

Intermission - It seems to be a Certain Lost

What he could remember was a shock running through his body, and the sensation of hard and soft stuff inside his body being crushed and jumbled together. While feeling something akin to heat rather than pain, his consciousness sank into darkness.

Without knowing what had happened, and while not being given the time to spare on mourning or regretting his end, Kazuya woke up inside some unknown room with a stone floor.

"Where's this?"

While lifting his body that seemed to have fallen down without him even knowing anything about it, Kazuya looked down at himself, confused by those sensations before he lost consciousness, but his body had not a single scratch, his clothes had not a single tear or crease, and he still wore the casual wear from before his fainting.

But, he completely lacked any memory about the place where he had collapsed. Cold, hard stone paving was to be found underneath him. Looking up, he couldn't spot a ceiling, nor could he see any walls on the left or right. He couldn't localize anything similar to a light source either, but the area around him was bright enough that he could see everything.

Kazuya slowly stood up while dusting off his clothes.

"The heck's goin' on? Just what happened to me?"

"I suppose I'll answer that question for you."

It wasn't as though he had expected a reply in a space with no one else but him, and thus Kazuya got startled by the unforeseen answer to his muttering. When he quickly turned around in the direction of the voice, he found a single, young man standing there.

A graceful and refined black suit, and a skin so white that Kazuya wondered whether the man might be sick. The appearance of the man with his somewhat long, violet hair swaying completely fit the description androgynous. He looked just like a model, but for some reason Kazuya got the impression that he was facing a clown from the atmosphere emanated by the man.

"Who're you?"

"Me? Let's see. Since I don't have a particular name, feel free to call me as you please. Going by the general concept of you humans, I think I'm equivalent to what you'd call a god."

"Haah?" Kazuya returned involuntarily.

But that could only be called natural, seeing how the person, who suddenly appeared just when Kazuya fainted and then woke up in some strange place, introduced himself as a god.

'But, his words have a certain degree of persuasiveness to them,' Kazuya assessed.

After all, Kazuya should have also looked at the place, where the man was standing right now, when he scanned his vicinity at first. And Kazuya was sure that no one had been present then and there.

'Hmm, you could say he suddenly stood there, without any indication of him having walked over from somewhere, let alone me sensing his presence as he appeared,' Kazuya thought, 'But, if I assume him to be a god, it'd make sense.'

"Kiyomizu Kazuya-kun, unfortunately you died in your previous world."

In front of Kazuya, who was pondering about all this, the man with the violet hair threw those words at Kazuya while spreading his arms with a gesture that seemed slightly theatrical.

Although Kazuya had vaguely felt that it might be something like that, his face twisted over the fairly shocking news now that they were put into words, but without minding that, the self-proclaimed god continued speaking.

"I'm sure you must have wanted to live longer. You've also got to have things you want to do. Didn't you have people you wanted to meet? Didn't you desire a lover or some such? But, all of that has come to naught. You have died. It's a game over for you. You understand?"

"What is it you wanna tell me?"

The man kept talking as if sneering at Kazuya. While feeling irritated by his tone, Kazuya interjected when his long speech had come to an end. But this only caused the man to keep his mouth tightly shut, staying silent for a while as if brooding.

Just when Kazuya was about to speak up again as he got pissed off by that silence, the man forestalled him, saying, "You're a truly lucky guy, you know?"

"What?"

Although the man had yapped about him having died and everything being over moments ago, he suddenly made a complete turn with what he was saying, causing Kazuya to ask by flabbergasted, but without paying any attention to that, the man kept going.

"You're a truly lucky guy. I mean, look, am I not right? Usually everything would be over after you die. Anything and everything. You wouldn't have any chance to start over. Your self would be disintegrated, becoming meaningless, and your soul would be cleaned, and then reused. Your very being would vanish."

Kazuya felt slightly mad about the man speaking about all this indifferently as if it was someone else's problem, but the instant he heard the man's next words, his anger faded away like a fleeting dream.

"However, you can start over once more."

"What do you..."

"Of course I'm not saying that it'll be the former you in your former world, okay? After all, death is absolute, whichever world it might be. This is nothing I could overturn."

"But," as the man lowered his voice, Kazuya instinctively leaned forward to listen closely. While revealing a happy smile over Kazuya's reaction, the man resumed, "things are different, if we're talking about another world."

"Another world, meaning..."

"Isekai, it's an isekai, man. Shouldn't you've seen or heard about isekai as someone of your age who lived in that world?"

If pushed to say, the boy called Kiyomizu Kazuya wasn't one of those overly active, normal types. He preferred staying indoors over going outside, and he liked video games over sports. He remembered having encountered stories using such a theme among the entertainment novels he could read online for free, just as the man had said. To summarize it concisely, those were stories about boys without any outstanding, noteworthy talents who suddenly died one day after getting run over by a truck for example, were invited to a different world by a god who had coincidentally witnessed their death, were given some absurd powers in the process, and made an effort as heroes or adventurers, just to get married to a heroine in the end. There existed all kinds of variations, varying the numbers of and types of heroines, the conditions, story course, used subjects, and the protagonist's role in the story. The ones Kazuya liked were the orthodox stories.

For this very reason, Kazuya muttered in disbelief, "Me, in an isekai?"

"Indeed! I'm a god guarding a certain race in a certain world. That race has been cornered into a slightly bad situation. So, you see, this is about me asking you whether you wouldn't be willing to save that race."

"What's that bad situation you're talking about?"

"That is...oh right, I think it might be better for you to hear the details from someone concerned rather than me telling you all about it."

With those words, the man snapped his fingers once in an exaggerated, theatrical manner. In response, something like a fog manifested next to the man, and within the time of breath, that fog cleared up, revealing a single woman.

Kazuya had his breath taken away by her appearance. A white skin without a single blemish while looking very healthy. Her flowing, blond hair looked just like gold. Her jet-black dress accentuated her obvious proportions and yet delicate figure. Her shapely face was dyed by grief as she put her hands, which were clad in gloves, reaching all the way up to her elbows, together at her chest as if offering a prayer.

Kazuya ended up thinking that the term 'perfect beauty' must have been invented for this woman, but it was the woman's chest that drew all his attention. It was voluptuous. Kazuya didn't know how her world handled underwear, but those two boobs of hers, which conquered gravity with their youthful springiness and volume, stuck out to such a degree that Kazuya wondered whether they wouldn't get in the way of her folding her arms.

Moreover, despite her boobs having such a volume, he didn't feel the slightest mismatch when combining them with her slender body. Unclear whether she was aware of Kazuya's eyes being pinned on her bulging chest, the girl slightly stepped forward in his direction while making sure to bend forward with a jerk, and began to spin entreating words with her mouth that looked like a thin line of pink.

"Oh, gentleman of another world, I am but a princess governing a race called demons in my world. Currently, my race finds its existence in jeopardy. Might you kind sir not be willing to lend us your strength to save us from peril?"

Kazuya, who didn't have that many opportunities to get in contact with women so far, almost ended up nodding unconsciously after suddenly hearing the plead of a pretty girl he'd never be able to meet in his former world, but he immediately cleared his mind by shaking his head in a fluster, directed his eyes to the man next to her, and asked, "Hey, she said demons..."

"Yes, she's a demon. And I'm the god who's worshiped by those demons. I somehow get what you want to say. You probably want to ask whether demons are an evil race, right?"

"Isn't that the case?"

"You can't really describe judging something by its name as overly clever. I mean, didn't something similar take place in your world as well? Stories about aboriginal gods and such being changed into devils because another religion intruded upon an area."

That was something Kazuya had also read in books. The act of labeling aboriginal gods as heretic beings and lowering them to the level of devils had certainly occurred in Kazuya's former world over the course of history.

"Well, as for the demons over here, it's also a situation where you could say that they simply reap what they've sown. And you might as well say that I bear some of the responsibility as their god for things to have developed like this."

"What do you mean by that?"

"It is a fact that the demons have done evil deeds against the world in the past." The girl answered while sadly lowering her eyes.

Kazuya was almost swept away by her atmosphere again, but firmly enduring, he carefully listened to her words.

"We demons are a race which produced many beings called demon kings in ancient times. It is said that the demon kings caused great harm and ill to the other races in their attempts to conquer the world. But nowadays we loathe strife, and do not wish to trouble the other races. We have spanned a barrier around our territory so as to not get into contact with them, and are peacefully living within that enclosed space."

"But you see, because they're a race who committed such atrocities in the past, the opinion that they should be annihilated is firmly rooted within the minds of those outside the barrier. Right now

they're in a situation where the barrier has been penetrated at long last with assassins having been sent in to exterminate her people."

"Are you saying they're under attack at this very moment?"

Because neither of the two really looked like they were completely at their wits' end after getting cornered, Kazuya believed that the situation couldn't be that bad, but the situation, which Kazuya had guessed from the man's words, was far more dire than Kazuya had expected.

"They destroyed the barrier which the demons put up to sever themselves from the world, and invaded the demon territory. It's an extremely dangerous situation, but if there's some salvation in this, it'd be me having been able to summon you to this place thanks to the barrier's destruction."

"Me?"

Kazuya wasn't sure just how he could be of any help, but the man confidently nodded at Kazuya's question, "Yes, you. You're a being called Lost in this world. A being that can hold extremely powerful abilities when compared to the residents of our world. Usually, we'd have no choice but to wait for someone to fall into this world after crossing through the wall separating the worlds by chance, but thanks to the assassins having used mighty powers when breaking through the barrier, the wall separating our worlds thinned, allowing me to summon you to this world."

The man explained that if you named the destruction of the barrier protecting the demons a calamity, him being able to summon Kazuya to the world over here as a side effect brought about by that calamity could be called a blessing.

"Of course, I don't intend to tell you something as irresponsible as you having to fight them all by yourself. There are other Losts who were summoned into this world at the same time as you. I plan to request the same from them as I've requested from you."

"We simply want to live a peaceful life. We do not intend to repeat our past mistakes. I shall promise you that much. Oh Lost-sama, please save us."

"The chances for success are..."

No matter who might be asking him, Kazuya had no intention to go along with something that was doomed to fail anyway. Going along with something where he'd definitely get killed was nothing but hurrying towards death. Moreover, the assassins who were currently invading the demon territory possessed powers at a level allowing them to destroy the barrier the demons had put up to spend a peaceful life. Kazuya couldn't believe that they'd be opponents he could fight as someone completely lacking any experience in combat.

"If you give me your consent, I can lend you a helping hand. I won't promise you victory, but I think there's a chance for you to be able to win."

"You think I can handle it if I get power from you?"

The man shook his head at that question, "As you're right now, it's probably next to impossible. But, there's a means to somehow fix that issue. Though, it's a slightly forceful method."

"Please, my hero, bring peace to our race." The girl calling herself a princess fell on her knees while pleading, and bowed her head at Kazuya.

Kazuya showed a faint hint of hesitation at her frantic attitude, but before long, he tightly clenched his fists, and powerfully declared towards the man and the princess, "Okay, I'll do it."