

(Hmm...)

The street corners at night are filled with the smell of desire, like that of cheap perfume.

Herta was sitting on the edge of the fountain, watching the people coming and going.

When you cross your legs, the white skin of your thighs is exposed to the night air.

I couldn't find anything that looked like a weapon on my waist or back.

A naive and playful young woman, clad in nothing but a thin cloth.

Seeing her like that was her best weapon.

(...)

Eventually, their gaze stopped.

A man was watching her from the shadows of the alley.

It's obvious from his fine coat and swollen pocket that he has some money.

The man's eyes were moving back and forth between Herta's exposed collarbone and thighs.

(Now that looks like the perfect mark)

Herta licked her lips inwardly, and the moment her eyes met the man's, she grinned mischievously.

Following the invitation, the man takes a step forward.

"Hey, girl. Are you alone?"

"Yeah, I was just bored."

Herta jumped lightly from the fountain.

In front of the man's eyes, he made an unstable landing and stumbled.

The man grabbed her arm in a panic.

The man's throat made a small sound as her hot palm touched Herta's bare skin.

"It's dangerous. ... A good girl shouldn't be alone this late at night."

"Hehe, maybe you're not a good girl."

Herta ran her index finger over the man's chest and looked up into her eyes.

He whispers in a sweet, melting voice.

"Can you take me somewhere more interesting? It would be nice to see something more exciting."

The man's face relaxed.

That stupid look on the prey's face the moment it bites into the bait.

Herta chuckled in her heart.

Her performance was flawless.

The two entered a deserted back alley.

The damp echo of the cobblestones.

The man's hands hug Herta's waist, and her heavy breathing touches her neck.

Herta surrendered to that, and instead wrapped her arms around the man's neck and pulled her closer.

"Can I stay here?"

"Oh, okay. That's great."

The moment the man brought his face close to press his lips.

An extremely thin poisonous blade slipped out from the cuff of Herta's right hand without a sound.

A needle-like deadly weapon about three inches long.

There's no way the man would notice that.

She touched the tip of the blade to the man's back in a natural way, as if caressing her.

"Hey"

"Hmm, ah?"

"Isn't it painful?"

The moment I whispered that, I gave it a quick stab.

A poisonous blade slipped between the fourth rib and pierced.

The man's eyes widened.

Her lips twitch and she tries to scream something, but the fast-acting neurotoxin that has spread to her lungs has already paralyzed her vocal cords.

In Herta's arms, the man's body suddenly became heavy and bent into a crumpled heap.

"Shhh. Be quiet, okay?"

While whispering these words, she grabbed the man's collapsing body and laid her down in the darkness of the alley.

The man looks up at Herta while convulsing.

What was reflected in her eyes was not the uninhibited girl's smile from earlier, but only a cold, indifferent light.

"Thanks for the meal."

Herta reaches into the man's pocket and finds a leather bag.

Heavy weight.

Without checking the contents, I threw it into a hidden pouch on my waist.

The man had stopped moving.

It's just another piece of trash in an alley.

(Now then... Who should be next?)

Herta stood up, wiped the small amount of blood from the poisoned blade with the lining of her cloak, and put it back into her sleeve.

The cold night breeze caresses your skin.

She turned towards the hustle and bustle of the city again.

His steps were light, not carrying anything on his back.

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(Hmm? What is that?)

Herta had found a new prey.

A dull man wandering near the fountain.

He was wearing simple travel gear and didn't appear to have any weapons.

Her eyes were vague, and she didn't seem to fit in with the surrounding atmosphere.

(Perhaps he's a traveler who just came from somewhere.)

In any case, a naive mark is a convenient partner.

As usual, Herta approached the man with light steps.

"Hey, are you alone? It seems like you're kind of lost."

The man looked at Herta, looked a little surprised, and then smiled.

"Oh, well. Just sightseeing. Can you tell me some good places around here?"

(Sightseeing? Hmm, somewhere like this?)

He's really naive.

Herta snorted in her heart, but outwardly she smiled sweetly.

"It's okay. It's nice and quiet here."

The man muttered, "She see," and obediently followed Herta.

(Also, I wonder if I can experience some interesting local customs?)

That traveler... Kagami, a space-time traveler, thought so in his heart.

There was something suspicious about this girl's attitude as a business person, but any incident that happened while on a trip was just as entertaining.

Herta arrived at the place she always used, in a back alley.

The damp smell of stone pavement.

There is no one around.

Herta turned to face the man and wrapped her arms around her neck invitingly.

"Here, no one will disturb me."

At that moment when Kagami answered, "Yes," a poisonous blade slipped out of Herta's cuff.

"Yes. You can get some sleep."

Quickly move to the man's back.

— — Ching.

A metallic sound rang out, and the impact that returned to my hand didn't feel like it was tearing flesh.

Hard.

It's like rock or iron.

"Eh...?"

Herta's body stiffens.

"I see, that's the trick."

The man was unfazed, and even seemed to be having fun laughing.

There was a small tear in the clothes on his back, but there was not a single scratch on the skin underneath.

"It's common, but you're good at it. It's a big deal."

They even clapped when they said that.

If Herta had been paying more attention, he would have noticed that Kagami was wearing thin reinforced clothing brought from another world under his torn up local clothes.

(Maybe this guy is a mage!?)

Herta made that decision based on the scope of her knowledge.

People like her who live in back alleys have almost no connection to magic users, and have never actually seen one.

However, I have heard that some highly skilled magicians known as mages use defensive techniques that repel swords and arrows.

Bad, I failed.

It was noticed.

She immediately changed direction, let go of her weapon, and clung to the ground.

In order to survive in the back alleys, stubbornness and pride are not only useless, but deadly.

"Hiii! I-I'm so sorry! I was so short on money that I suddenly had a fit! Mage-sama, please forgive me...!"

Make a backwards sound.

The look of a thief disappeared from her tearful eyes as she desperately begged for her life, and she looked just like a frightened girl.

Kagami watches his with amusement.

"Mage? Haha, I see..."

Well then, let's do that this time.

Having made that decision, he nodded to Takaage.

"Yeah, I understand. If that's the case, I wasn't hurt at all, so you can go now."

After saying that and waving his hand, he easily turned away.

(Thank you...!)

Herta was relieved.

However, in the next moment, dark emotions begin to swirl deep within his chest.

(...He turned his back. He's defenseless now.)

It seems like they suspected earlier that we were trying to trap them, so they must have cast some kind of protection magic on them in advance.

No matter how powerful a mage is, if he is suddenly pierced from the back, he will die.

Even if the poison doesn't work, if it pierces the heart...

(If you're a skilled mage, you probably have something that can be made into money.)

No matter how good your skills are, if you're such a sweet girl, it's certain that someone somewhere will beat you up, strip you, and throw you into the sewers.

(In that case, what's wrong with me killing you right now?)

If I did something wrong, he might have killed me, but since I'm making him feel better in an instant without making him suffer, I guess that's fine.

Herta quickly gathered her thoughts in her head and stood up without making a sound.

As if a spring had sprung, he jumped onto Kagami's back.

(I got it! Die!)

Kagami didn't even look back, as if he didn't notice.

Herta thrust the blade out with deadly force, intending to slip the blade between her ribs and instantly pierce her heart.

"--Ga!?"

Immediately, there was a banging sound and a pale flash of light exploded, sending a tremendous shock through her entire body.

Before I even knew what had happened, my consciousness went black.

"You begged for your life and then you attacked me from behind, huh?"

Kagami muttered and shrugged his shoulders as he looked down at Herta, who had collapsed on the stone pavement and was twitching.

She was suspicious that she was truly surrendering, so She turned on the suit's automatic counterattack function when her back was turned.

There's nothing wrong with leaving it as a barrier, but if it's going to attack you twice, you'll probably have to endure some pain.

"It's fine to have the spirit of not giving up, but I think it's a bit too careless. Aren't there some skilled mages in your world who always protect themselves with barrier magic, whether they realize it or not?"

Well, she looks like an uneducated woman, so maybe she didn't know that.

There was no response, and the convulsions in his body began to weaken, so Kagami bent down and checked on his.

"...Ah. Your heart has stopped, hasn't it?"

It seems that the output of the automatic counterattack type stun gun was a little too strong for her.

It's a device that temporarily or irreversibly stops bodily functions, including the beating of the heart, through strong intervention in bioelectrical currents rather than physical shocks, so that's probably the case.

"They're attacking you with primitive blades, so I guess Gadget counterattacked with the assumption that he was dealing with a bear wielding his claws or something? Well, it doesn't matter."

Kagami said to himself as he began to think about what to do with this guy.

I could give him another electric shock to restart his heart, but even though there was no danger at all, there was no reason to do that to someone who tried to kill me.

I wouldn't mind if I just left it here and left without doing anything, but it would be a bit bland to end with such an interesting experience...

"...Ah, that's right."

I just decided that I was a mage.

Well then, let's use this corpse as such.

After Kagami made that decision, he immediately took out the ``Compact Body Modification Device" and began setting it up.

"If I remember correctly, a mage who moves corpses and uses them as undead or something like that is called a necromancer or necromancer, right?"

It looks like we'll be able to resuscitate her now, but we'll let her die and turn her into a mass of protein.

I recreated it with the power of non-magical tools.

"I'm the one who created it, so the rest of your life is mine, so there's no problem... I guess that's what a necromancer is like."

I'm sure there are some undead that eat the flesh and sip the blood of corpses, but I think they basically don't eat anything or even sleep.

I may be concerned about what its energy source is, and whether it will hinder its ability to maintain its activities, but I'll follow suit and make sure it doesn't have to eat or sleep.

"The inefficient organic combustion reaction organ is left for decoration, and the actual energy source for the operation is a disposable quantum-driven battery..."

Even though it's disposable, it should be fine for several hundred years as long as it maintains human life, so it will probably become immortal.

"Also, adjust the reactions so that it looks like a puppet that is absolutely obedient to the caster."

After completing the necessary settings, she pressed the Compact Body Modification Device's electrode to Herta's forehead and began the ``rewriting" and ``power source conversion/reactivation" treatments.

"-----Gi..."

Immediately, her body, which should have already finished its life activities, jerked and a groan-like sound began to leak from her mouth.

This concludes the trial version.
Continue the story in the full version!