

These Tragic Souls and a Sword Reborn in an Intergalactic Space Opera

Story Intro: "Welcome! I'm an evil god, though not that evil of a god!" is what they woke up to. Join our heroes and heroines, having just met their demise, displaced by an extradimensional event."

Story Starts

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Book 1 - The Empty Twin

Ch 1.1 Gaining Trust in the Thirteen

POV: Rose Potter

[Part 1 of ?]

Location

Grakkan Empire

System: Unknown | Planet: Unknown

Date:

Grakkan Standard (GknS) | System | Local | Galactic Standard (GS)

'Revolution' / 'Prime Satellite' / 'Rotation' / 'Time'

GknS 34k6.rev-70% / 10.rev-40% / 255.rot-50% / 12:00:07

System: Unknown | Local: Unknown

GS 13k9.rev-47% / 8.rev-46% / 255.rot-73% / 26:45:06

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Once the chaos settled, they formed something resembling a circle. 'Close enough,' Rose mused.

'Four... eight... nine... ten plus our three.' Rose counted the 'hint' they had won, echoing repeatedly in her head, like an annoying tune that just can't leave her be. Predetermined fate? She hated the P-words—prophecy,

predestination, and preordained. In Rose's vocabulary? Crap, crap, and more crap.

Her eyes rove the circle, a frown tugging at her lips—until they found the elf who'd clung to her earlier, hands a tad bit grabby. Her short, cropped orange bob framed her face, bangs brushed aside, and her ears burned crimson when Rose tipped her a teasing wink. '*Adorable,*' the thought surfaced as the girl froze, cheeks lit like embers.

She swept the gathering, 'So we have *two Tolkien-style elves—wait, three.*' Rose amended, noting the one beside her group. The first pair, and their companions, fit the fantasy mould perfectly—tavern dresses and mercenary leather, but minus the medieval armour.

Though their fluffy-eared and bushy-tailed companion was dressed in something more eastern—a significant difference from the garb of her companions.

Though Rose Potter begrudgingly thought that it's the pot calling the kettle black, as her favourite custom robe—a one-piece with twin slits—barely covered her long, slender legs, and a low sweep that framed her bust, bare shoulders, forearms wrapped in snug, detached sleeves. She looked every bit the fantasy mould, wouldn't look out of place with the group she's currently observing.

Looking at the second elf, Rose found herself getting distracted—tallying the blondes in the group before her gaze landed on her fellow redhead.

'Well, we're the second-dominant colour, and only at a measly count of two,' she thought.

Sensing her stare, Mr Goldie-eyes, quizically looked back, only for the platinum-haired girl at his side—petite but mature—to tug at his attention away as she clung to his arm.

Rose's gaze drifted back to the serious-looking pale-blond elf—

“Ahem—” Heads turned toward the black-haired woman sitting beside her redheaded...comrade? *‘God, I need his name. Goldie-Eyes is a mouthful.’* Her eyes drifted to the hands, one black-haired and the other red-haired, clasped together.

“My name is Rin Tohsaka, this is my sister Sakura—” she glanced at the violet-haired girl, smiling faintly as Mr Goldie-Eyes gave her hand a squeeze—“and these two are my friends...”

Rin hesitated, coughing into her hand as Rose caught a faint colouring of her cheeks, “and my comrades—Shirou Emiya and Illyasviel von Einzbern.”

The now identified platinum-haired girl cut in with a wry smile. “Illya's fine,” she said, giving a bit of a shrug and a flip of her hair.

‘At least Shirou is easier,’ Rose mused, clocking its Japanese sound. *Project Noah* had spent plenty of time in the East, and she'd picked up the cadence, rhythm, and tones of the different languages of that region.

Japanese didn't really carry tonal shifts like the various Chinese dialects or languages, nor the heavier syllables of Korean.

Rose noted, though, that his red hair and golden eyes don't really match the features of people from the East, nor does Rin's sister, with both her hair and eyes having a particular shade of violet.

“Since we clearly have different races or species here—” the previously identified Rin Tohsaka began as she gave a curious glance and a disarming smile at the group and the lone elf, with quite the distinctive features. “From where we came from, phantasmal species of the fae—elves, kitsune, and the

like—had long retreated to the *Reverse Side of the World* by the end of the Age of Gods.”

Rose Potter, and from what she could surmise, her friends too took note of the curious terms: *phantasmal species*, *Reverse Side of the World*, *end of the Age of Gods*.

“This may sound hard to believe, but I got a hint from that dumb purchasing store to ‘trust in the thirteen’—” Rin said, looking exasperated.

Rose’s eyes widened. Across the circle, others shifted, stiffened, or traded quick looks—a ripple of recognition flickering throughout the group. Like Rose, Rin caught it—muttering in what sounded like Japanese—irritation plain in her voice.

Rin coughed into her hand, dispelling her visible irritation—as Shirou and Illya gave her wry smiles.

“My apologies.” Rin’s voice cooled into formality as she repeated the words exactly: “Trust in the thirteen and develop the frontier planet. Your adventure will begin at the bottom of the dungeon. Register your team at Tarmein Prime?” Each phrase was delivered and recognised as her eyes measured every reaction.

With no dissent or at least no one volunteering a different version, Rin exhaled sharply—shoulders drooping before she continued, “I guess we should probably start with simple introductions for now, as Mr I-Can’t-Seem-To-Get-Up-Without-Any-Misunderstanding pointed out—”

Rose caught the way his cheeks coloured at Rin’s jab. Hermione mirrored it, as did the blond girl who was previously using his stomach—and later his crotch—as a pillow. In contrast, the grey-haired girl’s lips tilted, eyebrows lifting as she flicked Shirou a wry, almost conspiratorial smile.

“—that we should start foraging and building shelter before the sun sets.” Rin nodded briskly, eyes shut in brief resolution.

Rose caught Gabrielle’s and Hermione’s eyes, a silent exchange as their hands pressed against their brown pouches. They resembled mokeskin satchels, and from a brief inspection a few minutes ago, they appear to be functionally the same. She also noted that everyone but the grey-eyed girl in her green tavern dress bore one.

Opening her eyes, Rin began, “As I said—Rin Tohsaka. These are Sakura, Shirou Emiya, and Illyasviel von Einzbern. We’re magi, tied to the Magus Association—which consists of the Clock Tower, Atlas and the Wandering Sea. Occasionally, we also do the odd mission for the Church.

Rin’s eyes circled the group. “We hail from Fuyuki City, Japan. Illya here—” her thumb flicked toward the girl still clinging to Shirou’s arm, “was born in Germany.”

“...!”

Rose suddenly realised that Rin was probing—gauging their reactions for any recognition.

“The last thing we remember before waking up in that weird transitional place was that it was the year 2012, and that ORT and the beast of Gaia were rampaging across Europe. We were caught in the blast where ORT converted the United Kingdom into a crystal wasteland,” Rin frowned at the lack of reaction, then looked left, urging the group with the two elves to speak next.

Rose had gained somewhat more significant respect for this Rin character, as she surmised that this introduction also served as a probe to gather information. Taking our reactions into account on whether there are similarities or some form of recognition with the information she’s providing.

Rose turned to Hermione, then Gabrielle. In their eyes, she saw mirrored the same suspicion—the same conclusion—she'd drawn.

They shifted, glancing at one another, none willing to start—until a voice cut through.

The lone elf broke the silence, her voice quiet but steady. Rose turned towards her, and she gave a slight bow as she introduced herself. “My name’s Haruka Azuma.”

Shirou’s group minus Illya, plus the now identified kitsune—or at least that’s what Rose assumed due to Rin’s previous statement—garbed in a red kimono, all slightly bowed in return as if it was second nature.

“Originally, I was born human,” Haruka said evenly, “but I changed my race through the store, believing my friends would follow suit.”

Rose finally understood the detail that had been gnawing at her every time she looked Haruka’s way.

She stood apart from her counterparts, not only in presence but in dress—a loose button-up shirt tugged at her frame, sleeves cuffed at the forearms, denim shorts hanging comfortably from her hips.

The shirt seemed almost too loose; she fiddled with the collar, tugging it higher.

Her pretty blue-green eyes turned sullen, her long ears drooping.

“Unfortunately, my close friends most likely didn’t see the direct transfer. They vanished with the first batch—even if we somehow meet again, they’ll no longer remember me.”

Rose felt a pang for the once-human elf. She couldn’t imagine being torn from Hermione and Gabrielle—let alone knowing they’d never remember her if they

somehow crossed paths again in this vast galaxy, as **General Knowledge** had impressed upon her.

Haruka wiped her eyes, gratitude threading her voice as she thanked them. The blonde answered with a warm smile, introducing herself as Marin, while the kitsune bowed her head slightly and offered her name—Haruhime.

Using her free hand, Haruka then rubbed her eyes as she thanked both of them. The blonde smiled at her and introduced herself as Marin, while the kitsune said her name was Haruhime.

“Umm—there’s not much to tell. I was a student at Todai, studying business and finance. When I wasn’t in class, I helped my family with their sake and shōchū trade.”

Tapping at her lips with her finger as she paused, “Oh yeah, for me 2018, and I think my last memory was that we were going on a trip with a bunch of my high school friends for the summer, maybe the mountain roads weren’t that safe.”

“Yeah, the evil god mentioned wiping away our death-memories,” Marin said, her smile almost blinding. “Name’s Marin Kitagawa—and I’m sorry if I crashed into you guys. One of the hints I bought just pointed me towards a direction and was told to go full speed that way, when for a life full of adventure and some nice and cool companions.”

Bright—maybe too bright. That was Marin to Rose, the girl’s excitement practically spilling out of her. Rose thought that if she had a tail, it would be wagging frantically with how giddy she was.

“Well, that covers one collision. What about the others? I don’t remember any groups particularly near us,” Rose sarcastically asked, raising her eyebrow at everyone.

A hand clasped hers—then another. Hermione on one side, Gabrielle on the other: both were anchors, but also both were deterrents.

Shirou and Haruka winced. The grey-haired tavern girl, though? She looked far too pleased with herself, a grin a little too mischievous not to garner attention.

Both Rose's friends gave her a look—both of course knew about her temper, and are currently warning her against this.

“So—” Hermione began, but Rose quickly interrupted her.

“I apologise, I do have quite a bit of a temper and remembering that sensation of sudden disorientation, then darkness made me—argh... it just wasn't really the most fun experience for me,” Rose explained, squeezing both the hands of her companions as thanks. “Again, I apologise.”

She could feel both the exasperation of her companion as she admittedly wasn't truly angered by these groups barreling at her group.

“Sorry, when my best friends disappeared, I could sense that two of my other close friends were nearby, so I umm—well, I remember that my path was clear, but then suddenly a group of souls blocked my pathway and dragged me along,” Haruka explained to Rose as everyone attention was now were looking at both Shirou and the grey-haired girl.

Rose felt a little guilt at Haruka's apology as her attention now went to Mr Goldie Eyes.

Shirou just awkwardly scratched at his cheek as he sheepishly said, “Umm... well, I saw a group of four—” he said, eyeing the group containing the grey-haired girl—now openly grinning, looking proud of herself—“heading our direction, so I tried steering or herding our group aside. I didn't see you, Ms

Haruka—or your group. I’m sorry” Shirou said as he looked at our group and Haruka apologetically.

Now everyone’s attention was on the tavern girl; even her comrades were raising an eyebrow at her. “What?” she asked, her hands holding her ankles as she sat cross-legged on the grassy land while she rocked back and forth. “Like, Ms Marin, I also got the same hint, but I asked just for something fun, so I herded my dear old friends here towards your direction,” she said without a hint of apology in her tone.

The light blond-elf who’s also dressed in the same tavern uniform just pinched the bridge of her nose as she shook her head. Maybe this girl was quite the handful, Rose surmised.

Rose briefly raised an eyebrow at the serendipitous event, as she distinctly remembered getting the prophetic hint—that they won from the evil god—long before the transfer process started.

But Rose was also thinking that things might be guided in some way, as well, she frustratingly thought. She caught both Shirou’s and Haruka’s gaze as she tried to send them an apologetic look.

But yeah, Rose wasn’t really truly angry at the group; it was the growing irritation at the looming triple-Ps that seemed to be a theme with her life.

Prophecy, predestination, and the preordained.

‘Bullshit, bullshit, and more bullshit,’ Rose mentally translated.

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END