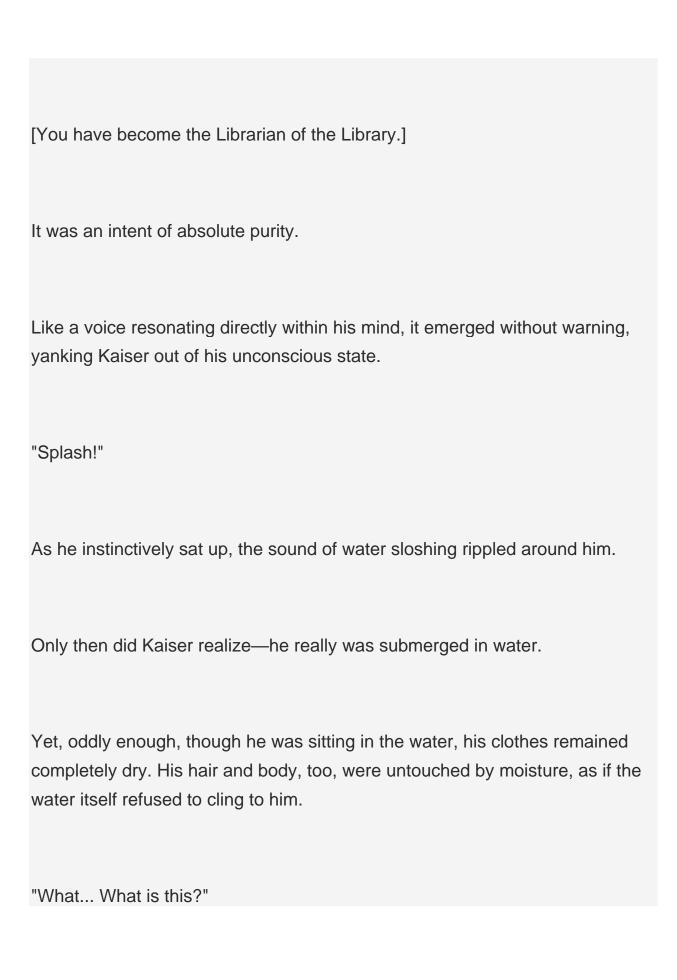
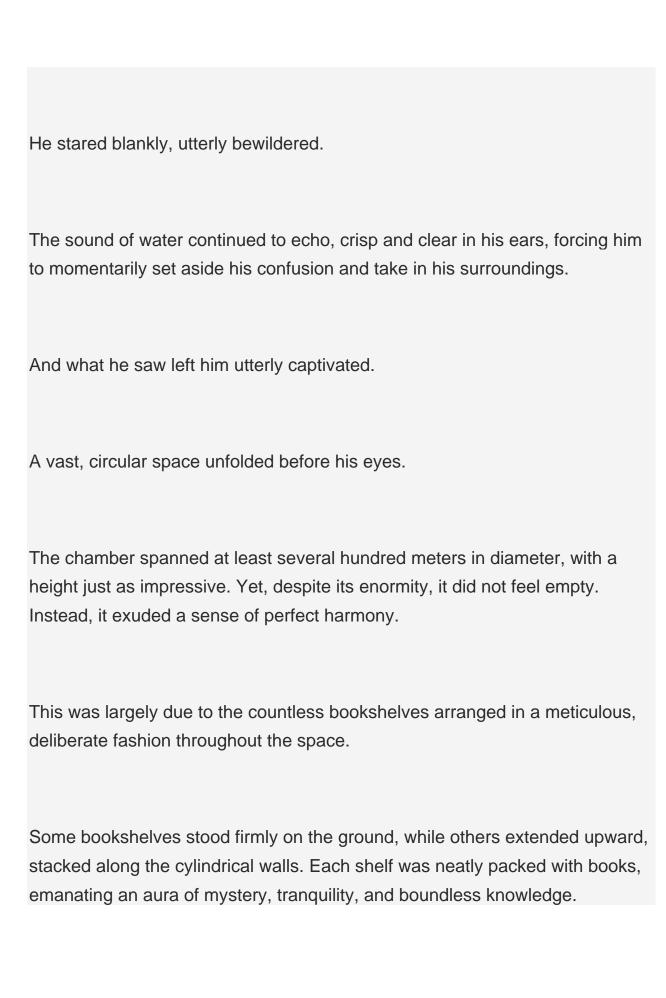
Chapter 1: Chapter 1-5
Chapter 1: "The Librarian"
"Mm"
A faint murmur echoed through the silent space.
Kaiser felt as though he had returned to the womb, his entire being immersed in warm water, enveloped in a sense of tranquility and comfort.
Just as he was about to surrender himself to this blissful sensation and drift into a deep, dreamless slumber, a sudden thought—no, an intent—descended upon him.
[A suitable individual has been selected and successfully integrated into the Library.]





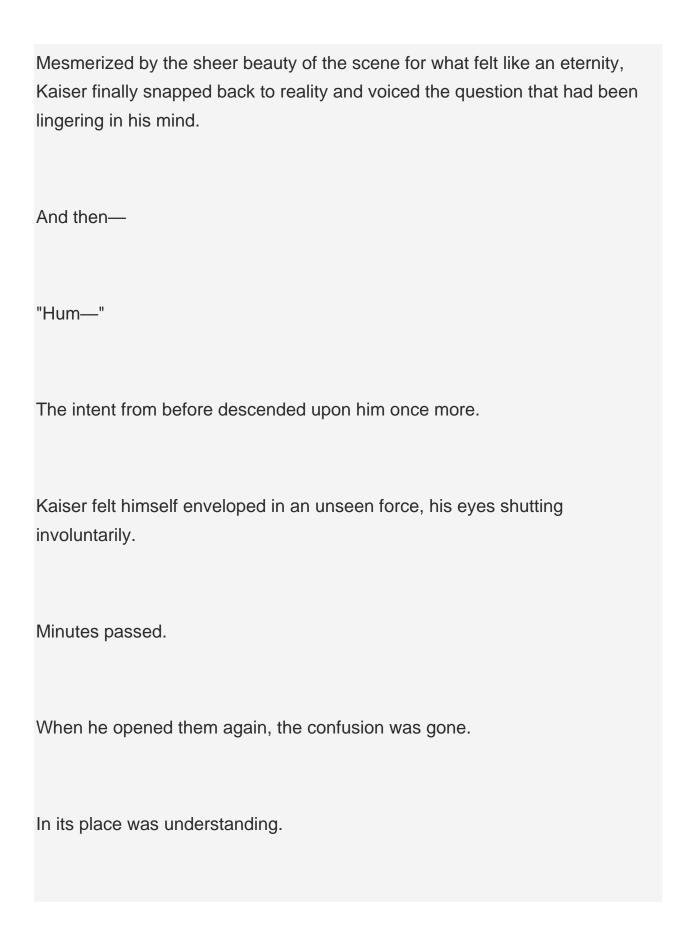
Deep crimson carpets covered the floor, while corridors stretched along the walls and into the open air. The ceiling was absent, revealing a breathtaking starry sky beyond—a vast expanse where twinkling stars shimmered, casting a dreamlike glow upon the library.

At the very heart of this magnificent space stood Kaiser, within a slightly sunken area encircled by wooden railings.

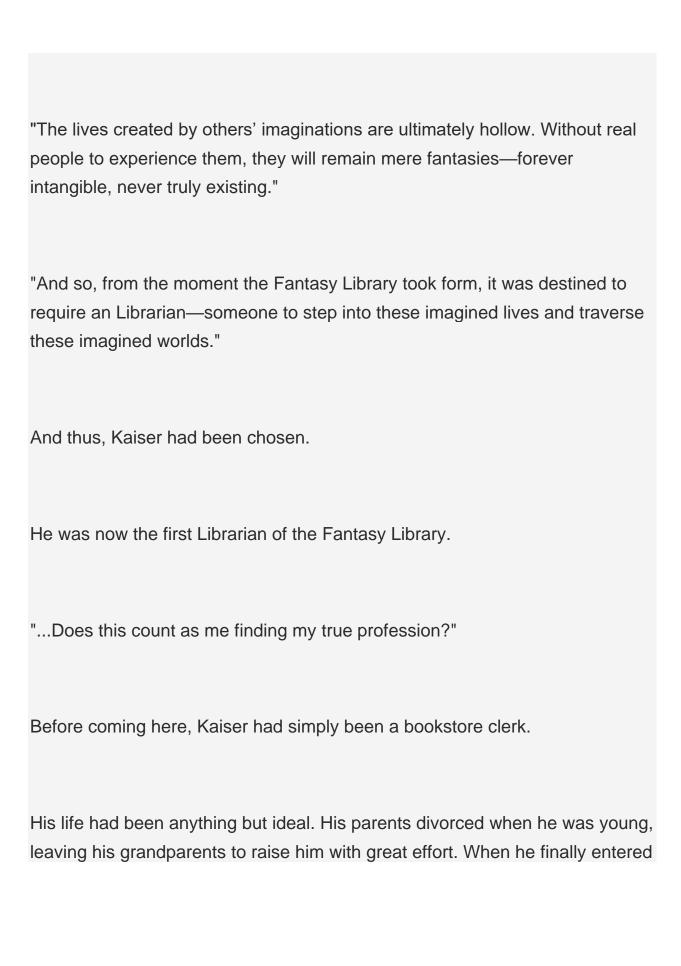
This central space had been designed as a leisure zone, complete with a large fountain, a pavilion, and even a soft grass lawn. A vine-woven hammock swayed gently, reminiscent of something straight out of a fairy tale.

Kaiser himself was submerged in the crystal-clear water of the fountain. Water continuously spouted from the center, cascading over him, yet still, he remained inexplicably dry—as if everything around him were merely an illusion.

"Where... am I?"



"The Fantasy Library So this is where I've arrived?"
A realm forged from humanity's collective dreams of other worlds—its curiosity, longing, admiration, regrets, and wistfulness, all condensed into an existence beyond reality.
It did not belong to any one place, yet it connected reality and imagination.
Every book within these shelves was an entire world born from someone's imagination.
Every page was a fragment of a life envisioned by another.
The Fantasy Library gathered these lives and dreams, preserving them in written form, transforming ephemeral fantasies into tangible realities, crafting an infinite array of worlds and dimensions.
However, there was a problem.
"If fantasy is to become real, it requires someone to live through it."



university and gained independence, his grandparents passed away peacefully, having fulfilled their duty.

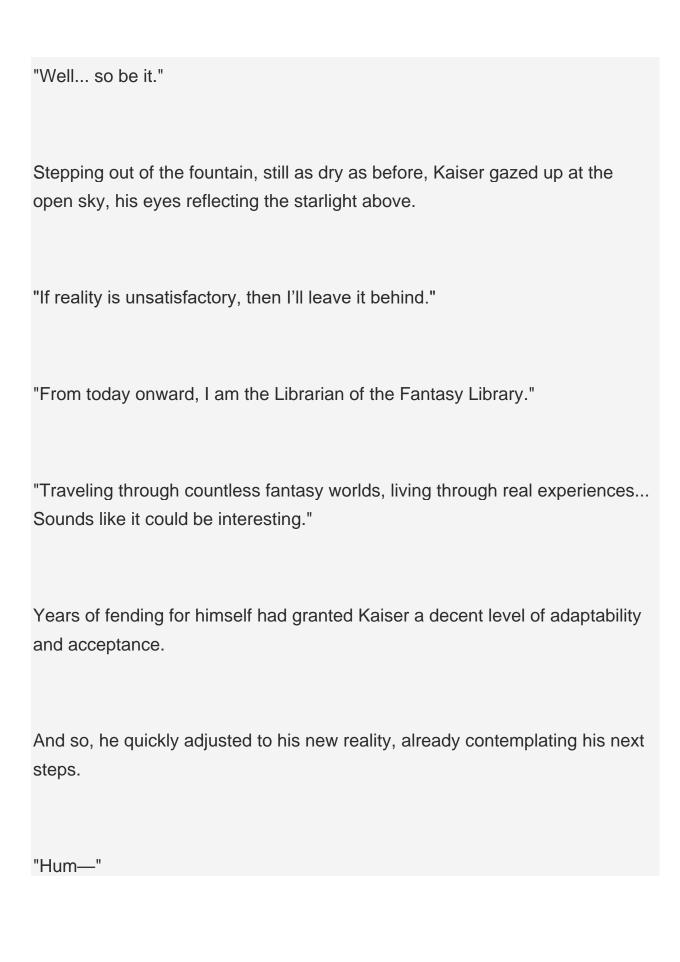
His parents had long since built new families of their own. No matter which side he went to, he never truly belonged—always the unwanted one, the outsider.

So he chose to support himself through part-time work, earning a degree that was neither outstanding nor useless, and became one of countless fresh graduates who stepped into the world, only to find themselves unemployed.

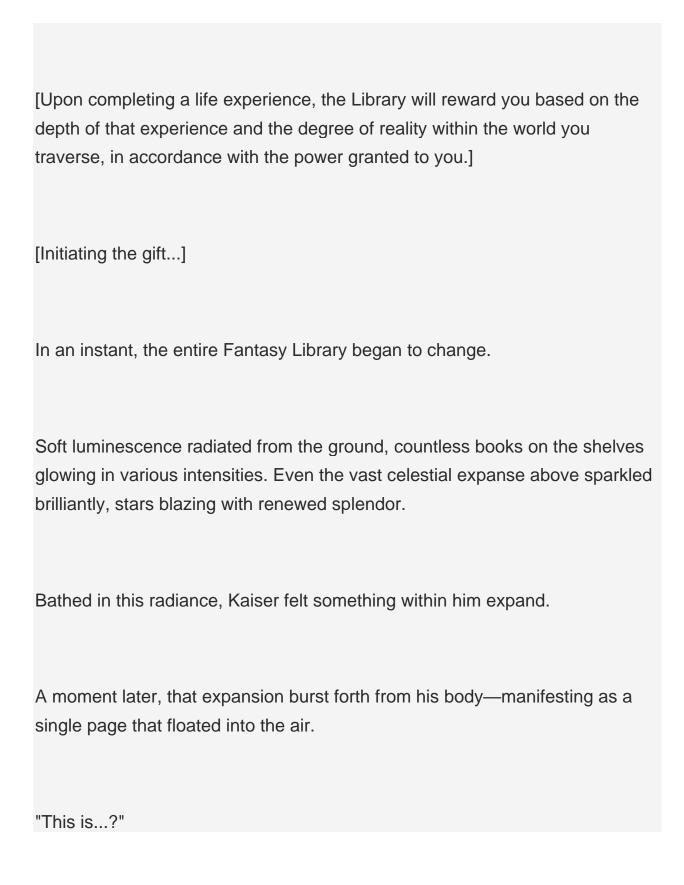
Eventually, he took a job at a bookstore. It was the first time in a long while that he felt a semblance of stability.

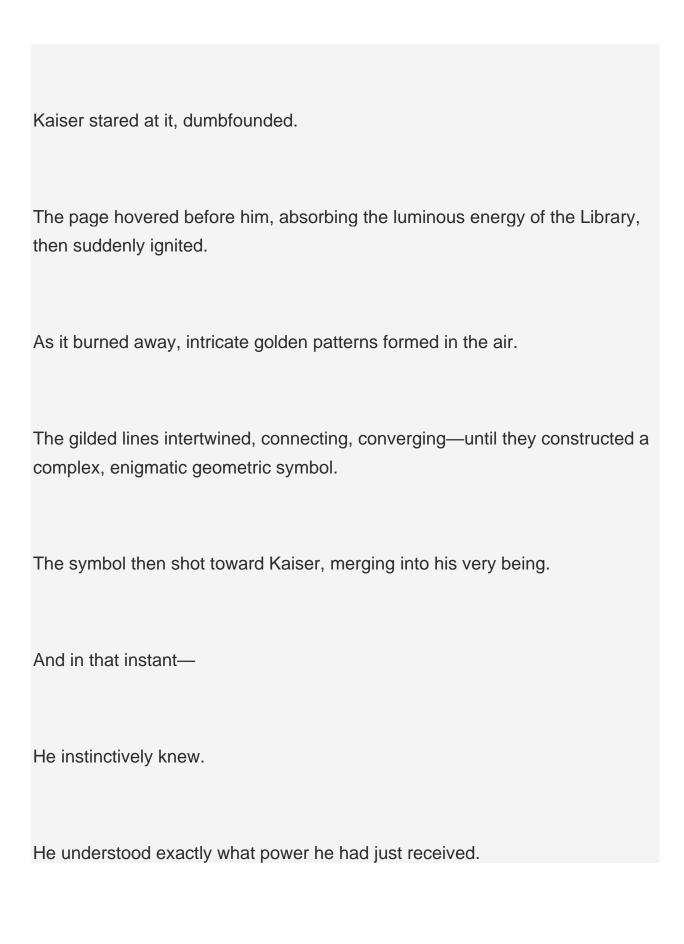
Kaiser remembered that just last night, he had been organizing the store's newly arrived books. By the time he finished, it was late, so he had simply curled up in the storeroom and fallen asleep.

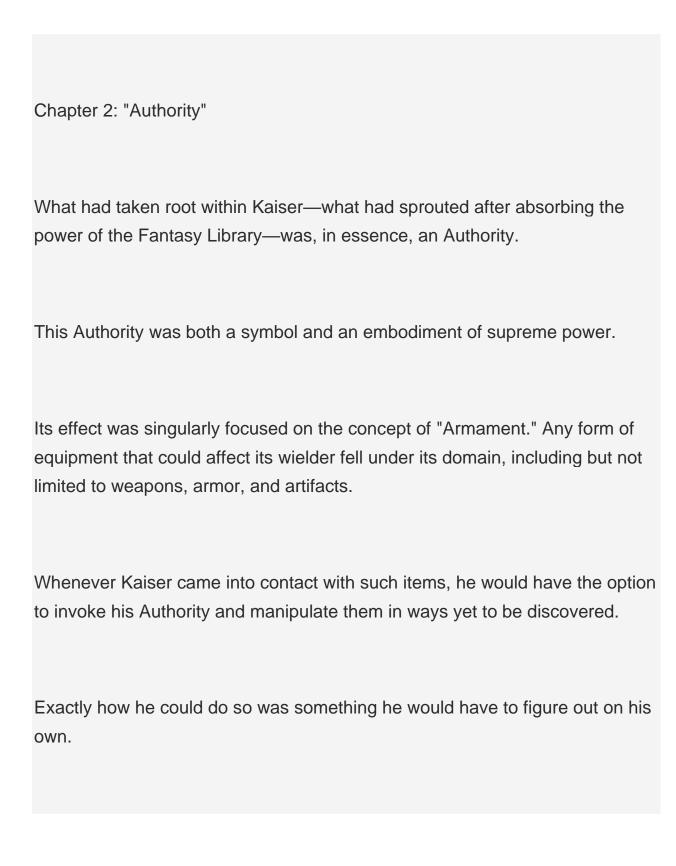
Who would have thought that upon waking, he would find himself here, chosen as the Librarian of the Fantasy Library?

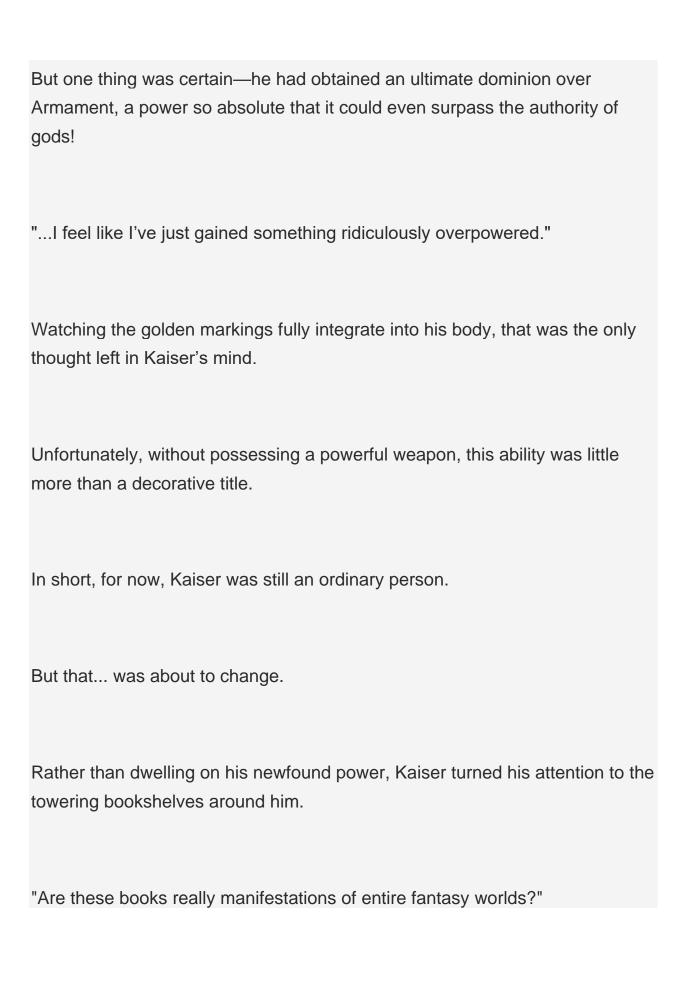


At that moment, the unseen force descended for the third time. Now that he had absorbed a portion of the Library's knowledge, Kaiser understood—this force was, in fact, the will of the Fantasy Library itself. The Fantasy Library possessed no consciousness, no emotions. It functioned purely as a system, descending only when its Librarian required guidance, imparting knowledge as needed. It did not "speak" in the conventional sense, nor did it transmit words or images. Instead, its essence flowed into Kaiser, translating itself into a form his mind could comprehend. And now, once more— [You have become the Librarian of the Fantasy Library.] [As the Librarian, you are entitled to a gift from the Library—a power that best aligns with your very being.]

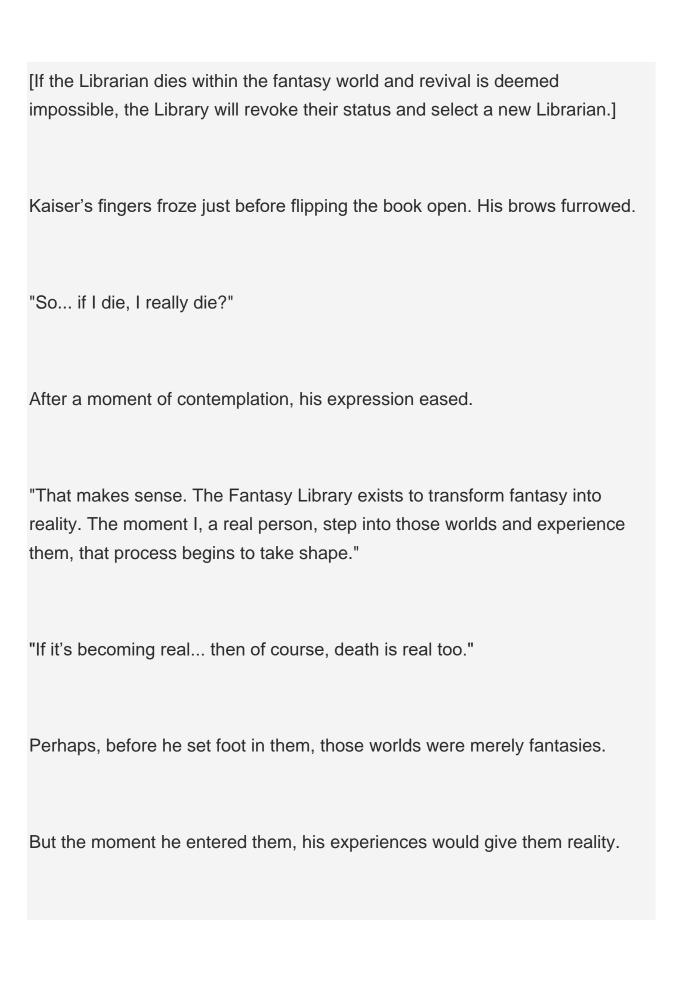


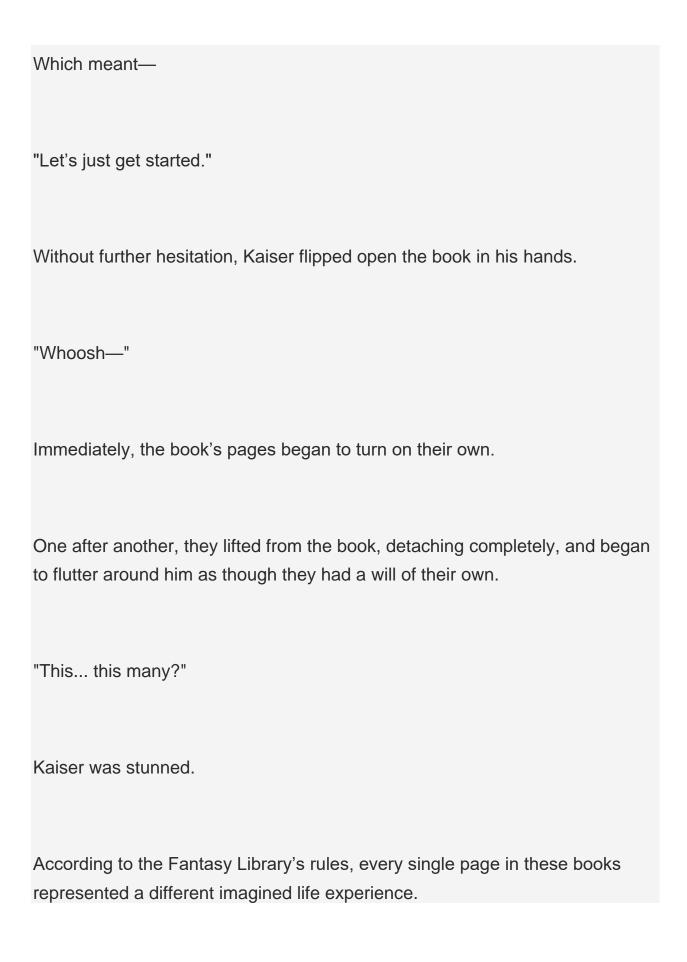






Although the Fantasy Library had already imparted the basic knowledge to him, curiosity still stirred within him. With that thought, he made his way toward a corner of the leisure area, stepping onto a staircase that wound along the walls. After circling a small section of the Library, he finally arrived at the archives. Without wandering too far, Kaiser approached the nearest bookshelf and pulled out a book at random. The moment he did, the Library's silent intent surfaced once more. [By opening a book, you will enter the fantasy world recorded within its pages and undergo a randomly assigned life experience.] [Please note: Until the assigned life experience reaches its designated endpoint, the Librarian cannot return to the Library.]





Much like writing a novel, some stories were built around protagonists who were exceptional from the start—blessed with noble bloodlines, powerful backers, or overwhelming abilities.

Others, however, depicted protagonists who began as ordinary people, struggling before they eventually rose to prominence.

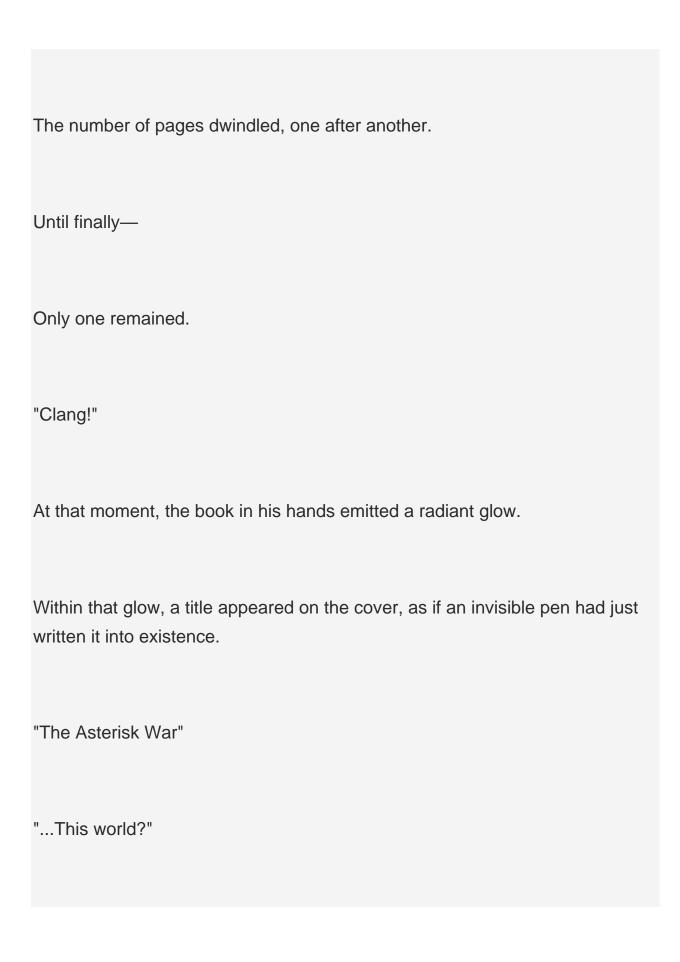
When the Fantasy Library collected these imagined lives, it automatically filtered out the most illogical or broken settings, only keeping those that could exist within reason.

Even so, not all lives were created equal.

Some began at the peak, while others started at rock bottom—meaning that the experience could either be a dream come true or an absolute nightmare.

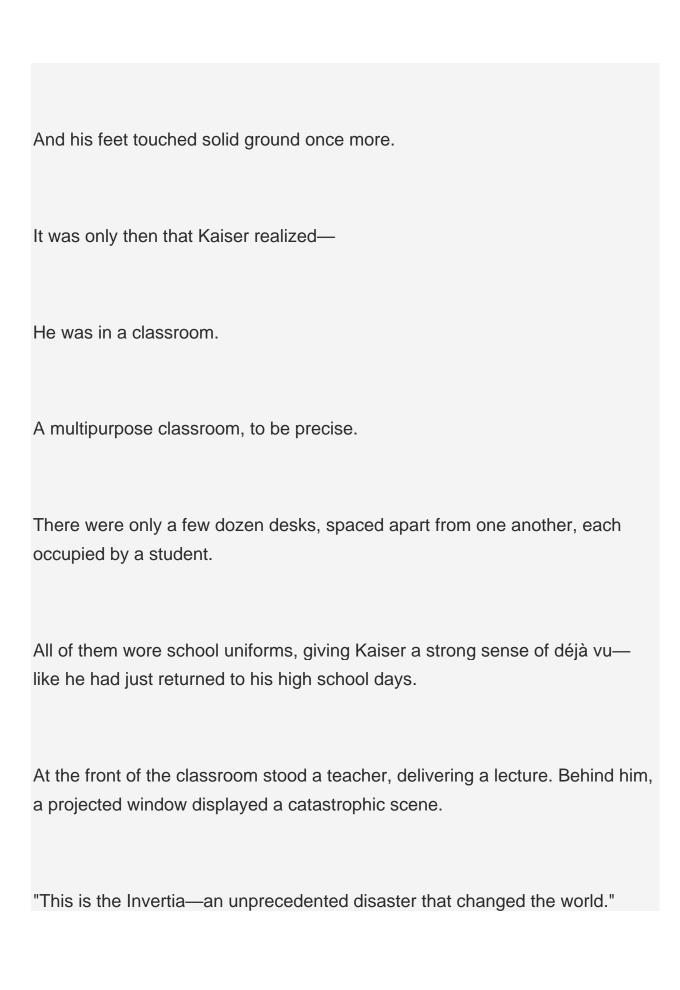
And now, as part of his first entry into a fantasy world, Kaiser had to randomly draw one life experience from these pages.

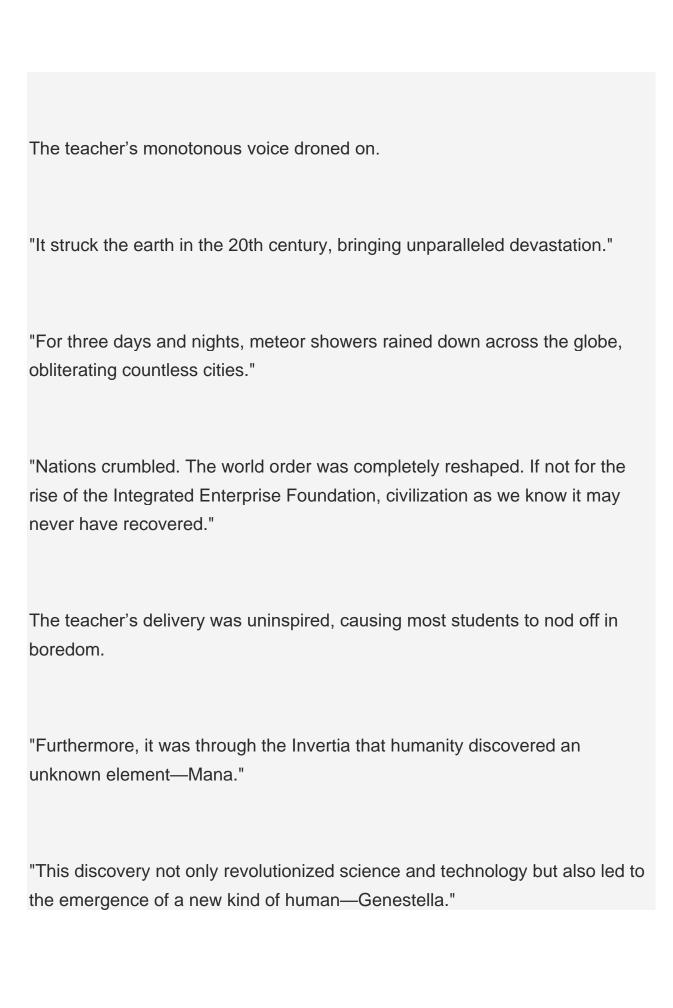
Once the selection was made, the remaining pages would vanish. Even if he reentered this world in the future, he would always follow the same path he was about to choose now.
After all, once he completed a life experience in a fantasy world, that world would become real.
At this moment, he was undergoing the process of choosing his role in this world.
If he was lucky, he would be the protagonist.
If he was unlucky well, then he'd have to struggle to survive.
And worst of all—he had no control over this selection process.
Even as the pages swirled around him, Kaiser could only stand there and watch.
Time passed.

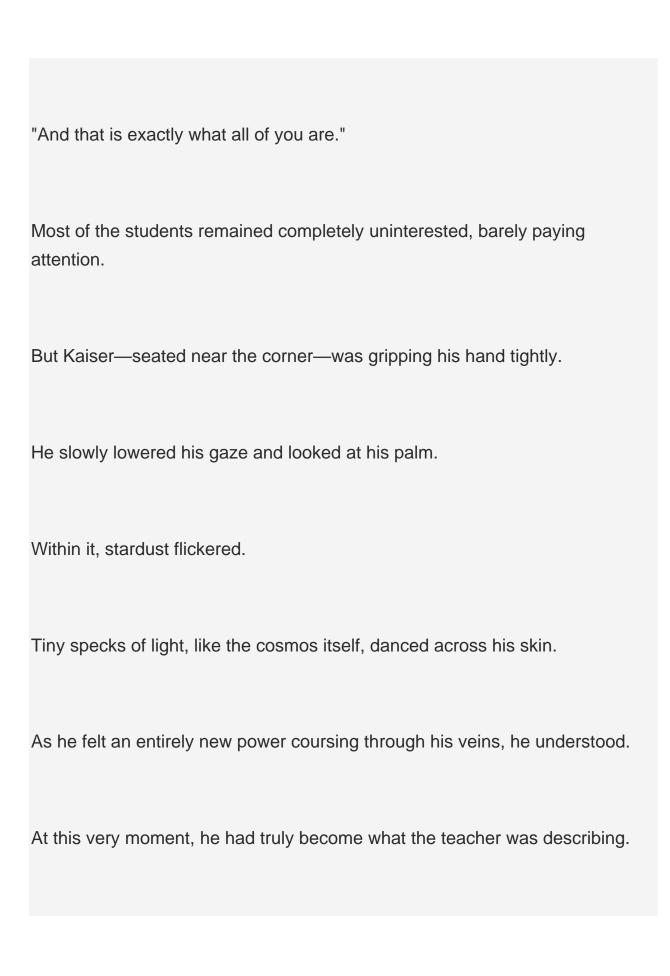


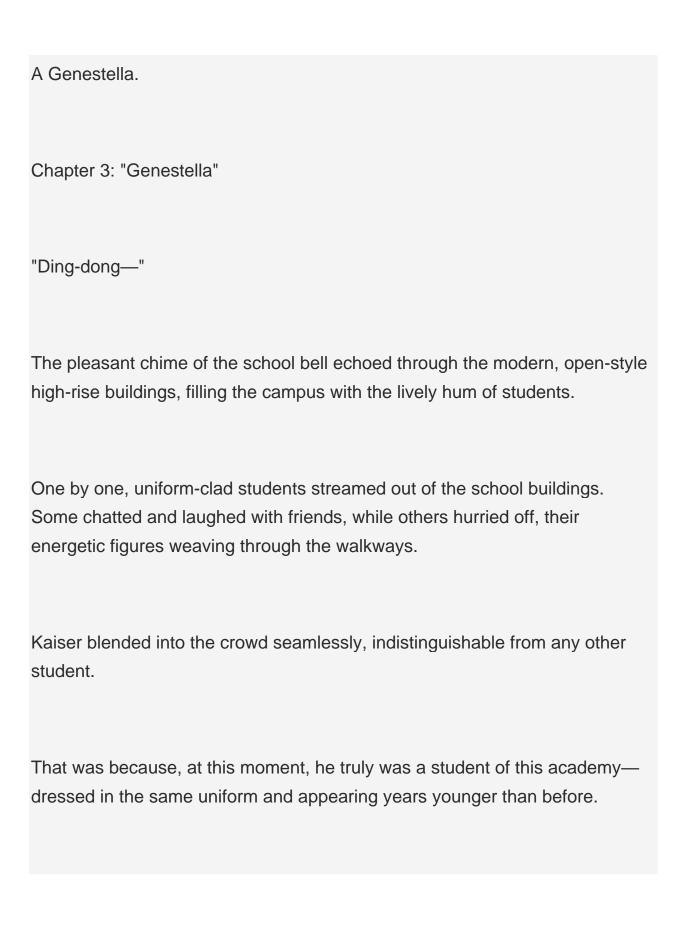
Kaiser's expression flickered in shock.
"Shff!"
Suddenly, the last remaining page transformed into a streak of light and shot straight into his mind.
At the same time, the book in his hands lifted from his grip, opening once more in front of him.
Its pages remained intact, but now, they were all blank.
Because the one who would write the story had yet to step inside.
As if guided by an unseen force, Kaiser reached out and touched the book.
The next second—
He vanished.

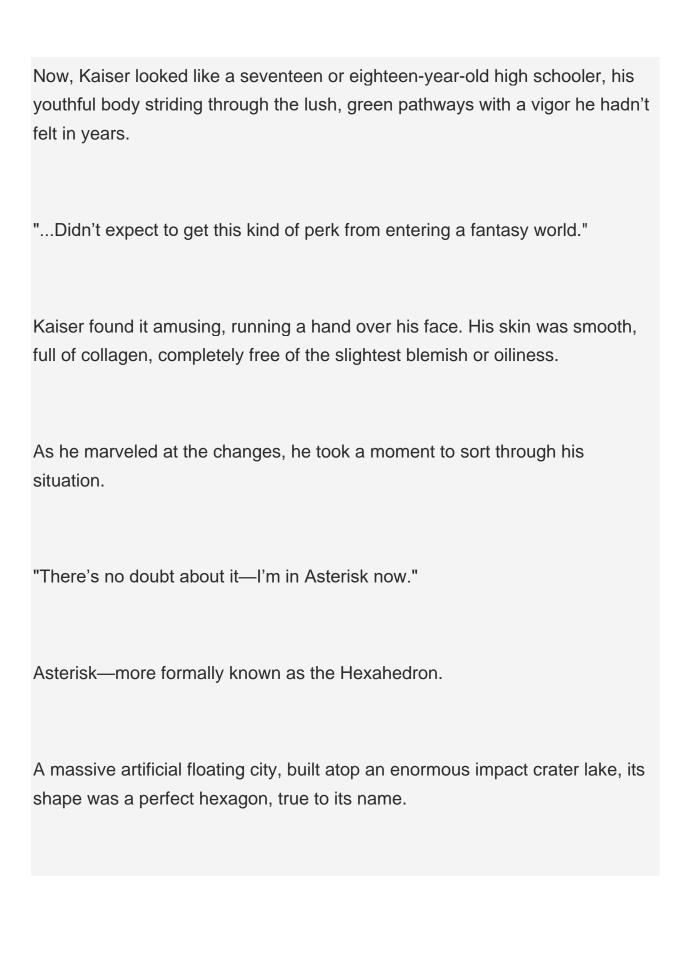
The only thing left behind was the book, hovering in midair, gently rising and falling as though breathing.
nn
Kaiser's consciousness shifted.
He felt himself severed from solid ground, yet he was not floating.
Everything in his vision had been washed in white, devoid of any color.
The space around him wavered, like a film scene transitioning at a thousand
times slower speed, gradually replacing the image of the mysterious Library with something else.
Then, as the white faded, the wavering ceased.











Its official title was Rikka, and it had been constructed by the Integrated Enterprise Foundation for one singular purpose—dueling.

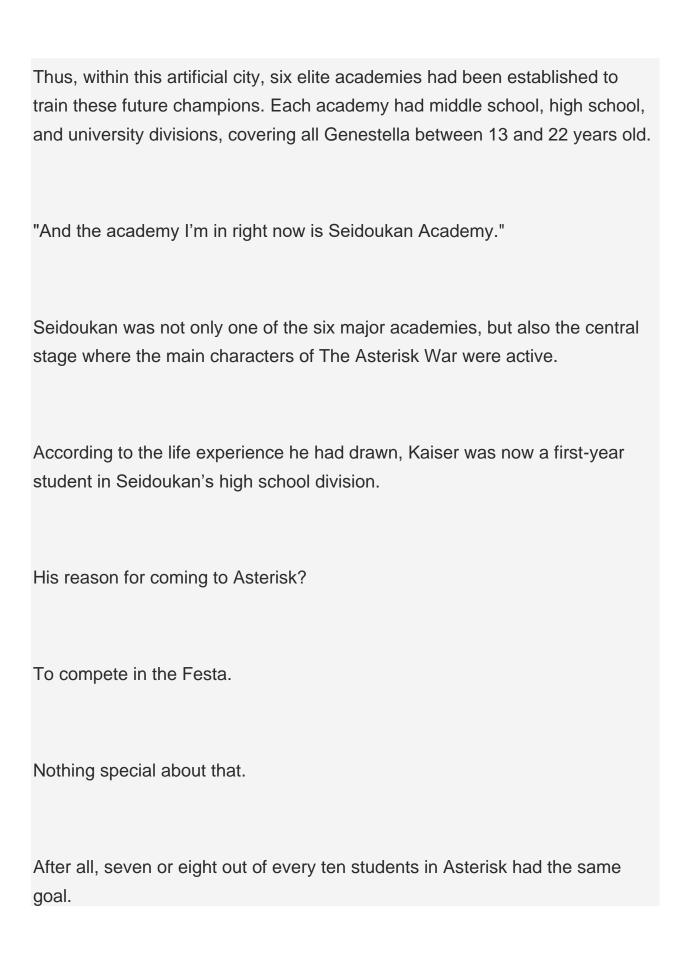
Of course, dueling here wasn't about playing cards like a certain Duel Monsters world. These were real, weaponized combat tournaments, fought with actual weapons in high-intensity battles.

In this world, the ultimate tournament—the Festa—was a globally renowned combat spectacle, with the largest fanbase in the world. It was not just a sport but an event that profoundly influenced the global economy.

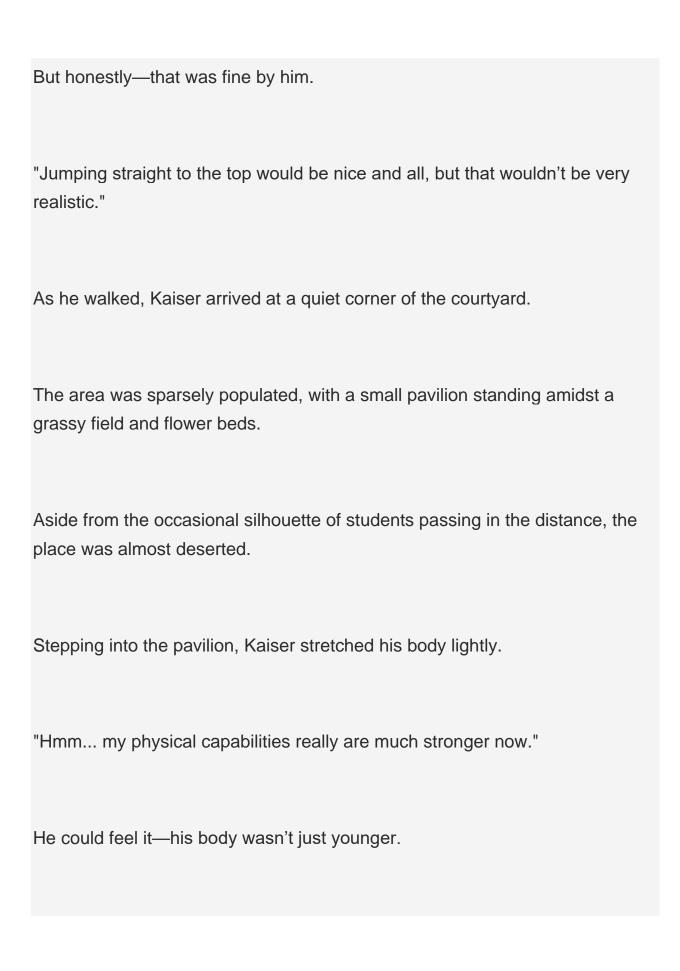
Asterisk existed as the stage for the Festa, and also as the primary training ground for its competitors.

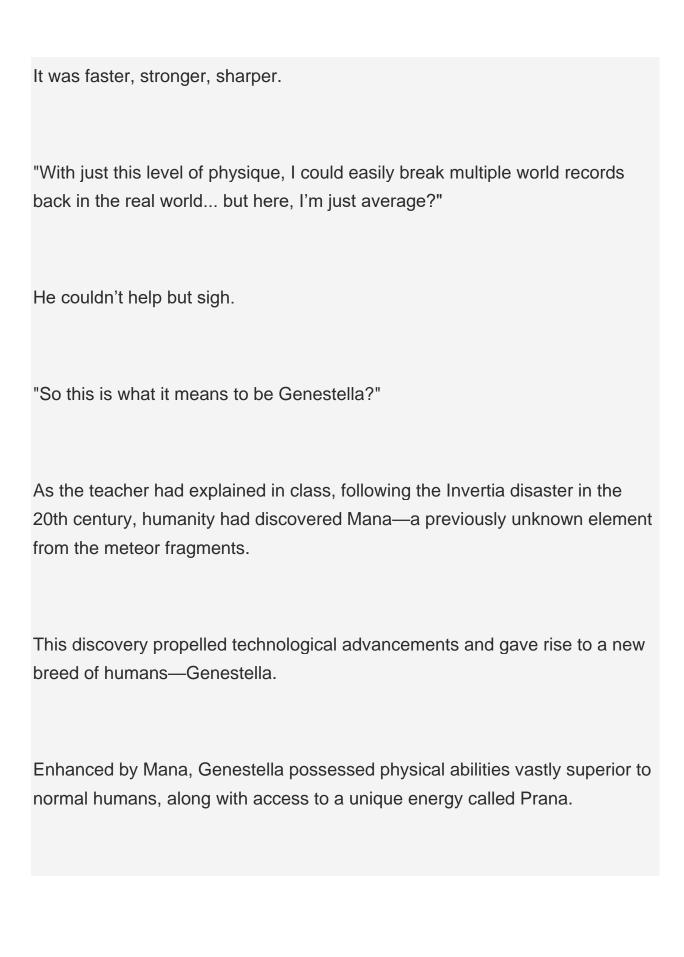
According to the Festa's regulations, only Genestella between the ages of 13 and 22 were eligible to participate.

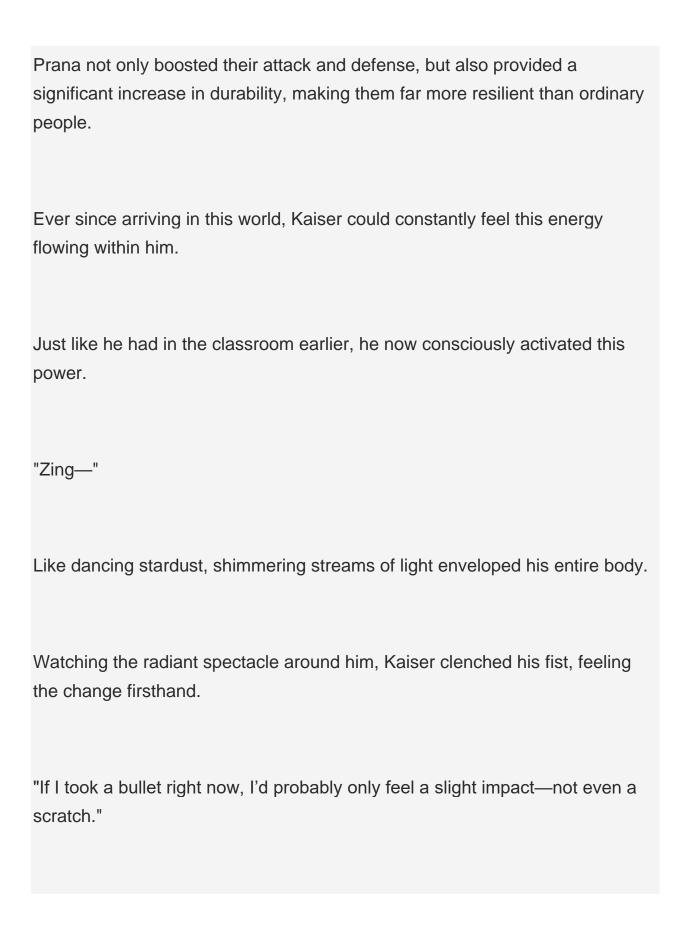
And since all eligible competitors fell within that age range, nearly all of them were students.

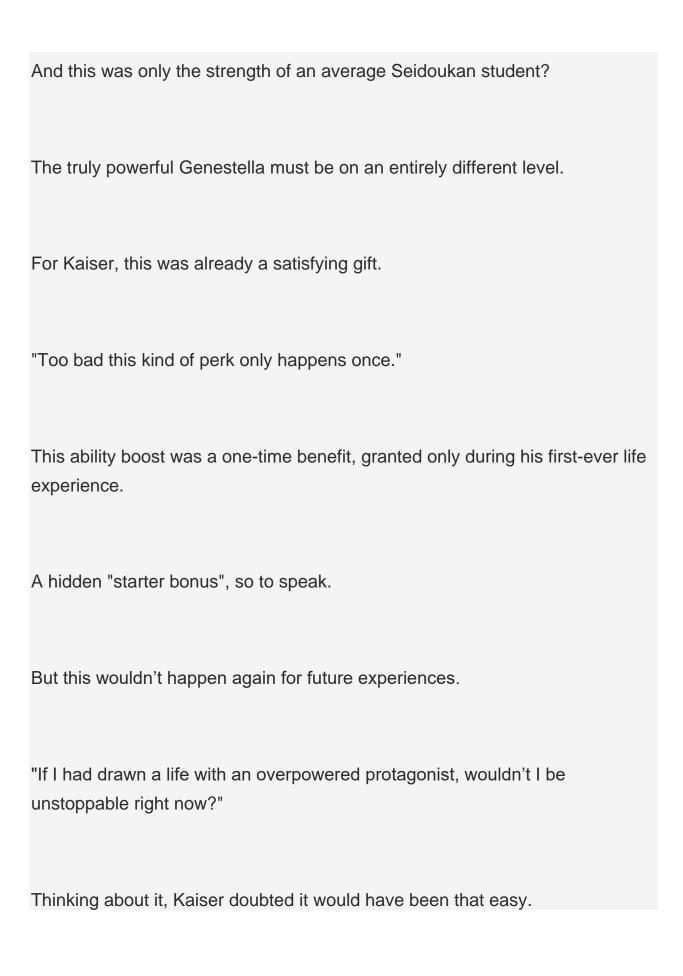


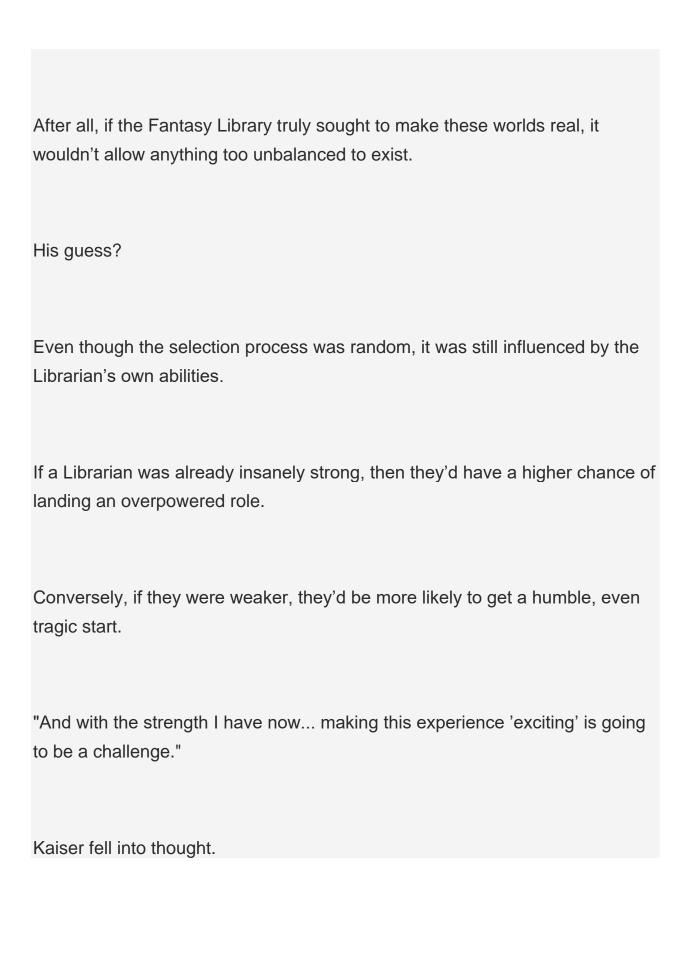
The remaining two or three? They had their own unique reasons for being here.
Kaiser was simply one of the many who wanted to compete—nothing remarkable at all.
"Looks like I didn't get a protagonist-tier background."
Kaiser thought this with mild amusement.
According to his assigned role, his strength was only average within Seidoukan Academy.
Not weak enough to be bottom-tier, but also nowhere near the level of a Festa-worthy elite.
Completely mediocre.

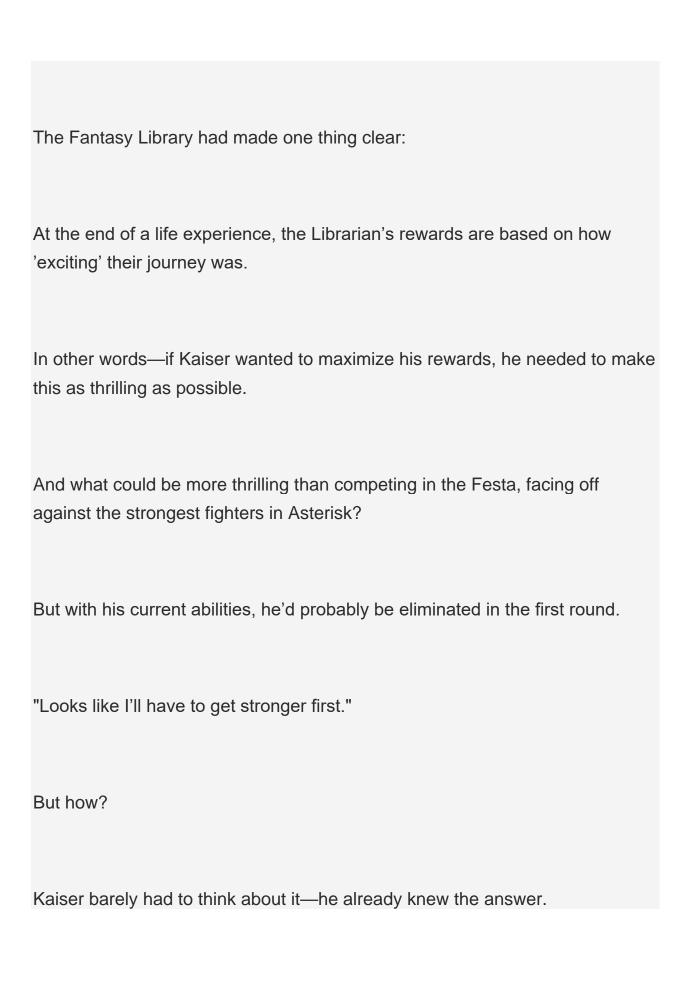


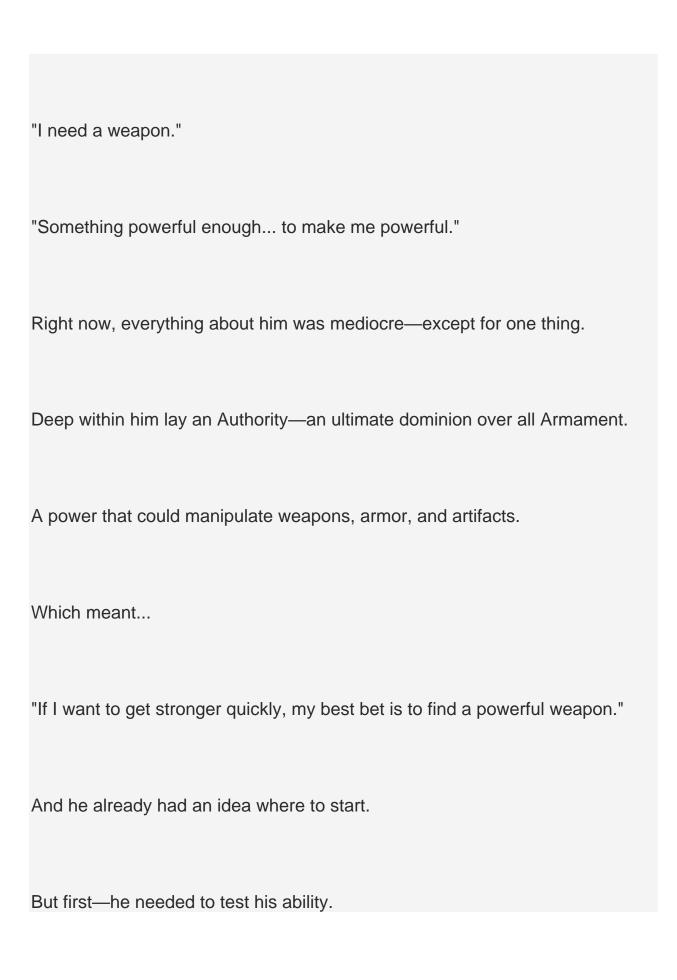


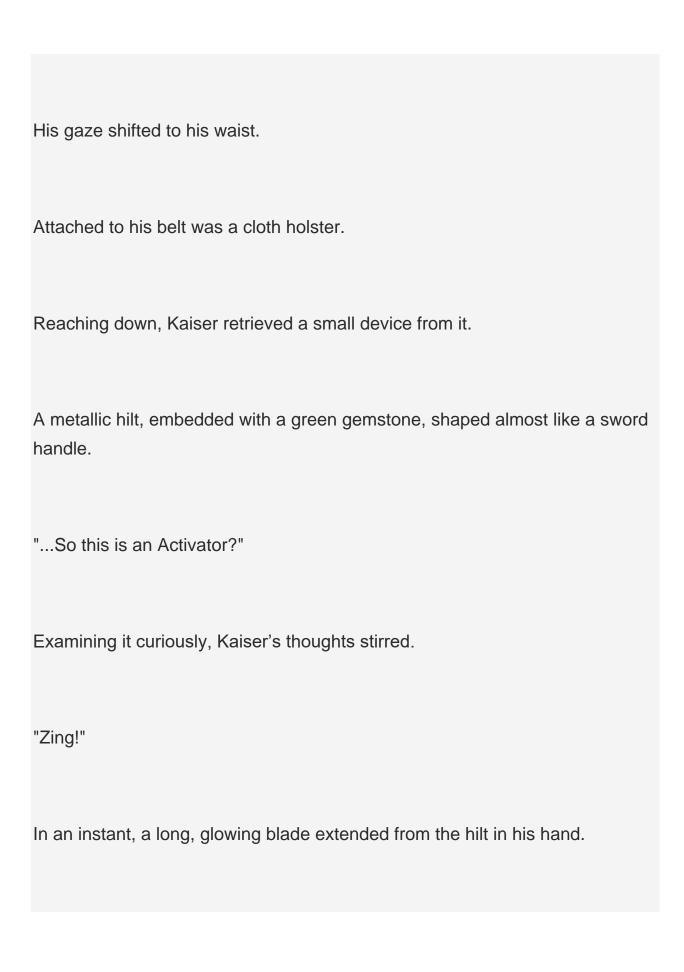


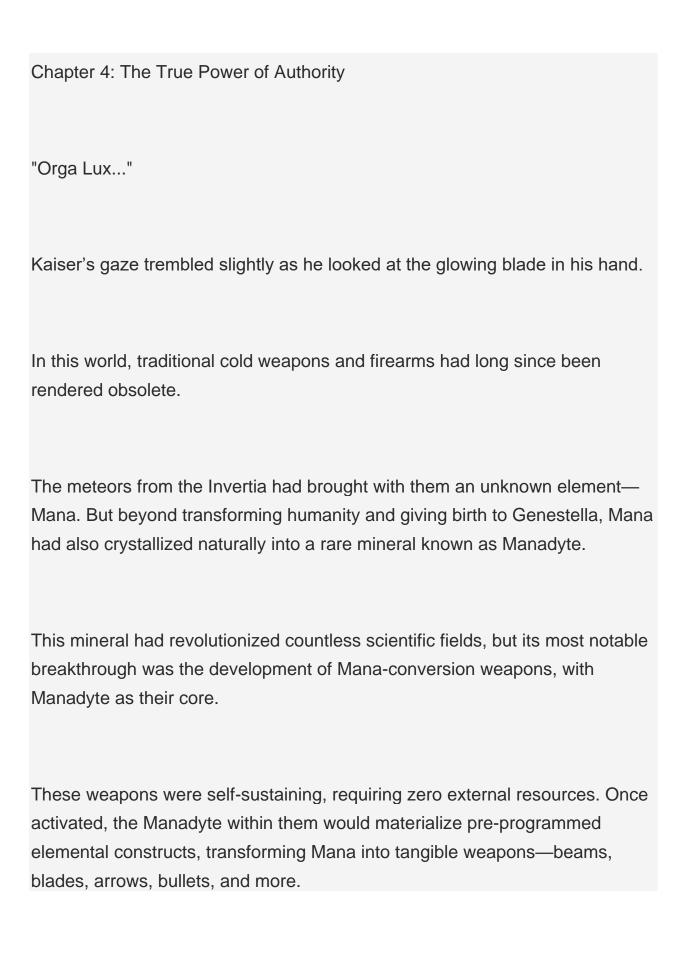












These weapons were called Lux.

Lux weapons could have their output and properties adjusted, and when inactive, they remained in their compact hilt form, making them highly convenient to carry. Their practicality had made them the dominant form of weaponry, even for civilians.

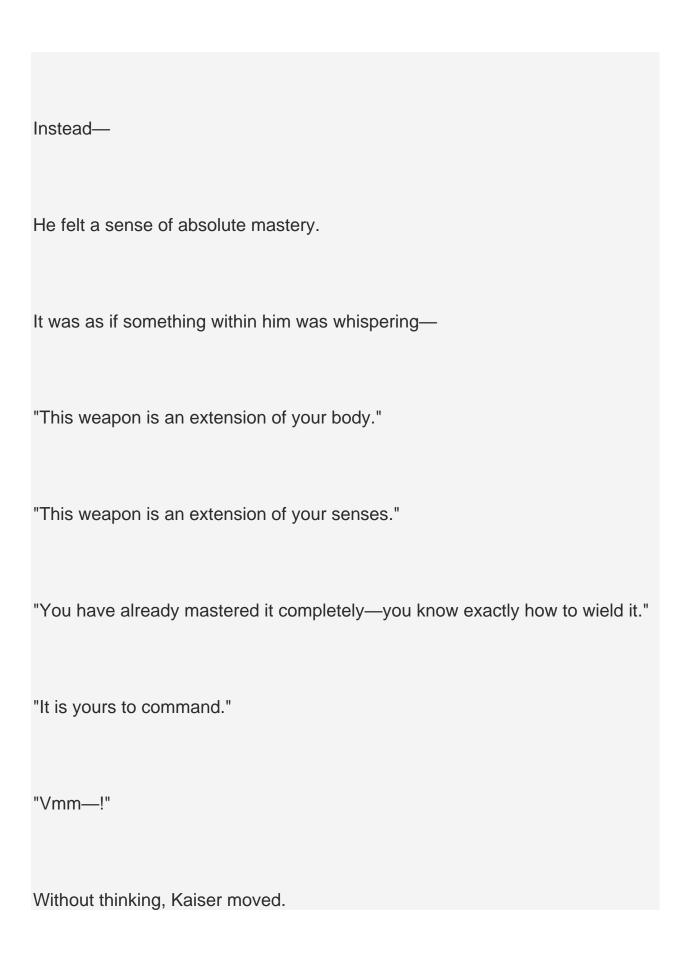
From self-defense tools to children's toys, Lux weapons had become so common that they were now a part of everyday life.

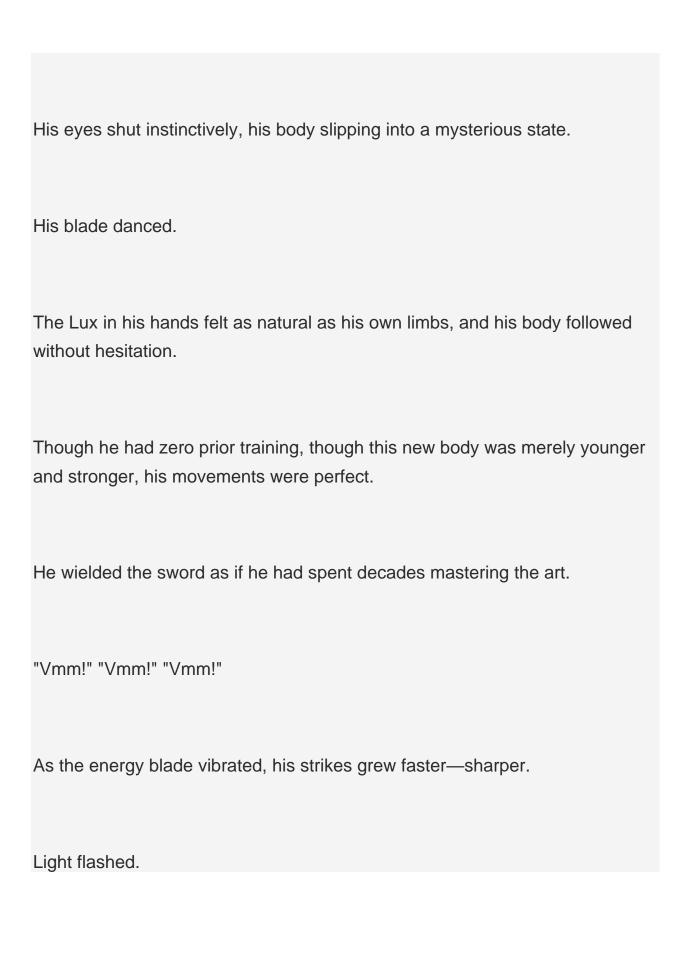
Naturally, in Asterisk—a city built for combat tournaments, home to six elite academies training Festa competitors—such an essential piece of equipment was standard issue.

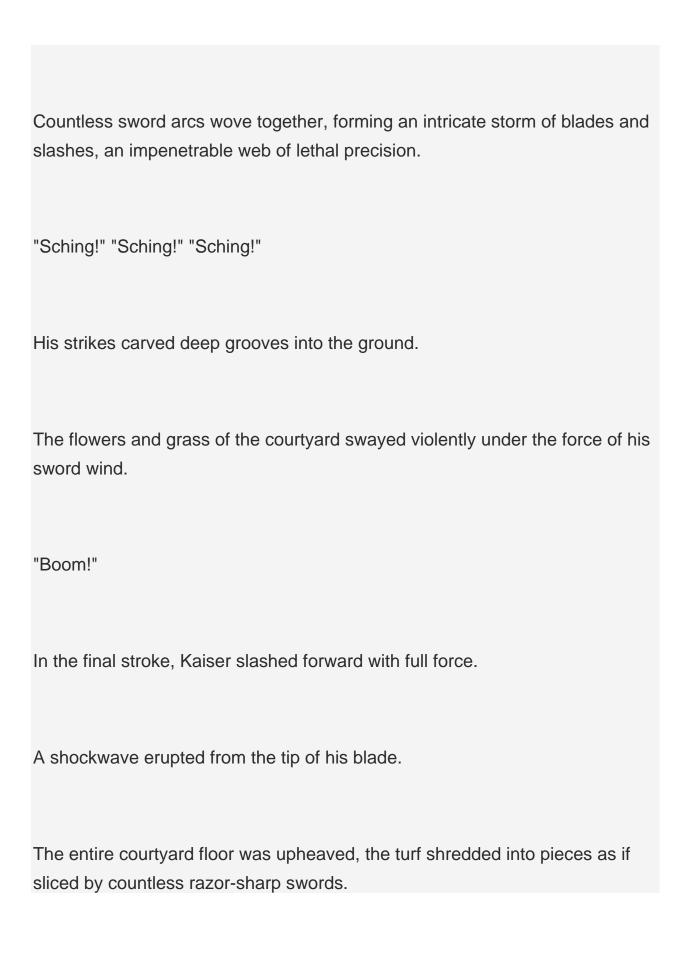
All students enrolled in Asterisk's six academies were entitled to request a Lux from the school's Equipment Bureau, which would even customize and modify the weapon to suit their needs.

Right now, the weapon in Kaiser's hand was one such Lux.

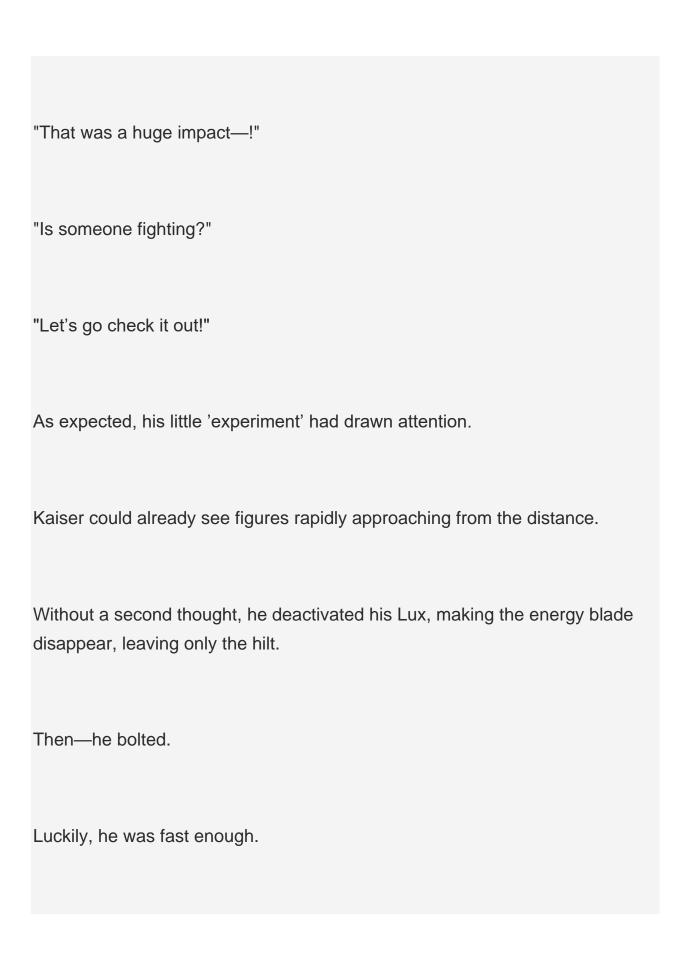
And yet—
II <u> </u>
Gripping the hilt tightly, an indescribable sensation washed over him.
Before this, Kaiser had never wielded a weapon in his life.
The most he'd ever held were kitchen knives and fruit-cutting blades—maybe a pair of scissors or nail clippers at most.
Under normal circumstances, this should have felt foreign to him.
He should have had no clue how to use this weapon properly.
Yet, the moment his fingers wrapped around the hilt, he did not feel unfamiliarity.



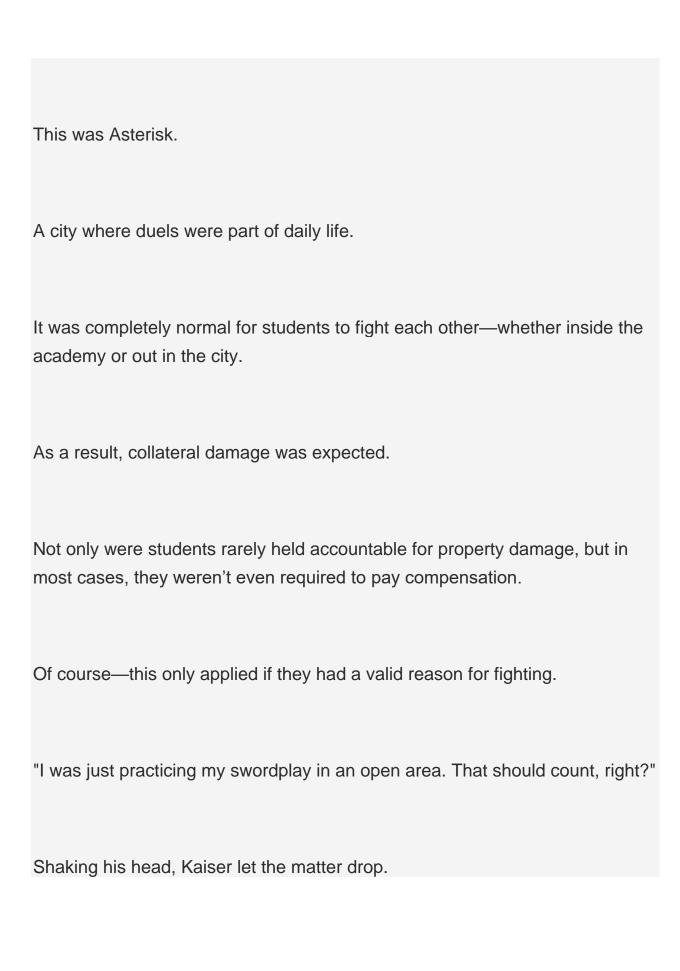


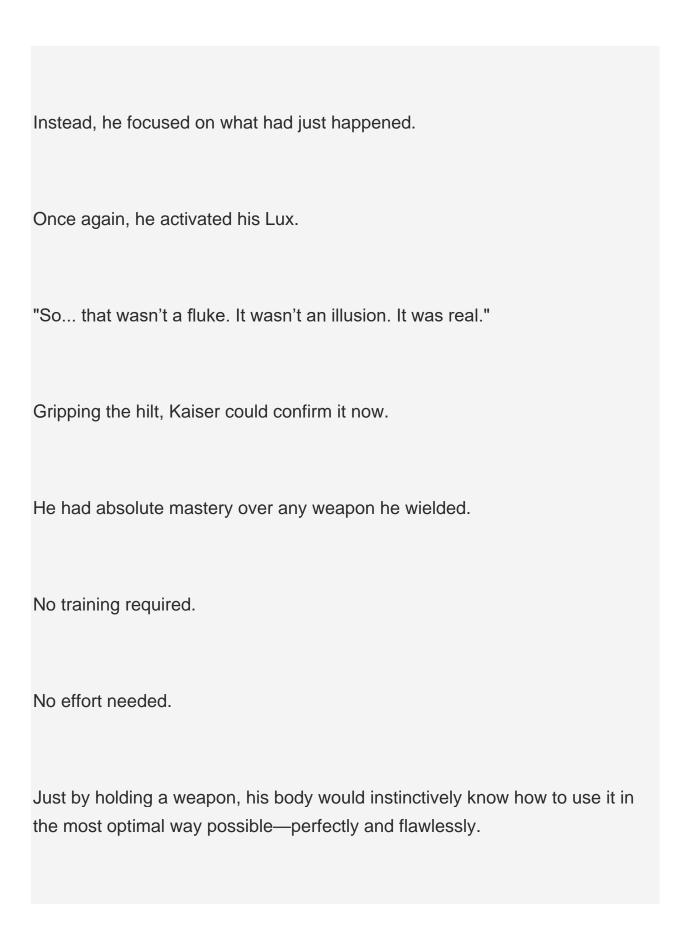


Dust surged.
Dirt and stones flew.
The carefully trimmed grass was scattered like confetti, each blade sliced cleanly at the stem.
"D-Did I just do this?"
Kaiser froze.
Still in his final stance, he stared at the devastation before him, his eyes widening in disbelief.
Then—
"What was that sound?"



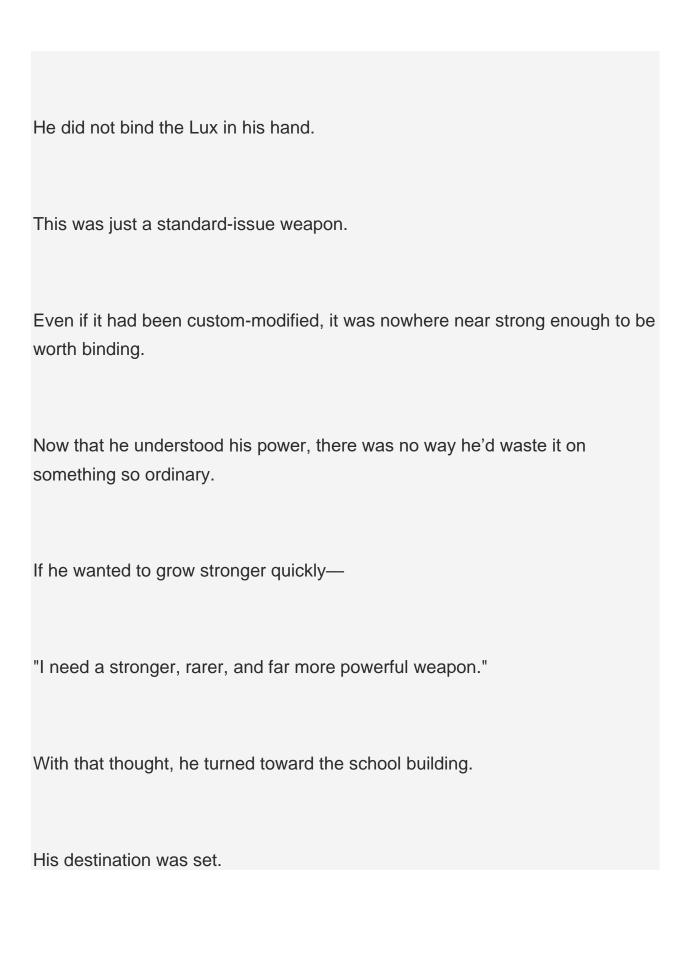
By the time the approaching students arrived, the scene was already empty.
All that remained was a shredded courtyard, the aftermath of an unnatural sword wind, leaving the spectators murmuring in confusion.
"Haa"
Elsewhere, Kaiser had escaped to another isolated corner of the campus, finally exhaling in relief.
But then—
"Wait. Why did I run?"
He smacked his forehead.
He had completely forgotten—

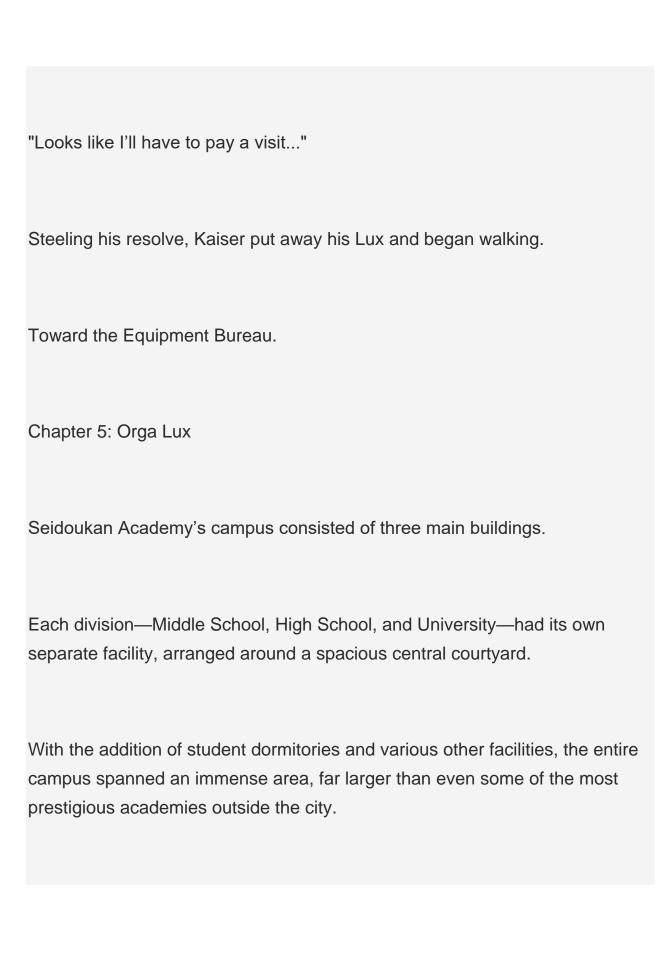


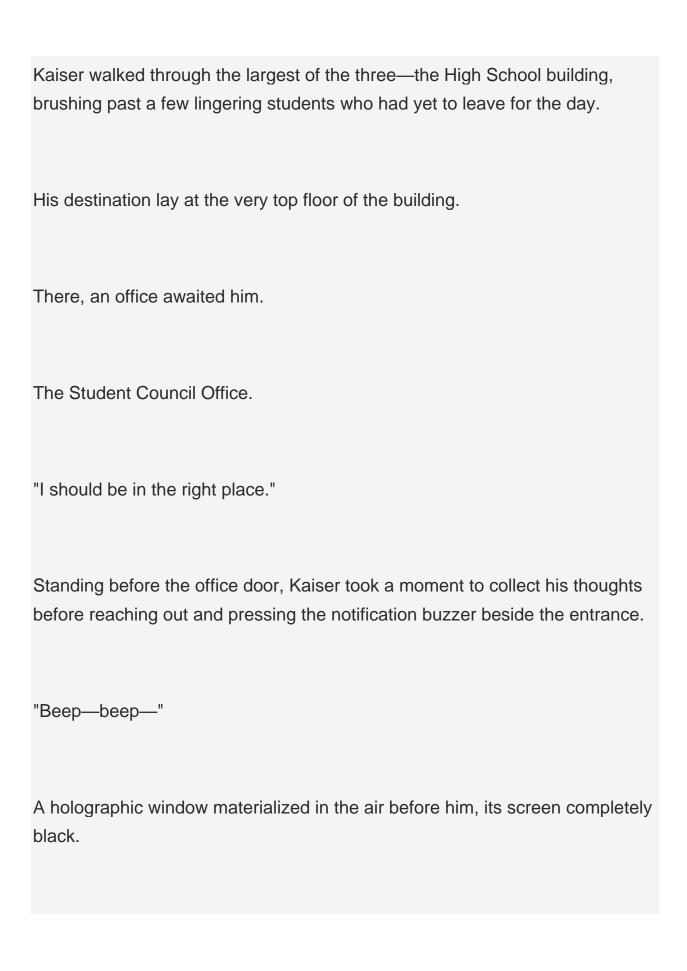


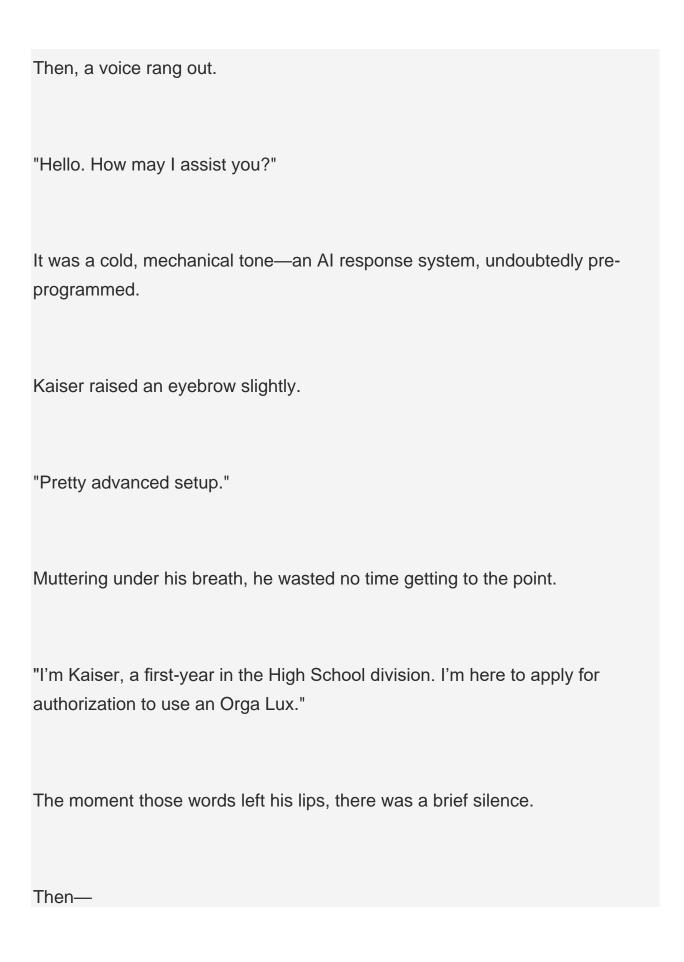
"So this is what my Authority does?"
Excitement surged within him.
"No—this isn't all it can do."
He could feel it.
His Authority wasn't limited to just wielding weapons perfectly.
There was something more.
"I I can make this weapon recognize me as its rightful owner?"
Through sheer intuition, Kaiser sensed the truth.
Just by holding a weapon, he could imprint his mark upon it, making it his personal weapon.

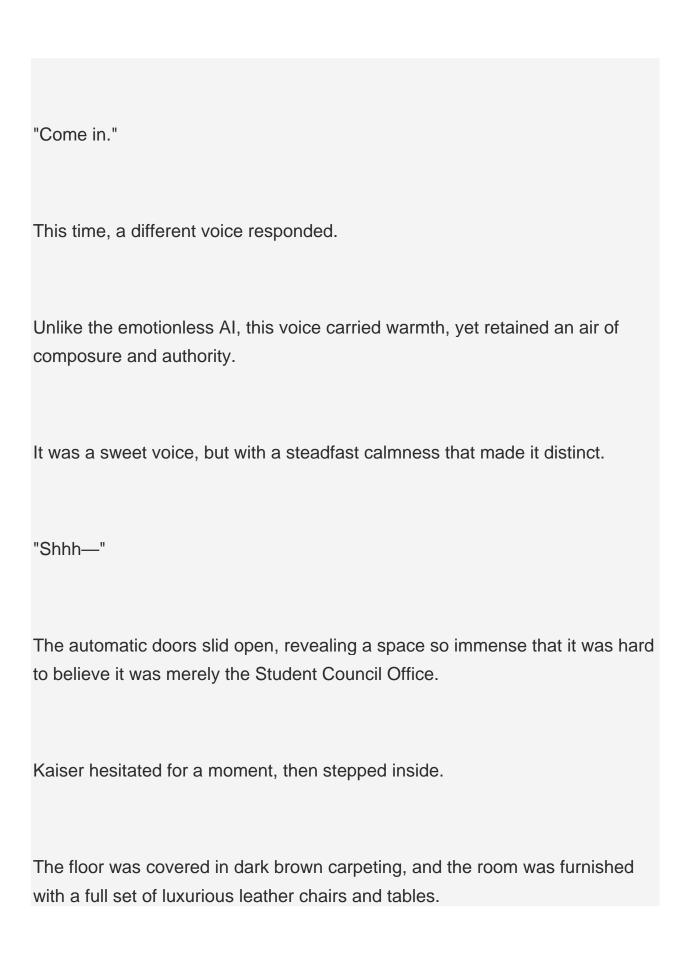
And if he did—
The weapon would become bound to him, responding only to his command.
It would grow stronger alongside him, increasing in power over time.
Even if broken, it could be stored within him, gradually self-repairing over time
If lost, he could summon it back instantly, no matter where it was.
It would be impossible for anyone else to steal or use it.
"This this is the true power of my Authority!"
Realizing this, Kaiser's mind raced.
But—



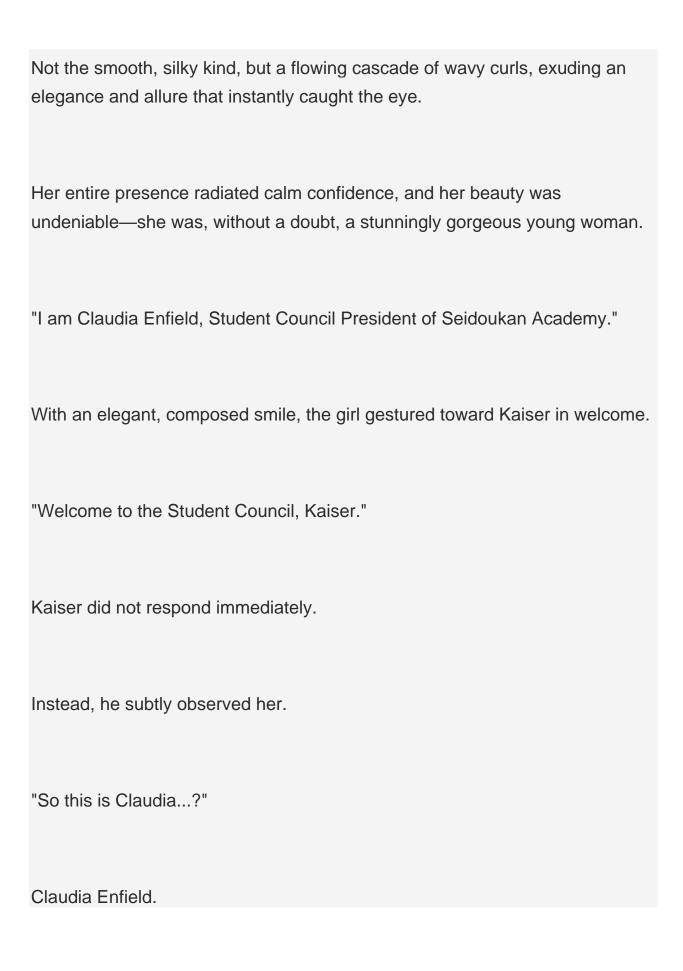


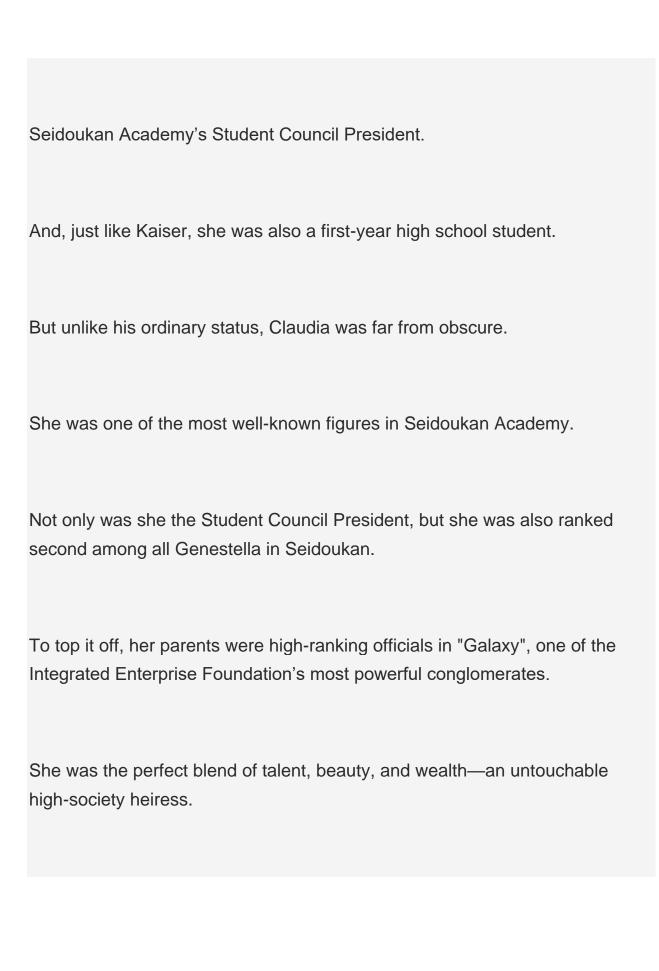




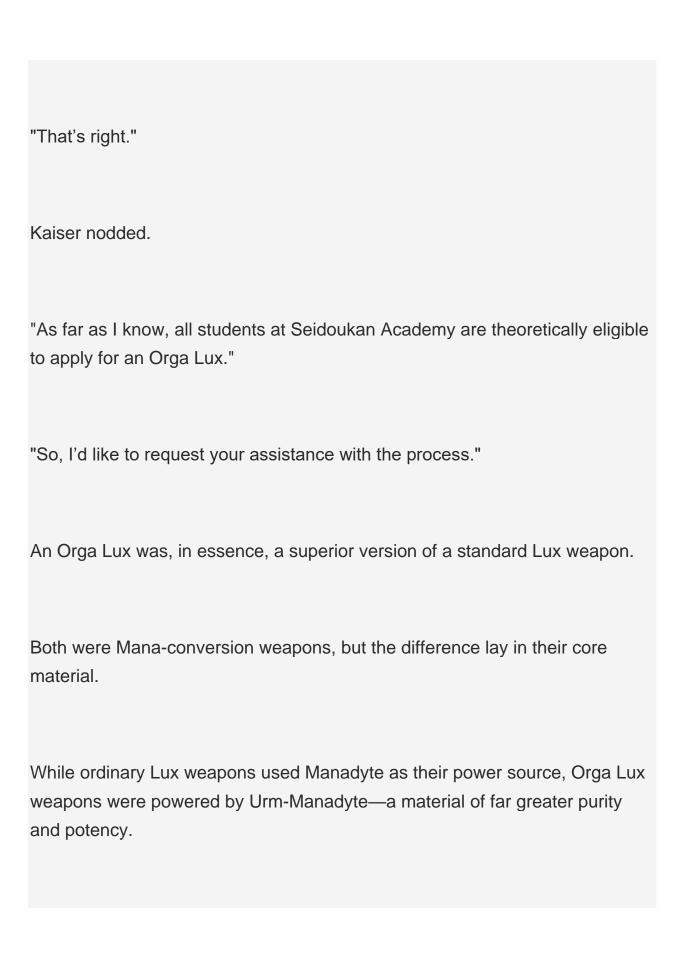


The walls were adorned with scenic paintings of Seidoukan Academy, creating an atmosphere of opulence and grandeur.
At the very back of the office, the wall was replaced by a massive glass window, offering a breathtaking aerial view of the city below.
From this vantage point, the streets of Asterisk looked like a miniature model, spread out beneath the sky.
In front of this panoramic view, a large oak desk sat elegantly.
And behind that desk—
A girl.
She had brilliant golden hair.

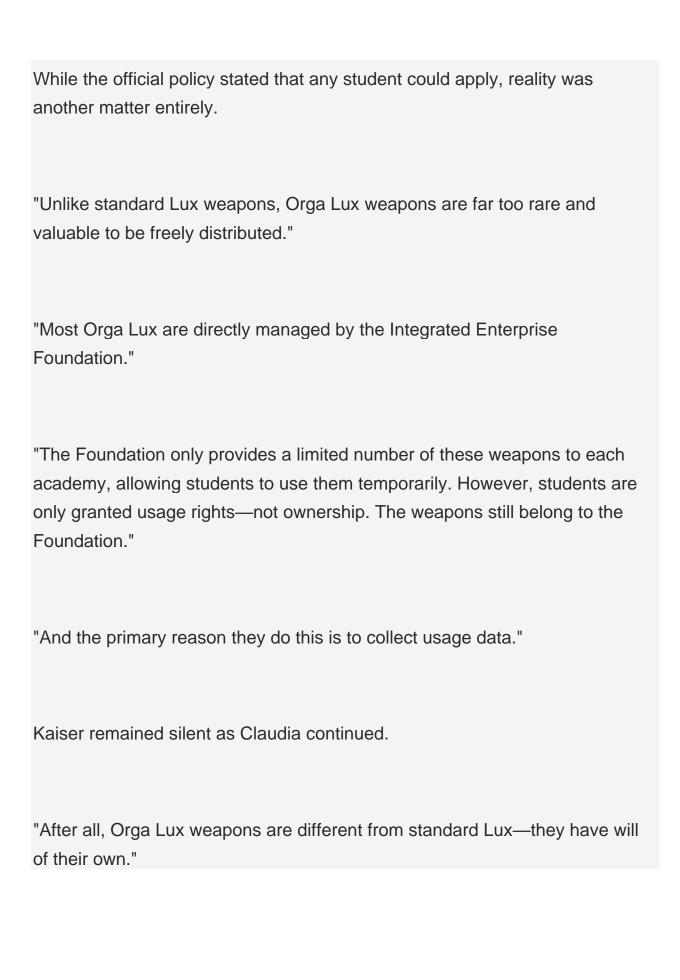


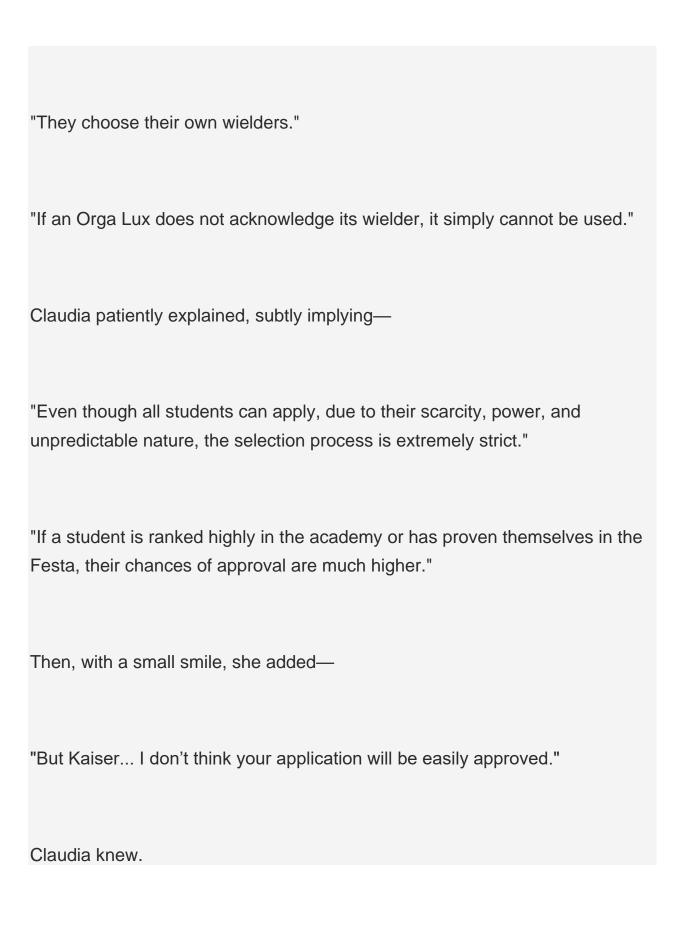


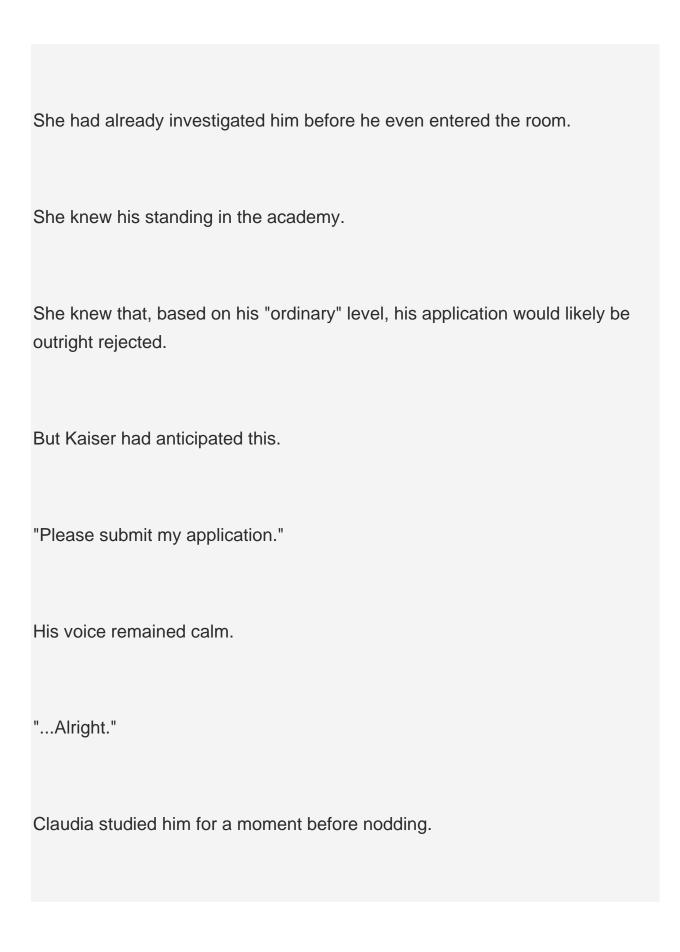
In the original story, she was also one of the main heroines, and at times, her popularity even surpassed that of the actual female lead.
For Kaiser, meeting Claudia here was the equivalent of seeing a two-dimensional character brought to life—a surreal experience.
Fortunately, he had already mentally prepared himself beforehand, so he remained composed.
"Nice to meet you, President Enfield."
Kaiser greeted her politely, mirroring her calm demeanor.
"Just call me Claudia."
She responded with a polite smile, unfazed.
"I've already received your request. You're here to apply for authorization to use an Orga Lux, correct?"



Urm-Manadyte was exceptionally rare, offering not only higher energy output but also special abilities that standard Lux weapons lacked.
Because of this, Orga Lux weapons were far more powerful than their standard counterparts and could greatly enhance a wielder's combat prowess.
Naturally, Kaiser had set his sights on acquiring one.
But—
"That's true—in theory, any student can apply for an Orga Lux."
Claudia acknowledged his statement but then added,
"However, you're aware that this is just theoretical, aren't you?"
Indeed.







"I'll submit the request on behalf of the Student Council. You can wait for the results."
"Thank you."
Kaiser gave a small nod of appreciation.
Then, turning away from her—
He activated his Authority.
п <u></u> п
An invisible force surged from his body—so faint that no ordinary human could perceive it.
But—
"Huh?"

Claudia's expression shifted ever so slightly.	
Author's Note: Hey everyone! Yep, this is a re-release—you probably already know why!	