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Author

Yu Okano

Illustration

Jaian

# The Unwanted Undead Adventurer





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Yu Okano / Jaian

Illustration Support:  
Daisuke Tooya

































































































































































































































































































































“Is this the village secret? The fact that you have this pet?” I asked.

Gharb shook her head. “No, there’s something else that more deserves to be called a secret. This just came here to greet us. Let’s go,” she said and walked off toward the exit to the cave.

We were almost to the exit now, at which point I was sure we’d see some outdoor scenery. But I was wrong.

“Is this a city?” I wondered aloud. My words echoed quietly.



What we saw appeared to be some sort of city, but there were no signs of human life anywhere. These were probably ruins, and particularly big ones at that. Several cities the size of Maalt could have occupied this space. There were buildings as far as the eye could see. But somehow we didn’t seem to be on the surface, because for as vast as this place was, there was still a ceiling. The outer walls were made of stone like those of the cave we just came from, and the ceiling was likely the same.

I could see lights up there. They twinkled softly like stars in the sky. There were countless lights in the city as well, from what I could only guess were magic lamps, illuminating the whole area. It looked so grand you wouldn’t think the city was dead. If this place were discovered, it could easily become a popular destination for couples thanks to the romantic feel of it all. If this was the secret they were showing us, I couldn’t really complain. The idea that a small village was hiding something so remarkable was awe-inspiring in more ways than one.

“What in the world is this place?” I asked.

“A city,” Gharb answered.

“Oh, come on.”

“Don’t look at me like that; I’m kidding with you. It’s true, though. This is a city. An ancient one destroyed long ago. I’m sure you’ve both heard of the Ancient Kingdom.”

“Yes, of course.” That name was famous among adventurers. It was a country

that might have possessed the technology to make magic bags. It was a highly advanced and prosperous nation, and it was shrouded in mystery. We called it the Ancient Kingdom, but its real name was long forgotten. Remnants of its advanced technology existed throughout the world to be discovered once in a blue moon, indirectly proving that such a civilization must have existed, but that was all we knew. I didn't know what that had to do with this, though. I could guess, but I had no way to be sure everything Gharb said was true. I waited for her to elaborate.

Gharb paused before she spoke again. "This city was built by the descendants of the Ancient Kingdom. And the citizens of Hathara, including you, Rentt, are descended from them. That's the secret of the village," she said in a terribly casual manner.

This was a pretty shocking revelation, to say the least. I thought I just lived in one of a million villages, but it turned out my origins were the thing of legend. A lot of villages might claim something like this, but here we had explicit proof. Technology capable of creating a city this size underground wasn't exactly widely available. It could be done in the modern day with enough resources and manpower, but this was built far in the past. Not only that, but they made magic lamps that were still running to this day, which meant there was presumably some other functional technology leftover too.

I had plenty of questions, but Lorraine spoke before I could, delivering something even more surprising. "It was built by descendants from the Ancient Kingdom? Certainly not. This is Good King Felt's dungeon city, isn't it?!"



"Lorraine, what the hell are you talking about?" I asked, as the person least likely to understand what was going on. Neither Gharb nor Capitan seemed at all perturbed by what Lorraine said, so they must have known what she meant.

"I've told you about it before, haven't I? It's not a city with a dungeon around it but a city inside a dungeon," Lorraine answered, reminding me.

"Wasn't that in your homeland, though? Meaning it would be in the Lelmudan Empire?" After I said that, I remembered that we came here by teleportation circle. Then I got a vague idea as to what had happened.

Lorraine noticed that I'd figured it out and went on. "That's right. I've seen this all before. This underground dungeon with a ravishing ancient city, the monsters who attack all trespassers, and even their ruler, the shahor melechnamer. This is a dungeon in the Lelmudan Empire known as the Old Insect Dungeon. We're on the sixtieth floor, also known as Good King Felt's Dungeon City."



I was still at a complete loss, but it looked like I was the only one. Lorraine did seem surprised as well, but since she had seen this place before, she wasn't as shocked as me. I didn't even know who to ask about what. I could at least think of what my first question should be, and maybe I knew who best to ask.

"Was she right about all that?" I asked Gharb and Capitan.

"We wouldn't know what names they have for it outside of our small village," Capitan said, "but we're inside a dungeon within the Lelmudan Empire's territory. That much is certain. That makes Good King Felt our ancestor, apparently. Pretty interesting, eh?"

I suppose it was interesting. Knowing that I had descended from a legendary figure was a bit exciting.

"Why do you assume that?" Lorraine asked them.

"Well, that teleportation circle led here, after all," Gharb said jokingly. But that seemed to actually be their reasoning, so maybe it wasn't a joke.

"The Empire found that teleportation circle too, but they couldn't activate it," Lorraine said. "They probably still can't. How did you do it?"

This was the first I'd heard of this, so I asked Lorraine my own question. "They knew about that teleportation circle already?"

"Yes. Unfortunately, this is the sixtieth floor, so even getting this far is a trial. And once you do make it here, you have to deal with the shahor melechnamer and all the other powerful monsters prowling the city. Scholars have tried to investigate it before, but they didn't survive very long, so little progress has ever been made. I know this city by its appearance, and I know of the teleportation circle and how it doesn't work, but that's the extent of my

knowledge.”

It sounded like they couldn't research the teleportation circle whether they wanted to or not. Maybe I could think of a few ways they could try, but it didn't help that this was also a national secret. That would limit their options for researching it. It was likely a complicated situation.

At any rate, Gharb answered Lorraine's question. "Now, the teleportation circle is similar to the shahor melechnamer in that our blood is the key. That's all there is to it."

"Your blood is the key? I'm not aware of any technology that can do that. Is it similar to how a specific person's mana can be registered to a wand? Maybe you could identify somebody's bloodline similarly," Lorraine murmured to herself. But rather than mull it over, she seemed to think that asking questions would prove more beneficial. "So was I able to use the teleportation circle because I came with Rentt?" she asked Gharb.

"That's absolutely right. I don't know how they did it, but it seems the Ancient Kingdom had technology that made it possible. They could make powerful monsters defend their city, too."

I looked at the gigantic cat lazing about and saw no other explanation aside from what Gharb suggested. But something didn't add up.

"How did such a powerful nation, and a city that inherited that power, get destroyed? And why did their descendants have to go to the outskirts of such a small country?" Lorraine asked, coming to the same conclusion I had.

If they really did have the advanced technology and great power they were purported to have, then they shouldn't have had to leave. Even powerful monsters weren't a threat to them, so I didn't see how they could have been brought to ruin. But to begin with, Good King Felt had fled from some other country and wandered the world until he found his way here.

"It is strange, isn't it?" Gharb said. "I wonder the same thing. And I'm sure the Hatharans who knew about this place before us had the same questions. But we don't have any answers."

"Have you never tried to find out?" I asked. Humans were curious creatures,

for better and for worse. Maybe a woman of Gharb's age wasn't going to be quite so interested in her surroundings, but for most people, learning such a big secret would only make you want to find out more. Even if Gharb and Capitan were exceptions to that, there must have been plenty of Hatharans in the past who kept this secret. I found it hard to believe that none of them ever tried looking deeper.

"It's said that long ago, a few people tried to learn more," Capitan answered. "One such story is only told to the head of the hunters every generation. I think you've got a similar story, right, old lady?"

Gharb nodded. "Yes, a story passed down between what we call the medicine woman nowadays, but we were once called the chief magician. The mayor once had a different name as well. They used to be called the king."

"If we're bringing that up, then the head hunter used to be called the knight captain, apparently. Considering you can trace the roots of our village back to this place, it makes sense. We're the descendants of a dead country. I don't know if it's worth taking pride in, though. In the end, we're just an ordinary village," Capitan said with a laugh.



After seeing all this, it seemed absurd to call Hathara an ordinary village, but if you looked at it without knowing this secret, it certainly was. I'd always thought so, anyway. All of the villagers aside from these two and my foster father must have seen it that way as well. Once I had left it, I felt like there was something strange about my village, but I didn't think much about it beyond that.

But if they insisted on calling Hathara an ordinary village, why did they bother to bring us here? We could've gone on thinking the village was normal if they hadn't told us about this. The village elders and leaders were supposed to keep this a secret, so this felt unusual. They said they wanted to unveil this in exchange for asking me something, but this seemed like far too big a secret to reveal.

"Like Capitan just said, Hathara's just an ordinary village now," Gharb said. "Only three of us know the secret anymore, so that's proof enough of that. You see, I thought it'd be best to make it into an ordinary village."

“What do you mean?” I asked.

“I’ve told you how back in the day, the village was a lot more violent, haven’t I? That was because of this place. The chief magician, knight captain, and king are the only roles still left over from the old days, but back when I was young, there was also the chancellor, the minister of justice, and the priest. This was before Capitan or Ingo were even born, back in the previous mayor’s day. There were six of us who knew about this city, and we were divided on whether to try and make use of it. The chancellor, minister of justice, and priest asserted that we could use this secret in a way that drew more people to Hathara, expanded the village into a great city, and brought more wealth to the villagers. The other three understood their position, but they weren’t eager to approve, from what I heard. After all, this was a secret that had been kept for ages. They didn’t want their generation to be the one that exposed it, so that was one reason, but they also feared the potential danger. You can see why, looking at this monster here,” Gharb said and petted the shahor melechnamer. It purred like any old cat, but if someone were to actually fight it, it would be deadly. If a small village possessed such strength, somebody would inevitably try to use it. I presumed that was the danger she referred to.

“Were you worried someone outside the village would try to use it?” I asked.

“Yes. There are powerful countries, organizations, and even individuals out there. This monster, this city, and this teleportation circle could all serve as great weapons, but we’re simple villagers. There was a strong fear that we would ultimately be taken advantage of and the village would be left to rot. The two sides of this argument never ended up coming to a compromise before it all came to an end.”

“How did it end?”

“Well, as I’m sure you’ve noticed with me and Capitan, everyone with a special role in Hathara inherited special skills. We could all use magic or spirit or the like. These are no ordinary abilities, either. We learned powerful skills passed down since ancient times. The chancellor’s side never changed their views, and in the end, they tried to get their way by force. They went up against the opposing side, and the chief magician, knight captain, and king came out victorious. Which is to say the medicine woman, head hunter, and mayor, in

today's terms. But there were casualties. The medicine woman was heavily injured, and the head hunter would never hunt again. The mayor fared better, but even he was wounded all over. The chancellor, minister of justice, and priest all died, bringing the conflict to a close."

That was an even bloodier story than I had anticipated. The idea that this village was the site of such a violent battle left me speechless.

Gharb smiled. "Well, that was a long time ago. So, that all happened in an effort to protect this place, when it came down to it. But I was thinking it's time to stop all that. I'm leaving this city in your hands."

"After all the trouble you went through to protect it?"

"Well, the situation has changed. Lorraine here is from the Lelmudan Empire, isn't she? And they know about this place. They found out about it after the conflict in the village, though they still don't seem to know about its connection to Hathara."

Lorraine nodded. "I've heard that the Lelmudan Empire discovered it about fifty years ago, but they haven't found out much. Still, these are ancient ruins, and it's long been said that there must be useful magic items around here. It's been too difficult to explore so far, but trouble has been brewing in the Empire as of late. I hear they've reevaluated the significance of these ruins and are proposing new plans to send investigation teams periodically."

"Well, that's the thing," Gharb said. "The chancellor's group said we should reveal the secret after one of them witnessed somebody coming down here. They wanted the glory of unveiling it to the world before somebody else did, I imagine. But many people had come to the city in the past, according to our legends. I thought they only used that sighting as an excuse, but it has turned out to be a problem. If the Empire is going to use the full might of their nation to investigate this city, it won't be safe to keep treating it as we always have. I want somebody who's quicker on their feet to watch over it, and you two are just perfect."



"You want us to watch over it?" I said, unsure of how to react. Lorraine looked conflicted as well, as was to be expected. This seemed like a bit much to

be leaving in the hands of a couple of people.

Capitan saw what I was thinking. “We’re not saying you have to be the only ones to take care of the place, or that we want nothing at all to do with it anymore; nothing like that. It’s more that we want some new recruits to the team, you could say.” It was like he didn’t want it to sound like a demand, but if so, I didn’t see why they needed to make this request in the first place.

“Will it not be possible to continue things as you have been?” I asked.

“It could be done, but it’d be nice to have you two join in. There’ll be something in it for you, too,” Capitan said.

I had no idea what benefit they could offer. Lorraine might appreciate the chance to research the city without having to worry about monsters, but that probably wasn’t what he meant.

“Isn’t that right, Gharb?” he said, turning to the old woman.

“Yes, well, it’ll be easiest to show them. Shall we go have a look?” Gharb said. She climbed onto the shahor melechnamer’s back and looked down upon us. “What are you doing? Get on.”

Capitan had started to climb on before she’d even said anything. It looked like we would have to ride it. I was a bit reluctant to, but admittedly I’d gotten plenty used to the creature already. Lorraine and I looked at each other and shrugged. Then we got on the shahor melechnamer’s back. It was big enough to hold all four of us easily, and it was nice and soft as well. It was so pleasant that I almost wanted to sleep, and I seldom felt sleepy. But if I actually did, that would have been a disaster. We were riding this monster somewhere else, so I most likely would have fallen off.

“Now let’s go,” Gharb said, giving some orders to the shahor melechnamer. It smoothly got into motion, and in a matter of seconds, it reached a frightening speed.

It rushed outside the cave, which is to say into the dungeon city. Ruins of the dead city flew by around us. The cave was on a fairly high wall that let us view the ruins from above. Seeing them up close, the buildings barely looked decayed. It was as if it were a thriving city where the entire population had just



vanished. I saw magic lamps glowing in the many buildings, making the empty city look strangely alive.

“Where are we going?!” I shouted.

“Don’t look at the city, look at the walls around it!” Gharb shouted back.

I turned to the walls and saw that they were full of holes. They were located at about the same height as the cave we descended from and looked to be the same size too. There were more than I could count.

“I knew it,” Lorraine whispered.

“Figured something out?” I asked.

“Yes. You know how I mentioned that the Empire found a teleportation circle here?”

“Yeah, but so what?”

“The one they found wasn’t in that cave we came from. It was somewhere else. As soon as you descend from the fifty-ninth floor, there’s a small cave near the entrance to the city. That’s where the one they found is located. Nobody could explore much beyond that due to the monsters.”

“So there are multiple teleportation circles?”

“Yes, and possibly more than just those two. All those holes in the walls might contain their own,” Lorraine said, trembling a bit.

“That’s right!” Gharb yelled. “But I haven’t checked all of them, so I couldn’t tell you which ones go where!”

“Just thinking about this is terrifying,” Lorraine said. “If the Empire took control of this city, they would dominate the entire continent.”

I nodded. “We can never let them find out. Well, they’d have to be from Hathara to use the teleportation circles, so maybe it’d be fine.”

“If anything, I think that would put the people of Hathara in danger,” she said.

It was true that if the people of Hathara themselves were the key, they would likely be targeted. But I couldn’t imagine how the Empire would reach that conclusion in the first place.

“Speaking of which,” Lorraine whispered, remembering something, “Rentt, you were able to use it despite being a vampire. If you brought a vampiric servant along, maybe they could use the teleportation circles too. Vampires create servants by giving another creature some of their blood, after all.”

That sounded like an interesting theory, but I would have to try it to know for sure. If only I had brought Edel, but he wasn’t with me at the moment. It would be worth attempting in the future though. If it turned out to be possible, then I could single-handedly act as the key for all the teleportation circles. As a consequence, though, I felt like I was now in enormously more danger than ever. If the Empire ever figured all this out, they were going to come for me.



We eventually arrived at one of the many caves in the walls, one that was situated far in the back of the city. I thought there would be a teleportation circle here too.

“I don’t see anything,” I said to Gharb and Capitan. The structure of the cave was identical to the one we were first teleported to. There was a long hallway that led to a big room. It only differed in that nothing was drawn on the ground.

“Well, I’m sure you don’t,” Gharb said. “But this is the right place. Do it, Capitan.”

Capitan took two rocks out of his pocket. One glowed a dull red and one a cloudy blue. He raised the red rock and threw it at the ground with all his might. It split open, and a pattern rapidly materialized on the ground.

“What?! A teleportation circle?” Lorraine exclaimed.

“That’s right,” Gharb said, nodding. “This is one of the magic items that has been passed down to us. It allows us to create new teleportation circles. The medicine woman and the head hunter receive a pair each. We just used one of them.”

“A pair? So the red and blue rocks come as a set?” I asked.

“Yes. It doesn’t matter which one you use first, but when you strike one against the ground, it produces a teleportation circle. The exit is created with the other rock. Convenient, eh?” she said.

Not only was it convenient, but if this were put up at an auction, it could sell for an astronomical price. I didn't know about Lorraine, but I'd never seen anything like this before. They wanted to demonstrate how it worked, presumably, but this didn't seem like something to be used lightly.

"You can have this one," Capitan said, handing over the blue rock. "Place the teleportation circle wherever you want."

The rock had looked cloudy from far away, but there were actually tons of tiny glyphs swirling around inside. It looked like a pretty advanced magic item.

"You're giving this to us?" I asked.

"We did say we were letting you look after the city," Capitan said indifferently. "After you get back to Maalt, you don't want to have to take the carriage to Hathara every time you want to visit, right? This'll take you here and back in an instant. Well, it's still half a day's walk between that fortress and Hathara, but it's only a few hours if you hurry. Makes things a lot easier, yeah?"

I appreciated the thought, but I didn't know if I should accept. I looked at Lorraine, who was silently staring at the blue rock, eager to snatch it from my hands. When I handed it to her, she held it right up in front of her eyeballs and gazed into it. She began to mutter about magic theories and such. It was a tiny bit terrifying. But no matter how much success she had as a scholar, obtaining something like this came down to luck, so she was probably exhilarated. I figured it was fine.

"Oh, you can have mine too," Gharb said and gave us her red and blue rocks. "These are still together as a set. Sorry that Capitan went ahead and picked this spot to place one of his."

Hers were a slightly different color than Capitan's, but they looked mostly identical. I had to be careful not to get them confused. The exit, or maybe the entrance if there was any distinction there, being here on this spot was fine by me. According to Gharb, there were plenty more teleportation circles placed here anyway, so we could use these ruins as a hub to easily travel to faraway lands. In fact, even if we had the choice of where to place each teleportation circle, I would have used one here and one in Maalt. I couldn't think of a good place to use the other set, so it was best to hold onto those for the time being.

Maybe we would find a vital location for them soon, but we needed to think before we used them.



“Now, would you like to try using some other teleportation circles?” Gharb asked. “I’ve already checked the destinations of a handful of them.”

Lorraine and I nodded.

“All right, then get back on,” Gharb said and climbed onto the shahor melechnamer.

We were used to riding it at this point, so we got on more smoothly than before. Once all four of us were settled, the shahor melechnamer got running again.



“I know where this teleportation circle leads, but it’s to a bit of a bewildering place. We’ll use it first, as usual,” Gharb said. Then she and Capitan stood on the teleportation circle and disappeared.

“What do you think she meant by a bewildering place?” I asked Lorraine.

“Maybe a beach next to a stormy sea, or the summit of a volcano.”

“Well, I sure hope it’s neither of those.”

That was a joke, of course, but for something to bewilder someone as brave as Gharb and Capitan, it had to be something of the sort. Waiting behind wasn’t an option though, so we stood on the magic circle and warped to an unknown land.



When I got there, I couldn’t help but yelp. The first thing I noticed was a fierce stench. Lorraine didn’t say anything, but she was wincing. I could see why; the smell was pretty awful.

“See what I mean?” Gharb said with a grin. Capitan was smiling too. This was certainly bewildering.

“So what is this place?” I asked.

“A sewer,” Gharb answered. “A secret room inside a sewer, specifically.” Gharb felt around the stone wall until part of it slid out of the way with a loud grinding sound. A few seconds later, a path forward appeared, with a waterway

on the other side. “Now let’s go.”



“I wonder if this was here back when that city was thriving,” I said as we walked through the sewer.

“It’s possible, but probably not,” Lorraine said after thinking about it a bit. “Do you know, Gharb?”

Gharb nodded. “Yes, you’re correct. This sewer isn’t quite so old. It’s still old, mind you, but only a few centuries old.” The ruined city was presumably thousands of years old, so by comparison, this place didn’t have much history.

“But there’s a teleportation circle here,” I argued. “Those can’t be created with modern technology, so it would’ve had to have been here since the city was active, right?”

“Rentt, have you been paying any attention?” Gharb retorted. “Everyone with a special role in Hathara had a set of those rocks. Some of them used them already, though. This one was left by a chancellor, I believe. A chancellor from long ago.”

That made sense, but those people with special roles were supposed to keep the ruins and everything related to them a secret. I didn’t understand why they would have made a teleportation circle.

“We’re almost to the exit,” Gharb said and pointed to some light up ahead. As we got closer, I saw that it wasn’t artificial light this time. It came from the sun, and I could see trees outside as if we were in a forest. There was a flowing stream as well.

“Where are we?” I asked. I looked all around me, but I had no idea.

“One moment. *Hide, Rehesteel*,” Gharb chanted. I turned back to the sewer’s exit and saw vines and grass grow over it until it was no longer visible.

“That wasn’t a spell that Gharb cast,” Lorraine said. “Rather, this exit itself is enchanted to react to a magic word. It’s very complex, so I don’t think it could be canceled easily.”

For Lorraine to say that, this must have been fairly advanced magic. An

ordinary magician would pass by without even noticing anything, presumably. I was clueless about any of this, though. There was too much to learn about magic. I wanted to be able to talk about the structure of spells and such one day, but maybe that was out of my reach.

We followed Gharb for a while longer. Not that long, but long enough that it felt like a decent walk. Eventually, we saw something.

“Is that a castle? Does that mean we’re in the capital?” I asked. There was a massive, towering building before us. Standing in the middle of a city surrounded by high walls, the white building looked majestic and beautiful. There was no structure in this country more grand than this one. We had to be in Vistelya, the capital of the Kingdom of Yaaran. To be honest, I had never been here before. I knew it from books and stories, but this was my first time seeing it in person. Now I knew why the Hatharan villagers got so excited when I talked about Maalt. This was a real city.

I turned to Lorraine to see how she felt, but she looked indifferent. She came from an even bigger city, so maybe this wasn’t that special to her, but the difference in her reaction was kind of frustrating. Now I was set on going to the capital of the Empire someday.

“Shall we look around a bit before we return?” Gharb said nonchalantly. “There are some materials we were just about to run out of.”

“There’s somewhere I want to go too,” Capitan said. “Let’s split up for now and meet back up later.”

They sounded much too casual about this. “Are you sure?” I said. “Won’t it be strange for Hatharans to just suddenly show up in the capital?”

From what I had heard, Vistelya had gates in the north, south, east, and west, and everyone who came to the city had to prove their identity. Some form of identification had to be presented in order to pass, but I didn’t know what they would use.

Just when I was wondering that, they each took out a bronze card that I had seen many times before.

“Aren’t those Bronze-class adventurer cards?” I asked. It was fairly difficult for



me to acquire mine the first time, but it was easy the second time. As to why these two had their own, though, I didn't know.

Capitan seemed to notice why I was staring and answered my question. "We got them for times like these. We used fake names and got them in a city far from Hathara. They won't suspect anything. We do the occasional adventuring work, so there are records of our work history too."

I checked the location of the guild listed on their cards, and it did say the name of a distant city. As far as what jobs they took and how many they did, I would have to work for the guild to check, so I didn't know. Knowing Capitan's skill, it was easy to imagine that he did something impressive. The same went for Gharb. Her card listed a different guild from Capitan's, so they had put a lot of work into the details. They probably used the teleportation circles to go pick these up, and it seemed like they used them without much thought. I didn't know if that was the best idea, but on the other hand, these two likely knew to exercise some amount of caution.

"Anyway, go see the sights and enjoy yourselves," Capitan said.

"I'm kind of concerned that we'll look suspicious too," I responded.

"If you use your Rentt Vivie card, you should be fine," Lorraine said.

Maybe that was true. I was supposed to be away from Maalt anyway, so we could say that Rentt Faina was in Hathara while Rentt Vivie was in the capital.

"But what about you, Lorraine?" I asked.

"Me? I have my own method. It's nothing special, but look," Lorraine said and showed me a few different identification cards from the Empire. They all featured different names. These were clearly fakes. One of them had her real name, but I doubted she planned to use that. She did things like this sometimes, so I wondered just how Lorraine was treated within the Empire, but there was no use asking about that now. Besides, she was who she was, and nothing would change that. It was fine.

"Well, I guess there are no issues, then. Let's go," I said, and we approached the gate to Vistelya.

## Afterword

Hello, it's been a while. This is Yu Okano. We've finally reached the sixth book, and I hope we can keep continuing beyond this. It all depends on the support of the readers, so I have to do my best to earn it.

It's strange how things work out. When I first started writing *The Unwanted Undead Adventurer*, I never thought I'd get to turn it into a book, let alone a series that would last this long. I'm sure many of you know this, but these books started as a story I posted to a website where you could share your own novels. This was on an entirely different site from where it's posted now, and under a different title. It was so long ago that my memories are hazy, and I can't even remember exactly what the title was. What I do remember is that I was also writing a novel on the site I'm currently posting to at the same time, but I thought it might be interesting to try writing something somewhere else too. For something that I started from absolutely nothing, though, there was a surprising number of readers. It made me feel like more people were interested in my writing than I thought, so it might be best to move the story to the site that had more users overall. I've since completely stopped posting to the original site, and my account isn't even there anymore, but sometimes I wonder if there's anyone who's kept up with the story since all the way back then. There weren't even twenty readers at the time, I don't think. If any of you are out there, please contact me.

Anyway, after many twists and turns, the story came to be published as a series of books. I'm very attached to this story, and as I'm writing it, I feel like I'd love to keep it going forever. But all stories have to end one day. If you'd keep reading until that day comes, nothing would make me happier as an author. Please stick around for more *The Unwanted Undead Adventurer*.

# Bonus Short Stories

## Bad Conclusion

Lorraine and I sat before a woman on a sofa as she described her tragic situation to us in full. She said that her husband had gone missing a while ago. He hadn't been seen in over a week, so she finally put out a search request through the guild, and we accepted it. We visited her in person so we could ascertain the situation and assess his behavior around the time he disappeared. He actually seemed pretty wealthy, as he owned a large mansion with numerous servants. I could guess why the reward for this job was so high. It was enough for both of us to live in leisure for an entire month.

And yet nobody else took this job, presumably because of the difficulty. There would be no reward if he wasn't found, and there was no guarantee he could be located. Unless you had some special skills, the smart thing to do was pass. In our case, however, Lorraine had spells that allowed for a meticulous search, and I had the ability to locate humans by smell. We had a relatively high chance of success, so we took the job.

The woman immediately provided us with a portrait and a description of him at the time he vanished. Lorraine and I looked at each other and nodded.

"Can you show us your husband's room, then?" I asked. "Maybe there are some clues that'll help us find him." Even for us, searching for him without anything to go on would be a challenge. Some investigation was required.

"This way, please," the woman said and led us through the mansion.



"Lorraine, I think this might be worse than expected," I said.

"So it seems. But all of these books are sketchy. I can't imagine he could actually accomplish his goal," Lorraine agreed. She traced the spine of a book we found in the room.

The room clearly belonged to a man who took on a lot of work, and there didn't seem to be anything special at first sight. However, after rummaging around for a while, Lorraine discovered some suspicious mana. We found that it came from the bookshelf and the wall. We searched them, and there certainly seemed to be something there. When we took out some books that emitted a faint amount of mana, the bookshelf automatically moved to reveal a hidden door behind it.

We searched the hidden room and found a number of suspicious tomes, along with magic items and a magic circle on the floor. Most of the books described forbidden magic practices, so there was a good chance the husband was dabbling in those. That was what made this whole situation worse than expected. But this wasn't something so easy to succeed at, and the husband's disappearance was likely a result of his failure. If so, it wouldn't be strange if no trace of his body remained.

Whatever the case, we reported our findings to his wife. She looked shocked at first, but she accepted the possibility in the end. Then we took out a map and showed it to her.

"What's this?" she asked and cocked her head.

"We found this in your husband's hidden room," Lorraine explained. "I think you'll understand once you look at it, but it shows a location about half a day's worth of travel outside of Maalt. There's probably something there."

"Could it be my husband?"

"It's possible, but it could also be nothing. That's why we're telling you about this last. Apologies."

"No, I understand. You wanted to prepare me for the worst. There's nothing wrong with that. But if he might be there, can you search the area for me? I don't mind raising the reward if necessary." She was pretty worried about her husband. The woman sounded absolutely desperate.

"Of course. The reward is already enough as it is, so we plan to head there first thing tomorrow morning. You don't need to beg us."

"Thank you so much. I'm glad you're the ones who took the job."



The next day, we immediately departed from Maalt for the destination in question. We traveled by carriage for a while and then got off and headed through the forest until we saw it.

“A shack?” I said.

“Looks like it. Is the husband there?”

“Maybe. Let’s check it out.”

When we got to the shack, I knocked on the door. “Is anybody there? Dang, no answer.”

“Maybe it’s empty,” Lorraine muttered.

But I shook my head. “No, somebody’s there. I’m sure you wouldn’t know, but this place smells strongly of blood.”

“What? If you notice it, then does that mean it’s human blood?”

“I guess it’d have to be. Not only that, but it’s pretty fresh. Seems like it belonged to a young woman. It’s from about three days ago, I think.”

“Should we force our way in?”

“I guess we’ll have to!” I shouted and rammed into the door, destroying it. I was sure someone had to be inside, but to my surprise, the shack was unoccupied. “This place is probably like his room. The smell is coming from down below.”

“Another hidden room, then? You think there may be something underground? Oh, there really is something,” Lorraine said after looking under a carpet. A part of the floor was a different color from the rest. She opened it up and discovered a staircase leading underground.

“I’ll go first,” I said.

“Are you sure?”

“If worse comes to worst and I get taken off guard, I should still be able to make it out somehow. You stay back and prepare to use some magic.”

“Understood.”



“Where did you come from?!” a man asked as we reached the bottom of the basement. It was the husband we were looking for. He looked somewhat sickly but otherwise appeared as he did in the portrait.

There was a bed behind him with a young woman lying upon it. Beside her was yet another person, and I could see that they were eating her. The smell of blood wafted from the bed, meaning she must have been the young woman I smelled. I doubted she was still alive.

“We’re here at the request of your wife, of course,” I said. “She wanted someone to find you after you disappeared.” It was extremely hard to say that he should return to her after what I saw here, so I left it at that.

To my surprise, the husband sneered. “She’s looking for me? Ridiculous. Only because she thought it was convenient for her, I’m sure.”

“What?”

“You don’t know? She cheated on me behind my back. This is who she cheated on me with,” he said and pointed to the man eating the woman. He looked young judging from his face alone, but his skin and flesh were rotting, so he was clearly not well.

“She didn’t seem demented enough to sleep with a ghoul,” Lorraine said. The young man was undoubtedly a ghoul.

“I turned him into this. He’s eating his own wife. The goddamned bastard insulted me!”

“You? Well, now I see what those forbidden books were for. But controlling a ghoul isn’t something any ordinary human can do.”

“I’m impressed you know that. Yes, that’s why I turned myself into a thrall. I was lucky enough to get ahold of some vampire blood.”

Lorraine frowned. “You drank it? I don’t know if I’d consider that lucky.”

It was said that by drinking the blood of a vampire, a human could turn themselves into a vampire. But just about all attempts at this failed, and the humans lost their minds. The same had presumably happened to this man.

“Rentt, there’s only one thing to do.”

“Right.”

Lorraine and I slayed the monsters. They were so weak it was an easy job, but it felt unpleasant. After that, we buried them and the young woman near the shack. Then we brought their belongings back to Maalt.



We explained everything that transpired to the wife and then handed her husband’s belongings over.

“Yes, this belonged to my husband,” she said, her hands quivering. “Here’s your reward. Thank you for everything; now I can finally calm down.” She smiled faintly, but something about that smile seemed different from before.

Lorraine must have noticed it as well. After we accepted the reward and were about to leave, she asked the wife a question. “Your husband said that you cheated on him. Is that true?”

She would no doubt deny that it was, I thought, so her answer was unexpected.

“I tricked him into thinking I did, actually.” Lorraine looked at her with confusion. The woman’s eyes looked ominous as she explained further. “It was dreadful. When he said he planned to retire soon, I didn’t especially mind, but then he started saying he was going to give half of his wealth to the child of his previous wife. I thought he’d gone mad. That’s why I set it up so he would settle all of this himself. I made him think that I cheated on him and that I was going to take his entire fortune for myself and my new partner. He actually did exactly what I hoped he would do. When he investigated this partner and found he was married, my husband went after his wife too. Even though his wife was actually the daughter of my husband’s previous wife. They hadn’t seen each other in over a decade, so he probably didn’t recognize her. Not that he was entirely sane by that point anyway. Now his fortune is all mine. Good work, you two. Goodbye now.”

The door creaked closed, shutting us outside. Only now did we learn that this was all a plot devised by her.

“Rentt,” Lorraine started.

“No, Lorraine, there was nothing else we could do. From the moment we accepted the job, it was all over.”

“Should we tell the authorities?”

“It’s pointless; we have no proof. And even if we can demonstrate that it’s true, she didn’t personally commit any crime. The law can’t touch her.”

We trudged back home. We didn’t speak much for the rest of the day, and in my dreams, I saw that terrifying woman’s face, cackling in the dark.



A few days later, I headed to the mansion and found it completely burned down.

“How did this happen?” I asked one of the people standing around.

“It just suddenly caught fire last night. Probably arson, I guess. Is that all you needed?”

“Oh, yeah.”

He walked away. Still in shock, I stared at the remains of the mansion for a while. Then I noticed something. Near the edge, around where the fire most likely started, I saw something familiar. It was the necklace belonging to the young woman we buried in the forest. It was charred black but still recognizable. Nearby, I found some human bones as well. They also belonged to the young woman.

I wondered how this was possible, but maybe she had become undead by the time we buried her. She seemed entirely dead at the time, but if she was only just becoming undead, it could have escaped my notice. Then she must have dug out of her grave and burned this mansion down. That would explain everything, but I had no proof of this either. Both the mansion and the woman were incinerated. According to others in the area, the wife who lived here had died as well.

Maybe I should have thought of this as an appropriate punishment for her crimes, or maybe I should have been outraged about how horrific the whole



incident was. But in the end, I didn't know what to make of it.

## Leisurely Fishing

I left my village at the age of fifteen, when I was allowed to register as an adventurer. This story takes place a few months before that.

I and a childhood friend I grew up with were crafting one of our village's specialty products, wooden handicrafts, in the main square. My friend's name was Doras. I was three years older than him, so he was like a little brother to me. His father was one of the village artisans, and Doras seemed to take after him by being more inclined to silently focus on his work than to talk on the job. But that day he said he had a question for me. Surprised, I asked him what it was.

"Well, you swing that sword around a lot, but between all the different jobs you do, I was wondering if that gets exhausting," he said.

I thought it was a strange thing to wonder about, but it was easy enough to answer him. "Sure, it can be exhausting. The work tires me out and all, and then I have to practice with my sword."

"You could just stop."

"No way. You know what I'm doing in three months?"

"Leaving the village, right?"

"Right, to become an adventurer. And to be an adventurer, I'll need some degree of combat skill. If I can't at least train myself, then I'm hopeless. It's not like I can just quit."

Yes, I couldn't stop now. Not when I wanted to become a Mithril-class adventurer. I didn't know how much time it would take, but I would get there one day. And to make that happen, I had to practice no matter how tired I got.

"That's what I wanted to talk about, Rentt," Doras said timidly.

"What?"

"Nothing's going to stop you from leaving the village, is it?"

I shook my head. I had already decided to leave. I could understand why they'd want to stop me, though. One wrong step as an adventurer could spell death for me. Doras thought it would be better to avoid danger and enjoy life in the village, as so many others had told me before. But it was too late to change my mind. I was resolute in my decisions, and the whole village knew it, including Doras.

"Why ask me this now?" I asked. "Just a little while ago, you were encouraging me. You even said you looked forward to souvenirs when I came back to visit."

Doras had actually approved of my idea to leave the village. He sometimes longed for the big city and hoped to go there himself someday, so he asked me to tell him all about it when I came back to visit home.

"Of course I'm looking forward to souvenirs, and I also want to live in the city myself."

"Then why ask me to reconsider?"

"I think Riri will be lonely, so I wanted to see if there's anything I could do."

I wasn't expecting to hear that name, but now I understood. Riri was another of my childhood friends. She and Fahri, also one of my childhood friends, always hung out with me. They were both seven years younger than me, so they were just eight years old at the time. Doras was twelve, so there was a four year difference between him and them.

I got why he was worried about Riri. I was positive that he liked her, in fact. Riri and Fahri were both adorable girls, and they would likely grow up to be beautiful. They also had cheerful personalities, and they were popular both with their own age group and with older boys like Doras. But Riri seemed to like me a fair bit, and Doras knew that. She seemed a little depressed as of late because I was planning to leave the village. If that was what this was about, though, then there was something I had to say to Doras.

"Doras, do you like Riri?" I asked.

"Uh, n-no, I wouldn't say that," he responded, obviously flustered. But there was no use questioning him further, so I just moved on.

“If you do like Riri, then you’d be wrong to stop me.”

“Why?”

“Think about it. Riri, well, she seems to kind of like me.”

“Yeah,” Doras said with a sigh.

“But that’s just because I’ve looked after her since she was little. You must’ve had a similar relationship with an older girl, right? In this village, kids look after the younger kids, whether they’re related or not.”

“Sure, you’ve got a point there.”

“But those feelings don’t last forever, you know. Riri’s not going to feel that way about me for long.”

Now it seemed like Doras got the point. He was only twelve, but he was good at using his head. After thinking for a bit, he said, “And if you leave the village, she’ll forget about you sooner?”

“Right. And rather than yearn for a guy who’s away for years, she’ll be more interested in someone close by. So, Doras, you should be happy to see me leave. Am I right?”

“Rentt, I get what you’re saying. Forget that I told you to stay. But I’ll be lonelier without you too, to tell you the truth. And so will Riri. Come back as often as possible.”

“You’re too nice. Riri’s never going to fall for you if you act like that.”

“Look, I’m not trying to—Oh, nevermind, no use trying to hide it. But it’ll happen if it happens. Seems like you’re only interested in being an adventurer, so I’ll take my time here.”

“Good luck to you. Well, I’ll come back once in a while, then. Look forward to whatever stories I have to tell or souvenirs I have to give. I’ll even pick out some good gifts for you to give to Riri.”

“That’d be nice. I’ll keep practicing till I can make something that’ll be useful to you out in the city.”

Three months after that conversation, I departed from the village as planned.

I made Maalt my home, and just as I told Doras, I returned to the village as often as possible. But those instances were more spread out than anticipated, so I only came back once every two or three years. No matter how much time passed, Riri and Doras’s relationship never seemed to blossom into love. Even then, he took his time and waited. Riri was certainly still popular, but maybe it’d be a man like Doras who hooked her in the end.

## One Day

Where did you get that?!” Lorraine asked as I returned to her house after finishing a job.

Dangling from my back was a rabbit tied up with string. I had caught it this morning and had drained the blood, so it was still fresh. Not only that, but this variety of rabbit monster was rare and considered a delicacy. Not even skilled hunters caught one of these often. I would have kept it in my magic bag to hide it from thieves, but I took it out before I entered the house so I could brag to Lorraine. She reacted exactly how I had hoped.

“Well, here’s the story,” I said with a chuckle.



I was surrounded by dense foliage. Hardly any light shone through the leaves and branches of the great trees, but that was preferable for an undead man like myself. For ordinary humans, however, it was like the darkness of night. There was a path with faint footprints here, which left me with some questions. I could see no reason why someone would live in this inconvenient location, but I came from a village in the middle of nowhere, so maybe I’m not one to talk. I proceeded down the path, not out of curiosity but because of my job. My magic bag contained a letter meant for my target.



I kept muttering to myself as I walked down the path. That was partially because I was lonely and partially because going too long without talking would make it hard to speak when necessary. There was always the possibility of passing somebody on even the most empty roads, and if you didn’t say

something, they might take you for a ghost or monster and attack. Being ready to speak at a moment's notice was something every adventurer practiced.

At the end of the narrow path, I saw bright light. I gleefully ran toward it and exited the dark and oppressive forest, finding myself in a wide open space. The first thing that caught my attention was the glistening lake and then the grassy field around it. I further observed the area and saw a hut surrounded by a small garden with fresh vegetables. This was my destination.

I walked straight up to the hut and knocked on the door, but there was no answer. I knocked a few more times, and on the fifth attempt, the door jerked open. A weapon stabbed at me from the other side, but I frantically jumped out of the way.

"Hm?! Oh, you aren't a monster," the bearish old man on the other side of the door muttered. He was tall and muscular for his age, like a martial artist.

I remained wary of the old man as I approached. "I'm sorry for the sudden intrusion, but are you Jid Dalger? Father of Razzie Dalger?" I asked.

"I am. Sorry about all that; I've been getting the occasional visit from gran bears lately, and they even knock. I thought you were one of them. I don't exactly get many visitors, and if I do, it's just my hunter friends."

Gran bears were a type of bear monster that were, of course, dangerous. They were easier to deal with than other bear monsters, so a group of Bronze-class adventurers was enough to handle one, but they weren't something you wanted coming to visit, obviously. I didn't know how he could mistake me for one of them, but given the location of this hut, maybe that was just the most sensible thing to expect.

"In that case, I guess I can't blame you," I said. "This kind of thing happened at the hunter homes in my hometown too."

"You're a hunter?"

"No, an adventurer. I'm here to deliver this," I said and handed the letter over.

Jid's eyes went wide when he saw the name of the sender. "I see. Well, come on in. You'll have to tell me about this."

“Got it.”



The greatest hunter in the village of Shigaon was Jid. He had an only son named Razzie who ran a mid-sized business in Maalt. Razzie was about fifty years old and had his own son. The letter said that Razzie’s son, Dat, was going to get married and he wanted Jid to attend the wedding.

When Jid finished reading the letter, he smiled bitterly. “He left the village because he didn’t want to be a hunter and then refused to invite me to his own wedding. I guess his feelings have changed,” Jid said.

Razzie told me that he and Jid had been antagonistic toward each other for a while, and from the way they acted, that seemed to be accurate.

“Razzie’s an adult now. He probably understands how you felt then,” I offered.

“Well, I get what you’re saying. I’m not against going to the wedding, Rentt, but there’s one thing I’d like to ask of you.”

“What?”

“Oh, it’s nothing much.”



The wedding had tons of guests. For a wedding for the heir of a mid-sized company, it was unusual to see a self-serve buffet as the only option for food. But the quality was great, and the unique style of the party seemed to be well received.

I felt just a bit out of place there, but I attended the wedding at the request of the family. Besides, it wasn’t all bad. All of the food was excellent, and the main course featured an extremely rare monster called an aurum rabbit. There was enough for all three hundred guests, and everyone was shocked to see it but delighted to eat it. I partook in it too, and while I wasn’t that impressed by any ordinary cooking anymore, I found it surprisingly tasty. These rabbits were caught by none other than Jid. His skills were apparently as magnificent as claimed. Not only that, but I got a whole rabbit as a gift. I couldn’t wait to bring

it home to Lorraine.

“Hey, Rentt, how do I look? I’m not too conspicuous, am I?” Jid asked. He no longer looked like the hunter I met by the lake in the forest, now wearing his wedding attire. It looked a bit tight simply because he was so brawny, but it was order-made, so it actually fit perfectly. His request had been for me to lead him around town and help him find new clothes for this occasion. He was from a small town, so he didn’t know what he was supposed to do, according to him. I’d accepted his request and introduced him to some stores.

“Jid, you look fine. In fact, you look great,” I said.

“I hope you’re right. This is my grandson’s big day. He doesn’t want his grandfather looking like a hunter.”

“Come on, it doesn’t matter how you look. You’re a great grandfather, and a great father.”

Jid not only went out of his way to get dressed up, but he acquired the rare ingredients needed for the main dish. For a mid-sized company employee to get this many aurum rabbits, Jid had to be incredibly generous.

“I hope so. Anyway, thanks for the help. Make sure you get that rabbit home. Also, Rentt, tell me when you’re having a wedding. I can catch something even better for you.”

“I don’t know when that’ll be happening, but I’ll keep that in mind.”



“This is divine. Aurum rabbits live up to their reputation,” Lorraine said as she ate. Thankfully I seasoned it properly.

As we ate and chatted, Lorraine suddenly said, “I doubt we’ll get the chance to eat a delicacy like this again in at least ten years, unfortunately.”

“Well, there’s a way we could get some faster.”

“What do you mean?”

“Jid said he could get something for us, next time there’s a chance.”

“I see! I look forward to that.”

He said it would specifically be for a wedding, but I left that part out.

## Gambling

I was in the village of Wega, a short distance from Maalt. The village had only a single bar. Lorraine and I, along with some young men from the village, were drinking together when someone suddenly came up behind me and asked said, “You the guy who—Hic, who beat the lord of the forest?”

“Are you talking to me?” I asked. He had come out of nowhere and his eyes were unfocused, so I wasn’t sure who he was talking to at first, but the man didn’t seem to get it.

“Who else would I be talking to, huh?”

Around us were four men from the village, along with Lorraine. He could have been talking to any of them, but logical arguments wouldn’t work on a man like this. He was clearly drunk. I made eye contact with Lorraine and then decided to deal with this person however seemed appropriate.

“All right, just tell me what you want.”

“I just asked you! Are you the guy who beat the lord of the forest?”

“Oh, the lord of the forest? That somewhat larger than average goblin?”

Lorraine and I were here because, like this man said, a big goblin had appeared in the forest. It was attacking the village and farms, so there was a job out to slay it. The damages apparently weren’t serious at first, but the goblin gradually got more brazen until it even attacked the village during the day and stole crops and livestock from the villagers. It never went after the villagers themselves, however, unlike most goblins. It seemed to know it would get away with stealing for longer that way. These sorts of goblins who considered the consequences of their actions were sometimes peaceful, and they would set up their own settlements from which to do trade with humans. But this one wasn’t so peaceful. And if left to its own devices, it might have set up a gang of goblins that could attack as a group.

As soon as we got to the village and heard the details, we set off to hunt the goblin. We finished the job by nightfall. When we reported this to the villagers,



they held a party at the bar we were currently at.

“Yeah, that one. That was my prey! You just waltzed in here and snatched it from me, damn it!” the man complained.

Another man who was drinking with us whispered into my ear to explain. “That’s Rudol, a local hunter. He slays the monsters that aren’t worth going to adventurers for. He was supposed to be the one to stop that goblin at first.”

“I see. Why’d that change?”

“He went to check it out with the other hunters, and it turned out to be too tough for them. Rudol was actually the one who suggested we ask adventurers for help. Due to the cost, the mayor actually hoped our hunters could deal with it, but this is one time that wasn’t happening. And it turns out that we made the right decision. I looked at that goblin’s corpse. It was what, two meters tall? It even had a broadsword. That couldn’t have been easy to take down.”

“Yeah, a party of Bronze-class adventurers could vanquish it without much issue, but I’m sure some local hunters would have a rough time. Anyway, if that’s all true, then why’s he bugging me?” I asked and turned back to Rudol.

Rudol put a hand on my shoulder and said, “I challenge you to a duel.”

“Uh, what?”

“Duel me, damn you! Then I’ll forgive you!”

“I’d rather not.”

This could only be a pain in the neck. Especially when this incident had ended without any harm to the villagers, getting in a fight and having to hurt this man would be entirely counterproductive. I wanted to reject his demand, but the other men had different ideas.

“Rentt, please duel him,” one of them said. “I think that’ll satisfy him.”

Another said, “Yeah, he’s usually a good guy. He just drank a little too much, I’m sure.”

Even Lorraine said, “Well, why not? You can go easy on him, right?”

“Yeah, what they said!” Rudol shouted. “Come on, show me your arm! We’ll

use this table.”

I was confused about what we were using the table for, but one of the men explained. “Oh, I see, you must not know what we’re talking about. By a duel, we mean arm wrestling,” he said.

“Oh, you should have said so sooner. If that’s all, then I’m happy to oblige. I could use the workout, actually. All right, Rudol, let’s do this.”

I got up from my chair, walked up to the table Rudol was at, and grappled arms with him. One of the village men was going to be the judge. Then I noticed that quite a few of the men had gathered around to watch, and some of them were even betting on the match. I listened closely and found that most of them believed Rudol would win. They must have been awfully confident in his skills.

“Sorry about this, pal,” Rudol said as he brought his face close. He no longer seemed drunk.

I looked at him curiously, wondering what he meant.

“These villagers don’t get how strong adventurers are. Some of them even think I’d be stronger than them. I just want to teach them otherwise. Give me all you’ve got. If you don’t, then next time something like this happens, I’ll have to break my back convincing them to hire adventurers all over again.”

Now I understood Rudol’s intentions. It was all an act. He was a decent man, willing to besmirch himself for the good of the village.

“Got it, but I want you to give it all you’ve got too. Don’t hold back.”

“You asked for it. Maybe I can’t win a fight, but when it comes to arm strength, I’ve even bested some adventurers. You sure you can take it?”

“It’s fine.”

“All right, then.”

Once we were finished talking, the judge announced the start of the match.



“You could have held back a bit more than that,” Lorraine muttered on the way back to the local inn.

I won the arm wrestling match. No ordinary human could compete with my enhanced monster strength. He told me to give it my all, so I nearly broke the table in half. But Rudol himself was mostly unharmed. I bruised him a bit, but I healed that with divinity.

“He told me not to hold back. Besides, he said he just wanted them to see him lose.”

“What? That was the idea? Interesting. He’s a good man,” Lorraine said, recognizing Rudol’s intentions based on that fact alone.

“I guess. So, what’s that?” I asked when I noticed the bag Lorraine was holding. She didn’t have it when we first came.

“Oh, this? I won a bet. Made quite a bit off of it.”

“You were gambling too?”

“Yes. Most of them were betting on Rudol, you see. How about we find another village and do the same thing? We’ll make a killing.”

“That kind of feels like swindling, but it could be a good idea. How about you be the one to compete next time, though? They’ll be more likely to let their guard down that way.”

“Perhaps. Then next time there’s an opportunity, you can be the one to place the bet.”

“Yeah, let’s do that.”

## **Unsolicited Help**

I approached a man in a noisy bar. He looked like an adventurer, brawny and in his mid-thirties. With his skill and experience, he was considered a veteran around Maalt. He was also a Silver-rank, which contributed to this perception of him. But he didn’t match that reputation now, as he lay on a table covered in beer bottles.

“What, it’s you, Rentt? Leave me alone,” he murmured, either half asleep or severely drunk—it was hard to make him out. The man’s name was Eiras.

“It’d be fine if this was just about you, but I can’t just leave you like this,” I said with a sigh.

“The hell are you talking about?” he said, confused. His voice became just a bit clearer, and he looked at me dubiously.

If a normal human saw those eyes, they’d be so intimidated they’d be unable to speak. To me, though, this was nothing. The bloodshot eyes of a monster were far more frightening, to say nothing of the dragon that ate me. I couldn’t find humans that scary anymore.

“You know who I’m talking about,” I said. “I mean Myurin. If you don’t do something, you’ll never see her again.” Myurin was a girl who worked at a general store in Maalt. I knew her from occasionally shopping there. She also held a special position. She did at one point, at least. “I hear you told her that you wanted to split up. She was pretty sad about it. Don’t tell me you found yourself another girl.”

“Hell no! Myurin’s the only one for me. Wait,” Eiras paused, realizing what he said. “No, Myurin’s not my girl anymore.”

“What a relief,” I said with a chuckle. “With how you’re acting, it looks like you still love her after all.”

“Rentt, are you here just to tell me this? Piss off.”

“Of course not. I’m here to give you this,” I said and tossed him a bottle containing a transparent blue liquid. Eiras caught it in midair. However drunk he may have been, he was still Silver-class. Or maybe he wasn’t that drunk anymore.

“What’s this?” he asked.

“It’s luan grass boiled in moontree sap and mixed with a few magic drugs. Which is to say it's a special medicine for treating fiel disease.”

“What?!”

“Now there shouldn’t be any problems, right? Her younger brother’s disease will be cured. She won’t have to marry someone she doesn’t want to anymore.”

Eiras got the point and calmed down. “How do you know about that?” he

asked.

“I heard rumors you were looking for luan grass. Then later, I heard you’ve hardly been visiting your good friend Myurin lately. After that, I’m sorry to say, I went ahead and did my own research.”

That’s when I learned that Myurin’s brother had caught a somewhat peculiar illness called fiel disease and didn’t have long to live. Curing it required a rare herb called luan grass that cost an exorbitant amount. But then a rich man proposed to marry Myurin, and if she accepted, then money wouldn’t be a problem.

Once I heard about all that, the answer was obvious. Eiras was trying to stay out of the way so that Myurin’s marriage meeting would go without a hitch. Thankfully, there was nothing wrong with the rich man in question, and he was actually an honest man, based on my investigation. If he wasn’t, Eiras wouldn’t have been doing this to himself. He did unfortunately put Eiras in a position where he felt he had to make this decision, however.

“You really didn’t need to do that,” Eiras said. “But if this is the real deal, then I’d even be willing to lick your boots.”

“Sure, go ahead and lick. But don’t, actually, that’s gross. This is the real thing, I promise you. Lorraine and I got luan grass from the Empire and mixed it ourselves. It’ll work, I guarantee it.” I didn’t actually contribute much, but the other magic drugs we needed were all uncommon as well, so I helped with gathering the materials for those. I also helped with the mixing when it came to the parts that didn’t require alchemy. I didn’t train under a medicine woman for nothing.

“From the Empire? How much did it cost you to get that? I hear you could build a house with that kind of money.”

“Lorraine’s pretty well connected. She got it from someone who grows the stuff, apparently. Also, it might be that expensive after it’s been made into medicine, but luan grass itself isn’t too costly. You don’t need to worry about any of that. If you really care, I can charge you for the materials later. How does that sound?”

“You and Lorraine are too nice. Tell Lorraine that she can charge me as much

as she wants. I'll go visit Myurin right away."

"Sounds good. Invite me to the wedding."

"Hey, I'll invite you both. I owe you," Eiras said and left the bar.



"That settles that, I suppose," Lorraine muttered.

"Yeah. Sorry I asked so much of you," I said.

"It's fine. I know Myurin too. I hadn't heard about her brother's illness, though. She should have just told me."

"You can't just go telling customers about your depressing problems. She needed medicine that was virtually unobtainable, so what do you expect?"

"That's fair enough. She's beautiful, though," Lorraine said as we looked at her clad in a gorgeous dress. She stood next to Eiras, who wore magnificent armor that could have belonged to a knight. They were surrounded by people who were congratulatingcongratulated them. Today was the day of their wedding, and we were invited just as Eiras had declared.

"You wish you were in her shoes, Lorraine?"

"Maybe. I'm not as proper a lady as Myurin is, so a white dress probably wouldn't be a good match for me. But I would like to try one on someday."

"Yeah? I think it'd look good on you."

"Don't flatter me. You might look good in that armor, though."

"Now that's flattery."

"It's not supposed to be, but yes, maybe a witch's black robes and cursed black armor would be a better fit for us."

"That could be interesting, but it sounds more like some sort of ritual than the cheerful event it's supposed to be."

"You're not wrong."

We laughed as we looked back at Eiras and Myurin. We saw Myurin's brother among the people congratulating them. We prayed that they all found

happiness in their futures.

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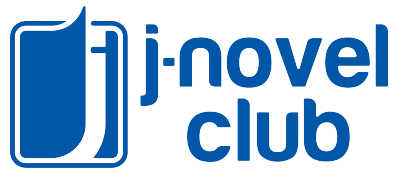
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The Unwanted Undead Adventurer: Volume 6

by Yu Okano

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