



Fate/Labyrinth

フェイト

ラビリンス

桜井 光

原作 TYPE-MOON

イラスト 中原

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Imprint

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アサシン

暗殺者のクラスに召喚されたサーヴァント。暗殺教団の教主で、真名は「ハサン・サッバーハ」。数多く存在するため「呪魔のハサン」と呼ばれる。
〔Fate/stay night〕より参戦



アーチャー

弓兵のクラスに召喚されたサーヴァント。緑色の軽装の鎧に身を包む俊敏な男。ブリテンにおける伝説の盗賊であり、反逆の英雄。真名は「ロビン・フッド」。
〔Fate/EXTRA〕より参戦



沙条 愛歌

「少女」となった全能。極東の魔術師。「Fate/Prototype 蒼銀のフラグメンツ」でセイバー（アーサー・ペンドラゴン）のマスターとして戦っていたが、気付くとノーマの身体に意識が憑依していた。



ノーマ

魔術協会の依頼でさまざまな秘境を巡り遺物を収集する探検者。魔術使いの少女。年齢は十代半ば。妖精眼（グラムサイト）の保有者であり、神秘や幻想に対して自然と「行き当たる」性質を持っている。



???

優美で高貴な立ち振る舞い、美形の顔立ちをした男性。しかし、どこか不気味で寂めており、出会った人間は男を「黒衣の魔人」と形容した。



???

魔窟の調査をしているという少女。大きな鎌をたすさえ、自らのことを「摺」と呼ぶ。ノーマはサーヴァントのひとりであると予想するが……？



キャスター

魔術師のクラスに召喚されたサーヴァント。頭部をフードで覆った謎めいた女性。コルクスの王女で裏切りの魔女と言われた。真名は「メディア」
〔Fate/stay night〕より参戦



セイバー

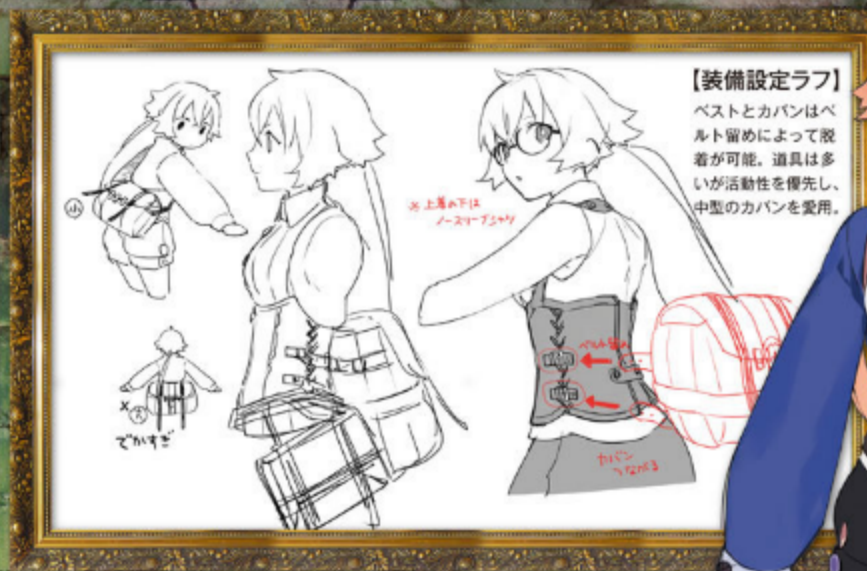
剣士のクラスに召喚されたサーヴァント。言い伝えでは「アーサー王」とされているブリテン教団の英雄。真名は「アルトリア・ペンドラゴン」で女性。
〔Fate/stay night〕より参戦



Fate/Labyrinth Characters

??? デザイン案

金色の短髪で長身という容貌を、いっそう高貴なるものにする西欧貴族風の服装。荘厳なインパネスコート、革製のロングブーツを着用。威圧感のある外見からは、底知れぬ力を秘めているように見える……。



ノーマ デザイン案

Normal design

橙色の髪の毛は後ろ髪を伸ばして下の位置で括っている。ノースリーブシャツの上に革製のベスト、その上に薄手のダウンジャケットを着用。脚部の可動域は広く、活発に動き回る。機敏性を重視した服装をしている。



The image depicts a perspective view through a series of stone arches. The foreground is a dark, textured stone floor. The arches recede into the distance, where a bright, hazy light emanates from a central opening. Two glowing torches are visible on either side of this opening, casting a warm, golden light. The overall mood is mysterious and ancient.

ACT-1

Fate/Labyrinth

A chance meeting between a Master and Servant who shouldn't have met——

——Manaka Sajyou had a dream.

A certain day in February, the year is 1991 CE.
In a certain place underneath Tokyo.

In the darkness which couldn't be seen by someone's eyes, in the depths which cannot be touched by their hand.

Something was floating there.
Something which continued to sleep.
Something which awaited the time of awakening.

That is the Greater Grail Saint Graph.
It is an item which guides "something" which comes from the beyond, and is not of this world, just a thing which accumulates people's wishes.
To be exact, it should be called a fake Holy Grail but——

Now. The Greater Grail which becomes this, has become owned by this one girl. Or rather, carefully, protected by her. Like a small fragile egg, which could be easily broken if it was dropped. The Great Holy Grail, as something small and must be protected, Manaka continued to protect it.
For the sake of her beloved's wish.

When she touched it. She called out to it.
As she closed her eyes, she spun a melody which was like a lullaby.
Like this time, just now.

——And then, in a few moments.

Manaka's awareness shakes.
Originally, such things as sleep for the recovery of her bodily fatigue wasn't necessary for Potnia Theron, who surely remembered at that time, the pleasantness of dozing off.

It was an impossible event.
If she wasn't particularly aware of it, she had a body which shouldn't have been able to carry out such things as rest.
That's why surely, this situation wasn't by chance, and it wasn't even a certain kind of miracle.

Manaka could get to sleep under a clear purpose.

There was a reason.
In order to have a dream.

Suddenly, it had just struck her.
“I should just try to do it like an ordinary human.”

Her consciousness separates from her body all at once, beyond the slumbering sea,
surpassing the light which shines at the end of the world.

—And then, she woke up.

Manaka opens her eyelids.
As if they glittered her glossy eyelashes trembled.
While her transparent eyes shine so sweetly in the darkness.
Beyond the horizon of dreams and reality.

She was in a different world, from the world where her original self was.
In a different body, from the body that must've been her original self.
In a «Labyrinth» squirming with Phantasmal beasts, Chimeras, and several lethal
magical traps.

—And then, we met.

A Servant, who would protect her as she had completely become a powerless being.
That fated partner, who she met by chance even if the world changed.

Servant: “I ask of you. Are you my Master?”

Even though she must be the same person.
Even though she must be the King of Britain.
Certainly.

She had the figure of a girl.



Fate/Labyrinth



Manaka: “Oh——?”

She tilted her neck.

The reason was all too clear.

It was because they had become so diverse that it was obvious——even though they were both the King of Knights themselves, with her blue-green eyes which concealed her wish of saving her homeland, her cool and clear presence that she was clad in, and that appearance, the one that was there had to be the King of Knights which Manaka surely knew, too.



First, their height.

—She was taller than Manaka.

But they couldn't be so small statured.

Next, their hair.

—It was the same golden hair.

But she couldn't somewhat recognize their chignon.

Next, their armor.

—Just the impression of it was the same.

But the details of this and that were also different.

And then.

The one that decided it above all else was—

Manaka: "Why are you a girl?"

It was a question which spilled out from Manaka's lips. Yeah, so...That's true.

The other differences were enough that they seemed to disappear if she thought about that point.

Her beloved had somehow completely become a "she!"

If it was me surely, I'd be shocked, and I wouldn't be able to think of anything.

However, I can say with conviction, I hadn't really experienced something like honestly loving someone.

I'm surprised.

Surprised, and I was certain that it was chaos for nearly an hour as the contents of my face became completely white.

But

Manaka is different.

Even if she was surprised, she wouldn't mistake the person there in front of her eyes.

She was looking properly at reality.

If she was in an ephemeral world that was like a dream, and if it was my own world.

Our situation.

Our awareness.

Our arrangement.

Our understanding.

Manaka and I are sitting on the floor, looking at "her."

It's a cold floor.

In the middle of a passageway which was constructed far in the past.
A passageway made of stone.
A stone paved floor.

Here, with that reason she was in a corner of a famous «Labyrinth».
Although it was gloomy, it wasn't pitch black because it had existing faint light sources in it. Since I knew about the effects of the torchlights which was because of magic which strangely kept the flames from going out, naturally, Manaka will know it too.

See, already Manaka is taking in all her surroundings which must be a shock to her. Even though I seem to be fainting there in the height of the chaos, Manaka is totally fine.

Manaka: "Umm..."

Her white fingertips exposed her same-colored cheeks.

Manaka——

The princess who was dressed in a bright pale blue dress, seemed to have decided to sort out her memories.

Yeah.

I think it'd be better if I did that too. If I close my eyes, I could open Manaka's memories intracranially until it was just before.

1991.

On a certain day while she was preparing for the end of the Holy Grail War, on a certain night, you who had dozed off while touching the Greater Grail in the Tokyo underground, adjusted her brain functions to her own wish.

I saw her dream.

I was able to see your favorite things because it was a dream, because according to literature it was surely you could build up everything.

However,

On the odd occasion.

What was in that dream you saw; you yourself don't even know, do you? You were the one who wished for things like that.

Just like an ordinary person. Like me. It was nothing special, I saw ordinary people, an ordinary dream.

I didn't know what happened.

So, I thought that I wanted to swim in the strange and curious, yet ever-changing and wondrous sea of dreams——

Manaka Sajyou.

You saw a dream which was still to your satisfaction.
This one act which guided me only for your sake, didn't exist in this reality.
Maybe you easily passed through "something" even more than that, a different space, a different time, clearing even the end of the world, to the other side of reality where fantasies sleep.
Your ego and awareness made a journey.

As you were gazing at something which could've easily smashed a person's ego, beneath an aurora, you flew gently in place which would've worn me out as if it was me, I couldn't keep up with you even for 2 seconds.

—You saw a dragon, Manaka.
A superior and kind dragon, a thing which continues to wait for someone which would take a long, long time to meet.

Manaka: "What a beautiful dragon!"

You spoke.
The dragon, without responding to your words, saw the end of the world.

—You saw a light, Manaka.
Just one thing which tied the two sides of the world, it was the light which shines at the very end of it.

Manaka: "What a pretty light."

You spoke.
The light didn't answer the words and didn't move from there.

???: "Hey!"

Someone said,
You should remember, Manaka.
In that moment, the surging seas washed away your consciousness to another place from your slumber.

A different place. Where?
It was a room in a small one room apartment which didn't appear to have a lived-in feel to it, it wasn't familiar to me—It was like a spiral, which was in the center of absolutely everything, like the ultimate radiance, and you resembled the darkness of outer space.

Manaka: "That's not good. I must leave it here."

It was persistently deep—

You saw me with your shining blue eyes.

Straight after that.

You came here with your ego and consciousness.

You proceeded towards this dark garden, to complete just one mission.

You came over to this «Labyrinth» which was carrying out a magic ritual which surely did not belong to this world even now.

No, let's say it a bit more accurately.

You had a dream which was still your wish.

It was a dream to you.

My reality.

From a place unknown to me, from a 1991 which I don't know of——

——You came down to me through my brain.



Manaka: "Ah, you're right. This isn't my face."

Inside a stone room——

Manaka who was looking into a small mirror mumbled.

I couldn't give enough to think of a consenting feeling with a fragment of my consciousness, because I couldn't let out any words as my voice now, and I couldn't convey a clear message to her.

My body was completely under Manaka's control. Surely, that was probably the reason. To me, the one reflected in the mirror that could be seen through my eyes, which were now a part of Manaka's temporary body, was the figure of Manaka herself being shown.

As for you, the one displayed in the mirror was surely my face.

Manaka: "It isn't like that, the current me, is not me."

I looked at the mirror and reconfirmed the situation.
Although I could see it as not a bit surprising, in reality, was I a bit surprised?
Like she is confirming the features of her face, Manaka put her hand on her cheeks.

Saber: "We should start talking soon. Master."

"She" said from a place that was a bit far away from her. "She" who was in an armed state, symmetrical to Manaka who was thinking about things and looking into the mirror, didn't shirk off her caution to their non-vigilant surroundings.

Of course.

This gloomy room was also a part of this «Labyrinth». It was different from the passageway from just a while ago, even if we were in an area that seemed like these kinds of monsters didn't occur naturally, we certainly didn't know what kind of traps it had.

If they had been human, a quick death would've been preferable, but it's not strange to a Magus if it had those kinds of items which could give out large damage and Heroic Spirits, needless to say.

Was it maybe, a magus's private room? It was somehow unclear whether its existence made up this «Labyrinth». It's just that the olden style wooden study desk was a peculiar thing to a Magus from the open Middle Ages period, and the multiple shelves which filled one of the walls were becoming crowded with magical catalysts and glass jars used for cultures.

It was a bit like Paracelsus's room———

It was now one of Manaka's thoughts. Since I couldn't strongly interfere with Manaka's memories.

Manaka: "That's true, I also wanted to talk with you."

Saber: "Yes."

"She" who was a Heroic Spirit with blue silver armour enveloped over her body, how was "she" seeing this body which had substantially changed to Manaka, I mean, to my current self?

Was the one who had just come with the summoning and contracted with a temporary condition of only being in this «Labyrinth», just now, seeing my own figure, or...?



Saber: "...It seems like it's an unusual situation to you somehow, Master. But I felt like you changed your form before my eyes, the moment when I achieved realization into the current world."

Manaka: "Umm, yeah. Let's see, first is, may I confirm something?"

Manaka turned around.

Saber: "Sure."

Manaka: "How does my current form look to you?"

Saber: "Like a girl with a dress covering her body."

Manaka: "I see. —So that's how it is."

Now I see.

I understood.

I must've surely thought of the same thing as Manaka too.

This body must completely belong to Manaka, by now.

Concerning my current existence as the original owner of it, I could only sense Manaka herself. That's why neither Saber nor I, even if we were to see this body, weren't suited to see only Manaka's figure now.

Manaka: "Well I knew that from the start. I want to try to stick with this kid."

Saber: "Yes?"

Of course, there was doubt floating in "her" eyes.

Although Manaka's straightforward words weren't ever wrong, they were a little difficult to follow.

Manaka: "I wonder if that's the cause. Everything is always different here and there. I also can't use much magic and——"

She placed the mirror as she was talking.

With her right hand, her gesture was like she was grabbing air.

I could also see the light of prana¹ which shone beyond her white fingers.

Without one second passing, Manaka had brought forth a huge palm-sized crystal in her palm.

Existence from nothingness.

¹ Prana: General term of magical energy gathered from either the environment or the body. It contains two subsets: Mana, which is magical energy that comes **only** from the environment. Od, which is magical energy that comes **only** from the body.

If they were a person who hadn't trained in magic, they'd probably have no choice but to be a renowned scientist and treat it as such.

But this was different.

She had fused the mana within the atmosphere, a high-density magical crystallization! A thing which would've taken several days by one adult magus, was done quickly.

Saber: "This...your body is unfamiliar with magic, but I also understand that this technique must be wonderful."

Manaka: "If it was like always, it could've become a much bigger stone, however..."

Manaka's voice seemed disappointed.

But something.

Was there a bright echo mixing in from somewhere?

Manaka: "Eh?"

It was a cute shout.

Even though it was only just a girl's shout, it wasn't even a worded magic chant.

Her use of magic consumed the crystal which had just been formed.

Right above Manaka, a figure of a monster large enough to reach the ceiling was floating.

Ah, watch out.

This is dangerous.

If I saw this with my usual self, I think I'd be too petrified by fear.

It was an impossible heteromorphic monster.

Its appearance was like a mix of reptiles and insects.

Was it an endoskeleton creature, or was it an exoskeleton creature, its existence drifting a different presence than a life which properly lived on the surface of the earth?

Such a thing would obtain a bit of substance in the air—and immediately disappear.

Necromancy, or was it summoning magic?

Or had she tried to refine that sort of demon beast momentarily herself?

Saber: "Master. What was that now?"

As one would expect, "She" didn't tremble.

Manaka: "Umm, I was going to make myself a little familiar but..."

Saber: “That huge forelimb was filled with powerful mana certainly. It was quite the beast, huh?”

Manaka: “But it lasted only a few seconds. It was, at best, equal or less than a Brand:Color in might...I'm sorry, I showed you something disgraceful.”

Truly.

It wasn't a lie.

As her cheeks reddened like she was entering embarrassment, Manaka said this. The lady who knew her manners had lost her decorum, and it was like she could vanish to an extent, even now, she seemed apologetic.

If I spoke of the rank Brand, it could only be given to a Magus who was recognized by the Mages Association and was even more top class than even among the high rankers.

I point it out to her, and she looks down blushing seemingly embarrassed like this.

Manaka.

You——

Ordinarily, I would say what kind of power she was using?

I will stop imagining it.

Certainly, it wasn't something that I could grasp to my degree.

Saber: “Master, I can grasp that you are a powerful Magus. If that's so, I won't hesitate to reveal my true name. My class is Saber, and——”

Manaka: “King Arthur.”

Saber: “!”

Manaka: “A king who wields a holy blade which is the radiance of the stars itself. True name, Arthur Pendragon. Am I wrong?”

Smoothly.

Easily.

She had correctly guessed her true name which to a Servant must be concealed.

Despite not summoning her as I had the catalyst, Manaka had done so.

Like always, because she could see through everything in this world—no, it's not that.

You, even in this place that was nothing but a dream to you, many explorers, even magi, had lost their lives inside this《Labyrinth》; you're Manaka Sajyou, right?

That's why, I knew.

Her name.

Even if her gender had changed.

Even if the world had changed.
I shouldn't speak badly of her beloved's existence.

Saber: "Certainly it is also my name. But my true name is Artoria Pendragon."

Manaka: "It's a pretty name. Yes, very much so."

Saber: "T-thank you very much."

"Saber" who was taken by surprise shivered.
Although she returned that gaze with seriousness, immediately after.

Saber: "...Officially, I was certainly called Arthur. It must've been left like that in the history and legends. Therefore, I didn't think that you'd try to...guess my true name correctly, without seeing my Noble Phantasm and seeing only my figure"

Manaka: "Your Noble Phantasm is Excalibur?"

Saber: "That's correct."

Straightforwardly "she" nodded.
Manaka gently smiled while gazing at that look.
She seemed a bit disappointed.
She seemed a bit lonely.

Manaka: "...Like I thought, that's how it is."

Saber: "Like you thought?"

Manaka: "You, Saber. You who carry the holy blade, which was tempered in the inland sea of stars, you're somehow a girl here—but although you're cute, although you're pretty, although I can't ever hate you for it, you are not my Saber."

Saber: "??"

Manaka: "You know..."

Manaka spoke to the Servant whose lips were shut with questions.
Some words.

This was no more than a temporary dream to Manaka. Surely this must seem like some sort of a mistake. I mean this body, originally belonged to the other person—in other words me. Hurry, wake up from this dream, it's nothing but returning to her original Saber for Manaka.

I didn't know if Saber could understand all her words. Perhaps if I was in the same situation as her, the magus girl who was overflowing with this ability, probably would've decided that she had lost her sanity without bearing the fear of this 《Labyrinth》 already. That's why I was shocked. From receiving Manaka's explanation, to the subject which she mentioned as she nodded to Saber.

Saber: "I can't declare that I can grasp it perfectly. But such a situation will sometimes be possible if it is in this 《Labyrinth》."

Manaka: "Is that so?"

Saber: "Yes."

She didn't hesitate to answer.
There was a firm will and conviction which couldn't be shaken.

Saber: "Therefore Master. You——must end the Subspecies Holy Grail War in this 《Labyrinth》!"



——*A den which exists in some world.*

——*The infamous 《Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz》, which devours all who enter it.*

*A number of dangers, clamoring on every level.
Phantasmal Beasts, Chimaeras, and Automatons.*

*Lethal Traps and Barriers.
About a limitless number of them.*

In the past, there were explorers that challenged this place which wasn't small, but there wasn't a person who returned, not even one of them.

It wasn't just powerless humans.

Even Mages who had been dispatched from the Mages Association couldn't conquer it.

And now.

At the bottom most level of this 《Labyrinth》, someone has installed and activated one of the Subspecies Holy Grails.

4 Servants which have been automatically summoned.

Myths, Legends, Traditions, History.

*They were existences which were handed down by people——Heroic Spirits who manifest themselves provided with an unseen and even grander power.
These four Servants are permitted to commit all acts.*

*Against an enemy, they could kill each other.
In a common struggle, they could also help each other.
The 4 Servants would all be heading to just one spot.
In other words, the bottom-most level.*

*In the deepest, center-most room, where the Subspecies Holy Grail had been installed.
In order to “destroy” or “obtain” the Subspecies Holy Grail.*



Manaka: “The Subcategory Holy Grail?”

Saber: “Yes. It’s a false Holy Grail, which was copied from the Greater Grail; a wish granting device that was made as the center of Einzbern’s Third Great Magic.”

Manaka: “Fun, is that so? I wonder if that is different from the Imitation Holy Grail.”

The two of them, Saber and Manaka, proceeded cautiously through the «Labyrinth».
In the poor light——

While Saber was continually vigilantly attacking hostile beings.
While Manaka was walking following just a bit behind her.

There were almost never any sounds of footsteps between them. I honestly thought that Saber who was clad in metal armour which had been built with prana, as one would expect, was the only Heroic Spirits who surpassed human wisdom.

I was separately surprised about Manaka.

Would this girl who might’ve been younger than me probably have something impossible?

No. At least here, I could declare that she had.

In reality, Manaka didn’t even know what this «Labyrinth» was.

She didn’t even know about the Subcategory Holy Grail because she was questioning Saber like this.

Although she could manipulate magic equal to a Brand, surely, she wasn't omnipotent.

Manaka: "Does the Subcategory Holy Grail, function like the one in the Holy Grail War?"

Saber: "Yes. But the Heroic Spirits never surpass 5 Servants. In this Subcategory Holy Grail War, there are only 4 Servants."

Manaka: "Should we destroy it?"

Saber: "No, Master."

She stops once at the corner.

Saber, while carrying a crystal which emits simple light—which Manaka had put magic into as a magical catalyst which she had obtained in the previous room forward as a substitute lantern, confirms the presence of traps.

Although she said "I am not very good at this sort of searching, on a Heroic Spirits' battlefield that is dedicated to victory with many battles" seemingly apologetically, she was becoming quite good at it.

If I spoke of my individual experience, although the mirror was useful at corners, I had no more than a bit of awareness left in a corner of her body and had no way to convey it to Manaka and Saber.

Saber: "This time the victory conditions of the Subcategory Holy Grail War is to reach the center-most room, on the bottom-most level. Find the Subcategory Holy Grail, and the person who obtains it becomes the winner."

Manaka: "And then, does the winner get their wish granted?"

Saber: "...Supposedly."

Saber shook her head a bit.

Saber: "The Subcategory Holy Grail is an imitation. Its function as a wish granting device is inferior to the true Greater Grail."

Manaka: "Is that so?"

Manaka answered like she was whispering.

Saber: "It's probably impossible for a Magus, to reach the whirlpool of the Root, and fulfil their great ambition. The wishes of us Heroic Spirits who have been automatically

summoned, may not be granted either.”

Saber: “Although I hate to say it.”

Certainly, there was a gap that I was hesitant to say. Is it because I thought that my words may lead to discouragement? Surely, I thought so too.

The current Manaka who had settled into my body was losing her function at this point where it was “as usual” to her. For example, right, did she have eyes that could see through everything?

Manaka: “I think your wish can’t be granted. If you and the Saber that I know, hold the same wish, and are the same Saber even if your appearances are different...”

Saber: “...It’s odd or even, huh Manaka. I also have the same feeling. If that’s the case...”

Because she stopped her words once.
Saber quietly declared to Manaka.
With her voice.
As it echoed into the cold stone passageway a bit.

Saber: “I’ll destroy the Subcategory Holy Grail.”

Manaka: “...Umm, that’s true. I’ve tried to think about it. However, I think I’m also the same way. Saber.”

Was Manaka’s voice reaching her? The pretty echo which was like the ringing sound of a bell was completely drowned out by a roaring sound just now.

Manaka: “It is insufficient to grant my wish. Even so, it has a volume of prana enough to manifest a Servant, I hate doing stuff halfway somewhat.”

Like I could hear it properly.
Although Manaka was doing it like she was speaking into Saber’s ears.

I wonder how.

Were they probably hearing this?
I could see it, like I wasn’t at that spot.
In front of them where there were many curved corners——
A thing appeared in front of them.

Traps.

First the traps in that place would have certainly crushed them to death if they were normal humans, there was no helping it if they had been activated now, by someone who had tried their arm at being an explorer, or rather a grave robber who couldn't have activated it.

I myself had a real experience where I saw those countless times.

In other words, it was something which hindered Manaka's voice with its roar.

The huge rock which she had magnificently calculated couldn't have come to a stop in the center of the passageway, and yet—from the center of the passageway, it was approaching, strumming an unpleasant sound which shaved the surrounding stone walls and pavement with a scratching sound!

It had overwhelming mass and speed.

I shivered just by imagining the origin of this kinetic energy.

Escaping from the approaching huge rock, Saber floated an impatient expression from what I can see. It probably wasn't difficult to receive it, because I heard that if it was a massive attack which hadn't been charged with prana then a Servant could endure it. She was running. As she held Manaka with both arms.

Ah, I see.

I understand.

If Saber was by herself even if it was safe, Manaka who was her Master is different.

At least, Saber concluded "that she couldn't endure the huge rock."

Manaka herself, and my current self which was becoming one with my body that hadn't changed from just a human, must've understood somehow if we'd been crushed by the huge rock.

Perhaps. Probably. Although

Manaka: "Saber, did you hear it?"

Saber: "It's impossible Manaka! I will stop this conversation now!"

Manaka: "But I thought that it was strange, because it's become somewhat like an uphill slope."

Saber: "You can't explain that speed with just that, I'm starting to accelerate with my magecraft."

Manaka: "Wah. A dead end, Saber, see, over there."

Saber: "——I'll push my way through!!"

Manaka: "We'll be flattened, if it catches up!"

Did she have no heart?

Manaka's expression, was this a thing to be cheerful about?

Sure enough, the huge rock didn't destroy Manaka's (and my body).

Saber, who had kicked into the wall of the dead end, had successfully adjusted her posture while carrying Manaka under her arms, splendidly.

Due to a single blow of her invisible sword, which was clad in accumulated wind, the huge stone was smashed up into small bits; the countless fragments came flying along with the lethal kinetic energy, and most of them were brought down by the sword wielded with one hand by Saber.

The remaining bits of fragments were brushed off quietly by using magic, which Manaka released with a single word.

Manaka's voice which cheerfully said to her "I wonder since when I could chant seriously like that!," could be heard as a very lovely thing, if all life forms in this gloomy space forgets the reality called this tormenting 《Labyrinth》.

She was unintentionally shocked.

After a while, I was assuredly relieved.

Together with my understanding.

There was no mistake.

If it were me, I'd still be raising sounds of "I hate it" "I want to go home". The girl called Manaka Sajyou held an entirely different deep emotion.

This situation where my power has been limited.

All of my surroundings said that I didn't understand the situation.

Manaka was——

Saber: "Master. Behind me!"

The air in the passageway shook with a snap.

My obscured thoughts were completely stopped by Saber's voice.

Next,

Through my eyes which had become Manaka's, I grasped it.

Beyond Manaka's gaze, there was an abnormality in the opposite stone wall a number of meters ahead of Saber. While making sounds of separating and cracking, the surface of the wall in the passageway changes.

Was it probably for the current owner of this body Manaka, the one who I think is a prana being to the point that I could feel it with my body?

The stone wall changes into a human shaped stone; the size of it was surely almost touching the ceiling of the passageway which was probably no more than 3 meters.

It was different from a Phantasmal Beast.

Different from a Chimera.

It was a stone golem which was left by the magus who created this «Labyrinth».

An artificial guardian by magic.

Although I wasn't knowledgeable about that field, surely, this was his forte which must have been equal to Kabbalah.

A human type which was created by people.

It was a magical existence with specially made functions roughly only for combat, however it was different from a Homunculus which was molded with the same human shape.

I thought of some memories.

For an explorer who preys on ruins related to magic, it was an opponent that you must not meet!

An absolute device which eliminates trespassers, a slaughter device without feelings.

As a conditioned reflex, I stiffened the fragments of my awareness.

With a mere part of my body which was controlled by Manaka, I trembled.

I'm scared.

I'm scared.

This was no good.

In there, any kind of plea or any kind of scream couldn't be let out.

Despite looking here with its faceless head, it could pulverize anything and everything!

Manaka: "I'm fine. Because Saber is with me."

Manaka's whispering voice.

It was like; it could totally reach just me.

It must be an illusion.

Manaka couldn't read my thoughts, awareness, or my existence.

After all, it was because I was just barely existing somehow——

Saber: "I will crush it, Manaka."

Leaving just one word.

I became unable to see Saber's figure.

Fast.

I, who was too fast, couldn't read the visual information.

Even so, Manaka didn't have a slight tremor as her gaze was still faced straight ahead. To her, what was she probably seeing?

First, there was some sound.

After that, a rough wind.

It was a few seconds later that I knew that there were aftereffects of the shockwave that was released towards the front.

If I notice it, the golem that just arrived was being bisected.

Into two equal parts in length.

Its right arm which was raised over Saber's head to smash her up is collapsing.

Amazing.

Amazing!

These were the combat actions by the most exceptional Servant.

Manaka: "Like I thought, you really are a Saber, aren't you? You're very strong."

Saber: "They're still coming!"

Even as she responds to Manaka's small mumbling voice, Saber's figure appears.

At about the same time. From the left and right passageway stone walls, a second, a third golem transformed, appeared, and activated. We couldn't possibly finish two of them. 3, 4, 5 bodies.

During this mere short pause, an approximate number of the huge statues which couldn't be sighted flooded the front of the passageway. Even if Saber was a bit powerful with this, if we knock down one of them during this there will be other bodies that will come and advance on us. It'd be better if we left this passageway—and, the more that I think about it, beyond that.

Manaka: "——"

Manaka's lips emitted a sound that resembled a melody.

She simultaneously invoked magic to increase Saber's strength parameter and increase her stamina parameter. It didn't end with just that. All of the golem's ankles which were rushing over here, and his "stone arm" which had changed into the stone paving stopped, connected and seized her.

Although it resembled snare magic which was my forte, no, the prana it was using and the skill it was using were similar but also different!

Manaka: "Fufu. How about that, a stone in a stone."

Even her laughing voice was at its height.

Like a bullet——

No.

Surely, she was far faster than a thing like that.

Saber's blade which was attacking to the front, cut and laid down all of the many huge statues, in one go.

I didn't know whether Manaka's gaze had adjusted to mine, or whether her eyes, which were in high-speed combat till it got weirdly adapted to mine.

But certainly, I was clearly aware of the consecutive attacks.

It was such a majestic and beautiful sword dance.

I, up till now, hadn't seen it even once.



Sometimes, we proceeded cautiously through the gloomy passageway.

Sometimes, we encountered traps that were aimed at removing intruders.

Sometimes, we smashed monsters

Saber and Manaka proceeded safely through the «Labyrinth».

Actually, we hadn't experienced this sort of situation, and I had considerably thought "would our search go somewhat smoothly?"

On the contrary, should they look as expected?

Or was it beginner's luck?

No.

This was for sure, training and ability, or was it the skill which would have formed their too-high standard performance?

It had been some hours since the start of their advancement through the passageway.

The both of them had found a "room" with no traps or monsters.

Manaka: "We've already walked through too much, I'm already tired."

Saber: "I concur, Manaka. Rest is vital."

Manaka: "Now that you mention it, I wonder how long it has been now. Is it night? Or morning?"

Saber: "With my intuition, it seems to be late at night."

Manaka: "Is that so? Thanks Saber. ...This is my first."

Slightly telling her, Manaka laughed.

Did Saber perhaps know the meaning of her words?

To me, I knew.

Although I can't really say that I can really understand Manaka's thoughts, I could only accurately imagine it, and I think that was so in many cases.

The time.

Manaka at this moment had now confirmed it with Saber.

It shouldn't be possible to "as usual" Manaka.

You should be aware of yourself, and you should grasp your environment.

It was possible to Manaka, and rather, even she should probably usually know.

But

It's different now.

Her body, which used to be impossible to fatigue, would've been exhausted, if we'd continued walking for another few hours.

It was also possible that she was remembering the pain in her ankle, and in reality, Manaka's steps had become somewhat slower.

Saber: "Excuse me, Manaka. You haven't been turning in for a rest much."

Manaka: "It's fine. If it's this amount, it'll probably be a stony path wherever we go, it won't change."

Saber: "At least, if we had decent searching equipment..."

It was my fault.

As I had dropped the same equipment near the entrance of the «Labyrinth».

I must've been distracted by the large serpents which appeared to be a sort of demon beast that I had encountered over there. Perhaps about now Manaka would've been seated on top of a spread-out piece of blanket, and not on the stone chair which was bare paved stone and was too hard.

I couldn't do anything.

With an apology, my awareness shook.

Manaka: "Umm, it's not just me you probably need a rest too, right?"

Saber: "That's..."

Manaka: "I know because...because you are Saber. If you're the same as my Saber, my rest, and even my nutritional replenishment is important to you, right?"

Saber: "...Excuse me, Manaka. We ought to talk about it before."

What were the both of them talking about?

I didn't know.

Somehow or other, I tried to guess from the contents of their words and circumstances.

And

While I was thinking, Manaka had started her strange conduct.

Strange.

Yeah, it was very easy for her to understand her own body, which was doing something for her, aah, there was a thing that I thought that I could do—the thing that was strange, I mean, why did she do it?

Manaka: "Shape"

It was just a one-worded magical chant.

Projection magic, it creates something which has a form from nothingness.

The thing which appeared before Manaka was a metal tool.

It wasn't a weapon, was it a pot and frypan?

Manaka: "A flowing thing."

Next, water elemental conversion magic.

She collected lots of water in the pot which had been projected.

Next, Manaka created fire.

Manaka: "You have to cook it before it disappears."

She laughed teasingly.

Manaka: "The ingredients are alright, because I've maintained the "parts" that seemed edible, among the Phantasmal Beasts and Chimaeras that we fought until we came here."

Saber: "I was certain you were just going to use these as magical catalysts."

Manaka: "Fufu, take it off. Now, pray that it'll be made delicious, right Saber."

Saber: "...Excuse me, Manaka. I wasn't able to understand your actions."

Manaka: "Although my Saber is a person who can eat lots, I wonder how you will handle it."

Ahh there's no mistaking it.

Water.

Fire.

Monster parts.

Delicious.

A utensil for that purpose.

—It's cooking.

Manaka had already started it.

Chimaera fillet steak.

Chimaera intestinal meat stew.

A Murder Rabbit (Provisional name. Formal name of an unknown beast) flame tempered ham on the bone.

The menu had more things than that.

The main ingredients were kinds of two-variety monster meat which had been defeated by the both of them in these few hours.

Furthermore, she had exchanged vegetables with such things as Trent roots as a magical catalyst which she found in the room of the person who was thought to be magus, in other words the room which Manaka saw in the mirror at the beginning.

Therefore, the stewed dishes were neatly seen as stew.

So that the vegetables were stored properly.

Concerning the seasonings, it was mostly salt.

It's rock salt.

Manaka: "It was good that there was salt♪"

Saber: "Is it salt?"

Manaka: "Yeah, rock salt. Although this was also in the previous room, surely it was some sort of catalyst for a magical ritual, and I had to preserve my magic."

Although I heard that you often use rock salt as a magical catalyst——

Could it be?

No way.

No way!

She used them like that as seasonings for her Chimeras and Phantasmal Beasts dishes!





I wonder what kind of flavor it has.
Although I'd be glad if it was deliciously made.
Even though I "know" everything as if it was like always, now I don't understand anything anymore. It was like I couldn't see several matters, and I was hanging onto some "keys" as if it was like always.

Right, maybe I can make my cooking delicious.
Even though I was now hanging onto a "key."

It's strange, y'know.
My cooking, whether it was somehow delicious, I don't know.
Is this the Subcategory Holy Grail's fault?
Or is it my fault?

It was as if I was trying to look at a dream, since I had completely dozed off.
I couldn't complain then.
All of it, everything was my own careless fault.

Ahh——
But I now——

My Saber.
My Arthur Pendragon.
You who're nobler than anyone, stronger than anyone.
You who're clad in blue and silver.

Even though I'm very lonely, and I can't meet you.
Even though I'm sad.
Even though it seems that my tears were overflowing.
Even though it's enough that it seems like my chest will completely burst open.

But, but y'know.
I'm just a wee bit——

The image depicts a dark, stone archway that frames a view into a brightly lit, foggy interior. The interior features a series of stone columns and arches, with two glowing torches on the walls. The scene is atmospheric and mysterious, suggesting a labyrinthine environment.

ACT-2

Fate/Labyrinth

Phantasmal Species—————

According to literature, it is a name which identifies a kind of life-form that lives in illusions and mysteries. Due to the sheer quantity of those natures and mysteries, the Magi sorted them into ranks.

Demonic Beasts.

Phantasmal Beasts

Divine Beasts.

It probably didn't matter if they were directly portrayed as a terrifying supernatural being.

Phantasmal Species often reveal the impossible "way" as a physical law.

In particular, they can fly freely with their tiny wings that can't support their bodies, fire their flaming breath from their mouths and noses, and they can even dash over the water's surface at will.

It is said that there are individuals who exist as legends etc., who spread magical waste products which possess power similar to a thermonuclear reaction too.

A beast which has been imagined.

Monsters.

They were like a demon, like a phantom, like a god.

A thing which exists only in old legends.

An illusion which has been realized.

And a mystery that has a form.

In the world of natural history, it is said that for a long time they weren't classified as a well-known existence that was generally recognized as a plant or animal. While pets, horses, plants, shapes and ecology were written down with great care, even fantasies such as dragons, monsters, and fairies, were similarly recorded by people as knowledge. There was no difference between reality and fantasy. Or, a group of these fantastic creatures might've lived beside us, in a past era.

At least, in our society—————

They have been recognized like that in the magic world.

If there were surely Phantasmal Beasts there.

Beings separated from the evolutionary tree of earth's creatures.

Mysteries themselves are filled with a supernatural power.

These creatures who were in the world once and are still majestic in legends, currently, most of them have no more than disappeared.

Even so, it's not like they had completely disappeared.

If they are beings to the degree of a demon beast, magi can even summon and use them.

Still, it is said that there are also instances where inhabitants have been discovered if it was right in a backward region even if it was current.

If there was a severe unexplored natural region——

To an extent.

Truly.

Is it, this legendary “Maze” which they have been travelling all over?

Then, this reception hall is——

The Darkness of 《The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz》 1st Floor Middlemost Point.

All over our surroundings the water had been thinly stretched out, and I could barely confirm the floor somehow. About a part of it where I couldn't see the floor completely as it was dotted with here and there, it may have been manufactured into a pitfall state, awaiting victims with its several grade meters of its suitable watery depths.

In the center of this space.

How about the creature that just showed its face?

It was a four-legged beast which was elegantly striding on the water's surface, without directly trampling on the stone floor.

As it turned its eyes to Saber and Manaka who had stepped into the reception room while it made the sound of water splashing, this beast snorted and displayed its big nasal breath once, while disheveling its wet mane.

A horse which was eerily pale.

If I took a glance, however, anyone would've said so.

Would a horse's tail, normally, be shaped like a fish's fin?

Would a horse's hoof normally be standing on the water's surface without sinking?

Saber: “It's a Kelpie, right. Probably.”

Manaka: “A horse, huh”

Saber : “It has a quiet appearance but it's a dangerous demonic beast. It's said that it's a beast which likes to devour the flesh of girls or something like that.”

Manaka: “Well, it's creepy.”

Manaka whispered.

Saber: “Please don't move and stay here, Master. I'll dispatch it immediately.”

Wielding her invisible sword covered in prana which appeared to be an accumulated wind with both hands, Saber took a step forward.

The water's surface didn't shake.

Was the swordswoman's movements, which were great to the extent that it was sublimated into her legend, unable to bring a ripple to the thin water which covered the floor? It was her movements which appeared in battle.

The horse reacted and neighed.

A Kelpie.

Magi probably would classify this as a demonic beast if they looked at it.

Its other name is Each-Uisge.

The meaning didn't change from what Saber had told her.

The main point was that it was something which replaced "Water Horse" in Gaelic.

A beast spoken of in a part of Britain's northern islands.

Even if that appearance resembled a large horse, it wasn't a horse.

A water demon which strode and ran freely on the water's surface.

A brutal illusion, which devours people.

It attacked at a raging speed, freely running around the reception hall which had been filled with water——

Even though I thought that I'd experienced the extent of its high speed which couldn't be seen directly, this ferocious speed!

I shivered. However,

Saber didn't fall behind.

She was perfectly responding to the kelpie's speed.

Between the invisible blade and the wet mane, there were many sword fights.

The prana clashed.

Light.

Ether and sparks were spread.

High-speed movements, a high-speed battle.

The ones who stayed on the water's surface one, two caused a bit of ripple.

A crashing sound was suddenly in there!

In the center of the reception room, a huge ripple sprung forth.

The water horse started charging at full power but even though I realized the cause of the waves, I was a bit late.

The neighing sound echoed from behind me.

The point where it was charging to, it didn't aim wrong—it's in the vicinity of the hall's main entrance where Manaka is standing!

I remained a bit in a corner of Manaka's body, in a corner of Manaka's view, pulled and lured her awareness without thinking.

The impossible beast was turning its animosity to her.
Perhaps it was hungry?

Just with that, I was scared.
I'm scared.

But Manaka was different from me.
While in my body, you had a different expression from me.

Manaka: “——”

It was one short chant.
Immediately, she activates her magic.
From Saber's rear, who received the water horse's charge from right in front in an instant, Manaka released a stone which gave off flames as attack magic.
Magnificently, the throwing stones impacted consecutively, over the baffled and irritated demon beast's whole body.
Was it probably more powerful than a shotgun?

If it was just a creature, then it'd end with this.
I gently breathed a sigh of relief gently in my heart, a faint hope flowed in lukewarmly.
Did it break, or was it repelled, expressions like that didn't suit it in any way.

That's why it's lukewarm.
It flowed in.

Manaka: “Oh. It wasn't effective?”

Manaka blinked once with a click.

Manaka: “Since it's really like water, I thought that fire would be effective but...”

Manaka: “It's a demon's water membrane. Repel it with your sword, I'll repel it with my arrows!”

She said rapidly to Saber, that it was a powerful demon beast who can completely devour a powerful knight. Without turning around too, to Manaka, while handling the water horses' head-butt imitation blow who displayed its anger with its rough breath with her invisible blade.

The back of her sky silver armour was reliable too.

If she stood before her as a Knight, then surely, it was certain that she was safe with her ally and

Manaka: "A water membrane."

And with a word. Manaka mumbled.

Additionally, I also noticed, she held an impish smile on her mouth.

Manaka: "I wonder if it's magically made up of dilatant fluid. Then, how about this?"

After her words, she further chanted. Magical Invocation.

Again, the flaming throwing stones approach the water horse who was still being restrained by Saber.

It was a second attack which had been completely repelled once.

No.

In the next moment where I felt my awareness, say "Are the contents of the chant a bit different?" several throwing stones deeply dug into its body which was like a slimy demon beast.

The blue body fluids——

It was splashing weird blue blood.

Spreading many ripples on the water's surface.

The water horse violently neighed, in pain.

It shouldn't have overlooked the gap.

At about the same time, rather just before it, Saber's sword flashes.

The Kelpie takes a big jump back.

It might be better to say that it retreated.

While tearing its neck very deeply with her invisible sword, she was still acting with her own strength which must be admired.

It shook the surface of the water with its angry breath.

Saber: "Splendid, Manaka."

Manaka: "Fufu. It tried to turn a bit."

Manaka answered with her soft voice, to Saber's back which told her of her admiration as she still prepared her sword.

Ah, I see.

The reason that she used throwing stones.

Did the crashing throwing stones turn this time?

It was like the bullet of a handgun.

The non-newton fluid and dilatant fluid protected us from the inertia attack——operating as opposition, and automatically compressed against straight-forward attacks . The talk was different if it turned its bulleted body, and probably repel, the considerable buckshot of inertial energy. In other words, the demon’s water membrane, which was covering this monster, seemed to luckily have a typical physical law and an identical disposition.

Kelpie: “BRRR...!”

I could see the Kelpie raging.

Even if it was about the blue silver knight who approached her in the reception hall which must’ve had bad footing, even if it was about the girl ‘s transparent eyes which repelled the attack and tore through the water membrane.

Right, her eyes.

Manaka’s eyes.

Probably, even that monster couldn’t see my body.

The one it was seeing, surely, was just Manaka Sajyou’s figure.

The demon beast rages.

Towards Manaka.

Immediately following it——was a jump, a form change, and flight.

The demon beast who abandoned its four-legged form, and right away changed into a winged “Boobrie”² shape, aiming for Manaka from the skies it swooped down without mistaking its aim, however...

It was slow.

Too slow.

I, who was familiar with the high-speed battle, could’ve already carefully observed it if it was to the degree of this high-speed attack.

A sudden transformation and an attack from the skies.

A surprise attack?

Such a thing wouldn’t hit.

Saber was already swinging her sword.

It was a flashing gale.

The wind prana which was wrapping the circumference of the invisible sword that was even like scabbard, was completely released. At a point where I heard from her mouth again later on, that blow’s name is “Strike Air: Hammer of the Wind King.” According to literature it was a destructive power which was like the Wind King’s hammer.

² Boobrie - A mythological shape-shifting entity that inhabits the lochs of the West Coasts of Scotland; it resembles a Great Northern Loon or a Cormorant.

The man-eating beast, which was a water demon, had been smashed till the one who I recall was its original form had been unidentifiable.

Manaka: "Too bad huh, there wasn't enough of it to eat."

And Manaka made a bit of a seemingly regrettable face.



The descending stone stairs.

It silently existed, in a corner of the reception hall with water stretched throughout it. It was one where the water hadn't gone down it strangely, I guessed that it was a device due to magic.

It was probably so even for Manaka and Saber.

As far as I could see, the steps were steep.

Was it right to treat it as something that was connected to the next floor?

If it was based on a point of Saber's talk, then it was based on the circumstances of prerequisite knowledge which had been brought from the Subcategory Holy Grail in other words, this «Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz» consisting of all four levels, and the Monsters and traps which are stationed and increasing g on every one of its numerous levels, will they be more powerful?

Manaka: "I wonder if they are stronger than this Phantasmal Beast?"

Saber: "I'm not sure. I think this is similar to having a boss who protects this level."

Manaka: "Right."

Manaka glanced at the remains of its feet.

Manaka: "You were amazing, weren't you?"

They were immediately before the stairs.

She positioned the demon beast's remains, which was almost stripped of its seemingly ingredient-like parts, onto the swaying watery stone pavement.

Of course, a moment ago, it was a Kelpie that was just crushed.

A rare being who lives in legends, and troublesome Magical Beasts which would be noticed even in modern times, were being positioned throughout the interior of this «Labyrinth».

Even if it was a magus who was close to mysteries it's not an easy act.

It's difficult even if it was with their elite abilities.

In other words, the being who built «The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz», that is to say, had none other than mastered unbelievable magic.

We didn't exaggerate even if we said that they're in the womb of illusions and mysteries. I might be glad if I was having a precious experience, but no matter what, it's impossible.

I was just trembling, in a corner of my body which had become Manaka herself. The fragments of my consciousness which were paralyzed for repeated consecutive dangers didn't feel anything, even if I saw its strange remains which possessed both the strengths of a water bird and the strengths of a horse. Was it because it died in the middle of transforming into a water bird? I just think, ah, remains.

Manaka was unexpectedly happy.

I didn't think we'd get our hands on poultry meat, she said.

I can't help but feel deeply relieved by those words.

Even though the man-eating demon beast attacked her with such clear hostility, Manaka still looked like a girl who loves to cook, smiling as she thought about the menu in the fresh food section of a large commercial facility, Walmart.

Does she have a strong spirit?

Did she have an unwavering mental resistance, or a situational conforming mindset?

No, it's not that. I think it's different.

Her way was certainly flexible and natural.

There was no hardness that was like it would fall apart easily from an outside power.

Did the one who associated the dilatant body fluids, probably pass it as unpleasant for the water horse which we annihilated and were looking at?

At any rate, I softened the fragment of my consciousness to Manaka's words and actions while also being very much surprised.

That's exactly why, even if a new situation arrived next, it'd be there without falling into chaos and irritation.

Situation.

Humans.

The one who brought it, had a sudden voice.

???: “This was a shock. The Kelpie was defeated by a Servant, and it was the Heroic Spirit who held **that sword.**”

It was a young man’s voice——
The thing that echoed had no figure there.

Magic.

Or rather was he concealing himself with a **Noble Phantasm**?
However, I could grasp that it wasn’t an act where I was aware of an attack while he was hiding.
If he really intended to kill us the expecting voice didn’t call, and if there were devices for sudden attacks, I who was truly an amateur in assassinations and anti-human combat, also understood it.

Manaka was looking at Saber with eyes that said “I wonder what on earth he is?”
Already, Saber was preparing to take action.
While sharply staring at the direction where the voice resounded from, she wielded her “sword” whose sword’s blade had been exposed consequently by her releasing its wind prana, with her right hand, and protected Manaka with her left arm.

???: “Besides, right...”

The voice continued.
From the same place.
It seemed like he had no intention to hide after all.

???: “Wasn’t the story that there were no sorts of Master in this Holy Grail War?”
Manaka: “Is that so?”

Manaka tilted her neck.

She was directly receiving the contents of what he was saying.

???: “.....Yes. If you are an ordinary Servant.”

Saber nodded.
Regarding the Subcategory Holy Grail War, right, she had no judicial materials except for the prerequisite knowledge which she automatically owned.
I don’t know a lot either.
I didn’t understand enough about the Subcategory Holy Grail existing in this 《Labyrinth》, and about the Subcategory Holy Grail War which had begun, due to it being installed by someone.
The reason I went to this extremely dangerous《Labyrinth》in the first place was

???: "You're so honest. Saber. Ahh, do you mind Saber? It's good stuff as no matter how much I look at the prey you've obtained, and no matter how I look at that sword. I can truly see it."

I stopped my thoughts.
I could see his figure.

While continuing his speech in a carefree manner, the owner of the voice unconcealed his whole body.

A green robe that gave the impression of a plant.
Lightweight armour.

Was it appropriate to call him a lightweight soldier?
With a flutter, I further sharpened my gaze.
I could see that he had no clear animosity to us, but....
He wasn't just a human.

I could tell that he wasn't just a magus or a grave robber, and he wasn't a kind of explorer.
He was somewhat of a being who could proceed deeply in this maze like this just by himself, a being that surpassed human intellect.
In other words.
It wouldn't be possible except if he was a being who reached until he was a mystery surpassing human intellect.

Archer: "I'm Servant Archer. If you like I could introduce myself then I'll do so, but well, I'll dodge the obvious about my true name. My bad."

Saber: "No, even just divulging your class was enough."

Saber, who was still determined without shaking the tip of her sword a bit, answered.

The air—————
Is strained.

Even though only several words had been exchanged.
Even if it was just that, the tension was several times more than their combat actions with the monstrous beast just a while ago, or was it blood lust, or hostility, a kind of thing like that, looked like it was filling up the entirety of the silent reception hall.
I was really glad to be in a state where I was surrendering all of my body to Manaka. If I was my usual self, would I be trembling?
This sort of thing.
In a good way, if I feel at ease to the degree that I'm crying, at worst, I'd be puking and forgetting about anything and everything being unable to endure it.

Saber: "Since you're stalling us with your voice and words, and not shooting at us with your arrows, you must have a reason. Archer."

Archer: "Oh. I don't like your kind Sir Noble in any way but....."

While his green robes lightly waved, he crossed his arms.

The man who called himself Archer lightly shrugged his shoulders.

Archer: "Until then I had thought about whether or not I'll use you at best, well, because you're probably the type that respects chivalry and honour. It's not just my class name I've revealed. It's also my standpoint."

Saber: ".....We're listening."



Archer: "My aim is, the destruction of the Subcategory Holy Grail."

A word which was smoothly told to them.

It was————

Aah, it was that kind of thing.

Were they good words which were easily spoken?

Would the person who was said to be a Heroic Spirit that was once a hero be **that strong?**

It was a different case from Manaka's natural ways.

If the contents of his word were difficult to accept to her partner, then this wouldn't be strange even if they'd exchanged lives without passing 2 seconds, because it was an action which she had deliberately chosen based on their extreme situation on top of it. There's no mistake, his mind, his heart, was tough.

Archer: "It mustn't be good even if something like a simple fake Holy Grail was in this world. I mean it's not what I think, but what about you? I think you wouldn't say it in a manner like that, that is if you are the same noble Holy Blade King from the legends."

Saber: "....."

Saber was silent.

Manaka was carefully looking at her posed face like that.

Archer: "So, there you have it. If you're also aiming for the destruction of the Subcategory Holy Grail, somehow, why don't we team up once here? At any rate, it's a bothersome «maze». And I will be useful."

While presenting himself with a thumb,

Archer: "I'm not a professional thief, but if it's a scout, then I'm your man. After all, traps are my specialty."

I was thinking about it.

But even when we still met, we received a reply.

Saying that, Archer figure's which were clad in green quickly **disappeared.**

It was probably a Noble Phantasm.

Even I, who didn't have intuition or an ability which was more like I could sense their type of presence, aah, was made to believe that he completely disappeared, like a supernatural event.

Or was it a trait?

Although concealing techniques existed in magic too, his decisive acts which could be called, showing off to Manaka and Saber who were deliberately like this, as expected, were they for showing that he wasn't promoting an appeal for an alliance?

His figure disappeared.
Furthermore, his voice also echoed.

Archer: "The stairs down to the 2nd floor from the 1st floor which you've found is the 3rd one. The remaining two are hidden stairs which have no bosses, but.....because they've been captured by the other Servants, you'll have to proceed carefully to the 2nd floor at best."

Did he mean that the two Servants had begun their search on the 2nd floor already?
He left with several words again.

A voice.
Information.

Archer: "One of the Servants is extremely strong at anti-group battles."

Was he accurate, or was it a huge lie?
There weren't many materials to judge him by————

Archer: "Another Servant, excels at searching and is better at sneaking into establishments than me. Well, that is his specialty."



————《The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz》which was created by its many victims.
————Why did the den thieves build something like this?

About its inner structure, it's a likely theory that it corresponds to Agrippa's planetary magic formation.
Many other hypotheses exist, but the whole story still hasn't become clear.
The Mages Association hasn't even made their official opinion apparent.
It didn't even refer to that reality.

In addition, even if a magus despatched himself became a victim.
I could say that it was the obvious result.

It would be extremely difficult for an ordinary magus to grasp this maze.
Then, could I grasp it if there was any kind of person there?

No.

I'll refrain from answering.
Only, at present....

This experiment which used the Subcategory Holy Grail, was there as a result, but is it not conceivable if there was a certain answer which was against the human who was the dungeon master's "ways?"

If that's the case, the person in charge of the experiment———

Even if it was about the various precious goods which had been sent to the maze, I shouldn't hesitate when to use it.

As there were Phantasmal Species, Chimaeras, Automatons that had been dispatched.
As well as, lethal traps and barriers.



Manaka: "A treasure chest?"

Saber: "Yeah, we didn't notice any on the 1st floor but...."

Even though it should be a deadly room.

Even though it's an insane labyrinth, filled with danger and mysteries to the point that it could easily pulverize common sense.

The two girls shone.

Ahh, it's enough for me to let out a sigh.

They're pretty.

Sparkling———

Manaka and Saber conversed, in a shining place that was like countless sparkling gems. Scattered about were fragments of the crystal Golem that they had just defeated in their surroundings, it lightly reflected the prana's afterglow that was still clinging onto them a bit, sparkling.

Countless crystal structures.
Countless sparkles.

They were somewhat, temporarily, in a corner of the second floor of the «Labyrinth» which must've been inorganic and tasteless
Like it was a dream garden similar to a fairy tale.

Manaka: "So they have something like that, huh? I wonder if it's here?"

Manaka tilted her neck.

Saber looked up, as she slightly sat on the Golem's head which was scattered about on the floor.

Saber: "I think it's highly possible."

Saber nods approvingly.

She was standing beside Manaka who was her Master ————

While chewing on something that was like a sandwich for nourishment replenishment.

Of course, it was something handmade by Manaka.

Looking at the sandwich, it was something, which had the thinly sliced and roasted Boobrie's leg, a leaf of a creeping plant (which resembled lettuce) and which had (resembling a tomato) held between it.

The taste wasn't bad.

When Manaka took a bite, it was at a point when I also tried to confirm and synchronize with her taste. The original slice had a food texture like an eastern sticky rice cake.....



Saber: "It's probably a matter of life or death, to a Servant except me. Just as he says."

Manaka: "You mean there's a relation to that talk, about having no Master?"

Saber: "Yes."

From nodding, she took another bite.

Swallowing from often chewing it, Saber quietly continued her words.

Saber: "In the original Holy Grail War, when a summoned Heroic Spirit materializes in the current world as a Servant, a Master will be carrying out the function of a "keystone" for us to remain in the present world. This time the Subcategory Holy Grail has the same function, but....."

Manaka: "Does the Subcategory Holy Grail also take over prana consumption to keep them in the present world?"

Saber: "No, Master. That's the problem."

It's a story.

Masters who are the summoning masters, imbue their own prana/vitality into the Servants through their path.

Although Heroic Spirits are beings that have powerful prana, the amount of prana which is imbued from a human's Master Degree after all is miniscule if I speak about percentages, and Heroic Spirits can't operate without a bit of this prana.

If she spoke further, they can't even still be kept in the present world.

Or so it seems.

Did she mean that Heroic Spirits disappear, if they don't replenish their prana from a Magus?

Manaka: "But, didn't I see Archer disappear just before?"

Saber: "He was probably acquiring appropriate prana. You can do it through Phantasmal Beasts and Chimaeras wandering aimlessly in the «Labyrinth» or———through Mystic Codes hidden in **treasure chests**. And it is the specialty of a Servant who has been summoned in the Holy Grail War."

Manaka: "Fuun."

She was wavering on her feet, on top of the Golem's head.

The tinges of her strangeness and doubts were quickly weakening from Manaka's voice and expressions.

Manaka: "It's serious, huh? Without a Master, you somehow must replenish your rapidly decreasing prana in order to stay in the current world, by opening treasure chests, and defeating monsters."

Saber: "It's our fatal weak point."

Manaka: "But, you're different aren't you? Saber?"

Saber: "That's right"

Nodding, she bit into the last mouthful.

Saber's gaze turned to Manaka's eyes who was there in the shining garden.

I also knew without making words.

I too.....

Particularly, Saber existed for Manaka———— her proper Master.

A Master who without a doubt had 3 strokes of a proper Command Seal.

Just now, she seemed to have some sort of a **special situation**, is it more or less related to her?

Anyway, Saber was certain that she had favourable circumstances that she had no objection to in the face of her prana supply which was more than the other 3 Servants.

The blue silver swordswoman will continue to fight, so long as Manaka is there.

Furthermore, would it be perfectly beneficial to say it?

I'll try to summarise the information we have up till now.

My thoughts————If I split into every Servant for example, it'd be like this.

Saber

Cannot dematerialise————because she possesses an exceptional Master.

Regarding the Subcategory Holy Grail she stands on the『Destroy』position.

【Specialty】Has a high war potential, and is strong. Also has a powerful trump card. She is capable of avoiding traps on instinct too.

【Weak Points】Has a Master.

Archer

Has no Master, was automatically summoned by the Subcategory Holy Grail.

Regarding the Subcategory Holy Grail he stands on the『Destroy』position.

【Specialty】Thieving, Scouting Strides + Long Distance Attacks.

【Weak Points】?, prana supply is unknown

??? (The 3rd Servant)

Has no Master, was automatically summoned by the Subcategory Holy Grail.

Position with regards to the Subcategory Holy Grail is unclear.

【Specialty】Strong against groups

【Weak Points】?, prana supply is unknown

??? (The 4th Servant)

Has no Master, was automatically summoned by the Subcategory Holy Grail.

Position with regards to the Subcategory Holy Grail is unclear.

【Specialty】Excels at exploring and infiltrating facilities

【Weak Points】?, prana supply is unknown

If I took a glance at it, it wasn't a weak point but it seemed like one as Saber stood out. But, I would know how they were doing, when we proceed through this «Labyrinth».

Saber constantly protects Manaka by moving to the front. In order to continuously protect her from every danger, trap, and countless monsters. However, in truth, there wasn't one scratch on Manaka's white body.

Even so.

I can also assert it about our search. It's an unfavourable condition, as it means that she is there beside an existence that must be protected with her body.

Manaka: "Although replenishing prana is easier for other Servants, I didn't turn to melee on my part as I must be protected.....and I'm a handicap in combat against enemy Servants, right?"

Saber: "Yes, Manaka."

Aah, I could grasp these two. I probably arrived at that conclusion which was further than my own thinking.

Especially Saber.

Since she came and protected Manaka while constantly being aware of the other Heroic Spirits, from before when she spoke of the information like this. Everything, since the moment we met. Without speaking just one word about her worries and uncertainties, she challenged the dangers in this «Labyrinth» and the existence of Servants.

Saber: "I'm sorry, Manaka. It was a matter that I should've mentioned this from the start."

Manaka: "No, it's fine. The Holy Grail War that I knew had different circumstances after all, and more than anything, it was because I was in shock when we just met."

Manaka laughed.

Manaka: "I probably wouldn't understand what it was, even if I talked about it once."

She's spitting out a kind lie.

Or, were they words from the heart?

I don't know.

Manaka Sajyou settled into my body, but consequently I had completely got wound up in the Subcategory Holy Grail War that was in this «Labyrinth», but consequently it was only during this moment I had a body that must be omnipotent, but consequently it was also possible that I was surely confused.

At the same time, it's also possible to naturally accept it.

Saber: ".....Thank you very much, Master."

Manaka: "For me as well. Thank you for always protecting me, Saber."

The two gazes intersected.

Quietly, calmly.

You could see it like deceit, doubts and a sprout of dispute didn't exist in there.

It was something which I came and felt many times, the thing which I call when a special unpleasant air where a hidden reality came to light, and hid information as strategy.

That's why I realised it was sensible.

Between these two, that kind of thing didn't exist a bit.

An innocent girl, an honest knight.

The two who didn't lie.

Until it was terrifying.

The shining girls, who spoke together in the countless shines that were created from smashed illusions.

It was like they had no sense of reality.

Somehow, it was fantastic.

Was it like a legend, or a myth?

Or had we entered a page of a fairy tale, and even————



————《The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz》which was chosen to be some sort of a testing ground.

————Currently, a special device exists here.

They're not words to indicate lethal traps, and any kind of Bounded Field.

It was set up with the goal of removing explorers and grave robbers and is different from fundamental ideology.

In the first place, something like the Subcategory Holy Grail wasn't installed in the original 《Labyrinth》.

In other words.

When the Subcategory Holy Grail was set up.

The human who was not Mr. Alcatraz who had redesigned the current «Labyrinth» had **added** something to it.

4 Servants which have been automatically summoned.
In other words Heroic Spirits, 4 of them.

He had altered the «Labyrinth» for the sake of keeping the four Servants who had no Master in the current world.
It can be said that he had been coerced into altering it.
About all of the magical beings that exist inside the «Labyrinth» had been consumed by the 4 Servants.

Half automatically, Servants absorb prana from the monsters that are defeated and the mystic codes that they acquired.
At this time, it wasn't necessary for the four Servants to do deeds like sour devouring.

This, the Bounded Fields which was due to the ritual magic that used the planetary magic formation had been expected but————
There are still not enough materials yet to advance our hypothetical deductions.
Additional information is necessary, as soon as possible.



Almost more than a day had passed.
The explorations of the «Labyrinth» as they reached the 2nd floor, didn't proceed as slow.
Was it beginner's luck, or was it that they didn't consecutively continue all the same?

Appearing monsters.
Doors.
Treasure Chests.

It didn't matter to the two who could capture all of it.
The crushed monsters, opened doors and treasure chests had been confined to a degree of almost 8%.
It couldn't be helped as I had no margins to judge and carry it out with the current Manaka's mana surplus, as large scale flame magic had become necessary to defeat the Grey Jelly which was spread a lot throughout the passageways.
I could only ignore it, and keep Saber's life-force/prana in mind, in cases where a trap was activated, or Manaka's prana had been consumed, in order to wrench open treasure chests and doors which had similarly been firmly closed.

On the first night, they entered the 2nd floor.

As she lit a lamp with magic, in the dark room that they entered in order to relax, Manaka mumbled to someone without saying anything.

Without turning to Saber and saying it clearly, of course, they weren't words to me who remained in a corner of Manaka.

She just said it like this for no particular reason.

Manaka: "If we had a person who carried the skill, it'd probably go a lot smoother, huh?"

My direct thoughts for our situation.

A calm evaluation.

The two still hadn't discovered the stairs to the 3rd level.

Although I could discover rooms where boss monsters exist, like that time on the 1st floor, it was hard for the two to take part, and stay with the **incalculable number of** boss monsters who were in the spacious place.

She's too disadvantaged to fight while protecting Manaka.

Just a bit.

I was irritated.

Even though it'd be good if I could tell Manaka about my awareness.

If I did so, wouldn't it be possible if I could raise the effectiveness of some of our searches?

Although it's hard even for myself to say it's top class, it's more or less, because I'm an expert.

Even though I might be able to reach the bottom-most level even though I've said that it's a terrifying «Labyrinth», Manaka, who can handle countless magics, and Saber functions as a powerful wall was with me up till here.

No.

Nope

There's no helping it even if I think that I can't.

I just couldn't sense Manaka's speech whatsoever———what she'll do, what she'll say, what she'll see.

That's why, even now, while actually feeling Manaka's body who was seated on the hard floor in the dark room, I wait for her next words.

Manaka who was thinking of something.

Manaka who was feeling something.

And then.

Manaka: "Wait, I thought of something interesting. Saber."

6 hours later————

I had become witness to an unbelievable scene.
It was an extreme situation.
It was hopeless.
I want to be forgiven.

I couldn't bear an atmosphere like this after all.
Despite my current self not having a body, despite surrendering all of my body to Manaka, I who could only exist as a fragment of my consciousness was tormented by the urge to scream and shout.

But, I won't cry.
I won't shout
I couldn't even breathe.

The blood thirst.
The hostility.

I who was against it at this time trembled without knowing what to do, in this room which was overflowing with a tense presence which wasn't normal as I said.
I borrowed a part of Manaka's body, as I recognised the surrounding situation through Manaka's ears and eyes.
It felt like it was far exceeding the maximum permissible level in one of the rooms.
This strained atmosphere, didn't it bring some sort of immediate effect if I associated it with black magic.

I was indeed about to cry.
Manaka Sajyou was cheerfully smiling.
Was it there, or in a place **separated** from Saber.

This girl who challenged the«Labyrinth»a school of insects keen and nimbly on the 2nd floor, while coming up against an infinite colony of monsters that surpassed several hundred, thousands in scale, Servants that just quickly annihilated via their attack magic which has surface control power till it's overwhelming————probably turning to Caster while wearing a dress, smiled at her.

With a "Nice to meet you."
She tried to introduce herself.
Without it being a great lie, Manaka told Caster her own full name.

She put her right hand against her chest.
Picking up the hem of her dress with her lovely left hand, she curtsied.

Caster: "Well, how lovely. I wonder what the only Master in this «Labyrinth» wants?"

Manaka: "You have incredible firepower, Caster. I'm surprised."

Manaka answered, without letting go of her smile.

However her lovely voice echoed in the space where a type of water didn't exist, in the reception room which resembles the structure in the main hall on the 1st level.

If it weren't for the colouring of this bad feeling of darkness, I'd be liable to even delude myself like a princess talking to a witch in a story.

Caster.

A Heroic Spirit who excels at magic.

As far as I saw, she seemed like a young woman.

Even though I couldn't see the details of her features which were covered by a loose hood, the expression floating on that mouth, had calmed like she was responding to Manaka's speech.

Aah, at least in the next moment if my consciousness wasn't completely crushed by Manaka's entire body, no, I wish it didn't become like that somehow.

I prayed.

Manaka: "That's magic from the Age of the Gods, right? This is the first time I've **seen it.**"

Caster: "Yeah, that's probably true. My magic is something that I was taught by the goddess Hecate. That's why it is different from the ones that you've handled."

One, one mutual word.

She calmly echoed.

Manaka: "I want to try and see more of your magic."

Caster: "Thank you, Manaka. You're a brave and on top of that an honest girl. However, I don't have the leisure to give you a lecture on magic. Do you understand?"

Manaka: "That's disappointing."

She seemed disappointed, from the bottom of her heart.

Caster: "It seems Saber over there is making a very stern face.....I wonder if you wish to fight me. If that's the case, I should probably show you something adequate."

Manaka: "No, Caster. I don't intend to fight with you here."

As she said that.

Aah, Manaka proceeded to take another step forward.

I also understood as Saber who was restraining herself at the rear gulped.

I shook my consciousness, unable to cry out "Help."

Manaka was still smiling.

She approached naturally while tilting her small neck, like a girl kindly, brightly, and cheerfully turning to someone in a flower garden.

She continued her words

Opening her soft lips, her voice, carried with her tongue from her throat.

Saber: "She really has incredible firepower. She's really strong in anti-group combat, huh? She could bring down just this number of "groups" in an instant. That person is fast, yeah, more than enough to search for whichever individual at a time. But....."

Manaka: "———Your prana. You've consumed too much, are you alright?"

Manaka was smiling.

Caster also couldn't change her calm lips.

However,

However,

In the presence of an extreme situation, I can't help but feel like it has become a lot darker———!



Archer: "So what're you planning, little lady in a dress. I have no clue even if I made her easy prey, and provoked the witch in that manner."

In a corner of the passageway overlooking the 2nd floor reception room

Archer was peeping.

At Manaka's and Caster's conversation, which was filled with tension and shivers.





Assassin: “.....Interesting.”

Somewhere in the darkness of the 2nd floor banquet hall.

Assassin chuckled.

As he waits for the moment when the dice of fate drops, at the result that only god knows about.

The image depicts a dark, stone archway that frames a view into a brightly lit, foggy interior. The interior features a series of stone columns and arches, with two glowing torches mounted on the walls. The floor is made of large, irregular stone tiles. The overall atmosphere is mysterious and ancient.

ACT-3

Fate/Labyrinth

—————If there was just one Servant, then they would've already beat it.

In the darkness of the 3rd floor of the《Labyrinth》.

In a corridor area that didn't end at the far too high ceiling, it was secluded like that continuing to anywhere.

Countless groups had gathered.

Growling Chimaeras with expanding muscles that were abnormally developed, Golems that boasted terrifying mass, and Automatons which raised their many nimble legs which resembled a spider's.

The situation where those large crowds of monsters were advancing on them, already, could be seen as an advent of a legion that brings certain death

In truth, if it was just me then I would've definitely died.

It was probably true even for a single Servant.

The bow that Archer was shooting from, couldn't simultaneously kill dozens of them if he was taking down an enemy from a distance.

The right hand used by Assassin, couldn't pass through automatons and golems but could kill Chimaeras with a single blow.

The magic Caster chants weren't infinite even if it was a wonderful supreme power.

And, even Saber—————couldn't protect her Master with this many opponents.

However,

However, could the attached Servants accomplish co-operation without becoming a dishevelled string?

Manaka: "Just, like I thought! I thought I could make you fit together well!"

I could hear Manaka Sajyou's voice, in the countless sword fights.

Within the countless battles, ah, you even floated a smile.

—————First.

In the crowds of monsters, Archer and Assassin danced.

He continuously released countless arrows, at a time.

He stopped the movements of the keen and nimble beasts.

He crushed their hearts which appeared as a reflection, when he touched the bulky beast's chest with his deadly right hand.

They had figures like they were fighting as they danced, and danced like they were fighting. At every short pause, see, he had consecutively crushed the crowd's soul.

I who sent out my consciousness to Manaka's eyes as she had turn her gaze, had difficulty seeing the 2 Servants who continued to maintain their covert state by using

their high Presence Concealment skill and their Noble Phantasms, however at this moment, I could grasp the two who were scowling at a group of Chimaeras which had become discord, in the interval between their breaths.

The beasts were being vigilant, and gave out roars, in front of the two Servants who suddenly appeared.

My body would've frozen if it was me.

But, they just had no manners and were worried.

It was because they were aware that they themselves and not the beasts were the ones controlling the spot.

In many cases, it was definitely so.

Archer: "Now then, how should we conduct our next move? What should we do about the Master?"

Archer's voice was wandering.

Assassin: "....."

His white mask, which had extended his very long black right arm, couldn't suddenly respond.

Archer: "What is it, goat got ya tongue?"

Assassin: "My right hand is something that beheads only people."

Archer: "I know that. I think I even said that I'm grateful to the one who revealed their Noble Phantasm countless times."

Assassin: "No. My **right hand is passing through** these beasts."

Archer: "Ha?"

Archer shrugged his shoulders not entirely shaking

Archer: "Is this guy, a Chimaera based on a human? Caubac Alcatraz, must be a magus with that kind of bad hobby, huh."

Assassin: "Not clear."

Archer: "Well that's obvious."

Smiling lightly, Archer knocked an arrow onto his bow again.

But his behaviour, which could be said that he didn't have pride in encountering battles, wasn't a lie.

The two Servants began dancing, again.

They brought down the beasts who had a lions limbs and the tail of the snake that usually had twice the thickness, the splendid dance of death made me completely forget to a point, in the middle my consciousness started to tremble in fear against that gut-wrenching statement, which said that the Chimaera's used humans as their basis.

——Secondly.

The marching golems were exhaustively smashing at Manaka and Caster. The multiple bodies of Golems without a heart advanced like an “approaching wall,” even Assassin’s daggers that were thrown like bullets brought them down with a single blow, but it didn’t apply to their knockout combination that was due to their right hand and arrows.

It probably intended to smash them here by overrunning them with its large mass. It thwarted their age of the gods' magic and her natural magic.

They easily pulverised the golems with their prana which was destructive great magic which they activated by taking completely different **opportunities** to chant magical chants which I knew, they spread many large magic circles in the area around Caster, which floated into the sky as she turned her hand in Manaka’s slender fist. Is their power shocking?

No, my reasoning is telling me that it was possible if it was a large-scale destructive greater magic.

The ones who must be truly surprised, especially are doing nothing but simultaneously continually projecting only this powerful magic in this very short time.

If I could completely say it, it was a simultaneous consecutive volley in other words.

Impossible.

As a single magus I didn’t think that I could somehow operate her special move like this, however if it was the rumored “Chelon Battalion.....”

Caster, who is a magus who left her name in legends, uses this Age of the Gods magic. I was completely shocked.

Just my consciousness was speechless.

Even so the ones who didn’t faint, were just in a state where they had become silent?

Manaka: “Hey, Caster. Do you have just a bit remaining on your left side?”

Caster: “Yeah it seems so, Manaka. That is probably severe, however I thought that I’d leave it to the two men.”

It might be because they have an important role in the two girls’ exchange, as it was securing Manaka and Caster’s quiet reasoning in their conversation.

Ahh, that’s true.

A group of golems reappeared on the right side.

Was it because of my high vantage point, that I understood the state of the whole hallway more well than when I was on the surface?

I too———wasn’t the first to fly in the sky.

Was it Rider or an aircraft, without it being something due to magic?

It was that sort of thing.
Since I hadn't studied flying magic that used a broom.

No.

It was completely different.

The one that said people had the means to conquer the skies and hold it in their hands, was surely lying.

Did I have a feeling about the one who was said to be dancing in the sky, floating in mid-air like this———

Her body was light just like feathers, did it have a connection to as I could hang onto Caster with magic similar to increasing your weight against this body which belonged to me, no, Manaka now.

It was enough to be held like this, with one of Caster's slender arms.

Manaka: "But, everyone, is amazing."

Manaka's voice.

It was cheerful, like she was merry.

And brilliant.

It was in that beautiful girl's still tone, even while receiving some in the group of spread out magic spells.

Manaka: "Even though we're at enough of a disadvantage that it's interesting, see, we're becoming superior enough that it's fun."

———Thirdly.

The man-made killer automatons disappeared before the traces of Saber's sword. The group of automatons probably immediately severed intruders in 3D movements which are possibly difficult to perceive to an ordinary person, and attacked while crawling the walls and ceilings at will.

At that moment, all of those blades that reminded me of a "spider" if we were talking about just appearances, then could be said that it had a small globe-shaped body like a joke, against its metallic 8 legs which were composed of extremely long sharp blades itself.

At that moment.

It was sliced in two by a brilliant light.

Did she crush each one?

No.

No.

It wasn't so.

The Spider dolls were skilfully severed and gathered several bodies, with just one swing of her attacking sword.

It was something due to her “sword” shaking off wind prana.

There was a beauty, conspicuously standing in the hallway.

Was it a feeling, or a wish———

The traces of a golden sword which had a shine filled with something precious dispersed the spiders.

Saber:“Haaa!

It was a sharp exhalation.

A simultaneous flash.

Sliced in two.

Saber had no words.

She only just continued to brandish her sword like that which was a combat machine.

Even if her breath slipped out a bit, her words weren’t necessary.

The howling mad Chimaeras were done in by Archer and Assassin, and the marching Golems were mowed by Caster.

Could he say it, until he achieved his duty?

Certainly, it was according to Saber’s judgement.

That’s why, the 4 Servants that were right there, could already **be interpreted as cooperating.**

I think———I noticed it again in Manaka’s eyes which floated in the sky, while sensing the situation where the fragments of the spider dolls which held strange light metals reflected and shined despite it having metallic properties, as the beautiful traces of her sword which remained a bit in the room as an arc of light remained in her eyes.

If there were no people that could be called an enemy, already, to these 4 Servants.

Would they who were there on the surface be something that couldn’t be crushed?

No, it wasn’t that sort of thing.

Regardless of their mysterious presence.

Surely, they were probably crushed like this, even the invading battleships and fighter aircraft would become a tank division for example, numerous military forces brought civilization to mankind.

They were people who brought absolute death, they will entirely destroy the ones that I provide.

It wasn’t just one Servant.

It was the largest, greatest “party” composed of heroes.



—————«The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz»is dominated by countless monsters.

—————A fact that must be especially mentioned, regarding a type of Chimaera said to be living there.

In the past, there were people who challenged the labyrinth up till now.

There are also examples of people who were called explorers and so-called grave robbers that possess a degree of magical knowledge if they were the latter.

Therefore, this matter is something that I brought up because—————of what the few survivors that were in the latter people said—————although they died later after they spoke of this information.

Did the fellow travellers who must've lost their lives after getting caught in certain traps, in the past, attack the survivors, by appearing from behind them in that instant? At the earliest those figures had recorded remarks stating that they weren't beings that could be called human.

With a body like a lion, and a tail like a snake.

They resembled the form of a Chimaera, a magical beast that exists in Greek Myths.

In other words, it itself is the name of a synthetic beast that is controlled by its master in the "animal department" of the Mages Association.

It is highly possible that a magical mechanism exists that allows you to alter humans. It could change humans into monsters.

The specific method is still unclear, but it is hypothesised that the interior cause I fear appears to correspond with a planetary magic circle.

Was it due to Mr. Alcatraz's design who was the true dungeon master, or was it intended by the current **manager** that went and re-designed them?

In the past, a reference concerning the mechanism or curse which changes humans into monsters absolutely didn't exist, in the«The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz's»group information that was spoken of as a legend.

In that case, is it worth seeing if it wasn't by Mr. Alcatraz's design?

At this present point it is still unclear, but it is a precious material in order to proceed with this reasoning.

If there was, just one thing that I have to say.

To this «Labyrinth»———

It can be said that **human trespassers** are only a kind of composite raw material.





Gently, in the hallway of the 3rd floor of the «Labyrinth» after having massacred all of the different kinds of monsters.

I, who was there in a corner of Manaka's body which landed while being held up by Caster, further strongly sensed the presence of the 4 Servants.

Until a few hours ago, even though my partner could entrust her heart and body to Servant Saber, it was different now.

Archer, Assassin, Caster.

There was no mistake that the 3 of them were Manaka's **comrades** surely.

At least, at this present point.

Manaka: "Oh. Oh? Even though I thought it was a good lively beast, that was a Chimaera wasn't it?"

Archer: "Right."

Assassin: "Hm."

Both the bow user and the assassin each nodded, to the girl's words.

Manaka: "Furthermore, what's this? Did they tamper with humans and forcibly change them into the form of this kind of Chimaera?"

Archer: "Right."

Assassin: "Hm."

Manaka: "Well then.....It's regrettable, but I can't make them into ingredients."

I knew Manaka dropped the power of her shoulders.

She seemed very disappointed.

If I tried to think about it, surely the ones who had suitable parts for ingredients were among the monsters that we encountered in the hallway fight which were just Chimaeras.

That's why, no matter what, we mustn't eat metallic spider automatons and stone golems.

Manaka: "If I had cooked that thing, could I even call it cannibalism, this is something that has become quite strange. I can't let you eat such a thing, Saber."

Saber: "I don't mind, Manaka."

The swordswoman who was clad in blue and silver nodded.

The one who let out a stern gaze, wasn't the reason that she had lost the chance to acquire ingredients.

Saber: "Furthermore, I actually finally feel an unsavoury presence within this labyrinth. More than the Subcategory Holy Grail, this might be something that doesn't belong in this world here."

Caster:“The labyrinth was a disgusting thing, which people have been making since the days of Daedalus. My cute little knight.”

The ancient magus modestly stirred.

Ah, did she have a deeper knowledge than the others regarding this sort of labyrinth or maze?

Saber:“.....I won't deny it, Caster.”

The swordswoman nodded, turning with just her gaze.

Suddenly, I embraced the inappropriate thoughts.

I'm alone with 4 Servants.

The magus girl who surely was a genius, and Heroic Spirits who were endowed with mighty power.

They naturally said words to me, and I floated facial expressions.

If I was gazing at the exchange like this, it was too natural, and I was getting excited, even delusional, that I had comrades who were challenging the same «Labyrinth»like this that I had long before.

For example, I even embraced that kind of delusion too, it was like exchanging a wine cup with one hand in an outskirt pub that had returned the proprietary rights of the relic that I was hunting for.

I unconsciously started to forget.

The feeling of nervousness I had at that time.

I had a feeling that death was right next to me.

.....forget.

No.

No.

Impossible.

Like I thought, absolutely NO!

Although I want to forget, I won't forget, and I shouldn't forget even that sort of thing in my lifetime.

Even I who barely existed as just a fragment of my awareness, could call and remember my memories.

It was just a little incident from before.

The words that Manaka mentioned with her very gentle voice, as she turned to Caster who had just defeated the boss of the 2nd floor reception hall.

Manaka: “Prana. You've consumed so much, are you okay?”

I would've probably fainted 3 or 4 times, with that one word that Manaka who was using the body that originally belonged to me emitted.

On the other hand,

Manaka was certainly smiling, and wasn't scared or startled.

Despite taking it as **provocation**.

Certainly, Caster's prana supply which was destroyed by her rapidly-firing her huge magics at all of the dozens of murdering bugs was something huge, but even if it were so if I told her the honest truth.....

At the same time, it would seem like I'd be implying something by telling her, "If you had a bit of prana remaining I could even immediately cut you into two thanks to Saber."

Without answering immediately, how much of Caster's true motives would return a smile?

I was doing my best to risk my life by closing her unclosing eyelids, but Manaka didn't wholly close her eyelids, I was looking at her beautiful shape of her chin and her glamorous well-shaped lips.

I could tell Saber was nervous as she was protecting Manaka from the unexpected situation by standing in the back.

A critical situation———

It was a desperate situation.

It was a lethal situation.

Everything will end if Caster gets enraged.

I could guess.

Even if a fight occurred.

Even if Saber, who would be cut down by Caster at the end, would remain in this place, and at that time, Manaka and I would've completely disappeared.

I prayed.

To something besides God.

I resented my old body which had become like the custom of going to church on the weekend.

And then.

Ruthlessly shaking the dice of fate———

Caster: "The girl is certainly right about this."

———He was probably still a Servant who was a little bit untrustworthy.

As his white skull mask emerged from the darkness, **he** continued as such.

If there was any piety completely remaining in me, I would look at that ominous mask, ahh, I wouldn't doubt that it was the advent of an angel.
Of course, he wasn't an angel.

His class which was extremely specialised in assassination and secrecy, he was a Heroic Spirit that manifested as Assassin.
The thing that tied my life and Manaka's, was truly, that one word which was brought out by him.

Assassin: ".....I guess so."

Several seconds later.
Caster nodded a bit.

Caster: "I wonder if it's good to think that he has no hostile intentions. You're a courageous young lady."

It was a quiet response.
Keeping her cool her words, were a hypothesised conversation which included her present nature
Archer showing himself saying "So this proposed alliance is going ahead?", was immediately after that.

Like this, we—————
No.

The party which consisted of just Manaka and 4 Heroic Spirits, could mutually complement each other with their own faulty actions and traits that was in this «Labyrinth», and entirely agreed to the proposal of a "temporary alliance," which said that they will travel and capture it together till they were right in the middle of the 4th floor.

Our motive was one word that was certainly brought by Manaka first.
Furthermore I thought whether I successfully completed the remark that became the figure of an angel, err rather, Assassin?

Even if I recognised our temporary alliance, they were people who were essentially the Heroic Spirits had been gathered to equally fight each other, and it is evident that it had become an carried out exploration through the «Labyrinth» while **ascertaining** whether there would be a compromise regarding our situation concerning how far this alliance will go, would they show me what is inside of their hands?

I shouldn't wish for such things like delusional cooperation, in that case.
Would I be able to match them in struggling along to the innermost part of the «Labyrinth»without their cooperation?

My worries.

Needless worries.

Those were smashed by the low resounding voice that came through the white mask.
What did I do?

The Heroic Spirits had to make me realize that they were heroes.

Right, Assassin revealed himself to the other 3 Servants with the tone of his voice, and his really “obvious” accent.

Surely he was for sure a Heroic Spirit who even if he wasn’t an angel.

Assassin: “The various **techniques** possessed by my body.....will be useful in this kind of labyrinth, anyway, there are too many people who couldn’t comprehend my deadly miracle. Therefore I’ll willingly accept our alliance this time.”

It couldn’t be, I thought.

Even so it was a matter that I couldn’t hesitate about.

From his own voice, he revealed one part of his Noble Phantasm ability, although!

However I heard that Servants summoned by a certain kind of **adjustment** applied to the Fuyuki Holy Grail which is the original of the Subcategory Holy Grail are blended with evil beings called “Anti-heroes” who are not Heroic Spirits, ahh, I think that Assassin wasn’t like that.

In truth, the Noble Phantasm wielded by him like this—————produces a copy of an opponent’s heart which has been touched by his irregular long extended black arms, while his special move which erases the opponent by an effect which destroys it resembling sympathetic magic—————was truly according to his own words.

Archer: “.....He’s a shocker. He’s speaking quite honestly, but the Assassin's master is also here.”

Assassin: “Of course, I’ll reveal everything about me.”

Archer: “Ha. Well that’s probably right.”

I wasn’t even relying on our alliance.

The nervousness came from the continuation of Archer and Assassin’s conversation
Even so, Assassins snap judgement divulged a lot of information about him, that it wasn’t my imagination that he had extended his influence on the other 3 Servants.

Perhaps it was a result of having proceeded through the«labyrinth »individually until roughly the 2nd floor , but I had to think that they couldn’t get to their own abilities without recognising even a yes or no about it until they couldn’t talk about their Noble Phantasms.

I want to infer that it’s the former as long as I can.

I wanted to think that the Assassin was a noble person.

The one who was clearly showing his Noble Phantasm, even if it was comparing the information about the other 4 Servants current states, was just him.

Saber

In order to understand——that her own wish couldn't be granted with the Subcategory Holy Grail, she stands on the『Destroy』position regarding the Subcategory Holy Grail.

【Specialty】 Strong, and has high sustainability. Also has a powerful trump card. Avoiding traps with intuition is OK too.

【Weak Point】 Has a Master

【Noble Phantasm】 Strike Air: Bounded Field of the Wind King, Holy Blade (Ability is unclear)

Archer

One of the Servants in this Subcategory Holy Grail War.

He has been automatically summoned by the Subcategory Holy Grail, so he has no Master.

Stands on the『Destroy』position regarding the Subcategory Holy Grail.

【Specialty】 Thievery, Scouting Strides + Long Distance Attacks + Subversive Activities.

【Weak Points】 Concerns about Prana Supply, many simultaneous close combat battles are a weak point for him.

【Noble Phantasm】 Hiding? (True name is unknown)

Caster

One of the Servants in this Subcategory Holy Grail War.

Has no Master.

Stands in the『Obtain』position regarding the Subcategory Holy Grail

【Specialty】 Diverse and powerful magic. Is extremely powerful against groups.

【Weak Points】 Concerns about Prana Supply = insufficient sustainability

【Noble Phantasm】 ???

Assassin

One of the Servants in this Subcategory Holy Grail War.

Has no Master.

Stands in the『Obtain』position regarding the Subcategory Holy Grail

【Specialty】 Running explorations and Infiltrating facilities + a deadly blow against the systems of human enemies (Noble Phantasm)

【Weak Points】 Concerns about Prana Supply, Weak point are monsters without hearts

【Noble Phantasm】 Zabaniya: Delusional Heartbeat

Would I become a form like that if I reconfirmed the 4 Servant's current condition even if I ought to place Assassin's nobility for the present?

Even if I, who was an amateur against the Holy Grail War and Heroic Spirits, saw it with my eyes, they could immediately grasp that they could get a remote advantage regarding the search of the «Labyrinth» by becoming a party.

Saber, more than anyone, threw up Manaka's possible survival with the other 3 Servants.

Archer and Assassin, dropped the frequency that they could prevent their hands from going to the crowds of weak monsters.

Caster was supplemented by her companion's insecurities about her sustainability.

If our search and travels of the «Labyrinth» can capture our first objective, then I could say that our alliance is a good method after all.

Manaka was successful in capturing it splendidly.

If it was me, I would probably just be crushed by anything and everything including my mind and soul at this point calling for Caster first, this girl who is treating my body as her own, wouldn't hesitate a bit.

On the contrary.

Something that was because of our decided alliance, is always a good situation.

It didn't change even now, capturing this huge hallway where we had sighted our biggest obstacle on the 3rd floor.

Manaka: "For 4 Servants to be friendly with each other, this is a first for me."

She seemed happy from the bottom of her heart.

Brilliant, softly, cheerfully, she floated a smile that was like a flower.

Archer: "Well that manner of talk, that I hear, feels like we'd be on good terms even if there weren't four Servants. Are you maybe planning, in some respects, to be the winner of the Subcategory Holy Grail War?"

Manaka: "Fufu. I wonder about that."

Manaka tilted her head slightly, to the bow user's words.

Assassin: "Whatever it is we were struck by the great girl's eyes. Ah, getting out in front of Caster has left me defenceless."

Manaka: "Caster is so pretty."

Manaka shook her neck several times, to the masked man's words.

Caster: "Hearing you say that makes me happy, Manaka. But, is it bad to forget? Because each of our objectives vary regarding the Subcategory Holy Grail, we'll be fighting each other at the very end. Negligence is taboo."

Manaka: "Yes I see, that's right."

Manaka suddenly consented with the witch's words.

Saber:“.....Whatever it is, your body is safer than anything. Master.”

With regards to one of Saber's words who finally restored her holy sword————

Manaka:“Thank you, Saber.”

It was one of her gentle smiles.

Ah, incredible.

If it was me, despite wanting to think each hour about her reply to one of the Servants, you would give an answer without hesitating.

It's also good if I confirm it to an extent.

Let's assess her.

Manaka.

Manaka Sajyou.

You who showed an unchanging smile, to heroes and to monsters too.

The world of the girl called you, surely, probably had nothing to be scared of————



And then, it was an entire day after our chance meeting in the middle of the 2nd floor.

About half a day from our hallway battle.

The party of Manaka and the 4 Heroic Spirits, steadily proceeded with their walk in the 3rd Floor of the «Labyrinth».

Clearly on the first floor, not just counting the strength and quantity of the monsters, there were super difficult passageways with puzzles and magic, traps due to magic, trapped treasure chests and the cursed items inside those treasure boxes.....in the centre it jumped up in the degree of capture from the 2nd floor, as Archer and Assassin went ahead sensing and disabling traps, Saber continued to protect Manaka and Caster who became the rear guard, suitably dealing with the monsters' dispositions on the spot and constructing battle formations like a while ago since they were in combat now.

Most likely, the capture of the 3rd floor passageway must've ended halfway at this present point.

I was certain that we could reach the reception hall, which must have a boss waiting to receive us tomorrow.

Right, I was in a corner of Manaka thinking about the target.

Manaka: "Whaat?"

Manaka raised her voice at the start.

Without having to say it, the one who noticed was ahead of Assassin and Archer.

It was possible for Saber, who was said to have the intuition skill according to Manaka, to sense different figures with her clear awareness.

The one who spoke of the existence of steam, was Caster.

Did she sense the active fire and flames with magic?

I, who was currently separated from my body and senses, also finally understood.

Beyond Manaka's gaze, the thing which drifted from the centre of the stone passageway in the «Labyrinth».

In other words....

Manaka: "This is, steam right?"

Caster: "Poison is also possible, Manaka."

While personally covering her mouth with one hand, Saber diligently protected the girl.

Archer: "No, this is different from any type of poison."

Archer shook his hand.

Assassin: "Oh. Are you acquainted with poisons, Archer?"

Assassin turned his mask.

Archer: "Hahaha. I wonder. By the way, aren't you the one who should be class-wise somewhat better than me at poisons **as it is your main profession**? Isn't it Master Assassin?"

Assassin: "There are also people who excel with poisons, but unfortunately I'm average."

Archer: "I'm kinda interested which level doesn't seem average....."

Caster: "Both of you gentlemen, since I don't care for it by all means. Can you determine what this is?"

Archer: "Yeah Yeah"

Caster: "Forgive me."

The two male Servants, in accordance to Caster's words who quietly didn't say yes or no yet.

The one who told the two Servants their scouting/reconnaissance sure enough, the person who manifested as a **spirit helper** who knew about the kinds of treasure chests that continued to be politely established in a certain meaning, was it the care done by the creator of made-up this《Labyrinth》, or their sarcasm, or their playfulness, or their defiance?

The room's architectural style, which resembled one from the ancient western world, was even the same as the reception hall and corridors.

Amplly swaying, was a large mass of water.

Should we say that it's hot water since it's warmer than cold?

The steam which gently coiled around her body, hair, and limbs was sent from here.

In other words————

Manaka:“This is? A hot spring? ”

Lovely, first Manaka tilted her neck.

Saber:“Yes, it's like a large public bath.”

Caster:“I heard that there's a form of a bath like this in the Roman Empire but...”

Saber nodded, to Caster who muttered it, seemingly desiring it.

The one who opened his mouth next was Assassin.

Assassin:“This seems to be like my Paradise the mountain palace.”

As he scooped up the hot water.

Assassin:“Fumu I see, it appears that this model has some prana put into the hot water. You could say, it's a magical spring of sorts.”

Archer:“At any rate I'm grateful for it. There ain't any monsters too, does that mean that we can supply ourselves with prana?”

While proposing this Archer looked around at everyone.

A strange gap happened in an instant.

It was a time where no-one and nothing could respond.

It's a bit of 2 seconds.

2 seconds which felt awfully long.

Someone thought that they would decide the **course of events** from this, with someone who emitted his words next.

No, I thought.

It was conviction.

And, the one who gently opened their cherry blossom lips, ahh, had further conviction for the thing that she already decided on.

Manaka:“Fufu, it's fine.”

Of course the one who said that was Manaka.

Archer:“I just thought of that too! It's unsatisfying just wiping off our sweat”

Manaka:“Then it's decided right.

Saber:“P, please wait a minute. We must be calm. Even if we become naked in this ‹‹Labyrinth››something might.....”

Although Saber more or less objected to it.

It already couldn't be helped, because the course of events had already been decided.

Manaka: ———Exactly, Saber you seem to be put in the split between the boys and girls see, there's a rock partition.

Saber: ———Manaka. It'd be a problem if there was an attack while we were releasing our armaments.

Caster : ———You mustn't lie, Saber. Even if we didn't take a short pause somewhat you'd still be armoured.

Saber: ———T-That's not the case, but Caster! It's also possible that a kind of water demon is in there too!

Assassin:———You may treat me however you like.

Don't I mind?

Caster :———No, I'm fine with it too.

Manaka:Fufu, we currently have 2 votes.

Assassin: ———I don't mind at all either.

Archer: ———Me too.

Manaka: Then, it's been decided.

Although, it was Saber who kept saying something until the end.

At the end of the day, I couldn't stop Manaka from going further ahead whilst pulling her hand which was concealed in armour, and I couldn't stop the girl's curiosity from saying that she wanted to savour the hot spring and suddenly showing her figure in the ‹‹Labyrinth››filled with dangers.

It had become like that.



Manaka: "This is the first time I've entered a bath with this many people like this!"

Saber: "I-Is, that so?"

Manaka: "Eh?"

Girl and girl.

Or rather Magus and Heroic Spirit.

Was it cheerfulness that I was feeling or carelessness from the two's conversation?

Manaka: "It's the first time I've entered one with just girls. Fufu, although there are lots of things to be worried about in this «Labyrinth», it's also given me many wonderful firsts too."

Saber: "You're a pure girl aren't you, Master"

Manaka: "Oh, but Saber, aren't you the same way too?"

Saber: "I wonder."

Manaka: "Your skin, your body, are so pretty. If there was something called "purity" in this world, then it would definitely be you, Saber!"

Cheerful————

She had a girl like cuteness, or innocence.

Ephemeral.

Like a flower.

Even if they carried it out under the splendid name of supplying themselves with prana, ahh, it which was release from those girls' naked bodies submerged in the warm spring hidden with prana, up till now, I couldn't help feeling like there was something more from having seen stuff when we explored the «Labyrinth».

She was beautiful.

I associated myself as the master of this garden of proudly blooming flowers.

Caster: "Could it be that you were somehow slowly soaking in the hot water like this? Although it's not difficult for me to keep clean with magic, the sweet sense of gliding into the hot water on my body is another matter."

Manaka: "I wonder if it affects the passage of time, Caster."

Caster: "Yes, Manaka. You're quite good."

I was shocked by Caster's beauty, who was unfastening her hood.
If I could see it from my mouth, even if I predicted that there would definitely be beautiful girls, the impact is different from seeing the real thing like this.
Her long stretched out hair, the same coloured eyes, and her body concealed by her comfortable robe.

I was aware of my own former immature body that had become Manaka's, which was naturally, filled with a girl's charm which perfected everything about her.
If I received even just 10% of that charm, then I would do various things, too, like this.....

Manaka: "Saber"

I turned and faced Saber, with just my gaze.
I could only see what I tried to see, the thing that Manaka could see, because the one who had the power to control this body was absolutely Manaka.
That's why I could see Saber's figure this time.

Her body was different from Caster.
Her body which smoothly matched the word lovely for sure, was that of a girl older than Manaka's, and I couldn't possibly see the strong swords woman's body which could sever all of her formidable enemies while completely wielding her Holy Sword.

Even if I slightly felt her flexible muscles as they were under her body, her white body was to the point that I could let out a sigh like I could do the same with Manaka and Caster.

Even the girls admired it.



Right, woman.

Her naked body, which is a girl's itself, who must've been the King Arthur that was spoken in legends.

Manaka: "You really, really truly a girl aren't you, it's a weird feeling.....no, it'd be rude to call it weird. But, it's somewhat amazing. Yes, amazing....."

Her breath and voice leaked out from my lips.

Although I thought it was mine, no, it was Manaka's murmur.

I stared at Saber, who was soaking in the hot water that was up to her shoulders.

Staring

Staring.

Manaka: "Won't you give me a much better look?"

Saber: "Y, you mustn't Manaka. Please don't stare at me like that!"

Manaka: "No?"

My upturned eyes.

Saber: "It troubles me....."

Manaka: "But, we're both fellow girls, aren't we? Even though there's no need to be embarrassed? It's okay, isn't it?"

With a stare, stare.

Manaka approached her.

Ah, I thought that I couldn't stop this already, as Saber, who had some sort of idea of what may happen, moved as she rose from the hot water.

Furthermore.

Manaka: "Ei!!"

At the same time, Manaka together with her merry voice grabbed onto Saber's body.

Their bodies were touching each other, flushed and fully soaked in the magical spring.

Ah, they were glued together.

That sensation could never have——— reached me.

My entire body was under Manaka's control, and I also had a sense of sight, sound, and smell, with regards to taste and touch I was on the outside of the mosquito net.

So, I couldn't talk about what sort of tangible things were in this embracing sensation.

Yeah.

I can't talk about it!

Saber:“Master? That is.....”

Manaka:“I decided that I’d be patient, and from myself I wouldn’t touch my Saber. But, yeah, no. Does it no count if I do it to you like this?”

Saber: “Can’t put it to a number? W, What are you saying Manaka————”

The bewildered Saber’s voice responded. The girl’s voices were filled with lots of gaps, which was impossible in this《Labyrinth》filled with death.

Anyway with the two male Servants on the opposite side of the distant huge rock, I thought about whether one or two words slipped out because Caster was restraining Manaka’s jokes, but should I talk about whether or not it was surprising.

Caster:“Next I’ll give you a feel, Saber. Ah, that’s right. I wonder if I should prepare a large towel or even a **white dress** for you to use.”

Saber:“C, Caster, Damn you!”

Manaka:“A dress sounds good. It will suit Saber really well!”

Saber:“Manaka!?”



————《The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz 》which has been seen to be impossible for people to roughly travel through.

————If so, who is the being that controls this den of thieves?

The current conclusion states that beings that have a performance which is more than human’s are the only ones who can challenge it.

It is absolutely not an absurd story.

Even without taking into consideration Mr. Caubac Alcatraz’s **lineage** who at this point was the original creator of this labyrinth, when he was in this world, he could exist as a distinct entity who was a superhuman being.

That one is also a Phantasmal Species.

And, the Heroic Spirits who possess power are essentially “Guardians” so they’re uncommon.

Us Magi had obtained a way to restrict those Heroic Spirits who must be a being that can’t be reached by human hands.

It is the Subcategory Holy Grail.

The countless fake Holy Grails which were made using the Greater Grail that was said to have existed in Fuyuki City, in the Far East as its basis, were established for summoning Heroic Spirits with a form under a condition called the Subcategory Holy Grail War.

In that case, what's the meaning of carrying out the Subcategory Holy Grail War in this «Labyrinth»?

Was there a purpose for travelling this «Labyrinth» with these summoned Heroic Spirits?

My reasons were understandable.
But, I've been left with huge doubts.

For the new labyrinth creator who is not Mr. Alcatraz, if I had a purpose myself for controlling this «Labyrinth» to begin with———on this occasion where I've installed the Subcategory Holy Grail in the centre of the 4th floor, won't that mean that I've achieved my goal already?

I'm waiting for further additional information.

Be that as it may, some days have passed **since closing the mouth** on the «Labyrinth» already.

But it'd be good if my disciple who entered the «Labyrinth» before me, as well as my outside workers too, were safe.



???: “Interesting. It's possible to reach the 4th floor without one Servant absent, among all 4 of them.”

In the darkness, the shadow spoke.

Whether those words were directed to someone, was unclear.

Was he speaking to himself?

Or was it a report to a person who granted his voice somewhere that wasn't here?

???: “Did she summon a very powerful Heroic Spirit? Or, did they excel at cooperation? At any rate it's going according to calculations, controlling the 3rd floor

without just one Servant's sacrifice? Would that Master's pseudo existence even surely work with an accidental component?Well it's fine. What's that?"

In the darkness, the shadow spoke.

While bleaching the pale light red magic lamps, with his pale body until it was strange.

???: "I pray for your arrival with you souls still in tact, Guardians."



And then.

We struggled on into the reception hall which was in the middle of the«labyrinth» 3rd floor.

The boss monster who was waiting to receive them in there—————

It was like a Phantasmal Species.

It was like a Chimaera.

I could see that it seemed to function as a man-made machine doll.

It's entire body which was endowed with overflowing prana, it's physical characteristics which resembled a snake, reptile, and bat mixed together, and its four strong legs that were covered by scales that were equal to heavy metal armour.

If I could say something just about it's form, then it had a figure that really resembled a "dragon" that was in legends all over the world.

The being that I saw as I wrenched open the heavy metal door slightly as we continued to the reception hall, the feelings that I, expressed at first, manifested as cowardice which was like me somehow or other, as well as despair, acceptance, and regret.

Without involving the 4 Heroic Spirits who thought they were invincible right beside me, I felt death again.

—————A dragon.

DRAGON.

A being that was never an enemy to humans.

It was the greatest demon to all of the people above ground, a blade belonging to anyone couldn't reach it besides a hero's blade , and only some hero could defeat it.

An absolute illusion.

Although the one in there was a “dragon” itself, It was a man-made monster which imitated it.

If I have to say it, it’s a dragon golem



Hey, did you hear that?

My Saber.

My Arthur Pendragon.

I did a lot of things in this《labyrinth》when you weren’t here.

And there was a female holy sword user who was clad in blue and silver just like you, it was you but not you.

I played with monsters a lot, and I also did a lot of cooking.

And I added, to my repertoire.

But despite being lonely, despite being sad I endured it.

I endured it.

No, Saber.

I’ll tell you the truth.

Although I was sad, so sad, and lonely, that I couldn’t help but always cry out tears.

Right, just a wee bit————

I had fun.

It was fun, I conquered the《Labyrinth》 with Caster, Assassin, and Archer, and with me, that wasn’t you, with me, who was in a body that had become weak like this.

Archer: “What is that here……is that a Dragon?”

Caster: “Although its appearance surely resembles one, no, it’s not entirely a species of dragon. It’s a man-made imitation. Although this one who has a core which resembles a prana powered nuclear reactor core is a great beast, after all it’s a sort of golem.”

Archer: “As expected of Caster, you’re so well-informed.”

Saber: “If it’s a dragon, I have some knowledge. I will stand as the vanguard.”

Assassin: “Well then, Archer and I will continue to protect Manaka in the rear, to divert it”

Archer: "Yeah yeah."

Caster: "Then, shall I function as your protector"

I'm sorry.

Even though you're the only one in me.

Please forgive me.

Because I absolutely wouldn't, be unfaithful to you or something like that.

Aren't you like that?

Besides, there was another result!

I learned one thing in this « labyrinth».

Combining your power with everyone is such—————an incredible thing, right!

Manaka: "Now, taking another breath. Shall we do our best and combine our powers?"





ACT-4

Fate/Labyrinth

—————The girl was falling.

On a certain day in a certain month, at the start of the 21st century.
Somewhere in the world.

In the highly ill-reputed«Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz», which devours all who enter.
In the innermost hall on the 3rd floor.
Protecting the staircase to the final 4th floor was the gallant figure of the Dragon Golem[1].

So, was it hiding a suitable power for the great enemy of the heroes safeguarding the world?

It was a clash between powers.

Sure enough the second advent of legends appeared right there.

On one side, were 4 Servants[2] who were personally legends themselves.

On the other side, was the fake[3] a legend created as a key.

In a sense it was a battle between what's "real" and what's "fake."

A battle to the death between old and new things.

—————I still haven't fallen yet.

The fake dragon that roared absorbed in running its nerve centre which ought to be called a mana core with all of its might, was powerful.

If an ordinary Heroic Spirit was just by himself, their spiritual core probably would've been devoured along with their temporary body.

In a magus' world, as a general rule, old things tend to beat new things.

Even God can comprehend that illusions of the perpetuity of ancient times, and consequently, beings who have lived for an eternity can change into mysteries themselves.

However, it isn't absolute.

It is occasionally possible for an imitation to take down the real thing.

I don't know whether or not I should speak about the Heroic Spirit who wields an invisible sword, at this time.

If this figure which resembles a dragon, has actual combat experience against a Servant, then.....

Right.

It could perform even the worst of its impossible exploits.

The man-made dragon that roared loudly and extended one of its long necks, would've devoured their spiritual core, in the past!

—————I won't fall, yet.

Someone was whistling a marvelous whistle.

It echoed from the mouth of the Heroic Spirit who was firing quick shots from his bow.

The Heroic Spirit who hid his face with a white mask, made himself invisible and melted into the air as he nodded.

The Heroic Spirit who calls herself with a deep blue robe, was floating in the air lightly holding a girl in a dress.

The Bow Heroic Spirit's whistle simultaneously acted as a signal all at once.

Phantasmal Beasts, Chimaeras, and a countless number of lethal magical traps required a certain kind of teamwork that had naturally been brewed in this crawling《Labyrinth》.

It was the most optimum solution by 4 Heroic Spirits.

A distracting magical projection was fired from space.

The fake dragon's aim quickly set on the magic user.

It started setting up its attack.

In that moment, a bow and arrow and a dagger that seemingly pierced the sky, drilled into the fake dragon's sensor.

—————I must not fall yet.

It had produced it for a few seconds.

As they raised their sword which was releasing a golden radiance, the Sword Heroic Spirit dropped it in that moment.

It was a Noble Phantasm

And the release of its true name

Servant: “Ex—————calibur[4]!”

The light.

The light.

Was shining.

The fake dragon disappeared.

The impossible light of the stars on this earth was an illusion which was like it was being completely filled with all things.

The truest most powerful illusion, wielded by the sacred sword of the king.

The girl saw it while continually enduring it.

She endured it, her fear towards the dragon, and the limitations of her mind.

She wasn't going to lose to the sense that she was **plunging** into her own body despite her soul being worn away.

If I was the true owner of this body in this context—————

Then she wanted to show this radiant spectacle to her.

To the false owner of this body.

To Manaka Sajyou.

[1] Dragon Golem: Fake dragon

[2] Servants: Heroic Spirits

[3] Fake: Imitation

[4] Excalibur: The Sword that brings the Promised Victory



And then, I fell.

My consciousness that should've existed just in the small corner of this body———
The one who realised that they were situated in a much higher place, was in the middle
of a battle with the fake dragon.

I was confused, and simultaneously feeling terrible insecurity as I trembled.

My body wasn't my own.

At least for now at this moment it belonged to Manaka.

Were the other 4 Heroic Spirits accompanying me recognising me, I couldn't even
recognise my own existence.

Was I dissatisfied?

Me?

No, that couldn't be the case.

The one who proceeded up till the end of the 3rd floor in this «Labyrinth», was clearly
the one whose magic circuits was neither superior in quality or quantity as my own
bodily specs were higher, and yet my own body which was further than my own being
was truly nothing but a drag to Manaka.

The reason for her was roughly equal to being omnipotent for stopping the true power
of her brand.

I knew it.

In other words, my body was binding Manaka with very heavy “shackles.”

And at the very end of the 3rd floor, those bindings were automatically released
somehow.

Liberation complete.

Easy.

Although I tried to endure it till the last moment, I couldn't endure it.

Having dropped onto the stairway to the final 4th floor after splendidly defeating that
falsely made dragon, Manaka immediately understood what was trying to wake up
from this my own temporary body, after making a face like she realised something, her
face became seemingly disappointed somewhere.

After gazing radiantly at the 4 Heroic Spirits surrounding her.

With mixed signs.
And a brief comment.

Manaka: "Ahh, that'd be right."

But first she spoke to herself.
Were they perhaps words addressed to me?
No, that's not it.
That wasn't it.

Manaka: "I'm sorry, Saber. Although, I thought that I had to destroy the Holy Grail, it seems it wasn't meant to be. I didn't completely understand those things. It was, well, a special time to me."

With just a bit of troubled manners.
To the Heroic Spirit who had the form of a girl—————
After smiling gently at Saber who walked the same life as her beloved.

Manaka: "It was truly a short period of time. And I'm slightly disappointed about it."

—————Without leaving any trace, she disappeared from my body.
—————Without leaving any trace, she disappeared from my world.

She had completely.....
Disappeared.....

I probably didn't know the reason for how it happened.
There was no way I was naturally omnipotent if it weren't from my own experiences of studying at the Clock Tower, and my other meagre magic circuits were at the level where it would be impertinent to call myself a magus, I only had this passive **vision** that wouldn't function at will with my one consciousness.
Even if my books which were packed with important knowledge left behind by my grandfather were helpful at times with regards to mysterious ancient ruins, on top of dropping all of my bags near the entrance of this «labyrinth, »I was in a futile long situation where I couldn't move my body.

I hadn't turned one page of my books.
So, I just had nothing left to fall on.

Gravity.
Gravitational Pull.

My consciousness was thinking about those sorts of physical words like that.

From a place that I didn't know about somehow, I fell and directly hit my own body. Into my empty body where Manaka wasn't in it.

Directly.
Thump.

Saber: "What's wrong, Master.....Manaka?
???: "Eek."

A strange voice came out.
Saber who had received Manaka's last words was examining her seeming worried————

Ahh.

It was a long-awaited sensation.
In actuality it had only been a few days.

I grasped my surroundings with my vision, with my eyes, with my body in a situation where I had regained complete control.
The King of Knights who had the form of a girl and was clad in blue and silver armour was immediately beside me.
The 4 Servants looked at **me** all at once.

It wasn't just Saber.
Archer who was equipped with leather armour with an underlying green tone, Assassin who was a hero who wore a white mask that imitated a skull, Caster who was looking back at me whilst wearing an elegant smile on her mouth, all four of them who didn't belong to the《Labyrinth》which was a deadly garden noticed my abnormal behaviour.
I was Manaka Sajyou.

Now, I have completely regained my body as myself.
The girl in the green dress was already nowhere to be found.
Although, I think my physique itself resembles the girl's.
Her platinum hair was also nowhere in my eyes.

She was a completely different person.
Just like how I exchanged places with Manaka, they probably saw the individual called me as I appeared.
This me, whose hair was dyed bitter orange and bundled into a ponytail.
An egg of a special engineer who has travelled around various ruins as an **explorer** who resembled a grave robber.

For generations, the Mages Association has acted as the main trading partner for magic users.

If I spoke about the manner of the association would I be an outside conspirator?
Although I can declare that I had an equal relationship with my grandfather, because he was a dignified person.
I didn't have a bit of magical ability whatsoever, as a researcher of mysteries.
I didn't stand chance against Heroic Spirits who had carved their name onto the history of humanity becoming legends.

Archer: ".....Hey hey, little lady. Who the hell are you?"

Archer tilted his head.

Assassin: "Even the type of magic that you can change your form with is something strange."

Assassin was acting similarly too.

Caster: "She's a different person. Even the state of her magic circuits are different. Ancient magic that changes the phases between right and wrong, is roughly impossible if it's done by modern mages, even if it's an act similar to magic.....I wonder if it was our exaggerated presence that activated it."

Caster had already started to grasp the feeling of my situation.

And then, Saber.....

Without behaving chaotically, she just stared, directly at me with her blue green eyes.

Saber: "You....."

She called out to me.

It was a challenging word.

Standing petrified like this, I, who was not Manaka, was being asked "who are you?"

I'll answer her.

Yes, I must answer.

I was thinking about whether I should properly tell them about my situation somehow, but with the entirety of what was just inside of my head, I already didn't have the leeway to honestly say it.

I was also confused.

I was bewildered too.

Since I thought that it was my own consciousness that clung to just a small part of my body, could it be, that this was a bit somewhat like how I expelled Manaka who dropped in from a place that I didn't know about somehow.

Manaka probably went somewhere.

Did she return to her original time, to the world that she lived in?

Surely she did.

More than wishing it was so, if she was released from the shackles called my body then I think that she made a bee-line back to her beloved's side.

Taking back the **thing** that she had placed in that strange one-room mansion that was like the centre of the world, she went back to another place where Saber———the blue-silver king of knights who she loved more than anyone else was.

Right, I mustn't tell them about that.

There was a lot.

That I had to tell them about.

Diligently calm.

Even if Manaka couldn't have done that, I must do it properly.

With one of my words the Servants had decided on how they would grasp it———

If I were perhaps mistaken about it then.....

Had they decided on whether to meddle with me or assassinate me using the traps, demon beasts, or the phantasmal beasts that had been deployed on the 4th floor, I'd probably immediately be killed.

Even if I couldn't think about whether I'd meet that end in concrete detail somehow, it wouldn't be weird for the 4 Servants to stop their temporary alliance and start to kill each other.

Eh.

Eh!?

I.....

Would I be killed?

Ah, ah, that's right.

That's a possibility!

It———wasn't a very unlikely story!

???: "I, I..... I'm....."

Even though I knew that my voice was being drawn out.

Ahh, I'm so pathetic.

If it was Manaka she'd do it more confidently, and it would have a much prettier ring to it.

As I resisted the fear and confusion that was apparently spilling from my lips, I tried to express words to the 4 Servants who were the incarnations of mysteries and illusions. As I pondered, while choosing the contents of my speech in real time.

Desperately.

I was thinking about something so hard, ever since that time when I tried to respond to that problem regarding the raising of a malicious ancient golem that was made in the form of a Sphinx that I had encountered in a remote Egyptian ruin.

That time, I was able to remember the words of that bespectacled woman, who was friendly with my grandfather.

Now.

It's not good.

My irritation started to fill my consciousness.

I'm so scared, so scared, and my face is white as—————

Archer: "Hey Little Lady!"

Archer's voice flew to her ears.

What was it?

Did I do something?

Was it my fault for not offering sharper words?

I'm scared.

I hate this.

I don't want to die, although I probably can't do anything helpful for you, I hate it, and I hate that I'll die from being scared and hurt!

???: "Don't come here."

I might've said.

I know now what kind of situation I was in.

In other words, in that moment when I instinctively slowly backed off, I truly touched the wall with my hands, having forgotten the instructions that Archer and Assassin gave the party which included Manaka just a while ago to "not touch this spot on the wall, because there were a lot of a traps here."

It was already too late when I thought, "Ahh."

I had activated a trap.

The sense of my feet stepping firmly on the stone paving's surface abruptly vanished. I fell without having a method to try, into a huge pit that was opened by the instantly activated floor.

???: “!”

As expected, of a Heroic Spirit.
A Servant.

Instantly Saber and Assassin reached out their hands to me.
Make it in time.

They soundly stopped me from falling.
They had the physical ability and kinetic vision to just do so, and they'd probably pull me up even if I didn't do anything.
So that the other traps didn't activate and start working together, Archer said something again at the same time.
With Caster's less than quick work or rather her single action, she aimed at my coordinates and used levitation magic on me.
I understood everything with my sight that had gotten used to capturing high speed movements during these last few days.

But
But

I was completely defeated.
Despite obviously being supernatural weapons they were also killers who surpassed human wisdom, I was terrified of them.
I was scared about whether they, knowing that Manaka had disappeared, would lead me to some answer at the end of my discouragement.
I wanted to escape from this place even a second faster.
I kicked the wall despite being reckless, rather than grabbing onto their extended hands.

Into the dark pit with its wide open mouth, I willingly————
Fell.....
Alone.....



I was falling

I was falling in the long run.

The one who was said to be falling further “below” to the 4th floor which I expect was the bottommost level of the labyrinth, was none other than me.

The one thing that I understood, was just this actual feeling that I had that said that I was gradually getting further away from the main entrance.

Even though my intestines were rising along with my sense of falling, my sombre feelings were starting to boil.

I understood.

So this is what’s known as, “despair.”

No matter how many metres I fall, I.....

I don’t want to die.

If it could be permitted I wanted to escape this labyrinth and live.

I want to bask my whole body in a hot shower, dry my hair in a hurry, and sleep on top of my bed wrapped up in a soft blanket in my warm room.

I want to go to my favourite café and order my daily special cake, and spend my afternoons carefree on my sunny terrace.

I still haven’t even finished reading through the library that grandfather had left to me.

I wanted to try and make a quiet family like my grandparents did, by meeting a wonderful person.

I want to love a child properly, without sending them off to their married life bankrupt like my father who was just proud of his strange ambition did.

I hate it.

I can’t die.

I don’t care even if I don’t leave my name as a modern day explorer.

God.

God, please.

I’m sorry for quitting Sunday school right in the middle of it.

I promise to go to church on the weekend as much as possible if you let me leave from here safely with all of my limbs attached.

Please.

Please, **don't kill me yet.**

???: "No.....!"

A scream gushed out of my throat.

Straight after that, something hit my back.

It was a huge shock.

As if I expected my body to be in pieces, on the contrary there wasn't much damage.

Had I fallen very far?

It was a brief moment of relief.

A light could be seen just above me————they were the lanterns held by Saber and Archer.

The pit was shutting from both sides with a particularly heavy grinding sound.

Heavy stone cubes were filling the hole.

A magical trap.

Automatic opening and shutting.

If it was Manaka she wouldn't have fallen into the open hole in the floor, and she would've escaped before the floor automatically shut that mouth.

However, I couldn't do it.

Not at all, considering how I obviously fell by myself like this.

Did Saber and the others follow me?

No.

Even if it wasn't impossible, how would they dig down and reach me here through the floor?

It might be possible if they dig a tunnel with Caster's magic, but these kinds of magical traps often take dirty measures.

Rather if it was a ruin that was left behind by an average magus, if it was the Magus, Caubac Alcatraz's «Labyrinth» that was secretly spoken of as a legend, then Caster who controls menacing magic wouldn't have to go and use a rope.

Is it alright to be relieved about that, or should I lament my own foolishness?

Still unable to judge myself I tumbled further,

Right, I should say fell———

This time, I tumbled.

The bottom of the pit was connected to a steep slope, so my body was naturally just falling and tumbling.

My eyes were rolling.

Round, and around.

Since I didn't have the power to stop in the middle of it, I still did the best that I could to take a stance that would at least protect my head with both of my arms.

I fell, and fell.

Turning, and tumbling.

I came to a stop, when I didn't notice how many times I had already tumbled.

???: ".....Uu, ow....."

Pale lights were floating in my view.

What I had arrived at, was a natural cave-like space that differed in appearance from the labyrinth floors up till now.

Thinking that here could possibly hold just a smidgen of hope, was sadly a mistake.

It was unreasonable to mistakenly guess about whether I had escaped this labyrinth by going through some cave, or whether I could go out into the outside world where dangerous Phantasmal Beasts and Chimaeras absolutely didn't exist.

Lights.

Pale sparkles.

I immediately knew that the source of the light was due to working magic, and not Schistostega[1] which becomes a pale light by reflecting the light rays that were flowing in right from the cave entrance.

The floors, walls, and ceilings.

Everything was shining with the crystallised light of prana.

It was definitely a domain of mysteries that couldn't naturally exist under the rule of the physical laws.

???: "I'm still in the «Labyrinth»."

The thing that came out of my lips gliding off of my tongue was my own voice.

Right, it's not Manaka's voice.

I was realizing it even now.

The fact that Manaka had completely parted from this body.

The fact that I had become separated from the heroic, yet tough Heroic Spirits.

???: "I'm alone....."

Would the 4 Servants be able to find me?

I don't know.

I feel like it wouldn't be more than that even if I searched for Manaka.

Surely, my situation hadn't changed from right before I fell down the pit.

If I had been discovered by chance, how would they deal with me, whose existence as Manaka had disappeared?

At any rate, I wasn't a suitable Master for the King of Knights.

Of course I was at least aware of that.

As I began to think this, fear, confusion and uneasiness began to rise up again.

I'm useless.

With me like this.....

I'm not a container that can travel together with mythological and legendary heroes by all means.

Seeing as I had completely lost the equipment that I could just make the best out of, even if I did have some skills and expertise, I don't happen to have the judgement or talent on hand like Manaka does.

???: "Equipment."

The words slipped out.....

.....from my lips.

Suddenly, as if something was waking up while rubbing my limbs that hurt just a bit with the fall and tumbles.

I said it, feeling the weight that I had experienced on my hip belt.

It's a lie.

No way.

???: ".....But, I completely dropped all of it, at the entrance."

One piece of equipment————

There was a presence on a part of my hip at the root of my spine.

As I touched it confirming it with my eyes, I knew that there was something there in my accustomed explorer bag.

There's absolutely no way.

I had lost all of my equipment.

It was for this reason that in my despair I couldn't leave or proceed, thus I was just stranded in the dark-filled «Labyrinth» passageway.

As I looked at the command seal that had emerged on the back of my hand, and with the knowledge that automatically poured into me from there, I knew about the start of the Subcategory Holy Grail War and about the existence of the Subcategory Holy Grail, as I vacantly gazed at the materialising Saber who was right in front of me————

And, Manaka.

You fell into my body.

???: "Manaka."

I think I spoke her name, for some reason.

???: "Should I return it to you?"

There was no basis for it.

It was just a hunch that suddenly rose in the corner of my mind.

I suddenly almost cried.

The helpless isolation, the sad partings, those were guesses and gentle illusions to a **miracle**.

It was also possible taking into account some hard facts that I was in an extremely obsessive life or death situation.

I couldn't stop my vision from gradually blurring.

At the end of the day, I didn't even tell you my name, it's also wasn't true that you had lent me some of your power to enable me to speak with you, and despite that I became a burden to you just by not having an omnipotent body.

What kind of memories did you give me; the truth is I really don't know whether that's true.

I wasn't the least bit special to you.

Even so.

I bit into my lips.

I endured it until I was almost weeping.

I endured until I almost wanted to sob, and I actually just felt the weight of my hips.

Even if I was powerless.....

Even if there weren't many humans there.....

I'll try to do everything that I can possibly do.

There in my palm like this was the equipment that felt familiar to me for a still unknown reason, though there was zero chance of it being the genuine article.

???: "Hang in there!"

Even though there were no people to hear it, my voice slipped out.
After nodding a "yeah" to myself I surveyed the area again————

First is observation.
To grasp my situation.

One thing came flying into my field of vision as I was consciously trying to do so.
Two.

Voices: "Do your best."

Voices: "You're incredible."

Voices: "I think you're amazing."

Voices: "That's good." "Good." "Human." "I love you." "Do your best." "We." "A human who does their best." "Like....." "I like....." "I like....." "The human here." "It's been a while." "Yeah." "I wonder if you got separated from your friends." "Poor you." "Poor you." "Do your best." "Poor you." "Yeah."

One.

No.

Two.

No.

I could see a lot of tiny tiny shadows.

While bathed in faint light————the ones floating in the dark cavern were beings that had a pair of transparent wings that were very similar to an insect's wings.

There were many more of them.

It's a swarm of them.

They could be seen as lovely girls, what were they?

Do they understand our language?

One by one they swarmed at my spot, where I became rigid towards my situation as I opened my mouth dumbfounded.

Like that their wings were dimly shining.

They were the same.

The surrounding crystallised space that built up its shape like a natural cavern, had that pale blue shine and a similar tint.

Perhaps, they were a type of Phantasmal Beast that lived in this area?

If so, then this cavern isn't a part of the《Labyrinth》, could it be a natural thing that carries the same properties as an unexplored region?

Even so, Phantasmal Beasts that speak English?

Sphinxes have established a mental dialogue that doesn't use our language as its voice, although.....

For example, the King of Knights who was a 5th century Heroic Spirit, must've been using the Briton language that they used at that time in Britain as her original language.

As such it was exactly because there was an intermediary called the Subcategory Holy Grail War; that she had been bestowed with the correct language capabilities as she was being summoned as a Heroic Spirit.

But, as she was a proper person at that time, like I thought the language of Britain, might've been much closer to the words that she spoke.

Wouldn't they———be beings that resembled Phantasmal Beasts?

I couldn't assert it since my grandfather didn't have much knowledge on them.

More than having language capabilities, it is likely even possible for them to properly use words according to their partner.

See, I can hear them even now.

Voices: "Are you alright?"

Voices: "Don't be scared."

Voices: "Calm down."

They were making kind words unanimously.

Shes, Hes.

I clearly couldn't tell their genders apart.

They had eyes that were seemingly composed with only very huge eyes more so than a human's, they had smooth limbs that reminded me of a human girl's overall, and their hair appeared to be gently swaying even without the wind.

Their figures, voices, anything and everything about them, was kind.

And gentle.

I———

I was being completely **thoughtless**.

???: "Fairies....."

Saying it, I allowed that single word to ride on the tip of my tongue.

They were beings that usually appeared in animation programs aimed at the general public and picture books directed towards children.

Ahh, despite that I could **recognise** whether fairies were real somehow from a young age!

???: "What pretty, fairies."

I extended my hand to them without knowing if they were fakes.

I made a gesture to them, who were whispering while smiling, to go over there.

No.

No.

This is wrong.

They're completely different from the real ones that I've seen in the unexplored regions of Ireland that my grandfather took me to, I also hadn't gone beyond this part of the «Labyrinth» as this place here had no natural backwoods for certain kinds of demon beasts and Phantasmal Beasts to dwell and hide in, and these beings who're calling out to me with these floating voices aren't even Phantasmal Beasts.

This time, I will definitely completely fall for their trick.

I've lost my judgement thus they're coming closer until they are at a fixed distance.

Even if I screamed out something different from my knowledge and reasoning, I already couldn't stop them.

I presented my hand to them while expressing an ecstatic expression, now——

Fairies: "Bon Appétit."

It was something one would completely say as they were freely being **preyed upon**.

A woman in glasses who was a good customer of my grandfather's taught me it once.

If I had witnessed fairies that had girlish figures like in stories, in all probabilities they weren't the "real deal."

They were fakes.

Not to speak of, when, I had to recognise them as a familiar created by Magi.

And, likewise they are also swarming around my body.

They also have no choice but to magically exist after having encountered them in this «Labyrinth»until now.

They were probably Chimaeras.

It wasn't a discussion about the weird scenery.

Was I who was in a position of being prey already being recognised as a completely neutralised target, as they **opened** their warped faces with a snap, as the fake fairies were attacking me as a "mouth" that sprouted fangs over my whole head.

???: ".....!"

I couldn't cry out.

I was surging with the will to reject in a state where I was bound by some sort of magical effect.



As my posture was in a state where I was holding out of my hand, perhaps, if there was someone who could see me at this moment, they'd probably think about whether I was a huge idiot.

In the final floor of the «labyrinth» spoken of even in the legends of the world of magic, at least in a room that was probably a part of it, if there were idiots here who lost their lives quickly like this whilst travelling from the 1st to 3rd floors.....

Right.

I'm an idiot.

Still unable to move my body, I screamed with fear in my eyes.

???: "Help me."

When the scream was echoing in the cavern, someone was probably being more than half-eaten by the fairy lookalikes.

Fairies: "Thanks." "Thanks." "Thanks." "Thanks." "Thanks." "Thanks." "Thanks."
"Thanks." "Thanks."

Fairies: "For" "For" "For" "For" "For" "For" "For" "For" "For" "For"

Fairies: "The Food!" "The Food!" "The Food!" "The Food!" "The Food!" "The Food!"
"The Food!" "The Food!" "The Food!"

Fairies: "Thanks for the food!!!!"

They simply resounded in shoddy English.

They were tearing up my skin together with my clothes, as I was anticipating flesh gouging pain.

I tightly closed my barely free eyelids, at least, as visual information was being cut off.

However.....

A second, 2 seconds.

Even as 3 seconds passed I wasn't assailed with pain.

???: ".....?"

Slowly, I timidly opened my eyelids.

The one reflected in my still scattering tear-filled gaze, wasn't a cruel monster.

—————They were neither white, nor black.

—————But Gray.

[1] Schistostega: Also known as Goblin's Gold. A term used for luminescent moss.



I didn't die.

I was alive, as I looked at the human who saved me from my absolute predicament. It was a lone girl, who was holding something that appeared to be a huge scythe in one of her hands—————like one that a Grim Reaper in a Baroque painting would carry, and I could also see a weirdly shaped weapon—————something resembling a strange looking "lance."

My impression is Gray.

Was it probably because of the hue of her hood that covered her face that I especially strongly felt as such?

Although the cloak that she wore on her body was black, her image I got from her was grey for some reason.

I didn't really know about her features.

Shadows were visible with just the hood.

If I look right at her mouth that I could barely recognise somewhat, somehow, something like relief was welling up inside of me.

???: "Tha.....nk you....."

For saving me.

She truly saved my life even though it was slipping into death.

If I was relieved about this fact, then while the current me was making a few **misunderstandings**, my lips which had finally become free had moved.

My throat was moving too.

Since my voice, my words had finally become free.
With a thud, in a half collapsed state I check the area.
I didn't know how or when but I seemed to have fallen down again.
It wasn't just the traces of the plunge and fall that left pain all over my body, I had lost a mental battle against the surge of those swarms of fairies, and I was naturally petrified as I was unable to move my body, so was it because I fell on my butt during the fall?

The fake fairies had entirely stopped their actions in general.
Surely, she had probably slashed them with that weapon.
It'd be obvious if she saw the cross section of ruins that had my footprints scattered about in it.

If there were monsters placed to attack intruders that had reached the last floor, she probably had a way to protect herself to some degree, and she in that very short time that I had closed my eyes had managed to accomplish it.



A powerful mystic code?

No, having seen that weapon I think she did it another way.

Mystic Codes operated by magi are indeed powerful, and if they're not super top class, then it can be said that they are also items that can bring missile scaled destruction to the point of being called a modern weapon.

But my eyes recognised that they weren't something to that extent.

I didn't clearly know whether she was hiding it with something, but, first of all there wasn't any doubt about it.

If it was me from before I entered this «Labyrinth», yeah, I can't somewhat declare it like this.

I was allowed to do so from my experiences having seen our **examples** from the 1st floor and 3rd floor.

That was, surely—————a Noble Phantasm.

An ultimate illusion and even incarnation of legends made for Heroic Spirits by Heroic Spirits.

Noble Phantasms are ranked highly and modern magic can't reach it.

That's why, she.....

This grey coloured girl, was surely—————

???: "You're, Lancer right.....?"

A Heroic Spirit.

I hadn't heard of a modern human who could handle a Noble Phantasm.

I heard that there were 4 Servants in all, and I certainly did speak to Saber and the others too, and I believed it to be true as well up till this moment.

But I didn't think that Saber and the other 3 Servants would lie.

It's just that it wouldn't be strange even if an additional Servant was summoned for some reason by the Subcategory Holy Grail.

I had heard a little about the Subcategory Holy Grail.

An omnipotent wish-granting device that's not omnipotent and was made using the Greater Grail that once existed in Fuyuki City, in the far east, as a model.

Although the Fuyuki Holy Grail did establish the magic ritual of the Holy Grail War with a maximum of 7 Servants, and, the greatest number that it is permitted by the Grail which is a subcategory to manifest a Servant is 5 and not 7.

A maximum of 5 Servants.

If so the number fits.

Saber, Archer, Assassin, Caster.

In addition, Lancer.

Lancer: “.....How, can you see that this is a lance?”

???: “Well.....?”

Lancer: “—————”

The girl tilted her head vacantly.

I didn't really know whether she was nodding or shaking her head horizontally.

If it wasn't a lance.

Could it be treated as a lance for the reason that it's not a bow or even a sword?

Could it be that her class is one that I hadn't heard about like a reaper due to her scythe?

I had completely gone through my false impressions, at this point.

I might not if a single human had reached the last level of the labyrinth by herself.

So, I who was Saber's Master, to the girl who was the Servant that saved me like this———if I restrictedly speak of the period up till Manaka vanished from this body which functions as a Master, would it be better to stay silent, I thought.

Right, I didn't know whether I could grasp the 5th Heroic Spirit as a Saber.

Even if all of my command seals had disappeared, I mustn't think about whether it was right to eliminate them if I was a Master, as I think about how I still had a shortage of decisive materials.

???: “I, umm.....”

I thought about what I ought to say.

I thought about what I should say.

My name.

I spoke it, as Manaka always prevented herself from saying it.

Norma: “My name, I'm called Norma.”

Norma Goodfellow.

It was something that was mine and mine alone.

It was precious, as my beloved grandfather gave me that name.

It was a strange sensation.

In this body which wasn't mine up till a wee while ago, I, as such told her the name which this body should've originally possessed.

It wasn't even Saber's, or Manaka's.

However even those two protected this life, and to the girl that I just met for the first time.

Norma: "I came here, on request of the Mages Association. And....."

Lancer: "..... I, we seem to have the same objective."

Norma: "Is that so?"

Lancer: "Yes. I think mine isn't very different from yours."

The girl nodded again.

Although I felt that there was a very large difference between me who was only a human being and her who was a Heroic Spirit, I couldn't necessarily point it out beforehand.

If we had talked a lot, it'd be easy to imagine that the thoughtless me would've probably cried in large drops even about this matter where I was thinking about how I wanted to hide.

Besides, I couldn't interrupt her.

I was busy organising the information that I heard and failing to hear, and shoving it into my head.

I should be surprised, what————

Lancer: "My destination too, I believe it is similar to the thing that you seek."

The 5th Heroic Spirit instructed me on my position without hesitation.

Those words were concise, and some of the sequences had a special easily misunderstood aura to them, however having heard them again I still couldn't grasp the meaning very well, and I think that I can understand the general outline of the information that she spoke about.

Yeah, I could probably do it.

It would be nice if I was capable of doing it.

In the past, the girl herself was also a person who was a member of the Mages Association.

In the past, her goal was investigating and escaping the «Labyrinth».

In the past, she originally hadn't intended on diving too deep by herself.

Norma: "You hadn't intended on diving in by yourself?"

Just then, I parroted her words.

Lancer: "Yes, I....."

She was acting like she was trying to say something.

The girl's eyes were looking upwards through the shade of the hood.

It was the upper levels, or rather.

Lancer: "..... I have to hurry and return to my master's side."

Norma: "So your teacher is here too?"

Lancer: "Yes."

Did she mean that she wants to return to the Throne of Heroes?

If that's the case, her objective regarding the Subcategory Holy Grail may be to "destroy it" like Saber.

Although I don't really know about her claim about being a member of the Mages Association.

Since she hadn't said something about having a Master even if it was possible that she had a direct connection with a Mage, should I accept the implication that she's with the Mages Association for some reason?

Was she in contact with the mage that trespassed into this《Labyrinth》.

Lancer: "My master is waiting for me, so...."

As she said so, the scythe girl extended her hand.

For a moment.....

I was completely thinking.....

About that incident before when I was dragged into the pit, about each of those hands that Saber and Assassin pointed at me

About my way too stupid self, that held out my hand to those carnivorous fairy-like beings who took me into their trap.

Did I, ah, probably make a grave error?

Should I have extended my hand, at that time?

It wasn't true for the latter.

I shouldn't have held it out.

I can't explain the former.

Whether or not I could've convinced them somehow, with irritated and confused words.

So, now.

Which choice is the right one?

Norma: "Thank you, Lancer."

Lancer: "It's nothing....."

Norma: "You saved me, So, I must properly thank you."

I stood up taking the girl's hand.

In the middle of this 《Labyrinth》that was built out of countless deaths, I want to proceed down the correct path as much as possible.

That's why, I'm sorry.

My proud king of knights, Saber.

My glaringly sharp bow user, Archer.
He who was like an angel, Assassin.
My elegant sorceress, Caster.

I want to stay alive.
I still—————want to live as Norma, still in this life that my mama, papa and
grandfather gave me.
I don't want to die like that.

I remember the incident right at the entrance of this «Labyrinth» which could easily kill
a person.
Like this, as we were speaking I was even thinking about it like it was just a moment
ago.
It was lively, and yet it was so shocking that I couldn't forget about it.
Even if there were ruins besides this «Labyrinth», there were many more like that,
however I just came here by crying and running away to an extent.

The first floor.
It was immediately close to the entrance and the outside world.
As an external consignor of the Mages Association, I dared to challenge the «Seventh
Labyrinth of Alcatraz».

Of course I wasn't alone.
There were many other people in the vicinity as it was.

Explorers who were in the same trade as me, and who had abundant more experience
than me—————if I had to speak bluntly about them, they were a family of grave
robbers who collected the relics that were hidden in unexplored areas, by freely using a
variety of **tools** that had magic that did not contain all of their research on mysteries.

Although we were explorers in name only, it distinguished us from the normal world of
grave robbers, however in reality there wasn't really much of a big difference between
them.

Without speaking about the master of the magical world.
I also can't really declare myself the master of the ordinary world.
As external consignors of the church, there were also many who collected valuable
goods, like magical catalysts.

What I mean is, my family has lived for generations as external consignors of the
church.
I believe it was either 7 generations or 10 generations ago, but we had done so since
long ago.

In particular, I think my father had also associated with many of those people who were slightly disconnected from the path of righteousness whether they were in either association.

He was an association collaborator who was said to be my grandfather's friend, he was also the one who requested me.

Of course, I hated it.

I was terrified of coming to this «Labyrinth» when I heard rumors about it.

But

I also had feelings somewhere that said that I wanted to become like my grandfather, besides, this exploration had one kind of research team composed of many explorers, and I had heard that the people who were investigating were famous as it was in their own fields.

In that case, I thought.

I might be able to take part in a part of this great exploit too, or something like that.

I had thought that.....

Out of greed.....

And then.....

Norma: ".....The one that was left alive was just me."

I mumbled to the scythe girl who was walking beside me, as I made my way through the faintly shining man-made cavern.

Since she nodded because she understood, I think she'd probably listen to me without replying.

Norma: "A snake big enough to fill the tunnel appeared, I wonder if it's a kind of demon beast. It swallowed up one of the ones in the lead first, and then wrapped itself around a bunch of people next."

After that, yeah, it made a disgusting sound.

A sound of all of their twisted bones snapping.

I was in a state where I completely lost heart.

A famous old explorer released some sort of attack magic, although I'm certain it was a flame of some sort, but it repelled the magical flames with its iron soul-like scales.

Even now as I think about it, it was obvious.

The demon beast that had been stationed in anticipation of a battle with a Heroic Spirit summoned by the Subcategory Holy Grail, rather if they were an association magus, at most they wouldn't have been able to take it down with a magic user's attack.

In a daze the old man was devoured.

Before I realised it, the ones who had lives still remaining, had become just me.

As I was confused I fired successively, running, running, I just continued running still not knowing left from right, without noticing that I had dropped all of my equipment, I ran immediately into the darkness.

After that, how much time passed?

If I was in a daze standing in the passageway by myself, I remember the pain in my right hand———

Lancer: "Is it, your right hand?"

Norma: "Ah, yeah. It's nothing. I just hit it a bit somewhere while I was running."

Stinging, pain ran through the middle of my chest.

Pain.

Feelings of guilt.

Disgust towards myself who was spouting lies towards the girl's voice.

Considering that the pain in my right hand was attached to the activation of a Command Seal, despite not actually having to speak it, I started to say it up to that point while talking bit by bit.

No.

While hiding it somehow just from Saber, I'll say it.

If there were things that I wanted to hide without covering it up with lies, I must hide it with the truth.

Even though my grandfather told me so.

I can't do it.

If I talk about most of them I'd be run ragged just by saying them.

Lancer: "I'm not interested in magic, but if its stop gap measures I have a bit of knowledge about them."

Norma: "No. I'll still be fine; after all I can do it if it's just simple healing."

It was a conversation, about if I had a mystic code that could handhold all of my equipment.

Up till a moment ago it was equal to I can't do anything whatsoever.

But, now, I have something weighty that's familiar to my hips.

Surely if even this bag was something delivered to me by Manaka, even my powerless, bungling self can accomplish some things.

Like Heroic Spirits it was a supernatural act that surpassed human wisdom, although to be modest, I couldn't possibly go up to their level.

Just a few.

For example, like this.

To control how the scythe girl will proceed, I need to install a balance scale-type mystic code on the ground.

Then I would have to smoothly drop the rock salt that had been refined and loaded into my prana, onto one of the scales plates.

Although there will still be nothing whatsoever on the other plate, it wouldn't disturb the scales' balance.

Norma: ".....Oh scales, scales, scales, scales"

Show me.

Show me.

Show me.

As the same words were being strung together endlessly, it became a magic spell.

It had taken enough time.

The echoing wasn't very good either.

Still I'm a magic user after all, magi would probably say that it was a beautiful fragment even if it did take one chant.

I think so too.

It wasn't a very cool thing, and as I continued to repeat the same words for a minute, it was also hard for me to breathe right in the middle of it.

But, it had an effect.

My magic circuits were running through the magical base that had been narrowly carved into the world.

It took the form of magic.

Suddenly taking a breath, it became a guide post that showed a safe path with the rock salt releasing a pale light as it blew out from the scales.

See, a winding, crawling path was being drawn in blue.

Like I thought a magical trap had been set.

I didn't even know its effectiveness, but even so it was probably a lethal trap.

Norma: "Phew."

Trap Discovery is a success!

Even if my vibrant skills won't pass like Assassin's, even if my instantaneous discovery won't pass, I who is just barely **simultaneously using magic** like this somehow can afford that much.

Although if I was a top class magus, my danger sensing mystic code would always be activated, and I could probably grasp everything in this area once I invoke my magical vision.

Even if I did have equipment, I'd do my best with just this.

But, if I compare it to the times when I couldn't do anything, if I compare it to zero
———there were some.

Norma: "Just stick with me, we'll be fine if we just walk bathed in the blue light."

Lancer: "You used detection magic, am I right?"

Norma: "Uh huh."

As I nodded my head at the girl's words.

Norma: "If I compare it to one done by an actual magus, it's not that great, however, if I thought even once that there **might** be a trap I can deal with this kind of thing."

Lancer: "If you can see things like this, we can avoid them as we move along."

Norma: "Sorry. Although it'd be better for us if I could truly disarm it, I have no confidence that I could do it. When we can't entirely move ahead and are unable to disarm it, I can do my best, but we may end up in a situation where we'd have to avoid it."

Lancer: "I don't mind, it's just....."

An aura of hesitation.

Norma: "Just?"

Lancer: "Can.....you sense the presence or absence of traps with your intuition?"

A doubtful gaze.

Her words.

Ahh, it.....

Did she mean my special qualities or my traits?

I couldn't say it, very well, because it wasn't like I could keep on polishing it to the point that I could speak about my redeeming qualities.

But it wasn't necessary to hide it here.

I wonder.

———My eyes.

The things that my grandfather taught me along with the Glam Sight.

The world of magic.

The world of the magi.

Although this kind of "mystic eyes" was rather special, in the world of illusions and mysteries.

It wasn't like my "It" had much of a great value.

Or, so I thought.

Just a bit, my focus **slipped** along with my view of reality.

Somehow I was able to sense the presence of magic or a magical aura to a point, and even if Phantasmal Beasts who were disconnected from the worldly lives of the phylogenetic tree were in a state where they didn't have a clear form in the backwoods of an unexplored region, I could grasp their unclear forms to a degree. There's no way that I could know their class and specifications, and I also didn't have the power to influence something in the target of my gaze. Or rather, they seem closer to "Pure Eyes" as they're called in the Orient. It's just, that either way, they weren't far off from the real deal.

Many skilled explorers have found my means of "perception and experience" very useful.

As for me, I'm just using these eyes in exchange for my shallow experience.

Norma: "It's really not all that special. Even if it's called something like Glam Sight, it's not actually like that, and I'm terrified of occasionally vaguely seeing ghosts as I walk close to the gravesites."

Lancer: "Ghosts.....you say?"

A gloomy colour was mixed in with the girl's voice.

Did I say something unnecessary again?

I might have to apologise.

As I thought as such, I suddenly thought as I opened my mouth.

Now that you mention it.

This girl, she who was apparently Lancer————

Norma: ".....Hey, Lancer. Your class skill, it isn't.... the sort of thing that's suitable for proceeding in these sorts of ruins, right? If so, then how did you get.....?"

Lancer: "I was just tagging along."

Norma: "Huh?"

She gave me an answer without meaning to hide anything in particular, although.....

I didn't really understand it.

I tilted my neck largely, without thinking.

If it was a cartoon directed towards children a question mark would be floating above my head to an extent.

On this, I heard a voice.

It didn't come from the girl's mouth, of course, it also didn't come from my voice too.

It came right from the armament ————— the core of the blade, of the large scythe which the girl carried in one hand not feeling its weight.

???: "Ihiiiihiiiihi! Oi oi, answer us properly here! Or are you just dim-witted! If you're explaining to us that you're good at trap detection and the like, you'd, probably die in a blink of an eye. But.....umm, so, you're called Norma, right? Even if you said to us to

“to stick close to you back and move slowly.” If we’re at the back, by being a lap behind us, you can’t sense the correct route that avoids all of the monsters and traps, right.”

I see.

In that case we’ve reached an understanding.

Or rather wait.

Wait a minute.

A male’s voice?

Eh?

Even if I was mistaken the girl’s voice was different, this was a voice like a male’s that was seemingly resounding something malicious from somewhere.

Not understanding what was happening, without knowing who was talking or where it came from, my face, which was probably remarkably confused, was looking around expressing an aura like that of a troubled girl.

???: “Well, that was a disaster.”

The mysterious voice spoke.

Although I had proceeded positively up till the 4th floor, had I already slipped off here finally to deal with some sort of trap?

???: “You’re truly a blockhead. In the first place, you were probably thinking about what name you should call this girl, right Gray?”

Norma: “Gray?”

Yeah.

Her name?

Lancer: “Pardon me, for the late introduction. I’m.....”

And then, the gray coloured girl told me.

A name that still had the same impression that I harboured since the first moment I met her.

Gray.

Was it her true name as a Heroic Spirit?

But——it’s not like——I happened to know a hero with a “scythe” who had a name like that.



ACT-5

Fate/Labyrinth

Norma: "Hey, Gray. Can I ask you something?"

Gray: "Yes."

Norma: "Didn't, you, talk to me a lot earlier?"

Gray: "..... It wasn't me."

Norma: "I, is that so? Okay. I thought that may've been the case."

A momentary gap.

To me (Norma), it wasn't a period that I was very interested in.

"Yes" The Gray girl said through her hood, nodding slightly.

While being cautious and vigilant to our surroundings to the max, the both of us proceeded forward.

Our destination wasn't very clear.

The thing that I was eventually seeking was our survival and escape from this «Labyrinth», and the thing that the girl desired was a survey and our escape.

If I grasp just our words then our two goals overlap, so it might be possible for us to cooperate even on that point.

However, she was definitely a Servant.

The mysterious voice that echoed from her weapon—————was also something probably caused by some sort of Noble Phantasm skill.

Even if the "escape" that I was talking about allowed us to literally leave to the outside of «the Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz», it was probably different for Gray.

I guess that this "escape" means that she can release her restraints as a Servant, and be released from the shackles brought by the Subcategory Holy Grail.

However.....

I, who was opening and shutting my mouth many times over, found it hard to take that final confirmation.

I hesitated to confirm even my own words clearly.

I was **taking advantage** of the situation.

We were continuing through this vast space which resembled a crystallised natural cavern.

If I were to say it, I wouldn't call it a "large straight passage," or something like that. Besides its structure which didn't allow me to clearly see through what laid ahead in one go, as the line naturally disappeared because its relative direction had winded many times by now, I hesitate to declare that it was a one-way path, however.....

At least, we hadn't run into a forked road for nearly an hour since me and Gray met. There was just the one path in front of our eyes that we could move on.

I was surely taking advantage of this situation that said that the both of us had no choice but to move forward.

There was no meaning in it even if I did withdraw to the back.

I had already tried.

Furthermore, just when I had confirmed that it was the place where I fell, the crystal cavern came to a dead end right there, roughly 50 metres behind us in a straight line from the spot where I fell.

We could only proceed forward, which continued before our eyes like this.

The 4th floor which was the last floor of the labyrinth—————

Or should I say the halfway point of the 4th floor, since I was sure that I was situated below it.

I had fallen here.

If I believe that strangely resounding male voice, the same way I trusted Gray.

I gently stole a glance at her figure as she walked right beside me.

Her profile.....

Even if it had become shadowed by her hood, an observation was possible because the line from her nose, through to her jaw and lips, was standing out because of the faintly emitting prana's light that was coming off from the walls of the cavern.

I think that she has beautiful features.

Yeah.

Hmm.

There was the loveliness of a girl of marriageable age.

She was taller than Manaka and me, and if it was these features then she'd be about how old.

If I could compare her to the people that I met most recently, right, for example the holy blade—————

And then.....

As I began thinking about her.

While gazing at the gray girl's figure again.

Norma: "Huh!?"

I yelled out unintentionally.

I shook my head and panicked saying nothing to Gray who was looking at me as if she was saying "What?"

Since I had seemingly dropped my guard, I turned my gaze to the space in front of us.

Even so.....

Since I had already perceived the girl's current figure, I could recall it like this if I go back over my memories.

Yeah.

Yeah.

Ah, I see.

The reason why I let out a strange voice.

Before I knew it, the huge scythe that she should've been holding had disappeared. Despite being such a huge sized weapon, I couldn't see it anywhere.

Did she disarm herself?

Was it caused by a tricky ability?

I feel like it was a similar act to what either Saber or one of the other Servants would do. Having suddenly lost the presence of her invisible sword that was concealed by a wind, Noble Phantasm, with Assassin's daggers appearing and disappearing nearby, and it was the same even with Caster's wand.

Although it would be magic if Caster had done it.

Norma: ".....ahh, it's nothing. I'm sorry for scaring you."

Gray: "I wasn't scared."

Norma: "Sorry."

I was smoothly giving off words of apology and yet.....

Words, huh?

In nearly an hour, I hadn't performed a proper **offer**.

Gray had somewhat revealed a bit of her purpose.

She said that the things that we were seeking and our destinations were similar, so I walked next to her, like this.

I slightly expected that if I kept silent, we could somehow travel together anywhere.

It was a situation that I was clinging on to, where I was depending on something that might be her kindness.

My situation.

Even so.....

It was hopeless in this situation.

I know enough about the cowardly and pessimistic me.

Sure enough whether it was something that we could take a joint stance on at whichever level, we must recognise it together.

I didn't have enough fighting ability to just survive in this «Labyrinth» where we might not know when a Phantasmal Species or a Chimaera would attack us, and she mostly didn't have the heart to proceed through this «Labyrinth».

But, we continued to walk **somehow**.
And I was always hesitating.

After taking a final confirmation of our goals, I again, pleaded Gray for us to travel together———

It was only just about that.

I'm scared.
I'm scared.

Why won't my wishes and hopes come true?
What should I do if I'm left behind by myself in the crystal room?
I almost started to think like that.

No, I'm thinking.
That's why I'm scared.
I can't say it.
———Although there should've been some **opportunities** to do so.

Ah, if I do that, then surely!
I prayed to that "something" in my heart.
To that exceptional something, since I had already done a lot to God.
I then think of that somewhat shining thing, that could be faintly seen in the sea of my memories as I recall Manaka.

That kind yet superior dragon.
That light that shined at the very end.
And, that shining ultimate somewhere that existed in a place that seemed like the darkness of space.

At that moment, an illusion appeared like someone was gently whispering in my ear.
It seemed to be saying that easily wishing for those kinds of things was pointless.
Since Gray couldn't have possibly done it, I unexpectedly shuddered at the thought of it being some sort of ghost or demon beast that had been placed to remove intruders, and turned my head while stopping, after that.....

My stomach growled.
With a, Grrrr.

Even for myself, ahh, it was modest to the degree that I could feel that it sounded like the cry of a small animal.

Echo: "Ah..... a....."

An echo.

An echo.

Even though it was ordinary and embarrassing, it easily caused a sound to echo throughout the crystal walls.

My cheeks heated up on reflex.

I turned red up to the tips of my ears without pausing to sigh.

Even if I wasn't brave and a coward, even though my nature could endure the embarrassment to a point, at this point in time, I couldn't endure it and confined myself.

Gray: "N, now that you mention it, Norma, I—————haven't eaten anything since we got locked up in here too."

It was a lifeboat.

Or something like that.

My gaze overlapped with Gray's who had suddenly turned her face away.

I'll revise that.

I felt it overlapped in that manner.

The truth was that I still couldn't see her eyes through the hood very well yet.

Be that as it may, I decided.

That I would ride that boat because I'm certain that I would nearly drown.

I mustered the very little courage that I did have, and I came to a halt.

She also met me by stopping.

Norma: "Fnnn. In that case, I-let's have lunch."

I couldn't say it smoothly.

Gray: "Sounds good. I agree."

She gave me a nod.

Norma: "Sure....."

Although I had completely exposed my reddened face, I was hanging my head down like I was being cheated.

I placed my explorer's bag which was equipped on my hip on the dirt, it was closed by the sturdy double zippers, so I opened it up.

Was there a person who could set Mystic Locks amongst my fellow explorers?
In my case it was different, as anybody could open it.

I didn't want to die, and although I don't intend to die, if by chance it becomes like that.....

If someone who had become my fellow traveller, searched later, and found my corpse, then I thought I could replenish my goods and hand over my equipment to them. Although I think it'd be splendid if I was able to say my ideas, I was different so it was regrettable.

Just as the ancestral teachings.

I opened my bag.
I normally carried preserved foods.

And a canteen too.
Ahh, my hydration!

Somehow my thinking had dulled.
There was too much tension.
I completely forgot about it until now, but how was frequent water intake important for the body!

Norma: "Do you want some water? Gray?"

Gray: "Sure, I'll have some. Thank you very much."

Norma: "How about I give you one canteen. I have three, so I say that it won't disappear all that quickly."

Gray: "Okay."

In front of me, Gray accepted the silver stainless steel canteen.
In that spot, we first took a gulp.

Cutely with a gulp, the girl's throat rang out a bit.
It then suddenly occurred to me.

Even if it concerned the preservation of a Heroic Spirit's aether body, did they really need water?

Although Saber had replenished her water and nutrition, since she had **special circumstances** that differed from other Servants, and because it was probably impossible for me to be equal in ability to a manifested standard Heroic Spirit, my experience of having always watched Manaka's and Saber's journey might not necessarily be useful here.

Norma: "Huh?"

While I was thinking in my innermost thoughts, I was searching further into my bag———

I found it.

I completely found it.

I grasped an impossible item that was there, with my sense of vision and touch. It wasn't a place that could store all kinds of mystic codes and catalysts, and it wasn't even a place that could fit relaxing tools here and there, it was placed in that obvious place that was crammed with food.

Right, it was **placed** there rather than say.....put there.

With a quiet elegance coming from somewhere.

Right on top of some irksome rations that stressed only portability.

Was Manaka's homemade lunchbox———

One.

It was enshrined in a form that stood out more than anything else.



———《The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz》which continues to take each of its trespassers' lives.

———I've mentioned this before, but its structure is based on a prominent theory which is said to be connected to the Planetary Magic Circle.

It needn't be said, but the Planetary Magic Circle was something proposed by the 16th century magus Agrippa.

These magic circles adopted from the Kabbalah ideology, has been linked to all of the planets in the Solar System.

Among the other circles, this 《Labyrinth》is regarded as corresponding to the Solar magic circle.

There has been an insufficient number of investigations and inspections into this———

I fear that it's likely that there are 6 magic circles on every floor, in other words it is my conjecture that the solar magic circle is drawn onto them.

The arrangement of the demon beasts and the Chimaeras surely should also correspond to the points of the magic circles.

I had told my disciple whose whereabouts in this «Labyrinth» have become unknown of these deductions, but in this short time of movement, because of these hypothetical words which I'm making during this tangible explanation, I don't think I can grasp it completely.

Based on this theory, it's possible to think that Caubac Alcatraz who is known as the extraordinary Dungeon Master who conforms to some **diagnosis** could've constructed this «Labyrinth».

To this «Labyrinth», where Phantasmal Species that don't exist in the modern era adapted to its sun, and live in it in great numbers.

So is there some meaning to this act?

The total number of sequences in the Solar magic circle is 666.

Needless to say, this is the "Number of the Beast" that has been recorded in the final book of the Bible.

It was a written prophecy that had been interpreted as a message that attacked a certain emperor.

I still don't have enough information now, to declare that it's truly coincidental.

At this current stage, I have no choice but to wait for my disciple's return.

What on earth is sleeping in this box called the legendary «Labyrinth»?

What does this new dungeon master, who is not Sir Alcatraz, desire?



Norma: "No way. A lunchbox.....!?"

Gray: "Did you somehow make this meal?"

Norma: "Um, yeah. Uh, it was something that shouldn't be there, um how I put it...."

Why was there one here?

Norma blinked once or twice, as I surveyed the wrapped lunchbox which had been enshrined in my bag.

This wasn't an illusion.
It was real.
Certainly.

Certainly, if I think about it I don't know if it's possible.
Originally this explorer's bag had suddenly returned to my hip like this, right, so even if something was put into it, it's not worth me being surprised over it, because this is a fundamentally obscure situation.
Well, in theory.
Even the possibility of this being like an unknown bomb being planted would suffice.
No, no.
If this was a miracle that you gave me, no that couldn't be it.

Norma: "..... You made it for Saber, right, Manaka?"

I muttered.
I murmured.

Manaka who had distorted space and stored raw materials and provisions from here and there in the hem of her dress.

One of those items was in my bag, like this.
The truth is, I think that it should've been sent to Saber.
I am hesitant to place my hand on it.
It lorded over me.

But
No matter what, I————

I also want to **taste** the same things that you ate.
In a place that was thought to be a corner of my body, although it was possible that I, was allowed to mainly synchronise my sense of vision and hearing to my body, and I could somehow synchronise my sense of taste as well, still, I think it's different from this situation where I have obtained perfect control over my body.
In a perfect state, I want to properly know the things that Manaka made.

Or so I thought.....
.....in that manner.

Norma: "I'm sorry."

After joining both of my hands into polar easterlies.
I took out the pre-made "*lunchbox*" from my explorer's bag.
Manaka's special deluxe labyrinthine style sandwich.

An item which has Creeping Plant leaves and fruits and broiled thinly sliced Boobrie ham, interposed between slices of Trent roots as buns.

Even now I can remember the taste that I synchronised with when she sampled it.

I want to confirm it.

The feel, the flavour, even the sensation of when gulped it down after chewing on it was the same.

The sandwich, which had been moderately preserving its temperature in the Kelpie water bag, is cool and pleasant.

—————Thank you for the food.

—————But I'll make sure, to leave some of it for Saber—————

I should hand some of it over.

I want to hand it over.

I think that's what I should tell the King of Knights, since her Master, Manaka, had vanished.

If I had more courage, if even courage could be understood logically, then.....

???: "Hey, what's this, oh doesn't that look delicious, you should entrust the partaking to me! Gray!"

Gray: "Add, wait a minute!"

I heard a voice coming right from Gray's right hand.

It's that voice.

As I turned my gaze in that instant, **my eyes met** with the thing in the lantern that the girl was holding.

What is it, I wonder.

Who is it?

Since it talked, does that mean that it has a human personality?

A Noble Phantasm?

A Familiar?

A magical mystic code?

As I thought about some possibilities, I unconsciously did something similar to a nod.

It looks like a rectangular box that could be stored in a cage that resembles a birdcage.

I could see—————that it had been pasted with ornaments that resembled eyes and a mouth, or something like it.

Norma: "W-Wha-What is that thing? No, who is it!?"

While thinking about whether Add was its name.

Gray: "I was wondering when you would say that..... since I thought that it would surely surprise you."

The girl shyly told me.

It's alright, although I tried to nod and show that I wasn't surprised, I couldn't hide my clear shock.

In the case that it was something based on vocal duplication, I read in something, that beings who succeed in free flexible conversation was a sign that it had high-level intelligence regardless of whether it is a Homunculus or a Phantasmal Species.

I have a hunch that it was in one of the books in my grandfather's library. Although I might be wrong, I can't remember right now.

As expected, of a Heroic Spirit.

Anything that it possessed was high-levelled.

Even if I was previously done with my expectations, ahh, to be in front of the real thing now was so.....

Gray: "It's during our break so it's fine, right?"

Norma: "Uh, yeah. I, it, it's fine. I just heard a voice just now."

A dd: "Iihihihhi! Aren't you going quite blue in the face, what's this, what's this, is the coward interested in avoiding the dens of those monsters!? Girlie!"

Norma: "Hii...."

Unintentionally my body stiffened, at the vigorous voice that was calling to me.

It's okay.

It's okay.

I'm not scared

I'm not scared.

I'm fine now!

I think the contents of its words itself, were like something that had a lot of affection put into it.

So let's give it a proper response.

If it is a being that has a high level of intelligence, then yeah, I remember that time.

About the Sphinx that asked a deadly question that exerted a direct influence on my mind.

About the moment when I mustered my courage, in one of those few moments in my lifetime.

I could say that.

In this setting, in this situation, it'll be an intelligent response that won't be considered stupid by my partner!

Norma: "T..... Talking about....."

It's not good.
It's an utter failure.

Add: "Oh! So you've decided to talk, at least you're better than Gray who never talks."

Gray: "Wait a minute, Add. Let me explain first."

Add: "Simply speaking———I am a mystic code. In addition, an extraordinarily special mystic code at that. In short, you could say that I'm Gray's patron. Hey! And, yes, it is as you said, as expected, I am a box that's somehow capable of talking to you at your level."

Gray: "Patron, huh....."

I could hear a slightly dissatisfied voice coming through her hood.

Add: "But, well, I'll leave it at that. But to possibly make a sandwich out of those **fake** cannibal fairies, I hope they weren't unexpectedly bothered by its prey. Well you did practically fall right on top of them, and they probably haven't encountered enough monsters, so I guess they had no choice but to diminish and diminish their bellies."

Prey?

Certainly I heard it.

Clearly, the ones who it called fake fairies were probably the creatures who made those **vertical cuts**.

They were the monsters who attacked me.

Then he indicated that the prey was.....

Add: "Huh? What's with that face? Oh, I———"

Gray: "Add preys on prana. That's his function."

Norma: "I see.

Amazing.

I think it's incredible.

I think that she's surely referring to **prana absorption** caused by touch and destruction.

It is said that to a magus who utilizes magic with the magical power of Od which is limited to that endowed onto the human body, the replenishment of prana is an eternal problem.

In many cases, I've taken measures that called for replenishing, and amplifying magical mystic codes.

The crystals that Manaka made in the first room of the first floor, had mainly been produced and expended for purposes like that.
I have heard about a type of magic that involves charging large quantities of prana into gems.
But, to liken it to preying on something, there's no way I could absorb prana from a target.
He appears to be comparing me to **a type of phantasmal beast**.
In addition, right, he's saying that I'm similar to a Servant as well.

The Heroic Spirits who had manifested under the influence of the Subcategory Holy Grail are capable of prana replenishment by "devouring souls"
If I'm speaking solely on this Subcategory Holy Grail War, although it has become possible through feats such as, supplementing themselves from the magical mystic code-like entities etc—————

There was an item that achieves it with simple mystic codes.
There right in front of my eyes.

So maybe it's not such a rare ability, if it's equipment owned by a Heroic Spirit?

Add: "Hey, how long are you gonna stay there daydreaming, Girlie."

Norma: "Ahh, oh, right. Yes. I'm sorry, Add.....So Gray, shall we eat then?"

Gray: "Yes."

Norma: "Thanks for the food."

I placed my hands together.
It was the Far Eastern expression that Manaka had done.

Gray: "Thanks for the food."

Gray did the same thing too.
I wonder if she was copying me.

Inside this shining blue crystal cavern.
The two of us, Gray and I chewed on the sandwich.

Ahh—————
Just as I thought.
It's so good!

The flavour is so good that it's far from being not bad.
If I was actually trying to taste that sensation which felt and corresponded to Manaka who sampled it while she made it, then I could grasp that it was nothing more than a mere numbered percent item.

The fruits that were sweeter than tomatoes, the texture of the leaves that was more refreshingly crispy than lettuce, and the Boobrie ham that was just so brutal was now soft like it was melting on the tip of my tongue.

In addition, the slices of Trent roots.
It changed the flavour of every bite, to a sensation that was very similar to Oriental Mochi.

I ignored the surging feeling that said that a dangerous magical reaction was occurring. Manaka's home cooking was something that was so very, ahh, delicious that it made me let out a sigh.

Gray: "Delicious————"

Gray was uttering her thoughts as she took another bite.
It was a quiet voice that resembled a relieved sigh of relief.
It was like she was staring seriously, and deeply interested, at the sandwich she was holding with both hands.

She had a presence that was similar to throwing a gaze at me countless times after doing it for a bit.
Those eyes which I could see clearly because of her hood, seemed like they wanted to say something.

Gray: "It's good. Yes, thank you."

I became happy like it was a personal affair.
What a thing to say.

The one who made this sandwich, you were already, no longer in this world————
In what manner should I express this.

Oh, no.
I can't do that.
It's not good.
I can't say it.

I'm hiding Manaka's existence from Gray.
Since I'm completely hiding it, I have no choice but to deceive them.
While approaching the necessary meals and ingredient procurement, Manaka had digested it without difficulty, and despite existing as a Heroic Spirit that shouldn't necessarily be naturally intaking food, Saber had a special background.

Hmm.
Wait.

Something is nagging at me.
Heroic Spirits.
Servants?

An existence that only has a temporary body composed of aether.
Since they don't necessarily perform normal life functions, they **operate on prana**.

Norma: "By the way, Gray. You....."

Gray: "Yes."

Norma: "So you still get hungry even if you're a Servant. Fufu, you're just like Saber."

Gray: "Saber?"

———Right.

The beautiful King of Knights was different, although Gray had signs of light eating.
I started to say something.
I stopped all of my movements at once.

The act is called a meal.
Our conversation.
In a blink of an eye.
I had stopped, even my breathing for a few seconds.

The gray girl also suddenly stopped her actions.
Right, I shouldn't miss this.
Ahh, I've finally done it now.

I probably knew that it might be some to this one day if I repeated these words.
What would be okay to say about this without it being at the height of carelessness?

If I am a person related to the Subcategory Holy Grail War.
If Saber already had an acquaintance.....
I could easily, easily, leak the matter that I had tried to hide like this.

What should I do?
How do I deceive them, or.....?

———No, **you should freely say it**.

A vision like somebody was whispering in my ears?
I think I nodded by myself, at that moment.
Ahh, it was a line that spoke everything, because I had spoken it myself.

A line.
A reason.

Although that sort of thing probably surely didn't exist anywhere inside of me now.
I, Norma Goodfellow, opened my lips while scolding myself.

Norma: ".....I'm sorry. I wasn't talking to you."

I was rebuking.....

My own foolishness that clumsily revealed my secret.

No.

At my own incaution which had continued the conversation.

No.

No.

That's not it.

I, was for sure, rebuking my own self for not having confidence in her who immaculately clarified the existence of the talkative Add for me until the very end, I was scared, and I doubted the gray girl who had tasted it without doubting the food that I had presented to her, and said that it was delicious.

Even if I cannot reach the Heroic Spirits.

Even if there wasn't one shining thing.

Even if I couldn't, possibly amount to, the great exploits of the ones who saved people by facing monsters.

To the partner who had given me her good will.....

At least, I'd also like to roughly return the same favour.

But if I had been killed as a result.....

Although I'm scared.

Although I hate it.

Although I think that I'm definitely, shamelessly trembling here.

I have no choice, I guess.

In the first place, my life —————had already been saved by Gray and Add once now.



In front of the 4 Heroic Spirits' eyes—————

Manaka Sajyou had suddenly disappeared.

Her figure has disappeared in the form of being caught by a trap device.

They have no choice but to associate the effectiveness of it due to the trap if they wrote it from side to side, but the former might've been the cause of the latter, but the former wasn't necessarily related to the latter.

The 4 Servants who were the participants in a temporary alliance eventually had knowledge that said.....

First, Manaka had disappeared.

The lovely girl who wore a green dress had disappeared.

Or possibly transformed.

The one who had fallen further underground caught in a trap was a different person.

A human who clearly had Command Seals as Saber's Master, Manaka as a magus, had disappeared before the activation of a trap after all.

They hypothesized that her disappearance was due to magical interference by a Chimaera or a Phantasmal Species———some opponent, or because of another trap's activation, but they hadn't been led to the correct answer yet.

It had already been more than an hour since the girl's disappearance.

The 4 Servants hadn't decided on their plans thereafter.

In other words, "the search for Manaka Sajyou."

If a Saber who has the greatest combat sustaining ability is operating perfectly then the existence of a Master was indispensable, so naturally their goal was something that had been already decided on.

Speaking further, a clue called a vision of a "crystallised cavern" which had reached Saber's mind, immediately after the trap's activation, had become a decisive backer.

Which Heroic Spirit was it who spoke of the possibility of a rescue signal from Manaka?

Subcategory, a soundless word that was exchanged between Master and Heroic Spirit under the terms of their contract.

Saber shook her head from side to side at a question that was said to be "If those words itself weren't comprehended, then.....?"

Even if she called she wouldn't answer.

Archer: "So in conclusion, what we have to do hasn't changed, right? Boss."

Assassin: "A place is a place. We have no other recourse."

It was exactly as Archer and Assassin had said as they stood at the front and proceeded through the dark passageway.

The action itself did not change.

It was a drawn out exploration of the《Labyrinth》.

The Heroic Spirits had obtained beforehand knowledge that said that this fourth floor was the final floor, but clearly Manaka, no, the person who was her until a moment ago had fallen "below" that.

Was there a further lower floor from the huge 4th floor, or that was nothing more than a deadly trap in order to finish them off with magic and blades that supply a dropping shock to them.

It's unclear.

Just the fact that Saber, who should be a manifestation and had a Master hadn't been extinguished yet, had guaranteed the survival of the person who was Manaka and who wasn't Manaka.

Although the King of Knights had mentioned that their connection which had been due to the Command Seal was weakening whenever they almost didn't exist.

But, the vision from just after her disappearance.....

Just that, was a clue that had been merely left for them.

Caster: "As I expected, isn't it a bit too early for us to be smashing each floor with Saber's Noble Phantasm and magic?"

Saber: "It's too dangerous. There's no meaning in crushing each one of your Masters."

Caster: "That's true. Although, at best, it's a rumor if that girl is still your Master."

Saber: ".....I know that."

Between Saber and Caster, dangerous sparks were being spread unseen to the others' eyes.

How many times has it been already?

It was a feeling and an exchange that had been witnessed 3 times now even in just this hour.

"Good grief," Archer flauntingly sighed whilst shrugging his shoulders.

Although the heavy work that had called for them going to a lower floor by destroying the 4th floor through the use of great magic that wasn't the activation of a Noble Phantasm had been proposed countless times up till now, it had been dismissed due to Saber's objections, like this.

Was the Assassin also bringing about an implicitly hostile presence?

As expected, they had no other way except to go ahead with the rescue through investigation.

At least the 4 Servants hadn't planned anything else.

Archer: "Just so you know, that lil lady is quickly getting further away from this spot where she fell."

Assassin: "But, first we have to sound out every inch of this place for this further floor."

Archer: "Yes sir. Boss Assassin sure possesses a strong sense of duty."

Assassin: "It's not like we can leave that innocent girl as she is to make her the prey of some monster."

Archer: Is that so?"

Archer shrugged his shoulders, and.....

Archer: "How d'ya know she's innocent if you just got a glimpse at her in that moment?"

The white mask just gazed ahead without answering back.

Without any vigilance.

Without any self-conceit.

There was a necessity to do just that.

The current party had no cornerstone.

With Manaka missing, they were probably aware that each of the 4 Servants' connection co- efficiency was drastically dropping.

As far as their performance in battle was concerned, all of the magic that Manaka used suited only one Servant's purposes, Caster.

It's just that the 4 Servants who each have their own different attributes with each having their own personalities just lacked the cushioning to **connect**.

Sometimes they highly appreciated each Servant with a smile, and sometimes they calmed the air with innocent banter and jokes.

How were they effective with just that?

The most prime Heroic Spirits just barely functioned as an exploration party.

Since even their stances towards the Subcategory Holy Grail, had originally been different.

In particular, according to their anticipated conversation, Saber and Caster's affinity towards each other wasn't good in any way.

Right, it probably hadn't been too long ago, since their full-scaled clash had started.

While walking through the silence filled passages of the《labyrinth, 》while releasing/disengaging the traps that had been set up as they'd explored/searched through all of the numerous rooms, and while sometimes finding prana supplementing mystic codes, and defeating enemy combatants who'd attack them without end——the 4 Servants proceeded onward.

In contrast to their repeated battle exhaustion, the maintenance of the recovery mystic codes was decisively lacking.

It was especially equally on par to having no method to supplement Saber's prana exhaustion.

Since they had recently lost their air of superiority from having a Master.

Caster: "As I've expected, although it's too bad Manaka seems to have already died, Saber."

Saber: "There's no hard evidence."

Caster: "Fufu, stop the bravado. Your Noble Phantasm is indeed rather mighty, but you probably don't have enough prana left to release its true name now. I wonder how long you'll be able to continue manifesting yourself?"

Saber: "Shut your mouth. Caster."

Those words that stabbed more sharply than her blade itself echoed, in the passageway.

The King of Knight's reply, could be heard like it signified the genuine resumption of the Subcategory Holy Grail War.

Caster: "Now then, you should be at your limit soon, right?"

It was followed by a voice audible to Assassin and the bow user's groaning.

The party had hit a room that had a different scene than what they had seen before.

If they spoke about their impression of it, then it was a natural cavern that was not artificial.

However, the ground, the walls, the ceiling, all of it had been transformed into prana concealing crystal.

It was in a state where they could easily maintain their visibility as the entire cavern was radiating faintly, to the extent that they didn't require magically induced illumination.

Was this really "a crystallised cavern?"

Archer: "This is just like the Lil lady's message.....Hey watch it!?"

Assassin: "Now then. I wonder."

Archer: "Hey, hey, Boss, what're you suddenly getting so intensely suspicious about, this time!?"

Assassin: "Since we've passed through a great number of sloped passageways, I can easily imagine that a substructure like this could exist on the 4th floor. If that's so, even I can't help but be suspicious about it."

Archer: "So, what're you saying!?"

Assassin: "What I'm implying is that, "We cannot say that we've arrived safely yet." Archer."

Ahh, that's right, the green robed Heroic Spirit muttered gazing ahead.

Gazing ahead.....

Something, was there, in that huge space that caused an illusion that they were in the outside world where there was even a sky existing in the upper region of it, in that room that could open up to the extent that they could be made to forget about the reality of here being a «labyrinth, »which the huge hall was different in scale to the 3rd floor where a Boss had awaited them.

A huge mass then filled the room.

It was certainly a clear "enemy."

It had a toughness that also surpassed a citadel.

A scorching heat that surpassed a great blaze.

A ferociousness that surpasses a wild beast.

It was a combat oriented magical existence that had a pure emotionlessness to it, using its full mental processing like an automaton, it had several varieties of creature traits like a Chimaera, while filling its entire body with a mysterious force like a Phantasmal Species.

It had 4 limbs that were covered with thick, tough, heavy scales much more than earlier, and **a pair of long-stretched necks.**

—————In truth, it was an artificial dragon that had become the 2nd one in this «Labyrinth».

Its name was Dragon Golem[1].

Or was it Dragon Dyne[2].

[1] Dragon Golem: A dragon that has been counterfeited.

[2] Dragon Dyne: An imitation with the power of a dragon.

There was a partial resemblance to the one that had appeared as the Boss of the 3rd floor, but it greatly differed from it.

First, the body.

The size was one round too big.

Its full length reached 20 metres.

Next, prana.

The red prana light which was flickering on its chest showed them the fact that its large scaled magical reactor core was running its exceedingly profound body, and gave them a peep of the incomparable scale of prana volume that it had with one of its eyes.

Furthermore, the head.

It had two of the completely same type of dragon heads—————

As an ancient variant form of snake, it's figure was similar to what was known as the Amphisbaena[1] from Europe in the Middle Ages.

The magical properties that were loaded into each one of its sharp fangs were close to a real dragon's.

Probably, much of its skeleton which had been put into its skull had been composed of the remains of authentic real dragons!

Saber: ".....So should we consider this, the last obstacle?"

Saber was already standing at the vanguard.

Caster was also spinning divine words as she chanted some sort of magic whilst stopping the release of arousal from her lips.

The magic that was similar to refortified defences was simultaneously invoked on the 4 Servants.

Was it magic from the Age of the Gods that functions as a defensive membrane which absorbs a set amount of battle damage, and at the same time raises their endurance parameters, or was it an invisible armour that relies on intangible prana so to speak?

Archer: "She's certainly being grateful."

The bow user twisted his lips.

Assassin: "Quit with the sarcasm. That there is an opponent who can move without disintegrating into the habit of packing two to three magical reactor cores. And I, for one, don't like to associate myself with non-beautiful items like that."

Archer: "So now what, should we consolidate our magic?"



Assassin: "I think you should do whatever you like."

Archer: "Yeah, thanks. For myself, who is somewhat inferior of course in the protection department, I'm at least equal to the help of a whole host of armies."

As he discarded all of his sarcasm, Assassin melted away into the room.

It was the activation of his presence concealment skill which rendered all traces of himself, from all kinds of detectors and observation devices such as sight, heat, sound, and prana detectors.

Even if it was some kind of leading edge device, even if it was an outstanding sensory magic, it wouldn't figure out his whereabouts given his state.

He had released his ability in instances where he'd entered a battle ready state, but he couldn't avoid a surprise blade attack released from an ultra-close distance unless he was a Servant who specialised in unsheathed combat.

Archer: "If you please, Boss."

Archer's voice also lingered in that place too.

A safeguarded transmission.

Something caused by the effects of a Noble Phantasm.

Making one's figure disappear through transparentizing one's body is different in theory and nature than Presence Concealment, but it allows one to destroy a target through a long range attack from outside one's awareness.

It boasts a roughly unparalleled strength against enemy creatures if used with another Noble Phantasm, however, a twin-headed artificial dragon that can shake the crystal cavern with only a breath is not a living creature.

But since he was the one carrying this out, shouldn't he at least be the diversion in this situation?

But, it's a very important role.

Even if the Holy Blade in Saber's hands is somehow the strongest, the time delay for its activation is crucial.

The previous joint timing must perfectly include everything.

It's the most optimal solution for the 4 Servants.

In that case, how would they fare against a twin headed dragon?

Could a diversion through a coordinated magical projection and long range attack, wonderfully, create a break in the imitation dragon?

It seems.....

The results were negative.....

Dragon: "AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA—————!!!"

An intermittent magical projection from its twin heads!?

No, if he had to call it something, perhaps a heat ray or a laser breath?

The huge output of prana, which was made possible by the parallel activation of the huge 3rd magical reactor core, had transformed into the light of prana; mowing down the surrounding area.

That angled blast was truly 360 degrees.

While exhibiting the superiority of its twin heads at its maximum, the bands of flashing lights that were freely released equally rained down on each of the 4 Servants as a furious windstorm as it hadn't decided on a clear target.

It was like an audacious flashing sword that reached about a meter in diameter being waved about freely.

Whether or not he'd dodged the attack which was equal to a calamity, it was already caused by a degree of bad luck.

Assassin: ".....Hii!"

Burned by the flash, the Assassin who should have disappeared and reappeared.

He flashily fell onto the crystallised surface.

The huge metal leg which had swooped down for the clincher, was thwarted by Saber who had approached with an explosive propulsive force.

Prepping the Holy Blade that she carried with both hands above her head, she **slid** and ward off the trample attack caused by its super-mass with her sword blade.

In front of the fake dragon whose posture was slightly thrown off, the King of Knights retreated holding Assassin with one arm.

Did Caster who was in the back already expand her protection barriers that specialized in magical projections?

Archer: "I'm the only opponent for you!"

While resounding just his voice, Archer released an arrow while still in his invisible state.

Targeting the sensors on the artificial dragon's heads, the intense traces of prana that took and leaked out in the shape of heat from its prana reactor core, briefly dissolved into the air by the high speed flying arrows.

Archer: "So it's come to this?"

He clicked his tongue.

Soon after, a flash mowed down the airspace generating a sound.

Archer: "This guy is quite the nuisance. How many Servants d'ya reckon will fall at this rate!?"

Caster: "That seems right."

While holding back the twin headed dragon's breath which had been firing consecutively with a barrier————

Caster who had been continuously dealing with it by creating new barriers with each one destroyed in sequence, nodded.

Envisioning some of those **endings**, she showed a turbulent smile.

Caster: "Our last ray of hope is Saber's Noble Phantasm. But really, is there anything that it can't hit?"

That estimation.

That guess.

That prediction.

If it was the complete truth, then do the 4 Servants have their eyes set on victory?

Or.....

[1] Amphisbaena: Twin-headed Dragon



Even if I cannot behave like a hero.
Right, I'll squeeze out enough courage when I've finished resigning myself to it.
For example, in this instance.....

I———
Norma Goodfellow continued to tell Gray.....

About the Subcategory Holy Grail War.
About this «Labyrinth».
About all the stuff that I knew, and got through my body's sense of hearing and vision
while it was acting as Manaka's body.

I won't be killed.

Yeah.

Gray didn't kill me———let alone, behave as if she was mad at me
I could even say that our situation of not knowing each other's origins couldn't be
helped, and it might be better for me if our positions were the same.
Add would probably yell out "You should've said something like that from the start!"
while acting surprised, and I would apologise many times over.

Gray: "I have no desire to battle a Servant."

Her frank response appeared to concern me.
She doesn't intend on battling the other 4 Servants.
So, even if I reveal their information to her, she has no desire to use it for their
destruction etc.

As Gray was implicitly telling me this, I understood it well.
After nodding, and taking a deep breath, I continued my speech.
I continued as I was, about what I saw as me.

Saber's summoning.

About my certain possessed state that was brought about by Manaka Sajyou.
The many monsters that I had encountered, the Golems, the Kelpie, the schools of insects, the combat Automaton, the innumerable Chimaeras.
The being that was a copy of a species of dragon.

Norma: "To have such an incredible quarrel with one. Was awesome, hey!"

Gray: "Add and I, have sensed fluctuating prana before, but.....to such an extent."

Norma: "Ah, what a waste! If I was gonna moan about that pile of goodies, then I would've brazenly overlapped them and stopped lagging behind, no it would've been better if I had surpassed all 4 of those Servants, hey!"

Norma: ".....And that trap, I thought I was gonna die."

Norma: "I know that, but!"

Although it was a reaction that was simply over-excessive even for a Heroic Spirit who was the embodiment of the paranormal itself.

Although I could say that historical Heroes who were carved into the throne, were beings who were far separated from modern illusions and mysteries to the extent of more approaching the modern, it wouldn't be strange even if they were an individual who seemingly hadn't encountered a demon beast in their lifetime.

Right, even if Gray was one of them.

Maybe, if I hadn't lost my Command Seals along with Manaka, could I have more clearly grasped Add's and her status, with my basic abilities as a Master?

I don't know.

For now, I'll stop my impossible suppositions.

Norma: "Yeah. I think I'd be in danger by myself."

I nodded,

Norma: "Since I got into a temporary party with the other 4 Heroic Spirits, I wonder if I wouldn't have been able to cope with this many dangers.....although I said that Saber and Manaka were people who were more exceptional than anyone, I think it'd be difficult even for one Servant to reach the final floor."

Gray: "The Sword, Heroic Spirit, right?"

Norma: "Yes."

I nodded again, staying silent for a bit.

I then spoke of everything that I witnessed.

The Sword Heroic Spirit.

The most famous and excellent hero in legends, who was suitable enough to manifest as the most superior Servant.

To me who was an Englishwoman by nationality, to me who was born and raised in the environment called the Isle of Britain, she was a very well-known hero. That's why she was fearsome.

The King of Knights who was said to have defeated many foreign invaders, and was said to have driven off even the Great Roman Empire on the huge continent in her time. In the magic world, she was known as a being who wielded the "Holy Blade of the Stars." She was also known as the user of the "Holy Lance" which slayed Sir Mordred who was a great traitor and even her final enemy.

The wording carved into her tombstone was "The Once and Future King."
That true name was surely————

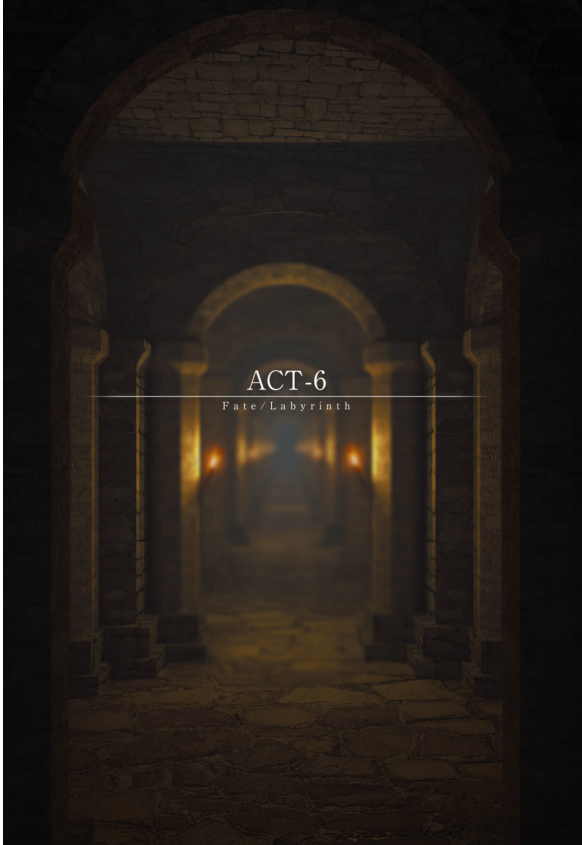
Gray: ".....Arthur Pendragon.....?"

With a thump.
My emotions dropped.

There wasn't a single ounce of colour in the voice that the girl emitted.
It echoed enough that I was convinced that her expression had surely collapsed.

At this time, I had recognised it for the first time.
Gray's eyes which couldn't be seen clearly because they were covered by her hood, those eyes whose basic colour was Gray, were somehow, tinged with a tint that were similar to those of the King of Knights————

They were beautiful.
Lovely.
They retained a similar **fragment of radiance** in them.



ACT-6

Fate/Labyrinth

The Gray girl—————

Although she was still stunned after having spoken the King of Knights true name, roughly 10 seconds ago.....
I felt like, if I called out "Gray" a few times, then somehow she would return to some hint of normalcy.

It was a long, long 10 seconds.
After that, we once again exchanged a few words.

We were walking.
The two of us, in this crystallised cavern.

Carefully, the three of us if you count Add as well proceeded ever onward.

And then.

After a while, we arrived.
Through a familiar-style iron door—————

Into a stone hall which I knew was certainly manmade.
It was a bright, luxurious room.
My impression of it was red.
Crimson Red.

The hue of the draped walls and the carpeted floor made me believe that.
An audience room?
For some reason, it felt like that.
It was a huge room where royalty, nobles and ordinary people could be ordered to show themselves in front of a high-ranking person who was different from everyone else.

The ceiling was also high.
The golden throne that was like one from a fairy tale that had been placed inside, the heavy carpet that was spread all over the place, and the curtains that had the coat of arms of an exaggerated dragon and a lion painted on it, similarly filled the place with an impression and atmosphere like that.
And, in there.....

Even though I shouldn't have personally seen something like that even once.
Even though I'm not a specialist on it.
Ahh, was something that made me believe that this object was definitely it.

—————For there was the Holy Grail.

A golden cup that existed for this room.
An existence that wasn't floating.

Some kind of gimmick, no, it was absolutely different from the sort of mechanical devices that would normally be floating there.
The agglomeration of high density prana, the shapeless spiral, a fire that flickers without releasing sparks, although I had associated it to those comparisons one by one in my mind, I definitely couldn't grasp it with my intelligence and wisdom.
It's just, that I was so sure this item that was lying ahead of my vision like this was the Holy Grail, that I started to strongly gush my belief that said that this was the Subcategory Holy Grail.

I knew the true identity of the brightness in the room.
That's it.

The colourless prana light that was being emitted from the Holy Grail was illuminating the surrounding area.

Norma: "No way."

I can't believe it.
But, Gray and I both mutually agreed that we should "search for an exit."
We shared ownership of our information which was limited to what we had both noticed, and, regardless of whether Gray was concerned about my safety, she said that we should make a safe escape our top priority.

After Add jeered at us with jokes, we laughed a bit, and nodded together after that.

We walked onward.
And yet, this is so.....

The Subcategory Holy Grail.
Although for something that should've been the ultimate goal for Servants to be right here in front of us.....

Could it be, could it be that we've finally arrived at the end?
Was getting caught and falling into that trap the right path for me?
No, let's think about this calmly.
No.

There isn't one door that leads to this hall.
Except for this door that we opened, we could grasp another huge door.
Or rather, maybe that door over there wasn't the right one?

If I had proceeded without getting caught in a trap, if I had overcome the trap that I fell through safely, could I have boldly arrived at this room and opened this huge door.....

And.....

In the midst of this, I was staring at the Subcategory Holy Grail in a way beyond half-tranced state.

Gray then moved.

As Add was soundlessly, transforming into the form of a "huge scythe" from its box. I didn't even need to ask, what happened?

Beyond Gray's gaze which had clearly entered into a combat ready state——
Was a person who showed himself from the other side of the throne.

???: "My, my. What lovely guests I have here."

It was a strange tall-figured male.

His clothes were black, and his body was white.

Right, his body which was wrapped in black clothes was way too white that he seemed strange enough.

Was he a jet-black devil?

A pale immortal?

Or a crimson reaper?

That super weird expression of his which was automatically falling into my consciousness, ahh, was restraining the functions of both of my eyes which was helplessly automatic and yet functioned passively.

Glam Sight.

My eyes, which mustn't have been too free to be called a talent, were telling me that that tall-figured male, that person who was addressing us with a spine chilling smile, was definitely not a friendly being.

But, that's.....

Although his figure had the form of a person.

Norma: "You're not..... a human.....?"

???: "Oh, so you've strengthened your vision with magic? Or do you have some kind of Mystic Eyes?"

I couldn't deny it.

Ahh, I knew it.

That's right.

Even if I couldn't see through the true identity of this black robed devil, if these eyes were more or less in a category that made it possible for me to be able to recognise even that, then it was possible.....

That he wasn't human.

That he was very different from the kinds of automatons, Golems and Chimaeras that I've encountered here and there in this «Labyrinth».

In the first place, I had read somewhere that the technique to create human-shaped automatons had been lost.

And, yeah.

He was different from a Heroic Spirit.

So.....

That means.....

???: "My fellow holders of wisdom, first let me start by introducing myself."

The devil made an exaggerated bow.

Wolfgang: "I am Wolfgang Faustus. I am someone who is considered to be an ancient phantasm by you humans. I am one of the beings that do not belong to a proper evolutionary tree or even an incarnation of a mystery. Right, it appears I used to be called a Lamyros which indicated my species in the Mediterranean Sea area, but———are you familiar with it?"

Gently, the devil held his hand to his chest.

Refined?

Noble?

That different something which had the form of a man, was really, aristocratic.

Looking down at the people who pitifully crawled on the ground from a distant height, he had the pride of an absolute noble.

I felt that he was such a being.

If it weren't for the situation being what it is, I might've fallen prostrate on top of the carpet.

But.....

It's not good.

I can't do it.

If I did something like that.....

He would instantly kill me.

Most definitely.

He would drink up our lives, our blood like juice when his throat was thirsty.

Norma: "Lamyros[1]."

From behind him, I reflected on the word that slipped from my lips.

A being that was alive while dead, a being that was dead while alive, thy name was Lamyros.

A monster spoken of in ancient Greek myths.

A coveter.

A nightwalker.

If Strigoi were for example blood sucking monsters located in Eastern Europe, then although there were many theories on their origins, e.g. a sinful person who was transformed after they had died, a mere shadow of a human who had been killed by a monster, a repeatedly cursed corpse etc.....

Lamyros were different.

From the beginning, they as a whole would devour lives while nestling close to death.

They might've had some sort of connection to the Lamia which was a monster from the Age of the Gods.

Even if they appeared to be human, they were completely different beings.



A deadly monster made into the form of a person.

I had no choice but to present him in this manner along with the recognition that my eyes were telling me.

A human type phantasmal species.

Or, right————a blood sucking species!

Gray: "A futile death.....?"

I nodded my head at Gray's mumbling voice.

No.

That's not it.

"This creature that was transformed by a magus" that was said to rarely occur in the magic world was completely different.

Wolfgang: "Oh, no. That won't do."

Right, Left, Right, Left.

The devil's fingertip moved like a pendulum, along with a sound that sounded like his tongue was clicking, "Tsk, tsk."

Even one of his nails which appeared to be the tip of that finger was a lump of prana.

Of course it wouldn't extend into sharp talons just like in the legends, it's just, I think I will end up like that somehow, just, with one touch.

Will he make my body movements disappear, will he cause an abnormality in my magic circuits, or will he induce a malfunction in my mind?

And yet I wonder if it'd be good, if he finishes me off.

Even if he should remove all of the blood in my body when he touches me, it wouldn't be strange.

He was a blood-sucking demon.

A long living being who is able to live a long life by using human lives as nourishment.

Wolfgang: “Miss. I will forgive your earlier rudeness for talking to me with your hood still covering your head like that, but don’t lump me in together with that thing. It’s a target for a demerit.”

That was strangely kind.

He was floating an expression that resembled a benevolence shown to animals who were to be slaughtered.

Like warning a mistaken child, he quietly spun his words.

Wolfgang: “In this world where mysteries, phantasms and Heroic Spirits are able to sometimes be summoned into a form called a Servant through a ritual, and human logic pulsates as a life, people have no significant power in the face of a changed deadly animal. If even beings who live long lives by attacking people and devouring their lives and blood are able to exist in this world pulsating with this human logic, then it is a being that comes under a phantasm. Thus, I am a being who has appeared as a mystery.”

Gray: “And that’s..... you, right?”

Gray asked, still in combat ready mode.

Wolfgang: “Yes.”

A high ranking phantasmal species.

Absolute paranormal beings who were mysteries and phantasms while they were still alive.

A twilight king.

An authentic monster.

A monstrous beast, a phantasmal beast, or a divine beast, I don’t know where I should classify him as a phantasmal species!

He might even be an irregular being like a dragon.

Ahh, if I knew it’d be like this, I would’ve read through Grandpa’s book collection more thoroughly.

I haven’t finished reading through most of his more valuable books, so I only knew about the outer appearances of the blood sucking species.

Wolfgang: "I am an ancient one, and the current ruler of this «Labyrinth»now, not Alcatraz. Speaking a bit more, I am also the owner of this Subcategory Holy Grail, and the Subcategory Holy Grail War's experiment supervisor."

Gray: "Experiment?"

Wolfgang: "Oh my, didn't you realize it? That's right, this is an experiment, my young gray lady. I hold a certain degree of interest and respect for humans' knowledge and technology. Though I have had the experience of making fun of the subspecies of humans called mages, for a time."

Please, stop it.

Why, why is this devil speaking of my real nature and information in sequential order?

Chills.

Fear.

Those kinds of unpleasant things were filling up the insides of my body to the brim.

Even if I had encountered a legendary blood sucker by chance, I was in an unbearable state, I was scared, so scared, that my legs had already been shaking for a long time now, and I was starting to get an extreme headache from the cold.

It was only because the gray girl who was standing right next to me had continued to smoothly stand poised with Add, that I was able to feel at ease without fainting or vomiting.

O' Lord.

Oh, God.

Please, make that devil say nothing more than this.

Please allow me to return home by coming back and pointing at one of those multiple doors over there.

I was squandering my thoughts with an exceedingly pointless prayer.

Right.

There's no meaning in this.

But I was thinking about stuff like this.

Wolfgang: “Only time is infinitely equal to myself. As a result, I have mastered many secret arts, and now, it’s like I have《The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz》along with the existence that has become the Subcategory Holy Grail in my hands.”

Gray: ‘Is the magus, Caubac Alcatraz, your…….’

Wolfgang: “Oh, I’m not the master. And I really don’t have any connection to him. In any case, I started this experiment after I had procured the necessary raw materials. It’s an experiment for the purposes of extracting the spiritual cores of the Heroic Spirits who had manifested as Servants———false protectors who were manifested by the Subcategory Holy Grail.”

Of course, my foolish prayer wouldn’t be answered.

In the first place I was definitely mistaken about my opponent who was telling us of his wish.

The devil spoke.

This Subcategory Holy Grail War which was being carried out in this 《Labyrinth》was his own magical experiment?

In contrast to the various items such as the mystic codes inside the treasure chests, the Chimaeras and phantasmal species that have existed since the time of its construction, they had been reinstalled and placed with new traps, and all of it was brought by his own hands.

Norma: “Yes…….”

Then that means———

I, unknowingly, spoke in a doubtful voice.

I was going to continue by saying “But for what purpose did he do that for?” but my tongue wasn’t functioning well.

My throat, which tended to hyperventilate due to too much stress, was completely dry, and the words wouldn’t come out.

Instead, I let my thoughts turn as they accelerated.

Going round and round.

A changeover of ideas.

A «Labyrinth» that had been remodeled so as to easily replenish Heroic Spirits with prana?

No.

A Subcategory Holy Grail War which had a menacing locked room which ought to be called a death room set as its stage?

No.

A death game which has its eyes set on the final floor while the summoned Servants kill each other?

No.

No.

No.

No!

All of it is wrong!

This place———

——— is nothing but a huge stomach created so that this blood sucker could prey on Heroic Spirits!

Norma: “.....To be honest.”

I quietly mumbled.

Norma: “I don’t understand everything that you’ve said. But, I do understand the gist of most of your speech.”

While Gray was prepping her huge scythe.

As a reply, the devil nodded with a composed gesture.

It was cold and yet below freezing.

Unimpressively, emotionlessly.....

Like a grim reaper who watches over the innocent creatures whose fleeting lives were about to end.

Norma: “So of course, I’ll kill you. Anything else?”

[1] Lamyros: Blood sucking species; Vampire.



—————«The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz»that appears to be operating as a stage for the Subcategory Holy Grail War.

—————This mystical cavern is a being that I have many questions about, but.....

The Subcategory Holy Grail, which is derived as an original archetype from the Fuyuki City Greater Grail in the Far East, normally functions as a wish-granting device by amassing large stores of prana that is loaded into the souls of the summoned Heroic Spirits.

It is for this purpose that the Holy Grail War enforces the mutual slaughter.

Heroic Spirits are ultimately nothing more than magical power sources for the fulfilment of wishes.

This mechanism itself is no different from the original.

The one difference is the number of Heroic Spirits, with the original it was 7.

But, the Subcategory Holy Grail has 5 as its maximum.

This number is surely said to be the reason why the Fuyuki Greater Grail is said to be an omnipotent wish-granting device.

The Subcategory Holy Grail can't amass anything under 5 Servants, so it is roughly far from being almighty.

Even so the mages who enforce the Subcategory Holy Grail War were not stopped.

They were probably allowed to do it, because the fact that it was not omnipotent was judged as a huge benefit.

But—————

Why is it in a «Labyrinth»this time?

As previously mentioned, was it their goal to let the summoned Heroic Spirits traverse the «Labyrinth»?

But, as expected I still have some lingering doubts.

The 2nd Dungeon Master who had installed the Subcategory Holy Grail in the innermost section of the 4th floor which was the last floor, should probably be thinking that the capture of the «Labyrinth»should've already been completed by now.

In some respects, the changeover of ideas is necessary.

For example.....

Right, if this time is not the first time that a Subcategory Holy Grail War has been held in this «Labyrinth».

Then the goal in itself is to summon Heroic Spirits into this closed off «Labyrinth»?



Saber: “Most likely, something has happened to Manaka.”

While wrapped in light particles.

Calmly, and somewhat seemingly lonesome.

Saber who was brandishing her wishes and victorious glory as power was stating her last words.

They hadn't lost.

Saber's holy blade had brought them certain victory.

Roaring madly, raging madly, the Dragon Golem which had continued to fire intermittent flashing beams towards them in every direction, the Dragon Dyne who was twin headed——the huge mass which was a virtual image which was able to be revived as a hollow ancient illusion that wouldn't exist in the modern era.....

..... Had been completely

Destroyed.

In that moment, the radiance of the holy blade had crossed with the furious heat ray that had been released with its prana reactor core.

Before it fell in front of the 4 Servants.

Before they had consumed their prana.

——First, Archer created an opening for them.

If it had already come to this, then he had to more or less continue with their diversion on top of his resolved bombardment.

It was a continuous long-ranged attack while maintaining his transparent cloaking brought about by his Noble Phantasm.

Since powerful heavy armour existed on both physical and phantasmal parties, they wouldn't sustain damage even if he used rapid fired arrows that could gouge out steel.

Rather to the imitation dragon, it probably felt that his invisible enemy was revealing his own coordinates to him with each shot fired.

In the middle of that few second diversion, he was bathed in a several degree heat ray.

As if to say that he didn't care about the safety of his spiritual core, he then fired a do or die blow while entrusting his body to Caster's protection magic.

Continuing on, Assassin then moved.

Without taking anything into consideration at all like the extent of his own injuries to his own body which was blasted by a direct heat blast, he initiated some full-powered high speed movements while burning half of his lungs.

It was a bizarre way to walk.

Were those movements like a spider, a snake, or a scorpion?

Well, like a poisonous beast that approaches while concealing its lethal deadly poison, he easily avoided the blow from its tail which resembled a tree trunk.

And then, he invoked his Noble Phantasm, in that small moment where Archer had changed the target of his attack to its two heads.

His strange-looking right arm, created a mirror being of that twin-headed fake dragon's (not a real dragon's) fake spiritual core.

In short it's heart.

It was the source of its temporary life.

The battle ended when he'd crushed this—————or so it seemed, but the mirror image wasn't destroyed.

Assassin's Noble Phantasm is the work of divine judgement.

It punishes people, by destroying their hearts.

It even sometimes punishes demons who were not human, enabling his working hands to reach into the darkness.

But.....

He surely can't deliver punishment to a being that is at such a height that not even a beast or a human could reach, something that has multiple hearts.

For example, at this moment.....

The fake spiritual core, was refusing the judgement brought by Assassin's divine work. Since he used a spiritual core that has the divinity skill as the basis for its structure.

In recoil, damage entered his strange-looking right arm.

It was a deadly blunder brought by his Noble Phantasm.

However, the fake dragon had stopped moving only slightly temporarily due to the strange phenomenon called the exposure of its heart.

The raining heat rays which targeted everything in the huge room stopped, and made the best opportunity apparent to the Heroic Spirits.

The one who opened their lips and answered, was Caster.

A high speed chant.

Sure enough, she, who was a magus from the Age of the Gods, fully demonstrated her real worth, by disintegrating its thick composite chest armour which had been securely joined with great magic.

While maintaining their insurance in the case that their trump card if by chance had dropped in power because of the battle in the 3rd floor great hall, she had made it defencelessly expose its 3 prana reactor cores, like a flower opening its petals, and guided the life or death battle to its demise.

Saber: "Ex————"

Was it

Saber: "————Calibur[1]————!"

..... literally the final blow for Saber?

The imitation dragon which had been standing in their way as their second greatest threat had been destroyed.

They had arrived at the crystal caver where Manaka Sajyou, or the human who was her, had fallen into.

The 4 Servants had thought that their surrounding circumstance was turning around, but.....

The King of Knights was vanishing as her body was changing into light.

Even the prana that was used for maintaining her materialization, had been used up in that one swing of her holy blade.

Caster: "Everything has gone as predicted.

Caster told the disappearing Saber, in a voice that was too quiet to be teasing her.

Caster: "Although I had wanted to avoid this, since this kind of end is much too wasteful. It's not good. You swung when you ought to have swung your holy blade after all. You knew that you would disappear, didn't you?"

Archer: "But, thanks to that we're alive like this."

Archer's words were not so easy-going as before.

But, that expression of his was severely grim.

Assassin didn't utter any sounds from behind his white death mask.

After taking a bit of a breath, Saber spun her words.

Saber: "I was avoiding this decision, but it's not necessary now since it has become like this. My contract with Manaka had definitely faded, at that moment when she disappeared close to the entrance to the 4th floor. But, for some reason I have barely managed to maintain my materialisation."

She temporarily, severed her words.

Her left hand had completely disappeared from her fingers to her elbow.

Saber: "The use of my Noble Phantasm seems to have heavily burdened me after all."

Her prana supply was drastically deteriorating.

It was a serious problem that occurred from Manaka herself whom she had bound a contract to be her Master via telepathy.

Since it was on a comparatively fast level, the King of Knights had probably thought of such a possibility.

But, why did she deliberately keep quiet about it?

Did she think that she shouldn't disclose her own weakness, or did she judge that it'd bring chaos to the 4 Servants bond?

The Heroic Spirit who had the figure of a girl wasn't talking much.

Caster: "I thought that it would be like that."

Caster's response was somewhat sarcastic.

Saber: "My apologies. Caster, I had intended to understand the intention of your words, but I think that it caused us to pointlessly bicker once or twice."

Caster: "It's okay, I'll forgive you. Especially."

As she was saying this, Caster's expression became very unrecognisable.

It appeared as if she was smiling.

It appeared as if she was disappointed.

Even if she had said that "it was neither," would it pass muster?

Saber: "Archer, Assassin, Caster....."

The King of Knights stared at the 3 Servants again.

Saber: "Although our overall goals were different, I believe I am proud to have fought with you famed heroes. However, I don't think that I've brought much experience to the team, by turning into a heroic spirit like this though...."

Archer: "I agree that it was unexpected."

The man holding the bow gave a huge nod.

Assassin: "Yes. We were a strange combination."

The masked man finally spoke.

Caster: ".....Although I wanted to play with you in a much more different form."

The robed woman said mischievously.

Saber: "Please refrain from it."

It was a meagre bitter smile.

After that, there was a bit of a pause.

A few seconds pause.

It was a pause that gave off the impression that they had some regrets, as they didn't mention what ought to be said.

In other words.....

Saber: "I want you to pass my allotted mystic code to her."

Was she doing this because of her somewhat wavering feelings towards the girl who was her Master?

The King of Knights, took out a bracelet with her remaining right hand.

It was one of the magical mystic codes that they had found in a treasure chest in the middle of their exploration of the 4th floor.

If it was a standard for modern mages since the beginning of the 21st century, then it was a precious item, that was definitely one which had been imbued with magic and extra prana.

Although, to the Heroic Spirits who were summoned by the Subcategory Holy Grail, it was a type of feed for them to resupply their prana with, but.....



Saber: "I'll leave the rest, to you."

Her final words.

And with that, the Sword Heroic Spirit disappeared into the faint radiance of the crystal cavern.

Leaving behind only a few fragments of prana, amidst the few particles of light.



The huge scythe and deadly claws collided.

The gray girl was on the verge of beheading him with the huge scythe that was tinged with prana.

The black robed demon was on the verge of assailing her with his claws that had sharply grown.

I didn't really understand whether the two of them were opening up hostilities.

When I had swallowed my breath, the whole thing had already started.

Accelerating.

Accelerating.

Accelerating.

In that instance, the pair had reached a high speed zone that far surpassed the physical abilities of normal humans.

At 0.001 seconds, they had crossed blades 20 metres ahead of their previous position.

Their forms which were running across the carpet.

Their forms which were running across the walls.

Even those afterimages, were immediately disappearing.

Norma: "..... Hii!"

First, there was no way I could protect her with magic, in any way!

It was high speed combat.

Even though they had the bodies of humans, they carried out that unachievable athletic performance by displaying their blade dance in their human bodies, like it was natural.

It wasn't like they were strong Martial Arts maniacs that could be viewed on a douga

site, but they were mixing blows that surmounted and overcame reality.
Blade and blade, crossing at an intense high speed.
The shock was very delayed even though it was released into the surrounding room,
extending into a jarring metallic noise.

Scattering sparks.
A light.

Was it a physical thing, or a magical light with the vestiges of offensive power?
I couldn't completely read the fighting pair's movements as they were way too fast.

However, they weren't invisible to me most of the time.
These eyes of mine were gradually adapting to it.
The grasping of visual information.
Even if their high speed bodies couldn't be stopped consciously, even if their actions
were those of a phantasmal being and not a proper act of nature, at least they were
displayed in my eyes.

The information itself couldn't be recognised by the brain even though it certainly
existed.
I was receiving it like that.
In 10 seconds, my Glam Sight which wasn't very good in precision will have finished its
adjustments.
If it completely adjusts once, then my eyes will be able to grasp even Saber's high speed
combat.

Wolfgang: "Hahahahaha! Miss, you have some interesting skills!"

Gray: "————"

I can see it.
I can see it.
My eyes can perfectly focus on them in the air.

Further above the Subcategory Holy Grail which was at a height roughly 2 metres from
the surface————
I knew that Gray was vividly running across the ceiling in a place which was roughly 10
metres high.
Furthermore, the girl was dancing in the air.

Using the scythe which was equally fixated on the room even though it wasn't hanging
on to something as a cardinal point, while changing the position of her body by turning,

and while dashing without leaving even a print behind on the carpet, she was right now trying to carry out a drop attack on the approaching vampire.

She was probably doing an all-out assault; I think?
There was a possibility.

I guess it really is that, considering the reciprocal data that was already being revealed to me.

The effects of the Noble Phantasm she owned was probably too large scale, thus she couldn't release it here.

Rather if it was a target with a large mass, and if she was performing the magical execution of an **Anti-Fortress Grade Noble Phantasm** in a sealed room like this, I wonder how it would go?

First, certainly the «labyrinth» itself was considerably damaged, and I would probably be foolishly buried alive by Gray herself.

That's why.....

Since I had lost my original trump card, if she were to see this deadly opportunity then she'd probably waver.

Although, I was thinking that I should at least attempt some snare magic for protection. My chant can't catch up to them.

Even if I used my grandfather's hand down mystic code, I don't have the power to go at high speeds here.

So, I just stared at them with my lips still tightly sealed.

Using just a single weapon with herself and the huge scythe held in both of her hands, Gray flexibly landed a flash on the devil, with its blade.

A note-like illusion raced through the entire crimson hall.

It was a sign that something had been severed with that "Plink."

The deadly claws broke apart.

The claws that had grown from the vampire's right hand had been smoothly cut in two.

We can win.

Gray is more powerful than this phantasmal species.

As I was thinking that, in that moment when I tried to open my lips, chills ran up my spine.

It was rash of me.

No.

The expression that monster who called himself Wolfgang Faustus was expressing on his pale blue-white face, was pleasure, composure, pity, and disdain!

Norma: “..... Run away!”

My cry's no help at all.

When my voice sounded, the devil had already raised one of its high speed staged gear.

It was a black longsword.

Or, a long black fang.

The black robe which had formed into a metal sword blade via an instantaneous hardening, flipped over while concealing several times more power than his deadly claws.

The black was a harbinger.

The cutting edge was death.

The jet black storm of mastication tore up the atmosphere and hit the girl.

It didn't end with one blow.

There were two strikes.

Three strikes.

Four strikes.

5 strikes.

It still didn't stop.

Gray caught the black deadly surge which was assailing her one after another, with her crescent moon blade.

In mid-air.

Right, the attack by the Devil mustn't permit even the girl's foot to touch the ground!

Add: “Quit ya napping and take him down! Hurry up and finish him off in one blow!”

Add's voice resounded.

He was probably getting irritated with the situation.

He was offering her a warning, surely because she was becoming self-conscious about being overwhelmed.

Immediately after that.....

The girl's figure had disappeared.

It took half a breath to notice, Gray's delicate body had been sent flying into the far back wall——through a kick caused by his long leg and not his black robed blade.

The walls.

Naturally, if they were clashing at a speed faster than a bullet, the kinetic energy would be entirely in effect.

As she hit the wall creating a crack, the girl relaxedly reorganised her stance.

Despite how the Servant seemed like she was taking some damage as expected.

At that moment, I wavered over whether I should rush over and perform a recovery spell rite.

Wolfgang: “Your human body did well to endure, the claw, and the blow of a Vampire Noble.”

Mixed in with applause.

The devil arrogantly said it to her as such.

———A human body?

Norma: “No way…….”

It’s a lie.

A lie.

There’s no way.

The devil’s words were reverberating in my mind.

A Servant who had materialized as Lancer due to the Subcategory Holy Grail.

The 5th Servant whom hadn’t been entirely grasped by the other 4 Servants.

I had always recognized her in this manner.

I didn’t have any doubts whatsoever about it.

I thought of it as just a perceived notion.

My vision started to shake, and spin, even though I hadn’t taken any curses or magic that interfered with the mind.

The sensation of all of the blood draining in my body, the illusion of the tip of my arms and legs becoming cold like ice, was in consent, and I myself understood that those words were something very possible.

A human?

Gray, is human……?

A girl who held a weapon that resembled the Grim Reaper’s scythe, and not a lance.

With such a delicate body, she fought with a physical ability and skill that was so much

superior to mine.

Taking a Phantasmal Species' blow————
There's no way she had taken some damage!

Even if she was holding a Noble Phantasm or that special mystic code called Add, if she was a human, then.....
There's no way an ordinary girl would be safe.

Norma: "A, ahh.....Gray..... N-No that can't.....!"

There was no such thing as an impossible 5th Servant!
I should have realized it.
Someone who was more than a warrior that similarly descended to the final floor of this «Labyrinth», and that the possibility of them being an ordinary human was placed outside of the realm of my consideration.

I didn't even think, "perhaps....."
If so, then even now, I was stubbornly forcing my own unreasonableness on her somehow.
It was just so obvious, to have her fight before that deadly creature!
Ahh, such a thing, was like standing and praying to gallows!

Norma: "Now.....!"

Don't worry I'm coming right now, so.....
I'll be there soon.

She needs recovery magic.
Add who had changed back into his scythe and cage form was a mystic code that had astonishing abilities, and Gray who owned him might certainly not be an ordinary human.
She had just enough ability to control a fight where it appeared that she was on par with that vampire like this, and instantly defeat those fake cannibalistic fairies.
However.....

She was a human girl, just like me.
Although I was certain that she could obtain the means to reinforce her body somehow, I wasn't sure if she had been bestowed with boosted endurance as a result.
That's why, even though I'm not able to leap over the speed of sound.

Even though I'm scared.
Even though I'm terrified, and cowering in fear.
Although I hate pain, although I don't want to die, I still.....

I still———
———Hate the idea of someone dying because of me, even more!

I'll rush over to where Gray is.
There's no other option for me.
I can't see the human shaped monster coming at me yet.
Although if he had entered my gaze then I would have caught sight of whether it was a yes or a no, but I definitely don't think, that he will recklessly come and pursue me if I approach at more than a fixed range that's a suitable range for

Gray's strikes.

If I do that, then I can use recovery magic even if it will take some time.
I should still have some of the medicines and mystic codes that help my recovery magic left in my explorer's bag.

I kicked the carpet with my trembling legs.
Run.
Run.
Run.

Wolfgang: "Where are you going?"

The voice was coming from right beside me

Wolfgang: "I wonder where you're going? You lovely and transient little appetiser."

Norma: "Hii———"

Our eyes crossed.
The eyes of the vampire who's a phantasm incarnate is grasping at my brain through my eyeballs.

I came to a stop.
Contrary to my mind.....

Wolfgang: "We haven't attached a special name to this, but this is probably a type of mystic eye if I have to borrow a magus term. Is it controlling your body? Then I think I

should call it the ruler's eye."

He had reached out his deadly hand.

Just, by touching my shoulder, he had activated the magic that had been fitted into my clothes.

It was a defensive counterattack magic, which I had prepared beforehand, after my equipment set was returned to me.

With a type of black magic, with a limited use emergency mystic code that was carefully handed down throughout the generations of my family, right, it had the power to send the hand of the person who touched me flying.

And yet.

Nothing happened.

Even though the prana's light was clearly visible, it had no effect on the devil whatsoever.

Even now I was thinking.

It was magic common sense.

Mysteries are surpassed by items older than it.

Wolfgang: "First of all, there are two maidens who were made to ripen their freshly lives. And while it is unexpected tonight....."

His faintly visible row of teeth resembled a beast's very well.

Wolfgang: "I'm being treated to quite a feast."

I knew that Gray was taking another battle stance at the edge of my gaze.

Even though the lingering sound hadn't faded yet.

The relative distance from me who was standing on top of the carpet was at least 30 metres.

Although she might reach me, ah, if she had the speed that I had witnessed previously.

It's not good.

Don't come here.

I want to escape if I'm able, in the interval where I'm being preyed upon by this guy.

Even though I had intended to talk about anything and everything to her, I was satisfied that her secret hadn't gone missing, I who had built up very little precious validation, thought that there was no worth in receiving protection from a girl who was in an uncertain state of recovery.

Oh, that's right.
I don't have anything special.

Perhaps, it might've been different if I had the little strength that was in Manaka's fingers.
Though I don't need something like her omnipotence or her talent for magic.

At least.
At least.

If I had the courage to struggle against his mystic eyes and say "Run away!"
then————



???: "Hold it right there!"

In the audience room in his royal palace.
Figures were now, showing themselves, in the crimson room that held grave deep feelings for the onlooker.
3 Servants who had originally appeared to kill each other.

They were the second advent of a myth.
Incarnations of legends.
The historical heroes that have been summoned in order to expend their lives, seeking the imitation of the Holy Grail, still participated in that spectacle of people's wishes that has been spinning uninterrupted since the olden days of ancient times.

In other words, was it the hope that arrived before an absolute crisis, or a precious power that appeared in order to protect those precious meagre wishes.
Like the instance before an evil dragon had tried to devour a princess.
Like the instance before a blood smeared battle will lead to its conclusion.
Like the instance before an entranced maiden will now be reclaimed.

???: "Hold it right there. O' devil who is trying to extend his hands on a young and innocent life."

One restraining word.

As he dignifiedly said it through his white mask, Assassin's voice now stopped the vampire's claws.

Wolfgang: ".....Ohh, so the main dish has finally come. Huh, is the King of Knights not with you?"

A flowing voice, from ahead, was welcoming the call of his guest with a jet black smile. Listen, O' demon.

This is a glimpse of the Age of the Gods,

Caster's lips were spinning a supreme divine chant that immediately changed the mana which existed in the surrounding area into a destructive torrent.

The repeated lights which had been projected from the centre of the uninterruptedly emerging great magic circles, were burning the unmistakably human shaped monster Standing beside her, was the explorer girl who was just waiting for death.

No.

That's not it.

The girl, the girl who had some sort of connection to the Sword Heroic Spirit's Master, had escaped from the huge destructive mallet brought by the great magus and was being held in strong arms that were not the arms of the black coloured/ jet black demon. Dumbfounded, and in a daze, she gazed at the white skull mask with an expression that said that she didn't know what was going on.

Norma: "Save, Gray....."

Assassin: "Of course. But, it might be unneeded help."

Assassin's words were not a deception for the purposes of bringing peace to her.

It was a straightforward fact.

Already, another human girl, a girl who was able to use superhuman movements that weren't those of a Heroic Spirit and was still wearing a gray hood again transitioned into another battle stance.

It was a powerful step.

She bursted over the carpet and stone floor.

Including Caster's magic which brought destruction with pure magic that was not based on the properties of the 4 elements, Archer's arrow barrage was being fired endlessly as insurance.

Matching their breaths, the gray girl glided in parallel with the floor and transformed

into a gale.

In a beeline she ended up in a spot to the far east, and as she got right beside him, she prepared her perfect attack stance without placing her feet on the ground———and mowed him down with her huge scythe.

The human type phantasm who appeared to be completely destroyed, had been slashed from top to bottom.

At this time, at this moment, the 3 Servants and her were functioning as a one whole combat unit.

However.....

Wolfgang: “Hahahahahahahaha!

He had regenerated.

Restored to his original state.

No, the reason for this is because vampires are spoken of as undying beings!

One pause for breath wasn't even necessary.

A monster who sucks the life out of a person with its fangs, and preserves his body and heart which couldn't pulsate without making a sound, taking prana with just one exhale, they were undying beings who were born as absolute infringers towards humanity who had decided that they were beings who were heaven sent children of the physical laws, a perfect creature.

They couldn't die, rot, or be beaten.

They make a scornful smile, derisively laugh, and devour people.

O' heroes, please pay close attention.

For the one standing here is your “enemy.”

Norma: “If it was just an ordinary phantasmal species, then he should've died from this assault, but.....”

He had completely.

Perfectly.

Having executed the repairs on everything including his clothes, the devil touched the naked sword blade of her scythe which was still shaking with his fingertips.

There were signs that he had carried out some interference.

The girl who was named for the colour gray's reaction was fast.

Before his lethal hands had fully reformed, she had jumped to the back in a grand way.

Seemingly very disappointed, the vampire tilted his neck, and drew a circle with his finger.

Something then.....
Appeared.

It had a dazzling radiance that was similar to the Subcategory Holy Grail that was now floating in roughly the centre of the hall.

3 whole light sources were floating, on his left and right shoulders, and on top of his human type head that was of a blood sucking demon.

Caster: "A spiritual core.....?"

Caster had uttered a brief mutter, which was similar to suspicion and doubt.

Wolfgang: "Yes, I don't just have one core. I have these 3 Heroic Spirit cores!

A light source according to his declaration————
Destroyed a mass of super high density prana that had been provisionally named a Heroic Spirit core.

Oh, what is it?

A Heroic Spirit's soul, an immense power, or a surmountable origin?

A magic stone that had been polished up as the axis of a Heroic Spirit's soul?

A high quality experimental material for devils?

No, it is the regrets of the Heroic Spirits themselves, the ones have had been summoned in this false Holy Grail War which was being carried out with the Subcategory Holy Grail, humbly defeated in this «Labyrinth» while embracing their terminated wishes, losing their temporary bodies which was created from aether, and whose spiritual cores were usurped.

Wolfgang: "The 4th engine was used as a spiritual core when I was creating the twin-headed dragon, however it seems to have been, magnificently, destroyed by you lot.....so behold at what, these 3 cores can achieve! Though I don't know the joy of tearing off ripe fruits from their trees, it has given rise to this roughly similar genuine feeling of the joy that I will get when I will rip out the spiritual cores from you bastards!"

It's an extremely arrogant sentence!

It wasn't just the heroes who were waiting for these words at the end.

Archer: "Shut up. You're so damn noisy!"

There were also people who made it their principle to hide themselves and launch a surprise attack on their target.

The yew arrow that was released from a blind spot via transparency, came closer like it was being sucked in, filled with a power that could burst and scatter even that devil's body if he was hit square on.

The demonic monster who wasn't human despite resembling one, if he was defile incarnate or so to speak, then he may show us his true death through these arrows.

But

They didn't reach him.

The vampire was laughing loudly without concealing his mouth which were lined with his white fangs———

Thus seriously exciting the Heroic Spirits' cores.

And thereby, erasing the poisoned arrows.

The three magical lumps that were directly connected to the creature who kept himself to a distance from death through devouring non-divine blood, were now fulfilling a great impossible achievement through the Subcategory Holy Grail.

A connection to the Throne of Heroes.

No, after all, a transient fragment of it which had been copied and taken from the Holy Grail, was nothing more than something which had been somewhat expanded from the summoning arts that Mages use.

Even so.

If the result here was achievable.

In other words, a materialisation in the form of something that wasn't a Servant.

???: "——— ! ! !"

A howl, or a shriek.

A crimson virtual image approximately 3 meters in total length was howling like crazy.

A dignified appearance which could easily be mistaken for a giant then materialised.

It was a silhouette of a Heroic Spirit.

A manifestation of a fake anti-hero who had constructed its body from a bloody muddy stream.

A huge destructive weapon with Wolfgang Faustus operating it as its sole master.

Not possessing divinity, or possessing a will, it was a mad warrior who would smash everything that stood in its way with its powerfully bladed twin axes.

I can't speak its true name here.

Its anguished bloody tears which flowed from the shadows of its iron mask that was like a large shield covering its head, were now, it's everything.

Wolfgang: "Now then, crush them to bits, Master of the Great Labyrinth Daedalus! Hahahahahahaha! Rejoice, you guardians, this will bring all of you to your suitable ends!"



—————*Hiihii.*

I laughed.

I'm just recalling it a bit, like this.

Of my days with the other you.

Of the quiet times that I spent with Arturia, who wasn't my Arthur Pendragon.

Walking in the darkness together whether it was morning, noon, or night.

We also fought.

We also slept.

Ahh, and after that, we had a lot of meals together.

I had become a weakling.

I could only use a bit of my magic.

Before I had noticed, it had ended.

I easily died so helplessly.

It was like I was a princess in a fairy tale awaiting the arrival of her prince.

My spare moment of dizziness.

The dream that I had witnessed.

Speaking about this flow, how many minutes has it been?

A few minutes, no, 53 seconds?

I had already recognised it.

I guess, I really did enjoy those days in that quiet «Labyrinth».

*But
I do have some regrets.*

*It was a bit misfortunate, that I hadn't proceeded to the end of the 4th floor.
I also couldn't say a proper farewell to the other Saber.
It's this child's fault, who was swaying in the underground Greater Grail even now.*

*Before I knew it I was alone—————
Good grief, this child had dragged me back from that «Labyrinth» in one go after reaching this
far.
So, I wonder what I should do now.
I still have a long night ahead of me.
Should I tell you about this dream of mine, as we walk through the Tokyo cityscape?*

Ahh, or—————



Wolfgang: "Hahahahahahahahahahaha!"

The human type phantasmal beast laughed.
And laughed.
And laughed.
I, Norma, for one think, that it was certainly the loud laugh of someone who was
convinced of his victory.

Wolfgang: "Our King Lycaon, bring your blessings on me, a descendant of Arcadia!"

While listening to the devil's words from somewhere far away.....
I was staring.....
At the life or death struggle between the heroes and the monsters.

Thanks to Assassin carrying me to the entrance of the room which was faintly suffering
the effects of the battle, I was alive and not getting caught up like this.

I'm not dead.
But, I couldn't.....

At least bring any magical help to them.
Nor utter a single word of encouragement.
There was no meaning to it no matter what I did.
To a certain extent, these eyes were telling me somehow of its mystery.

This was the second advent of a legend.
A murderous banquet, whose legend descended into the modern era of the 21st century.
An ordinary human can't do something like enter it.

Caster's continuous exploding magic, Archer's countless arrow shots, Assassin's daggers which were like throwing bullets, a swing of the scythe which Gray swung, the destructive axes that the crimson giant who had showed his new form used while enduring everything—————

I would get completely smashed just by experiencing a piece from any one of those.

Most definitely.
That's for sure.

The fear and chills that wracked my whole body as if I had been impaled, became somewhat relieved, straight after the 3 Servants had shown themselves and the impromptu battle had started.

Like something that wasn't expected, as if it had been recorded in the many of the legends and tales, the people who saved people had come to my rescue—————

While thinking in this manner, despite praying, I completely stood up.

Why isn't Saber here?

What, did I bring to her, did I cause a cessation in her prana supply because my command seal had disappeared.?

While preventing myself from thinking about my worst expectations till the end.....

I could only, only, stare at them, although I didn't know the tide of the battle.

It was a storm of death, a powerful unstoppable gale storm.

A crowd of thunderous roars that accompanied the destruction which was mixed together with the law of nature and mysteries was drowned out by my breathing.

Wolfgang: "What's wrong, what's the matter, Heroes! Is that all you 3 Servants have got!? Hahaha, kill me! Otherwise, if you don't kill me, I'll climb up the stairs of existence right here!"

The blood sucking monster spoke.

The black robed demon spoke.

Already this conqueror of mysteries, was a being that surpassed phantasms—————

It should've been similar to a being who was its source so to speak.

Archer: "How's that, you megalomaniac monster!"

Archer who briefly spat while still hiding himself.

Caster: "This vampire..... could he be, trying to become an elemental.....?"

Oh, I learned the words that Caster spoke by ear.

An Elemental?

A natural manifestation of the planet's sense of touch?

I believe that they're something similar to a "deterrence" that's deeply involved in the world's continuance?

A natural spirit that's said to manifest in the world and even in fantasies sometimes, they also provide their bodies for the revival of the Age of the Gods————

As knowledge that has been recorded in books, right.....

I myself can grasp this.

One absolute being.

O' Lord————

Or rather, it's a genuine monster that largely surpasses my imaginary category!

Wolfgang: "I won't permit it again. Not for a second time. However, considering that this is my 3rd experiment, I will finally succeed in capturing the Subcategory Holy Grail"

Assassin: "It's only the social standing of a blood sucking demon."

A bitter voice leaked out from the Assassin who was dashing across the surface of the walls with Gray.

I couldn't understand the Heroic Spirits' reactions to the devil's words very well.

Ahh, but.

I hate it.

I hate fear.

I don't want to be scared.

Even so, I want to believe in the heroes' victory!

My mind was properly capturing the visual information that was being reflected into my eyes.

So I know.

————That the 3 Servants had already.....

————exhausted a drastic amount of prana on the way before they had reached here.

I can't bear it.

They can't be allowed to stubbornly continue this very intense battle.

The blows from the mad warrior who had achieved a form as an accumulation of red blood were very powerful, and the great magic that the vampire sometimes spun was giving heavy damage to the 3 Servants and Gray.

Tracks caused by its crimson red blades which could pulverise all of existence and this room, a jet black death that could turn with fantastic magic that was unknown to me, either way they both had deadly force behind them.

It was an unrecognisable fact, that the 5 of them appeared to be safe as far as I could see with a glance.

Caster was just expanding her very little remaining power casting magical protections.

And, there was also the fact that.....

They were close to their limits.

Norma: "Ah....."

I couldn't let out a scream.

The premonition of the Heroic Spirits' defeat, made my throat tremble and became a groan.

I wasn't confused.

My insides were instantly being filled with an awareness close to conviction.

No.

It's not good.

I can't let things go on as they are.

However, if I don't hit something, everyone will be completely killed by those monsters.

It's not just me.

Gray too.

And surely Add as well.

Even the Heroic Spirits who must've manifested to obtain their temporary lives, will have their spiritual cores gouged out, in that manner.

Norma: "..... I hate this....."

I was shaking my head.

There was the feel of something soaking my cheeks from the edge of my eyes.

Am I crying?

Why, because I'm scared?

I don't know.

I don't know!

I couldn't be aware about what sort of feelings were making me do this.

I hate the idea of being killed, I hate the idea of Gray dying, I'd also hate it if the heroes were killed too.

I was having a hallucination that was similar to my refusal and denial tearing up my heart and mind.

Ahh, I'm breaking.

Norma Goodfellow is breaking.

To the heroes who were facing those monsters with courage, I'm sorry.

I, no my mind will surely die before my body does————

???: *"Oh, geez....."*

————Whose voice is it?

There was something like a pretty voice, whispering in my ear.

???: *"You were just me a little while ago."*

————Like the sound of a bell ringing, it's the voice of a young girl whom I've heard before.

???: *"Pull yourself together!"*

————The one who shouldn't even exist in the slightest, appeared.

???: *"Though there isn't much left of me here, I, am still inside of you————though just for a bit longer."*

————What is this?

Is it courage?

Or hope?

The only thing that lights up and guides my weak heart which hopelessly gives up.

Slowly, I raised my head.

Only now did I notice that I was unintentionally hanging my head in shame.

I was looking down at my feet, as I was afraid of continuing to stare at the battle between the heroes and the monsters.

I should be looking forward to it.

I mustn't avert my gaze, any longer.

But————

Norma: "Manaka."

If you're saying it to me then.....

If you're still here, even just a bit, inside my body which was weak and cowardly and had immediately tried to run away from this, then.....

I should stop trembling.

I should stop, hanging my head in shame, and shattering my heart because of my very despairing self.

Manaka: "Saber, is no longer here. Although she had wanted to say "Goodbye.""

Norma: "I'm sorry, I....."

Manaka: "Are you trying to say that it's your fault? I know. The reason why she had vanished is because of that man dressed in black over there."

Norma: "Yeah."

Manaka: "You should already know; what you should do by now."

Norma: "Yeah."

I nodded a little.

I then————

————reached my hand straight out, still being guided by the remnants of Potnia Theron.[\[1\]](#)

[\[1\]](#) Potnia Theron: The omnipotent girl.



Okay Norma, you'll be achieving a miracle from here on.

*Gently.
Just a bit.*

*Look, behold.
Archer is blowing a faint whistle.
So, it's come to this now.*

*Caster is mumbling something difficult, I see.
But to think that I would see something like this in the modern era*

*Assassin is making an understanding typeface.
I'd know even if it's through his mask.*

*Now then, that girl.
I wonder if the gray girl who incredibly resembles Saber was shocked.*

*Yeah, that's true.
Although it was temporary, it's the first time that she has seen my form.
However————*

*Isn't that black robed guy, the one who is most surprised?
He's created and deployed a lot of unnecessary measures here and there.
He is also the perpetrator who interfered with my saying farewell to the other Saber.*

*I guess, punishment is needed.
Norma, aim very, very, carefully.*

Extend your hand straight out, and yeah, believe that you can grab hold of anything and everything.

Wolfgang: *"You....."*

Yes, while he is distracted.....

Wolfgang: “What, in the world, are you.....!?”

Yes, while he is scared.....

Take that arrogant vampire jerk who is trying to obtain that kind of twisted power————

Each being.....

Each world.....

And rip a hole right through all of them!



And then, a multi-colored light was released.

It was not the radiance of the stars, nor the scorching heat of the sun.

It wasn't the power of destruction, nor a fatal death curse.

The Subcategory Holy Grail and the 3 spiritual cores which was the source of Wolfgang Faustus' power then vanished, and Berserker who was scattering a destructive vortex with a crimson virtual image also vanished.

Was it an established method? No one could make any words about this.

Everything, in that instance..... Was as if it was flowing.

The most powerful combination which resembled a party that had obtained the height of dexterity was in there. The Spellcaster Heroic Spirit's magic was stopping the devil's whole body from connecting to the room. The Dark Heroic Spirit's divine workings, was crushing his icy heart. The Bow Heroic Spirit's poisonous arrows temporarily prevent his body from regenerating.

And then.....

While drawing an arc of light, the grim reaper's scythe slashed him in two————

The vampire who wanted to be the king of phantasms was completely crushed by the call of a miracle, here.

Only the aether's light was faintly left behind, as his remains.





Epilogue

Fate/Labyrinth

—————«The Seventh Labyrinth of Alcatraz»which was transformed into a deadly isolated space with the activation of the Subcategory Holy Grail.

—————As a result, this mystical cavern has proceeded to open its mouth once again. I should probably regard this abnormal situation with the «Labyrinth»closed, with the return of my pupil.

The seal that was placed on its surface doorway has automatically been released.

There were two survivors including my pupil.

The other outside collaborators, all regrettably lost their lives.

I was told that the Subcategory Holy Grail has been completely destroyed.

Having replaced Sir Alcatraz, the being who plotted this magical experiment as the new dungeon master, according to my best guess seems to have been using Agrippa's Planetary Magic Circle.

According to my pupil's testimony, he apparently called himself a Vampire.

By using the Spiritual Cores of the summoned Servants—————

What was he trying to achieve?

Certainly, if he successively used the solar magic circle as raw material for a spiritual core then I couldn't declare that the possibility of making the second advent of a spiritual foundation possible is zero.

Regarding its present state, I could explain my way through that logic to a certain degree.

But, I do have some lingering doubts.

And there are limits to how much I can rely on just my estranged pupil's limited magical knowledge.

As instructed by the suggestions of the appropriate people, a second examination of the «Labyrinth»will probably be necessary.

(A reconstruction from the above-mentioned memorandum of Lord El-Melloi II)



I had completely returned to being myself.

I could no longer hear your voice.

Even though I was clearly paying attention, even your presence was already no longer there.

Manaka Sajyou.

For these few days in that dark «Labyrinth», you were in possession of my body. As I close my eyes, I can still remember the hem of your flowing green dress.

The pretty you.

The wonderful you.

As well as, the you who smiled more kindly than anyone else.

The ones who enabled me to go outside alive like this, the ones who gave me a life and stopped me from getting hurt, the ones who enabled me to give out bright sunny smiles, and breathe in a chestful of slightly cold morning air was———

The Heroic Spirits who were full of courage, Grey and Add, and for sure, it was all thanks to you, Manaka.

Thank you.

And, I'm sorry.

I think that Norma Goodfellow's body was continuously dragging you down.

And, more than anything else.....

The Sandwich.

The one that you made for Saber, I ate it.

Although I had at least intended to pass the only remaining part of it to Saber, I couldn't even do that.

Even though I should've properly handed that thing that you gave me over to her, if I hadn't of run away in that manner close to the 4th floor entrance, then.....

I'm sorry.

So sorry.

How should, I———

I could thank you in return.

Manaka.....

To the you who wasn't the least bit of a coward, and who had returned to the place where you ought to be.



At the edge of a forest overgrown with green trees.
There was the entrance to a «Labyrinth» which had opened its closed mouth.
A person was there, now saying words of farewell, in the gentle morning sunshine.

To the 3 Heroic Spirits.
At the end of the day, the Subcategory Holy Grail was annihilated.
Although it would be a lie if I said that a person who had the final goal of obtaining it wouldn't be unhappy, but if it was that situation then certainly it wasn't like defeating the vampire and the Subcategory Holy Grail would be the worst option, saying that it was an opinion that the 3 Heroic Spirits agreed with.

There wasn't a person who would blame Norma with her dyed orange hair.
Would just a few of them be somewhat spiteful?
Accepting it, the girl lowered her head with enough of a shameful expression to say that she'd wanted to disappear————

Archer: "Don't look so down, see, raise your head."

Forcibly grabbing her hand, Archer pushed something into her.
It was a bracelet.
It was one of the «labyrinth's» mystic codes that had been loaded with some weird magic.

Norma: "Eh, ah, I, I....."

Caster: "It's because of Saber. Since Manaka has disappeared, it's only reasonable that we should give this to you."

Norma: "But I I.....but I haven't done anything to receive this gift."

Assassin: "In that case I guess for argument's sake, let's say that we're leaving it in your care. Little girl."

As she turned towards his quiet voice which came through his mask, the Assassin's figure was already, no longer there.
He didn't activate his Presence Concealment.
He had vanished.
Right, they were going to disappear from here.

Heroic Spirits who have lost the Subcategory Holy Grail as their “keystone” in order to stay in the current world cannot maintain their bodies.

Caster: “I have to go too. Although, I probably won’t see you guys again.”

Caster also disappeared into light.
And then.....

Archer: “Man, they’re a hasty bunch. Well, I’ve got some time to spare. Try to stay as energetic as possible, Manaka’s container. My true name.....well I’ll tell you sometime if you become my Master.”

Archer also melted into the radiance of the morning sun.
After that, she was alone.
Only the girl who stood staring at the bracelet remained.

Muttering.

She might’ve tried to say something.
Moving her lips, a bit, were they words of farewell that she was saying to the already gone Heroic Spirits?
Or perhaps————

???: “Arthur Pendragon. You’re sure that was what she said.”

???: “Yes.....”

???: “I see.”

In a place slightly separated from the scene of farewells, a male and female pair were exchanging words.

One, was a long haired male who was puffing out cigar smoke into the morning sky.

The other was a girl who wore a gray hood.

As he nodded at his pupil’s straightforward answer, the man————

Lord El-Melloi II sent an abrupt gaze far into the distance.



It wasn't here as in the corner of the forest which was the entrance of the《Labyrinth》 which was a mysterious garden that should be admired, it was somewhere, like his thoughts were racing to a place that differed in time and space.

Lord El-Melloi: "Either way, I'll need to question her on a lot of things. Since she personally witnessed an impossible level phenomenon even by modern standards, there is merit in her testimony. Even if she repeatedly acknowledges or denies it."

Gray: "Is this really alright, Master? I....."

Lord El-Melloi: "What is it?"

The man turned around.

The girl was trying to say something to him.

But she couldn't say it.

She couldn't bring herself to say it.

It seemed she couldn't yet say what **she wanted to say**.

However.....

Instead, she was wafting a presence like she was trying to remember something.

Gray: "—————That is, the truth is, I still have the rest of the sandwich that she'd given me."

(Fin)



Monster Encyclopedia

イラスト / マタジロウ



ケルピー

Selkie



ス	攻略方法
合成獣	弱点部位 胴体内部(核)
水	弱点属性 火(ただし超高温)
2メートル以上(肩高)	対魔力 高
可変	報酬
水辺(主にブリテン島北部)	獲得素材 水袋、水霊の雫
	素材落下率 50%、5%
法	いざない、水踏、超高速突進、取り込み、飛来強襲
常	魅了、スキル封印

キメラ

Chimera



ステータス	攻略方法
種類 合成獣	弱点部位 心臓
属性 土、水	弱点属性 ー
体長 3~6メートル	対魔力 中
体重 9~14トン以上	報酬
生息地 特殊	獲得素材 金属装甲、悲哀の心臓
攻撃特徴	素材落下率 10%、1%
攻撃方法	喰らい付く牙の群れ、豪爪、毒の尾、押さえ込み
状態異常	拘束、毒

ゴーレム

Golem



ス	攻略方法
ゴーレム	弱点部位 ー
土など	弱点属性 ー
3~6メートル	対魔力 低~高
10~35トン	報酬
特殊	獲得素材 複連双品
敵	素材落下確率 5%
法	質量攻撃(パンチ、振り下ろし、踏み付け、抱擁)
常	ー

多脚自動人形

Automata



ステータス	攻略方法
種類 自動人形	弱点部位 胴部
属性 土	弱点属性 物理
体長 2~4メートル	対魔力 低
体重 1トン	報酬
生息地 特殊	獲得素材 回転機関
攻撃特徴	素材落下確率 5%
攻撃方法	八連脚撃、八連脚刃、極小型魔術弾、拘束寸断
状態異常	拘束、スタン

ドラゴンゴレム

Dragon golem



ステータス		攻略方法	
種類	ゴレム/竜種(偽)	弱点部位	装甲内(胸部中核)
属性	火、土	弱点属性	—
体長	20メートル	対魔力	きわめて高
体重	推定1万トン	属性	—
生息地	特殊	獲得素材	炎霊核(仮)、竜の牙、竜骨
攻撃特徴	—	素材落下率	0.3%、5%、10%
攻撃方法	閃光の息吹、金剛四肢、黒色翼撃、無慈悲の尾撃		
状態異常	即死、やけど		

食人妖精

Human-eating fairy



ステータス		攻略方法	
種類	使い魔	弱点部位	頭部
属性	風、火	弱点属性	水
体長	20~30センチ	対魔力	低
体重	リンゴ1~2個分	属性	—
生息地	特殊	獲得素材	妖精の羽(偽)
攻撃特徴	—	素材落下率	10%
攻撃方法	とんだり、かみつぎ、むさぼり、群体攻撃		
状態異常	魅了(強)		

Afterword (DeepL Translated and Edited)

Hikaru Sakurai

The Subspecies Holy Grail War.

Four Servants of the Holy Spirit have been summoned to the Labyrinth, a place where those who enter will not return alive. Will they really dance as the Dungeon Master, the creator of the labyrinth, wants them to? Or will they? Or will further intruders...

This is a completely new story that brings together the heroes and sorcerers of the "Fate" series, with the main character of "Fate/Prototype: Fragments of Sky Silver", Manaka Sajo, as one of the main characters. This is a completely new story.

As with "Fate/Grand Order", which is currently being developed as an application game for iOS and Android as of the end of 2005, each work or world bearing the name "Fate" has a certain common world setting called "the seat of the Heroic Spirit".

A maze of darkness. A maze of darkness, a garden of death filled with horrible monsters and traps. It should be a space of despair, but we always feel it. A throbbing of excitement that won't stop. A dazzling premonition of adventure!

Ever since I was a child, I think I have always enjoyed reading fantasy novels, especially those set in labyrinths. In the mornings when I was absent from school due to a fever, I would always dream about reading the second and third volumes of "Fortune Quest" by Mr. Mishio Fukazawa in bed.

So, this time, after a lot of coincidences, I got the chance to work on the story of the labyrinth...It was the best of luck. From the bottom of my heart.

Acknowledgments from here on.

Kinoko Nasu. Not only did you give me the OK to the idea of a dungeon search by Servants, but you also taught me about the nature of XX and XX in the "Fate" world and its details (XX as an illusory species has power, but the dead don't have as much power as in some works, etc.), and even supervised me. Thank you very much.

Takashi Takeuchi. It is because of your recommendation of the miraculous combination of Manaka and Saber that this work has taken shape like this. Thank you very much.

Mr. Nakahara provided us with beautiful full-color illustrations as a "window" to look into the story, as in "Fragments of Sky Silver". I'm glad to see a different side of the story

from the one in "Sky Silver", and the familiar heroes of each work in Nakahara's illustrations. And of course, Norma and the girl in the hood!

Mr. Matajirou. I'm very happy to see the different sides of the story and the familiar faces of the Heroic Spirits in Nakahara's illustrations. Thank you very much.

Mr. Makoto Sanda. Thank you very much for agreeing to the appearance of certain characters in the newly written part, and for supervising the whole thing. I never thought I'd get the OK! It was only yesterday that I was watching the exchange between a certain person and Norma, and whispered to each other, "These girls are the same type of aircraft!"

Thank you Yuichiro Higashide and Ryogo Narita. Thank you for everything.

I'll never forget the kindness of Mr. Morise, who, in addition to researching and corroborating XXX, muttered the word "dungeon" to Sakurai when he was wracking his brains for ideas for a short-term series.

I would like to express my gratitude to the designers Winpanworks and Hirano Kiyoyuki, as well as to Koyama and the editorial and sales staff at Comptique Monthly. I am honored to be able to work with them here as I did with "Sky Silver". And to all the people who enjoy this story, many thanks. See you soon. See you somewhere.

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