



# Fate Prototype

蒼銀のフラグメンツ

4

桜井 光

原作 TYPE-MOON

イラスト 中原



The background of the cover is a soft-focus illustration of several anime-style characters. In the foreground, a young man with dark hair, wearing a blue tunic and a yellow cape, is looking down. Behind him, a young woman with long pink hair and a white headband is looking forward. To the right, a young woman with long white hair and a purple headband is looking down. In the background, a young man with dark hair is visible. The overall color palette is soft and pastel.

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蒼銀のフラグメンツ

## Volume 4

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**Illustrated by Nakahara**

Fate Prototype

蒼銀のフラグメンツ

**Translated by *Phoenix Rising* (on Beast's Lair)**

**Formatted by *ThanaWasHere***

桜井 光

原作 TYPE-MOON

イラスト 中原





Personal Data

一人称：俺  
 サーヴァント階位：第三位  
 真名：アーラシュ  
 スキル：対魔力、単独行動、千里眼、頑健など  
 宝具：流星一条（ステラ）

Status

筋力 B  
 耐久 A  
 敏捷 B+  
 宝具 B++  
 幸運 D  
 魔力 E

サーヴァント階位第三位、アーチャー。古代ペルシャにおける救世の英雄。神代の神秘を色濃く残した戦士。西アジアでの神代最後の王とも呼ばれるマヌーチェフル王の臣下であり、長きに渡るペルシャ・トゥルク間の戦争を終結させたと伝えられる。

両国の民に平穏と安寧を与えた勇者であり、現在でも多くの人々に深く愛され続けている英雄である。

その渾身の一射は大地さえ割るが――。



Servant Archer

アーチャー





キャラクター  
デザインラフ案



Personal Data

一人称：あたし  
マスター階梯：第五位  
魔術系統：元素変換魔術  
魔術回路／質：C  
魔術回路／量：B  
魔術回路／編成：正常



# エルザ・ 西条

風の元素変換魔術に長けた魔術師。

二十代の女性。年齢より若く見える。

日独のハーフであり、国籍は日本とドイツ双方で有している。

一般的な魔術師と違い世俗を超越した

気配は薄い。表向きの職業はカメラマン。

我が子を何らかの理由で失った後、某紛争国で血塗られた光景を目の当たりにし、その衝撃から「すべての母と子が救われる世界」を聖杯に願った。

日本とドイツ双方の家庭料理が得意。





キャラクターデザイン：三輪士郎



Personal Data

一人称：私  
サーヴァント階位：第四位  
真名：ブリュンヒルデ  
スキル：魔力放出(炎)、騎乗、原初のルーン、神性  
宝具：わたしだけの冥府への旅  
(ブリュンヒルデ・コメーディア)  
死がふたりを分かつまで  
(ブリュンヒルデ・ロマンシア)

Status

筋力 B+  
耐久 A  
敏捷 A  
宝具 A  
幸運 E  
魔力 C





# ランサー

サーヴァント階位第四位、ランサー。  
北欧神話に語られる悲劇の戦乙女。英雄を求めてしまう本来の機能と、想い人を愛した人間の女として死した記憶と精神、そしてマスターから強制される命令、という三要素によって苦悩へと陥った。二種の宝具を有しての現界だったが、いくつかの要因から第二宝具は使用されることなく、代わりに第三宝具に等しい力を解放する。





## ナイジェル・セイワード

英国出身の魔術師。時計塔所属。錬金術の腕は超一流。天才とさえ呼べる。魔術系統としての錬金術をベースとしながらも、自らの起源である『執着』の特性を利用した独自の魔術（魔術基盤）を成立させることで、特に人の感情を支配する霊薬については最高峰のものを生み出す。故郷英国にあつてさえ、こと「人間支配・操作」に於いては無二の成果を誇る。

ランサーの宝具を最大限に活用するため、特製の霊薬を作製するが……。

### Personal Data

一 人 称：私  
 マスター階梯：第二位  
 魔 術 系 統：錬金術をベースとした独自魔術  
 魔術回路／質：B  
 魔術回路／量：B  
 魔術回路／編成：正常（起源の現出に伴い多少の変調あり）

### キャラクター デザインラフ案





# Fate/Prototype 蒼銀のフラグメンツ

4

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# Dear My Hero Prologue



# ACT-O: PROLOGUE

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THE HEROIC SPIRIT OF JUSTICE WILL NEVER YIELD TO ANYONE

On a Certain Day in February, the year is 1999 AD.

In a certain ward in a part of Tokyo, in an underground sanctuary filled with poor light.



It was overwhelming————

His herculean strength and persistence was something to be exhaustively expected.

Although could it be, that up till now it was predicted by someone that he would be an unimaginable monster?

The Servant who became this had a sturdy body which easily exceeded 2 metres, its brutal soul which possessed a body that was like steel, was by no means thick-headed apparition.

In that case, what is it?

It was something which eyes glowed red, with this, insanity, and that shadow which stretched and loweringly groaned to the very high ceiling of the underground sanctuary,

It was a massacre which brings destruction with its supernatural strength.

It was an instrument which carried out meticulously keen and nimble battles until it got gruesome.

In the Second Holy Grail War which continued to be held and performed in Tokyo surely now, it was a hero which materialised as Berserker who shining brilliantly held the rank of second place.

He was something that people dreamed of.

He was someone who wielded power which wasn't human.

Furthermore, it wasn't average.

For example his eyes weren't like a hero from a legend or anecdote who would defeat a monster and save people.

Sure enough————

Did this gorgeous girl, able to grasp that true name?

She wasn't suited to standing stock still in the underground sanctuary that was filled with an ominous gloom, and she had a pure presence.

No.



Her words which told of her sincerity and purity, in that case didn't match her specialty "Black Magic" that was attached to her profile, especially with the large scale magical base that was etched into the world.

Even if she hasn't used a blood sacrifice, even just once.

Even so, it was just.....

It might've been a genuine something.

With her lovely transparent eyes that were covered by her glasses, the girl continued to fight in this far eastern city.

Even if she was a single master who was challenging the Second Holy Grail War, 8 years ago, her genius magus older sister wasn't able to get the Grail while magnificently winning her way through the First Holy Grail War.

That name is———

Ayaka Sajyou.

**Ayaka:** ".....Saber!"

The girl, called out her own Servant.

To he who must've been powerful.

To he who was Saber the first ranked Servant who doesn't waver, and is capable of beating any and all of her enemies.

It was a heartbreaking cry.

Did that voice, reach him?

If he honestly expressed their current status, the girl was careless.

He wouldn't mind, even if he said that they underestimated the enemy.

His being which was always victorious in his many battles, was boasting that he was unrivalled.

Certainly Saber was powerful.

His magical armour who shone with blue and silver could endure many attacks, and his weapon which had turned invisible and stashed away with his wind prana could cut through his many enemies.

He was a Heroic spirit who controlled an invisible sword.

If he borrowed the exact words of Archer who was clad in gold, he was a Holy Blade User.

At that time when he showed that sword and together with his figure who released its true name, he could see that he was an enemy with the greatest and most powerful power.

However.

If he could freely demonstrate his abilities as Saber, then....

Berserker's huge frame which was equal to high speed steel, could've possibly bisected him at once.



But.

It wasn't like that.

The advantage point, worked as a minus for Saber and the girl.

Multiple traps had been laid in the underground sanctuary.

Whether it could be seen with an ordinary person's eyes, the light of mana which was shining a bit, displayed the existing barrier that was carefully refined.

He wasn't a being who could do the same thing with a single blow to a Heroic Spirit who had the highest ranked Magical Resistance skill, but if he could tempt him just a bit to the point that he recoiled then he would grant it.

And then, for sure at the time which was less than a second in that comma, he knew that it was a battle between fellow Heroic Spirits who were the second advents of myths that were even supernatural.

Still, they weren't inferior either way, at this current point in time where the pair started to clash.

His invisible sword, and his stone axe.

It rivalled his power.

While repelling their reciprocating weapons with a crash, it was a high speed combat because they fixed their stances in an instant.

If she strengthened her sight by using magic beforehand, the girl would certainly done something at this point in time.

It was an ultra-high speed world, which wouldn't stop just for human eyes.

Would she be able to grasp it if it was the newest kind of high speed camera?

It was also difficult.

There was a terrible wind pressure, and in their state he could've mostly destroyed the stone walls of the sanctuary by himself.

They unleashed kinetic energy which surpassed a falling aeroplane and a large scale vehicle crash with each meticulously, precise, blow, as they dodged, repelled, and defended those blows which resembled death itself, whilst protecting their own Masters, and whilst targeting the enemy Masters at the time————

It was an extreme few seconds.

It was the ultimate struggle.

The true strength of the Second Servant, was also equal to him at this current point.

If so did she knew the outcome of it?

First as mentioned before, it was an advantage point.

It had a kind of barrier.

If he said it again, he looked at the girl who was his Master.

Saber won't lose, she thought.



Did she believe in him?  
It was a bit different.

The thing that she believed too much in.  
Was in his own experience that was said to have defeated Caster and Rider by himself.  
Despite having no absolute superior power or absolute advantage, originally, in the Holy Grail War.

**Saber:** “ku.....haa.....”

A deep crimson fell onto the stone pavement.  
The thing which flowed on the stone pavement going down Saber’s forehead, was something that connected him to the life of his temporary body.

Blood.  
Prana.

But, it wasn’t just flowing from him.  
Again Berserker, had spurted out massive prana from his huge frame, together with his fresh blood.  
The one who threw himself into the finishing blow in that moment when their struggle collapsed, was not either one, but both of them together.  
So Saber had been strongly powerfully slapped into the blown up stone wall, at the same time Berserker flew and was cut from a part which was taken nearly in his left chest————about the shoulder part of his left arm.

His left arm.  
He was probably largely damaged in his heart which had been hit in the core to Heroic Spirits.  
It was a fatal blow for sure.  
In other words, would Saber skilfully barely find victory?

No.  
It’s different.  
Saber and the girl had been defeated in this battle.

You should’ve seen it.  
The huge frame which should’ve been severed in the heart could never be beaten.  
Berserker, was standing still, while his white breath which was like covered with prana, was now, fiercely blowing out from his mouth.

He wasn’t dead.  
He received a fatal wound, but he was attentively, glaring at Saber who was in a fallen situation.  
For sure, it was the 2nd reason which divided victory or defeat.



The girl didn't know the enemy.  
She had no steps or ways to deal with him.

She forgot about the possibility that the great hero that was more than a threat to him existed in human history, and with just simple honesty, they were facing a monster who boasted invincible immortality.

If she could've possibly sensed it in advance, she might've been able to come up with a way.

But, the girl didn't realise it.

And then.

She couldn't, respond, even now when the enemy's ability was exposed like this.

If she was a genius like her older sister———she might've been able to deal with him———but if she was her older sister, she could've used territory magic which was like almost all of the magics, on top of configuring and connecting in that moment where she had a type of magical foundation which was independently put together by powerful mages and old family lineages, as well as a released magical foundation, like black magic and rune magic, spiritual sorcery, gem magic and elemental conversion magic.

But her older sister, was already gone.

She wasn't anywhere.

She was killed in the middle of the First Holy Grail War, on that day 8 years ago

???: "I have no intention of killing Saber. Since he is a mere witness, who knows the truth about the beast"

The man said.

As his stiff footsteps echoed.

He was a tall slim man.

He was a finely chiselled man.

He was Berserker's Master.

He was a man, who gazed without slightly moving from the centre of the underground sanctuary, right in the middle of the two clashing Servants.

Since he confirmed that the conclusion to the battle had been settled, the man, finally gave out his voice.

Calmly, he approached Saber while walking slowly at a disagreeable pace.

**Sancraid:** "Let's MAKE the best of your circumstances, young lady."

It was at some time with the same broken Japanese.

The man snapped his fingers.



Depending on Berserker who was in a state where one arm was dismembered, he extended his right hand in a manner similar to not feeling a bit of pain, and picked up Saber's body.

**Ayaka:** "What...."

**Sancraid:** "Oh, please don't MOVE. Do you want Berserker to kill him?"

Like he knew the girl without having to talk, the man purposefully spoke like this.

The girl couldn't move.

He, struck her with just his gaze.

Saber's body which had been picked up by the huge right hand, had been set onto the sanctuary's altar.

This underground sanctuary, even though it should be something based in the doctrine that they follow a sole god who is their father and a messiah who ascended carrying the sins of humanity on his back, Saber's form which endured his posture on the altar———could've been seen as similar to a sacrifice just like in a Central American myth.

Actually it was at a point where he was an offering.

At least, for this man who was Berserker's Master.

**Sancraid:** "Please come here, AYAKA SAJYOU."

Respectfully, the man gave a bow.

The girl couldn't resist.

Even if it involved dangers like so far, she approached the magus that had subdued Saber.

She couldn't abandon him.

She definitely, wouldn't be running away from here.

She had that kind of expression.

It made her sad that she was the one who abandoned the most powerful Heroic Spirit, who had been defeated due to her own inexperience to defeat just once.

Or.

Did she have feelings like that, or thoughts like that?

Or———

Or was similar it to exchanging him between people or to another one?

**Sancraid:** "Right, come here. TAKE another step. Just a little bit more. Right, like this."

**Ayaka:** "....."

**Sancraid:** "PLEASE don't like that. See, don't be scared. DON'T be scared.....it's alright, you're worries ARE unfounded. I won't kill you. Didn't I say so?"





The man was walking, on top of the stone pavement which had thin water stretched around it.

More than calling him human, he already, was giving her the impression of a carnivorous beast who was licking his lips before his prey.

Or, he was the kind of murderous soul who would do the same deed before his victim.

Right, immediately after the girl sensed the unpleasant thoughts that ran down her back, the man changed his conduct.

**Sancraid:** “So long as you don’t move”

He extended his long right hand to the girl.

**Sancraid:** “I won’t kill him!”

In an instant, she would be too late even if stepped back.

She couldn’t make it.

He tore off the school designated ribbon, from the chest of the girl’s uniform!

**Ayaka:** “Ah!”

The girl exhaled her breath with shock.

She couldn’t make words.

Surely, she was the one who understood.

The meaning of the man’s actions.

He didn’t plan on sexually assaulting the one whose clothes were torn and body exposed, not as a woman———or as a woman, no, it was certain that this act was for sure against a Master who was participating in the Holy Grail War accompanied by her Heroic Spirit.

On the girl’s chest, there was a black coloured pattern of a single feather expressed on her white chest.

Her Master’s degree.

It was the sole thing that showed her connection to her Heroic Spirits.

The man held his hand, out to there.

There were signs that he was invoking some sort of special ritual.

It was magic.

The man mentioned it while boasting in broken words that were neither English nor Japanese.

A harsh sigh slipped from her lips, as she was placed with a burden which resembled high gravity on the girl’s body.

A huge ripple rose, on the water which was spread thinly,

And then, there was an intense magical light.

**Sancraid:** “Hyahyahyahyahya!”

Laughing loudly.

The man laughed boastfully, until it was hard on the ears.

He laughed.

The girl who had closed her eyes to endure the harsh pressure that came with the ritual, couldn't see.

It disappeared along with the Master's Degree on her chest.

The single master's degree emerged, as it was, absorbed onto the man's chest which had become bare.

The one who saw the girl after the entire ritual process had ended———

She had a harsh exhaustion and fatigue.

While sinking down in that spot, the girl, looked through the lenses of the glasses.

Did her single feather degree, go somewhere?

Her own chest.

No.

There was already, nothing there

It had disappeared from its original spot.

**Sancraid:** “Hyahahahahahahahahahahahaha!”

She, could still hear it.

His laughing voice.

His laughing voice.

The man's voice, made fun of the naïve and powerless girl.

That figure looked back from the front of the altar, with the single master's degree definitely on his chest.

In other words, it was a mark which showed his contract with Saber, who manifested as the first ranked Servant in the Holy Grail War.

**Sancraid:** “Hyahyahya! Saber's Master! I've certainly taken it!”

The words thrust at her, dug into the girl's chest sharply like a sword.

She understood it.

It hit her changing into something grave, as quietly, the man told her.

Like when they met it didn't change one thing, with a tone and voice which said he was a priest who was naturally gentlemanly.

**Sancraid:** “.....I thank you for your cooperation, young lady.”



He bowed again.

Deeply, deeply, he bowed enough to think that his head may reach the floor, as he further gave a few more words.

**Sancraid:** “But, since Saber does have various injuries, I MUST rebuild him again.”

**Ayaka:** “Eh.....?”

Still seated on the cold, soaked stone pavement, the girl raised her head in a daze.

Ah, he’s smiling.

While looking down at the girl who he stole everything from, the man enjoyed it until it was obvious.

It’s hopeless.

She accepted it.

She regretted it.

It was good if he savoured the girl who had feelings like that, and he must savour it, making a cruel face which she thought was from the bottom of his heart.

If you were looking at the person she saw, you’d see that he had a smile that scared her enough to declare that he was “evil.”

Still with a whole smile on his face, the man continued like this.

**Sancraid:** “Kill her, Berserker.”

Cruelly.

Harshly.

Smashing her final hopes, he brought forth the words.

And then, the girl————

You, won’t give up.

I knew it.

It might’ve been good if I had reworded it saying, that I believed in you.

If it was you from a little while ago.

Did I think that you’d hang your head down, and give up?

That was probably so.

When you met me————or rather reunited with me to be exact, you had become a timid girl who was terribly frightened, because you were scared of a lot of things.

But.

This moment was different.

**Ayaka:** “This————You deceived me!”

I can hear your voice.  
Ayaka.

In my ear placed on the altar of the underground sanctuary.  
Even if I opened my eyes, I knew.

Ayaka.  
You wouldn't despair.  
Right, even if you were in despair for example.

You wouldn't give up.  
You can manipulate Black Magic.  
This sound which cuts the wind, I wonder if they were magic bullets due to your  
manufactured crow feathers.

It was your finishing move.  
Like Misaya said, I feel like a kind of element conversion magic suits you, however, in any  
case.  
You will stand up to him.

But, it's no good with just that.  
Although I can't do detailed magic, that————

**Ayaka:** “Magical Resistance.....!”

**Sancraid:** “YES, because I, am wary. If I'm not always moving my magic circles, I'd be  
TERRIBLY afraid that you wouldn't MOVE.”

I can guess even if they were just signs.  
That he can forcibly cancel magic.  
According to his words, it was a Bounded Field created by very powerful magic circles.  
He moved it normally.  
If so, it was something like walking while clad with a fort in a battlefield where I fought  
with sword and armour.

Breaking through was particularly difficult due to the magical battle.  
Was it a Servant's magic cancellation or magical resistance?  
It might've been better to say that he had the same high rank as me.

**Sancraid:** “Ah, and.”

His voice shifted.  
Did he move?



**Sancraid:** “Yeah, yes, let’s have some fun SHALL WE. Even if you’re here, because I have no use for you .....please DIE.”

**Ayaka:** “But I thought about that!”

It was a strong response.

Ah, I knew you were facing him without being outside of my gaze.

**Ayaka:** “I desire a peaceful resolution, isn’t that your favourite phrase. Aren’t you a person of the cloth? “

**Sancraid:** “Ha”

Like it was mixed with pronunciation and the sound of his breath, he echoed a sound.  
Again.

It was his laughing voice.

**Sancraid:** “HAHAHA. HI———YAHAAHAHAHAHAHA! AH, that’s a lie! Because I despise Orientals! I’m especially disgusted with the Japanese!”

It was a cruel voice.

The one that he was disgusted with was this person over here.

I couldn’t get to like him, more than this.

He was an overseer who had left his faction from the Knights Templar, in fact that man who was regarded as the ranked 1 Master, Sancraid Phahn.

You and him, were probably still having a match.

So———

Now.

I, will rise up.

Who are you?

For what reason was I here for?

What do you wish for, what did you feel, what were those words that you told Bedivere?

What should I say to an extent about directly receiving the Great Hero’s blow?

So what, if your Master’s contract with a servant has been transferred.

I’ve fought, and smashed all of my opponents.

Dragons, beasts, knights, even tyrannical kings.

Even if you’re tortured until all of your limbs are on the brink of collapse, your spiritual core is safe.

Still, you didn’t expect to recover because you haven’t provided yourself with prana from that man Sancraid.

Certainly, right, you’re probably in absolute danger.

(Although surely, you.....Ayaka Sajyou won’t give up)

I murmured in my heart.

I believe.

That you won't allow yourself to be easily manipulated so skilfully in the Holy Grail War like Manaka had done to you.

Even so————

Even if you're in a one-sided defensive battle.

Even if you do your best efforts by just fleeing this place.

You will probably hold your ground.

You would never withdraw from the last line, in the middle of the course.

Until you were the same as me in that case.

Master.

Even if we didn't have a physical connection called a Master's Degree, you are a lady that I would devote my sword to.

**Saber:** “.....Aya, ka”

I, extend my hand which shouldn't have been moving.

I grasp the handle of my materialised sacred sword.

Could, I still fight?

Could I wield my sword enough?

An opportunity for a counterattack will come sooner or later.

Ahh, if so.

You can do it, Arthur Pendragon!

This wasn't the first dilemma that we've experienced in the Holy Grail War.

The possibility was low that I could get assistance like that time, while fighting someone like that time.

You're a powerful person to the point that it's overwhelming.

It is an obstructing power in itself.

I hang onto my whole soul, to the person that I must defeat————

————And then, time traced back.

To 8 years ago.

The year is 1991 CE.

It's been several days since the outbreak of the historical First Holy Grail War.

Did the fight between the 7 Servants and Masters spread its control even now?

It was after Berserker vanished as the first drop-out.

It was when an extra-large complex temple body suddenly, appeared on top of Tokyo Bay.



The revival of a myth.  
The advent of a legend.  
The transcendence of reality.

—————At that time, “a great decisive battle” was being carried out in the First Holy Grail War.



On a Certain Day in February, the year is 1991 AD.  
Midnight.  
On top of Tokyo Bay—————

Was the one who saw the solemn incarnation up till now, henceforth carry it out?  
The huge temple hadn't existed up till now, in the satellite town of Londinium which existed in the eastern part of Britain as a territory belong to the Ancient Roman Empire.  
Saber, thought a bit together with a shudder.  
It was a super large magically accumulated structure, which appeared in the dark ocean at midnight.

Was that thing which materialised and easily destroyed and trampled the man-made island that was a site connected a road crossing Tokyo Bay that was said to have inferior construction with its form, a new island, or a majestic royal castle which rose on top of the sea?  
Was it an abnormally large fortress?

It seemed to have calmed down in my opinion which is said to be “a mirage which generated on top of Tokyo Bay” in a type of information, but could they maintain the media manipulation as it was considering their circumstances from here on.  
It was a huge structure that was composed of multiple huge temples.

To be more exact, should I call it an extra-large temple complex which is beyond kilometres overall?

By just looking at it, he one who stepped into Rider's fort called to mind even his fear at facing that huge thing thought about whether he had decided the certain difficulty of it, but it was easy for the intruder to the extent that it was not enough.

Saber knew with his body.  
He himself was being beckoned by the temple's master.

There were no obstacles whatsoever, when he reached the temple complex by running on top of the ocean for approximately 10 kilometres, after he had parted with the girl who was his Master—————Manaka Sajyou at Harumi Pier.  
The huge corridor which largely opened facing the side near the Miura Peninsula, was like that too and it was like it was ushering him in.

How would he handle him if he was the person who invited him in————

He realised in that moment that he was looking at a great hallway that had huge pillars standing in a row, it was huge wherever he went.

**Saber:** “.....!”

There was a dazzling flash.

There was a roaring sound which could split ears.

Was it, the power demonstrated by the wondrous Reality Marble that can forcibly rewrite reality?

Was it his Noble Phantasm which is a trump card that is thus possessed by the manifested Heroic Spirit, or was it a power released by that mystery?

Or————

Or if he were the Heroic Spirit, who called himself a Pharaoh and even the most greatest and powerful Ancient Egyptian hero, if he were Rider/Ozymandias, or should he call him a tyrant that was allowed to be one by his old gods?

Either way it was right, either way it was enough.

Look.

A light.

————It’s the anger of the sun which was alighting here from the skies.

While resounding a low registered sound it was projected from the main cannons of the main temple which had transformed and deployed it, it was a projection of———— divine punishment!

Was it something that faced him as expected?

Was it to the surface?

No, no.

More than when the Saber arrived as promised, the Pharaoh hadn’t intended to completely burn Tokyo yet.

His words which said “My words are absolute,” weren’t a great lie.

If so, what.

It’s the sea.

His steel soul sorrowfully drifted beneath the waves.

Saber noticed everything just before the impact due to his sharp vision, and understood.

In other words, the US Navy Pacific Fleet’s Ticonderoga class cruiser carried out several degrees of firing using a Mohawk cruise missile against this unknown huge structure which appeared on top of Tokyo Bay————and an image system which boasted modern strongest sea and air defence fighting strength, but those several consort ships and battleships which were bestowed with an armed weapon mechanism capped with a name of the most powerful “shield,” from Greek myths, were in a situation where the huge violent missiles were swallowed up by the prana’s light, in Yokosuka’s open seas.

There was no meaning in asking, “Why?”

There was no whether it was decided or who was the one who carried out the missile strike and with what on the group of US navy warships that were moving towards the Middle East, the reason how, and those acts weren't permitted.  
The shining Heroic Spirit who had told Saber to wait in the huge temple, had invited only 3 Servants out of the remaining Heroic Spirits.

In other words, there was a person with swords and magic who didn't receive an invitation, there were modern weapons, and if they showed hostile intentions temporarily———  
There was only, death.  
He just welcomed the end of the perfect disappearing due to the sun executing a call to the surface.

**Saber:** "Rider! You bastard, you've really.....!"

He was already too late.  
The deadly light, had already completely destroyed them.  
At this point beyond the battle, countless lives who had no connection to the Holy Grail War had been snatched away.  
The Pharaoh Ozymandias, showed with his actions the possibility of modern era people becoming victims to him.

**Saber:** "Do you truly intend to reduce Tokyo to ashes?"

As he muttered this, he charged the power he held as he grasped his sacred sword.  
Moreover it wasn't to a degree.

Having materialised in the current world, he might've been extremely, angry.  
Against Rider who proclaimed and passed divine punishment———  
Or, if not.

**Saber:** "Don't....get in my way."

He quietly told them.  
His voice along with his cold blade echoed.  
It wasn't a conscious act.

More than half of it was unconscious, but his gaze had the same temperature as his words.  
He was glaring at 2 huge beasts who were looking at him from the corridor pillars and were more than 10 metres in diameter.

They had memorable forms.  
They were 4 footed predator beasts.  
They were strange beings who had a human head and a lion's body, as they appeared together with a certain sacredness.

A Monstrous Beast.  
No.  
A Phantasmal Beast.  
No.  
A Divine Beast.



Slaughtering their enemies as one of the Pharaoh's Noble Phantasms, they were the Lion Bodied Beasts of the Hot Sand, the Sphinxes.

Even if they were undoubtedly creatures from the Age of the Gods, they were also the incarnation of the notion of gales and world-destroying flames which exist in countless legends.

At the same time, there were two of them.

If he was an ordinary magus would he cool down his too huge excitement and wonder at the mysteries, would he even applaud at them?

But he'd probably lose his life straight after it.

Their offensive ability which surpasses modern weaponry and movements which were faster than a hero's blade, could easily surpass an ordinary Servant.

Somehow this temple, seemed to be an area which beckoned Saber to the first corridor and was like a mysterious garden.

Without a living body, their bodies which were comprised of rock that made him recall of Golems, told him of their peculiar presence which was mixed faintly and seriously melted.

If, it's real.

The two beasts which appeared while raising their roars, were certainly Phantasmal Beasts. In front of the two beasts which obstructed his path with their superior speed while killing the law of physics was————

Saber who wasn't holding his sword.

He, just told them.

**Saber:** "Fall back."

There was a response.

It wasn't the words of a person, but by the roars of the beasts.

They bore their fangs with their faces which imitated a human's.

The beasts who showed their natural power, to Saber again who launched himself with both hands and his natural form.

A battle commenced.

————In that instance.

The beginning of the hostilities ended.

They were completely synchronised.

It was a perfect synchronised attack by the two divine beasts that had armoured their bodies with the same material as the huge corridor pillars.

One of them rushed in from very near the front, with its deadly claws.

Deadly jaws.

One used its deadly firestorm, as it jumped from near the back.

If he was dealing with an attack from the front, he'd be burnt from the rear, if he turned his awareness to the flames at the rear, he'd be shred to bits, the two's synchronised attack must lead to an absolute victory, however they couldn't destroy Saber's body.

But, something had split off.

They were stone divine beasts.

The two beasts were smashed, just in front of his stance which was said to reap the lives of his prey even now.

In front so close that he could touch the flames, at a point where he could reach out to their deadly claws and jaws————

He intercepted them by turning at super high speeds!

While deterring the two beasts' movements instantly with "an explosion of wind," which had been generated by releasing all of the wind mana that had been gathered around his sacred sword towards them in a 360 degree circumference, he used supersonic consecutive turns that he manipulated with all of his body strength which had drastically intensified due to his Mana Burst skill————and with the countless terrifying slashes, he sliced the god-like beasts into two, slicing them into parts, tearing them to pieces.





It's fine to imagine that it was like a spinning top that turned while balancing itself.  
However, it, crushed everything it touched.  
It was the end of the battle.  
2 seconds didn't pass.

He hadn't change whatsoever, there was not one wound on Saber's figure.  
He hadn't shown it to his Master even once, was it a point which differed just with his stern gaze?

Ah, another one.

It was a sword.  
In his right hand, it had the form of a single sword.  
The wind mana which covered and concealed the blade———so he had released his Noble Phantasm "Invisible Air: Bounded Field of the Wind King."

It was a golden sword.  
A shining sword.

It was, beautiful enough to steal someone's gaze, despite being a weapon that was made for battle.  
It was something well known to an extent which produced what was needed to conceal its form by the wind Noble Phantasm.  
The ultimate blade, which was tempered thoroughly in the earth's inlet seas.  
A weapon made by the gods.  
If there was a person who materialised as a Heroic Spirit not one of them knew that name, for sure, it was his Sacred Sword.  
Therefore, if there was a person who witnessed it———someday he will point it out to him.

Holy Blade User.  
And.

**Sphinx:** "Rooooooooarrrrr.....!"

A howl.  
It resembled the groaning voice of a person.  
Sure enough, he wasn't sure they were beings which he who was carrying his sword in one hand could clearly recognise.  
There were two voices.

The beasts that must've been torn into several dozen pieces just before, raised, their voices.  
They had enough fighting strength.  
They had enough prana.  
There wasn't a bit of a shadow too.

The two divine beasts that must've been annihilated, were reconstructing themselves, like they were unreasonably turning back the clock.

**Saber:** "These creatures have considerable energy, but....."

He thought back to the one that he defeated at Harumi Pier.

Even if he opened a hole in their heads, they mainly attacked by turning the claws on both arms turning them into red hot, but this time, he had a different perspective.

Rebirth from death.

There were some possibilities.

Revival by the super regeneration power that he had still seen, or Chimaeras that had been put together in an instant as a corpse made with raw materials, or a kind of spiritual magic that was planned as something with no life from the start, it was also possible that it was some sort of power that the great temple complex structure possessed as its Noble Phantasm.

What were they, in short————

**Saber:** “.....Should we call them immortal beasts? Rider.”

The light shone.

The blade of the sacred sword which was set low, reflected the two beasts who had achieved perfect regeneration.

**Rider:** “A Pharaoh is a god. Thus, I, hold the gods of the skies in the palm of my hand.”

In the most central temple.

At His throne.

The Pharaoh who was seated in the strange room which had a huge weird mysterious ball, laughed.

The faint light of the multiple veins which resembled magic circuits, were now, spread out in every corner of the walls, floors, and ceilings, showing the existence of overflowing enormous prana.

Automatically the king knew, about every incident that had happened in this humongous temple structure.

The person who wouldn't know about the active germs in his own body, was Ozymandias who as the pharaoh grasped everything.

Saber who foolishly stepped into the palm of the king, was all alone.

He was too careless.

He was too fragile!

At least, the king who controlled it reflected as such.

**Rider:** “Are you challenging the garden of the gods with a single Servant? At least, if three had joined in, it would've been better.”

So he said, but it was unreasonable too.

Continuing as such————the Pharaoh narrowed his eyes a bit.

He submerged a group of steel ships which were run by people of the current world, they were the result of being undesirable to the Pharaoh, but however, did he say that there was somewhat of a meaning if he brought some kind of decisive determination to Saber.

Truly.

The king twisted his mouth, indicating that he was a sarcastic person.

**Rider:** “I, shed blood in order to save the world. If that’s the case then do you mongrel, intend to save people in order to destroy the world.”

There was no response

His voice, didn’t reach the knight who was fighting with the two beats who possessed an infinite regeneration ability.

**Rider:** “They were necessary deaths after all. Haha! Saber! Rejoice, you should proceed if you want to proceed. First, try to proceed and splendidly control the first floor hallway right there! I will grant you my gods’ authority possessed by this great temple complex which is coming into existence now as my Reality Marble, my inner world!

The temple complex structure wasn’t just a fort.

It was decisively different from the “workshop” built by the Magi.

The one who exists in its interior, if he had to say it, they were the embodiments of marked mysteries themselves which resembled even the old age of the gods.

For example————

Under those subordinates who were with the shining Pharaoh, was his own temporary immortal bodies.

It was a seal to release the true name of his Noble Phantasm, against the Heroic Spirits who turned his blade disrespectfully to him.

Of course, he mustn’t stop with just that.

It was like they were the same countless old gods.

It was something bestowed for people from the time immemorial gods.

At times it was a blessing, at times a gift.

If so the Noble Phantasm which was the body of the Pharaoh who held the gods in his palm, was it something that held just a number of mysteries.

**Rider:** “Now then, Saber. You’re before my countless god’s authorities———— O’ Hero who somehow holds the sacred blade of the stars, surely, why don’t you yield halfway through the battle?



About a Heroic Spirit's rampage.

The Heroic Spirits who challenge the Holy Grail War through their power which surpasses human wisdom, occasionally, act by themselves. Like mentioned before, Heroic Spirits besides Berserker have a distinct personality.

Thus I explained plenty about why it's necessary to build a relationship with them.

I will especially jot down about the reason for why their personalities go on a rampage, in here.

Servants who resemble incarnations of myths, legends, and anecdotes are powerful, and it is truly important that Magi at the time are only at their side as that weapon, but———be forewarned.

Are weapons that have a personality dangerous somehow?

It's not just that.

Many of the Heroic Spirits who are successfully summoned and materialised for the Holy Grail War, in particular have their own wishes.

In other words, they have especially extraordinary strong desires———

It can be said that their personalities which are certainly overflowing with human nature, carry a wish from the bottom of their hearts.

They who are more than what their Master can imagine carry along the possibility of going rogue.

I'm especially aware, that if they have a Master who is calmly drilled in strategy and tactics.

When their own war potential goes on a sudden emotional rampage in their position, in many cases they are seeking a tactical update.

I also concur that they can unexpectedly go on a rampage due to your strategic intentions.

Furthermore, there is no problem whatsoever, if there is a built strategy on top of while placing their rampage under your direct control.

But.

In a case where either is not possible.

As expected———

You mustn't hesitate to use a Master's Degree.

*(An extract from an old notebook)*

**Manaka:** "Were you careful, about your pace?"

**Assassin:** "No, Yes. Darkness of this level is not a problem for me."

**Manaka:** "Is that so? You're amazing, Assassin."

**Assassin:** ".....No, I'm not."



It was the same day.  
It was the same moment.  
Inside Mt. Okutama, in the western part of Tokyo

There, was a girl who was wearing a pale blue dress that was like it was soaking up the soft light of the stars and moon.  
There were trees in her surroundings.  
There were stars in the night sky.  
And, the girl beside her was floating a white skull mask.

No, was the woman concealed by the mask?

The girl————  
Manaka Sajyou, was easily walking the streets at night.  
It was a bizarre scene.

The young girl and the while mask proceeded, into the darkness that equally had no outside light, it was a world-wide incident which was far from reality, it was a fantasy, and was even like one act of a fairy tale.  
In reality, she was momentarily late in sensing heat sources, from mechanical devices that were for monitoring intruders.  
They might've obstructed their operation due to the magic brought by Manaka, either way, the results didn't change.

The Isemi Clan's monitoring devices didn't work.  
They couldn't report an intruder.  
That's why, Manaka was walking.  
The point she was aiming for, was Shizuri Isemi's underground workshop who was a participant in the Holy Grail War.

The magi of the Isemi Clan had countless magical strongholds to lurk in.  
Ahh, but then.  
To Manaka, it wasn't too necessary if there was a person somewhere in there.  
Since it was more than necessary to reach the place where the Master who contracted with Rider, the one Master who was hiding somewhere in the mountain.

Yet.  
They hadn't reached their destination.

So————having already spoken about it, the decided tragic event had not yet taken place.  
It would happen from hence forth.

**Manaka:** ".....It's started."

Stopping in the middle of the mountain trail, Manaka looked back.  
Assassin silently nodded.

While nodding, she could grasp it.  
What, the girl who was her Master, was looking at.

It wasn't the night sky.  
Or even the all the tress in the forest, or even herself who was right next to her.  
Or even the Isemi workshop.

More and more, if Assassin who was perceiving her Master from a far off distant place suspected.  
Even if she had a Servant's body like his, she wouldn't be able to match him even if she had the highest ranked clairvoyance skill, she could see it from a super long distance.  
Or could she grasp it or predict it?  
Was it possible for Manaka———or, was she just turning her eyes together with her thoughts?

**Manaka:** "My"

Suddenly, the girl's gaze turned up.  
The one who noticed Assassin who was looking at the stars had latter words.

**Manaka:** "The stars are so pretty. The air is much better here than from the city, huh."

Smiling the girl also said, "But even here must be in Tokyo too."  
The masked woman only quietly nodded.

**Manaka:** "Now, we must hurry up too."

**Assassin:** "Yes."

**Manaka:** "Our so called party, might be just a bit, dangerous though."

The girl started walking.  
The point she was aiming for.  
To the underground workshop which was protected by multiple layers of barriers.  
A lot of magi and their dependents, Shizuri Isemi who was Rider's Master, and, the pure boy who had the disposition of a saint were waiting for them, in the dark garden.

Or———  
———To the place where the sacrifices who were waiting for time of the tragic event assembled.

Everyone will die.  
By deadly poison that was brought by Assassin.

While listening to the innocent girl's happy voice.  
While looking at her smile.

Such humans who could've escaped from this crisis———not one existed———





# ACT-I

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## THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE ARCHER CAMP'S FATE

On a Certain Day in February, the year is 1991————  
8 days before, the decisive battle on the temple on top of Tokyo Bay



There was a certain pair, at the corner of a small pub close to the Showa street entrance of the Akihabara Station.

It had already been 1 hour.  
They were exchanging words and beer mugs vigorously.

On the man's side, he could've been seen to be easily over his 20s first, he was quite the burly man.  
Onlookers would probably be amazed by the state of his body which had been thoroughly trained if they looked at it.

His nationality was unknown.

He could've been thought to be Japanese if they said so as such, he also could've been thought to be of Middle Eastern or South American descent if they said as such.  
His darkish body was like he had been burned by the sun and his features were finely chiseled.

The woman's form, was that of a Caucasian female with youthful looks that resembled a 20 year old front and back.

Her girly presence was that of a woman that remained marked.  
Her lace band along with her bright red hair suited her.  
They wouldn't doubt it even if they said she was a teenager in their current clothes.  
She really laughed, with her baby face that had large green eyes.

**Woman:** "Prost!"

The woman said.  
It was her 2nd large beer mug.

**Man:** "Yea!"

The man matched her as he responded with his beer mug.  
Both the pair left an impression from their outward appearance that they were young.  
If there were 10 people, those 10 people would expect "that they were right at university student age," even if both of them walked to some metropolitan area, first they probably didn't appear to be a couple of transfer students.

Actually, the female college student who had worked for half a year in this shop had recognized the both of them as intimate lovers, and that idea hadn't changed yet even if she heard a fragment of their speech that she was overhearing.  
This town, even if there were young foreigners it wasn't unusual.

Akihabara.  
The electronics town.

It wasn't so unusual for foreigners who were seeking the duty free shops goods to stop by either, as the number of young people coming for computers had increased.  
The foreign tourists who carried their feet expressly in the direction of the Showa Street which was on the opposite side in-between the station and the electronics town, had not quite so many there, but it wasn't like it was perfect either.

So, it was a common scene.  
Even so the ones who felt that the pair had something, special, was it because of the pair's mood?

**Archer:** "Japanese alcohol is quite interesting. The feel as it goes through my throat is quite.....nice, huh."

**Elsa:** "But Pilsner beer comes from Europe not Japan. And, what you felt is called "Nodogoshi." Please remember that."

Laughing, the woman said it.  
As the man nodded with a clear gaze,

**Archer:** "I see. It's a good feeling!"

He drank it dry in one breath.







If they had an enough amount of beer jugs that it filled the sky, then there were just as many dishes to order.

Their floated expressions were just dazzling, brightly overflowing with life together.

The master of the pub especially remembered the state of this pair, from this night on, at every opportunity he would recant it to the next customer.

Despite the both them being young, did the ones who passed their lives joyfully like that have a certain talent for it, or had they somehow followed the example of the recently powerless youth, that were greatly used as a cause of scolding when they got drunk————

Anyway.

Lively.

Cheerful.

The couple who were loved by the neighboring people were in there, were marked by the air of their positive presence.

**Archer:** “But well, it’s a big city. There are many people and buildings. Besides it’s interesting. I was confused at the start when I used the moving iron box, but if I became familiar with it I can get a deep flavor from it. Besides there’s that.”

**Elsa:** “Huh?”

The woman tilted her neck.

Her hair shaking.

**Archer:** “The iron dragon.”

The man said it with a serious look.

During that instant.

They probably would’ve noticed in that strange gap if the pair were being carefully observed, but the master of the pub and the girls who were doing their part-time jobs were just averting their attention.

At any rate the night was at a time where they entered the barrier.

It was busy.

**Elsa:** “The train huh.”

The woman wouldn’t turn off her smile.

**Archer:** “That’s it. That’s also good. The place called a station is just like a dragon’s nest.”

**Elsa:** “Ahaha, that’s a funny expression. But, people can’t probably go and come to a dragon’s nest.”

**Archer:** “That’s certainly true.”

The man also laughed.

His smile was attractive, it could give someone the impression that he had an honest personality.

**Archer:** “If I could compare it to that wicked dragon Aži Dahāka who went on a rampage during King Fereydun’s rule, the modern iron dragons are surprisingly gentle. They couldn’t vomit without digesting it even if a person was stored in their stomach.”

**Elsa:** “That’s right. There’s no way a train could eat people.”

While nodding with a hmhm, the woman took a bite into the fried food which had just been deep-fried.

Chew.

After mumbling a bit that it was delicious she then took a chug from her mug of beer.

A second bite.

**Elsa:** “Puah. Right, above or below ground, they have plenty of routes joined to it that it’s probably a Tokyo trait.”

**Archer:** “Is it different in your country?”

**Elsa:** “I wonder if it’s because of the town. There’s a Stadtbahn\*, however it’s not like we can go anywhere we please like here.”

While talking, the woman averted her gaze a bit from the man.

To up a bit.

Was she remembering, the past?

Her hometown once was a place somewhere that she spent time in.

**Elsa:** “.....But, I’m a bit surprised. About here. Akihabara.”

**Archer:** “Really?”

**Elsa:** “It’s true.”

While nodding.

**Elsa:** “Even though there’s a huge station over there, there’s only a few restaurants in front of the station.”

**Archer:** “That’s certainly true.”

**Elsa:** “Even though there’s a lot of duty free electronic goods stores here, there’s nothing like this kind of beer hall. Well of course, I can’t say that it’s an ideal Hofbräu\* either.”

The woman slightly formed a displeased face.

It was just a simple thing.

He couldn’t feel even a shred of her serious irritation, on her fake swelling face.

**Archer:** “Well, I don’t mind. We found the pub like this, after all.”

**Elsa:** “Well that’s true.”

**Archer:** “The beer is delicious. The feeling of it going down is good too.”

The man laughed.

**Elsa:** “Meals too huh. This pub is the best. “

The woman was laughing too.



They were a pair who laughed and drank well.  
And then————

**Archer:** “Elsa. I’m glad you’re my Master.”

**Elsa:** “What’s that, are you implying that you want another large mug? Archer?”

**Archer:** “It won’t happen.”

**Elsa:** “Ah, Miss, Another cup please. 2 large pints of beer!”

**Archer:** “We’re quite the pair. You’re bold and hearty even in the midst of a war. I’m getting more and more pleased with this.”

They were not a pair of lovers.  
They weren’t exchange students.  
Even if they loved each other, they still weren’t here to learn.

As a Servant, as a Master————  
The pair, came here in order to kill 6 Servants and Masters.

**Elsa:** “Here’s to the 3rd one, Cheers!”

There was a red-faced woman who was drinking and laughing a lot.  
Elsa Saijou was a half Japanese German.  
Although there were many who could see that was young, her real age was in the latter half of her 20s.

She was just before 30.  
Her nationality had both West Germany and Japan in it.  
Ah, her words which were said to be West Germany already didn’t make sense at this present point which was 1991.  
Since just about 5 months ago, in order words last year October, Germany which was her fatherland had just achieved the unification of the East and West.

**Elsa:** “Pwah”

Although she was drinking normally until the second one, this time it was until she chugged down half a beer mug in one go.  
Did she inherit her strong alcohol tolerance from her father who was German?  
Or was it the influence of her mother who was born and raised in a rice-producing region, in the Tohoko region in Japan?  
It was certainly a gift from her parents either way.  
Her magic circuits and small magic crests, were also things that she inherited from her parents.

**Elsa:** “Did you like the Japanese omelette? Should I order another one?”

**Archer:** “It’s delicious. Please order it.”

**Elsa:** “Yes sir. ....Miss, one order of Japanese omelette in addition to our Pollack please!

While calling out to the part-timer as she raised her hand, Elsa thought in a corner of her mind.  
If, it suited them.



Then the tavern didn't change as such with the first floor of a native Hofbräu House.  
The alcohol and meal wasn't bad.

She also couldn't help but be a lively drunk, well, she was something similar.  
The thing that differed was the extent of it and having enough music.  
Still, the band in the pub couldn't play the cheers song.

**Elsa:** (Un. It suits me well.)

All towns are the same.  
All countries are the same.

Elsa had noticed that there isn't a perfect foreign land, in this world.  
The actual feeling was alright.

She had seen many people, as she had already circled various countries as a news camerawoman which was her official position.  
Palestine, Ireland, each of the countries in Central and South America, and Cambodia.  
She had crossed many people, see many kids, and missed many lives.  
There was only one world, wrapped up in all creation that was said to have arisen from the spiral of the "root" according to mages which included her father.  
Rejoicing in alcohol and delicious dishes, laughing, talking together with her friends, and the lovely children who were always in high spirits————

And then.

With those immediately besides her.  
There, was just the dangerous world who awaited the hell when it opened its mouth with bloody fangs that matched smoothly with it.

Everywhere was the same.  
5 inches next to them who were drinking alcohol together like this, 5 mins later, there was hell.  
The sound of meat being pierced.  
The sound of splitting flesh.

A gunshot, an explosion, and harsh words.  
A knife.  
A hatchet.  
Rage.  
Malice.  
Envy.

Many people including herself would just close their eyes, to someone always being eaten by cruel beast, and there was a possibility where no one would be devoured by that hell.  
The difference between here and hell—————didn't surpass just the differences of their infinitesimal coordinates, of the place where they were standing.  
At a degree of 5 inches, there was a slight difference in the extent of those 5 minutes.

It was roughly the same.

Everywhere was the same.

**Archer:** “.....”

Elsa's eyes which were filled with brightness, fogged up a bit.

It was probably the reason since she was associated with it.

There were several circumstances that prevented her from remembering the peaceful times.

In particular, even though it must've been when this man standing in front of her called

Archer cautioned her, she had just been careless.

**Elsa:** (Ah well, my stupid mistake)

He was fresh and bright, in his cheerfulness.

She wanted him to always be that way.

She thought if he was.

Her awareness.

Her smile.

Her usual self, could show a smile as a result of naturally treating someone with her words.

Elsa had pride with this expression, which could favorably capture most people from her first meeting with her companion occasionally, because there were many others.

Although she was a kind of overconfident and self-conscious person, it was because she was brought up to be self-consciousness that as a result she praised her companion, in a sense it couldn't be helped.

**Elsa:** (Yeah. Looks like I've been busted, huh)

She looked fleetingly.

Directly in front of the table between them, was the dark colored body of Archer.

Their eyes met.

His black eyes which wasn't cloudy could capture Elsa.

Suddenly.

**Elsa:** “.....What?”

Timidly, she inquired.

Should she look after realizing this after all?

**Archer:** “No it's nothing. I just thought that I also wanted to see, your world the one that you saw.”

**Elsa:** “Ahaha. What does that mean?”

**Archer:** “Now then.”

He shrugged his shoulders, while emptying his 3rd mug of beer halfway.

He could see through her completely.

His gaze, his expression said so.

The one who didn't make words was probably doing it out of consideration for her.

He, was a Servant who was so thoughtful that it was infuriating.

Actually, she wasn't very angry.

Rather she thought that she could even thank him, however she could mostly express herself as such.

**Archer:** “You’re that, despite being young, you probably have seen bad things. Elsa”

She knew.

She was aware that she had seen things that shouldn’t be seen, in the world.

She had noticed that a lot of the people who were shining and must’ve been loved, were in the world.

She had been studying magic for a while———as she was said to have a great just cause, the experience of flying around to every part of the world hadn’t worked as a plus for her. There were many things that she had lost however she had obtained huge things, personal connections fostered through her prided smile, a practical understanding of modern warfare, brawling figures in a scene of carnage.

No.

It’s different.

Was it different?

If she assumed that she had piled up experiences that had a significance that were equal to her experience of loss, she wouldn’t lose anything.

While feeling heat on her cheeks that she started to wear faintly, Elsa turned around.

**Elsa:** (That’s right. The world’s not evil)

It might’ve changed her viewpoint.

And, the cause of it, wasn’t just travelling around the world unnecessarily.

In her fatherland.

Her hometown.

That incident, she had lost just one person who was more important than anything———

**Elsa:** “That’s not far. You always see through everything. Archer.”

**Archer:** “Is that so?”

**Elsa:** “Yeah. If it weren’t so, then it’s something that you shouldn’t be saying like now.”

As expected, it was kinda cruel.

It was unfair.

She was just a human, rather, despite not being able to surpass a woman who could use some magic, a hero who had eyes that could see through to the inside of her heart had come as this hero.

He wasn’t just a Heroic Spirit, he was a genuine great hero.

He was a legendary archer in Ancient Persia.

**Elsa:** (If its life experience, then my body must somehow acquire a little bit extra)

She thought at the end of her thoughts.

The things that were like his way of life and how he spent his own lifetime, but was he thick of it?

Even though his own figure must've been older if she spoke of age, 3000 and several hundred years ago, it seemed like his figure whose life had ended right after his 20th once was like a large adult over herself.

Besides.

Even the presence of the wind that was only a bit drunk didn't show itself.  
His cheeks had become slightly red to an extent, despite drinking the same amount.  
Do Servants not get drunk?  
Ah, no.  
He was just special in that regard.

**Archer:** "I wouldn't get drunk even if it was the alcohol of the gods."

**Elsa:** "Even if you don't get drunk. You don't drink to the point that it would affect you during battle"

**Archer:** "Well, that's true."

Nodding, he gulped the remaining half of the beer in the mug.  
He was also reliable with his appearance.  
If she herself was still an innocent 20 year old girl previously, she might've fallen in love with just his drinking———after hanging her thoughts, she arranged them.

Her trivial strong response was usually in a corner of her thoughts and consciousness.  
Her core as Elsa Saijou was always assigning caution to the combat situation.

Even if they were drinking together, like this.  
Even if she was laughing.  
Even if she rethought about the past and the way of the world, everything, was subsequent.

Tokyo is a battlefield.  
And, because she was a fighter.  
Even if she thought about sentimental matters to an extent, it wasn't her core.  
Her heart wouldn't be taken by him.

Since a few days ago when she embarked on a plane going to Haneda Airport, or from half a month ago when she acquired a catalyst to summon Archer, the Holy Grail War continued to exist in Elsa's heart.

**Archer:** "You're quite the girl."

He said, while raising one of his eyebrows.  
This was the second time tonight that he said those words of admiration.  
The first time it had a slightly different nuance to it.

**Archer:** "But I remember, the ones called western magi had more heads that were just hard and unsociable. Even in this country, aren't the magi descending from the flow over there in general?"

**Elsa:** "If we omit old societies, I wonder if the people who want to make nice with the Clocktower were as such."

**Archer:** "Are you saying you're different from them?"



**Elsa:** “But my home is Germany to begin with.”

Laughing, she took a bite out of the remaining first Japanese omelette.  
Snap.

**Elsa:** “But, I think the magi of this country haven’t changed as such. It’s not like my family is a noble one. I’m also pretty inferior to them. ”

—————Could it be, that she herself didn’t think that she would become one of the Masters who were participating in the Holy Grail War.

While continuing as such, Elsa thought in an area where her thoughts were somewhat gathered in the center of it.

He would’ve surely have easily seen through this lie too.

But.

She still couldn’t say.

It was still early.

Even if his eyes knew many things, even if it was possible for a mysterious Heroic Spirit who wasn’t human, she wanted to tell him about the deepest part of herself.

She wanted him who would receive it as a person, to prepare an answer as a person.

Therefore.

It was after the second day, that he was told about her own truth from Elsa’s lips.



**Elsa:** “See ya later.”

The intimate couple or the pair of friends parted waving their hands as they said it.

In front of the entrance to the Akihabara Showa street which had large and small residential apartment buildings lined up on it, the pair who had left the pub some time ago

—————Elsa and Archer had decided to take independent action tonight, as a result of some of their conversations.

**Elsa:** “Although I didn’t come to stick my teeth into it here, be careful.”

**Archer:** “Right.”

**Elsa:** “I’ll leave the continuation of the hunt to you. Even if you meet another, chasing after them is forbidden.”

**Archer:** “I know. It’s my specialty.”

**Elsa:** “That’s true.”

Elsa, headed to a hotel close to JR Ochanomizu station’s nearby station where the prey was staying.

**Archer:** “Damn straight.”

Archer, started to search the area seeking the figure of an enemy Servant.

He raised a hand while turning his back, waving several times.

Archer was walking into Akihabara's gloomy night scene.

Her own body which was taking a mutual independent action brought great danger with it, but of course, the both of them understood it well.

In the case that she encountered an enemy Servant, a single Master wouldn't be granted victory in battle first.

It is close to impossible for a magus, to kill a Servant who was the embodiment of a powerful mystery.

Thus, Master and Servant must never be easily separated.

However, she couldn't say that it was just necessarily so.

There were also situations where it was said that this way was more efficient if they were taking separate actions and they weren't with the Master.

Besides, while they were still an enemy Servant who possess offensive abilities and influence that can cross over a wide range, if they were in combat with an enemy Servant who could repeatedly handle super high speed movements to the extent that they couldn't chase with the use of average magic, rather, the one that was beside a Master would be a huge handicap.

So, they were acting independently now.

The reason was the former.

Reconnaissance.

Anyway, it was the still the second day since he was summoned.

**Archer:** "But it'd be interesting if we mix it up with Saber."

He bent his mouth boldly.

The figure of a man, Archer transformed in the darkness of the street corner.

His lightweight armor compiled with prana, covered his whole body in less than 2 seconds.

Although he was greatly pleased with the modern attired shirt and parker that Elsa his Master had chosen for him, like he thought, if he moved with all of his strength then the shape of the battle would be something to calm himself down.

Archer naturally sensed it.

If someone was like a human but not, then he himself, would notice and be aware that he was growing accustomed to being a fragmented weapon in order to fight.

The armor on his body.

The deep crimson bow in his left hand.

Even if it wasn't his Noble Phantasm, it was a bow that he created with his special item creation skill.

When he was alive, it was something that he came up with himself by spending time and raw materials on it, using it as a tool, but now, in just a moment.

**Archer:** (.....This is....a Heroic Spirit?)

He noticed it even at this late hour.

It was a fact that he wasn't a proper human, either.

Roughly 3000 several hundred years ago, he was the greatest hero who served King Manuchehr who was well-known for his greatness as the last king of the Age of the Gods in the Western Asian world, the human who fought as a direct descendent of mysteries that were hidden in the legendary battles between heroes and monsters, the hero who released an arrow from a huge bow trying to save both of the nations of Persia and Turku, was no longer here.

It wasn't him himself certainly.  
The him from his lifetime was already dead, so why.  
Was the him who was here————

**Archer:** "Now then. Shall I do it?"

A Heroic Spirit.  
A Servant.

He was a weapon that was summoned by his Master in order to win their way through the Holy Grail War.  
Then, he should act accordingly like that.  
Archer calmly looked down himself.  
First there were really no signs of people, who were crossing over to the JR station from the back of Akihabara's electronic town's entrance————when it passed 8 o'clock at night, the figures of people would've already mostly disappeared from this town————he leaped to the roof of a huge bicycle parking area, and again, to the rooftop of a residential apartment building.

Again, to the roof of a different building.  
He was moving at high speeds in the skies of Akihabara, by consecutively super jumping.  
It was an act that normal people couldn't do, and this extent of it hadn't changed during his lifetime.

**Archer:** (Being in this world again, am I still myself? It's strange.)

While being enveloped by some of his deep feelings, he was observing the townscape of Akihabara, Tokyo in the middle of his high speed jumps.  
His awareness which was his Master was searching for the enemy.  
Just a bit of his awareness turned to his insides.  
Like Elsa did.  
There was still no signs of the enemy.

————The townscape had considerably changed.

The color of the sky too.  
Without sensing any thirst for blood.

————He thought that he was a person who hadn't changed very much.

Without sensing any prana.

————Surely it, was something that was like the twinkling stars floating in the sky.

It was quite like being on either side of the sea of stars.  
He was in the upper part of the night sky's starlight.  
And, he was in the lower part of Tokyo's town lights.

**Archer:** "Not bad."

His intermittent jumps, and just his mumbles remained in the space.  
He was running through the skies of Tokyo.  
It wasn't like he was not moving recklessly.

No.  
Couldn't he say, that he was moving recklessly?  
This is a hunt.  
Or, was it fishing since he was waiting for his prey to come and take a bite here?

—————And.

A premonition of sharp fangs approaching his bait, was rising up within him.

It's the prey.  
The enemy.  
They were considerably faster than he had surmised.

Were they patrolling same as him?  
At the start, Archer sensed the peculiar presence of the Servant.

**Archer:** "Is it different from prana and the thirst for blood?"





While nodding an “I see”, in the sky, he nocked his arrow onto his bow without changing his high speed leaping stance a bit although it was more than 100 kilometers per hour.

He released it.

One shot.

Two shot.

He started his long range attack, deciding that the figure who had appeared in a place 300m behind him at roughly the same time that he felt his presence, was an enemy Servant.

He jumped.

Fired.

He jumped.

He fired.

Fired.

Fired.

As both of them mutually moved at high speeds while jumping from roof to roof.

Whilst he was maneuvering through his consecutive jumps in their long range battle.

Archer didn't slow down his attacking hand one bit.

His deadly arrows that were semi-automatically formed by prana, disappeared into the Tokyo night one by one.

**Archer:** (Damn they're good. They sure can repel them well)

He gave one whistle which was imbued with his admiration.

Was the enemy Servant being blocked from nearing the enemy here, with his consecutive distance strikes?

It certainly seemed so.

On one side.

But on the other side it was somewhat different.

It was a fact that he could let the enemy get close, but his companion could be viewing it as a defensive battle, even so he wouldn't let himself be injured with a wound let alone get fatally wounded here at any rate.

They were approaching him here, without a complete scar still on them.

As they were calmly matching speeds with him with his high speed jumps.

The enemy Servant who seemed to have arrived deceiving him with a diversion, however, appeared to have a means to automatically nullify his long range attacks.

It wasn't like they had evaded it.

All of the arrows that he had released, disappeared before they made a direct hit.

To be exact they burned up.

Was it some sort of magic or skill?

If so then the thing that Archer was continuing with at the earliest, wasn't, an attack.

It was just similar to being restrained like he wouldn't let his opponent approach as he also wasn't sure of their class.

**Archer:** (Will they seriously go through with it?)

Suddenly, he hung his thoughts.

He would immediately deny them that choice.

He wouldn't show his seriousness.

He wouldn't let it out.

His revived special move from when he was alive which he was able to momentarily invoke by effectively using his bow and arrow creation skill without preparing a large quantity of arrows beforehand, if he released 10,000 arrows which could fill even the sky, then it would be expected that he could've killed all of the people who remained in night-time Akihabara with these hands.

Still, if each arrow was eliminated, then their way was different because his 10,000 arrows were simultaneously eliminated.

If he had made even just a bit of a mistake in his adjustments then the structures in the middle of Akihabara would be destroyed, and people would lose their lives.

**Archer:** (Ah.....I see)

In that moment.

Archer understood.

Ah, the things that haven't changed in 3,700 years———seemed to be the stars and people as well.

This fire flickering in his heart, was surely, exactly the same as it was in his lifetime.

Somehow, he himself.....

**Archer:** (As I am, huh?)

He had no choice but to seal his massive remote attack which fire arrows seriously for a while.

Were they concealing mysteries that he had heard from Elsa?

No.

It was previous problem.

In a place where more people weren't around, for example a hill as a stage, it'd be at best to a degree to set it from a super long distance.

Whether opportunities and chances like that had come to him awfully conveniently he didn't know, but first, this place wasn't suitable for his means of attack.

Then, what should he do.

Could he overtake them easily?

???: "That's a good idea."

Those words that intentionally came out of their mouth rode the wind.

He stopped his high speed movements.

After his last leap, he landed without a sound on top of the roof of an 8 storied multi-tenant building.

The impact of his drop, broke apart through his whole body from the soles of his feet. He noticed that the physical energy that hadn't intervened with all of his mana had a light effect to his own body as a Servant, but if he hadn't killed the impact, he would've completely destroyed the building that was owned by the innocent people at once.

Slowly he turned around adjusting his stance.  
The presence of the enemy Servant who was right on his heels was there beyond his gaze without him having to look for them.  
Even the distance was about 30 meters.

They were on the neighboring roof, of a 6 storied building.  
It was a person clad in silver armor.  
Beautiful.

There was a night being there that was so beautiful that it was to the point that she could steal your eyes.  
Archer had felt it like it was obvious.  
If that, wasn't a person who was properly alive under the midday sun.  
He didn't mean to call her a phantasmal beast, it was just just, because he was implicating that she suited the quietness and darkness of the night———he grasped that she was a woman of the night, a shadow woman.

Her gorgeous silver armor was shining beautifully on the woman's figure.  
Her huge lance looked heavy and huge to an impossible point, and yet it was being lightly carried in her hands.  
There was just one expression on that face.

Sorrow.  
It was, only just that.

Brilliant, cheerful, and bright.  
She was a woman who had abandoned all of those things herself.  
You could say that she was exact opposite of Elsa.

Even if she had witnessed countless hells she floated a smile, while everything and anything about her was the same, anything and everything was also different too.

Archer understood.  
He saw her.  
He saw through her.

It was his skill as a Servant that was equipped into these eyes that allowed him to do so.

**Woman:** “.....You're the 3rd ranked Servant, are you not?”

A woman's voice reached him.  
It wasn't like she was seeking a conversation.

It was just confirmation.  
However.



**Archer:** “Since you’re saying that, you must be the 4th ranked Servant. It looks like you possess quite a large lance for a woman that is, is it alright if I say that’s your Noble Phantasm?”

He replied.  
Self-consciously.  
While he understood that she couldn’t reply to it.

**Lancer:** “Fine by me.”

Ah, it wasn’t just sorrow.  
The woman changed her expression.  
Even though it was immediately after they had both tried to kill each other in that instant, the woman weakly————smiled.  
An ordinary man would’ve been a goner.

It was a beautiful smile that the woman expressed.  
But, Archer wasn’t an ordinary man.  
He had excellent eyes.  
Despite feeling the end of that sorrow and grief in that smile, he could immediately decide whether she an opponent that he should extend his hand to, or not.

And of course.  
It’s the latter.

**Archer:** “But perhaps, this is the start of our battles in this Holy Grail War.”

**Lancer:** “Yes.”

**Archer:** “It was probably right when I somehow realized that we should be mutually competing against our fellow Servants.”

**Lancer:** “Right.”

She must’ve understood.  
They shouldn’t be deciding it in this level of a skirmish.

And.

Since they were mutually hiding what was in their hands, first, they shouldn’t even be really killing each other.  
And they even, had enough power to thoroughly kill all of the people who live in this town.  
Even if they came running with a group of steel tanks from right in the metropolitan’s garrison temporarily, modern weapons couldn’t kill Servants.  
And yet, they could one-sidedly smash both the people, town, and their weapons.  
It could be so easily done just by him neglecting some of his falling arrows.  
While they were temporary tourists that shouldn’t be here in this world, Servants were absolute destroyers.

It was them.  
It was the Holy Grail War.

In this unprecedented large scale magic ritual that was carried out by using non-standard mysteries called the 7 Servants.

Without the knowledge automatically bestowed on them by the Holy Grail, with his real feelings, Archer greatly understood why he came here.

It was probably the same even for the woman who was standing beyond his gaze.

His fellow Heroic Spirits huge colliding power, were the manifestations of secret arts and miracles that was spoken of in great epics.

Twisting even the laws of physics, they were the recap of a myth that was even a kind of violation to this world.

Tokyo.

As they danced on this stage in this Far Eastern city.

They, they did it for just the sake of their own wishes and desires, that were beyond this.



A wish to the Holy Grail.

A desire.

It which burned her body, certainly, Elsa Saijou had one.

Her motive, if she could put it completely into words was a simple thing

She embraced it because she witnessed hell.

Her wish.

She embraced it because she was afraid of hell.

Her desire.

If she could easily express her very understanding, she might've become scared.

Last year.

In a certain country which she proceeded to after agreeing to do a favor for a friend as a camerawoman, right before her eyes at a time when a genocide by a regime———were countless skulls, a pile of corpses which had been piled up without any regard to whether they were children or friends, a complete breakdown of common sense and morals, destruction, desecration, and the vestiges of a once called Oasis which was nowhere to be found too, with merciless violence, or by forced famine, with reasons that were said to be because of a certain race, with reasons that were said to be due to the intellectual elite, a million, 2 million, 3 million had died, there was death, death, death, and fear———if she spoke frankly Elsa went mad.

Because she remembered it.

It was an event which woke her up, once.

It which must've been continuously sealed in the depths of her heart, had sprouted, the moment that she was in front of that hell which suddenly appeared on the soil of that foreign country.

Elsa herself couldn't stop it, it was already, hopeless.

She didn't want to see this kind of thing again.

She didn't want to remember.

Death.

Loss.

The tragedy called losing your loved ones, was there in her own surroundings.

She wished.

She prayed.

To the point that she yearned for it.

And then, the Holy Grail that was sleeping in the Far East responded to Elsa.

By taking the form of her Master's Degree that appeared on top of her right breast.

With her wish, now.

With her desire.

Elsa obeyed the Holy Grail.

She stood up as a friend to her desires, as light to her wish.

As a Magus who couldn't possibly call herself a noble regardless of being a legitimate child of a family line that was falling into ruin, she announced her participation in the Holy Grail War which was a large scale magic ritual that involved the Clocktower which was the center of the magic world———

She obtained a catalyst for a great hero from West Asian legends after exhausting any and all means, and took out her prized Mystic Code that must've been only lying in obscurity together with her family line's decline.

She was already close to her parents as a human more than a being called a Magus, she betrayed her parents who raised her with great attentive love, and she used all possible means to create her weapons with modern science which was not a mystery that must be avoided.

Guns.

Grenades.

That kind.

Just, to achieve her most ardent wish.

Since she just, witnessed hell, an event that she completely remembered———in order to erase the trauma that continued to ache in her.

And then, she summoned him.

Her greatest power.

A being that was the manifestation of a legend

He was her trump card in the Holy Grail War.

She had completed Servant Archer's summoning.

He———

Right, he who must've been a Heroic Spirit who wasn't a human, was a person beyond what she had imagined prior to this.

Elsa was greatly surprised.  
However, she was also happy.

She had obtained relief and peace from Archer's existence as she faced him from right in front of him, as a single person, as a woman, for herself who was about to become a person that was like mechanical device that was seeking a wish.  
He was promptly frank, and it had become like they could have an amiable conversation.

However.  
However, the rating of his Clairvoyance skill was rank A.  
Those black eyes, could see through the ego that lurked on the other side of her smile, and her deep scars to the point that they were uncontrollable.

Her scars.  
Her traumas.  
It was so easy, to the point that it was not enough.  
She drilled, dug out, and destroyed the personality called Elsa Saijou from her heart.

———That's why, I, have done this.

It had been 5 days since the opening battles in the Holy Grail War by Archer and Lancer.  
3 days before, the decisive temple battle on top of Tokyo Bay.  
At Mt. Okutama in the afternoon.  
Elsa received the decisive moment alone.  
Her reason for going to the mountain in winter that was full of cold weather was just one.

Since the start of the Holy Grail War, her external contact was the reason that she obtained information that almost completely informed her, of the magi clan who had a base somewhere on Mt. Okutama.  
If there was someone in the aforementioned clan, in other words the Isemi Clan who was a Master that had Master Degrees, Elsa would immediately judge them, and start an act to strike their base together with Archer.

And then, she found it in those few hours.  
It wasn't a base.

The Isemi Servant, or rather the existence of another Master's Servant that had entered the mountain in search of the Isemi Clan's base like themselves.  
And yet, they were perfectly alone.

She didn't see a figure that was like a Master in the area.

**Elsa:** "Strike them, Archer."

The deep green rugged mountains was his domain.  
With a "this could work," Elsa took a step.

**Archer:** "Right. Be careful of the Master over there."  
**Elsa:** "Of course."



She had made enough methods of attack and defensive mystic codes.  
Even if she had confronted one of the Clock tower's most powerful magi who had received a rightful brand, by chance, she could manage to hold them off for a few minutes.  
Even if it was naturally far away from perfect, she had carried out measures to the extent that she was able to do.

They could get away if it was for a few minutes.  
Elsa could grasp that she herself wasn't the best magus.  
She thought that if she could just survive.  
If they died, then there wouldn't be any meaning to her wish.

It was, one of her plans that she had strongly decided on from the moment that she bought the airplane ticket to Tokyo.  
Whether she could somehow run away, just depended on the enemy Master.  
She waited and saw as she released on of her wind Formalcraft————

**Tatsumi:** “.....I, want to stop the Holy Grail War.”

The figure of the boy with the mystic eye which she had met on the road to Akihabara a second time passed through her mind, but she shook it off.  
The Holy Grail War couldn't be stopped.  
That's why she was here, in order to achieve her wish.  
She wouldn't hesitate again.  
If she met him again, she would kill that boy without hesitation.

————That's right.  
I, mustn't hesitate, ever again.

She thought as such.  
She did hesitate for a point of a second.  
At that time Elsa was moving through the center of her thoughts and consciousness, about the things that were like the deep emotions in her exceptional combat actions, the things that must be carried out at the end of her thoughts.  
She might've decided that it was something like fate, already, at this point in time.  
She started mobilizing with her awareness that was prepared for battle.

The layout of magical combat.  
She had applied sight reinforcement magic to both her eyes.  
Although it was similar to mere child's play if she compared it to Archer's clairvoyance, she couldn't say that it was luxuriousness.

Besides, this situation must've been plenty enough.  
The enemy Servant still hadn't noticed Archer's existence yet.  
If there was a remote attack set in front of them, certainly, they would be firing their first shot here.  
If the enemy is moving into the mountains while being vaguely cautious with their surroundings, then their case was different from them, who were searching the mountains and the summit where they had assumed opponent clearly existed.

Her awareness was concentrated on her vision.

Searching for the enemy.  
No matter what it took she would find the other party!

A minute passed.  
2 minutes passed.

Archer who was in a place that was separated more than 3 kilometers from her opened hostilities, at that moment, Elsa had clearly discovered the magus who was the enemy Master.  
The other person was faster than she had realized.

**Elsa:** (Eh? A girl?)

She, had such———a pretty girlish figure.  
Quiet, and beautiful.  
Innocent and pure.

She was completely different in age.  
Even though she could see that the girl who was much younger than herself, was really different.  
She was staring at the figure of the walking girl, she could hear her humming in the distance, their eyes met, and in that moment that was captured something in the depths of those transparent eyes, broke through completely scattering her sight reinforcement magic.  
In exchange.

There was something forcibly rising in her field of vision.

**Luca:** “Mama, I love you”

On that day when they were returning home while holding hands, as they had gone to meet the non-regular administration of the day-care center.

**Luca:** “Mama, I love you”

That day when she saw his beautiful figure, laughing seeming having fun holding the soccer ball.

**Luca:** “Mama, I love you”

That day when he said, as such, even though his body must’ve been in terrible pain by letting out his voice.



**Elsa:** “Ah.....”

The smile that must’ve been hiding in the innermost depths of her heart.  
She remembered the day that she witnessed hell, but, it was an important person that determined what she mustn’t remember in the middle of the Holy Grail War.

Her beloved companion.

That child.

There was no way she could forget him, her child which she loved more than anyone, she couldn’t forget him even if it was a scar that dug far into her chest.

Mama, I love you.

I love, Mama’s smiling face.

That child, who had died when he must’ve been 5 years old.

**Elsa:** “A, ah.....Ah.....Luca.....”

Her heart’s scar.

It was, her wish and the source of her desire.

Her child.

The figure of love that she had lost on that distant day.

That’s why, Elsa couldn’t bear it even in that country.

So she wished.

She prayed.

Somehow, please, save all of the children and mothers!

**Elsa:** “Luca————!”

It was, undoubtedly a scar.

It was, undoubtedly a hole.

Thus, this time————Elsa had made a grave mistake.

Her cognizance was distorted, all of her thoughts and awareness was being twisted, she was caught by an honest something which was for sure an illusion that looked like madness.

The lovely girl who was walking like she was dancing beyond her gaze, was one of the causes of it as she used some sort of power on her.

In any case.

Elsa’s Holy Grail War had ended, here.

In front of the girl who was an enemy Master, Elsa, had thought, this.

Ah, how could this have happened?

That girl, is surely, a child who must’ve been loved that had gotten caught up in the Holy Grail War.

And.....

————I’m sorry.

Archer.  
I'm so, sorry.  
I————

With a fragment of her normal awareness which she had a bit remaining of.  
She cried, and leaned her back against the thin tree.  
While several drops of tears fell from her emerald eyes————  
The woman called Elsa Saijou, at this moment, fell into the hands of a demon who had the  
form of a young girl.



# ACT-2

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## THE LANCER CAMP MOVES OUT

On a Certain Day in February, the year is 1991———  
2 days before, the decisive temple battle on top of Tokyo Bay  
Tsukayama Park in the Suginami Ward.

It was some kind of underworld, which silently existed in the quiet residential district of Metropolitan Tokyo.

The group of evergreen trees had grown to the extent that it could be mistaken for a wood or a forest.

Even if it appeared to be a forest that surrounded an old shrine for example, there would also be people who would discover the mystery in all of the trees themselves, but there were also some strange incarnations of this there in this park.

It was clear to an extent even without the trees.

See for yourself.

The uninhabited park which was wrapped in midnight's peculiar tranquility, in the center of that was ———

A brand new reconstructed house that was built at the base of the trees which imitated a dug out shelter that ancient people would've once lived in, despite being located near the center of the late 20th century metropolis.

It had been 3 years since it was constructed.

Even if someone had called it a “new building,” no one would be blamed for it.

It was a newly constructed old house.

The trees which had been planted in no time at all.

The similarly brand new electric lights.

You could understand anything and everything if a detailed person saw these.

In this ward established park, the concept of time had been distorted, without malice.

People could recreate even this ancient scenery.

Did they try to make these artificial ruins because of the ancient ruins that had existed there as the truth of this land, or was it for educating the newly born and raised children, or was it both?

At any rate, it was an ancient reproduction of this land, performed by this city called Tokyo. Perhaps if by chance, what would a person who dealt with old mysteries like a magus say if he saw this?

Would their eyes shine at the state of it with fairly great interest, or would they avert their eyes extremely disgusted at modern civilization for being arrogant?

Could they have determined that it wasn't a fragment of an illusion that they should be paying attention to?

At least———the woman who appeared without a sound in that spot, couldn't have shown her reaction either way.

There was just, silence.  
There was just, closed eyes.

???: “.....”

Even if she opened her bound eyelids, as her long eyelashes vibrated.  
Even if she exposed her eyes which were like amethysts.  
She couldn't have poured her bit of awareness into the ancient landscape which were spread out through her surroundings having been artificially created.  
It wasn't an object of interest for her.  
As she knew enough of, the beautiful fleeting days that was called the Age of the Gods at the time, the times that had been lost, and the things that were even sought by scholars that surely followed the path of Archaeology besides the supernatural Magi, what were ancient times when she wasn't of the present age?

She, was an illusion herself.  
A mystery made into a form.



That reproduction, was a beautiful living being who was able to come into existence as a legend that was created using her myth as its sustenance.

She was a woman who suited the silence of the night, even now, she was a woman whose body was drenched by the night itself.

With a lance, that was a huge lump of metal that was easily probably more than her own height, gently, carried in one hand————

**Woman:** “Berserker. You…….”

Opening her lips a bit, she tried to run with thoughts on the life of the mad beast who had disappeared tonight.

She was such a woman.



Ah, this place is surely, a park where children play around under the sun.

It's a kind place.

It's a warm place.

If there were some of herself in it————

She would've certainly been looking lovingly, at its brilliance, surely.

As she disengaged her spiritual body transformation.

As she opened her closed eyelids slowly.

Lancer, embraced those kinds of deep emotions.

She couldn't turn all of her attention to the reconstructed dwelling and the ruins that must've been further below her feet.

The only thing that was reflected with any meaning in her view, was just, a set of playground equipment.

She could grasp that she wasn't relying on the automatically bestowed knowledge that she received from the Grail.

Surely it was her own bright cheerful voice resounding.

It wasn't a time when it was filled with just darkness like this, the proper time was when it was like the sunshine, gave rise to the sunlight filtering through trees.

The woman————

Lancer, floated just a bit of a smile.

She had felt the state of the park in the daytime where the electric lights didn't have to function as light for the night.

Immediately, after that……

She exhaled a deep breath, making an expression that was amply filled with sadness and emptiness.

The switchover of that expression, was somewhat, fast.

**Lancer:** “…….”

She exhaled, again.

Lancer for sure, felt the life or death struggle that had been carried out just a while ago in a corner of the Suginami Ward.

She had tried to kill the 5 mingled Servants, in the Reiroukan Mansion where the other Servants who were implicated to be aligned with the current head of the Reiroukan family, who was regarded as Caster's Master had been expecting her.

However at the end of it, the figure of the mad beast hadn't been taken down in a battle with the 3rd ranked Servant which had also included Lancer, he was annihilated by the rain of light that came down from Rider's solar ship, which ran through the heavens far surpassing the speed of sound.

A not too quick death?

No.

An idle death?

No.

That was at the end of the battle where he mustered a desperate effort.

It was the radiance of a noble hero's life.

As his heart was first pierced where the spiritual wound that was caused by the invisible hard sword was, as he was taking the blow from the large lance in these hands that similarly severed his body from behind, as he was taking the countless magical flying arrows with his whole body, the beast continued to swing his sharp claws which exceeded the forged steel sword as he raised a howl.

That for sure was Berserker the mad warrior.

That was surely not the official warrior of god.

She could now confess that the owner of the soul rivalled that of Erik the Red.

Lancer felt, that if she herself had perhaps continued to be her father's daughter, if she was one of her sisters who weren't Heroic Spirits, then even must've been certainly guided to the place where the mad beast's soul that didn't care for the trends of the Holy Grail War was.

It, must've been the supreme compliment with which she could treat the existence called herself.

That mad beast who had probably already lost his Master, could be appropriately, called a hero.

In the Mages who lived in the modern era's viewpoint, he might've even been called an "Anti-Hero," but that kind of thing didn't concern her.

After all in the first place, ahh, there were so many differences between that beast and herself.

**Lancer:** "If there weren't, such differences...."

Quietly.

Lancer asked herself in the uninhabited park.

Right, was there something in those differences?

Even if there was a hint of aptitude, they would've been forcibly planted into insanity if they had been completely summoned into a class called Berserker once.

The forced bestowment of skills can sometimes occur even if it involves the other classes, but it can probably be said that Berserker itself is the most ruthless.



The Mad Enhancement Skill.

The Greater Grail which is said to be sleeping somewhere in Tokyo, always completely snatches away the reasoning from Berserker.

For herself, without being completely forced by the Holy Grail, ahh, right————

She was mad from the start.

She was going mad.

Even if she hadn't associated her kind of madness as a skill for example, certainly, it was because there was a seething fire in her heart, which was burning brightly to the point that she was going mad.

**Lancer:** "You're a kind person."

See.

She had already cracked it.

Unconsciously the words slipped from her lips sliding from her tongue.

Ah, Ahh.

Like she thought she was going mad.

She saw the sad mad beast's death.

She saw a battle that was like a raging storm that ignored his overwhelming handicap.

Even though she must've been born as she was there, if she was herself in the days of lore, even if she was probably delighted that the single thing that she had found was her fated hero, and had cried with pride at that soul's nobility, It couldn't be helped as such.

It wasn't a problem even if she didn't wish for it.

She probably couldn't grieve or cry even one tear at the beast's sorrow.

This was at the bottom of the bottom, inside of the inside of the woman's breasts which were covered by her divine steel armor.

My soul, in other words, her flame, wouldn't let it happen.

She wrung out just one image which floated in her mind, cracking her heart, heat invading her consciousness, helplessly seeking just one thing which continued to smolder in her chest.

In other words.

The first ranked Servant.

Her beloved blue silver knight.

Saber.

**Lancer:** ".....Truly. It is because, you're a kind person."

Her voice.

His charm.

Were mixing.

Even though, she truly wouldn't do that in that manner.

"That person" was already gone.

He's not here.

Despite knowing that, however, he buried his thoughts and awareness.

He wouldn't do that.

Even though it wasn't like she wanted to think about him, despite having felt the beast's last moments, ahh, ahh, it wouldn't stop!

She couldn't accurately call to mind that face, without closing her eyelids.

The knight that extended his hand, and even the mad beast who was a fiercely howling enemy Servant.

Of course, it wasn't like he was actually extending his right hand.

He extended it with that invisible sword, which had its true form concealed and was surely his terribly powerful Noble Phantasm to the beast.

Just how did it sound, to a mad beast who sought death by an accurately grand single one on one fight, to that anti-hero who was reduced to being a beast?

It was certainly there like the compassionate hand of a saint.

Was he kind because of his sword?

If she said that sort of thing existed on the earth's surface, what would her great father probably answer with?

**Lancer:** "I sure am meeting just a lot of kind people, in this town."

She muttered.

She whispered.

Lancer, turned around behind her as her silver hair swayed.

**Lancer:** "You, are too. Archer."

Her purple gaze.

Whenever practicable, as much as possible.

While being careful to not be consumed by blood lust.

It was like the incident hadn't occurred as her own inner fire was somehow sent out at a glance.

Ahead of her gaze which was filled with impossible mysteries, was the single, figure of a robust man.

One of the Heroic Spirits that had been coerced by the Holy Grail to exist by serving a Magus who was a Master as a Servant, but if she took into account the mad beast that had lost his life tonight, should she ought to say that he was one of the 6 remaining Servants? She couldn't catch sight of the large deep crimson bow which must've been his original weapon, in that hand.

Ahh, like I thought.

Like I thought.

This person was also kind.

Just how much would the Greater Grail be satisfied by if she confused herself?

Even though she had actually, one, heart that was being deeply overwhelmed in this chest.

Even though she shouldn't have one.

—————These kind and strong heroes were somehow lined up in front of her like a treat like this.

**Archer:** “Whoops, I’m not gonna fight you.”

His tan body.

His thoroughly trained body was certainly robust.

His voice which she felt was even a refreshing thing in its clear sound, and his charming expressions, could certainly captivate many young girls, and was surely adored by many of the people in his nation.

A hero.

He was a hero.

Her urges which she should've abandoned on that far off distant day was calling her.

Ahh, there were too many heroes, here!

**Archer:** “That’s already enough for tonight. Calm down that troublesome Berserker has fallen. Additionally, if another Servant wishes to drop out, it’d be sacrilege against the guy who reached an honorable death.”

Archer, fleetingly showed his figure near the reconstructed house.

While thinking in a corner of her consciousness now if it was a somewhat strange building, Lancer looked at him.

There was a bit, of a pause.

He wasn't going to try and approach her.

The one who didn't approach her whose strong point was unsheathed point-blank combat, could say that it was obvious.

But, it wasn't like he could say that he was especially suited to range combat himself.

It was to the point that he had guessed it when they had encountered each other a few days ago, even if there was a gap for Archer who could probably cover the whole Tokyo metropolitan area, there were still the rest of them.

There was still his Noble Phantasm which he was still concealing, but even if Tokyo was transformed into scorched earth way before Rider who soared through the heavens did so, he wouldn't be very surprised by it.

However.

He, wouldn't ever let that happen.

Otherwise the thing that he felt at the start of the hostilities would be a mistake.

**Lancer:** “So?”

**Archer:** “We have to talk. I think it won't be a bad talk even for you. What will you do, do you want to listen? Of course, it's not like its free of charge, but I can reduce it for you if it's now.”

**Lancer:** “Ah.”

She, just smiled.  
He had mentioned some as expected words.  
She sensed it in his voice, his gentle gaze which had no traces of blood lust in it.

**Lancer:** “Like I thought, you’re the same. It seems you’re like that too.”

**Archer:** “Huh?”

**Lancer:** “Nothing.....”

Let’s be patient.  
She would endure it.  
She mustn’t let her feelings explode.  
She would wait for his words.

Lancer instinctively strongly shook the lance, which was her Noble Phantasm.  
As she ignored the entire super heavy weight of it which had easily surpassed 200 kilograms already, lightly, as she carried it like it was rolling in the palm of her hand.

While enduring the seething heat of it, whilst weighing the excitable thing, she paid attention so as to not let the fire escape.  
Still feeling it.  
She let out words that weren’t a great lie.

**Lancer:** “Since there is just one kind person here. I’m completely at a loss.”



I remember that feeling, of that thing that thickly slid down the inside of my throat.

5 days ago.  
The incident in Ikebukuro late at night.

At the foot of a high-rise building that was very cut-off from Ikebukuro station, close to the Shuto Expressway, in a plaza where a scenery which resembled a spacious garden was spread out, at the beginning, when she had confronted the blue silver knight.



Lancer followed her Master’s orders without hesitation, with a seriousness that could undoubtedly say that she had a Master who was mutually controlling her, after she had exchanged a number of blows with just her blade which she waved in order to kill.

Her master’s orders.  
They weren’t her father’s words.

Could she already hear her father’s words, here in this distant modern era called 1991 CE from the Age of Gods?  
As a Heroic Spirit, no, as a Servant, she only had to follow her Master’s words.

Thus she recognized him as her fated partner.

Thus she strongly understood that he was the owner of her soul and power, to win their way through the Holy Grail War.

Probably this was his Servant rank as a Heroic Spirit————

**Lancer:** “As expected of the first ranked Servant.”

First.

In other words, a most superior Servant who handled a blade.

The blue silver knight who wielded an invisible sword.

It was a terrifyingly powerful sword, which unlikely had no other except for the one placed on “that persons” in her past life.

And yet it was meticulous and unparalleled.

**Lancer:** “Surely, you’ve must’ve been a hero with a great name.”

She said as such, while holding her large lance.

She was about to tremble, when she gazed at his “prepared” figure which was equipped for battle with her lance, hiding his blade with both hands behind his body, as she received the nuances that he was showing with his one fist one move without that hesitation.

**Saber:** “You have quite a splendid lance, 4th ranked Servant. Lancer.”

**Lancer:** “Oh, so I’ve been found out.”

**Saber:** “Unlike me, your weapon was easy to find out.”

**Lancer:** “I guess so. And it seems that you haven’t shown yours regrettably.”

Whilst smiling lightly, she thought what if, she continued extending this conversation.

But, that time hadn’t arrived.

It held a much sweeter time instead.

Her lance and his sword which they wielded with explosive power, as they clashed with their entire bodies and souls.

She hadn’t encountered even a fierce Viking, he was a hero who was dodging from her 5 speed lance attack like this, as she was intermittently attacking, with her “hands,” or rather claws, which she controlled here by piling on 2 levels of released prana and brute strength. Her lance attacks could be likened to the tremendous ferocious jaw of an ice wolf at its end. He just, protected himself for a time, and exchanged blows for a time, doing it just to kill her, not for testing her.

He skillfully dodged and counterattacked with his blade against the consecutive attacks done by her huge lance.

It surpassed splendid.

It wasn’t just battles between human shaped beings, it was certain that he was one who excelled at even battles with things that weren’t humans.

How much was she walking on any sort path, into the life of rigorous battles, she was seething just by imagining it.



It excited her.

She could completely deeply feel it in the depths of her body.

It was serious enough, even if just seemed like she wasn't completely venting her voice.

Even so, she spoke while still feeling it.

It wasn't a great lie.

Her admiration, was riding on the night wind.

**Lancer:** ".....You're a tough one aren't you?"

**Saber:** "At this level. Your, attacks continue to be too dull."

**Lancer:** "Oh, you found me out, again. You're a kind person. Were you expressing compassion as you said you'll be ending it in one blow, as you aimed at my heart here?"

**Saber:** "If I was being compassionate."

He was preparing his invisible sword, again.

He probably had a way to cram some distance while supplying a varying gap between his sword and her lance.

He hadn't shown her some of the things in his hand, yet.

But, it was the same even for Lancer.

Since The level of the woman who just, handled a super heavy and even large lance, shouldn't have been able to exist as a Heroic Spirit that engraved that name into human history,

Of course, there was her trump card.

Right————

**Lancer:** "You're a kind person. A kind Servant. I, if I was also that kind."

Truly.

Or there was the small bottle that was indeed a magical good, which she had taken out from somewhere?

**Lancer:** "It troubles me."

Quietly.

As her gaze was still turned to the knight.

Quietly.

As her feelings still faced the knight.

She gulped down the miracle drug, the red liquid that filled the small bottle in one go.

Touching her tongue, through her throat, it was like it was reaching down into the flames that existed in the center of her being

That sensation, that poured onto the named fuel called passion.

That ecstasy.

That guilt.

Despite having a Servant's body, she completely felt it like a virgin who carried a flesh and blood body.

She felt it.  
She trembled.

Even now, like this, she could forget why it continued seething.  
During these 5 days.

Lancer, always, always, continued to feel it.



My————

This wouldn't preserve my, Nigel Sayward's life for long.  
I had my own unique magic which was created by using a characteristic of my own origin "Obsession", which as a result also lead to the creation of my miracle drug by applying foundation magic to it, I could also brag about my said creation of the greatest item as it concerned my own miracle drug which could especially control a person's emotions.  
Even in my native England, I could declare that I had obtained the unparalleled fruits of my research in managing and controlling humans.

But, I also deeply understood that it had gone way beyond individuality and gender.  
It hasn't been long since I had been designated with a seal which was said to have been the ultimate honor at the time in the Clock Tower.  
In other words, the results of my research weren't something to be succeeded into the next era.

It was also unavoidable.  
As a fact, without kids who had the ability to succeed my research, to begin with, it'd be insufficient to succeed the foundation magic that I had achieved with just carved magic seals and magic circuits which were wavering in my family lineage and blood kin.

I, had achieved something that was just unachievable to me.  
But, I haven't given up yet.

My left shoulder had received 3 strokes of a Master's Degree from the Greater Grail that was said to be sleeping in a far eastern city.  
It wasn't like I could swallow all of the words that the entire Holy Church spoke, but to me, it was because a possibility was left to reach the Root by the omnipotent wish granting device.  
The Clock Tower also couldn't get rid of me either, until the end of the Holy Grail War which was a magical ritual.

As a result, a small thing had granted me time.  
I will greatly use this.

I, would be allowed to perfect my research in the far eastern city of Tokyo.  
I had these feelings for the item that could control people, like I could control the fate of people with this technique that was brought from my research, thus the vast spiral of fate

which ultimately held its hands in even human history———at the end of it———was something that many mages had designated as the Spiral of the Root, or because it reached even the source of it.

I'll prove that I can reach it.

To the Spiral of the Root, the spiral of destiny.

Won't it seem like I'm achieving a great irony?

Right, at the time, my mind which couldn't understand or truly recognize something called emotions except for obsession, had also been criticized as being "a psychological ruler."

While I was freely handling other people's feelings more than anyone, in fact, I could get no feelings other than obsession myself, I couldn't even grasp what other people were specifically feeling, I who resembled a machine that just continued to guess, just calculate, just obsessed, in reaching the end of my great fate.

There wasn't even a fragment of joy that I could feel, but, it was quite———

Could I say that I was being filled with a great cosmic joke?



**Lancer:** "I've returned, Master."

My voice echoed.

Even if I didn't know that much of it had become contemporary architecture with practical experience, I could see, the thing that was said to be the interior had a few things with mineral matter which made the sound reverberate well like this.

Lancer thought for a bit, whilst stepping into the 4th floor of a multi-tenant building that was close to the metropolitan Chiyoda's ward JR Akihabara Station which was one base that was prepared by her Master, whilst giving off words with her lips, with her tongue as she gained a temporary body after disengaging her spirit form.

Reiroukan Mansion, the park at night.

Either way I was probably in the underworld of the city of Tokyo, which couldn't be reached by an ordinary person's eyes.

And, here too.

The room which had been ruled by supernatural law as was the way of them Heroic Spirits at the time, by magic at the time, not having the proper laws of physics.

If there was a person unluckily standing there, that body together with that life would've disappeared immediately.

Without any pity for them, I still wouldn't have any strong feelings about it.

**Lancer:** "Only one Servant, fell in the battle at the Reiroukan Mansion."

It was a brief report.

Already, there were the contents that I had spoken about by exchanging magical words without using my voice which allowed us to contact each other remotely, but I had purposely, spoke of it in advance.

**Lancer:** “Along with Berserker’s annihilation, Rider proclaimed his declaration of war onto us 3 Servants. However, Caster didn’t show himself until the end.”

There was no significance in saying that Caster did not participate in the battle.

Rather it was the reverse.

The existing barrier was clearly working to Berserker’s disadvantage, and it looked Rider had protected himself from it.

**Lancer:** “After the battle ended, I received a proposal for a temporary alliance from Archer.”

**Nigel:** “I see.”

His voice suited the nature of the room well as he responded.

It was my Master’s voice.

The man who indulged in thought whilst composing his long foot, was sitting on a leather sofa which was his only piece of furniture, as he confined himself in this building which was never an exaggeration even if I expressed it as a semi-abandoned building.

The magus who summoned this body into the modern era though a catalyst, which was the fragment of an old carbonized building.

Lancer who lived in the past didn’t know much about the current magical area, but he was, probably a superior male.

This room’s master which was illuminated with the lights of only lanterns, having only a few light sources.

Her Master who had decided that they would fight together in the Holy Grail War.

Quietly, he called out to me.

While still concealing his eyes with dark colored sunglasses.

**Nigel:** “What are your feeling, Lancer?”

**Lancer:** “.....”

I couldn’t answer.

After all, I couldn’t give an answer saying that I wanted him.

**Nigel:** “I don’t mind using a Master’s Degree.”

Ah, these, words wouldn’t have any temperature to them.

His gaze resembled ice to a degree.

Could cold-headed wit possibly be an expression for him?

Even though her Master was sitting down in that chair, it was like, Lancer couldn’t recognize the existence of feelings in there.

Saber and Archer who were Heroic Spirits not humans, were incapable of feeling the ominousness that I couldn’t feel even in any of them besides Berserker.

Was this man probably human?

Was it good to be recognized as a person?

Nigel Sayward.

At least his name was the same as a human's.

A magus who belonged to a magic organization called the Clocktower, in England.

His rank in the Clocktower was pride.

His Master's rank in the Holy Grail War, was 2nd.





**Lancer:** “Yes. Please, do as you will Master.”

**Nigel:** “I’m joking.”

**Lancer:** “.....Right.”

I couldn’t hear the joke in it.

It was hard to believe so suddenly, although there was talk that he was in his 30s.

If it was from Lancer’s intuition, this coldness was very far apart from the passion that he held for humans.

Or if it was because the mages who desired the truth deviated from human nature, was it because he was very much a magus himself?

He was certainly a Magus who was at the level of a genius, an elite, who was in the actual spot.

The magic that he had mainly studied was called Alchemy.

But, while alchemy was the basis of his magical lineage, his own peculiar magic which used a trait derived from his own origin———and that technique which created the miracle drug which flowed through even this Lancer comprised with aether, which allowed her non-human body, to come into existence by using it as her magical foundation, would it be good sure enough if I let it end with a word on alchemy?

Lancer who had a body that had mastered a completely different skill set even if it was the same magic, couldn’t judge him even now that a few days had already passed since she had been summoned.

Even if time had passed, even if they exchanged a few words.

She didn’t know.

Was it because he wasn’t human after all?

Or.

Was it that Lancer herself couldn’t deeply understand that he was human because of that bloodline?

———No, no.

The people who I had met in the past, definitely, had emotions.

That’s why for sure “that person” came to reach an unnaturally violent death.

And, even for herself.

**Nigel:** “Let me properly ask you. Did the miracle drug, show the proper effects?”

It was the second question from her Master.

She was in a place where she could point her awareness to the event in her life once, like an unforgettable flame.

It pierced her like that like it was clearly aiming for her

You who were peering into yourself, surely, weren’t hallucinating, it was like your senses were being thrust by something that must’ve been under your own approval.

**Lancer:** “Yes.”

I quietly, nodded.

**Nigel:** “That’s fine. Since your Noble Phantasm, will display its maximum effects with this.”

**Lancer:** “Right.”

She nodded her closed eyes.

**Nigel:** “Good.”

Without his gaze turning to her, he nodded.

Lancer already understood to some degree, that most of those words were only a soliloquy to himself.

**Nigel:** “If we call your Noble Phantasm as an item in your legend, this could even come close to one.”

**Lancer:** “.....Right.”

You can’t create a Noble Phantasm itself with a human body.

But, to come close to it.

It’s not something that you can necessarily deny if there was an expression like that.

Actually at this point, now, Lancer’s mind was creaking greatly.

That night in Ikebukuro, my madness sped up, to the point that I was just capable of burning the entire multi-tenant building with the fire that I had magically released, by just calling to mind a bit of Saber’s face who didn’t pass an opponent just by exchanging words and swords.

There was no such thing on the first day.

Even through the 2nd, 3rd and other days, her thoughts, the fire, helplessly continued to grow stronger.

Creaking.

Swerving.

The flames endlessly raised its heat.

Either way, it which boiled within her probably could surpass the sun in the sky.

It wasn’t a metaphor.

———Ah, see.

Even now.

I’m troubled.

I’m cracking.

**Lancer:** “.....Your next order. Master.”

Nigel: “I don’t have anything in particular to say. You’ve already taken the miracle drug in front of the Servant that you recognized as the strongest, on that night, and on that day. If you judged him as such, then Saber is clearly the last Servant you should defeat.”

An order.

Would he give me one?

If so, do I have no choice but to break apart from the inside?

Opening her eyelids Lancer looked again.  
His gaze was like ice, piercing through his sunglasses.

**Nigel:** “Until that time, please do your best to foster your emotions.”

**Lancer:** “Yes.”

———Ah, Ahh.

A human.

A person who had become a human subset whose name had remained as a mysterious magus.

Then should I still say it.

If my body had been summoned by him to do as such, there is no other path for me but to do so.

Like a doll, like a machine.

While enduring the flames inside me.

I'll only, just nod now like this in this dark room.



———And then, 2 nights after the mad beast's defeat at the Reiroukan Mansion.

Lancer's long long hair was waving in the salty breeze.  
It was a place filled with a uniquely bad smell.

Despite the shadows created by the group of buildings, were to the extent that they resembled a drawn heavenly palace.

If I knew that the polluted atmosphere, the polluted ocean were things brought by the actions of people in the modern age who lived in a consumer culture at the end of the walk from the distant Age of the Gods like this, then as expected, my great father who had the wisdom to see through everything would've said what in the world to it.

I couldn't have taken an answer to my doubts, from somewhere.

Already without her swanlike Mystic Code on this body, Lancer who just substituted it with old runes, couldn't be permitted to hear her father's words.

So, I just, approached it hearing the sound of the returning waves.

I could hear the sound of a part of the ocean breaking, knocking against the concrete earth.

It was on that very day, of the decisive battle on top of Tokyo Bay.

The figure of the solemn yet huge temple complex was on the waterfront that could be seen over there.

She stared, carefully at it, while she was standing still on the beach.

The group of temples, stood as it rose 10 kilometers in the open sea of Tokyo Bay like it had taken the form of the old yet noble Egyptian gods might.

It was a fantastic scene, even to Lancer who witnessed many divine altars including her great father's.

Its form which was complexly composed of several super large structures were difficult to describe in one word.

There were probably people who could grasp the blasphemy in it, but you could faintly see its radiance till it was unwavering.

If so, then did Rider's pride and feelings towards the gods built its form until it was incomprehensible to ordinary people?

Lancer narrowed her eyes, as she continued to grasp the main temple of the pyramid in the center of field of view.

She knew even without looking.

She completely knew.

Even if their distance was far separated from her own sensory abilities, he was absolutely over there.

There was a person who could make her burst into flames, seething, exciting the inside of her chest————

**Lancer:** “.....”

Without a voice, without words.

Lancer with that temporary name placed it on her tongue.

Saber.

The first ranked Servant.

In this Holy Grail War, he was the opponent that she herself had fallen in love with and he seemed to be for sure this man.

There was already, no doubt that he had landed onto the temple structure where the soul of the reality marble was awaiting them.

**Archer:** “Did'ya, see that?”





There was a voice beside her.

It was something brought by Archer, as he displayed his real form by disengaging his spirit form transformation.

She wouldn't face him with her many thoughts even if she was being cautious.

She also wouldn't point the spearhead of her weighty 500 kilogram lance that she held in her hand at him.

Under her Master Nigel's approval, Lancer received the words that were projected from Archer.

They had a pact.

A temporary alliance.

For the sake of defeating the Ozymandias camp who was too powerful.

**Archer:** "That bastard Rider, he sunk a bunch of warships right there in Yokosuka."

While sitting on the bit used by ships, Archer was looking in the same direction.

That gaze could be thought as having the ability to far surpass an ordinary Servant's.

The intense luminescence from a while ago which appeared to be the release of his Anti-Fortress Noble Phantasm's true name, the projection of the prana's light, although she had thought that it was some sort of act, the thing that was pointed at the emergency modern day human military troops, was never expected by Lancer at all.

She was unexpectedly, speechless.

At his forgiveness of that violence.

At the doubt in that decision.

The concealment of mysteries, is first, easily like this even though it should've been a major premise of the Holy Grail War————

**Archer:** "There's probably, some sort of reason for it. The Great Pharaoh had treated the Naruna People harshly, but he wasn't the kind of guy who took pleasure in slaughtering such and such. He also wouldn't ever speak on a whim, about burning Tokyo to the ground either."

**Lancer:** "You're quite well informed."

**Archer:** "Because I'm from the same generation, as him."

He said it without hesitation.

Since he was a person who had too natural a way of speaking, she was unintentionally, suddenly struck by him.

Likewise, there was something running down Lancer's spine.

It wasn't a shudder or a chill that was like she was shivering towards his huge confidence.

It was ecstasy.

It was pleasurable.

It was a pleasant feeling that belonged to the dark underworld, giving birth to her confirmation that he was undoubtedly a hero, and despite being temporary she wouldn't shun her partner who had chosen to ally himself with her, just in case he spoke a hint to his true name for the time of their decisive battle.

**Archer:** “Given that, Saber seems to have head towards that over there. He’s seems to be especially jumping into death.”

**Lancer:** “Seems so.”

**Archer:** “If I stress the importance of the Holy Grail War, then we’re at the point when we should steal all of the good parts from those guys, Saber and Rider, who are exhausted from their clash, but.....”

**Lancer:** “Right.”

————But, you wouldn’t do such a thing right?

Right, I would put up with the one who was seeming continuing his speech.

I won’t call out.

It wasn’t necessary.

So why then, was he here in front of this temple on top of Tokyo Bay, since there were no people besides myself here who could see through the temple structure just for the sake of the Holy Grail War?

Caster and Assassin, probably would never go over there.

It was enemy territory.

It was an extremely dangerous place.

Since in a sense you would have to be at the height of sheer stupidity, to be the one who particularly boarded it.

**Archer:** “.....Do you know, why Saber is jumping into there alone?”

**Lancer:** “No. It really troubles me.”

She briefly nodded.

She understood her opponent who she’d continued yearning for these past 7 days, quite clearly

Or, was it a wild delusion?

No, Lancer wouldn’t feel such a thing.

Until she plainly believed it.

Then why————

**Archer:** “He, intends to save the people of this Tokyo. That’s the kind of guy he is, that guy.....”

He’ll save Tokyo.

So, he’s been seriously completely thinking and acting about that.

It was the same, even for this Archer.

I think that Master and Mad Beast who lost their lives 2 days ago, had said something like that before.

Was it, for the people?

Or, was it for Tokyo?

She couldn't feel the hero's soul at the time, however Lancer hadn't been aware only to a degree that said lovely children had gotten involved in the merciless Holy Grail War. Could she assemble certain people with a will in this city, to a large degree?

Ah.

Ahh, no!

It was fundamentally something greatly different!

I see, was it rather this Holy Grail War?

But I had vaguely recognized it until this moment and it must be so, having once felt the height of vulgarity like a soul that had fallen from a shining hall, towards the magical ritual where Heroic Spirits that saved people once killed each other for the sake of their own desires,

————No.

No.

It definitely wasn't that.

There was no way that it was vulgar.

People probably called this "nobility."

Or pride.

————The one who was falling, after all, was probably just me, huh.

My own self, who couldn't possibly be called a hero who had expended their lives for just people, and couldn't be seen as an anti-hero by the world.

How were things for him?

The blue silver knight who headed towards the temple structure which was a menacing fortress, and by himself, against a Servant who had called for an alliance until he had chosen a poor move called divulging a part of his hand, alone with one Servant who continued to fight in order to carry out something, not giving up even if he couldn't beat him!

**Lancer:** "Ah....."

He was a person who was going to save people.

He had the shape of sincerity and glory that was wished for by many people.

It was for sure, a radiant thing that her past self had continued to search for, wasn't it because she had a soul of a hero?

Ahh, what beauty, how fleeting————

**Lancer:** "My, how lovely you are. You heroes....."

# ACT-3

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What, was his master thinking?

It was literally apparent to Archer who carried excellent “eyes.”

Eyes that could see through an arrow strike that was released from yonder.

Eyes that could see across the state of the host armies regardless if they were friend or foe.

Fields, mountains, beasts, the black eyes of the swift bow user showed him everything that was on the ground.

Their shapes。

And even their hearts.

When he lived as a flesh and blood human and not as a Heroic Spirit, the great king Manuchehr who was directly descended from dragon slayers said this.

“Your body is a blessing that was brought over time from the old Age of the Gods, it is your most precious asset that is difficult to exchange, and if that’s the case it is for that reason that you also possess such an unusual power in those eyes.”

He remembered about having directly answered, with an “I see”.

He had one rude word and honestly nodded to the point that he showed delight, before the great king’s words.

It was this one act that must’ve been very embarrassing to one in his lifetime, but the great king forgave him due to his generous spirit.

It was probably the one reason why few on this earth, in this era, didn’t completely exist as a person who had emerged having this old yet terrifying power, besides himself and the great king,

The great king was a certain friend to him, or he considered him as a partner.

Whilst thinking a bit on the great king who was a military man and even an excellent ruler, Archer, looked at his current master who summoned him as a Heroic Spirit herself in 1991 CE.

A magus.

Elsa, the woman who was a mother that had a child once.

In the mountain top hotel room, in Ochanomizu, Bunkyo Ward, Tokyo metropolitan area which they were using as their base.

In a room in suite 403 with a garden that shook shyly with green, despite depositing his aether body which had released its spirit body form onto the sofa, he continued to capture Elsa’s figure who was reflecting as she was sitting down on the sofa right in front of him in the center of his field of vision.

He could see her shape.

She was a fine woman.

The smile that she put on was especially good too.

He could see her heart.



A fine woman.

Her very wish to the Grail, wasn't ever, shamefully selfish.  
Archer could get to know anything and everything about Elsa Saijou.  
But, he would never talk about it.

In a sense, he understood that his eyes were something impolite, seeing that they had forcibly stripped her clothes off and were looking at her in the nude.  
So he tried not to know her, in that way as much as possible.  
Especially, for a person that he must face with gratitude.

**Elsa:** ".....Archer."

He could hear her muttering voice.  
The very voice of the woman who was his 2nd Master, was far from the king that was his first Master.  
The traits of a king who reigned, governed, judged, and fought as demanded by others were something that could be called cruel.  
Of course, Archer wouldn't seek it from Elsa too.

They met through the summoning ritual, he recognized his Master, recognized her feelings and wishes, and if they had decided to fight together, the rest would be only to walk close together.

He had no hesitation.  
It seemed so at least.  
There was not a bit of hesitation, within him.

**Archer:** "What's wrong, Master. You haven't been sounding at your best lately from what I've heard."

**Elsa:** "Is that so?"

**Archer:** "Yeah."

He nodded, while softly smiling even if he didn't say it with 100 smiles.  
While grasping all of the conversations that carried on beyond this point, he continued to be cautious so that she wouldn't perceive it as such.

**Archer:** "If you're troubled then I'll be happy to discuss it with you. Anytime. I'm your Servant, and more than that, I'm pleased with a human like you. I'll even do you favors."

**Elsa:** "Really?"

Her green eyes wouldn't look this way.  
Elsa's gaze was glued to the floor.

**Archer:** "I don't tell very many lies."

**Elsa:** "Very many, what's with that?"

She smiled a bit.  
Ah, just a bit, huh?

It couldn't be helped since she was feeling somewhat under the weather even if it was expected.

Archer gently felt that if possible, he would like for her to keep on smiling always.

It wasn't just Elsa, all of the people who tried to accomplish good by warding off evil, their lives, and their hearts, if it was for their peace and wellbeing he would think at the end of thoughts about how it could be wonderful.

Even if, the world would never permit it.

**Archer:** "This regional idiom, how do you say it "making good on one's word." I want you to stay like that, but well, I do tell lies too as a result from time to time cause as expected I'm not omnipotent."

**Elsa:** "I see. So that's why, you don't tell very many lies, huh."

**Archer:** "There you go."

He nodded again.

The conversation had paused there, at one end.

There was a similar presence there.

5 days ago, it was something that Elsa wore just after having launched a surprise attack on the mystic eye of a young man who resembled Berserker's Master by pouring out some words.

But 3 days ago, it grew somewhat when she had encountered Saber's Master inside of Mt. Okutama.

He gazed at Elsa's face, silently.

The woman's face which had been marked by her girlishness, so much so that he couldn't possibly think of her as a mother.

There was a definite shadow in there.

**Archer:** (.....Something in you broke in Mt. Okutama, that time. You were possessed.)

He could read her even without being strongly aware of it.

That time, that day, was when something in the magus called Elsa Saijou was critically damaged.

That time, when he held Elsa's slender shoulders as she just cried, silently standing still. Archer hadn't questioned her on what had happened.

Always, during these 3 days.

He thought that he shouldn't say anything, and he also thought that he mustn't tread on it.

It was a matter that the woman herself was thinking about.

Even if it, had become the main cause for influencing the trends of the Holy Grail War————

**Archer:** (You must decide, Elsa. You must live. This thing will continue for your life, after this battle too.)

Even if that decision, decided the fate of a Servant like himself.

He wouldn't give advice.

He also wouldn't guide her.

Archer, just waited.

As a temporary guest that had achieved form in the present.  
Until she could decide her destination for herself, as a human who properly lived in this time.

Even for 10 minutes, even for an hour.

First a second.

And then 2 seconds.

3 seconds.

**Elsa:** "Save, Tokyo."

It was 10 seconds later.

Elsa, said as such towards Archer with her eyelids while having truly semi-downcast eyes.

Their gazes intersected.

She was silent for about half a breath.

Ah, it was a response that continued to be satisfactory.

At least she had decided it for herself.

For example, even if there was interference by something like the world itself, the feelings and intentions of Elsa Saijou who continued to feel the hell in this world 5 minutes later, definitely existed in there.

If there were, if there were words that spun at the end of Druj's whisperings, he had no others to greatly support her with.

Besides, the contents of those uttered words.

There was no way he could forget.

**Archer:** "It's that lad's words, right Elsa?"

**Elsa:** ".....Yeah, that's right. Tatsumi. That boy who was Berserker's Master."

The words were in past tense.

The youth who lived in this Tokyo, was thought to have already been taken out from the Holy Grail War.

When they had encountered him in Akihabara 5 days ago, that youth had said this.

I want to save Tokyo.

I want to stop the Holy Grail War———he said.

**Elsa:** "That kid....he said that he wanted to save people, the town. Can you believe it? Even though he knew that I was a magus, even though he must've known that I was a participant in the Holy Grail War, he said that. He said "Because I have friends, because I have a girl that I like, that.....no matter what, I want to stop the Holy Grail War"."

**Archer:** "Heh."

**Elsa:** "You won't laugh right?"

**Archer:** "Like I would laugh. That is something that us heroes should be saying."

Saying that, this time he'd shed a 100 laughs.

It was the best.

While enduring the corrosion to her mind which differed in magnitude as if it was normal magic, whilst supporting her strange mind that was said to have confused that girl with her own lost child———If she was able to come to an answer herself, surpassing it by only crying just once, without raising one shriek, without seeking salvation, furthermore with her personality that was in some trouble as it seemed to be in entirely small pieces from its depths.....

Then it would be a proud end that suited the 2nd Master of the bow user.

Let's give our praises to it.

Let's send out our cheers.

I'll draw my bow willingly.

For your sake, for their sakes!

From here on my body, shall go to the great temple where that person, Rider who was the most powerful enemy in the present world, and had called himself the splendorous divine king Ozymandias who left his name and radiance in Ancient Egyptian History, and had proclaimed his declaration of war to us 5 Heroic Spirits sits.

Even without a definite reason for it, we'll definitely slay the Pharaoh who proclaimed that he would turn Tokyo which was the greatest city in the Far East into scorched earth together with all of the more than 10 million people!

Right.

Heroes, were there to save people.

**Elsa:** "Archer, I———"

**Archer:** "Don't say it. You've decided. I nodded on it. This sort of thing is like that. I'm fine with this."

———It was roughly half a day before the current moment.

It was a conversation on the very morning of the decisive battle on top of Tokyo Bay.

It was a desperate situation.

Despite having formed a combined front together with Saber, they had reached an unfavorable situation here.



On a Certain Day in February, the year is 1991.  
Midnight.  
At the decisive battle on top of Tokyo Bay————



Expanding on top of the black sea as if it was inhaling a starless night sky was Rider's huge Noble Phantasm, "Ramesseum Tentyris: The Shining Great Temple Complex" which was his unparalleled Reality Marble, in that huge corridor.....

The three Servants who were called "the 3 knights," in other words a swordsmen, a lance user, and a bow user had personally infiltrated it as they were beckoned inside, there which was an enemy territory and a dangerous place.

Without even saying it, without even thinking it, but it was obvious that all of the events within the very powerful barrier worked to Rider's advantage.

Truly, they were in the palm of the enemy's hands.  
Would it be correct if I pretended that this situation was in my gut?

The reality marble which gave concrete form to the Pharaoh's imaginary landscape was truly the embodiment a myth.

The Sphinxes that had attacked, building a group were all immortal, had infinite regenerative abilities, and were the same even if they were made by Rider/Ozymandias who was the master of the huge temple!

Immortal.  
Unbeatable.

While receiving assistance by self-regulating his clairvoyance skill, and by releasing the Invisible Air that Saber possessed, they reached the main shrine which was a few kilometers ahead, by penetrating the inner walls of the shrine which required 10 deadly lethal arrows released by Archer.

They crushed the main temple's external walls which was covered by the Hittites divine steel as they rebounded without a scratch to the average anti-army Noble Phantasm, even if Rider's heart, his spiritual core that was waiting in his throne in a magnificent manner, had been skewered without varying his aim————

The Pharaoh couldn't die.  
At that moment, he could only achieve rebirth.  
It was like an image that had been burned onto a film flowing backwards.

**Rider:** "Hahahahahahahahahahahahahahahahaha! It's futile. It's no good! It's reckless! And unseemly! I can't die, you can't stick one wound on me, ahh———You should know your place!"

Archer could see him clearly.  
His clairvoyance could tell him everything.

The Pharaoh's invincibility which he could laugh loudly at as he sat in the main temple, and his absolute Noble Phantasm which made it possible to regenerate infinitely.



Was it divine protection brought by the Age of the Gods, or was it the power of the Pharaoh Ozymandias who was said to carry the gods within him as he was being born?  
Or was it the way of a great hero who was said to have sublimated his body which was of a king who was even a god, a god who was even a king, which controlled the vast earth as a new faith.

Archer who knew many kings wasn't one, but I see, Rider's ways was probably different compared to other kings.

Powerful.  
Invincible.

But, he was an opponent that he must give praise to as such.  
He wouldn't yield.  
It was still, too early, to give up.

If an onlooker saw it, they would probably guess that 10 to one, the 3 knights who had already, entered the main temple, would lose their lives if it was a problem of time.  
Archer himself, was in a spot where he could greatly notice the unfavorable crisis.  
Lancer showed her cooperative stance at first, but her figure disappeared somewhere while whispering something immediately after the 3 beasts had achieved complete regeneration for the 3rd time, and her wellbeing was unknown.

The divine beasts which had reached 7 in total were still continuing their attacks, and the bow and sword Heroic Spirits followed counterattacking them endlessly.  
Sniping at Rider was an ace up his sleeve in order to break the situation, but it also sadly fell apart.  
If this was a war between fellow countries then this was making a maxim of retreat to the King.

But.  
This, was somewhat different.  
There were no people that he should be protecting here.  
There—————were just heroes of incomparable strength, the same as himself who should've been just himself to other kings!

**Archer:** "Saber!"

While avoiding the sharp claws of the Sphinxes who had changed into red flames together with their prana by a piece of their skin, the firestorm spat out by another one was erased by 50 simultaneous arrow shots, as he called out to Saber.

In the next moment as he uttered those words, Archer's figure was already, there 10 meters in height from the floor, and the huge corridor's ceiling.

**Archer:** "You still not ready!"

As he lightly landed on the roof he said another word.

**Saber:** "Just a few more minutes."

Saber answered, as he slaughtered the divine beasts with his golden sword which had been released from its wind scabbard.

**Archer:** “.....Well I still have to say, that’s it pretty absurd.”

It was because of his Heroic Spirits body, that originally, such things like enemies didn’t exist on the earth.

Servants who even feigned themselves to be incarnations of myths can transcend all living beings, and it is possible for them to unilaterally slaughter even if they’re before powerful modern weaponry.

The story is different because Sphinxes who are the heaven sent children of destruction and even the symbols of fire and storms are the opponents, but, this gathering of divine beasts, and the royal performers who had gone barking mad by owning mysteries and illusions that may be equal to a Heroic Spirit in a one on one fight.....

If he stopped paying attention for even a decimal of a second, those fangs, those claws could easily break his Heroic Spirit’s core which manifested with his aether body.

Already, more than 30 minutes had expired since the start of the battle on top of the temple. Mobilizing and avoiding the divine beasts, attack actions, all of it was on unexaggerated full throttle.

Even if the prana that they possessed themselves were somehow powerful, that which could control their movements and preservation was the prana of a magus who was a Master, in other words it was none other than a human’s magic circuit.

Sure enough how long could it maintain them?

Elsa, would certainly struggle as he suddenly consumed prana in the metropolitan area.

In addition, the curse that he had seen was something similar to an Ancient Egyptian divine spirit———his gods’ authority which filled the great temple, undermining Saber and Archer’s limbs by only just existing.

It gouged out his lungs which was teeming with all sorts of poisons that were probably fatal in the 2 seconds that passed if he was a proper creature, his parameter attribute scores were being totally ranked down, and his skills were also being occasionally weakened.

**Archer:** (What, this is the first time that my fingers have been numbed by poison. I.....)

According to the legends left behind, Archer had a body that was resistant against all diseases and poisons.

Nonetheless, drops of red blood fell from his mouth.  
His lungs were burning.

Saber who had lost the wind prana that covered his golden sword, was probably in the same state.

He knew that all of his speedy actions had fallen a rank.

**Archer:** “Well. If I have no choice, I just have to do it.”

He briefly said.

The continuation of the battle.

It was a situation where he could carry out sniping taken from a distance.

It was a melee that was super close.

As he slipped through the divine beast's fangs and claws, its body which resembled a lion galloped up, as he held his arrow that had been refined with prana in his right hand, he struck its huge human face without hesitation.

It gouged out his eye piercing through its brain, destroying its spiritual core at once. He already couldn't count the total amount of bodies that he had brought down with this. The 2 beasts who continued to draw closer were left to Saber, while he let loose arrows to the other 3 further succeeding bodies.

It would've become a fatal wound if he received a blow from the enemy. Therefore, whether they repelled the attacks, or evaded them, there was nothing but destruction beyond what was sent to them. Based on outside appearances they continued to fight without a scratch, but as expected, it was naturally, exhausting.

**Archer:** (It'll be a miracle, if I can keep them a bay for a few minutes)

Right, while he was alone in his innermost hearts———  
Despite his prana which had a limit abrading.  
As he relied on just his unlimited fighting spirit.  
The bow user, at that time, truly accomplished a miracle, inside of the great temple which didn't permit a miracle together with the swordsman.

———He drew out the battle into a 180 second mortal combat.  
———He splendidly, passed through, a thousand points of life and death.

???: "Please use, it, in another 2 seconds."

It had a woman's voice.  
It was roughly at the same time that the first crash appeared and Saber nodded.  
There was a thunderous roar which echoed throughout the entire structure of the great temple.  
The degree of the shock from the confusion of the earthquake, caused a crack to run through the huge columns which soared through the temple's great hallway.

The pack of divine beasts flinched.  
If the ideal chance that he had been expecting according to these eyes had suddenly arrived, then Archer intuitively understood.  
If it was a strike from a "lance" which was the concealed Lancer's Noble Phantasm, then he would know it.  
If it was a blow from a curse that was the authority of the ancient gods swerving a bit, then he would know it.

It was a second, after the voice echoed.  
2 seconds.

Saber struck the incredibly pure "Philosopher's Stone"———a gem to the floor.

It wasn't like it had been illustrated with words.

Not once, did the swordsman say something about it.  
But, Archer could grasp it.

He could grasp the immense extreme effects that the shining 10,000 colored gem that he brought would have, without being taught by someone, without witnessing it.

In other words, it had an ability that neutralizes the most troublesome Noble Phantasm's seal even in the authority of the gods that was endowed on the great temple even if he did talk about it for a bit of a moment!

A magic secret called Alchemy, negated the curse of the gods!

**Archer:** (.....Now then.)

The fated time had come.

Next, Saber started to raise his golden shining sword largely over his head with both hands.  
The particles of light steadily enshrouded his surroundings.

What beauty!

Was it because of the fierce amount of sheer prana, or was it because of the glory being loaded into the sword, but the divine beasts who should've been the incarnations of tyranny and even ferocity were cowering with fear.

He was at a spot where he wanted to personally send his vision up to its heart if it weren't for this situation.

Now, he should get started here too.

When he would pour all of his power towards these remaining 5 beasts.

At least, with all his strength.

Why shouldn't he do it with all of his might?

————Archer largely, largely drew his deep crimson bow to the limit.



At the same time.

The Pharaoh Ozymandias who was calmly seated in the main temple, raised that right hand.  
Was it sure enough what was happening inside this great temple, it was obvious that what on earth he was aiming for was the trespassers, and it was clear as expected that he was coping with what must be carried out in this moment.

Quietly, coldly, the Pharaoh had a premonition of the battle's demise.

Saber, Archer, and Lancer, who responded to the call of the shining great temple.

Either way they were 3 resolute and daring knights, but this was the end.

Indeed.

Whether Lancer's Noble Phantasm was originally the property of some god somewhere, or Lancer herself was a sort of powerful divine spirit originally, it could be seen that she had escaped the seal of his Noble Phantasm anyway.

She shook the great temple with that blow with all her might, as the sword and bow Noble Phantasm were temporarily released from the curse by overlapping it with the tricks of Caster who had impudently broken their pact.

**Rider:** “Even though it’s been a few seconds, I’ll smash you like this with my godly might.”

His mouth distorted a bit.  
It was a smile.

It was an expression that could give praise to the strong, it was also an expression that could believe in victory, and.....  
It was also an expression of a ruler who exorcised absolute power.

**Rider:** “Holy Blade User of the Modern Age. And, Bow User of Pars who can hear this sound. It was a splendid rebellion. If that’s so, then you must answer me who is the King among Kings with all your might!

If it was when he was on the earth along with his body that was overflowing with life, in the past when he ruled Upper and Lower Egypt, he would’ve had choices said to be receiving them as a commander of his own army and giving praise to the heroes.  
The Pharaoh was lenient.

If there was a person who would point their blade to a god for example, the Pharaoh would also forgive that warrior.

But, he wouldn’t be forgiving now.  
Was it because he was a Heroic Spirit that had been summoned for the magic ritual called the Holy Grail War?

No.  
Absolutely, not.

As a Pharaoh who had visited this earth again, it wasn’t beyond him to do what needed to be done, for the sake of saving the world.

Even if the lives of innocent people which exceeded 10 million were lost, it was necessary as Potnia Theron who could shake the Greater Grail with one hand must be put to death. He wouldn’t completely, forgive the people trying to oppose his further actions no matter how many, until that being transpired to the point that there was no use talking about it. It seemed that his Master who was lurking and hiding in Mt. Okutama had already lost his life, but the prana that had been supplying him from the Isemi clan’s facilities which existed in various places in the Tokyo metropolitan area continued to exist despite it being a bit.

Although the imitation which relied on his Imperial Privilege skill wasn’t as delightful to him as a Pharaoh, if he used his skills and residual prana together at the same time, he could defeat the 3 knights in the temple, and secure enough time to obtain the Holy Grail and turn Tokyo into ash.

**Rider:** “.....Meri-Amen.”

It was a judgement sentence.  
As he lowered his right hand, he briefly just.....  
It wasn't the release of his Noble Phantasm's true name.

It had already ended the moment when they arrived at the great temple which was this great Pharaoh's image of a garden.  
So this was, as expected, judgement.  
"The Dendera Lightbulb" which showed the superior might of the gods that was equipped into the main temple—————had the same shine as when the US Navy Pacific Fleet's Aegis fleet there in the Yokosuka open seas vanished, the scorching heat that came from mid-heaven, the rage of the sun which people cannot oppose, as it was exchanged for the thunder of judgement done by rulers.

Again.

There was no compassion.  
But, it was with affection.

To the 3 knights who foolishly opposed their god he would slaughter them until there was no unwounded skin.



**Elsa:** "Archer.....please....."

It wasn't a number of delusions.  
Clearly, Elsa's words had reached to Archer's core.

It was a voice from a certain, distant place in the metropolitan area.  
It was a communication method by a voice that was not a voice that was able to be carried out by his comrade a person who was connected to him by a contract.

At this moment the prana that merely remained increased by the moment.  
She was going to use the 3 Master Degrees simultaneously.

The Master Degrees which indicate the rights of absolute order to a Servant, and was the proof of the contract brought to his Master by the Greater Grail, and the crystallization of prana which far exceeds the storage volume possessed by Magi, could occasionally, become extremely powerful weapons.

For example, this moment right now.  
It was an absolute order that prompted the release of his Noble Phantasm's true name.  
If they can use Noble Phantasms that comply as it is now, then they could demonstrate powers that far exceeds the traditional ones.

**Archer:** "O' My Good Willed Sacred Master."



He was in a state where he had drawn his bow far beyond his limits, and spun words while feeling prana was flowing throughout his whole body.  
Naturally, he opened his lips.  
The one who said this had become the second time this had happened.

The first time, was on the soil of Pars/Persia where the society of people ended with the noble yet ephemeral Age of the Gods.  
This, was the phrase of a prayer, which adorned his final moments of his life as a bow user who was a subordinate of the Great King Manuchehr who was the direct descendant of the hero who defeated an evil dragon.

**Archer:** “O’ Lord of Brightness who bestows all of his power, sanctity, and wisdom to me.”

If he could feel, as such.  
Was it a life that accumulated for the sake of his final moments?  
This body which had received an exceptional life and carried tremendous power that should be said were the traces of the Age of the Gods, and wasn’t completely suited to the world of people, had established that he was the most powerful hero.

He fought many as a hero.  
He killed many too.

He continued to release the bow in order to end a battle that extend for 60 years with the Turks, under the command of his great king.

**Archer:** “See clearly my heart, my thoughts, and my skill.”

And, that time had come.

The moment that was yearned for by the people of both countries, when the days of fighting soaked with blood would end.  
The Turkish general Afrasiyab who had surrounded King Manuchehr military troops, was told that the end of the war had been achieved by deciding the boundary lines for each kingdom, that his great king had consented to it, and that he was to be made to endeavor himself to a great task called making the boundaries.  
Of course, there was also no way that he would forget it.

He had loaded his wish into the one arrow that he had released after that prayer.  
The people who were exhausted from the very long battles, the warriors, those wives and children, those parents, those comrades, they entrusted their wishes for peace for all to him and it didn’t matter how the country belonged to them.  
He, would certainly accomplished it.

**Elsa:** “Arash!”

**Archer:** “Right!”

Ah, Elsa was probably crying.  
Her voice that wasn’t a voice that wasn’t like she was using her throat and tongue, was terribly shaking.

The one who called him with his true name, it possibly, might've been the first time she did that.

**Archer:** (Don't cry. It's okay, you weren't wrong)

As he muttered a piece of his thoughts that didn't use talking, he further drew, his bow.

Saber had already finished his preparations for the release of its true name.

The prana that swelled together with the light particles that filled their surroundings had one grand word, the golden sword shining in that center————at least it was hiding the anti-fortress classed Noble Phantasm's power.



But, it wasn't enough.  
It was beyond inadequate.

The mid-air cannon that was released by Ozymandias from the main temple, and the scorching heat of the sun that he was going to fire which was likened to the accumulated release of the Noble Phantasm here, they were also too intense.  
If he released it with all his might, it would probably have a sufficient quantity of heat that it could turn all the people in Tokyo into ash.  
Was it or was it not something which guided them into an abnormal situation called a "Reality Marble," which carried out intervention in the physical world, that force was too weird!

That's why he was here.  
He, who had a pair of eyes that could sense the Pharaoh's unusual powers.  
He, who had a Noble Phantasm that held the possibility of being able to defy it.

Or, it might've been a different story if he truly displayed his golden sword's true worth, no, it wouldn't be completely impossible if it was in a perfect state, but if he didn't use it in this situation, it wouldn't be the same.

I couldn't possibly rely on it.  
If, so.....  
As expected it was the same as that time in the past.  
He'd do what needed to be done.

**Archer:** "Now, o' being who created the moon and stars..... Behold my deeds, my death, my spenta armaiti which I must carry out."

The huge bow offered itself, together with his prayers to god.  
He drew his bow to the limit.  
He fired his reed arrow.  
It was an arrow of salvation, to bring an end to the painful battle.

**Archer:** "—————Stella!!"

It was, his special move that deeply remained in the people of West Asia's memories after a still period of a distant few thousand years.  
The shape of their wishes were what made his body which had traces from the Age of the Gods, that couldn't be entirely made by anyone who lived as a proper human.  
Miraculously, it was roughly the same as that time, and it was a lone light that smashed the earth, resembling the miracle that Moses performed as he led the Naruna people who appeared in Egypt.

It wasn't a miracle by the saint who divided the great sea, there, at the end of the wish of the bow user which could smash the earth.  
His maximum ranged attack, which reached 2500 kilometers.  
The arrow that was released to the east from Mt. Damavand once, reaching to the Oxus River which was far over there, and after that it was said that the earth partly smashed by the arrow functioned as a national border for 2000 or so years.

He smashed the earth, and ended the war between the 2 countries————

It was his supernatural skill that determined the new national borders for the sake of a long continuous peace.

Now it, lowered the curtain on the battle of folklore, myths and legends with the second coming of the shining temple, here.

As it changed into a falling star, it merged, and overlapped with the holy blade's radiance.



The light, was overflowing.

In the main temple he commanded all of the great temple which was an unprecedented Noble Phantasm.

It was like the darkness of the night soundlessly being filled for example, it was a natural providence like that, the light which was to the corners of the rooms were filled, and overflowing with it.

It overflowed.

All of it which couldn't be stopped was swallowed up.

It must've been the ultimate prana brought forth from its destruction.

It had melted all of the divine steel outer wall, crushed the throne, crumbling the huge light bulb as proof of it.

However, it wasn't scorching heat.

The Pharaoh Ozymandias had captured its "radiance" there.

The highest amount of heat that could be granted to the limit that decided the focal point to the inside of the temple that was the Reality Marble, in other words he projected heat from the light bulb that must've reached the level of a solar flare, but he didn't imagine that it would be erased by a simultaneous activation of a Noble Phantasm by 2 Servants surely, but he certainly held the idea if it was an impossible matter, but more than that, his eyes were stolen by the radiance that was brought by 2 Noble Phantasms.

He wasn't shocked by it.

He also wasn't unhappy about it.

Was he just, like that, if———he only opened its lips while narrowing his dazzling eyes. It was the power of the sun, the might of the gods, and the incarnation of the Pharaoh's mental image.

The Pharaoh knew in the distant past, that it couldn't be roughly granted besides.....

**Rider:** "Ah."

There was delight.

**Rider:** "I, witnessed this once."

There was longing.

**Rider:** "This dazzling thing was the same as this thing now"



There was rage.

**Rider:** “That day when my friend, my brother, separated from my side once.”

There was sorrow.

**Rider:** “This thing that divided the reeded sea...that....will become the unhesitating light of the stars.”

A few emotions were also mixed in with his voice.

The Pharaoh dreamt of his friend’s form as they laughed together, grew up together.

While wishing for the figure of his enemy that he had fought together with, who he parted with.

As he muttered the name of the enemy, who was even his friend that was called the saint Moses after that, with the other side of his lips without using his voice.

**Rider:** “Then, I see. It’s clear to me, now that you guys————are the people who will save the world in my stead!”

He looked over there.

At the glistening hope, that people would’ve called a miracle at the time.

The main temple, crumbled.

The huge structure which had a shining name was broke shattered by the heat and light from the inside.

The threat of the Reality Marble that reached 2 kilometers in overall length, disappeared, in an instant.



**Manaka:** “It’s so incredible, hey look Assassin!”

**Assassin:** “Yes.”

**Manaka:** “Ahh, his sword, is cleaving up the night.....!”

She was ecstatically staring at the striations piercing the sky.

A single flower, that turns spinning around and around.

**Manaka:** “Fufu. It’s so pretty, and it’s so dazzling. , that is the holy blade’s light, right.

Although just a bit there are other things that are mixed in too, that’s, the Holy Blade’s light isn’t it? ”

Manaka Sajyou.

She was a girl whose voice bounced enjoyably underneath the night sky.

The extermination of the Isemi Clan who was in Mt. Okutama had already, ended, and her figure was in the Tokyo Coastal Sector as she desired to be over there at the decisive battle on top of Tokyo Bay.

From beside a pay phone, lightly, while approaching the beach with a walk that drew an image of a fairy dancing in a flower garden.



**Manaka:** “It looks like, he wielded, his holy sword properly. I have to praise Caster for that.”

**Assassin:** “Yes, Lady Manaka.”

Waiting beside her, Assassin’s expressions, were being concealed within her mask.



**Elsa:** “I’m sorry.....

In a certain place in the Bunkyo ward of the metropolitan area.  
In a different hidden location from the mountaintop hotel.

**Elsa:** “I’m so, sorry.....”

Elsa Saijou was weeping.

Just as the call had ended———in front of the latest styled mobile phone that was a size that could be mistaken for a big bag.

Whilst in a state where she had lowered her body on the cold floor powerless, flowing in from the window, she recognized the existence of the prana’s light that was released like it was piercing the sky.

She could definitely sense, the moment of the release of the Noble Phantasm’s true name, with all of Archer’s might who was just the one Heroic Spirit that she herself had contracted with. Her lips, trembled.

**Elsa:** “.....I’m sorry, Archer.....Arash.....”

Tears, were overflowing, from her green eyes.



According to the legend of Arash Kamangir.

The war that had gone over for a long time between Persia and Turkey was said to have met its end by one of the bow user’s arrows.

The hero didn’t return.

After he fired his supernatural arrow not a real one, without being harmed, poisoned or sick somehow up till now, his strong body which hadn’t been wounded in his many battles broke into small pieces and scattered.

As expected he himself wished as he proceeded towards Mt. Damavand whilst saying a phrase of a prayer

In latter secular societies, there were entire concerns about great power like in the Age of the Gods.

As with that modest wish.....

**Archer:** “Well. It’s not like I didn’t have any worries, like that.”

If it was said that there were things beyond it that threatened, the peace, tranquility, and society, then.....

It was necessary at the time.

Was it like that for himself once?

Right, like the saint who was said to have parted the western sea.

Right, like the knight who wielded his sword of light right beside him.

Smashing all things———was there also a case where great power became necessary occasionally?

**Archer:** “At least, for now Tokyo is still going strong. Elsa is also safe.”

He was inside the crumbling Great Temple Reality Marble.

The extremely powerful prana storm that crashed into him from right in front, destroyed the reality temple that he was proud of being the best even in defense till there wasn't any undamaged parts.

As the Noble Phantasm “Stella” brought by Archer, the light of the Holy Blade that Saber fired, and, the scorching heat of the sun that came with the huge lightbulb of Dendera that was manipulated by Rider/Ozymandias, exterminated everything until it reached the pieces of prana which constituted a pack of divine beasts, arriving at the temple and cutting it into tiny pieces.

The combined prana's light due to the sword and bow smashed into the main temple———

The Pharaoh's attack, let about 80% of the parts that were right at the base of the temple structure be exterminated as they emerged.

It was a display of mere good luck that any footholds barely remained.

**Archer:** “But, well. We may've gone a bit too far. This.....”

If Archer was confused by his standing which was about another meter, he probably would've been completely overwhelmed by the torrent of destruction midway through the release of his Noble Phantasm.

Actually, Saber was close to it.

Was it by some sort of effect that his holy blade possessed, even if he hadn't been completely annihilated, he was in a state similar to having half his body blown off after receiving the aftermath of the giant scorching heat and the huge light bulb.

If it was a proper living being it would've died a long time ago.

But, Servants were different.

Their bodies composed with aether were temporary after all.

Even if their bodies were smashed for example, you could do some repairs with healing magic if the spiritual core was fine.

**Archer:** “Are you alright? It didn't get your spiritual core, did it?”

There was no response.

Saber was crouching as he collapse no longer making any words.

**Archer:** “.....This is bad. It’d be fine if I could just lead him here, but I don’t have any time left.”

There was sweat on his cheeks whilst saying it, and he had a sensation that something had come unstuck.

Ah, this is bad.  
He would break and scatter if he touched his legs.

With a snap, even he himself knew that his cheek had a crack on it.  
Saber who couldn’t move as he was still down, opened his eyes.  
Somehow, he seemed to have guessed what was going on.

It was simple.

Archer/Arash’s Noble Phantasm, according to those legends, would automatically destroy his own Heroic Spirit spiritual core if he performed the activation of his Noble Phantasm. Therefore, even if he wasn’t Moses who parted the sea, and had a body that wasn’t one of the knight that possessed a famous holy blade as a Divine Construct, he had fired an arrow that was the same as starlight.

Without a bow, without even an arrow.

If there was a Noble Phantasm that was a special move that was fired from his own body, if he was presented as a Servant that was guided by the Holy Grail he’d be automatically given a result as a “Broken Phantasm.”

Even if it had been categorically established as an anti-army Noble Phantasm to the bitter end, the overall generated amount of prana and the effective scope of it would still be anti-country, and it’d be equally ranked with an anti-fortress Noble Phantasm if they were talking about pure power.



But, it was absolutely once.  
There were no exceptions.  
He'd die if he used it.  
If it weren't for the Holy Grail's function as an omnipotent wish granting device, that conclusion would never change.

**Archer:** I have a story about me returning alive in my future legend, but well, that's all to it. That's that. Because I'm the genuine Arash Kamangir."

His legs, cracked.  
His arms, his stomach, his chest were breaking.  
Like an armor that has been constructed with prana.  
He didn't have much time it seemed.

If he became brittle up to her, then it will end with him being received as one of the temple's pieces of debris.

**Archer:** (.....I had stuff that I wanted to say to Elsa too.)

His voice couldn't reach her already as she had lost all 3 of her Master's Degrees.  
There were archers who had eyes that could see through everything, don't cry like that because it wasn't your decision that killed me, because I proceeded to my death like this whilst grasping/recognizing/understanding my own end ————he had opinions that he wanted to pile words onto it to a degree, but it couldn't be helped if it couldn't be granted. He couldn't reach her with his voiceless voice, as he himself didn't have a mystic code as a magical means of communication.

**Archer:** (Let's stop this, I'm asking for too much)

So let me at least say this, to my opponent that I can reach with my voice.  
There in the Holy Grail War where Magi and Heroic Spirits killed one another until one Servant and Master remained at the end, despite having a body that had been limited in order to achieve his wish to the Grail, he didn't look back on the danger of his own annihilation, and had purposefully disregarded a situation where he was likely to abdicate the Holy Grail midway———going to this great temple ahead of anyone else, to Saber who had pointed his blade at the powerful Ozymandias.  
To the King of Knights of a ruined country?

No.  
No.

Certainly it might've been so for him, but it wasn't so.  
The one Archer was speaking to was just himself.  
Regardless of the presence of the Holy Blade, regardless of the circumstances of his affiliation and birthplace, he was just a hero who should've known what sort of person he was somewhere in his heart.

**Archer:** "Listen, Saber."

His voice wavered.  
His lung, broke.

**Archer:** “You were right.”

It tore his throat.

**Archer:** “The people of Tokyo————although those guys have no connection, well to us originally.....”

He couldn’t hear.

His eardrums appeared to be done for.

**Archer:** “Even so, they’re innocent people. If they are the ones who must’ve been loved and protected by us once, then what difference is there?”





Already, all of his internal organs had disappeared.  
Hurry.

**Archer:** “I made it here. Hey, King of Knights. You who are a man who would wield his shining sword with glory still. “

His tongue cracked.  
Ah, his spiritual core was going with his mind too.

**Archer:** “————What, do you wish for from the Holy Grail?”

His final words.  
Did they properly reach that Holy Blade User, sure enough?

# ACT-4

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## THE LANCE USER'S FATE HAS BEEN TOYED ABOUT BY LOVE

———Heroes, I know something about them.

Having feet that have stepped into Neustria, and breathing in a piece of Austri through their throats, they are creatures who walk towards the end of time with their limited bodies and lives yearning for heat.

They're the avatars of impossible dreams.

They are heroes of hope that have achieved virtue having overcome atrocities, despite receiving the spiraling jealousies and hatred of others too, and as such many glories and envies are drawn into their body.

They are people who have defeated attacking foreign invaders.  
They are people who have ended long grueling battles.  
They are people who fought the evil lurking in people.  
And, they are people who slaughtered the evil dragons that devour innocent lives.  
Since long ago there have been heroes since ancient times.

They fought.  
They finished at a time where they became mysteries, separate from old illusions, and many of them shined even as civilization advanced storing their wisdom, as they died nobly.

I've witnessed many of them.  
The part of my original being called "myself" for sure was an act that I had to ascertain, since even I had a form.  
Although I snuggled up to "that person" a hero that had abandoned everything en route.

**Lancer:** ".....Not one of them, has changed. Not in the past and not now."

I mumbled in the pouring rain.  
This rainy city called Tokyo was terribly cold.  
Even though it should've been an unrelated climate to a blizzard that was like Fenrir's claws.

I knew.  
This coldness, was probably something different from that actually.

With 4 limbs comprised with aether not proper flesh, with a body, with my face, with my hair, with my entire body, I'm standing on the asphalt pavement not the earth of the most modern times, inhaling the chemically polluted air, and whilst looking up at the grey sky from the back alleys of Akihabara, I am alone here, thinking like this.

I think.

It's not because I'm using the functions provided by my body, and it's not like I'm carrying out automatic judgements either.  
Just like a human, I, think.

O' great god.  
O' father who gave me the blessing of a name that was said to be an eternal curse.  
Continuing to exist unchanging in the world even if countless year and months passed, the unchanging heroes will continue to fight.

With their last regrets like a tragedy, even if they were people who were carved into the throne of heroes and not your hall———walking the same path you did.  
Even though we were mutually guided by the thing that had become the Holy Grail not a cauldron, they still decided to kill each other for it.....

For example, yeah.....

???: "I want to talk, to you."

That, was a boy who was friends with a man who continued to struggle at wanting to be good.  
They, were two honest souls who leapt towards their own deaths, as I let them die by the hands of Assassin who was continuing to devour souls with the JR Ikebukuro Station as her domain.

Showing himself as I rematerialized, the boy said this to me as I raised my huge lance.

Those words.  
With eyes that were like sparkling stars.

They who should've become Einherjars after they had already died, I won't forget them.

???: "I'm an arrow. In the end, I can only move forward."

Another voice.  
Another hero.

That was, o' father, a man that had sharp "eyes" that could've reach your level.  
He was an opponent who I had exchanged many words with to the point that we met later, and clashed blades once.  
Archer boldly proclaim to me this, "My earnest wish isn't the sort of thing that I expect from someone other than myself especially the certain someone who will become the Grail even if it was that."

That face.  
With a smile like a gushing cool breeze.

I couldn't forget his courageous figure as he tried to do what he needed to do on top of Tokyo Bay.

???: “I’ll always accept your surrender. After all Knights were originally, people who wielded their blade for a lady.”

Ahh, and then.....

That person who continued to worry me even if he was like this now.

A Servant who hide his remarkably shining good soul there in the Holy Grail War, a magic ritual that held by people who had become mages in the present era.

The Heroic Spirit of the Sword.

A hero who held just one holy blade, who incidentally bleached his body before his enemy’s wish as he changed into a mad beast, defeating the magnificent Sphinx that was approaching him at the time, as well as challenging the pharaoh who declared that he was going to burn down the entire city at the time.

Right, by doing that, people would call him a “knight” enveloped by love, praise and pride.

I certainly understood.

To me.

I could grasp this body which was a Servant’s as I chose a soul together with my sisters once.

**Lancer:** “Saber.....”

He who could conduct himself without forgetting his compassion even on a battlefield.

**Lancer:** “You’re a kind person.”

He who made a pact with the world without welcoming his death.

**Lancer:** “But that’s why, you trouble me.”

He who appeared in Tokyo while still maintaining a proper life.

I could feel it.

Feel.

Feel.

Feel it.

I felt, felt, felt it, as I yearned for ———the fire that continued to smolder deep inside of my chest, at the very bottom of it, but it couldn’t be done, I couldn’t completely welcome it.







It's impossible.

Like that moment where I woke up inside a flame like this.

It, was probably an effect brought on by the miracle drug that was created by my Master to bind my movements and awareness with the power of the Holy Grail as his Servant, but at the same time, I can think like this.

If so perhaps.

O' father.

Because I, am you daughter.

Even now, this soul, this body which should've been ruined when I died as a human.

Could I say, that it wasn't me who still had the function of always being attracted to shining heroes left?

Ah, there's no mistake that I considerably felt it.

It wasn't just him, it was also towards the heroes who were the brave men that lost their lives in this huge far eastern city.

Even if it wasn't until I spoke something about it sure enough, ah, I continue strongly feeling it in the rain.

As I sensed my own nature, in the midst of an insanity where I crack myself.

Despite not having my true beloved here.

**Lancer:** "The people who fill this wide earth....."

It's an unbearable heat.

An unbearable sweetness.

An unbearable aching.

————This, was the reason that I lost my qualifications as a Valkyrie.

Animosity, no.

Hatred, no.

Anger, no.

It's more passionate, sweet, and more painful.

**Lancer:** "Surely, this is called "love."

————The reason, for why I became the "woman" who carried the name of Brynhildr.

O' Father.



On a Certain Day in February, the year is 1991.  
3 days after, the decisive battle at the temple on top of Tokyo Bay.



???: “Lancer. Your observations were very interesting in its own way.”

In the midst of the pouring rain————  
A man stood there.

In a corner of Akihabara, in the Chiyoda Ward of the Tokyo Metropolitan Area.  
It was a scene on top of a certain 5 storied residential building roof.  
Under the February sky that was still marked by the presence of winter, the man’s words  
echoed, more coldly than the temperature of the pouring rain.

Cruel.  
And cold.

It was an expression that suited the man well like that.  
With a gaze that was like sharp, glistening blades coming out his sunglasses, he turned to  
the woman who was cowering before his eyes.  
A man and woman soaked by the rain.  
Still not moving the man looked down at the woman, while the woman just trembled  
without looking up at the man.



Was it a quarrel related to a type of lust?  
Was it the end of their honeymoon, or a mutual breakup?  
Either way it was the sort of troublesome thing that occurs between a man and a woman?

No.  
That's not it.

There weren't any people gazing at this spot which should've been called the city's dead space, but even if there were observers there probably wouldn't be any misunderstandings. This, peculiar distance.  
Even if the man had extended his hand to her, it wouldn't reach the woman.  
Perhaps if he wished to touch her, then it wouldn't be granted unless the both of them extended their hands.  
If I were to speak further on it, the presence that covered the man was not one of a normal person————

Arriving at the woman's figure, she had a level of perfection to the point that a person would lose their sense of reality.  
It was like a supreme work of art that was personally handmade by a god for example, regardless of if all of the parts that were created with the goal of being shaped like a human were clearly human body parts, they were still a beautiful creature that had subsequently acquired superhuman looks.

A physical doll that embodied an illusion in itself.  
You could say that her wet porcelain nape, as well as her amethyst eyes that were wet and tinged with sorrow, and even the rain drops that were falling off of her well-formed chin were in the domain of mysteries.  
While afflicted, and fighting against something, she was holding her own body with both arms while trembling.

It was just like————  
She had changed into the embodiment of the concept of woman in bloom.  
In a sense she was an accurate representation of it.

Not having a life where she lived as a proper person, she, fell from grace whilst born as a mythical existence.  
Her tearful fate being determined, even if she was a mere shadow of a Valkyrie that lived in Old Norse legends, she was a woman who was recorded on the Throne of Heroes later on as she met her death as a person.  
She was something like a woman.  
If the legends spoken of her even now in Scandinavia were real, in the moment that she chose to be a human herself, it could've even be said that she would've turned into her current form.

The 4th ranked Servant.  
The class given to her into the Holy Grail War was Lancer.  
Her true state, was this.

She wasn't a banshee, but she was a woman who cried joyfully lamenting her cursed love.  
Indeed, her figure suited the soaking rain very well.

Was it all of the drops that were trailing down her cheeks incessantly pouring from the sky, or was it something that overflowed from her purple eyes?  
Either way Lancer's figure was very intensely attractive.

Humans.  
Specifically, right, males.

If she who was continuing to grieve like this had completely seen it even once, how much of a reaction would she show?  
It'd probably be wide-ranging according to her individual nature, but he wouldn't get just no response.

But.  
This man, was different.

**Man:** "You may cry. You can also grieve. I don't particularly mind that, since it's the right response."

The man———  
Nigel Sayward didn't show one shiver.

He didn't hold any interest in the woman's beauty as she truly finished enduring just the tears and sorrow.

He didn't have any occurring feelings.  
As such he couldn't show any reactions to it whatsoever.

The feeling that he carried from birth, obsession, was just one thing that should be called a type of origin that appears surpassing even his own magical properties.  
At least, Nigel could perceive himself as such, and all of his words and deeds could be supported by his own awareness.  
Without love, compassionate good will or sympathy, he was just, cold-hearted.

Unimpressed.  
Unemotional.

Acting meticulously he continued to watch reality unconcerned.  
If it was this moment, his words.....

**Nigel:** "Your tears, even your cries, are the manifestation of the emotions that are surely derived from love. It's fine. You are fostering your emotions. Your growth rate isn't a problem, and the results are exceeding my expectations."

It was an assessment that he was talking about with a cold voice.  
There was no gratitude in it.

**Nigel:** "Love. One of the major reactions that toys with letting an intellectual body called a human to even control their life at times, it truly strengthens your Noble Phantasm as it increases. If there were an unmatched Heroic Spirit somehow, if there was just one they wouldn't be our enemy. If you truly pour your love into it———"

It was an appraisal of its worth at the time she used her weapon/armament.

That delivery.....

**Nigel:** “It can easily be destroyed. But if your love deepens, you can kill a god with it.”

The Magus’s words were right.

The huge mythrill lance that Lancer held was not her Noble Phantasm, truly, it was her personal Noble Phantasm equipped with traits that allowed that force to change its target according to the level of love that brightly burns in the owner, therefore, she could kill the female giant of the underworld, Hel if she met the conditions for it.

Her lance was raising the power of her deadly blow, to the point she could love if she loved them.

It was literally a deadly blow.

It was a fierce illusion that is only made possible, by her lance.

To kill someone with her cries, anguish, and her ultimate love.

It was nothing but the embodiment of Lancer who was at the same time a demi-god and a Heroic Spirit.

The miracle drug refined by Nigel, was truly, something that complied with her Noble Phantasm.

Tristan and Isolde, the Ring of the Nibelung, a Midsummer Night’s Dream, etc————they were a type of perfected alchemy that was laid out as a model for the miracle drug that appeared in myths and legends all over the world, the controlled emotions and the operation of the miracle drug brought the taker into a state of “forced love.” He didn’t mind small chances.

Or, kindness.

Or, refined strength.

The miracle drug will change, a bit of good will, sympathy, and compassion into love. Against their will.

Without hesitation.

It corrupted, distorted, and rewrote them.

Perhaps if that taker had just a bit of love still remaining towards another person, the miracle drug would greatly respond by taking in that smolder of a flame.

If it was a person then they could momentarily control all of their mental functions in the limbic area of their cerebrum.

If it was an especially magical being, they’d probably remember the illusion that penetrated very deeply into their spiritual core.

They couldn’t defy it.

No, they wouldn’t even have a consciousness to defy it with.

When you strangely fall in love, people die by their own madness————

It, was his conclusion at the end of his experiments and observations as the magus Nigel.

In his words from his experience, it wasn’t natural.

**Nigel:** “You’ve recovered a lot. Cry. Tremble. It’s the manifestation of your favorable emotions. But.....”



The man said, while taking off his black shades

**Lancer:** “You won’t permit insolence.”

Right, Lancer spoke of her rebellious spirit to this man who was her Master.

It was about 20 minutes before this.

On the 4th floor of the same residential building, the man was in his hidden base.

Nigel’s reply was simple.

Without scolding her or even being angry or dejected at her, he only, just, instructed her to take more of the miracle drug.

**Nigel:** “Your words are truly interesting. But, that’s enough for now. Although you have a temporary body composed of aether, you are a creature that has a brain and mental functions as an intellectual body, but surely you’re not trying to defy the miracle drug, are you?”

She was refusing to take her supplements.

She was trying to escape like a normal woman and not a Heroic Spirit, however she was unable to get away, as she was crouched whilst trembling on the roof in the unending rain like this.

There were no others to do so, so it must be a supernatural item.

Having finally taken off his sunglasses she could see the 6 black winged design that floated in Nigel’s right eye ————by using his master’s degree he could force her to comply, but Lancer was changing into a powerless woman.

The master’s degree twinkled for a moment, as the 6 feathers that had brightly formed on the man’s back rose to the surface.

The 2nd ranked Master - Cherubim.

He who had a figure that showed off his power like that told this, to his Servant.

**Nigel:** “Quietly drink down my miracle drug.”

He was forcing her to feel, the love that she was feeling probably to the point of physical violence.

**Lancer:** “I don’t need your concerns.”

Without being aware of it, her aroused passionate body was whirling in her mind.

**Lancer:** “Acquiring the Holy Grail really must be your earnest wish.”

Without guessing, would she have to crack and break to achieve this?

———Please stop it———

Still in pain, Lancer shouted it to the rainy sky.

Shouting.....

I shouldn't be doing things like this.  
Why, did I appear in this land in the Far East?

**Nigel:** "For your love."

Was it for the blue silver knight?

**Nigel:** "To take the life of your beloved. You are here just for that purpose."

His icy words, coldly pierce through her reality.  
While carrying wings of light on his back Nigel proceeded to take a step forward.  
He narrowed the distance.  
In that moment.....

**Lancer:** "No....."

The woman said.  
It was her heartfelt word as she defied the order to take the miracle drug brought on by his Master's Degree.

**Lancer:** "No, No, No, No, NoNoNo. I devoted all of my real love, my sorrow to that person in my past all of it!"

**Nigel:** "You just have to do the same thing."

The man's tone didn't change.

**Lancer:** "I, devoted it to him. The moment I stole my beloved's life. In the middle of that tragedy, as I completely murdered all of his followers, I swore to myself and my father. It's because, I swore. No, I won't, not in that manner, it....troubles me."

Together, with her squeezed out voice.  
Her lance.

Not being aware of it herself, she materialized her lance that was her Noble Phantasm in her hand.

Her huge lance.

If she compared it to that time when she had crossed blades with Saber at the foot of the Ikebukuro skyscraper, it had swelled to twice its size.

It was also the height of a human in only the sword part.  
Already that weight had exceeded 1800 kilograms.  
If it differed by the object of love then it'd function as some hundredfold weight.

Yet the lance was growing by itself.  
Its weight, 1900 kilograms.  
In 2 seconds into 2000 kilograms.  
More, each time Lancer grated on her molars as she was reflecting.

Again.  
And again.

**Nigel:** “Behold. Your love, is swelling like this. It is you. You yourself.”

—————No, no, no—————

From screaming for a while.

Lancer determinedly, strongly hugged herself with both arms.

**Lancer:** “.....That’s right, he’s not that person.”

—————Saber is, different from him—————

**Lancer:** “He will never be “that person,” and he is not the one that I gave my love to. That name, is of my beloved who was even a heroic dragon slayer. Betraying my father, he held this body which had been robbed of all of its divinity, and he is the one who I swore my love to.”

—————Just my one and only Sigurd, my, my, my, my—————

Her screaming voice was being sucked into the heavens.

The rain, was drowning out everything.

Who knew?

Certainly this cry, was a sign that her flames had risen to their utmost limit.

Certainly this pain and rejection, this expression of madness etc. was Lancer/Brynhildr’s ultimate love.

**Lancer:** “.....Fuu.”

Something broke in her to a lethal point.

Like that, another something came to the surface.

Lancer lightly stood up, smoothly holding her giant lance that was continuing to exceed 2300 kilograms in weight with one hand.

Just by rubbing the tip of the blade a bit, the super heavy lance that had been accumulating mass and prana to an impossibly hidden degree could tear the roof of the residential building into pieces.

If she had loosen her grip, just a few centimeters, she probably could’ve cut the building itself into two.

Trembling like a puppy just before her demeanor was like a lie, as Lancer elegantly stood.

She pierced through the atmosphere with her lance, with a spin.

There was not a bit of frailness etc. as a woman left in there.

As an incarnation of beauty, she had completely regained her dignity as a goddess.

As a cruel soul, she had to ascertain the chosen heroes’ final moments.

As a ferocious blade, she couldn’t give way to the person that she had loved once.

It had been completed.

As she was apt to do, even if her tears and cries were like that, it was a working journey until she had reached this point.

**Lancer:** “Yes, Master.”

Somehow she had changed in the way she’d exchanged words by several degrees so what happened to her?

She smiled to the male magus, who was standing stock still; unable to understand 10% of it. She was being extraordinarily gentle and calm. It was definitely, the smile of a goddess.


**Lancer:** “.....I, shall kill Sigurd. Is that alright with you?”



In the darkness somewhere.  
There were people talking.  
A girl of proudly blooming flowers, and a sage who served her with closed eyes.

In a certain spot underneath Tokyo.  
It was a darkness that couldn’t be seen by someone’s eyes, and the depth of it couldn’t be touched either.  
Continuing to sleep whilst swaying to and fro, was a huge “cup” that impatiently awaited the time of its awakening.

————It was, the Saint Graph.

It was an item that could be completely activated by devouring all 7 “virtuous souls” as its sacrifices.  
Was it the embodiment of a miracle as believed by the Cardinal?  
A crystallization of people’s modest wishes?  
Ah, or was it  itself?

**Sage:** “Lady Manaka. While I’m concerned, I have a report.”

**Manaka:** “What is it, Caster? Ah, might it be about Lancer?”

**Caster:** “Yes, my surveillance network caught her. She’s travelling long distance at high speeds. And she’s probably planning on looking for Saber.....but she’s already starting to lose control.”

**Manaka:** “She’s acting strange.”

**Caster:** “It’s 10 to 1, but I’m refraining from declaring it with my lowly life. She’s unnecessarily released her spirit form as she’s moving long distance, and there’s no sign that she’s trying to conceal her form. It hasn’t become a public disturbance yet, but she’s probably gonna be talked about as a city spread rumor on a radio program, tomorrow night.”

**Manaka:** “Hmm....”

**Caster:** “It’s an act where she’s not conscious of concealing her mysteries. If that’s the case, Master.....”

**Manaka:** “Oh no? Lancer, hasn’t killed her own her Master though.”

**Caster:** “Excuse me. Of course, you would’ve seen everything by now. If so, what should we do? I can quickly eliminate her Master, but.....”

**Manaka:** “Let’s greet her. I’ve been wanting to meet her, just once.”

**Caster:** “It’d be my pleasure.”

The sage, bowed his head very deeply to the girl.

In that situation, it was an act that was just like a demon that had completely, defeated God.



It had already stopped raining.

It was late at night, but early in the morning.

It was by chance that a fiercely blowing amethyst wind had chosen that route.

In the darkness of a corner in the downtown high rise area.

At the base of Sunshine 60 which was a prominent Tokyo high-rise building that soared beside the Shuto Expressway overhead structure a little bit separate from the JR Ikebukuro Station, in a plaza that was comprised with several loose stairs.

Like a park built with fake bricks.

Like some counterfeit ancient items, you could well meet some subtle fakes in this far eastern city.

Championing the cause of the sacred chalice, or was it a gloomy cauldron?

A hero that wasn’t a hero.

Another person who resembled her beloved well.

And, a woman who had appeared in this alien world, having died whilst living in a world where she was a god and a person once.

The thing that was a wind changed into a shadow that carried a large lance in her hand.

Its feet stopped.

The shadow was a woman.

Lancer.

A Servant.

The entire gross weight of the lance on this occasion was 2400 kilograms.

The lance had been altered/changed/evolved until it was at a state where its units should’ve changed into tons.

If she tried to turn it twice with just small movements of her wrist and fingers, spinning, and spinning, then the tip of the huge lance could easily tear through space.

The vacuum generated from this space not the atmosphere that’s suddenly generated, would blow away all of the earth from each of the thick surrounding trees, and pulverize the street lamps that have just finished being repaired.

**Lancer:** “.....haha.”

Lancer smiled.

It must've been her mouth that was charged with some sort of delight, but it was terribly, warped.

Whether it was an expression that was guided by some kind of emotion, it was very difficult to recognize.

She was crying while smiling, angry whilst crying, smiling whilst being angry.

Animosity, hatred, resentment, it was both near to it.

But it was also far from it.

Sorrow, grief, regrets, it was both far from it.

But it was also near it.

If I were to speak frankly———

This woman, was now, definitely breaking right from the inside.

There weren't just flames in her heart, the core that formed herself could be marked the same as her spiritual core.

**Lancer:** “heehee, hahahaha.”

With her deepening smile.

The flames enveloped her surroundings.

The flames that burned her soul was flowing out of her body, being exercised with the name called the “Prana Burst” skill.

The abnormal prana flames were like a sacred flame from the Age of the Gods, as they continued to burn by ignoring the laws of physics.

Suddenly, the area around the base of the Sunshine 60 building was engulfed by a sea of flames.

The glass of the uninhabited stores that faced the stairs were melting in 2 seconds.

**Lancer:** “It's burning, burning, ahh.....”

Lancer smiled.

Whilst reflecting on memories of her distant days, in her eyes.

Her own self continuing to sleep in a hall of flames.

There, magnificently, a lone hero was entering without suffocating or having any sign of fear.

Whoever it was, he is dear, dear, dear to———

**???:** “How pitiful, Lancer. You're causing your own collapse.”

A calm voice resounds, through the night sky.

The presence of ice that was mixed in his words resembled the athymia of Nigel Sayward's.

The flames, disappeared.

The atmosphere that was scorched by the prana flames, had been quickly cooled by a single word of his continuous spell chants.

Heat control.



High speed chants.

Did he invoke a great magic of the 4 main elements with an utterance that was close to a single action roughly, or was he a magus from the age of the gods?  
If so, then the voice's owner was a magus that greatly loved his gadgets.

**Lancer:** "Let's, see?"

She tilted her head with a fwah————

Or, perhaps Lancer was looking, while bending at such an angle that it seemed like she was breaking.

Looking up.

She could see that the voice's owner, was a magic user.

**Lancer:** ".....hah, I found you. I found you. Heh I see, you can fly in the sky, can't you?"

There was one, no two shadows in a place about 80 meters in the sky above her.

The black haired male who wrapped his body in a long, white robe, was Caster.

The masked female who wrapped her body in black silk, was Assassin.

In this era, people weren't granted the ability to walk through the skies.

If so these two could be seen as being suspended in space by some type of levitation magic.

If it was in a time where she had lived as her father's daughter she would've also owned a Mystic Code that she could conquer the skies with, however as Lancer's body had materialized as a Servant's one, some scheming was required if she wanted to try the same deed,

It wasn't impossible.

In other words, she could kill them without a problem if she underwent a process like her enemies in the sky did.

**Lancer:** "I, must kill Saber from here on. Don't stand in my way."

**Caster:** "I see."

Caster nodded.

**Lancer:** "I take it that you understand?"

**Caster:** "Yes I do. But, you're being too hasty if you want to win your way through the Holy Grail War. Shouldn't you wield your Noble Phantasm, against the last remaining Servant by using it efficiently?"

**Lancer:** "Ahh....."

Caster was right.

Surely, it'd be easy to imagine that Nigel was being especially strategic like that too.

But, Lancer couldn't truly grasp his words thrown at her.

She wanted to hurry back to her beloved's side.

She wasn't going to take a break.

Her own mark on calling the Holy Grail her own had already vanished.

Her orders came flying at her telepathically and with no reinforcement from a Master's Degree, from her Master who was still seated in his base in Akihabara, but she was repelling all of them.

To she who was smeared by her mad love which even had conscious regrets and atonement towards her lord, to she who had resolved herself by manifesting all of her abilities, it could be granted.

Let's state it clearly.

She wasn't omnipotent, but you could say that her current state having released the functions that restricted her was all-around almighty.

**Lancer:** ".....I, can also, fly in the sky too!"

By putting just words on the ground.

Lancer emerged at a spot 80 meters in the air.

She was fast.

It was a high speed combat action that she brought about by temporarily amplifying her parameters.

Her figure was there at Caster's back, brandishing her great lance.

She was setting up an all-out attack on the presumption that he would invoke a defensive barrier.

The super high speed 5 lance strikes that she carried out with her exceedingly heavy lance, probably could quickly pierce through the physical defenses brought by his magic circles———as well as the Sunshine 60 high rise building that stood before her.

She'd mow them down.

She started her attack.

Caster and Assassin shattered instantly.

They weren't the real ones.

They were virtual images.

However it was of no concern to the huge lance whatever the target of destruction was. It only just gouged them.

It would equally hit the magical images, as well as the high rise building that had been constructed to attract the best of modern civilization.

???: "O' Heavenly Stars, Macro Cosmos"

A voice came, from further above her.

Just now when she had pierced the Sunshine 60 with an attack that resembled a "gigantic claw" with Lancer's 5 swinging lances, 5 shining flickering colors covered the surface of the wall.

An instantaneous activation by just one count.

The fivefold barrier derived from the 5 elements that included aether in the 4 elements of earth, wind, fire and water, completely dispersed the kinetic energy created from the super heavy weight of her lance and her ultra-high speed movements.

On the plane of the faint prana "wall" made by the barrier, a ripple like power scattered.

**Caster:** "Good grief. Even though all things in this world must be Manaka's property no matter what. It's not good to easily smash it according to your whims as such, Lancer."

**Lancer:** “heehee, ahahahahahahaha!”

She was laughing loudly.  
Laughing loudly.  
Laughing loudly.

**Lancer:** “So you were further above me!”

Like she was flying through the air, she soared by kicking her way through the atmosphere. Lancer resumed her movements without hesitation, approaching the real Caster who remained at his spot in the air.

Accelerating.  
Accelerating.

This time it was an attack stance.  
Still preparing her huge lance which reached 4 meters in overall length if she included the blade, she changed itself into a superior blow.

**Assassin:** “I won’t let you————”

The white death mask pulled out a dagger.

**Lancer:** “You’re in the way!”

She lightly kicked, Assassin who had commenced with a drop attack to intercept her. For Lancer who had continued to stare at the skills of the many heroes as a Valkyrie, there in her short fencing and her very refined martial arts, was just one of the foreign skills recorded on tens of thousands of battlefields.  
While avoiding the clash first, in the air, all of the attacks that had been maneuvered back and forth as they passed each other at high speed were being handled with one arm and both legs.

Next, she waved her hand blade.  
Assassin whose brown left arm had been severed, tragically fell.

The dark fresh blood that burst forth from it, if some of it happened to fall on her by chance it might’ve brought some sort of effect onto her, but since the high heated flames that were pouring out from inside of Lancer were functioning as a passive defense, all of the fresh blood evaporated before even one particle reached her.

**Lancer:** “hah, you’re next.”  
**Caster:** “Aqua.”

It was a chant that was being spun like her obstructing smiling words.  
The ones that were guided, and appeared from it were giant elementals that resembled humans.  
Its attribute was water.  
Whilst shining like gems, they increased their mass by absorbing the moisture in the air bit by bit, pressing down from right above Lancer.

It was similar to not being impacted by its weight, but water was formless.  
She ward off every attack making them ineffective, snatching at them————  
If they were a creature, they'd be finished if she caught them.

Servants were not proper beings, but they could carry out pulmonary respiration as a land type endoskeleton life form.  
Therefore they were magical beings who do not get energy from oxygen, and probably could endure more than a human, but since they can obtain a form similar to a life form that can inhale air, they can halt their prana cycle if they're suffocating.  
Eventually they'd reach their limit because they were made into a substance.

**Lancer:** "Pwahh.....! Ah, it feels so good, heeheeheehee, haha!"

A splash scattered across the skies of Ikebukuro.  
Lancer slipped out, with a pop, from the Undine's body.

If she was completely drowning then she shouldn't have be able to leave through the surface of the elemental crystal barrier twice, could it have been made ineffective by her having a compositional strength that is suitable for an endurance type Servant?

How did she do it?  
She just, drew something with her fingertip like she was carving it————

**Caster:** "Are those runes?"

**Lancer:** "Hahaha, I wonder.....!"

She swung her lance mid-air, along with her laughing voice.  
As expected, he couldn't understand how she could cut through the intangible water being as it shouldn't mean anything even if she cut it.  
As for, Caster who had sensed some sort of crisis transformed its shape into an all-out attack stance.

He didn't use magic.  
And it didn't take one decimal of a second.

The water mass that had already increased its volume to 5 meters in size, had further doubled, swallowing up Lancer whilst expanding to 10 meters in overall length.  
Given the Undine's attack form, it wasn't having a slow death along with the failing functions of its internal organs.

It froze for a moment because it had captured its target.  
If it was a creature, it would've forcibly, stopped all of the moving molecules in its cells.

Was it a so called water casket?  
If it dragged her in, then she'd just attack her unescapable death from 360 degrees.

**Lancer:** ".....!"

He didn't know what kind of words Lancer gave off.

But a roaring sound occurred at the same time.  
It was a world-destroying conflagration.  
The fire which was due to her Prana Burst skill had unimaginable sweltering heat, as it completely erased the crystals.

The light of the flames colored a portion of the Ikebukuro skies.  
It was a reproduction of a myth.  
With fierce flames.

Laughing loudly while still gently floating in the air Lancer's chest, had one light seal.  
If she revealed her power perfectly, then her rune magic which is what modern mages use could reach it millions of times roughly!

**Caster:** "The Rune of Origin———"

Caster's voice was colored by unease.

**Lancer:** "Haha, ahaha! Yes that's right, this is the skill passed down to me from Odin!"

Lancer told him proudly.  
The one here wasn't the woman who was just solely insane.  
It was a mad demigoddess.

In the previous era where the laws of physics controlled the world, they were a pillar of old ones that controlled the world like it was them themselves, as a concept, as nature.  
She was one of the Valkyries a chooser of souls who waited for the time of destiny, and was even a daughter of Odin who was spoken of in Norse myths.  
Originally, elegantly fallen, divine spirits couldn't be summoned as Servants.  
Certainly it was———

???: "Brynhildr. You're so strong, aren't you?"

A voice.  
Words.

It was a sound that gave of an impression of a clear gentle breeze.  
The calm person that let you feel warm, had no cold ice in there.

Even so.  
Lancer felt chills until they were fierce.  
Her eyes that should've been dyed with perfect insanity, open widely, in that instant.

Focusing on a part of the roof of the Sunshine 60 building, a high rise that boasted a surface height of approximately 240 meters.  
She could see a small shadow of a girl, standing beside a metal lightning rod.  
Born as a human, it, had the shape of a lovely girl.

**Lancer:** "A Drachen."

Her lips, leaked the description of a dragon that spread controlling a life or death struggle with her beloved.

She had never seen one before.

However, certainly at first she couldn't recognize that her huge presence rivalled a dragon's that reigned over the earth with its evil, as she was paralyzed.

But.

Even so.

Lancer changed her trajectory towards the girl by automatically kicking the sky halfway.

————While at the end of her madness, she cried with what was left inside her.

It was a fragment of her remaining consciousness at its very end.

This fragment that barely stopped at, that, was her pride as a supporting heroine————

She recognized in that moment the possibility of a “tragedy” being carried out in modern-day Tokyo.

7 Servants and Masters.

The Underground Greater Grail said to exist somewhere in Tokyo.

The Cardinal.

The Holy Church.

Wishes.

Feelings.

With a vortex the fragile and fleeting thoughts of people, were being gathered into the Holy Grail.

What was the thing sleeping at the end of that?

The thing that was sleeping, dozing, and awaiting the time of its awakening.

**Lancer:** “A, ah…….”

Why did father's rune activate before, or, was it no more than chance that it happened?

Lancer, was clearly cognizant in her madness about whether she herself who wasn't even an anti-hero or a proper hero had chosen to be in this Holy Grail War, or why?

At this moment.

Was it her father's divine protection, or a curse, or was it because of her atonement for the many sins that she had her built up during her lifetime?

At any rate.

There was one thing that she had to do.

As the wife of a proud hero, as the daughter of a great god, she absolutely couldn't overlook it.

The wicked dragon that had the form of a girl, was here————

————She had to slice it in two.

If she did that then, ah, Saber, I won't have to kill you!



The Gnome instantaneously called out to Caster who was just with his dangerous Master, as she severed the magical shield and its physics which boasted the strength of a diamond without mistakenly aiming twice.

Severing roughly everything the huge lance which had now reached 3000 kilograms, had continued to complete its transformation, enlarging itself while working together with her flames of love that had risen in heat by getting excited about her chances,.

But.

But.

The huge blade of the Noble Phantasm wielded by Lancer, couldn't take the girl's life.

**Girl:** "Too bad, it looks like it's a little too light."

It was just one fingertip.

The girl's white finger, stopped, the tip of the lance.

If she shook it at an opponent that she deeply loved, her lance of destiny would give off a shot similar to a disintegration ray, her Noble Phantasm would also show its effectiveness as a super heavy armament to an opponent that she shallowly loved, but, there was nothing but the soul of a silver devil there in this place!

**Girl:** "Is it possible.....that you don't like me?"

The girl smiled.



**Girl:** “You love heroes. The water, the earth, you love Tokyo too. But you don’t like me. If that’s the case, then it’s no use. I can’t even feel the weight, of your Noble Phantasm.”

She was similar to a brilliant flower.

**Girl:** “But, you’re amazing. You feel so much for him. If that’s so....”

She was a single beautiful flower, that mustn’t show itself in the hall of warriors.

Without being burnt even as she scattered flames.

Without wilting as it gulped down water.

It wouldn’t break even as it got caught in the winding wind.

A flower, that’d bloom proudly, even as the earth dried.

**Girl:** “Just for a bit longer, I’ll let you love him okay?”

————As she said it.

The girl smiled at her pale self, from beyond the blade.

# ACT-5

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## THE TRAGIC HEROIC SPIRIT FINALLY REACHES FOR HER LANCE

—————At the depths of the madness that surged like sweltering heat.  
—————The modest leftovers of my consciousness, automatically, revived an information record.

It was a memory of flames.  
There were others that were Indescribable somehow.  
Since it was the beginning and end of the individual called me Brynhildr lying together with the flames.  
Although I always felt like I was being captured, bound and punished, actually at that point I was melting from right inside of myself, bursting into flames, I think it was like my last moments when I realized everything was being burned.

At least, I hadn't understood one thing at the time of my awakening.  
I who continued to provide the many souls for Ragnarok while carrying them into the noble hall, bestowing victory on them occasionally, whilst continuing to guide the souls of heroes as one of the lord's Valkyries since ancient times, had my way of life changed ———at this time.

No it was more correct to say that I had changed.  
I supported the young warrior Agnar in the country of the Goths, by defeating the old Hjalmgunnar who should've been promised victory due to being blessed by the god Odin.  
My father God calmly dealt with this betrayal.

He stole many of my divinities from me, bestowing on me the pale rune of punishment that put me into a suspended state which resembled death, in a circle of flames situated on the summit of Mt. Hindarfjall, an inhuman devil cave, I was enclosed in a "hall of flames" that brought flames that reached the heavens.  
The apparent death effect brought by the pale punishing, thorn rune was absolute.

I slept.  
In the eternal un-vanishing flames.  
I waited.  
For a mere possibility predicted by my father, of my destined hero who'd awaken me from my sleep and tell me of his love.

Love  
A hero.

Ah, I had resolved myself that such things would never come to me.  
In the flames where no one is allowed to enter, I, realized that I had no choice but to continue to lie down like a corpse until that time when the world ended by Fenrir's and Surt's fury.

But.

That person came.

The child of Hjordis, daughter of King Eylimi, and Sigmund, King of Frakkland.

Power, intellect, he excelled the most even among his brothers who spoke of him as an unparalleled hero who far surpassed the others in all of his abilities and skills, a man who is praised by all of the people including the people that excelled at magic but not only magic as being “the king of noble warriors that excels more than anyone.”

A swordsman that personally revived the cursed sword Gram obtained by his father, King Sigmund through Barnstokkr.

A human who became the everlasting friend of Grani a descendant of Sleipnir.

A long time military man of valor who accomplished his revenge for his king and father, by defeating the armies that joined King Hunding.

A hero who defeated the shining, greedy Fafnir of Gnitaheidr unabated.

The ultimate person who had obtained the wisdom of the gods and invincible power, by eating the dragon’s heart.

A being who wasn’t a person who stood in line with the earth.

A person who continued to stand gallantly, without disdaining his enemy by showing his back to them, without being frugal with gold, and being strict with himself more than anyone, and was more proud-hearted than all of the successive generations of kings in each land.

And you who extended your hand to mine, with too much great courage.

—————Sigurd.

My one and only hero.

You came to the “hall of flames” despite knowing all about it.

You proceeded without hesitation to Mt Hindarfjall, and entered the “hall of flames” by immediately tearing through the walls compiled with the shields of the gods.

I remember.

Ah, I remember, even if I had dozed off into a deathly sleep brought by my father for example.

Even now.

Even now.

I can clearly see your daring gaze.

Lied out in the center of the burning hall, I who ascended into an eternal sleep.....

The mythril armor that perfectly clung to this body, you understood the significance of it in that moment.

You wielded the cursed sword.

And you cut me.

Without even showing a bit of a wavering manner, you wielded it whilst wafting an icy presence that resembled frost heaving.

You skillfully cut through, not just the shackles that no longer bound this body, but the mythril armor that had absorbed the thorn rune as it changed into the last curse of god.

In an instant without being tense or eager, you sliced off the mythril, it was a great achievement that could never be completely granted by a human's strength and skill. Just after that, I awoke.

The air, the heat, the purity, the sediments, as I felt many of the things brought by the fire and ice in this body for the first time———

I wasn't a Valkyrie anymore, I had completely changed into a human that possessed a perfect body, while exposing my still born figure, and I opened my eyes, and looked straight at you, a being who I witnessed for the first time with these eyes as a substance.

**Lancer:** "I remembered you in my sleep.....wearing the invincible helmet of Fafnir, carrying the dragon slayer Gram in one hand, whilst obtaining the wisdom and unparalleled power that came with the dragon's heart.....you came to this cursed place, the child of King Sigmund, are you Lord Sigurd?"

I said as such.

It wasn't my oracle as a daughter of god.

It was the first moment when I spoke from my lips, spinning it with my tongue, my own throat trembling.

**Lancer:** "Why?"

I asked him.

**Lancer:** "You should have known. If you happened upon me by chance, then a future of ruin awaits you....."

**Sigurd:** "Yes. I've already heard this prophecy from King Gripir."

**Lancer:** "Then, why?"

**Sigurd:** "Love is unnecessary on my path. Feelings are useless. I will continue until I carry out what I must do."

What were you saying, to be frank?

I couldn't really understand him.

The man who had good looking features like an ice sculpture.

Or rather, the knight that had a calm expression like he was a demon that was born from a glacier.

Did his brisk tone resemble Hjordis or King Sigmund, or did it resemble his blacksmith teacher, the Dvergr Regin who was even more of a wicked strategist than his parents, or, I thought faintly that his form and nature were probably handed down to him from some much distant ancestor, as I thought this, I looked at those honest eyes of his.

I was fascinated by them.

Your form majestically, stood not trembling a bit, before me with my still exposed naked form.

To my Valkyrie body that was said to be able to automatically always attract heroes, I couldn't see any emotions whatsoever, his solid soul that was said to be able to release words rationally like this———wasn't very nice but crude, and the color of his gentle eyes gave the impression of a good item to honor gratitude with.

A short time later, I questioned him again opening my lips.



I thought about whether there was an interval between the mere later moments, but it might've taken the length of an entire night.

**Lancer:** "Then, you're.....opposing the prophecy. Despite saving me, you won't love me."

It was according to the prophecy spoken by King Gripir, a wise sage who was the son of Eylimi who was Hjordis's younger brother.

That Sigurd would awaken the war maiden sleeping on the mountain.

The pair would fall in love, and know love.

The war maiden would bestow on Sigurd much knowledge including the runes.

The war maiden, in other words Brynhildr would come to steal everything from Sigurd one day.

If I were to speak of the synopsis in this manner.

The details, were nothing but done with great care.

The prophecy that King Gripir the wise king spoke about was beyond compare in its detail, the many glorious chivalrous deeds that came just by us meeting by chance would disappear with the dew, and if we welcomed our gory yet heartbreaking final moments, you would surely know it.

Even so to have appeared in this "hall of flames like this, ahh, I see.

He had decided that he wouldn't love me————

If so, then surely.....

It must be a matter of course to behave just as dignified as this.

**Lancer:** "I'm so glad."

I took a sigh of relief.

And at the same time, tears amassed in my eyes like a human young woman who had her heart broken after she separated from her sweetheart.

This hero saved me, but he cannot love me.

It wasn't like I was expecting something, rather, though I knew well enough that it'd beckon the spread of many disasters as a result of us crossing paths, this truth had just been told to me with an "I won't love you" now before my eyes.

Was I miserably seeking the man's existence as he restrained himself?

Or.

With just a glance, had we fallen in love.....just be looking at each other?

It was a moment where I questioned myself.

You said it.

**Sigurd:** "I agree. We should oppose the wise sage's prophecy. Despite saving the maiden from the hall that had scattered these eternal flames, I believe that it is impossible to love you. But————"

You, were still staring at me.

You, extended your right hand to me.

**Sigurd:** “I can probably say that it was love at first sight.”

His icy expression, which I thought was harder than my mythril armor.

At that time.

Had become something completely different.

—————With one smile.

You, pierced me through the center of myself, Sigurd.

We fell in love.

You continued to fight not knowing your mother’s love, not knowing your father’s love, not knowing of god’s love.

I who conducted myself as an automatic being that continued to run according to God’s inclinations.

We who didn’t know what love was, knew how love had started here.

It was like, I thought that the colors of the world had changed.

Everything, from that moment of this meeting—————

While I was hallucinating whether it was the creation of all things as time reversed.

The chirping birds that told of coming of morning, the mother deer cuddling up to her child, the plants which stretched strongly producing fruit, the flowers blooming on that spring day, the flowing thawing water, the blades of the fighting warriors, the women who awaited the return of their men, the steel being tempered by the heat, the sun rising into the sky, the starry sky shining in the night.....but whether everything was being built up into something I understood.

You said that I was over exaggerating.

But I struck back with a serious look that said, “That’s not true.”

The hall of flames had disappeared, transforming into a hall of rendezvous where it was impossible for others to reach there.

I told you all of my knowledge including the rune of origin, and you broke my heart like you had lived for too long because of our tragic blood soaked destiny that had appeared after this point.

We hunted for mountain prey in the morning, worked as a teacher in the afternoon, and ate meat while drinking alcohol together at night, and indulging in all of the mutual goodness of it saying that it was necessary at the end of the day.

I was madly in love, madly in love.

It was my growth as a human, my decisive damaged function as a Valkyrie.

You gave me everything.

You taught me who didn’t have any experience whatsoever at being human, and who was like a newborn baby, many kinds of love,

And then.

—————We weren’t bound together in marriage.

The honeymoon didn’t continue for long.

You who had descended the mountain to continue your hero's journey, had finally————  
Completely forgotten about me.

By the power brought by a terrifying, detestable, lamentable, and fearsome magical drug,  
You, were wedded to a woman that wasn't me.

That woman used her schemes, to marry me, to another man, Gunnar who wasn't you,

I hated it.

Hated it.

Hated it.

Stop!

I don't want to remember.

On that day, at that time, you said in an icy voice to me, who was crying before you that  
you had come to return to my side.

He was in a state where he was still turned into Gunnar, due to the power of the rune that I  
told him about.

**Sigurd:** "Hear my voice Maiden Brynhildr. Accept my marriage proposal."

You didn't understand the reason for my tears.

Because, you had completely forgotten about everything.

But I remembered.

I, remembered all of my days of love with you, and even if you had changed your form with  
magic for example, Sigurd wasn't the only Sigurd for me.

This pain filled act in exchange for his marriage proposal in Gunnar's form, I, thought that  
it was the Sigurd from that day again telling me of his love for me.

No, no.

You, had already sensed that you couldn't marry me, thus.....

You believed that you weren't permitted to push aside our cursed destiny.

I nodded.

**Lancer:** "I have received your words. But....."

I would only recognize the marriage if I lost in a fight with our swords, the rest that was  
said was sophistry.

I would lose to, you who were the dragon slayer, you who were a descendent of god, you  
who inherited all of the combat skills provided by this body, as I had no reason whatsoever  
to win.

I was defeated by you who persisted in dressing up as Gunnar, and then it progressed to  
conducting my marriage ceremony to that cowardly Gunnar.

Ahh, again with our pre-ordained prophecy.

Our blood-soaked tragedy————

No, I did nothing but accept the arrival of that tragic event.  
It was like the giants and the earth gods that couldn't be allowed to avoid their final battle.

—————It was unforgivable.

I, no matter what.....  
No matter what.....  
No matter what.....

Your love that I lost?  
The other woman who devoted her love to you?  
Gunnar's love to me?  
I who expressed my godly insanity from an explosion of severe emotions, was just, intently infuriated.

I killed him.  
I killed him.  
I killed him.

At the beginning of my madness, I had killed you by slicing you right in half.  
Although I felt like letting the pure Gudrun do it too, in the end, I had done it.  
Since I didn't know whether someone had tampered with your memories, since I wasn't sure if that someone was an extremely evil person, again, I wiped out all of your wife's family and followers.

Although I strived to kill warriors as much as possible, I might've, laid my hands on women and children by some chance.  
I made the "hall of flames" again, with the fiery prana overflowing from right inside of my body.  
In the midst of the flames I shouted like this, thrusting the blade into my very being.

**Lancer:** "The man who I love, is just Sigurd. There is no other. No one, no one, no one, no one, there is no one good enough to touch my body except for him."

—————While red tears were flowing down.  
—————I started and ended in flames, it was, all of my blazing flames.







Servants are in other words those heroes that are spoken of in folklore, myths and legends.

You can understand beforehand to a certain degree what kind of people are the ones who summon them.

But, Masters must be careful.  
Sure enough-----

How much of their myth is correct?

In many cases, there isn't just one legend that speaks of that hero.

Typically, even if the outline is the same, countless legends exist where the details differ.

The general theory is that they exist as different opinions that speak of completely different subject matters.

And, there is no limit to all of those not so necessarily true factual records.

In many cases, Servants experience their past as their actual legend.

They are suspended in a domain called "The Throne of Heroes," but in a sense, the point of view that states that their existence is suspended in time immediately after their death as a human is also possible.

The act of knowing your Heroic Spirit's past by perusing their legend is effective, in knowing the personality of your Heroic Spirit.

But it's not absolute.

Plenty of situations exist where the stories that are spun as impressive tales are actually tragedies for the actual person, and the reverse is also true. Furthermore, this is purely an exception.

It is also possible for Heroic Spirits that have been created directly from either of their myths to exist.

You can presume and say that they are similar to a type of Phantasmal Species.

If this exception appears as a hard fact, at that time, we run into one theory.

In other words are myths, imperfect records in order to catch a glimpse of the Age of the Gods, or rather, are they a fabricated past that was formed dating back to that time from that certain point of time?

You cannot say that a way to prove this theory is equal to nothing.  
We can never freely control, space and time.

*(An extract from an old notebook)*



The man-----

Nigel Sayward was aware that he had little time left.

Or should he say that he was precisely grasping the situation?



The time is midnight.  
The weather was fine.

Under the Tokyo skies where the stars that were like the rain from just before had started to show themselves, standing still on a rooftop of a 5 storied residential building near the JR Akihabara Station in the Chiyoda Ward of the Tokyo Metropolitan Area, whilst waiting for the advent of an pre-destined event that could be said to be almost final, he, was quietly and deeply thinking.

He was organizing the inside of his consciousness about, what happened on this rooftop earlier.

With the alienated Lancer/Brynhildr that should've been under his control.

Or did she go on a rampage?

Though she had escaped from his control by using a Master's degree as well as her Master and Servant's contract, if he took into account from the outcome that he wasn't cut into two by her mythril lance which was her Noble Phantasm, should he call it a rampage either way?

After taking a glance with his Master's eye to look through his Heroic Spirit's parameters, he couldn't catch a glimpse of the invoked Mind System Skills called Mental Pollution and Mad Enhancement.

There was also no kind of warning to show this bad status.

But.

That had completely broken.  
Her sense of self.

The crack had crumbled away.  
Her awareness.

With an indefinite haziness.  
Her feelings.

Continued to burn brightly, and excitedly without an end in sight.

Since it was him who had continued to study what a human's mental functions were, he understood.

The part of her that formed the core of the persona called Lancer, had at that time, tragically crumbled.

The ones who couldn't grasp the system of the Holy Grail with its bad status and the Mind System Skill, could therefore probably recognize that the changes in Lancer as well as her collapsing persona was not temporary but a perpetual thing.

To sum it up, Nigel was mistaken about the extent of its effects.

By that he meant the miracle drug that he had hoped to use, in order to target the boundary line to gain an enduring mind.

His words.  
His orders.

Did it occur under a theoretical failure or a miscalculation?

No.

He was doing simulations, recalculating it several times in this short period of time until he reached today because Lancer's figure had vanished from here, but it ended with a result of him just confirming his perfected equations and theories.

At least, all of his problems weren't founded from a magical viewpoint.

Then, why?

Was this situation an incidental accident?

He had deduced that it was the wonderful performance of the mind manipulation that brought her under his complete control, even if she had gone on a complete rampage. Brynhildr.

Was it the long cherished desire of that bitch, who was so awkward that she got mad at the end of his strategies and schemes?

There were doubts.

He had his suspicions.

It wasn't a question where it was more about him not being a target.

At those words, he held a cigarette in his mouth that he taken out from his inside jacket pocket ———

He lit a flame by rubbing a match.

He didn't use magic when he was igniting it.

Even if he had mastered to some extent the basics of element magic, he had decided that he wouldn't use it unless he had to.

Even compared to the other elements there was a reason that fire was way beyond stronger as a secondary effect, and it wasn't a question of preferences.

It was because Nigel Sayward had no likes or dislikes whatsoever.

**Nigel:** "....."

His ashen breath was absorbed into the night sky.

With each ahh, a small light was lit on the rooftop of the residential building.

It was the fire of the cigarette.

The cigarette changed into ash from the tip whenever he exhaled smoke.

That scene, somewhere, suited Lancer's current state very well.

The origin rune that Lancer/Brynhildr used, was starting to show itself by restricting the use of her 2nd Noble Phantasm which possessed the ability of widespread destruction.

It takes a form that can temporarily strengthen the rune magic skills originally possessed by her itself, but realistically it is also said to have such a huge power that is considerable enough to be her 3rd Noble Phantasm.

By using the origin rune, you can sublimate a higher ordered being that ought to be called a demigod.

It's probably obvious that it provides it in the same way as the release of a Noble Phantasm.

Even its power.

Even its price.

**Nigel:** “.....There's no way you can handle that huge power, with just the prana supplied by me.”

Nigel muttered while exhaling some of his ashen breathe.

The conclusion that he had already arrived at a couple of minutes ago, and his conjectures about the results that he was almost certainly correct about.

Brynhildr who was exercising her true power was probably bursting up her flames of love surely, but it was, nothing more than deathly flames that would continue to burn until it self-destructed.

Her resources to use the origin rune, in all probability, was no more than Lancer's soul and core itself.

The exploits that she was capable of doing from the start due to a feature of the Greater Grail, as a price for the miracle of being materialized as a Heroic Spirit, allowed her to wield ancient powers that had been lost there in the distant past.

He couldn't think, that she was beautiful.

He also couldn't feel, her lifelessness.

He also couldn't maintain her for a few hours.

Nigel Sayward's brain and mind recognized it as nothing but the plain truth.

If she completely burned brightly, until she suddenly completely burned out.....

???: “So that's your love?”

They muttered a bit.

They were speaking to themselves, thinking that they wouldn't be heard by someone except for themselves.

———Gently.

At the same time, a person appeared on the roof of the residential building.

They were a sweet and even lovely person.

The incarnation of purity and innocence.

Regardless of having the body of a magus which knew the truth of illusions that had been made into a form, Nigel was reminded of a fairy being in his mind.

They weren't Gaia who manifested as a star's touch, as that was a quiet fairy tale that was written for young children.

Reality, illusions, and dreams, he was about to mistake her for one even though he should know those differences better than anyone.

The being that greatly suited those mistakes, showed their figure in the Tokyo night.

As they smiled.

The person danced in the night, while basking their entire body in the blessing of the stars.  
Dressed in a green dress, just one lone girl could be seen.

**Nigel:** “Manaka Sajyou”

That name naturally spun from his lips.  
She was the Sajyou family’s daughter.  
He had her name and face as information.

She was a girl who was said to have born possessing natural talent that was beyond what her family originally had, however she was born to a family lineage of black mages that ought to be comparatively called one of the most noted families in the Far East.  
One part of the rumors, said that she was a menacing genius who conducted herself like a top-notch magus who still hadn’t inherited her family’s magic crest.

He understood instantly.  
Natural gifts.  
A genius.

If, she wasn’t a standard vessel that fit the standard representation of it.

He saw it.  
Sure she had been perceived as the participant of the Sajyou family, but she was the daughter not the family head.

This for sure was a coming occurrence in itself.  
She was a person that was the champion candidate with the most talent in the first historical Holy Grail War being carried out in Tokyo, and she was a person who’d reach zero by consuming all of the remaining time by herself, and by gently pushing the clock hand with her white fingers.  
The Servants remaining at the end, other than Lancer, were Saber, Caster, and Assassin.

He had been told by the observer that Assassin and Caster’s Master had already been annihilated.  
Then could he say that the girl was Saber’s Master?

**Manaka:** “How do you do, Master of Lancer.”

The girl said.  
He replied by spending only with smoke for about 2 seconds of time, not out of caution, but for having lost his simple self-awareness.  
Getting to now after Lancer’s rampage had passed, it was already, difficult to say whether she was a human who called herself a Master after properly exchanging a contract with one. Though he only had one stroke of his Master degree’s which was modelled after an angel wing left in his eye.

**Nigel:** “Good evening, young lady. I wonder if you’ve got an errand for he who has lost his Servant.”

He quietly said to her.  
There was no further meaning in those words.

He regarded her as a person who possessed the rights of a Master since a Master's Degree existed on her.

If he was a Master that was trying to proceed smoothly through the Holy Grail War, it wouldn't be possible for him to overlook that she was still exposing her lone self on the rooftop of the residential building, defenseless like this.

He was on top of all this knowledge....

But he continued to stand here like this, without going indoors and putting up some barriers.

There was just, some precise words in his meaning that mentioned one aspect of the plain truth.

Hostility and a rampage.

It was as expected, since he had lost the power to control Lancer.

**Manaka:** "I wanted to confirm something, for a bit with you."

The girl's voice, was like a song from heaven.

**Nigel:** "I wonder what it is."

**Manaka:** "You know, right? That the Holy Grail, is a necessary item despite operating as an omnipotent wish granting device."

If he questioned her like this while slanting his neck————

He could even feel an illusion pop up like he was asking for a meal or pastry menu.

Her gestures, her expressions, her state, the girl was far too lovely.

It was impossible for him to assume that she was a magus who continued to study daily to transcend humanity, ahh, if she was an unskilled person he'd think that he could take the first move by being confused about those words and deeds.

But, Nigel didn't crumble under those calm, cruel expressions.

Even shocked, amazed, or dumbfounded, its source was either of these emotions.

Even though it shouldn't affect his body if he couldn't hold anything except this deep attachment, a quiet response was possible for that reason.

**Manaka:** ".....The Greater Grail does not operate as an omnipotent wish granting device by itself. The souls of the 7 Heroic Spirits that have been summoned with the Holy Grail, are burned as incarnations of miracles by the tremendous magical power of their souls, and the Greater Grail functions in order to allow it to realize the proper wish."

In other words.

The Holy Grail War has been running based on a gigantic farce.

The Heroic Spirits that have been summoned as power to be wielded by the Masters, not one of them, are allowed to achieve their earnest wish.

The Mages that bind contracts with them, if all of them————are in a position to be able to contact the Holy Church or the Mages Association at least, then they were the first to know about this deceptive system.

Heroic Spirits don't go beyond your control, after all, they are supernatural manifestations and even resurrected myths.

Their name of Servant indicates that they are famous attendants, consumables, they are "catalysts" in this far eastern magic ritual called the Holy Grail War.

That's exactly why, a magus who has become a Master must always continue to hold onto a stroke of their Master's Degree until the end.

Then why———

**Manaka:** "Yep, that's it. I think it's a rather cruel story, if you have to burn all 7 Servants. And at the very end of it you have to use a Master's Degree to make you Servant commit suicide, yep, and there you go, the ritual is complete."

**Nigel:** "Originally Heroic Spirits aren't beings from the current era. If you want to reach the Root, they are trivial sacrifices."

**Manaka:** "I don't like, that kind of thinking."

It was a seemingly sad voice.

Her well-shaped eyebrows were also similarly concealed as her tone.

**Manaka:** "In any case, I have to gather one more Servant's soul in exchange for Saber..... though I've been thinking that.....perhaps, she's worth 2 Servants. Since your Lancer, will completely burn out soon."

**Nigel:** ".....What?"

That response.....

Was too late.

It was a bit of an instantaneous gap, but.....

He was shocked.

Amazed.

And dumbfounded.

Nigel who still couldn't feel either of those emotions asked again.

**Nigel:** "You're saying, that you're not going to use your own Servant's soul even though he's contracted to you?"

**Manaka:** "Yep, that's right."

**Nigel:** "You must have a wish for yourself, even if it's not reaching the Root. It....."

**Manaka:** "It's because my wish, is to fulfill the wish that Saber holds."

**Nigel:** "What?"

**Manaka:** "So, there."

Like a bird flying in the night, she spread out both of her arms, in a huge way.

Looking up at the starry sky.

The girl said it.

It was even like a song that resounded the most beautifully with the world, as she implored, like she was singing.

———Time, Space, she could surpass all things like that.



—————She wanted to restore his lost Britain in its most perfect form.

**Manaka:** “After all it’s a wish that comes straight from his heart.”

The girl chirped while smiling.

It showed even in her shy manner, and her presence was like a lovely flower blooming in spring itself.

So why, did he feel like there was a boastful tone contained in it somewhere?  
He could grasp it.

Nigel Sayward could guess enough of it, because he nurtured that exact same emotion inside of Lancer, always during this Holy Grail War!

**Nigel:** “That’s crazy!”

Nigel briefly shouted together with his utter shock and shivers.

He shook his head, with an unbelievable.

It was a stupor completely carried out by his cognizance, understanding, and comprehension.

For the sake of puppy love, for love.

Still repairing his emotions, she was a rare existence that had more natural talent than he did as she danced her way through the Holy Grail War.

In front of this strangeness, his emotionless body, violently trembled.

Ah, it wasn’t just his deep attachment now.

Like it was his natural state which could be confused and even mixed, he was completely surging with a countless torrent of emotions that overflowed without stopping.

He reached for his chest.

It wouldn’t stop.

He couldn’t stop it.

The revival of an old kingdom?

Time.

Space.

All of those.

Since he heard those words from a human heart that would probably become the winner of the Holy Grail War, he couldn’t even be an emotionless doll.

So then why?

Ahh, then why!?

Obviously, the one who spoke this “something” had the form of a girl—————

**Nigel:** “Are you saying that you’ll destroy the cornerstone of humanity?”

**Manaka:** “Yes.”

**Nigel:** “.....For the sake of Saber’s wish, you’ll .....destroy the world.....!?”

**Manaka:** “Yes. Something wrong with that?”



Without hesitation.  
Without any hesitation whatsoever.

**Nigel:** “Why?”

**Manaka:** “Because he’s the one that I’ve completely fallen in love with.”

With a very straightforward response.

It was simple to the point that it didn’t go no further, and, foolish to the point that it didn’t go no further.

Truly she was pure like the mythological gods, innocent, she was the figure of pride who had been confided with the item that had the power to just hold the world in the palm of their hand.

The fear and awe that swelled within him, and despite exposing these newly born explosive emotions, Nigel groaned.

And then, he knew.

Strangely that was in the exact same way as when Lancer called the girl a “Drachen.”

Despite also grasping at the emotions that he couldn’t even grasp himself, the little remaining ego, and the fragments of his consciousness that he had, made an extremely calm decision.

The real reason Lancer, no, Brynhildr went rogue.

The source of that, conducted herself like she had taken back her faculties as the daughter of a god.

**Nigel:** “It’s, you……!?”

This girl.

This menace was trying to bring destruction to the world.

She didn’t bat an eye on reaching the Root, and she was going to achieve her goal even if she had to offer all of creation as a sacrifice to it———

She was the one who surpassed even Fafnir’s greed, Potnia Theron!

Lancer was surely executing her rampage for this.

Was the Norse God intervening with fate, in order to eradicate the existence of this person who’d probably become the winner of the Holy Grail War, or in order to stop this deed?

Or, was this a deterrence caused by the world———a mechanism to prevent the world’s destruction, or was it a part of something obstructing the journey where many mages try to reach the truth?

Either way, Nigel understood within his sunglasses.

While showing the first irritation in his life, as an expression that still had feelings in it.

**Nigel:** “I see.”

As he nodded, he instantly built combat actions in his mind.

Unfortunately there are not many skills that he could use.

After all, he wasn’t a magus who had continued to study with combat as his goal.

He had generally mastered martial arts, but since he didn't have any strong emotions to efficiently control his body with, he had limited experience of practice, to the extent that he could perform some sparring to verify the performance of a refined homunculus. He couldn't possibly stand a tooth against the natural talent before his eyes. But even so.....

**Manaka:** "Oh? Is that so? I thought you didn't have a reason to fight with me?"

**Nigel:** "I don't. But, I just————"

He couldn't feel the strangeness even in himself.  
It was a useless act.

Until just before he waited for the remaining time till the arrival of the so-called predestined event to run out————despite making a resolution under the night sky about the moment of his death.

He was completely the reverse.

Even now, countless emotions flooded his entire body as surging waves, provoking his fixated emotions that was just one swirling in his heart.

**Nigel:** "My Lancer is expending herself for your damn wish, you make me sick"

**Manaka:** "I wonder if you're not barking up the wrong tree. But, that's right. She around now....."

**Nigel:** "Shut it!"

He lowered his center of gravity along his body and widened his large feet.

He properly set up his form according to his memory.

His first rage, as a violent premonition filled his entire body.

Although, it might've been, the further appearance of another emotion————

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Fire and wind, were clashing in the Tokyo night skies.

It needn't be said who the fire was, I, the figure of Brynhildr who had manifested as Lancer was it.

The wind was you.

You were a proud yet noble knight, as well as person who wielded the shape of your wish that you had trained well with within the inlet sea of stars in the distant Age of the Gods.

The king of old Britain markedly filled with the last vestiges of the Age of the Gods, wielding the two sides of the film called the world as a lance when even the light had turned off its connection to it.

Saber.

The Heroic Spirit of the sword.

You who ran through the night clad in your blue and silver armor, playing around with me who was attacking you with my flight ability due to the rune.

Although my rushes and charges due to my Prana Burst Skill had fierce speed for sure, ahh, you shouldn't be catching up with my mobility.

**Lancer:** “Fufu.”

I.... to you....

**Lancer:** “Ahahahahahahaha.”

I, was laughing at you.  
To my beloved.

To the owner of my soul who must’ve guided me, us Valkyries with love.  
Even though, I’m not my father’s, no, an instrument of god now.  
Despite becoming human.  
Humans.  
The fragile, ephemeral, and good people.

For whose sake?

Father.  
No.

Myself.  
No.

I consequently stole power because I was betrayed, and became human in order to meet my fated hero who carried a cursed sword in his hand.

A cursed blade.  
A cursed blade?

No, the thing that you hold is not a cursed blade.  
It’s a shining golden holy blade.

I don’t understand.  
I don’t understand.  
I don’t understand.

Why?  
Why, do you have such a thing?

Hey, Sigurd.  
Did you forget your cursed sword Gram, the one that you personally forged despite being Sigurd?

Your height is different somehow.  
It’s different from before.  
Hiding a pair of eyes like glass, I couldn’t find the crystal of wisdom that you obtained by eating the dragon’s very being.

You’re like a different person.  
Even though you should be him.

Because, I, I love you.  
There is no opponent that I love, so strongly, strongly except for you.

Sigurd.  
Sigurd!  
Sigurd!!  
Sigurd!!!

**Saber:** “You’re confused. I defeated a dragon once, but I’m different from that person.  
I———”

**Lancer:** “Ahahahahahahaha!”

My mythrill spearhead that was more than 5000 kilograms, had already, grown to the degree that it drew an enormous fiery arc with one wave.

Watch me.  
Please look at me, Sigurd.  
Look my love has gotten so big, so hurry.

Hurry.  
Hurry.  
Hurry!

And let me kill you.  
I’ll cut you right in half.  
Unlike that time, this time, you will properly die by my hands!

Please don’t jump around so much.  
Keep still.  
Please don’t move a muscle.

If you do that, I’ll send the upper half of your body, to the moon.

**Lancer:** “Kill, Ki, ll. Ki, l, l, Killllllllllllllllllll!”

**Saber:** “Lancer!”

**Lancer:** “Yesss.”

**Saber:** “At Rider’s temple, you said you were seeking an end by a battle that you could have pride in!”

Ahh, that happened.

At the time of the decisive battle in the large temple structure that had appeared on Tokyo Bay, I, felt an exaltation until it was unbearable along with a godly revelation that I witnessed in that simultaneous attack mustered by Saber’s and Archer’s desperate efforts, not as a Heroic Spirit, but by praising their strenuous efforts which appeared strongly in my nature as a Valkyrie temporarily.

I didn’t thrust a finishing blow at you who was laying down half dead half alive.  
To do something like killing a Heroic Spirit that saved people with my own hands, etc.  
It, it was an act that was absolutely unforgivable after all.



A great hero must meet a suitable end.

They, must never be killed by that madness that lies at the end of schemes and plots like you.

Sigurd.

If it could be granted, each and every Heroic Spirit that had achieved a glorious battle on this earth, should die with a fulfilling life———like the hero Perseus who received the blessing of the Olympian Gods, spoken of in old Mediterranean myths.

However, if the outcome of the battle has been determined.

At least.

Let it be at the end of an all-out fight that they could be proud of.

———So, look.

I will kill you like this now.

Sigurd.

Your trailing light.

Your holy blade can be swung countless times.

It was a blow that could defeat me by an extreme decapitation if I was a being that reached the level of a demon beast, and although you approached my body, it was useless, as that kind of thing wouldn't reach me.

Are you who're so persistently kind holding me back?

Kicking the air, you proceeded to charge at me for the 7th time.

I know that you did that when you killed the Sphinx in Harumi Pier, because I saw it, I was suddenly struck by it.

The charges due to the Prana Bursts, never were limited to just moving in a straight line.

It's alright.

I can answer because I know it.

I activated the origin rune.

At the same time I sensed my soul wearing down, a great, majestic lump of rock clad in flames concealed the moon again.

**Lancer:** "Freyja"

O' great mother.

Please give me who is father's daughter your power.

I was giving a blessing of a crushing death to you who loved me with these modest fragments.

**Lancer:** "Now, Sigurd."

I whispered to you.

This is the end.

I, was already going mad, I will automatically end it.

Even if I can't save the world with these hands.

Sigurd, I wanted to at least protect the land where you and the people that you saved lived on.

As I cannot.

Though I was already, mad, mad, and after that I only have to kill Saber who was already guiding the world.

It's because I, will now, insert a certain circuit into my madness.

That girl surely, possesses something that has a special effect on things relating to humans, divine spirits, and Heroic Spirits.

I couldn't go against it.

Or, has Nigel's miracle drug which ran through this body, been completely altered by the girl's hand?

I, can't go against my re-established fate.

Even if you hesitated to kill me, and though I mustn't regret or deny these precious feelings, I must kill you.

That hadn't changed not once since that time with the Pharaoh and the mad beast.

If I, keep on using my rune like this until the end————

All of Tokyo will disappear.

On this night, at this time, will billons of lives be lost in this clash?

**Lancer:** "I will kill. I will kill you!! I'll kill, everyone!!! You should already know what you must do, Saber!!!!"

————His reply, was a single silent thrust attack.

————It pierced right through to the core of my center, with all of its might.

In that moment, I began to vanish as the rock of certain death that had continuously been molded in the moonlight changed into particles of prana.

Congratulations.

You've saved the millions of people who were sleeping on this night in Tokyo.

**Lancer:** ".....Splendid....."

I vowed on your honor.

This, was by no means, a suicide even if I hadn't gone easy on you.

I, challenged you with all of my power as a fallen Heroic Spirit, and lost.

Even if that omnipotent girl had said somehow, that it was impossible to stop my automatic combat mechanism.....

I, just, merely showed my seriousness for you.

The most powerful holy blade user.

You, will definitely, defeat any kind of evil if it's for the sake of people.

Just like my beloved Sigurd.

Without knowing joy, without knowing pitiful love, without knowing a person's happiness, you will wield your holy blade, like him who had continuously wielded his cursed sword as an instrument of salvation called a hero.

However if I were to speak about whether the order of our times was before or after, I who had gone mad still couldn't guess it.

Saber.

Ah, you're such a kind person.

I.....

In my last moments, I chose my words while being pierced in the chest like this by you. Although I had lost my vocal organs, I thought that my father had also seen too much of this.

**Lancer:** "You, mustn't.....let.....the.....Greater Grail.....give birth.....to the.....thing.....lurking.....within it....."

I looked into your eyes.

That shining radiance casted in the moonlight, was gently and strangely reflected into mine.

**Lancer:** "The, world....."

Please don't let it end.

Please save it somehow.

—————My ephemerally noble hero, who I love more than anyone else—————



# SPECIAL ACT - WOMEN

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The Holy Grail.

It is said to be an omnipotent wish-granting device.

We Magi, have captured a means to reach the Spiral of the Root.

It is something brought by the Holy Church, but the Mages Association values it for the power hidden within the Holy Grail.

For an act that can be likened to a miracle called, the “Heroic Spirit Summoning.”

The Heroic Sprits that have been summoned are all 7 kinds of warriors.

A sword, a lance, a bow, a horseman, madness, magic, and shadows.

Each one of them, are said to serve the magi who are participating in the Holy Grail War.

Having been summoned in a form that’s been inserted into a frame of a certain kind of warrior called a Class, the Heroic Spirit does not exist strictly as a Heroic Spirit themselves, but manifest in a shape called a Servant that has that soul.

With a temporary body that has been formed by aether.

Heroic Spirits originally are beings, that are too much for the hands of people. Seeing that they get to summon this, as expected the power of the Grail may be the real deal after all.

But-----

I’ll contemplate a bit more on this like this.

If you can summon a being that are too much for a person’s hands.....

Could the Holy Grail, as expected be an item that could continually be placed under our control?

Impossible.

I can only pray that it’s only a needless concern.

*(An extract from an old notebook)*

???: “Haha. This iron horse isn’t all that bad! This is more obedient than a real horse!”

Archer’s voice, was sent to her cold, reverberating ears.

Even if it was commanded by a Hero, he’d probably wouldn’t lose to a strong gale, and because it could be likened to him probably flying it with a type of instruction from one end of a huge army to the other, “would it be obvious if I said it was obvious?”, Elsa Saijou agreed with one of her innermost thoughts.

Could it be a tandem on a motorbike?

Although they didn't have any assumptions about a situation like this, because they'd carefully polished their plan before their trip to Japan, could they have lost the speedy Sedan for the time being?

In one instance in Akihabara the day before yesterday, although the possible encounter with the Berserker camp hadn't resulted in injuries, they'd still couldn't possibly be using the same automobile that the young boy Tatsumi was sighted in.

Even if it wouldn't fatally trouble them, since the transportation network in this far eastern city of Tokyo had advanced highly due to their trains, Elsa thought that their feet deserved better all the same————

Thus the huge motorbike.

Although they had alternatives to the Sedan too, Archer had chosen this in front of the set of the Holy Grail War useable equipment that was hidden in a warehouse at the Shibaura wharf.

**Elsa:** "Well of course, it's a pure machine that I heard is said to be operated by handles!"

**Archer:** "Hnn, I can't hear you!"

**Elsa:** "Liar! Even if you can't hear you can still make out what I'm saying, you!"

It's fuel capacity was 19 litres, and a maximum of 201 kilometres per hour.

It had a 750cc engine displacement.

It was natural that he would compare it to an iron house, after all it was a huge bike that was made in majestic Japan.

When Elsa rode it alone it was necessary for her to adjust some of the handles.

And yet, if she was speaking of why it had been prepared as equipment, somehow, it had.

The result of having thought about the notion about what kind of things that she must've prepared for when she summoned a hero that was engraved into human history, left her purse feeling light as she was still thinking about how it still hadn't struck her yet how those so-called items, just diminished her account balance to zero.

Although she mourned her purchases for the next day as she had wasted it on him, even if she were to say so herself, there was no mistake about the results.

**Archer:** "I must attach my signature to it!"

See.

Archer was in a good mood himself.

He probably looks slender in clothing, Elsa thought while being careful so as to not be thrown off, as he turned his arm to his firm hips that were more thicker than they appeared to be.

While they were running straight through the highway, he was still in high spirits.

**Elsa:** "Maybe you should be the one to name the bike?"

**Archer:** "I think it's a little bit sad, leaving your favourite horse unnamed!"

**Elsa:** "Well, that's true. Yep, do what you like."

Her mouth unintentionally showing a broad smile.





Even if they weren't an established young couple whose façade was endeavouring to tour the country no matter what, it didn't change the truth a bit of them being a Servant and Master who were proceeding to their own deaths.

Having seen his cheerful expression, as she was listening to his words and voice, she started to completely smile unintentionally like this.

Her thoughts were purely calm. Even though she understood that their situation a number of hours later was like they were heading into deadly combat, she thought a bit in the corner of her mind.

About tonight's meal.

At a later time when everything they had to do was finished, what should she entertain him with ———



Counting from the day when Assassin started her observation activities in the metropolitan Koto Ward, it was the 7th day of the Holy Grail War.

And 3 days before the decisive battle on top of Tokyo Bay which was their day of destiny.

It was about when Archer had incarnated himself, long before the opening of the deadly battle with Rider.

It was a fragment of a memory of the time when Elsa having surmised that the Isemi Clan——— a magus clan said to be lurking on Mt. Okutama were definitely participants in the Holy Grail War, was travelling on the Kōshū metropolitan highway together with Archer.

Elsa could recall all of the details about that moment.

His voice, his back, the strength of the wind right on their bodies, and the unique vibrations on the back seat of the motorbike too.

What did she feel, what did she say to him?

**Elsa:** “.....Hey, isn't it about time that you let me drive? Archer, you don't possess something like the Riding skill do ya?”

She had fatigue in her butt muscles or rather in her lukewarm legs, as she would put it. Since she wasn't confident about whether sitting with her legs together on one side in a tandem was against this country's traffic laws, she had no choice but to attract attention in that way.

**Archer:** “You say that. But if this was a fast galloping horse, there'd be no one alive who is better at it, than me.”

**Elsa:** “Eh, that's a lie. You have the concealment skill right?”

It was during that instance.....

Silence.

Ugh, while thinking that this was one hopeless person.

Elsa confirmed it.

Archer in his lifetime might've certainly freely dealt with horses, but he was talking about horses after all.

They hadn't even had the talk concerning the riding skill that was said to be possessed by Saber and Rider, was a supernatural ability that Heroic Spirits who manifested as Servants possessed, it was the power to freely control everything including automobiles and planes excluding the Phantasmal Species that were animals like Phantasmal Beasts and not to mention Demon Beasts.

In other words, he didn't have any driving skills let alone a license.

He.....

**Elsa:** "..... Archer!"

**Archer:** "Hahaha! Don't worry, my intuition has already grasped the gist of it."

Archer was racing further west of Tokyo on his iron horse while laughing, as Elsa tightly clung to his side with her eyes were spinning.

Now that you mention it he'd probably would've noticed that his own running figure was more faster than a horse, while speaking about the truth of the shock, he further accelerated by twisting his body.

Accelerating.

Speeding up.

**Elsa:** "That again. You, probably don't know what the speed limit is, goddamn it!"

**Archer:** "Who cares!"

A cheerful response.

With an abysmally clear tone.

**Elsa:** "I said no, what if we're arrested before we reach our destination!?"

**Archer:** "Don't you mean what would you do at that time? You're the one who'll be arrested for not wearing your helmet, so it'll be all thanks to you."

While saying that, they can very close to the speed limit and this time they had to remarkably decrease their speed.

As she was thinking about whether he was completely indulging in his free driving, she could hear what he was saying like this, and Elsa actually felt that he was being considerate after all.

The truth was, that there was probably a heap of stuff that he wanted to do in this 20th century far eastern capital after having received a new life, but even if he was worried about her, he would never let himself become discouraged by it.

He could see it.

He recognised her subtle responses with his sharp eyes, and dealt with them.

Thank you.

Although it was probably too early to speak her gratitude.

Elsa completely thought.

That day, that time, it was like they were as close as they could possibly be.

**Elsa:** "Guess it can't be helped, geez!"

Again.

She showed a smile on her mouth.

Even though she was planning on voicing her complaints without troubling him, she just, couldn't control herself.

—————Surely, she thought that she was having fun.

—————Even though they had a do or die resolve because they were about to carry out an attack without having scouted out the enemy's territory.

—————The time that she spent together with him.

—————Passed in a moment, like the sparkling pieces of a memory.

—————For example, right.

That time too.....



On a Certain Day in February, the year is 1991.

Midnight.

The 4th day of the Holy Grail War.

Dating back 6 days before the decisive battle on top of Tokyo Bay.

In Nihonbashi in Tokyo's Chuou ward, Archer and Elsa were being chased, by a shadow who was running soundlessly through the kilometre zero zone that was located in the centre of a certain road bridge that was the source of this place's name.

It wasn't popular anymore.

They had heard that it was once a region that flourished as a water transportation town, but now in this 20th century, the area around Nihonbashi was especially strongly marked by its disposition as a commercial district.

If its late at night, there won't be many people walking about.

Elsa gnawed on her lip, as she watched over the situation on the bridge————because it was before she had to meet this Tatsumi boy again, Elsa still hadn't deserted this car————her sedan which was parked on the street in front of the police box that was immediately on the bridge.

It wasn't like she didn't knowledge of magic suitable for combat, but her body wasn't one of a pure combat type magus, and it wasn't like she could afford to go into anti-heroic spirit combat while standing shoulder to shoulder with Archer.

Especially, if her opponent is an opponent.

A Heroic Spirit that was like a shadow.

An assassin who was silent and even a fast runner, who could toy around with even Archer who had B+ agility that sometimes surpassed an A evaluation.

The Servant who manifested obtaining the class of Assassin, was now, steering it into a high speed battle on the roads on Nihonbashi.

She was fast.  
Too fast.

She doubted the information from the Holy Church that said, that there was a Heroic Spirit who was in a berserk state having lost his Master.  
Even though it shouldn't have invoked its Presence Concealment ability since it was carrying out battle actions which was Assassin's class skill, even so, it was difficult to follow Assassin with her eyes even with sight reinforcement magic.  
Despite it not being impossible, a somewhat blurry after-image was just barely recognisable.

**Elsa:** "Don't chase them too far, Archer. Since they haven't said their Noble Phantasm, if you grasp one twinge of a skill return to base immediately."

**Archer:** "Understood."

His reply came in an unvoiced voice.

It was Archer's words in real-time, as he fired his bow while landing on the head of a Kirin statue that looked like a gargoyle and was attached to the bridge, on the street.  
Without putting it on his tongue without sounding his throat, it was a type of conversation that could only be exchanged between Servant and Master.

**Archer:** "Although, my intuition has already grasped the gist of it."

**Elsa:** "There's meaning in winning?"

**Archer:** "There's meaning in it because I won't die here. I'm the same, and this one is too."

**Elsa:** "Well then."

She was about to answer him, that it was "useless."  
But that was also bad.

She shouldn't have accepted his light tone.

Their situation was divided into life or death with a bit of carelessness, as they were right in the middle of a battle that truly had their lives hanging on it.  
"You better not make a mistake," Elsa told herself in a corner of her thoughts.

He was telling her these words while keeping calm, in order to not let himself get too eager here.

As she was fighting with Archer while moving at high speeds Assassin's combat style was that of a mid-range shooter.

She was probably toying with him as she simultaneously threw the dirk like items that were built with prana multiple times, and it could be seen as her plotting to get closer to Archer.

They wouldn't charge into thoughtless attack.

It was said that she had murdered her own Master 4 days ago, and she had decided to assault ordinary citizens to provide herself with prana for the goal of self-preservation, but it was quite a calm response no matter how you look at it.

Since it was to the extent that it was becoming an urban legend already spoken by late night radio broadcasting, they hypothesised that that person who was now going on an out of control rampage, but.....

**Elsa:** “But I had info that she was killing right around Ikebukuro.”

It looks like she’s maintaining her sanity during battle, at least?  
As she grabbed the handle Elsa’s hands were filling with power.  
It wasn’t because of righteous indignation.  
It’s just, with a battle between fellow Heroic Spirits right in front of her, it was natural.

**Elsa:** “.....No way.”

She could actually feel the sweat on her palms.  
She noticed that she was gripping the handle so much that her nails were digging into it.

**Elsa:** “Am I, getting excited?”

She was speaking to herself.  
A forced smile was gradually showing itself.

I want to change the world———If this world were no more than a thin skin wrapped in hell, if this world was the one who divided the differing distances said to be between countries and conflict zones, and the different coordinates that were created into life and death, if this was an impossible world where all mothers and children could be saved, if this world kills the children who are loved by merciless violence, then I want to completely change that sort of thing———right, despite grasping for the right to participate in the Holy Grail War in the end, she strongly, strongly wished for it.

Wild to the point that it was first rate, she was getting excited by, the battle playing out in front of her between heroes who were employing speed of sound exchanges that surpassed even the laws of physics.

**Elsa:** “What a wretched woman I am.”

She was speaking to herself again.

———Sorry for being a foolish mama, Luca.  
———But, I won’t give up.

If Archer is with me, surely.....  
Until the end I.....

**Archer:** “You probably are wretched.”

Suddenly, there was a voice.  
A soundless voice was resounding.

The voice which she was whispering as just a monologue, weren’t the words that she emitted as she was trying to tell him something, so there should’ve been no way for them to be sent to him.

Even so, he clearly responded.

At the end of Elsa’s gaze, he jumped about 4 metres at best from the Kirin statue, changing heaven and earth as he spun, with his toes to the sky, and fired 7 simultaneous rapid fire strikes with his crimson bow in state where his head was facing the bridge.



**Archer:** “But you’re the one who’s praying for a man facing death, so, don’t say you’re not a good woman.”

While firing prana arrows with enough vigour to weave its way through even shadows, ahh, he continued his speech.

**Archer:** “Rather I like you.”

There was more rapid fire.

Assassin stopped moving being unable to process the arrow strikes that had clearly been aimed at her with careful precision, just above the metal board that was in the centre of Nihonbashi street which had been engraved, as Japan’s kilometre zero.

The counterattack method that consisted of using the dirks that she held to repel the arrows with powerful swings, was her first act since the battle commenced.

Even though she had tried to evade all of his arrows, prior to this point.

**Archer:** “Alright! I’m the one who’s gonna be in trouble if I don’t play it now! I don’t know if this bridge is a historic relic or not, but it’s probably something ancient, if that’s the case I can’t activate or fire my fully charged arrow at all!”

Elsa’s mouth impulsively broke into smile, with his cheery voice.

In the middle of battle.

There was no way that she could be smiling.

Even so, despite being right in the middle of barely escaping death, like this, if she took into account its worth as a cultural asset she couldn’t let him fire a fully charged arrow at it———but having been somewhat suddenly surprised by her, she couldn’t help not returning some sort of response.

**Elsa:** “Guess it can’t be helped, geez!”

At least.....

.....For now.



This person who touches this body no matter who it is, all, all of them, will die.

If they have living breathing functions, I’d probably kill them regardless if they were a beast or a human, or a type of beast that borders on illusion and does not belong on this earth’s proper phylogenetic tree.

I am death.

I am poison.

I am, a flower of assassination that manifested in this 20th Century Far Eastern capital as Assassin.

My true name, is the Hassan of Serenity.

And yet.....

They touched my body, or rather there are people in this city who wouldn't die even if they touched it.

One is a girl.

Manaka Sajyou.

One is a boy.

The cold corpse that was Tatsumi Kitano.

And ———

**Archer:** "You're quite something, I think I can fire at you seriously now."

That day, that night.....

It was the 4th night since killing my Master, and Tokyo was right in the middle of a battle on the streets of Nihonbashi.

You called out to me.

I, stopped moving.

I think I couldn't think on whether the words were aimed at my carelessness.

It was just, I don't know.

I was just, thinking about my doubts.

Even if I didn't know the particulars of it, the Holy Church————

The ones who ostracised me from the Knights Templar who acted as this Holy Grail War's watchdogs knew it.

I could slip information to the Masters who had summoned Heroic Spirits.

It's just, that we didn't know anything.

I was already unauthorised.

The master that I serve, my yearned for partner, the truth that I obtained underneath the moonlight.

**Assassin:** "Why, aren't you firing at me with everything you got? You've might've killed me, if you had."

I placed my doubts on my tongue and even into words.

My voice, thawing into the night sky.

**Archer:** "Why, how are these my words. Girl, why do kill people? I don't know whether you're the Heroic Spirit of Assassination or not, but killing innocent civilians is really bad for your class."

O' Heroic Spirit who shoots arrows.

You probably know that I'm a so-called anti-hero.

I do it because this act called 'prana replenishing' through devouring souls, is connected to maintaining my existence in the present world.

**Assassin:** "Because souls, are necessary to us."

**Archer:** “No, not that. That’s not what I’m talking about.”

**Assassin:** “Is that so?”

**Archer:** “Yeah, that so.

There was no meaning to it.

We were probably having a what do you call it, an empty exchange.

I was thinking that as such, as I changed my stance a bit to reopen my acceleration.

I still, hadn’t shown my fastest body to him yet.

Although I had completely dissolved my presence concealment, I was alright, I can still fight even if my opponent is one of the three knight classes.

I believe, that I can kill at least one Servant if they converse with my life.

I don’t think about winning my way through the Holy Grail War.

This body.

I had already, decided, to offer this life to my master.

That’s why I stopped moving.

That’s why I’m fighting.

**Assassin:** “Goodbye.”

A single word.

They were words to Archer, and even words of farewell to my Master.

I, will be killed in the fastest way here.

I couldn’t restrain nor avoid it.

Cutting down the distance between us from a straight line into a super-point blank range, I did a full-powered charge.

There was no meaning in the charge itself.

Now, kill me.

Now, show me that you can rip into pieces.

The large quantity of blood that’ll probably spill forth from the scattering of this ethereal body ———

The poisonous flower that is permitted to bloom just on petal.....

Can kill by invading all cells, even if they are a Heroic Spirit, or if they a Phantasmal Species.

**Archer:** “—————I give up.”

His gallant voice rang out, stopping this body.

And then, I completely opened my eyes wide.

Impossible.

It wasn’t likely a good thing.

Thus I could only lock this memory.  
If it was some sort of misunderstanding, then such an act didn't actually exist, I believe.....  
However, see here, I remembered.

He.....

Archer, had definitely, grabbed my right arm as I approached him.

**Archer:** "Are you fine with it?"

He said.

With black eyes that had a strong will put into them, as he looked into my eyes through my mask.

Unquestionably, as he tightly grabbed my right arm, with his fire-like hot right hand.

**Archer:** "Are you, really, fine with it?"



On a Certain Day in February, the year is 1991.

Midnight.

The 13th day of the Holy Grail War, 3 days after the decisive battle on the temple atop of Tokyo Bay.

In my assigned guest room in the Sajyou Mansion, I unknowingly touched my right arm.

Touched———No.

It might be better expressed as, 'caressed.'

That sensation that should be cast into the depths of my memory and be completely forgot, the heat that was conveyed through Archer's palm, his tracing fingertips.

I must not think about it, don't remember it.

It was, there in my non-existent memory, it was a thing that should be locked away for that reason.

Don't yearn for something unnecessary.

It's idly futile.

I don't need bonds.

I'm better off forgetting it.

I, having lost even my pride as Hassan-i-Sabbah, I who was on the very tip of wretchedness having abandoned even my last moments of obtaining the blessings of that friend, had already obtained a master.

A girl who couldn't die even if she touched my poisonous body.

She was at the peak of beauty like an angel who dances bathed in moonlight.

Like eternity itself, that girl, Manaka Sajyou was for sure.....

My everything.

My Master.

**Assassin:** “I don’t need, anything, besides you. I won’t seek another. Because I’ve already got you.”

The sound that spun from my lips, fruitlessly stirred up the air of the guest room that was stagnant like rain.

I, shouldn’t have doubts.  
I, must believe.

That this body and soul was saved.  
I, have already obtained everything that I’ve wanted.  
The countless incidents that disturbed my heart might’ve happened after that, all of it, all of it, was now nothing more than an ephemeral dream.

It was some sort of mistake.  
Nothing had actually happened.

I had no choice but to believe that it didn’t happen.  
There was just one certain thing, my master.

Nothing else.  
Nothing, nothing at all————

???: “..... U.....”

A sound.  
It was probably more accurate to call it, a ‘groan.’  
It which was probably reacting to my words, was coming from the sofa placed right in the centre of the room.

???: “I DON’T want, to, KILL you.”

It was a slender voice that was like it was strained.  
He was intentionally emitting it while frantically trying to tie, his dispersing consciousness to it.  
I looked at the voice’s owner.  
I was staring straight at the person who was leaking out groans and looking over here, whilst seated on the sofa, the wreckage that must’ve been a young man who lived in this Far Eastern city, and the living dead whose eyes were gradually turning into a hateful red from its cloudiness.

The red that started to mix in his eyes wasn’t something that showed the activation of a Mystic Eye,  
They weren’t well known in the world of mages, but he had probably lost that eye.  
The thing in here, was nothing but a dirty colour that showed the state of his twisted life.

**Assassin:** “Tatsumi.”

I called him by his name.  
No, I spoke the name that he had when he was still alive.  
No, I was whispering his name like he was still alive.

Even though, he was dying.  
Even though I killed him.

Even now, the sweet sensation of the time when I melted and smashed each brain cell of his life remained on my lips.

A guilty conscious.  
No I had no such thing.  
I, didn't do it for the prana, and I didn't do so that I could continue to stay in this world, it was an act purely done for my master.

I killed him for my master.  
If so, then it was impossible for me to regret or be proud of it.

Rather, right, despite being proud because of him.  
If my own life wasn't in vain.....  
If I offered it, to, my master.....  
If I could think, perhaps, in that manner then————

**Tatsumi:** “Run away, you shouLDN'T, be here.”

His words were somewhat fluent.  
When he had just been revived by Caster, he was inept.  
To be able to compile words up to this point in just a few days, did he succeed in forming his spirit core?

I don't know.  
About magic, or the dead.

What I do know, is that this sort of thing should be practically impossible in this world.  
Even matters concerning myself, at the time, makes me unsure.

However, however.....

If I yearn for it, it'll be granted somewhat.  
For example, what was the being who was Tatsumi trying to say?

**Tatsumi:** “You, shouldn't, be in, this sort of placE!”

**Assassin:** “Yes.”

**Tatsumi:** “Get out, of HERE!”

**Assassin:** “Yes, that's right.”

As I nodded, he shook a bit.  
Maybe he was happy?



He who was eternally repeating the continuation of that night, was even now, concerned for this, my body.

He was trying to save me, I who might've been accidentally caught up in this Holy Grail War.

In my memory of that moment when he died while trying to stop the Holy Grail War, or rather my record, he was surely burned into it.

I don't really know much about modern machines; however, I think.....

That he seemed like a broken machine.

Every night, he says it.

"I don't want to kill you."

And, "Don't come here." "Get out of here."

Absolutely without fail, the moment the clock strikes midnight.

As the red in his cloudy eyes increase a bit, he.....

**Assassin:** "..... You're truly a kind person, aren't you? You. Tatsumi Kitano."

**Tatsumi:** "Uu, uu"

**Assassin:** "You're, already, dead."

**Tatsumi:** "uu"

**Assassin:** "Even though you won't kill me. I bet, Berserker was definitely a kind person too."



—————I hid my breath, to the best of my ability.  
—————Like this my poison breath, won't destroy his brain, more than it already has.

**Assassin:** “Hey, Tatsumi.....”

As I whispered it a little.  
While wishing for something.  
I, touched his cheeks with both death-covered hands.

**Assassin:** “Even if I kiss you, you, won't ever die again, right?”

More than myself —————  
More than that night with Archer, it was, a much more colder body.



To my dear heroes.....  
Even if the cup perplexes you.....  
Even if the evil dragon appears.....

The precious things .....  
Must never be wasted.....  
I don't care which one of you does it.....

For the world.....  
Please.....

*(An excerpt from some graffiti on an Ikebukuro back-alley wall)*

???: “—————Women.”

The man said.  
It was a place where not even light shined.  
There, was something that was undoubtably molded by the darkness.

The Greater Grail underneath Tokyo.

It was a imitation Grail that had been secretly taken by one of the hundreds of cardinals who were at the centre of the Holy Church, truly it could be said that it is an existence that became of this Holy Grail War being carried out in this far eastern city of Tokyo, but it had a different significance to the man standing at the bottom of that darkness.

Was this thing, ever a sacred cup?

He had already discovered, that the true form of the miraculous device which runs by receiving the souls of all 7 Servants—————or rather the blood of the Heroic Spirits who were called forth as Servants whilst engraving their name onto human history.

It wasn't like the girl who served as his true master and not as his Master had granted him an answer.

He had reached the hidden truth, by guessing, and analysing it by himself.

The Holy Grail, wasn't an omnipotent wish granting device like that Mages Association and Cardinals had stated.

Even so.....

The man didn't change his stance on it.

This body, had already carried out a betrayal that could be called 'high treason'.

There'd be no second time.

The man was clearly stipulating on where he was standing.

**Man:** "Many heroes were lost, and many tears were shed."

While standing in front of the darkness which was the Greater Grail, the man———Caster closed his eyes.

Many were sacrificed to this.

And, now, this hellish cauldron that wasn't the Holy Grail was wishing for a further great number of sacrifices.

**Caster:** "O' woman who were art a mother. Your noble Heroic Spirit has perished."

If Archer had seen this scene, he would expose the mysteries of his Noble Phantasm almost immediately.

But, he was already no longer here.

The Master that he had left behind was only crying and sobbing in the Tokyo night.

She didn't have any power whatsoever, anymore.

**Caster:** "O' woman who were art poison. You couldn't find that piece of justice whatsoever."

If it was that Master and Berserker, as expected, they would face the Greater Grail even if it meant throwing away everything.

But, they had both already perished.

The thing which was his Master's corpse was just being embraced by the pitiful poisonous girl.

**Caster:** "O' woman who were art a person. You still haven't achieved your wish yet."

Lancer, would also, right, never permit the name of her beloved Sigurd to be disgraced.

But, she had already perished.

If this was the Age of the Gods there was some possibility of her obtaining it, but her lord's hands could never reach this 20th century far eastern city.

**Caster:** "O' women, and, the heroes who have fallen in these past days for the sake of their wishes."

The heroes had perished.

The ones remaining were just the tears of the women.

Even now, this city called Tokyo was just waiting for the cursed, yet terrifying promised time.

**Caster:** “.....And yet.....”

———There was still, a true hero who was trying to save the world.

———Who hadn’t arrived here yet.

———Just as, the quickening beast who will devour this city was shaking in the darkness.







???: “Thank You.’

???: “Huh?’

???: “You deserve the credit. I finally know now what it is that I must do.”

The time wasn’t now.

In a place that wasn’t here.

Clad in blue and silver the knight, wil probably say it to an innocent child one day.

As a king trying to save his ruined country, no.

As a Heroic Spirit who fights seeking the Grail, no.....

???: “There are times, when the decision itself, is the answer.”

As just one———.

**Caster:** “Although.....”

The man raised his head, in the depths of the darkness.

His gaze had just disappeared into the dyed-black space, but at the end of it, there should’ve been the surface of Tokyo.

A far eastern city where lots of people surpassing roughly 10 million lived, in the year 1991 at the end of the 20th century.

A great capital where you could obtain even the consumer desires achieved by modern civilisation, showing a scene that was like stars falling to the ground at night.

Was there something there?

Yet, when will I reach here which was at the end of my despair?

**Caster:** “He’ll probably subjugate it.”

The man said.

Including some sort of wish.

**Caster:** “Tearing up all of the evil, that is surely, in this world.”

The man said.

Including one thought.

**Caster:** “—————To make his justice, widely known.”