

THE DEVIL IS MAKING CITY

魔王様の街づくり!

最強のダンジョン
は近代都市

3

著 月夜 涙
絵 鶴崎貴大

Demon Lord's Town Planning!

– The Strongest Dungeon is a Modern City –

**- Volume 3 -
[Rebirth]**

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[rpgnovels]

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とらのあな限定 スペシャルショートストーリーリーフレット

変化

クイナの体が黄金の炎に包まれる。





水槽の中でエンシエント・エルフが暴れる。
しかし粘度の高い粘液の中では、
ろくに意味をなさず、
薬に侵された頭では
まともに魔術も使えない。

STATUS

RACE [CREATION] DEMON LORD

RANK A

NAME PROCELL

LEVEL 32

PHYSICAL STRENGTH C

ENDURANCE C

AGILITY C

MAGIC POWER B

LUCK D

SPECIAL A+

*These stats are dependent on the power of one's [Monsters of the Covenant]. Without a full set of Covenant monsters, there will be deductions to the values for the lower levels

SKILLS

CREATION / AWAKENING / DEMON LORD BOOK /
STORAGE / DISCHARGE / SYNTHESIS / DUNGEON
CREATION



Prologue

Start of the War

The war had finally begun.

Should I win, I would henceforth be able to permanently make the original medals of the defeated Demon Lords and also clear the quota of one war within the year that was imposed on us new Demon Lords. Not to mention, after this, I would be able to focus my undivided attention on developing my city and dungeon.

However, should I lose, my dungeon... my city of Avalon would be gone along with my important monsters.

Thanks to the Creator's kindness, we would be able to rebuild our dungeon after a year but such couldn't be said about the monsters, they were gone for good.

Even if I could make another, it won't be Kuina and the others anymore. It would be someone else entirely.

We were preparing for war until this moment.

My monsters were now ready and deployed, each with their weapon in hand.

And then, the sun rose. At that moment, my entire body was enveloped with magic power. It was an indication that I was being transferred. I then thought that the Creator should be the only one capable of pulling such a feat.

After that, my consciousness faded.



When I came to, my surrounding was all white.

When I looked around, I saw my city of Avalon to my back and three dungeons to my front.

Starting from the left, these dungeons seemed like: a stylish stronghold; a tower with

a suspicious atmosphere about it; and a limestone cave that smelled of saltwater.

I was certain these dungeons belonged to the three Demon Lords I was at war with this time.

If the rules from the last war applied to this one, this white space should serve as our staging ground against the enemy's dungeon. However, under that same assumption, any action within this white space aimed to hurt or hinder the other party would be forbidden.

"Is that them?"

After several seconds, three Demon Lords in the same generation as me were transferred.

A gentleman-looking man wearing a jacket only worn by humans, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan.

An unattractive large man that looked like a bipedal frog, [Viscosity] Demon Lord Ronove.

A fiendish-looking man with the horns and wings of a demon, [Evil] Demon Lord Morax.

Representing them, Zagan walked toward me and spoke.

"I was growing tired of waiting for this day. Succumb to despair knowing you've lost everything you have as you regret turning down my offer."

Zagan seemed like he was under the assumption that he would outright win.

It was understandable though since their side were the three on our three-on-one.

In addition to that, there was the time limit of 24 hours for this war. After that time limit had passed, the side with the most crystals would win.

Unless I make it pass their defense and break their crystal, they would win.

It didn't help that I had to spread my overwhelmingly fewer fighting force into both offense and defense against enemies that were fortifying their own defense.

Furthermore, the moment I attack and therefore have lesser troops on defense, the Demon Lords whose dungeons I didn't attack would attack me as well.

For that reason, I had decided to attack two dungeons at once with immense speed. Spreading my troops further might seem like an inane plan but attacking with my best troops would make it work. There was also the point that by attacking two dungeons, their offensive actions would lighten.

It was a tactic that I could do precisely because I had three S rank monsters.

"Why would I regret anything? After all, by the end of this war, aside from fulfilling my war quota, I stand to gain three original medals. I can't stop myself from smiling, if anything."

I intentionally acted smug and said so.

"Tsk, nice bluff. There's no way the three of us would lose. We know about your tactics and weak points. You're a fool to show your power in your exhibition!"

With that, I was convinced. Convinced that though he acted like someone smart, he was nothing but an idiot.

"Oh, that is most impressive. But then, aren't you the fool for openly saying you know about your opponent's weak points and have measures against them?"

As I said so, Zagan burned red.

He was a fool, yes, but I was seriously outnumbered and that worried me so I thought it would be good if I could unsettle him even by just a little but I didn't imagine it would have this much of an effect on him.

Still though, him proudly announcing he had countermeasures planned, I wondered *didn't he stop and think even for a second that I had taken that under consideration and had measures to counter his own counters as was natural?*



<<Children of the Planet, we should commemorate this [War] for this is the first of many to follow for the participants. The participants of this fight will be [Creation] and the group of [Steel], [Viscosity], and [Evil]. For a long time now, I had seen a great many wars but this is the first for me to witness a three on one as their first ever war. Fufufu. Interesting, I'm looking forward to it. Now, the war will start in an hour's time. You may do whatever final preparation you have in mind.>>

I heard the Creator's voice in my mind informing me that the war will begin in an hour. As I had guessed, the rules were mostly the same as the last time.

My three opponents hurriedly retreated to their respective dungeons. A Demon Lord's life was important since dying would obviously equate to them losing. Thus, retreating to one's own dungeon would be the safest bet. If I had the numbers, I would also want to do that. However, being as outnumbered as I was, lazing about was something I could not afford to do.

We Demon Lords grow stronger by receiving some strength from our [Monsters of the Covenant]. I who had given names to two S ranks—Kuina the Celestial Fox and Rorono the Elder Dwarf—was as strong as any other S rank monster and was also able to use a fraction of the girls' powers^[1].

Furthermore, Demon Lords had the ability to use [Storage]. This ability allowed me to store up to 10 monsters in a different dimension and bring those monsters wherever I went. With this, I could pull off a stunt like releasing my slow but powerful monsters in the middle of the enemy's stronghold.

So for those reasons, I was going to set out to conquer my enemy's dungeon instead of being safe within my own.

All that said, I had to go back to my crystal room for the moment.

There were still a lot of important things that needed doing.



I made use of my privilege as the dungeon's Demon Lord and transferred to the crystal room. When I arrived, Stolas was busy watching the going-ons within the dungeon through the screen being projected by the crystal.

"So it'll begin soon, huh? Did you come to do some final preparations?"

She was my last line of defense and as such, she was standing by at the crystal room.

Should it come to the point that even this room was about to be attacked, we had agreed that she would fight to defend my crystal.

She was but a single person but with her ability, she was worth an army.

"Yes, something like that. After all, I have to protect the city we worked so hard for."

The first floor of my dungeon contained my city while the floor beneath it served as the dungeon proper designed to annihilate any and all intruders.

If left as it was, the city we worked so hard to build and develop would be destroyed.

"[I Shall Compose]"

I recited the words of power and took out a book.

And then, by using [Floor Swap], exchanged the city floor and the dungeon proper.

Moreover, I changed the outer appearance of the dungeon into the cheapest and most standard: a cave.

From being a city filled with lush greenery, my dungeon within the white space became an unimpressive cave.

And thus, the city was protected. That was, of course, unless the enemy had somehow managed to get past the dungeon proper.

“The humans truly did vanish, huh.”

“I know, right? I heard it before but I’m still surprised.”

As was explained to us beforehand, the humans, the animals they raise, and even the wild creatures in the city were gone.

When the participating dungeons were connected at the start of a war, all creatures except Demon Lords and monsters within the dungeons were to be transferred to a place where time was stopped.

Moreover, time in this white space flowed much faster than it did normally in the world. Even if a day had passed here, not even ten seconds would have passed in the normal world. The humans would not even know that a war took place.

I who ran a city found this set up to be extremely helpful.

The Floor Swap was complete so next was to mobilize the units for dungeon conquest.

I should move my attacking troops outside of the dungeon before the actual start of the war unless I wanted the enemy monsters to clog up the entrance of my dungeon and effectively block my troops from coming out. But then again, if my troops went outside too soon, my enemies would catch wind of my plans.

To compromise, I had decided to just position my troops very near the entrance wherein they would be able to go out as soon as the fighting starts.

“But it is frustrating to not be able to place a transfer array on that white space, isn’t it?”

“Is that so? Thanks for telling me.”

Even with the help of a monster that could use [Transfer], transferring outside one’s own dungeon could only be done by jumping from one transfer array to another.

I was of the thought that if there was an array somewhere in the white space, I could freely send out some of my monsters to perform a pincer maneuver on the attacking enemies.

“But then, I can just make an array as long as I am inside the enemy’s dungeon.”

The crow monster that the [Time] Demon Lord had provided me could use [Transfer] so I was going to bring it with me.

I had already prepared an array on my dungeon and as soon as I have broken an enemy’s crystal, I intended to transfer back.

“And that completes my final preparations. I’m off, Stolas.”

“Good luck. I’ll watch your dungeon defense from here and studiously analyze your every tactic.”

Said Stolas as she made a mischievous smile.

I was hesitant but it was the least I could do for her.

“Yeah, sure, but do keep in mind that my dungeon will have changed a vast amount next time so there really is no point of knowing my dungeon as it currently is.”

She smiled and for a moment, I thought she looked amazed.

And now, to transfer to out.

Chapter 1

Each one's thoughts on the War

The next area I jumped off to was the cemetery area.

There, Wight was busy finalizing the defensive troops' deployment.

Beside him were the Dwarf Smiths and High Elves that were to be left behind to help in our defense.

He was conversing with the Dwarf Smiths when I arrived. The Dwarf Smiths were the ones controlling the golems and as such, being on the same page with them was important.

When he noticed me, he concluded their conversation and ran up to me.

"My lord, how nice of you to come."

"Are your preparations in order?"

"Yes, my lord. We will be somehow able to pull off the strategy you came up with."

"That's good news... Wight, I'm sorry for asking you accomplish this unreasonable role."

For this war, the one with the greatest responsibility was him: to endure the fierce assaults of the three Demon Lords. We had set up some tricks and traps to counter our inferior numbers but those required mastery and nerves of steel to implement fully.

"I'm glad to have been entrusted with such an important task by you, my lord. I am not as strong as Kuina-sama and the others and yet you've recognized my intellectual prowess to be worthy. I truly am a monster luckier than I am due."

The same as ever, Wight said some pretty pleasant things.

“Ah, I have such a good follower, that’s what I think whenever I see you.”

“I should be the one saying so, my lord. I take pride in serving you.”

As he replied so, I noticed him acting a little hesitant about something, as though he couldn’t say whatever it is he wanted to say.

“If you want to say something, you may freely do so.”

“.....Can I make a shameless request?”

“Go ahead.”

“If we get through this ordeal, I would like to ask for a reward.”

It was unusual for him to say something like this himself. It pleased me though to know that he had such a side to him.

“What is it you want? In deference to your undeniably good work thus far, I will grant whatever it is so long as it’s manageable.”

“After this war is over, I was thinking of marrying Ske-san and I would like you to officiate it. There is no one I want to officiate it more than you, my lord.”

For a moment, I was at a loss for words; I was too surprised. A marriage between two undead monsters of all things.

That said, I did think it was fantastic. There was no way I would say no to this.

“Okay, it’s a promise so you absolutely can’t die, you hear me?”

“Yes, as my lord commands.”

After I had checked and instructed some members of the defensive troops, I once again transferred to another location.



“Ah, Oto-san. The first platoon has completed all its preparations.”

“The maintenance of the weapons for the first and second platoon is complete, master. We’re ready to go at any time.”

My next destination was the entrance of my dungeon.

Here, the dungeon conquering troops—including Kuina and Rorono— were gathered.

Each monster was properly equipped and motivated.

“Kuina, I’m counting on you to lead the first platoon well.”

“Yes, leave it to Kuina!”

The first platoon was composed of Kuina and Rorono at its core, the two High Elves, and the 12 highly mobile monsters from the mixed unit corps.

Having high-rank monsters like Kuina and Rorono made this platoon an elite one but it was due to the two High Elves—who were going to provide excellent reconnaissance as well as anti-air measures—that the platoon could fight without any reservations.

They would be led by Kuina. She might appear and act like a child but in truth, she possessed one of the sharpest and quickest minds among my monsters while also having an outstanding sensitivity to perceive danger.

She might not be suited to lead our entire fighting force due to her lack of a greater perspective but as a commander of a detachment being dispatched on a mission like this, there was none better.

“Okay, now, second platoon, follow me.”

I was the one to lead the second platoon.

At its head was the S rank monster Ancient Elf. Performing high-precision, high-impact sniping with her improved anti-materiel rifle as she flew at very high speeds,

there was no single individual that could match her prowess. No one except for Kuina that is, for as mighty as Ancient Elf was, her capabilities to annihilate her enemies were still inferior compared to Kuina. She was frailer than Kuina too.

Plus, on a place where the ceiling was low, her mobility was greatly hampered.

To cover up for her weaknesses, there were the two mobile and destructive Mythological Foxes to guard her sides and the two Dwarf Smiths to support them.

Furthermore, to insure destructiveness, we were also going to take along half of the Griffon's aerial bombardment corps as well as the six slow but powerful B and C rank monsters that remained from the mixed corps.

In terms of number, this platoon might seem inferior to the first platoon but in terms of overall fighting power, the two were roughly equal.

"Yes, we will follow master anywhere, even to the ends of the world!"

Said Ancient Elf before she smiled.

I had decided that if she could prove herself in this war, I was going to name her.

By doing so, I would have completed my [Monsters of the Covenant] and I was excited for that.

"Okay, let's go over our strategy one last time."

Only five minutes remained until the fighting begins. I decided it was better for us to review our strategy just to be sure.

"Kuina, you will be taking the first platoon and assault the limestone cave. That cave is probably the dungeon belonging to the [Viscosity] Demon Lord. Go in there and cause as much ruckus as possible."

"Yeah, we're gonna blow things up. By drawing as much as attention as possible, we will be making Wight's duties a little bit lighter. Oto-san, I'll show you what a Celestial

Fox is capable of in a war.”

It seemed my intention was properly transmitted.

The more they were able to force the enemy Demon Lord to focus on defense, the less his offense would become. The number of enemies Kuina and her platoon would face would increase but with their speed, they would be able to outrun most enemies resulting in fewer battles.

“Ancient Elf, as soon as the war begins, we will be heading to the tower dungeon with full haste. I believe that belongs to the devil-looking [Evil] Demon Lord but it doesn’t really matter if I’m wrong. Dwarf Smiths, you two will be riding on the back of the griffon corps.”

Ancient Elf nodded and the Dwarf Smiths prepared to ride the flying monsters.

With this, the slow-footedness of the Dwarf Smith would no longer be an issue.

“Now, everyone, to [War]!”

Right when I announced such, a voice resounded in my head.

<<Children of the Planet, it’s time to show the residents of this world your radiance. Let the [War] begin!>>

And thus, we flew out of our own dungeon.

For us to not lose, we had to conquer at least two dungeons as Wight held on. It was a race against time.





~From [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan's point of view~

"Damn, that bastard, how dare he look down on me"

[Steel] Demon Lord Zagan had retreated back to his own crystal room and shouted thus.

It wasn't enough to calm his rage though so he pounded on the walls.

In his assumptions, [Creation] should have been cowering in fear but the enemy was calm and was even provoking him.

And with that, he was enraged.

"Damn, damn, damn, he's facing three Demon Lords and yet why does he act like he has the advantage? Why do I have to be mocked by that guy? Is it because I can only make B rank medals!?"

That had become a sore spot for the [Steel] Demon Lord. His high pride could not forgive the fact that he was inferior right from the moment he was born.

From the moment his parent told him that he would be able to create another's original medal if he was somehow able to break that Demon Lord's crystal, the thought had always been in his mind. So back when he proposed an alliance with [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas, it wasn't only out of gaining a powerful ally but to also gain a chance of tricking her and snatching away her [Wind] medal.

But alas, Stolas turned down his offer. In his mind, it wasn't because she sensed his ill intentions but because she was falling in love for Procell.

Finding even his charms being outdone by Procell wounded his pride all over again.

"Getting carried away just because you've got a good medal out of pure chance while I had to rely on my own ingenuity, hard work and connections. I'll make this lucky bastard realize what real strength is. With my flawless strategy, that bastard will be crushed instantly."

With hazy eyes, he stared at the monster standing beside his crystal.

It was a demon being lent by the [Evil] Demon Lord.

Its form was that of a cross between a goat and a human. It was capable of communicating via telepathy with its fellow quadruplets no matter how far away they were from one another.

By making use of this monster, he was able to get in touch with the Demon Lords on his side at any time.

“Fufufu, come attack and we’ll end you.”

Their strategy was exceedingly simple.

First, they gathered more than half of their troops on the very first room of each of their dungeons. Procell who would lose if he doesn’t attack was forced to split his troops between attacking and defending.

And the troops he would send to their dungeons were bound to be of poor quality, Zagan thought. If so, those monsters would be crushed by the fighting force they assembled at any of their dungeons. At the same time as that assault, the goat demons would communicate with their twins and the Demon Lords not under attack would join together and launch their own offensive against Procell’s dungeon to tear it apart.

They did not fear his defenses either even if it had annihilated Stolas’s monsters. The golems and the mysterious weapons were the only threat it had but they found a way to counter it. And that countermeasure lied within the overwhelmingly high resistance to physical attacks of a Monster of the Covenant of [Viscosity]. That and the useful subordinates of [Evil].

“There’s our trump card too.”

In addition to those mentioned above was a trick that seemed almost like cheating. In the final room of each of their dungeons were A rank monsters that had grown up to their maximum levels. These monsters were given by their parents that deemed

Procell to be dangerous.

A parent was allowed to give to their young Demon Lord only three original medals and a few DP but nothing else. However, that restriction only applied on a parent and their ward which meant [Steel]'s parent giving [Evil] the ownership of a powerful monster was allowed. And so, [Viscosity]'s parent also gave a monster to [Steel] while [Evil]'s parent gave one to [Viscosity].

Of course, these monsters had to be returned upon the war's conclusion but still, it was reassuring. Even if a monster somehow made it to the innermost part of their dungeons, there was no way it could win against an A rank monster at its strongest state. These loaned monsters would turn the tables on the unsuspecting invaders, never letting the crystal be broken.

“Procell, before my resourcefulness, you're but a fool unknowingly dancing to my tune. Now that I think about it, I feel quite sorry for you, fuhahaha! I wonder what I'll do after I break your crystal. Shall I make you beg for your life only to kill you soon after? No, I've got a better one. How about before breaking your crystal, I tell you to transfer your monsters over to me? I'll tell you something like they won't vanish if I control them. Knowing how big of a fool you are, you'll probably even be happy to hand them over, won't you? Hmm, your monsters are pretty so how about right after I have control over them, I show you how I'll *appreciate* them? Fuhahaha.”

The [Steel] Demon Lord laughed out loud. The [War] was going to start soon but he couldn't help look forward to what kind of face that awful [Creation] Demon Lord Procell would make upon being defeated by his ingenuity.

Time passed quickly as he was lost in his thoughts and then the [War] had begun.

Chapter 2

A Celestial Fox's true might

The [War] had begun. At the same time as the start of the war, several shadows leapt out of [Creation]'s dungeon.

At the forefront were a golden-haired, fox-eared girl and a silver-haired girl.

“Kuina, you're going too fast”

“But Oto-san ordered us to hurry”

Their true identity was that they were powerful S rank monsters made by [Creation] Demon Lord Procell.

Kuina the Celestial Fox sprinted and Rorono the Elder Dwarf followed suit. Their destination was the limestone cave made by the [Viscosity] Demon Lord.

“Aside from me, no one else can keep up with you; you ought to slow down a little.”

“Ah, sorry”

And so, Kuina slowed her pace a little. Thanks to that, the High Elves of the first platoon that were chasing after them finally caught up.

The girls then checked their surroundings. There were no one else but their ally monsters. The enemy Demon Lords didn't yet show any indication that they would attack themselves.

“What do you think, Rorono-chan?”

“I'm certain they're just waiting to see what we will do. I think they're hoping for master to attack and split his forces, making our defense even less.”

“Yeah, I think so too.”

But then, Kuina twisted her mouth into a smile.

“Are you planning something?”

“Oto-san did say to cause as much ruckus as possible.”

Kuina then enhanced her magic power. Her magic power was so great, the space around her distorted.

And acting as a battery to store that magic power was each strand of hair on her golden, fluffy tail which now stood on end. Each of these strands could hold up magic power up to what a B rank mage-type monster could have.

This made the fur such a valuable material for magic tools. So much so that obtaining a single strand would allow an adventurer to live out an entire year quite luxuriously.

For when her beloved father, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, needs it most, Kuina, up until now, was diligently saving up her magic power onto her fluffy tail. One reason she could spare to do so was because rather than use magic that would eat up her magic power, she was constantly using a weapon that had high offensive capabilities: a gun.

She had accumulated magic power in her tail equal to 120 B rank monsters' worth which would be enough to rival an entire army. Just knowing this much would make one realize just how much outside of the norm a Celestial Fox was.

“Rorono-chan, so long as the enemy aims to counter us like that, there should be a high chance that a lot of their fighting force would be gathered in place where they can launch an offensive of their own right after confirming their dungeon is not under siege. I'm gonna surprise them with a big one ♪”

Kuina was planning on activating a magic attack that would use an amount of magic power so large, she could just barely control it. The magic power for it, however, would come from the magic power she had stored up in the furs in her tail.

Even if it was her though, without her tail to act as a battery, releasing about 30 B rank monsters' worth of magic power in just one magic attack wasn't advisable even if said magic attack was indeed powerful.

By the way, Kuina would need more than half a month's worth of time to store this much magic power.

"Whenever I look at Kuina, I feel like my common sense is going to break."

"Rorono-chan's also amazing though. Kuina can't ever make something like a gun. And Kuina's magic attacks are so specialized in area of effect destruction that in terms of pure destructive power versus a single enemy, my magic will be no match against the shotgun you made."

Kuina didn't say such out of humility; it was what she perceived as the truth.

A pragmatist at her core, she didn't like useless things and based on her own judgement that guns were anything but useless, she grew to love them.

"Mhm, okay. Well then, after a long time, show us your power as a Celestial Fox"

"Kay ♪! Watch me properly! Also, Elf-chan's little sisters, I'd like you to lend me powers."

Kuina addressed the High Elves following behind her.

"Yes, Kuina-sama. We'll back your flames with our wind."

"As expected of being trained by Elf-chan"

Wind could increase the intensity of flames and the wind of a powerful monster such as the B rank High Elves would increase it even further.

Originally, it was a combination technique Kuina and Ancient Elf developed and was then taught to the High Elves by Ancient Elf.

"At last, the enemy's dungeon! Everyone, ready yourselves!"

The monsters behind her nodded and they all finally entered the dungeon.



The first room of the dungeon that Kuina's platoon entered was a very wide space.

At the center was an underground lake where the aquatic monsters swam. Slimes, frogs, and fishmen monsters could be seen in and out of the water.

There were about 50 monsters in total. That much were gathered there due to [Steel]'s strategy. In it, any dungeon not attacked would launch an attack of their own against [Creation]'s dungeon. Thus, the Demon Lords instructed most of their fighting force to gather somewhere near their respective dungeon entrances so that the counteroffensive could be done immediately.

At that, however, Kuina just fearlessly smiled.

"Ahead of us aren't obstacles, just prey, lots of prey. Perfect, a wide area. It seems like we will be able to fire up huge fireworks just like Oto-san expects."

The monsters that took notice of the platoon glared and yelled at them.

Kuina didn't flinch, much less feared them for although the enemy side had a few B rank monsters, none really stood out that could be seen as her match.

With frightening force, the enemy monsters rushed toward the platoon.

The fishmen monsters readied their oddly shaped spears; the slimes heaved their bodies onward; and the frog monsters moved both of their arms while their eyes coarsened.

The intelligence of most of these monsters was incredibly low. So low in fact that they couldn't even comprehend that the monster before them was one way out of the norm: a Celestial Fox.

If any of them had any deep understanding of magic, then perhaps they would have recognized just how deadly the magic being readied right before their eyes. Magic that was already about to hit a critical point and so impatient to be released.

“This will be the opening act. Know the might of Oto-san’s monsters! [Golden Flamed Purgatory]!”



Kuina thrust her palms forward and released a lot flames.

The two High Elves behind her then followed suit and let loose green winds.

The area was engulfed by the sea of golden flames—flames that were unnatural to this world.

However, do not be under the assumption that Kuina released and directed her magic toward the hoard of enemies awaiting her. Instead, the magic targeted and affected the room itself to burn everything within it. Yes, it was such a great magic that it could be called a world-altering magic^[1].

Next came the sound of an explosion. It was a steam explosion caused by the instantaneous evaporation of the water in the underground lake. A large number of the monsters pitifully got caught up in the explosion.

“Everyone, you might die if you take even just one step away from Kuina so be careful.”

Kuina had complete control over her flames and made it so that her magic wouldn't affect anything behind her. However, if an ally of hers was to take even a single step outside of the area she's protecting, even they would be swallowed mercilessly by the golden flames.

A Celestial Fox's true flames burn everything to the ground.

After about five minutes, the flames finally died down. There was nothing but ashes left within a 500 meter radius of the vast limestone cave, even the underground lake was no longer there.

This was an S rank monster.

A monster capable of an attack that would release magic power was beyond absurd.

Afterwards, Kuina with her head held high, turned around and spoke to the platoon.

“Now, let's go everyone. The [Viscosity] Demon Lord should be trying to reconsolidate his defenses! Now is the perfect opportunity for us to strike!”

They didn't have enough time to spare. They were told by their father to smash the enemy's crystal as soon as possible and they had every intention to see it done. If they could break the crystal and return to Avalon, their beloved city, as quick as their father expected—or even quicker—then they were bound to receive lots of praise from him. That alone drove Kuina forward.

Her line of thought wasn't wrong but unknown to her was the powerful being lying in wait in the dungeon's innermost room.

[1] Anti-World magic was the term used here. If the context provided isn't enough, try reading up on noble phantasms in the Fate series

Chapter 3

The price of stupidity

Keeping watch on the situation in the dungeon from his crystal room was the [Viscosity] Demon Lord. After witnessing the Celestial Fox in action and being convinced it was an existence far out of the norm, he shook there, frightened.

With just one easy fell swoop, Kuina broke his will.

“Hii-**Hii!!** M-my monsters, my monsters gathered on the first floor, they-they’re all gone with just one attack. This is absurd, this is impossible!”

Beside him was a demon which was a cross between a goat and a human. This monster made by [Evil] Demon Lord Morax had the capability to communicate via telepathy with its three twins. By making use of these monsters, the Demon Lords on [Steel]’s team were able to quickly share information with their fellow team members.

In their initial strategy, the one whose dungeon was attacked by Procell would focus on defense as the other two launch an assault on Procell’s dungeon using the monsters they had prepared on the first room of each of their own dungeons.

If they did so, Procell who was outnumbered to begin with would be forced to recall back his attacking troops in hopes that it would prevent the fall of his dungeon.

In other words, they could shut him down with just their numbers. Or so they’d like to believe.

“With one attack, ONE ATTACK! They’re fiends, FIENDS! This isn’t what I was told about. And they’re coming! I’m scared, so scared...”

[Viscosity] Demon Lord Ronove was keeping watch of his dungeon through the holograms projected by his crystal. Those fiends he talked about were [Creation]’s monsters—spearheaded by the fox-eared girl—that were easily traversing the second

room of his dungeon despite the defenses and traps he had set up. Ronove could have never imagined that the invading monsters' feat of avoiding the traps time and time again were due to the abilities of the High Elves who had control over the wind as well as due to the Elder Dwarf who ruled over the earth.

Through the goat demon, Ronove spoke to someone that wasn't there.

"Zagan, it-it's me. [Creation] Demon Lord Procell's monsters came to attack me."

The half-human, half-goat demon open its mouth but [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan's voice was the one that came out.

"I see, so they came there? Then, Morax and I will be the ones to attack [Creation]'s dungeon. We'll defeat him quickly so hold on until then."

"Th-that's impossible. They're too strong. Already, my monsters... the monsters I put on standby near my dungeon's entrance were all killed with just one attack. I heard nothing of this; no one told me they were this strong! Zagan, you said we won't be in any danger whatsoever so I cooperated with you but that's evidently not the case here."

"I see, so he sent out his powerful monsters, huh. We'll proceed with the conquering of his dungeon as planned then."

Upon hearing those words, the despair Ronove was feeling grew even further.

"Zagan, I want the [Monster of Covenant] I lent to you guys back. As it is, I will be killed way before you break his crystal. So please, Zagan, I beg you, send me some reinforcements."

In his desperation, Ronove pleaded so. However, Zagan unconcernedly replied:

"I can't do that. To get past the Golems that overwhelmed Stolas, we will need your [Monster of the Covenant]. So, sorry but try not to die until we break his crystal."

“You-you’re horrible! Do you intend to abandon your ally!?”

“It’s just strategy, nothing personal. In order to win, we sometimes have to make cruel decisions. And hey, think about it, there’s no way you’ll lose to the few troops Procell sent out. So raise your chin up..... besides, we do have those aces up our sleeves.”

After saying those words, the goat demon remained silent. No matter how much Ronove protested, Zagan’s voice never again came out of the demon’s mouth.

“Zagan, we’re not done talking yet! I don’t, I don’t want to die. You told us we could win and flawlessly too so I cooperated with you. But as things stand, I, I’m going to die! This isn’t what you promised! Answer me, answer me, Zagan!”

Again and again, Ronove kept talking to the goat demon but no reply ever came. After a while, he came to an unbelievable conclusion.

“...Could it be? Have I been used? Was I so stupid that I was tricked? No, no, no! Had I known that the enemies were these fiends, I would have never gotten involved in this alliance.”

[Viscosity] Demon Lord Ronove was at his wit’s end. As he was like that though, the enemy monsters were fast approaching. At the rate they were going, it wouldn’t even take an hour for them to reach the crystal room.

“No, no, I don’t want to die, I don’t want to die. I have to use that, yes, yes, I will.”

Staggering, he went out of his crystal room to meet with his barely-legal trump card that if possible, he didn’t want to put into play. But even if this trump could drive those so-called fiends away, there was something it could not help with.

“Everyone will never return. Everyone that died, everyone I’ve lost, I’ll never see them again.”

The monsters on the first floor that were annihilated with just one attack would never

come back to life.

For the first time in his life, Ronove cursed at his own stupidity.

He believed Zagan's assurances that they could win and he himself thought such would happen. The result though was the death of his important monsters.

If there was a next time, he decided that no matter how hard and painful things got, he would be thinking for himself and not rely on anyone else. Never again would he make this kind of mistake. And as such, he matured.

He called out his trump card that he received from a skilled Demon Lord. It was an A rank monster that could grow so it was the strongest kind of monster.

Looking at him with its cold eyes, its form really was vastly different from his own monsters.

Under normal circumstances, it was so strong that it should be impossible for it to lose to any kind of monster made by a Demon Lord that was just born.

He knew that and yet his unease never ceased.

As he still felt worried, Procell's monsters finally arrived at the depths of his dungeon.

Thus, with a prayer, he sent out his trump card.

"Please, please, I beg you, please."

At this point in the war, praying was all he could do.

Chapter 4

The formidable enemy that should not be there

“Kuina, our bullets are limited so conserve as much as you can.”

“Okay, Rorono-chan”

After exiting the first room, Kuina spearheaded the first platoon forward.

The second room was a complicated maze but thanks to the High Elves, they never lost their way.

By attuning their senses with the wind, the High Elves could comprehend the structure of their surroundings. Of course, scouting as much as a few kilometers like Ancient Elf does was too much for them. That said, scouting several hundred meters was easily manageable.

“Kuina-sama, there’s an enemy lying in ambush in the corner up ahead.”

“Gotcha”

Kuina, ball of fire in her hand, sprinted toward the said corner. As soon as she took the turn, she released the ball of fire, resulting in the slime—which was resistant to physical attacks but was weak to fire—that was supposed to be one doing the ambushing violently bursting into flames.

“Let’s hurry”

Kuina said so to everyone in the first platoon. Her strength inspired trust and that in turn led to an increase in morale.

“Kuina-sama, there is a flying monster patrolling over there.”

“Can you shoot it down?”

“It is well within our range.”

“I’ll leave it to you, then.”

“Yes!”

The High Elf readied the anti-materiel rifle that was hanging from her back. Unlike the one Ancient Elf wielded, her gun wasn’t customized. Since the High Elves were unable to fully realize a barrel made out of wind and were also unable to negate further recoil, a customized rifle like Ancient Elf’s would actually lead to a decrease in performance rather than improve it.

That said, an unmodified anti-materiel rifle was powerful enough to shoot through armored vehicles and accurate enough to shoot over long distances even without the help of magic.

And so, the High Elf carefully aimed her rifle and shot down the demon patrolling in the sky. It was more than 500 meters away but such distance was trivial to them.

“Kuina, you should eat this.”

Rorono the Elder Dwarf tossed an apple over to Kuina.

“Is this one of Elf-chan’s apples?”

“Mhm. It’s from the first apple tree.”

“Thanks!”

Kuina munched on the delicious apple and upon doing so, the strength from within her body welled up. She felt that her fatigue was gone and that her magic power recovery had quickened. Such were some of the effects of the apples grown by Ancient Elf. It increases one’s natural healing powers alongside his magic power recovery rate; removes some abnormal conditions one is feeling; and grants varied but temporary resistances.

“Rorono-chan, eat some too”

“Yeah, thanks”

Kuina threw the half-eaten apple back to Rorono.

Upon catching it, Rorono bit on it and then placed a hand on the wall. As she did so, a scream was heard several meters ahead.

The source of the scream was the enemy monster being skewered by the spears that Rorono grew out of the mud wall.

Just like the High Elves with aligning their senses with the wind, Rorono was capable of attuning herself with the earth. In addition to knowing the locations of the enemy monsters, she could also detect the traps that were laid beforehand.

“Good job, Rorono-chan”

“Likewise, Kuina”

The two complimented one another.

The girls were primarily using magic due to fact that the enemies were so weak, guns were unnecessary. But even with that, thanks to the girls being S rank monsters having such huge amounts of magic power as well as Ancient Elf’s apples, the girls were recovering magic power before they could run out of it.

Ronove, on the other hand, was traumatized with the genocide in the beginning and was sending only so few monsters between wide intervals. The result was that the girls were not tired at all and were quite pleased instead to be served experience points in sets like courses in a meal.

“Still, even though it’s just a fruit, it has such amazing effects.”

“I concur. It’s as effective as the potions of legends. As an [Alchemist], I’m envious.”

“If it has such effects, wouldn’t it be better to have even more like it?”

“Maybe but I doubt that’s likely though. It might not always be obvious but Elf is head over heels for master. So when even master treats the first tree as special—due to the memories we all shared under it—she goes way out of her way to give more care to it than she could to the other trees. She even goes so far as to sprinkle it every day with the [Water of Life] she made which was infused with stupid amounts of her magic power. Her care had changed it so much I feel it’s more appropriate to call it a *World Tree* than an apple tree.”

“As someone who drinks Elf-chan the high-ranking elf’s juice mix every day, and as someone who knows the work she puts into the apples, I agree. What do you think will happen if that tree is somehow knocked down?”

“Someone will probably be killed. When seriously angry, she is, after all, the scariest among us.”

They chatted like so as they explored the dungeon but not once did they let their guard down. They still had plenty of bullets and magic power to spare, not to mention that no one in their platoon was in any way wounded.

And just like that, in a speed not even Procell could have predicted, they arrived in the very last room of the dungeon.



The last room of [Viscosity]’s dungeon was identical to the first one: an underground lake in the center of an expansive cave.

There didn’t seem to be any kind of traps in particular. And if the platoon was forced to comment, they would say there were more B rank monsters here than in the first room.

“At last, we don’t have to conserve our ammo anymore.”

“This should be the last room so let’s rampage as much as we can.”

Kuina wielded the Curtana EDS-03—a shotgun modified by Rorono— while Rorono herself was equipped with an MK417—an assault rifle similar to the powerful MK416 but was made to be able to fire 7.62 mm bullets.

“So in the end, you weren’t able to finish your own weapon, Rorono-chan?”

“I’ve finished it and actually brought it but my weapon isn’t a gun.”

“Is it inside that bag you’re carrying on your back?”

“Mhm, I’ll use it if ever we face a strong enemy.”

Rorono made a somewhat smug face. She was aware that her own fighting strength paled in comparison to Kuina’s and Ancient Elf’s. Thus, to bridge that difference, she knew she had to develop a new weapon.

She had made countless of prototypes but none of them really satisfied her. However, with her newly awakened powers when she became a [Monster of the Covenant], her weapon development showed great progress and finally, Rorono’s exclusive weapon was complete.

In her opinion, if they were all to thoroughly demonstrate their abilities, she should be able to outperform both Kuina and Ancient Elf.

Also, she had become attached to her weapon. It was, after all, a weapon made using a special power she obtained after being influenced by Procell’s own powers. To her, in a sense, it was her and Procell’s child.

“But it doesn’t seem like you’ll be able to test it out today.”

“I agree; the Demon Lord here is weak.”

They had not encountered anything that gave them any real resistance.

And for Kuina, it didn’t seem likely for a monster that could pose a threat to them—S rank monsters—to appear any time soon. They were already in the last room and yet they were still overpowering their enemies in battle.

Pretty soon, the entrance to the crystal room would be in sight.

It was when Kuina thought all these that a High Elf shouted something.

“Kuina-sama, something big, strong, and fast is coming from above!”

Kuina, acting in accordance to the High Elf’s warning, immediately did a backstep.

In the moment that followed, a thunderous sound was heard as the ground was gouged, signs that something travelling at a speed faster than the speed of sound descended from above.

Without even confirming what that something was, Kuina immediately pulled the trigger of her shotgun. By charging the Curtana EDS-03 with magic power, its bullets accelerated at twice the rate and was therefore more destructive.

She hit the enemy squarely and yet the shot was blown away.

At that, Kuina bit her lip.

“Even Curtana can’t pierce it?”

That was not normal. If, by chance, Kuina was to receive that shot, the shell would certainly pierce through her body. What this meant was that the enemy’s defensive capabilities exceeded her own.

Sure, her defense was nothing spectacular but it was still comparable to a superior A rank’s defense. So if the enemy could defend against her attack...

“Could it have strength comparable to a superior A rank or even a normal S rank?”

No answer came but the smoke cleared up. What it revealed was a stone structure with massive wings. It was a monster popularly known as a gargoyle. Its body had a metallic glow of orihalcum to it, much like in the gun she loved.

It was such a strong monster that [Viscosity] obviously could not have created it.

As Kuina thought so, the gargoyle made of orihalcum roared.

One, two... Ten shadows in total then descended from above. All of them proved to be gargoyles as well but instead of being made of orihalcum, their bodies were of

adamantite.

They might not feel as powerful as the first gargoyle but they were still comparable to an ordinary A rank monster.

“Rorono-chan, this doesn’t look so good.”

She knew by instinct that she was not compatible with their enemies. The enemies were highly resistant to her flames and since they could fly, they could outmaneuver her. And then, her shotgun which was her last option here, had proven to be ineffective.

Furthermore, she needed to fight those enemies while also protecting her allies that didn’t stand a chance—except for Rorono, of course.

And yet, despite all this, Kuina boiled with joy. It had been a while since she last fought seriously and was able to test out her true mettle.

“Kuina, you look like you’re enjoying yourself.”

“Oh, you’ve noticed?”

“Mhm, of course. You look like someone who have found a new toy, after all.”

“Well, it’s been a while since I looked forward to a fight.”

“...Sorry but today’s my turn.”

Rorono reached for the bag on her back. In it was her secret weapon and she just couldn’t resist testing her new arsenal here. For where else could her secret weapon demonstrate its true might but against a powerful enemy?

“Mhm-kay, it’s a contest, ROono-chan!”

And thus, the fight between S rank monsters and well-trained A rank monsters—a fight normally impossible to witness in a [War] of fellow new Demon Lords—had begun.

Chapter 5

Rorono's Trump Card

The powerful enemy that could not have possibly been made by the [Viscosity] Demon Lord stood in Kuina's platoon's way.

The enemy in question was a gargoyle.

A gargoyle was a magical creature with big wings and a tough body made out of some mineral. Unlike the golems though, they possessed a good amount of intelligence.

And due to their ability to fly, they could move in any direction in 3d space.

Strong, durable, and mobile—they were flawlessly excellent in all of these points.

To top it off, this particular enemy's body was made of orihalcum which meant an even more spectacular hardness and resistance to magic. Such was the enemy that challenged Kuina and the others.

It flew in the sky and descended upon them. In retaliation, Kuina fired off her shotgun but its shell was simply deflected.

It then did a mindless charge at her but thanks to her natural agility, she narrowly evaded.

"Is this guy something like the golems you've made, Rorono-chan?"

"No, it's completely not. This thing's really alive."

"But there's no way [Viscosity] could have made this monster... just what kind of..."

Mid-sentence, the Adamantite Gargoyles in the sky—the followers of the Orihalcum Gargoyle—gave her chase.

These Adamantite Gargoyles were easy to defeat in single combat but facing them all at once while also fending off the Orihalcum Gargoyle was decidedly going to be taxing.

Rorono provided some covering shots but against such tough opponents, the firepower of her assault rifle proved insufficient.

Furthermore, upon seeing the opportunity, [Viscosity] Demon Lord's original subordinates, the slimes and fishmen, surged against Kuina and her platoon. In response, the units in the mixed corps and the High Elves intercepted.

As the commanding officer, Kuina assessed the situation. Things weren't going so well for them to the point that unless they immediately did something about the Orihalcum Gargoyle, their annihilation would be imminent.

"That guy flew again... what's he up to?"

The Orihalcum Gargoyle in the sky spread its arms and Kuina sensed it gathering a huge amount of magic power. It was enough magic power to make even Kuina feel fear.

The positive note about this turn of events was that Kuina was able to accurately gauge how strong her opponent was: an A rank monster that could grow and had therefore been raised to the utmost of its limits.

Finally, an opponent she could fight with all her current might, she thought.

Pleased as she was, she could not let it fire off that magic it was readying. Thus, she created a small, localized explosion in the ground that propelled her upward.

At that, the Orihalcum Gargoyle was startled. Despite not having any sort of dominion over the sky like she had over fire, she moved in a speed that was inconceivable.

When she neared it enough, she activated the full-automatic mode of her shotgun and fired off consecutive shots of overwhelming firepower.

"GYA!!"

Even it could not endure the onslaught of the highly destructive shells fired off in very short intervals. It was blown away and lost control of the spell it was readying.

However, it seemed that with just sheer willpower alone, the enemy was able to

activate it anyway. The spell summoned a meteorite and it was supposed to fall on Kuina and the others but instead only hit the ground, leaving behind a very deep crater.

Kuina was relieved to know that nobody got caught in it for even she would not be able to come out of being hit unscathed. That relief however was only for a moment since the Adamantite Gargoyles rushed toward her once more. Being unable to properly maneuver mid-air and being out of shells due to the full-auto firing she just did, she was forced to rely on her flame but the gargoyles simply went past it and assailed her with their claws and fists.

Wounded all over, she smashed into the ground. Blood spilled from her mouth and yet Kuina still smiled.

“Rorono-chan, that guy’s no joke; we have to take him seriously. I’ll focus on him so you focus on the Adamantite Gargoyles.”

Kuina had decided it was time to use her trump card—her [Transform]. By changing into her future, grown-upped self, she was able to make use of 100% of her hidden potential.

It was powerful but so were its drawbacks. Once she had used [Transform], she would be unable to fight for a few hours afterwards. Be that as it may though, she could not afford to hesitate using it against her current enemy for if she did, they would be killed.

“[Transform]!”

Kuina’s body was wrapped in golden flames. Once the flames were gone, her golden hair was glossier and longer while her charming tail was fluffier. Her body had grown into one full of feminine charm. This strong and lovely Kuina was her future form.

変化

クイナの体が黄金の炎に包まれる。



“Now then, time for round two.”

Against her formidable foe, Kuina stepped forward. However, Rorono interrupted her advance.

“Kuina, let’s change roles. I’ll do something about that Orihalcum Gargoyle so please be the one to take care of the other gargoyles.”

“But won’t that guy be too much for you?”

“I’ll be using my trump card; I want to test it out. Besides, you’ve had plenty of fun with that guy already; it’s my turn next.”

Kuina looked at Rorono and saw confidence in her eyes along with some hint of excitement.

“...Alright but our first priority is to break the crystal. Once I’ve finished with those guys and you still haven’t defeated the Orihalcum Gargoyle, I’ll unapologetically snatch it away from you.”

“Fair enough. I’ll be finished with it in a moment, anyway.”

Rorono then unpacked the bag she was carrying on her back and within it were a countless number of silver metal parts.

“I’ll show you the power I’ve got when *Father* had given me a name... [Suit Up]”

Overcome with great emotions, she referred to Procell as *Father*, a thing she said she would only do on special occasions. That was her way of showing her resolve.

Rorono shouted powerfully. The countless metallic parts then floated in the air and came toward her. A lot of the parts assembled itself swiftly and became a garb of sorts that wore itself unto her. The lightweight garb—emitting a metallic and mysterious polish—suited the silver-haired Rorono very well.

“[Mechanical Warmaiden]. There is no way the culmination of my techniques will lose against a stone fiend such as you.”

She then stepped forward and thrust into the empty sky as though she was a bullet.



When she received her name and thus became a [Monster of the Covenant], a new power had awoken within Rorono. And that power was the materialization of magic power into a material that contained one magic spell that could then be used.

As a production skill, it was beyond extraordinary. However, its only real advantage to her was it allowed her to easily use magic that she could use to begin with. Of course, it was a different topic altogether if someone other than her were to use the material but as far as her fighting strength was concerned, it didn't really contributed much.

She was well aware that she was more of a craftsman than a fighter but that didn't mean she had to stop on trying to become stronger than anyone else, especially now that she had [Materialization]—the union of her own special ability and [Creation] Demon Lord Procell Unique Skill.

Determined against such adversities, she had developed a multipurpose integrated tactical unit: the [Mechanical Warmaiden].

If the materials produced by [Materialization] contained only a single magic spell, then she just had to assemble those materials as parts of a single, cohesive unit.

Regardless of how much processing capabilities Kuina and Rorono had, it was still impossible for them to have overwhelming combat and supportive capabilities by activating multiple, varying magic spells all at once. That was until...

“Dance, [Mechanical Warmaiden]!”

First, the magnetic field generating unit installed on Rorono's ankle produced magnetic fields. By walking through the produced fields, her movement was greatly

accelerated.

Additionally, a gravity-controlling unit allowed her to change which way was down or up for herself. Using these two units in conjunction thus made it possible for her to move in high speed in whichever direction she wanted to in the sky.

The Orihalcum Gargoyle was understandably surprised. It felt the danger and flapped its wings to create some distance between them. It flew at its top speed while following a zigzag pattern. It was convinced that she couldn't have kept up and thus turned around, only to find the silver-haired girl calmly giving chase. Or rather, closing the distance between them.

“You're slow; you won't get away from me like that.”

The Orihalcum Gargoyle was once again greatly surprised; a wingless, non-flying enemy was quickly catching up to him. Needless to say, that injured its pride.

It pointed its hand toward Rorono and fired off a stone; an act quite similar to firing a gun.

Thanks to the unit in her chest that granted her thought acceleration, she had perfect grasp on what was happening. Despite that, however, she did not try to evade the stone bullet. Instead, she made use of the hardening feature within her gauntlet and deflected the projectile.

She then finally caught up with the gargoyle and thrust her fist into the base of its wing. The gargoyle whose body was strong enough to defend even against a shot from Kuina's shotgun was wounded badly, sending the monster crashing down. The cause of such destruction was the knuckles of her gauntlet vibrating at an extremely high rate.

“This will be the finishing blow”

Rorono readied the huge gun on her back and pointed it toward the fallen gargoyle.

That gun featured the best of her gun-making skills in the form of a modified.950 caliber JDJ. Even unmodified, it was ridiculous for it to have nearly twice as much destructive power as the armored-vehicle-piercing anti-materiel rifles.

She modified the bullets by changing the powder it used to mithril powder, thus allowing magic power to be put into the bullets. Furthermore, the case of the bullets were also changed into orihalcum to make it hit even harder.

The gun that could fire off such a bullet was, of course, no ordinary gun. Using her knowledge from when she developed Kuina's and Ancient Elf's weapons, she added [Acceleration] and [Rotation] into it to make it even more powerful.

However, since the power had increased so much, its recoil proved to be too much to bear. Aiming it was hard too due to the unsteady gun barrel. But then again, wearing the [Mechanical Warmaiden] made these drawbacks manageable, if not negligible.

This gun was also different in the way that it had two gun barrels side by side. The logic for which was exceedingly simple: twice the bullets fired was equal to twice the damage.

“Goodbye”

The moment that Rorono pulled the trigger, a roar that could be mistaken for thunder resounded.

The fired off bullet traveled at a high speed and directly hit the Orihalcum Gargoyle. It then exited the monster until it hit the ground. No matter how much the Orihalcum Gargoyle could endure, it was impossible for it to endure even that.

Rorono then let out a sigh of relief.

“Fuu, this is its first actual battle but everything went well. With this, I've proven myself as one of master's [Monster of the Covenant]”

She slowly landed and cancelled [Mechanical Warmaiden]. The goal of using multiple, individual units that, although not strong by themselves, were able to function simultaneously was a success.

That said, there were still a lot of ways for it to improve.

Various issues were also confirmed in this battle. First and foremost of which was the

huge consumption of magic power. The moment the [Mechanical Warmaiden] was worn, its magic power demand would constantly be at maximum.

It therefore could not be used for a long period of time. In fact, in the short time it was activated just a while ago, it had depleted 70% of its magic power reserves or the equivalent of eating one of Ancient Elf's apples. Clearly, something had to be done.

Rorono then recalled Kuina's furs in her tail which could store up magic power. She pondered whether or not to pluck some of them so that they may be used as some kind of battery. It seemed to her that only about a hundred among hundreds of thousands were used to store up magic power so it should be fine for her to use some of the rest.

"That was amazing, Rorono-chan!"

Kuina who had already taken care of the Adamantite Gargoyles embraced Rorono. She had reverted back to her usual form. The burden of her other form was great but Rorono judged that Kuina waited until the demise of the Orihalcum Gargoyle before she undid her [Transform].

"Mhm. I am one of master's [Monster of the Covenant], after all."

Said Rorono in an awkward manner.

"More importantly, Kuina, are you alright?"

"It was a little too close for comfort. The backlash from [Transform] is making me dizzy. I can stand only due to my willpower but it seems I'll pass out pretty soon."

"Before that even happens, we have to quickly break the crystal."

"Yeah, let's."

Headed by the two, the monsters of the first platoon exited the last room and finally entered the crystal room. In there was the unattractive, bipedal frog, the [Viscosity] Demon Lord Ronove.

“Co-come at me! I won’t let you break my crystal!!”

Together with his now considerably fewer followers, he stood before his crystal, desperately trying to protect it.

“You’re in the way”

However, Rorono pulled out her assault rifle—expertly aimed it so that she would not hit Ronove— and heartlessly shot the crystal, shattering it into tiny pieces.

“Ah, ahh! Ahh! Wah! My crystal!”

His few remaining monsters then vanished. Some Devil-type monsters survived and quickly fled. It seemed that the reason those monsters didn’t vanish despite the destruction of the crystal was because they weren’t Ronove’s.

The ground within the dungeon then began to tremble, signaling its eventual collapse.

“My-my monsters, return them! Return my monsters!!”

Tears in his eyes, he took a swing at Rorono but she effortlessly avoided it and pinned him down instead, pressing down the muzzle of her rifle against his temple.

“Answer this: How could there have been such a strong monster in your last room?”



Rorono was no longer concerned about Ronove. What worried her instead was that gargoyle.

“I-I have no reason to tell you tha—ah! Ahhhhhh, my shoulderrrrrrrrrrr!”

Rorono wordlessly shot his left shoulder with her rifle. That opened up a hole in that shoulder and made his blood scatter all over the place.

“Answer me. If you don’t, the next hole will be in your left foot. And if you still won’t answer after that, I’ll just kill you.”

She had to know the secret behind it. The life of her beloved father was at stake, after all. Through it all though, she maintained a calm composure.

“It hurts! It hurts! It hurts!”

Ronove’s answer was only a scream. Dismayed by that, Rorono pressed the muzzle of her gun into his temple once more, grinding it harder and harder.

“You have three seconds to answer exactly what I asked, no more, no less.”

Ronove looked into her eyes and was convinced she would really kill him. He had told Zagan he would keep it an absolute secret but before such eyes, such an obligation didn’t matter.

“If you promise not to kill me, I’ll tell you, I’ll tell you.”

“I promise.”

Upon receiving her promise, Ronove told her the truth, piece by piece.

And upon hearing it, Rorono clicked her tongue.

“This isn’t good, Kuina... Oh, you passed out already...”

Due to the backlash of [Transform], Kuina lost consciousness.

After a moment, Rorono then returned to thinking. *What should I do?*

There was the risk that there could be a monster as strong as the Orihalcum Gargoyle within the dungeon Procell and Ancient Elf went to. But then again, there was also the risk of Avalon being attacked by such a high ranking monster.

It was bad no matter which way.

“I have no choice but believe in Elf and go back to help Wight defend.”

With such a conclusion, she began to mobilize the platoon. She carried Kuina on her back as they returned to Avalon’s dungeon as fast as they could.

The key to her conclusion was simple: she could not imagine Ancient Elf ever losing.

Chapter 6

The Weapon of Demons

Departing a little later than Kuina and her platoon, we headed toward the ominous-looking tower dungeon.

I led the second platoon which comprised of Ancient Elf first and foremost; the Mythological Foxes and the Dwarf Smiths who all were B rank monsters; some of the Griffon aerial bombardment corps to carry out a special task; and some of the monsters I created using various imitation medals— the slow-moving but powerful ones— that I put within my [Storage].

Other than the Griffon and its corps, all were equipped with guns, enabling them to shoot at any time.

There were a fair number of ready-to-use ammunition loaded into the backs of the Griffon corps and I myself could make additional bullets if need be so as far as bullets were concerned, there was nothing for us to worry about. The platoon could liberally fire to their heart's content.

It didn't take us long until we had crossed the white space and entered into the dungeon.

The inside was a vast, open space made out of stone where the numerous demon and demon beast types of monsters were gathered. Upon taking notice of us, they there were immediately startled.

Judging from their appearance, it seemed that my guess was spot on and that this was indeed [Evil]'s dungeon. Even if my guess was wrong though, we'd simply be stumping on [Steel] earlier than planned.

“GYUAAAAAAA!”

“BYAAAAAAA!”

The demons and demon beasts simultaneously roared at us.

[Evil] must have had something in mind to easily deploy this many monsters to an open space. Perhaps, instead of dwindling our numbers with traps or stalling our progress with a maze, he intended to crush us outright by having the greater number of fighters here.

Really though, how convenient is this? It was the best time to try something I really wanted to try out.

Also, basing on the fact that he gathered this many monsters here, I now had a rough idea of what their side's strategy was.

I raised my right hand to signal the attack. The Mythological Foxes and Dwarf Smiths threw something that looked like a metal pineapple. In truth, it was often referred to as a pineapple. It's formally called a hand grenade though.

Of course, these hand grenades were no ordinary ones. It was a size larger than normal and had mithril powder within it.

The ones to throw it, the Mythological Foxes and the Dwarf Smiths, were B rank monsters. Thus, their attack power made the hand grenade all the more destructive.

Despite the focus on destructiveness and thus making it heavier, if the ones throwing them had the strength of the Mythological Foxes and the Dwarf Smiths, the grenades would still fly straight as an arrow for over 300 meters.

Enemies within ten meters of the center of the explosion were blown away.

After the Mythological Foxes and the Dwarf Smiths had each thrown their grenades, they picked up their MK-417 assault rifles and began suppressive fire. Their rifles sported the slightly larger 7.62mm bullets which guaranteed firepower for the gun.

[Evil]'s monsters who should have won simply with numbers were assaulted by powerful and continuous gunshots. They were around 500 meters away, a distance [Evil] thought his monsters could easily shorten. That being said, their numbers were still too much. Little by little, they were inching their way to us.

“Ancient Elf, can you take control of the sky?”

“Yes, it’ll only take me a while against this bunch.”

The monsters moving in the ground were being kept in check by the Mythological Foxes and the Dwarf Smiths while the ones flying in the sky would be shot down by Ancient Elf one after the other.

Her main weapon was an anti-materiel rifle. It was a rifle that even normally would be able to shoot through armored vehicles. But this, the one she wielded, was modified by Rorono the Elder Dwarf through technical and magical means as much as possible so that it may have even higher capabilities to the point that it was ridiculous.

And thus, with that ridiculous gun, Ancient Elf very accurately sniped her enemies several meters ahead.

This was possible due in part to her skill the [Shooter of Magical Projectiles] that gave bonuses to the power and accuracy of her long-distance attacks.

It was also in due to her beautiful jade green eyes. [Clairvoyance] that gave great kinetic vision and allowed one to see clearly from far away; [Future Vision] that allowed one to see the world one moment in advance; and [Spirit Vision] which allowed one to see the spirits and the flow of magic power. All of these were included within one of the strongest—to the point of being broken—magic eyes: her [Jade Eyes].

Furthermore, thanks to her full control of the wind, not once did her bullets—from the moment they were fired to moment they made impact—ever slowed down.

Each time she fired off a bullet, the flying monster that received the said bullet burst open. It wasn’t just pierced through, it burst open due to the excessive power the bullet had.

There might not be a monster that could hope to match Ancient Elf in a long-distance battle.

“Master, I will have full control of the sky soon enough. You can go and send them out at any time.”

“I see. Then, I guess the star performer is about to enter stage, so to speak.”

I then snapped my fingers and each member of the aerial bombardment corps here flapped their wings and took to the sky.

Up until this moment, all the fighting the others had been doing including Ancient Elf was ultimately nothing more than an opening act and everything hereafter was main event.

Thus, the griffon corps flew right up the ceiling of room. One by one, they each dropped some kind of metallic cylinder to the ground.

Since Ancient Elf had exterminated every flying enemy monster in the sky, there was no one that could stand in the griffon corps' way.

Upon dropping the cylinders, the corps returned as I ordered. The cylinder, on the other hand, hit the ground and then exploded. It didn't stop there though. The raging flames spread to a wide area and it just kept spreading. It spread and spread and spread.

"Master, what is that? That's no ordinary flame, is it? It feels sinister."

Ancient Elf who could control nature voiced out the fear she somehow felt.

"Yeah, that's no ordinary flame, alright. That is science... no, rather, those are the flames of demons."

It was ironic calling them such considering the demon-type monsters being burned by it.

One of the monsters that got caught in the explosion and yet still lived tried to extinguish the flames all over its body by rolling around in the ground. Despite its best efforts though, the flames remained. It screamed and trashed about until it drew its last breath. Nevertheless, the flames still kept on burning.

At another spot, a certain monster was engulfed in the flames to the point of driving it mad. In its desperation, it lopped off another monster's head, causing a fountain of blood to spurt on him. All the same, the flames continued to burn.

As I had said to Ancient Elf, these were no ordinary flame. The bombs that gave birth to these flames were actually called Napalm Bombs. During the day, the Skeletons worked on making delicious breads but at night, they diligently made these bombs.

“Those flames, as soon as they are started, will continue burning unless they had exhausted all the oxygen in their surroundings or a special mixture is used on them.”

A napalm bomb was a fuel gel incendiary device made of a combination of gel-like thickeners and some kind of fuel. The term napalm was coined out its thickener's two primary components: Naphthenic acid and Palmitic acid. Napalm would continue to spread and burn at extremely high temperatures like 1300 degrees Celsius.

Its worst feature was, as was mentioned before, the ability to burn as though it would continue to do so forever; as soon as one was caught in its flames, they would keep on burning until they die and even after that.

“It's gruesome, isn't it? No kind of attack, whether through magic or some kind of ability, has this kind of effect.”

“Yeah, it's more than what I expected. It's a good thing we had this chance to try it out.”

It was great that I had thought of the napalm bombs and then make them but I didn't think I would be lucky enough to have the chance to experiment on their effectiveness. To actually have that chance, this war was a great boon indeed.

Against the monsters and even some humans of this world, ordinary bombs weren't enough. Their bodies were weirdly resilient that even an explosion wouldn't be enough to kill them. That couldn't be said for the effects of the napalm though. They would continue to burn even long after they had died; no matter how resilient their body was, they would burn.

“Oh, I remember now; these bombs are being made in the underground dungeon.”

“Yeah, we've made a lot in order to prepare for when the humans choose to be our

enemies, if they so dared. We have enough to raze a full city.”

Originally, I had decided to make these napalm bombs to anticipate for when the humans launched an assault on Avalon.

I intend to have peaceful negotiations with them but in case they were not so inclined, after showing our power by incinerating their armies, I intend to use the bombs as some kind of deterrent by threatening to raze one of their cities down.

Napalm bombs were dubbed to be the weapon of demons due to its far too inhumane effects. It was even greatly frowned upon if not prohibited to be used on wars. However, to make up for whatever it was that I lacked, it was something I needed.

“.....If possible, I’d rather that not be used.”

“Yeah, I think so too. Anyway, shall we go? If we fly in the sky, this fire won’t affect us.”

Despite having burned and killed each and every monster here, the flames kept on burning even to this moment.

“How about these flames? How do they disappear?”

“If we leave it be, I think it will continue to burn until it has exhausted all the oxygen here. But then again, dungeons are mysterious things. It might ignore the laws of nature and provide things that are necessary to live, like oxygen, so maybe the fire will only stop burning if there is nothing left for it to burn. Either way, this flame will serve as a roadblock to keep the enemy within the dungeon so it’s best to leave it be, I say.”

Ancient Elf was always keeping the air around her clean so our platoon could safely pass on through but in case this thing was used in a closed space, it would result in instant carbon monoxide poisoning for everyone in that said space that somehow hadn’t burned. Hence, the reason I ordered the griffon corps to return after dropping the bombs.

On the other hand, this space full of invisible poison was the perfect means to keep the enemies within.

As I thought of such, I climbed onto the Griffon's back while the Mythological Foxes and the Dwarf Smiths each rode a Hippogriff. And thus, we safely crossed the sea of flames.

We have to do our best so that we won't lose to Kuina and the others, I thought as we exited the first room of this dungeon.

Chapter 7

[Evil] Demon Lord Morax

Within his crystal room located in the depths of his dungeon, The [Evil] Demon Lord Morax who looked like a humanoid demon was enjoying his glass of wine. To go along with his drink were the images being projected by the crystal.

The images he saw showed the first room of his dungeon being turned into a sea of flames.

“Hmm, so it has come to this.”

He was aware that [Creation] Demon Lord Procell was strong. He acted prudently and thus teamed up with two other Demon Lords to wage war on Procell. Despite all that however, Procell’s strength far exceeded any of their expectations.

At the moment, [Viscosity] Demon Lord Ronove’s dungeon was also being invaded; the monsters gathered on the first room of his dungeon were being trampled and were about to grant easy access to the next room.

It was an unbelievable simultaneous conquest of two dungeons.

Already, their team’s plan had collapsed. This plan detailed that should one of their dungeons be attacked, the forces from the other two’s dungeon were to go out and invade Procell’s dungeon.

“This, none of us could have predicted this. Well, maybe someone could have if someone like [Time] was the enemy.”

Morax uttered so as he watched the scenes being projected by Ronove’s crystal that was then transmitted by the demon he lent to Ronove. This demon was one of a quadruplet of demons. Ronove and Zagan was led to believe that the demons lent to them were convenient means of communicating with one another but the truth of the

matter wasn't so simple.

The quadruplets were constantly sharing what they sensed with one another. In other words, everything that was transpiring near the demons were being leaked to Morax.

The three allied Demon Lord each had one of these demons while the last one was entrusted to an ally Ronove truly trusted. This was to ensure that any information revealed in this war would be shared to that ally no matter what happens to Morax.

“[Creation]’s ability is worrisome.”

Procell’s fox monster had annihilated Ronove’s main host of monsters with just one blow. Furthermore, this monster was accompanied by another monster of about the same strength. Perhaps even the monster loaned to Ronove by a veteran Demon Lord would not be able to stop the invading monsters. Ronove was not at all at fault here; the enemy was just too strong.

More troubling was that Morax’s own dungeon was under attack by griffons and their mysterious ordnance. High ranking, powerful monsters were one thing—for as much of a threat they were, their numbers were certain to be limited and in truth, Procell only had three truly peerless monsters—but for weak, low ranking monsters to be made to have such frightening offensive capabilities, it was a whole other conversation.

Given time, Procell would be able to earn even more DP and if so, it was only reasonable for the griffons and also the golems that obliterated [Wind]’s monsters to increase in numbers as well. Not to mention, Procell probably had other powerful cards at his disposal.

If left unchecked, Procell would undoubtedly be up to par if not stronger than even Demon Lords several generations ahead of him. And that would certainly result in some wrinkle in Morax’s own ambitions in the future.

“We want to see him crushed, was it?”

Instilled with that desire, Zagan, a fool that believed himself to be superior, was goaded into starting this three on one war and employing a method that was almost

like cheating. Should such a method be found to indeed be in violation of the rules after the war has ended, Zagan would be deemed the primary instigator and be given heavy punishment while Morax should only receive minor ones.

Morax thought everything would go smoothly but then he never imagined Procell was this too out of norm. He realized then how naïve he still was and how much he still had to learn.

As it was, his crystal being broken was a certainty. So long as that remained as a fact, he had to think of ways to lose with minimal damage.

While pondering on such, the demon spoke. It seemed to be Zagan who was contacting him.

“Morax, what are you doing? I heard from Ronove that he was being attacked by Procell. I’ve already ordered my monsters to march onto his dungeon; hurry and order your monsters to do the same.”

Zagan had a stupid look on his face as he instructed Morax so. *This guy’s really the go-with-the-flow kind of guy, Morax thought, well, it was because he’s an idiot that I was able to instigate him into this war so I guess whatever I say will not really matter. Though I guess I’m a fool as well for misjudging my opponent’s strength.*

“I would very much like to but my main force gathered on my first room have been annihilated. Despite splitting his troops to attack my dungeon at almost the same time as he’s attacking Ronove’s, his fighting force is still more than adequate. Procell’s quite the cheat.”

Zagan’s face immediately turned pale. It seemed that the shock was too much for a cowardly person like him. He blinked repeatedly and sweated profusely in his bewilderment but Morax did not have the luxury of time to wait for Zagan to recover from his shock.

“This is beyond what we predicted. [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan, what will our next course of action be? Will you invade his dungeon by yourself?”

The reply did come right away. Zagan repeatedly opened and closed his mouth, groaned, and then finally came to a realization.

“N-no way. [Viscosity] said his main force have already been massacred as well. That bastard Procell has to leave some of his troops for defense so are you saying he had enough troops to not only defend but to also win against two dungeons!?”

“I’m afraid so. Perhaps he saw through our strategy and as a form of defense, decided to go on the offensive. If so and he took out our troops gathered in the first room, he would then have fewer enemies to fend off. Really, Procell-dono is quite the schemer. So, what’s our next play?”

“Th-that bastard Procell, h-he had more troops than we thought. Our initial plan as it is of no use, absolutely wasted. Yeah, yeah, that’s it, let’s fortify our defense as we revise our strategy.”

Fortify our defense? While we revise our strategy? What is this guy saying?? Wondered Morax as he tried so very hard from cursing at him. *I knew he was an idiot but I didn’t think he’d be this much of an idiot!*

Focusing on defense now would only give Procell the time to eventually finish conquering their dungeons and therefore the chance to recall back the troops he sent out. *Even a monkey could see that so is he stupider than one?*

“Hmm. I will try to buy you time as much as I can but sooner or later, Procell will break through. [Viscosity] probably won’t hold on for long either. By defeating us, he would then be able to repurpose all of his troops. So the question now is, do you have the confidence to take on his dungeon by yourself?”

Morax knew this war was already a lost cause. That much was pretty certain but he couldn’t very well do nothing and let the following developments be boring either for that would mean that the Creator would be bored. And if that Creator was bored of watching a lame [War], the punishment—determined by him—for the losers would of course be heavier.

According to his parent, the Creator’s train of thought was plain and simple: anything goes so long as it was entertaining.

With that in mind, they had to at least give [Creation] Demon Lord Procell a challenge. If they failed to make this [War] a good show, it wouldn't matter who the main instigator was, all that would await Morax would be ruin.

“Invade by myself? Th-that would be a little hard”

“Ohh, only a little hard? So you can do it and win? As expected of the [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan”

“We-well, you know, my unique skill [Steel] is strong and suited for battle, after all.”

The glass of wine Morax held then showed cracks. It seemed that pretty soon, he would have reached the limits of his patience.

The [Steel] unique skill involved metal purification and metal manipulation. Also, depending on the magic power expended, Zagan could make metals with his unique skill. He boasted that he could make a fist-sized lump of orihalcum if he used up all of his magic power. It seemed he even equipped some monsters with weapons that used orihalcum as a material.

What the heck, if you want orihalcum, you could just buy it with DP via a [Mine]. Not to mention, Procell's monsters have countless ridiculous weapons.

“If you'll have my opinion, I think that if ever we're going on the offensive, it has to be now. Even by yourself, you should head to Procell's now less guarded dungeon.”

This was their only play; no matter how much they wait, they would not find a better chance than now. At least now, all three of Procell's monsters were deployed outside of the dungeon.

“B-but that bastard is absolutely hiding something in there. We have to first investigate what that is and then form a plan about it.”

Resisting the urge to ask him *how much time do you intend to waste*, Morax instead decided to move the conversation.

“Assuming so and if you have any worries about invading by yourself, you should deploy the A rank monster lent to you.”

“But then what if he invades my dungeon instead?”

“By the time Procell could afford to invade your dungeon, we would have already lost. Upon conquering my and Ronove’s dungeons, I’m guessing he’s gonna fortify defense and forego attacking unless everything’s perfect.”

Does he not comprehend even this!?

Once again, Morax suppressed what he wanted to say.

Patience, a little more patience.

“A-alright but I have a condition. Give to me the monster that was lent to you. Even if it’s that guy, he can’t possibly take on all of my best troops and two fully-leveled A rank monsters.”

Phew, finally, he realized it.

Morax could have proposed so from the start but due to Zagan’s inexplicably high pride, he was unable to accept and go along with strategies suggested by another. It was better to let him think he thought of the plan himself.

“That’s a good idea, yeah. I’ll make it transfer there. I’ll also hand over the right of control to you so that it won’t vanish even if my crystal is broken.”

Each of them had placed transfer arrays on each other’s dungeons. If they made use of it, they could then safely lend monsters to their allies.

That said, there was only one monster that could use [Transfer] and that monster could, at most, only transfer five human-sized individuals at a time. Because it would eventually run out of magic power in three roundtrips, they couldn’t afford to use the monster carelessly.

“Be thankful for I shall do my best to fill the shortcomings of the two of you. I will break that bastard’s crystal and win this war. Fufu, fufufu. Yes, I alone will invade his dungeon; I will show you all my courage and might!”

“Amazing. I’ll try to hold out for as long as I can and keep him from recalling his troops back to his dungeon but I hope you win this quickly.”

Deep inside, Morax was ridiculing Zagan. *That isn’t courage; unless he had such strong monsters by his side, he wouldn’t be this confident. Really, after relying so much on others...*

With that, their chances of defeat went down from a hundred percent to an eighty percent. They were desperate, yes, but the plan they thought up was surprisingly not too bad.

As soon as the A rank monster was given to Zagan, they concluded their communication. He probably thought it was troublesome to return the demon but due to that alone, information kept being sent to Morax.

“Now then, shall we get this final struggle started?”

Morax took out his Demon Lord book and using as much of the remaining points he had, he increased the floors his dungeon had and bought a labyrinth room that was as large and complicated as possible.

If a room was too wide, monsters would have a hard time intercepting invaders. Furthermore, such a room would make the dungeon unpopular to the adventurers and that would normally only be a bad thing. This however wasn’t the time to mind such things. If Morax could gain even just a second of time, it would also buy Zagan an additional second, thus increasing the likelihood of conquering Procell’s dungeon.

“What would I do once Procell reaches me?”

Surrendering immediately would allow him to keep his life. His crystal would be broken resulting in him losing all the monsters he had made up until that point and his dungeon disappearing. But that loss was tolerable for, fortunately, he hadn’t chosen

anyone to be his [Monster of the Covenant].

Demon Lords could live for as long as three hundred years and he would only be inactive for about nine months of those 300 years—nine months being the time he would have to wait for a new crystal to be given to him if his current one was indeed broken this war. After that, he would go independent and rebuild.

He would look at this as the price to be paid for him to learn and grow stronger. Even if it took him decades, he would bounce back from this.

“Let me learn everything I could about you, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell.”

And thus, he gathered the information from the quadruplet demons.

After a while, the Orihalcum Gargoyle lent to [Viscosity] was defeated. Seeing that, [Evil] was convinced that handing the A rank monster who was the center of his defense over to Zagan was the correct decision. It was far better to use it offensively than for it to be kept within his dungeon.

As he casually watched the scenes unfolding in the screen, he noticed the blond elf.

She was beautiful and was appealing to the eyes.

Using DP and medals were not the only ways to increase one's number of monsters. Other methods included the copulation of monsters of the same race and thus bearing a child; the usage of a corpse for undead monsters; the natural splitting of the monster as was the case for monsters like the slimes; and of course, for some demons and demon beasts, the usage of the females of another race to give birth to a new kind of monster.

[Evil] possessed the ability to make use of latter.

In fact, a good number of his subordinate monsters were born from human adventurers. The more magic power the individual had, and the more attuned the said individual was to [Holy], the stronger the newly born monster was.

So, when he saw that elf, he couldn't help but gulp down. That elf was the ideal

candidate to be a mother to his monsters. Monsters born out of her could possibly be extremely fantastic. His intuition and the sensation in his loins was enough for him to prove that point.

I want to try her, I want to try her so bad.

If he confronted them head on, he would probably be crushed in an instant but if he could catch them off guard, then maybe... He still had enough monsters to accomplish that.

No, wait, settle down. I can't risk provoking [Creation] Demon Lord Procell here and now. Calm down, I have to calm down. I'll buy as much time but once they've reached me here, I'll say I was tricked by the [Steel] Demon Lord and beg them to forgive me enough to spare my life. Procell who has softness in his heart should spare me.

But, but...

"I... I can't endure it anymore"

Thinking about it, going along with that idiot brought me considerable stress. Maybe I can enjoy myself even if only a little.

Chapter 8

Who is the one that's trapped

"Master, if this dungeon continues to be as tedious and long, it's probably better to take a break."

"Yeah, okay, it was getting a bit tiring."

Ancient Elf and I were conquering [Evil]'s dungeon. We had defeated the many monsters posted in the first room of the first floor and continued on to the second and third rooms. Upon exiting the third room, we made it into the second floor.

It had been complex in its own right thus far; traps were set all over the place and enemies were charging at us in single bursts. Despite that however, we were able to travel comfortably thus far.

But from this floor on, however, it had gotten weird. It was nothing but an excessively long and complicated maze. Enemies or traps didn't appear anymore. The ceiling was lowered and that prevented us from using the sky as a shortcut.

"As I thought, even if we follow the shortest route, we'd still be taking a detour to get to the next room."

Ancient Elf, who had mapped the entire room using her wind sonar, made an unhappy face. The room had been nothing but a long maze for a while now, and I was convinced the [Evil] Demon Lord was buying for some time instead of trying to actively kill us.

That said, there was no way I would let my guard down. It was not hard to imagine that a dungeon designed to stall for time would have a nasty trap waiting for when the invaders got careless. *Keeping that in mind, I have to break through this dungeon.*

Peacefully coasting through the dungeon, I thought that if this dungeon operated

normally, [Evil] dungeon should not have an awful lot of DP earned. Even if he only added stone labyrinths with no traps, the most he could buy should be three floors worth of such rooms.

When I spotted the end of the room, I was a little bit relieved.

“Finally, it looks like we can get out of this room” said Ancient Elf in a weary voice.

She was a strong monster and while the stress on her body was more than manageable, the stress on her mind was not due to her continually keeping watch with her wind. As it were, she was bound to have a lapse in her concentration.

“Just a little bit more; you can do it.”

“Yeah, I’m still alright. What worries me though is that even from some rooms ago, I get the feeling that I’m constantly being watched. It’s an unpleasant feeling like someone’s groping me all over. And yet, there’s no enemy nearby.”

“Maybe it’s the enemy Demon Lord taking a look at us through his crystal.”

“Uuugh. I don’t like the sound of that.”

Perhaps that unpleasant feeling of being watched was the cause for her getting tired.

From that information and the information gathered beforehand about [Evil], we had formulated a plan. If it went well, we would be able to conquer the dungeon in one fell swoop but the chances of it actually being put into motion was slim so we focused on normally going through the dungeon conquest.

Regardless, I wanted to make her more at ease even if only for a little so...

“Ancient Elf, let’s talk for a bit”

I decided to give her some kind of motivation.

“I have no doubt in my mind that Rorono had contributed the most when we founded Avalon,”

She oversaw the construction of the infrastructures like the waterways, the houses, and the walls surrounding the city. She had also manufactured the weapons that could not be found in any other city. All these brought many humans into the city. If we didn't have her, it probably would have been impossible to have such a well-formed city.

"Yes, I think so too. But not only that, she's also contributing to enhance our fighting force by developing our weapons. Rorono-chan's amazing." she said with a somehow envying face.

"Even I'm aware that I'm a jack of all trades. In terms of fighting ability, I can't win against Kuina-chan; that girl's on a level all on her own. Also, in terms of production, there's Rorono-chan. My abilities are convenient but they can't hope to compete against Rorono-chan's. In terms of tactics and popularity, Wight-san's the clear winner. No matter what field of expertise, I couldn't become the best."

In a way, her self-analysis was right but frankly...

"You are stronger than Rorono and Wight; better at producing things than Kuina and Wight; more popular than Kuina and Rorono, and more suited to be a commander too. In terms of an overall score, no one is better than you."

She wasn't the best but she could do anything and for that, she was helpful for me.

"I am able to invade this dungeon despite the absence of Kuina and Rorono because I'm relying on you. Also, despite your humility, the apples you've made have become materials that invited a lot of humans into our city. The farmlands that promised an abundant harvest have also attracted farmers that eventually became settlers. So be proud for you are amazing."

Despite being slightly embarrassed upon hearing me, Ancient Elf smiled.

I then took out a ring from my pocket.

“My original plan was to give this to you after you’ve become my Monster of the Covenant. I have decided that Kuina, Rorono, and you, Ancient Elf, would be my [Monsters of the Covenant] and thus give you these matching accessories.”

It was a platinum ring engraved with the image of an apple—the symbol of our city of Avalon—and was decorated by a jade green gemstone. The warm and gentle light it reflected suited her perfectly.

Going along with her gemstone were the fire-red ruby for Kuina and the cold and sharp purple of the sapphire for Rorono.

Each of their rings suited the wearer’s personality.

“This makes me so happy, master, but I can’t possibly accept this; I’m still not one of your [Monsters of the Covenant], after all.”

After crying tears of joy, Ancient Elf said an apologetic but clear refusal.

“This is just an advance gift. For all your achievements thus far and for when you manage to break the enemy’s crystal this war, I intend to make you a [Monster of the Covenant]. To be able to lead the conquest of a dungeon by yourself is more than enough to be regarded in the same way as Kuina and Rorono—my trump cards—right? I’m giving this to you now rather than later to ensure that you’ll bring me victory.”

She was wide-eyed at first but then smiled. That smile wasn’t the same lonely smile she held earlier either but one of true happiness.

“Yes! I will do my best to live up to your expectations, master. I’ll definitely conquer this dungeon especially now that I’m reenergized.”

Looking at her smiling face, I was convinced I made the right call.

“Ancient Elf, give me your left hand.”

“Yes.”

Despite her shyness, she extended her left hand over. I then reached for her hand and tried to put on the emerald ring. But then...

“Kya!”

Ancient Elf briefly shrieked. Twisting around her ankle was... something... a purple tentacle of some kind extending from the wall...

“Ancient Elf!”

I hurried to grab her but was too slow. Connected to the tentacle was a purple octopus monster and it was activating some kind of magic. In the next moment, Ancient Elf and the purple octopus were gone. The magic must have been [Transfer], I concluded. So long as it was within one's own dungeon, Transfer could be used to move to any desired location even without a prepared transfer array.

I thrust my hand forward in an effort to hand over the ring to her but only touched the empty air. The ring fell to the ground and made a clanking noise, as I collapsed into the ground myself.

“How, How!?! Just how could I have not noticed it?! I shouldn't have let my guard down. For that matter, how did that monster get past Ancient Elf's senses!?”

As much as I could without seeming too unnatural, I acted as though I was flustered, full of regret and didn't understand anything that was going on.

It was an act with the [Evil] Demon Lord as the audience in mind. If he believed my act, he would be thinking something like he was lucky that his plan worked.

Combining the information of Ancient Elf being watched and the information we had gathered on [Evil] beforehand, I had reason to believe this trick would work but never had I thought it would go this smoothly.

In accordance to my plan with Ancient Elf, we had deliberately fallen into the enemy's trap but from that moment on, I wondered what the enemy would do next.

Nevertheless, I would have preferred it if he could have waited for a moment longer; I really wanted to see the look on Ancient Elf's face when I put the ring on her finger.

Or could it possibly have been because he saw that that he decided to start his plan?

I sighed as I picked the ring up from the ground.



"It worked! No way, I didn't think it would go this well."

Within the crystal room of his dungeon, he saw the stricken-with-despair Procell and snickered.

And then, by using his privilege as the dungeon's Demon Lord to transfer to anywhere within his dungeon at any time he wished, he relocated to his private chambers in the second room of the first floor.

This chamber was totally gloomy and filled with ominous atmosphere. In addition to a bed, there were the many torture devices and the uncouth instruments lined up. While this chamber was mainly used for [Evil]'s hobbies, it was also for improving his fighting force; using the chamber many times over to pleasure himself with the women and making them scream. Remembering that made [Evil] Demon Lord Morax laugh vilely.

Ancient Elf's ability to search for enemies was troublesome to Morax. By knowing of each of her enemies' movements, an ordinary surprise attack wouldn't work on her. But then, by observing her keenly, Morax found a gap in her ability. He had observed that the only information she could gather remotely were those that could be perceived by the eyes and ears. He was convinced of such after she repeatedly did not take notice of the monsters disguised as the walls. Confident he found the weakness, he enacted his plans.

"Gufufufu, first is to train you."

He said, staring at the gigantic water tank in a corner of the chamber. The tank was filled with a pink-colored mucus. Within the water tank were the octopus monster which transferred there and the blond-haired beautiful elf.

“I wonder how long you will last”

The pink mucus’ true identity and effects included being a strong aphrodisiac, a muscle relaxant, a mind enhancer, a hallucinogen, and so forth.

Consuming some amount of it would immediately break any sturdy warrior.

By directly transferring to it and submerging Ancient Elf into the tank full of mucus, the octopus monster had safely rendered her powerless. So long as she was under the mucus’ effects, they need not be afraid of her, no matter how strong she was.


“Wonderful, simply wonderful!”

Submerged and wet, her clothes clung to her body and gave emphasis to her bodyline. Her face so beautiful, it terrified him; her large and nicely shaped breasts; her dazzling white thighs; the splendidness of her bodyline up to her buttocks... the [Evil] Demon Lord was already ecstatic.

Ancient Elf struggled within the water tank but the very sticky mucus made her actions meaningless. Its effects had also addled her mind enough for her to not be able to use magic.

Even if for some reason she was able to resist the mucus and its effects, the water tank was made of a special magical metal that would take a dragon to destroy it.

As a result of her futile struggle, she took in more of the mucus. Though even if she hadn’t, the mucus would seep through her skin and steadily break her.



水槽の中でエンシエント・エルフが暴れる。
しかし粘度の高い粘液の中では、
ろくに意味をなさず、
薬に侵された頭では
まともに魔術も使えない。

After a while of struggling, she then became motionless. Either she ran out of breath or the mucus had taken effect. [Evil] endured the strong urge of taking her out of water tank and having his way with her right away, and instead waited for about a minute to ensure she was really knocked out and could not recover from the mucus's effects.

Her clothes were opened and looked almost risky. The sight of that alone fueled [Evil]'s lust even more. *That's enough already*, thought Morax before ordering his subordinate monsters to take her out of the water tank.

“Now, time let us enjoy ourselves. Well, truth is I know I shouldn't be doing this because something like this would anger [Creation] but with such an exquisite product before me, how could I endure!?”

With her body covered in the mucus, each time she took a breath and thus making her chest rise and fall, his nether region reacted.

Such a fine female specimen... he had not and probably would not again see a woman as fine as her.

First, he effortlessly took off her outer garment. From then on was the fun; the powerful aphrodisiac and hallucinogens would soon take effect and make her lose control of herself, enslaving her to his desires. It was the same as always.

Thinking about it calmly, I don't have to fear [Creation] anymore, do I? Especially now that his greatest fighting force has fallen into my hands. If I train her up a little, she'll do whatever I say.

With a face full of lust, Morax creepily wiggled his fingers as his hands approached Ancient Elf. *Just a little bit more and it's the moment I've waited for all this time; just a little bit more and I could touch her.*

Right when he thought his hands had touched her, she opened her beautiful jade green eyes and stared at him. Her eyes were cold and unfeeling, as though she was looking at nothing but an insect instead of a person. But most of all, her eyes weren't those of someone under the effects of the mucus but rather someone fully capable of reason.

“Eh?” said Morax, dumbfounded, as he raised his hands up to his face, only to find them missing from his arm and turned into many tiny pieces. Soon after that, came the realization of the pain and then the screaming.

Ancient Elf then stood up and spoke

“Did you have a good dream? You better wake up soon though because I’m quite mad for you interrupting at the good part. Don’t expect me to show you too much kindness.”

Upon hearing those words, he felt anger enough to drive him mad.

As far as he was concerned, women were to be abused and dominated but here was one that was looking down on him instead. There was no way he could forgive such. He had decided he would violate her over and over and over again until she was completely broken. And after impregnating her a number of times that she was then useless, he would kill her in the most gruesome way he could think of.

Promising himself that, he took the monsters in his [Storage] out and ordered them to attack.

Chapter 9

The scariest girl in Avalon when angered

Ancient Elf stood up and raised her magic power; she was completely in battle mode.

She then checked out her state her surroundings as well as her own. Firstly, her main weapon, an anti-materiel rifle, was currently submerged in the water tank. Her side-arm, an automatic firearm she hid in her clothes, was rendered useless by the mucus that got into it. That meant she had to win her way out of this ordeal unarmed.

“AAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! My hand! It’s gone!! You, I won’t forgive you!! Naughty children must be punished! Let me show you I care by correcting your ways!!!!!!!”

Screamed the [Evil] Demon Lord Morax. He was so enraged that the tentacles between his legs that had been threatening to pop out of his pants finally did.

He had no idea why the mucus had so little effect on her. That being said, he knew there should still be some effect on her and that should be enough to hinder her in battle, enough for his monsters he had to win over her.

I’m going to torment you; make you beg for your life as I violate you.

He then took out the monsters within his [Storage]. Each was born out of a different captured female adventurer—a warrior, a beastwoman, an elf, and a magic user. All of them would rival a B rank monster in battle and were thus his personal guards.

“The enemy’s just a weakened elf. If you close the distance, she won’t be able to do anything!”

She might be a strong elf but unarmed and drugged, she won’t be able to make use of her strong suit which is long-distance fighting.

Thus the four monsters charged in and challenged her in a short-distance battle. Using her weakness against her, they knew they wouldn’t lose. In what Morax perceived as

cheekiness, Ancient Elf didn't seem to fear her predicament. However, in truth, she was just analyzing her enemies. Nonetheless, Morax was irritated further.

“Go, get her!!”

The first ones to charge in were the monster born out of the female warrior and the one born out of the beast woman.

[Evil]'s ability was vile and powerful. With it, he could make a woman pregnant with a demon monster. This demon would inherit the best qualities of the mother and be stronger than her. The stronger the mother, the better the monster was.

Of course, this ability had limitations.

The first of which was that Morax had to lust from the bottom of his heart.

Another concerned the burden of the monster's birth on the mother; unless the mother was an immensely sturdy individual, she would become broken and of no use after giving birth once.

Due to their mothers being humans and demi-humans—beings that possessed high intelligence—the monsters that Morax took out of his storage were cunning. They approached Ancient Elf from her front and her back resulting in a pincer maneuver.

“You seem to have three misunderstandings here.” sneered Ancient Elf.

She moved herself closer to the warrior-type monster that approached her from her front before it could swing down its sword and then launched an attack with the heel of her palm. In her palm though was a lump of wind that had terrifying power as though it was a compressed typhoon.

At the same time her palm hit the monster, the wind was released resulting in the monster's body to be torn in half and blown away.

The other demon, the one born from a tiger beastwoman, then attacked her from the back with the claws it had inherited from its mother.

“I see you”

Without even turning around, Ancient Elf narrowly avoided the attack and then, still not facing the demon, hit it with back of her hand wrapped in wind, bursting the beast-man demon’s head like a melon.

Meanwhile, the elf demon nocked an arrow into its bow and readied to fire but, in the end, never got to as the sword carried by the warrior demon was thrown and lodged between its brows thus killing it.

The only one that remained was the demon born from a magic user. In the middle of its chanting, it was suddenly in pain. It turned purple and dropped down. The cause for such was Ancient Elf emptying the surrounding area of all oxygen.

It was a massacre. In less than a minute, all of [Evil] Demon Lord’s elite guards had fallen.

“Hii!!”

Morax fell down on his bottom and squirmed himself away in an effort to distance himself even if for only a little. Watching that scene convinced him that he completely misread this monster’s might.

I have to get away! I have to use transfer and go to my crystal room.

“If you’re planning to use transfer, I suggest you stop. While your mouth was hanging open, completely like an idiot, I threw a lump of compressed wind into it. The moment you stray from my area of control, the wind would explode in your stomach. There are better ways to die, right?”

Ancient Elf said so to Morax with a smiling face. And with that, Morax halted the transfer.

“N-no way.”

“If you want to find out, be my guest. Just know that you’ll die immediately once you do transfer.”

It was then that Morax accepted the fact that he couldn’t run away. On the other hand, he couldn’t even wound Ancient Elf. He was checkmated.

No, wait, not yet. I’ll focus on surviving at all cost. No matter how strong she is, she’s still a girl; there will definitely be a chance.

Upon his silence, Ancient Elf spoke.

“It seems you’ve understood you couldn’t escape. Let’s chat for a while, shall we? Before the fighting broke out, I said that you misunderstood three things,” said Ancient Elf as she held up three fingers. “First, you believe you’ve caught us in a trap but in truth, my master is the one that caught you in his trap. I’ve actually detected the monsters that tried to hide. Considering your inclinations and your ability, it was obvious you would try to isolate and kidnap me. We then decided going along with that was faster than exploring the long and winding maze you made.”

Those words were enough to crush Morax’s last few remaining pride. He held on to the notion that he lost to Procell in terms of their subordinate monsters and their Unique Skills but now he learned that even in their strategies, he lost.

Also, Procell’s side conducted some intelligence gathering. [Evil]’s ability left lasting impressions on its victims. On top of that, he rampaged too much. That made gathering information about him quite simple.

Then, during their dungeon exploration, Ancient Elf felt a malicious glare on her and informed Procell about it, leading to the formulation of this plan.

To make Morax think that she could detect only the things that were perceptible to the eyes and ears, she had no choice but to act as though that was the case but if for some reason the hiding monsters didn’t aim for her and instead eyed Procell, she probably would have killed them then and there.

“Second, I certainly do excel in long-distance fighting but that doesn’t necessarily mean I can’t hold my own in short-distance battles; I’m also great in it, you know.”

Through the wind, she could sense everything from every direction. She could feel where and when an attack was going to be made and immediately respond to it; there was no front or back for her. Furthermore, by cladding herself with an armor of wind, she could improve her movement and offensive capabilities.

Ancient Elf was a force to be reckoned with even at close range.

In the first place, if her enemy was a creature that needed oxygen to live, she could just suck out all the oxygen in the surroundings as was demonstrated earlier. Alternatively, she could increase the oxygen in the area for the enemy to experience oxygen intoxication, thus rendering it unable to fight.

“Lastly, your poison wasn’t really effective. We had guessed you would use poison to weaken me so I ate an apple beforehand. Though even if I hadn’t, I’ll still be alright since I have a strong resistance to poisons.”

Every day, Ancient Elf poured a large amount of her magic power into the [Water of Life] which she then sprinkled into the first apple tree in Avalon. Growing out of the tree that was already comparable to a World Tree, was a fruit called an apple and eating one would increase one’s resistances to everything temporarily among other things.

In summation, from start to finish, [Evil] Demon Lord Morax was dancing to [Creation] Demon Lord Procell and Ancient Elf’s tune. Upon realizing that, Morax was flustered; he made a blunder. Lost in his greed, he laid his hands on something he shouldn’t have. This was no enemy he could ever win against.

“Well, I’ve talked for a while but let’s get to the main topic, shall we? Question: why do you think you’re alive when I could have just killed you whenever I wanted?”

“Is-is it perhaps because [Creation] Demon Lord Procell-*sama* sees my worth as a negotiation partner? A-actually, I’ve been wanting to talk with Procell-sama; they threatened and forced me into collaborating with them for this [War] when all along, I just wanted to ally myself with Procell-sama. If he and I were to team up, we’d be invincible so I definitely want to do so!!”

Morax was convinced he found the foothold of his survival and for that, he was willing to abandon [Steel] and [Viscosity]; they were just his pawns anyway. He would not regret doing so.

Besides, if he convinced Procell to team up, with these ridiculously strong monsters and their unknown yet powerful skill in his back, he could just sit back and relax. And in this way, if he could somehow gain the chance, he could stab Procell in the back and reap all the rewards for himself. However...

“You’re grossly overestimating yourself there. My master has no need to work with someone like you.” said Ancient Elf even though for Morax, what her eyes and tone of voice seemed to really want to say was *what kind of nonsense is this guy saying?*

He clenched his fist and grinded his teeth. Not only did those words made his new plans crumble, it deeply wounded his pride.

What’s a guy like ME supposed to mean? thought Morax, his anger driving him mad. Despite that however, he made sure to not let his anger be noticed as he smiled the widest smile he could.

“Ye-yeah, that’s right. A fine gentleman such as Procell-sama surely would have no need to partner up with a Demon Lord as insignificant as me. But then, just what would he want out of me? Say it, just say it and I’ll do it whatever it is!”

“It’s something simpler. You see, it’s troublesome to go through these mazes to break your crystal so we thought we’d get you to remove it.”

If a Demon Lord died, it would be considered as them dropping out of the war but unless the said Demon Lord’s crystal was broken, his dungeon and monsters would remain. Since some of Morax’s monsters were probably already within Procell’s dungeon in an effort to conquer it, Procell’s side’s had to break the crystal without fail.

To that end, the time-consuming maze Morax made was a hindrance.

Morax desperately wracked his brain out, not for how to refuse the demand of course; he knew from the start that wasn’t an option. He knew becoming unable to buy more time would inconvenience [Steel] but his own survival was his top priority. What he thought about though was how he could increase the chances of his precious survival

even if only a little.

“Alright but I have a condition. I will remove all of the mazes but I want you to spare my life; that’s all I ask.”

I’ve properly taken the initiative, he thought, like this, I won’t be killed. But then he realized he was doing the same exact thing that Ronove—who he looked down on—had done.

“I see. Then, the terms of our deal is that in exchange for removing the lump of air out of your stomach so that it won’t kill you, all you have to do is to empty your entire dungeon. Deal?”

“Deal.”

As Morax accepted his utter defeat and gnawed on the humiliation done to him by this girl, he accessed his Demon Lord book and used it to empty all of his dungeon’s floors. He didn’t do any sort of trick for how could he afford to when upon the discovery of even a small trick, he would surely be killed regardless of him resisting.

Deep inside though, he was seething with anger. And yet, despite him being looked down on and be ordered around by a woman—a creature meant to be violated and dominated—there was nothing he could do but endure. He remained determined to rape, impregnate, ruin, and kill her. But for now, it was the time to endure. No matter how long it took, what price he has to pay, or what kind of tricks he has to use, sooner or later, he promised himself he would have his way with her until she herself begs him to kill her.

“It’s done.”

The moment he said so, the surrounding landscape became nothing but an empty plot of land.

“Thank you. We can now easily break your crystal. I’ll trust you and not bother on

checking on the other floors. Next then is for me to do my part of the deal.”

When she said so, a violent gush of wind started to flow out of his mouth. This lasted for about a minute.

If that wind was perhaps released inside his belly, he would most probably had expanded like a balloon and then died.

“May I return to my crystal room now?”

He had to report—via the goat demons—everything that happened in his dungeon thus far to his trusted ally before it was too late, before his crystal and therefore his monsters were gone.

He so wanted to attack her exposed back but decided against it for he knew that despite seeming vulnerable, she was always on the lookout for any attack from any direction. So instead, he began the transfer process. Began but never completed for his head was separated from his body by a blade of wind.

Our deal, Morax tried to say but was not able to voice out. Still, Ancient Elf seemed to know just what he was trying to say.

“I have properly done my end of our deal which is to take out the lump of wind within your belly.”

Those were the last words [Evil] Lord Morax ever heard in his life.

From the start, Ancient Elf only said she would take the lump of wind out and never anything about sparing his life; she was faithful to their agreement. That said, she was not as kind as Kuina or Rorono.

In a sense, her coming to conquer his dungeon was Morax’s greatest misfortune.

“I never had any intention in letting you live. You’re a Demon Lord that harbored ill will toward my master, after all. Also, you disgust me. The only ones that could touch me are cute girls and my master.”

Ancient Elf said so and placed a hand between her breasts. In there was the crow monster. As per Procell's instruction, she brought along the crow monster that could use transfer as an insurance.

They had laid down a transfer array on each floor so that in case something dire happened, they could escape by means of the crow monster. However...

"Ah, I forgot to make this guy eat an apple."

The crow monster was also submerged in the tank and thus became intoxicated by the aphrodisiac.

Giving up on using the monster to transfer, she tucked it back between her chests.

She then unintentionally looked at the tank they transferred in. The mucus within was a very powerful medicine. So much so that in spite of her resistances and the apple's effects, it still managed to affect her a little. It wasn't so much that she was not able to endure it but she did feel a weak sensation in her abdomen. Piquing her interest, she emptied her water canteen and filled it with the pink colored mucus instead.

"Now then, here I go."

Soon, she would be reunited with her beloved master and have him shower her in praises. Also, upon their reunion, she was to receive her name. Thinking about it, she couldn't help but smile.

Containing her happiness, she began to sprint back toward Procell.

Chapter 10

The Third [Monster of the Covenant]

I traversed the mazes of [Evil]'s dungeon together with the Mythological Foxes, Dwarf Smiths and the others.

I believed Ancient Elf would prevail against the enemy Demon Lord without suffering any real harm. The chances of there being a monster that could win against her were nil. And even if for some reason there was such a monster, I assessed Ancient Elf who was the fastest among my monsters would be able to escape unharmed.

“Ancient Elf, I believe in you.”

I murmured so and quickened my pace

After about 15 minutes since Ancient Elf was abducted and transferred away, the surrounding scenery suddenly became distorted. The walls that hindered our progress slowly vanished and the complicated maze became an empty plot of land.

I breathed a sigh of relief knowing Ancient Elf succeeded.

“Everyone, Ancient Elf has defeated the [Evil] Demon Lord. She will probably catch up to us soon. In the meantime, let's push ourselves a little bit harder.”

Upon hearing my words, my monsters who all adored her looked at each other and smiled, pleased with our imminent victory and her safety.

I didn't think stopping and waiting for her was a good idea; it's her so she would catch up to us soon. For the sake of Wight and the others currently still enduring our enemies' fierce attacks, we had to break the crystal as soon as possible.



We cleared floor after emptied floor. We haven't broken the crystal so the monsters should still be alive and yet we received no form of resistance on our travels.

That was a little unexpected. Perhaps, the reason they were not stopping us—despite them disappearing after we have broken their crystal—was that they didn't have wills of their own.

Demon Lords, to a certain extent, could affect the strength of their monster's ego upon synthesis.

So most likely, [Evil] had deprived the monsters he created of an ego of their own. And that's why, unless their Demon Lord told them to, they wouldn't really be able to do anything.

I looked at my own monsters and thought I wouldn't want them to become like that.

I wanted them to have their own will and work toward achieving their own happiness.

After all, I would probably die earlier than Kuina and the others.

The girls' races—Celestial Fox, Elder Dwarf, Ancient Elf—were extremely long-lived races. Their body, after maturing up to a point, would remain youthful forever.

Whereas I was set to live for exactly 300 years. They would live long after my death.

Of course, that was under the assumption that Avalon's crystal is not broken at any point of time.

I thought of such and laughed to myself; that was still a far-off thing.

For now, I must focus on the war before me.

“Master!”

I heard a cheerful voice and, without the chance to turn around, I was hugged from behind. I also felt something soft pressed on my back.

“Welcome back, Ancient Elf.”

“Yes, I’m back! As master hoped, I have defeated the [Evil] Demon Lord and his aces.”

I freed myself from her embrace and walked beside her. The smile and look she had on her face had the words *Praise me* written all over it.

As we walked, I brushed her head. Her silky blond hair felt good to touch.

“Good work, Ancient Elf. As expected of my [Monster of the Covenant]”

Her eyes sparkled when she heard the words [Monster of the Covenant]; by defeating [Evil] she had earned her place to be one. However...

“I will properly praise you and also give you your name later when we have broken the crystal. For now, let’s hurry onto the innermost part of the dungeon.”

“Yes! I’ll work gladly work extra hard!”

Ancient Elf cheerfully said so and deployed wind magic.

It was a spell that would eliminate the wind resistance we were to face while also making the wind blow on our backs. It was nothing grand but I was thankful nonetheless.

It made our steps lighter and our fatigue less.

Most of all, it made us faster, enough for us to dash through the dungeon in one go.



And then, finally, we arrived at the crystal room.

In the center of this simple room was a stone pedestal and atop of that was the crystal that emitted a pale light. This was the dungeon’s core.

“Ancient Elf, be the one to break it.”

With this, she would have fulfilled all of my conditions.

“Yes, master.”

She nodded and hit it with a lump of wind, thus breaking it.

With this, all the monsters under [Evil]’s control vanished. The dungeon then shook; in a few hours, the dungeon as well would vanish.

“Our plan after breaking the crystal was to immediately set up a transfer array and go back to our dungeon but... that doesn’t seem to be possible right now.”

I shifted my eyes to the crow monster lying exhausted in Ancient Elf’s hand.

The crow monster—the only monster among my followers that could use transfer—was caught alongside Ancient Elf in [Evil]’s trap but unlike her, it partially lost consciousness due to some drug.

“It’s alright; its consciousness should return in about 15 minutes or so. I had it eat an Avalon apple and also carefully poured magic power into its body so that it would recover.”

Hearing that made me feel relieved. Empty as the dungeon was, returning on foot would still take time.

I figured it would still be better to patiently wait for the 15 minutes for the crow monster to recover and about another five minutes for it to prepare the transfer array.

...if so, then to better make use of that time, I thought I should give Ancient Elf her name.

“Ancient Elf, it is because of you that we are able to conquer [Evil]’s dungeon. So, thank you. Also, for all your achievements thus far and your distinguished role this time, I am granting you your name and making you my [Monster of the Covenant].”

She was speechless.

And then, after handing the crow monster over to a Mythological Fox, she came to face me eye to eye.

“Before I give you your name, let me confirm: Ancient Elf, will you be my [Monster of the Covenant]; to be with me, to fight with me, to laugh with me, to cry with me for as long as we live? Do you have that kind of resolution?”

To that, Ancient Elf nodded.

“But of course. I am master’s. I will always be with you. Even if you say you don’t want to be with me, I will always be somewhere near.”

She said such a pleasant thing.

Then, I too should resolve myself.

“Alright. Then, Ancient Elf, from now on you are Aura.”

Aura.

While also being the name of a goddess, it was also a word for one’s radiance.

I wanted her to shine and wrap everybody else with her radiance. That wish was attached to her name.

“Aura... My name is Aura. Thank you, master! From now on, I’m Aura!”

She repeatedly murmured the word and then accepted that it was her name. In that moment, our—my and Ancient Elf’s—souls were connected.



Her power came flowing into me. Not only that, her feelings, her thoughts, as well as information about abilities that were unknown even to her came rushing in.

By Aura becoming my [Monster of the Covenant]—as with Kuina and Rorono—powers that lied dormant were brought to the surface.

I see, so that's why she had the skill Personification of the Planet.

I also underwent change. Power swelled up from deep within me. When I was aware that I could now use the girls' skills and some of their magic, I somehow understood.

By completing my three [Monsters of the Covenant], I was then finally able to fully wield my strength as a Demon Lord. By my reckoning, as I was, I wouldn't fall behind even against an A rank monster that could grow.

I calmed myself from becoming drunk with power and looked at Ancient Elf, only to see she was in the same state as me.

“This is amazing. Master's power, heart, and soul are flowing in. It's warm. Has Kuina-chan and Rorono-chan always been feeling this sensations? I'm a little jealous.”

Dazed, Ancient Elf, rather, Aura murmured so.

Her face was flushed and colored.

To sober her, I spoke.

“Aura, will you give me your left hand?”

It was to put the ring I failed to give her earlier. It was a platinum ring engraved with a crest that resembled an apple. It also featured a green gemstone.

Perhaps she realized what I meant for her face grew red as she gave me her left hand.

Thus, I put on the ring on her left middle finger. I put it there to symbolize my wish for her to be safe from maliciousness as well as for her to continue working with me.

“From now on, I’ll be relying on you even more.”

“Yes! I’ll do my best for master now more than ever!”

And like that, I was able to give Ancient Elf the name Aura.

When I looked at the crow monster, it was upright without me noticing. It then began to draw the transfer array as it walked unsteadily.

At that rate, we would be back in Avalon very soon.

Aura and the others were still alright so that meant that my crystal wasn’t broken yet.

My only worry at the moment was whether Wight would be able to hold on.

Like that, I stifled my anxiety as I patiently waited for the completion of the transfer array.

Chapter 11

[Steel] Demon Lord's real ability

Wight who was left in charge after his lord had gone out to conquer [Viscosity] and [Evil]'s dungeons quietly concentrated. Never did he doubt that his respected lord or even the girls his lord loved would succeed.

However, his duty was to protect the city his lord, Procell, founded. It was an important duty entrusted to him precisely because his lord had faith he could do it.

Failing was absolutely not an option even if it meant sacrificing their lives to protect the dungeon.

“Wight-sama, the enemies have arrived.”

The brown-skinned girl beside him, a Dwarf Smith, spoke with a slightly tensed voice. In recognition of her operation of the golems which played a major role in the last war, she was appointed to be the adjutant to Wight.

Wight was currently in the second room of the dungeon and was therefore unable to survey the enemies through the crystal. To make up for this and to serve as his eyes was his adjutant, the Dwarf Smith, who was able to see what the golems she controls could see. By letting her report detailed information, Wight would then be able to issue the appropriate instructions.

Their first line of defense, the first room of the dungeon, seemed like the same 2 kilometer straightforward room used in the war against the [Wind] Demon Lord with Mithril Golems equipped with heavy-machineguns stationed near its exit... it was actually an improved version of that room with many and various additional gimmicks.

“Hmm. Miss, how many enemies are there?”

“About ten.”

“I highly doubt the enemies are only this much. I think it’s safe to assume these enemies are spies sent to gauge our strength. If that is what they want, then let us show it to them. Issue the order to begin attacking.”

He judged that it didn’t matter which kind of trick was at play and ordered an attack.

By the Dwarf Smith’s command, the Mithril Golems pulled the trigger of their heavy-machineguns and unleashed a mass of murderous intent.

Like that, the curtains of the battle were raised.

Procell’s words floated in Wight’s mind. Each of his lord’s words were clad in a radiance seen in the likes of gemstones.

His lord had imparted to him countless of tactics.

Even now, his heart was with his lord. He decided that just perfectly accomplishing the role granted to him wasn’t enough; he would do better than perfect.



~[Steel] Demon Lord Zagan’s point of view~

I really have unreliable allies thought [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan as he clicked his tongue.

He allied himself with two other Demon Lords but they were so unbelievably useless. After letting the [Creation] Demon Lord do as he pleased, they lost the will to fight and decided to just hole up in their own dungeons.

In the end, he had no choice but to conquer Procell’s dungeon on his own.

Still, he got to admit he was thankful to Procell for deploying his best monsters outside of the dungeon.

Though it was that incompetent decision of Procell that forced Zagan to be the only one to set out to conquer the dungeon in the first place, he didn’t feel angry about it; if anything, he felt happy to be the one to get to personally crush Procell’s crystal. He

thought of such and raised the corner of his mouth while being clad with his Monster of the Covenant, a Killing Armor.

The Killing Armor was a higher-ranked Living armor. And monsters of the Living Armor lineage were monsters that had great offensive and defensive capabilities. They were also armors that were hollow inside and could therefore be worn.

Aside from the Killing Armor, the two A rank monsters that were loaned to him were also by Zagan's side. He was as safe as could be imagined. A coward such as him wouldn't dare go out to the battlefield if he had anything less than this.

"That guy Morax did a wonderful thing giving me his A rank monster. He's still useless but he's at least better than [Viscosity]. Fufufu, now, let's attack this deserted dungeon with two A rank fully-leveled monsters!"

The [Steel] Demon Lord chuckled so.

No matter how he thought about it, there was no way for him to lose.

Even so, he knew he needed to be cautious about the Mithril Golems and their huge cylindrical weapons that were used to crush the [Wind] Demon Lord.

To break through of those, he formulated his plan. Procell would probably not even know what hit him.

First was to send out scouts.

Zagan wasn't a fool that would just implement his Mithril Golem countermeasure right off the bat. There was always the chance that there could be traps placed to counter his own countermeasures. Hence, to confirm whether or not Procell used the very same tactics as before, Zagan sent out scouts.

A tiger does its best even when hunting sheep. There is no room for error.

D rank Living Armors made clanking noises as they entered Procell's dungeon from the white space. The purchase of these monsters with DP became possible ever since Zagan had made the B rank monster Killing Armor. And so, losing the Living Armors was of little to no consequence since he could always just buy some more.

Zagan then closed his eyes.

Supposedly, his ability was to create ores and that would make one think of production. However, there was two other points to his ability. He concealed these two points to even his allies and made them think he was a fool that would carelessly expose all of the cards on his hand.

Anyway, the first one was that he could also see what the inorganic-type monsters under his control could see. Some monsters could do this with golems but his Unique Skill was overwhelmingly far more extensive.

The second was that he could enhance the defense and magic defense of the inorganic monsters in the same room as he's in. His monsters which even normally had high defense would become much tougher, enough to rival an iron wall. Any half-hearted attack would be easily shrugged off.

He thought of his Unique Skill as appropriate for him who would someday be the strongest Demon Lord.

And like that, Living Armors entered Procell's dungeon.

"Really now, a fool only ever knows one trick, huh?"

Zagan sneered.

It was a straight path and at its end were the Mithril Golems and their cylindrical weapons; the very same scheme Procell used in his battle against the [Wind] Demon Lord.

Seeing this, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan was convinced and certain that his strategy was superior to Procell's.

It was clear just from their first moves. Procell probably thought they would devote themselves to defense given their side's advantage and thus intended to defeat them by ordering all of his troops to attack.

In actuality, their side opted for an aggressive strategy; when attacked, they were to

immediately share that information to the others and whoever was not attacked would invade Procell's dungeon. To Zagan, it was an ingenious plan.

[Evil] Demon Lord Morax suggested that Procell had managed to see through their strategy but for Zagan, that was an overestimation born only out of Morax's main force being annihilated all at once. *Really, that Morax is such a coward.*

In addition, the countermeasures against the Mithril Golems which Procell seemed to rely heavily upon were perfect.

Other than the ranks of their medals, Zagan was confident he wouldn't lose to any other aspect against Procell and that included this [War].

And then, after he had beaten Procell, his next target was [Wind]. He felt that her medal—An A rank and one of the four great elements—suited him just fine.

That'll show that shit of a woman for rejecting my offer of an alliance. After I break her crystal, I'll be sure to make her suffer...

After their first year, the new Demon Lords were to be given a new crystal should theirs be broken within that timeframe. However, that would amount to nothing if the Demon Lord themselves were killed. So if Zagan were to threaten to kill a fellow new Demon Lord, he should be able to pretty much make them do anything he wished.

"Now then, time to show them all my strategy!"

Zagan shouted so and the slimes in the vanguard began creeping its way forward. Most noteworthy was the gigantic light green slime that looked like it could swallow a fully grown adult whole. Beside it were more than a hundred dog-sized slimes.

The gigantic slime was [Viscosity] Demon Lord's Monster of the Covenant, an Acid Slime.

While the relatively smaller ones were the D rank Glow Slimes that Ronove had become able to purchase.

A characteristic of the Acid Slime was its [Shock Absorption]. In exchange for an almost nonexistent attack power, this monster was more than able to withstand a

barrage of attacks coming even from an A rank monster. In addition to that, this slime also possessed powerful self-regeneration.

The Glow Slimes too possessed similar abilities albeit of several ranks lower.

His strategy was exceedingly simple.

First, the Acid Slime was to advance while it endured the enemies' onslaught. When it has taken too much damage, the Glow Slimes were to act as its shield and buy the Acid Slime some time to heal itself. The Acid Slime also had the ability to absorb into itself another slime's liquid body. This meant that the Acid Slime could absorb the bodies of the fallen Glow Slimes that acted as its shield to speed up its self-regeneration.

And then, once they were close enough, the Acid Slime was to wrap its acid body onto the Mithril Golems and their mysterious weapons. The acid wouldn't be able to melt mithril but the weapons should be ruined. So long as the weapons were taken care of, everything else was easy; there was no need to fret about the sluggish Mithril Golems.

But then, by his estimate, things might not even need to reach that point. This was based on the projections of the war before where the cylindrical weapons took a rest from firing, suggesting a limit to its continuous use.

Furthermore, since it was a long-range weapon, it should have limited ammunition. He was confident that before the slimes even get the chance to swallow the weapons, those would have first turned into useless metal rods.

For this war, they had handed DP over to [Viscosity] and had him make a massive amount of slimes. And Zagan fully intended to make a profit out of this investment.

"I have to finish things here before [Viscosity] falls. Though I doubt his A rank monster would lose to Procell's monsters. Well, it is [Viscosity] and he most probably will find ways to screw himself up."

And like so, the slimes borrowed from [Viscosity] entered Procell's dungeon one by one.



Creeping its way in the very front was the gigantic Acid Slime.

It didn't have much but the slime seemed to have at least enough intelligence to squeeze its liquid body down to as slim and low as its highly dense body would allow, hence resulting to an efficient means of defense.

Behind the Acid Slime were the numerous Glow Slimes that were creeping their way forward in a similar fashion. And flying over their heads were the countless bullets being fired.

It was going great but then the Mithril Golems, upon the Dwarf Smith's instruction, momentarily stopped firing and adjusted the angle of their guns' muzzles. After a short while, they resumed firing, only this time, they readjusted the angle of their guns' muzzles for each round fired.

The bullets that flew over the gigantic slime's head began to graze it, getting closer and closer, until finally, the slime was hit. The gigantic slime wobbled greatly. However, that was it, nothing more, nothing less. The bullets stopped moving before it could exit the slime's body. The slime then continued to creep forward as it spitted out the 12.7mm bullets it stopped.

Even compared to all monsters, the physical resistance displayed here was top class.

As I thought, if anybody could do it, it's these guys, thought Zagan who struck a victory pose when he saw the scene through the eyes of a small inorganic monster that used the slime army as shield.

And then, perhaps due to being done with adjusting the angle of their guns' muzzles, the golems began to once again rapid-fire.

Despite only seeing it through the eyes of another being, the storm of mayhem was enough to make Zagan tremble.

The heavy-machineguns spewed out ten bullets per second and each of those bullets was comparable an A rank monster's full-strength attack. And yet, the Acid Slime pressed on—even though it shook wildly—as it absorbed a large amount of bullets into its body.

By all rights, the hail of bullets should have overcome the Acid Slime's [Shock Absorption] by now but thanks to the slime squeezing its body close to ground, only one out of three bullets hit it. That low accuracy gave the slime enough time to self-regenerate.

Even so, the damage done to the slime was piling up little by little. The Glow Slimes were used to shield some parts of the gigantic slime's body and thus give it more time to recuperate. The bodies of the killed slimes were then absorbed into the bigger one's body, healing it even more.

All in all, things were going as [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan had predicted it would.

"Fufufu, has no one ever told that stupid guy to never again use an already exposed trick? This is what he gets for wanting everyone's attention and recklessly volunteering in that sideshow!"

And then, the heavy-machineguns finally stopped firing due to its gun barrel becoming too hot to use.

In the meantime, the Acid Slime finally finished healing itself up and proceeded to rush ahead.

"Even that incompetent [Viscosity] could actually be of use to me. Now, my monsters, attack!!"

He made his monsters that were on standby in the white space rush inside.

As for Zagan himself, he remained outside with the A rank monsters. He was to remain there until all of his monsters have entered the dungeon.

Even when some of his monsters had entered, the firing still haven't resumed. It was as though those weapons have become completely useless. Just in case it was a bluff, the slow slimes remained in the lead, still acting as important shields.

It was the right call to assign [Viscosity] the fool's monsters to act as shields.

Halfway through, things suddenly changed. The slimes were all of a sudden wrapped

in flames that came from the sides.

Slimes were strong against physical attacks but were awful against high temperature. And so, being covered in flames, they writhed in pain.

The Acid Slime wrapped the other Glow Slimes into its body in an effort to put out the flames. Ultimately, it failed at completely doing so. It had an almost nonexistent intelligence and yet it nevertheless felt injustice as it burned away.

“Wha–what’s going on!?” cried [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan.

The cause for such was simple: Golems. Although the dungeon room looked nothing but a straightforward path no matter how one looked, its walls were actually excavated wide enough to fit the golems that would hide in them. These tunnels were then disguised in order to conceal them.

Thanks to Elder Dwarf and the Dwarf Smiths’ continued efforts in making golems—one for each of them each day—the amount of golems in Avalon was well more than enough. In the same way, they also prepared many weapons that could correspond with various situations.

One of those were the flamethrowers that were carried by the golems that just appeared. These weapons repurposed the napalm mixture used in the aerial corps’ bombs. That’s why, even when the Acid Slime wrapped itself with the Glow Slimes, the demonic flames born out of the mixture did not disappear.

Procell considered his enemies would counter his Mithril Golems and their heavy-machineguns using monsters that most likely had abilities like shock absorption or ones that granted physical damage resistance. If so, then to answer this, he made the golems with the flamethrowers hide in the tunnels where they could ambush the enemies.

And then...

“Wait, what, what’s the meaning of this?”

The attacks of the Mithril Golems surely did stop and the heavy-machineguns unusable. That much was no act but...

“New golems with those damned weapons have appeared!?”

If something was broken, you simply had to replace it.

There were actually six Mithril Golems with heavy-machineguns. Also, they were setup so that they could switch with one another at any time.

Then, why had they not switched until now, one might ask. The answer was simple; Wight patiently waited for when the enemy—after being tricked—charged his troops in.

As a matter of fact, the slimes could have been dealt with much earlier but doing so might have made Zagan hesitate and thus not send in his troops.

And so, until serious damage could be dealt, Wight waited.

The slimes that acted as shields were no more, exposing the numerous prey.

The new Mithril Golems open-fired with their heavy-machineguns. Its 12.7mm large caliber bullets, released at a rate of about 10 rounds per second, travelled at nearly three times the speed of sound. When shooting a human with it, rather than opening a hole, it would make its target explode beyond recognition. That power is then increased further when it's combined with the bonus provided by Mithril Golems' crazy strength. Its destructiveness which was ineffective before was now finally on full display.

Zagan's monsters were inorganic monsters that focused on toughness. However, against those heavy-machineguns, it could not hope to compete.

Zagan's monsters' made cracking sounds and fell one by one.

“Fall back, FALL BACK!”

To decrease his losses even if by only a little, Zagan issued so.

However...

“More?”

More Mithril Golems appeared. Of course, they were also with heavy-machineguns of their own. They were positioned further back in the room so they most probably were from the adjacent room, Zagan thought.

The new ones then lined up with the first ones and the assault became even fiercer. Twice the guns meant twice the damage.

At a lightning fast speed, Zagan’s monsters were exterminated. Zagan came to this realization when there were no more monsters that could become his eyes. In the end, not one monster that went into the dungeon came back.

“My... my strategy, he has seen through it...” whispered Zagan as though the words had to be wringed out of his throat.

He intended to counter Procell’s strategy but got caught up in Procell’s own countermeasures.

With the catastrophe just now, he had lost half of his monsters.

Furthermore, he lacked any means to break through.

What should I do, what should I do???

His joy from earlier was now replaced with gut-wrenching despair.

When he was about to give up, the monster beside him spoke up.

It was a white tiger-type monster.

It had two sharp fangs; its body was muscular and tough; and was covered in beautiful platinum and black body hair.

High-ranking beast monsters—this one included—held intelligence and could even speak.

“Boy, I mean, you, what do you intend to do? I have been peeking into your mind since a while ago and I have also seen that spectacle. So, do you want to break through?”

“Of course I do, but what about those strong attacks?”

“Hmm. Then, leave it up to me. This ought to be fun. If their opener is this enjoyable, then I’m sure the defenses further in will be even more. Good, good. I’ve heard from my master that this war will be interesting so I participated but for a moment there, it was boring me to death. But if things are like this, it looks like I’m going to enjoy myself.”

Such was the monster born as an A rank monster that could grow. It was a being that boasted of being one of the most powerful among the monsters of [Viscosity]’s parent.

“Please, I beg you, do something about those guys.”

“I got it. After all, for the moment, you are my master.”

Zagan threw away his pride and just wished for the defeat of the Mithril Golems.

Chapter 12

Wight's Loyalty

One of the two A rank monsters that accompanied [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan was a tiger-type monster with beautiful white fur contrasted by some black. The name of its race was the Byakko. It was a race of monsters that stood out even among the ridiculously strong A rank monsters.

This Byakko was given a name even though he wasn't a [Monster of the Covenant]. [Monsters of the Covenant] were deeply connected to their Demon Lords. So much so in fact that a Demon Lord and a Monster of the Covenant shared their magic power and even their soul with one another, thus making the burden of naming them light for Demon Lord.

However, the same couldn't be said when naming a fourth monster and so on; in the absence of a deep connection between them, the burden was one-sidedly all on the Demon Lord. And so, the Demon Lord was to pour all of his magic power into the name. However, the effects of this naming would stop at just awakening the latent potentials within the monster and nothing more.

Demon Lords rarely named monsters other than their Monsters of the Covenant. The process used magic power far more than their own total magic power. As such, going through the naming would leave them with a rather harsh backlash: the inability to recover their magic power for nearly half a month.

In this period until they've recovered their magic power, on top of becoming defenseless, Demon Lords would also become unable to use skills that required magic power.

So, to put in another way, for his Demon Lord to go so far and name this Byakko, it showed how capable the Byakko was as well as how much his Demon Lord trusted him.

"Temporary master, I'm now going to break through this dungeon room's defenses. This should be quite fun" said the Byakko with a joyous face as he slowly walked

toward the dungeon.

“Wait, take some support monsters with you.”

“Don’t need it; they’ll only slow me down.”

“But for the sake of improving the chances of victory, you—”

“I said I don’t need it. Get in my way and I’ll kill you”

With a glance of a monster he should have control over, Zagan backed down. The Byakko had no intention whatsoever of showing the [Steel] Demon Lord any respect. After all, he only came due to his interest in the amusing Demon Lord his master talked about.

There were three old Demon Lords that meddled in this war. Unlike the other two who participated to preempt a potential problem and thus secure their position, the Byakko’s master did so to test [Creation] Demon Lord Procell.

If Procell, in the end, was defeated but still showed promise from the Byakko’s perspective, the Byakko was ordered to subtly arrange for his survival.

For the Byakko to do so, first let us discuss the only two restrictions a monster has concerning the Demon Lord that has control over it:

1. A monster can’t go against his Demon Lord’s orders
2. A monster can’t make an attack against his Demon Lord.

In other words, a monster was free to do whatever it wants so long as these two points were followed.

Next, let us consider Byakko’s abilities which includes his overwhelmingly strong body and the magic to strengthen it further; his fur that’s highly resistant to physical and magical attacks and that can also be enhanced further the more magic power was channeled to it; and the powerful ability to affect the mind of his targets.

In conclusion, the Byakko was at least free to guide Zagan's thoughts and thus enabling the Byakko to prevent Procell from being killed.

Challenging the restrictions wasn't limited to the Byakko either; it wasn't uncommon for monsters to use and take advantage of their Demon Lords in some form. That's actually why some Demon Lords—unable to trust monsters—tended to avoid monsters with intelligence.

“Wha-what's with that attitude? I-I'm your master, damn it.”

“Then, show me the conduct and excellence of someone I'd like to take orders from.”

As though their conversation was over, the Byakko proceeded to enter the dungeon.

Along the way, among the monsters kept in reserve, the slimes Zagan borrowed from [Viscosity] all vanished. It was the proof that [Viscosity]'s crystal was no more.

In this short of a time, he has already conquered [Viscosity]'s dungeon... interesting. I'm sure that that Orihalcum Gargoyle—a monster even I will have a hard time fighting—was there, thought the Byakko as it raised its evaluation of Procell.

Meanwhile, in Zagan's mind—which the Byakko read—was mostly fear and impatience.

Zagan then pinned his hopes to the Byakko and spoke, begging it to break through the dungeon in front of them.

This made the Byakko sigh internally.

Even if it's just temporary, why do I have to serve a small fry like this? Oh well, at least from now on, I can get rid of all this boredom. [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, I hope you're different from this small fry, thought the Byakko as it entered the dungeon.

When he was inside the dungeon, he recalled the words his real master said to him

“Kohaku, if my estimates are right about [Creation], even if he loses this war, he will have the strength and the capabilities to impress even you. However, should it turn out that he's more than I gave him credit for, it will mean your life in the battlefield. That is actually the outcome I am praying for. Demon Lords... us Children of the Planet are only here as tools to guide the humans... if we can find a person that could escape from such fate and get him on our side, I will not mind losing you. Now, Kohaku, I leave

this task to you.”

A man that could make his master say that much...

His blood boiled at remembering those words.

He could have refused this mission but chose not to. He had become too strong; he couldn't even remember the last time he had to fight at full strength. As it was, if he was going to rot away anyway, he'd rather fight with all his might and die.



As soon as Byakko entered the long cave, he immediately switched into battle mode.

So long as a target was either within a 100 meters around him or was within his line of sight, it was possible for him to read its mind. Should he choose to spend time and magic power, affecting his target's minds was also possible. Coupling his ability to always predict an enemy's moves with his vast combat experience and physical strength, he could effectively respond to every action with maximum efficiency. Such was the secret behind his strength.

So, with the Mithril Golems in his line of sight, he began to use his ability to read the golems' minds and dashed forward.

The inorganic golems also had something like an intent behind their actions so they too could be predicted.

“Here it comes”

At almost the exact time or perhaps even earlier than when the bullets from hell were fired, the Byakko who already read the Mithril Golems' minds ran at top speed and took three steps: one on the ground, one on the wall, and another on the ceiling where he proceeded to run as though he ignored the laws of physics—an act possible precisely because it was this Byakko.

And so, the Byakko avoided and ran past the bullets below.

Using his experience to assess the bullets' threat, he calculated how many he could endure.

If I poured in my magic power into my highly physical damage resistant fur, I'd say I can take on about ten of those.

The secret behind the overwhelming power of these long-range attacks was of course the dreadful weapon itself but the Mithril Golems' offensive capabilities added tremendous damage to the attacks as well. A Mithril Golem was overall equivalent to a B rank monster; it was horrendously slow but in exchange, in terms of physical strength and physical strength alone, it was comparable to an A rank.

A weapon that will not only make up for the golems' slowness but will also make good use of their strong points; that [Creation] Demon Lord was clever to pair them.

The golems then adjusted the angle of their heavy-machineguns upwards to try and hit the Byakko. However, the Byakko read this move and quickly dropped down. He then ran forward, mindful of keeping his body as low as possible.

His landing was not without injury, however; before he reached the ground, two bullets grazed him. Even if such an attack wouldn't instantly kill them, anyone less resistant to physical damage than the Byakko would still take great damage and most probably make them lose their balance, exposing them further to more bullets.

"Those attacks, they're certainly strong... but they can't cope with quick vertical movements."

The dungeon floor was a long cave structure with nowhere to hide. The Byakko concluded that there was only one way to get past: quickly moving up and down.

By running on the ceiling, suddenly dropping down to move on the ground and then up again, he would be very hard to hit as the golems would have to correct the alignment of their guns each time, only for the Byakko to change his position by the time they have finished their adjustments.

After about more than half a minute of running and jumping between the ground and the ceiling, something exploded in the ground. That something was a landmine that Procell set. However, the Byakko was travelling far too fast; by the time the landmine activated and exploded, he was already so far away.

The golems hiding in the tunnels too were of no use. The tunnels in the sides were skillfully disguised and the Byakko did not see through that disguise but so long as the golems were within his territory—a 100 meters to be exact—he could hear their minds' voices even though he could not see them. There was also the matter of his speed; he ran past them in a blink of an eye, resulting in their flames hitting only the air.

“Is this because I got careless?”

Halfway through, he held his breath in since mixed in the air was a powerful poison. He inhaled a little but his self-healing abilities was enough nullify its effects. Nonetheless, if he continued to intake more of the poisoned air, he would have most probably lost control of his body. Such was that poison.

Despite of it all, Byakko smiled at the number of things being thrown against him.

Still, there was a limit to how long he could hold his breath and unless he quickly breaks through these defenses, all that awaited him was death.

As he neared the end, the golems' adjustment of the angle of their heavy-machineguns became quicker.

The Byakko read their minds and yet he still didn't have enough time to evade. So, he instead poured as much magic power as he could into his fur to increase his defense while also evading those that would almost directly hit him.

So far, he was directly hit three times and grazed seven times.

The pain assailed his entire overused body as though it was screaming from being torn apart.

Still, forcing himself with willpower, he pressed on until finally, he was at the far end of the dungeon room.

Despite being wounded all over, he smashed the Mithril Golems' weapons with his sharp claws. He then dodged the attack coming from the now unarmed golems and launched an attack of his own by biting down the golems' throats. As a result, the golems with mithril bodies were broken.

“This was quite a fun distraction.”

Laughed the Byakko as he swallowed down the mithril he chewed.

Next, he sucked in the air along with the poison mixed in it and roared.

The roar functioned both as a victory cry and as a means to dispel the air of the poison.

Afterwards, he readied himself from any enemy attack that might follow. It was not unthinkable for more golems with those weapons to appear from the next room, after all. In this way, he could react immediately to any threats.

A short while after, Zagan and his subordinate monsters entered the dungeon in groups.

The Byakko watched their numbers be reduced by the by the golems from the side tunnels as well as by stepping on the landmines laid on the ground that he didn't set off.

He only watched for he could not dare leave his current post.

If by chance there were new Mithril Golems to appear and he could not immediately respond to them, he ventured their side would take heavy losses.

Moreover, since there was another A rank monster with them, complete annihilation against things like the golems was unlikely.

And so, he patiently waited for the slow-advancing group to arrive at the other end of the room.

The [Steel] Demon Lord's desire to always want to be close to the other A rank monster was actually causing their slow advance; it could have gone faster if he just ordered for that monster to kill the golems hiding in the tunnels.

“You're finally here, temporary master. You sure took your time.”

“Why!? Why didn't you dispose of the traps and the golems?!”

Instead of words of praise or thanks, the first words that Zagan uttered were words of

complaint.

Thus, Byakko's evaluation of Zagan went down by another mark. *He's not the kind of Demon Lord a monster would wish it has.*

"I couldn't afford to destroy them all when I was advancing. And when you arrive, I couldn't leave this place. Those are the only reasons. Wait, do you even have any clue why I can't leave this spot?"

"O-of course!" said Zagan even though he had no clue at all.

The Byakko decided that he could no longer expect anything useful out of [Steel] as he patiently waited for their entire force to go to the next floor that they now had access to.

Now, what kind of plan are you going to let me enjoy next?



"Wight-sama, I have no excuses. We have been completely defeated. The golems that hid within the tunnels are safe for now but will soon be trapped there. They do not have much time; their numbers are far too different."

"M'lady, do not feel down; that enemy is just too strong."

In a residence near the end of the second room, Wight and a Dwarf Smith discussed their next course of action.

The first room was conquered almost entirely by a single monster. That fact hurt but more worrisome than that was that that monster was now headed toward them.

"M'lady, is something on your mind?"

"Yes. That monster, by some way or another, seems to be able to predict our attacks. Other than that, I have no explanation to offer on how it reacted so swiftly to our assault. It also seems to have a high-rank search magic as it was able to notice and evade the surprise attacks of the golems in the tunnels."

"Hmm. Either it can see the future, read its enemy's minds, or just simply have

extraordinary reaction speed and reflexes..... in any case, that ability, whatever it is, coupled with that monster's athleticism and its defenses, is indeed worrisome."

They guessed what the Byakko's ability was as well as planned countermeasures against it.

As of the moment, there was no monster among them that could directly confront that Byakko, much less win. Unless they planned measures against it, they would indeed not be able to stop it.

When they reviewed all the information they had so far, there was one thing that stood out: the golems' attacks were predicted flawlessly while the nerve gas mixed in the air as well as the landmines in the ground were not. Thus, Wight valued this point to be a hint to have a better picture of that monster's ability. He asked the Dwarf Smith several questions over and over again, listened to her detailed reports and impressions until finally, he had a rough idea about his enemy's ability and how to counter it.

"The golems in the first floor are now annihilated. It looks like the Byakko is going to invade again only after it has reunited with the troops that were left behind."

"Not only strong but wise and cautious as well. If only he blindly gone to the next room, we could have lessened the number of the troops that are catching up."

Wight said so as he was instructing his temporary subordinates one by one. The second room was in some way his domain; it was a large graveyard labyrinth.

He did not regard himself as a strong monster but even then, there were a lot of things he could do. Especially in this place that his lord made after listening to his opinions.

"I'm scared, Wight-sama. How will we defeat that monster? It can stand up even after being directly hit by the D2's.50 caliber bullets. Moreover, it's fast and strong; it even chewed mithril. There's absolutely no way we can win."

It seemed that the Dwarf Smith who, through the Mithril Golems, saw the fight against the Byakko had completely lost heart.

Seeing her like that, Wight put his hand—that was nothing but bones—on the Dwarf Smith's head and stroke it; an action his lord would have surely done.

“M’lady, do not worry, we can do this. First of all, our goal is to stall for time, not to defeat them. Through the countless traps and schemes we have, we will hinder their progress.”

“Fufu, yeah, you’re right. I will do my best.”

The Dwarf Smith’s presence of mind have been restored, feeling at ease and thinking they could hold on until their currently absent master, Procell, returns.

“There is another reason why we won’t lose.”

“May I hear that reason?”

“It is because our lord, Procell-sama, commanded us to perform these strategies. Since our lord, someone powerful enough to be regarded as almighty, thinks we can do it then we can do it. There is no way our lord could be wrong.”

Wight firmly believed so from the bottom of his heart.

Even if their strategies were indeed wrong, even if things proceed worse than what their lord assumed, by his own might, he was going to make it right. He was going to make it succeed.

Surely, that’s why I’m here; for my loyalty.

Now, come. From here on is the real deal. With all my strength, I will demonstrate [Creation] Demon Lord Procell’s—my beloved lord, the strongest Demon Lord there is—power.

Chapter 13

A Commander's Calibre

The Byakko was quietly resting his body.

Even though he had defeated the Mithril Golems, his injuries were by no means minor. In fact, each of the Mithril Golems' bullets hurt him like hell.

His excellent healing capabilities was one of his many strong points but even then, it was impossible for him to completely recover in a short amount of time.

“Temporary master, you're distracting me; just calm down.”

For a while now, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan was restlessly rocking his body as he was completely covered with his Monster of the Covenant, the Killing Armor—a moving hollow armor.

“How can I calm down!? That fool [Viscosity] has been defeated!”

With the fact that the slimes borrowed from [Viscosity] had vanished, it became evident that [Viscosity] Demon Lord Ronove's crystal had been broken. Or in other words, a powerful monster capable of even defeating a monster as strong as the Orihalcum Gargoyle that was with Ronove was now on route to return to this dungeon and face Zagan's troops. There was also the chance that that monster was instead headed to Zagan's defenseless dungeon and break his crystal.

Before either of those things happen, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell's crystal must be broken.

“That's precisely why you must calm down. Or else you'll become flustered. A Demon Lord must always remain calm. If you become agitated, you'll make the wrong decisions. Not to mention, it'll also lower your subordinates' morale. Haven't you learned even that much?”

The Byakko informed Zagan so with a shocked tone.

However, his words only made Zagan even more flustered. Choosing to just ignore the shouting Zagan, the Byakko began to focus on resting his body.

And then, when the slow-moving monsters had finally caught up and the preparations for marching onward were ready, two Mithril Golems 500 meters behind suddenly appeared from the tunnels. In their hand were heavy-machineguns.

Damn, thought the Byakko, the furs on his whole body standing on end.

In the next moment, the two Mithril Golems opened fire. One by one, Zagan's monsters that were in the rear fell.

“Uwaaaaaaaaaaaa! What is this!? Cowards! Attacking from behind, cowards!! Everyone, quickly, go to the next rooooooooooom!”

Half-crazed, Zagan instructed so in an effort to escape the hail of bullets from their rear.

“Wait, temporary master, you're overreacting.”

The Byakko tried to quickly eliminate the enemies but due to the stampede of his ally monsters going the other way, he was unable to do a thing.

“Listen up! Hurry on to the next room, goooooo! If we go over there, those attacks won't reach us!!!”

And so, the *command* was given.

Despite only being temporary, the Byakko was still Zagan's monster and a monster could not go against his Demon Lord's commands. As such, the Byakko's body moved against his will.

“Listen to me well, we’re being goaded to rush to the next room. So before...”

“Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!”

Even his ability to give Zagan advice was now sealed with that command. The Byakko couldn’t help but grind his teeth. *He’s been duped.*

In the front and rear of this march were the elites of the monsters made by Zagan himself. And by his side were the two fully trained and fully leveled A rank monsters.

The enemy commander had been waiting for this one instance where they loosened their alert. Even when a large number of golems were being crushed, the commander did not reveal this trump card and instead chose to patiently wait for this very fatal moment. That moment being when they were almost ready to move to next room.

In addition, the Byakko who could slip through the Mithril Golems’ bullets guessed that him being hindered from responding immediately by the waves of ally monsters was also predicted by the enemy.

Moreover, their side, Zagan’s forces, without the opportunity to send out a scout, was completely unprepared as well as panicking as they entered the next force without reserve.

Putting himself in the enemy commander’s shoes, he ventured that if it was up to him, now would be the right time to round up the invading troops as though they were sitting ducks.

Unable to convey his thoughts due to the command given to him, he grew vexed.

“Alright, we got out!!”

[Steel] Demon Lord Zagan shouted so with delight.

Laid out before them were a graveyard area lined up with gigantic tombstones that became an open field as it neared the entrance. There were no enemies to be found.

And so, they marched on.

A B rank monster—a member of Zagan’s elites—that was at the very front... fell down a very deep ravine. Several seconds later, a sound suggesting that something broke was heard.

Not only was it a ridiculously deep hole but also a very wide one at around 3 meters.

It was hard to take notice of the ravine from near the entrance but not so much as one neared it. Perhaps, if the fallen monster wasn’t in such a panic, it wouldn’t have been caught in the trap.

The elite forces in the very front suffered casualties but the ones behind them were somehow able to stop their march. However...

“Come, faster! No, you guys, stooooooooooooopppppp!”

Following Zagan’s earlier commands, the monsters further back marched on with full speed.

But then, Zagan issued a command to halt. They tried to comply but their momentum did not allow for a sudden stop. If left as it was, it seemed the monsters in the rear would be able to shove even Zagan into the hole of hell.

“Waste them, Byakko, Arch Demon!”

By [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan’s command, the two A rank monsters, the Byakko and the Arch Demon, attacked their allies and pulverized them.

As a result, Zagan avoided the fate of falling down that hole.

The Byakko looked at his temporary master with eyes of rage. *How dare he, how dare he!? How dare he make me murder my allies!?*

For a military man such as him, this was the greatest dishonor.

He wanted to kill this trash who spewed nothing but harm.

However, now was not the time for that because beyond the hole of hell were Mithril

Golems and Skeletons. These enemies were hiding behind the large tombstones that were in the boundary of the plains and the graveyard.

The Mithril Golems—equipped with heavy-machineguns—and the Skeletons—equipped with assault rifles—spread out like fan.

Seeing that, the Byakko smiled. It was only natural to set a trap at the place where you goaded your enemies into.

And so, the Mithril Golems and the Skeletons simultaneously opened fire.

His side's predicament was the worst; even annihilation was not an exaggeration. However, the Byakko was confident that if they responded to the threats calmly, it will be alright. When he convinced himself of such...

“Hii! **Hiiiiii!** Byakko, Arch Demon, do something about those guys! Hurry, right now! Don't hold back!”

Overreacting, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan issued such a foolish command.

Thus, two of the strongest monsters trained to the utmost began to act because of that command... without holding back.

The Arch Demon unreservedly deployed a wall of darkness that would guard Zagan and his forces. This wall of darkness was capable of easily fending off all of the incoming bullets. In exchange for a tremendous amount of magic power, that is. Originally, it was a trump card reserved as a barrier against even army.

Even without such a wall, the Arch Demon would have still been able to protect Zagan and for less magic power too. However, the command to not hold anything back forced him to use this instead.

And then, there was the Byakko. He raised his magic power high enough to shake the very air. By virtue of that command, he activated his greatest trump card and its name was...

“[White Tiger Lightning Blade]”

His body transformed into white lightning and then shone brightly. In the next moment, the Mithril Golems broke into tiny, little pieces.

The white lightning then traveled in an arc, pursuing the Skeletons that were in a fan-like formation. Needless to say, the Skeletons were instantly annihilated.

With the task done, the Byakko returned to his original form.

“Haa, haa, haa”

The Byakko breathed heavily and for good reason. That move was one of his strongest moves that was supposed to be reserved as a last resort. It was such a lightning-fast and certain-kill technique that there haven't been anyone to survive after receiving the attack. He was confident it could take down even S rank monsters. A true certain kill technique limited to one use a day.

He obtained this power to exceed his limits when he gained his name. In exchange for using it, 80% of his magic power was expended; his already wounded body got even weaker; and his physical strength had completely left him.

For his technique—which he decided to be used only on warriors he recognized—to be activated on such weak foes when he could've dealt with the enemies in a more efficient manner, his patience was nearing its limits.

“Hey you! What the hell do you think you're doing?”

The moment he tried shout that, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan received a powerful blow to the forehead and was blown away. He lied face up with the helm of the Killing Armor broken open, revealing blood flowing from his forehead.

He didn't die but it seemed he suffered a considerable impact. The concussed Zagan laid there with blank eyes.

There were no signs of any enemies nearby which made it all the more incomprehensible for the Byakko. But then, his body moved before he could think; he jumped over the hole, covered Zagan, poured magic power into his fur, and braced

himself. In the next moment, he felt an impact as well as pain in his shoulder.

This pain was very much like an attack from the Mithril Golems' weapons.

It must have been the reason for the high-defense Killing Armor to be broken open. The Byakko then thought that if he hadn't protected Zagan, that second attack would have killed the Demon Lord.

He then studied the angle the attack came from and looked in that direction.

A kilometer away in an elevated position was a pretty blond elf holding a long tube.

And so, the Byakko was convinced that the wide and deep hole as well as the golems and Skeletons that ambushed them were nothing but distractions just for this snipe attack. From the very start, the enemy's aim was to kill Zagan, their Demon Lord, and end the war right here.

The Byakko then grabbed Zagan by nape of the neck and placed the Demon Lord on his back. To prevent Zagan from falling, the Byakko made his fur wrap around Zagan.

Since he caught the elf in his sight, the Byakko was able to read its mind and thus avoid being hit. He did just so for the third and fourth shots as well as another shot that came from his blind spot, a shot that was fired by another elf.

He was able to avoid the last shot only because he was aware of the ambush from reading the mind of the elf he had in his sight. If it not were for this ability of his, he most probably would have been shot.

The second elf fired the shot from atop a tree branch five hundred meters ahead. This second one being outside of the 100 meter range of his ability, he decided to focus on just the first elf.

The current situation was quite dangerous. For one thing, the Byakko had no clear idea on how many tricks were set up against them. He wanted to think this was the last one but then, up in the skies, a group of gryphons flew around and dropped a black lump to the ground.

That lump was a napalm bomb. The Byakko had no idea what it was but he perceived

it as dangerous nonetheless. He sent the Arch Demon a look and then ran with all haste.

The two and some of the monsters a little bit ahead of them jumped over the hole but only about half of the monsters made it.

And then... the napalm bomb hit the ground and the very picture of hell was painted.

The napalm bomb exploded and engulfed the plains in flames that continued to burn.

The monsters that were not able to jump over the hole burned and continued to do so until they were nothing but ashes.

The trailing monsters that were still following Zagan's commands continued to flow into the dungeon room but were very soon engulfed by the hellfire as well. Not that these monsters could return to the previous room though since all that awaited them there were the hail of bullets from the Mithril Golems' heavy-machineguns.

It was then that the Byakko understood; they were completely trapped.

[Steel] Demon Lord Zagan's monsters have almost been annihilated. All that remained were the Byakko, the Arch Demon, and about 10 monsters lucky enough to escape from the bombing.

The Byakko then led the survivors to enter the graveyard area; the plains was far too dangerous right now.

After a while, Zagan awoke.

"Temporary master, what shall we do?"

"Whatever it is, first we advance, advance forward. It's dangerous here."

"For once, I agree."

Within the graveyard area, Zagan's side found a place enclosed with walls where they could finally rest their weary bodies.

The Byakko probed the surroundings and confirmed there were no enemies nearby.

Furthermore, to protect themselves from the long-distance sniping, they moved themselves into a place where line of sight against them was impossible.

“Byakko, what, what is this, how did this happen, how come I was injured, how come many of my monsters were killed? Tell me, tell me how!”

The Killing Armor Zagan wore was destroyed, forcing him to be exposed with his own flesh.

For whatever reason, whether it be due to the blow he suffered earlier or not, Zagan held his knees and trembled with fear.

“This is due to the might of [Creation] himself. He doesn’t have much troops and yet look at how well he has done.”

The Byakko uttered words of praise.

Amongst the monsters that had appeared so far, B rank had been the strongest. The enemies were so few and yet still managed to oppose their side this much.

And, most noteworthy was the enemy’s commander.

The commander was calculating, meticulous, as well as being bold while still knowing when to pull back.

How much of a real man is he? I sure would like to meet him.

Around the time the Byakko thought of such, several Skeletons entered his thought perception range.

Two Skeletons in the vanguard that were supposed to be ambushed by the Byakko didn’t panic and instead launched suppressive fire against him.

The Byakko ignored it and dashed in; this much damage could be endured by his fur. Meanwhile, the Skeletons retreated as they continued their shooting.

Not letting them escape, the Byakko put force on his steps and a little while later, got close enough to use his claws but then... two Skeletons from the center holding

suspicious nozzles stepped forward. His reason dictated they were but Skeletons and should not be feared but his instincts demanded that he fall back. And thus, he retreated.

In the moment that followed, flames were unleashed. Flames that were of the same kind as the hellfire created by the griffons earlier.

Seeing it, cold sweat poured out of the Byakko. No matter how resilient his fur was, if those high-temperature flames that just won't disappear got hold of him, it would be dangerous.

As the Skeletons continued to fire their assault rifles, they retreated to a narrow passage. After they entered the passage, golems appeared and completely block the way with their huge bodies. By the time he defeated the golems, the Skeletons had safely vanished.

“They don't intend to let us rest, huh.”

The Byakko guessed so and he was right.

As though to harass them, the Skeletons attacked and then used the golems as shields to escape.

They did so many times over. Sometimes they used a different trap that was in the graveyard, sometimes they mixed in the High Elves' sniping, while at other times they made use of the dwarves' earth magic. Each case, no matter which one, was hard to deal with.

Such half-hearted attacks dealt insignificant damage but the mental fatigue it gave—with the Byakko as an exception—was a different matter. Especially so for the [Steel] Demon Lord.

By the tenth attack, the Byakko had come to a decision.

“Temporary master,”

“Wha-what is it, Byakko?”

“Breaking through this room while having to worry about you is impossible.”

For some time now, the Skeletons had been doing whatever they pleased; Zagan’s side had managed to defeat only ten Skeletons ever since they entered the graveyard.

“Then, what do you propose we do?”

“The three walls surrounding us will make it hard to make a surprise attack against us. With the Arch Demon by your side, you will remain safe. So stay here.”

“How about you?”

“I’ve read the mind of a monster earlier. I know that their commander is somewhere here and more importantly, where he actually is. Once the enemy commander is no more, the enemy army will be reduced to a disorderly mob. If I go out alone, it’s possible.”

It was no bluff. Certainly he was wounded, his magic power spent, his body fatigued, and his trump card wasted but even so, he was more than confident it was doable. Such was the Byakko’s confidence in being one of the strongest monsters.

“Alright. Then please. I will be waiting here so please do something about the enemy quickly.”

“Yeah, just don’t get in the way.”

And so, the Byakko went out by himself, an act he would not do ordinarily. There was even the chance that he might die without even reaching his objective.

But what tugged at his heart more than that possibility was the chance at a confrontation with the enemy’s commander that he deemed to be a real man.

Holding that expectation, he began to dash with all his might.

Chapter 14

Fulfilled Promise

“This cannot be. Never did I expect even that would fail.”

Wight murmured so as the map spread out before him rustled. It was a map filled with illustrations and letters; a map detailing the state of the battlefield.

Wight being as smart as he was had memorized every small detail featured in the map and therefore did not need it; it was really only there for the sake of the Dwarf Smith, his adjutant.

“Wight-sama, it’s unfortunate that the High Elves were not able to land the killing shot with their long-range sniping. Additionally, to be able to recognize the threat of the napalm bombs even though it’s only his first time to see it, I can’t call it anything but having a terrifying perception.”

“Yes, that tiger monster alone is a problem.”

Out of all his miscalculations, the existence of the monster known as the Byakko was the greatest. If that monsters was not there, they would have killed and won over the [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan a long while ago.

“There’s communication from the sentinel golems; that tiger monster is headed this way by himself. He’s taking down our defensive net one by one. He can’t be stopped.”

“Is that so? Without anything to weigh him down anymore, there will be no monster here in this dungeon room capable of stopping him.”

Wight replied so with a wry smile.

“As things are, it’s bound to get ugly. Wight-sama, I will stay here so please go ahead and head to the crystal room. If it’s the third room, the absolute defense room, taking

down that monster is possible.”

“I cannot do that. If I did that, Stolas-sama would have to participate. And if it comes to that, it’s not a flawless victory by our lord anymore.”

“But...”

“There is nothing to worry about. Anyway, from here on, we will be stopping the deployment of monster units against him and only use golems and traps instead. After all, doing otherwise would only result in increasing the number of casualties. Also, if that tiger monster does reach this point, I will fight him myself. If there’s anyone here that stands a chance, it will be me.”

Wight matter-of-factly informed her so and thus upsetting her as she looked at him.

“It’s suicide to face that beast of an enemy!”

“I will not confront him in a head-on battle; I will use myself to bait him into a trap based on his now too obvious ability.”

“Then, I too shall participate.”

“I will not allow it. You are my adjutant, are you not? In case something happens to me, you will be the one in charge of everyone. Head to the third room as you retreat and then use *that*. And, please also ask Stolas-sama for assistance. Now, please lend me your golems.”

“But...”

“Please do not misunderstand, m’lady, this is no bout of heroism on my part; it is simply the best course of action, considering my circumstance.”

“Wight-sama’s circumstance?”

“I have already resurrected 20 fallen undead. That amount is close to the limit my ability allows me resurrect.”

A Wight was a creature accompanied by the dead. As such, he was able to turn a deceased being into an undead as well as being able to resurrect an undead.

However, this ability had limits. First was that it would only work on beings that have

been dead for not more than three hours. Next was that Wight could only use this ability 22 times a day.

Strictly speaking, he still had some to spare but then, he wanted to be ready for unseen circumstances.

“I cannot and will not let any of my dear fellow monsters die. Moreover, as our beloved lord had said, *let’s all smile together once this [War] has ended*. I wish for that as well.”

It might be a laughable and impossible wish but he rather liked his lord’s naïve wish.

And so, Wight decided to realize his lord’s wish of winning without losing a single monster. Of course, this sentiment didn’t extend to the golems which weren’t even considered monsters.

“Alright, I won’t stop you but I will participate as well. Please make use of me as a pawn in your plans. I too want to grant Procell-sama his wish.” said the Dwarf Smith as she grabbed Wight’s bone-only hand.

“What a troublesome child. Very well then. But if I tell you to escape, you must, without fail, escape. Only when you promise me this shall I let you participate. I might sound like I’m repeating myself but your most important role as my adjutant in case something happens to me is to survive and support the troops.”

“I understand. Then, the plan...?”

“Yes but first, let us discuss the tiger monster’s ability and how he did not notice the landmines, the poison in the air, and the High Elves’ long-distance shooting despite noticing the other attacks from his blind spots. Considering those...”

Like so, Wight began to discuss the strategy he thought of.

I’m certain I have a grasp on that tiger monster’s shortcomings.



Having overcome the myriad of traps laid out by Wight, the Byakko appeared before the building Wight was using as a headquarters.

Wounded all over after breaking through those carefully, well-thought-out traps, the Byakko stood there with willpower-fueled fire in his eyes. Like that, a man came out to meet him.

“Are you the commander?”

The identity of that man was the all-bones monster that wore a robe that seemed to belong to an aristocrat... Wight.

“Indeed. I am the monster that [Creation] Demon Lord Procell-sama entrusted to defend this dungeon and Avalon. I am called Wight.”

“You’re this competent and yet you’re not named?”

“Yes, sadly. But that’s only because there are other monsters far better than I.”

“Ohh. For you to say that much, those monsters are interesting. I certainly would like to have a fight with them. Anyway, allow me to show you my respect and tell you my name. I am of the Byakko race. My name is Kohaku. An unparalleled name given to me by my master.”

“Kohaku... which can mean amber... I see, that name suits you well. Pardon me for making you the only one to state his name. If in the future I do get a name of my own, I hope that at that time I get the chance to state it to you.”

Why Wight did not take the ever precious first strike or why Byakko bothered to strike up a conversation, only they would ever know.

“Now, then, shall we get started?”

“But you’re not a fighter; you’re not the type that fights head-on battles. In terms of pure fighting strength, you don’t stand a chance against me. Without any allies nearby, what are you planning?”

“Why don’t you try reading my mind? That is your ability, is it not? But then, doing that might prove fatal.”

“Hmm. So you’ve realized my ability and yet, you’re provoking me to use it. Interesting.

Well then, let's start this fight between the manliest of men.”

Their idle chat over, tension filled the air. Like so, the final, decisive battle within [Creation]'s dungeon began.



Wight took out two weapons from his robe. One was a flamethrower while the other was a shotgun.

The flamethrower was the only weapon among the two that could fatally wound the Byakko. The shotgun, on the other hand, was mainly there to keep the enemy in check; it was a weapon that allowed him to hit the Byakko even with his level of marksmanship.

The flamethrower was obviously a customized item that made use of the napalm mixture. While his shotgun was a shotgun converted to use 4-gauge shells and thus had noteworthy power.

Upon converting Kuina's shotgun into 4-gauge, it was further remodeled to increase its power even more. Meanwhile, Wight's shotgun was customized to put emphasis on recoil reduction and its ability to rapid-fire. Unless it was customized like so, Wight's thin arms wouldn't be able to handle it efficiently.

And so, Wight fired his shotgun against the Byakko.

The Byakko in response, jumped backwards. Although he was unable to dodge all of the shots within the shell, the damage he received was insignificant. Still, in precaution to the flamethrower, he did not dare to plunge himself forward.

Meanwhile, although the power of the shots from the shotgun would not be able to deal him a fatal wound, it was enough to hinder the movements of his already weary and wounded body.

Wight continued his sporadic suppressive fire against the Byakko, keeping the enemy in check. But then, his attacks stopped; his shotgun had ran out of bullets.

Right at the moment the barrage stopped, the Byakko attacked Wight. In response, Wight used his flamethrower. However, such an obvious attack was nimbly dodged by the Byakko.

When the Byakko's claw was about to grab hold of Wight, the Byakko felt something from his side and was blown away.

That something was a bullet from a High Elf's anti-materiel rifle. Well before the fight, one of the two High Elves hid itself so that it could provide support to Wight.

This much was within the Byakko's expectations.

He took the first shot but in exchange, he knew the whereabouts of the High Elf and could now read its thoughts by glancing at it from time to time; he would never again be hit by the elf.

Wight then put a hand into his robe. Upon doing so, the Byakko who was just stabilizing his stance was blown away by an explosion from beneath his feet.

It was a landmine.

It was not a pressure-sensitive landmine but instead a remotely activated one. The Byakko being too fast for a pressure-sensitive landmine would have escaped long before the explosion actually happened. For that reason, it was better to manually activate a landmine that was in a place that the Byakko would land in.

And then, another explosion erupted.

As the smoke rose, Wight quickly changed the magazine of his shotgun while also being mindful of casting a glance at the rolling Byakko.

Unless Wight was able to reload his shotgun and keep his enemy in check, that enemy will close the distance between them and defeat him.

It looked like Wight was the only one on the offensive but in truth, it was a close fight. Despite all of Wight's advantages in the area—like the weakening curse that only affected living creatures, the nerve gas, and every single conceivable trap—Wight was barely holding on.

“What’s wrong, Kohaku-dono? You don’t look so good.”

“Do you think this much of an attack is enough to kill me? Listen, if you have some kind of trump card, hurry up and use it. Otherwise, you might die before then.”

The Byakko flashed a ferocious smile... and then roared, shaking the very air. It wasn’t just to threaten Wight either; it was a binding skill that used magic power.

Its power made even Wight, an Undead, flinch and his body to stiffen. It was for only a few seconds but that was more than enough time for Byakko.

And so, he ran. The High Elf that was supporting Wight fired its rifle but the Byakko had read its mind beforehand and thus sidestepped the shot.

In the last few meters between Wight and Byakko, the latter leapt and brandished his prided claws. At the same time, he used his ability and read Wight’s mind; no matter what traps his enemy still had up his sleeves, he would now see through it.

He hadn’t use this ability until now due to his wariness on Wight.

Wight knew that the nature of his skill was the ability to read minds and yet urged him to use it, making him think that Wight had some kind of trap set up. However, he judged that whatever trap that might be, it wouldn’t be able to change his enemy’s fate even if it were to be activated now.

And so, he read Wight mind but...

“GAAAAAAA!”

“That was a bad move, Kohaku-dono.”

The most painful headache assaulted the Byakko. His brain screamed, unable to handle the load it had. His movements in disarray, his claws stopped at grazing just Wight’s robe. Even his landing was done wrong, making him crash to the ground.

There was a trap set, yes, but contrary to what he believed—one where it was active only for a moment of time—this one was always active.

“Wight, you, just how many...”

With the stiffness in Wight’s body gone, he prepared to use his flamethrower. Even if this chance was only for a moment, Wight’s speed was enough. And so, he pulled the trigger and unleashed the extremely high temperature flames.

These extremely high-temperature flames wrapped around the Byakko and yet did not instantly kill him. Still, these made use of napalm and thus would continue to burn until there was nothing left it could use as fuel. Even if it was him, there was no way he could just disregard the flames.

“It’s because I’m a commander. Even though I don’t have the strength of a soldier, I have my own means to fight.”

The trap on the Byakko’s ability to read minds was nothing special actually. His mind simply experienced an overload from being connected with the minds of over a hundred monsters all at once.

Wight, being the commander of the undead as he was, could share senses with his undead subordinates. This sharing of senses might feel similar to what the [Steel] Demon Lord and the Dwarf Smiths do but they were fundamentally different.

The difference being that while the others shared senses with their subordinates one at a time, Wight was continuously doing so with all of his undead subordinates at the same time.

“Kuhahahahaha! I might have underestimated you when I saw that you weren’t a warrior. I see, did I lose?... Like I’ll let that happen”

Still covered in flames, the Byakko took a step forward.

Could he somehow turn it into a tie by killing his opponent before the flames slowly burning him turn him into ash? It was hard even for him to tell. At his current state, if he were to brave the hail of bullets that were bound to come his way, he knew he won’t come out unscathed.

Moreover, for some time now, he had felt sluggish. This was due to the curse, the nerve gas, and other traps that were set.

He wasn't even confident that he could evade the High Elf's shooting anymore.

Meanwhile, Wight—without getting careless—readied his shotgun. He then raised his hand, signaling the Skeletons and the dwarf girl to appear.

The place they were hiding in was just barely outside of the Byakko's detection range. Seeing that, the Byakko realized how much of his ability was analyzed: completely.

And soon, it seemed Wight was gonna pull the trigger.

It isn't even a tie, it's my complete loss. If only the [Steel] Demon Lord didn't make me waste my trump card, I can turn my body into lightning and get rid of these flames. And while I'm at it, crush Wight with lightning-fast speed.

The Byakko thought so but then smiled; he accepted this fight knowing full well of his circumstances. It wasn't like him to complain this late in the game.

Rather, I should think about something else. Can I really not use my trump card again with this wounded body?

In the face of death, he was strangely calm.

Wasn't I the one that decided that limit? If the toll on my body and magic power is big, don't I just have to minimize it as much as possible?

It was only for a moment but with his concentration at its highest, his life flashed before him. In it, his memory of every fight he has ever had flowed in his mind. By the end of it, he has thought up a new technique.

He began with the activation of the [White Tiger Lightning Blade] using the few remaining strength he had but instead of envisioning a blade, he imagined a needle.

Wounded all over, drained of magic power, and at the limits of his vitality, he was in a trance. He let go of all he could let go of and then moved like a flowing stream.

Silently in his heart, he uttered the new technique's name... [White Tiger Lightning Needle]

No one in the vicinity was able to grasp sight of him.

When Wight thought he heard an almost inaudible sound, his surroundings instantly

flashed white. In the next moment, his lower body was gone and his upper body flew in the air.

Standing in his previous location was the figure of the Byakko, the flames on his body gone as well.

A moment later, the Dwarf Smith's scream pierced the air.



As Wight's upper body danced high in the air, waiting for gravity to pull it down, he uttered so in his mind:

"I lost?"

Wight was an undead and was therefore able to escape instant death by the good fortune of having placed his soul core in his chest. If ever it was in the lower half of his body, he would have been gone along with that lower half.

However, his good fortune ended there. He felt cracks on his core and sensed he didn't even have three minutes left before his demise.

He thought of things as fell, such as worrying whether the Dwarf Smith would do her role as the adjutant as was expected of her and escape with the troops.

He also found it more regrettable to not be able to accomplish his beloved lord's command than dying itself. *I have betrayed his expectations.*

If he was a human, tears would have fallen on his cheeks already.

"Forgive me, my lord. Wait..."

As his consciousness was fading, he felt a powerful and yet warm magic power. *I cannot be mistaken; this is... I see.*

He thought so, smiled and then hit the ground.



Half-crazed, the Dwarf Smith and her troops fired their guns against the Byakko over and over again but to no avail; their enemy either repelled their bullets with his fur or simply avoided it.

A Skeleton fell. And then another.

A little later, the Byakko gouged the Dwarf Smith's flesh and slammed her into a tombstone, her assault rifle blown somewhere else. She was a B rank monster and therefore managed to escape death but still, her wounds were deep.

She then took out the automatic weapon that was her sidearm and fired it. Naturally, it did no damage as well.

The Byakko then walked over to Wight's upper body which had fallen somewhere close to where the Dwarf Smith currently was. In reaction, the Dwarf Smith forced her wounded body to rise and protect Wight. She took the weapon before him and pointed it against the Byakko.

"Don't come any closer! I won't let you kill Wight-sama!"

Seemingly annoyed by this, the Byakko brushed her away.

After her rolling and tumbling, the Dwarf Smith tried to rise up once more but was unable to do so; all she managed to lift was her head. Like so, she glared at the Byakko.

"Wight, it looks like I've won. You are strong. I apologize for underestimating you simply because you were a B rank and not a fighter."

Those words were filled with respect towards Wight.

"Kohaku-dono, it's troubling that you are under a misunderstanding."

"What?"

Byakko inclined his head in doubt.

“The victory of this match goes to me. I have accomplished my role.”

Wight calmly but also vigorously declared so. It was no bluff either. His role wasn't to defeat the [Steel] Demon nor was it to repel the Byakko. Yes, his role was...

And then, she came.

Clad in strikingly violent winds, a blond-haired girl descended from the sky.

She was one of [Creation] Demon Lord Procell's [Monsters of the Covenant]. She was the S rank Ancient Elf Aura.

Her main weapon, an anti-materiel rifle, was still on her back, unusable due to the pink mucus that had gotten inside it. Because of this, her fighting strength had fallen down considerably.

“Please be careful, Ancient Elf-sama. That monster, it can read minds!” said the Dwarf Smith to Aura who had just landed. To which Aura sweetly smiled and said:

“Is that so? Then, Tiger-san, I have something to say to you: I will now send you flying. Do not expect me to go easy since you've made me really angry; after all, you sullied someone I hold as a little sister.”

Both the Dwarf Smith and the Byakko was at a loss for words.

In the next moment, the wind blew, Aura vanished, and the Byakko was blown away.

The Byakko read Ancient Elf's mind and knew that the attack was coming but even so, it was too fast for him to avoid. The knocked away Byakko adjusted his stance, improved his guard, glared at Aura, and admitted to himself that the girl before him was much quicker than he was.

And then, he who Wight believed to be the world's strongest and best Demo Lord finally arrived. It was none other than Wight's beloved lord, [Creation] Demon Lord

Procell.

He proceeded as he concealed his seething anger within his gentle mannerism.

“Aura, please buy us some time. I’m going to talk with Wight.”

“Yes, my master. Please leave it to me; I’ll limit myself to *buying you some time.*”

He then gently held Wight—or what was left of him—in his arms.

“Good job, Wight. You’ve managed to hold on until I came back.”

“I am thankful for your words... Haha, for me to die in your arms, god too can be quite considerate.”

“What selfish things are you saying? I can’t let you die; you’re my right-hand man and you still have a lot of work to do for me.”

“My lord is quite the slave driver. How can I die after hearing such words?”

Wight’s existence was fading away. He felt he did not have much time left.

He opened his mouth and began with his lord’s proposal that he once before refused, all in order for him to stay by Procell’s side longer.

“I beseech you, my lord, to please use the power the Creator gave to you. I want to stay with you for a longer time. I hope you grant this selfish request of mine.”

“But of course, Wight. What would you like for your new body?”

When Wight heard this question, he looked at the Dwarf Smith and the tears falling on her cheeks.

“I want a strong body. A strong body not only to protect you but also to prevent your lovely subordinates from crying.”

“Understood. Anything else?”

Being asked for more, Wight smiled and then talked in an embarrassed voice.

“May I ask that you use your [Creation] medal? I want to be your monster in the truest sense. I have been hiding it all this time it but I was always envious and jealous of Kuina-sama and the others who were created with the [Creation] medal.”

“It’s surprising to hear you say those kind of words. Very well, I will grant your requests.”

Procell nodded and used the first of the two uses of his obtained power.

This power being the ability to temporarily turn a monster back into a medal and use this medal in a new [Synthesis].

He had obtained this power from the Creator as a reward for his performance in the side show on the evening party.

As was mentioned, there were only two uses available to him but not once did he hesitate to use it on his loyal follower.

He unleashed the power that had a name of...

“[Rebirth]”

Wight’s body turned into particles and then...

Chapter 15

Black Dragon of Death

“[Rebirth]”

Still holding Wight in my arms, I revealed the power given to me by the Creator. That power being [Rebirth].

It was the reward I got from the side show with [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas.

Its effects allowed me to return a monster back into being a medal and use it in a new [Synthesis].

By doing so, the monster’s soul would reside within the newly created medal. This meant that it was possible to carry over Wight as he was along with his level to the new monster. In Wight’s case, he was created as a B rank monster with a static level so he would be reborn at level 56.

Kuina, Rorono, and Aura haven’t reached level 56 yet so in a sense, it was fortunate that I had created Wight to have a static level back then.

At the same time as I uttered the words of power, Wight who was on the verge of death turned into particles of light that then gathered on the palm of my hand. Those particles felt hot, almost like they could burn my hand. But from the particles of light, I could feel Wight’s presence as well.

Finally, the particles settled down and manifested itself as golden medal.

That medal was [The Dead] medal.

When turning a monster into a medal via [Rebirth], the created medal isn’t necessarily any of the medals that was previously used to create the monster. In Wight’s case, he was created using the [Death] and [Person] medals but what came out of [Rebirth] was [The Dead].

It was an entirely new original medal that represented the monster itself.

And so, I tightly grasped that medal in my hand. From it, I felt strong power and emotions, as though it was Wight himself.

“Wight, I’m going to grant you a new body; I’m going to grant you your wish.”

He wished for a strong body not for himself but for me and my subordinates. In accordance to his desire, I took out the [Dragon] medal. Out of all the medals that I have, it was the best one in creating monsters with a strong body.

After that, I added in another medal: [Creation].

Because Wight expressed his *selfish desire* to become my monster in the truest sense, I was going to use my own medal in this [Synthesis].

So, in my hand were the [Dragon], [Creation], and [The Dead] medals. With all three gathered, it started to heat up.

Now, let’s begin.

“[Synthesis]”

Light shone from my closed hand and it grew stronger.

What floated in my mind were the countless number of possibilities.

I chose the option to make the new monster be able to level up. Even though I chose this option, due to the [Rebirth]’s effects, instead of starting from level 1, Wight’s initial level would be level 56.

Next, the [Dragon] medal had a special ability called [Berserk]. What this does is robbing the monster of its reason and intelligence in exchange for power comparable to a monster a rank above it.

If I added [Berserk] to a potential S rank monster, I might be able to make be the strongest monster.

However, I did not choose it. I liked Wight’s personality and did not wish to rob that

away from him.

And so, the option for [Berserk] vanished.

Right when I thought *so far, so good*, I heard Wight's voice.

The light coming from [The Dead] medal grew more dazzling. The medal then pulled in the [Dragon] medal toward itself. Next, the [Berserk] option that just vanished resurfaced.

As for the [Creation] medal, it began to transform. From among the countless futures, one future became more prominent. The image that floated in my mind was that of a jet-black dragon keeping the strongest power under its control with its bravery and willpower.

"Wight, are you guiding this?"

It felt like that to me.

[Creation] transformed and what it transformed into was [Hero].

A [Hero].

A being that kills Demon Lords.

A being that ruled over valor and fortitude.

A Champion with excellent wisdom and superior martial arts.

And so, the [Dragon], [Hero], and [The Dead] medals combined and began to form a monster.

There existed the concept of compatibility among medals. The [Hero] and [The Dead] medals, unsurprisingly, had the worst compatibility. The [Hero] and [Dragon] medals weren't any better either. In almost all cases, their powers will contradict one another, making it hard to create a strong monster.

However, there was a possibility wherein these three miraculously worked in perfect harmony with one another. That possibility existed once every 1000, no, 10,000... that chance existed only once every 100, 000,000 Synthesis.

With my power, with the [Creation] medal, I could just choose the one possibility I want from the countless number of possibilities.

I reached out for the possibility Wight pointed out and grasped it!

Its vague outline grew clearer but then, a dark, ominous haze enveloped around it to mix the power of [Berserk] into the forming monster. Black patterns emerged on the monster's whole body and then vanished.

In the next moment, the monster itself appeared.

It stood on two legs and had gallant wings on its back. It also had fangs and claws and a massive figure.

The pupils of its eyes showed an ominous dark crimson.

It transcended even S rank; it was the ultimate monster.

The name that came to my mind was...

“The jet-black dragon Siegwurm”

It was Wight's new form.

It was misfortune personified. It was the dragon of calamity that guarded the gates of hades which ruled over the living and the dead alike.

I looked at Wight's eyes and believed he would hold the power of [Berserk] at bay.

In return, Siegwurm, looked at me and roared. I felt fear that seemed to freeze even my soul.

Its eyes devoid of any emotion and its thoughts seemingly devoted only on eliminating the enemy before it, it raised its hand overhead.

I did not close my eyes or even took a defensive stance. The reason for that is because...

“I believe in you, Wight.”

I refused to believe Wight's consciousness would be overwhelmed by [Berserk].

When Siegwurm's hand was just about to hit me, it stopped.

Reason and warmth now dwelling in his deep red eyes, he spoke.

"Forgive me, my lord. I was half-asleep and acted carelessly."

In a tone that feigned innocence, Siegwurm... no, Wight said such.

"So you're fully awake now then?"

"Yes, my lord. Having flesh and blood feels rather nice, isn't it? The pleasant wind; the fresh scents; and the different hue of the surrounding."

He said so as he smiled.

And then, his form changed from that of a gigantic dragon into that of a gentlemanly, middle-aged, white-haired man. All that said, he still didn't look quite human due to the dragon horns and tail on his body.

On his body, he wore a jet-black butler uniform.

That appearance suited Wight so much it almost made me laugh.

"Are you in that form instead of your original form because you've suppressed [Berserk]?"

"Not quite. It seems [Berserk] has an On and Off mode. The more I release Berserk's power, the closer to a dragon my form becomes. When fighting seriously, it will be better to have no friendly units nearby for I might not be able to control myself. Moreover, if I use Berserk mode for too long, I will not be able to turn back. I guess I will be able to fight at full strength for about 3 minutes or so."

As expected, we couldn't receive only the good parts of this increase in fighting strength.

However, it was reassuring that Wight had the power that exceeded even S rank.

In the first place, Wight had the power of an S rank monster even in his dragonewt

form so situations where [Berserk] would become necessary were probably going to be few.

“So you turn into a dragon by going mad?”

When I heard Wight’s explanation, I was reminded of a hero’s legend. In that legend, he defeated a dragon and by bathing on the gush of its blood, the hero himself became a dragon.

The Black Dragon of Death—what Wight became upon his rebirth—probably was a monster similar to that legend.

“Here is your order, Wight. You are to defeat with your own hands the monster that previously defeated you. That will be my last command in this [War]. Now, to your duty!”

“Certainly, my lord. Let me demonstrate to you this new power.”



I looked at Ancient Elf’s direction.

The fight progressed with her on the dominating side. Overwhelming her enemy with her speed, she did not worry about the enemy’s ability to read minds. It wasn’t only due to her speed either; much like the Byakko’s reading of minds, she deployed a barrier of wind which sensed her enemy’s movements. In addition, it also accelerated her movements, thus allowing her to act before the Byakko could even do his next action.

However, having lost her main weapon, her offensive capabilities had fallen and she was not yet able to land the decisive blow.

In that moment, Wight appeared.

“Ancient Elf-sama, please leave this to me. I have been ordered by our lord to take care of this from now on.”

Seeing Wight who became a dragonewt, Ancient Elf was round-eyed and then smiled.

“Wight-san, you’ve become very cool. Although, there’s this mysterious and uncomfortable feeling to it, isn’t there? Well, it suits you well. Ok then, I’ll leave the rest to you. You’re the star of the show now. I guess that makes me the opening act, doesn’t it?”

“You have my thanks, Ancient Elf-sama.”

“Don’t worry about it. Also, please call me Aura from now on; that’s the name master has given to me.”

“Certainly, Aura-sama.”

As she said those words, Aura turned her back against the Byakko and then lined up beside me.

With the two of us, we watched over the Byakko and Wight’s fight.

In that moment, new actors entered the stage.

“Oto-san, we’re back!”

“Kuina, wait for me. This baggage is heavy and I can’t catch up to you.”

It was Kuina and Rorono. The two have returned after breaking [Viscosity]’s crystal.

“Kuina, Rorono, what the heck is that?”

“Ahm, well, as we were on our way back, we suddenly met them so we defeated all his followers and ran off here. We thought of whether or not to kill him but it seemed there was an amazing monster ahead so we thought it was better to let him live and be a convenient hostage.”

Kuina puffed her chest as she replied so.

At that, Rorono stared at her and spoke.

“From the beginning of the fight until its last moments, Kuina just slept through it.”

“Ah! Rorono-chan, don’t talk about that!”

The one on Rorono back was the [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan. To prevent him from using magic, cotton was stuffed into his mouth. And to prevent him from escaping, his whole body was tied up.

I couldn’t help but pity him for being defeated only in passing. He really couldn’t be blamed though; there was no way to come out safe after being in a fight with these two.

“It seems you’ve safely broken the crystal in that dungeon. Good work and thanks as well for this gift. You two did well.”

When I brushed their heads, Kuina happily swung her fluffy fox tail while Rorono narrowed her eyes.

Like that, my three [Monsters of the Covenant] and I turned our gaze toward Wight.

Wight and the Byakko faced each other. They exchanged words for a while and then clashed into one another.

After their clash, black haze then wrapped around Wight’s body; it seemed as though [Berserk] mode was turned on.

From his butler form, he transformed into a gigantic black dragon with shining deep red eyes.

He then headed to the sky and roared. Upon doing so, numerous undead appeared from deep underground. Judging by their appearance, they seemed to be strengthened multiple times.

The Byakko, in order to get out of reach of those undead monsters, leapt high into the sky and then sunk his fang into Wight. However, instead of piercing Wight’s scales, his fang was the one that was damaged and broken. This broken fang that dropped into the ground turned black and rotted.

Wight as the black dragon of death was clad in miasma; just by touching it, his opponent’s life was snatched away.

“GAAAAAaaaaA!!”

Wight aimed at the Byakko that became defenseless in the sky. He swung his arm and dove downward into ground. Upon impact, the ground shook and a crater was made. The ground started to rot while the surrounding trees simultaneously withered.

At the center of the crater was the Byakko, barely breathing it seemed. On top of his earlier injuries, all of his bones seemed to be broken now, rendering him completely unable to move.

At that, Wight voiced out a victory roar. He then undid [Berserk]. The black haze cleared and he returned to his dragonewt form.

Such overwhelming strength.

“My lord, I have now accomplished all of the tasked you’ve given.”

He said so after coming all the way to where I was and elegantly bowing.

For the popular and resourceful Wight to have gained even fighting strength, he was truly very reliable.

It would seem he hadn’t lost his ability to command the undead. I have decided then to let him command the undead as usual in his dragonewt form and only make him fight as the black dragon as a last resort.

“Thanks for your hard work, Wight.”

Wight smiled at my reply. I was a little pleased to now be able to tell what exactly he was feeling.

“No, it is all thanks to the new power you have given me, my lord... it’s a little hard for me to ask but on top of my request from the beginning—for you to be the one to officiate my wedding ceremony—may I ask for one more reward?”

“It depends on what you’re asking for.”

“Will you consider scouting a monster? The monster in question is the Byakko. I will

handle the negotiations so please consider it.”

It would seem Wight respected his formidable enemy and deemed him capable. Furthermore, he asked if I was willing to make that enemy my own power.

At any rate, scout him, huh? This way of thinking couldn't belong to any other monster than Wight.

“Alright, do what you must. Also, you may use the [Steel] Demon Lord's life as a bargaining chip.”

“Thank you, my lord. I'm glad negotiations will be easier.”

Upon saying so, Wight first walked toward the incapacitated Byakko and began to talk with him a while.

The Byakko then nodded with satisfaction.

Maybe it was because they fought with all they had that they were able to communicate with each other so well.

At any rate, Rorono dropped down the [Steel] Demon Lord she was carrying in front of Wight.

When Wight poured magic power into his hand, it alone turned into a dragon's body part—a dragon's paw and claw to be exact.

Afterward, he removed the cotton stuffed into Zagan's mouth so that the Demon Lord may be able to speak.

“[Steel] Demon Lord, won't you transfer the right of control of the Byakko Kohaku-dono over to my lord? Kohaku-dono himself have consented to it.”

For the right of control of a monster to be transferred, there has to be consent from the Demon Lord owning that said monster. Unless Zagan agrees, there was nothing that could be done.

“Wh-who would do such a thing?”

“That’s unfortunate. Then, let us begin our negotiations.”

With his claws, Wight lopped off Zagan’s right arm.

Zagan, half-crazed, held his blood-spurting arm as he rolled around.

However, he was interrupted from doing so when Wight easily picked him up by the nape of his neck. Upon doing so, Wight stared straight into his eyes and threatened him.

“Next will be your left arm. If you transfer over the right of control, I will spare you at least your life. So, how about it?”

As things were, the Byakko was to disappear along with Zagan’s crystal and Wight found that to be regrettable. However, by transferring the right of control over to me, Byakko will remain alive no matter what might happen to the crystal.

Perhaps it was because Wight was greatly exhausted at this point but the negotiation was being extremely harsh.

“Who the hell would listen to a monster like you?”

“Hmm. Off with your left arm then.”

And so, Zagan who started to spout abusive language got his left arm lopped off.

“GYAAAAAAAAA! You bastard, you bastard, you bastard!”

“I may have gone a little bit overboard; you might die at this rate. Allow me to administer treatment.”

In what seemed like an application of an ability of his, Wight regrew Zagan’s arm. However, it was different from Zagan’s previously human-looking arm; it was grotesque.

As far as Zagan was concerned, that was far more terrifying than when he lost his arm.

“Do you understand? You are currently being turned into an undead. Unless you decide soon, the process will reach even your brain. When that happens, you’ll be nothing but a mindless beast starved for blood and flesh.”

Upon hearing so, Zagan’s eyes and nose began to shed tears and snot due to his immense fear.

“Stop, stop it, this, this arm, it isn’t mine, I give up, I give up, so stop it already.”

“Certainly. Then, please begin the transfer of the right of control.”

Zagan finally broke.

When Wight dropped him down into the ground, his undead arm came off. The wound has closed so it was unlikely he would die from blood loss.

Wight then pushed him in the back until he was right before me.

“I, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan, hereby transfer the right of control of this Byakko over to the [Creation] Demon Lord.”

With those words, the transfer began. All that was left to conclude the transaction was for me to nod.

“I, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, hereby accepts [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan’s offer.”

Thus, Byakko became mine.

“Enough already. I, I surrender.”

Like that, Zagan who became pale-white surrendered.

In that moment, his crystal appeared before me and I broke it.

<<Children of the Planet, this marks the end of this war. Against [Steel], [Evil], and [Viscosity], [Creation] has come out triumphant. This war was indeed magnificent. It has been a while since a war has entertained me this much. I will prepare a special award for the radiance [Creation] has shown us. Also, I have found numerous deficiencies in the rules and will revise them in time. I will relay the changes to all new Demon Lords at a later point.>>

He said deficiencies in the rules but he most probably just found it more interesting that way and therefore purposefully overlooked them.

Like that, I was able to understand the irresponsible train of thought of the Creator.

At any rate, the war came to a close with our overwhelming victory.

My three [Monsters of the Covenant] hugged each other and cheered. Whereas Wight smiled with satisfaction.

Upon our return to our city, I intended to give all my monsters a reward. I also planned on giving Wight who became a black dragon of death a name.

Deciding so, I patiently waited to be transferred.

Chapter 16

The Creator's shenanigans

The war ended with our resounding victory. We had satisfied the condition of breaking all of our enemy Demon Lords' crystal.

Before me, my lovely girls were embracing one another and cheering.

While Wight who became a dragonewt had his arms crossed and was nodding in satisfaction.

By the way, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan distanced himself by dragging his injured body. He then leaned his back on a tombstone and used his ability to make artificial arms made out of mithril which he then attached at his shoulders. He was an unexpectedly skillful person. Truly, a Demon Lord of [Steel].

Normally, at the end of a war, we were supposed to be transferred to each of our own dungeons but there were no signs of that happening anytime soon.

It was futile to think of the reason why; no one could ever tell what goes on that capricious Creator's mind after all.

In the meantime, I decided to check on our status.

"Kuina, Wight, come here."

I called over Kuina and Wight, the commanders of the first corps and of the defensive corps, respectively.

I was referring to him as Wight even though he was no longer a Wight but rather a black dragon of death, a Siegwurm. By all rights, I should be calling him that but it just felt more fitting to call him Wight. I decided that I would continue to do so until I have given him his name.

“Oto-san, I’m here!”

“How may I serve you, my lord?”

The two of them came as soon as I called.

In Kuina’s case, however, she took the chance to embrace my right arm as she arrived. She must have been so lonely being separated from me. Such a cute girl.

“The two of you are the commanders of your respective corps. I would like to have your reports now. First, Kuina of the first corps. It seems you’ve broken the enemy’s crystal but are there any casualty?”

Kuina was in charge of the High Elves and the remaining monsters made from imitation medals. With Kuina and Rorono around, I thought it was unlikely to have casualties but it was better to be sure.

“There were some children that got injured but those injuries were light and they have already eaten Elf-chan’s apples so they’ll recover in time. No casualties.”

I was relieved to hear that. *I see, so they’ve finished their mission without casualties.*

“Okay but what about the [Viscosity] Demon Lord?”

“We didn’t kill him. Since there was a monster almost as strong as Kuina in the deepest part of [Viscosity]’s dungeon, we promised not to kill him in exchange for telling us why a monster like that was there. Oto-san, our enemies were so sneaky! They all got monsters from their parent Demon Lords! They went around the rules by getting a monster from another’s parent!”

It all made sense to me when I heard that. I had seriously doubted [Steel] was able to make a monster such as Byakko; he was too strong. If he fought Kuina or the others seriously in a one on one match, I was not confident they would win.

“So their alliance each got a monster as strong as Byakko? And you defeated one?”

That's amazing."

I proceeded to stroke her head. Her fox ears and her soft hair felt good.

As she narrowed her eyes, she spoke.

"Oto-san, the one that defeated the strongest monster wasn't Kuina; it was Rorono-chan. Incredible power awoke within Rorono-chan when she became Oto-san's [Monster of the Covenant]! Give her lots of praise later."

"I will praise her later. But for now, I must praise Kuina who has dutifully done her role as a commander, right?"

"Yay! ♪"

Kuina, due to being in a better mood, tightened her embrace. I decided that I would brush her tail later in the evening. She did like it when I do that.

"Next, Wight, tell me of the damages on your end."

"Yes. 24 Skeletons have fallen for our cause. However, I have resurrected 20 of them when I was still a Wight. The other four were revived with my Enhanced Resurrection ability that I got when I became a Siegwurm."

Just as a Wight had the ability to resurrect fallen monsters, a Siegwurm did too. In addition, this resurrection ability even made monsters stronger than they were before their demise.

It was not without fault, however. Whereas a Wight's ability could resurrect an individual any number of times, a Siegwurm's Enhanced Resurrection could only ever be used on a monster once, thus demanding a more cautious approach in battle.

"I see, you did well on enduring the enemy siege without any casualties."

It was precisely because of Wight and his resurrection ability that the defense pulled through with no casualties.

“I am grateful for your praise. However, the golems and the weapons did suffer immense damage. 30 golems were destroyed. As for the weapons, 4 heavy-machineguns and 10 flamethrowers were broken while 25 assault rifles were damaged. Forgive me, my lord, for allowing your fighting force to be reduced.”

“We can always make golems and guns as much as we want. Rather, I’m proud of you for putting priority on the lives of the monsters. Truly, nothing less from my right-hand man.”

It was much better than being the other way around where the golems and weapons were used sparingly but monsters were lost left and right.

It was because Wight understood and practiced this sentiment that I could rely on him.

“My, I am thankful for your words. I will continue to devote myself for you, my lord, now more than ever.”

And then he did an elegant bow. It was a gesture I had grown familiar with from when he was still a Wight.

But when he did so as he was now—a good-looking, middle-aged dragonewt gentleman—it felt just right.

If I was perhaps a woman, I might have fallen for him.

And so, I continued to listen to his detailed report: the damages to the dungeon, how the traps were used, and how the enemies reacted to it, and so on.

Actual battles offered the perfect opportunity to conduct experiments whose results were the best materials we could learn from. In order to make our dungeon stronger, we had to obtain as much first-hand information as possible.

As we were doing so, a young woman appeared.

She was a strong-willed, green-haired girl from the same generation as I was in. She was [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas who I had asked to be at standby in my crystal room as my insurance.

“That was a terrific battle, Procell. I thought your ingenuity was already two levels above mine but never did I thought you were more creative than that.”

“Was it of any help?”

“Yes. Of course it’s impossible to implement your tactics unchanged but your way of thinking, attitude, and many other things have served as references for me. Thanks to those, I’ve gotten a few ideas of my own.”

As expected of Stolas; she really was proactive and hard-working.

“That’s good. But then, I’ve exposed nearly all of the cards in my hand so having a fight with you right now is a little frightening.”

“Dismiss the thought..... the way I see it, for me to challenge you into a war, I would have to be missing two or three screws in my head. In the first place, I think of you as a friend; if I didn’t, I wouldn’t have left my own dungeon and come here. But then again, if you target and fight for my [Wind], then that will be a whole other conversation, now wouldn’t it?”

“I’m not that ungrateful. Besides, I too think of you as a friend.”

Killing a friend for the sake of one’s lust for power, that was not how a Demon Lord* should conduct himself.

Note: Demon Lord here is also noted as person (ひと).

“We’re friends... that sounds good... but in the end, there was no real meaning in me coming here. Rather than helping you out, I ended up being the only one that benefitted by learning things. I’m a little ashamed.”

“Don’t be. It’s because I had you as my last line of defense that I was able to boldly go on the offensive. Even I wouldn’t have sent out my three trump cards—Kuina, Rorono, and Aura—without any kind of insurance.”

My strategy this time centered on Wight but even if he and the unused absolute defense third room were to be defeated, there was still Stolas as my last line of defense.

Her very presence alone contributed to my strategy.

“I will gratefully accept those words, then. But those disqualify you as a Demon Lord, you know? You should feign ignorance and then talk to me about how you didn’t owe me any favors.”

“When you put it that way, you’re the same. There’s no need for you to talk about how you weren’t able to help around; you should emphasize the very fact that you came to help.”

We both looked at each other’s faces and laughed. We were friends so we talked about everything with complete honesty and that’s more than enough, if you ask me.

“Procell, your Wight... no, your Siegwurm, may I talk to him for a while?”

“I don’t mind but why?”

“There’s just a little something on my mind.”

Stolas then turned serious and looked at Wight.

Upon my agreement, she headed to where he was.

“How do you do, Stolas-sama?”

“I am not your master; there’s no need to humble yourself.”

“But you are my lord’s close friend. Any discourtesy towards you will reflect badly on my lord.”

Upon hearing his words, Stolas laughed a little.

“Fufu. You are an interesting one, aren’t you? Almost enough for me to want to scout you over to my side.”

Those probably were serious words.

Wight was an extraordinary fellow. From the start, his ingenuity separated him from the rest but now it was even combined with high-ranking combat power.

“Ahem. Hey, do you feel any strangeness in your body? Has anything changed compared from when you were a Wight? It’s fine to tell me anything, even trivial things.”

“...That’s a tricky question to answer, isn’t it? My very race has changed so every single thing about me is new. I always have to keep [Berserk] under control so that’s just about all the discomfort I have, if that’s what you’re asking about.”

“I see... it’s great if those are the only changes you have.”

“Stolas, why are you so invested on Wight?”

“It’s because you’ve used [Rebirth] on him. My parent, [Dragon] Demon Lord Astaroth-sama, warned me about it. He said that it was too strong and too convenient and that there was no way that unreasonable person that loves to perplex and trouble us Demon Lords—that twisted Creator—would give Demon Lords something just to please us. My parent then went on about how there some kind of trap in this reward.”

My own parent, [Beast] Demon Lord Marcho, had said something similar. For two of the three living strongest Demon Lords to warn us so, it could not be ignored.

Thus, I decided to keep an eye on Wight for a time.

“Wight, if you feel something unusual, no matter how little, be sure to let me know.”

“Certainly, my lord.”

Wight obediently agreed.

I might have been a bit rash in using this power on Wight but had I not done so, I would have lost him. Due to that, I was in a position where I must thank the Creator... even if sometime later, something were to happen.

“Stolas, if something were to happen Wight, I will inform you immediately via a letter.”

“Thanks. I guess if after a while nothing happens to him, I’ll go and use Rebirth as

well... honestly, I really want that power.”

“Yeah, it’s so strong.”

Two of Stolas’s [Monsters of the Covenant] were B rank monsters. Her desire to use [Rebirth] should be far greater than mine.

As I was thinking *the Transfer sure is taking its time...*

<<Children of the Planet, normally, this is where it ends but it’s amusing... Ahem. As a reward to everyone for entertaining me so much, let us have a pleasant chat. I invite you all into my round table. None may refuse; this is my command.>>

Before I could utter a question or complaint, my mind was assailed by a shock and my consciousness began to fade.

It was a sensation I had grown quite familiar with: the signs of Transfer.

When I next opened my eyes, I found myself seated at a prepared large, round table.

When I looked at my surroundings, [Steel] Demon Lord Zagan, [Viscosity] Demon Lord Ronove, and [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas were there.

And then, a dreadful, threatening, and malicious feeling filled the air. With eyes filled with the intent to kill for deceiving him, [Viscosity] glared at [Steel] and then shouted, expressing in words his intent.

[Steel], however, just glared at Stolas.

As that went on, spotlights then focused at the head of the table.

Pompous music then began to play, along with the blinking of the lights. The whole thing came off cheap and patronizing to me.

And then, he appeared.

His whole body was clad in a robe of black and gold; his hair and beard were long and white; his skin was wrinkled; and his arms, gnarled.

He looked old but still gave off a mysterious, awe-inducing, and frightening impression.

“Well now, this is my first time to show this form. I am the Creator. I am the true parent of all of you. Now, use this place that I have prepared to deepen your closeness with one another.”

Like that, all the Demon Lords that were here but did not really want to be began to talk.

Chapter 17

The Revealed Truth

By the Creator's will, we four Demon Lords gathered in one place and was seated on large, round table.

Shortly afterwards, the Creator himself showed up. This was actually my first time to see what the Creator looked like.

"Now, before we engage in our lovely talk, I will give you all some free time. I'll just stay quiet and watch you Children of the Planet."

The Creator informed us so. But even then, there was no way we could speak thoughtlessly while he watched us on. As I thought that silence grabbed hold of my surroundings...

"Zagan, you're horrible! You said this'll be an easy win and the most reliable way to fulfill our quota so I cooperated! But you liar; I didn't hear anything about this! Return them, return my monsters!"

[Viscosity] Demon Lord Ronove fired the first shot.

He looked tattered and was missing an arm. Even though the wound had closed with his capacity as a Demon Lord to recuperate, it was not enough to regrow his arm. A monster with a high-ranking healing ability might be able to do so but with his crystal broken, all of his monsters were gone as well.

"Shut up! If you were just a little more helpful, I would have won! But because you were defeated so early, I was attacked by that fox monster and that dwarf in strange armor! If only that didn't happen, I would have been able to catch up to Byakko and supported him. And if that happened, I would have surely won! So as you see, I lost because of you, you incompetent fool!"

Zagan returned fire.

I doubted though that him supporting the Byakko would have been enough to turn things around.

To begin with, we still had the third dungeon room—an absolute defense area. If that wasn't enough, Stolas was also on standby farther in.

“You're the incompetent one so shut up. You're the incompetent fool that dragged me and Morax into this stupid war! [Creation] sortied all his monsters out and yet you still failed to conquer that empty dungeon! You're the most inept, good-for-nothing, pathetic, incompetent fool there is! You should go and change your name to [Incompetent] Demon Lord Muzan^(pathetic)!”

“I let you speak and this is what you say, you dullard!? If I hadn't taken you in—”

“If I didn't team up with you, [Incompetent] Demon Lord Muzan, at the very least, I could have better protected my crystal!”

It was a terribly ugly fight. It seemed that at any moment Zagan would lash out and attack Ronove but a force compelled him to sit and stay where he was.

This force affected me too. Out of the worry that Zagan and Ronove would act due to their resentment, I tried to ready myself in various ways but to no avail; it seemed that aside from preventing me to move away, the force had also sealed every single skill and magic I had.

Perhaps this was to protect the Creator himself.

Speaking of the Creator, he was grinning as he watched Zagan and Ronove. He probably considered even their bickering as entertainment.

“Stolas, right when I thought you simply rejected my offer, here you are as [Creation]'s dog, his bitch! Even though I would have taken better care of you!!”

His ugly argument with Ronove finally over, Zagan bared his fangs toward Stolas.

Originally, he had offered Stolas to join the alliance that was founded to defeat me but was rejected. He must have been aggravated to see her helping me out instead.

Through all of it, Stolas kept an unconcerned face.

“I am no dog and certainly no one’s. I only came here as a friend helping out a friend in need... But then, you were so weak, that proved unnecessary.”

Those words must have sorely wounded his pride.

“I am not weak; if [Viscosity] and [Evil] hadn’t dragged me down, I would have won!”

“Is that so? Tell yourself what you must but can you please stop talking to me already? I have no interest in someone like you.”

“I really, really could and should have won, I tell you! It wasn’t my fault I lost!”

“Don’t make me say the same thing again. It is a waste of time to associate myself with a loser like you.”

“Did, did you just call me a loser!?”

Zagan screamed but Stolas didn’t even deign to give him a glance; he was completely ignored.

But then, Stolas probably felt that even if she said anything to him, whatever it was, it would have been useless.

And so, Zagan screamed and screamed until he looked anemic and about to cry. He then cursed and pounded his hands on the table.

After a short while of silence, Ronove murmured something

“Morax... Where’s Morax?”

There should have been another Demon Lord present here. In search for that Demon lord, Ronove repeatedly shook his head left and right but in the end failed to find the said Demon Lord.

No one answered his query. I could have but it was a little unpleasant so I decided not

to as well.

After a while, the Creator opened his mouth.

“[Evil] is dead and has already returned to me. For the war among new Demon Lords, as a means of relief, I was willing to give a new crystal by the time they got independent to the Demon Lords that got their crystals broken. There is nothing that could be done about deaths though.”

[Viscosity] held his breath.

The other Demon Lords had predicted as much so they weren't as surprised.

Even though there was a means of relief offered, it didn't mean it would extend to everything.

“Morax died? But that guy, that guy was the only one kind to me.”

Tears dropped from his frog-like, round eyes.

It was only a little but I did feel guilty. That said, this war was either kill or be killed so I didn't regret this outcome.

Ronove reproachfully glared at me but that was all he did. He probably understood that voicing any complaints was misplaced.

And so, the surrounding once again began to fall into silence. After that happened, the Creator nodded in satisfaction.

“Children of the Planet, it seems you have deepened your friendship with one another so shall we get into the task at hand?”

We all looked at the Creator.

As I did so, a doubt welled up within me. *I wouldn't have thought the Creator was this unreliable-looking old man.*

To begin with, for the Creator to even age was strange. I couldn't believe a transcendent being that gives life to Demon Lords to have aged this much.

"[Creation], is my appearance so strange?"

"No, nothing like that."

I was convinced my facial expression didn't show what I was thinking but even so, he read through it instantly. Such sharpness.

"You don't have to hide it. But that's weird, hmm... My appearance should have been what everyone here wanted me look like... Then, is this form any better? How about this?"

The Creator then became a young man, then a baby, then a boy, then an old woman, then a beast, then a spirit, and then even a dragon. In the end, the Creator returned to his initial form.

"In the first place, I have no fixed form and I only prepare a body when I need to. I am a being not as bound and limited as you Children of the Planet."

Unearthly. That word flashed through my mind.

He was something I should never think of opposing. That realization made me see him in a new light.

"Hmmm. As I thought, [Creation] is wise. I hope you illuminate the world with your radiance as a Child of the Planet and accomplish your role."

"I thank you for your praise."

I didn't even have anymore the willpower to retort on having my mind read.

"[Creation], you have always surprised me. Aside from the reward for this [War], I am

going to grant you one additional reward. Ask me what you would like to know about and I will try to answer it whatever it is. This is your chance to get close to the world's truths."

What I would like to know about? There were myriads of them.

For example, was there any kind of trap behind the [Rebirth] I used on Wight?

What was the as-of-yet unrevealed role of a Child of the Planet? For that matter, why are Demon Lords called Children of the Planet in the first place?

Was there a way to be free from our 300-year lifespan?

But most of all...

"Just who am I?"

That was my greatest question.

Why do I know such things as guns? That was not all either. I also knew of way too advanced tools and of things that didn't exist.

I was of the thought that I was a reincarnation of someone. If my [Creation] allowed me to make certain things in my memory, then I was convinced I had interacted with those certain things at some point in my previous life.

"That's a rather philosophical question, [Creation]. To which, there is only one answer: [Creation] Demon Lord Procell is none other than [Creation] Demon Lord Procell."

"That's not the kind of thing I want to hear. Just who was I before I became [Creation] Demon Lord Procell? I want to know of the memories I've lost. Who the hell am I!?"

I unintentionally became emotional. I was always afraid to have a part of myself that I didn't know.

I was afraid that I would change into something else because of that part of myself.

In order to quell these worries, I asked this question.

“You have not lost any memories. You had no past life. Those are the answers. To start, I will address a misunderstanding. Whatever is needed to form a Demon Lord’s personality and knowledge are carefully selected from the Planet’s memory^{Akashic Records}. It’s just that in your case, [Creation] Demon Lord Procell, due to your ability, the span of knowledge needed is vast. So as you see, it doesn’t mean that a specific person’s memory and soul is given to a Demon Lord upon birth. This is also the reason why Demon Lords are called Children of the Planet.”

It clicked within me upon hearing that explanation but I still had some doubts left.

“Then what about the guns I use, the laptop, the apples, did they all exist in this planet? I don’t think that’s likely.”

“But they did. In a civilization that had fallen a long time ago, a civilization that no one except the planet remembers. In a sense, we can say [Creation] truly is a Child of the Planet. Whereas other Demon Lords indirectly accomplish their *role*, [Creation] does so directly.”

I didn’t fully understand the Creator’s words but I had accomplished my goal: I had cleared the clouds of doubt that had plagued my heart ever since.

It felt good. From that point forward, not anymore did I have to be afraid of the shadow of someone I didn’t know.

“Thank you very much for answering my question. Knowing that I am who I am and no one else gives me piece of mind.”

“Hmm, that response is not interesting... oh well. Then, let’s now get into the real topic.”

Upon saying so, the Creator glance at [Steel] and [Viscosity] in order.

“[Steel], [Viscosity]. This war is not only about winning and losing; it’s also about showing your radiance and power as a Child of the Planet. Relying completely on your parent’s generation is not an act I would praise. Showing off the strength of the monsters you’ve borrowed held no meaning and did not entertain me.”

Zagan and Ronove twitched and trembled, perhaps in fear of a severe punishment.

“Nevertheless, I have no intention of faulting you. You are young and are naturally mischievous. If I am to fault somebody though, it will be the older Demon Lords that gave you those monsters. They should have the good sense to not do so and yet they still did. I cannot forgive that. I will be giving them some stern punishment. I look forward to what kind of face they’ll make, especially [Darkness] who is at the point where his ambition is burning the most.”

The Creator gave a sinister smile.

We were not the ones that smile was directed at and yet we sweated still.

Basically, the Demon Lords closest to the end of their lifespans are the ones elected to be parents to newly born Demon Lords like us. However, just the Demon Lords in their last year as parents would not be enough to take care of newly born ones; less than 30% of all Demon Lords ever manage to live close to 300 years after all. Due to that, Demon Lords born 3 generations after Marcho’s generation, the current oldest generation, or in other words Demon Lords with 30 years left in their lifespan became parents. For these Demon Lords, once the older ones were no more, it was finally their time. To be punished now must hurt.

I can’t act like none of these affect me; I have to speak here.

“Creator, I have a request.”

“What is it, [Creation]?”

“As you may be aware, I have under my control a monster that once belonged to the [Time] Demon Lord. However, this monster has been acquired through a fair trade. I hope you do not punish the other party for transferring the right of control over to me.”

It was a fair deal through and through. We both benefitted from our deal so it fell through. I who imposed myself upon his domain could not let this trouble befall him.

“No need to worry. I am aware of that deal. Moreover, I believe it to be impossible for [Time] to do something as stupid as what we are discussing.”

I felt relieved. With this, I have not troubled him.

“[Steel] and [Viscosity], having lost your powers and dungeons, just living will probably be hard for you. In light of that, I give you three choices: you may take shelter here in the Demon Lord Palace; you may also choose to be under the care your respective parents; or be daring and set out on your own, possessing nothing. Now, choose.”

In regards to those choices, Zagan immediately spoke.

“I wish to take shelter in the Demon Lord Palace!”

Well, it was natural.

His parent was going to be punished by the Creator. As the cause of that, I could imagine he was going to be extremely unwelcomed at his parent’s dungeon.

On the other hand, being thrown out without any possessions was frightening.

If those were the case, then being under the Creator’s protection was the most comfortable choice.

When I looked at [Viscosity]’s direction, he was deep in thought.

And then, after some deliberation, he had come up with a decision.

“I choose to live by my own strength. I have decided to stop depending on others. I am going to think and act for myself so I will not ask for Creator-sama or my parent for assistance.”

Those words were filled with strong conviction.

Although it was only a little, I thought of him in a better way.

“[Steel], [Viscosity], I shall respect your wishes. Now, as for you. [Creation], good work on winning and most of all, on entertaining me. I am going to give you a reward.”

The Creator cut off his words and put on some airs.

Even though he called it a reward, I could not let my guard down and so, I tensed up.

“And that reward is...”

I had received the reward. It certainly had terrific power but it was also hard to use.

But then again, compared to [Rebirth], since the disadvantages were obvious, it seemed I didn't have to be as guarded.



“Oto-san, welcome back!!”

“Master, you're late. I was worried.”

“We're already done with the preparations, master.”

After I received the reward, I was transferred back into the crystal room of my dungeon... of my city of Avalon.

The three girls—Kuina, Rorono, and Aura—came to greet me.

When I looked at the state of the city through the crystal, the city was already back to its usual routine, with farmers and adventurers busily moving about. Just before the Creator transferred the population of the city back, I hurriedly switched floors but not one of them seemed to have noticed.

Watching that scene, it registered to me that all the fighting was over and that regular life had resumed.

“Everyone, sorry to have made you wait.”

“Oto-san, let’s hurry and go to Wight’s bread factory; everyone’s waiting!”

“Together with Aura, we have made a lot of cuisines. We have also prepared plenty of master’s favorite: tomato stew.”

“Fufufu, there’s also the apple pie made from the First Tree’s apples! It will get rid of your fatigue.”

Kuina continuously tugged at my arm.

From now on was the party at the bread factory; a celebration.

The preparations had been done before the [War] but it seemed that while I was meeting with the Creator, they had finished it all up.

“How about it, Stolas? Won’t you join us in our party?”

Yes, I wasn’t the only transferred here; [Wind] Demon Lord Stolas was also with me.

“I guess I’ll impose on you, then. I’m looking forward to the fruit called the apple that you’ve written in your letters. Also, I want to enjoy your city.”

“Please do. Afterwards, I’ll give you something for your help.”

“I’ll be looking forward to that as well, then. Also, this had been on my mind for a while but that beautiful elf there, could you perhaps used [Wind] to make her?”

“Yes, she’s a monster I was able to make thanks to you. She turned out to be very strong and outstanding. She’s also a good kid. So, I’m really grateful to you, Stolas.”

“Could you have perhaps also used [Creation]?”

“I did.”

“Oh. So she’s my and Procell’s child.”

Stolas’s face became ever so slightly red as she whispered so.

“Fuh–What was that? Although you can certainly say it like that, it’s a strange way to put it.”

I unintentionally laughed.

As I was like that, Kuina and Rorono each took an arm and strongly pulled it.

“Oto-san, how long are you going to talk!?”

“Master, hurry. Everyone’s hungry and the food will get cold.”

As usual, these two were jealous. They were probably thinking their father was going to be taken away. I smiled wryly as I walked away.

“Shall we go, Stolas?”

“Yes, let’s”

“I didn’t hear it clearly back then but Procell, what was the reward that you got from the Creator?”

“Oh yeah, that... No, let’s reserve that talk for another time. For now, let’s party.”

The reward from the Creator was indeed useful but careful deliberation was needed on when and how to use it.

I chose to leave it for another time, though. I wanted to focus first on praising all of my monsters who worked hard.

Thus I along with my important monsters relished the satisfaction from having protected our city of Avalon.

Note 1: Ronove referred to Zagan as Muzan which can mean pathetic or pitiful.

Note 2: Memory of the Planet is noted as Akashic Records which very inaccurately means an archive of all things. For those that have read or watched Rave Master, Memory of the Planet uses the same words for Stellar Memories.

Epilogue

The Best Monsters

Kuina and Rorono pulled at my arms and brought me to the bread factory that was in the second room of the dungeon proper.

In there, all of the monsters under my control gathered. We were about to have a celebration party of us having won the [War].

A large amount of table and chairs were set up. A lot of food and alcohol were also prepared.

If there were dishes for the humanoid monsters, there were also some intended for the Griffon and hippogriffs as well as the Skeletons and all the monsters made from the imitation medals.

Some of these food were made by Rorono the Elder Dwarf and Aura the Ancient Elf but for most of them, they were bought from humans living within Avalon.

The number of immigrants and adventurers within Avalon had increased and so too did the number of the taverns and restaurants.

As the humans open new businesses, it increases the variety of useful things and in turn makes the city more plentiful.

By the way, the coins used to pay for all these were the ones made by the Dwarf Smiths out of the silver and gold mined day and night by the golems. When mining for mithril, gold and silver were also obtained so economically speaking, Avalon was quite well off. As expected, real money was powerful; it was a greatly advantageous to be able to buy whatever was needed from the nearby cities. It was extremely helpful in the management of the city.

The existence of the [Mine] was kept secret from the inhabitants of the city. The entrance to that dungeon room was skillfully disguised and were always guarded by golems to prevent unwanted entry. If ever the humans discover the existence of a mine

with infinite reserves of minerals, even at the best circumstances, it wouldn't be a laughing matter.

"It won't hurt to be able to mine some orihalcum soon though."

"I would be happy when that happens, master. It would widen the kinds of weapons we could make. Additionally, we only have a small amount of orihalcum remaining in our inventory for our weapons and sooner or later, we wouldn't have enough even for repairs."

Rorono replied so to my monologue.

Our stock of orihalcum came solely from Marcho's dungeon and that stock was nearly gone.

The rank of the metal that could be excavated from a [Mine] was proportional to the Demon Lord's strength. Orihalcum and even adamantite could be gotten from [Beast] Demon Lord Marcho's—my parent's—dungeon whereas mithril was the highest ranking metal that could currently be gotten from my [Mine].

"After a long while, shall we go prospecting tomorrow?"

"Mhm, let's do so. It is matter a life and death for me as a blacksmith"

Considering I had completed my three [Monsters of the Covenant] as well as the considerable level ups I gained during this [War], it wouldn't be surprising to now be able to excavate orihalcum.

If in the off chance that there wasn't any, I would have to ask Marcho to let me use her [Mine] a little bit longer.

As I thought of such things, I went up to a stage together with my three [Monsters of the Covenant] and my right-hand man, the former Wight that became a Siegwurm.

All of the monsters' glances were focused on us.

"My beloved monsters!"

As my mantle purposefully fluttered, I spoke and then looked at each of my monsters' faces, each of them brimming with confidence.

We had broken three crystals in this [War] and by doing so, I had obtained the powers of [Viscosity], [Evil], and [Steel].

Furthermore, by winning the [War], I had accomplished my [War] quota and even received a reward from the Creator.

That was not all. The high-ranking Byakko became mine. The other monsters that once belonged to Zagan also fell under my command through Siegwurm's Enhanced Resurrection.

These things that we had gained were really great but the greatest of them all in my opinion was the fact that we had won and the confidence my monsters had gained from it.

"We won. In the face of a dire situation—a fight against the forces of three Demon Lords—we have fairly and squarely seized victory!! Moreover, just as I commanded before the start of the [War], each and every one of you is here and has survived! You all have realized my fantasy and turned it into reality. A perfect victory for us!"

My monsters cheered loudly and gleefully.

They exchanged glances with the fellow beside them and smiled triumphantly.

"This victory is all thanks to your hard work! Without you, we wouldn't have won. I am so proud and thankful to you all! I am glad you are born as my subordinates! Now, to all that can hold a glass of alcohol, grab hold of one!"

By my command, the humanoid monsters grabbed a glass of their own. The one that couldn't do so moved close to a large bucket filled with alcohol.

"Everyone, raise your glasses!..... Cheers!"

A lot of voices yelling *Cheers* resounded in the area, followed by the successive clinking sounds made by their glasses.

When I emptied my glass in one go, everyone followed suit.

“Well then, from this moment on will be free time. Food and alcohol are served. Enjoy as much as you want and heal your tired bodies. I will be relying on you again from tomorrow onwards.”

Like that, I descended from the stage.

The monsters gathered around the food and began chatting with their friends.

Meanwhile, Kuina grabbed my right arm as Rorono grabbed my left. Aura watched us while she smiled and walked behind us.

As for Stolas, she very rudely murmured having a weird look on his face from little girls clinging on him, I wonder, could he really be a lolicon?

After Wight congratulated me, he hurriedly went over to his fiancée, Ske-san. It seemed he had more spring in his steps than usual. He had told me before that they were to be wed after the [War] had concluded. It was a great thing both of them survived the fighting. I then remembered I was asked to officiate their wedding.

I have to think of ways to congratulate them. But for now, I should enjoy this celebration party.



We had a splendid time after the celebration party began.

I enjoyed the delicious food and alcohol, to the point my stomach swelled a lot.

Occasionally, monsters would come up to me and congratulate me.

Closely beside me were my three girls. Stolas had been with us until some time ago but she seemed to have drunk too much and had left her seat to get some air.

“Oto-san, say Aaaah”

“Master, your glass is empty. Let me refill it.”

“Master, I’ll go get more food.”

The three girls graciously attended to me. Stolas and other monsters were not around so I decided to give that to them.

“Thank you, everyone. This looks like the right time; there’s something I want to give you.”

I took out two rings from my pocket. They were platinum rings engraved with something that looked like an apple, the symbol of Avalon.

Attached to one of the ring was a fiery red ruby and to the other a cold, purple sapphire.

“These rings will certify that you are my [Monsters of the Covenant]. I hope you’ll accept it. I have already handed Aura’s ring to her beforehand but Kuina, I have prepared the one with the red ruby for you, and the one with the purple sapphire is for you Rorono. I chose these gems under the belief that they suited you best.”

I gave them the rings to express my daily gratitude to them as well as a reminder that they were my Monsters of the Covenant. I had already given Aura her jade-green emerald ring.

After I put on the rings on their left hand, the girls touched the precious rings on their finger.

“Woah, so pretty. Thank you, Oto-san!!”

“This make me very happy, Father. I will treasure this ring my whole life. I will do my best more than ever for Father.”

Kuina shook her fluffy tail repeatedly.

Meanwhile, Rorono didn’t refer to me as *master* but instead as Father.

These were their reactions whenever they were greatly pleased about something.

“Will the three of you show me your rings?”

“Yeah! ♪”

“Mhm”

“Certainly.”

Each of them showed me the ring on their left hand.

Kuina’s ring had a passionate red ruby that looked like it was burning brightly.

Rorono’s had a refreshing, calm, and tranquil purple sapphire.

Aura’s had a genial-looking and gentle jade-green emerald.

Each ring perfectly matched the girls’ distinct personalities and charms.

“I’ll declare it again: Kuina, Rorono, and Aura, I appoint all of you to be my [Monsters of the Covenant], thereby completing my three [Monsters of the Covenant]. I swear to face the future with all of you; to laugh with you; weep with you; as well as swearing to spend my whole life with you, my beloved daughters.”

Upon hearing my words, each of them displayed a different lovely reaction.

Kuina, with a smiling face, cheerfully answered *Yay* ♪.

Rorono earnestly nodded.

While Aura smiled with a content expression on her face.

And then, the three exchanged glances and showed slightly mischievous expression... and then, they altogether hugged me. I withstood almost falling over and hugged them in return.

“Oto-san, I love you.”

“Mhm. Till death do us part.”

“Yeah, I won’t go away even if you tell me you don’t need me anymore.”

As I felt their warmth, I reflected upon the delight of having my [Monsters of the Covenant] completed and that they were the girls.

I’ll persevere even more from now on. I won’t let anyone take my city or my monsters away from me. I’ll protect my monsters. No, not just that. I’ll make my city even wealthier and make everyone happy.

With that determination in my chest, I smiled lightly.



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