

Before long, Frost had sampled well over fifty stores. Her Dimensional Storage came in handy as she stored away bundles of whatever she found the tastiest. Jury and the others floated in the back of her mind, not to mention the residents of her Floor.

It also wasn't just the food. They took Frost to the real festivities. The carnival games. There were unfortunately no rides like that from Earth, but games like shooting down cups with a stream of water and throwing darts at balloons were common here.

Magical games were also common. One was the equivalent of an expert-level 'which cup has the ball?' which had upwards of thirty cups shuffling so quickly that it was impossible for normal people to beat.

With how common magic was it was only natural for the average difficulty of these games to rise. For example, on Earth a sharpshooter game had a person shoot a pellet gun at a slow-moving target. Here, the weapon used was a Justica Arms replica and required one to shoot a flying target over two hundred meters away dead center.

Justica Arms ran these unsurprisingly. There was only one Atelier that had the rights to create magical firearms. Before every round a Justica Arms Peace Flock demonstrated how to use the weapon before allowing a customer to handle it. Yes, even children were allowed to participate.

It was secretly used as a scouting and recruiting method to find gifted people. The Ateliers each had their own unique ways of bringing people into their Ateliers, and this was on the tamer side from what Cer explained.

"Caldera Industries has nearly every Dwarf from their homeland as a member. Imagine what they did to those that refused." She said, taking the weapon into her arms as she aimed at the flying disks with gusto. "Watch this Frost! Bang! Bang! *BANG!!*"

She shouted with every shot she made, causing everyone around them to watch with widened eyes. The silence was telling of their utter disbelief.

"Heh. How's that!?" Cer didn't even look up to see the results, for she knew that such a childish game was a trivial task for a Moon like her.

"... I'm watching, alright. Cer." Frost began, pointing upwards. "You didn't hit a single thing."

"You're kidding!?" She snapped her head up, only to find that all twelve disks were entirely untouched. "Hey! Peace Flock! Isn't it scummy to be scamming us innocent folks with your broken weapons -!?"

"Sorry, my little sister gets mad when things don't go her way~" Res swooped in and dragged a gagged Cer away like a child throwing a tantrum. "Right?"

"Shut -!"

"*Right?*"

"... Ber, back me up here!"

Unfortunately for Cer, Ber was already in the process of receiving her Justica Arms replica. She brandished the beautiful, pale weapon.

“How did the Hired Arm do this again. Like... this?” She hummed to herself, taking aim as she mimicked her stance. “Alright. Time to use this honorless weapon!”

The Justica Arms members expertly hid their irritation as they snapped their fingers, and at once, the clay disks began moving erratically.

In fact, they were far more erratic than during Cer’s turn. And to no one’s surprise, Ber only managed to strike a few. The reason why they were sped up was because they had been slowed down for Cer who they thought was just a child. So this was actually the normal speed.

“Good job, Ber~” Frost praised, patting her head as she returned. “Even I wouldn’t be able to hit those.”

“Yeah right.” Cer thought otherwise. “If the Hired Arm is anything to go by, then you’re probably a master at shooting. Let’s how Res does first.”

Res also returned with unspectacular results contrary to what Frost believed. Ber’s results were also surprising considering her accuracy with throws. As it turned out, aiming a weapon was a completely different skill from what they used.

Still, their results were above average, and they were rewarded with a plush version of the Justica Arm.

“Do you think Galia manufactures these too?” Ber wondered as she cradled it in her fluffy tail.

“Probably outsourced by some weird group that makes stuffed toys.” Cer shrugged, glancing at Res at the mention of ‘stuffed toy’. “... Hey, Res...”

“It’s fine.” Res assured, squeezing the toy playfully. “I didn’t come back from you-know-what just to be stuck in the past~”

Her tail suddenly wrapped around Cer’s waist as she pulled her close. Soon, she found herself sandwiched between her larger sisters.

“But thank you for worrying~”

Cer was about to jokingly retort, but the smugness disappeared as she mellowed in their embrace.

“I’m just looking out for you.” She sentimentally muttered beneath her breath.

If Snap was here, then it would have taken a snapshot of their tender moment. Frost didn’t know how much time had passed, but before long a Justica Arms member approached her with the weapon in hand.

“Ma’am. Would you like a try next?”

Frost jumped at the opportunity.

“Yes please.” She stepped forward into the small, grassy clearing atop the hill. It was raised significantly higher than where the crowd stood, revealing the vast cityscape and a single, long road that led towards the inner walls of Inflow Direct.

And it continued further beyond that, leading to what she could vaguely make out as Atlas beyond the spires of the inner Sectors.

“It’s free, right?” She asked.

“By Galia’s Will.” The Elf gave her the ‘ok’ sign before demonstrating how to use the weapon for the ninth time. “Now, please watch closely. You will point at what you want to shoot with the end of the stick. Hold it out steady with one hand, or two if it’s too heavy. Then, you will use intention to activate the weapon. Simple enough, really.”

Now that Frost was participating, she couldn’t help but notice inconsistencies with the Elf’s form. Why she felt like this was likely due to her being Sinder in the distant past. After all, Sinder was known to be a highly trained individual before he was known as the Captured Star.

The Elf spun the decorated weapon in one hand and held it out for Frost.

“Shoot as many as disks as you can to a win a prize. You may want to take off your shades.”

“No need. It’s easier like this.”

Frost was not a flamboyant person, but upon taking the Justica Arm something snapped inside of her.

She performed the same weapon twirl around between her fingers before it spun around her palm. The force caused ribbons of grass to spiral around her as her hair fluttered to the side.

Then, she suddenly snapped into a distinguished firing position as if it was the most natural thing in the world. Before her hair and the grass had the chance to settle, a golden magical circle appeared at the tip of the weapon.

And not a moment later –

Bang* *Shatter* *Bang

Bang* *Bang* *Crash

Boom* *Bang* *Bang

Bang* *Smash* *Bang

– All twelve disks were destroyed in an instant. They had already begun to move but even so, they were struck down with such precision that the Justica Arms personnel could not believe their eyes.

The commotions from the crowd immediately went silent. Finally, her hair smacked the back of her nape, and she lowered the weapon safely before returning it to the Elf with a satisfied expression.

“So, do I win a grand prize for that?” She innocently asked, her shades dropping down her nose to reveal a glimpse of her golden eyes.

It was then that the Peace Flock precisely understood who this person was. And because of that, the recruitment papers were stowed away as quickly as they came out.

“O-Of course. My apologies. Your prize.”

One stuffed Justica Arm was exchanged for the weapon.

“That’s what I’m talking about!” Cer shouted, sparking the crowd alive in an instant like a tinderbox. “See? I told you Frost will kill it!”

An explosion of stupefied cheers surrounded Frost as she was then given another stuffed toy. And another, another – and even more were piled into her arms.

Isn't this... too much?

“According to the Decree of the 6th Branch, on the articles referring to our minigames – declining of an invitation should be replaced with all stocks of Justica Stuffed Arms. Your winning is therefore... five hundred Justica Stuffed Arms.”

Around thirty were already held in her arms like a bundle of stalks. She gazed around to see children in the crowd who watched on with glistening eyes.

“Then it’s fine if I hand them out, right?” Frost said, approaching said children like a certain character from a festive holiday from Earth.

“Do as you please. They’re your property.” An Elf asserted, causing the triplets to immediately approach the giant boxes that held hundreds of these cute toys. “You again? There are no more prizes. State your purpose.”

“Heh. What do they call this kind of Elf on Earth, Nav?” Cer questioned using her sisters as a proxy.

“A Grinch.” Ber answered as she pulled up her sleeves, ready to get to work.

“Don’t say that out loud, Ber. They’re just doing their job.” Res apologized to them. “Sorry about that.”

“They’re with me. And you should start helping as well.”

Frost called out to the Elves, causing several of them to smile knowingly.

“After all, it’s not like these toys are going to hand out themselves.”

“Ah, what the hell.” Cer sighed, dual wielding two stuffed Justica Arms. “Step right up and claim your free toy! Courtesy of The Head!”

The Head was still a foreign term to many. But slowly and surely it will be a namesake that all homes in Elysia will learn of, much like that of the Nexus.