

Confidential

KADOKAWA / Light novel

Tales of Reincarnation in Maydare



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Translated by Congres Global Communications Inc.

Characters

※マキア・オディリール※

（紅の魔女）の末裔であるオディリール家の魔術師。



ドンタナテス

（ドン助）

使い魔

ポポロアクタス

（ポポ太郎）



※トール・ビグレイツ※

王宮騎士団魔法騎士。元マキアの騎士で現在は救世主の守護者。



《アイリスの救世主》と、その《守護者》

※アイリ※

異世界からやってきた《救世主》の少女。



※ライオネル・ファブレイ※

救世主の守護者のひとり。王宮騎士団副団長。

※ギルバート・ディーク・ロイ・ルスキア※

救世主の守護者のひとり。ルスキア王国第三王子。

ルネ・ルスミア魔法学校

※レピス・トワイライト※

マキアのルームメイト。フレジュール
国からの留学生。



※ネロ・パツヘルベル※

マキアのクラスメイト。魔法学校に
首席で入学した天才。



※フレイ・レヴィ※

ネロのルームメイト。
一歳年上の留年生。



※ユーリ・ユリシス・レ・ルスミア※

ルネ・ルスミア魔法学校・精霊魔法学
担当教師。ルスミア王国の第二王子。



※ウルバヌス・メディテ※

ルネ・ルスミア魔法学校・魔法薬学担当教師。マキアの母方の叔父。

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※?/?/?※

マキアの夢の中で、ある少女たちを
刺し殺した。金髪の男。



Makhia Eaudelisle

A magician of the Eaudelisle family, descendents of the “Crimson Witch.”

Familiars

Donthanates (Donsuke) Popoloactus (Popotaro)

Tor Begleitz

Magic Knight of the Palace Order. Once Makhia’s knight, now a guardian of the Savior.

< The “Savior of Iris” and her “Guardians” >

Airi

A young girl who came from a different world as the “Savior.”

Lionel Fabret

One of the Savior’s guardians. Leader of the Palace Order of Knights.

Gilbert, Duke Roy Ruskhia

One of the Savior’s guardians. Third Prince of the Kingdom of Ruskhia.

< Rene Ruskhia School of Magic >

Lepice Trylight

Makhia’s roommate. A foreign student from the Fregile Empire.

Nero Pachelbel

Makhia’s classmate. A genius who entered the School of Magic with top grades.

Frey Levi

Nero’s roommate. A foreign student one year older.

Yuri Julius Le Ruskhia

Teacher of spiritual magic at the Rene Ruskhia School of Magic. Second Prince of the Kingdom of Ruskhia.

Urbanus Meditet

Teacher of magicopharmacology at the Rene Ruskhia School of Magic. Makhia’s mother’s younger brother.

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A blond man who appears in Makhia’s dream stabbing the girls to death.

I had this crush.

“You had a dream? What did you dream about?”

“Mm...I was falling.”

“What’s that supposed to mean. You’re obsessed with the entrance exams coming up.”

“Not *failing*, *falling*! ...I mean, I might be a little obsessed with the exams too.”

Saito and I chatted easily as he munched on a riceball with a dried plum from the convenience store. We’d known each other forever, and I was in love with him.

But it couldn’t go anywhere. Because...

“Listen, Saito. You know Tanaka-san in my class?”

“Sure.”

“She says she wants to talk to you after school,” I told him casually. Just the way she asked me to.

Saito said “Huh?”.

Typical boy.

“So she wants you to meet her on the roof today, after school.”

No reaction.

“Aren’t you lucky? You said she was cute before, do you remember?” He was still looking odd as I teased him. Why not just show he was pleased?

Saito was quiet for a while, obviously working something out as he walked his bicycle along. Well, anyone would lose it a little, getting a summons from the most popular girl in our year...

“Listen, Saito.”

“...What’s up?”

“I...you...I’m...” Should I get the jump on my friend and tell him how I felt before she did? I mean, I was the one to like him first. “...Never mind. After school, on the roof. Don’t forget.”

But I was too nervous. Not brave enough.

What a wimp I am. Never able to say what I’m thinking.

We had just started our senior year of high school, a turning point in life.



My parents were so disappointed in me when I failed my high school entrance exams. They had expected me to go to the fancy private school where they had both gone, along with my brother.

I really tried, I felt like I tried my hardest, but it wasn’t good enough.

“Don’t cry. Come on, look, this way we get to go to the same high school,” Saito told me. He lived on the same floor, and we’d been friends since we were little.

On the evening of the day results were announced, he found me crouching in front of the door in tears.

Well. Maybe if Saito’s there, it will be all right, I thought.

My second-choice school was closer to home, if anything, and the cafeteria was supposed to have good food, and the uniforms were cute.

What a relief—not for my parents, for myself. The best thing I could do for myself right then was to have my future expectations.

Once we started high school, Saito and I walked to school together most days, and said hi when we passed each other in the hallways. We borrowed forgotten textbooks back and forth, and often went home together once we were seniors and not doing extracurriculars any more.

Some people thought we were dating, but we weren't.

But, yeah, these three years, I'd always liked him. Even so, I was never brave enough to tell him so, and we just stayed the same old childhood friends.

I guess I just didn't have the self-confidence.

If I went ahead and told him I liked him, we wouldn't have this comfortable old friendship any more, and he'd probably be upset. I was scared.

Lately I'd been using exam study, of all things, as an excuse not to tell him.

And then my classmate Tanaka-san showed up to whisper to me, "Listen, Oda-san. I might like Saito-kun too."

She's really cute, feminine, a good person. Obviously, the boys all like her. But the girls tend to think of her as a bit of a weirdo, because of her way of saying strange things out of nowhere and her dreaminess. Cute, kind of weird girls tend to draw a lot of fire from other girls.

Tanaka-san used to be part of another friend group, but for some reason they apparently started ignoring her at one point. In our junior year we were in the same class, and started having lunch together when I invited her.

"Oda-san, look at this barrette! I got one just like yours, but in a different color."

Tanaka-san wanted to go everywhere I went and do everything just like I did. She tried to get everything from stationery goods to barrettes to match mine, only in different colors, and even, if I remember, gradually started to dress more and more like me when we were out of school uniform.

I think she just didn't want to get on the bad side of me. She wanted to keep up with me.

I mean, she also showed me a bunch of neat things. She was a library monitor and apparently loved books and manga, so she lent me some of her favorites and told me that she was writing a novel of her own in secret.

My parents were really strict—books were one thing, but manga were absolutely forbidden—so it was eye-opening and exciting to sneak a read of the manga Tanaka-san lent me, and to hear about her original novel.

We did share things. Hobbies, secrets, even crushes.

But....

She didn't have to copy my crush as well as everything else, did she?

"You...like Saito?"

"Uh-huh. He's good-looking, and he's really nice. We're both library monitors, so when our shifts overlapped I asked him for some advice about future plans. He took it so seriously! I was so happy he didn't make fun of me for, you know, wanting to be a novelist, that kind of dumb thing."

Inside, I was getting more and more upset. Sure, Saito and Tanaka-san saw quite a lot of each other through me, but Tanaka-san knew I liked him, didn't she?

"We're graduating next year. I'm going to be brave enough to ask him."

"...okay, that's great."

“Really? It’s really okay with you? Oda-san, thank you! Listen, I want your help, do you mind? Tomorrow, after school...”

Really, I wanted to say “It’s not okay” or “You *know* I like Saito!”. But I couldn’t get the words out of my mouth. I could never win against Tanaka-san.

If the two of them hit it off, all I could be was a third wheel.



I hate the way I always keep my real feelings to myself at times like this, just making nice on the surface. I always have.

Tanaka-san checked in with me first. She wasn’t doing anything wrong.

In the end, the winner is the one who holds their friend back and goes ahead to confess first, even making a race out of it, if the alternative is stepping back and regretting it. That’s the braver thing to do, really.

It was my fault, on account of being too much of a wimp to risk losing something, not like Tanaka-san.

“Never mind,” I told myself, “it doesn’t matter. Exams come first. Love...just forget it.” Let all the loverboys and girls fail their exams.

Working good and hard at this gloomy satisfaction, I trailed my way out of school after classes.

It was just then that an unfamiliar blond man passed by me.

“...?” I only caught a sideways glance of him, but he was breathtakingly good-looking. A new English teacher maybe, I thought, turning around.

“...oh.” That was how I ended up seeing Saito and Tanaka-san on the roof. They were facing each other, talking. Maybe it was at this very moment that Tanaka-san was telling Saito she liked him.

I felt more miserable and frustrated than ever.

Was I going to end up graduating high school without ever saying anything to Saito, leaving him to Tanaka-san?

“Ugh. I didn’t want to!”

I was afraid of losing them both at once. If Saito turned me down. If Tanaka-san thought less of me. But I felt like letting things go on this way would be even worse.

That was it. “I had to tell Saito how I felt.”

I turned on my heel and ran, running like I was in a movie about teenagers in love.

Back to the school I’d just left. The afternoon sun was shining into the building, dyeing the hallways and stairs orange as I ran upward.

What if Tanaka-san had already said it?

What if Saito had said yes?

But I was—I—

“Saito! Tanaka-san!” I slammed the door open and burst out onto the roof.

The sunset seemed oddly red, spreading across the entire sky.

There was an open space on the opposite side, where the two of them must be. I took a deep breath and made my

way over.

Even if it meant betraying my best friend, I was going to tell the guy I liked how I felt. My mind was made up. Or it should have been.

“...but...”

Something was wrong.

The concrete of the roof was dyed redder than the sunset sky.

An ocean of blood, ever expanding—and two bodies lying in it.

The bodies lying facedown in the pool of blood, motionless, were Saito and Tanaka-san.

“Oh...”

I couldn’t believe my eyes. Unable even to breathe, I froze where I stood. Gradually I could feel the blood draining from my face. I was starting to tremble.

What could have happened?

Could they be—dead?

“No matter how many times you are reborn...”

The voice from behind me made me spin around with a gasp.

The man standing there had pulled up his hood to hide his face. With a blood-smeared hand, he pushed it back.

“Oh!”

It was the blond man who had passed me at the gate. He was glaring at me with eyes that glowed in an inhuman pomegranate color, and in his hand was a bloody knife.

Could he have stabbed Saito and Tanaka-san?

I couldn’t understand what was happening. The only thing in my mind was fear. Swaying, I escaped unsteadily to the edge of the roof.

The roof. The only exit was behind him.

With nowhere to run, I leaned over the railing and screamed “Help! Help! Help!” over and over. Or I thought I was screaming—maybe there was no sound coming out. I could see students practicing on the sports fields below, but no one noticed me.

—*thud*. I felt a pressure on my back, and then pain everywhere. I knew what had happened to me. It was my turn to be stabbed. Like Saito, like Tanaka-san.

“Meideia,” the man whispered in my ear.

As if a switch had been thrown, something seemed to click mysteriously inside me.

“No matter how many times you are reborn, I will always kill you.”

Uncomprehending, I felt him push me over the railing and off the roof. Falling—falling—falling—

There was an awful sound of shattering.

Oh...

What on earth could I have ever done wrong for my life to end this way?

Growing up in obedience to my strict parents, and yet failing to meet their expectations, with no self-confidence and no ability to speak out. I couldn’t even tell the boy I liked how I felt, or have an honest fight with my best friend.

What if I had said right up front to Tanaka-san that I liked Saito?

What if I had gotten the jump on her and told Saito this morning that I liked him?

If none of us had ended up on this roof?

If I had been able to resolve my “crush” properly, would our endings have been any different? Or would it all have been the same?

If I could be reborn...

Next time, let me be reborn as a brave, confident person, who can say “I like you” when I mean it.