

Chapter 16: Reunion

As I walked towards the square where the shared carriage was, I relaxed a bit when I saw the square ahead. But in that moment of relaxation, I stumbled and bumped into someone walking towards me.

"Excuse me! Are you hurt?"

"Ah, I'm fine. Huh? You're... weren't you the kid from the diner? I think your name was Leon. What are you doing here?"

When he said that, I hastily looked at the person I bumped into and was surprised. It was the man I collided with in front of the diner on the day I was reincarnated into another world.

"That time, if I remember correctly... Frederick-san?"

"You remembered."

I was relieved that I could recall his name... I had almost forgotten because I thought we would never meet again.

"I'm sorry for bumping into you again."

As I apologized, Marcel-san noticed something had happened to me and came back to us.

"Leon, what's wrong?"

"Marcel-san, I bumped into this person..."

"I'm sorry... huh?"

Marcel-san was about to apologize along with me, but he froze when he saw Frederick-san. What's wrong?

"You are... if I'm not mistaken, you are Lord Marcel, right?"

"Y-Yes. I am Marcel Roncoli. It's an honor to meet you, Lord Frederick."

Marcel-san greeted Frederick-san with a very polite tone. I was thinking about irrelevant things like Marcel-san's family name being Roncoli... it didn't matter to me.

"What is the relationship between Lord Marcel and Leon?"

"Yes. I am currently running a magic tool workshop near Leon's house, and we got to know each other when Leon came to visit my shop. Does Lord Frederick know Leon?"

"Ah, yes. I happened to meet Leon in front of the diner when I went near his house on a day off. I wanted to talk to Leon again. Is it alright if we talk for a little while? Is it fine with you, Lord Marcel?"

Um... Marcel-san is speaking in honorific language, so that means he is of higher status than Marcel-san at least. So he's definitely a noble...

I can't possibly refuse!!

"Yes. If it's just for a little while, we have time to talk... but are you okay, Marcel-san?"

"Ah, I'm fine. Lord Frederick, please allow me to join you."

"Alright, then let's go. Is that café over there fine?"

And so, we went to the café and ordered only drinks. And now, the drinks have just been brought to us. Yes. It's awkward!!

Since coming to the café, we haven't said a word. Marcel-san seems nervous. Is this person really that amazing??

I don't know anything, so I can't just talk recklessly. It's scary not knowing what the landmines are.

While thinking about such things and drinking tea with a sense of decorum, Frederick-san finally spoke to me.

"Leon, I didn't properly introduce myself, but I am Frederick Townsend. A knight belonging to the Royal Guard. It seems like we have some sort of connection, meeting twice."

"Ah, thank you. I'm Leon. I'm the son of a restaurant on the outskirts of the capital."

I responded as best as I could, feeling extremely nervous.

I wonder how strong the power of the nobles is in this world? They said there are good and bad nobles, but which one is this person...!

"What did you and Lord Marcel come to the city center for?"

What should I do... I don't know if I can trust this person, so how much should I reveal? For now, it's better to keep the fact that we went to the bank a secret.

"Um, we went to the café. Marcel-san brought me here, and it was really delicious."

"I see, food culture has been developing among the nobility lately. By the way, this place has delicious bruschetta. Can you eat it?"

"W-Well, I can eat it, but it's okay!"

I hurriedly declined, but Frederick-san ordered it with a smile.

"Is Leon planning to inherit the restaurant in the future?"

For some reason, Frederick-san asked me that.

I was unsure how to answer, but I had heard that even commoners take the entrance exam for the Royal Academy, although whether they pass or not is another matter. So, I thought it would be fine to say it honestly.

"I'm thinking of taking the entrance exam for the Royal Academy. I don't know if I'll pass..."

"Oh, I see. Why the Royal Academy? Well, it's true that many commoners take the exam, but is there a reason for you?"

"Yes, I saw the magical tools in Marcel-san's workshop and thought they were wonderful. I heard that the dormitories at the academy have magical tools if you become a government official..."

"Haha, magical tools are indeed convenient. You're interesting, Leon. Different from ordinary commoners. Most commoners only answer that they want to become rich because they want a lot of money, and that's it."

Frederick-san seems to be laughing a lot. Did I give the wrong answer?? You must long for magical tools! They're so convenient.

"I'm sorry for laughing. Can you study with that?"

"No, I don't have anyone to teach me... I wish I could at least get study materials..."

"Don't you need someone to teach you? Does that mean Leon can already read and write?"

Ah! I might have said something unnecessary again... I hurriedly covered my mouth with my own hand, but it seems it's already too late.

I shouldn't try to deceive him in a strange way.

"Well, I can read and write, but I don't know what kind of test it is, so I want study materials."

"Where did you learn to read and write? And honorifics too."

"An old man who used to live nearby taught me. That's how I learned."

"I see, you were lucky."

"Yes, I'm grateful."

I spoke with Marcel-san's setting, but I wonder if he understood somehow. Frederick-san has been smiling faintly all this time, looking kind but I can't tell what he truly thinks.

I feel like he's suspecting me...

"Well, I'll prepare the study materials."

Frederick-san said with a smile. He might be plotting something, but I have no other option to ask someone else for help... Should I ask him?

"Um, can I ask you for a favor?"

"Sure, when I have my next day off, I'll bring them to your dining hall."

"Thank you so much!"

When we finished talking, the bruschetta I had ordered earlier was brought over.

"Shall we eat a little?"

Frederick-san said so and transferred the bruschetta that had been brought on one plate to his own plate with a knife and fork, and elegantly started eating.

I managed to imitate him and began eating. It's delicious...!

The combination of tomatoes and cheese is exquisite.

"Wow, this is delicious. I really love this."

"Yes, it's delicious!"

"Marcel, please have some too. I apologize for talking only to Leon."

"No, it's fine. Let's eat."

Marcel still seemed tense. Is Mr. Frederick really that amazing...? Maybe he's got his eyes on me...?

I'll ask Marcel about it later.

After that, we chatted about trivial things for a while and then dispersed.

"Well then, Leon, Marcel, thank you for today."

"Yes. Thank you, too. It was an honor to be with you."

"The pleasure was mine as well."

With that, Mr. Frederick left.

Both Marcel and I looked tired as we started walking to the square.

It was probably around thirty minutes in terms of time, but it felt many times more tiring...

"Marcel, who is Mr. Frederick?"

"He is Frederick Townsend-sama. He is the third son of the former head of the Townsend Duchy. Although he won't inherit the ducal title, he is said to be receiving a knighthood due to his excellence as a knight. His family holds the title of duke, and he himself will receive a knighthood, making him a well-known figure among the nobility. Furthermore, it is unusual for someone as young as 18 to already be a member of the Royal Guard."

He's quite an impressive person... Or rather, I feel like everyone from the nobility is amazing, and I can't really understand the differences...

Come to think of it, isn't a duke the pinnacle of nobility? That's how I remember it, but...

"Marcel, can you tell me the order of the noble ranks?"

"From lowest to highest, it goes baron, viscount, earl, marquess, and duke. However, honorary knights and quasi-nobles, who hold titles for only one generation, can vary depending on the family's title."

So, the order I know is correct.

In that case, I feel like I've become acquainted with an amazing person through Frederick.

But I don't know if that's a good thing or a bad thing. Well, let's assume it's a good thing. Otherwise, I'll be too anxious.

Afterward, Marcel and I were quite tired, so we returned home in a shared carriage with few words

exchanged.

For the time being, I reassured myself that he didn't seem like a bad person, and I suppressed my uneasiness.

Внимание! Этот перевод, возможно, ещё не готов.

Его статус: идёт перевод

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