

**** 21st Scenario ****

My english quite suck and this has some help from AI (for translate only)

.Pre reincarnation: A Mediocre Man Faced with the Question “Do You Want a New Life?” What Would You Do?

He was a certified mid guy, living a life so ordinary it barely counted as living at all.
He existed rather than truly lived, his days trapped in a simple loop:
wake up - go to work - go home - sleep. That was it.

He had no meaningful relationships.
No family.
No status.
No assets.
Nothing special about him at all.

Sometimes, he watched a few fantasy stories and thought,
“Ah. The main characters, how lucky of them.”

They got to redo their lives through some random accident.
They gained connections.
They gained power.
And they were happy.

He wished he could get a chance like that too,
but life kept moving forward no matter how much one dreamed.

Then the loop ended.
He was laid off as part of a company downsizing,
and a new loop began:
wake up - kill time doing something - sleep.

Life was boring as f, but he chose to keep living, because no one is born wanting to die.
Even a boring life is still life.

One day, nothing special, he went out to buy some daily necessities like usual.
On his way back home, he met a strange girl.
She was looking for her cat, saying it had run off somewhere around the neighborhood.
Seeing that he looked free, she asked him for help.

He found it pretty annoying and refused at first,
but she kept pestering him until he finally agreed, just to make it stop.
So they walked around the neighborhood looking for a cat he didn't even know what it looked like,
other than her vague description: “a very cute cat.” (bruh, what the hell?)

The start was annoying, but somehow it was fun in its own way.
For the first time in many years, he interacted with someone not because of work or something.
They searched, got distracted along the way, and messed around doing random stupid things.

The girl was playful and energetic.

Eventually, they found the cat in a corner of an alley, rummaging through trash near his place.
Was that it? Kind of short, wasn't it?
They had been searching from noon until late afternoon, around 12 p.m. to 4 p.m.

The girl thanked him for helping and suggested they hang out the next day.
She said she'd make it up to him.
He agreed immediately.

The next day, they met again—an actual date.
After so many years, he thought this might be a new beginning.

But near the end of the date,
the girl led him up to the rooftop of a high-rise building.
She asked if he had enjoyed the day,
then asked whether he had any regrets left about his life
and claim herself as God.

She told him she would give him a chance:
“To make a new life.”

He didn't think much about the weight of her words.
He didn't really believe she was God either.
All he could think about was what life would be like if he could start over.

He chose yes.
He wanted a new life.

The girl smiled and took his hand.
Before he could even process what was happening,
she pulled both of them off the rooftop.

They fell freely.

“Good luck, Louis.”

Louis panicked as the ground drew closer and closer.
His boring life replayed in his mind like a slow-motion film.

“Hah...!? Am I supposed to be dead like this?”
“New life...? What nonsense!”

Then everything went dark.

.1st - Siarol: Louis opened his eyes for the first time.
The surroundings and the peoples were completely unfamiliar, and memories of what had happened before
came flooding back.

“So this what she mean...”
“A new life.”

And so, with everything he already had, he lived a new life.
It felt like a life taken straight out of a dream.

He had knowledge.
He had talent.
He even had a special ability.
And what did all of that mean?

He was the chosen one.

His unique ability was Bereavement — the power to lay to rest souls that could not move on, borrow their strength, and from the very beginning, have an extremely powerful spirit accompanying him.

He grew up in a childhood drowned in praise, known as a genius, a special existence.
Everything was perfect — a perfect life.

Louis had a textbook childhood friend.
Together, they set out on a journey that he believed would lead him to uncover the secrets of the world, or maybe defeat demons or something like that.
(He himself thought traveling was necessary, even though no one ever asked for it — the early part of this journey resembled the beginning of Mushoku Tensei.)

During their travels, the two of them did many good deeds.
Louis laid several souls to rest, encountered one or two Apocalypse beings, and faced various mysterious phenomena, much like any other isekai journey, just on a smaller scale.

He continued to be special —
until he stepped into a no turning back event.

Hearing rumors about a heavily wanted assassin, he decided to dealing with him.

Louis was killed by that mysterious assassin.
His childhood friend shared the same fate.

In the moment before his death, Louis sensed hesitation and wavering from the assassin.
He thought he had the upper hand.

But the ending came without warning.

“Hah... aren’t I special..?”
“...She never said I would have a better one.”
“But a new one. How trapy...”

And just like that, the illusion ended.
From the very beginning, no one ever said that he was the center of the world — or that he was the chosen one.

.2nd - Siarol: This was not the end.

Louis opened his eyes once more to unfamiliar scenery and unfamiliar faces—but this time, he already knew one thing.

“A new life doesn’t mean a better life.”

He chose a quiet, ordinary life.

Living as a normal man—a hunter and woodcutter—he settled down in a small town, built a small family, and lived peacefully.

His wife had no special background, no extraordinary fate.
She was simply an ordinary woman he once helped, and from that encounter, they grew closer and eventually formed a family.

After several years together, they had a daughter—lively, curious, and full of energy.
Before long, the girl began to show an interest in magic.

Louis saw his former self reflected in her.
With the knowledge he carried from previous lives, he taught her what he knew, wrote it down to a note book for her (some spells that did not yet exist in this era)

That small happiness could not last forever.
Louis wished it could.

Years later, war broke out between nations.
The village was occupied by invading forces, and Louis was forced to go to war.

Amid the chaos, the village was destroyed.
His wife was gravely injured, and Louis himself was left wounded and broken by the battlefield, unable to protect his family any longer.

He entrusted his family to a close friend, hoping they would reach a safe refuge—while he himself returned to the front lines.

For Louis, this was enough.

this time, he believed he had protected his family.
A life far more meaningful than before—one that truly was:

“A new life, and a better life.”

* During their escape, Louis’s wife eventually succumbed to her injuries.
The friend became a surrogate uncle and raised Louis’s daughter in his place.
The girl later grew into a renowned great mage (passing down the magic Louis had once written for her to future generations—spells that, in his very first life, Louis would unknowingly learn again)

.3rd - Eli: Once again, Louis opened his eyes and was greeted by an unfamiliar ceiling.

“So...”

“She doesn't say anything about how many times.”

“but just...”

To Louis, it was no longer a miracle or a wish granted.
What remained was nothing but a curse.

Louis could not die.

This time, he lived in feudal Japan, during the Edo period.
Louis weary, chose to live differently.

He became a sage, a physician, a poet, and a scholar...

yet none of it felt meaningful to him.

Everything felt long, empty
Who are we, when life gives us countless chances to choose again?

Is this still choosing..
or merely being forced to choose something?

At that moment, Louis was reminded something.

“Ah. This emptiness...”
“How familiar.”

That exhaustion and monotony continued—
until someone entered his life.

A dreamy writer, someone who viewed the world through abstraction and turned everything in his life into poetry.

They were like two sides of the same coin.

Louis had status, yet it meant nothing.
That man had neither fame nor position, but he possessed imagination—and a genuine love for what he had and what he did.

Somehow, Louis felt a deep resonance with him.

Louis found someone who believed that life, and everything Louis had experienced, was beautiful.
And that man, in turn, found a hidden beauty within a soul long dead, bound to a mysterious life.

Gradually, they became kindred spirits.
They wrote poetry together, inseparable, finding harmony within one another.

But life had never been as poetic as their minds.

Louis was suspected of being a witch, a heretic, and worse.
He possessed far too much knowledge and had stepped far beyond the limits of his era.

Louis accepted that fate.
It was nothing special anymore—just another life coming to an end.

He prepared a plan so that his kindred spirit would not be dragged down by his misfortune, so that the man could live peacefully afterward.

But the poet refused.
He did not want that.

Louis confessed that he had lived through many lives, and the man admired him for it.

So instead of Louis dying alone, as he had before...

What if they chose death together?

Louis had always departed in solitude, through sudden, unchosen deaths.
What would happen if, this time, he willingly walked toward it?

And so, they tried.

The two poets leapt together from a cliff, closing their eyes.

“Maybe... just maybe, it would be different this time.”

“An end to it, and—”

*In this era, Louis created many philosophical works far ahead of their time. They were unknowingly preserved in historical records, only to later be rediscovered by Louis himself, who would find unexpected fascination in them.

.4th - Siarol: Once again. This time, life wasn't smooth from the very beginning.

“So that's how it is.”

“Will he be somewhere out there?”

Louis was born into hardship. A broken family, crushing poverty. He was abandoned by his mother early on, left to rot in the slums, forced to struggle just to survive from his earliest years.

That life was horrible. Truly awful.

But Louis could start over, right?

There were no limits, right?

At some point, when he could no longer endure the stench and decay of that place, Louis pressed a sharp shard of broken glass against his own neck.

Just a little more pressure, and he could escape all of this...

But Louis couldn't.

What if—just maybe—

his soulmate had also been reincarnated somewhere in this world, and was searching for him too?

If Louis gave up now, wouldn't that be the greatest betrayal of that bond?

So life went on.

Louis rose from a street rat to a member of an infamous bandit gang, wandering from place to place, looting and pillaging, all while clinging to the hope of finding the one friend he refused to forget.

Everything continued like that...

until she appeared.

During one raid on a small village, Louis's gang crossed someone they should never have touched.

The bandits were slaughtered by an elderly man. The same for Louis as well—

when suddenly, a woman stopped him.

She was a demon, with goat-like horns, crimson goat pupils, and silver white hair.

Despite being a demon, there was a clear gentleness about her.

She didn't want to see a child massacred.

Children were meant to be loved.

She believed Louis wasn't evil by nature—he had simply grown up in a rotten environment that never gave him the chance to be a good kid.

After asking a bit about his circumstances and learning that he had no real family and a dark past, she decided to take him in.

Louis wanted to refuse at first.

The demon woman might be kind, but living with that old man? That was a real pain in the ass.

He had the vibe of a strict, grumpy adult who wouldn't hesitate to beat the hell out of you if you stepped out of line.

(And yeah, the guy was insanely strong.)

To Louis, the early days of being adopted felt like a prison.

He could barely do anything under the old man's watchful eye.

But gradually, the demon woman—

Sonia—showed him what love was, and where it truly belonged.

After some time, Louis told her about his goal: searching for the soulmate he had lost.

Sonia immediately wanted to help him find that person and insisted that the old man come along.

(At this point, Louis only said they were long-lost brothers.)

At first, the old man refused.

He believed it was unnecessary—that if fate willed it, they would find each other once Louis could stand on his own feet.

But Sonia disagreed. She believed the two children should be reunited, and that they deserved to live happily together.

Somewhere along the journey, no clues were found.

Yet Louis slowly began to realize that his current life wasn't so bad.

That even if he never found his friend, it wouldn't be the end of the world.

Louis found life worth living.

Sonia always cared deeply for him, she gave Louis a new reason to live.

Who showed him that life still had meaning, that simply being alive was happiness itself, a miracle.

She gave him maternal love, affection he had always lacked and desperately longed for.

She was his mother, his protector, and the one Louis loved.

And the old man, despite his harsh exterior, was surprisingly warm inside, quietly watching over both Louis and Sonia.

A real family—

one Louis had once lost.

Many years later, life took everything away once more.

A major incident tied to the past of Louis's adoptive parents occurred.

The old man disappeared for a long time due to personal matters.

Then tragedy struck.

An enemy from Sonia's past came for her—

the Crimson Lord, an infamous Apocalypse Being that brought destruction wherever he went.

Louis couldn't stop him.

The Crimson Lord was far beyond what Louis could handle at that time.

He was simply too overpowered.

Louis could do nothing
and died—
before he could even witness Sonia's fate.
But he knew for certain.
"Sonia is dead."
"I must save her!"

Before light went faded completely, Louis's vision blurred, and he engrave image of the demon deep into his mind.

5th - Siarol: "Sonia."

That name began to carve itself deep into Louis's subconscious—the one person he had to save, no matter the cost.

Louis gradually grew hungry for knowledge and power: knowledge of how to save her, and the one called the Crimson Lord, and the power to do it.

He began to study magic—and everything else that could possibly help.

At times, when exhaustion and weariness overwhelmed him, he would call her name.

"Sonia."

When he felt lost and uncertain, he would remember her smile.

"Even when the world forgets..."

"I won't."

Once death and the Apocalypse beings were involved, nothing followed common sense anymore. Louis needed more—something concrete.

He was forced to step into the realm of dark magic, and eventually, into something beyond even that.

* At this point in time, the Apocalypse beings had not yet been sealed. They roamed freely, unchecked and without order. *

Louis wanted to control them, to use them—but the deeper he went, the clearer it became that no existing tool could do such a thing.

So he decided to create one himself.

He began researching methods of sealing them, choosing books as vessels. The early stages were brutal. Knowledge and a modest amount of power helped, but the goal was impossibly distant. These were Apocalypse beings. Their strength varied—some merely altered fundamental laws, while others were walking catastrophes. The Crimson Lord was one such entity.

On the night of Sonia's death, the sky burned crimson, and blood rained upon the earth. Dealing with beings like these was never simple—and his ultimate goal was far more daunting than any of them.

Difficult did not mean impossible.

After many years, Louis succeeded for the first time—sealing an Apocalypse being into an old magical book. Using its power, he went on to seal others.

Progress was painfully slow. On average, dealing with and sealing a mid-tier Apocalypse being took four to six months. Against higher-tier entities, he was completely powerless.

This continued until he found Syntea's Library—the largest library in the world, governed by an Apocalypse being known as the Wisdom Coveter.

At first, she had no interest in Louis at all. But he managed to form a contract with her: one question per day.

Either Louis would prove his worth and receive knowledge in return, or he would become a book himself—like one volume among countless others in the library.

Over time, Syntea's interest in him grew, slowly turning into something like obsession... and an unspoken debt. Eventually, Louis succeeded in sealing her into his collection.

After that, Syntea guided Louis to one of the most useful Apocalypse beings he would ever encounter. They traveled to a remote monastery, hunting down someone posing as a nun. She was the Apocalypse being known as The Blasphemous, infamous for acts of desecration against the church.

With both the Wisdom Coveter and The Blasphemous, everything became far easier.

This journey brought Louis both fame and infamy.
Fame—as a hunter who pursued and sealed Apocalypse beings.
Infamy—as someone capable of wielding their power.

Many factions began to seek him out:
some desired the power he possessed,
others feared that no single individual should hold such authority.

Among them, Louis met his most important companion—

The Sealing Hero, a forgotten hero from the past. Long ago, he had confronted the progenitor of all Apocalypse beings—The Chaotic One—and now he wished to face him again.

They had different ultimate goals, but a shared objective: sealing the Apocalypse beings. The Sealing Hero had already sealed several entities, binding their souls into the swords he carried. (at the time, he wielded ten blades—six of them containing Apocalypse beings.)

From then on, Louis and the Sealing Hero traveled together, sealing Apocalypse beings and compiling them into a collection of four books—later known in history as the Apocalypse Books.

Throughout this journey, Louis desperately searched for an Apocalypse being capable of resurrection, or one that could offer a way to reach Sonia again. But none proved viable. Resurrection methods either resulted in mindless, corpse-like beings, or soul transference that left the host spiritually decayed. None were acceptable.

As the number of sealed beings increased, Louis began to realize this was not what he was searching for—but he had gone too far to turn back.

At the end of their journey, Louis and the Sealing Hero confronted The Chaotic One, splitting him into four parts and sealing them into the covers of the four books. One incomplete book, filled with especially dangerous entities, was kept by the Sealing Hero alone—only he could bear the consequences should they ever escape.

After that, they parted ways.

Despite spending decades sealing these beings, Louis never drew closer to Sonia. Her figure remained impossibly distant. They never encountered the Crimson Lord, nor found any meaningful information about him—only that he was among the most terrifying and unfathomable Apocalypse beings in existence.

Though Louis had no need for the Apocalypse Books, the world did.
He was hunted wherever he went, and things only worsened—as an inevitable consequence.

Eventually, the major powers of the world intervened.
Louis died in a dark alley, assassinated.

“Is all of this meaningless...?”
“No.”
“If I cannot die, then—”
“I will use this curse to bring her back.”
“Wait for me a little longer...”
“Sonia.”

* This life took place before the Apocalypse Books formally existed. The Sealing Hero had only recently returned to the world, bearing immortality.
Each of the four books would eventually contain eighteen beings—seventy-two in total. After their separation, the fourth book, kept by the Sealing Hero, remained incomplete. He continued hunting additional entities, including The Bloomer, a truly terrible being.
The Crimson Lord as well (was also sealed by the Sealing Hero, which is why he could not reach Sonia until much later.)
This was also the life in which Louis developed a smokin harbit—picked up from the Sealing Hero. At first, he declined casual offers, but repeated exposure slowly turned refusal into habit.

6th - Mnov: This world was different—its rules unfamiliar, chaotic even. To Louis, it felt like stepping straight out of a science-fiction film.

Louis was born into a prestigious family, a silver spoon in his mouth from the very beginning. But to him, all of that was merely a stepping stone.
He needed knowledge.
He wanted knowledge.

If this truly was some distant future... then perhaps—
perhaps there existed a method of resurrection, something unlike the forbidden arts he had pursued before.

Louis threw himself into study, into research with near-mad obsession, searching for any method that could make it possible. He devoted his entire life to it.
He studied at the most prestigious institution, quickly becoming one of its most outstanding individuals—Endlessly research

So much advanced technology.
So many rules bent, rewritten, broken compared to the fundamental worlds he once knew—and yet, none of it offered true resurrection.

Louis endured countless failures. And as he always did, he whispered her name—
“Sonia”—
and remembered her smile.

He couldn’t give up.
It was far too early to surrender.

In his forties, Louis finally found them.

He learned of a special group of entities in this world known as the Time Keepers—beings that maintained the balance of time itself.

It happened abruptly. One of Louis's experiments—an attempt to move between two points in time—failed, accidentally disrupting the temporal rhythm of a Time Keeper. She manifested inside his machine. She resembled a human, but her existence was plagued by extreme temporal distortions, unstable and fractured.

With her appearance, Louis saw a new path.

Direct interference with time!

“Why resurrect the dead, when I can deny death its claim on her from the start?”

From that moment on, Louis delved deeper into understanding how time truly worked, starting from the simplest question:

“What's time really is?”

It wasn't an immediate leap forward, but little by little, Louis began to understand them. They possessed the authority to interfere with time—and perhaps, they could lead him back to that fateful moment and allow him to rewrite everything.

Louis made small advances.
And that was when he touched something he should never have.

Interfering with time was never simple.
It alerted the very existence of the Time Keepers.

Now, Louis had to evade not only the scrutiny of external powers, but also the entities tied to the Time Keepers themselves. In the end, he was killed by those connected to them.

They took the Time Keeper girl away.
They buried every trace of his research.

It was a dull life.
There had been no true, decisive breakthrough.

But it was not wasted.

This time, Louis stood at a disadvantage—
but only for now...
"I almost there Sonia."