a bright smile, Gregor opened his arms wide and strode toward Dorothy, his little sister.

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On Igwynt's main street, a black carriage briskly moved forward under the driver's guidance. Inside the carriage, Dorothy and Gregor sat facing each other.

"Ah, you know, Dorothy, when I read in yesterday's paper about a carriage attacked by bandits on the road from Purple Hill to Vulcan, I was absolutely terrified. Based on your departure time, you would've been on that road then," Gregor said, his face still wearing a relieved smile.

Dorothy replied with a gentle smile.

"I read that report too. It was indeed frightening. Thankfully, I delayed my trip in Purple Hill to buy some clothes. Perhaps that's why I missed the bandits. Truly, the Holy Mother blessed me..." She placed a hand on her chest, her face expressing sincere gratitude and relief.

In this world, the most widespread religion was the Radiance Church, also known as the Church of Radiant Redemption or the Church of the Radiant Sun. Across the continent, save for a few eastern nations with different beliefs, the Radiance Church was the dominant faith.

The Radiance Church worshiped a deity called the Radiant Savior. According to legend, this god banished numerous demonic entities and evil deities that

plagued humanity, bringing light to a world akin to a dark purgatory and offering salvation to mankind.

After fulfilling the mission of saving the world, the Radiant Savior returned to a divine abode, the Solar Sanctuary. To continue protecting the mortal realm, the god divided into three manifestations, each residing in the heavens to guard against the resurgence of demons and evil gods.

Although the Radiant Savior was the supreme deity of the Radiance Church, the church primarily focused on worshiping the three manifestations.

The Holy Father, representing judgment and authority, symbolizing order.

The Holy Mother, representing compassion and mercy, symbolizing benevolence.

The Holy Son, representing conquest and expansion, symbolizing victory.

The Holy Father was depicted as a stern monarch, the Holy Mother as a kind matron, and the Holy Son as a young warrior.

Among the faithful, few directly worshiped the Radiant Savior. Most revered one of the three manifestations. Nobles and officials often worshiped the Holy Father. Soldiers, officers, mercenaries, gang members, and anyone in violent professions, along with ambitious individuals and adventurers, tended to follow the Holy Son. The majority of commoners, the downtrodden and vulnerable, found solace in the Holy Mother.

For instance, Dorothy and her village's Aunt Hannah, as simple folk hoping for a peaceful life, were devout followers of the Holy Mother. Gregor, with his childhood penchant for fighting, ambition, and desire to succeed in the big city, was clearly inclined toward the Holy Son.

"Clothes? Ah, I almost didn't recognize you. Dorothy, you look wonderful! So different from your usual dusty appearance back in the village. Is this a new outfit?" Gregor exclaimed, scanning her attire in astonishment.

"Yes," Dorothy nodded.

"I earned some money teaching literacy and writing letters in the town. I thought it would be good to dress nicely since I'd be living in the city, but I didn't expect to spend so much time shopping and miss my carriage."

"It's a good thing you did," Gregor said with a chuckle.

"Otherwise, if your caravan had encountered those bandits, it would've been terrible. And I only just got back from an unplanned business trip this morning. If you'd arrived on time, I wouldn't have been here to pick you up."

Scratching his head, Gregor laughed awkwardly. Dorothy, however, smiled knowingly, fully aware of why Gregor had been sent on his unexpected trip.

"By the way, brother," Dorothy asked, her eyes feigning curiosity, "what kind of job did you find in Igwynt that lets you rent such a large apartment and bring me here to live with you? The three brothers from Jack's family have been in Igwynt for four years and still can't afford to bring their family over."