



Illustration by **むらさきゆきや**  
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# 異世界魔王と 召喚少女の 奴隷魔術

The King of  
Darkness Another  
World Story

SLAVEMAGI

# **Isekai Maou to Shoukan Shoujo Dorei Majutsu**

**Vol.9**

**by Yukiya Murasaki**

Novel Updates

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「誰からやんのー?」

それとも、いつへんに戦う?」

ワタシはどつちでもいいよ!」

まるで街角で少女が

友人とおしゃべりをしているような口調なのに、

かつてないほどの威圧感があった。

「So who's gonna come up first—? Or will you fight all at once? I don't mind either way!」 Even though she spoke with a tone that sounded like a young girl

talking with her friend on the street corner, she had an intimidating air that wasn't there before.



Rem whispered close to her ear. 「.....Diablo, it's your fault.」 Shera joined in. 「That's right, it's Diablo's fault.」



ディアヴロは改めて手の平に意識を向け、  
魔術を使うときのように魔力を注ぎこむ。

「ん……ん……マスター、いいです。  
魔力……流れこんできて……  
はふう……素敵です。あッ、はんッ」

Diablo once again turned his consciousness to the palms of his hands, and just like when he was using magic, he poured magical power. 「Nn……Nnn……Master, that is good. Having magical power……pour in is……hafuu……fantastic. Ah,



# CHARACTERS



.....

A top Player of a game that is really similar to this other world. He actually has a communication disorder, and if he isn't acting as his character, he is unable to even hold a conversation. A self-proclaimed 『Demon King of Another World』

.....



.....

A Pantherian Summoner. The Demon King Krebskrum was sealed within her, but she was finally able to take it completely out. She is too serious.

.....



.....

The Elven Princess. Accepting Diablo in as the King, she finally became the Queen. She claims to be a Summoner, but she is an expert at the bow. Her speech and conduct is lax.

.....



Having assisted in Krum's revival, she is the Demonic Beings' best spear user. In order to earn money for the Demon King's biscuit costs, she works at a Maid Cafe (?).



The Demon King Krebskrum that was sealed within Rem. When they revived her, she was a biscuit-loving little girl. Disguised as a person of the Races, she lives in Faltra City.



The Faltra City Adventurer Guildmaster. She may be a child-looking Grasswalker, but she is a great veteran that possesses a considerable amount of combat experience.

Faltra City's Feudal Lord. A Human military soldier, and a hero that played an active role in the war against the Demon King army 30 years ago.



The thirteenth generation Master Swordsman. She possesses enough talent to have made her predecessor jealous of her. Making soba is her hobby.



# Prologue

\*Gurari\* His step sank.

The brightness of 《Transfer》 vanished from the surroundings. In an instant, his sense of balance went strange, and he felt like he would fall over.

Putting strength into his abdomen, he somehow braced his legs.

Diablo was a Demon King. He did that sort of roleplay.

No matter what the situation was, clumsily going down onto his hands and knees on the floor was not allowed.

"Hmph....."

Acting like he had leeway, he laughed through his nose, and surveyed the surroundings.

It was a place that was surrounded by eerie walls that reminded him of the internal organs of animals. An imposing throne asserted its existence.

The black haired Pantherian who was clinging onto his right arm the whole time—Rem Galeu held down her mouth.

"Upu! A, as I thought, I am weak with.....Transfer."

She was weak with travel where she did not use her own legs, and she seemed to easily get motion sickness. She was fine with gigantic ships that mostly didn't sway and slowly moving carriages though.

On Diablo's left arm, a young Elven girl—Shera L. Greenwood was clinging onto him.

"Wah—, this is somehow, nostalgic."

The 《Demon King's Labyrinth》

It was a dungeon that Diablo created in the MMORPG Cross Reverie. He had met with countless challengers here.

This was a story from within game.

That's how it should have been, but mysteriously enough—Not just Diablo, even his labyrinth existed in this other world.

Will a time where he will understand the reason why ever come?

The time that Shera and the others came to his dungeon he created was around the middle of July. Close to half a year had already passed.

(There was no guarantee that there was twelve months in a year in this world, but when talking about the calendar, it seemed that even the numbers were translated in a way that matched Diablo's senses. In a similar way, even units for distance and weight, the people of this other world use the Lifelia Kingdom's units, but it is translated to meters and grams to Diablo and he hears it as such. The theory behind the translation remained unknown.)

—I understand the words, but I can't read the letters. Due to it being half-assed, it feels unnatural.

At any rate, for Diablo, his own made dungeon was something like his house. It felt as if he had returned home.

The third young girl looked around restlessly, and leaked out a voice of astonishment.

"Hawawaa.....This is an amazing place....."

Having pointed dog ears and a bushy tail, she was the Master Swordsman Graham Sasala. She was a Dwarf, and as part of her racial traits, she was short and her chest was big.

A tachi hung on her waist. Not only that, she also carried a sword and a spear. Shera puffed up with pride.

"It's amazing, isn't it—. Diablo here made it."

"Ehh!?"

With a gaze of astonishment turned towards him, although he was bashful on the inside, Diablo made a face that said it was only natural.

"Something of this level.....Since I am a Demon King, it was of no trouble at all." Though, in actuality, since he had made it pressing operations on the game's edit screen, in this other world, let alone a labyrinth, he didn't even know how to make a cave.

Sasala asked him a question.

"Um, this seems like a very dangerous place but.....what was it made for?"

"This place, is my base."

"By base.....is it your house?"

"Umu"

"Even though it's this eerie.....?"

—Ugh!? I thought it was cool though.....

Shera smiled.

"It's eerie, isn't it—. I've already gotten used to it though."

While still covering her mouth, Rem nodded.

".....It sure is in bad taste."

Going "Uugh.....!?", Diablo flinched in his mind. If he was speaking as his original self, he might have suffered from too much shock and would have become a hikikomori.

However, this labyrinth was a result of his Demon King role play, so it had a fearsome design. There was no problem.

—No matter what they say, since it isn't my true self, it's fine!

Diablo curved the ends of his lips into a sneer.

"Hmph.....I am a Demon King after all! The symbol of death, the embodiment of destruction, the incarnation of collapse—Those with life harboring disgust, is only natural!"

"Hii!?"

Sasala made a frightened face. It was a cute reaction.

Rem and Shera had completely gotten used to it.

They were already advancing inside on their own.

"Let's hurry! Everyone is waiting you know—?"

".....Let us hurry, Diablo."

"U, mu."

He had somewhat mixed feelings about it but.....

—Well, with us being together for this long, I guess it's better than them being forever scared of me.

It was also a fact that they were in a rush.

They had received news that the Great Demon King Modinalaam was headed towards Faltra City.

Right now, it was a race against time.

However, this wasn't an opponent that they could just rush over without sufficient preparations and win against. Everything would be lost if they lose.

Diablo had stored a great number of equipment and tools that he had gathered in the game in this 《Demon King's Labyrinth》.

Also, he had one more objective here—

Shera opened the door to the treasury that was at the back.

A blade was swung at the tip of her nose.

Her carefree smile froze.

"Biyaa!?"

From within the door, a young lady with a maid appearance had appeared. She held a double-headed sword in her hand.

"For miscreants that would try to rummage through My Master's treasury, I shall bestow them a gruesome death."

Her emerald colored eyes bewitchingly shining, she brandished her double-headed sword.

"Waaaah, wait wait, Rose-san! It's me, it's Shera, you know?"

"What of it?"

"We're companions, aren't we!?"

"This Rose, does not have any companions."

She declared that.

Rem shrugged her shoulders.

".....Is Diablo different?"

"How rude. Master is a subject of worship, and an existence that should be protected."

"That is what she is saying. Please say something, to this bothersome maid."

Being drawn out, Diablo magnanimously nodded.

"I have kept you waiting, Rose. First, put away your sword."

"ッ!"

The bloodlust that was fired at Shera and the rest vanished in an instant, and the double-headed sword that she held in her hand was put away somewhere.

Rose made a very deep and perfect bow.

"Welcome back, Master. There have been zero intruders up until today. Right now, there are three of them though."

Shera and Rem displayed displeased expressions.

Going "The third one?", Sasala pointed at herself.

"I, am not an intruder though?"

Rem explained it to her.

".....With Rose, occasionally.....no, with a high probability, talks won't get through to her. However, since she has absolute obedience to Diablo's commands, she should be harmless as long as you are careful."

"Eh? So she isn't harmless if you aren't careful.....That's scary though....."

Staring at her, Rose glared at the trembling Sasala.

Come to think of it, this was their first time meeting.

Diablo pushed her back, and put her in front of him.

"This girl, is the Master Swordsman. Her name is Sasala. Amazingly, she is a level 200 Warrior."

"Level 200!? Is that, so....."

Maybe due to being a Magimatic, or maybe due to her role as a maid, Rose didn't show too many expressions on her face.

Despite that, \*shun\*, he could tell that she was depressed.

"What is wrong, Rose?"

".....This Rose.....in the previous battle, had taken a loss against a mere Demonic Being."

"Yeah, it was because he was strong."

Maybe because he was given magical power by the Great Demon King, when they thought that he was a small fry, he was a surprisingly a hard fight.

There was a need to develop levels as a Warrior-type—he was the reason Diablo drew decision.

Unless he was able to see the opponent's attack, he would not win no matter how powerful the magic he tried to use was.

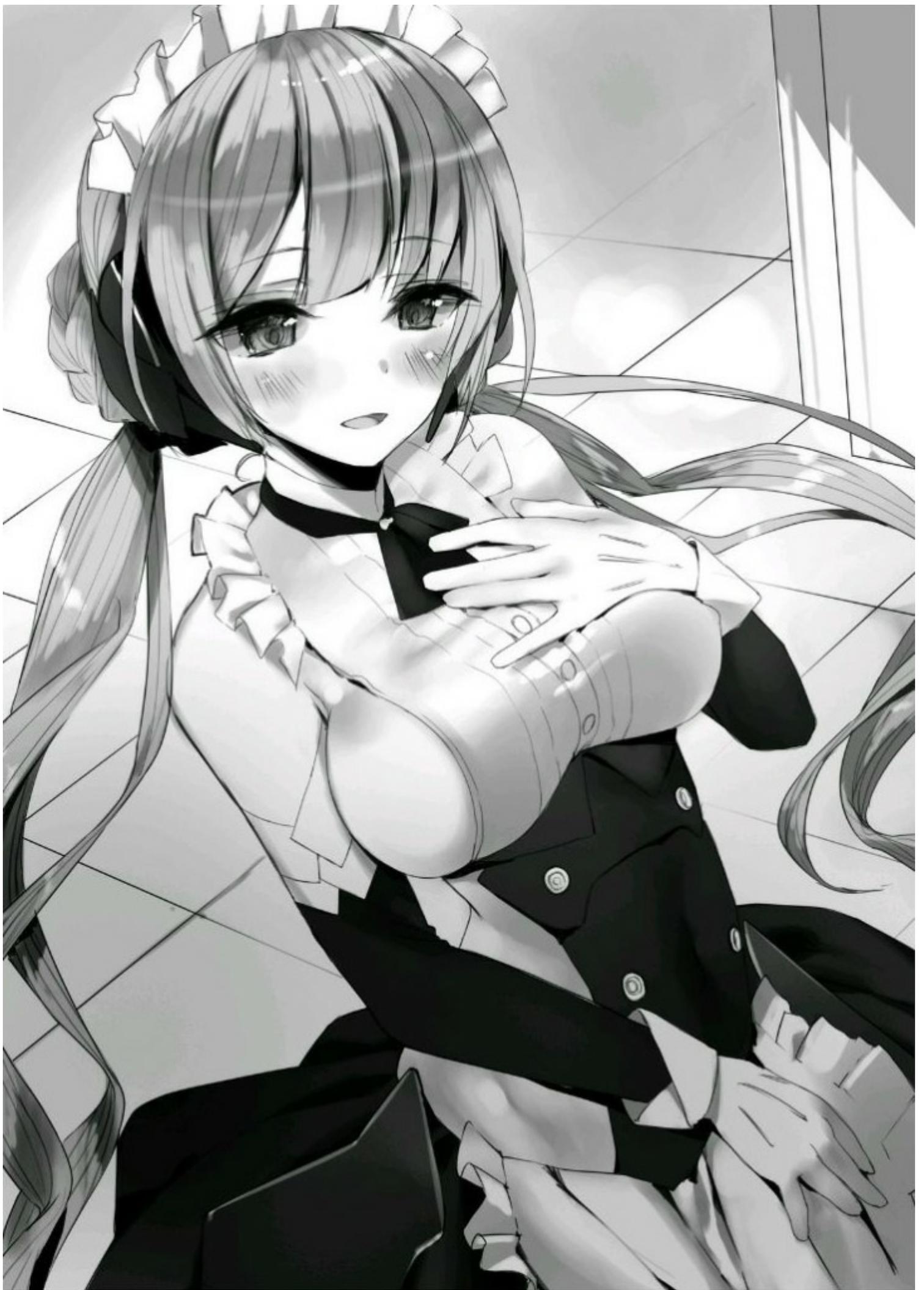
In that battle, Rose had damaged her right arm, and she was receiving repairs here.

"Is your arm doing well?"

"By means of Master's magical power, it has been perfectly repaired."

"Umu."

"However, this Rose.....is no longer needed."



"What?"

"If there is a level 200 Warrior.....This Rose, is useless. Dismissed. Oversized garbage is taken on the third Friday of the month."

"Nonono.....Ahem! What are you saying? I am a Demon King. Isn't a Demon King accompanied by many subordinates!?"

"I, in that case.....May this Rose, still be at your side.....?"

"Of course! If that were not the case, I would not have come here."

"I had thought that you had come to sentence me for disposal....."

—I wouldn't do something so cruel, you know!?"

However, giving gentle words wasn't Demon King-like.

Diablo said it bluntly.

"No matter what happens, you are eternally my property. I will not allow you to arbitrarily declare yourself as being disposed of or as unneeded."

Like a Magimatic Maid, Rose returned to being perfectly expressionless.

"Please excuse me, Master. I shall etch those words into my nonvolatile memory, and repeatedly replay them every morning and every night."

Heavy.

That being said, her mood seems to have been repaired.

"Rose, my objective for coming here, was to join up with you. Also, there was one more reason."

"By all means, please give me your order, Master."

"The one that will be confronting me is the Great Demon King Modinalaam. I will use my equipment for battles against Demon Kings."

"Understood."

Guided by the Magimatic Maid, they advanced within the treasury.

The equipment that Diablo had gathered and strengthened in the MMORPG Cross Reverie were all enshrined here.

In the airspace that seemed infinite enough that they couldn't see the limits of it despite being underground, countless pedestals were lined up, and no matter how trivial the item was, it was stored with great care.

If he were to search for it himself, finding the equipment that were his objective would probably take several days.

Rose had a grasp of the location of all of them.

She guided them to the place he requested.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, it was the equipment that Diablo used when

fighting against Raid Bosses like Demon Kings.

Incidentally, Raid is a word that means to make an assault or surprise attack, and in games, it indicates that several groups join hands to make a large force. In other words, a Raid Boss is a powerful boss monster where it is assumed that it will be fought with a larger group of Players than normal.

—Well, I challenged them alone though.

Even though it was impossible to join even a single party, to participate with multiple parties, it was an impossible impossibility of impossibilities.

Rem asked him a question looking very interested.

".....Diablo, are these also rare equipment?"

"Half of them are. As for the other half, I suppose there would be at least one person who would own them as well?"

Even in this other world, there was also equipment with low reality to them that could be found if one searched for them.

She was surprised.

"Eh? But.....This is equipment meant to fight against a Demon King, right!?"

"When fighting against a Demon King, rather than a slight difference in ability, affinity is more important."

"Affinity.....Do you mean the four elements and light and dark?"

"That isn't all."

Talking about tactics and strategies to another person like this, he hadn't experienced it in the game. Even after coming to this other world, he hadn't had a chance to do so.

This was his first time having to fight a formidable enemy after making preparations.

Rather than fighting against the Great Demon King, he was more nervous about speaking about his own intentions. Before he blurts out something strange, he decided to wrap it up with something random.

Suddenly, Diablo had a thought.

—Come to think of it, there was one more thing that seems like it would be needed. I guess I'll bring it along just in case.....I know its location even without having to be guided by Rose after all.

Diablo arranged his equipment, used 《Transfer》 once again, and hurried to Faltra City.

# **Chapter 1: The Demon King Army, Invasion**

# Part 1

"My great self's name is Emil Byushelbeljel! I am Faltra's strongest «Superhuman Strength Warrior» who boasts a level of 99!"

He made a brazen self-introduction.

The man was a Warrior whose body was covered in a golden full-body armor. Despite being Human, he had a large body like a Pantherian male, and he carried a deep red large sword on his back.

It was in the middle of the highway that was headed to the Fortress City Faltra from an eastern town.

A carriage had fallen over.

A bearded man with an appearance that made him seem like a merchant had crawled out from inside of that carriage. So he was a Dwarf in the prime of his life.

"An Adventurer.....!? P, please help me!"

"You seem to be in trouble."

Emil turned his gaze towards the enemy. The carriage falling over was probably due to this monster having done it.

A jet black giant bird, a «Giant Crow», had trampled down the carriage.

It had the outward appearance of a crow, but it was big enough that it seemed like it could swallow a person of the Races whole. Its sharp beak was longer than a longsword.

A beast affiliated with the demonic—It was a Demonic Beast.

Rumors that a Demon King had revived in the west had spread. In society, it is said that "Demonic Beasts will increase when a Demon King is revived".

They were dangerous monsters with lively fighting spirits and were far stronger than the beasts of the countryside.

The male Dwarf shouted.

"Please do something about it, Warrior-dono! My daughter is still within the carriage!"

"Daughter you say!?"

Emil opened his eyes wide.

He drew the gigantic sword that he carried on his back.

The magical power that dwelled in its blade turned into flames and scorched the surroundings.

Holding his sword above his head, he readied his sword.

"I love women!"

".....!?"

The male Dwarf displayed a face of regret that said "I sought help from a weird guy".

However, Emil didn't mind it.

"I will say it once more! I love women! This Emil Byushelbeljel is the guardian of all women!"

No matter who made dubious faces at him, he didn't mind them at all. Before the great cause of protecting women, that sort of thing was a trivial matter.

Emil charged towards the Giant Crow.

"Here I come, you damned bird!!"

His opponent opened its wings, and flapped them. Its legs floated away from the carriage.

—So it's running away!?

That was not the case.

Temporarily flying high up, it rushed in from the sky. Many of the techniques of the Races were on the assumption that the enemy would be on the ground. It was difficult to make an attack towards the sky.

Moreover, with the Giant Crow adding in the force of its descent, the power of its attack was equivalent to a Giant's hammer.

\*Guwah\* The monster opened its beak.

"GAaaaa!!"

"Too slow!"

Emil jumped.

He was wearing full-body plate armor, and its weight was about the same as his own weight. A normal person would find it difficult to even stand up in it, and even trained Warriors would probably be able to just barely run in it.

However, Emil had leapt up.

Until he was above the approaching Giant Crow's head.

Not even the Grasswalkers whose traits were keen and nimble movements like

that of rabbits would have this much springiness.

"Seiya!!"

He struck his burning large sword on it.

Maybe because it never thought that it would be attacked from above, the Giant Crow was astonished and stopped its movements.

The sound of bones being broken was made.

The Demonic Beast's head was split right in half.

If it were a living beast, then fresh blood would be scattering about, but the Giant Crow was a Demonic Beast. When those die, they turn into particles of light.

Emil's attack vanquished the gigantic Demonic Beast.

\*Dan\* He landed on the ground.

His mouth curved into a sneer.

"Hmph.....Did my strength, once again, captivate a woman?"

Emil turned around.

At the place where the carriage was toppled over, gazes of thanks from the male Dwarf, and his daughter were—

Not there.

No one was there.

Just in case, he checked the inside of the carriage, but although the cargo remained, not even a kitten was there.

They had probably vanished while he was fighting.

"....."

Going "Hmph", Emil loosened his mouth.

He brushed up his bangs.

"Good grief, she is quite the shy daughter. To think she would not even be able to face the man she had fallen for."

Emil was overwhelmingly positive.

Around the time the noon bell rang—

Finally, Emil passed through the Faltra City gates.

It was in a solemn state.

Normally, stallholders would be lined up on the main street, and it would be bustling with shoppers.

However, right now, there were almost no figures of residents walking about.

A majority of stores were closed, and only a small amount of inns and weapon stores were open for business.

Only soldiers were great in number.

Heavily armed soldiers wearing armor were found here and there around the town.

Some glared at him, but Emil waved a hand in a friendly manner and greeted them.

"Yo, what kind of festival is going on today?"

"Emil!? So you were alive, you bastard! It's been awhile!"

Several of the soldiers gathered.

In Faltra City, Emil was a celebrity. He was an Adventurer, but as a Warrior that could be relied on, he was also trusted by the soldiers.

Many of them were also his friends.

"So I was alive, you say? Of course I am. My great self is Emil Byushelbeljel! As long as there is a woman to protect in this world, I will not fall!"

"You're the same as usual.....However, it's because you're like that that you came back at a time like this, isn't it."

The soldiers were pleased with their reunion with old friend, but grim impressions were on their faces.

So the situation was that bad huh.

"How are things in the west?"

"The abandonment of Fort Bridge Ulg has been decided. It seems that the Demon King Army has already appeared in the 《Man-Eating Forest》. There are rumors that there's a considerable number of them. Also things like there being large-sized Demonic Beasts."

"Hou.....Makes me itch to put my skills to use."

The soldiers exchanged glances due to Emil's words.

"I'm really envious of your bottomless positivity. Even though Faltra might be done for this time."

A different serious-looking soldier nodded.

"Even if there is a barrier that won't allow Demonic Beings through.....We can't live for years within the town just like that after all."

Emil placed his hands on their shoulders.

"It'll be alright!"

"Eh? You, do you have some sort of secret plan or something? Or could it be that reinforcements are coming from the royal capital!?"

"There is no secret plan. And something like reinforcements probably won't come. With the Demon King having been revived, he wouldn't reduce the protection of the royal capital, that Lifelia King."

"Then it isn't alright at all....."

"But, it'll be alright! Believe in me!"

"What?"

"While I'm protecting the women, I will absolutely protect you guys as well! That is why, you guys, within the range that your swords can reach, please protect the women!"

Going "good grief", the soldiers made wry smiles.

"Haha.....So we're just while you're at it. Well, when I look at you, Emil, I feel stupid for being seriously depressed."

"It's stupid to even feel depressed. But, this alone is an unmistakable fact.....

We, are the guardians of all women!"

"Ou, that's right!"

The soldier nodded.

The other soldier raised his spirits high.

"Hell yeah! We'll do this!"

That energy spread out to those around them.

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## Part 2

That same day, eleven o'clock—

His friend Massa let out a very thin voice.

".....Hey, Boris? Will we be alright in a place like this?"

"Probably. More importantly, absolutely do not raise your head up high. Also, I'm begging you, do not raise your voice no matter what happens, okay?"

"I know.....Even the horses, two especially quiet ones were chosen."

The horses were tied to a place a bit separated from themselves. It was a place in the shadow of an old barn, and couldn't be seen from the other side of the river.

Boris's group was sprawled out on the ground, hiding their bodies.

Fort Bridge Ulg—

Boris, who belonged to the garrison there, volunteered to remain and do reconnaissance. Saying "in that case, I will too", his childhood friend Massa also remained.

The rest evacuated.

The role of Boris's group was to get a grasp of the Demon King army's battle formation and movements.

On top of having no choice but to fight if they attacked as far as the town, if they knew the enemy's number and what their main fighting force was, some sort of preparation could be made.....but even if that were impossible, they could be mentally prepared for it.

If they grasped the Demon King army's movements, the soldiers wouldn't have to wait wondering "will they come now, will they come now" and wear down their nerves.

Information was precious.

However, that meant that they would need to get close enough to the Demon King army to where they could see it with their eyes. It was an extremely dangerous mission.

"It's here!"

Boris covered up Massa's mouth that shouted that with one hand.

With one of his fingers hitting his nose, Massa became teary eyed, but it wasn't the time for that.

He opened his eyes wide.

—The Demon King army!!

What appeared on the other side of the river was undoubtedly the military forces of the Demon King. They first saw the figure of a gigantic Demonic Beast. With the shape of a turtle, it was a 《Grand Turtle》.

It were as if it were a moving castle.

Heteromorphic Demonic Beings were riding on its back.

Even around it, there were the figures of walking Demonic Beings. They looked small when compared to the all too large Grand Turtle but.....

The Demonic Beings were no less than twice as big as a person of the Races.

In addition, there were also Demonic Beasts no greater than medium-sized.

They were not organized enough to be said to be in ranks, and had an atmosphere of walking together at their fancy.

Boris muttered in his heart.

—What is that, that square thing? A box?

On the shell of the Grand Turtle that was at the lead, a box that was like a square six-sided die was fastened down.

Chains that could pull ships were used in bundles.

The color of the box was black.

Patterns that gave a discomfort that could make one's stomach have a fit just from looking at it was engraved on its surface.

Although he harbored an instinctive unpleasant feelings for the heteromorphic forms of the Demonic Beings, the feeling from that box felt several times stronger.....

Next to Boris, Massa trembled.

"Uuu.....I'm gonna throw up....."

"It'd be best not to look at it."

".....This is.....plenty already.....Let's go back, Boris."

"No, not yet. Just cover your face, and think about your girlfriend back at home or something."

".....I don't have something like that."

"Sorry. Then just think about your mother or something."

Boris looked into the precious telescope that he had been entrusted with from his commanding officer.

In front of the box that was at the lead, there was someone there.

Was it their commander?

If that was the case, was that the «Great Demon King Modinalaam»?

—He looks like an owl, doesn't he?

## Part 3

A box was placed on the back of the Grand Turtle.

Treating its massive shell like the deck of a ship, thick stakes were thrust into it. Chains extended out from the ends of the stakes, and held that box down.

Although it was slow, the box creaked due to the Grand Turtle's walking.

The size of the box was big enough that it seemed like a noble's whole estate could fit within it. If the Grand Turtle were compared to a moving castle, the box could be described as the inner citadel.

In front of the box stood a Demonic Being that possessed the head of an owl. Its body had arms and legs like people of the Races, and was a mass of muscles.

"Tis within sight -no dearu! Finally, the territory of the damned Races.....!!"

There was another Demonic Being there, and he had gotten down to one knee.

He wore a loose cloth, and wore a vertically long hat with a golden embroidery.

However, his face was similar to that of a frog.

Being rare among the Demonic Beings where many had muscular physiques, its stomach protruded out, and it really looked heavy.

"Commander-in-chief Ourou, it is Fort Bridge Ulg. Might there not be armed forces of the Races there?"

Being asked that, the owl-headed Demonic Being thrust one hand out, and gave a command.

"We shall only advance as such! Pulverize them -dearu! The extermination of all of the Races is the Great Demon King Modinalaam-sama's great will -nano dearu!!"

"At your will....."

The frog-headed Demonic Being curled his round body in an uncomfortable looking way, and made a low bow.

He was the Demonic Being Priest, known as Lazpuulas.

In the past, he had given advice to the Demonic Being of Dragon Eyes Edelgart, but due to her losing her standing, his position changed.

Now he was Ourou's staff officer.

Lazpuulas turned his eyes to the young girl that was next to him—Manuela.

This young girl, when compared to Ourou and the other Demonic Beings, she only had half of their height and had a size that was about the same as a person of the Races.

Her limbs and torso were thin, and she was dainty enough that it seemed like she would break if one touched her. She was like a skeleton.

Manuela was lacking in physical strength, but she was an excellent «Demonic Beast User».

She was also a Demonic Being who had changed the master she served.

Originally, she was a staff officer of a Vampire-type Demonic Being called Vanaknes, as well as his wife.

Vanaknes had a position of Commander-in-chief but.....If said in sense of values of the Demonic Beings, it seems that he was “pathetically” killed by a Magician of the Races.

Now, she had also become Ourou’s subordinate, and supports the army together with Lazpuulas.

Thanks to Manuela’s magic, the Demonic Beings that originally wouldn’t obey even the Demon King could be manipulated freely.

Ourou muttered like he were making a curse.

"How annoying -no dearu.....Passing through that tiny bridge, hadst amazingly become our dearest wish after all."

Lazpuulas turned his gaze towards the stone bridge.

"That bridge, I had heard that it was once partially destroyed."

"Umu.....Twas said that when Edelgart hadst fought against that Magician of the Races, that fellow had casted «White Nova»."

"I had also heard of that but.....I found it hard to believe. For a mere person of the Races, to cast that ultra-high class magic."

Ourou wrinkled his face.

"Tis more annoying. However, that fellow’s name is «Diablo».....If it was that Magician, then it is likely so."

Manuela, who was silently manipulating the Demonic Beasts beside them, abruptly raised a piercing cry.

"Diablo.....!? AAAaaaa! Diabloo!!"

Come to think of it, the one who killed her master was also that fellow.

Lazpuulas called out to her.

"Calm down. Concentrate on your magic.....It is fine. Great Demon King Modinalaam will destroy all of them."

"Fuu—.....Fuu—.....Fuu—....."

\*Kachi kachi\* While chattering her teeth, Manuela calmed down.

It was different from everything up until now.

There was no way they would lose.

They possessed eight Grand Turtles, commanded 1000 Demonic Beings and Demonic Beasts, and all of them had received power from the Great Demon King-sama.

They crossed the river.

A river of this level didn't even serve as an obstacle to hinder the Grand Turtle's advancement. Showing no concern for neither the stone bridge nor its structure, it moved on as if it were on the vast plains.

Fort Bridge Ulg was crushed.

Making thunderous sounds, the fort was turned into rubble.

Ourou expressed a smile of satisfaction.

"Kukukuku.....Tis overwhelming -nano dearu, my army!"

\*Pyuu\* The sound of air being cut was made.

Flapping wings that were similar to that of a Dragon's, another Demonic Being came down.

It was a slender young girl.

Wearing a China dress style outfit which was open from her chest to her navel, her long hair was put up behind her.

A large Seiryuutou (Green Dragon Crescent Blade) hung on her waist.

"Just now, what was crushed was, a fort of the Races, right!? Where are the people of the Races!? Where's the fighting!?"

From that beautiful young girl's behind, a tail covered in scales extended out was wagging left and right looking delighted.

Ourou twisted his neck until it was rotated completely horizontal.

"There is no sign of the Races. Tis an empty castle -nano dearu."

"Haa? What's with that!?"

"Being aware of the invasion of our army, those people of the Races have surely abandoned it."

"Then, that means it's just a mere pebble? That pisses me off!"

Lazpuulas admonished the young girl who did not hide her anger.

"Ryoka-dono, you must calm down as well.....You are in the presence of the Great Demon King Modinalaam, you know?"

"Mumu.....I, I know that. But, when are we going to fight!? Can't this slow-ass turtle go any faster? I'm getting really tired of waiting—!!"

".....Slow-ass turtle?"

Manuela showed an expression that went \*mu\*. 《Demonic Beast Users》 held affection for their Demonic Beasts.

Ryoka, just like a Demonic Being that used weapons, poured her affection only on her weapon.

And then, Demonic Beings were warlike by nature and did not crowd together. As Lazpuulas racked his brains over how he should mediate them—\*Girori\* Ryoka glared at the area ahead.

A single horse was escaping on the highway. There was a single soldier on its back.

"A person of the Races!?"

The moment that was said, without waiting for even the words of Ourou who was the commander-in-chief let alone the counselor Lazpuulas, she flew like an arrow.

Lazpuulas chased after the area ahead of it with his eyes.

".....I suppose it is a decoy."

Ryoka caught up to the horse that galloped down the highway.

She swung her Seiryuutou.

The slash bisected as far as the horse's body along with the soldier, and grandly tore through even the ground. Fresh blood and internal organs were dumped onto the ground.

## Part 4

《Relief Inn • Twilight Store》

\*Garan\* The one who was diligently mopping the dining hall that had no customers was the store's employee, Mei.

It was already noon. Normally, it was a time where it would be bustling with customers.

"Fuu....."

She was a young Pantherian girl whose light brown hair was cut to shoulder length, and she was making a long face

The entrance door was pushed open, and the installed bell rang.

Mei instantly went into a whole faced smile and greeted them.

"Welcome to the Relief Inn -nya ~! I am the inn's idol, Mei-chan☆"

"Ahaha.....Sorry."

The one who came in while making a wry smile was the Adventurer's Guild Guildmaster Sylvie.

She wore clothes that had excessively little cloth. She looked like a child, but that was because she was a part of a race called Grasswalkers whose physical appearance doesn't change even after they grow up, and she was actually a veteran Adventurer.

Mei half-closed her eyes.

"What, so it wasn't a customer."

"Even though I look like this, I am more or less a Guildmaster after all. I'm going around patrolling to see if there are any abnormalities in the town."

Mei shrugged her shoulders at Sylvie who seemed like she was making an excuse.

"If you're looking for Diablo-san and the others, they haven't come back yet."

"I see—"

Occasionally, she would claim that she is patrolling, and come to visit this Relief Inn.

There had been stories that the Magician who was a regular customer here seemed to be outrageously strong. Mei had not seen him in battle, but rumors

had flowed in.

She asked a question.

"Is the town, in that much danger?"

"No, that isn't really the case though—"

Sylvie had replied cheerfully, but that made her all the more uneasy.

"You wouldn't come to see their situation so often if you didn't need to rely on them....."

"Hahaha.....Things really are fine. Faltra City has the barrier that wards away the demonic after all. Let alone the Demonic Beings and the Demonic Beasts, even a Demon King wouldn't be able to get in."

Surrounding the Fortress City Faltra, there were splendid stone-built walls.

There were also several stone-built towers, and those acted as barrier

amplifying apparatuses. It is said that the barrier itself is made through the magical power of the Chief of the Magician's Guild, Celestine Bordorel.

As long as Celes stayed within the town, a barrier would generate from the Magician's Guild's tower, and would be amplified at the ramparts—Thanks to that, those that were affiliated with the demonic would be unable to enter Faltra City.

Despite knowing that, Mei's unease didn't disappear.

"The soldiers are going to fight, right?"

"I don't know much about what's going on with the army—. Faltra City's stationed troops are something like the Feudal Lord's private army after all. I think Galford-san is going to decide that."

"Then, what about the Adventurers?"

"They're all raring to go. Everyone is going to protect the town, so you can be at ease!"

Going \*Mu—.....\*, Mei pouted her lips.

"I have many acquaintances among the Adventurers, so I'm worried about them -nya."

"Thank you. But, protecting the Races from the Demon King is the duty of Adventurers after all."

It's about time for me to head to the next place—saying that, Sylvie turned around.

She pulled the door open.

As if to make sure of something, Sylvie spoke.

"If Diablo-san comes back, tell him to come to the Adventurer's Guild."

"I know. But~, I won't tell him for free, okay -nya?"

"Eh—?"

\*Pin\*, Mei put up a finger.

"After the Demon King has been driven away, everyone is to come and eat the Relief Inn's exquisite sausages!"

".....Fufu.....I promise. See ya."

Sylvie left, the door closed, and the inside of the store became quiet once again.

## Part 5

Fortress City Faltra's West Gate—

"Open the gate! Open the gate!"

A man mounted on a horse shouted towards the top of the ramparts.

Being a young Human, not even wearing armor, and not even being armed with a sword, he didn't look like a soldier.

Even so, the gatekeeper recognized his face.

"It's Boris! Open it up!"

The order to open the gate was immediately given.

At the city gate that was at the inner end of the bridge, there were iron doors, and those would be pulled open by rolling up the chains connected to them.

A single horse, and Boris.

And then, on the horse's back, there was one more person.

The figure of Massa in a limp state was also there.

When they entered the town walls, the soldiers rushed over to them.

"Good job on coming back! How was it!?"

"We saw the Demon King Army!"

Going \*Ooo!\*, voices of surprise were raised from those surrounding them.

"You did well to come back safely."

"No.....Due to having made a decoy, we lost a horse and some equipment."

Putting armor on a doll made of straw, they made a horse run down the highway. If it could get away, then they intended on running away on the horse on the highway but.....

The decoy was easily cut down by a winged Demonic Being.

They would be killed if they were discovered.

While the Demonic Beings were focused on the horse on the highway, Boris and Massa escaped riding together on the other horse, continued on within a forest that was distant from the highway, and returned to Faltra City.

Massa covered the mouth of his paled face.

"Urp.....I feel like I'm going to throw up, Boris."

"A, are you alright? You can get down now. I can make the report by myself."

"Yeah, I'll leave it to you. The lieutenant general, is scary after all.....Urp....."

He was not good at riding things.

The surrounding soldiers thanked them.

An officer took the reins of Boris's horse.

"You don't have to worry about the horse and the equipment. More importantly, you need to make a report to the lieutenant general."

"Understood!"

After going along the rampart from the west gate to the north side, there was an army garrison. Stables, barracks, training grounds, an armory, a food storage.....

And then, the headquarters.

Normally, it was a building made of bricks that only officers could enter.

Boris made a salute to the sentry.

"I have returned from Fort Bridge Ulg! I am here to report to the lieutenant general!"

"Enter!"

The sentry made a salute, and Boris went inside.

Going through the corridors, he advanced to the door that was furthest to the back. Several times, there were similar arguments going on, and then he finally came in front of the Fortress City Faltra's Feudal Lord, Lieutenant General Chester Ray Galford.

The control room—

The lieutenant general was at the main large desk.

Bundles of paper were stacked on the desks that were lined up to the left and right of the main desk, and the staff officers were alongside them.

The smell of sweat, ink, and iron filled the room.

Since the last time Boris saw Galford was during the briefing at the start of the year, it will have been a year since he last saw him. Between the lieutenant general in his memories and the sullen face that was in front of him, the impressions were so different that it seemed like it wasn't just a single year. His wrinkles had become deeper, his skin turned ashen, and there was white mixed in his hair.

However, with the glint in his eyes being the only things that were sharp, he glared at Boris.

"You saw the Demon King Army.....you say?"

"Yes! There were eight large-sized Demonic Beast Grand Turtles! There were a large amount of Demonic Beings atop each of their shells, and with them leading even more medium-sized Demonic Beasts, their number is estimated to be approximately 1000. They are advancing at a speed that is at the level of a person running, and had passed through Fort Bridge Ulg at eleven o'clock today!"

Hearing "Did you say there were 1000 Demonic Beings and Demonic Beasts!?" from the staff officers, a stir took place.

Even though just a 100 would be a despairing number for them. Going through the records, an army of the Races has never battled against a Demon King Army of 1000 before.

An elderly adviser with thinning hair stood up.

"Do you have any proof that you really saw them!?"

".....Going by their current speed, I believe that they will arrive at Faltra City by the time it becomes night."

"Mumumu"

Another officer asked a question.

"The speed of a person running huh. Then wouldn't a carriage be able to escape?"

"That is if it is from the Grand Turtles. But, I.....no, we were attacked by a winged Demonic Being. They were faster than the horse, and bisected armor and a horse with a single attack."

"Goodness....."

The objective of the Demon King Army, was the annihilation of the races.

Negotiations for peace or surrender did not come into existence.

What should be done to deal with this?

The staff officers repeatedly discussed with each other.

Galford asked a question.

"What of the Demon King? Did you see the Great Demon King Modinalaam?"

Boris shook his head sideways.

"I do not know. On top of the leading large-sized Demonic Beast, there was an owl Demonic Being, and they seemed important-looking though....."

"That is probably Ourou. He is a Demonic Being with seniority."

"That was....."

"Did you see any others?"

Boris talked about the female-type Demonic Being with dragon wings and tail, and the frog-headed Demonic Being.

"Ah, also, I saw a box."

"A box you say?"

"It was tied down to the Grand Turtle's back with chains, and some kind of..... creepy design.....was on its surface....."

When he remembered it, the feeling of wanting to vomit welled up within him. He held down his mouth.

"Fumu"

Galford folded his arms and pondered.

The door to the room that was behind Boris made a sound and opened.

A woman's voice was raised.

"Are you all still bickering? You all sure are a patient bunch."

"Lamnites-dono!?"

A staff officer shouted her name.

She was Farnis Lamnites, the former Zircon Tower Feudal Lord.



This was Boris's first time seeing her.

She was a woman wearing a bright red military uniform, had a chest so abundant that she didn't seem Human, and had scarlet hair that seemed to shine. Her eyelashes were long, her lips were lustrous, and she lavished an allure that was mismatched with the location.

Boris was unintentionally enchanted and went into a daze.

Lamnites was a brave general that once repelled the Demon King army.

However, with the Demon King having revived, she determined that Zircon Tower City could not be protected and abandoned it, and she was now staying in Faltra City.

Acting as if she herself were the commanding officer, she spoke to the staff officers.

"It does not matter if they are 1000 or 2000, does it? After all, no matter how many small fries there are, they will not be a problem."

"They are not just small fry, Lamnites-dono.....They are Demonic Beings and Demonic Beasts."

"Hahn! Frightened like a young girl on her bridal night."

"Wha!?"

"Do not fear. As long as the enemy's commanding officer is defeated, the Demon King army will collapse. Even if their individual fighting strength is high, they are a mass of disorderly beings. There is nothing to fear."

Galford opened his mouth.

"The one leading the Demon King army, is the Great Demon King Modinalaam. If that is defeated, then this battle will be a victory for the Races.....I understand that much."

"In that case, this makes the story short. Gather those with strength, and fight the Great Demon King. There is no other choice than this, correct?"

"A request for relief has been sent to the royal capital."

Going \*Hmph!\*, Lamnites snorted.

"To that coward! As if he would move war potential away from the royal capital!"

"His Majesty is a sagacious person."

"If the king truly were a sagacious and brave ruler, then he would have sent the Heroes to subjugate the Great Demon King by now. Just as the kings of the past had done. How many days do you think have passed since the Demon King

army had attacked by Zircon Tower City!?"

"I am sure, he has a plan."

"Have you become a coward, Galford!"

"I shall say this to you—In fighting against a Demon King, the banding together of the Races for the sake of a common cause is essential. No matter how you may feel on the inside, we cannot win if the officers and soldiers doubt the king."

"If we follow an imbecile, then the Races will fall, you know!?"

"You are wrong. Quarrelling like this is what will bring about the Races' fall."  
Lamnites clicked her tongue.

"Hmph.....Well, as long as there is no path to draw back upon, there is no other choice but to fight. The point of being unable to expect reinforcements from the royal capital is an opinion that both you and I share. Quarrelling over the workings of the king's head is also absurd."

"I ask that you do not speak so disrespectfully in front of the staff."

"The Demon King army's arrival will be this evening, right? I shall prepare for battle. You and I and.....Are there any other usable soldiers?"

"....."

Galford kept silent.

Faltra City was an important point that came into contact with the Demon King territory, so the stationed troops were an assembly of the elite.

However, for people that had surpassed the limits of the Races, there weren't any.

People that were overflowing with such talent, they would be forfeited to the royal capital. The promotion of subordinates was a joyous event, but it was a fact that there were no soldiers that stood out in this forefront.

Lamnites asked a question.

"Has Diablo yet to return?"

"There was information that he had headed to the Master Swordsman's town of 《Sodmas》."

The Feudal Lord had appointed Diablo as a subject for surveillance, and had someone proficient in espionage activities tracking him. He did not call them back even after their group had left Faltra City. He had even chased after their movements in Zircon Tower City and the royal capital.

"Sodmas? For the sake of what?"

"I do not know as far as his aims but.....It seems that he has bought fertilizer there, and climbed the mountain."

"He hasn't started making a field, has he?"

"He is an Adventurer after all.....It would be best to not rely on him."

"It is aggravating to say this but.....Whether or not he is here, will influence the war."

"The news has been sent. As for whether he will move or not, I do not know."

Galford shrugged his shoulders, and Lamnites breathed a sigh.

Boris had a thought.

—Diablo-san, you're amazing.

For these two to talk about the importance of his existence, it was something outrageous.

Please hurry up somehow and come back, is what he couldn't help but pray.

He casually turned his gaze to the west. The rampart could be seen outside the window, and the sun was slowly setting.

His anxiety did nothing but grow larger.

## Part 6

3 p.m.—

Contrary to the expectation that the invasion would happen after sunset, the watch-keeper on top of the rampart raising their voice happened before the evening.

Boris, just like his companions of the Fort Bridge Ulg, was incorporated into the Faltra City garrison. He was assigned to being around the watchtower that was a bit north from the west gate.

The watchtower also acted as one of the barrier amplifying apparatuses.

Boris pointed to the west.

"They're here!"

"Uuu.....They're here!?"

The lips of his friend Massa trembled.

Other voices trembling from the enemy attack were also raised here and there. Even the forefront soldiers who had repeatedly gone through harsh training found it difficult to maintain their presence of mind after seeing the majestic appearance of the Demon King army.

The gigantic Grand Turtles had the setting sun at their backs, making it seem as though the darkness of the night was seeping out from them.

The smell of beasts and blood came wafting about even from afar.

It were as if that were the materialization of the people's fear.

The alarm bell that indicated an enemy attack was rung.

The many soldiers looked to the western gate.

Would the lieutenant general make his debut? Would he seclude himself in the castle?

Galford was a hero of the great war, and when the Elves led an army here, and even during times other than that, he proactively moved the army.

This time as well, heavily equipped infantrymen were gathered in front of the west gate.

However, they did not move out.

The trumpet that gave the command to open the gate did not sound.

".....They won't go out."

Someone muttered that.

If they were to fight from the front like this, they couldn't win—is what the lieutenant general had decided.

That was probably only natural.

".....So we can't win."

Someone let out a discouraged voice.

Wouldn't a hero of the great war be able to do something about the approaching Demon King army—that faint hope was crushed.

Reality was cool-headed to the point of freezing, and it did not have even a fragment of gentleness.

Being up against the Demon King army that was 1000 strong, there was no one that denied it.

Maybe having predicted this situation, or maybe having known that they would be holding up in the town, an officer raised their voice.

"This is a defensive battle! We have the barrier! Those Demonic Beings aren't smart enough to prepare provisions. And also, it is now winter. This battle, we can win it!"

Going "I see", the soldiers' faces became bright.

Now that it was mentioned, although the vicinity of Faltra City was a temperate region, winter was winter. The leaves of the trees of the forest had fallen, and fruits and animals were scarce.

It was the season where the fields were given rest.

It was said that even Demonic Beings ate meals, but when they are that gigantic, they must surely eat a lot.

Procuring enough food to support the Demon King army of 1000 would be impossible in the long-term. So it was a defensive battle that estimated that the enemy did not have provisions.

The Faltra City rampart had been partially destroyed from the inside by a mysterious explosion, but it was already repaired.

The officer continued.

"In Faltra City, there are enough provisions to feed 200,000 people for half a year. Refugees from the Demon King territory have escaped here, but they have also been taken into consideration. Do not worry."

As expected of lieutenant general Galford.

Voices saying that could be heard.

Boris gazed at the west.

The inside of his chest couldn't calm down.

"....."

"What's wrong, Boris? Your face is pale."

In response to Massa's question, he lowered his voice.

".....There was a time where 100 Demonic Beings attacked Fort Bridge Ulg, right?"

"There was. I thought we were done for at that time."

"It seems that at that time, a Demonic Being infiltrated Faltra City, and Celes-sama was in danger."

"I heard that too. The Demonic Being Gregor, was it? But an Adventurer called Emil defeated him, right?"

".....That's only how it was announced though."

Boris had seen Diablo's deed at Fort Bridge Ulg with his own eyes.

And then, he had heard his words as well.

"I will try Return Magic"

That is what Diablo shouted. Immediately after that, his figure was enveloped in light, and then he vanished.

In the Adventurers' report, it ended up saying that the one called Emil had defeated the Demonic Being Gregor, but Boris suspected that the truth was different.

"No, right now, that isn't the problem.....Even during that time, the Demonic Beings had thought of a method to lift the barrier."

"Yeah."

"Having come here with a force ten times larger than that time, and even bringing along the Demon King, do you think they wouldn't consider the barrier?"

"Could it be.....Celes-sama is in danger!?"

".....Naturally, I do think that the lieutenant general is being vigilant though."

Is there anything strange going on at the Magician's Guild?

He turned his gaze to the center of the town. He stared at the tower with a peculiar shape that was like the tip of a lance, but it wasn't any different from

normal.

## Part 7

They had approached to being right in front of the Fortress City Faltra. Ourou raised one hand.

"All forces, halt -nano dearu."

Lazpuulas repeated the order, and communicated that to the Demonic Beast User Manuela.

Through her magic, the Grand Turtles slowly came to a stop.

However, they were not well-organized as the armies of the Races.

A portion of the Demonic Beings raised war cries.

Being in front of a town of the Races, they seemed to have lost their senses.

They charged in on their own.

Lazpuulas frowned.

"So it is the bunch of the Baal Faction."

Wanting to kill the Races—they were dyed with only that thought. They were a bunch that often killed each other, and possessed reasoning power less than that of beasts.

Ourou turned his back towards them.

"We shall leave them be -no dearu. Those fools that hadst come along on their own accord even though I hadst not called for them.....They do not even have value as sacrificial pawns."

"Indeed."

Ourou spread out both of his hands.

He shouted.

"Release the box -no dearu!"

The Demonic Beings that waited on him behind him started to move about.

Lazpuulas took Manuela to descend from the Grand Turtle.

"Now then, let us hurry."

"Wait."

"Do it quickly."

Manuela caressed the shell underfoot.

".....Sorry."

Cutting the chains with an axe, the restrictions on the box came undone.

Lazpuulas carried Manuela under his arm.

"We do not have anymore time."

"Ah"

After jumping down from the shell, he ran to the rear of the Grand Turtle with agile that did not match his fat stomach.

They could not delay.

The Demonic Beings with axes in their hands raised their voices.

"The chains, are cut!"

At that time, Ourou had flown up to the sky. He was flapping the owl wings that were on his back.

"Open the box -no dearu! Break the seal -dearu!"

"Break the seal—!!"

Several Demonic Beings either placed their hands on the front of the box, or thrust the blades of their weapons into it—

And wrenched it open.

Dense magical power came gushing out.

Materialized magical power flooded out from inside of the box.

The stuff that looked like black slime touched the Demonic Beings that were surrounding the box. They did not even have the time to scream, and turned into particles of light.

They were annihilated.

It was magical power strong enough to annihilated Demonic Beings just by touching them.

Looking down upon that scene, Ourou shouted.

"Great Demon King Cannon, fire -dearu!"

From the box, magical power jetted out.

The magical power turned into a glint, brightened the surrounding as if the sun had fallen there, and was dazzling.....

A light bright enough to burn the eyeballs of those that looked at it was fired.

A Demonic Being might have been able to endure it, but it was impossible for the Races. Being on top of the Faltra City rampart, those that didn't sense the danger of that intense light had all gone blind.

The light was just that bright.

The light turned into heat.

The head of the Grand Turtle was the first to evaporate. Even the front half of its shell couldn't endure the heat that was fired from the box.

Next, the Demonic Beings of the Baal faction that had gone first were engulfed by the heat. They vanished without a trace.

That bundle of super high heat approached Faltra's rampart.

The barrier creaked.

Since the creation of the town, many wars between the Races and the Demon King had occurred, but it had never taken this powerful of a hit before.

If not for the barrier, that power was strong enough to scatter the town away.

The soldiers on top of the ramparts raised screams.

The inhabitants of the town did the same.

The ground shook, the air shook, the buildings shook, and an ear-splitting sound resounded.

Even so, the barrier did not break.

The property of "not allowing things made from the demonic" was absolute.

At least for the barrier.

The light settled down.

As well as the colossal heat.....

On top of the rampart, Boris fell down onto his bottom, and shed sweat to the point that they were falling in drops.

He thought that he was going to die.

He had resigned himself to being engulfed by that light, and being erased.

"Haa! Haa! Haa! Amazing.....We're alive!"

So it meant that the barrier had won.

When he raised his head, shouts were raised coming from the west gate.

"Take cover—!!"

"Ha?"

He involuntarily let out an idiotic voice. The shouting voices of soldiers could be heard from the direction of the west gate.

The light and heat that was fired from the Demon King army had already completely settled down.

Despite that, the angry bellows and screams only increased.

Before long, an earth tremor was transmitted to him.

"What's going on!?"

Boris stood up, placed his hands on the edge of the rampart, and caught hold of the outside of it in his view.

—No way!?

The ground that should have been outside of the west gate, it was completely annihilated.

The barrier even extended underground.

But, the soil that was outside of the barrier's reach had vanished as if it had completely been shaven away.

Water came flowing in from the moat that surrounded Faltra City. Making a sizzling sound, the water evaporated, and white smoke rose.

"Take cover—!! Take cover—!!"

Soldiers hurriedly started to run away from the top of the west gate.

Even from the spot that Boris was at, he could clearly see that it was swaying.

"Is it going to collapse!?"

If one took the soil that supported the foundation of such a gigantic structure, it was a natural result.

The west gate grandly slanted outward, and crumbled like collapsing building blocks.

Cracks started to appear even in the areas around it as if being dragged in along with it.

Since the rampart was made so that they mutually supported each other structurally, even the place that Boris's group was at was in danger.

"Take cover—!!"

The officer shouted.

Before that, those with good perception had started to run away.

"Uwah."

His footing started to collapse.

Stumbling from the difference in level, Massa fell over.

"Aguh! M, my foot has been caught by a Demonic Being, save me—!!"

"Calm down, all you did was fall over!"

Boris pulled his hand making him stand up, and then started running.

Fortunately, the rampart finished with just leaning over.

After running a safe looking place, Boris turned around, and became aghast.

His knees trembled.

He found it hard to even breathe.

The thing that must absolutely never vanish, had been erased.

The watch towers that completed the demonic warding barrier—one of them, had toppled over together with the rampart.

It had turned into a mountain of rubble.

".....Th, the barrier.....has vanished!?"

Even though it was his own voice, Boris felt like he was hearing it from a distance.

## Part 8

Headed towards the collapsed west gate, several Demonic Beings and Demonic Beasts came running.

"Hi—gya—ha—!!"

The Fortress City Faltra was in danger of falling.

Wrapped up in the collapse of the west gate, the garrison soldiers fell into chaos. Some ran away, while others fell into a stupor.

Now was the time for Adventurers to take the stage!

Emil carried his large sword on his shoulder, and stepped into the west gate plaza. Both the once splendid west gate and the rampart had all turned into rubble.

"O—o—, you've all gone and done something quite flashy, haven't you—"

The barrier meant to defend against the charging Demonic Beings, was no longer there. The town was in a defenseless situation.

His companions called out to him.

"E, Emil, what will you do? Against something like that....."

It was the Healer wearing a white robe, Churon. In addition, along with Elastov who was proficient at enchanting and strengthening weapons, his four party members were there.

Emil waved one hand.

"I'll win! It's because there is no other choice than that. The barrier has vanished, there is a great number of women in the town, and the Demon King army is approaching. And finally, my great self's name is Emil Byushelbeljel, the guardian of all women!"

The young Healer boy, Churon, curved his mouth.

"Fufu.....In your tour around the countries, you've polished your stupidity, haven't you."

"It isn't stupidity, you know!?"

The male Enchanter, Elastov, shrugged his shoulders.

".....Certainly, it does not seem like a wise decision, but we have no choice but to do it.....Sitting around waiting to die just doesn't suit him."

When he swung his staff, all of the party members' equipment were endowed with magic. Their offensive and defensive abilities were strengthened three-fold.

The Warrior who possessed a gigantic shield in place of a weapon, Glutas, went to the front. He was a companion with the Class called 《Blocker》.

"Yosha! Let's do this! We are the new generation of Heroes!"

"Yeah, we will, protect this town!"

Even the male Archer, Yuan, was in high spirits.

Emil's group stepped onto the rubble, and gazed outside the rampart.

Heat still remained in the ground, and even though they were wearing leather shoes, it felt as if the soles of their feet would be burned.

From behind them, yet another group had come—

"Fumu.....To think that there were Adventurers that didn't run away....."

"Mu?"

Emil turned around.

The ones that appeared were Local Knights. They surpassed 100 people.

The one standing at the lead was the Feudal Lord Galford.

"Hou, so it was you.....Your name, if I'm not mistaken....."

About two months ago, Emil received instruction on the sword from him. He had the impression of being an uninvited disciple though.

"Hmph.....My name is—"

"Emil Byushelbeljel was it. Did you meet with the Master Swordsman?"

\*Zawah\* The Adventurers became noisy.

—He remembers my name!?

Emil puffed up with pride.

"Yes I did! I had been taught the Master Swordsman's serious slash through this body of mine. Thanks to that, I have been reborn."

"Fumu.....So you can somehow be counted in our numbers."

The Local Knights shrank back, and their line was split to the left and right.

The one that appeared, was a beautiful woman who seemed to have an air of allure. Her scarlet hair gathered behind her, she wore deep red armor.

"Move aside.....If you obstruct my way, I shall shoot through your body as well, got it?"

It was Farnis Lamnites. She had a gigantic Magi Gun at the ready.

The gun point was pointed towards Emil.

"Wh, what do you plan on doing!?"

"I told you to move. They are already within my range."

"What!?"

The Demon King army was charging in. It was a distance where the heads of the leads still were not clear, but if that's what she said, then it must be true.

Lamnites's skill as a Magi Gunner was famous to the point that there was no one who didn't know about it.

Emil's group opened the way in front of her.

She pulled the trigger.

\*Bas! Bas! Bas!\* Sounds that seemed to pass through the air resounded.

Even if it were a large-sized Demonic Beast, if fired from this distance, how much power would there be—Emil was half in doubt.

Even if each attack had the power to bring certain death, the charging Demon King army had a vanguard of more than 200. Defeating just one or two of them would just be.....

An explosion happened.

"What!?"

Black smoke that went higher than the ramparts rose up.

Several Demonic Beings were launched up without keeping their original shapes, and turned into particles of light and vanished faster than they could fall to the ground.

That happened in three places.

After a while, the shock wave came. It was that far. It was a distance that would take about ten minutes if one were to walk it.

Even his Adventurer companions raised voices of surprise.

"Wh, what was that.....just now!?" "That's just unbelievable, isn't it!?" "Didn't that just take out about 30 of them!?"

To Emil, rather than the bullet exploding, it looked like something underground had exploded.

"Could it be, did you set something up?"

"Fufu.....You are surprisingly sharp, aren't you. As expected of a man that Lord Galford had kept an eye on."

Lamnites smiled pleasantly while keeping her Magi Gun at the ready.

Galford shook his head left and right looking reluctant.

"I hold no expectations for Adventurers."

"But you practiced with him almost every day, didn't you?"

"Since he wormed his way into my early morning training, I merely beat him away."

"And that made you go out of your way to personally get your dull sword meant for training use without ordering a subordinate to get it?"

While teasing the man who was thirty years older than her, she once again fired her Magi Gun.

Another explosion occurred.

"You were called Emil, were you not.....Just as you surmised, mechanisms were placed on the western bank of the city gates."

While still keeping her gun at the ready, Lamnites said that.

"Is that possible!?"

"Eventually, the state of the battle will change. However, right now, it is just a bluff."

Galford nodded.

"A battle against the Demon King army, to sum it up, is whether or not the Demon King is defeated.....It will come to an end with that."

"Hmph.....For the Demon King army, they surely do not wish to pointlessly lose too many troops. If this castle does not fall easily, then the strong ones should come out."

Just as the two of them said, the Demonic Beings that were coming towards the west gate stopped.

They became quiet.

It felt like even the sound of the wind blowing could be heard.

Stepping on the soil, there was someone who came walking this way.

## Part 9

At first, it seemed like a young woman of the Races, but she had dragon-like wings on her back. She shouldered a huge Seiryuutou.

She had horns on her head, and her tail swayed left and right.

She came as far as in front of the mountain of rubble.

She then stopped.

The distance was about twenty steps away from it.

"Fufu—n♪ I thought that the whole town would be blown away with the Great Demon King Cannon but.....You all are surprisingly quite tenacious. As a reward, I'll kill you after playing with you thoroughly!"

It was a voice like that of a high-pitched young woman.

Emil asked a question.

"Great Demon King Cannon? Is that about, the dazzling thing from earlier?"

"That's right—. Although I don't really get it, I was told that it fired magical power that Great Demon King-sama had stockpiled for a long time within a box.

Ourou said that it was the ability of the 《Demon King of the Eyeball》 or something. Ah, no, or was it from the 《Demon King of the Hands》?"

The 《Demon King of Insanity Modinalaam》 absorbed other Demon Kings, and claimed to be the Great Demon King.

It seemed that the attack from earlier was the ability of a different Demon King that was absorbed.

He didn't think that she would go out of her way to tell them but.....

"The Great Demon King, about how many Demon King's did he absorb?"

Going "One, two.....\*", the young Demonic Being woman counted on her fingers. However, it seemed that even both hands were not enough.

".....A, a lot! Among them, three of them were obtained by this Ryoka!

Amazing, isn't it!?"

"So at the very least, it is more than ten."

"As a reward, I received power from Great Demon King-sama several times! It's already to the point that there's no one even in the Demon King army that can fight against me at full power.....What about you all!?"

The Demonic Being that called herself Ryoka sneered, and hit them with bloodlust.

Emil gulped.

A chill went down his spine.

The Enchanter Elastov chattered his teeth, and fell to his knees.

"Uuu.....Th, the picture of my own figure being cut down by that Demonic Being came to my mind....."

"Get a hold of yourself!"

Emil supported his shoulder.

Galford stepped forward, and asked the Demonic Being with an uninterested tone.

"There are some unnatural points in your story just now.....Are you saying that the Demonic Beings discovered more than ten 《Demon King Fragments》 in such a short period of time? That is hard to believe."

Certainly, that was doubtful.

Although Ryoka looked like she found it to be a pain, she also surprisingly told him.

"The one that found them was Great Demon King-sama. I was told that Demon Kings have the ability to sense other Demon Kings. They were normally left alone since they weren't needed to destroy the Races though."

It was surprising information for Emil's group, but Galford nodded looking like he understood.

"And were all of the fragments gathered?"

"Nuh-uh. For the ones in the territory of the Races, not yet. Also, there were some that escaped."

"What do you mean.....escaped?"

"I didn't make any screw ups like that you know! It seems that Demon Kings that were close to awakening and already had consciousness didn't want to be absorbed and escaped."

"So other Demon Kings had.....And where are they now?"

When she was about to answer yet again, \*Tatatatatata\*, a Demonic Being came running up to her.

It had three tails and a fox head.

It curled up its body that was larger than a person of the Races, and brought its

long mouth close to Ryoka's ear.

"Ryoka-sama, Ryoka-sama."

"Nn?"

"There was an order from Ourou-sama saying "Hurry up and kill them -no dearu". He also said "Do not talk about unnecessary things -dearu"."

"Haa? Even though he said to "listen to the story to the end" earlier! That guy, isn't he slow in the head!?"

Ryoka pouted her lips.

\*Jirori\* She glared at Emil's group.

"Well, that's fine. I wanted to hurry and fight from the start anyway."

Ryoka wielded the Seiryuutou with one hand.

Handling a lump of iron that was about her own height as if it were a small branch—As expected, she was the owner of physical strength that was very far apart from what the Races possessed.

With an uneager look similar to how she was chatting up until now, she called out to them.

"So who's gonna come up first—? Or will you fight all at once? I don't mind either way!"

Even though she spoke with a tone that sounded like a young girl talking with her friend on the street corner, she had an intimidating air that wasn't there before.

Emil trembled.

"Kuh.....This is bad....."

The Healer Churon nodded.

"It certainly looks like she is on a different level from the other Demonic Beings."

"Yeah, she has extraordinary cuteness. And above all, she is a woman."

"Wait!? Emil, that's a Demonic Being you know!?"

"But she is a woman."

"There is no male or female among Demonic Beings!"

While they were arguing, Galford stepped forward.

"Cover me."

Lamnites made a surprised looking face.

"Oya, is that alright? Are not chivalrous things like one-on-one bouts something

that men fuss over?"

".....That, is not a being that I can win against with that sort of naive thinking."

## Part 10

The vicinity of the place where the west gate had once stood had completely changed.

The plaza that was on the gate's inner side was greatly cracked.

It was there that the Knight Order was distributed.

The Local Knights were people that were sufficiently trained as people of the Races, but if they were to fight against a named Demonic Being or a large-sized Demonic Beast, they couldn't be counted as fighting power.

In front of them, there was Lamnites who had her Magi Gun at the ready.

She had established her aim on the enemy.

Emil and his companion Adventurers were standing at the place where the gate originally was at.

There was nothing but rubble at their feet.

While they protected Lamnites who was right behind them, they opened up the Magi Gun's line of fire.

And then, there was the area in front of the west gate.

Due to the Great Demon King Cannon, a huge hole was opened up. The rubble that once was the west gate had crumbled down into that hole, and there was not a trace of the once beautifully maintained city gate and highway.

That place that was like the center of the destruction had become Galford's battlefield.

Placing a hand on the sword on his waist, he had yet to draw it.

"....."

The distance was about ten steps.

The one he was confronting, Ryoka, narrowed her eyes.

"Hnn, it looks like I can enjoy this for a bit♪"

".....I cannot sympathize with you.....A time where I have felt joy for a battle, has never happened."

"Isn't that because they were weak? Don't disappoint me, got it!?"

After cheerfully declaring that, Ryoka kicked the ground.

A charge.

However, it wasn't faster than what he imagined.

Emil had a thought.

—Could it be that, I trained too much?

To think that he would feel that the Demonic Being that Galford asserted that he could not win against in a one-on-one fight wasn't all that fast.

Ryoka swung her Seiryuutou.

"Oryah!"

She should have still been distant.

However, the blade shot out a light.

From a distance that was about one step off, her slash reached. An unexpected attack!?

Galford made a loud scream of fighting spirit.

"ZEH!!"

He drew his sword.

Emil opened his eyes wide.

When compared to the attack used when he was training with him before, this was a speed on a completely different level.

—I thought that he was probably going easy on me, but to think that it was this fast!

Galford's sword negated Ryoka's hurled slash.

\*Don!\* The air shook.

Right away, there was another attack.

Galford's two-part attack was fast to the point that even Emil was just barely able to chase after it with his eyes.

Fresh blood fluttered about from the back of Ryoka's right hand.

Her eyes became round.

"I, was cut!?"

"Mu....."

Galford dropped his gaze onto his sword.

The tip of his blade was chipped.

Ryoka's injury, smoothly vanished.

"Ufufufu.....You're pretty good. I'll go a bit faster!"

She came attacking once again.

It was a slash that was clearly faster than her first one.

Having taken a step in, this time it was a distance where the blade of her Seiryuutou would reach him.

Galford warded it off with his sword.

"ツ.....Seei!!"

From his movement of receiving it, as if drawing a circle, he slashed at her without any hesitation.

He slashed Ryoka's upper arm.

He had given her a fairly deep wound, but it didn't reach the point of cutting it off. Her left arm languidly dropped.

"Why!? Even though I was the faster one!?"

It was a difference in technique. In physical ability, the Demonic Being called Ryoka had the upper hand, but there was an overwhelming difference in their sword techniques.

Galford's sword technique was like having offence and defence as one, where there was no pause when he went from defending to attacking. When one thought that he had defended against an attack, he would finish his counterattack as naturally as water finding its leveling point. It was beautiful kenjutsu that did not match his stern face.

However, Ryoka's left arm which should have been completely cut to the bone, returned to normal in no time at all.

—Is she immortal?

Ryoka made a broad smile.

"It looks like you aren't a small fry! Now this, is a fight!"

She slashed at him again.

Did she think that the earlier counterattack was something done by coincidence?

It was an attack similar to before.

Warding her off yet again, the counterattack this time cut Ryoka's left shoulder.

The Demonic Being sped up even more.

As if matching with her, the swinging of Galford's sword also became faster.

A sword fight was something where the sound of metal colliding with metal would happen over and over.

However, the fight between these two, was on a whole other level.

Each and every attack was heavy.

There weren't light sounds like \*Kin, kin.....\*, but heavy sounds like \*Gah, goh.....\* were made, and Galford's sword would chip every time.

Maybe because the Seiryuutou that Ryoka wielded was endowed with magic, there wasn't even a single smudge on it.

He won in sword technique, but it seemed like he would lose in the difference of their weapons. Did he not have some sort of hand to play?

Suddenly, Ryoka took some distance.

"Tsk....."

"Mu?"

While cautiously putting himself on guard, Galford did not chase after her. Ryoka languidly lowered her Seiryuutou.

"I quit."

"Hou.....If you are going to leave, then as a person of the Races, I have no reason to detain you."

"You, you aren't fighting seriously, are you?"

"And why, would you think that?"

"You are matching with me, and are going at the bare minimum speed to do that. And even when I show openings, you don't cut at me."

".....I am the cautious type, you see. I believe clear openings to be traps."

"Ah, really.....Then, I'll make you go seriously."

Ryoka turned her gaze to behind Galford.

She glared at Emil's group.

—Wh, what in the world!?

Naturally, he did not lose focus.

He had put himself on guard. That should have been the case.

Ryoka's eyes suspiciously shined.

Lamnites shouted.

"Dodge it—!!"

"Gah!?"

Elastov the Enchanter vomited blood.

A hole opened up in his left breast.

Deep red blood was gushing out even from there. He collapsed face up.

Emil got down to his knees next to him.

"Elastov!"

He shouted his name with all of his strength.

\*Gobah\* What came out from his mouth was not words but blood.

".....ツ"

"E, Elastov.....!!"

Churon the Healer waved his staff.

He offered a prayer to God.

A faint light enveloped Elastov.

"....."

"O God! Show mercy.....!!"

"....."

"Heal his wounds, O God! O God!"

It was an earnest Healing Technique.

However, Elastov did not move. Not even his breathing had returned.

\*Gakkuri\* Churon crumbled down.

"Uuu.....kuh....."

"H, he died.....!?"

Emil heard his own voice as if they were words spoken by some other person.

A companion of his had died.

Ryoka curved her lips.

"How about it? If you don't get serious, then they will decrease one by one.

People of the Races hate it when their companions die, right?"

Galford groaned.

"Doing something so foolish....."

Emil broke into a run.

## Part 11

"Bastarddddddddddddddddddddddddddddd—!!"

Emil's blood was boiling.

Raising his large sword overhead, he dashed towards Ryoka.

Lamnites clicked her tongue, and fired her Magi Gun.

"Damned fool....."

\*Gan\* Ryoka ended up grandly bending backwards.

"Au!?"

It hit! Did she not dodge it!? Or could it be, she couldn't react to it!?

Was she careless!?

Whatever the case, it's a good opportunity!

Emil plunged in.

"《Sword Smite III》!!"

He filled the distance in one go with a charge in-type Martial Art.

Galford shouted.

"Do not get close so carelessly!"

Although he told him that, Emil's thoughts were filled with rage.

Ryoka had her stance broken, but she swung her Seiryuutou with a single arm.

As he had vigorously rushed in, it was right on top of him.

The gigantic blade drew near right before Emil's eyes.

"Teyah!"

He repelled the Seiryuutou with his large sword.

Interrupting the side slash that immediately followed the charge, he connected it to a different technique.

"《Quad Slash》!!"

If one can use this, they will be level 80 as a Warrior—it was a Martial Art that said that. It would dispatch four consecutive attacks almost simultaneously.

It was an attack where one had to be a 《Superhuman Strength Warrior》 that could easily handle a large sword.

The first one was defended against, but the remaining attacks gouged Ryoka's torso.

She was blown away.

"Kuhah!? Even though you're just a small fry, how cheeky.....!!"

"I'm not done yet!"

It was the fruits of his long and difficult training.

This Ryoka was surely far stronger than the Demonic Being Gregor that acted violently in Faltra City before. And he was pressuring that kind of formidable opponent in a crossing of swords.

It was also thanks to Elastov the Enchanter.

Emil's large sword that was endowed with magic did not break even after clashing with the Demonic Being's Seiryuutou from the front, and did not have a single chip in the blade after cutting Ryoka's tough body.

—I will have, my revenge!!

His large sword struck into the Demonic Being's side.

His opponent's body bent at a weird angle. If it were a person of the Races, they might have been cut into two from it.

—I can win!

Emil took a stance where he held the large sword right overhead.

《Alps Fall III》

Its power was great, but the setup was long. If he were to unleash it normally, the punch line would be him getting cut before he could.

Even in his fight against Diablo in the past, he was struck before the Martial Art could activate, and was blown off to the wall.

Even so, this Martial Art that was evaluated as being unusable, suited him the most—that is what Emil believed.

That is why he went as far as to grasp the special skill 《Instantaneous》. It was possible to shorten a Martial Art's setup. With this, 《Alps Fall》 would make it in time against an opponent that was in recoil from receiving damage.

"Eat thissss——!!"

Ryoka's face, entered his view.

She had horns. She also had wings and a tail like that of a Dragon. She also killed people of the Races. She was a Demonic Being.

However, that face, was that of a woman.

—My name is Emil Byushelbeljel. The guardian of all women!

"Kuh!!"

A momentary hesitation that not even he himself was conscious of.

Ryoka showed her fangs.

"What a killjoy, you damned small fry!"

The large sword that was swung down on her head—  
was smashed by her Seiryuutou.

"What!?"

An aura that could only be described as pitch black flames was emitted from his opponent's blade.

So while she was being showered with several attacks, Ryoka had kept a trump card hidden. So she was going easy on them.

The Seiryuutou clad in jet black flames swooped down on Emil who had lost his large sword.

"The second one!"

"Emiiiiil!!"

There was someone that wedged himself in between them.

With a gigantic shield, he stopped the Demonic Being's Seiryuutou.

No, he tried to stop it.

"Gohoh!?"

Glutas the Blocker, together with his shield, had his body split right in half.

Emil's field of vision became deep red.

"Gul.....ツ.....!?"

Moreover, despite having cut through a thick shield and a giant of a man, the power of Ryoka's attack didn't diminish.

Emil's armor was torn through.

It felt as if burning iron was pressed onto his chest. What he felt wasn't "ouch", but "hot".

"GAAAAaaaaah!?"

He collapsed onto the ground.

Due to the pain, he couldn't put strength into his body.

Ryoka looked down on him with eyes as if she were looking at a bug.

"The second one ended up being a different small fry. Well, whatever.....Hey, you? Have you started to feel like fighting seriously yet?"

She was no longer looking at Emil.

Her interest returned to Galford.

Being asked that, he breathed a sigh.

".....Disobeying orders, making a challenge that left everything to spirit, and isolating himself on the war front.....As I thought, it was pointless to count Adventurers as part of the war potential. There wasn't even any point to buying time."

Buying time.

So Galford was waiting.....

For someone who could overturn this hopeless war situation.

However, that sort of vague expectation, he had long since abandoned it—that is what he said aloud.

His tattered long sword, fell from his hand.

"I had not intended on using this until the battle with the Demon King though."

## Part 12

Ryoka tilted her head.

"What're you doing? Throwing away your weapon.....Could it be, do you plan on surrendering? Just so you know, I plan on slaughtering you all, got it?"

"I am sure that you do. Allow me to say this as well.....I will show no mercy, to you Demonic Beings."

Galford did not hold a sword. Despite that, he took a stance as if he were holding a sword at his waist.

This made Ryoka make an even more puzzled face.

"It doesn't look like.....it's just a bluff."

A drop of sweat languidly fell from Galford's forehead, who was not moving an inch.

His heart rate increased.

\*Fuu, fuu\* He repeatedly took short breathes.

While putting himself on guard, his muscles swelled up.

It was said that what became the base of Martial Arts was the energy (SP) that flowed throughout the body. If used within the body, it would become a Martial Art that increases the limit of one's physical ability.

If that is the case, then there also exists a different way of using it.

"HAAAAAAAAA!!!"

Gathering SP outside of his body, it would materialize.

He slowly made the action of pulling something out.

In Galford's hand, a shining sword had appeared.

《Sword of Light》

Ryoka pulled both ends of her mouth up to her ears, and expressed a whole faced smile.

"So you're finally, serious. You slowpoke, I almost ended up carelessly killing you."

She kicked the ground.

She was clearly faster than any other point up until now.

Emil understood that she had gone easy on him. Even with that, his companions

were cut down, he himself was also cut down, and he was now humbly collapsed on the ground.

She was a monster.

Ryoka was on a different level from the other Demonic Beings.

Even if Galford was a hero of the great war, even if he pulled out his trump card, there was no way a person of the Races could fight against that kind of monster—that is how Emil felt.

Going first, Ryoka slashed at him.

"Show me that seriousness of yours! Make me smile, Human!"

"Sei!"

Against her slash, Galford, while twisting his body, caught it with the shining sword.

Amazingly, the Sword of Light scattered into pieces.

It turned into shining fragments.

Ryoka raised a strange laughter.

"Hyaha!"

"Slash!!"

Galford swung his empty left hand. At the same time, in his left hand, a second 《Sword of Light》 sprung forth.

Fresh blood scattered about.

Both of Ryoka's hands were severed.

"Wha!? Why.....!?"

Her Seiryuutou fell to the ground together with both of her wrists.

With bloodshot eyes, she glared at Galford.

"I will not let you get away!!"

At the same time he shouted that, the sword that was held in his left hand was already swung.

Ryoka's head fell.

Flying high, it then fell to the ground.

Turning into a freshly severed head, Ryoka opened both of her eyes wide to the point that it seemed like her eyeballs would fall out.

"Impossible!? I was.....!?"

Her figure of raising her voice while only being a head, she truly was something not human.

This time, Galford looked down on her.

"What is wrong? Smile.....Fights, are fun, are they not?"

"Gii.....You.....!!"

"Since you can recover in an instant even if you bear an injury, you held no fear or weariness and did not turn your attention to defense. Due to that, you had lost your weapon."

"You had two swords! That was foul play, you cheater!"

"Cheater you say.....That is the greatest compliment."

"Do you enjoy winning like that!?"

"Just as I said before—A time where I have felt joy for a battle, has never happened."

Galford struck a 《Sword of Light》 onto Ryoka's head.

## Part 13

The Demonic Being priest Lazpuulas was riding on the back of a gigantic Demonic Beast, and was gazing at the war situation.

The one that he was riding at first had turned into particles of light due to the Great Demon King Cannon. Right now, he was on top of a different Grand Turtle.

Next to him was the 《Demonic Beast User》 Manuela.

And then, the commander-in-chief of the Demon King army Ourou was there.

"As expected of the hero of the shining sword, Chester Ray Galford -nano dearu. To think that Ryoka who hadst been strengthened to the limit would be defeated....."

He has a surprised look, but this was probably within his calculations—is what Lazpuulas thought.

The commander-in-chief seemed to find Ryoka to be an eyesore. It was because the young and uninhibited girl would repeatedly ignore orders.

The Demonic Beings who were of the former Edelgart faction also made flagrant movements to elevate Ryoka into a high position.

In order to solidify his own position in the Demon King army, Ourou should have wanted to pluck that sprout of talent.

He had most likely made Ryoka fight alone while expecting her defeat.

Was this crafty Demonic Being a shrewd tactician? Or, was he a small-timer that ran on self-protection? His evaluation was split at the moment but.....

At any rate, the current Demon King army would not have come into existence if not for Ourou's command. His leadership and decisiveness were absolutely necessary.

Lazpuulas turned his gaze to the box that fell onto the ground.

—As for why, it is because Great Demon King Modinalaam-sama is no longer in a state that could be called a king after all.

"Commander-in-chief Ourou, if we do not close the box."

"It is already too late."

"What did you say!?"

"It would seem that Great Demon King-sama has taken an interest in fighting."

"Th, that is.....Will things be alright? Won't another town be annihilated....."

Lazpuulas voiced his concern.

To maintain the current Demon King army which had grown to an unprecedented scale, a fair amount of food was required. They had no provisions.

There was a need to steal from the towns of the Races.

Ourou twisted his head horizontally.

"If this Fortress City Faltra is removed, the many bases behind it shall be defenseless -nano dearu. This is where we shall have Great Demon King-sama show his power -dearu."

"I see....."

"Instigating Great Demon King-sama's fighting spirit, was the enemy's blunder. They were foolish -dearu. Tis a fate that the Races' excessive resistance hadst invited -nano dearu."

"....."

That was surely also within his calculations, is what he thought.

By defeating Ryoka and showing that fight, Great Demon King-sama would be spurred on.

So it was a calculative step to turn Faltra City into scorched earth, and gain total control of the Lifelia Kingdom's western side.

How shrewd.

Lazpuulas gazed at Faltra City.

"To think they would end up having to face against Great Demon King-sama.....I am a Demonic Being, but I am harboring a feeling of pity for the Races."

"Priests are too soft -no dearu!"

That might be true.

However, Great Demon King-sama's power was overwhelming to the point that he ended up pitying them.

# **Chapter 2: Trying Out Fighting Against the Great Demon King**

# Part 1

A scream shook the air and ground.

It was in front of the box that released a flash of light.

It was black and had head like that of a goat.

It had the wings of a bat on its back.

Its size was about twice that of a person of the Races. It was two sizes smaller than Demonic Beings with large builds. It didn't have that much muscle either. Rather than being toned, it had an impression of being thin, slender, and lanky. Despite this, its intimidating air couldn't even be compared with anything else there. Just by hearing its voice, even Emil had his body freeze in fear.

"Wh, what in the world.....is that.....!?"

"That is.....the Great Demon King."

The voice of Galford, who has said that, trembled.

Leaking out a groan, the Archer Yuan went down to a knee.

"Uuu, this is a lie right.....There's no way, we can fight against that thing....."

"Even if that is the case, we cannot give up."

The Healer Churon wielded his staff.

Through several uses of Healing techniques, Emil's wounds finally healed up. Emil held a long sword in his hand.

Since his own large sword was smashed by Ryoka, this was the equipment of someone else—

It was the sword of the Blocker Glutas who had died.

"I will be borrowing this, Glutas....."

With the long sword dyed in blood in hand, he stood up.

It was an outrageous opponent.

It was beyond imagination.

If it had to be likened to something, it was feeling of despair where if he were told to jump off a precipitous cliff where the bottom couldn't be seen.....then he felt that that would be better.

Even so, he tightly grasped the sword.

"I will absolutely not fall!"

"Fumu.....Your foolhardiness to not run away, I shall praise that alone."

Galford's body was enveloped in the light of magic.

Maybe there was a Healer among the Local Knights that lined up behind him.

His wounds vanished.

However, the SP that he consumed shouldn't have recovered as well.

Emil made a declaration.

"As if I would run away! This time for sure, I will protect women with my sword!"

".....I will not inquire as to if something had happened in your past. Even knowing your poor ability, I shall have expectations of that strenuous effort of yours."

OOOOOOOO!!

The Great Demon King Modinalaam, who raised a shout at a distance so far that they couldn't even tell its facial expression, turned their way.

Galford put himself on guard.

"Here it comes!"

The enemy kicked the ground. As if an explosion had occurred, clumps of earth were blown up.

The concept of distance had already lost all meaning—in an instant that was enough to make them think that, Modinalaam had approached them right before their eyes.

Emil swung his sword.

He would not wait and see. He threw in a full power Martial Art right from the start.

"《Quad Slash》!!"

Due to using a long sword that was lighter than his large sword, it was much faster than before.

Four consecutive attacks that happened at almost the same time.

It was timing where it would hit the Great Demon King that came rushing in.

Even so, Emil was prepared. For whether the attack would be evaded, be flicked away, or cause no damage even if it hit.

Knowing that it was not an easy opponent, he was plenty ready for it.

However, he could not anticipate this.

The blade of the sword that struck it—That Modinalaam would bite down on it

with its teeth and stop it.

"Wha, what in the world!? My sword is.....being eaten!?"

Quite easily, the silver blade was broken.

Even though it should have been a considerably high class famous sword that was obtained in the royal capital!

He felt like the black goat face smiled.

Gigigigi!!

Its thin and slender arm thrust out a scraggy fist. Its body was close to the structure of a person of the Races.

—I'll dodge it!

Right where he evaded to when he thought that, the Great Demon King's fist was there.

He was seen through!?

Emil would be punched in the face.

Right before that.

A 《Sword of Light》 tore through Modinalaam's shoulder to its flank.

"Seei!!"

"GlaGAAAaAAA!!"

It did not seem like a sound a living creature would emit. It was a scream that sounded like the noise of a broken musical instrument.

The one that cut it, was Galford.

A satisfactory slash!

Just when he thought that, he clicked his tongue.

"So there was an 《Iron Wall》.....huh!?"

It was a Martial Art. It would void all damage.

Modinalaam, while shouting, once again thrust out its fist.

Galford took some distance.

However, even though it didn't look like it was all that fast, it were as if his own movements had become slower.

Rather, he would end up taking the fist as if he were being sucked to it.

Biki!

A sound like a broken tree was snapped was made.

"Guh!?"

Galford grimaced. His right arm that had caught the attack was bent in the

wrong direction.

Emil doubted his own eyes.

—To think that Galford who is at such a high level would have his arm broken!?

"Uuu.....Strong.....It's too strong."

"Not yet! I cannot, fall back over.....just one right arm!!"

He sent out the 《Sword of Light》 in his left hand.

Martial Art 《Heat Sonic》—The Sword of Light was clad in bright red flames. On top of that, it was a powerful attack that made eight consecutive slashes.

However, Modinalaam evaded the consecutive attacks with astounding speed.

On the contrary, it bit down on Galford's left arm.

A wet unpleasant sound was made.

\*Bicha bicha\* Deep red blood splashed and fell to the ground.

"Guah!!"

Galford raised an anguished voice, and left away. Incredibly, from the elbow of his left arm onwards was gone.

\*Bota bota\* His left arm that was dripping blood, Modinalaam held it in its mouth.

—His arm was bitten off!?

Emil's body wouldn't stop trembling.

Fear.

When he confronted Ryoka, he felt that she was strong. When he tried fighting against her, she was outrageously stronger than he predicted.

However, Modinalaam was different.

This wasn't even a match.

Emil sensed it.

For them, they could not make an attack that would damage Modinalaam. And then, for them, they did not have any means to defend against Modinalaam's attacks.

This could not be called a "fight".....

## Part 2

"Tis a massive killing -nano dearu!"

While gazing at the fight, Ourou expressed a dark smile.

Lazpuulas nodded.

"It truly is, like smashing a flying bug.....isn't it."

"Kukuku.....Great Demon King-sama hath taken in many Demon King-samas. As a result, he is in a constant state of using the Martial Art 《Iron Wall》, his fists have 《Certain Hit》, and his fangs have 《Certain Kill》 -nano dearu!"

Ourou spoke with a tone of ecstasy.

He had nothing but admiration.

"He is overwhelming. It is because the unusual power that the people of the Races repeated train for and only exhibit momentarily, Great Demon King-sama can perpetually attain it."

"Our victory is assured -no dearu!"

"Indeed."

Lazpuulas was secretly relieved.

It was because Great Demon King-sama didn't blow away a vast range with magic. If something like that had happened, a majority of the food would have burned up.

If it was in close combat, then Faltra City might remain as at least rubble. The Races will be eradicated sooner or later, but they needed to snatch the food away.

He desired a quick conclusion.

".....The people of the Races should stop their futile struggling and accept their destruction. That way, they could reach their end with little suffering."

"Kukukukuku.....That is right, tis pointless to oppose Great Demon King-sama -dearu."

"Indeed. There should be no one in this land that is able to injure Great Demon King-sama....."

The Great Demon King Modinalaam was flashily blown away.

Ourou and Lazpuulas raised their voices together.

""Whaaaaaa!?""

## Part 3

A little girl folded her arms and was lording over the area.

"Ku ku ku.....To be able to endure this Maou's kick, you are pretty sturdy, aren't you, 《Insanity》."

After expressly going to a high place—climbing atop the still intact part of the collapsed rampart, the one who attacked with a dropkick was a small girl.

She possessed horns that grew out left and right of her head, and a tail that split at the tip of it.

Her light gold hair flew about in the wind.

Pushing up her hair, she then placed her hand on her hip. She threw out her small chest to the point that she looked like she would fall backwards.

"Maou takes the stage -nano da!"



Seeing that figure, Emil opened his eyes wide.

"Krum-chan!?"

"Umu!"

Galford groaned. Greasy sweat was falling down from his forehead. His left arm was gone from the elbow down, and his right arm was bent at an impossible angle and was now hanging loosely.

"Gu ku.....So, it is the child.....that Demon.....brought along? Are you saying..... that she kicked, Modinalaam away?"

The one that was supporting him, who had collapsed, was the scarlet haired woman—Lamnites. She was no longer clutching her Magi Gun in her hands. Maybe it was because she had judged that it would not work on the Great Demon King.

"We must fall back for now, Lord Galford! The Great Demon King being that much of a monster was beyond our expectations. I do not know who she is, but we have no other choice but to leave it to that child, right!?"

"Kuh.....She said, that she is also, a Demon King."

"Wh, what?"

"I thought that.....it was just nonsense though."

Actually, Emil knew.

It was because in the past, that one time when the Demon King Krebskrum had awakened within Faltra City, he had witnessed it.

That little girl called Krum, was the Demon King Krebskrum.

In front of Emil's group, a young lady with an out-of-place waitress outfit appeared. She held a spear in her hand.

"To Demon King-sama~, hindrance? Hindrance! Withdraw, Humans."

Her eyes and skin, they possessed an uncomfortable feeling.

As if they did not belong to a person of the Races.....

Emil went \*Ha!\* and realized it.

"C, could it be.....A Demonic Being!?"

"So.....what?"

\*Jirori\* The waitress glared at him. It was a different kind of intimidating air from Ryoka and the Great Demon King.

That sort of thing, didn't matter.

".....Beautiful."

He was about to give his usual introduction, but she stabbed the ground at his

feet with her spearhead.

"Withdraw, is what Edelgart~, said?"

"W, whoa."

It was regretful, but it was just as she had said.

Let alone Emil, even Galford and Lamnites could not be counted as fighting power against that Great Demon King.

\*Gu\* He clenched his teeth.

Having been blown away with a kick, Modinalaam raised its body up. Going \*Grrr.....\*, it raised a wolf-like growl even though it had a goat head.

Going \*Hmph\*, Krum kept her hands on her hips.

"It would seem you were collecting other Demon Kings, and learning this and that but.....It is meaningless if you do not master them -noda, 《Insanity》."

Right now, Modinalaam claimed to be the Great Demon King, but originally, it possessed the alias of 《Demon King of Insanity》.

GAA!

Modinalaam raised a howl, and closed the distance all at once.

It fired its fist.

Even though it was a lanky and slender arm, it had enough power to break Galford's arm.

Moreover, miraculously enough, it couldn't be evaded.

"Too slow!"

Krum shouted, and fired off a kick.

It was a crude attack where she only extended her leg forward, but Emil found it difficult to chase after it with his eyes. It was a speed as if time had stopped for everything but her.

GYAU!?

Its goat head was crushed, and Modinalaam was blown away once again.

Krum snorted.

"Hmph.....I had heard that you were as strong as several Demon Kings though? Aren't you too weak. You, are you going easy on this Maou?"

Grrrrr.....

Modinalaam showed its teeth, and growled.

Krum breathed out.

"Ha! In the end, you cannot bring out your full power, can you? To wield

oversized power that is beyond your control, you really are pathetic -nanoda."  
It drew near once again.

This time, Modinalaam did not make a large swinging attack, but unleashed a thrust that was much sharper than before.

It was a small movement that was like a feint.

Even so, the power behind it was probably beyond imagination.

Krum defended against the attack, but she became unable to counterattack.

Emil groaned.

"Uuu.....This is bad. In terms of speed, Krum-chan is better, but Modinalaam has longer arms. She is being pressured by the difference in their reach."

Edelgart, who was standing in front of them as if to protect them, looked over her shoulder. She was making a surprised looking face.

"As, tonished.....Even though person of Races, can see?"

"Of course. Even I am a Warrior after all."

"That so.....Truly, astonished—completely~, mistaken."

"What!?"

"Demon King-sama is~, Demon King-sama! Is not pressured, at all."

She had a boastful expression.

Of all of the attacks that were launched in succession, Krum had received not a single one of them and was repelling them.

"What is this.....Since you were said to be a combination of many Demon Kings, I thought that you would surely be interesting, but is your technique only punches? I am already tired of it -noda."

Her pushed out leg once again caught Modinalaam's face.

\*Biki!\* An irregular sound was made from around its neck.

Its goat head, was slanted.

Krum tightly clenched her right hand.

Light dwelled within her fist.

"Maou, was ordered by Master -noda. To protect the town. Therefore, Maou will.....defeat you -noda!"

"Ga.....Guga....."

"Besides, if the town of the Races disappears, I won't be able to eat biscuits anymore!"

—For that reason? is what Emil thought.

In the next moment, Krum pushed out her right fist.

"《Infinity Detonation》!!"

"Gah.....Gugaga.....!?"

A flash of light engulfed Modinalaam.

Krum showed her fangs, and laughed.

"Ku ku ku! It seems that you were protecting your body with Void Damage, but it was useless -nanoda! It is because Maou's attack ignores any and all defense!"

With things being too transcendental for him, Emil was unable to understand the reasoning.

He was somehow able to understand that Modinalaam used a Void Damage Martial Art called 《Iron Wall》.

It was because both Galford's slash and Krum's kick looked like they had no effect.

Even among the Races, there were those that could use the 《Iron Wall》 Martial Art, but that effect only happens for a moment. To have Void Damage on permanently, that was just foul play.

However, the attack that Krum unleashed, that was something even more like foul play—it could amazingly pass through 《Iron Wall》.

Violent sounds of explosions happened consecutively, and before long, a sound like something breaking was made.

Modinalaam shrieked.

"GUGAaAAAAA!!"

So it truly did pass through 《Iron Wall》!

Due to the intense attack, the left half of Modinalaam's body was greatly shaved away. Far from just its left shoulder, the area up to its chest was gouged out.

\*Goboh\* It vomited black blood.

"Guh.....Gugugu.....Astonishment.....Power, beyond expectations!?"

Krum narrowed her eyes.

"Hou? So you're able to at least use words -noda na. I thought you had fallen to becoming a beast."

Modinalaam, who had been giving out howls up until now, started to put out words of the Races from its goat mouth.

"To thee, «Demon King of the Soul Krebskrum», I ask.....For what reason dost thou assist the Races -naruya?"

"The biscuits are delicious -noda!"

".....Bis.....?"

"Now it is your turn to answer. Why, do you kill the Races -noda?"

"A foolish question. Demon Kings art existences to destroy the Races. A purpose, for none other than that."

"Hahn! So even after gathering several Demon Kings, you do not think at all! In that case, appropriate for a fool that fights without knowing the meaning of it, you should die in obscurity without knowing the meaning of it!"

A brilliance dwelled in Krum's right fist once again.

The goat-headed Modinalaam breathed out a small sigh.

"«Demon King of the Soul Krebskrum».....To fight against the Demon King said to be the strongest.....I suppose tis already the time to release it for an enemy I am no match for, the seal."

## Part 4

Modinalaam's body transformed.

\*Zudon!\* Its limbs became thick. The lost left half were restored really easily. Matching its limbs that had become thick, its torso had turned gigantic as well. It had become one head taller, but above all, it had transformed into a powerful looking body that seemed like a mass of muscle.

Only its black goat head remained unchanged.

"Guh, kuh.....To think I wouldst have to release it, how unexpected. Sooner than reaching the capital of the Races."

"Good grief -nanoda. Just because you became a bit bigger, you think you can in against this Maou.....Ugh!?"

Krum hurriedly jumped away.

The composed smile she had up until now had vanished from her face.

Emil was unable to understand the enemy's transformation. There was no mistake that its body had become bigger, but was that not the only change?

\*Yorori\* Edelgart shrank away.

"Uuu.....No way.....!?"

"What's wrong?"

".....D, Demon King-sama.....are~, many.....here? Here!"

She answered with a trembling voice to Emil's question.

"Is it because, it is the Great Demon King!?"

"Danger, ous....."

Edelgart was completely frightened.

Having changed into a muscular figure, Modinalaam asked a question to Krum.

"How is the taste of despair -naruya?"

"Kuh.....So that, is your.....full power, is it."

"Krebskrum.....Just as thou hadst surmised, the power of the gathered Demon Kings was too great. Shouldst it be wielded, this body wouldst collapse. Self-destruct. A fate of complete destruction."

Modinalaam opened up a hand. The fingertips on it slowly turned to sand.

So it meant that before long, if given time, it would crumble down.

Krum put herself on guard.

Her right fist still had light dwelling within it.

"H, hmph.....Is how you seem to have come to incessantly flap your tongue also a display of the Demon King power? Maou does not know of a chatterbox Demon King though."

"Affirmative. Intellect is also power -nariya."

"That way of speaking.....It is just like the 《Demon King of the Throat Biotros》 -nanoda. That fellow truly was a glib small-timer though."

"A fragment, in the end, is a fragment. An existence that is lacking. Once all fragments are gathered, I shall surely reach the complete and flawless 《Originator Demon King》!"

"How idiotic -noda. Even if you reach that absolute perfection or whatever, you would merely be killing the Races with no meaning to it."

"Nay. The meaning is clear."

"Ho—?"

"Tis in the very act of exercising power, the infinite value."

"It's incomprehensible -noda. Isn't that equivalent to saying that you act violently because you want to act violently. It is similar to being a beast -nanoda."

"The result.....This world shalt continue."

"Even if the world does exist, if there aren't any biscuits, then there is no meaning -noda!"

"If thou unifies with me, tis possible, a complete understanding."

Modinalaam raised up both hands.

Krum went \*Peh—\* and stuck out her tongue.

"Maou refuses -nanoda! If Maou becomes one with you, then won't Maou stop being Maou."

"Value as an incomplete individual, dost not exist!"

"Maou is, flawless, perfect, and complete like this -noda!"

"Krebskrum.....Thou who hast not even awakened, thou certainly cannot win against me."

Modinalaam's magic activated. At the ends of the hands that it had raised to the sky, a shining sphere was created. It became bigger very fast.

The surroundings became brightly illuminated.

It were as if it were the sun.

Modinalaam swung down its raised up hands.

It was the Chemical Elemental Magic 《Falling Solar》 that the 《Demon King of the Heart Cardia》 had once used.

It came from the sky, as if the sun were falling down.

\*Gi\* Krum bit down on her molars.

"You should just disappear -noda!"

Krum pushed out her fist.

Against the ball of light that was headed towards her, she fired the second 《Infinity Detonation》.

The two mighty magics clashed with each other. It heated up the atmosphere, and made the ground seeth.

Modinalaam narrowed the eyes on its goat-head.

"How shabby -naruya, Krebskrum."

"Wh, at!?"

"Learn the greatness, of mine magic!"

"ツ!?"

Modinalaam piled on another magic spell on top of the two magic spells that were clashing for supremacy.

For Demon Kings, magical power was something that overflowed from inside, and it would never run dry.

However, there was a limit as to how much one could draw out at once.

They were on different leagues.

The amount of magic that Modinalaam could use at any instant, was several times larger than what Krebskrum could.

She was easily outpushed.

Krum was swallowed up by the light of the enemy's magic.

"AGUAaaaAaAaaah!!"

She raised a scream from the pain that was like having all of her limbs plucked off.

An explosion occurred.

Emil's group hid themselves in the rubble just before it happened, but several of the Local Knights that were late to get away got dragged in and blown away. With even just the aftermath doing that, it was that big of an explosion.

The smoke was swept away by the wind.

Krum was collapsed on the burnt ground.

"Ah.....guh.....Uuu....."

Her skin was cracked. Even though it was originally soft, fresh and youthful skin that had elasticity, it now looked like dropped eggshell.

Modinalaam stood beside her.

"Even the 《Demon King of the Soul Krebskrum》, who was extolled as the strongest, when not yet awakened, is only of this level -naruya."

"Maou.....was given the order.....Was entrusted with it, -noda."

".....?"

"She cannot be allowed, to lose!"

Punching the ground, she sprang up, and fired a kick that skimmed the ground. She aimed for the enemy's legs.

She hit, but it was solid.

Modinalaam didn't even have its stance broken.

"Understanding that thou cannot match me with magic, thou chooseth hand-to-hand fighting -naruya? In that case, learn the power, of the 《Demon King of the Hands Hattjabul》[\[1\]](#)."

While saying that it was the power of the 《Demon King of the Hands》, a kick was sent out.

Krum, who had taken a low posture, took the intense attack in her flank.

"Gyau!?"

Even though one would think that she would be flashily sent flying going by the speed of the kick, Krum miraculously was stopped at that spot. It were as if she were sewn to the ground.

Another attack was made, this time with a hand.

The finger that was extended upright, was thrust at Krum's stomach. She was pierced right beside her navel by Modinalaam's finger that was like a spear.

"AGAAaAah!?"

"How fragile -naruya."

"Ga.....U.....Uuu....."

Krum grabbed Modinalaam's arm with both hands. She tried to remove the finger that had pierced into her stomach, but it wouldn't move.

"The awakened Krebskrum, wouldst be clad in armor with wings of light. Thine

ability.....I desire it."

"U, guh.....Fool.....Maou, will not yield!"

"Thy will, hast no value."

Modinalaam fired magic from the fingertip that pierced her.

A \*Bon!\* sound was made, and entrails flew out from Krum's back.

"Gya.....ツ"

Having no strength, Krum collapsed to the ground.

The ground became deep red.

A fist-sized hole was opened up in her stomach.

### **Translator's Notes:**

[\[1\]](#) Original: ハットジャブール

## Part 5

"Demon King-sama—!!"

Readying her horseback spear, Edelgart rushed in.

It was a speed that could surpass the Demonic Being Ryoka.

"Hou."

Modinalaam caught the tip of the spear that approached his face with two fingers. With just that, she became unable to move as if it had thrust into a stone wall.

Edelgart pushed and pulled with all of her strength, but it wouldn't budge.

"Ugh, cannot～.....move!?"

"A Demonic Being showeth disrespect towards me, the Great Demon King?"

"Edelgart～, pledged loyalty? Pledged loyalty! To Krebskrum-sama!"

"In that case—"

Modinalaam raised the hand that wasn't holding onto the spear overhead.

In that hand, a pitch black sword appeared.

It was similar to the 《Sword of Light》 that Galford used earlier, but not only was it black, even its size was different. It was a jet black large sword.

Edelgart looked up, and her lips trembled.

"The godslaying.....《God Breaker》!?"

"Thou, shouldst be satisfied with thine self-sacrifice -naruya."

He swung the large sword down towards her.

Just before that—There was someone striking a sword at Modinalaam's flank.

"I, will protect! All women!"

It was Emil.

What he held in his hand, was a 《Sword of Light》 that he borrowed from Galford.

Furthermore, it was cutting.

He didn't think that it would work, but even so, he could keep silent and continue watching. At the very least, he would buy time for her to run away.

There was also Lamnites's covering fire.

"《Lightning Shot Magnum》!!"

Everything hit.

However, for Modinalaam, it was at the level of a gentle breeze blowing.

Taking the jet black large sword he held in hand—  
he swept it horizontally.

"Death, to the Races!"

The large sword 《God Breaker》 turned into several bullets. Each and every flying shot had high power and hit their targets.

Emil was hit in his right shoulder. His gold armor was easily penetrated, and a burning like pain ran through him.

"Guhaa.....!?"

He went down to a knee.

Blood flashily spilled out from the joints of the armor.

There was no feeling in his right arm.

He couldn't even tell if it was still connected to him.

Emil took up the sword that slipped out from his right hand with his left hand.

"I'm not done yet!"

When he tried to stand up and braced his legs, his right leg was torn to pieces.

From the knee down had disappeared.

"Gah!?"

He went down on the ground.

Even when he numbed the pain with fighting spirit, with his leg gone, he couldn't even stand.

He felt cold.

He had realized that his body temperature suddenly fell.

He was bleeding too much.

"Guguh.....Heal me.....Churon!"

Emil raised his body up with his left arm, and shouted to the rear.

When he turned around—there was the figure of the Healer who had received the Great Demon King's bullet in his stomach, and leaning on the rubble.

Galford and Lamnites, and even the other Local Knights were injured.

—What about Edelgart!?

She was standing with both arms spread out.

In order to protect Krum from the scattered bullets.

While having received several attacks with her body, she was still standing. As

expected of a high ranking Demonic Being.

"Haa—.....Haa—....."

However, she did not have any strength left to fight with.

The protected Krum had not vanished, but she was in a state where he couldn't tell if she was conscious or not.

When a Demon King is defeated, do they turn into particles of light and vanish like Demonic Beings? Or do they turn into a corpse like the Races?

Emil did not have that knowledge.

There was also the possibility that Krum was already dead.

—A crushing defeat.

\*Jiwa\* His spirit was gnawed away.

Having been crushed several times, the fighting spirit that cheered him up every time, now dwindled away.

Emil's body trembled.

".....Will I.....protect nothing.....again?"

At this rate, he would collapse onto the ground.....

—That is something! I will absolutely! Not allow myself to do!!

"UOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Thrusting the sword he gripped in his left hand into the ground, he stood up with only the power of one hand.

Blood gushed out from his wounds.

However, there was no longer any pain.

Even his vision became blurry.

"Great Demon Kingggg!!!"

In front of him, someone stood there.

Emil shouted.

"I! Absooooolutely! Will not fall!!!"

He pulled the sword in his left hand out from the ground. Even while falling over, he would make an attack on the enemy!

However, the force of the pushed out sword was much too weak.....

It didn't even reach the other party.

Someone's hand extended towards Emil.

—Why! Am I, so weak!!

His shoulder was restrained by a rough hand. It was large and powerful, and yet

it was majestic.

An ally!?

Moreover, Emil knew this presence.

That person asked a question with a tone so calm that it felt mismatched with the battlefield.

"Is that goat gorilla, Modinalaam.....?"

When he heard that voice, that person's figure emerged in his vision that had become pure white.

Emil spoke with a hoarse voice.

"We've been waiting for you, my friend."



## Part 6

—His outward appearance is completely different from the game.

Diablo gazed at the enemy, and thought that.

The 《Demon King of Insanity Modinalaam》 that appeared in the MMORPG Cross Reverie had a large goat head on a thin body.

And after defeating the first stage of it, it would change into a body that was like a pitch black octopus.

However, the current Modinalaam had a muscular, gorilla-like body. He looked like he specialized in close combat too.

While being vigilant of the enemy, Diablo entrusted the gasping Emil to Shera.

"Use the potions that I handed over to you earlier."

"U, un."

"Use them on the others as well."

"Right, got it!"

Shera deeply nodded.

She took a tube of HP Recovery Potion out from her pouch. It was an SR-class item, but it should be enough to heal someone from being on the verge of death.

As for Rem, she went over to Krum and Edelgart.

—Did we make it in time?

Since Edelgart hasn't vanished, she should be alright.

What about Krum?

What happens when a Demon King dies.

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, there was a scene of their figure slowly crumbling down.

If it is the same, since her body was still maintaining its form, she should be alive. He had no choice but to believe that.

Diablo turned his attention to the enemy.

This guy was most likely Modinalaam.

"Hmph.....It would seem that you acted quite violently while I wasn't around, haven't you?"

"Who art thou -naruya?"

The black goat head tilted.

The Modinalaam in the game had lanky limbs and body but.....did his appearance change as a result of absorbing other Demon Kings?

Right now, he had a height of 4 meters, had a muscular body like that of a gorilla, and had a black goat head.

There was no damage that could be seen.

—To think he would have almost no damage despite not just Galford and Emil's group but even Krum fighting against him.

He was without a doubt a formidable enemy.

However, Diablo was acting as a Demon King.

He needed to act like that.

If it was his original self, he wouldn't be able to even stand up in front of this dreadful monster. He surely would have run away and shut himself up in his house.

—My current self is a Demon King!

A Demon King that possesses tremendous strength!

That is why!

"Modinalaam, you shall be given an appropriate punishment for that arrogance of yours! By me, the true Demon King, personally."

"Disrespect, to this Great Demon King.....What dost thou mean by true Demon King?"

"Ku ku ku.....While claiming to be the Great Demon King, you do not know of me? You are at the peak of ignorance!"

Since Diablo was just a person of the Races insisting that he was a Demon King, it was only natural for him to not know of him but.....to declare while brimming with confidence was part of his role play.

Modinalaam asked a question.

"I ask thee, who art thou -naruya?"

"Fuu—hahaha!! I am the Demon King that has come from another world, Diablo!"

Modinalaam moved his head left and right.

"Nay.....Thou art not a Demon King."

"You merely cannot measure me with your abilities! You should learn of my

strength with that body of yours!"

Diablo transformed his Magic Staff into a sword.

《Tonnerre Empereur • Libéré》

He would be able to deal with him in close combat, and it also had the effect of increasing his attacks sevenfold. However, the amount of MP consumed would skyrocket.

Both Rem and Shera kept the injured people at a sufficient distance.

The stalling with idle talk was over.

He took the first move.

"《White Nova》!!"

He suddenly struck him with Maximum Magic that he had already prepared. Going by the rough state of the ground, he did not have Magic Reflection. He might have Void Magic, but there was value in even being able to confirm at least that.

Above all, he needed to be the one to start the magic battle.....

An even more powerful magic should be fired back. He would grab the situation all at once with Magic Reflection.

The flash of the White Nova vanished.

As usual, it was magic that dealt large damage to the surroundings.

Even the ground was gouged out.

Modinalaam's figure had changed.

Growing wings like that of a black crow from his back, he looked like he had put them in front of him and used them as a shield to defend against the magic.

However, he was not uninjured.

The wings were broken, and there were even cracks on his muscular body.

—Yosh! I can damage him with magic!

Diablo curved the ends of his lips.

The eyes of the black goat opened wide.

"What incredible, magical power....."

"Hmph.....You are surprisingly soft, aren't you, Modinalaam?"

"Diablo.....Diablo.....I desire it, that magical power!"

His eyes opened to the point of spilling out, and were dyed bright red.

Going \*GAAaaa!!\*, and raising a roar like that of a beast, Modinalaam came rushing in.

Fast.

Those movements that couldn't be chased even with the eyes, with that sharp fingertip that was like a spear, Diablo had his body pierced through.....That might have happened. If he had not leveled up.

"As expected, you are fast but!"

Just before that, he evaded it.

For the current Diablo, it was not a speed that he could not see.

However, Modinalaam's hand curved at a weird angle and chased after him.

"You shalt not get away!"

"What!?"

A slash brushed away the thrusting out fingers.

The one that cut it off, was Sasala.

She held a Japanese sword with a crest of a crescent moon engraved on the pommel in her hands.

—《Breaking Fang》!!

\*Boto boto\* Four of Modinalaam's fingers fell.

"An injury, upon me!?"

As expected of the Master Swordsman.

Sasala stood beside him.

"Be careful, Diablo.....There is the presence of the Martial Art 《Certain Hit》 in the enemy's fists."

There was no sign of him using a Martial Art.

In that case, was it continuously active?

"Fumu.....Come to think of it, the 《Demon King of the Hand Hattjabul》 had the Martial Arts 《Certain Hit》 and 《Certain Kill》 permanently on."

"The Martial Arts were permanently on!?"

"Furthermore, there should have also been 《Iron Wall》 on but.....Seeing as how both magic and the sword got through to him, I guess it has already been broken. There is a number limit to Damage Cut after all."

Modinalaam narrowed his eyes.

"To knoweth that much, thou art.....Nay.....Thou still art not a Demon King.

Who art thou -naruya?"

"Hmph....."

—I'm merely an invalid Gamer!

"I am the true Demon King!"

Rose the Magimatic Maid stood in front. She had her double-headed sword at the ready.

"Even speaking in the difference of the subordinates, I believe that it is a clear fact that My Master has the better position."

Rose had a strength equivalent to a level 150 Warrior. And then, Sasala who was next to Diablo was said to be a level 200 Warrior.

"Eh, um.....I am not his subordinate, but his Shishou.....Ah, no, it's nothing."

Sasala looked a bit dissatisfied.

The Demonic Beings that Modinalaam led did nothing but watch this fight at a distance.

It seemed that the Demonic Being Ourou was also present, but he was still in his large owl figure.

Ryoka wasn't here. Since she looked strong on top of being warlike, they were vigilant of her but.....Did someone already defeat her?

There were no Demonic Beings that participated in Diablo and Modinalaam's fight.

It felt strange.

The Diablo of the past was always alone.

Right now, he had allies.

Things like subordinate, companion, and Shishou, there were subtle ways of calling them but.....at any rate, there were people he could rely on.

—I can't really get used to it, but it doesn't feel bad either.

He was able to thoroughly knead his magic.

Diablo drank an MP Recovery Potion. It was because he had already consumed a majority of it with the earlier sevenfold 《White Nova》.

## Part 7

"Krum! Hang in there!"

Rem shouted.

Getting away from the place that Diablo and the others were fighting, she went back as far as the town's city gate.

Although it was called the city gate, it was now nothing but rubble.

It was the former site of the west city gate.

She would think that she was pathetic for being so weak that she couldn't join in Diablo's fight, but now was not the time for that.

Around her, there were people of the verge of death and people that could no longer move that had collapsed.

Rem and Shera were most likely the only ones uninjured.

—I need to help as many people as possible!

Krum's body had a countless number of cracks. Even just lifting her up made her skin crumble off.

There was a penetrating hole in her abdomen.

She was in such a terrible state that it made Rem feel that it was hopeless and wonder "Isn't she already dead?"

Her small eyelids slowly opened.

".....So it is you, Rem."

"Krum! So you were alive!"

"No.....Maou has.....lost -nanoda. Restoration, is no longer.....possible."

"Don't say that! I have HP Recovery Potions that I received from Diablo!"

Rem tilted the potion tube.

The liquid was poured onto Krum's small lips.

Her mouth loosened. Her lips cracked and chipped.

"It is pointless -nanoda.....Potions of the Races do not work, on Maou. Not to mention, even trying to see, if the miracles of God work.....would be disgusting."

"Then....."

"Maou, is a solitary being.....The thing that can, heal her wounds is.....her own

magical power.....only....."

"In that case, please heal yourself immediately! Didn't you say before that Demon Kings have magical power gushing forth from within them!?"

".....Too much.....magical power, was taken, away. It does not gush forth.....  
There is, no longer.....any remaining, in my, body."

Her voice was gradually getting thinner.

"Krum!?"

"Ahh.....I wanted.....to eat biscuits.....one more.....time....."

The inner corners of Rem's eyes became hot.

The inside of her chest tightened.

At this rate, Krum would vanish.

In the past, the Demon King Krebskrum was someone that she hated to the point that she wanted to terminate her even if it costed her her own life, but now, she was already family.

"Krum, I.....don't want to lose you."

What she pulled out from her pouch, was a transparent orb—it was the 《Divine Crystal》 that had a black flame swaying within it.

It was something that the Chief of the Dark Elves Rafleisha used to take out the remains of the Demon King that were inside of Rem.

—If I return this, she might turn into Krebskrum.

Krum turning into a biscuit-loving little girl, was because she had lost her memories.

A Demon King was something that killed the Races. She did not possess that desire.

If that weren't the case, it surely would have turned into a fight.

She felt that what was sealed in this 《Divine Crystal》 was most likely Krum's memories. The urge of wanting to destroy the Races.

However, there was no doubt that there was also magical power.

In order to save Krum, this magical power was necessary.....

Rem gazed at her.

She looked like she would turn into a hill of sand at any moment. No, it might already be too late. There was no time to hesitate.

".....!!"

She move the 《Divine Crystal》 towards Krum's body.

She pushed it to the hole that was opened in her abdomen.

The transparent orb, broke into tiny pieces. The flame that swayed within it, gently spread out.

"Krum!"

However, nothing changed.

The small girl's body, had countless cracks, and merely lied there.

—I was too late!?

Rem's hands trembled.

The figure of Krum deliciously eating biscuits came to her mind. As well as her figure as she resented the scoundrels that caused trouble to the people of the town. Even her figure as she enjoyably sang.....Also, how she ate steak, how she ate cake, how she ate pasta.....

She did nothing but eat.

\*Boro boro\* Tears came flooding out, and her vision became warped.

Rem ended up crouching down.

"I'm.....I'm so.....sorry.....I.....did nothing, but hesitate....."

Covering her face with both hands, she raised her voice and cried.

"AH, AAaaAAAH!"

"Rem.....!?! A, are you alright!?"

The one who placed a hand on her shoulder, was Shera.

"Krum is.....because, of me! !! AAaaAAH!"

"EH!?! Krum-chan is.....!?"

"It's because, I hesitated! I was too late.....ツ.....Guh! She didn't make it in time! UAah!"

"What did you say—!?"

"Did you not make it in time, Krum-chan!?"

"Did Maou not make it in time!?! I don't really get it but, don't cry, Rem. I'll give you a biscuit so."

Rem even stopped breathing.

—Eh!?

\*Gabah\* She raised her head.

Krum was there making a puzzled face.

She was tilting her small head.

"Oh, you stopped crying. There, there. I shall give you a biscuit. It is a bit broken

though."

Krum expressed a smile. In her hand, she held out a biscuit that had turned into tiny pieces.

On her skin, there remained some faint cracks, but they were already recovering.

Shera was caressing her small head.

"Thank goodness you're alive—. It's a relief."

"Fufun, that's only natural -nanoda!"

Rem was dumbfounded.

"Krum.....is.....alive?"

"What are you saying -noda, Rem? Are you not the one who gave magical power to Maou."

"Th, that is.....true but.....I thought that I hadn't made it in time."

"Fu fu fu, it is because Maou is strong!"

Going \*Fufun\*, she puffed out her chest.

Going \*Oh right\*, Krum turned around.

"I will also heal Edelgart -noda."

The young Demonic Being lady who had several holes opened up in her and was about to vanish was healed in an instant.

\*Gaba\* Edelgart got up.

"Demon King ~samaa ~! Safe.....!? Safe! Thank goodnessss!"

"What, a Demonic Being crying. What an embarrassing fellow -nanoda."

"Ujyauu"

When they had first met, Edelgart was expressionless like a doll and seemed dreadful but.....she was a shop of emotions when it came to the Demon King, and even charm could be felt from her nowadays.

"Good for you too, Edelgart-san."

Shera was moved to tears.

Both her thoughts and her tear glands were somewhat loose.

Taken in by that, Rem ended up almost crying again.

—At any rate, to be able to heal a Demonic Being that was on the verge of death in an instant, it truly is great that Krum isn't an enemy of the Races.

Going \*Ha!\*, she realized it.

"Krum, your memories.....!?"

"Mu? Ahh, I remembered various things -noda. Rem, thanks to you."

".....You remembered?"

"Ku ku ku.....Demon Kings are, beings that annihilate the Races -nanoda!"

Rem put herself on guard.

"N, no way.....!!"

"However, Maou likes biscuits."

"Eh?"

"Plus, living in this town with Rem and Shera and the others is also fun. There are also still a lot of delicious looking things that Maou still hasn't eaten."

".....Is that true? But, your memories."

"Rem, you want to defeat the Demon King Krebskrum, that is how you feel, right?"

"Y, yes.....I will not deny it. That was, my dearest wish?"

"Even now -nano ka?"

She shook her head sideways.

".....If that were the case, I am sure that I wouldn't have returned that magical power to you."

"Umu. In that case, you are the same as Maou -nanoda! Maou remembered that there was an urge to slaughter. But, that is already something of the past. Memories are things of that level -nanoda!"

"Krum-chan!"

Shera hugged her.

"What are you doing, it is stifling -noda, Shera!"

"I love you—!!"

"Umumu.....I, understand that. So let go -noda—."

Although she disliked the act, Krum was smiling.

Rem wiped the area around her eyes.

".....So the days that we spent.....in this peaceful town, had meaning to them."

In order to protect that lifestyle as well, they needed to win.

She moved her gaze to the battle.

It was right at that moment that the close quarters combat with Modinalaam through Sasala and Rose had unfolded.

—They are too fast.

It was hard for her to even chase after them with her eyes.

Diablo entered a stance to use multiplex magic. She could clearly tell that he trusted Sasala and Rose. It was because he had never used it on an enemy that had gotten so close when he was traveling with Rem and Shera.

## Part 8

Diablo turned the 《Tonnerre Empereur》 back into a Magic Staff, and turned it towards Modinalaam.

He commenced the use of Multiplex Magic.

It was a powerful technique that would layer three Maximum Magics and fire them as one magic spell.

Since its preparation time was excessively long, when playing solo, it was magic that absolutely couldn't be used against fast opponents.

And since Multiplex Magic was a 《Special Skill》, it couldn't be used consecutively. So supposing that he failed in activating it, he would become unable to try it a second time in this battle.

There were risks to using it, but if it succeeds, then it should give a large amount of damage.

Diablo casted the first of the three Maximum Magic spells.

"O darkness yielded from the blackest night, congregate into an arc.....《Dark Arc Seek》"

With the Magic Staff as the center, a black bow extended up and down.

It wasn't like Modinalaam kept silent and just watched. If he held the knowledge of multiple Demon Kings, then he would surely know the power of this magic.

Shouting, he rushed in.

"I cannot leave it be, that magic!"

Rose dashed at him in response.

"I will not allow you to lay even a single finger on Master! 《Krios》!!"

At her back—from a space where there should have been nothing at all, gigantic arms appeared. They resembled armor, but machines could be seen inside of the armor.

Pipes ran along them like arteries, and letters and symbols used in magic were engraved on them. Those emitted light, and flowed from the base to the fingertips.

In both of the mechanical arms, the 《Magimatic Soul》, a double-headed sword with the same shape as the one that Rose held was gripped.

However, the size was different. Even just the blade of one of the sides was about the same length as Rose's height.

The large double-headed sword was struck at him.

Modinalaam produced a jet black large sword in his right hand.

—So it is the 《Demon King of the Eyeballs Iankaroz》's<sup>[1]</sup> 《God Breaker》!

With that, Diablo made a guess.

What had broken Faltra City's rampart was probably due to the 《Ruination Flame》 that was said to possess the greatest amount of power in the game.

When challenging Iankaroz, it would be fired without warning, and would construct a mountain of Player Character corpses.

In the walkthrough website, it was called things like 《the start of cataclysm》, 《a beam from the eyes》, or 《the Wave Motion Gun》 but.....depending on how they called it, their general age would be exposed.

The double-headed sword of Rose's Magimatic Soul and Modinalaam's jet black large sword collided.

The struggle for supremacy, lasted only for an instant.

It was easily outpushed.

"The Magimatic Soul was!?"

Rose leaked out a voice of astonishment. The gigantic machine arms creaked, and a crack ran through the blade of the double-headed sword.

It seemed that he was not an opponent that she, who was equivalent to a level 150 Warrior, could win against in a front up fight.

However, in no time at all, Sasala unleashed a Martial Art.

—《Limitless》<sup>[2]</sup>

The slash that ignored distance created a wound on Modinalaam's wrist.

"Thou makest mockery, of me!?"

Going further, Sasala used 《Instant Thrust》<sup>[3]</sup>, and closed in as if to change places with Rose. With the Martial Art 《Thousand Arms》<sup>[4]</sup>, she made tens of slashes in an instant.

Nevertheless, even while she was slashing at him, her opponent swepted his large sword.

Being late to evade it, Sasala received the attack with her abdomen.

"Gyau!?"

She was blown away, but she immediately got up. It seemed that she was able to void damage only once per day. It seemed like an outrageous cheat but..... there was no second time. Next time, she would be sliced right in half. So even for a level 200 Warrior, she is at a disadvantage going one-on-one.

Diablo casted the second Maximum Magic.

"O nihility that engulfs all of creation, come forth in my hand.....《Black Hole Arrow》"

At the tip of the Magic Staff, a black sphere was created.

It was clad in purple lightning.

It was a hole that would suck in anything that touched it in its entirety.

Rose and Sasala simultaneously from the left and right.

However, Modinalaam produced a second large sword. Stopping the attacks with the respective left and right large swords, he forced them back.

So even with just one arm, his physical strength surpassed that of the level 200 Sasala.

Above all, to dual wield 《God Breaker》, that was not an action of the lankaroz within the game.

Was it the influence of being absorbed by Modinalaam, and turning into the Great Demon King? Or, was it simply not implemented in Cross Reverie?

At any rate, there was a need to be cautious. If he felt that everything was the same as the game, then the ground would be cut from under his feet.

Diablo concentrated on the third Maximum Magic.

He fired.

"O arrow of nihility, pierce the linchpin that is at the boundary of heaven and earth! 《Gravity Abyss》!!"

The jet black arrow that was produced through magic, flew aiming at Modinalaam.

The bullet speed, was faster than the average Magi Gun.

That was because it was done from point-blank range.

Please hit—Faster than that prayer could come to mind, it hit. Right on the enemy's left breast.

The air trembled.

The Multiplex Magic that layered Maximum Magic spells, had activated.

The hole that sprung forth in Modinalaam's chest crackingly pulled in his skin that was tough like armor.

"O, OOOOOooooo.....!?"

It was magic that sucked in a majority of even the extra-large Demonic Beast, the 《Sand Whale》. Against an opponent that was only several times larger than a person of the Races, it should mercilessly drop them inside of it.

Modinalaam shouted.

"I am, the Great Demon King! One that shall, destroy the Races!"

Aiming towards his own body, he struck himself with the large swords in his hands. With the left hand's sword, he severed himself from the left shoulder and directly below it, and with the right hand's sword, he cut up his left flank.

If it were a person of the Races, that would certainly be the death of them.

The Great Demon King was different.

He severed the left side of his upper body.

What fell into the 《Gravity Abyss》 ended up only being a portion of Modinalaam. The left upper half of his body along with the whole left arm.

#### **Translator's Notes:**

[1] Original: イアンカローズ

[2] Original: 無極, read as: むき

[3] Original: 瞬突, read as: しゅんとつ

[4] Original: 千手, read as: せんじゅ

## Part 9

Normally, it would have been a fatal wound.

Not restricted to the Races, whether they be a Demonic Being, or a Demonic Beast, losing half of their upper body and still living was impossible.

—I suppose I should say as expected of a Demon King.

Although Diablo was expressing a composed smile, he was astonished on the inside.

In the game, no matter how much damage was given to an enemy, there was almost no physical presentation of that damage.

The grotesqueness of his cross-section was to the point of causing nausea.

"Hmph.....Your disgustingness has increased, Modinalaam. It would have been over without you showing such a shameful sight if you had not vainly struggled and just fallen in."

"Gugugu.....Unforgivable.....To create this large of a wound, upon me!"

Blood spilled out together with his voice.

Sasala and Rose came back to being in front of Diablo.

They had separated from him right before 《Gravity Abyss》 was fired so that they wouldn't be dragged into the magic.

They had yet to let down their guard.

"Diablo, be careful.....I can still feel the enemy's fighting spirit."

"Master, give your command to this Rose."

"I have no reason to wait. Together with the Great Demon King, I shall annihilate the Demonic Beings all at once!"

Actually, due to the Multiplex Magic, he felt considerably exhausted.

It was possible for him to recover his MP with potions, but if the fight drags on, his ability to concentrate will drop.

To go against the seven Grand Turtles and all of the countless Demonic Beings around them, it seemed like it would be difficult for the current Diablo.

From behind, the voice of a young girl called out to him.

It was Rem.

"Diablo—!! Both Krum and Edelgart were saved! As well as the Feudal Lords and

Emil!"

—Thank goodness—.

While feeling that, he was conscious of his Demon King-ness, and snorted.

"Hmph.....They sure are tenacious fellows."

In the vicinity of the crumbled city gates, there were many who were collapsed and unmoving. They might not be able to say that they had made it in time.

Even so, it was fortunate that it ended without having lost Krum and the others.

Diablo once again readied his Magic Sword.

There was no room to show sympathy.

If they had not come, not just Krum, but even the people of this town.....

On the contrary, Modinalaam had intended on killing all of the people of Races.

"It will be an extermination."

"Thou.....art too late, Diablo."

"What did you say!?"

"Sink, in despair.....Destroy all of creation, flame of the end!!"

Modinalaam extended his hand to his right chest, and thrust his fingers into the skin of it.

Making a cracking sound, he tore off the surface of it.

An eyeball was buried in his right chest.

\*Zoku\* The muscles along Diablo's spine trembled.

"《Demon King of the Eyeballs Iankaroz》!?"

"Scatter away! Fools that oppose the Great Demon King!"

Modinalaam screamed.

—The 《Ruinaton Flame》.

From the eyeball that was buried in his right chest, a light thick enough to cover their field of vision was fired.

It was the flash of light that possessed a colossal amount of heat and had attacked Fortress City Faltra. It drew near once again. The barrier was already broken.

Diablo pushed Sasala and Rose aside.

He stepped forward.

"It is your loss! Great Demon King!"

He pushed out his left fist.

The 《Ruinaton Flame》 that possesses the greatest power in Cross Reverie, was

magic—as well as a reflection target for the 《Demon King's Ring》.

The ring that was fitted onto Diablo's ring finger emitted a sinister crimson brilliance.

No matter how powerful it is, if that is magic then!

The flash of light engulfed the enemy.

The expression that the Great Demon King had shown at the end, was astonishment. It was the face of a black goat but.....his eyes were wide open, his mouth was opened, and although he screamed something, it couldn't be heard due to the thunderous roar of the magic.

That figure of his was swallowed up by white light.

Things became pure white.

The eye-crushingly bright light finally settled down.

Even sound had vanished, and it became eerily quiet.

Diablo was vigilant of the surroundings.

There wasn't even a trace of him.

—So there isn't even a corpse.

With this sort of thing, the pattern is that when everyone is excited by the victory, they would get a surprise attack from the enemy that was actually alive, and his companions would be killed.

He wouldn't go along with that sort of stupid "cliche".

Diablo raised his voice.

"Shera! Can you tell the magical power of the Demonic Beings!?"

"Hie!? Y, yeah. Generally."

"What is the change compared to a little while ago!? Has the magical power given from the Great Demon King vanished!?"

Since they were distant to the point that they couldn't tell expressions with the eyesight of the Races, he was worried about if she could tell the distinction but.....

Shera made a declaration.

"It's decreased! The Demonic Beings' magical power is lower than before, Diablo!"

".....!!"

Did they do it!?

Sasala nodded.

"The strong bloodlust that felt tingly, is no longer here. Most likely, the Great Demon King is....."

Rose made a report.

"There is no response on all sensors. It is Master's victory."

"OSSHAAAAA!"

That simple-minded delight wasn't Demon King-like. He did his best to self-control himself.

Diablo shrugged his shoulders with a bored look.

"Hmph.....Since he purported himself as the Great Demon King, I expected him to surely be strong though? It was quite the foolish entertainment. Looking at it now that is has all finished, I do not even have a single injury. What an incredible disappointment!"

—Well, that was because I was able to reflect the Maximum Magic that was the enemy's trump card, and because Sasala and Rose had protected me though. It was a fight where he was able to recognize that battles were easier when there was a vanguard.

Shera ran up to him.

"Hurrayyyy!! Diablo, you're so strong!!"

"Hmph.....Why are you saying something you already knew at this late point in ti.....fuwapuh!?"

His face was buried in the abundant chest of Shera who had jumped at him.

Rose narrowed her eyes.

"Master, I am terribly sorry. I have overlooked a hostile creature....."

"Wawah!? Rose-san, don't poke at my butt with your sword, okay—!?"

Shera struggled while hugging him.

More, his face, into her chest!

Her chest!

So soft, so warm, so perfectly round.

"Rose-san, it's pricking me, it'll pierce, into my butt, you know—!?"

"Get away from My Master!"

# **Chapter 3: Not Going to the Celebratory Banquet**

# Part 1

The seemingly burning setting sun shined upon the ruins of the city gate that had turned into rubble.

The sun sank into the distant hills.

The soldiers and adventurers were giving first-aid treatment to the injured and placing them on stretchers. The severely wounded were carried to the church. It was the same for the corpses of those that died.

Voices that gave praise to Diablo and the others, were not there.

The feeling that those that had watched the battle against the Great Demon King had harbored, was fear. Their expressions said it all.

—I'm not thinking "even though I protected you all".

That was how he was even from when it was a game.

Even when Diablo had defeated a Raid Boss, which was originally specified to be subjugated with a large number of people, going solo, there weren't particularly any people that praised him.

Since the lives of the inhabitants of this other world were on the line, there wasn't anyone that scorned his efforts, or arbitrarily decided that he had cheated even though there was no proof. In that respect, it was better.

Diablo, accompanied by Rose and Sasala and with Shera hanging on him, returned to the town.

\*Tatata\* The light sound of footsteps came running towards them.

Krum waved both of her hands.

"Diablo—!! You did well to do away with the Great Demon King -noda!"

"O, ou. Are you, alright?"

"Of course -nanoda! Maou is sturdy after all!"

She was already acting quite spirited, but upon taking a closer look, there were things that looked like countless scratches left on her skin.

Even though it was glossy skin that looked like porcelain before.....

He thought that it would be nice if there weren't any marks that would remain.

Edelgart was standing behind Krum. She should have had serious injuries to the point that she was close to vanishing, but she was completely healed.

".....Fuu"

As expected, a little fatigue could be seen on her. She had a face that looked like an office lady waiting for the last train on a Friday.

Even further from behind, Rem came walking.

"Thank you for your hard work, Diablo.....As expected of you, I can no longer find the words to describe it."

As he was about to reply to her in a way that sounded cool, he suddenly noticed.

Her complexion had gotten worse.

"Is something the matter, Rem?"

".....Ah.....Do I look that bad? Maybe because I was bracing myself up until a little while ago, I was fine, but I might be nauseated from the 《Transfer》. I am sure that I felt exhausted the moment I thought that the Great Demon King was defeated."

"As usual, you are weak against vehicles."

He couldn't say anything as to whether or not 《Transfer》 was a vehicle though. Rem hung her head down.

".....Sorry."

Diablo was flustered in his mind. He didn't think that she would be that depressed about it. To think that his communication disorder to exhibit itself at a time like this!

However, a Demon King that took back his previous remarks, wasn't Demon King-like.

As he was searching for his next words, the sound of metal armor was made, and some Local Knights had come up to them.

Placed on the stretcher that they carried, Feudal Lord Galford was being carried.

His left arm was gone, and even his right arm was broken. There were traces of him flashily bleeding from the abdomen, but it seems to have already stopped. He was deathly pale to the point that no one else could compare and he had a complexion like that of a corpse. Compared to him, both Rem and Edelgart were brimming with health.

While lying down on the stretcher, Galford moved only his head, and looked at Diablo.

His now purple lips moved.

"To have defeated, that Great Demon King.....You are beyond imagination."

"Hmph.....He was not an opponent that could even be called a hard fight!"

He himself who had leveled up, the Master Swordsman Sasala, and the Magimatic Maid Rose. And then, the magic reflecting ring. If even one of them had been missing, the result could have been dangerous, but since they had obtained precious victory, he decided to go all out and emphasized his strength. The other day, Galford had tried to take Krum along to get her examined. It would probably be better to make him think that it would be dangerous to antagonize Diablo.

He curved his lips.

"You are....."

He had tried to say something, but since his voice was too low, Diablo couldn't hear him.

The Local Knights made a bow and carried the stretcher off.

Diablo asked a question to Shera who was dangling onto his left arm.

"Did you not use a potion on Galford?"

"No, I did use one. But with just one, he only healed that much. I tried to use one more on him, but he told me that it was no longer needed.—."

"Fumu....."

So when it comes to a Warrior greater than level 100, an SR-class HP Recovery Potion is unable to heal them all that much.

That being said, when it came to SSR-class, those were valuable articles.

If it was just to use for himself and those around him, he had enough in reserve where he didn't need to worry about there being any left over.

However, if he were to use them on even the injured people of a large-scale battle, as expected, he wouldn't have enough.

If his life wasn't in danger, then he would leave the rest to the priests of the church.

Getting full of himself and using them without reserve, only to be lacking it when it was truly needed—that sort of thing, is something he absolutely wanted to avoid.

## Part 2

Hearing a female voice shouting, he turned his gaze towards it.

It was Lamnites.

"Hurry! The war, is not yet over!"

The ones accompanying her were construction soldiers that were carrying surveying instruments.

Shera tilted her head.

"I wonder what they're doing?"

".....It's because if the city gate and the barrier tower aren't rebuilt, the war can't be said to be over after all."

Rem gave an explanation.

Certainly, the current Faltra City is in a dangerous situation.

The Demonic Beings still remained in the west. Maybe they still haven't accepted that the Great Demon King has vanished, or maybe they were still expecting that there was still a chance.

Even the seven Grand Turtles were still going strong. If those were to advance forward, they would be plenty of a threat.

In order to prevent the invasion, the barrier needed to be put back up.

Diablo asked a question to no one in particular.

"About how many days would be needed to rebuild the tower?"

".....If they were to build it the same as the one that had been destroyed, I think it would take about one or two years. However, I believe that they will most likely build a temporary tower first."

"Fumu."

He nodded at Rem's explanation.

".....For a temporary one, it will take about three days."

"If the Demonic Beings are to make a move, it will probably be during that time."

"Yes."

Gazing at Lamnites who was taking control using a loud voice, Rem spoke.

".....Right now with the Faltra City Feudal Lord injured, having Lord Lamnites

who acted as the Feudal Lord in Zircon Tower City that was in former Demon King territory here is reassuring. Normally, she shouldn't have any right to command the stationed troops here, but this isn't a situation to be saying something like that."

"That is true."

Lamnites, who did not mind the small details and took the initiative to take action, was a welcome capable person for the organization that had fallen into a crisis.

As he gazed at that scene while thinking such things, he suddenly met her gaze. Closing one eye, Lamnites winked at him.

He remembered.

Before, on the night that he had protected Zircon Tower City from the army of Demonic Beings—she came to the inn uninvited, and then calling it thanks, various things happened.

Diablo involuntarily ended up blushing.

Rem, who was beside him, tilted her head.

".....Is something wrong?"

"Ah, no.....it's nothing."

Something similar had happened in the Elven country as well, and he was discovered by Rem that time.....

She, who got seriously mad about it, ended up not even talking to him for a while.

At that moment, he swore that he would stop going with the flow with that sort of stuff.

Diablo tore his gaze off from Lamnites.

When he looked towards the town—

A girl with bunny ears hopped off a carriage that had come by. She had her red hair cut to shoulder length, and she wore an outfit with excessively little cloth. She looked like a child with a lot of skin exposure, but she was the Guildmaster that managed the Adventurers of Faltra City—Sylvie.

"Ya—ya—, Diablo-san! Everyone! Good job out there!"

"Sylvie-san, it's been a while—."

With a whole faced smile, Shera waved her hand.

Rem greeted her with a slight bow.

"....."

Krum, Edelgart, and Rose were indifferent.

Sasala courteously lowered her head.

"Nice to meet you. I am the Thirteenth Generation Master Swordsman Graham Sasala."

"Un, nice to meet you! I am Sylvie."

\*Pekori\* She lowered her head.

After exchanging greetings with the others, she once again talked to Diablo.

"You really saved us out there! When the city gate was broken, I thought that we were done for."

"Umu."

"Oya? You aren't asking me why I came to see you for at this point in time."

"You were at the Magician's Guild, right?"

Sylvie made a wry smile.

"Ya—, Diablo-san, I really am no match for you—. You've seen right through me."

"When the Demon King army comes to invade Faltra City, the vital point is the barrier that wards off the demonic. As long as that is around, there won't be a short term defeat for the Races."

"Mhm, mhm."

"If we think of it the other way, it would only be natural to think that the Demon King army had some sort of countermeasure for the barrier. When Edelgart came attacking before, a Demonic Being snuck in after enticing a member of the Magician's Guild. Due to that Demonic Being, there was an assassination on Celes."

It ended as an attempt though.

Remembering her past failure, Edelgart frowned a bit.

\*Pin\* Sylvie put up a finger.

"Being cautious of that, this time, there was a request from the Magician's Guild for me. They wanted me to protect Celes-san."

"That is reasonable."

Both the contents of the request and the personnel selection were appropriate.

"We didn't think that they would destroy the city gate and the tower with brute strength though."

Rem asked a question.

".....Is Celes safe?"

"Un. She was frightened to the point of crying when the barrier was broken though. Now, she laughed saying that it's been twelve years since she was set free from the barrier."

".....Even though this isn't a situation to be laughing about. That being said, since Diablo made a display of his overwhelming strength to the Demonic Beings, they probably won't be attacking all that much."

"So true—"

Going "Ahh, also", Sylvie got to the main point.

"Emil has been taken charge of by the Adventurer's Guild. Although he has serious wound, since his life has been saved, he'll be fine. I think he'll be healed if he has three days to rest."

Going "Thank goodness—", the one that raised a voice of relief was Shera.

"Although I used an HP Recovery Potion on him, I was worried that it wasn't enough."

"Shera-chan, thank you. If not for that, I think it would have been impossible for him to survive."

"Ehehe."

Rem lowered her voice.

".....What about the others?"

At that question, Sylvie cast her eyes down.

"Nn.....Elastov and Glutas, didn't make it."

".....Is that so."

"The soldiers that were at the city gate and the ramparts, and even the Local Knights had quite a lot of people killed in action.....you know? Even so, when it was known that a Demon King army of 1000 was coming to invade, starting with Faltra City, the western half of the Lifelia Kingdom territory would turn into scorched earth—that was what was predicted."

Not just Rem, even Shera and Sasala listened with serious faces.

While making it so that it didn't show on his face, Diablo did as well.

Sylvie looked directly at his eyes and spoke.

"Diablo-san, you and your group protected us. Thank you. I thank you all from the bottom of my heart."

## Part 3

"Well then, I'll be heading back to Celes-san's place. We can't let our guard down yet after all."

Hearing Sylvie's words, Rem raised one hand.

".....May I go along with you?"

"It's fine with me but, what's up?"

".....It's because, in exchange for my freedom, I promised that I would report things to her without hiding anything."

"I see. I'd also like to hear it."

".....I will have to decline."

While having that sort of conversation, Rem and Sylvie headed towards the Magician's Guild.

Krum pointed at the southern side of the town.

"Yosh! Let's go to eat some biscuits -noda!"

"Eh—, it's alright nighttime you know? They aren't selling any anywhere."

Shera made her eyes go round.

It isn't a problem of whether it's day or night. At a time where the Demon King army attacked, the barrier was destroyed, and seems like the Demonic Beings would come into the town like an avalanche at any moment, there probably isn't anyone that has their shop open for business.

Krum kicked at the ground.

"Bu—t—, I want to eat biscuits -noda!"

"Isn't everyone asleep?"

"There is no way that is the case! Isn't there such a loud racket going on."

Just as she said, the people were lively as if a festival or something had started. It was because after having been in a hopeless situation, the Great Demon King was defeated, and the town was saved.

Something similar happened even at Zircon Tower City.

A great number of people were excited from the victory.

Shera asked a question.

"Didn't you have a stock of biscuits?"

"I ate all of it -noda. Since it seemed like there would be a need to fight against 《Insanity》, I did that to hype myself up."

"Aryarya～"

"Maou did her best! Even though she did her best, to think she wouldn't be able to eat biscuits!"

"U, un."

"At this point, there is no other choice but to turn everything to ash -noda!"

"You can't, you can't, you can't! Then, let's go buy some. But, if there aren't any stores selling them, you need to wait until morning, okay?"

"Umu."

While making a troubled looking face, Shera spoke.

"Diablo, we're going to go to 《Peter》."

"Fumu.....In that case, I will as well."

"That would make me happy but.....you're tired from all that fighting, right?"

Don't push yourself. Sasala-san looks sleepy after all."

"Mu?"

Being told that, when he looked at her—

Sasala was sleeping while standing.

Leaning on Rose, she was already making sleeper's breath.

"Ku—.....ku—....."

"O, oi, Sasala?"

With Diablo's voice, \*pachi\*, she opened her eyes.

"Ha! Ah, sorry.....When it gets dark, I, get sleepy."

"Didn't once stay up all night reading a book."

"Erm.....If I don't fight seriously, then that much is fine though.....Howawaa."

So after she does a battle where she uses super high level Martial Arts, she gets sleepy.

Diablo also had a feeling of exhaustion.

He had recovered his MP with a potion just in case, but since his tension was forced to go to its maximum, he was in need of rest.

Edelgart nodded.

"Diablo-sama～, and others, rest. Demon King-sama, Edelgart will～, protect? Protect!"

"Don't be stupid. You don't have any makeup on, and isn't your waitress outfit in tatters. As you are right now, no matter how anyone looks at you, you are definitely a Demonic Being."

"Mu....."

She looked down at her own appearance.

It seemed that her body was healed more than Krum's body was, but having received the Great Demon King's attack, her clothes had turned into rags, and she was half-naked to the point that it would be troubling to figure out where he could place his eyes if the area was well lit.

Edelgart tilted her head.

".....Weathering?"

"What are you, a plastic model! You aren't allowed to go."

Maybe because she was working at a place that was like a maid cafe, she learned some strange knowledge.

No matter who much she insisted, it was no good.

Right now, on top of being together with Diablo, since there were a lot of people that saw her in the earlier fight, she was fine, but if she were to walk about through the town, there was a high probability that things would turn out troublesome.

As for Krum, it seems that she is able to change her own appearance at will. Her current outfit had no traces of battle.

She kept her tail in a broad skirt, and she also hid her horns with a large hat. Both her ears and eyes were peculiar, but she could pass as a somewhat rare kind of Demi-human.

Krum gave an order.

"Edelgart, you are to wait at the inn -noda!"

"Uuu— Under, stood."

Being glared at with spiteful eyes, Shera gave a wry smile.

In the end, Shera took Krum and headed to 《Peter》.

Rose held Sasala.

"Master, what shall we do with this person?"

"Ah—.....I guess we'll carry her to the inn. Is that a problem for you?"

"It is no trouble at all."

"Rose, I am sure that even you are tired.....No, are you tired?"

"Magimatics do not get fatigued. However, I have exhausted magical power. Since it is also needed for auto-restoration of injuries, I would like to receive an immediate recharge."

"Umu."

It was a bit surprising.

If Sasala fell asleep, he thought that Rose would leave her as is.

When they first met, she should have treated her as an invader at the 《Demon King's Labyrinth》.

Having fought side-by-side together, was there some sort of change in her sense of values?

Like this, she herself might change as well—is Diablo thought.

His cheeks naturally slackened.

"Hmph.....You sure are treating Sasala with care, aren't you, Rose?"

"Of course, Master. With items greater than SSR-class, there is an automatic lock specification at the time of acquisition. In other words, I cannot discard her without permission."

"O, ou."

She was treating her as an item.

## Part 4

There was more revelry than expected.

Thinking about it, there were no smart phones or an SNS (social networking service) in this other world. The front line was putting all of their efforts in the restoration of the barrier, and the end of the war was not yet announced.

And so, the fact that the Great Demon King was defeated could only have been spread by rumors from soldiers that saw the fight.

The spreading of information, even if it was extremely important to the point that it could have an influence on life, happened at a walking speed. However, it was definitely circulating.

Those who heard the news of the victory leapt out into the streets, shouted their thanks to god, and danced.

The old men would join shoulders with others whose names they didn't even know, drink alcohol together with them, and sing religious songs, the national anthem, or war songs with loud voices. If groups were to meet on the road, they would do hi-fives with anyone and everyone, and hug.

Seeing their joy, Diablo silently gained a feeling of satisfaction from having saved the town.

—Ahh, thank goodness I protected them.

Taking advantage of the celebratory mood, pretty boys would grab women on the road, and give them a deep kiss without even telling them their names.

Even the women were not against it, and would wrap their hands around their backs.

Diablo clenched his fists.

\*Gugigi\* He gritted his teeth.

—With this, I.....will end up losing my desire to protect the Races.....

Rose's eyes sparkled.

"Master is, making a very good expression.....haa, haa."

"N, no.....Peace is the best. Umu!"

They arrived at the 《Relief Inn • Twilight Store》 which was in the west district.

However, there was a large crowd made in front of the store. Come to think of

it, there were a couple of places like this even on the main street.

Celebrating the victory, there were stores making lavish feasts of food and alcohol.

Free food is good and all, but I really don't like how noisy it is—just as he was carelessly thinking that, there was a figure that jumped at him from the side road.

"ツ!?"

"It's me -nya!"

Nearly about to strike them on reflex with the 《Tonnerre Empereur》, after hearing that voice, he took it back in.

"Is that.....Mei?"

It was hard to tell since it was dark, but it was Relief Inn's idol—Mei.

Going \*nyan\*, she made a pose.

"Yes≡ It's Mei-chan -nya☆"

"What are you doing in a place like this?"

"I was waiting for you, Diablo-san. If you return to the Relief Inn like this, things will turn out terribly."

"I will allow it, tell me about it in full detail."

Looking around restlessly, Mei check left and right.

"I'll tell you, so follow me. It's because this place isn't safe."

While I think that this is suspicious, it can't be a trap—thinking that, he followed her, and entered the side road.

Rose spoke.

"Is this alright, Master?"

"Even if it is a trap.....If a threat greater than the Great Demon King was prepared, then wouldn't it be amusing?"

She made a bow, and fell behind him.

Edelgart silently followed along.

If this were Rem and Shera, he would have left the negotiations to them to begin with but.....

Once they were apart from the hustle and bustle of the main street, Mei opened her mouth.

"The ones who were gathered in front of the 《Twilight Store》 earlier, all of them were waiting for you, Diablo-san."

"What!?"

"There were rumors that the one that defeated the Great Demon King was you."

Rose nodded.

"It is not a rumor, it is a fact. My Master, in his magnificence, turned the Great Demon King into rubbish."

"Wa—.....So it was true -nyan da—. Ah, and so, that is why there are already somewhat excited people gathered there."

"H, hou....."

It wasn't a bad feeling.

It might be nice if he showed his face.

Mei shrugged her shoulders.

"With that many people, it would end up being morning just from hearing each and every one of their thanks, and since you would get hugs of gratitude from old men, I didn't think that you would be happy about that, Diablo-san."

—Mei-chan, seriously, thank you!

Although he was making a disinterested face, Diablo was really thankful to her. With her guidance, they zigzagged through a thin path.

"And so.....Tada☆ The 《Relief Inn • Hideout Store》 -nya! It's a secret inn only for special guests."

It was a private house in the back, and it had no signboard.

There was nothing characteristic about its outward appearance nor its door, and if one didn't know about it, they definitely wouldn't notice that it was an inn even if they passed by in front of it.

Rose spoke with a calm voice.

".....Isn't it a private house?"

"Th-th-th-that isn't true -nya! It is called the 《Relief Inn》 because of the comfortable service -nya!?"

Diablo magnanimously nodded.

"It is fine, I allow it. I do not like noise. Let us stay here."

"Welcome -nya♪"

Since Rem, Shera, and Krum should be returning to the 《Twilight Store》 later, he decided to ask that they also be guided here.

The inside of the building was exactly like the 《Relief Inn》.

Mei brought out a key.

"Rose-chan and new face-chan get this key. Krum-chan and Edel-chan get this one. A room has also been prepared for Rem-chan and Shera-chan. Right now, since there is no one but Diablo-san's group at the 《Hideout Store》, it is fully reserved for you all."

"Fumu."

He had gotten used to sleeping together on a large bed, but it was a fact that he could calm down better when sleeping alone.

"Ah, Diablo-san, I would like it if you waited for a moment."

"Mu? Rose, head to the room first, and put Sasala to bed."

"Understood, Master."

Going as if dragging Sasala along, she climbed up the stairs.

Edelgart also received her key, and headed to her room.

He ended up being alone with Mei.

"What sort of business do you have with me?"

"Erm.....The key, to Diablo-san's room is, this."

It was a silver key.

"Hou?"

"It is a symbol of being a special guest of the 《Relief Inn》.....It is an invitation to a long time stay, free of charge -nya♪ From today onwards, use it thinking of it as something like your hometown, 'kay☆"

He involuntarily ended up unblinkingly looking at Mei's face.

Her cheeks were dyed red.

"Ehehe.....Did you like it?"

"Umu, it's not bad."

"The key is a present from the owner. This is a present from Mei-chan."

"Nn?"

Mei got close next to him.

Getting on top of an expressly prepared stool, she further stretched onto her toes.

Her lips, touched Diablo's cheek.

"Chu≡"



.....Eh?

\*Pa!\* Mei got down from the stool, and their bodies separated.

Her face had become bright red.

"Unya ~ .....Sorry if you weren't pleased with it -nya. But, that was this idol's first kiss ☆"

"....."

"Diablo-san, thank you, for protecting Mei-chan and everyone else -nano nya!"

Taking a pose to hide her embarrassment, she looked very innocent.

## Part 5

Going into his room—

Rose was waiting with her top taken off. Her boobs, were completely out in the open!

"What an incredible gap!"

He reflexively let his voice out.

From the bittersweet situation like that from a love-based shoujo manga, it was suddenly an erotic game development.

Rose spoke with a face that looked like she found it to only be natural.

"The preparations are complete, Master."

—My mental preparations aren't complete at all though.

"Wh, what is this?"

"Of course, it is for the sake of having Master's.....poured into me."

"My magical power! Magical power!"

I'd really like it if you stopped saying the important part with a low voice.

"Yes. For Master's, thick, choking, syrupy.....to go inside this Rose."

"You said that on purpose, didn't you?"

She tilted her head with a face that looked like she truly found something strange.

Any more than this, it will be a swamp where he can only make retorts.

".....Ah, could it be that you are displeased today, Master? Are you tired?"

Certainly, he was tired.

But, a Demon King saying "I'm tired so I'll be going to sleep tonight" and sounding like an office worker who had just finished overtime is really lame.

"Hmph.....Who do you think I am? There is no way I would feel something like fatigue over fighting an opponent of that level!"

"Ahh, as expected of you, Master."

"Something like magical power, I'll pour in as much as you like!"

"Thank you very much. I have so much gratitude, my body is trembling."

Seeing the top naked girl lower her head to the point that he could see her back, he thought—Is this not the MMORPG Cross Reverie and did I instead lose

my way into the world of a different game?

"In, in any case, take a seat. Ah, no, that's impossible, isn't it."

Rose had the weight of a knight equipped with full plate armor, and the horse he was riding.

With just the fact that the floor of the second floor hadn't given out made him understand how great the structure of the building was.

If she were to sit down in a chair or on the bed, the furniture would end up being crushed.

—I guess I'll have to do it with her still standing.

Rose turned her back towards him.

"Excuse me.....Today, I would like magical power in a place close to the damaged areas."

"Very well."

The back huh. Finally, it turned into something decent.

Rose wriggled the muscles along her spine.

"Using both hands from behind me, place them on my chest."

"Excuse me?"

Her chest?

".....Um, this Rose.....does not mind, even if you do it strongly."

As he was dumbfounded, her hands gently grabbed Diablo's hands.

Just now, he had just impressively declared that he would "pour in as much as she liked". Even if he didn't, he was unable to do something as horrible as shake her hands away in this situation.

It was because this was what she desired.

Letting them be guided, both of his hands went around to Rose's front side.

\*Munzu\* Large bulges were placed in both of his hands.

—So soft!?

Rose's body trembled.

"Hafuun!"

"D, did it hurt.....?"

".....ツ.....That is most certainly, not the case. I, I was so happy.....An overwhelming deep emotion came over me."

"And the trembling?"

"I had climaxed....."

—That sure was fast!?

Diablo asked a question.

"That means, that you reached the upper limit of the recharge, right? Are you satisfied already?"

"Magical power tank number one, has been completely filled. There are still, other magical power tanks....."

"I see. Is it alright if, I send magical power from here?"

"Yes.....Ah.....Nnn.....Th, there....."

"Wh, what's wrong? I haven't....."

"Done anything" is what he intended on saying, but contrary to his bewildered mind, his instinct got excited.

His fingers moved on their own.

—Uoo!? They're sinking in. My fingers are sinking into the bulges.

And then, in between his middle and ring fingers, the puffed up and soft protuberances gradually became harder.

With those two fingers, he pinched them, and rubbed them.

Rose wriggled her body.

"Hahn!? Nnu.....Nnn.....Master.....That place, is....."

"How is it?"

"Ahh, Rose is.....Rose is, going to become, no good.....Hafu!"

"Become no good....."

It felt like Diablo's sense of reasoning was also going to become no good.

Fumbling about, he teased the protuberances.

Kneading them, rubbing them, pinching them, pulling them. Then doing the opposite and pushing them in.

"Hyaguuuu!!"

\*Biku! Bikun!\* Within his arms, the muscles along Rose's spine bent backwards.

\*Furu furu.....\* Her shoulders twitched.

\*Gokuri\* Diablo made an empty gulp.

"D, did you reach it, again?"

The upper limit of the magical power tank.

Rose slightly shook her head to the side.

"Um.....Master....."

"Nn?"

"Don't just play, with that place.....You need to pour magical power in....."

"Ahhh!"

With his consciousness stolen by the protuberances on the tips of the bulges, he had completely forgotten to pour magical power in!

In other words, what he was doing just now, was not pouring in magical power.

He was just fondling her boobs!?

—How could I have done such a thing!!

So as he expected, he was exhausted from the fight with the Great Demon King, and his ability to think had fallen.

"Y, yosh! Th, this time for sure!"

Diablo once again turned his consciousness to the palms of his hands, and just like when he was using magic, he poured magical power.

"Nn.....Nnn.....Master, that is good. Having magical power.....pour in is.....hafuu.....fantastic. Ah, hahn."

It felt like her skin sucked him in more than before.

Despite her being a Magimatic, it slightly felt like she had become sweaty.

The boundary between his skin and her skin became obscure, and there was an illusion that his own hands and her chest were melting together.

"Like this?"

Rose raised a coquettish voice that was more high-pitched than before.

"Ah!! AAAaAaaaAH!! Master, Master, Master, so amazing.....ツ.....you are amazing! So robust! More.....more.....deep inside.....Ah! Ah! HIAAAaaaah!!"

She let out a voice that seemed like it would be transmitted outside.

—If Rem were to hear this, wouldn't she get mad at me again?

Thinking that he needed to quickly bring her to full capacity, he poured magical power in with a force like he was using Maximum Magic.

Rose's body convulsed to the point that it made him wonder if she was going to break.

## Part 6

With a satisfied looking face, Rose was collapsed on the floor. The top half of her body was still naked. Normally, he would have laid her down on the bed, but in her case, that would be difficult weight-wise. Since he had trouble figuring out a place to put his eyes on, Diablo put a blanket on her. Having reached a point where he could take a break, he let out a sigh. "Fuu.....I'm a bit worn out—."

He muttered to himself. There was a knock on the door to the room. Could Rem or Shera's group have returned? No, if that were the case, they shouldn't have just knocked. Diablo tightened his expression. "Hmph.....Who is it? If you do not fear a Demon King, then go ahead and open that door."

[U, um.....It is me but.....]

The voice on the other side of the door was that of a man's, and he had a vague memory of having heard it before. He was as bad at remembering voices as he was at remembering people's faces. Diablo gave a command. "I will allow it, enter."

[E, excuse me!]

The one that paid a visit, was a soldier wearing armor. He remembered him. "Ah—.....You are....."

"It is Boris."

He remembered. He was a soldier that protected Fort Bridge Ulg. He suddenly became concerned. "Why, do you know about this place?"

"Ah.....Diablo-san, it is because there was surveillance placed on you and your group. Even if it is impossible to hear the conversations that go on inside of the

room, if it is just the location you are at, the army and the Adventurer's Guild have a grasp of it."

Come to think of it, Sylvie had also said something similar before.

He had heard that surveillance from every organization had been placed on Krum.

However, it would be embarrassing to seem like he hadn't noticed them.

Diablo shrugged his shoulders.

"Ahh.....So it was that bug. Tell them not to get too close. It's because I will burn them if they become an eyesore."

"U, understood!"

Boris, being the all too serious person he is, made a salute at every little thing.

"And so, do you have some sort of business with me?"

"Ah.....I, Boris Marcus, Infantry of the Thirteenth Regiment of the Lifelia Kingdom's Faltra Stationed Troops, have come in order to invite Adventurer Diablo-dono to the celebratory banquet."

As if he had hurriedly practiced it, it was spoken in monotone.

Diablo tilted his head.

"Celebratory banquet you say?"

"Yes. The subjugation of the Great Demon King, and the defense of Faltra City, it is a banquet to celebrate these two things."

"The town's barrier is still gone, isn't it?"

The Demonic Beings haven't withdrawn either.

They shouldn't be able to assert that everything was over yet. Going by Lamnites's personality, he didn't think that she would allow that sort of festive event.

Boris, looking like he found something difficult to say, had his gaze wandering about.

"Erm.....It was the people of the city council."

"The city council?"

"Faltra City is governed by the Feudal Lord, but in addition to him, there is also a city council where influential nobles have become the core of it. They control things like commerce rights and agricultural rights, and not only is there the local tax dedicated to the Feudal Lord, the commerce tax and agricultural tax are....."

Diablo waved his hand left and right.

"Stop, I have no interest in town planning. Do not bring talks of politics into this."

"Sorry. In other words, since it is something the important people of the town had planned, it has become something being held without any connection to the Feudal Lord or Lord Lamnites. And so, they would like to have you, Diablo-dono, the hero with the most meritorious deeds, be in attendance."

—If I were to go, wouldn't it be one of those things where I have to make a speech on a stage?

Just thinking about it sent shivers down his spine.

Diablo glared at him.

"Do they intend on calling me to such a idiotic place?"

"That's what I thought.....Diablo-san, I had a feeling that you hated that sort of thing. Even before when the group of 100 Demonic Beings that closed in on Fort Bridge Ulg, in the end, it was announced that they were "driven back through the cooperation of Adventurers"."

"That is how it is."

"Sorry. That being said, we thought that someone needed to at least send you a word about it."

—Certainly.

He absolutely wouldn't go, but if a victory celebration were to be held without any sort of contact with Diablo's group who had defeated the Great Demon King, that in itself would have been aggravating.

To expressly come out of their way to tell him with the knowledge that they would be declined.....It was an unfavorable role.

"You are the same as usual, aren't you."

"Haha.....Well then, seeing as how I gave the invitation, please at least accept this. It is a written invitation."

Boris held out an envelope.

"Hmph! Something like that is....."

"There are gold coins in there as money to cover preparations."

"Out of consideration for you, I shall only accept it."

Diablo's group was always running out of money. Mostly for the sake of Krum's food expenses.

Boris made a salute.

"I will give a report of your absence. Diablo-san.....Our generation grew up listening to the tale of the hero Allen from our fathers and grandfathers. But, after this, the efforts of the hero Diablo will be handed down. Being able to have seen your fight with my own eyes, is a treasure of my lifetime."

"Eh....."

Words didn't come out due to the sudden praise.

Saying "Excuse me" and closing the door, Boris's footsteps faded away.

Diablo collapsed onto the bed, and stared at the ceiling.

He slowly closed his eyes.

# Chapter 4: The Lonely One

# Part 1

"Diablo."

His name was called.

He thought "whose voice is that".

He felt like it sounded like Shera's voice, but another young girl came to mind.

—Was it Rem?

"Diablo, please wake up."

Ahh, this time it was definitely Rem's voice.

What came into his view.....

"Eh!?"

There was no mistake it was Rem.

However, her attire was not her usual equipment, the 《Layer of Secret Stone》.

It was like a pure white wedding dress.....No, it was too transparent for that. It had an appearance like that of alluring underwear.

Next to her, Shera was also there.

As expected, she also had a similar outfit that made it difficult for him to figure out where to place his eyes.

Getting onto their knees on the bed, they brought their bodies closer.

"Diablo≡"

—You guys.....what're you doing.....!?

"O.....o.....u"

He couldn't properly put his thoughts into words. This wasn't time for his Demon King role play.

Rem whispered close to his ear.

".....Diablo, it's your fault."

Shera joined in.

"That's right, it's Diablo's fault."

—I'm the one to blame!?

He thought about what he was to blame for. There were too many things that came to mind. To begin with, it was because he didn't have any self-confidence that he had a communication disorder. If he was told that he was to blame, he

would end up thinking that he should start apologizing from the fact he was born.

When he looked back on his life up until now, there were failures, regrets, setbacks.....and evasion.....

"Uuu....."

Diablo tried to crawl away and escape.

For some reason, he felt that way.

—Why am I trying to run away from Rem and Shera who are in transparent dress-like attire this desperately?

The reason was.....

\*Hyu\* A sensation of floating in the air.

\*Gotsun!\* He hit his head.

Since he had a sturdy body, it didn't hurt all that much, but he slowly became embarrassed.

When he opened his eyes, Diablo had fallen off from the bed and onto the floor.

"S, so it was a dream."

He breathed a sigh.

He thought it was strange for Rem and Shera to suddenly wear that sort of outfit.

The reason for both the absurd scene and his own strange action was clear. Dreams were that sort of thing.

Being too tired and seeing a strange dream, was not a first for him.

—I wonder what time it is right now?

It was dark outside the window.

Singing voices could still be heard from the main street.

It doesn't seem like he slept for several hours.

The lack of the numerous cultural conveniences that were in modern Japan was surprisingly not all that troubling to his lifestyle, but he at least wanted a clock.

\*Don don don!\* His door was vigorously knocked on.

He was surprised by the sudden event.

Diablo jumped up from the floor.

However, letting out a rushed voice wasn't Demon King-like. Taking a deep breath, he regained his role play.

"Who is there!? How noisy!"

[It's terrible, Diablo-san!]

The voice that came from the other side of the door, was Boris.

He shouted at him.

"So stubborn! I told that I wouldn't go to the celebratory banquet, didn't I!?"

[Rem-san has! Made an attempt on assassinating Celestine-sama!]

He was unable to understand the meaning of his words immediately.

Diablo's thoughts came to a standstill.

During that time, Boris continued his words.

[Not long ago! Rem-san, she visited the Magician's Guild. In the middle of her giving a report to Celestine-sama, she attacked her with magic!]

"That's absurd!"

[Th, that is how I feel as well but.....there are many eye-witnesses.....]

"Where is Rem.....!?"

[According to the reports, it seems that she was cornered at the western ramparts.]

He was relieved that she was alive, but it was not a situation that he could happily welcome at all.

Diablo arranged his equipment.

He put on his mantle that he took off, and continued talking while putting on his boots.

"What of Celes!?"

[Rem-san's attack missed, and after that, due to the presence of the Adventurer's Guild Guildmaster, it seems that the assault ended at being an attempt.]

—What's going on?

He was nothing but baffled.

Rem always held gratitude towards Celes. Even this time, she should have gone to make a report out of feeling a debt of gratitude for being allowed her freedom.

Did it seem like she was going to be confined at the Magician's Guild? No, the current Rem was no longer a vessel of a Demon King. There was no reason to constrain her.

Besides, if it was something that the Magician's Guild side had started, the need

to expressly do it in front of Celes was.....

Diablo held his magic staff in his hand, and came out from the room.

Boris moved to the side.

"Please go to the former site of the west gate. If she hasn't made any big movements, it will be at the ramparts that haven't crumbled near the gate."

Uttering \*Umu!\*—He suddenly felt discomfort about something.

"Boris, did you say that Rem attacked with magic?"

"Yes."

"Not with a Summoned Beast?"

"It seems that it was Chemical Elemental Magic."

\*Zowa\* A chill ran down Diablo's spine.

"Was that really Rem!? She is a Summoner! She isn't able to use Chemical Elemental Magic strong enough to kill a person!"

Boris's face rapidly turned pale.

"Ah, ahhhh!"

"This matter, tell it to Rose and the others! I will head out first!"

Normally, with this much of an uproar going on, everyone probably would have come out from their rooms.

However, Sasala was totally exhausted and sleeping.

Rose was also in a similar situation. After pouring magical power into her, she ended up in a state similar to falling into a deep sleep. The need for self-restoration was probably a cause.

What about Edelgart? Since she was nearly extinguished in the earlier battle, although she is a Demonic Being, she is probably far from being in normal condition.

Those girls couldn't be counted on.

Diablo rushed out from the inn.

—Rem, right now, what is going on with you!?

## Part 2

It was just how it was in the information.

When he turned his face to the north from the collapsed west gate, at a distance where the hustle and bustle could be heard, a crowd with a heavy atmosphere was made.

The soldiers and curious onlookers had formed a ring.

Several torches were lit, and it was only there that that had become bright as if it were daytime.

The gazes of the people had gathered at the top of the slanted rampart. Someone was there.

At the top of the rampart, there was the figure of a young black haired girl. So it was Rem.

At the top of the slanted rampart, there was no one but her. Although the soldiers had formed lines below, none of them tried to climb up the rampart. The ones that stood at the front of the soldiers, were Lamnites and Sylvie.

"Surrender, Rem Galeu! You have nowhere to run!"

"Rem-sa—n, let us hear your circumstances. We won't treat you badly! Okay?"  
—These are the two worst people.

One mustn't be fooled by their allure and cuteness. Both Lamnites and Sylvie were actually thickheaded. They had personalities where they wouldn't mind making sacrifices for the sake of their organizations.

They were virtuous people that prioritized the law.

They were virtuous people, but the law would be prioritized.

It would probably be impossible to persuade them and get them to leave this place to him. If done poorly, there was a chance that Diablo would be constrained first as Rem's accomplice.

"From here.....I guess I'll head there from above."

He poured magical power into his SSR-class equipment boots, the 《Empty Sky's Dance》.

Displaying the effect of Flight Magic, his body floated in the air.

\*Hyyu\* He flew up to the top of the rampart.

Seeing his figure, the soldiers made a stir. Was the reason why they didn't mistake him for a Demonic Being because Lamnites was also able to use Flight Magic?

It was fortunate that there were also many soldiers that knew about Diablo from the earlier fight. There wasn't anyone that thoughtlessly fired projectiles at Diablo who had defeated the Great Demon King.

Diablo arrived at the slanted rampart.

It was cracked, bent, and looked like it would crumble at any moment.

While taking caution, he got down to a place that was about ten steps away from her.

"Rem!"

".....ツ!?"

She opened her eyes wide open looking surprised.

For better or for worse.....it was unmistakably the person herself. He had been together with her from morning to evening for close to a year now. Even with just her gestures and her atmosphere, he could tell that she wasn't a different person.

".....Diablo.....So you came."

"What happened? Tell me."

After he tried getting down, he could understand the reason why the soldiers did nothing but watch from below, and why no one was climbing up the rampart.

It was faintly swaying.

\*Para para.....\* Fragments were constantly falling.

It was probably only a matter of time before this part of the rampart collapsed. He didn't know if it would be right away or after a few years though. What he could say for sure is that "if heavily equipped infantry were to climb it in great numbers, it would immediately collapse".

Diablo kept the effect of Flight Magic, and adjusted it so that he wouldn't place his body weight on the rampart.

Rem made a painful face.

"You might not believe me but....."

"Hou?"

".....Right now.....Modinalaam, is within me."

Diablo clicked his tongue.

"I thought that would be the case."

"Eh, you believe me.....!?"

"Why do you think I would doubt you? I had even believed that Krebskrum's soul was sealed within you, didn't I."

"That is true.....but.....I.....did that to Celes."

"I heard that she was safe though? Tell me in detail. What happened at the Magician's Guild?"

\*Chira\* Rem turned her gaze to the ground.

There were no movements among the soldiers. It felt like since Diablo had appeared, they decided to watch over the developments.

Lamnites and Sylvie who were at the lead were making stern expressions.

Rem opened her mouth.

".....It was when I was talking to Celes at her office at the Magician's Guild. For an instant, my consciousness became distant. It was close to being sleepy. Since my physical condition was questionable to begin with, even though I didn't fight, I might have accumulated fatigue—that is what I thought."

"Umu."

".....However, when I realized it, there was a spear of magic in my right hand..... A black one."

"Was it 《Black Lance》?"

She slightly shook her head left and right.

".....I do not know. Since I, do not have knowledge that extends that far..... Merely, it was already right before the magic activated. I was somehow able to divert the aim so that it wouldn't hit Celes though."

"I see."

".....Since I had experience with it, I realized it. That, there was a Demon King within me. My body being manipulated like it was this time is a first though."

"Krebskrum was sealed within you. Modinalaam escaped into you. That might be the difference."

This sort of event didn't exist in the MMORPG Cross Reverie.

Rem hung her head down.

".....It was said, that Krebskrum would revive, when I died."

"That is true."

"It would seem.....that when I fall asleep, Modinalaam awakens."

Why is it always Rem?

He felt resentment for that unreasonableness, but more importantly, he needed to think of a way to deal with it.

"If it's Krum, she might know of a solution."

She was a fragment of the Demon King, and she had saved up knowledge from when she was pulverized by God. She was also well-informed about the abilities of other Demon Kings.

".....It would, be nice.....if we could ask but.....actually, I already seem to be at my limit."

"What did you say!?"

".....M, Modinalaam's, consciousness has already gotten stronger."

"Rem! Hang in there! You're an outstanding Adventurer, aren't you!?"

".....I know that. I also, have my pride. I don't.....want to helplessly, be a stepping stone for anyone.....after all.....ツ"

She walked out to the outer rim of the rampart.

She glared out into the distance.

".....The Demonic Beings."

"What?"

"They.....surely know that Modinalaam has reawakened. It is for that reason, that they remained at that location."

"That might be true."

".....I won't let them, have their way."

"Naturally. The Demon King that is within you, just leave him to me."

\*Fu\* Rem smiled.

The anguished look vanished from her face.

It was a bright expression.

".....Thank you very much, Diablo.....I, truly am blessed, to have met with you in my last moments."

—Last moments!? What do you plan on doing, Rem!?

She clenched her teeth.

As she was about to leap out from atop the rampart—

Diablo shouted.

"Rem! Don't die!"

The iron ring that was placed on her neck reacted to that order.

The 《Slavery Choker》

Rem, who had half of her body out of the rampart, stopped moving as if she had turned to stone.

So he made it in time.

Tears spilled out from her eyes.

".....Why.....Why, didn't you let me die, Diablo!? Even though I.....don't want to become your enemy....."

"I am the Demon King Diablo! No matter what tries to dominate you, I will annihilate it without fail!"

"ツ!!"

Rem lost strength in her limbs.

She looked like she was going to collapse.

However, as if she were hooked by a string from above, she suddenly stopped moving while still slanted.

A black haze enveloped her body.

Her appearance changed.

Horn-like things extended out from the sides of her head.

Even her nails became sharp and pointed like knives.

She originally had a lot of skin exposure, but the form of her outfit changed into something more risqué. Moreover, they had a texture like that of scales affixed to her skin.

It resembled the outfit that Krum had when she was revived.

As if, she were a Demon King.....

From the back of the transformed Rem, purplish black wings spread out. The number of them were two on both the left and the right, making for a total of four.

They were wings that swayed and were like smoke which didn't have a fixed form. In one of those wings, the face of a black goat floated up.

—Modinalaam!!

That floating head opened its mouth.

"Alas.....Thou, art foolish. Drowned in emotion, to think'st thou wouldst miss thine final chance at extinguishing me."

## Part 3

Diablo readied his magic staff.

So Rem was taken over by Modinalaam.

By some chance, he might have made the wrong choice.....

However, he did not regret it.

"Modinalaam, I shall make you regret having laid your hands on my property. I shall defeat you, and take Rem back!"

"Nay. I have surpassed perfection."

"Mu?"

"In mine own defeat in the earlier battle, there were two reason for it. First was the difference in knowledge—I hadst not known of thee, and thou hadst deep knowledge of myself and the other Demon Kings."

Certainly, that was probably the deciding factor.

Diablo had a general grasp of Modinalaam's numerous techniques.

Since they were nothing but attacks of Demon Kings that he fought against in the MMORPG Cross Reverie, he knew about them very well.

Conversely, his opponent didn't know that Diablo was able to do Magic Reflection.

Since the Demonic Being Ourou was in the enemy encampment, he should have had that information though.....

Was it self-conceit due to strength?

Information sharing wasn't done.

For example, a walkthrough site wouldn't be made for a game that could be cleared without any sort ingenious solving needed, and people that would try to have an exchange of ideas for it probably wouldn't appear.

"I have obtained knowledge. About thee, from this Pantherian....."

"Why, Rem? If you are going to take someone over, wouldn't it be fine if you weren't so roundabout it and just take me over? Well, I am not a Demon King that would yield to the likes of you though!"

The wings that spread about from her back wavered.

"This Pantherian, is a vessel.....A rare existence able to store even a Demon

King's soul. For it to be empty, tis quite fortuitous for me."

Long ago, it seems that God sealed Krebskrum within Rem's ancestors.

At that time, God either bestowed them the ability as vessels, or had chosen them because they had the ability as vessels.

Either way, with Krebskrum being removed, it seemed that the inside of Rem had become vacant.

And then, having entered inside of Rem, Modinalaam seems to have learned of Diablo's fighting method from her memories.

He could no longer have any hope of Modinalaam making the blunder of firing Maximum Magic.

Modinalaam spoke.

"The second reason—the difference in subordinates. There art no Demonic Beings arrogant to stand in front of the Great Demon King. They art different, from the Races."

"Hmph.....There are no cowardly soldiers under a brave general, is that what you mean?"

He had made an instigation, but in other words, it was a difference of cultures. The Demonic Beings only watching the fight only happened because they had a sense of values where "assisting is rude".

Rem pointed at herself.

"According to this Pantherian's memories.....Right now, thine subordinates, art not here."

"Ha! You damned fool. Even without any troops, I will butcher you personally!"

Diablo didn't destroy his cocksure stance.

However, there was no mistake that the vanguard of Sasala and Rose had played a huge role in the earlier fight.

—This is really hard to do.

Up until now, Diablo had one-sidedly known about the enemy.

With his knowledge from the MMORPG Cross Reverie and with information gathering done beforehand, he stood in superiority.

The current Modinalaam was well-informed about his situation.

Moreover, Modinalaam was no simplistic like a beast or a toddler.

He was intellectual.

Even up until now, Diablo had several times where he was driven to the wall by

enemies who formulated plans. Like the Feudal Lord Galford and the Head of the Holy Knights Baduta.....

Opponents that used their head were much more formidable than enemies who only had high parameters.

Modinalaam made a declaration.

"My defeat, dost not exist. I shalt obtain, inevitable victory!"

Rem put out her right hand.

A jet black large sword appeared in it.

《God Breaker》

He intended on bringing the fight into close combat.

Since magic would be reflected, that was a natural choice.

Even while Modinalaam was talking, Diablo read the next next move of the fight.

He gave a command.

"In the name of the Demon King Diablo, I order you! Rem, do not move!"

Once again, the 《Slavery Choker》 activated.

Her body stiffened up while having the large sword at the ready.

"Gah.....What!?"

Modinalaam, who was manipulating Rem and was about to cut him down with the jet black large sword, raised a voice of astonishment.

—Yosh! Not even the Great Demon King is able to lift the 《Slavery Choker》 that easily.

Her body was under Diablo's control.

He was reluctant to make her obey him through orders, but if she is being manipulated by someone else, then it was a different story. In addition to that, Diablo looked down on him with all his might.

"Ku ku ku! Even if you have obtained knowledge, for a goat head that doesn't know how to use it, it has no meaning! Rem is enslaved to me. As long as you are within that body, you are also a servant to this Demon King Diablo!"

"Gugu.....This much of a compelling force is.....!?"

"Do not move, Rem. I shall pulverize those unpleasant looking wings right away."

Diablo clenched his right hand into a fist.

—Should I use contact-type magic? No, both 《Matoi Izuna》 and 《Absolute

Zero》 would give serious damage to not only those black wings but also to Rem who they are attached to.

In that case, I guess 《Darkness Cannon》.

It was magic that fired a cannonball with high penetration power.

In a way so that it wouldn't hit Rem, he would fire it from point-blank range!

Choosing his tactics in an instant, he made a dash.

He closed in on her.

The wings that spread out from her back changed its form. To a shape that was like a giant's fist.

"I shall have, certain victory -nariya!"

It was possible to restrict the actions of Rem's body with the 《Slavery Choker》, but Modinalaam, who was outside of that body, attacked as if it were only natural.

The wings turned into a gigantic fist, and came thrusting out.

"I thought so! You have no other choice but that!"

Since he had anticipated it, Diablo easily evaded it.

Even so, it had slightly touched him.

With just a graze on his shoulder, he received an impact strong enough that it felt like his whole upper body would have been taken away by it.

If not for his training as a Warrior, he would have taken that attack just now and that would have been the end of it.

From Modinalaam's perspective, it might have been a mere check, but for Diablo, it was a punch that could have been lethal.

If he were to compare it to something, it was something like suddenly having a truck rush pass from a distance that one's hand could reach.

—Can I defend against that with my current equipment?

What about warding it off with the 《Tonnerre Empereur • Libéré》?

It might be possible, but it would probably be instant death if he were to fail.

The risk was too big.

From Rem's back, the figure of a black monster appeared.

It had a black goat head, and a body like that of a gorilla—However, it had a look different from the body that he fought during the day.

Its contour wasn't fixed.

It was kind of like mist, or an aura.

A mass of magical power? Or, should it be called a spirit body or something? Diablo searched his memory to see if there were any monsters with a similar property in the MMORPG Cross Reverie.

At the very least, there weren't any Demon Kings that could turn into mist. However, there did exist several monsters that could turn into an indeterminate form.

When taking a form, physical attacks should work on them, but fundamentally, magic should be effective.

—But, I guess I should probe its properties with a small attack.

"《Lightning Arrow》!!"

A bullet of light flew.

When fired at a Demon King, its power was insufficient, but the bullet was fast and its accuracy was high.

With the gigantic fist, it was punched and dispersed.

The black goat's head narrowed its eyes.

"That is right.....Thou cannot injure this Pantherian.....Therefore, thou cannot use Maximum Magic."

"You have taken various things into consideration."

"Victory, is supreme!"

"Umu, that alone is something I can agree with you on."

Diablo kicked the ground and took some distance.

After a moment, he nodded.

"Modinalaam, you have made three misunderstandings."

"....."

He couldn't read the thoughts from the expression of the goat head, but the opponent's movements stopped.

Diablo put up one finger.

"By manipulating Rem, you probably believe that you have prevented my Maximum Magic but.....to begin with, to defeat you, something that grandiose is not needed."

"Such lies....."

"Listen—Another misunderstanding, it is not like I taught Rem all of my ways of fighting."

"Mu!?"

"I have also made this sort of preparation!"

Diablo pulled a tube out from his pouch.

He had a feeling of shame.

Just before he used it, he gritted his teeth.

"Kuh.....To think that I.....would have to rely, on something like this.....!!"

—On a paid gacha item!!

The tube made a \*Pon!\* sound.

A shining sphere shot up.

The surroundings were illuminated by bluish-white brilliance.

The goat head tilted.

"Lighting -naruya?"

"Well, I guess Rem didn't know about it, as I thought."

It was a SSR-class gacha item that was rare even in the game after all.

In the gacha, the SSR-class drop rate was 3%. On top of that, in the variety of items, SSR-class items alone easily surpassed 300. He didn't even want to calculate the rate for each and every item.

The bluish-white sphere that floated in the sky seemed like a moon.

Diablo curved the ends of his lips.

"Modinalaam.....You were the first one to use a weak point called manipulating Rem. It is already too late to say that anything is unfair, got it? Well, I'll only be smiling since you got caught up in it though."

"This light, what is it -naruya!?"

"Ku ku ku.....I shall tell you. This is called 《Customize Bomb》<sup>[1]</sup>. It is a magic tool that will apply certain conditions to this place."

"Certain, conditions?"

"Pay attention—The condition is 《Physical Restrictor》! From now on, in this place, damage from physical attacks will be lowered by 90%!"

".....!?"

Modinalaam's expression couldn't be read, but going by his loss of words, his agitation was transmitted.

Diablo broke into a run.

"And then! Your third misunderstanding is—the thought that you could win against me!"

Once again, he went into a distance where his hand could reach.

Modinalaam swung his gigantic fist.

"OOOOO!!!"

He howled.

Diablo turned towards the fist that was like a boulder, and struck his own right fist directly from the front.

"《Volcano Cannon》!!!"

From his right fist, red hot magma gushed out due to magic.

Both of their fists struggled for supremacy.

Under normal circumstances, even if Modinalaam's fist was burned by the super scorching heat, through his power that reached absurd levels, it would probably blow the magma away, and crush Diablo's upper body.

However, only for now, his power was drastically reduced.

Diablo opened his eyes wide.

"Kukuku.....Modinalaam, did I not tell you that physical attacks had their power reduced? Do you not have any techniques other than punching? How about firing magic at me? Well, I would just reflect them though!"

"Guh.....Diablooooo!!!"

He applied more pressure.

—To think he would have this much strength despite being reduced to ten percent!

However, I will bring him down with this!

"《Rock Ca.....!》?"

His opponent's figure suddenly vanished from his field of vision.

For an instant, Diablo was confused.

There was no way that the current Modinalaam could move that fast. As for why, it was because the one that became his legs was Rem. She had been commanded to not move.

There was a floating feeling.

And then, a thunderous roar that was like an earth tremor followed.

—The rampart collapsed!?

### **Translator's Notes:**

[\[1\]](#)

Written as: 領域改変弾, Read as: カスタマイズボム. Rough translation of kanji is: Area Transformation Shot

## Part 4

Fortunately, he had kept using the Flight Magic of his boots, the 《Empty Sky's Dance》.

It ended without him getting rolled up in the collapsing rampart.

Diablo got down onto the ground outside the town.

The rampart spanning a length of around 100 meters toppled over, and people made an uproar within the town.

And then, black wings flapped, and along with Rem's body, Modinalaam descended.

So Rem was still being manipulated.

The wings that grew out from her back once again took the form of a goat-headed gorilla.

Diablo had a thought.

—To the west of the town, there are many Demonic Beings watching the fight. It will be somewhat troublesome if he flies away over there.

Maybe because of his current form, or maybe because of the 《Physical Restrictor》, his flight speed was slow.

He got ready to start again, but the situation didn't change.

Once more, he got close, this time for sure.

He tightly clenched his fist.

Modinalaam groaned.

"Damn thee....."

"Mu?"

"I am! The Great Demon King! Having absorbed numerous Demon Kings! Resulting in the 《Originator Demon King》, the ultimate Demon King! With the greatest magical power! With the greatest physical strength! With the greatest Demon King army! All of that.....against a mere person of the Races! Lost to a mere person of the Races!?"

His gigantic hands held his small goat head.

A creaking sound was made.

His head started to warp.

With a voice that sounded like blood was coming out with it, Modinalaam shouted.

"Why -naruya!? This Great Demon King, is inferior!? Whyyyyyyyyyy!!!"

Diablo said it straight out.

"It is because your preparations, were lacking."

"GlllllllYAAaaaaaaaah!! Diiiiabloo.....O.....OGOH! Ogogo? Ogogo.....O!?"

\*Bushu!\* The goat head split.

Blood scattered about.

With his own large hands, he crushed his own head.

—Suicide?

However, his unpleasant presence did not vanish.

Above all, Rem's consciousness had not seemed to have returned.

—Shit! What is going to happen next!?

Right now, should he take her back!?

When he took one step forward, a black snake rushed out from Rem's body.

"Ugh!?"

He hesitated as to whether he should instantly fire magic or not.

Rem was on the line of fire.

If it penetrated, the damage to her would.....

However, if the power was low, he would be unable to defend, and he himself would.....

Lightning came falling from right overhead.

The lightning pierced the black snake.

Following that, the loud voice of a girl resounded.

"Fall back, Diablo! You will get dragged in -noda—!!!"

"Krum!?"

—And leave Rem behind!?

That is what he thought, but right now, he trusted her. He returned to the town with Flight Magic.

Immediately following that, he learned of the correctness of that judgement.

Several black snakes poured out from Rem. Steadily increasing, Rem's figure became unseeable.

"What in the world is that!?"

"《Demon King of Insanity Modinalaam》 has revealed his true character -noda!"

Krum, who had rushed over, spoke.

Shera also came together with her.

"What about Rem!? What's going on with Rem!?"

"Calm down -noda, Shera! Since Modinalaam is within her, she is surely safe. It is because if the vessel is broken while the revival preparations aren't ready, even the Demon King will be extinguished!"

"Krum-chan, I don't really know what you're saying, you know!?"

"Ah—, in other words, since Modinalaam will also die when Rem dies, she should be alive -nanoda."

"Eh.....? In that case, does that mean that to defeat Modinalaam, Rem has to die?"

Krum shook her head left and right.

"That won't happen! It's because if it's Maou, then she will pull that fellow out from Rem!"

"Hurray!"

"However, Modinalaam also knows that -noda. Even after making Rem a stepping stone, he couldn't win against Diablo. The vessel is already nothing but a weakness for him. Seeking his next form, he ended up doing that."

Diablo asked a question.

"Krum, what did that fellow start?"

"He plans on gathering magical power -nanoda. In order to obtain a body powerful enough to win against you, Diablo. Even though he should know that that would lead to his own destruction."

"What do you mean by that? Don't Demon Kings gush magical power forth limitlessly?"

"Umu, if we are in good health, it is limitless -nanoda! However, Modinalaam had his original body destroyed, and escaped into Rem. He was unable to win against Diablo with his remaining magical power."

So he was in that sort of state.

"What do you mean by gathering magical power?"

"It has started -noda. If you watch, you will understand."

Krum pointed.

The countless black snakes headed towards the Demonic Beings.

Shrieks were raised.

Screams.

Explosions due to magic and Martial Arts also occurred.

Even so, the black snakes did not stop. One after another, the Demonic Beings and Demonic Beasts started to get eaten.

"Ugh....."

Shera covered her mouth.

For Diablo, a cold sweat ran down his back.

"By magical power.....Do you mean the Demonic Beings!?"

"It is fortunate, isn't it? Since there aren't many among the Races with really strong magical power, he went over there -noda."

With that many Demonic Beings and Demonic Beasts, there would surely be a lot of magical power.

## Part 5

When the black snakes appeared, Commander-in-chief Ourou was the first one to fly away.

The adviser Lazpuulas shouted.

"Not good! Take shelter! We must escape!"

The Demonic Beast User Manuela hit the shell under her feet.

"Grand Turtle, run away."

"With this huge turtle, it already won't make it in time!"

Lazpuulas carried Manuela under his arm. He ran down from the gigantic turtle as if sliding down the shell.

A majority of the Demonic Beings and Demonic Beasts didn't run away.

They watched wondering what was going on.

Their individual fighting strength was strong. Due to that, their fear and wariness were thin.

—It's total destruction.

Lazpuulas broke into a run.

The large-sized Demonic Beings that were at the head of the army were the first to be swallowed by the black snakes.

"Great Demon King-sama!? Wh, y....."

Screams were raised, even from the other Demonic Beings. Next were the Demonic Beasts.

Manuela's face turned pale.

"Why is Great Demon King-sama doing this!?"

Lazpuulas desperately carried his heavy body and ran away.

"That, is no longer Great Demon King-sama! Those are poisonous snakes that only desire magical power!"

"For a person known as a priest, isn't that blasphemy!?"

"That sermonizing, if we get through this alive, I will listen to it then!"

The fat, frog-headed Demonic Being noisily moved his legs and ran. He wasn't fast, but the black snakes were greedily devouring the other Demonic Beings and Demonic Beasts.

He ran away into the forest.

Immediately after that—

Black figures covered the area over Lazpuulas and Manuela's heads.

"Ah....."

They were black snakes.

## Part 6

Shera raised her voice.

"Its form is changing again!"

"Umu! It seems that is the final form that Modinalaam has chosen -nanoda!"

\*Funnu\* Krum made a rough snort.

It was a castle.

Diablo recognized it.

".....It's the Demon King castle."

Though he said that, the real thing was probably much larger. In the game, the Demon King's castle was much larger than Fortress City Faltra.

It was only natural that the final dungeon would be vaster than a town that appeared midway through the story though.

Several towers that were like spears were lined in a row, and were surrounded by a tall rampart. The front gate made a \*gigigi\* sound and opened.

Krum spoke.

"Most likely, he is calling for you, Diablo."

"Mu....."

"Modinalaam is thinking that if it is in there, then he can win.....No.....Anything that could be called thought has already been blown away for him. He merely wants to fight you -nanoda."

"Is Rem, also inside?"

Krum nodded.

"Umu. Maou was always together with Rem after all. Maou can tell by smell."

At that time, other people had come out from the town.

That being said, since the rampart had already turned into a mountain of rubble, the boundary between the plains and the town had become vague though.

"Yaa, Diablo-san. Things have become grave, haven't they?"

It was Sylvie.

Lamnites was also with her.

"What is that, that castle? When was it built?"

"It seems to be a mere shadow of what the Great Demon King Modinalaam once was."

Hearing Diablo's explanation, Lamnites made a face that said she couldn't believe it, but she did not deny it.

Sylvie asked a question to Krum.

"That thing, it's a mass of magical power, right? With him having no body, is it possible to maintain it for a long time? I'd like to hear the opinion of a real Demon King—."

That is clearly saying that "there are also fake Demon Kings", isn't it? is what Diablo thought, but he kept silent.

Krum nodded.

"Umu! That was created with magical power gathered from the Demonic Beings, but it is vanishing from the ends -noda! It will probably vanish by tomorrow."

"Is that so!"

"But.....If you wait for that, this town won't get off safely, you know?"

"Ah—, is that so?"

Sylvie scratched her head.

Looking closely, black snakes gushed forth from the fake Demon King castle once again. On top of that, although it was slow, the castle was getting closer. Lamnites glared at it.

"With that speed, it will make contact with Faltra City in an hour. I do not know how far those black snakes can extend out, but if their range is about the same as a Magi Gun, then they can reach the whole town in about thirty minutes."

She was a Magi Gunner that drove sand ships at high speeds. Her eye measurements with that sort of thing could be trusted.

Unfortunately, at this rate, it didn't seem like they could just safely pray for the morning sun.

Lamnites gave orders to the Local Knights that were waiting on her behind her.

"Prioritize the injured, and evacuate the citizens to the east gate! For the people that want to run away to the royal capital's side, let them go. However, there are no soldiers to send around as evacuation escorts. All hands, defend this place to the last!"

"Understood!"

Sylvie made her eyes go round.

"You're going to fight that!? That's the Great Demon King that swallowed the Demon King army whole, you know!?"

"No matter who the enemy is.....Six of the eight barrier towers are either going strong or can be repaired. For the other two towers, they can temporarily be made in three days. The Magician's Guild's central tower is also safe. This Faltra City is meant to protect the territory of the Races, so it absolutely must not be lost! If it is broken through, even if the Great Demon King vanishes, other Demonic Beings will surely overrun the defenseless town. Or could it be that you are able to affirm that there are not any rear guard Demonic Beings?"

"Nn—.....Honestly, I think there are some."

Being on the cautious faction, it seemed that there would also be some Demonic Beings that wouldn't really come forward.

So the military and the Adventurers will protect the town.

As if replacing the Local Knights that busily ran about, there were people that came running this way.

Shera waved her hand.

"Rose-san! Edelgart-san!"

## Part 7

Rose lowered her head very deeply in front of Diablo.

"I am terribly, terribly sorry. Give this Rose any punishment you like. To be sleeping while Master was fighting....."

"It is fine, rest is necessary. What about Sasala?"

"No matter what we did, she would not wake up."

—Seriously!?

A delicate atmosphere spread amongst everyone there.

Even though it is a critical situation that concerns the existence of the Races, the night is bedtime!?

Suddenly, Diablo had a thought—Come to think of it, the High Chief Priest who was chosen by God, Lumachina, was burdened with the peculiar handicap of having “Healing Miracles not working on herself”.

"Could it possibly be that.....Well, do not force her. A sword is something that shines when it is polished. If it is needed for her, then let her sleep."

"Understood."

On the other hand, Edelgart was gazing at the fake Demon King castle with a complicated-looking expression.

"....."

"What is wrong -noda?"

The young Demonic Being girl groaned at Krum's question.

"Many~, companions.....have.....vanished."

"Ahh, that's right. You were a Demonic Being of the Demon King castle."

"Yes.....but.....eh—.....uh—....."

Edelgart searched for words. She was somewhat poor at having conversations. No one rushed her.

Finally, one word.

"Regret?"

"Umu.....That is true."

Hearing Edelgart's mutter, Krum closed her eyes, and the two of them said nothing for a moment.

After that, \*Pan!\*, Krum clapped her hands.

"Now then! Diablo, you have had enough of the tedious talk, right? You should choose! What will you do -noda!?"

Diablo surveyed everyone present.

Shera, Krum, Edelgart, Rose, Sylvie, Lamnites.....

And then, he looked at the Demon King castle.

—Rem.

"Naturally, I will take back my property! Modinalaam also desires a conclusion to all of this after all."

Krum grinned.

"Now that is Maou's master -nanoda. That thing will not stop anyhow unless you destroy the core. Go get him -nanoda!"

Going "huh", Shera tilted her head.

"Krum-chan, are you not going? Aren't we going to go and rescue Rem with everyone here?"

"I will go alone."

He had a good understanding of Modinalaam's strength.

Most likely, the effect of 《Physical Restrictor》 will have disappeared inside the castle. It was because the light of 《Customize Bomb》 doesn't reach inside of it. If it were to turn into a fight similar to before, he wouldn't have the leeway to protect those around him.

Going "Now that you mention it", Diablo gave instructions.

"Right now, in this area, physical attacks have lost their meaning. For people that use swords or spears, it would be best if you enchant them so that they turn into magic attacks."

Actually, if Modinalaam had quickly realized this fact, another countermeasure would have been needed.

Since he was thoughtlessly using his own strength, schemes probably weren't working in his head.

Sylvie made a difficult face.

"That's unreasonable, Diablo-san! A majority of both the soldiers and Adventurers use physical attacks. And then, the enchantment to turn them into magical attacks is high grade magic.....I am just barely able to enchant several people, you know!?"

"Mu....."

This was beyond his expectations.

Now that she mentioned it, enchantments of this other world weren't really investigated.

Since Diablo himself would have enchantments reflected with the 《Demon King's Ring》, he was excessively disinterested in it.

Would it be difficult for them to protect the town from those black snakes after having a majority of their fighting power made powerless?

From behind, a voice was raised.

"That enchantment, I shall take responsibility for it."

When he turned around, a group of Local Knights and Magicians approached.

\*Za\* Then the enclosure split to the left and right.

A beautiful woman was expressing a smile.

She held a long staff.

"Diablo-san, it has been a while, hasn't it."

"Celes!?"

Maybe because he called her with her nickname, the escort Magicians knitted their brows.

Next to her, Galford was also there.

"I have received the situation report. The Magician's Guild has decided to completely cooperate. Leave this place to us.....The Races are still in an existential crisis. If that imitation Demon King castle is not stopped, then we will have no chance at victory."

"Galford, you came out looking self-important but.....You will prove useful, right?"

"Would you like to test me?"

His bloodlust had not weakened.

Even his arm that he should have lost had returned to how it was before.

To think that he had gone from having that many injuries and that much exhaustion to making his return without even half a day passing! Is this what it means to be an experienced person of the great war?

Celes came in between them.

"Diablo-san."

"Mu?"

"I, will do my best."

"Ah—, umu, right.....Well, be sure to assist the small timers."

Her slow tone softened the edgy atmosphere. With this situation, it was for better or worse.

Celes spoke.

"I beg of you, Diablo-san.....Somehow, please save Rem-san."

"Are you serious? Didn't Rem try to kill you?"

"Rem-san, would not do such a thing. It was an action of that Great Demon King. That girl, she has a strong sense of responsibility, is very persevering..... and lonely. I, always think to myself, if only Rem-san were free in the truest meaning of the word."

Her words, they sounded like she were praying to God despite being a Magician.

That didn't even need to be said.

Diablo took out his Magic Staff.

"Just leave everything to me!"

# **Chapter 5: Trying Out Going All Out**

# Part 1

Diablo floated up with Flight Magic.

He approached the Demon King castle from the sky.

Black snakes grew out from windows on the castle. They wriggled about.

Since Modinalaam had opened the gate, he thought that he was being invited in but.....

Things weren't that easy.

The black snakes came attacking one after another.

"Do not, get in my way! 《Explosion》!!"

Diablo fired his magic. Since he had seen them fight against the Demonic Beings, he had a grasp of the black snakes' individual strength.

Each and every one was generally about as strong as a large-sized Demonic Being.

They couldn't be defeated with low level magic, but he was able to wrench open a gap to advance through.

If he were to use powerful magic, he would certainly be able to blow them away with a single attack.

However, that sort of large magic also had large openings. In a situation where he was constantly receiving attacks from all directions, prioritizing evasion and finishing with the minimum attacks needed was part of the basics.

His feeling of wanting to save Rem was strong.

Receiving everyone's support, there was a boiling feeling deep in his chest.

However, contrary to his vigorous assault, Diablo's head was rapidly growing colder.

He had an entire grasp of the countless, hectically moving black snakes, and would fire magic at the most efficient place.

At times he would circumvent, at other times he would push through.....

"I'm through!"

Diablo disinterestedly cut through as if he were doing work, and broke through the defensive net of black snakes.

Modinalaam was a shadow of his former self.

He arrived at the imitation Demon King castle.

An especially large black snake blocked the way as if it were the gatekeeper. Its oral cavity that looked like it could swallow even a giant whole, let alone a person of the Races, made a sound and opened. It was lined with teeth that were like swords.

GAaaaah!!

Diablo swung his Magic Staff, the 《Tonnerre Empereur》.

"Scatter away! 《Flare Burst》!!"

From the inside of the black snake's mouth, to the inside of its body, there was a series of explosions.

It ruptured from the inside.

Just like how when Demonic Beings died, the black snake turned into particles of light, and vanished.

—It had so-so strength.

Rose and Krum would have been able to win against it without a problem.

Maybe even Lamnites.

However, for Shera and Edelgart, it might have been too much in a one-on-one fight. For Sylvie, it was unknown. It was doubtful for Galford as well since he had just recovered from being seriously injured.

If the soldiers and the Adventurers were to fight, there probably would have been a considerable amount of victims, is the guess that he made.

Impatience was taboo.

Even so, I need to stop Modinalaam before this Demon King castle gets close to Faltra City, is what Diablo thought.

He passed through the thrown open gate.

He walked into the imitation Demon King castle.

The air was cloudy.

There was a bloody smell like the exhaled breath of a beast.

This imitation Demon King castle was a shadow of Modinalaam's former self. In other words, Diablo had done something like entering the inside of his opponent's body.

"《Light》"

Going a few steps ahead, he casted Light Magic.

It illuminated the surroundings.

The perfectly level corridor continued on further inside. Curtains were hung on the curt walls.

There was no way there were any windows.

In that case, were they hiding something?

The curtains swayed.

Wind?

That wasn't it.

From the other side of the turned up curtains, a rhinoceros beetle bigger than a person came rushing out.

Diablo fired magic on reflex.

It was almost automatic.

He had a habit of pressing the shortcut key at the same time when he was surprised, but in this other world, it was represented as making the chant for the magic.

"«Explosion»!!"

The rhinoceros beetle was blown away.

That also turned into particles of light and vanished.

—So he's kept Demonic Beasts in his body.

If it were a simple capturing of a dungeon, he would have advanced while scattering magic as a diversion.

However, Diablo cautiously walked while hurrying on ahead.

It was so that Rem wouldn't get rolled up in his magic.

He kicked open a door that was at the depths of the corridor.

It was a spacious room.

Inside, a shadow moved.

"«Light»!!"

What the Light Magic that Diablo fired had shined on was—

Grrrr.....

It had the head and body of a lion, the wings of an eagle, and snake for a tail.

Diablo clicked his tongue.

"A Chimera huh. You're keeping quite a troublesome fellow, aren't you."

This Demonic Beast possessed a barrier that nullifies magic. On top of that, its defense against physical attacks was also high.

It was a monster that he would want to avoid battle with if possible.

However, when being chased by a Chimera, it would turn into an even more troublesome situation.

Diablo transformed the 《Tonnerre Empereur》 into a sword.

"Hmph.....Very well. Although I leveled up as a Warrior-type, I have yet to test it out in actual combat. This is a good chance to try it."

Time was precious. He went all out from the start.

The Chimera howled.

It leapt at him.

Diablo readied his Magic Sword.

"《Heat Sonic》!!"

Suddenly, it was hit with eight successive Martial Arts. That attack was increased sevenfold due to the Magic Sword.

The tough Chimera easily turned into particles of light.

Diablo gazed at the Magic Sword that he held in his own hands.

—To think that I could defeat a Chimera this easily!

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, it was a monster that had given him a hard time multiple times. And yet.

That being said, in exchange for that immense offensive ability, he consumed an enormous amount of SP.

Unlike MP, it would automatically recover if given some time but.....

"Mu.....?"

From the depths of the spacious room, \*hitari, hitari\*, the sound of feet treading on the floor could be heard.

Diablo made a wry smile.

—Well, there were a lot of black snakes as well after all.

Several Chimeras appeared as if to surround him.

Grrrrr, grrr, grrr.....

Diablo tightly grasped his sword.

"I'm in a rush, so I don't have the time to play with all of you. Come at me all at once! I'll tear you all limb from limb!"

## Part 2

He recovered both his HP and MP with potions.

However, the fatigue that accumulated in his core made Diablo's arms and legs heavy.

—How could I of all people have a decline in concentration in the last boss's dungeon?

Was it due to him using his own body, causing his nerves to wear out?

Was it because, unlike the game, his life was truly at risk?

Due to having successive fights against formidable enemies, which he had never experienced up until now, his senses were worn down.

Again, a door opened.

Was he being lead?

—Is it a trap?

Even if it was, he had no choice but to continue on.

The ceiling became high enough that he had to look up at it.

It wasn't like the cramped corridors and the only horizontally wide room that appeared up until now. He felt that he walked too much and wondered if he came outside.

The ceiling had become dome-shaped, and at the center, there was a crystal that sprouted out upside down. That crystal shined and illuminated this place.

Directly below the crystal—

There was a bluish-white throne.

The cold air hung in the air, reaching as far as where Diablo was. That, was a throne of ice.

"Rem."

She was sitting on the throne of ice.

The horns on her head, the wings on her back, and the blade-like nails were already gone. Even her attire had returned to normal, and the dark gray 《Slavery Collar》 was fixed on her neck.

Her eyes turned his way.

Diablo felt relieved at the fact that she was alive.

He called out to her once more.

"Rem."

".....Diablo."

Her light colored lips weakly moved.

He had the urge of wanting to rush over to her, but he was instead worried about how there wasn't anything there to obstruct him.

He was reminded of a mouse catcher that placed cheese at the back. Rem was the cheese, and Diablo was the mouse.

She didn't move.

That was only natural.

He had given her the command "do not move" in the earlier battle. Before rescinding that order, there was something that needed to be asked.

"Where is Modinalaam?"

".....He is, no longer within me."

Is that true?

If it were Rem, she surely wouldn't lie.

However, there was also the possibility that Modinalaam was manipulating her, and telling a lie.

She spoke with a depressed voice.

".....Please leave me behind."

At first, he thought that he misheard her.

"Wh, what are you saying, Rem? Don't joke around with me."

".....No, it is no joke. I, am too.....useless. Even though I am an Adventurer, I have been a bother to you many times."

"Do not say something so foolish. I merely did the things that I wanted to do. I had no intention of saving you. I am a Demon King, you know? That is a serious misunderstanding!"

Diablo had strongly said that, but just how much of it got through.

Rem groaned looking pained.

"Uuu.....On top of me being useless.....I had nearly taken the life of my benefactor Celes....."

"I was asked by that Celes to safely bring you back. You should say the things that you want to say to the person herself. After we return to town."

".....Even Shera.....Someone like me is."

"What foolishness are you talking about."

Even though they were close enough to have made that cafe promise.

Rem squeezed out her voice.

"I, I mean.....Diablo, didn't you choose Shera."

"Choose!?"

".....Becoming the Elven King.....with Shera.....th, the marriage.....!!"

He had involuntarily been taken aback.

He didn't think that he would be told that in a place like this. No, it was probably because it was this kind of situation that it was brought up.

Should he bring Rem back to town even if he had to drag her along?

Could she be said to have been saved with that?

Diablo took a deep breath.

He made a dry gulp.

"Ah—.....Rem.....I understand what you want to say. First, let me make a correction. I, came to save you. It has no relation to you being useless or not."

"....."

With a frightened looking face, she waited for his continued words.

Diablo took a certain item out from his pouch.

It was a silver ring.

Rem opened her eyes wide.

Diablo's heart was beating even harder than it did in any battle that happened today.

"Y, you should.....take this. No, please take th.....No, seeing as how I am a Demon King."

It was probably a bit impossible for something like handing over a ring while still in his Demon King roleplay.

However, he felt like high-handedly forcing it on her felt like it would give a different impression.

In Diablo's own way of thinking, after making the decision that it would be best to hand one over to Rem as well, he had expressly taken it from his treasury.

Since the respective MMORPG Cross Reverie event was couple-exclusive, there were two rings that he had obtained.

"Eei! Rem! Take this!"

".....I'm so happy."

Tears came to Rem's eyes.

"Eh? Really?"

Since she had received it so easily and with pleasure, Diablo was surprised.

He steadily became embarrassed.

Rem shook her head sideways.

".....But.....as I thought, I can't go. There is no way I can prove that Modinalaam is not within me."

"Mu."

Even Diablo felt the danger of that.

It wouldn't end with just him. What if the Rem that he brought back to Faltra City was actually Modinalaam?

It would not affect just one town, but the existence of the Races.

—No, is this where I should take the ring in my hand and say "I believe in you", walk until I'm right in front of her, and place the ring on her hand?

He shook his head sideways.

—Isn't that a flag for the Bad End where I would get pierced through the heart!?

Getting washed away by romanticism and giving up on thinking and taking a dangerous action, he wouldn't allow that as a Gamer!

To continue onto the death episode without any proof, Diablo was unable to do that.

Prioritizing emotion was shameful laziness.

Not to mention, the lives of a great number of people were resting on his back. Defeating Modinalaam who had turned into the Demon King castle was just as important as saving Rem.

He considered the matter carefully.

"....."

Since Modinalaam had peeked into Rem's memories, he would be able to perfectly answer any question Diablo could ask.

A question that he couldn't answer, would be one that Rem also wouldn't know.

"Prove that the Demon King is not within yourself"

—Would that be impossible? It was the devil's proof. Being unable to prove something that doesn't exist was common sense in my original world

(unfortunately, there were also people that didn't understand that though.....)  
Urging her to prove her own innocence would be the same as that scumbag Holy Knight.

Could he be certain if he touched Rem and inspected her magical power? However, if Modinalaam was lurking within her, it would be exceedingly dangerous. If he were to be attacked from a distance where his hand could reach, he had no way of defending against it.

Right now, was the one talking to him, Rem herself? Or was Modinalaam manipulating her?

Going \*Ha!\*, Diablo came to a realization. After his bit of insight, he deepened his thoughts as if following a fine thread. Even after examining various angles, he was certain of it.

Just in case, he made a confirmation.

"Rem, if you could prove your innocence, would you obediently come back?"

".....If I could.....But I believe that is impossible."

Her voice was depressed.

\*Niyari\* Diablo curved his lips.

With all of his might, he swung one hand.

"Very well! Rem Galeu.....I shall allow you, to call your Summoned Beasts!"

She opened her eyes wide.

".....You are not commanding me to call it out, but allowing me.....is that it?"

"Umu. I have partially undone the earlier command of "do not move". If you are the real one, you should be able to call them forth. If Modinalaam is doing manipulation, then you cannot. He would be able to use Chemical Elemental Magic though."

The Rem when she was manipulated had attacked Celes with Chemical Elemental Magic.

Both Chemical Elemental Magic and Summoning Techniques were similar magic. Unless the caster's will is there, then the summoning cannot happen.

If a person is controlling their body, even if the summon crystal is broken, the Summoned Beast won't be called forth.

Rem stood up from the throne of ice.

".....As expected of you, Diablo."

Rem took the crystal of a Summoned Beast out from her pouch.

She held it out.

"In the name of Rem Galeu, I command you—Come forth! 《Iron Golem》!!"

She threw it on the floor.

The blue crystal broke into pieces, and the air swirled. A white smoke wrapped around it, and then dispersed.

A huge, brusque dark gray statue stood next to her.

She caressed the Iron Golem.

".....I, am Rem."

"So it would seem.....I remove all commands."

The prohibition of the 《Slavery Choker》 vanished.

As if trying to harden the floor by stepping on it, she slowly walked over.

She had a nervous expression.

".....Diablo.....Your words from earlier, can I trust them?"

"I am the true Demon King that came from another world! I do not speak lies!"

At this late point in time, there was no way he could say “on second thought, it really is embarrassing so forget it”.

Rem, who had come up to being right before him, held out her left hand.

"....."

Her fingers trembled.

That probably showed just how high-strung her emotions were.

Diablo also needed to hold his nervousness down.

With his left hand, he supported her left hand. Taking the Marriage Ring he held in his right hand, he placed it on her left ring finger.



## Part 3

\*Don!\* A loud sound was made from the ceiling.

In a hurry, Diablo brought Rem close as if hugging her, and moved out of the way.

Together with rubble, a large black build came falling.

A black goat head.

Its body was like that of a gorilla.

It screamed.

"DI—AAA—Buuu—Loooooo—!!"

"Modinalaam!!"

So it was just as Krum had guessed. He felt more insanity than intelligence from his opponent's voice.

Despite knowing that he would be extinguished by tomorrow, he absorbed his subordinate Demonic Beings and Demonic Beasts, and changed his form into this imitation Demon King castle.

"Gihya—ha—!!"

"《Insanity》 huh."

Diablo readied his Magic Staff.

However, the situation was not favorable.

The changing effect of 《Customize Bomb》, although it was as he expected, did not reach this far.

Since Modinalaam had accumulated a large amount of magical power, he was close to full power. If Diablo were to fight upfront in close combat, it would be dangerous with even just a graze.

On top of that, he would have to fight while protecting Rem.....

—Can I win?

No, I have no choice but to win!

It's because this fake Demon King castle won't stop unless I defeat him here!

Diablo recovered his HP and MP with potions. Even so, he felt sleepiness due to his excessive exhaustion.

"Rem, you won't say that you are useless, right?"

"That is....."

"Listen to me carefully—A person who has neither strong ability, talent, nor confidence, should not run away from hard work. Struggling until death is what true incompetence is after all!"

She was dumbfounded.

And then, smiling, she nodded.

".....Yes. To begin with, I have a personality that is bad at giving up."

"Yosh, do not get out from behind me, got it?"

".....Diablo, I don't have any positive proof but, there is something I want to try. Do you have an 《Elixir》?"

"Naturally I do, but what about it?"

Diablo took out an 《Elixir》.

It was called the secret medicine of God. Even serious wounds of being on the verge of death could be healed in an instant, even MP would be completely restored, and any and all Bad Statuses would be cured.

Rem didn't look like she was carrying any serious injuries.

She pointed at the enemy.

".....Please use it on Modinalaam."

"What did you say!?"

"Gyo!?"

The goat head made its eyes go round. \*Gaku gaku\* His body trembled.

Rem gave an explanation.

".....When Modinalaam entered me, and peeked into my memories.....It felt like I also caught a glimpse at his memories. Within that, there was a memory of being afraid of 《Elixirs》."

"Being afraid of 《Elixirs》 you say? What would be the reason for that!?"

".....Since 《Insanity》 is a Bad Status, it would be purged by the 《Elixir》."

"What, did you say!?"

To think that Modinalaam had that sort of weakness!

Countless Players had fought against Modinalaam in the MMORPG Cross Reverie.

However, it seemed that there wasn't anyone whimsical enough to use an 《Elixir》, which was super rare even in the game, on a Demon King.

At the very least, that sort of information wasn't on the walkthrough site.

Diablo held an 《Elixir》 in his left hand, and slowly filled the distance with the enemy.

"Hmph.....How interesting. Why don't we test that out!"

However, he didn't even need to wait to see the result.

Modinalaam backed away.

It was clear that he feared it.

Turning his back to the exit of the dome-shaped room, the goat-headed gorilla went \*gya gya\* and made a fuss like a zoo animal.

Diablo spoke.

"I will show you no opportunity. I will give you no mercy. I will definitely kill you, in this place!"

"Uu.....uu.....uu....."

"Modinalaam, vanish from here!"

"Gyoe, gyoe, gyoe!"

\*Gashan!\* A mechanical sound resounded in the dome-shaped room.

Something that seemed like a symbol was engraved into the goat head's forehead.

"What!?"

He had nothing but a bad premonition about it.

Rem spoke with a pensive look on her face.

"Those are numbers from the language of the ancient time.....If I remember correctly, 9, 8, 7....."

The engraved symbol changed little by little. Those were numbers, and they decreased at about a second in between changes.

No matter how he thought about it, it was a countdown.

"Bastard!"

The goat head's mouth disgustingly raised both of its ends.

"Th, th, thou, shalt be destroyed, together with me.....Gyaha!

Gyahahahahahahahaha!!"

"Ahh, sorry but.....I know that pattern."

Diablo held Rem close with his right hand.

"Hya!?"

The number on Modinalaam's forehead decreased even more.

From his body, a flash was released.

## Part 4

In front of Fortress City Faltra's west gate—

Shera fired an arrow.

"Teyaah!"

It made a direct hit on a black snake.

Making a \*Bomu!\* sound, the black snake scattered away.

"Umu umu, you are pretty good, aren't you, Shera!"

Krum nodded looking satisfied.

Before this fight, Shera's bow was strengthened even more by Krum. Even her clothes and boots.

Now, it could be called the "complete Demon King Equipment set".

Thanks to that, the place that Shera and Krum were at was holding out.

On the other hand—

Rose the Magimatic Maid crushed several black snakes alone.

However, her magical power that felt insufficient from the start finally reached the bottom.

"I will complete the task I was entrusted with by Master.....even if this body breaks down!"

In contrast, no matter how many she destroyed and destroyed and destroyed, the number of black snakes continuously increased.

Galford's sword and Lamnites's Magi Gun were also making war results.

However, the places of the other people were on the verge of being breached.

The soldiers were swallowed up by the black snakes. The Adventurers were squashed. Countless screams were raised.

Celestine, who was surrounded by Magicians, raised her voice.

"Please hang in there! Just a bit more! I am sure that Diablo-san will stop that castle!"

A temporary peace of mind—Those words that seemed like that, to think that they would be realized!

While shedding blood from her head, Edelgart glared at the castle.

"Ah.....Light?"

An explosion spilled out.

From inside of it, a flash of light came pouring out. From the windows that were the source of the black snakes, flames gushed out.

Before long, the entire castle was swallowed up by a dark red explosion.

The people were dumbfounded, and gazed at the gigantic fireball that appeared on the earth.

Shera raised a voice that sounded like a scream.

"Diablo!? Hey, what about Diablo!? Where is Rem!?"

There was no one that could answer that question.

The fire spread to even the black snakes, and one after another, gigantic burnt corpses fell to the ground. The sounds \*jyuu jyuu, bachi bachi\* were made, and they turned to ash.

After that, they turned into particles of light and ascended to the sky.

The flames became smaller.

Krum pointed her finger at the spot the castle was at before.

"Look!"

## Part 5

Modinalaam, who had turned into just his upper body, was stretched out at the bottom of the center of the explosion.

His lower body was extinguished.

Even the remaining portion started to crumble, and it was only a matter of time before all of him would vanish.

"....."

In a place a bit apart from him, there was a sphere.

It was a black ball.

\*Shuru\* The cloth that took the form of a sphere transformed into a mantle.

"Puha!"

The one who breathed out, was Rem.

Diablo had a similar suffocating experience, but in order to maintain his Demon Kingliness, he endured it.

"Fuuu—....."

".....Are you alright, Diablo?"

"Same to you, Rem, how are you?"

".....Nn"

She expressed a smile.

Modinalaam, who was stretched out on the ground, chattered his teeth.

"Why!? Why? W.....hy?"

Diablo held up his mantle.

"It is called the 《Curtain of Dusk》. Its effect is Damage Cut for a few seconds. It protects the user from any and all attacks."

In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, it said that [the effect target is all party members], but from how it felt after using it, he felt that three people was the limit.

Rem was impressed.

".....To have that sort of mantle.....It must be a tremendously rare article."

"No, 《Curtain of Dusk》 is an SR-class item. Wouldn't you be able to find it if you searched?"

The effect was strong, but its abilities were moderate.

Although it has Damage Cut, since it only for a short two to five seconds, situations where it was useful were limited.

It was only when he was fighting against an unimaginably strong opponent like a Demon King did Diablo equip it.

—In the MMORPG Cross Reverie, it could be used once every three minutes, but how would it be in this other world?

Diablo stood next to the collapsed Modinalaam.

He had an 《Elixir》 in hand.

It seemed like Modinalaam no longer had the strength resist remaining but.....

"It would be troublesome if you enter inside of Rem again. You should just disappear."

"Wait.....That shall restore, me.....Is that fine?"

"You are terrible at bluffing, Modinalaam. You should have said those kinds of words before you blew yourself up."

Diablo dumped out the contents of the tube.

It were as if he had poured boiling water on an ice sculpture.

"AH! AH! AH! Vanishing! I am vanishing! AH.....GYAAAAAAAAH!!!"

His muddied scream resounded through the plains.

The Great Demon King Modinalam was extinguished.

Diablo tossed the emptied potion tube into the depression had no longer had anything within it.

It lodged itself into the burnt ground.

It couldn't be a substitute for a gravestone but.....

When he turned around, he met eyes with Rem.

She caressed the ring finger of her left hand. A plain, silver ring was placed on it.

".....Um, Diablo.....Is it really alright, for me to have this?"

"U, umu."

After hearing that once again, he felt embarrassed.

".....I would like for you to put it into words though."

She easily said something so difficult.

Ugogo.

"Ah—, uh—."

Diablo got close, and placed his hands on Rem's shoulders.

"In, in other words.....you see....."

".....Yes."

The young girl with a small height close her eyes while keeping her chin raised.

\*Furu furu\* Her panther ears quivered.

—Eh? Eh?

He involuntarily froze up.

What is up with this situation!? What should I do!?

At that moment, Shera's voice could be heard from the direction of the town.

"Diablo~!! Rem~!!"

Their names being called, they sent their gazes that way.

It wasn't just Shera, he could see Krum, Rose, and the others running over.

Rem answered.

"Shera—!! Krum—!!"

Diablo folded his arms, and magnanimously nodded.

—Ahh, it's finally over.

Rem expressed a smile, and waved her tail.

"Diablo!"

"Mu?"

".....I, am really bad at giving up! So please prepare yourself!"

# Epilogue

Three days after the decisive battle against the Great Demon King—

Finally, the barrier that wards off the demonic was reconstructed. Galford gave the declaration of victory, and the town was in an uproar of cheers.

Even when the sun had set, it seemed that the excitement still continued. At this rate, wouldn't they really have the celebratory feast for a whole month? It was an immense war that could make him consent to that idea. There was a considerable amount of victims.

The survivors were told that they needed to live the dead's share of life. Diablo decided in his heart that he would "do even the dead's share of lazing about".

《Relief Inn • Hideout store》

Today as well, Diablo just idled about on top of the bed the whole day. His HP, MP, and SP had already recovered, and he had even lost his feeling of exhaustion.

However, somehow, he lazily passed the time.

—Ahh, slothful days, are the bestttt!

Idle days where he did nothing were supreme bliss.

He even thought that he lived just for the sake of this.

Snacking on some of the wild strawberries that were placed on the side table, and drinking the remaining tea in his tea cup, he then lied back down on the bed.

When he closed his eyes, sleepiness descended upon him.....

"Diablo."

His name was called.

Nnn?

Deja vu. He felt that something similar had happened before.

".....Please wake up, Diablo."

It was Rem's voice.

He opened his eyes.

What jumped into his vision was—

"Whaaa!?"

It was unmistakably Rem.

However, her attire was something daring that made him troubled as to where he should place his eyes.

It was white like a wedding dress. However, her skin showed through more than it did through her normal underwear. It hid more than her being naked, but it instead attracted his gaze more than being naked would, and his gaze couldn't leave her.

Getting close, Shera was also there.

For her, only the volume portion of her chest was more fiendish.

On the inside of her transparent attire, \*yusari, yusari\*, her huge bulges swayed.

Getting on her knees on top of the bed, she slowly approached.

"Diablo≡"

"Wh, what are you doing!?"

—Isn't this a dream!?"

Shera's hand was placed on Diablo's knee.

From the realness of that sensation, he was confident that this was not a dream.

"You made Rem your wife too, right, Diablo?"

"Ugh.....!?"

In truth, he planned on making a bit more arrangements and figuring out the timing.

Like consulting Shera beforehand.

Due to Modinalaam, he ended up having no choice but to hand it over in that situation.

That is why I am not at fault.

Rem muttered.

".....Bigamy, is not allowed in the Lifelia Kingdom."

"Ugh!?"

After thinking about it, even in the MMORPG Cross Reverie, it was a system where bigamy was not possible.

"However, Diablo is the Greenwood King. In that country, would that be

allowed?"

Hearing that question, Shera tilted her head.

"I wonder—? Since no one has done it before, I don't know."

"Rather, wouldn't Diablo be able to decide that? He is the king after all."

Hearing Rem's words, Shera nodded.

"That's right—. He is the king after all."

Diablo became anxious.

—Becoming king and having my first political measure be "approval of bigamy", isn't that too imbecilic?

Just what would the cabinet minister Durango whom he had left domestic affairs to and Shera's mother (the Queen Dowager) have to say about it.

Shera combed up her golden hair.

"Well, things like the law don't matter."

Is that alright!?

Even Rem agreed with that.

".....That's true. It doesn't matter. Diablo, from what I've heard, you and Shera.....Um, you haven't.....properly done *that* yet, right?"

"Ah—, eh—."

Diablo's gaze was swimming about.

Shera puffed up her cheeks.

"Even though you said to leave it to you."

Honestly, he was sorry about that.

For Rem, she had turned red not just at the cheeks but even down to the nape of her neck.

".....And so, including m, me.....Doing it all at once, um.....fait accompli.....No, shouldn't we construct a proper relationship, is the conclusion we arrived at."

So they arrived at that.

He was worried about their thought processes.

Shera came forward.

"Well, enough of the complicated stuff so, let's do it? Let's properly, do it?"

What, do we do?"

".....First is, a kiss."

"You sure are well-informed, aren't you, Rem?"

".....I'll say this now but, I don't have any practical experience, okay?"

Rem's hands were placed on Diablo's shoulder.

They were placed gently, but due to both Rem and Shera's hands, his body's freedom was snatched away.

She whispered close to his ear.

".....It's your fault, Diablo.....Even though I waited for you, to think that you wouldn't even come to my room over these past three days."

Shera nodded.

"That's right, it's Diablo's fault. I didn't even know that we hadn't properly done it after all."

"I, I was.....It was because I was busy!"

He was busy lazing about on the bed.

By no means was it because he found interpersonal relationships to be a pain and was avoiding them.....

When he turned his gaze to the left, he met eyes with Rem. Her panther ears moved going \*pipipi\*.

When he turned his gaze to the right, Shera's boobs filled his view.

—With this, it might already be done for.

His sense of reasoning.

Going to Diablo's mouth, the two young ladies brought their lips closer.

Both Rem and Shera had their breathing become rougher than usual.

The two's lips went and.....

To be continued

## Afterword

The TV anime, has been decided!

It means that Rem, Shera, and Diablo will be moving and talking!

I also need to give my thanks to all of you readers who have given a great amount of support.

Thank you very much!

I also give my thanks to Tsurusaki Takahiro-sensei who collaborated with me since the design stage as well as drew the illustrations, Shouji-sama who is in charge of editing, the designer from Afterglow Ooishi-sama, Fukuda Naoto-

sensei of the comicalization, and all of the staff of the Kodansha Lightnovel Bunko and Sirius Editorial Departments!

I believe you can find the details of the [Isekai Maou to Shoukan Shoujo no Dorei Majutsu] TV anime if you look at the official site.

At the very beginning, it was a design that started from idle talk with Tsurusaki-sensei. In those days, there were few demi-human heroines in light novels, and that isekai things had to be internet publication works—those kinds of opinions were there. Actually, we were shown disapproval at several editorial departments but.....Shouji-san of Kodansha Lightnovel Bunko had said "This looks interesting! Let's do it!" and cheerfully accepted it, causing it to be published.

As a result—the maker's side received a surprising response, and when Fukuda-sensei's comicalization started, its momentum became even stronger.

And now, we finally arrive at it becoming an anime. Since that was my objective since before I became a writer, I am really happy. Since I will be doing my best from now on as well, you have my best regards.

Now then, we're at volume 9.

With this being the climax of the Great Demon King arc, this has become the book series' greatest fight.

I have already written more than 50 volumes of light novels, but I feel like this was my first time writing the fight scene so endlessly. It was to the point that in the middle of it, I was worried if he could really defeat it.

His relationship with Rem has also progressed.

However, since the ring that was handed over was something that Diablo obtained in an in-game event, in other words, the rings that Shera and Rem have on are a pair.....but we'll leave that for later!

It was a composition that was different from usual, but I would be delighted if you enjoyed it.

The next volume will be done as soon as possible. Since this volume had very few everyday scenes, I would like to put a whole bunch of them in the next one. Please look forward to it.

Volume 6 of the comicalization by Fukuda Naoto-sensei has been published at the same time as this book. It is in the middle of a popular serialization by means of the WEB manga Niconico Seiga "Wednesday Sirius".

[The 14 Year Old and the Illustrator] (MF Bunko J) that Illustrator Mizoguchi Cage-sensei is also designing is in the middle of publication. It is a work comedy filled with the interactions and industry jokes of a 14 year old cosplayer and a pro illustrator.

Amazingly, a comicalized serialization by Kamelie-sensei has been decided! It is through the no charge manga distribution service "Cycomi".

The long running war chronicle of [Altina the Sword Princess] (Famitsu Bunko) has a planned publication at the end of the month. It is finally at volume 13. Since it is a series that has received a favorable reputation for a long time, I would be happy if those who have not read it could pick it up.

The DMM distribution of the novelization of the social game [The Millennium War Aegis, The White Empire Arc] is also in the middle of publication.

Similarly, I have been put in charge of the main scenario of the DMM distribution's [Soukou Musume]. Since it is basically free, please try playing it.

Murasaki Yukiya