



Female Warrior Prologue Volume 2: **The Number is 12**

Original novel in Chinese by: [御我 \(Yu Wo\)](#)

Translated by [Prince Revolution](#)

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## About Prince Rev!

Prince Revolution!(or PR! for short)was started in late April in 2009 by Erialis for the purpose of translating and sharing the ½ Prince and The Legend of Sun Knight novels (and now Female Warrior) with other fans (who unfortunately couldn't read Chinese). PR!'s crew has since exploded to include sixteen translators who double as Chinese to English editors and 18 Proofreaders. They also have sister sites translating the novels into Dutch, Spanish, Indonesian, Portuguese and Vietnamese.

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## Female Warrior Prologue Volume 2: The Number is 12

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## Chapter 1: Number, 1, Prologue

Previously:

Due to his teacher Lorenzo Luis's final wish, Silvester began searching for his teacher's old companion, one of the Holy King's two wives—the Warrior Queen.

With great difficulty, he finally managed to find the Warrior Queen, who now goes by the name of Carol and travels all around the world. After much pestering and the use of his teacher's name, Silvester managed to make Carol agree to become his companion, and now they travel the continent together...



"Silvester!"

A roar penetrated the forest, startling countless birds into the sky and even scaring ferocious beasts into running off one after another. The originally tranquil forest was suddenly in turmoil.

Silvester, usually shortened to "Silvie," was presently feeling wronged as he crouched on the ground, looking up from below and giving off a bright-eyed, pitiable expression. This trick was very effective on the female gender. Whenever he was hungry, as long as he made this sort of bright-eyed expression, he would usually be able to find a female who would give him a free meal.

Unfortunately, the female in front of him had the most masculinity out



of anyone in the entire world. (Formerly commanding five thousand troops to oppose fifty thousand demons, the Warrior Queen—also known as Carol—who had journeyed under countless skies with her pair of dual blades, was currently Silvie’s companion.)

However, this word “companion” was in itself only Silvie’s own acknowledgment... According to Carol’s words, if he had not been her deceased companion’s only student, he would have been abandoned by the roadside long ago, and would even have a “Stupid creature. Please do not pick up” sign stuck onto him.

“Tell me!” Carol roared. “How many times has it been that you’ve endangered yourself now?”

Silvie blinked and said, “The th-thir...” At first he thought of casually saying the third time, but faced with Carol’s eyes burning with black flames, he truly didn’t have the courage to lie without blinking. He truthfully replied, “Maybe the thirty-fifth time.”

“You’re sure?”

“... If you include slipping and almost falling down a mountain wall, stepping on the tail of a cobra, and stealing honey and ending up being chased by a swarm of bees, then it would be the thirty-eighth time.”

Carol said coldly, “Then tell me, how long have we been adventuring together?”

“I know, I know!” Silvie smiled very sweetly. “Just two more days and

it will be a full month! Are we going to celebrate a bit? How about going to the tavern and ordering a banquet? That's a bit extravagant but it is a rare occasion, commemorating a month since we've met. What do you think we should order? A slice of cake is a must, and then, and then..."

No! If Silvie had not been her deceased companion's only student, she would have already killed him a hundred times over!

Carol's face twitched, her hand on the hilt of one of the dual blades on her back, but upon further thought, killing this guy would tarnish her own blade! She then lowered her hand, clenched her fist, and growled, "Shut up or die!"

Silvie cleverly chose to shut up immediately, even crossing two fingers in front of his mouth to make an 'X.'

Carol breathed deeply with all her might. *Calm down! Calm down! However much this guy is stupid, talkative, and useless, he is also LL's only student. On behalf of LL... LL you old bastard! What kind of student did you accept? Was it because of your old age that your sympathy overflowed, and so you were determined to take care of a piece of rubbish?*

"Go!" Carol had exhausted all of her strength before she managed to calm down. After saying that one word she immediately continued forward, not caring the least bit whether the person behind would be able to keep up... *It would be even better if he can't keep up!*

It was a pity that while the person behind her was not good at

anything, his skill at following people was actually decent. Although Carol wasn't running, her pace was not slow either, yet Silvie always managed to easily trail behind.

*So having long legs gives such an advantage!* Carol glanced behind her, confirming that Silvie was indeed following two steps away and, judging by his relaxed expression, was not finding it hard to follow her.

After walking for a while, Silvie finally could not help but open his mouth to ask, "Carol, how are we going to celebrate the day commemorating our month-long companionship...?"

Carol, who was walking in front immediately lifted her right hand; five fingers starting from the little finger began to curl one by one, until at last it became a fist bursting with blue veins.

Seeing this, Silvie could only close his mouth in grief and switch to mumbling in his heart. *But there is only one chance to commemorate our month-long companionship! How can we not pleasantly celebrate this very important day? But seeing that Carol appears very angry, maybe I should just give up? Ah! Oh right, it'll be okay if I wait until our two month anniversary and then celebrate both anniversaries together...*

"Ahh!"

*Here we go again...* Upon hearing this cry of alarm, Carol stopped walking, sure that she would have to save him again though her heart only bore the wish to kill him.



She turned around. There were no traces of Silvie in front of her. Looking down, she could see him clinging to the edge of a giant pit, obviously a trap set by a hunter. But there was plainly a large pile of leaves and branches spread atop it. So long as a person had eyes, he would not fall in... However, this guy in front of her seemed to have thrown his sight out the window and fallen in, and even looked miserably at her with his pair of large, watery, blue eyes. *Those eyes are so huge yet they don't have a single bit of usefulness!*

She crouched down, faced that big pair of big blue eyes, and asked suspiciously, "How could you have managed to survive on your own up until now?"

At this moment, a ball of yellow jelly poked its head out from the area of Silvie's chest. A knowledgeable person would know with a glance that this was a slime, only a slime was normally green. This one was gold, with a strange decoration on its head, and even possessed two tiny eyes!

Its name was Ohmygod, with reference to God but with the meaning of "Oh my god, what is that?"

At this moment, Ohmygod's eyes were half-opened, half-closed, clearly having just been startled awake.

"Ohmygod, hurry and pull me up," Silvie shouted.

Ohmygod's tiny eyes fully opened in an instant. It leapt from Silvie's chest to the ground, wrapped its tail around Silvie's hand, and then forcefully lifted Silvie up.

Carol watched as Ohmygod, who was no bigger than a person's head, used its tail to lift Silvie out... Maybe she had been making a mistake all along about who was the master and who was the pet?

Silvie finally climbed out. His whole body was covered in mud and he looked exhausted, but he lifted his head and smiled at Carol. "I've crawled out already! I'm fine! I didn't get hurt!"

Silvie's smile was of the kind between a boy's smile and a man's smile. When she had first seen it, Carol had admired this smile quite a lot; it carried a bit of a child's sincerity yet was not without a man's charm. But now, as she looked at that smile, she only felt an incomparable headache.

*This guy is not a man at all; he is definitely a boy who has yet to grow up!*

Silvie brushed the dust off his body and subsequently took out a comb and ran it through that head of long, golden hair. After neatening up his appearance, he raised his head and faced Carol with a smile, saying, "I'm done! Let's go! Carol, if we don't continue onwards the sky will turn dark soon."

Under the light of the setting sun, Silvie's smile was even more matchless in its brilliance. *So there are still advantages for a person to be handsome.* At the very least, her tolerance of Silvie had increased a bit because of it, and she would probably be able to resist killing him for a few more days. Probably.

“Mm, let’s go.”

## Chapter 2: Number, 2, Divergence

When asking for rooms at the inn, Carol had originally wanted to get two rooms. However, she hadn't expected that upon opening her wallet, she would find that they probably wouldn't have money for dinner if she really booked two.

Carol hesitated for a moment, but that was not because she had apprehensions regarding people of opposite genders sharing a room. They had basically slept in the same tent for the past month. It was just that Silvie was simply too noisy. Sleeping in separate rooms at night would be the only way to avoid hearing his voice.

"One room is enough." In the end, she reluctantly asked for a single room. *In the end, tonight's rest won't be a very quiet one.*

She turned around and walked back to their table, but upon seeing Silvie look around excitedly, his mouth already open in preparation to start talking, Carol had only one feeling. *It is high time to start doing missions to earn money.*

"Carol! We haven't come into a city for almost a month! Why did you suddenly want to enter one?" Silvie asked excitedly, "Are we going to look for evil-doers, capture them, and make them forsake evil and return to the right path? Just like the last time with the city lord!?"

*Forsake evil and return to the right path?* Carol shot a glance at Silvie, and then said indifferently, "I'm not looking for evil-doers or whatever intentionally. It was just that countless soldiers had used their lives to protect this country, thus at that time when I saw that this country

had areas of corruption, I just wanted to take action and excise that corruption. Also, it is 'excising evil,' not forsaking evil or whatever and returning them to the right path!"

Silvie received a shock when he heard her. "Excising them? You mean to say... Killing them? B-but some people perhaps aren't that evil, and as long as you talk to them properly, they might change for the better!"

Carol gave a cold laugh and replied, "Just like the city lord before who was selling slaves in private? Once the operation fell through and was exposed, he was even prepared to murder someone who carried a white rose insignia to prevent the secret from being divulged. Don't tell me that you seriously believed that he would change for the better?"

"He might have!" Unexpectedly, Silvie said this as though it was a matter of fact. "He thought that he would be sentenced to death! For the sake of living, that's why he would do such a thing!"

"It's not 'thought,' it's a fact. Once the fact that he was selling slaves in private was exposed, he would certainly die, no doubt about it."

"What?" Silvie's eyes widened, and he exclaimed, "He would be sentenced to death?"

"Sentenced to hang, that's the kind of penalty it would be," was Carol's clear-cut reply.

Silvie's eyes opened even wider, and he trembled as he said, "Why must he be killed? Perhaps he might change for the better... If he is

killed, he would never be able to amend his ways.”

“For the sake of this ‘perhaps,’ how many more deaths would occur?” Carol coldly said, “Without a harsh enough penalty, how would we stop the rest of the populace from selling slaves in private as well? If the crime of selling slaves in private were to spread, how many people do you think would suffer from it? You were also once a victim of it, weren’t you? If it weren’t for me, you would already have the mark of a slave branded on your body!”

Silvie muttered in a small voice, “But even if one was sold as a slave, at least they are still alive. Is this not so? As long as one still lives, hope exists.”

Carol frowned, but did not say anything more. She unconcernedly said, “Order some dishes! There isn’t much money left, so you’re not allowed to order wine.”

Hearing about this prohibition, Silvie just could not accept it and began complaining, “I’m not a drunkard! I rarely drink!”

Carol did not quite believe him. “Last time, didn’t you very happily drink wine worth one silver ducat?”

“That’s because I hadn’t been drinking in a long time!” Silvie hurriedly explained, “The last time I had gone drinking was after I had buried teacher LL!”

After he finished speaking, he saw Carol’s face darken, and immediately realized that he had made a mistake with his speech.



LL's full name was Lorenzo Louis, and he had possessed the white rose insignia that was personally bestowed upon him by the Holy King. As the imperial bard, he was a past companion of Carol's and was also Silvie's teacher. However, he had died of illness two years ago. Carol had only learned of this a month ago and hadn't even managed to meet him one last time.

Because of that, Carol had always been brooding about it. Especially since when the two of them had parted ways, LL had had a few misunderstandings about Carol, leaving the two of them with an unpleasant feeling in their hearts, an unpleasantness that she would now never be able to resolve.

At this moment, a waiter walked over and briskly asked, "What would you like to order?"

"Two plates of beef, a plate of bread, two bowls of soup, and two bottles of grape wine!" Carol ordered without any hesitation.

"And a cup of milk!" Silvie added in a hurry, and then he registered what Carol had ordered. He blinked, not understanding her actions as he asked, "Didn't you say that we are not allowed to order wine?"

Carol coldly said, "I said that you are not allowed to order wine. Did I say that I couldn't order it myself?"

Silvie was speechless. Though half of their money was earned through his singing, he still did not dare retort even once. Who had asked him to say something so imprudent just now anyways?

The dishes arrived rather quickly. The aroma of beef made Ohmygod instantly squirm out of Silvie's embrace. Silvie cut up a piece of beef into several small pieces, and then put them into a small saucer together with the milk, so that Ohmygod could use his little mouth to swallow the food.

Raising a carnivorous slime was a very expensive proposition. Thankfully, Ohmygod's food intake was not large, as a piece of beef and a cup of milk was enough for it to stay sated for two to three days. Carol, on the other hand, grabbed a bottle of wine with one hand and started pouring it into a cup.

Originally, Silvie thought that Carol was going to drink it all herself, and would not leave even a single drop for him. He didn't imagine that she would push the first cup of wine she finished pouring to him, saying, "Drink!"

Silvie received the wine cup, smiling as he said, "There's also a portion for me?"

"There's no point in drinking alone." Carol also poured herself a cup of wine, which she drank in one go.

Compared to Carol's boldness, Silvie drank in small sips. A cup of wine that was hardly considered big took him five to six mouthfuls to finish. Carol shot a glance at Silvie. Though the latter's face had turned red, he seemed to have neither reacted peculiarly, nor have the mannerisms of a drunken person. She immediately poured another cup for him.

Silvie's eyes widened, and he quickly ate some food to fill his stomach before he dared continue drinking. Who knew that once he had finished his second cup, Carol would serve him a third cup... However, at this point, she herself had already drunk an entire bottle of wine.

"This won't do!" Silvie waved his hands repeatedly, declining the offer. "I can only drink two cups, and absolutely cannot drink a third one!"

"Drink only two cups?" Carol seemed to be a bit impatient as she said, "What kind of a stupid rule is that? Did LL set something like that for you again? Now that he has passed away early, don't be so troublesome. Drink up!"

Holding the third cup of wine with both hands, Silvie pulled a long face. However, seeing that Carol's face had already darkened, he did not dare say that he refused to drink. After a moment of hesitation, he clenched his teeth, and then raised his head and drank it all.

"That's refreshing to see, much more becoming of a man!" Carol poured herself yet another cup of wine, then raised her head and gulped it down. After she finished her drink, she saw Silvie with his head still raised, not moving.

Seeing the situation, she raised an eyebrow... With a "Bang!" sound, Silvie collapsed on the table. His forehead had even struck the tabletop directly, making a loud sound.

Carol was stunned for a moment, and seeing that the other was not moving even an inch, she asked, "Silvie?"

Silvie did not stir at all.

“...”

Carol seemed to have a smile that was not quite a smile on her face as she talked to herself, “So he really could only drink two cups. He grasped his capacity for liquor far too precisely.”

After finishing the meat on the table, Carol carried a man slung over one shoulder, held their luggage and two loaves of bread with her other hand, and returned to the inn’s room. Afterward, she threw one person and one pet —or perhaps both of them were pets, one couldn’t say for sure— onto the bed.

After that, she grabbed her dark red cloak and draped it on, even making the hood hang low over her face, and subsequently walked out of the room heading towards the Adventurer’s Guild.

In truth, she did not actually have a habit of concealing her true identity. However, there were too many idiotic individuals in the world, and there were always people who wanted to stir up trouble. For example, calling her a sissy, insinuating that she was actually a female... Yup, that’s right, that is, insinuating that “she” was actually a female.

Did she look that much like a guy? She was only wearing pants, coupled with being a little flat-chested!

Wearing a skirt might perhaps improve this kind of situation. However,

regarding the thing called a skirt, she had already cut her ties with it for nearly ten years. Wearing a skirt and moving around was simply too difficult, not to mention she would probably be treated as a transvestite and invite trouble.

*From being suspected that I am actually a female to being suspected that I am actually a guy, both will invite trouble! Neither male nor female attire seem to fit.* Carol was a little depressed upon thinking that.

Once she arrived at the Adventurer's Guild, she immediately walked to the wall that was completely covered with mission requests.

For the past month, since she had received news of LL's death, she truly had not been in the mood to do any missions, and had completely stopped undertaking them. The money that she originally had left was already not a lot, and the expenses of an additional person were also of a considerable amount. Thankfully, Silvie could always rely on his singing to earn at least a bit of money, so they did not have to go so far as to cut themselves off from cooked meals. However, she could not keep relying on Silvie to earn money!

Carol looked to-and-fro for a suitable mission on the mission board. However, probably because of this city's remote location, there weren't many missions available. If the reward money was too low, the mission was hardly worth doing. The majority of the rest of the missions were bodyguard missions. She certainly had no interest in protecting anyone. *Having one Silvie is enough!*

After a tough time, she managed to pick a mission for gathering herbs,

and the reward money was relatively high.

“So much money for gathering herbs?” Carol frowned, but after looking at the location where the herbs were approximately distributed, she understood why. It was in the utmost depths of a forest, and it was also very close to a certain xenophobic race’s territory.

Carol thought about it for a while, and then tore down that mission request. Turning around, three burly thugs stood in front of her, blocking her way. Just looking at their expressions, she knew that they did not just happen to be standing in her way.

*There really are too many idiotic individuals in this world!*

However, this time, Carol was not filled with impatience. That was because she just so happened to be in a pretty bad mood.  
Her fists clenched.



## Chapter 3: Number, 3, The Third One

Carol returned to her room in the inn, closed the door, and turned around just in time to see Silvie hurriedly covering something on the bed with a blanket... *With such a huge lump on the bed, just who does he think he can conceal it from?*

Suddenly, Carol really wanted to crack open Silvie's head and check what the heck was inside. It wasn't impossible that she might find another slime inside.

Flustered, Silvie said, "C-Carol! Why are you back so early?"

*Early?* She got in a large fight, took a mission, and in order to purchase the map required for the mission, had had to haggle at the Adventurer's Guild. She had been occupied from the afternoon until quite late at night and had only just returned. *Would this still be considered early?*

"What's underneath the blanket?" Carol couldn't be bothered to answer Silvie.

"Luggage!"

Carol raised an eyebrow, lifted her fist, and assumed the stance of someone about to throw some punches towards the blanket.

Silvie was so terrified that his face turned pale, and he hastily confessed, "Don't hit him, it's not luggage, this was picked up by me..."

The last few words were so soft she couldn't hear them clearly at all.  
*He picked up another stray animal?* Carol grumpily said, "Isn't one Ohmygod enough already?"

She walked over, pushed Silvie aside in a single sweep, and lifted up the blanket, saying, "Something so large, could it be a dog? Since you hid a dog on the bed, how will you sleep at night...?"

"It's not a dog!" Silvie said hurriedly.

*... Indeed it is not a dog.* Carol wordlessly looked at the thing on the bed.

Silvie said apprehensively, "Th-this is Cale..."

*He already chose a name?* Carol continued to be silent.

The thing on the bed was a badly wounded, skinny, unconscious... and naked man.

Silvie said anxiously, "Cale's clothes were torn and covered in blood, so I removed them to wipe him down and apply some medicine to him. However, you just happened to enter the room, so I could only use the blanket to cover him to prevent you from seeing a man's naked body."

*So, the reason he hid the man was not to prevent me from discovering him. Wait, then he didn't have to lie that it was luggage earlier... Even so, none of that is the main issue!*

Carol spun around and growled, "Where did he come from?"

"Hm?" Silvie worriedly said, "I don't know where he comes from either?"

"I'm not asking about where he was born; it's where you picked this thing up!"

"A small alley by the road!" Silvie said as if it were obvious, "When I woke up, you were already gone. I thought that it seemed like we only had a little bit of money left, so I took my harp to go find a tavern where I could sing and earn money. Halfway there, I heard strange noises coming from an alley, so I walked over to see, and then I saw Cale lying on the ground! It was really exhausting for me to bring him back!"

"Who allowed you to bring him back?" Carol was agitated and angry. "What do you think we are? A shelter for stray animals?"

Nervous, Silvie said, "B-but Cale was wounded very seriously and was even unconscious!"

"You brought an unfamiliar stranger..." As Carol roared these words, she suddenly felt that something didn't quite fit. Frowning, she asked, "He was unconscious? Then how could you know his name?"

*It can't possibly be that Silvie had actually picked the name himself, intending to keep 'Cale' and Ohmygod together as pets?*

If so, she would beat him to a pulp!

"Previously, when I had been captured, I got acquainted with him

during the auction where I nearly became a slave! At that time, Cale had also been captured, and it was he who led us out to escape!”

Carol was stunned and wrinkled her brow.

Silvie said nervously, “Carol, can I apply medicine to him now?”

Carol waved her hand, letting him do whatever he wanted, while she sat on the edge of the table, frowning as she watched the person on the bed.

“Carol!” Silvie said sternly and prudishly, “Shouldn’t you at least look away? He is naked!”

“...”

She shifted position to have her back facing the person on the bed, on the one hand listening to the intermittent sounds behind her, on the other hand thinking about how to take care of the person on the bed. But however much she pondered, there were only three steps.

Treat his wounds, help him recover, and abandon when healed.

“Phew! I’ve finally finished applying the medicine. Cale is pretty severely injured indeed.” Silvie walked over to Carol and sat down beside her, deeply worried as he said, “And many of his wounds are past injuries. Furthermore, they don’t look like wounds caused by accidents!”

Carol frowned as she looked at Silvie, asking, “You’ve studied a lot

about wounds?”

Silvie laughed, “It’s because I often get hurt!”

*That is true.*

Carol stood up and walked to the bedside. The other person was already wearing shorts and a shirt, and although the exposed arms and legs were swathed in bandages, she could still faintly see some old scars. Barely giving the wounds a second glance, she indifferently gave a verdict, “Majority of the scars are from whipping and clubbing, he was formerly tortured or mistreated by someone, and the duration was at least several months.”

Silvie’s eyes widened.



Cale groaned and rather unwillingly opened his eyes.

During his escape, he finally could not hang on any longer and passed out, so he was now most likely in the dungeons right? Listening, he seemed to already be able to hear the bellowing frequently heard in dungeons...

“No keeping!”

“B-but he’s so pitiful!”

“There are numerous pitiful people in the world; don’t tell me you’re going to pick up every one of them and look after them?”

"Of course I won't! I'll only pick up those that I know!"

"...What's your definition of people that you know?"

"That is... people I've met, talked to, and whose names I know!"

"After picking someone up, how would you not have met, talked to them, and know their names?"

"Eh? When you put it that way, that's also true!"

... This sounded very different from conversations that would normally be going on in a prison cell. Cale forcefully opened his eyes, twisted his head to look, and realized that these people were not strangers. Astonished, he blurted out, "Silvester?"

Startled, Silvie turned to look at him, even walking to the bed, and asked concernedly, "You're awake! Are you hurting anywhere? I was very worried that you might have broken bones!"

Carol walked to the bedside, reaching out a hand to touch the person on the bed. Cale froze, but he recognized the other's face. He had previously seen Carol using only two fists to dispose of several dozen dagger and sword wielding guards, so he did not have the slightest intention to resist that person at all, not even if Carol wanted to snap all the bones in his entire body from head to toe.

Silvie hastily said, "Relax, relax, Carol is helping me check if you have any broken bones and isn't sexually harassing you!"



... He had not even thought of this point. Cale did not consider his looks to be good enough to cause a man to think of sexually harassing him. *Makes more sense if Silvester was the one who was sexually harassed!*

When Carol touched a rib, Cale was in so much pain that he wheezed out a deep breath. Calmly, she said, "It's not broken, but it could be a fracture."

Silvie started panicking, "Th-then what should we do?"

"Stay put and don't move."

*It will heal just by not moving?* Only then did Silvie calm down. Since Carol said that Cale would heal if he did not move, then it was definitely not that serious. He had a lot of trust in her conclusions about the conditions of injuries... Every time he was injured, Carol just had to casually touch it to determine whether the bone was broken or not!

"No way! There are people chasing me. I have to leave this city as soon as possible!" Cale struggled to get up and admonished, "If it's discovered that you sheltered me, there won't be a good end for the both of you too! So hurry up and let me go... **oomph!**"

Cale groaned, lay back on the bed, and slipped into unconsciousness again, while Carol slowly withdrew her fist.

Silvie cried out in a small voice and exclaimed in alarm, "How could

you hit Cale! He's suffering from wounds!"

"The wounded need to recuperate, and sleep is the best for recuperation."

"Oh, I see!" Silvie relaxed, smiling as he said, "I knew that Carol is a good person!"

Bang—!

Singlehandedly, Carol threw the considerably injured man onto the ground. Silvie was so alarmed he hurried forward to support Cale, then raised his head and threw a puzzled look at Carol.

Carol looked down at Silvie and coldly said, "This bed is mine. Do you have any objections?"

"No..."

## Chapter 4: Number, 4, Cale

Cale opened his eyes and momentarily thought that he needed to hurry in making his escape... Then he remembered that he had apparently met up with two strange fellows.

He struggled to crawl upright and initially anticipated receiving an acute pain from his stomach wound. However, he didn't expect feeling merely a faint sting. This puzzled him a little, but the next thing he saw fully diverted his attention... Other than trees around him, there was also a lake.

If he remembered correctly, the last time he had fainted he seemed to have been in an inn.

Fortunately, he also saw a person's back, and that person's radiant golden hair allowed him to instantly know, without looking at his face, who this person was – Silvester.

"Silvester, where is this?"

That person turned his head back, and as expected, he was Silvie who was smiling from ear to ear. He happily said, "You're awake? We're in a forest."

Cale could not comprehend the situation at all. "Why am I in a forest? Wasn't I in the city? Did you guys leave the city that same night?"

"It wasn't the same night! A day has already passed. Since we needed

to do a mission and had to leave town, we had to bring you as well. Fortunately, you only woke up once along the way."

*One full day has already passed?* Puzzled, Cale said, "But I don't have any recollection of waking up earlier."

"Because Carol just happened to be beside you..."

*So he sent me another punch?* Cale felt somewhat morose.

"Where is that guy?" Cale looked left and right but didn't see the other person.

"That guy?" Upon seeing Cale's nervous expression, Silvie understood.

"Do you mean Carol? Carol went hunting because we don't have enough money to buy a lot of food rations. Oh, right! You're hungry, aren't you? Here, I used bread and dried meat to boil a pot of soup. Use this to fill your stomach first. When Carol returns, there will be meat to eat."

Cale accepted the bowl that Silvie passed over. There was bread and shredded meat in the bowl, and it seemed like something similar to milk or cheese had been added. It smelled very savory and was simply a delicacy in his opinion. He immediately held up the bowl with both hands and started to eat heartily.

In rapid succession, he ate two bowls. Although he felt like having another bowl, he felt too embarrassed to request it.

However, Silvie smiled delightedly. After taking the bowl, he refilled it with soup again and gave it to Cale.

After his third bowl of soup, Cale saw that there was only half a pot of soup left. He truly felt a little embarrassed. After he passed the bowl back, even the tone of his words softened considerably.

"Did you carry me here? Thanks a lot." He really didn't think that *Carol* would have carried him here.

Silvie quickly shook his head, saying, "It wasn't me, it was Ohmygod."

"Oh, my god?<sup>1</sup>" Cale blinked. "You have yet another companion?"

"That's right!" When he finished replying, Silvie patted his chest saying,

"Ohmygod, come out to greet him."

Just as Cale was about to ask out of confusion, he saw something odd... A thing like a ball of thick fluid crawled out of Silvie's collar, bounced twice, and then turned from a flat-shape to an object that was oval-shaped, like bread, yet looked extremely flexible...

*Is this a slime?* Cale was rather bewildered. *But aren't all slimes green in color? I've never heard of a gold colored slime before!*

"What the heck is this?"

"Ohmygod." Silvie pinched Ohmygod's cheek, then fished up a bit of shredded meat to feed it.

"God as in 'deity'?" Cale asked, feeling extremely doubtful.

"No, Carol chose this name and said it means 'oh my god what is that,' " Silvie complained, "I also felt that it should have been god as in deity!"

*'Ohmygod' from 'oh my god what is that' is truly very suitable.* Cale silently agreed with Carol in his heart.

"Are you saying it carried me here? That's impossible!"

"Of course it's possible!" Silvie said in a matter-of-fact tone, "Ohmygod can carry me and an additional pile of luggage! Of course it's possible to carry you here."

*Is that so? So, slimes are actually demon beasts with a lot of strength?*

Cale was half doubtful.

"Cale, you should go bathe!" Silvie gestured to the lake as he said, "Last time, when your whole body was covered in blood, I only helped give you a simple sponge bath. The smell of blood on your body is still very strong. Go take a bath!"

Cale sniffed at his body. Sure enough, he did not smell nice in any way whatsoever. It was actually nice of Silvie to only say that the smell of blood was strong, when in fact it was more along the line of various stenchs like rotting blood and sweat mixed together. He wordlessly walked to the lakeside, even though he knew that when the wounds on



his body touched water, it would definitely hurt like hell.

“Remember to remove your bandages!” Silvie shouted, “Later, I will help you re-apply the medicine and wrap on new bandages.”

Cale turned his head and yelled “okay!” When he took off his clothes and untied the bandages, he had initially expected to see himself in a terrible condition. Instead, he was amazed to discover that the wounds on his body had already formed scabs.

*Were the wounds on my body always this light?* Cale pondered yet he could not think it through.

As the wounds had already scabbed over, after getting into the water it was not painful in the slightest bit. Instead, the cool temperature of the water felt quite soothing.

Although there were already scabs, he felt he still should not soak his body for too long. Cale quickly washed himself then went ashore, returning to the camp.

Silvie first passed him a towel, allowing him to cover himself up, then took out a wooden box about the size of his palm from his luggage, and waved at him while saying, “Sit down here, I’ll help you apply medicine.”

“What sort of medicine is this?” Cale wrapped the towel around his waist, walked over to sit down, and said hopefully, “Can you give a bit of it to me?”

"Of course I can! I made it using herbs. It's very effective! I can let you apply it, but Teacher said that it's especially effective when it's personally applied by me! So it's still better to allow me to apply the medicine for you!"

Initially, Cale wanted to retort "what difference is there in whoever applies the medicine!" but upon considering how the wounds on his body had formed scabs at an astonishingly fast rate, he closed his mouth again and did not dare object.

While applying the medicine, Silvie asked cautiously, "How did you receive so many injuries?"

Cale said expressionlessly, "Since when does escape come without injuries?"

"Why were you running away?"

Cale fell silent before explaining vaguely, "With someone hunting me down, I had to run away."

Upon hearing this, Silvie did not dare to ask any further because Cale obviously seemed like he did not want to talk about it, and he simply was not good at pressing someone to say what he did not want to say. He could only concentrate on applying medicine, but when he was about to apply medicine on the left arm, he found a strange mark. It was a brand, a slave's brand, except there were numerous messy cuts on top of it, as if someone had frantically tried to scratch it off.

Silvie felt his eyes warm, and he could not resist reaching out to touch

that tragic scar.

Cale felt goose bumps rising up all over his body, and he turned his head to scold, "What are you..."

He only spoke up till this point as he saw Silvie crying while applying the medicine... *So many goose bumps are rising that they could carpet the ground! What is wrong with this fellow? Why is a grown man weeping like this?*

"Carol!" At that moment, Silvie suddenly shouted, "You're back! Have you caught any prey?"

"Mm."

Cale followed Silvie's line of sight and saw Carol walking over out of the thicket, right hand dragging an adult deer, making it look as easy as dragging along a small dog.

When she had dragged it to the middle of the camp, she took out a falchion from behind her waist and with a few sounds of "swoosh swoosh swoosh," chopped off one of the deer's hind legs, even cleanly shaving off all the deer hide on the surface. Lastly, she threw it in front of Silvie, saying, "I couldn't hit a small one. You can roast this leg. I will turn the other parts into jerky to bring along on the road." Although she saw that Silvie's eyes were red, she did not care too much about it. Compared to Cale, she understood Silvie much better. Even upon seeing prey that would be killed and eaten, this fellow would cry and beg her not to kill it, so she always slaughtered the prey before bringing it back to the camp to avoid Silvie crying a

considerable amount of tears and mucus and making her wish badly to punch him dead.

"Okay, no problem." Regarding already dead prey, Silvie conversely did not have any apprehensions about eating it. In a short while, he strung the hind leg on a wooden stick and propped it up on the barbecue rack to roast.

Cale watched Silvie. The latter had already propped the hind leg up on the barbecue rack, which completed most of the work. It looked like it only had to be turned occasionally, and it seemed like there was nothing else he could help out with. So, Cale looked towards Carol, thinking of helping section the deer into pieces to make jerky...

At this moment, Carol had already dragged the deer to the side of the lake. She waved her falchion ceaselessly, and the deer turned from one piece to two halves and again to four pieces, eight pieces...

It seemed like there was nothing he could do to help with this side either... Cale knew for a fact that he was not capable of splitting a deer in half with a single cut. He was left only with the option of walking back to the camp to blankly watch Silvie roast the meat.

When Carol walked back from the lakeside, sat down, and began to wipe her hands clean, Silvie happily said, "We can eat now!"

After Silvie filled a bowl with soup and handed it to Carol, he busied himself with tearing the meat into strips to eat more conveniently, then filled a bowl with meat and gave it to Cale.

"I don't need it," Cale said politely, "I just ate three bowls of soup so I'm not really hungry..."

Carol coldly said, "Eat!"

Cale immediately took the bowl, lowered his head, and started to eat the meat, not daring to utter even a single word.

"Tasty?" Silvie asked in a hopeful tone.

"Delicious! It's really good!" Cale nodded vigorously. This was not a mere act of courtesy. Although it was only roasted meat, under Silvie's careful watch, the meat had been roasted until the skin was crunchy and the flesh tender, cooked to perfection, causing him to nearly swallow his own tongue.

Silvie showed a happy smile, saying, "Really? It's great that you like it!" When he said this, Silvie stole a glance at Carol aggrievedly. "Carol never says anything no matter what we're eating..."

However, Carol still did not speak. *Silvie already does things slow enough. He would simmer a pot of soup for two hours, roast a piece of meat for an hour... If I were to compliment his cooking, next time he would cook with even more care... and also be even slower with it.*

After the three of them had eaten and drunk to their hearts' content, Carol half-laid on the ground and held Ohmygod in her hand, gently caressing and stroking it.

*Is Ohmygod trembling?* Cale silently watched as rings repeatedly

rippled across the surface of the golden slime. He suddenly felt that the deer which had been turned into jerky was not too pitiful. At least it had died a quick death.

Hoping to get an answer, Silvie asked, "Cale, how did the wounds on your body come about?"

Cale froze and gave a roundabout answer. "Wounds are always caused by another's attack. If not, how else could they have come about?"

"Cale, then who was chasing you down to kill you?" Silvie tried hard to persuade him, "Tell us the details of the situation. Maybe we can help you!"

*No one would be able to help me at all!* Cale lowered his head and laughed sharply, but upon looking up again, he saw Carol's pair of cold black pupils staring at him. He immediately froze once again.

At that moment, Silvie persisted in saying, "Really! We can help you." Cale stiffly nodded his head. Even though he was as scared of Carol as a mouse would be of a cat, for some unfathomable reason, he had a feeling that he would not be a burden to someone like Carol... He even felt... *Maybe my pursuers will be facing an imminent catastrophe?*

## Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> **"Oh, my god?":** Ohmygod's original name in Chinese means "Little What." It is pronounced the same as "Little God." Here, Silvie says that "Little What" carried Cale. It confuses Cale, who at first thinks Silvie is saying "Little God."

## Chapter 5: Number, 5, Good Guy? Bad Guy?

Carol had never intentionally gone looking for evil people that Silvie had spoken of, but for some unknown reason, she would always end up running in to these evil-doers. One really could not be sure whether she was fated to lead a life of labor or whether the evil-doers in the Kingdom of Holy Light were simply too unlucky.

Not to mention that this fellow Silvie also seemed to lead a life of bumping in to evil people by accident. Last time, he had been captured by a patrol squad and, in the end, was treated as a slave and taken away. This time, he picked up someone in an alley, and this fellow also happened to have suffered a shocking injustice... Why did she not feel the least bit surprised?

Since there had been an injustice done, then there was definitely an evil person involved.

Cale started to explain. "I am an illegitimate child. My father died not too long ago, and the person who is after my life is his wife."

"Why is she after your life? Are you inheriting the family fortune?" Silvie asked in confusion.

"How is that possible?!" Cale gave a sarcastic laugh. "It's because I know too much. My father didn't die from illness but was poisoned by his wife who collaborated with her adulterer. My little brother, who was thought to have the same father but a different mother than me, is actually not my father's child, but that adulterer's child. And that



adulterer is..."

"Your father's younger brother," Carol continued on coldly.

Cale received a large shock and exclaimed, "How did you know that?" How? That's because this plot was simply so classic that it left her at a loss for words. Almost every city would have something like this!

"That's really too much!" Silvie was so angry that he jumped to his feet, shouting, "How could they do something like that? Not only did they kill your father, they even want to kill you!"

"These are all just empty words." Carol indifferently said, "Previously, you were sold to be a slave, right? Since they first sold you off as a slave and had not killed you instantly, it should be because you don't have any evidence to prove that they poisoned your father to death. Since that is the case, they shouldn't have any need to go after your life. What did you do?"

Cale stiffened and stared at Carol with disbelief. He opened his mouth, but he was unable to say a single word to defend himself. In the end, he was dejected as he honestly admitted, "I went back to try and kill them personally, but I failed."

Silvie's eyes turned wide, and he exclaimed, "Y-You want to kill your kin?"

"They are no kin of mine!" Cale roared in rage. "They killed my father!" Silvie opened his mouth, but he felt that what Cale had said was in the right too. If those people were really kinsmen, then how could they be

so cruel as to poison their own husband and brother? However, he was also worried that Cale would really go kill them to take his revenge.

Carol stood up and coldly said, "You don't have any evidence. This world would not sentence someone just based on your words."

Cale was shocked for a moment, before overflowing rage appeared on his face. He even forgot about the fear he felt toward Carol and stood up, wanting to charge head-on. Silvie hurriedly hugged him tight, not letting go of him, and urgently said, "Cale! Don't be like this."

Carol only shot an indifferent glance at Cale, not showing even the slightest bit of fear toward Cale's terrifying expression with his eyes bulging in anger. She off-handedly threw Ohmygod back onto Silvie's head and instructed, "I'm going to sleep. Before you go to sleep, remember to check if the fire that we used to roast the meat has been extinguished."

At the moment, Silvie was still clutching on to Cale as if for dear life. When he heard the instruction, he nodded his head, agreeing, "Okay, I will go check the fire later."

Carol lifted the tent flap and walked in.

When he was no longer able to see Carol, Cale finally calmed down. He was even a little thankful to Silvie, for he simply did not think that he could beat Carol in a fight. If he had really charged over just now, he might have gotten beaten up to a pulp... No! He would probably be murdered?

Seeing that Cale was no longer agitated, Silvie finally let go of him and comforted him, "Carol is a good person and will think of a way to help you!"

"A good person?" Cale turned around to growl, "That fellow looks like a cold-blooded person who has killed countless numbers of people, and you actually claim that that fellow is a good person?"

"Carol is really a good person!" Silvie was unable to deny that she had killed countless numbers of people. After all, she was the Warrior Queen who had led the army throughout the campaign against the demons, so how could it be possible that she hadn't killed anyone? Even if those she killed later on were of the demon race, before fighting the demon race, she was also involved in a campaign across the continent, for the sake of unifying the entire continent for the Holy King.

"Carol is a good person!" Silvie repeated resolutely once more.

Silvie desperately tugged the corner of Cale's sleeve, not letting go, as though he was afraid that the other person would vanish into the woods in the blink of an eye.

Seeing the coy manner in which Silvie was tugging his sleeve, Cale was simply speechless. If it was not for the fact that Silvie was very tall and was obviously a man, he would really suspect that he was actually a woman... No, a girl.

On the contrary, Carol who had a fierce look on his face and did not allow anyone to get close had a short and slight figure. If it weren't for

his expression, he would even think that he was a woman. Both Carol's and Silvie's personalities and looks were simply extremely mismatched; it would have been much better if the two of them exchanged them.

Cale felt a little like sighing in sorrow, but thinking about it again, there probably wasn't anything more suitable for Carol than black hair and black eyes, and Silvie was indeed a golden haired and blue-eyed radiant fellow...

"Cale, you absolutely must not leave us!" Silvie said seriously. "You're being chased for your life! However, as long as you follow us, nothing will happen to you for sure! Carol is immensely strong, after all!"

Cale had never doubted that. He was only extremely dubious as to how it was possible for Carol to let a stranger who was being pursued follow him. However, the other person had not stopped him from following him and, instead, had even left Silvie to stay by his side, while Carol was in front leading the way.

"Cale, let me tell you! Carol is really very powerful! Except for having a bit of a temper..."

"Ohmygod has been my playmate since I was young. He has helped me a lot and has saved me multiple times since my youth..."

"My teacher was a very great bard. My resolve is to become a bard that is like my teacher, but I still have a long, long way to go..."

... Perhaps Carol only wanted to find someone to listen to Silvie talk?

Cale had a feeling that he would rather walk beside Carol and be frightened half to death than to walk beside Silvie and be talked to death!

Cale took a peek at Ohmygod who was on Silvie's head. Its two little eyes had already completely shut, and it looked like it was sleeping soundly. He started to feel a bit of admiration toward this little thing. With the constant noise of Silvie talking non-stop paired with footsteps that were a little flighty due to high spirits, it was truly no easy feat for it to still sleep so soundly despite being on his head!

At the very least, he wanted to snatch back his sleeve, so that his right hand wouldn't be jerked around. How irritating!

Suddenly, the hand on his sleeve tightened, and without being able to grasp the situation, Cale was dragged downwards... Then he realized that his view had suddenly become a wide panorama. This was not a good thing, since it was because he was sliding down a cliff.

Silvie had only slid for a short while before he was caught by Ohmygod who was on his head.

Ohmygod had been pulled in to a long length, tail wrapped tightly around Silvie's chest with the rest of its body coiled around a tree branch.

Though Ohmygod had caught Silvie, it had not attended to Cale. Seeing how he was about to say goodbye to this world, Cale frantically tried to grab onto something. However, the cliff-face was simply too smooth, and he was completely unable to grab onto anything... All of a

sudden, he abruptly stopped falling and was suspended in mid-air just like that.

At this point, Cale felt as though his heart was about to jump out of his chest. When he blankly looked up, what he saw was a blur of red and black... Carol was grabbing onto his right hand.

He was a little stunned, until Carol hauled his entire body up. He then regained his senses, and with complicated feelings, he said, "T-Thank you..."

Carol only gave him an indifferent "Hm" and then turned around with a furious face. She loudly reprimanded Silvie, "Don't tell me that not only are you going to endanger yourself, but you are also going to drag down people beside you?"

She seized Silvie's collar and roared at him, "When someone is walking beside you, you better spend more time looking at the road! Don't just talk and talk without stopping! It's one thing that you normally endanger yourself, but do you even want to endanger other people too?"

Silvie shook his head violently and then apologized frantically to Cale, "I'm sorry, Cale, I'm really sorry!"

Cale didn't know how to answer him. That he had fallen off a cliff just by walking really made him want to give Silvie a big scolding, but Carol's rage just now was so scary that he felt that Silvie was a little pitiful.

"Let's go!" Carol gave a growl.

"Y-Yes!" Silvie hurriedly tugged at Cale's sleeve and then chased after Carol.

For the rest of the journey after that, Carol did not lead the way like before but rather walked together with the two of them.

Even though he had almost fallen to his death a moment ago, Silvie was still talking non-stop and was obviously not paying attention to the road.

"You should pay some attention to the road, right?" Cale reminded him with a whisper.

Silvie was surprised for a moment and then replied as though it was an incontrovertible truth, "Carol is walking beside me! I don't have to pay attention now!"

... Perhaps, Carol really is a good person, Cale thought in his heart.

## Chapter 6: Number, 6, ...The Fourth One?

The three of them walked for an entire day and only slowed their steps when it was close to evening. Cale was very surprised that Silvie hadn't cried out in agony, as he felt that the latter seemed like a person who couldn't bear hardships. If not, how could he have such fair skin from head to toe, and appear as if bells were jingling from his clothes when he walked? Basically, he did not appear like someone who would venture outdoors.

Carol's appearance, on the other hand – trousers plus a cloak – is what makes up a normal traveler's outfit, right?

However, the color of that cloak was dark red and simply not a color that a normal traveler would wear, as red was not a very effective color for blending in with the surroundings. In fact, it was pretty effective in making Carol stand out.

Carol walked to a large stone by the side and sat down, then took a roll of sheepskin out from a cloth bundle. She frowned as she looked at the map, then raised her head and yelled, "Silvie, come here."

Silvie walked over, and Carol thrust the map at him, asking, "Where are we?"

Silvie looked at the map and even had to turn the map up, down, left and right before he finally found the correct orientation. Frowning, he said, "This map is very crude. What kind of map is this?"

Carol said flatly, "A map of the forest where the elves live. The herbs



we need to pick are distributed very closely to the place where the elves live. We need to be careful to avoid them, so as to prevent angering the elves.”

“Aren’t you acquainted with the elves?”

Carol glared at Silvie. This fellow always used every possible excuse to hear about the relationship between her and the elves.

“Being acquainted doesn’t mean I want to get in contact with them, and the elves I’m familiar with do not live here. Now, have you understood the map yet or not?”

“I don’t understand it,” Silvie said honestly. “The map is too simple. Also, I’m not familiar with this area.”

At that moment, Cale moved up closer to them, took a few glances at the map, then used his finger to point at a spot, saying, “We’re here.” Carol looked at the map and thought deeply for a moment.

“We should be able to see the herbs after another half day of walking tomorrow. Silvie, there is a river here. Take Cale over there to light a fire and set up the tents in advance. Leave Ohmygod with me, and I’ll see if there is anything nearby that I can hunt to add to our food supply. Then, I’ll meet up with you guys again.”

“Also!” Carol spoke in a warning tone, “You better pay attention to the road. Even if you want to die, you shouldn’t drag others to die with you!”

Silvie immediately nodded frantically.

Carol grabbed Ohmygod from Silvie's head, roughly stuffed it into her cloak, then turned around and left.

Silvie and Cale stood motionless in their original positions, as if respectfully seeing off their immediate superior. Before the superior departs, how could the subordinates dare to turn around and leave first?

The two of them waited until Carol had disappeared into the middle of the thicket before they started to head towards their destination.

Without Carol and Ohmygod, Silvie was at long last serious about truly paying attention to the road conditions. It was rare for Silvie not to open his mouth and talk incessantly. On the contrary, it was Cale who opened his mouth first to ask, "Why take Ohmygod away?"

"Without Ohmygod to lead the way, Carol will have to spend a long time finding the road."

Cale cried out in astonishment, "That guy has no sense of direction?" How can this be? It would be more reasonable to say that Silvie has no sense of direction!

"Oh, I wouldn't really consider it lacking a sense of direction, just not that good at finding the way! Carol always has to spend twice the amount of time before arriving at the destination."

That means no sense of direction!

"Ahhhh!"

Cale helplessly watched as Silvie tripped again. Without Ohmygod, he fell down quite hard this time and even lay on the ground groaning and panting when he could not get back on his feet.

After much difficulty, he crawled up and, with a single glance, the two of them saw that the culprit who had caused Silvie to fall down this time was...

"Eh?"



Carol walked back to the camp, still holding Ohmygod in her hand. Ohmygod's body was wrapped around several spherical objects, bird eggs she intended to use as an additional dish.

With Ohmygod's help, Carol did not have to waste any effort to find the location of the camp. It always knew Silvie's exact position, and though this was not particularly normal, Carol did not want to think too deeply about it.

In many aspects, Ohmygod was indeed very useful. It could be used to find their bearings, it could turn into a rope, and it could even wrap things as a cloth. It was much more useful than Silvie and did not cause trouble! It was even very quiet!

If not for the fact that Ohmygod would never leave Silvie, she should keep Ohmygod and then throw Silvie away.

The moment she walked into the campsite, Carol noticed something wrong with both their expressions. Silvie's expression was always easy to read. Every time he did something he wanted to hide, he would deliberately pretend to be busy and not look at her. Right now, he was looking down as he made soup and did not even call out a greeting when she entered the camp. He was obviously concealing something. On the contrary, Cale's worries were all over his face. He was not even hiding them.

Carol threw Ohmygod, along with the bird eggs, to Silvie. As Silvie was not looking at her, there was a moment of flustered movement before he managed to catch them. However, he did not even utter a single word of complaint, and instead busied himself with taking the bird eggs out from Ohmygod's body.

As expected, he was hiding something from her. Carol pondered for a moment. Nevertheless, she would wait until mealtime to interrogate them. She walked towards the tent, intending to set down her luggage and cloak first. When she lifted up the tent flap...

"Silvester Uriah Nate!"

Silvie covered his ears tightly, as if doing so meant he could treat the bellowing as something that was not actually happening.

Carol furiously rushed over, growling, "What is that thing in the tent?!" Nervous, Silvie replied, "I-I'm also not sure what his race is... He looks a lot like an elf?"

"I'm not asking about his race! Where did he come from?"

"We picked him up from the undergrowth!" Carol's furious expression was so terrifying that Silvie was close to tears. He hurriedly hung his head and pretended to be remorseful as he said, "He had fainted in the undergrowth, and I tripped over his leg and fell down. It was so painful..."

Carol angrily roared, "Who cares if you fall down ten times a day! Who allowed you to bring him back here? Is an Ohmygod and a Cale still not enough?"

So it turns out that I'm on the same level as Ohmygod? Cale silently thought.

Deeply afraid that Carol would throw out the elf-like person, Silvie anxiously said, "But he's hurt! How could I have ignored his plight and left him?"

Carol really wanted to blurt out the words "Go throw him away," but then she thought about the relationship between her and the elves. She truly could not allow Silvie to throw him away. She immediately suffered an incessant headache.

Shouldn't these sorts of creatures, like elves, be hiding deep in the forest, so that even if you searched you could not find them? How could Silvie have picked one up simply by falling down?

"Carol, is h-he really an elf?" Silvie asked cautiously.

"No." Carol carefully recalled the shape of that person's ears and decided, "He should be a half elf."

"A half elf?" Cale exclaimed, "Are you saying that he has mixed blood and is born from a human and an elf? Do those sorts of people with mixed blood truly exist?"

"Yes, but very few, even fewer than pure elves."

Carol walked back to the tent, lifted up the tent flap, and looked at the delicate and pretty half elf lying inside. His green hair was shoulder-length, and his body was slim and slender. Based on her estimation, he should not be too old... in terms of an elf's lifespan. Elves below a hundred years were all considered children. Half elves within sixty to seventy years old would also be considered children.

This made her even more puzzled. Although elves are unwilling to come into contact with other races, they should accept half elves. Why is this young half elf running around any old how in the wilderness by himself?

Carol walked back to the side of the campfire, sat down, and said, "Silvie, cook a separate pot of stew with egg, bread, and cheese. Elves don't like the stench of meat."

Silvie blinked, then happily said, "Oh, oh! Alright!"

As long as Carol did not throw away the half elf, he would not mind even if he had to cook ten different pots of soup!

## Chapter 7: Number, 7, Halfleaf

The half-elf slowly opened his eyes. He was slightly at a loss as to where he was at the moment, but he could smell an extremely savory aroma that made him feel a pang of hunger.

When he got up, he realized that he was inside a tent, and the wounds on his body had already been bandaged properly. He first lifted open the tent flap slightly, surveying the situation outside. About five steps away, there was a campfire, and there were three people sitting beside it. Judging from their appearances, they didn't seem to be the ones that had been trying to capture him.

At this moment, one of the people there seemed to notice that something was odd and turned around to look in his direction.

The half-elf shrunk back for a moment and then put the tent flap back in place. However, he knew that he couldn't possibly continue to hide and, with gritted teeth, he opened the tent and walked out.

"Oh my!" One of them gave a smile as he shouted, "You're awake? We can eat now! Hurry and come over!"

The half-elf looked at them silently, refusing to say a word. His eyes were full of caution. He was currently pondering whether he should make a dash into the forest, for once he entered, there were few who could catch up with him...

At this moment, Carol suddenly spoke in the Elven language, saying,

"I am Dancingblade. Have you heard of this name?"

The half-elf froze for a moment and stared at Carol with disbelief. At first, he was shocked as to how that person could actually speak in the Elven tongue, and then, when he realized what Carol had said, he was even more shocked to hear this name.

At one side, Cale's eyes widened while Silvie was instead beside himself with excitement. Ever since he had learned that Carol had some ties with the elves, he had desired to ask about the matter. However, Carol was never willing to speak of anything related to elves.

"Dancingblade? I have heard of your name! But I don't know much. The elves from the north call you their friend," the half-elf exclaimed in surprise. His voice was soft and light, and even when he was speaking excitedly it was not shrill in the least.

"It's good that you know me." Carol was clear-cut as she said, "Come over and sit down."

The half-elf hesitated for a moment, but he was unable to refuse the invitation of a friend of the elves. Thus, he went over to sit down by the campfire.

Once he sat down, a bowl of savory, hot, steaming soup was shoved in to his hands. Only at this point did he realize that he was indeed very hungry. Not caring about being cautious, he started to drink the soup sip by sip.

The soup cooked with bread, eggs, and cheese, together with hunger,



made the half-elf drink three whole bowls of it in a row, despite him not having a big appetite.

Only after the half-elf put down his bowl did Carol start to ask, "What are you doing here instead of obediently staying in the elves' territory?"

This time, she was using the human language. Though elves do not make contact with other races, the passing of time over many long years had made them all into masters of language. Their main objective was actually studying the poems and songs of every race.

The reputation of Dancingblade let the half-elf lower most of his guard, and he explained miserably, "I came to attend my mother's funeral, but I was captured by my other relatives. T-They..."

"Wanted to capture you to sell you," Carol continued coldly. Just as expected, the half-elf nodded his head. She growled, "Leaving the Elven Forest was an action of extreme foolishness on your part!"

The half-elf was so frightened by this growl that his whole body went rigid.

"Don't be afraid!" Silvie immediately comforted him, saying, "Carol has a loud voice but wouldn't hurt you."

Seeing Silvie's radiant smile, the half-elf finally managed to calm down a little. He was unused to someone showing intense negative emotions like anger and so on, for the elves rarely showed any negative emotions at all.

"Tomorrow, I'll bring you back to the elven territory," Carol straightforwardly said.

The half-elf exclaimed, "No! No way! My little brother, he is still in the hands of the Ardiniz family. If I don't go back, it's very likely that they will hurt him!"

"The Ardiniz family?" Cale exclaimed and then asked in doubt, "It can't be that your mother was Leisha?"

The half-elf seemed dazed for a moment, and then he nodded.

Silvie asked in curiosity, "Cale, are you acquainted with his mother?"

Being somewhat at a loss as to what to do, Cale answered, "Leisha was my paternal grandfather's little sister. The fact that she had a relationship with an elf before is still rather famous..."

Silvie looked at Cale and then looked back at the half-elf and said happily, "So the two of you are relatives!"

The two relatives that didn't know each other but landed into trouble at the same time and were moreover picked up by the same person, looked at one another at a loss.

"Then, all things considered, you are Cale's senior!" Silvie added on without much tact.

*Senior...* Looking at the half-elf who looked to be around the same age as him, Cale couldn't treat him as a senior no matter how he tried,

even though according to the time stated in the rumors, this half-elf was about thirty-something years old.

The half-elf looked at Cale with curiosity and said, "My relative? Nice to meet you, I am Halfleaf, Halfleaf Ardiniz. May I inquire as to what your name is?"

"Cale. I don't usually use my family name. I'm an illegitimate child."

*After Cale said it so indifferently, he abruptly remembered something. Isn't this elf in front of me also an illegitimate child?*



"Carol, you must help them!"

Since the previous night, after learning how pitiful their plights were, with Halfleaf having a younger maternal half-brother who was still in the hands of evildoers, and with the slave contract Cale was forced to sign still being in the hands of his wicked mother, Silvie had kept bugging Carol nonstop to exact justice for them.

He was so noisy that Carol had even started to ponder seriously, Perhaps, the student that LL taught was actually Ohmygod, and Silvie was the accompanying pet?

Being LL's former companion, how did she not know that LL had the kind of patience needed to teach a student like Silvie?

"Let me think it over!" After Carol roared, she frowned as she continued, "First, we'll go pick the medicinal herbs, then we'll talk." If

they didn't complete their mission soon, she really would not have a single penny on her.

"You want to pick herbs?" Halfleaf started to ask, "What kind of herbs are you picking?"

Carol said the name of the herb, and Halfleaf nodded his head, stating, "I know where these herbs are. I'll bring you guys over to pick them."

Halfleaf led the way in front. His manner of advancing was extremely unique. He jumped back and forth on the trees, and he even grabbed tree branches and made use of them to swing himself forward. He rarely landed on the ground, but his speed was still way faster than any of the others.

From time to time, he would even vanish for a moment, and then appear again. At these times, his hand would frequently be grabbing a handful of mushrooms or some unknown herbs.

After walking for an entire afternoon, Halfleaf suddenly jumped off from a tree and then turned around to wait for the others to come over. He told them, "This place is the main harvesting ground of that species of medicinal herbs. You should be able to find several of them under the shade of most trees."

"This place is also rather close to the elves' territory." Carol looked at Halfleaf, asking, "Are you sure that you're really not going back?"

Halfleaf said with absolute resolution, "I would definitely not be so uncaring as to leave my little brother there alone!"

Carol raised an eyebrow.

Silvie wanted to open his mouth to beg Carol to help Halfleaf and Cale, but he was afraid that she would get angry, so he was beside himself with anxiety.

Halfleaf thanked the three of them, "Thank you all for saving me and even helping me bandage my wounds and providing food for me. Compared to your generosity, leading the way is truly a negligible amount of reciprocation. However, I really ought to be going. I hope that in the future, I will have the chance to repay everyone."

"Where are you going?" Silvie instantly yelled, "You're injured and being pursued by people. Following us would be safer. Carol is very strong!"

Cale shot a glance at Silvie. *These words seem to sound very familiar?*

Halfleaf looked at Silvie with astonishment, saying, "How could I do that? By following you, I will also put you all in danger. Moreover, I must save my little brother right now."

"We'll go save your little brother too!" yelled Silvie as he immediately made a decision that he wasn't in any position to make. After that, he then added on, shouting, "And also take back Cale's slave contract!"

Although he was a little consoled that Silvie still remembered his situation, Cale didn't think that Silvie could make the decisions around here. His eyes darted towards Carol...

Silvie also knew this, and he hurriedly shouted, "Carol! You must help them!"

Carol's eyebrows furrowed even deeper. However, seeing how she didn't refuse immediately, Silvie knew that there was hope. He quickly looked at Carol with eyes full of expectation. Right now, he didn't dare open his mouth to press her, afraid that he'd shoot himself in the foot by bugging her so much that she'd turn her head and leave.

Carol glanced at Halfleaf before her gaze shifted back to Cale. Then, she frowned lightly.

"You can ignore me." Cale's heart sunk, and he said expressionlessly, "You have ties with the elves, but you have nothing to do with me and have no obligation to help me. I can leave right now."

Silvie immediately grabbed Cale's sleeve, not letting go. This action made the latter roll his eyes and once again suspect that Silvie was actually a very tall girl.

Carol opened her mouth to inquire, "After leaving, where do you intend to go?"

Hearing this question, Silvie's eyes turned wide. He had never really thought that Carol would abandon Cale. She wasn't that kind of person was she?

However, Silvie abruptly realized that, in truth, he himself didn't quite understand Carol all that much either. He merely looked to the

“Warrior Queen,” which made him think that the Warrior Queen would naturally go and take care of evildoers. Of course, she wouldn’t abandon those in need either. However, he had selectively forgotten that other than the characteristics of having great strength and being loyal, there were also rumors about the Warrior Queen being cruel and cold-blooded and ruthless and such... No!

*Carol is a good person!* Silvie firmly believed.

Cale fell silent for a moment and then viciously replied, “Go back and slaughter the enemies that killed my father!”

Silvie’s and Halfleaf’s eyes turned wide. The former didn’t dare believe that Cale was really going to kill someone, and the latter was afraid of looking at Cale’s face that was full of hatred.

Carol indifferently said, “If that is the case, then there is nothing much which I can help you with. You can go.”

Silvie gaped, his eyes wide. He simply didn’t dare believe his own ears... *Is Carol really going to abandon Cale and watch on as he kills someone?*

As to this, Cale was not in the least bit surprised. He had already known, since a long time ago, that no one but himself would be able to help him.

## Chapter 8: Number, 8, Stalemate

Four people and a pet walked back along the path they had just taken. The first thing one would see would definitely be a translucent, giant yellow entity – Ohmygod had swelled to five times its regular size as herbs had been fully packed into its body, and the person now carrying Ohmygod was not Silvie, but Halfleaf.

As they still had to save Halfleaf's younger brother, Silvie and the three of them had to return to that small town. Under Silvie's insistence, Cale finally agreed to go back with them, though he walked on the outermost edge of the group, the furthest from Carol. If Silvie had not continuously pulled on his sleeve, he would probably have disappeared while they were walking.

However, because Silvie was busy holding onto Cale, the task of carrying Ohmygod had been passed to Halfleaf.

Faced with the responsibility for the giant golden slime, perhaps to repay the kindness of having been saved, Halfleaf didn't say a single word and took the strange creature that would normally cause people to strategically retreat.

Naturally after accepting Ohmygod, who was five times its normal size, he could not continue to leap around in the treetops and had to come down and obediently walk with the others.

When it was nearly evening, Carol stopped and asked the others, "Hurry on through the night or rest?"



"I wish to bathe."

Everyone stared at Halfleaf. Mystified, the latter asked, "May I ask, what the matter is?"

In disbelief, Cale asked, "Aren't you in a hurry to save your younger brother? Yet you still wish to bathe?"

"Even if in a hurry, one must still bathe. Bathing is something that must be done every day. How can you skip it?" Halfleaf couldn't understand. "And my younger brother is waiting for me to save him; he wouldn't run off."

*Is that so?* The corner of Cale's mouth twitched slightly. *Isn't he afraid that his younger brother will be ruthlessly killed or lose a leg?*

Carol laughed lightly. "The elves' definition of 'hurry' is different from humans'. About five times slower."

Upon hearing Carol's voice, Cale's expression immediately fell. At that moment, Silvie hastily said, "Alright alright! Bathing is also good. Then, let's all bathe together!"

The hurrying people, bewildered, stopped to set up camp for the sake of bathing. To travelers who readily wouldn't bathe for several days, it was truly a very strange reason to stop.

However, as this reason was given by Halfleaf, who was in the most hurry to get back, no one seemed to feel the need to refuse.

After lighting the campfire, Carol sat by it to watch the soup and salted meat, then randomly pinched Ohmygod who was in her hand. The other three walked to the side of the lake and removed their clothes, preparing to bathe. In actuality, Cale had to be pulled over by Silvie, as he had just bathed two days ago!

Afterward when he saw Carol sitting by the campfire, he decided to simply follow Silvie and Halfleaf.

In a few moments, the three of them were naked, jumping into the lake, and scrubbing and washing themselves. Silvie and Halfleaf scrubbed themselves very seriously, but Cale was extremely lazy. He casually splashed himself with water and considered the task done. It was only due to Carol sitting by the campfire that he didn't want to head back right away, so he simply soaked in the lake.

"Why is Carol sitting by the campfire?" Halfleaf frowned. "Isn't Carol bathing with us? It's too grimy to not bathe. And after hurrying and sweating so much, not bathing would make you stink!"

Silvie laughed. "How can Carol bathe together with us?!"

Cale snorted coldly, "That's right! How can a person like that be willing to stand stark naked in front of others? Even while sleeping, someone like that probably doesn't even take off the falchion behind his back!"

Silvie was stunned and hurried to defend her. "Carol actually does remove all weapons while sleeping! In fact, until now, I've never seen Carol use the falchion to hack at anyone. It's only used to cut meat! Since we've met, Carol has always used fists to hit people and has

never even touched a weapon yet, even though I actually really want to see the falchion in action!”

Cale was suddenly a bit curious and asked, “...How long have you been traveling together?”

Silvie counted. “A month, more or less.”

“How did the two of you end up traveling together?” Cale simply didn’t think that Carol needed Silvie as a companion.

“Carol was my teacher’s past companion and wasn’t easy for me to find. We visited Teacher, and subsequently we adventured together.”

*So that’s how it is, he is helping to look after his past companion’s student? It certainly looks like that sort of relationship between Carol and Silvie.* Cale’s puzzlement was finally solved.

At that moment, Halfleaf asked suspiciously, “Why is Carol staring at us?”

“Maybe lost in thought?”

As Silvie spoke, he sank down into the water, with only his head exposed above the water’s surface. He had abruptly remembered that Carol was female.

*And she’s a-also the Warrior Queen! Being naked like this before her, doesn’t it seem a little inappropriate?*

*Strictly speaking, isn't the Warrior Queen also considered an empress?!*

*To be naked in front of an empress... doesn't it seem like the sort of action that one would immediately be hanged for?*

*But it's too late to think about that now...*

Silvie felt very sinful as he looked towards Carol. He saw Carol smiling faintly as she glanced at him, and then she continued to enjoy the other two exhibiting their unconcealed nakedness.

*Thank goodness, she doesn't appear to be angry. And it even looks like she is in a good mood!* As long as Carol was not angry, Silvie's heart was partially relaxed.

*However...*

"Um..." Silvie was a bit hesitant about whether to warn the other two. But after pondering, if Carol became addicted to looking at Cale, perhaps she would be willing to help him?

*If we can help him take vengeance, then even if he was peeped at, it wouldn't matter, right?* Silvie looked at Cale. The latter had already stopped scrubbing a while ago. With most of his body soaking in the water, at best only his chest could be seen... *Well, earlier on Carol had already seen him naked, so it shouldn't make too much of a difference.*

On the other hand, Halfleaf was still scrubbing and washing himself, with most of his body exposed and out of the water.

"..."

Halfleaf noticed his gaze and asked in puzzlement, "What's the matter?"

Silvie didn't have the heart to tell him that his naked body was currently being enjoyed by someone.

"Nothing... hurry up with your washing! The soup should almost be done!"

Halfleaf nodded, splashed water on himself one last time, then openly walked ashore. Along the way, when he met Carol's eyes, he even smiled at her.

*Are all elves so open about being naked in front of the opposite gender?* Silvie admired him.

Cale also followed him ashore.

Taking advantage of Carol's gaze being focused on the other two's bodies, Silvie rapidly climbed up the bank. He used his clothes to cover up the lower half of his body, and then while covering himself, he pulled on his clothes.

Cale looked at him oddly and scolded loudly, "What are you being so shy for? Are you a man or not? Why are you acting like a girl and covering yourself? You think we would want to look at your naked body?"

"I don't think that..." *But it seems like Carol is very happy to look.*

Silvie once more admired Cale's and Halfleaf's boldness. They didn't cover themselves up at all. They were even putting on their clothes at normal speed and were clearly and completely seen by Carol...

However, despite his admiration, he could never be so relaxed while naked in front of the female gender. Even if Carol didn't seem like a woman in any way, he still couldn't do it!

So he continued to put his clothes on shyly.

When they walked back to the camp, Silvie didn't dare look at Carol.

In comparison, the latter seemed very relaxed and even commented, "The flexibility of the muscles on Cale's whole body is very flattering. He'll be good as an investigative soldier. Halfleaf's bicep muscles are not bad. He'll be an expert in archery. Silvie, your entire body is too thin; you are indeed wandering bard material."

Silvie happily said, "Really? Thank you for your compliment!"

"... I'm not praising you."

"Eh? You're not?" Silvie asked blankly.

"Pffff..."

Halfleaf and Cale both couldn't resist. They started laughing loudly.

## Chapter 9: Number, 9, Younger Brother

The four of them hurried back to the small town, but after entering the town, there was conflict over where everyone should go.

"Isn't Halfleaf's younger brother your relative too?" Silvie said insistently, "How can you not help him when your relative's life is in danger? You should come with us to save his brother!"

Cale was dumbstruck. Even though he was a relative, he had never seen the other party before. Also, Halfleaf hadn't asked for his help. Instead, it was Silvie who had spoken. *Just whose brother is he?*

He shot a glance at Carol and said, "In any case, Carol is going with you to save him. You don't need me!"

"That's wrong!" Silvie whispered in Cale's ear. "You must help me hold onto Carol and not let her kill people!"

*...So that's what you mean. But Silvie, with how loud your words were, there probably isn't anyone who didn't hear you, right?* Cale deeply felt that right now, Silvie shouldn't be worrying about Carol killing others but about getting murdered himself.

As expected, Halfleaf, looking terrified, exclaimed, "Kill people? Why do you want to kill people? Who are you going to kill?"

"Your enemy," Cale replied.

"M-My enemy?" Upon hearing the word "enemy," Halfleaf actually swayed and looked like he was about to faint. Silvie was so scared that he hurriedly came forward to support him.

Confused, Halfleaf asked, "Why do I have an enemy? Who is it?"

"...The guys who want to capture you and sell you and are using your brother as a hostage right now!"

Facing Cale's incredulous roar, Halfleaf was so frightened that he clutched Silvie tightly and said while trembling, "T-They are my relatives, not my enemies."

"..."

Cale suddenly felt that he was just like a chicken talking to a duck.

Carol said lightly, "He's an elf. Don't try to understand them through a human's way of thinking. Also, he's not suited to living in the world of humans and should have returned to the Elven Woods long ago."

"Then, after saving his brother, you guys can take him back to the forest! I'm going to take care of my own affairs!"

When he finished speaking, Cale turned around and left.

"Ah! Wait a minute!" Silvie promptly ran up and caught hold of Cale's sleeve. However, this time Cale didn't let him hold it and forcefully shook his sleeve, throwing him off instantly. After all, Silvie was a wandering bard who could only manage to hold a harp. He was totally



unable to prevent Cale from leaving.

Silvie hastily chased after him, but after taking two steps, he realized that neither Carol nor Halfleaf had followed him. He turned back and yelled hesitantly, "Carol..."

But Carol didn't intend to move at all, merely glancing at him and saying calmly, "Remind him that the best time to kill people is at night."

Upon hearing the two words "kill people," Halfleaf had another spell of dizziness. Cale, who was five, six steps away, paused. Obviously, he didn't need Carol's message to be passed on to hear it.

A little upset, Silvie also said, "Carol! How could you encourage Cale to kill people! I'm not going to speak to you anymore! I'm going to follow Cale!"

Carol glanced at him and said indifferently, "Go on then."

Silvie was stunned, but when he turned and saw that Cale had already walked away, he didn't have time to utter even a single word before he quickly ran after him.

Carol merely watched them as they departed, not saying anything to detain them.

Halfleaf said anxiously, "Are they really going to kill people?"

"It has nothing to do with you, right?"

Halfleaf blinked, and then nodded as he said, "Yes, what you said is correct."

Carol looked at Halfleaf. Although he was only a half-elf, his character wasn't any different from an elf's. Both couldn't accept negative emotions and wouldn't stop others from doing what they wanted, no matter how much they did not approve of it.

"Come, let's find your brother."

Halfleaf said in bewilderment "You don't have to pay me any attention. Even though you are a friend of the elves, you don't have to help me."

Carol snorted coldly, "Stop talking nonsense and don't waste time! Let's go!"

Halfleaf jumped in shock and almost wanted to walk in Silvie and Cale's direction, but he was unable to and could only quietly comfort himself. *Dancingblade is a friend of the elves and definitely would not do anything to harm an elf.*



The two of them arrived in front of a huge house somewhere in the middle of the city. Just when Carol was examining the wall to find where they should climb to enter, Halfleaf led her through a secret tunnel instead, so they didn't climb the wall.

"Did you make this secret tunnel?" Carol raised her eyebrows. Clearly, she didn't believe that elves would do something like making a secret

path.

Halfleaf shook his head and explained, "No, my mother made it. She requested for me to enter through the secret tunnel every time I come home, then head straight to her or my brother's room without disturbing others."

No wonder this incident about others wanting to capture and sell him only occurred after his mother had passed away. Even knowing that the deceased were to be respected, and the one in front of them was the deceased's son, it was still too hard to resist the allure of elves! Nowadays, the high price for elves was not just any old price.

After exiting the secret path, a simple and large room appeared. Although it was clearly a wealthy person's room, the decorations were very sparse and there were a lot of plain wooden carvings that didn't look high-grade at all.

"Eh?" Halfleaf said, puzzled. "Brother isn't in his room! This is terrible! He told me that when I come home, I am not allowed to leave his room!"

*Can a captured person still remain in his room? This room doesn't look like a place that can confine someone.* Carol didn't know if this house had a prison. If there was, he would most likely be locked away in there. If there wasn't, then she would have to spend time finding him.

"I'll go out to search. You return to the secret tunnel and wait inside." Hearing this, Halfleaf wavered but still nodded his head in agreement. Just as Carol turned around and was about to leave the room, a

servant opened the door and walked in. She lunged forward, grabbed him, and covered his mouth tightly.

The servant widened his eyes, and only now recovered from the shock. He struggled frantically but was obviously unable to escape from Carol's clutches.

When he heard the scuffle, Halfleaf, who was about to enter the secret tunnel, turned back to look. "Oh, it's Little Chi. Where is my brother?" he asked.

Carol glanced at the servant's expression. The moment the servant noticed Halfleaf, he immediately stopped struggling and didn't look antagonistic. She let go of his mouth.

Little Chi quickly whispered, "Eldest young master, the young master has already escaped."

*...Who the heck said that his brother would wait for him to rescue him and wouldn't just run off?* Carol grudgingly released the servant.

"Eldest young master, do not worry. When the young master left, he took a large sum of money with him! He even had me come and clean his room every day, but actually it was to wait for you. If I were to see you return to 'rescue him,' I was to request for you to return to the Elven Woods."

At that point, Little Chi said in a helpless tone, "However, the young master also said that you probably would not be willing to go back. Therefore, I have to ask you to remember to wear a cloak when

traveling and to travel via the forest. You absolutely must not come into any contact with humans. Then, go to 'the northeastern city of Jageria' and leave a message for him at the Adventurers Guild there. He'll show himself when he sees the message."

Halfleaf nodded, saying, "I understand. I will go and find him. Many thanks to you for passing on the message."

"... Actually, the young master wishes more for you to return to the Elven Woods," Little Chi said, embarrassed. After speaking, he took out a map and a small bag from his bosom, and then crawled under the bed to fish out a cloth-wrapped bundle. As he passed everything to Halfleaf, he said, "The young master has even prepared a map, travel fare, and provisions for you."

Halfleaf accepted the items, nodded his head, and said, "Thank you. I will search for my brother now." Saying this, he promptly turned around and walked towards the entrance of the secret tunnel.

"Eldest young master, be careful." Little Chi's face was full of worries.

"Stop!" Carol said coldly.

Halfleaf halted, turned around, and asked in bewilderment, "May I ask what is the matter?"

"Do you really think you can reach that city?" Carol said frigidly. "Go back to the forest!"

"I can't," Halfleaf said as he shook his head. "No matter what, I have

to find my brother, verify his safety, and then watch him get married.”

“Get married?” Carol frowned. *Why has marriage suddenly popped up?* Halfleaf nodded his head as he said, “Yes, in a letter that my mother left for me, she instructed for me to attend my brother’s wedding. Also, I must have my brother attend my wedding... If he is still alive at that time.”

Carol looked furious as she said, “That means she wants you to remember to attend your brother’s wedding, not that you have to watch over him until he gets married!”

“That’s right!” Little Chi hurriedly interrupted. “That was what madam must have meant.”

“Huh?” Halfleaf froze and said with realization, “So that’s what she meant? But I’ve already promised my mother in my heart that I would take care of my brother until he gets married. I cannot go back on my word.”

*You mean being taken care of by your brother, right?* From the present situation, it was evident that the younger brother had always looked after Halfleaf.

Carol felt her head aching, but she was quite clear about the stubbornness of elves. Even though it was a promise to himself, compared to humans writing black words on white paper, for him it was even more impossible to back out of such a promise.

Halfleaf hesitated, but still said, “I can search for my brother myself.

Carol, you should go find Silvie and Cale! I'm a bit worried for them."

*Worried for them?* Carol did not quite smile. These words from Halfleaf were rather unlike an elf's words. Even though elves are kind-hearted, they are also very indifferent and hardly take any notice of another's affairs. Don't even mention about getting worried! *It seems that half-elves still have some areas that are different from elves.*

"Don't tell me you want to help them kill people?"

*Kill people?* The moment Halfleaf thought of these two words, he felt dazed. He hurriedly shook his head.

Suddenly, Carol said, "It's about time. We should begin preparations."

*...Preparations?*

## Chapter 10: Number, 10, Revenge

"Cale, wait for meee!"

Silvie yelled as he chased after him. "Wait for me! Don't walk so fast!"

When he started to see numerous bystanders glancing curiously at them, Cale stopped, turned around, and sternly reprimanded him. "Are you crazy? Why the heck are you following me?"

Silvie ran several steps to Cale's side and said between gasps for breath, "Let me go with you!"

"You want to go with me to kill people?" Cale raised an eyebrow, not believing this turn of events at all.

Upon hearing the two words "kill people," Silvie's face twitched, but he didn't refute Cale's words. Instead, after much consideration, he said, "Carol said it's better to act at night... So we don't have to be in such a hurry, right?"

Cale was also fully aware that it was best to take action at night. He didn't have the kind of strength Carol had, to be able to openly kill people in broad daylight, so right now he was only going over there to hide first.

"If you want to follow me, then from this moment on you are not allowed to talk!"

Silvie had only just begun to say "okay" when he hastily shut his



mouth. He even crossed his two forefingers over his lips. Then, he followed quietly behind Cale.

Seeing this, Cale stopped walking as briskly as before and started using a normal pace to walk back to his house.

"Whoa, your house is really huge! There's even a garden!" Silvie exclaimed.

Cale glared at him fiercely and scolded, "Shut up."

Silvie was so frightened he quickly made another cross over his mouth.

Compared to Carol and Halfleaf who could take a secret tunnel, the two of them were not as lucky. Only when the opportunity arose and no one was around could they climb over the wall.

This was, after all, his home. As an illegitimate son, Cale often hid in secret places. Nothing was easier than finding a hiding place.

While hiding in their temporary spot, Cale was initially anxious that Silvie would start talking randomly. However, he didn't utter a single word and, after looking left and right with wide eyes for a while, fell asleep.

*He really doesn't feel the least bit of vigilance nor nervousness.* Cale was at a loss for words. He even mocked himself while thinking that compared to Silvie, he was a lot more useless!

He looked down at his right hand, which was tightly clutching a dagger.

The dagger's blade was bright and dazzling. After looking closely, he realized why it wouldn't stop shining; the dagger was trembling incessantly.

After much difficulty, he waited until evening. By then, Silvie was already awake. Silvie took out salted meat from breast pocket to eat and pushed some towards Cale, silently asking if he wanted to eat.

Cale really admired this fellow for not being alarmed no matter how much his surroundings changed... Or was it purely that he was too stupid?

He waited until Silvie had finished eating his meat. Cale estimated that it was nearly midnight. There were already no lights on in the house.

"Silvie, you wait here."

Silvie immediately shook his head firmly, saying, "You leave me here, and I will immediately scream that there is an assassin!"

"..." Cale said in a low, helpless voice, "Alright then, you can follow me. But don't make any noise!"

Once Silvie nodded his head in agreement, the two of them moved away from their hiding place, heading towards their destination: the master bedroom.

Even though Silvie looked so weak that a gust of wind might knock him over (in fact... he *was* so weak that a gust of wind could knock him over), he had excellent footwork. He was silent, quite light, and

graceful.

Cale glanced curiously at Silvie and abruptly thought that his skip-like way of walking felt a bit familiar. Thinking carefully, he realized that it was akin to a dancer's footsteps.

*He is indeed a wandering bard.* Cale was again speechless.

The two of them moved stealthily towards the master bedroom. Not a single person appeared in the corridors, allowing them to arrive outside the master bedroom without any trouble.

Cale inhaled deeply. When he was about to push open the door, someone grabbed onto him. He jumped in shock, but then realized it was only Silvie. He was so angry that he almost wanted to yell at him.

"Cale, this feels very strange. Why isn't anyone here?" Silvie felt that the situation was far from good. According to his various life experiences, the more smoothly things went, the more likely one would suffer a mega-huge fall at the end... This was not an analogy. It was an incident that had actually occurred before. That fall had even caused him a lot of pain!

"What's strange?" Cale said quietly. "They've all gone out to hunt for me already. How can there still be people around!"

"But..." Silvie still felt something was amiss. *Would someone who had just had a previous assassination attempt on them not leave a guard behind?*

However, Cale didn't pay any more attention to Silvie. He was already so close to his goal. He couldn't calm down at all.

Gently nudging the door (the door wasn't locked), he cautiously pushed it open a crack and peeped inside. All he saw was a bulge in the quilt on the bed. It was obvious someone was sleeping there.

He fully pushed open the door and walked in. As he stood beside the bed, his feelings were rather complicated. Even though he knew that the other side had poisoned his father, and that he had to avenge him, he had never killed a person before, and his first target was actually someone whom he had associated with from morning to night for twenty years. This burdened feeling could not be considered light... But as a result, he detested those three people even more!

Even he, who didn't have much in the way of feelings for them, felt himself unable to do the deed. *How could anyone set about murdering their husband, father, and older brother whom they had been with every day?*

Cale raised the dagger in his hand. Just as he was about to bring it down, Silvie suddenly hugged him tightly.

Cale struggled for several moments but couldn't break free. He could only grit his teeth and whisper. "Let go!"

"I won't!"

Using one hand as a crutch, Cale used his elbow to jab Silvie in the stomach. The latter groaned but was still unwilling to release him. Cale

struck backwards again. Only then was Silvie knocked aside and fell to the ground.

Cale didn't even look back. Raising his dagger...

"Cale, be careful!" Silvie yelled.

*Be careful?* Cale's dagger paused. He turned back to look and saw Silvie caught by two people.

More than ten people stood at the doorway. Human shadows even flickered outside the only window. All of them held various weapons. They were none other than the servants of the house, as well as the three he had wanted to kill: the woman, her son, and her adulterous partner, who was also his father's younger brother! The person he had to call Uncle!

*This is a trap...* Cale gripped his dagger, growling, "Release him! This matter has nothing to do with him! Just come straight at me!"

The woman shrieked loudly. "I originally intended to let you off. After all, that man only had you for a son. Who could have imagined that you wouldn't know what was good for you. You actually dared to come here to kill me!"

"You killed my father! And then sold me off as a slave!" Cale bellowed, "You thought that I would let all of you off just like that? You murdered my father!"

The woman roared furiously. "I hadn't originally planned to kill him. I

thought it would be fine waiting for him to die of illness. Who knew that despite being sick for so many years, he wouldn't die! If I hadn't poisoned him, I don't know how long I would have had to wait before inheriting his assets!"

*All because of that bit of money?!* Cale felt a burning rage in his chest, but the only manifestation of it was a feverish heat behind his eyes. He felt like crying. Maybe he couldn't avenge him. *Sorry, Father...*

"To avoid any more long, sleepless nights, the both of you should just die together!"

Upon hearing this, Cale clutched his dagger even tighter. Even if he died, he would make sure to take at least a few people with him!

When he heard he was going to die, Silvie immediately screamed, "Carol, help!"

Hearing Silvie's scream, Cale felt helpless to the extreme. He couldn't believe that this fellow would still yell for Carol at this sort of time. Could it be that he really thought Carol would come and save him?

Despite this, Cale's feelings leaned more towards guilt. He was afraid that Silvie would actually be dragged down with him and die. He still wanted to be on the lookout for a way of letting Silvie escape!

But just when this idea arose, he saw his "younger brother" stabbing towards Silvie's stomach with a blade. As Silvie was held down by others, he had no way of dodging at all, and merely watched with widened eyes as the knife got closer to his stomach...

"Stop!" Cale rushed forward, but no matter how fast he was he couldn't beat the speed of the knife, and several people also rushed forward to block him.

"Silvie!"

## Chapter 11: Number, 11, Judgment

Silvie stared at the blade that was being thrust towards him, with eyes still as wide as before. It wasn't that he was unafraid, just that his life was threatened nearly every day. For example, he had fallen down a cliff, been chased by a large swarm of bees, nearly been bitten by a viper, and so on. He had long since formed a habit of not shutting his eyes no matter how dangerous it was, so that he could react in time... and give Ohmygod time to save him.

The only difference right now was that Ohmygod wasn't on his person.

*Why hasn't Carol arrived yet?*

He was really going to die...

The blade reached his chest, and Silvie's last thought was of whether he would be able to meet Teacher L.L.

He finally closed his eyes.

"Thump!"

*...Why doesn't it hurt? The sound also seems odd, and my chest feels a bit heavier?*

Silvie opened his eyes and saw a golden colored, transparent object stuck on his chest. Its tail was tightly wrapped around the blade, not letting it move another half-inch closer.



“Ohmygod!”

*Ohmygod has arrived, that means... Carol has also arrived!* Silvie immediately turned his head and glanced around as he yelled, “Carol, Carol!”

“I’ve heard you, and I’m going deaf from all your shouting!”

Silvie’s shouts instantly stopped, while Cale was startled. At that moment, the wall with a window suddenly made a cracking noise, and cracks started appearing. They ran from the upper right corner down to the bottom left corner, and ran from the upper left corner to the bottom right corner. A giant X had actually formed on the face of the wall...

“Bang!”

The entire wall flew apart from the center, creating a giant hole. Through the thick cloud of dust and smoke, he faintly saw a person’s shadow...

But when the smoke and dust cleared, there were many more people outside the hole. The foremost person was Carol, and behind her was Halfleaf looking stunned. There were also some people by the side that Silvie and Cale did not recognize at all, and their expressions were even more dumbfounded than Halfleaf’s.

Carol was wielding two gigantic blades. She usually only held a blade in her right hand, but this time even her left hand was holding a blade, and it was even bigger than the one in her right hand. The contrast

was even more obvious seeing them held in her slim hands. It was simply unbelievable that she could actually wield those weapons!

"Wh-Who are you?" The woman finally returned to her senses and shrieked.

"Who I am is not important." Carol said coldly, "But the ones behind me are the city lord's subordinates. They've already heard what you guys just said."

*What we just said...* When the woman recalled what she had previously said, her entire face instantly turned pale.

"It was her, it was all her doing!" The man by her side suddenly shouted, "She murdered my brother with poison!"

The woman turned back and stared at the man beside her incredulously. She stuttered, "You, you... I didn't do it! He put the poison in the soup. I merely passed it on to my husband to drink!"

The two of them pushed the blame back and forth. One moment he said she had bought the poison, the next moment she said he had come up with the scheme. Unknowingly, the two of them had given a full account of what had happened.

Cale was furious when he heard it and couldn't restrain himself from charging forward. However, Carol was faster and with a single leap, she dashed between Cale and the other three people. Even though her back was facing Cale, which was a disadvantageous position not suitable for offense, Cale knew that he definitely could not break

through this wall.

He halted his steps, not knowing how to release the rage in his heart. "Compared to killing them," Carol shot a glance back at Cale as she spoke, "It should be even more agonizing for them to let everyone know about their terrible act and let them be locked up in the city lord's dungeons to await judgment. This way of payback is also more right and proper, isn't it?"

"Did, Didn't you not want to help me?" Confused, Cale asked, "At the start, when Silvie wanted you to help Halfleaf and me, you briefly looked at Halfleaf, but you frowned at me..."

"Did I? I frowned?" Carol said flatly, "I only felt that your problem was harder to handle. Halfleaf wanted to save his brother. Saving people isn't difficult. However, without any proof or evidence for your case, it wouldn't be easy to convict somebody of a crime."

*Oh I see...* Cale raised his head and looked at Carol. He suddenly felt his eyes warm and hastily bowed his head. "I'm sorry, I misunderstood you."

Carol didn't answer him. Instead, she turned her head, yelling, "Silvie!" Silvie jumped in shock from having his name called suddenly, and promptly asked, "What's the matter?"

"We should go."

Carol sheathed her blades, turned around, and left. When she passed the city lord's subordinates, she coldly snapped out a command, "Don't

let me hear of any unreasonable sentence, got it?"

Instantly, those subordinates replied nervously, "Yes!"

Seeing that Carol was leaving, Silvie quickly grabbed Cale with his left hand, gripped Halfleaf with his right hand, and then chased after her.

"Carol, wait for us!"



They walked straight out of the city. Even though the city gates were closed in the middle of the night, the moment Carol took out an insignia and flashed it, the guardsmen at the city gates obediently opened the gates. It was just like previously when the city lord had seen this insignia and obediently dispatched his subordinates to follow Carol and eavesdrop.

But in fact, this insignia didn't belong to Carol. It was the white rose insignia that Silvie had inherited from his teacher, the insignia that the Holy King had personally issued to L.L., to bestow upon him the title as the king's wandering bard.

After walking a short distance outside the city, Carol found a clean and open space to sit down. In a commanding tone, she said, "Silvie, cook some food! Don't do it slowly; cook a bit faster. I'm starving."

Although there were provisions in Halfleaf's cloth-wrapped bundle, after getting used to eating Silvie's hand-cooked food, she naturally wouldn't eat those dry provisions if she could avoid it.

“Oh, okay!”

Silvie started to get busy. He chopped up food in preparation for boiling soup, requested Halfleaf to gather dry twigs for a fire, and then handed the job of roasting meat to Cale. As people were helping him, his speed naturally increased a lot, and before long, they could begin eating.

Carol was rarely satisfied with Silvie’s speed of cooking, although credit should also be given to Halfleaf and Cale for helping. She accepted the soup and started eating immediately.

While everyone was eating, Cale could not resist asking Carol, “How did you know where my house was?”

Carol had not even opened her mouth when Silvie cut in, “It’s because I left Ohmygod with Carol. If not, Carol wouldn’t have been able to find us! Every time we enter a city, Ohmygod would stay with Carol to aid in finding me.”

“Then how were you able to call on the city lord’s subordinates? And you actually had a way to exit through the city gates during the night?” Cale inquired while strongly suppressing his astonishment. “Those guards actually agreed to open up the gates? What the heck did you do?”

“Because Carol is the Warrior Queen. No one would dare to obstruct her!”

Cale and Halfleaf stared blankly at Silvie.

On the other hand, Carol glared fiercely at Silvie for a moment. She hadn't mentioned that she was the Warrior Queen at all. She had merely showed L.L.'s white rose insignia.

Silvie flinched, but he didn't feel like he had said anything of concern. In any case, Cale and Halfleaf were already their companions!

"Wh-Which Warrior Queen are you talking about?" An extremely baffled expression appeared on Cale's face. Even though he knew who the Warrior Queen that Silvie had mentioned was... As a matter of fact, it was impossible for anyone in the Kingdom of Holy Light not to know about the Warrior Queen, but as Silvie's words were simply too astonishing, he subconsciously felt that it was impossible.

Silvie matter-of-factly said, "Of course it's the Warrior Queen who led armies to defend the Crimson Blades Pass!"

"..." Cale and Halfleaf were dumbstruck as they stared at Silvie, then they turned their heads to gaze dazedly at Carol. The latter ignored them as she ate her own food.

"Hold on a moment!" Cale shrieked, "How can Carol be the Warrior Queen? The Warrior Queen is female!"

"Eh?" Not understanding the situation, Silvie asked back, "Isn't Carol also female? It matches up, right?"

"...Carol is female?" This time, it was Halfleaf who shrieked.

Cale and Halfleaf stared at Carol, recalling that previous... bath!

Unexpectedly, Cale shrugged and was fine with it. However, Halfleaf practically transformed into a stone statue. At that moment, they heard Silvie's words drift over, "That's right! Of course Carol is female. Otherwise, did you think she was male?"

*...We were precisely under the impression that she was male!*

"I've never admitted who I am!" Carol said grumpily, "Silvie, you're not allowed to broadcast it everywhere! If I hear you say that I am the Warrior Queen one more time, I will smash that mouth of yours thoroughly!"

Upon hearing this, Silvie nervously covered his mouth. However he immediately uncovered it and said, "It doesn't matter, right? They're our companions!"

"Who said they're our companions?" Carol said coldly, "One should be getting lost now, and when we find his brother, the other one must also get lost!"

When he heard this, Silvie started getting anxious and yelled, "How can you do this? Are you going to forsake them after having dallied with them?"

*Da-Da... Dallied what?* Carol blinked, and then roared, "Who is abandoning them after dallying with them? Stop talking nonsense!" However, Silvie shouted in an even louder voice, "You've already seen Halfleaf and Cales buttocks completely naked, yet you still want to

chase them away. If this isn't abandoning them after using them, then what is it?"

Crash!

Silvie turned his head to look and gasped "ah." As he gestured at Halfleaf who had fainted on the ground, he blamed Carol, "You see, Halfleaf knew that he was going to be forsaken, so he was so worried that he fainted!"

*He was obviously so agitated by your words that he fainted!*

Carol didn't know how to release her rage as she faced this man who was criticizing her for using them. Especially after having admired their buttocks, not only was it hard to retort back, she even felt a bit guilty...

*All right then! If I can't abandon Halfleaf then I won't abandon him. In any case, he is quite useful. He is good at gathering and can also be in charge of listening to Silvie talk.*

Out of the corner of her eye, Carol looked at the other guy, which was Cale. She glanced over.

Silvie promptly murmured close to Cale's ear, making Carol feel that something was extremely not right.

"What are you looking at?" Cale placed his hands on his hips and spoke boldly, "Don't tell me you haven't seen my buttocks already? Previously when you lifted up the blanket to look at me, I was lying



there naked and was even facing upwards! You should have seen even my little XX very clearly right? Yet you still want to throw me away?"

After hearing this, and taking another look at Cale's smug face, Carol was livid and growled, "In the days when I led the armies, if I hadn't seen a hundred thousand men's buttocks, then I saw at least eighty thousand! Don't tell me that I have to bear responsibility for each and every one of them?"

When she finished speaking, she was so furious that she stood up and walked off. Even if she wouldn't be criminally charged with forsaking men after having dallied with them... Then it should at least be considered cruelly abandoning pets?

Carol angrily denied this criminal charge of dallying then abandoning them.

Silvie hastily shook Halfleaf awake and pulled at Cale. The three of them hurriedly chased after her.

"Following her like this, she won't simply turn around and singlehandedly get rid of all of us with one strike, right?" Cale was a bit worried about this. After all, she was the Warrior Queen who treated even the demon race as radishes and chopped them up!

"She wouldn't, she wouldn't!" Silvie said immediately, but after he said that, he was still a little bit uncertain. After thinking for a while and feeling that he had come up with a good plan, he happily suggested, "Or how about this, when we catch up to her later on, we will immediately strip off our clothes, expose our buttocks and bathe..."

Ahhh! Halfleaf, don't faint!"

"If exposing buttocks could let us live, that would actually be very easy!" Cale thought for a moment. *It is a lot simpler compared to when I was by myself and had easily nearly died multiple times.* Then he promptly ran after her. He definitely wouldn't allow himself to be forsaken after being dallied with.

"Cale, come and help me carry Halfleaf!"

Silvie wanted to cry but no tears were shed. Luckily at that moment, Ohmygod jumped out from his bosom, wrapped its tail around Halfleaf, and then the two people and a slime hurriedly tried to catch up.

"Carol, wait for me... Wait for us!"

## Chapter 12: Number, 12, Twelve (END)

Thinking back now, it seemed that ever since that point in time, she had made a blunder... No! From the moment she met Silvie, it was already a grave mistake!

While dragging a deer, Carol returned from her recollections and regained her senses. Only then did she realize that she had unconsciously walked back to the camp. Her speed was much faster than before. It looked like the past few years of adventures had indeed made a difference; her survival skills in the wilderness had improved substantially.

"Carol!"

Carol lifted her head. It turned out to be Silvie who was calling her. His smile remained brilliant to the point that she really wanted to beat him to death.

However, other than him, there were also another ten people by his side, each of them using a different expression to welcome her back... Truly, the moment she picked up this thing called trouble, the amount of it would constantly increase by itself.

Dragging a deer, Carol slowly walked toward the group of people. In the past, they couldn't finish eating a deer and had to turn it into bacon which they could eat for several weeks. Now, a deer wasn't even sufficient for a single meal!

Luckily, Halfleaf and his brother were in charge of gathering mushrooms and vegetables. There was also someone who could catch fish, someone who could brew wine, someone who could make bread and noodles, someone who could make jam, someone who could make pickles, and even someone who could make various kinds of desserts!

The table of food prepared was always as rich as a banquet. They didn't seem like a group of travelers at all.

When Carol reached the camp, someone immediately took the deer from her hands. Being extremely bored, she wanted to make things difficult for Silvie, so she said in a commanding tone, "Today I want to eat deer in three different ways: roasted, fried, and boiled."

Yet Silvie showed an even more glowing expression and loudly replied, "Yes."

Carol sat down and watched the eleven people in front of her rushing and bustling around. The aroma of various foods assailed her nostrils, and the corner of her mouth faintly lifted up into a smile.

*This... doesn't seem so bad either.*

-END-



### **Afterword**

I believe that while everyone was reading this series, they would have clearly realized that *Female Warrior* is in fact related to *The Legend of*

*Sun Knight. Female Warrior* actually details the story behind the establishment of the first generation Twelve Holy Knights, even though up until the current volume it still has not yet started to be established. The writing of that will be left for the main series.

I've wanted to write about the first generation Twelve Holy Knights for a very long time. After the eighth volume of *The Legend of Sun Knight* is finished, I plan to follow up with the *Female Warrior* series (It would be handed directly to the publishers for publishing<sup>1</sup>). However, my hands were itching too badly, so I wrote a short volume to satisfy myself first and, then in passing, began to press the artist Wu Ling<sup>2</sup> into action.

Even though only four people have actually appeared in the current volumes, the artist drew twelve people! (Didn't you ask for that?)

Cough! This is so that when writing the main series, I can display the art book by the side!

It would feel really wonderful to flip through the art book as I write the manuscript!

Other than the twelve character designs, there are also twelve weapon designs and even twelve badge designs! These are all the results of my hard work in pressuring the artist! (I mustn't feel proud over this ahhhhhh!)

For everything introduced, twelve had to be designed. I am really grateful that up till today, Wu Ling has not yet killed me.

(Bows down gratefully)

Other than the designs of twelve various things, I even squeezed out a “large poster of everyone walking together” from Wu Ling. Doesn’t it have a very united feeling!

Even though it was so long that it had to be folded, I requested the artist to allocate the characters’ positions well when drawing, so the characters probably wouldn’t be folded.

Wu Ling took a super long time to draw this large poster. I’m really thankful to you for completing my dream picture!

As for the other pictures, I didn’t press her for them. She was the one who bled herself dry... It’s true!

In fact, after reading the first finished chapter, she even drew an extra picture of Silvie begging for food with wide, sparkling eyes! If it wasn’t for the lack of time, maybe after reading twelve chapters, twelve extra pictures would have appeared? (This completely did not happen.)

Apart from the official profile pictures and the large poster, my favorite poster is the one of Silvie running into a sunflower. It’s simply too cute! Carol, you did really well!

I’ll just mention it in passing, the little chick on Earth’s head is really very cute too! There’s a lantern on the little chick’s head because it is a creature from another world, so it should still be okay to say that it is an (otherworldly) chick.

Speaking of the little chick on Earth's head, actually after everyone has finished looking through the art book, they should be able to guess who Halfleaf's younger brother is. So in fact, five people have appeared in this volume!

(I seem to hear Wu Ling shouting by the side that she drew twelve people, twelve people, twelve people ah~~~~)

This is also the first time I'm using plastic wrapping on these documents. I felt that it would seem to be very good to use, so I tried it out to see how it would turn out. I hope everyone will like it; there's also a handsome guy printed on top of it!

(Carol: Hold on, aren't I the printed character?)

That's right! Handsome guy!

By Yu Wo July, 2010



## Footnotes

<sup>1</sup> **"...handed directly to the publishers for publishing":** The current two prologue volumes of Female Warrior were self-published by Yu Wo and sold at conventions. The main series will be published by an actual publisher and sold in bookstores.

<sup>2</sup> **"Wu Ling":** Wu Ling has the same pronunciation as five zero, or 50, in Chinese.



## Extra: Artbook

(Below is a translation of the artbooks included with these two volumes of Female Warrior. Yu Wo has already named all of the first generation of the Twelve Holy Knights even though not all have appeared in the Prologue. As they have not appeared in the storyline yet, PR! has not settled on a translated name for many characters. We reserve the right to change our mind about the names but will strive to keep close to names and spellings given by Yu Wo, unless they don't make sense in English, or we might just prefer some other more common spelling. Not every single picture from the artbooks has been included here, as not all require translation, and we don't want to take away from people who bought the novels and artbook. We hope this is enough for you to get a feel for all of the characters.)

Artbook 1 Cover

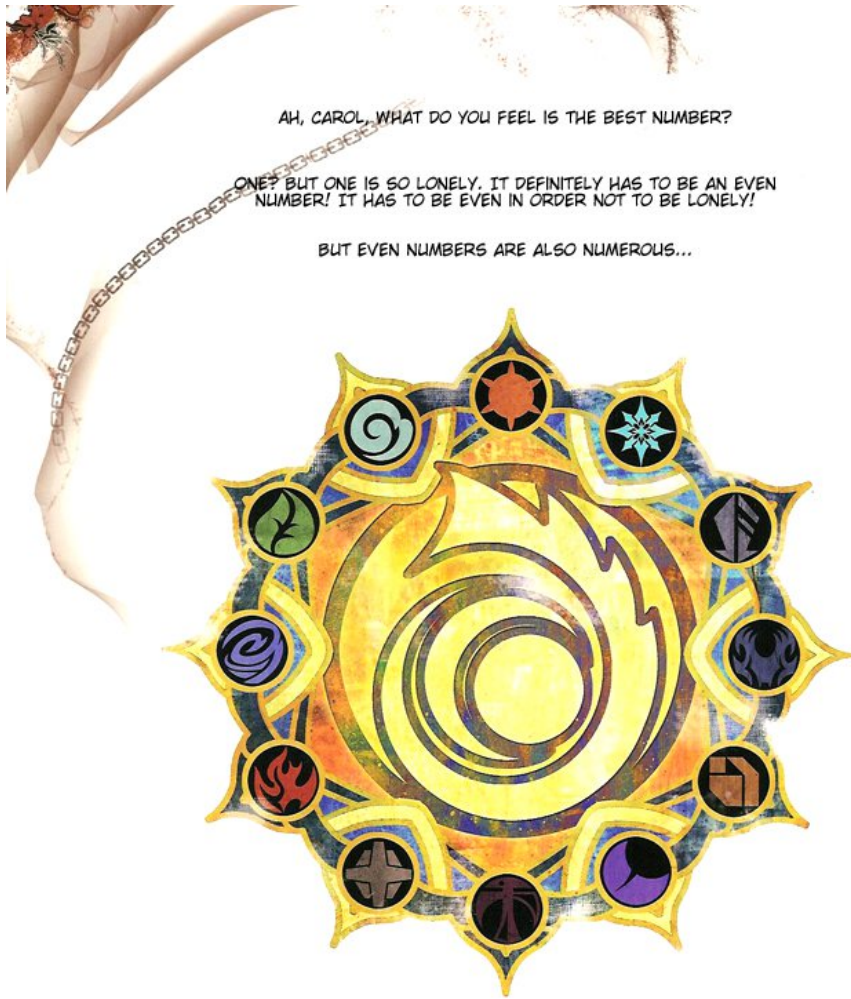






Artbook 2 Cover





AH, CAROL, WHAT DO YOU FEEL IS THE BEST NUMBER?

ONE? BUT ONE IS SO LONELY. IT DEFINITELY HAS TO BE AN EVEN NUMBER! IT HAS TO BE EVEN IN ORDER NOT TO BE LONELY!

BUT EVEN NUMBERS ARE ALSO NUMEROUS...

OH RIGHT, HOW ABOUT TWELVE?  
IT FEELS SO NUMEROUS AND LIVELY!  
TWELVE, TWELVE... IT SOUNDS SO NICE!

Ah, Carol, what do you feel is the best number?

One? But one is so lonely. It definitely has to be an even number! It has to be even in order not to be lonely!

But even numbers are also numerous...

Oh right, how about twelve?

It feels so numerous and lively!

Twelve, twelve... It sounds so nice!

*"Good, Warm-Hearted Faction"*









*Sun*

Artbook 1 Profile

**Silvester Uriah**

**Nate Characteristics:**

Blond hair, blue eyes

**Profession:** Bard

**Weapon:** Harp

**Names:** Silvie, Sun

**Famous quotes:**

- "Why..."
- "Sorry, I didn't do it on purpose!"
- "Carol, don't hit me..."





## Artbook 2 Profile

"Sun"

### **Name Given by Yu Wo:**

Silvester Uriah Nate

### **Translated Name by**

**PR!:** Silvester Uriah Nate

**Names:** Silvie, S.U.N.

**Weapon:** Divine Sun  
Sword

### **Likes:**

- Singing
- Dancing
- Smiling
- Making Carol mad
- Playing with Ohmygod
- Getting teased by his companions

### **Famous quotes:**

- "I didn't do it on purpose..."
- "Carol, don't get mad!"
- "Ohmygod, save me!"
- "Let's celebrate! How about it? Can we?"

**Life Motto:** *As long as you are willing to repent, the benevolent God of Light will definitely forgive you!*

## Storm



Storm"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Shahot Elate

**Translated Name by**

**PR!(tentative):** Shahot Elante

**Names:** Shahaha

**Weapon:** Storm Leg Armor

**Likes:**

- Admiring beautiful things
- Flirting with beautiful girl
- One night stands
- Protecting women

**Famous quotes:**

- "Are you joking with me? A place without women is unsuitable for men!"
- "It's a babe!"
- "Sun, have you ever considered finding a woman to lose your virginity?"

**Life motto:** *Life is just a game. There's not much you need to be serious for!*

Leaf



"Leaf"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Half of Leaf

**Translated Name by PR!:** Halfleaf

**Names:** Leaf, Little Leaf, Elf

**Weapon:** Divine Leaf Bow

**Likes:**

- Singing and dancing
- Going into a daze, so much so that he forgets to eat and sleep
- Asking Silvie to sing for him
- Shooting his arrows

**Famous quotes:**

- "I'm a guy. Really, I am! Sorry that I caused your misunderstanding."
- "That's not it, I only inherited half of the bloodline of elves."
- "Erm, I apologize, I went into a daze again."
- "Silvie, shall we sing together?"

**Life Motto:** *Why not sing a song and forget about life's troubles?*



## Blaze



"Blaze"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Car Ben

**Translated Name by PR!:**  
UNDECIDED (WHAT KIND OF NAME  
IS CAR)

**Names:** Loudmouth, Stuben

**Weapon:** Blaze (the second half of  
the name has not been provided)

**Likes:**

- Laughing heartily
- Battling
- Laughing at Silvie and Halfleaf for their girliness
- Being absent-minded
- Indulging in wine and meat

**Famous quotes:**

- "Man, you sure you have anything in your pants?"
- "Sun! Not that I want to say this, but can't you be more like a man?"
- "Really? I said that? I forgot."

**Life Motto:** *Cut the crap and let our weapons speak for themselves!*

## Earth



"Earth"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Cash Elante

**Translated Name by PR! (tentative):** Cash Elante

**Names:** The chick's mom, Baby-face, the little fellow

**Weapon:** The Shield of Earth

**Likes:**

- Taking care of his older brother
- Raising little animals, mostly little chicks
- Saying sorry
- Discussing the beauty of mankind with Silvie
- Getting teased together with Silvie by everyone else

**Famous quotes:**

- "Sorry, sorry, sorry..."
- "Little chicks are cute..."
- "Don't eat my chicken!"
- "I'm only baby-faced."
- "Brother, you must stay close to me!"

**Life Motto:** *People should take care of each other!*

Cloud



"Cloud"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Idane  
Qwun

**Translated Name by PR!:** Idane  
(Undecided last name)

**Names:** Disappeared

**Weapon:** Cloud Rapier

**Likes:**

- Reading
- Sleeping in the shade of a tree
- Drinking wine
- Collecting various odd trinkets
- Disappearing

**Famous quotes:**

- "..."
- "There's no such matter."
- "I don't want to waste time."
- "Give me a reason."

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**Life Motto:** *To live in this world, you must learn to take care*

*Faction*







## Judgement



### Artbook 1 Profile

**Carol Characteristics:**

Black hair, black eyes

**Profession:** Warrior

**Weapon:** Dual blades

**Names:** Dancingblade, Warriorblade, Warrior Queen, Dragon

**Famous quotes:**

- "Why don't you go die?" (used specifically with Silvie)
- "I'm going to kill you!" (used specifically with Silvie)
- "Shut up and let me slice you up!"



## Artbook 2 Profile

"Judgment"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Carol

**Translated Name by PR!:** Carol

**Names:** Warrior Queen, Bloodblade

**Weapon:** Dual Blades

### Likes:

- Battling
- Leading troops
- Training her comrades
- Getting super angry at her comrades
- Dealing out punishment to enemies who sin or comrades who are simply asking for it

### Famous quotes:

- "Silvie!!!"
- "Go on and resist if you don't want to live anymore!"
- "My blade or talking, you choose!"
- "It's useless even if you strip this time!"
- "Silvester!!!"

**Life Motto:** *Every world is the same. Without power, there is no justice!*

## Metal



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"Metal"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Cale

**Translated Name by PR!:** Cale

**Names:** Thief, Miser

**Weapon:** Twin daggers

**Likes:**

- Teasing his companions
- Causing mischief
- Making money
- Taking advantage of a crisis for personal gain
- Exhibitionist

**Famous quotes:**

- "If merely showing my butt can save my life, that's super easy!"
- "As long as you have money, things are easy!"
- "Silvie, lend me some money!"
- "Boss, your call."

**Life Motto:** *Money can't buy everything, but without money, you can't do anything!*



Moon



"Moon"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Sasha

**Translated Name by PR!:** Sasha

**Names:** Prince, Your Highness

**Weapon:** Whip

**Likes:**

- Dressing himself and his companions up
- Fixing clothes
- Admiring jewelry and accessories
- Designing clothes
- Gracefully going about his days

**Famous quotes:**

- "Appearances make a person!"
- "Only beggars are allowed to look like that!"
- "Even companions are a type of accessory. You're not allowed to wear something that ugly!"
- "Taste determines everything."
- "Hmph, what do you think you are?"

**Life Motto:** *Only when you dress beautifully will your feelings be beautiful as well.*

Ice



"Ice"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Shu Noah

**Translated Name by PR! (tentative):** Shu Noah

**Names:** So Cold, Killer

**Weapon:** Divine Ice Sword

**Likes:**

- Settling things with one strike
- Not beating around the bush
- Not speaking
- Following Carol's orders

**Famous quotes:**

- "..."
- "....."
- "....."
- "Yes."

**Life Motto:** *Silence is golden.*

## Stone



"Stone"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Felaxe  
Anderite

**Translated Name by PR!**  
**(tentative):** Felix Anderite

**Names:** Commander

**Weapon:** Stone Broadsword

**Likes:**

- Giving commands
- Stubbornly following Carol's orders
- Obeying rules
- Always being on time and never going back on his word
- Protecting his comrades

**Famous quotes:**

- "Yes!"
- "Duck behind me!"
- "I rather die than go back on my word!"
- "Don't be late!"

**Life Motto:** *One must be responsible for one's words and actions. If you err, you must take responsibility!*

Hell



"Hell"

**Name Given by Yu Wo:** Yu  
(Yu sounds like the second half of "Hell" in Chinese)

**Translated Name by PR! (tentative):** Ell

**Names:** That Fellow

**Weapon:** Long shortswords

**Likes:**

- Coming and going without a trace
- Not talking
- Listening to Silvie's orders

**Famous quotes:**

- "..."
- "No, I don't understand."
- "?"
- "Tell Silvie."

**Life Motto:** *What is a human? Is a human different from other creatures?*



## The Holy King



Artbook 1 Profile

**Name Given by**

**Yu Wo:** Lancero

Ornister

**Translated Name**

**by PR!:** Lancel

Ornister

**Characteristics:**

Blond hair, golden  
eyes

**Profession:**

Knight

**Names:** Holy King

**Famous quotes:**

- "I was born for  
the world."

*Lorenzo Louis*



page 13

Artbook 1 Profile

**Name Given by Yu Wo:**

Lorenzo Louis

**Translated Name by**

**PR!:** Lorenzo Louis

**Characteristics:**

Frivolous

**Profession:** Bard

**Names:** LL

**Famous quotes:**

- "Life is but a game."
- "Sing a song to pass the days."

Ohmygod

## Artbook 1 Profile

**Name Given by Yu**

**Wo:** God, Little  
What

**Translated Name**  
**by PR!:** Ohmygod

### Characteristics:

## Golden jelly

**Profession:**

Pet...no! God!

**Weapon:** Entire  
body

**Names:**

- "God" (used by Silvie)
- "Ohmygod" (used by Silvie)
- "Come over, you lump." (used by Carol)



### *Message from Wu Ling*

Hello! I'm Wu Ling. My blog is located at [here](#).

In order to draw Female Warrior, my blog is now full of weeds...

Once this is published, I should have finished weeding my blog and uploading some miscellaneous Female Warrior drawings that weren't included here.

And then! It's once again time to write my award thanks here (wrong).

First, I have to thank Yu Wan.

While being super busy, she helped me design the font for "Female Warrior."

I'm very sorry that it wasn't used, but your designs were still national level~

Next, I have to thank Dr. Black.

Thanks again for helping me draw so many 4 panel comics and Q versions in this book.

Even though I thought of all the ideas, but because of time, I had to summon you to draw it. XD

Finally, I have to thank Yu Wo.

When I was stuck with the drawing and teaching at Lian Cheng (I'm teaching a Painter drawing course at Lian Cheng. Best regards if you see me!) and wanted to discard the poster more than once, Classmate Yu extended the deadline. What a good person~

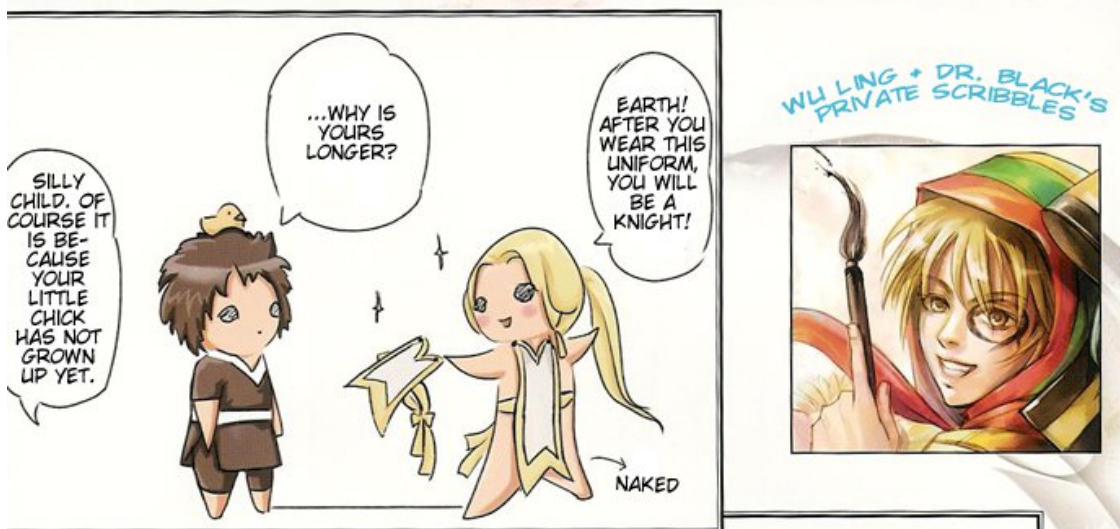
Dr. Black's blog: <http://blog.yam.com/DrBlack>

Yu Wan's blog: <http://blog.yam.com/user/tangyuann3.html>

4 panel comics

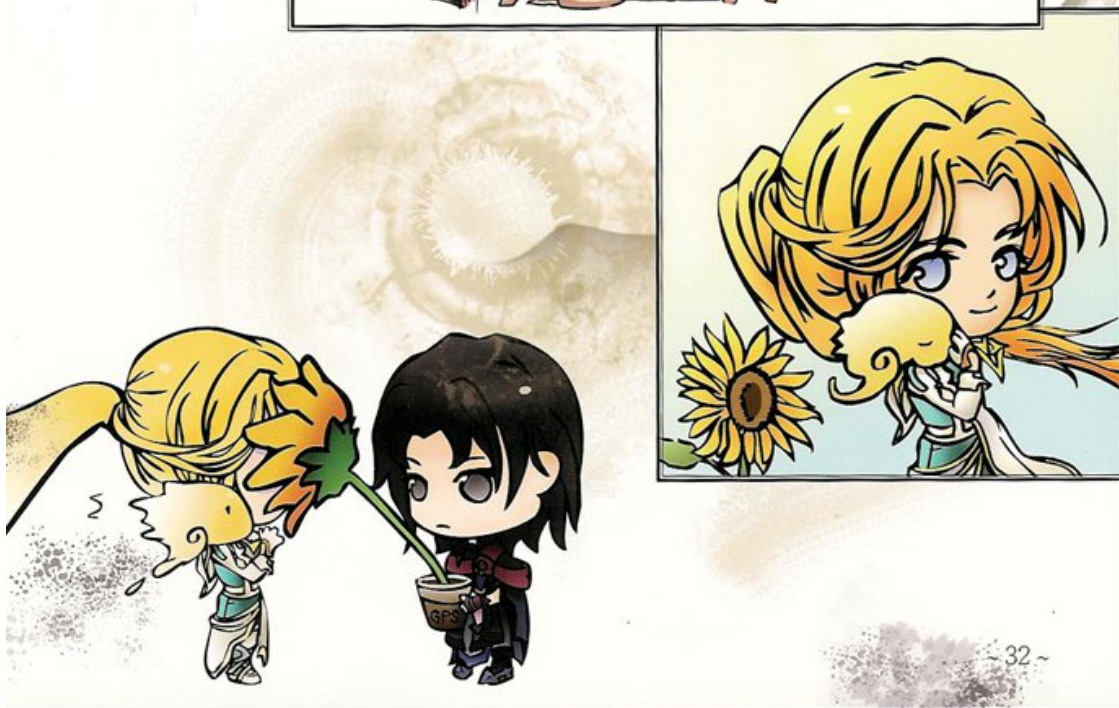
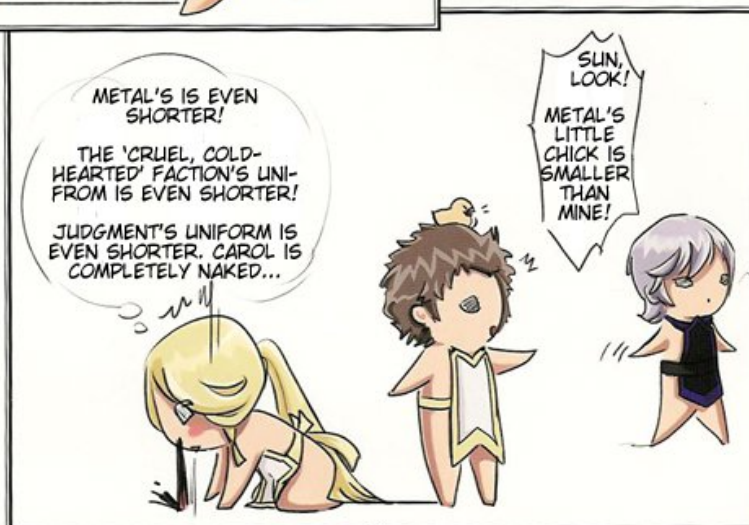






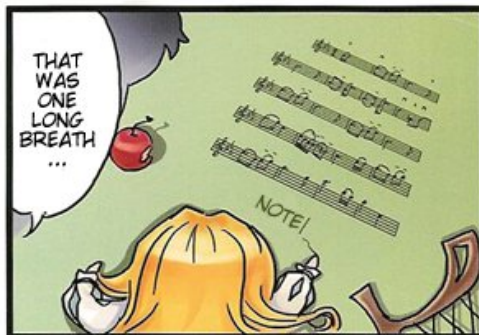
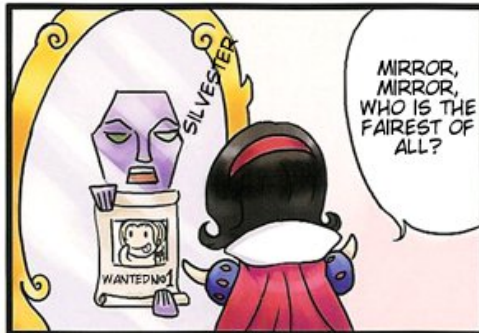
YU WO: WAIT! IS CAROL ALSO WEARING A LOIN-CLOTH?!

YU WO: MY GOSH, THE CHICK ON EARTH'S HEAD IS TOO CUTE. IS IT FOOD HE PREPARED FOR BATTLE?

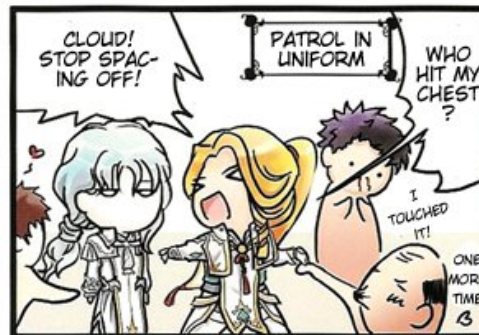




## SNOW WHITE (NOT)



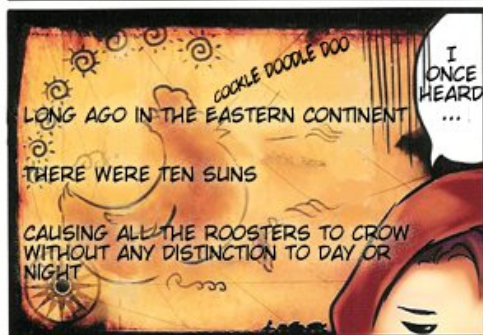
## MULAN (NOT)



NOTE: "THIS APPLE IS POISONOUS" LYRICS AND SONG: SILVESTER. INSTRUMENT: HARP  
 AH-- DESTINY IS UNEXPECTED LIKE THAT  
 BEAUTY ALWAYS COMES WITH THORNS, BRIGHTNESS WITH POISON.  
 IS THIS THE SIN OF TASTING THE FORBIDDEN FRUIT?  
 OH-- NO-- SCARLET RED WILL ALWAYS BRING MISFORTUNE.  
 DEAR CAROL-- THIS IS MY FATE, NO NEED TO AVENGE ME.  
 PS. THE PERSON WHO KILLED ME IS

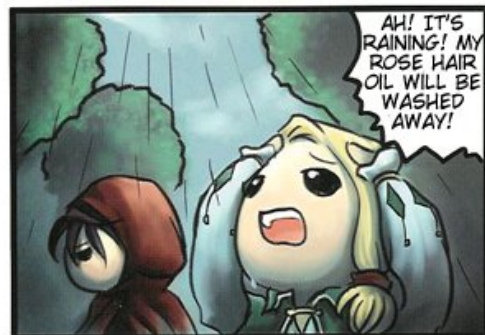
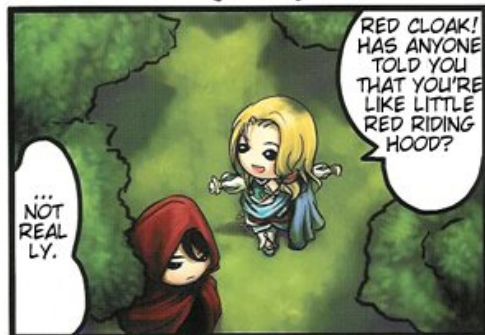


## HOUYI (NOT)



\*HOUIY IS A MYTHOLOGICAL CHINESE ARCHER WHO SHOT DOWN NINE OUT OF TEN SUNS IN THE SKY TO SAVE THE SCORCHED LAND. HE WAS STOPPED BEFORE HE SHOT DOWN THE LAST SUN TO PREVENT THE LAND FROM FALLING INTO DARKNESS.

## LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD (NOT)







IS THIS THE LEG-  
ENDARY FOUR-  
EYED BEAST?  
ISN'T IT HAND-  
SOME?

MY TWO DEAR MOTHERS, MAY I STOP BEING ABUSED, AND  
MAY I BE DRAWN HANDSOMER?



DON'T EVEN  
THINK ABOUT IT!

STORY / YU WO

ART / WU LING

4 PANEL COMIC & INSERT ART /  
DR. BLACK

DESIGN / YU WO

TEXT DESIGN / YA WEN

PUBLISHER / YU JIAN WO

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