

## *Bloody Devil of Baharuth*

The first thing she, or was it he? Whatever! The first thing the entity, known in their previous life as Tanya, saw when they woke up was a wooden ceiling, an unfamiliar sight. She was far too used to either dirt or steel being her sight upon waking.

So imagine their wonder when they saw a giant pass in their peripheral vision. A giant of a woman, dressed like she was some kind of medieval actor in a comedy. The entity tried to say something, but their mouth was dry, they tried moving their arms and stand up, their limbs felt like they were made of steel and could barely move.

Something was deeply wrong, but the entity could not point their finger at something specific. That was, until memories flushed like water from a broken dam, in her mind.

War, that was all they could remember for the last decade or so of their life. A never-ending brutal war. For all the empire Tanya fought for was mighty, they had far too many enemies and they grew too ambitious by their initial swift conquests of their neighbors and rivals.

Once the world was made aware of the danger the Empire represented, they were quick to put arms up against them. If the decision came down to Tanya then and there, she would have cut it short with an armistice and some concessions. But no! the Empire thought they could take on the entire world!

They were proved to be wrong during the decade of following conflicts. To be completely fair, the Empire stood their ground fiercely against such overwhelming odds, but that could not last. Their resources were great but not limitless, even they could not sustain ten years of blood and iron.

Tanya would have fled the empire when all was lost, but unfortunately, she was far too notorious by now. The acts she committed against the world alliance went too far, they would have never stopped searching for her. It didn't help that the empire made a poster-girl out of her and basically everyone knew her face.

She was left with no option but to fight to the bitter end. And that was what she did, ensuring her last act was blowing those fuckers' central command up alongside her, just out of spite.

“Look, she woke up.”

The entity's memories were interrupted by the sound of an unknown voice. Darting their eyes around they met the gaze of the giant woman they saw before.

‘Not this shit again...’ the entity thought as the woman proceeded to reach for them as consciousness soon left their body.

...

A girl, she was a girl again, a blonde one too just for old times' sake. At least her eyes were different this time around, she was now proudly sporting a dark green color instead of her old sky blue.

Though, similarities didn't seem to stop there. Orphanages were a pain when she lived in a twentieth century environment, living in one basically in the middle ages was far worse than it sounded.

Hygiene was basically nonexistent, and the stench of body fluids could be smelled almost anywhere apart from the higher district of the city.

Couldn't that blasted self-proclaimed god just leave him, no, her be in peace? She went through hell for the last ten years and still didn't change her opinion! Couldn't that asshole take a lost cause and

move on!?! Talk about being god! Ah! Petulant child was a far more fitting title!

Speaking of which, she didn't hear a single word from that little shit ever since she arrived here. Not that it surprised her, that thing left her to her own devices for the first years of her second life as well.

That was a real blessing... who was she kidding? That thing was probably setting the stage for whatever madness she was about to endure!

She was currently eating her lunch, just a bit of bread, in the alley next to the orphanage. She knew that if she was spotted the older boys would try to take her lunch like it happened many times before to other children.

She gazed at the sky, for all she cursed Being X, the only thing she missed about her previous life was the ability to fly. Flying made her feel free, in a life not controlled by her own will that was the only time she could actually feel freedom.

She stood up abruptly. If this was something even remotely similar to her old life, she should have some aptitude for magic. She knew it existed in this strange world, hell, this empire, the Baharuth Empire was known to house the best casters in the whole continent according to the books she managed to get her hands on.

She tried to pull magic from her magical core, which proved to be futile as she could feel nothing but a strange emptiness there. Though she didn't give up. Magic probably just operated differently in this world.

And so, just like that, she spent the next three hours trying to at least feel the littlest' spark of magic inside her, failing miserably much to her displeasure.

“Just [Fly] God damn it!”

She cried out in between her teeth and much to her surprise, the next thing she felt was her feet leaving the steady ground just to levitate in the air.

‘This is new...’ she thought in wonder. In her last life she could empower her magic by praising that blasted self-proclaimed God, but she could use normal magic without any problems.

Here, she had to specifically say what she wanted to do and apparently at least nominate god for it to work. What Being X thought to achieve by changing the rules like that she had no idea.

Maybe she should test out this more to see if it worked with other spells and if all the requirements had to be met for it to work.

The sound of a bucket filled with water hitting the ground took her out of her musings as she turned toward the source of the sound.

There, standing still and slack-jawed, was one of her caretakers, looking directly into her eyes as she continued to hover above the ground.

‘Well... shit...’ that was the only thought that came to Tanya’s mind in that moment.

...

A test, that was what her caretaker said before bringing her to the magical academy of the empire.

She was having a *déjà vu*, and she had no idea if she would be better off showing her incapability of using magic or instead let them know of her power.

Both options have their own positives and negatives. If she did show her power, she would be surely taken in, not forcing her to live the rest of her life in that excuse of an orphanage, she could make something of herself and probably acquire some

independence. On the downside, she would be probably pulled in some dumb bullshit in the future. Maybe a war or even something worse.

If she didn't show her power she would probably have to constantly maintain it a secret for the next years. She would probably end up being a bartender or something in the best-case scenario, she had no intention of thinking about the worst ones. Though, she would probably be just another ordinary person not worthy of being pulled in some international crap.

These were her option if this was a coherent and logical world.

Unfortunately, she did not live in such a world, all thanks to Being X constantly interfering with logic and coherence.

Among all this madness, she knew only one thing for sure, Being X will sooner or later mess up her life regardless of what she chooses now. And, with that certainty in mind, she might as well try to reach the best possible position to face whatever the self-proclaimed god throws at her.

That is why, as soon as the instructors asked her to demonstrate her magic, she immediately did the same thing as the day before and started floating much to everyone's astonishment and shock.

She would later learn that the spell she was using, [Fly], was a 3<sup>rd</sup> tier spell, in short the level of magic a normal human would obtain at their peak.

At the time, she was only 5 years old, and she had already achieved what most took a lifetime to.

...

The first time Tanya met Fluder Paradyne, the first thing that came to her mind was how a decrepit man on the doorstep of death could move around with such agility and energy.

The old man's unnerving gaze was fixed on her, and Tanya was sure that if she was in any other situation other than that, police or whatever authority would be on their way to arrest the creep.

Unfortunately for her, this old man was the most powerful magic caster to ever live, not taking in account legends and myths.

“Outstanding... this power at such a young age...”

The old man said as he stepped toward her. She had no idea why she felt so nervous around this old fart, something in his gaze was just not alright. She sincerely hoped he didn't have a thing for little girls.

“That magnificent magical aura... it shines so brightly!”

Apparently, she wasn't the only one taken aback by the old man's attitude, as his own students didn't seem to have a clue about what to do at the moment, merely glancing at each other.

“Ah forgive an old man his surprise at seeing such might within such a young soul.”

The magic caster seemed to compose himself as he addressed her once more. She would have gladly corrected him as her soul was anything but young, though, on a second thought, considering how old this man was, he was probably right to call her young even with her three lives combined.

She knew the man had a Talent, an ability he was born with, to see the magic potential of anyone he gazed upon. She made sure she learned all the important figures ever since she gained access to the academy's library. Though she missed the fact he would be here

today. If she knew, she would have gladly played sick and stayed in her room.

The man might have been a powerful caster, but he was an important political figure in the empire as well, and she had no intention of becoming anyone's tool, not anymore after her second life. She had no wish to being pulled in some medieval style politics where people had no problem poisoning and killing each other for mere political gain.

She was just on the way to her classes when she ran into him by accident and the rest unfolded.

“-so this is why I would be most interested in observing what you can do with that power of yours.”

As her ears registered those words, she realized she had spaced out.

She only knew he wanted a firsthand experience of her abilities. She could not even refuse or downplay her powers as he knew exactly how powerful she was.

This stank of Being X from every possible angle. Gritting her teeth, she knew her only option was to go along with his request and see where this brought her to.

‘Damn you Being X!’ the tiny blond cursed the self-proclaimed god in her mind.

...

This old man was crazy, that was the only thing Tanya was sure of after spending more than a year as his pupil student.

He pushed her to her limits, until she totally exhausted her mana. Testing the waters he called it. More like illegal human experimentation in Tanya's book.

Though, for all her silent complaining, she begrudgingly had to admit he was a goldmine of magical knowledge and experience.

In a sense he reminded her of Schugel, the mad scientist who became a fervent believer in the spun of a night. She greatly hoped this man would not turn the same way.

She pondered those thoughts as her mentor escorted her through the many corridors of the imperial palace.

This wasn't actually her first time coming here as Fluder made a point in having her by his side during some meetings. Something she was grateful for as that allowed her to make some connections and a good impression on the higher ups.

Having a good relationship with your future boss went a long way toward your voice mattering in the future.

Though, this time around, the old man didn't bring her in an area she was familiar with. No, this place was far more tranquil than any other wing of the palace. The opulence was still there, signifying that she should keep her guard up anyway, as the one they were about to meet was a powerful individual, nonetheless.

Her mentor was also being strangely silent, something he seldom was when around her. She was so absorbed in her own thoughts that she almost didn't notice when said old man stopped in front of a door. She managed to stop right in time to avoid running into him. Fluder didn't even seem to notice her clumsiness as he proceeded to knock with a certain pattern she made sure to record for future use.

“Come in.”

A young, male voice invited them in. Fluder didn't hesitate to open the door and silently ordered her to step in with a glance.



Tanya followed his orders and entered the room, which apparently was something in between a bedroom and an office.

Though, her gaze was immediately attracted by the only other occupant of the room. A boy not too older than herself, she would say he was a young teenager, his blond locks and amethyst eyes were quite mesmerizing, his form seemed to emanate some kind of superior nobility from every pore of his skin.

Their eyes met as they both tried to analyze each other's character. A silent contest of will battling for dominance in the room until the old man closed the door behind them.

Their intense stare contest immediately came to an end as Fluder moved toward the barely teenager.

“Your Majesty, as I promised, I brought the best my students have to offer.”

He said with a small bow toward the boy, now revealed to be royalty. Not that the information really surprised Tanya, the late emperor had far too many children who were now waging a silent war for the throne.

She had promised herself she would not have anything to do with it, but apparently her mentor, or more probably Being X, had other ideas.

“Is this your attempt at making a joke gramps? Because I am not laughing.”

The boy said seemingly displeased with the old man while glancing with disgust at Tanya once more, as if she was nothing but another insect to be squished, much to her annoyance. She hated the kind of people who thought they had everything figured out, as if the whole world was beneath them.

She highly doubted the barely teenager even had the competence to portray himself like that.

“Young Jir, you should be the first to know that first appearances are not a reliable source of information... this maiden might be young, but her power far exceed anything most of the casters in this world can ever wish to obtain.”

The Court Wizard began with a little smile hidden beneath his beard.

“She has already mastered 4<sup>th</sup> tier spells and her power continues to grow by the day, I have little doubt that if she continues like this, she will surpass my own power before she reaches her twenties.”

That comment seemed to take the royal boy aback, as his gaze returned to her, this time filled with curiosity instead of disdain.

‘I see... all which isn’t useful is mere garbage, but all which can turn into a powerful asset is to be acquired’ a noteworthy way of thinking, though, the lack in experience was apparent as the boy had showed his judgment far too early.

“So, then girl, introduce yourself.”

The boy seemingly commanded. In her earlier life she would have bowed to her superior and swallowed her pride, but if she had learnt something from her time as Tanya Von Degurechaff, it was that blind obedience only brought to ruin. This time she will make sure that no one could obtain total obedience from her.

“You seem to be of the impression I owe you something Your Majesty, I am not your subordinate at the moment so I think it would only be nice and fair, for an educated member of the royal family, to introduce themself first.”

She said using her most eloquent and refined tone as she glanced at the boy, trying to gauge his reaction.

She expected many things, rage first of them, instead all she got was a smirk as those amethyst eyes ignited with a more sinister light.

“A feisty one you brought me today gramps, are you sure she will be good enough?”

His tone was different now, far more sharp, and less imperious than previously. This was a man who knew how to play his masks, and for the briefest of moments Tanya was taken aback by this development, only to recover immediately after and reassess her earlier interpretation of the boy, no, the man before her.

“My name is Jircniv Rune Farlord El-Nix, for the sake of brevity, Your Majesty will suffice.”

The blond introduced himself with a royal bow.

“My name is Tanya, Your Majesty.”

This wasn't the name she was given at birth in this world. But ever since she joined the academy, she always introduced herself with her old name, it brought her a sense of familiarity, and it wasn't like anyone would complain about it.

“An orphan without a family name, and yet, blessed enough to acquire powers few could command in this world... tell me Tanya, what do you desire most?”

The amethyst eyed prince's gaze intensified as if he was trying to read her mind.

Tanya smiled back at him, it seemed that no matter the world, her life would not be any easier no matter what she chose. Pushing back tears of frustration.

“I wish to serve the Empire at the best of my abilities!”

She proclaimed with all the conviction she could muster.

The prince didn't answer immediately, he just proceeded to stare her down as if waiting for something.

“Very well, let's see if you are worth my time or not then.”

He finally said after a few infinite minutes of silence.

Tanya just sighed in her mind, this would not end well, not at all.

...

War, war was hell on earth.

That was a statement she came to know far too well during her second life.

The sound of metal against metal, the metallic stench of blood, the raging sound of explosion, the taste of dust, dirt and all other kind of things, the hellish vision of horrible acts being committed without penalty or remorse.

This was the truth of war.

And yet, Tanya just could not get enough. Ever since she was reborn in her third body, she had felt like something was missing in her life. At first, she thought magic was the way to fill that empty blackhole in her soul, but no matter how much power she acquired, it was never enough to fill the gap.

No, she finally realized it now, ever since she died her second time, she had never experienced again that rush of adrenaline, that sensation of being a simple step away from death.

She had lived so much under the shadow of war that she could not get enough of it.

She came to that dreadful realization when she blasted the upper part of a man's body with her magic. Her first kill in this world. For

just a second, she felt like she was fulfilled, like that empty void was filled in for just a moment.

She hated how much she loved it. This was what Being X turned her into. Someone how could not live a fulfilling life without violence.

She cursed and cursed as rage filled her heart at the realization.

She bombarded her enemies with all the spells she knew. Every single one of them was accompanied by a curse toward the self-proclaimed god. This was just it, as long as she acknowledged that thing as god, she could draw power from them, no matter if she ended up saying the most blasphemous of things, as long as she used the term god to refer to them, she could go all out.

She didn't stop when enemies surrendered, she didn't stop when allies tried to force her down proceeding to kill them as well, she didn't stop when everything was dead and the castle they were assaulting was crumbling under her unrelenting assault.

She did not stop until she had no more tears to shed.

She could do nothing else but curse the being who did this to her, how turned her into this.

She thought she could win, but only now she realized she had lost a long time ago.

**“ARE YOU SATISFIED YET?! ARE YOU HAPPY NOW?! YOU WORTHLESS TRASH!”**

She cried to the heavens as her rage escalated to new peaks never seen before.

The only answer she got was the silence of the corpses all around her, ally or foe it didn't matter anymore.

**“I hate you.”**

With those last whispered words she felt forward into the mud, her consciousness leaving her body.

{Three years later}

{Arche's P.O.V.}

The young girl thought her mother was scary every time she reprimanded her for forgetting her manners.

Then she went to the academy and during the two years she studied there she came to realize that her mother couldn't hold a candle against the teachers when she didn't complete her assignments.

But it wasn't until she was chosen for a special program for gifted casters that she realized that she never experienced true dread and fear.

One day one of the teachers called some of the best students at the academy and told them they had been enlisted for their excellent performance to participate to a special course.

She had been thrilled at the time, she was the youngest there by quite some years and yet she was addressed as one of the most gifted people in the academy.

Then they were introduced to their new instructor for their special course. A girl of the same age as Arche herself, if not younger judging by her petite frame. Golden hair and deep dark green eyes framed her stoic face as she addressed them.

The talk they received was one of the most humiliating things she ever experienced. She felt her blood boil with rage at the audacity of this girl, not even a year older than her, addressing all of the most promising academy students as nothing but garbage.

She seemingly wasn't alone in her anger as most of her colleagues now sported enraged expressions, some of them even daring to be vocal about it.

The unknown girl just remained stoic and emotionless, as if she didn't even acknowledge their enraged cries, just telling them to be ready to depart at dawn.

Nobody took her seriously, and that was their worst mistake.

The very next day they were woken up by imperial knights at dawn and forced to leave their rooms with the few belongings they could gather in the few minutes they were given.

Those who protested and refused were beaten and forcefully moved while kicking and screaming.

They did not have any mercy, from commoners to nobles, all were treated the same.

They were all forced upon wagons just outside the academy and then they left the capital without a proper explanation or a word on where they were going.

They traveled for days, rations of food and water barely capable of filling their stomachs during the voyage.

When they finally arrived to their destination, they found themselves in a plain devoid of any life, plant or animal, there was nothing.

Only one existence was there other than them. That green eyed girl. As emotionless as the day they met her.

That was the moment where Arche experienced true fear and dread for the first time in her life. And what brought her to the situation she was currently in.

“Well then, you are finally here! You took your sweet time I see!”

The young girl said harshly, the glare she launched at the soldiers who transported them there prompted them to leave the scene immediately alongside the carriages.

“Listen up! You have all been selected as the most promising mages of this generation! You are here to dedicate your body and soul to the Empire! Now, we shall see if you are really cut out for the job, or you are merely insects to be squashed!”

This time around, the girl’s glare was directed at them.

“How dare you?! I will let you know th-“

The boy next to her couldn’t resist anymore and started yelling at the girl, that didn’t last long as a magic circle appeared in front of said girl. An ice spike impaled the boy’s foot the following second, causing him to howl in agony.

“Who the hell do you think you are to SPEAK TO ME LIKE THAT MAGGOT?!”

The blond girl yelled in a clam and controlled rage which only served to cement her dreadful aura in Arche’s eyes. They all stepped back in fear of what the advancing little girl could do to them, she stopped once she was upon the convulsing boy on the ground as she proceeded to knell down and start beating him on the spot.

Regardless of her small frame, every kick on the boy seemed to produce almost a shockwave when they impacted. Blood was flowing around as the girl, no... the devil went down on the poor boy for almost a full minute.

By the end of it, the boy was bloodied and broken on the ground as nobody dared to take a step or utter a word. On her part, the girl just adjusted her uniform as she calmly returned to her previous spot as if nothing happened.



“As I was saying, I will be your instructor for the next three months when I will test if you are worth a spot in the new elite unit our Emperor graciously decided to establish! My name is Tanya! You may refer to me as either Instructor, or Field Commander! Any questions?!”

The devil, now named Tanya, continued as her cold green gaze seemed to scan every last one of the souls before her.

No one uttered a word, only the moans of the bloodied boy could be heard in the as the dead silence persisted.

“Good, now, to start off, we are currently on the outskirts of the Katze Plains! Our mission is to pass on the other side without going in too deep in as that would be a deathtrap, we will reach enemy territory in a few weeks! We shall claim our prize and then come back through the Great Forest of Tob! Is that clear?!”

The blond said as she started levitating off the ground, much to everyone’s astonishment. Arche herself could not help but look at the display with her jaw hanging open.

It wasn’t like 3<sup>rd</sup> tier magic was unheard of, but to have someone so young being capable of it... and not only that! But being able to use it silently, something some were incapable of after a lifetime of magical study... it was just, unbelievable...

Anyone who wanted to protest her previous words was suddenly silenced by that casual display of incredible magic.

“Set up camp, we depart on the morrow!”

Their newly appointed commander instructed them.

“And someone please remove that maggot from the ground!”

She spat at the beaten boy still lying on the ground.

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Arche thought she knew hell, that was until she found herself into another even deeper hell.

Being shipped off to the undead lands with an insane and powerful self-appointed commander with sadistic tendencies seemed hellish enough. But no! that was apparently the easy part! For the last days she had done nothing but run away, ever since their makeshift camp was destroyed by a [Fireball] shower, curtesy of their devil instructor.

They were forced to march through hell from there, she could not even sleep for more than four hours anymore, and that brief time was plagued by paranoia as well!

Not to talk about the nightmares! Did you ever see a human being eaten alive by an undead? Well, she did, and it wasn't something you could shrug off your mind like nothing! That was a scar she would not forget any time soon, or even ever at this point!

Of the forty they started with, half a dozen were dead, or missing. And they were barely out of those accursed Katze Plains. Half the way to their final destination.

If it wasn't for the constant thought of her little sisters, Arche knew she would have given up after the second day, when, during the night, the caster sleeping in the tent next to hers was eaten alive by undead.

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Death, all she could see was death. Blood flowed freely from her wounds, and filth stuck to her hair and robe which was reduced to tatters by now. But she couldn't care less by now, her pride and dignity were utterly broken, scattered along the way from the Katze Plains to the Forest of Tob.

Speaking of which, this last one would probably become her resting place if everything continued as it was.

“[Cinders Rain]! [Frost]!”

She continued to shout her spells as the trolls closed up on them.

To think they were almost out of this blasted forest! And they were ambushed on the last hours of marching they had left!

The horde of trolls had been a tough opponent, but they could manage it. Everything went to shit once that giant green one showed up!

He decimated his oppositions, cleaving casters in half left and right. If it keeps going on like this, it wouldn't be much time before she would be next.

“How brutish and degrading.”

The calm tone seemed quite off, as if coming from a complete other world from Arche's, she seemed almost unconcerned about the carnage going on, as if she was a mere spectator. Arche really had no idea what kind of life someone had to live to become so desensitized to such death and violence.

“C-commander...”

She wanted to cry out in outrage at this girl who just flew above them and watched them die, but she really had no idea how to even start expressing her current emotional state.

“Though... I guess you are not that bad, and this wasn't exactly a planned situation.”

She added before raising her small hand.

“Now then, let's send you to God with this purging fire, [Firestorm]”

The effect of the spell was immediate. A wall of fire engulfed the few trolls remaining as well as the giant green one. They didn't even have time to scream before the demi-humans were reduced to ashes in the wind.

Arche could not believe this, there was no way their instructor just managed to vanquish a multitude of trolls and their leader with just one spell. Not when more than twenty of the best casters in the academy could not stand their ground against them!

“W-what was t-that?”

She asked dreading what the answer to her inquiry would be.

“Isn't it obvious? A 6<sup>th</sup> tier spell, Fluder is capable of using it as well, in fact, it was him who showed me that particular one.”

Arche had no idea if she should be more shocked about the use of legendary magic from a girl seemingly younger than herself, or the casual tone said girl used to explain it.

“Oh? Someone seems to be persistent...”

The grin that followed those words chilled Arche's blood in her veins. She turned toward where those green eyes were focusing and saw something charging out of the flames.

Skin scorched black from the fire, parts of its body still burning, but charging toward them, nonetheless. The regeneration of trolls was truly outstanding, how did something survive that was a mystery she would probably never solve. Then again, she was probably about to die anyway.

“Just die, so may God cast your soul in hell [Triple Maximize Magic: Lightning]”

The three bolts of lightning impacted the charging demi-human, prompting him to fall forward, his lower part and left arm completely obliterated by the spells.

She was only returned to reality after the unbearable stench of burnt flesh reached her nose, prompting her to gaga and empty her stomach on the spot immediately.

“All of you! on your feet!”

The devil herself ordered them, and even though most were on her own situation, they all moved to obey, all unwilling to anger anyone capable of such destruction and sheer magical power.

“You all have marched here! You have lost people along the way! You have risked your lives multiple times! You have fought and you have lost! You were only saved because I was here!”

The blonde harshly said looking down on the remaining casters who couldn't number above twenty by now. She took a deep and loud breath before continuing.

“But this is what being a soldier means! We bleed and we die outside of our control! Fighting is chaos, chaos is war, and war is hell! You have all survived hell today! But tomorrow? That's a different story!”

Coming from anyone else the words might have even sounded a little encouraging but hearing the dead serious tone their instructor spoke in only brought dread to Arche's heart.

“But do you know why you will be there tomorrow? Still fighting?! Still bleeding?! Still dying?! You will be there because... if you run from hell, hell will only catch up with you... and all you will accomplish will be to bring the hell you faced today to your friends and families! Every last elder, woman or child! Every parent or wife or husband! If you bring this hell to any of them, they will all die!

And that is why you will continue to fight! And bleed! And die! Because you don't want this hell to come for any of your loved ones! This is the only reason why anyone fights in war! They know that if they fall, their loved ones will pay the price! If they run, everyone will pay the price!"

For all Arche hated to admit it, those words held true, after all she experienced in the last month, she could not deny any of this, not even a word of what she said was false.

"Now go on and finish what you started! The empire's border is just a few days away!"

The instructor proclaimed as she flew away in the sky.

{Years Later}

{Jircniv's P.O.V.}

The emperor sighed as he signed away another most expensive military reform brought to him that morning by the Bloody Devil herself. Who would have thought the impudent girl he came to meet while he was still a princeling would become his most precious asset just behind Fluder, and that was only because most were unaware of the fact said girl surpassed the old man in magical power already.

If he didn't know any better, he would have said the gods had smiled upon him. Giving him all the tools he needed to ensure total control over the empire.

He even managed to make a spectacle of his purge of nobility. He initially just thought about taking the most powerful nobles out of the pictures, while revoking the titles from the most useless ones. That was until he was presented with a detailed essay on why doing an half-assed work, as the writer kindly put it, was the worst possible move at the time.

Seeing how adamant the writer was about this he had given her a choice, either go with the flow or do it her way by herself.

That was the first time he had given her free reign and that would also be the last. In his youthful foolishness and hubris, he didn't understand exactly what he was dealing with, that was until reports began flowing in like a river.

Manors burned to the ground, cities and streets drowned in blood, they said a surviving Evil Deity had returned to lay waste upon the world...

The job was done and that served to solidify his rule definitely. After such a display, the few remaining opposing parties he had either fled the country only to not be seen again, or bowed in absolute submission.

That was also the time when the so-called Evil Deity reborn was given the monicker of Bloody Devil, a clear reflection to his own given monicker. Something Fluder apparently found amusing to the point of proposing a match between the two of them.

Jircniv shuddered at the sole thought of that outcome.

Politically speaking that would have been quite smart. He had no intention of marrying any foreign royalty to begin with, that said, the girl was just a few years younger than him, she was smart, the various reports and reforms presented to him during the years showed him that much. She was a powerhouse, meaning their offspring would probably become powerful enough to establish his own reign through his own power. He would also tie her definitely to the throne, avoiding any possible counteroffers countries would come up with once they realized just how valuable she was.

It was due to all those points and logical reasons that it pained him so much to completely refuting the offer. And the worst part was, he knew his choice was only due to personal reasons.

For all he respected the girl, he still feared her, those eyes lacked something human about them, the gaze she often gave him made him doubt his own words, she made him feel weak. She was the only one capable of making him feel such things, and that scared him from having her tied to him... also, he feared he would find himself without various body parts after their first night as a married couple. She didn't feel like the type to go easy on anything.

Though, after all she did, some form of gratitude was still in order, so he elevated her to the title of Countess, not like he lacked lands to give now that most noble lines went extinct.

Much to his surprise, the girl refused any sort of lands to govern on her own, being simply satisfied with a large manor for herself in the capital.

He really did not understand that girl, what was her endgame? That was something that left him awake during the night.

A knock on his door brought him back to reality.

“Come in.”

He said loud enough for the person on the other side to hear. The door opened as a crimson coated figure strolled in, half her face still covered by the strange mask her commander designed for their entire squadron.

“Your Majesty, the mission has been a success, the Katze Plains' undead have been diminished in number on our side and the target has been secured.”



The blonde caster said as she placed a new report on the corner of his desk.

“I see, and why is your Commander not here herself to report such information?”

The emperor pressed on. It was a little hobby of his to test out all the members of the Salamander Squad as the Bloody Devil liked to call her little band of casters.

There was no visible reaction apart from a shift in the gaze of the young caster, which went from his desk to his window. Not that he expected anything less from the so called Devil’s Right Hand, the second in command of the elite squadron.

“Commander Tanya has been taken by Lord Fluder immediately after our return as I think he was eager to start experimenting with the newly acquired target, she offers her deepest apologies.”

That prompted a scoff from the emperor.

“The day I think that your commander will apologize for something is the day I will beg in the streets of the capital.”

He rebutted, the girl remained silent, she had been trained well apparently. But maybe that was her noble upbringing coming in, after all she was a Countess now. And wasn’t that an amazing story to tell?

That girl’s father was a complete idiot, his poor decisions almost jeopardized the future of his own family, a noble he would have gladly eradicated if that didn’t mean alienating one of his best assets. He instead was suggested by an anonymous source to force the noble to either abdicate or suffer a tragic accident that would leave him unable to lead his family... well, those weren’t the words he used but the effect was the same.

The fool abdicated the title to his first daughter, now he only had the power to do minimal damage to his family, while the true important decisions fell on the new Countess. He hoped that this would have ingratiated himself to the girl but apparently, she knew who truly whispered in his ear.

“If that is all, you may leave.”

He finally said as the countess bowed before retreating to the door.

{Tanya’s P.O.V.}

Spells were bullshit, that was the conclusion Tanya reached years ago, when she had developed enough to surpass Fluder Paradyne himself, the strongest human magic caster.

She was a wonder girl, capable of mastering spells in the span of days while others took months if not years. She learnt everything she could from the old madman which was completely enraptured by her. If he was anyone else in the world she was pretty sure that old man would already be in jail for how he behaved every time she was around. She didn’t know what terrified her most, the fact that this old fart reminded her of the mad Schugel or the fact he apparently reached this point without the interference of Being X.

Speaking of which, she had been wondering what the hell the self-proclaimed god was doing. Not that she missed that thing’s presence, but they had been silent for fifteen years, she had risen in society, trying to get to the best possible spot before that thing started messing with her so that she might be as prepared as she could. She formed an elite squadron as she knew she would surely go to war soon. She had become an important pillar in the empire, a secret weapon if you will. And yet... only silence greeted her, and that terrified her more than anything else.

Who knew what this thing was plotting. What incredibly nefarious plan they were concocting in their mind to counteract everything she prepared for. Nothing but a complete shake upon the world would face her by now... so they either were going to put the world upside down or... give up?

Bah! Who was she kidding?! That thing giving up?! The planet would sooner freeze other than that!

Though, she had to digress from her train of thoughts, that was not the most impending of problems. No, the true problem was the apparent limit she reached in the power she could acquire.

As she previously said, she could easily learn any spell, but then again, she would first have to at least know its name and function for her to cast it, and well... no one really knew anything about spells over the 6<sup>th</sup> tier! Apart from some legends and old tomes lost to time.

Even Fluder, the madman he was, had few spell names and even then, even less had a description of their effects attached. That was why, at the moment, she found herself stuck with a relatively little arsenal when it came to spells above the 5<sup>th</sup> tier.

To add salt to the injury, she was also apparently reaching her limit, as casting more than three consecutive 8<sup>th</sup> tier spells would cause her to blackout from mana exhaustion.

If only some kind of hidden ruin or tomb with unknown knowledge came to be discovered... the Eight Greed Kings had a flying fortress somewhere, but she didn't fancy her chance against an ancient Dragon Lord and whatever other thing lurked up there.

“Are you in a bad mood Commander?”

She was taken out of her thoughts by her right hand offering her a cup of coffee, she was quite glad for its existence even in strange

lands like these. In her first life she would normally offer an empty thanks to God but considering her circumstances... she really didn't feel like it.

“What news from the palace?”

She asked her second in command, the noble girl who almost got eaten by undead after her first day of training.

Tanya would have never thought that Arche would ever amount to anything, but she had to reevaluate her, the girl's resilience and spirit were far more durable than her petite form would indicate. She reminded her of Visha in that way, other than that, they weren't much alike. Arche wasn't at all the friendly type and considered pretty much everyone outside her squadron as potential enemies. She was ruthless in battle and had no indication of caring what was sacrificed as long as victory was achieved.

That was the result of continuously seeing death and destruction everywhere... well, forcing her to kill unharmed women and children during the noble purge might have pushed her to that point too Tanya guessed. But then again, she would have either bent or broken, and the girl decided to bend, if not for herself, for the love she held for her sisters.

Tanya could respect that, though she hoped the girl would end up differently from Visha.

Shaking her head, the Bloody Devil casted away those painful memories and instead focused on listening to Arche's admittedly boring report.

She might not enjoy the girl as much as she did Visha, but at least.. having her around reminded Tanya that puberty had not been a bitch only toward herself.

{One year later}

Guards stood to attention as she passed them, nervous looks painting their faces, not that this was anything new. That was simply what came with being a noble and, even more importantly, the next Court Wizard, as the emperor kindly announced a few days ago.

She knew why that was though, the old geezer just wanted to retire to his studies leaving all responsibilities behind to her. She will make him pay one day! Once he was no longer useful to her, of course.

“So young Tanya, tell me, how is your research going?”

Said old man spoke from next to her as he was escorting her to his private quarters.

“Not so well actually, lost knowledge is not something easy to dig up, most known structure holding it have been either emptied of anything valuable or are guarded by beings I don’t feel comfortable facing myself.”

She answered, not seeing the point on lying or misdirecting the older caster.

“Uhm, I see, i shall be the bringer of good news then... in the last weeks I have had an enlightenment I could say.”

The use of that particular word didn’t bode well for Tanya. She developed a sort of natural aversion toward anything that could be linked to holiness in the last decades, for obvious reasons.

“Is that what you wanted to show me? Have the workers returned from that newly found ancient ruin?”

She asked a little salty as she wanted to join the expedition with her squadron. The emperor had to use all of his authority to deny her

that, apparently having his direct hand in this matter would have ruined whatever plan the young man was executing.

For all she appreciated working under someone who wasn't an idiot, as she had to suffer that during the last years of her second life, she really found annoying when said young man didn't share said plans in advance.

“In a way...”

The man cryptically answered as the two entered the Court Wizard tower. Quarters that would soon be hers.

They ascended through the long staircase that brought directly to Fluder's personal study, no guards were allowed here so they would have the privacy for whatever they were about to see or do. The Court Wizard slowly opened the door, prompting Tanya to not waste time and enter the room to see what the old man found.

“I have brought her, as the Master asked.”

She heard her previous and only mentor say as he closed the door behind her.

The one those words were meant for wasn't hard to find. There, behind the main desk, sat a man, or well, whatever he was. Dark skin accompanied by pointed ears, like an elf, but the swishing metallic-like tail behind him screamed otherwise. His face was pointed, and his eyes were hidden behind eyeglasses which were reflecting a light that wasn't there.

Though his appearance was most concerning, what truly troubled her was his attire. It was a red suit accompanied by a crimson tie... all of it was literally out of this world.

It had been so long since she saw someone remotely similar to this fellow that she almost forgot her situation.

“Good afternoon, Countess Tanya, please, have a seat.”

The man-thing said in a very human and polite tone, gesturing for the free chair in front of the desk.

Glancing back, Tanya saw the old Court Wizard with a giddy expression on his face standing in front of the closed door.

Without resisting, she did as she was ordered. She needed to assess the situation before jumping to anything rash.

“I imagine you are rather confused on your current situation.”

The strange being offered.

“I would agree with that assessment, this is a rather peculiar situation, but I seem to be at a disadvantage as you know my name, but I don’t know yours.”

She said, her usual politeness coming out when speaking with high profile figures, a group of which she had no doubt this strange demi-human was part of.

“How discourteous of me, my designated name is Demiurge, Floor Guardian of the 7<sup>th</sup> floor of the Great Underground Tomb of Nazarick.”

Tanya didn’t understand much of what the demi-human said, but one thing actually managed to prick a long forgotten part of her mind open. Like a long-lost memory, it resurfaced from between years of horrific war and suffering.

Demiurge, that name, she knew it from her first life. It was definitely a name coming from a mythology, maybe a western one? She couldn’t remember, but the fact remained, this was a name from her first life!

‘Is this... is this Being X’s move?’ she could not help but ask herself.

“And for what reason am I here?”

She decided to remain calm and understand what this all was about before deciding on what to do.

And so, the demi-human, which turned out to be an Arch-Devil, began to explain his plan, or rather, this Ainz Ooal Gown’s plan on how to make their entrance on an international stage and basically found a country from nowhere.

To say the last hour and a half of detailed explanation had been a wild ride was an understatement and now she was completely sure this was Being X’s doing.

She had been wondering for years how that self-proclaimed asshole would mess with her life this time around, how would he cast her down from a solid position in the empire that allowed her to mostly live a comfortable life no matter what, even if accompanied by the sparse blood spill every now and then.

The answer was so hilariously easy she had no idea how she didn’t come to it before.

All her years of planning were structured taking in account her second life and how, following that logic, she would fight for them at a certain point in the future.

But that was just it... she would not be fighting for them... no, instead she was being forced into this bunch of different races newborn kingdom with a leader eager to start his reign with a massacre of proportions not seen in at least 200 years.

All her power, all her titles and influence would turn out to be completely worthless.

A complete checkmate against her.



‘So this is your move... Being X!’ she roared in her mind as she cursed that blasted thing with renewed vigor from the bottom of her heart.

She tried to not betray any of her inner emotions as she struggled to maintain a straight face.

“So, you are going to betray the empire.”

Her statement was directed at the old man who remained silent the entire time.

“Such harsh words... I would call it, a change of employment if you will.”

She mostly desired to punch that smug smirk off the old fart’s face at that moment.

She couldn’t imagine anything worse than her current situation... years of work down the drain... and if she rebelled or showed any sort of hesitation, she had no doubt the being before her would strike her down where she stood. Not that the thought wasn’t something she was entertaining in her mind, but that would be like admitting another defeat.

So, she simply resigned herself to her fate, like many other times during her second life.

But before agreeing to anything, she will have to make sure of one thing.

“I will accept on one condition.”

She stated firmly, trying to not show any of her rage through her words.

“Please name it.”

The smiling Arch-Devil prompted her to continue.

“I will join you, only once I have spoken to this Lord Ainz Ooal Gown directly.”

That made the smile disappear from the devil’s face for the first time ever since she met him.

But she would not budge on this, she would need to make sure her worst fear didn’t come true.

She needed to make sure this Ainz Ooal Gown wasn’t Being X in disguise! She couldn’t think of anything more humiliating than serving under that thing! She would rather die than accept that!

“If I am to betray my country and all I have gained here, I at least deserve the right to speak to the one I will have to do it for.”

In all response the demon just glanced around the room as if searching for something before standing up. Tanya didn’t really know what he was doing but-

“That is quite a fair point I think, so... let’s talk miss Tanya.”

A dark and deep voice spoke from behind her, the sound was unlike anything she heard before, completely inhuman, like two ancient tombstones grinding against each other.

She turned abruptly only to meet white bones with her eyes.

Her gaze rose, taking in every inch of the human skeleton that could not possibly be anatomically accurate. And soon enough her gaze met another.

Dark green stared at deep crimson and a new age began.

**A.N.**

**Here we are! Another commission in the bag! This time around you should all thank Sato Nanashi for funding this!**

**I had a lot of fun writing it and I hope you all enjoyed it as well!  
Let a comment to let me know.**

**If you want to commission your own story don't hesitate to  
contact me!**