

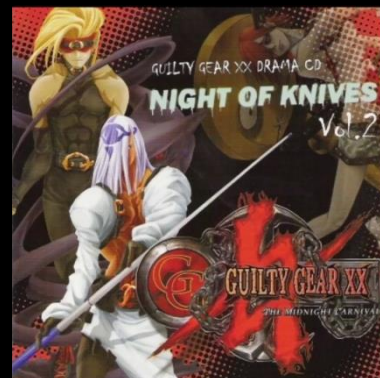
GUILTY GEAR XX DRAMA CD

NIGHT OF KNIVES

VOL.2

[FAN-TRANSLATION]

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*[Slayer Unmasked-For Tales]

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VOL.2: SLAYER SIDE TALES – A.B.A ARC

1. Night Wings: Person “A” Report

Welcome to my library. My name is Slayer. I’m what your kind know as a “vampire”. I’m glad you could come. This would be the second time we meet, right?

At this rate, I’ll end up making a habit of talking with humans in this way. In fact, I was looking forward to tonight! And look, I’ve prepared a few stories for this occasion.

Now let’s see, which should we pick? ...Oh, perfect. I’ll tell you that one then.

But before we start, let’s moist our throats a little bit.

Slayer pours two glasses

(...)

Oh, come on. The night is long; there is no need to rush. First, let’s toast!

Chink!* *Gulp

By the way... that glass you just put on the table... what would you think if I told you it contained poison?

...Ha ha ha! Please don’t make that face, I’m just joking.

*The human mind is really intriguing. A glass is just that, a mere container. But with just one word, it became an abominable object of death. And with another word, this “**death god**” turned back into a simple glass of alcohol.*

**[Shinigami]*

*Did you know? All of these events occur within the **mind and heart**. However, that may be the only thing that really matters in the end. In a way, today’s story resembles this glass.*

**[Kokoro: Its meaning encompasses heart, mind and spirit]*

Let’s see... this happened twenty-five years ago, when the glorious battle between humans and the life-forms called “Gears” was still in full swing.

(...)

What is this story about, you ask?

This is the story of a “death god”...

2. Berserker

For anyone like me, who research the different facets of human nature, the battlefield happens to be a surprisingly boring place. The soldier is, in essence, a replaceable being. Modern warfare does nothing but to turn people into interchangeable parts.

It is true that sometimes you can see a different side of people when they are pushed to the limit, but from there to call that the “true face” of humanity... is presumptuous in my opinion. Human nature is something that shows itself as it really is in the bosom of day-to-day life.

Therefore, it didn’t make sense for me to be on that battlefield back then. If I had to point out a reason... Yes, it would be because I was drawn by the wind... A wind that carried the smell of blood.

The hill was literally filled with corpses. The bodies of both Gears and humans were piled up one on top of the other, as if they were trying to emerge from the ground. The battle was long over, but yet, an unpleasant wind was still blowing non-stop...



Wind blowing and razor air currents

?????: UUUUROOOAAGGGHH!!

The only one left standing was a soldier, who was wielding and waving with great force a battle axe bigger than himself, as if saying he still wanted to keep fighting. With a roar that didn't seem to be consistent with the wounds on his body, this soldier managed to catch my interest.

Slayer: A pleasure to meet you. My name is Slayer.

WHOOSH!

?????: UUURRAAAHH!!

CRASH!

Slayer: Woah! Good grief, what a rude thing to do... And to think the moon is so beautiful tonight.

?????: GRRAAAAAH!!

SWOOSH- SWOOSH! **Slayer dodges**

Slayer: Mh! I see you have no intention to answer... You're quite the berserker, aren't you?

?????: Stop talking... filthy human with no sense of courtesy!

Slayer: Good gracious! Never imagined that the axe was actually the main body! Regarding the rudeness, I offer you an apology. However, it was also wrong of you to call me "filthy human".

?????: Indeed. A man capable enough to swiftly dodge the strong razor winds of my blade... is the most suitable to become part of my "flesh and blood".

Slayer: You want a duel? If so, I have no problem to oblige.

?????: My name is Flament Nagel. ENGRAVE IT IN YOUR HEAD AND RETURN TO DUST!

Slayer: I don't need to hear all these trash talk before a fight.

Flament Nagel: Where is your weapon?

Slayer: These two fists of mine are all I need. Now then, on your guard! I'll concede you the first attack of this encounter.

Flament Nagel: ...You're a fool who doesn't even understand the position he's at. TAKE THIS!

SWOOSH!

Flament Nagel: HAH!

SCHWING!

Slayer: Oh!

Slayer dodges

Slayer: You're making me yawn...

Flament Nagel: Then, HOW ABOUT THIS!?

SWOOSH! *Lots of razor air currents

Slayer: This just gotten a bit more interesting. Well then, here I go! HAH!

SWOOSH! *SCHWING! *CLASH - KABOOM!

Flament Nagel: So these are your fists, huh? They certainly feel as if I was fighting a fort. However, once I'm done with the outside, ultimately the inside will be soft!

Slayer: I'm honored you're having fun.

ZOOM - CRASH! *SWOOSH - SCHWING! *CLASH!

Slayer: W-Wait!

Flament Nagel: What, you got scared?

Slayer: It's about your wielder. I noticed that from the start he had no consciousness... If you keep moving like that, it could be fatal for him.

Flament Nagel: And what the hell do I care about what happens to a puppet? What I wish for is to feel the frenzy of **battle**!!

**[Shura/carnage]*

Slayer: Is it perhaps your wish to rust and deteriorate in these ruins once the battle is over? I don't really mind if so.

Flament Nagel: BLOOD!! Give me your red blood!!

Slayer: Then I'll show you! A fierce and dazzling **battle**! Take this! PILE BUNKER!!

ZOOM! *KABOOM!

Flament Nagel: Uuuuaaghhhh!!

PUM

Slayer: Farewell. That was quite entertaining.

Footsteps walking away



A battle axe called "Flament Nagel"... It wasn't until long after that I learned he was a famous **magical foci**. A crazy axe that could turn the blood in which he bathed into power, and swung his blade indiscriminately without making any distinction between friend and foe. It is said that after being on the battlefield for so long, he ended up developing his own ego. Since he had just been born, his mind and heart were still quite immature. For me, the heart of that axe was just as dull as the tedious battlefields. That is why I didn't try to follow his trail. In fact, I ended up forgetting about him altogether.

**[魔器 / Maki: Beings created by the Backyard by binding a soul to a vessel or inanimate object]*

3. Still No humans

Time went by, and one day around the time the crusades ended, I suddenly remembered that axe. Even if something remains the same, as time passes its name changes. War heroes are called murderers when peacetime arrives. It probably was the same for that axe. As a monster that threatened humanity, I thought that he ended up getting a bounty on his head, or perhaps after losing his wielder and unable to move, he rusted away in those ruins. Truth be told, I was a little interested in tracking him down. But what I stumble upon... exceeded all of my expectations!



A.B.A: Say, dear... what do you want to eat for today's dinner?

Paracelsus: Look... I'm not your "dear".

A.B.A: You're my husband! That makes you my... d·e·a·r~.

Paracelsus: Eh... To tell the truth, I would like us to consider constructively the possibility to renegotiate the terms of this relationship...

A.B.A: You're willing to reconsider positively your role as a husband? ...That makes me happy~.

Paracelsus: Goddamn, I've done it again... What did I do to deserve this? ...Ahh! I miss the red wind of the battlefield!!

Footsteps* *Pum-Pum-Pum-Pum-Pum

On a street corner under the setting sun, a couple was having a trifling conversation. However, given that they were a chained axe and a woman covered in bandages, it was clear that was another story altogether. Moreover, that axe looked familiar...

Footsteps

Slayer: "The red wind of the battlefield", huh? Is it by some chance your name Flament Nagel?

Paracelsus: A-Ah! Forgive me but... that's not my name...

A.B.A: Dear... who is he?

Slayer: My name is Slayer. And I know this axe from the time we run into each other on the battlefield.

Paracelsus: S-Slayer!? ...Sorry...but I don't know anyone with such iron fists.

Slayer: I'm greatly saddened that you keep such a distasteful memory of me... but it's a fact that I am "that" Slayer you fought. And who might this young lady be?

A.B.A: I'm... A.B.A. Do you have any business with my husband?

Slayer: Despite being human, you chose to marry an axe? What a fascinating behavior.

A.B.A: Paracelsus is not an axe... he is a key.

Slayer: Key!?

A.B.A: Isn't it obvious just by looking at him? ...This is why I can't stand brutes who know nothing of philosophy.

Slayer: That thin handle, and that thick blade at the tip... Now that you mention it, Flament Nagel really does look like a key..... I see now, just as swords are put away on their sheaths in favor of peace, so the axe has been put away in favor of the "key".

A.B.A: I'm glad you finally understood. Paracelsus is a key... The key that will open the gates of my future.

Slayer: This may be a mundane question, but... what do you plan to do about your married life?

A.B.A: Paracelsus is currently a key, but I plan to make him human one day!

Paracelsus: N-No, you're wrong! I'm an axe! A highly respectable axe whose sole purpose in life is to kill people!

A.B.A: An axe isn't good for anything! A key, on the other hand, is a thousand times more wonderful... So much that words aren't enough to describe the scope of its wonderfulness!

Paracelsus: Anyway... I've never seen or heard of that Flament Nagel... or whatever that magical battle axe is called...

A.B.A: Guess Paracelsus is just Paracelsus...

Slayer: Mmh... I originally came hoping to renew old friendships, but... oh well. At any rate, I must say I'm relief you're doing fine. I hope you have a happy life, and take care of your wife.

A.B.A: Wife, you say? Ah, I'm so happy~.

Paracelsus: W-Wait a moment!

Slayer: What is it?

Paracelsus: It's just like you said! I'm Flament Nagel, the **sanguine gale**, the nightmare of the battlefields. I was embarrassed to show myself after having stoop so low... that's why I tried to conceal my identity! But I couldn't deceive lord Slayer's eyes.

*["budoshu no tachikaze" and/or "fukisusabu keppu"]

Slayer: Hm.

Paracelsus: Thing is... I cannot stand this life anymore! I can no longer wet my blade in fresh blood, nor trample on the bodies of my enemies. All I do now is travel through peaceful cities! Had I known I would have to experience such humiliation... I'd have rather rust away inside those ruins! **sobs**

A.B.A: D-Don't cry, Paracelsus... You still have me.

Paracelsus: THIS IS ALL YOUR FAULT TO BEGIN WITH!!

A.B.A: H-H-How cruel!! **Domestic violeence!**

*[暴力ディッシュ / Violence dish]

Slayer: They're fighting almost with a rhythm...

Paracelsus: Lord Slayer, I beg you... take me with you!

Slayer: Mm?

Paracelsus: I'm sure I can be of use to you! If any enemy dares to stand in your way, I'll turn them into crimson slices!

Slayer: Sorry, but I prefer to travel light. And even on the assumption I take you with me, the times have changed. The bloody battlefields are a thing of the past now.

Paracelsus: Wishes can come true; I'll make it come true! If it's you and me, surely we can bring back the reign of hell and chaos to these peaceful lands! I implore you, please take me with you!

A.B.A: W-What are you saying, Paracelsus...!?

Paracelsus: I'm not... Paracelsus. My name is Flament Nagel - "**Ardent Nail**".

*[情熱的な爪 / Jōnetsu-tekina tsume:
Paracelsus says the literal meaning of his name]

Slayer: I appreciate the invitation, but I must decline. Farewell.

Footsteps walking away

Paracelsus: Wait!! *Pum-Pum*

Sound of chains

Paracelsus: Tch, damn chains! UUAHH!!

SCHWING! *Chains falling to the ground*

A.B.A: Paracelsus...?

Paracelsus: Now then, let us go, Lord Slayer!

Pum-Pum-Pum-Pum

4. Hard Fight

Slayer: Let's see... what should we do? ...You said your name was A.B.A, right? What do you think?

A.B.A: May my grudge pierce you to the marrow until you writhe in agony... and the evidence of you disappear amongst terrifying wails... one thousand times! *[A.B.A tends to write curse-like writings against those she hates in a grudge notebook]

Slayer: Beg your pardon?

A.B.A: Y-You damn thief! So you were planning to steal my precious Paracelsus!

Paracelsus: I told you, I'm not Paracelsus! And I don't belong to you either!

A.B.A: Now I'm really mad! Listen, you vulgar knave! If you want to steal Paracelsus from me, then get ready for a fight!

Paracelsus: LISTEN TO WHAT PEOPLE SAY FOR ONCE!

Slayer: (I feel the flow of the conversation has gotten a bit confusing) If what you want is a duel, I'm always up for one.

A.B.A: Ehh? ...B-But before we start, let me tell you something...

Slayer: What is it?

A.B.A: I-I'm a homunculus, an artificial life-form similar to humans that has the habit of taking blood to subsist.

Slayer: Ohh, that's really interesting!

A.B.A: Unlike the limited human physique, my potential is immense.

Slayer: Oh, allow me to witness it by all means. Ah! And one more thing...

A.B.A: What? If you want to run away, now is the time...

Slayer: I bring this up in order for us to have a fair fight. I'm not exactly what I seem either. In fact, I'm what is commonly known as a "vampire".

A.B.A: Eh...

Paracelsus: Desist at once! You don't have the slightest chance against him!

A.B.A: Paracelsus... I'll do it. I'll beat that man... and I'll get you back.

Slayer: Guess that means it will be a fight for love. I'll try to bear that in mind. Now then, maiden in love, on your guard! From here on out, this place will become a battleground! A place where you put your life on the line! You better come with the resolve this fight demands!

A.B.A: What...!? **Hideous monster**, I'll show you! I'll do it! Eihn!

**[Nisanbakeshichi: Literally "3-part human and 7-part monster".
Term used to call someone, mainly a woman, ugly]*

Squeak - Squeak

Slayer: HO!

KABOOM!

A.B.A: Uuuuagh!

Pluff

A.B.A: P-Pain is running all through my body... That was rather...sudden.

Paracelsus: His technique is still as proficient as ever... That's why I told you not to fight him!

A.B.A: I'm regretting it a little... but... I can't lose... I'll annihilate youuu!!

Squeak - Squeak

Slayer: DORAA!

KABOOM - CRASH!

A.B.A: Uuuuagh!

Pluff

Slayer: This is getting ridiculous...

Paracelsus: Just stop already!

A.B.A: But, I don't want you to leave...!

Slayer: You should really give up, that body is already at its limits.

A.B.A: I'm a homunculus, so as long as I don't run out of blood, I can recover myself from any damage.

A.B.A fix her injuries

Slayer: How boring. Your intense feelings are quite admirable, but pretending to win with just that is too naive... I know, I'll give you an advantage. Grab a weapon.

A.B.A: Weapon? ...I don't have any weapon.

Paracelsus: Ngh...!

A.B.A: This time, I'll burry you alive!

Slayer: Treating a lady this way is not to my liking, but this is the fate of those who fight. Please don't resent me later.

Paracelsus: Enough! **Pum-Pum**

A.B.A: Eh?

Paracelsus: ...Use me.

Slayer: Mm?

Paracelsus: You said she could grab a weapon, didn't you? I won't allow you to say otherwise at the last minute.

Slayer: I don't mind, do as you like.

A.B.A: A-Are you sure, Paracelsus—?

Paracelsus: HEY, SHUT UP! We're in the middle of a battle; this is no time for chit chat!

A.B.A: Okay then...

Paracelsus & A.B.A activates moroha mode

**[Double Edge mode]*

A.B.A: Ahh~, you look lovely... **Rub-Rub**

Paracelsus: Stop rubbing against me! EYES ON THE FRONT!!

Slayer: HO!

ZOOM - CRASH!* *A.B.A dodges

A.B.A: A-All right, here I go!A devoted maiden is like a flower storm. Anyone who dares to stand between us... will know first-hand the anguish that is to have their BONES CRUSHED TO DUST!!

Slayer: Good grief...

A.B.A: Deletion.....Ruination.....[CONDEMNATION!]

**[Masshou - Fukumetsu - Dangoku]*

SCHWING - CRASH!

Slayer: That wasn't a bad move.

Paracelsus: Your flank is open!

SWOOSH - POW!* *Slayer falls to the ground

Slayer: Well look at that! How careless of me...

A.B.A: There! ...Eradication...

**[Konzetsu]*

SWOOSH - CRASH!

Slayer: He is faster than back then... Did he evolve? No, is it because he is compatible with his wielder?

Paracelsus: Inhuman person, your life...!

A.B.A: ...is like a candle in the wind.

Paracelsus & A.B.A: EVIDENCE: ANNIHILATION!!

**[Overdrive in Isuka: Annihilate Evidence]*

KABOOM!

Slayer: Can I say something?

A.B.A: What? ...If you're going to beg for your life, it's already too late.

Slayer: I think it's time to end this...

Paracelsus: ...What?

A.B.A: I-I feel a shiver...

Slayer: I hope you're both ready.

A.B.A: Eh?

Slayer: Well then... **TO THE STARS!!**

**[Instant Kill: All Dead]*

KABOOM!

Paracelsus & A.B.A: UUAAAAHHHH!!

Both blast off into the sky

Slayer: Good grief, that was rather troublesome.

5. End of the Match

Wind blowing

A.B.A: We looost!

Paracelsus: Hey, stop crying! It's annoying...

A.B.A: But...he...

Paracelsus: He's... already gone.

A.B.A: But you wanted to go with him...

Paracelsus: What are you talking about? I don't remember any of that happening.

A.B.A: Eh?

Paracelsus: Don't make me repeat myself! The way you fought earlier... was not bad at all.

A.B.A: Paracelsus...!

Paracelsus: I acknowledge you as my wielder. You hear!? Only as a weapon wielder!

A.B.A: O-Okay! Then, shall we go get groceries for dinner together?

Paracelsus: DOES THAT LOOK LIKE SOMETHING A WEAPON WOULD DO!? Our aim should be the next battlefield!

A.B.A: Battlefield? ...I wonder if we can have dinner there...

Paracelsus: The blood-red dyed sky, the bones and bodies filling the ground!

A.B.A: A place like that... I don't want to go.

Paracelsus: What are you even saying!? Ahh, this is why you drive me crazyyy...!!

6. Green Morning

This is the end of my story. Did you like it? ...What I can show people with this tale is that the heart is ever-changing like a kaleidoscope.

Do you remember? Flament Nagel had the power to subdue the mind of his wielders and control them like marionettes. Had he really wished for, he could've completely controlled that girl A.B.A or any passerby to indiscriminately kill as many people as he wanted. However, he didn't.

Despite claiming with empty words that he hated that young girl and yearned for the bloody battlefields, Flament Nagel was actually suppressing his destructive power. I wonder, what could have been the reason for that magical battle axe, that berserker that once used to be always present on the battlefield, to develop a more kind and gentle heart?

It was probably due to the influence of that young girl named A.B.A. She was the one that called what once was branded as a death god, "the key that would open the gates of her future". Depending on how you look at it, this may seem like a nonsensical joke, however, I believe it was precisely that "magic" that bound Flament Nagel and nurtured his heart.

From now on, I'm sure those two will continue to grow and support each other as they go through life together. An axe... no, a "key" needs to be used by the right person. And that young girl needed a weapon... ah, a "key" to help her open the gates of her tomorrow. As they make up for each other's shortcomings, their inner strength will surely grow as well.

After ten or twenty years have passed... I'm thinking of paying those two another visit. I'm looking forward to see what kinds of hearts they've developed in all this time. And if they succeeded, it would also be interesting to see Paracelsus in human form.

*Mh! I came up with a **haiku**:*

**[一句] / Ikku: verse; line; haiku]*

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-Note-

Slayer use "not even a dog could swallow" to express that A.B.A and Paracelsus's quarrels are make-believe.

Barks

Dear me! It's already dawn. When will our next meeting be? ...Oh, I've done it again, haha! Despite my age, I can't help but look forward to it! By the way, despite saying that I liked observing humans, I have yet to tell you a proper story about humans, am I? Next time, I'll be sure to prepare a tale about humans.

Until then, have a nice day...

Doors closing

