

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter

## 1

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/05/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/05/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated.html)

And, we made it somehow to the third and final volume, I've been looking forward to the crazy shenanigans and new characters here.

In [this chapter](#), are these the last preparations of both armies before the war?  
Enjoy!



### Showdown, chapter 1: Before the Storm

The continent was wrapped in hellfire.

It had begun as a small fire by the one who faced the oppression of Queen Claudette who abolished Queen's Blade, the rise to battle of Annelotte, the Princess Knight from the Kreutz Margrave's territory.

A bonfire seeking freedom from the oppression, the Indomitable Heroine Risty, the Inquisitor Sigui, and the Dancer of Moonlight Luna Luna had joined at the legendary Sacred Treasure Fortress, Bligh, and the small fire had become a huge hellfire as they approached the Queen's Army.

None of them knew.

But there were cold eyes watching this battle from the shadows.

On the back of the Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh, where they surveyed their surroundings, enough military facilities such as a lift to move the siege equipment the soldiers needed to carry out the attack had been built.

"So, you're coming to get elder sister Annelotte's head ... Verdict: guilty. A suitable punishment will come down on you."

The Inquisitor Sigui's eyes had seen the steady figure of the soldiers of the Queen's Army, that, indistinguishable from the darkness of the night, had clung to Bligh's outer wall without making a sound.

Nodding at the keen insight of Yuit, who had seen through the upcoming sabotage by a select few, Sigui slowly sat down, pointed both legs at the Queen's Army that was coming up and spread them widely.

Her holy power had increased. She certainly hadn't lost her power, which was proof that trusting in Annelotte and going with her had been no mistake.

"Holy Pose... Fear..."

A light in the form of a holy mark was emitted from the lower part of Sigui's abdomen, and it illuminated the dark night.

The Queen's Army was troublingly climbing up the castle walls of Bligh, but becoming fascinated by the source of the light, the lower half of Sigui's body, they released their hands.

With a look pitying the soldiers that were thrown off Bligh without screaming, Sigui rose slowly.

"I'll protect Bligh while my elder sister isn't here. Elder sister, please take care of the future of the continent."

Before they settled the matters with the Queen, they had to avoid losing Bligh at all costs. Because, it could be said with confidence that the Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh was an insignia of the Rebel Army, matching the very Princess Knight Annelotte herself.

Sigui adjusted her clothes and turned her gaze to Bligh's front, in the direction of the moonlit main road.

The figure of the Princess Knight Annelotte could be seen in the camp built at one corner of the main road that connected the Queen's capital to the Gemstone Mountain.

The Gemstone Mountain crest drawn on the flag waving on the camp confirmed its royalty.

"If I'm not mistaken, I gave this to lady Risty."

Inspecting in detail the jewelry decoration Annelotte handed her, the Gemstone Princess Eilin slowly raised her face.

The tone of the dwarf, that didn't suit the appearance as a young girl particular of their tribe, told her eloquently that her real age was above Annelotte's.

"If you show that necklace, the Gemstone Mountain will trust you. But whether or not the Gemstone Mountain becomes your ally, it's up to you."

Recalling Risty's words, Annelotte waited until Eilin continued.

"So, what do you want to do? Business? Or do you want to say that the Gemstone Mountain should join your Rebel Army?"

Eilin's eyes sparkled.

"I'm the princess of the Gemstone Mountain, and I won't make a foolish decision that puts the Gemstone Mountain in danger. I want proof that it's not a foolish decision to trust you."

"Proof... you say?"

Annelotte took out Yuit's letter, that was concealed inside her armor.

"I would like you to see this and make your decision. Whether or not it is foolish for the princess that takes care of the Gemstone Mountain to trust us."

Annelotte stared at Eilin honestly, and handed her the letter. Annelotte didn't know what was written in there. Only because she believed in Yuit as a strategist, she could put everything into that letter.

"A great answer."

Smiling fearlessly, Eilin broke the seal of the letter.

"Hohou... Is it so? I hadn't considered this."

Eilin nodded in satisfaction at the contents of the letter.

The Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh was stationed on the main road connecting the Gemstone Mountain to Gainos, restraining the circulations. The Gemstone Mountain could oppose the Queen's Army, using the excuse of their trade routes being obstructed, and provide the Rebel Army with a stable funds supply.

"Umm, this is complicated. How come the Rebel Army is free to do this here?"

"It's not a foolish decision.... is it."

A smile appeared on Annelotte's lips. At this rate, the Gemstone Mountain would become their allies.

"Hmm. It may not be a foolish decision to trust in the Rebel Army. Therefore, I want to make sure whether you're really reliable or not."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want your cooperation for when we rescue my dear cousin, the Princess Ymir."

Annelotte went wide-eyed at the unexpected words. Even if she called her Princess Ymir, as the Iron Strategist Ymir she had done nothing but pushing the Rebel Army into a corner once and again, and she even had the devil-like personality that didn't mind inhumane experiments like Mirim's weapons. To rescue her...

"I mean, I think the Iron Strategist is an imposter, when the real Princess Ymir was betrayed by the Queen, she was substituted by someone similar, and was thrown into the Queen's castle's prison."

"Are you sure?"

"I can't be certain. Well, that's why I'm going, to confirm it."

Eilin turned her gaze to the tent. For a princess to accompany the trade group heading towards Gainos, that was



exceptional.

"That's what I believe, so we're going to rescue the Princess Ymir. At that time, we'll need your cooperation."

"When the time comes."

Annelotte avoided an immediate reply. The Iron Strategist Ymir being an imposter, that wasn't something she had considered up to that point. It seemed like they needed to investigate from the Rebel Army's side as well.

"You didn't reply immediately... That's good, as the leader of an army, you can't compromise carelessly. My confidence in you has grown a little."

Eilin smiled with satisfaction, and set fire to the letter Annelotte had given her.

"What are you doing?"

"There's no reason to leave proof that we and the Rebel Army reached an agreement."

The letter instantly crumbled into ashes, it wasn't possible to discern what was written in it now.

"We're done talking, you'd better return to Bligh. It was a pleasant conversation."

Saying so, Eilin gave back the gem ornament Annelotte had showed her in the beginning.

"You didn't falter before the princess of a country, your look and your attitude were really good. I understand why they call you the Princess Knight."

Due to being called Princess Knight by Eilin, Annelotte's cheeks went red with embarrassment.

Gainos... Due to their recent defeat, strategy meetings to reorganize the Queen's Army were carried out every day in the Queen's Castle.

After the Queen's Army had been defeated by the Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh, and their line of defense had withdrawn, production of new magic soldiers had started inside Gainos' workshop.

But, their opponents had crossed the Amara desert on the Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh, and were now lined up in the highway between Gainos and the Gemstone Mountain. Interfering with the supply of the magic stones' raw materials to the Queen, they had showed up at their weak point to interfere with the Queen's Army's military strength increasing.

"Iron Strategist. Do you have any plans?"

"Of course, Queen. I want you to leave the Gemstone Mountain situation to me. Eilin is my cute cousin, maybe I just have to correct her mistake."

"The problem is Bligh... such a thing, we couldn't take that legendary Sacred Treasure Fortress even with giant soldiers and magic soldiers, what kind of plan will we use to take it?"

"With the power of God! Here it is."

Ymir snapped her finger, and behind her, a young blonde girl who had angel wings and mechanical wings appeared.

"I'll introduce her, this is the half-angel, Divine Punishment Enforcer Laila... The most important proof that God is siding with us!"

Laila's appearance changed the assembly hall's atmosphere radically.

Since it seemed God's authority was beyond anything, ordinary humans would be convinced and position themselves in the side of justice.

You simple lot. The Iron Strategist's turned to Laila, secretly making fun of the generals.

"Come on, Laila, do your greeting."

"...I'm Laila... I, I look forward to working with you."

Laila bowed her head with all her strength and broke her posture, staggering.

"Is she alright? This young girl..."

"Fuhahaha, everything's under control. I have a backup plan."

Without turning to look at the generals, glancing sideways at the blushing Laila, who was staring at the floor, the Iron Strategist really threw out her chest.

"It takes a demon to bring down a demon! I won over for our army the previous Queen Aldra!"

Queen Claudette's pupils shone dully.

"Interesting... but, can that honest person capitulate before our generals?"

"You can leave that to me, Her Majesty."

Ymir answered Claudette with a smile.

-To be continued-

Eilin sure is all business-like, and has a quite similar “granny accent” to Ymir. But, is she right about Ymir being an impostor...?

According to the somewhat recent renaming at the QB official page that corrected all the wrong romanizations (an admirable feat, even if they missed Nyx), the half-angel’s name would be Laila.

And since that we’ve been shown that Laila is clumsy indeed, now she needs to start kicking some ass.

Also, the writer for this volume is Eiji Okita, the one who took care of the novels.

Next chapter: what’s happening with the previous Queen, Aldra?

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter 2 (+ bonus pic)

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/05/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated\\_24.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/05/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated_24.html)

In [this chapter](#), the controversial housewife previously known as "Aldra" returns!  
Enjoy!



## Showdown, chapter 2: Revival

"Zanef", the town of water.

A trading city located in the eastern coast, the town had remained relatively peaceful during the war that shook the Continent.

Looking at the intricate waterways running through Zanef, one could understand why it was called the town of water. In other towns, horses and carts played the role that women with the occupation called "pilot" played in this town. They didn't just carry people and their luggage. Occasionally, they sang splendorously while handling the paddle, captivating the eyes of the people.

If there was one job yearned by the women who lived in Zanef, it was surely that of a pilot.

With her white apron fluttering in the wind, Al sailed the small boat through the waterways with a practiced hand. Although Al wasn't from that town and Zanef's labyrinthical waterways looked the same to her, they became no big deal when she got used to them.

"*Giggle*, the customers today sure were generous."

At her feet, there was a bag full of gold coins. That was the individual remuneration that wasn't included in the regular fee that was to be paid to the union.

"With this, I hope I can make something nutritious for my darling to eat. Lately it's been only fish..."

Al closed her eyes, and saw the figure of her darling, who would be waiting for her to come home.

She was sure he'd be waiting for her, hungry. When she came back home, first and foremost she'd make a dish with fresh ingredients. Since he was that gentle, no matter what he ate, he'd say it was delicious.

That'd be in a while... maybe.

Her job for today was already over. The next guiding job was tomorrow evening, so she'd be able to spend a long time with her darling.

“Humm, she’s leading an unexpectedly peaceful life…”

As it looked down on the peaceful town from a slightly elevated mound, a piece of pink jelly shook and wriggled.

“Aah~, even if it’s like this, I have to get serious and work for the Queen’s sake~.”

Complaining, Melona changed her protean body into the shape of the leader of the Rebel Army, Annelotte.

Unless one was close to her, it was rather impossible to see through the imposter.

“As usual, a magnificent disguise, what a transformation.”

A young lady wearing a maid dress muttered behind Melona.

“Oh? You came.”

The Annelotte with cross-shaped pupils turned around.

“It can’t be helped if it’s the Witch’s command. Please carry it out smoothly.”

There wasn’t a shadow at the girl’s feet. The faithful servant of the Marshland Witch, Airi, that was the girl’s name.

“It’s a quite well-thought strategy for you.”

If it had been the Melona from the past, she wouldn’t have gone through an imitation that asked for Airi’s cooperation.

“You see- Even I have good ideas.”

Staying in Annelotte’s form, Melona pouted out her lips in a dissatisfied look.

“Well, the strategy goes like this. So, it’ll depend on Airi’s acting skills and her courage.”



“Today, meat was cheap. Besides, there were eggs available... Let’s make a meat dish tonight. Meat dish~!”

Al hummed as she walked home from the market.

“Iyaah-! Please stopp~!”

Suddenly, she heard a woman’s shriek, that blew away Al’s happy mood.

“Somebody-, somebody come~!”

She hadn’t misheard. Someone was asking for help.

“W, what do I do…”

Al looked around her. Security was good in the town, but there were only vigilante troops aground the harbor or the castle gates, the only one who could help was herself.

“But if I tell him I helped a person in trouble, my darling will surely be glad.”

If she helped others, even if she was late when she came home to her darling, he’ll forgive her. Al made her decision, and her apron shook as she ran towards the direction the screams could be heard from.

Soon, Aldra arrived to the scene of the trouble.

She saw indications that a person like a female knight was forcing the girls of the village. A soldier of the vigilante troops was lying on the road’s stone paving, and it wasn’t likely that there was someone who could stop the female knight’s actions.

“Nn~~, you don’t lose to Mirim, you have a wonderful soft rump, you’ll be a suitable “younger sister” for me!”

“Iyah, please stopp.”

A female knight talking so hatefully and shamefully to the town girl, that was something she couldn’t let go.

“P, please stop. That girl hates it, doesn’t she?”

When she heard Al’s words, the female knight released the hand of the girl she was holding.

“Ooh! What’s this, a brave lady.”

“I, I’m not a lady, I’m a wife.”

As Al denied so, the female knight quickly moved behind her, and slid her hand inside the snow-white apron.

“Hyanh.”

As her soft twin hills were massaged, Aldra involuntarily let out a spicy voice.

“You have a singing voice... and your body’s softness is also perfect. I’m pleased with you. I’ll absolutely make you mine.”

“I, I belong to my darling-!”

Al turned her body with all the power of her love. Along with her clear reply, the female knight who should have been hugging her from behind was blown away.

Furthermore, just to make doubly sure, Al threw her paddle at the female knight.

“Why... do I, have this strength...”

The paddle struck the female knight’s body and made her crash against a house wall so accurately, that Al herself was surprised.

“Ku... with this strength, I have no choice but to retreat from here.”

Giving Al a last glance, the female knight left on the spot.

“T, thank you very much, missus Al.”

The town girl approached the dumbfounded Al.

“A, are you ok? You weren’t hurt, right?”

As she worried about the town girl the female knight had been rude to, Al gazed at the direction the female knight had left towards.

Princess Knight Annelotte... Seemingly, the rumor she had heard from the Queen’s Army was true, about her being someone who didn’t care about gender, only wanting to create her filthy harem.

On the other hand... At Gainos, in one of the Iron Strategist Ymir’s private rooms in the basement deep below the Queen’s Castle, there was the figure of the Gemstone Princess Eilin.

“Aah, I was so embarrassed!”

Ymir’s angry roar made the room tremble.

“Of all things, what do you intend by branding me an impostor in front of Her Majesty the Queen! Moreover, what had been my employer’s secret so far, revealed... I’m so embarrassed I feel like digging a hole and hiding in it!”

“Ymir sis, are you the real one?”

Eilin’s body shrank, as she was afraid to ask.

“Aga-in! I’m the real Ymir, if you want, I may tell you a secret only I should know.”

Ymir declared, and softly whispered into Eilin’s ear.

When she heard it, Eilin’s face suddenly went deep red.

“You embarrassed me before Her Majesty the Queen, now be quiet in this room for a while!”

“Sorry, I was too late. Let’s have lunch, or maybe you want to bathe before...”

Opening the entry hall’s door, Al said so in one go without looking inside the room, but stopped talking when she raised her eyes.

That was the little home of Al and her Darling. In their place of happiness with large windows decorating the walls, there wasn’t her darling, but a girl with a cold atmosphere wearing maid clothes.

“I’ve been waiting for you, Missus Aldra. In fact, there’s a matter I wanted to ask you from Her Majesty the Queen.”

“H, huh? From Her Majesty the Queen?”

“She wishes to borrow your power to bring down the ringleader of the Rebel Army, Annelotte.”

“W, what power, I’m just a housewife?”

Al grasped her paddle tightly in bewilderment.

“It’s fine if you’re a housewife. But for the sake of protecting your darling, you need to use your true power.”

“True power...”

Al gasped. If a person like Annelotte was creating conflict like the one with the town girl just now, if the Rebel Army

was left alone like that, it could become dangerous for even her darling.

"If you're alright with it, we'd like you to help us."

Al nodded wordlessly at the maid's proposal.

-To be continued-

Lol at the "pervert Annelotte", the new Melona is up to her old tricks.

And yep, the new Aldra has become "Al" now.

As for the "granny couple", it's hard to understand their weird talk sometimes, but seems like Ymir has been the real thing all along, and Eilin saw something she shouldn't have about Claudette...?

Next chapter: can Al go back to the fight?

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter 3

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/06/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/06/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated.html)

Even if I'm here at the capital (not Gainos, lol), at least I had some time to finish this.

In [this chapter](#), Al realizes her summoned demons aren't that cooperative!  
Enjoy!



## Showdown, chapter 3: Departure

"Kya, kya-h! W, what is this-!?"

The screams of the pilot Al echoed through the small house built in a corner of the town of water "Zanef".

"Nice to meet you madam, how about you don't escape for a while."

"Hohoho, your swinging meat is really appetizing."

A stuffed bear and frog were flying about, chasing Al.

"In order to protect yourself from the 72 high grade demons living in the realm of the dead and their mighty power, that skill to choose harmless stuffed animals as intermediaries, there just isn't more to say about the talent you were born with."

The maid told her with admiration.

"Are they summons? That is, did I call them?"

"That's right."

"In that case..."

Al glared at the stuffed bear that was chasing her. The demons that are summoned should obey the orders of the master who summons them...

"Stop!"

The stuffed bear suddenly became still.

"Yes, yes, I'm stopping. Madam... Since you went through the trouble, let's introduce ourselves."

"B, by all means..."

"My name is Belphe, I lead forty army corps as a duke of the realm of the dead, I can use magic by drawing power from the earth, and I'll serve my summoner with my power."

The stuffed bear paid homage at her feet.

"Well done. It'll be fine if you stop..."

Then, the young girl in maid clothes shifted her attention to the lower half of Al's body, as the light violet clothes covering her abdomen gently fell down to the floor.

"Hyawawawah! What are you doing?!"

While red in the face, Al sensed the stuffed frog's hiding place from the sound of air leaking, and stomped on it.

"Guhaa... M, madam, even though I'm the earl of the realm of the dead, and the supreme chef, Dogor, you would still... kick me..."

Making an eerie, drool-like sound, the stuffed frog Dogor fainted in agony, spouting out a honey-colored liquid.

"I think you should focus your attention elsewhere."

The maid's words made Al's gaze return to the stuffed bear. A light violet cloth was subtly protruding from the stuffed toy's mouth.

"Aah, w, what are you eating!?"

"*Chuckle*, the various juices of a young wife together are the highest delicacy."

Munching as if it was tasty, Belphe ate up the light violet cloth that was Al's underwear with a broad smile.

"Summoned beasts are particularly hungry. Seems like they'll even eat you if you don't hold tight. Please be careful."

“That’s right so, let me satisfy my tight appetite.”

Not satisfied with just the underwear, Dogor’s tongue crept up the stockings that covered Al’s slender legs.

“Hyauu!”

Reflexively, she swung her leg and blew the stuffed toy away. Dogor hit the wall as it raised its thumb in satisfaction, and trailed down it.

“H, how can I... control them properly?”

Her underwear eaten by the stuffed toys, Al pulled the hem of her apron a little to cover herself.

“Relax. Your ability is definitely the best in the Continent.”

The maid cheered her up with a smile, and handed Al a new piece of underwear.

“Please take these, I guarantee they’re comfortable to wear.”

“T, thank you very much... even so, what can I do with these children?”

“Mada~am, you’re our summoner, please understand us at least~”

Dogor raised his voice in dissatisfaction.

“I can help madam by breathing fire, and with magic that draws power from the earth. And, Dogor over there...”

“Hohoho, as for me, I can produce a liquid that melts whatever I want, and a sticky liquid that stops any movement, if you don’t mind, madam...”

Dogor spat out a honey-colored liquid from its mouth. The sticky liquid quickly got attached to Al’s paddle, as Dogor had commanded it with its gaze.

“Madam, this is my flame.”

Belphe spouted out hellfire from his mouth. Dogor avoided it by a hair’s breadth, and rolled down on the floor.

“Dogor, I shouldn’t obey others but the one who summoned me.”

“Hohoho, Belphe, please don’t say such harsh things, I was just testing if madam was an appropriate master for us, it wasn’t just mischief?”

Dogor looked up at Al’s buttocks, licking his lips.

“Like that, please use those two as their summoner. If you can use the strength of these two, you won’t have anything to fear from average beautiful fighters.”

The maid smiled sweetly, admiring Al’s power.



“Really, though it was to preserve highly classified information, it couldn’t possibly be this deep down.”

In her room deep within the basement of the Queen’s Castle, Ymir couldn’t tell who was muttering.

“No, I’d be worried if it wasn’t deep. This is it.”

“Who are you!”

Ymir shouted at the figure of the woman in the red dress who had suddenly appeared in her room.

“Just in case, how do you do, I wonder? My name’s Protean Trickster Melona, and I intend to borrow your shape of Iron Strategist for a little while.”

Along with Melona’s declaration, innumerable tentacles spread at Ymir’s feet, and wrapped up her body.

As they repeated their lukewarm pulsation once and again, the tentacles rubbed Ymir’s whole body, recording her shape.

Though it was dreadful, the sensation was transmitted through her whole body, and Ymir lost consciousness, shivering with a comfortable feeling.

“Well well, at any rate, seems like there were a lot who also got in during my absence.”

From wearing a red dress, Melona quickly changed to the shape of the Iron Strategist Ymir.

“Now, is my job already done?”

The fake Iron Strategist muttered, and grabbed the door leading to the next room.

“The Rebel Army are the hounds of the realm of the dead, out to disturb the justice in this world... that’s what I did hear from Miss Iron Strategist Ymir.”

“T, that’s wrong!”

In the Iron Strategist Ymir’s private room deep in the basement of the Queen’s Castle, the Gemstone Princess Eilin involuntarily raised her voice.

“It is... wrong?!”

Talking with Eilin, the Divine Punishment Enforcer Laila looked slightly doubtful.

“As gullible as in the past... I didn’t think it’d come to this.”

“In the past?”

“What, you don’t remember? Back when you lived as a human, I took care of you...”

“I actually... remember?”

“What, just now...”

“I, I actually remember. So... is that the truth?”

Laila turned her gaze to Eilin, as she held tightly the Holy Cannon, her divine, sacred utensil.

“Anyhow, there’s no relationship between the Rebel Army and the realm of the dead, so I don’t think there’s a need for the Heavens to intervene here.”

“But... the Rebel Army’s leader rides a suspicious horse, and I’ve heard she became a demon... didn’t she?”

“T, that’s...”

Eilin mumbled involuntarily. Although there was no proof that the Rebel Army and the realm of the dead were connected, it was also a fact that there was no information that could deny Annelotte’s personal abilities.

“Stop tempting the Divine Punishment Enforcer, Eilin!”

Opening the door vigorously, the Iron Strategist Ymir entered the room, interrupting Eilin and Laila’s conversation.

“Tempting? Ymir sis, I just want to know the truth.”

“The Rebel Army is approaching Gainos. Laila, depart now!”

The Iron Strategist ignored Eilin, and ordered Laila to sally forth.

“Yes... I shall depart... yes.”

“W, wait, Laila.”

In response to by Eilin’s words, Laila stopped suddenly.

“Are you leaving to the war?”

Laila nodded her head.

“Shut up, Gemstone Princess.”

The sharp voice of the Iron Strategist cut between the two.

“No matter if you’re my cousin, I won’t protect you if you go too far... Stay still here until the war ends.”

Feeling the coldness from the Iron Strategist’s words, Eilin stepped back involuntarily.

“So, Laila. Her Majesty the Queen is waiting, bring divine punishment to those fools who oppose the Queen to their heart’s content.”

Having received her orders from the Iron Strategist, Laila left the room.

She was different... That wasn’t her cousin, the Iron Princess. The Iron Princess Eilin knew would go to the battlefield with her own weapons, and wouldn’t send someone to fight like this imitator.

“You there... who are you? What did you do to Ymir sis?”

Before Eilin’s accusation, a faint smile appeared on the Iron Strategist’s face.

“You’re here...”

Queen Claudette was squinting, glaring at the Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh that appeared on the faraway horizon.

“Fear not my elite! We’re the strongest in the Continent! We won’t be defeated! And we have God’s divine protection!”

Matching Claudette’s voice inspiring the soldiers, Laila’s pure white wings shone as she jumped from the Queen’s

Castle, and kept flying over the soldiers.

“This is our victory!”

“Long live the Queen!”

The soldiers saw that divine figure, and raised their voice, confident in their victory.

-To be continued-

So, what Eilin feared actually came true, Melona did supplant Ymir after all. I guess the new technique Melona used here is just to improve her transformation (maybe getting rid of her tell-tale cross-shaped pupils?) and/or knock other people out, since she didn't have trouble transforming into other people just by seeing them in the past.

But, if Ymir and the new Melona hadn't met yet, just who was Ymir conspiring with to get AI? The plot thickens...

And yes, Eilin and Laila used to be friends, that was stated by the [Rebellion chart](#) a while ago. Leave it to Laila to forget about it... though, it'd be nice if we found out more about Laila's pre-half-angel life.

Next chapter: the so-called showdown starts!

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter 4

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/06/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated\\_20.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/06/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated_20.html)

So, my relentless trips to Madrid are almost over... but nevermind that now, don't miss the reveal of the "3rd series" in a matter of days!

In [this chapter](#), Laila is sent to attack the Rebel Army!

Enjoy!



## Showdown, chapter 4: Confrontation

"They aren't moving... Should we go and engage them?"

In response to Queen Claudette's words, the Thunder Clap became tinged with lightning.

"Do you want to fight as well?"

After becoming a Queen, it had been a long time since she had fought herself. If the soldiers were forced to become useless sacrifices, the thought that their leader should stand up among them strongly burned within Claudette.

"No, I expected no less from you, Her Majesty the Queen."

As if cutting off Claudette's thoughts, the Iron Strategist Ymir showed up from the castle walls.

"If they aren't moving, march along!"

The Iron Strategist raised her hand high towards the sky.

"Laila! It's your turn, do your job to your heart's content for lady Nanael's sake as well!"

"Surprisingly, my hand was seen through. It's a little disappointing."

At the watchtower of the Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh, the strategist Yuit murmured so, disgruntled, while gazing at the Queen's Army's battle formation.

"You're a worrywart, Yuit."

The general Annelotte smiled, and with a step forward, glared at the Queen's Army's battle formation.

"Although it's the Queen Claudette, we couldn't issue modest orders if the scale of her army had become large to this extent. This is proof that Yuit's plan was successful."

"T, that's right. If big bro says so, I'm relieved."

"Well then, maybe I should do my best too."

Walking towards Bligh's tip, Luna Luna moved as if doing an unsteady dance.

"W, wait! Where do you think you're going?"

"Giggle, before this many men, as a dancer I can't help but dance. Just you watch, I'll show you how I captivate each and every soldier from the Queen's Army."

"How would I know that's what you were planning! Big bro, haven't you been silent as well, just say something."

"Why not, we aren't military. It'll be fine if she does that in the meantime."

"As expected from my Sister. So, you'll go and break down all the men from the Queen's Army?"

Replying to Yuit's question with a wink, Luna Luna jumped down from the watchtower with splendid agility.

"So, Sigui, why aren't you doing anything?"

"W, what are you saying I should do?"

"Hey, if you add Luna Luna's dance to Sigui's technique of spreading her skirt to show her panties..."

(T, Tarnyang, you shouldn't talk to her like that...)

Sainyang turned to Tarnyang's back to hide herself from Sigui, whose shoulders were trembling in anger. "Fufufu... seems like these foreigners don't know the difference between "holy techniques" and "savage dances". " The moment Sigui made her chain sound with a *jingle*, Bligh as a whole vibrated greatly, and the floor inclined violently.

"Kyaaaaaaah! I'm falling! I'm falliiing!"

"Everybody, grab on to something!"

Annelotte shouted, thrusting her sword into the floor, and next to her, Mirim screamed as she slipped off.

"Really, it can't be helped with this girl."

Sigui extended her chain and caught Mirim, who was falling off the tower.

"What, on earth? Sainyang, you noticed anything?"

While she clung to the pillar, Sainyang pointed up at the sky.

"...Tarnyang, over there..."

Over there, there was the figure of an angel, who had wings that shone, pure white, as they were bathed in sunshine.

"That was a warning just now. My name is Divine Punishment Enforcer Laila, and I'll... deliver divine punishment upon you, was it?"

Laila declared her offensive with a monotone voice entirely as if reading from a script, and grabbing her long, cylindrical weapon and pointing it towards Bligh, fired white liquid in succession.

"Gaoooooonn"

Vante raised a roar, and tried to avoid Laila's attack.

But, Bligh was too large and she couldn't move fast enough.

"W, what, this is!"

"Uwaa, so sticky!"

"I'm slipping, so slimy... iyaan"

She fired two, three shots of the white liquid, and in a moment, the watchtower was filled with it, and the clothes of the gathered beautiful fighters were wet white.

"Aah! T, this is dangerous!"

Yuit, who was operating Vante, screamed as they became covered in holy milk.

The parts exposed to the holy milk Laila was firing in succession were becoming rigid, and Bligh's movement was dulling.

“As we are now, Bligh will stop working. We must deal with that angel!”

“In that case, leave it to Shai-Fang’s Taimashi! Sainyang, let’s do that.”

“Do that... seriously?”

“Yes. If we don’t do it now, when will we do it.”

As soon as she said so, Tarnyang infused Sainyang’s body with her fighting spirit.

“Hyauu... h, hott... Tarnyang, it’s too hot... inside me...”

“Giggle, endure it a bit longer. I still have plenty more to pour into you.”

Through the skill of combining the power of two people into one, to release the Dragonic Howl, the secret technique of the Double Dragon Formation, Sainyang kept enduring as an expression of anguish appeared on her face.

“Tarnyang... I...”

“Gee, just endure some more!”

“Luna Luna! Distract the angel!”

In order to ensure the outcome of the Dragonic Howl, Annelotte gave an order to Luna Luna, who was near the angel.

“Even if you hadn’t told me, I planned to.”

As holy milk dripped from Luna Luna’s voluptuous body, she turned into the Solar Dancer and jumped up.

“Giggle, isn’t my skin getting prettier?”

Before the slimy tentacles that wriggled, exposed to the holy milk, a frightened Laila screamed as she began firing holy milk at random violently.

“Hyaaaaaah!!”

The tip of the tentacle rose high firmly and knocked Laila off, making white splash fly around.

“My dance... I wonder if my guest likes it?”

Wiping holy milk off her own body with her fingertip, Luna Luna stroke a pose.

“Good, Luna Luna! C’moon, all in one go!”

“Aah... Tarnyang, I’m at, my limit...”

Sainyang’s body was dyed red crimson as it amassed Tarnyang’s fighting spirit, and she turned her gaze to Laila, who had fell down.

“Release! Sainyang! Our ultimate secret technique!”

“Double Dragon Formation Secret Technique, Dragonic Howl!”

When she heard Tarnyang’s words, Sinyang released all the energy overflowing in her body at once.

“I’ve never heard... of such a thing.”

Receiving the full hit of the Dragonic Howl, Laila fainted and fell at Bligh’s feet.

“We did it! Sainyang!”

“...Yeah, we were useful... right?”

“Of course. You were amazing, both of you have done well.”

“Everybody, unpreparedness is one’s greatest enemy. It’s unlikely that the Queen’s Army’s attack will end just with this. There’s sure to be more to come.”

Everyone focused their minds hearing the words of Sigui, who lifted Mirim up while still covered in holy milk.

“Gao?”

“Eh? It doesn’t move as expected?”

“W, wait a sec, please look over there!”

When they heard Mirim’s voice, everyone looked at where she was pointing to.

“W, was there such a thing?”



Rising up from a cloud of dust at Bligh's feet, a gigantic shadow slowly stood up. That was the figure of Laila, who had changed into a giant form to the extent that she was on par with Bligh.

"Nuhahaha, Laila. Show them the miracle of God!"

The voice of the Iron Strategist resounded from Laila's head.

"A, a miracle of God... t, that thing..."

Sigui gasped, her image reflected in the golden pupils of Laila, now changed into a giant.

"Everyone, steady your mind! Luckily, Bligh has broken through the Queen's Army's battle formation. We should keep going together without fighting the Queen's Army until Gainos. Let's go!"

Annelotte shouted, taking hold of her sword.

"Bligh and I will take care of Laila. Do your best, big bro!"

Annelotte's party started running along with the Rebel Army when Bligh's castle gates opened wide.

"In the end, it became a breakthrough by force."

"As I expected from the heretic sisters, are you afraid, I wonder?"

"What a cheap provocation, Inquisitor."

"Oh? I had no intention of provoking you."

"*Fufun*, please don't underestimate Shai-Fang's Taimashi! Here we go, Sainyang!"

"Y, yeah... Tarnyang..."

Pulling Sainyang along, Tarnyang ran swiftly ahead, driven by Sigui's words.

"*Giggle*, what a predictable girl... So, shall we go too, Elder Sister."

The moment Annelotte tried to step forward, along with the blinding gleam of a magic square, the soldiers of the Rebel Army marching before her were suddenly blown away.

Appearing inside the shining magic square, there was the figure of a beautiful fighter alone, whose body was covered by a white apron.

"Why don't you go ahead?... I'll be sure to catch up."

Annelotte suddenly told Sigui, without moving her eyes away from the beautiful fighter.

"I think she won't settle for anyone but me as her opponent."

"Rebel Army leader Annelotte! For the sake of the peaceful life of me and my Darling, I will take you down!"

With sparkling red eyes reminiscent of when Annelotte turned into a demon, the beautiful woman who appeared in the middle of the Rebel Army loudly proclaimed so.

The Princess Knight Annelotte, the Summoner Aldra, which one will rise as the winner of the confrontation of fate? They won't know that unless they fight.

-To be continued-

If you recognize that last sentence, that's right: the details of that "duel of fate" will probably come in an extra chapter, included in the third volume that hasn't been released yet.

Also, amazing Laila, to face the whole Rebel Army and knock most of them off their high horse/huge fortress, Nanael could learn a bit from her disciple's persistence...

And if Vante is the one who noticed when Bligh malfunctioned, maybe that's what those Calibara riddles meant: "the gate serves as the key, the key serves as the gate", i.e. Yuit operates Vante, and it's Vante who operates Bligh (though we haven't been told how Bligh functions or anything).

Next chapter: more fierce battles!

# QB Exiled Warrior 1 + Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter 5

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/07/qb-exiled-warrior-1-queens-blade.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/07/qb-exiled-warrior-1-queens-blade.html)

In [this chapter](#), the battle between the Queen's Army and the Rebel Army rages on! Enjoy! (x2)



## Showdown, chapter 5: Great Showdown

"Let's go! Vante! With all your power, full throttle!"

"Gaooooooooonn"

The Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh raised both of her legs high up in the air, and pushed down on Laila, who had turned into a giant.

"Heey, Laila! Holy milk, you can use holy milk!"

From the head of Laila, who had turned into a giant, the Iron Strategist's voice resounded with instructions.

"I can't use... holy milk... that's... impossible."

"Why is it impossible?"

"Because... I threw away my weapon... a while back."

Laila apologetically turned her eyes to the divine Holy Cannon, that was lying down in the distance.

In order to take the Holy Cannon in her hands, she'd have to push Bligh aside.

"Y, you damned fool~~~"

As if wanting to overlap the Iron Strategist's shout, the Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh pinned down Laila's body firmly, and threw her towards the outer wall of the Queen's Castle.

"Kyaaaaah!"

Along with Laila's scream, a huge fortress crumbled down making a thunderous roar, and a cloud of dust arose.

The pressure of the silence, the very real pressure that could be called the difference in rank, overwhelmed the three beautiful fighters.

Standing before Sigui's group was the enemy they had to defeat, the Queen Claudette...

"We Annelotte's sisters have come to defeat you, and to end your tyrannical rule."

Sigui readied her Holy Flame Mace, stiffening her buckling knees.

"I, I'm ready..."

About to start trembling, Mirim held her Hyper Vibration Sword in her hand, and Luna Luna danced voluptuously behind the two people.

"W, wait, Luna Luna, what's that?"

"What am I dancing? Look and you'll understand."

She wondered if she intended to reduce the opponent's morale with her dance, yet despite Mirim shedding cold sweat, Luna Luna's body danced the dance of battle.

"I've been underestimated... instead of the devil Annelotte, with your level, do you think you can defeat me?"

A purple lightning ran through the Thunder Clap.

It's coming! Sigui placed her mace between her legs right away, and greatly stuck out her chest.

Holy Pose: "Judgement", the opponents that saw that form repented for their crimes, and they weren't able to even look at the interrogator anymore.

But, Claudette fired a lightning at Sigui without hesitation.

"Holy Power won't work! Such, a fool..."

The purple lightning released by the Thunder Clap moved through the space as the Queen wanted, and as an unavoidable lightning, it hit Sigui's body directly.

"That was deplorable, there's no past to repent for with my lightning."

Laughing at the expression of anguish of Sigui, whose knees had given way after being hit by the lightning, Claudette shifted her attention towards a new prey.

That wasn't a battle, but a one-sided hunting.

"Your turn is next. Dancer from strange lands."

"Oh my, Queen, you don't want to see my dance to the end, aren't you a bit tasteless?"

Dancing nimbly, Luna Luna ran away from the point of the Thunder Clap sword.

"I'm not falling for it, it's obvious you're stalling for time. Besides, I'm not in the mood to enjoy the dance."

Claudette calmly told her, and fired a lightning once more. Before the thunder roared around the Queen, Luna Luna fell down on the floor, convulsing and twitching as tentacles extended from her body.

"Hyauuuuh, I'm, I'm going numb... this tingling, it'll become a habit."

Despite her whole body going numb, Luna Luna was still trying to dance, rubbing her hips against the floor in agony.

"It's just you remaining..."

"H, hih! Only me, what's this!?"

Mirim was left alone, and shouted as her body trembled with fear.

"I'm going, madam."

"I'll go as well. Madam."

The bodies of the two summoned beasts approached Annelotte.

"T, those guys, they weren't stuffed animals?"

Due to Belphe's flame and Dogor's solution, Annelotte had already lost her armor, and her appearance had become near half-naked.

"Ohoho, don't take the earl of the Netherworld lightly..."

"Netherworld... in that case, I have no choice but to use this power?"

Annelotte frowned, and controlled the violent magical power that was overflowing from inside her.

"Ku...aaaaaah"

"Oh dear, girl, your body's condition doesn't look that well."

"Then, shall we welcome this tasty treat for us?"

Belphe and Dogor approached her gently, but suddenly stopped moving.

Staring at the bodies of the two summoned beasts, were the deep crimson pupils of Annelotte, whose purplish silver hair was now dyed jet black.

"W, what is it? Summoned beasts?"

"M, madam... This person, I wonder who she is."

"Madam, we hadn't heard about this."

A little fear was mixed in the voice of the summoned beasts.

"" That Annelotte descends from someone from the Netherworld! ""

Talking in unison, the summoned beasts left from Aldra's side.

"Unfortunately... You're wrong."

Though her face showed an expression of anguish, Annelotte stared straight at Aldra.

"I'm... neither a demon, nor a creature from the Netherworld. I'm just a beautiful fighter from this continent... who loves peace!"

Annelotte shouted, swinging down her sword.

"In that case, why don't you stop the war?"

Aldra inquired, putting away her paddle.

"If the Queen is mistaken, it's up to her subjects to put all their power into correcting her. My stepfather did so, and was overthrown by the Queen. It is my mission to show her the right path."

"Right path?"

"Why did you side with the Queen?"

"To protect the peaceful life of my Darling and me."

"If that's the case, we don't need to fight here."

"B, but, I've heard that the towns occupied by the Rebel Army are plundered regardless of gender, to raise a wicked

harem.”

“I don’t know who you heard that from, but I have no interest in that alleged harem, nor do I intend to raise one.”

This time, it was Aldra who showed a confused expression at Annelotte’s words. Were the maid’s words a lie? Was the Annelotte that had appeared at the town of water an imposter?

“I’ll ask again. For what purpose are you fighting?”

For what purpose... Aldra asked herself, as Annelotte’s red pupils stared straight at her.

“Push her down like this! Go! Go! Gooo!”

Under Yuit’s orders, the Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh pushed Laila down and poured attacks on her mercilessly.

“Kyah! Ouch! Ouuuuch!”

Every time Laila screamed, a light scattered little by little, and her giant-sized body became smaller.

“Weren’t you going to show the miracle of God!?”

“E, even if I said that, it hurts... Kyaah! Stop! I’m weak there!”

“Gah! Can’t you do the “Falling” something, or the “Holy” whatever?”

“I, I’ll try!”

Laila’s body began shining golden.

“Holy Diive!”

Properly speaking, it was a technique whose power grew when diving from the sky, but since she was being pushed down by Bligh, it became a style launched from the ground.

Naturally, its strength became lower, but it was enough to pierce through Bligh’s armor.

“Hyawawawah! V, Vantee!”

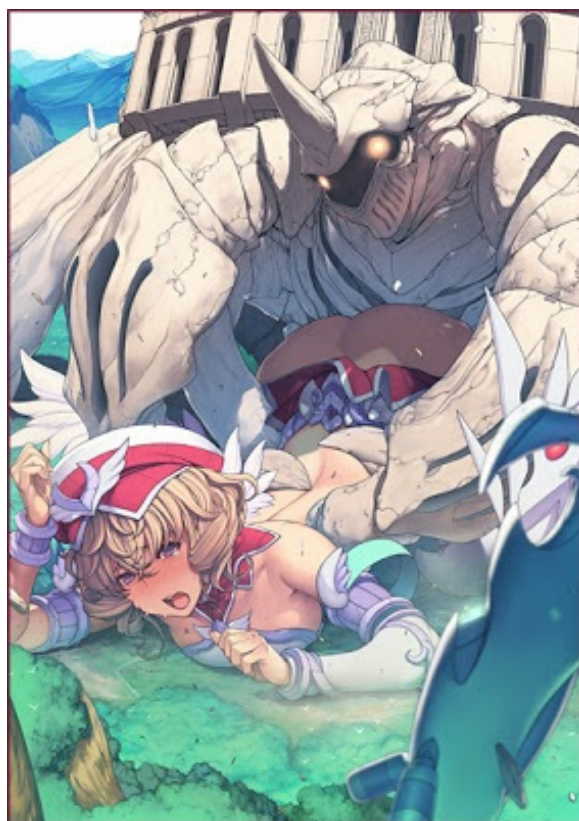
Had Yuit not clung to Vante, she’d have been thrown off by the tremendous shock.

“Well done! Just one more!”

“It’s not use... I have no more strength... aah...”

“T, this one hit wonder-!”

As the Iron Strategist’s abuse echoed, Laila’s figure disappeared inside the cloud of dust Bligh formed.



That was what the Queen’s Army saw when they arrived to the battlefield: the figure of one beautiful fighter battling the Rebel Army leader, Annelotte.

“Hey, that one... isn’t she Miss Aldra?”

Although they were now Claudette’s subordinates, quite a number of them had become soldiers in the era of the previous Queen Aldra.

“There’s no mistake. Even if her appearance has changed, that’s Miss Aldra.”

The soldiers raised cheers.

In a way of battling reminiscent of the Queen’s Blade the current Queen had forbidden, their former master Aldra had taken the lead and was fighting the Rebel Army leader.

“Aldra! Aldra! Our Aldra!”

The soldiers’ cheers jogged up Aldra’s memories.

“I... for what purpose...”

When Aldra closed her eyes, a scene from when she was a child appeared in her mind, of a small hand holding hers... The figure of a gentle, smiling mother. Far away from the present, a scene from the past that was no more.

“That’s right. For me, it was certainly my younger sister...”

Her mother was attacked, and Aldra escaped with her younger sister. But, by the time she realized, the warmth of

her younger sister's hand holding hers was there no more, and she was alone.

She became a Queen as she summoned a dweller from the Netherworld called Delmore in order to look for her younger sister, and Queen's Blade continued.

She believed that one of these days, her younger sister would appear...

"I remembered... all of it."

Aldra smiled gently, and extended both her arms. Annelotte lowered her sword as if drawn in by that smile, and her face became buried in her ample bosom.

"Annelotte... I've been fighting to meet you, my sister."

Aldra's quiet voice and her soft warmth melted Annelotte's demonic power. Annelotte strongly felt that a nostalgic name, so far sleeping in the depth of her memories, had come back to her.

"Sister... Al..."

Accepting the name that had come through to her naturally and unconsciously, Annelotte hugged Aldra tightly, pressing her against her chest.

-To be continued-

Even if we had to skip their proper battle for now, in the end the sisters regained their memories, and met again after like 10 years...

But still, Queen Claudette is as fierce as ever, just how many Rebel Army fighters are still in condition to fight the big boss?

Next chapter: the truth is revealed!

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter 6 + Musha-Miko's Snake Hell

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/07/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/07/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated.html)

In [this chapter](#), Queen Claudette is...?  
Enjoy!



## Showdown, chapter 6: Mastermind

The battle between the regular army led by Queen Claudette and the Rebel Army gathered under the Princess Knight Annelotte was coming to an end.

Annelotte had achieved a miraculous reunion with her sister, the previous Queen Aldra, and Yuit had succeeded in holding down Laila, who had turned into a giant, though Bligh's heavy work, though it became a tie. The only fight remaining, was the confrontation between Claudette and the Rebel Army's beautiful fighters.

Who remained undefeated, sure enough...

Sigui and Luna had been incapacitated with a single blow when they were struck by the lightning from Queen Claudette, who hadn't weakened at all compared to her participation in the previous Queen's Blade.

"S, somebody, help mee-"

In answer to the voice of Mirim, the only person left behind, a single, dazzling ray of light shone on between her and Claudette.

"Who?!"

To answer Claudette's question, a masked beautiful fighter leading Ymir, Tarnyang and Sainyang appeared.

"M, Miss Maria..."

"Mirim, and you Annelotte's sisters, you've worked really hard."

Claudette turned her gaze from Mirim to the masked beautiful fighter.

"Mirim... your Hyper Vibration equipment! If it's your weapon, Queen Claudette can be defeated!"

"E, eeh?"

"Listen, just do as she said!"

Pressed by the threatening attitude of Ymir, who could be heard behind Maria, Mirim started her Hyper Vibration Crystal.

"Hyaaah... it's, it's no use... it's too strong, for my body... aahh."

Claudette frowned at Mirim's blushing and gasping appearance.

"What an ugly show... we shall make it end."

The Thunder Clap fired a purple lightning.

"Kya, kyaah, *bzzz*, noo!"

The lightning that had incapacitated many beautiful fighters with one blow surprisingly didn't even numb down Mirim's body, and slipping over Mirim's armor, it fell down to the floor.

"What? Our lightning doesn't work?"

Claudette stared in wonder at the baffling phenomenon.

"As I expected, when the Hyper Vibration Crystal is brought to its limits, it releases an oscillatory wave, that forms a defensive wall that doesn't let lightning through, either. Now, Mirim!"

"Y, yees! I'm going! Here I come!"

Mirim swung her sword as she shouted. The beautiful fighters who happened to be present there involuntarily

opened their eyes wide before the sword technique she unleashed.

With brilliant swordsmanship, she held her ground before Claudette, the strongest beautiful fighter in the Continent, and sent the Thunder Clap flying.

“The Hyper Vibration Sword... you’ve come to master it...”

She took a significant cut to the chest, and without hiding her exposed breasts, Queen Claudette’s knees gave way under her.

“Eh, ah... the Queen, did I...?”

Mirim was perplexed, showing an expression as if she didn’t understand what she had accomplished herself.

“Splendid! Your hidden talent has bloomed after overcoming the many battles as a member of the Rebel Army. Without it, you wouldn’t have mastered the Hyper Vibration Sword.”

“It’s the job of the common people to bring down a Queen that is on the wrong path... You did your best, Mirim... with this...”

Maria fell into a deep sleep with a smile.

The great war was approaching its end.

Due to Annelotte’s and Aldra’s reconciliation, the Queen’s Army and the Rebel Army no longer had an opponent to turn their weapons to.

Bligh had taken a blow with all of Laila’s might and was now wedged into the Queen’s Castle, its functions stopped. It would be useless for a short while.

Yuit and Vante came down from Bligh, looking for the owner of the voice that was heard during the battle, searching for the one who had been pulling Laila’s strings.

“Vante, did you find something...?”

“Gao...”

At the end of Vante’s gaze, a pink object could be seen wriggling besides the collapsed, nude Laila.

“As I thought... I was right to prepare for this.”

The device attached to Vante’s arm sprayed a fog-like drug.

“Guuh! What is this! It’s soaking in...”

As she complained, the pink mass shape changed into the figure of a voluptuous, beautiful woman in a dress.

“Uh? I can’t change? What’s this? It’s the first time this happens to me.”

Her transformations stopping halfway, the beautiful woman raised her voice in bewilderment.

“As expected from the genius alchemist Yuit. Seems like it was a success even if I couldn’t test it first.”

“Even if I say so myself”, right... I can’t transform... Isn’t this a serious crisis?”

“Do you finally get it? I prepared this as a counter-measure against Melona, since I heard that big bro had been hurt by it before. Though, I didn’t actually think I would meet the person herself. Now, I’ll have you talk. What’s the Marshland Witch planning?”

“What makes you think I’ll talk obediently?”

“Which is better, protecting the secret plan that has already failed and becoming a statue, or talking and being safe... I think you get it~”

With Queen Claudette’s defeat, the fight in the Queen’s capital came to an end.

Waiting for Annelotte, who came accompanied by Aldra, to reach the Queen, were Queen Claudette who had surrendered the throne and accepted disarmament, Maria who had fallen into a deep sleep, and the figures of the comrades who had begun recovering from the battle’s injuries.

“Annelotte, this is your side’s victory. To mark your victory, so that you don’t lose sight of the right path, it’s fine if you



take the head of the foolish Queen who brought calamity to the Continent.“

“That’s not my intention... Queen Claudette.”

Though Annelotte accepted the sword presented to her by Claudette, she denied her request.

“Our goal was getting the Queen to admit her mistakes. It wasn’t to kill the Queen.”

“Then, I won’t be able to make up for it. Even if I carried on with my life, the crimes I committed are far too big for me to atone for them.”

Annelotte lowered her eyes slightly at Claudette’s words.

The Earl Vance’s territory, the Kreutz Margraviate, Wassilica village... if one thought of the people who were hurt from Claudette’s oppression, the punishment she asked for wasn’t too heavy.

“It all happened because of my own heart. At that time, the “curse” that the Marshland Witch placed upon me was nothing more than a trigger. Someone with a weak heart in the seat of the Queen was the origin of the mistakes... So, it’s fine even if I’m judged. Annelotte, you have a right and a duty ahead of you...”

“A right and a duty...”

Annelotte closed her mouth, and grabbed the sword.

“He-y, wait a bit-“

Yuit’s voice echoed as if to melt down the strained atmosphere.

“Do you think only Queen Claudette needs to face all the mistakes? Because, there was a mastermind leading things on for the worse.”

“A mastermind?”

Vante appeared along with Yuit, carrying a metal jail, and dropped it on the floor with a *thump*.

“Yees! Rebel Army, and beautiful fighters that were cursed starting with the Queen, my name is the Protean Trickster, Melona.”

The woman shut in the cage announced her own name in an energetic voice unfitting for the current situation.

“That girl! That girl is the one who disguised herself as me as she pleased!”

Ymir raised her voice with a strength that seemed like it’d break the cage at any time.

“With this, seems like the main players are assembled. Well then, I’ll have you tell us why Queen Claudette lost sight of the right path, and what the Marshland Witch is planning.”

Yuit looked at all of them for a little, then turned to look at the cage.

“Well, I could give you some answers as a reward for catching me? Though all you were calling Claudette’s a misrule or a misgovernment, I know that it wasn’t that bad all in all.”

*Grin*, a smile appeared on Melona’s face. Under the shadow of Aldra’s rule for as many as 8 years, the faction of the Queen’s nobles had enjoyed many blessings, and the government officials had gone corrupt. Claudette had destroyed all their evil practices, and had tried to form a meritocracy without regards to family or money.

“Everything is the result of the “Amplification Curse” the witch put on Claudette. Claudette was a serious, strict person from the beginning, so when her personality that respected order more than others was amplified, we knew she’d become like this. As for me, in order for the Queen not to change her mind, I’ve been whispering by her side... watching over her so that she adhered to the severe norms she had decided on previously, and kept piling up her mistakes...”

Claudette bit her lips at Melona’s words.

“This way, we kept removing the nuisances in the Continent legally besides Claudette being our puppet, changing the world conveniently for the witch to usurp it later. Even so, there were some nuisances who weren’t satisfied with it. Therefore, she went and put a curse on the beautiful fighters who were deemed dangerous according to the predictions...”

“That’s what the witch is plotting... I wonder, didn’t she know of big bro’s presence through the so-called predictions?”

“Who knows. So, as I promised, I’ve told you the whole thing, won’t you let me free? Miss genius alchemist.”

“Hm~~, I kept my promise. Melona, shouldn’t you be free to change your shape now? However, you can’t leave the cage.”

Yuit smiled proudly. Since the ointment used to varnish the inside of the cage had the same composition as the liquid she sprayed to seal Melona’s transformations, she couldn’t leave it.

“Apparently, unless we defeat the Marshland Witch, seems like there won’t be peace in this Continent.”

Annelotte gave back the sword she had taken from Claudette, and shifted her attention to her comrades, that gathered around the Queens.

“As for me, I want to subdue the Marshland Witch who manipulated Queen Claudette, and caused the calamity in the Continent. I’d like all of you to lend me your power for a bit longer.”

“Of course. We are your sisters.”

Just like Aldra, the gathered comrades that adored Annelotte as an older sister figure smiled delightfully.

“I’ll live in disgrace...”

“E, even if the Queen is strict, I know she’s a gentle person as well. As long as the Marshland Witch isn’t here, you’ll do the right thing!”

Mirim declared, taking Claudette’s hands.

“Can I... do that?”

“You can. You are not alone. We’ll be with you!”

Claudette cast down her eyes at Annelotte’s words.

-To be continued-

...So, it was Mirim who did her in. It's nice to see her reaching her potential as the "strongest", even beyond the "repelling armor" the magic soldiers had.

But still, if Ymir really predicted it'd come to this, she's more of a genius than Yuit (though the little elf capturing Melona isn't half bad, either).

Does that mean Ymir made the Hyper Vibration equipment with the only intention to let someone beat some sense into Claudette...?

Next chapter: a new foe... or is it a friend?

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter

## 7

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In [this chapter](#), Captain Liliana arrives to the capital, but what are her intentions? Enjoy!



### Showdown, chapter 7: Challenge

A gigantic shadow was cast on the Queen's capital, where a large battle had just ended.

Everybody looked up at the sky and barely believed their eyes. What appeared there, was a huge pirate ship.

"Oh my, it seems the great war ended somehow."

Turning her gaze from the figurehead to below her, the person with pink hair, the Great Pirate Captain Liliana muttered so tiresomely.

"If you see a situation where both sides are exhausted... the 21<sup>st</sup> Pirate Aesthetics says, "Don't miss a golden opportunity to defeat an opponent"! My rascals, prepare the bombardment!"

The ghost crew received Liliana's command, and started preparing it.

"Target, the Queen's room, start the bombardment!"

As Liliana swung her rapier down, innumerable shells were fired along with jet black fumes.

"Keep attacking, we'll give them a destruction splendidous like thunder, and graceful like rain. As the 8<sup>th</sup> Pirate Aesthetics says, "To get all the treasure, hand me all the shells!"

"W, what is happening?"

Receiving a bombardment all of a sudden, Yuit was staring in wonder.

"Sister, it's dangerous here."

Due to the incessant rain of shells that came with a thunderous roar, the ceiling of the Queen's room collapsed helplessly, and rays of light shone through.

"What... is this!"

Annelotte squinted to see the figure of the phantom ship floating in the sky.

The phantom ship's stern and the pirate flag hanging on the mast belonged to the legendary pirateess Captain Liliana. But she was attacked by the Sea Demon Kraken and met a watery grave before Annelotte was born...

"Yahoo, Liliana, you've come to rescue me, right?"

Melona crawled out of the cage bent out of shape by the shock.

"What do you mean, is that another underling of the Marshland Witch?"

"*Giggle*, there are still other hidden-ball plays in the game.

Because, we aren't as nice as Claudette. If you're saying you're determined to fight us... since you'll meet a terrible experience, you'd better get serious."

Laughing, Melona changed her shape into a bird and flew away.



“Ah, wait!”

Yuit tried to spray the change-stopping drug on her, but didn't make it in time.

“Sister Annelotte, at this rate...”

The bombardment from the phantom ship continued without stopping.

“If the bombardment stops just for a moment, I'll use my Holy Pose.”

Sigui looked up at the sky as she avoided the shells. She had failed when her opponent was Queen Claudette, but with a phantom ship as her opponent, the work of her miracles would be most effective.

“It'll be fine, I can stop the shells.”

They suddenly heard an unfamiliar voice.

“Behold. The might of the War God Fencing Style!”

Standing on the edge of the Queen's Castle crumbling down due to the bombardment, the figure of a girl in a loincloth pulled out a huge nodachi.

“Samurai of the War God! Izumi arrives!”

Izumi ran out right in front of the bombardment with a scream, swinging her sword.

“Towah! Seyah! Take this!”

Her intention seemed to be to strike back at the shells, but there was no proof that her sword had actually hit anything. Rather, it was nothing short of a miracle that she hadn't been hit by the rain of shells.

“What's, that girl...”

“Yahoo, Liliana, thanks for coming.”

A pink crow flew down on the phantom ship behind Liliana, and changed its form into a person.

“Melona... I didn't particularly come to pick you up.”

Liliana frowned, instructing their subordinates to further continue the bombardment. But, the bombardment didn't restart.

“Oh my? Did we run out of shells? If that's the case, let's go here with the 24<sup>th</sup> Pirate Aesthetics, “Don't let them realize your defects.””

Liliana put the pirate hat over her eyes, and gave the sign to withdraw to the phantom ship crew, glaring at Annelotte's party below her.

“My greeting will end at this. Tomorrow, I'll show you my earnest. Do be prepared!”

Governing an overwhelming power, Liliana left Gainos' sky after informing them about the rematch.

On that day, everybody's eyes were fixed on the figure of the woman who had emerged in the crystal ball, that hadn't projected anything since the Queen Claudette had announced the abolishment of Queen's Blade.

Though the winner of the previous Queen's Blade, the Exiled Warrior Leina, had handed over the Queen's seat to Claudette, a beautiful fighter that was in hiding had declared war and gathered others to defeat Queen Claudette, and that war had proven the existence of the Marshland Witch as a presence controlling all from the shadows, a threat that called for the cooperation of the people.

By all rights, everybody would agree with the words of this beautiful fighter who should have become the Queen, and the whole Continent would attain a momentary peace.

“Did you see that, this is the spirit of a samurai. I stopped the bombardment and got them to leave.”

Compared with Izumi's triumphant look, Yuit's was cold.

“Well, I think they were simply out of ammo. Well then, you weirdo should back off, since Yuit has to report the present situation, just like always.”

Before the beautiful fighters gathered in the vacant Queen's room, Yuit stepped forward a little.

“Let's see, on how to treat the guest of honor, Queen Claudette. Although the person herself wished for execution, big bro won't allow it.”

“That's right. Even if the Queen's government went too far, in the beginning it was carried out with ideals and good will in mind.”

“There'd also be various problems if a Rebel Army abolished a Queen chosen legitimately through Queen's Blade.

She'd be able to make up for it if she could recover her true character..."

"Yeah, I think what the world needs is to have a chance to regain the lost territory."

"But, how will we get to this enemy of the world?"

"If Bligh was in good health, we could possibly break through comfortably through the Marshland overflowing with miasma."

Bligh had been partially destroyed due to Laila's fierce attack, and it showed no signs of moving soon.

"A way to break through."

The Iron Strategist Ymir, who had been immersed in research in her basement during the war, talked gloomily.

Beside her was the figure of the Gemstone Princess Eilin, who had been rescued by Tarnyang's party.

"During the day, somebody will board on the flying pirate ship that were being attacked by."

"Board it... how?"

"Look at this."

Ymir took out one sheet of paper with a design.

"By Queen Claudette's orders, I researched into a flying device, we should be able to jump at this fellow's pirate ship..."

"Queen Claudette's orders?"

"Right, Her Majesty the Queen is a person who can think ahead. As soon as the main war ended, she had thought about subduing the Witch. So, various methods to try to jump over the Marshland miasma were considered."

"Thank goodness for that. And, is that flying device operational?"

*Hm*, Ymir nodded at Annelotte's words.

"The first prototype is complete."

"Why wasn't this used in the battle against us? Even without weapons, if you had sent an assassin into Bligh under the cover of the night, the flow of the battle might have changed."

Ymir laughed at Sigui's question.

"This guy was to be used to fight the Marshland Witch. What would we use it against you for?"

"Queen Claudette was certain her main enemy was the Marshland Witch...? We made her realize the smallness of her insight."

Turning her gaze to the spire where Claudette had remained indoors of her own volition, Annelotte let out a small sigh.

"Everybody, listen up."

Annelotte called out, and everyone turned her gaze to her.

"I was convinced that this would all end when we defeated the Queen. But so far the war shows no sign of ending.

The Marshland's Witch plan of settling in the throne herself, replacing the Queen, has already failed. Queen Claudette has recognized herself that she was cursed, and lady Maria is also by her side. There won't be an oppressive reign anymore."

She took a pause to survey everybody's faces.

"So there's no more pressure. If you want to live peacefully, you can stay here."

"Ah~, I didn't say it because it's annoying, but I wanna go, can I follow you?"

Before anyone noticed, there sounded voice of Izumi, who had joined the place.

"I've come to the Continent, wishing to fight. I'd be disappointed if the war ended and I missed this exciting opportunity."

"Though I don't like wars, if we leave the Marshland Witch alone, won't she keep on cursing people?"

"It was our intention to follow Sister Annelotte."

"If the Witch goes strong, we can't return to our hometown in peace."

The beautiful fighters that had fought alongside Annelotte stepped up, coming forth one after the other.

"Thank you, everybody..."

Annelotte involuntarily suppressed the tears that were about to overflow, and tightly clenched her fist.

-To be continued-

That's quite the impressive entrance Liliana made, a pity Izumi couldn't quite look as cool as her, though. Seems like there are a lot of "pirate aesthetics" rules she's following...

Next chapter: can they get on board of Captain Liliana's phantom ship?

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter 8

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/08/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated\\_16.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/08/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated_16.html)

In [this chapter](#), can the Rebel Army infiltrate Liliana's ship?  
Enjoy!



## Showdown, chapter 8: Great Pirate

She appeared just like she promised.

The huge phantom ship flew calmly, as if it owned the place, through the sky over the Queen's capital, where the scars of the war remained. Operating it was the magnificent Great Pirate Captain Liliana, once a victim of a monster from the Northern Seas, now brought back to life due to the magical power of the Marshland Witch.

Opening the gunport just then, she was trying to start the bombardment of the Queen's Castle, but one beautiful fighter stood in its way.

The figure of a beautiful fighter in a loincloth that had hurried to join them from Hinomoto, the Samurai of the War God Izumi.

What kind of match these two would have, they won't know that unless they fight.

"Yeah! It worked just fine!"

As she observed how the phantom ship descended to the same level as the Queen's Castle, Yuit firmly clutched her fist.

"But I wonder, why miss Izumi? If I remember correctly, it was miss Sigui who was supposed to fight miss Liliana..."

"I guess she had her reasons. Apart from that, Sister Ai, let's start doing our job."

Accompanying Aldra, who was puzzled with the question, Annelotte approached the bottom of the phantom ship to carry out their operation. Ymir and Eilin followed suit. Though Ymir's first plan intended for them to use the flying device she had developed, they realized it couldn't house many people, flying silently would be a problem, and it would be impossible to jump from one vehicle to the other, so now they were proceeding with a new plan by Yuit. Considering the original aesthetic sense of the pirate queen, they'd use Captain Liliana's pride to challenge her to a one-on-one fight, and when the phantom ship came close to the castle, they'd take the chance to board it, that was the plan.

"The phantom ship always goes back to the Marshland Witch... if we board it..."

Making a huge noise, something like a plank was laid between the phantom ship and the terrace.

"According to the 4<sup>th</sup> Pirate Aesthetics, "Always accept a challenge", Captain Liliana herself will accept you as her opponent."

Liliana raised her voice on the side of the laid plank close to the phantom ship.

"T, thanks."

Izumi stood by the edge of the terrace, her knees shaking.

"Oh my, are you scared? As the 9<sup>th</sup> Pirate Aesthetics says, "Fear is the first step towards defeat." If you already fear me..."

"Y, yours truly is trembling with excitement!"

Shouting especially loudly, Izumi started swinging her huge nodachi with a *buzz*.

"If I win, you'll have to take me to the Witch in that ship!"

"What about if you lose?"

"Haven't even thought of it, since I can't lose."

"Such confidence, that's nice. I'm glad I accepted you as my opponent."

Liliana smiled as she pulled out her rapier gallantly.

"So, shall we start?"

“I’ll show you the sanctity of the War God Fencing Style! Urarararaah!”

Liliana nimbly dodged Izumi’s shouting charge, and knocked her in the back with her rapier’s grip.

“Uwawawawa!”

The thin plank laid across bent, and though Izumi almost fell clumsily into the gap between the castle and the phantom ship, she kept her posture somehow.

“Screaming suddenly, has the quality of Hinomoto’s warriors dropped?”

Standing on the shaking plank laid across with her body perfectly still, Liliana sneered at Izumi. This foothold was overwhelmingly disadvantageous for Izumi.

“If it comes to this, to hell with the foothold, I’m going up.”

Izumi declared so, and using the vibration of the plank laid across as a spring, jumped up in the air.

“Quite a good judgment... but... too naïve.”

Liliana judged from Izumi’s actions that she intended to release a powerful blow by adding the speed of the fall as she dropped from the sky, and instead of daring to avoid it, she responded with a mortal blow.

“Shark’s Bite! Taste my sword for sure!”

The speed of Liliana’s sword was way faster.

The chilly feeling of the rapier came down on Izumi’s skin. Properly speaking, those struck by a special move of that degree would have their body split apart, it was probably instinct rather than skill that let her protect herself by a paper-thin difference.

“This is the coup de grace.”

A magnificent roundhouse kick from Liliana to the abdomen of Izumi, who had avoided the Shark Bite at the cost of her clothes, settled it.

“The 16<sup>th</sup> Pirate Aesthetics is: “Courage and recklessness aren’t the same.” Miss Izumi’s challenge was a reckless act... but...”

*Pitter-patter*, fragments of rotten tree from the towering mast behind Izumi were falling, after she kicked her towards the phantom ship.

“I’m done playing. We have a good weather, there’s still some time to fly under the sun.”

The ribbon that decorated Liliana’s captain hat gently dropped. The blow Izumi had released when they crossed swords had certainly reached Liliana.

“That was a close call, people from Gainos. A little earlier, and my head would have been taken.”

With a smile on her face, Liliana bowed towards the castle, and returned the plank to the phantom ship.

“Let’s end it for today. I’ll take miss Izumi as spoils of war. Farewell.”

“Big bro and the rest, did they succeed?”

“Ah~, they’re probably fine.”

Taryang muttered as Yuit looked up at the phantom ship anxiously. In truth, they wanted to hide in the phantom ship with their sisters, but the nature of the operation was said to be very confidential, and the number of participants had to be narrowed down, and they had been left to take care of things there.

“Just, did Izumi come from Hinomoto? She sure bought us some time.”

“Yes, I think her ability is the real deal.”

“Are you kidding me!”

Along with an angry roar, Sigui rushed out from inside the castle.

“It was originally my duty to fight Liliana! That brat!”

As she ran through the terrace dashing with all her power, Sigui threw her God’s Chained Blade at the phantom ship that was flying up now.

“Ooh, she had that!”

Taryang raised her voice in admiration at the sight of Sigui, who resourcefully boarded on it though the God’s Chained Blade stuck to the phantom ship’s bottom.

“W... with this, to hell with the strategy.”

Crestfallen, Yuit let out a large sigh as she dropped her shoulders.

While she was enjoying the duel with Izumi, she had been careless enough for someone to have crawled into the phantom ship.

The phantom ship crew only carried out what they were ordered. There was a huge difference with her former subordinates, that used to be like family to her.

“But even if I complain, there’s no other way. The 34<sup>th</sup> Pirate Aesthetics is “Admire the opponent’s courage”, that courage to board here, I rather like it.”

The Great Pirate Captain Liliana pulled out her rapier, glaring at Annelotte’s group, who had smuggled into the phantom ship.

“Be that as it may, I must follow the 17th Pirate Aesthetics: “Don’t allow stowaways”, and deal with you strictly.”

“D, deal with us strictly, you say?”

Ymir asked, as she gazed at Liliana from behind Annelotte.

“The rule is to remove any stowaways.”

Liliana tucked the scabbard away with one rotation of the rapier, and glared at the beautiful fighters. If the main force of the Rebel Army were brought down in one go there, it would be a glorious achievement. It would be enough to make up for the attack on Gaios that resulted in failure.

“If, if we fall from here!”

“If, if we fall from this height, us girls who aren’t young anymore will die.”

Ymir and Eilin raised their voices with a storm-like vigor in objection to Liliana.

“Y, you aren’t young?”

Liliana looked slightly doubtful at the couple’s words.

“Even if I look like this, we from the Dwarven Tribe live long lives, I’d be a grandmother in the human world.”

Hearing Ymir’s protest, Liliana put her hat over her eyes, lost in thought. Loyalty to the Witch, or the promise to her grandmother... The answer was decided naturally... but...

“I got it. You aren’t stowaways, I’ll welcome you as guests.

Because I made a promise with Grandmother, I must be kind to the elderly.”

Annelotte was relieved when she heard Liliana saying that. If it had come to a battle on the phantom ship, she’d have been in quite a disadvantage, as she couldn’t use horse riding there.

“Wonderful! The Great Pirate Captain Liliana is a righteous person, as we had heard.”

“N, naturally.”

Liliana was embarrassed when she was thanked honestly, and turning her back on Ymir and the others, gave the sign to the phantom ship crew to leave the steering to them.

“Is it okay? We are the Marshland Witch’s enemies.”

“My orders from the Witch were just to attack the Queen’s Castle. What to do with the enemies that enter my ship, is my freedom as the ship’s captain.”

“Thanks, Captain Liliana.”

“There’s no reason to thank me. In the first place, the witch is wrong to make a ghost work during daytime.”

*Hmph*, with a snort, Liliana disappeared into her cabin.



-To be continued-

Guess it wasn't a surprise that Izumi lost, but she did put up a good fight.

What was a surprise, though, is that Ymir used her age (around 70 years) to get Lilliana to let them aboard. If that was also a part of the plan, is Lilliana's respect for the elderly that well-known...?

Next chapter: they arrive to the marshland, but...?

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter 9

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/08/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated\\_29.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/08/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated_29.html)

In [this chapter](#), what awaits Annelotte and the others when they make it to the marshland? Enjoy!



## Showdown, chapter 9: Marshland

“The-re! Get up~”

In response to Luna Luna’s signal, Bligh, that was stuck in a wall, vibrated along with a thunderous roar and slowly rose.

With this, they would be able to follow Annelotte’s party, that had gone on ahead towards the marshland.

“Come to think of it, where did that angel go...?”

Yuit hadn’t seen the figure of the angel since she drove Bligh into its malfunctioning state.

“Yuit, it’s terrible!”

Kicking open the door to the Queen’s room with a *bang*, Tarnyang rushed in. That had been one of the few doors remaining in the partially destroyed Queen’s room after they received Liliana’s attack, that collapsed, making dust rise.

(The cost of repairs will be huge...)

Tarnyang approached Yuit with loud footsteps, and behind her, Sainyang followed her with an apologetic expression.

“The Child of the Dragon told us her oracle! Our sister Annelotte and the others will face a crisis!”

“W, what did it say! W, what was it about.”

“The particulars, Sainyang!”

(Eeh! You’re leaving it to me?)

“It’s fine, explain it to Yuit.”

*Glare*, under Tarnyang’s stare, Sainyang timidly retold Yuit the words they had heard.

“A dragon stands in the way before our sisters... is what she said, though.”

If it was the oracle of the Child of the Dragon, known as a god in Shai-Fang, they couldn’t really afford to freely ignore it. If they had to battle a dragon before facing the Marshland Witch, Annelotte and the others would be in a dire situation.

“We’d better hurry.”

“I saw it... didn’t I?”

Sighting the form of the pirate ship flying with an air of composure towards a sea of clouds away from her, Laila smiled with a grin and readied her Holy Cannon. Unless she brought down the pirate ship of the Witch’s underling, there was no way she could face Miss Nanael later.

“I’ll shoot... with the maximum power...”

Firing Holy Milk raised to the maximum pressure at the pirate ship, Laila began to fly at high speed towards the pirate ship for the next attack.

It was something sudden.

At the same time the white shining liquid adhered to the pirate ship’s hull, the parts it had adhered to began breaking down in a flash.

“What would this be!”

The Holy Milk that was making the hull collapse flew to the face of the Captain Liliana, who rushed out from her cabin, sensing an unusual phenomenon.

“Hih.. T, this...”

Liliana confusedly shifted her attention to the deck wiped by the Holy Milk. About twenty percent of the hull had already disappeared, and the pirate ship had begun nose diving.

“An enemy? Return fire!”

In response to Liliana’s voice, the phantom ship crew pointed at one spot in the sky.

“Is that... an angel?”

“Hey, Laila, stop attacking~!”

Though the Gemstone Princess Eilin shouted, it seemed like her voice didn’t get through to the angel.

“We won’t fall until the last minute! Like the 42<sup>nd</sup> Pirate Aesthetics says, “Don’t mind making cruel judgments”, I have to drop my guests to make the hull lighter!”

“Nuah? You are going to drop us!?”

“Even if I have to drop you, venerable grandmothers, you’ll be the last ones.”

Ymir detected an earnest light in Liliana’s words, but in that same moment, the deck under her feet suddenly vanished, and she was thrown out of the phantom ship.

“Ymir sis!”

Eilin extended her hand towards Ymir but lost footing too, and was thrown down towards the sky.

“As expected, you elderly are healthy. I admire you, jumping off by yourselves.”

“No, that wasn’t it. Anyway, can’t we do anything?”

The phantom ship descended as it kept breaking down due to its receiving the unilateral attack by Laila.

“Oh, so you’re here already?”

Liliana turned towards Sigui with a tedious-looking gaze, and giving an order to the phantom ship crew, she had the still unconscious Izumi thrown at her.

“What...”

Unable to abandon Izumi, Sigui caught her, though she lost the balance on the deck.

“Thinking about your friend is a good thing. The 3<sup>rd</sup> Pirate Aesthetics says “Throw away unneeded treasure immediately”... I’m giving her back.”

Liliana smiled and thrust away at the staggering Sigui.

“I, I’ll remember this!”

Leaving a parting threat, Sigui fell to the marshland along with Izumi.

“Well, it’ll probably be fine, if it’s this height.”

“Sigui! Izumi!”

Aldra pinned down Annelotte, who intended to jump after the two people.

“Wait, Annelotte! Look below you!”

“Below?”

Annelotte looked down. What extended under her eyes was unlike the marshland Sigui and the others had fallen into... A barren, bottomless swamp extended, a quagmire full of sinister miasma.

“If we fall here... Even we...”

The moment when Annelotte gasped after hearing Aldra’s words, the phantom ship that had exceeded its maintenance limit made a dreadful collapsing sound, and began to break into pieces in the whirlpool of miasma.

“Seems like we have no choice but to brace ourselves. Sister Aldra.”

“Hurry up, Vante.”

In response to Yuit’s order, Vante integrated with Bligh once again to move its large build. They were aiming at the Marshland Witch’s Castle.

“A, aren’t we running too fast?”

Miarim muttered, hanging to a pillar, as her face turned pale.

With the way Bligh was swaying at the dash speed so far, exactly like a boat being toyed with by a raging storm, no wonder the beautiful fighters raised inland were experiencing something similar to seasickness.

“Anyhow, we must hurry to join them!”

Although Yuit was moving at high speed, leaving Gainos behind, she had other reasons than her trust in the Child of the Dragon. It was related to the information on the Marshland Witch brought to her by the indomitable fighter Risty, who had left the battlefield for a while.

“If, if what Risty told me about is true, big bro and the others won’t be able to defeat the witch by themselves...”

“Aah, what a bad experience.”

“Right, although we are quite sturdy, I thought I was gonna die.”

Enveloped by a suspicious dense fog, two princesses were walking through the main road, complaining with groans.

They were lucky the place where they had fallen into was a hot spring, far from them having any wounds, they were full of life.

“Ymir sis, have you seen that?”

A slightly huge building appeared from inside the thick fog.

“Since we’ve come this far, we’ll go there. Perhaps Annelotte and the others have arrived ahead of us.”

“That’s... neither a castle... nor a mansion.”

With a courtyard surrounded by a huge wall in the shape of a circle, that structure was closer to an arena.

“Ushashashasha... seems like we got company! This is the arena of the Marshland Witch! The fate of the beautiful fighters who come here is to become my, the Trainer Dogura’s, property!”

As if matching the male shout of the marshland goblin who called himself Dogura, the fog drifting around the arena disappeared, and a prison created with the surface of a wall appeared.

“T, these people...”

Eilin’s words summed up the figures of the warriors that had been chained, stripped of their freedom, and were now women who dressed like slaves, exposing their skin.

“This is how all the beautiful fighters that recklessly aimed for the head of the great Marshland Witch have ended!”



*Pull*, pulling a string, a beautiful fighter was dragged out to the arena.

Holding only a sword and a shield full of cracks, the beautiful fighter wore charming clothes, even though she could be said to be nearly nude.

“Branwen! You have five minutes this time. Settle this in five minutes.”

Dogura smiled with a grin as he squeezed the string connected to the beautiful fighter’s choker.

“Do as you please... so, where is my opponent?”

The beautiful fighter called Branwen frowned, looking at Ymir and Eilin alternately.

“Y, you said... Branwen?”

Hearing the name of her opponent, Eilin stepped back a little.

“Do you know her? Eilin.”

“She’s a mediator from the Dragon Tribe the legends sing about, a warrior known as a “Holy Dragon Warrior”... She can’t participate in vulgar battles such as Queen’s Blade...”

“To end up in such a place, like those over there... I pity her.”

“If you insult me that much, let’s do this.”

Raising her eyebrows, Branwen told them with an angry voice, as she readied her sword.

“Although I bear no grudge towards you all, the battle... will start.”

Sure enough, can Ymir and Eilin defeat Branwen, and escape safely from the arena?

They won’t know that unless they fight.

-To be continued-

And there's our Branwen, she almost doesn't make it to the story.

Oh boy, Laila can't seem to do anything right, can she...?

Funny that the Child of the Dragon is still around, one would think they'd have returned her to Shai-Fang by now...

Next chapter: battle versus Branwen!

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter 9.5

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/09/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/09/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated.html)

Extra chapter! I guess the bad news is that there's only one extra chapter remaining besides this one, but on the other hand, you practically can't find any of these two illustrations anywhere, so I guess you're free from unwanted spoilers.

Branwen makes her debut clashing against Eilin & Ymir! Who will win?  
Enjoy!



## Showdown, chapter 9.5: The Dragon Warrior's Tragedy

"That small man, to consciously set those unfavourable restrictions."

Ymir's gaze turned to Dogura, the masked small man behind Branwen, and the one who held the special string restraining her.

The time given against Ymir's party was five minutes. In that interval, if Ymir's party could get away from Branwen, it'd be their victory. There was no need to overdo it and fight.

"You, are you an underling of the Marshland Witch?"

"Hell yeah! I am the great Dogura, working for the great *Masshland* Witch! Kukkukukku, I'm gonna train you too."

"Ymir sis..."

Eilin faltered before Dogura's viscous gaze sent from behind the mask. But Ymir, unperturbed, leaned forward and stepped ahead.

"In that case, I wonder if you know my true identity. Who is the Iron Strategist Ymir?"

Ymir declared, sticking out her tiny chest.

That was her revenge against Melona taking her form as she pleased. Hopefully, it'd go well.

"It... it *can't* be... A, are you *Missh* Melona?"

Changing his expression suddenly, Dogura now looked modest.

"That's right, quite so! I received the order to take this girl straight to the witch! You'd better clear the path!"

"Ha, haha~~~~h! G, give my regards to the great *Wisch*..."

(Looks like it worked.)

(A, as expected from Ymir sis, what an outstanding quick wit!)

"Hm, I can certainly tell you're good at your work."

"Too bad though, but you can't fool my eyes, Dwarven Princess!"

Taking her eyes off Dogura, who bowed his head and prostrated himself, Branwen stuck out her sword to hinder the two people that were going to advance further inside.

"If it had been Melona, she wouldn't have asked Dogura if he was an underling. Besides..."

"*Master!* Call me *Master!*"

Before Branwen could finish talking, Dogura took hold of the training tool and forced her to kneel.

"Do you know how many times I've told you? I am your master. You should naturally call me "Master Dogura".

Besides, I already knew these guys were faake!"

Sensitive parts of Branwen's body were stimulated, making her body shake as her skin blushed.

"Kukuku, I know who you really are, don't hold back... as Dwarven Princesses, you'll fetch a high price."

*Slurp*, Dogura wiped his mouth under his mask, estimating the price of Ymir's party.

"There's no way out, seems like we have to do this, Eilin!"

"Ymir sis, let's show them out earnest."

They couldn't avoid fighting anymore, so the two people took their weapons and turned towards Branwen. The time she had been granted for the two people was five minutes, could they succeed in escaping completely...?

At that moment, the other party, Sigui and Izumi who were thrown out of the phantom ship like Ymir's party, had been forced to retreat, surrounded by innumerable undead.

"Hey, what... are you doing?"

Next to Izumi, who prepared her sword as she glared at her surroundings, Sigui spread both of her legs.

"T, this is a Holy Pose to drive the demons away."

Exactly as Sigui stated, the undead surrounding them certainly couldn't approach them, and remained beyond a fixed range.

"But, with this, we can't move."

"If you realized that, think of some other way! A, after all, I can't stay like this indefinitely..."

Having kept the Holy Pose for a long time, Sigui was nearing her limits, her thighs trembling.

"E, even if you say so..."

Izumi surveyed her surroundings and let out a big sigh. The innumerable undead surrounded the two people like the fog or the mist. Even if she made full use of her fencing, she didn't have the confidence she could break through.

"As, as I expected, this is a stalemate, right..."

The same moment Izumi muttered that, shedding cold sweat, the earth vibrated largely.

"Wwha! An earthquake?!"

*Thump, thump*, the earth shook at fixed intervals, making the undead withdraw.

"That's the sound of Bligh's footsteps, somehow Yuit and the others made it this far."

Sigui released her Holy Pose, and waved her hand widely at Bligh, that slowly appeared from the other side of the thick fog.

"We're restarting. Let's go, Princess!"

Along with her declaration, Branwen shortened the distance between them in an instant.

"Sorry, but I have no intention to cross swords with you."

Ymir took out a fire jar from her handbag. The high heat flame from the Asgartan fire jar, used in the iron manufacture of Iron Mountain to melt iron, thwarted Branwen's charge.

"Now! Eilin!"

As someone from the Dwarven Tribe resistant to the high heat and used to the Asgartan flame, Eilin wielded her hammer and charged at Branwen.

"Attack with all your strength!"

Reading through Eilin's attack, Branwen repelled the hammer with her sword, and kicked the leaping Eilin, sending her flying.

"Kyauh!"

Sent flying completely like a football, Eilin returned to her original position.

"Kuu, Ymir sis, this girl is really strong."

Rubbing her stomach, where she had been kicked, Eilin complained through teary eyes.

"That's right, we need another plan, just what...?"

Ymir raised her brows. A while ago, when she was trying to go through passing herself for Melona, why didn't Branwen overlook it...? Why didn't she choose a way for them not to fight?

"Hey, you great Dragon Warrior, get serious here."

Matching Dogura's voice, the string he carried that connected the training tool and Branwen shone, tinged with magic.

"Ku, aaah..."

Even as she writhed in agony, Branwen didn't drop her sword, and firmly turned her gaze to Ymir's party.

"A, a proud person like you, how are you under the thumb of such a low-life?"

Branwen narrowed her eyes at Ymir's question.

"Because I'm proud... I have no choice but to fight."

Jumping over the flame, Branwen drew near.

Eilin hadn't recovered from her injury just now, only Ymir could face her.

"I wanted to save this until we dealt with the Witch, but there's no helping it."

Ymir took a deep breath, and drank up in one gulp an elixir that she had kept hidden.

"Y, Ymir sis... your appearance..."

Before Eilin's eyes, Ymir's appearance changed greatly. Clearly taller, her slender legs grew, both her arms became supple, and her chest changed to an unbelievable extent.

Eilin was at a loss for words, Ymir's appearance was on par with Branwen.

"My appearance isn't the only thing that has changed!"

Ymir repelled Branwen's sword with her axe. She didn't lose in physical strength either.

"T, that's amazing! With this, you can win!"

"Fufu, this is the power of the Giant Growth elixir."

Branwen attacked Ymir, who was smiling as if she had already won, with her shield.

"Naive!"

Ymir struck the shield with her axe.

"It might be you who is naive."

Branwen followed up releasing a kick at Ymir, the powerful blow that had hit Eilin and sent her flying, and Ymir's body bent like a question mark.

"Gufuh... This much is nothing..."

Although her mouth was distorted in pain, Ymir didn't fall down. Instead, the elixir lost its effects, and Ymir returned to her original appearance. The elixir's effect only lasted for a few seconds.

"It still needs some adjustments."

Ymir felt a shudder before such a tough opponent that couldn't be brought down even with the Giant Growth; the elixir had been made aiming to have a rematch with Claudette, so even if she couldn't accept that Branwen's power was equal or stronger than Claudette's, that just now was nothing but proof.

"Don't play around, Branwen!"

Branwen's body trembled along with Dogura's rebuke. In a sense, Dogura could be seen as an ally of Ymir's party. Due to Dogura's relentless punishment, Branwen couldn't move, and Eilin acted on this golden opportunity.

"Let's go, Sister."

"Hmm, now is our chance!"

They decided to use their two-way simultaneous attack, Twin Princess Strike, and aimed for Branwen.

"I... I can't afford... to lose!"

Branwen roared. Eilin was drawn back for a moment before that roar reminiscent of a dragon. Though it was only for a brief moment, for Branwen it was plenty of time.

With her sword and shield, Branwen magnificently endured the attack of the two people, and set her sight on Ymir. She unleashed an unpredictable technique upon the dwarf.

"Ymir sis!"

Branwen's sword approached Ymir. She couldn't dodge something that fast and powerful.

(S, sorry. Eilin, this is our loss.)

The same exact moment Ymir resigned to their defeat, Branwen's sword broke when it was about to reach Ymir's body, and ended up cutting empty air. The durability of that inferior weapon full of cracks had met its limit due to the attacks with the Giant Growth.

"Branwen... still playing around... you foolish woman."

Smiling with a grin, Dogura operated his training tool.



“Au... kuuuh... nah...”

Branwen let out a heavy breathing as she was subjected to a very intense torture, and collapsed, writhing in agony, on the arena’s floor.

“Five minutes have passed... Branwen, it’s your loss... My marks will increase by one with this.”

Matching Dogura’s words, the chain tattoos engraved from the thigh to her left buttock increased by one.

“If you win the chain will disappear, if you lose, the chain will only increase. Unless the chain is gone, your important thing won’t be set free... I’ll engrave it on your body so you remember...”

*Ugh ugh*, Dogura laughed as he turned Branwen’s thighs and buttocks, where the tattoo was engraved out of thin air.

“Y... you can go... it’s your victory...”

Breathing roughly, Branwen pointed to the exit of the arena.

“I want to ask you something... if you’re so strong, you could set yourself free immediately, why subject your body to such humiliation?”

“For my pride... If I win my fights, I’ll obtain my freedom. Even if I obtained my freedom any other way, what I care the most about won’t be there.”

Ymir cast down her eyes before Branwen’s reply. Even if they brought Dogura down, her intention was to remain there.

“Sorry... Let’s go, Eilin!”

“Yes, Sister!”

Turning their backs on Branwen’s agony due to Dogura incessantly punishing her body, the two people left the arena.

-To be continued-

Now that was a fine battle, they amped up the tension with this one, and the new techniques sure helped.

It’s a pity that the story is ending now that the battles were starting to resemble the actual books...

Also, having in the same chapter Dogura, the dwarves and Izumi, with their crazy speech patterns, is a pain to translate ^^U

Next chapter: we’re back with Annelotte’s party...!

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter 10

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/09/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated\\_27.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/09/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated_27.html)

In [this chapter](#), Annelotte and Aldra are about to reach their goal...!  
Enjoy!



## Showdown, chapter 10: Witch

Steering the Netherworld Horse Ambrosius through the thick fog, Annelotte advanced together with Aldra.

“Dear me, didn’t expect this from Madam.”

“Yeah, I was surprised.”

As they rocked on Ambrosius’ back, Aldra continued her conversation with the summoned beasts without a hint of tension.

Gripping Ambrosius a bit tighter, Annelotte thanked her for that. Had she been by herself, she probably couldn’t have stayed that calm.

Liliana’s pirate ship had scattered in all directions before Laila’s fierce attack, and the two people had been thrown out into the sky. Probably, one could say it was fortunate that they could come down to the ground, without being injured by falling into the marshland.

Besides, unlike their comrades who were thrown off earlier, they were close to the Witch’s Castle.

“Why were you surprised?”

Aldra asked the summoned beasts.

“The marshland where Madam’s party fell... uh, it’s one of the most toxic. An ordinary human would have been reduced to bones there and then, or you could even say they’d turn into a demon...”

“Despite that, madam and her younger sister look perfectly safe. Really, we are impressed with our Mistress.”

Annelotte’s body involuntarily trembled after hearing the summoned beasts. They were saying, both of them had been saved by the demon blood flowing inside them...

“Besides, Madam, the air around here somehow feels nostalgic, right?”

“That’s right, it feels like we’re close to our birthplace.”

Suddenly, Ambrosius stopped its pace.

“Who?”

Annelotte held her sword, gazing in front of her.

“I have no intention to do battle with you.”

As the wind dispersed the thick fog, a maid appeared.

“Ah, you...”

Aldra involuntarily called out to the familiar figure.

“It has been a long time. Miss Aldra... I’m here to welcome both of you, as foretold by the oracle my Mistress, the Marshland Witch, received.”

“No, you saved us. Although I’m strong enough to fight a thousand warriors, there’s nothing I can do against undead.”

“You sure talk big for someone who ran from place to place.”

Both Sigui and Izumi had let out a sigh of relief when they had been picked up by Bligh, as it advanced through the marshland.

“What about the strange poses, were they necessary?”

“Wha! D, did you insult the Holy Poses! Thanks to them, the undead couldn’t come close!”

“Ah~, hey hey, don’t you fight now! It was so much trouble to join you!”

Yuit got in between Sigui and Izumi to separate them, since it seemed like they were going to start scuffling at any moment.

“So, where’s big bro?”

“Now that you mention it...”

It seemed like Izumi didn’t understand the situation, due to her fainting after the battle with Liliana. Sigui told them what had happened to them all in an apologetic tone.

“It’s likely that she’s ahead... Shit, this could get dangerous... Vante! Maximum output!”

In response to Yuit’s command, Vante sped up Bligh’s pace.

“Oh? What’s with the hurry? It’s not like those two will die that easily, is it?”

Taking to her mouth the meal Mirim offered her, Izumi looked puzzled.

“Of course not. I know big bro and big bro’s sister will be safe. The problem is, the Marshland Witch can’t be defeated only by those two!”

“What do you mean?”

“If the Marshland Witch is an existence like I’m guessing, unless we seal the gate to the Netherworld that grants her unlimited magical power, we won’t be able to defeat her.”

Sigui sank into silence involuntarily. Often in the Pope’s board, the topic of a contact with the Netherworld had been raised, she wondered if those rumors she had heard about a “gate” were true?

Vapor rose from the rumbling hot spring, and hot water flowed into the huge bathtub.

There were lots of suitable furniture with no ominous atmosphere, and a spa that was gentle on the skin and removed the fatigue from the body.

It was hard to believe at first that this was one section of the Witch’s Castle, yet that’s where Annelotte and Aldra were.

“Here are your clothes...”

Airi’s voice echoed from the other side of the hot bath’s vapor.

Since they were supposed to be clean before meeting the Marshland Witch, without time for Annelotte and Aldra to resist, they had been pushed into the hot spring by Airi.

If Airi had a belligerent attitude, they wouldn’t have followed her obediently like this.



“Just what... is the witch thinking? We’ve come to bring her down.”

“It’s not necessary for you to know what Mistress thinks.”

Airi replied, stuffing into a basket case the summoned beasts, which were going to try and rush into the bathtub.

“As for me, I’m just following orders, according the prediction experienced by Mistress.”

“Prediction? What prediction?”

“Mistress said, “Sisters will reunite at the end of a long exile, and coming under my supervision, they’ll become great resources” “

“G, gimme a break! To say that we’ll become allies of the Marshland Witch!”

In contrast with Annelotte, full of fighting spirit, Aldra had an expression as if she was perplexed.

“What’s wrong?”

“Sorry... it’s nothing... Let’s go.”

Following Annelotte, Aldra stood up in the bathtub. Bubbles of boiling water glittered as they rolled down the top of her body, tracing her soft curves.

“Won’t you need a dress?”

Airi regretfully laid out the dresses she had prepared.

“No, thank you. Because, we’ve come here to fight!”

Annelotte announced to Airi, putting on her armor.

“I won’t stop you... You’ll realize your own foolishness, and you’ll be truly sorry.”

Smiling broadly, Airi invited the couple to the hall.

“I’ve been expecting you... the sisters of fate, as noted in my prophecy.”

The Marshland Witch stood up slowly, an otherworldly radiance on her back, as a younger voice than expected echoed through the hall.

“Expecting us... what for?”

Annelotte took hold of her sword, glaring at the Marshland Witch.

Annelotte’s eyes reflected an atypical beautiful woman, the figure of a woman more beautiful than anticipated, but with huge horns, jet black wings, and a tail with a sharp tip.

In contrast with Annelotte, who was so highly fired up that she could take up arms at any moment, Aldra’s body stiffened when she saw the witch’s appearance.

“It can’t be... that...”

Aldra wasn’t the only one frightened. As soon as the two summoned beasts, who had been cracking jokes not long ago, saw the witch’s appearance, they hid behind Aldra and observed what was going on.

“You should put your sword away, Princess Knight Annelotte... and prostrate yourself before me like the Summoner Aldra.”

The voice of the Marshland Witch echoed, without her lips moving.

“Annelotte... we... can’t oppose her...”

“What!”

Annelotte raised her voice at the unexpected words from Aldra.

“Such an eager judgment... hm, an eagerness that follows the predictions too... nice, nice.”

Talking happily, the Marshland Witch turned her gaze to Annelotte, who hadn’t put her sword away, and after glancing at her, she took hold of a whip from what looked like a tail.

“Princess Knight Annelotte, why art thou trying to bring me down? I didn’t kill anyone myself, the humans died on their own...”

“Don’t try to deceive me... as long as you wish for the world, there will be wars... that’s why!”

Annelotte drew her sword with an air of composure, and tried to cut the Marshland Witch. A downwards swing at the Witch’s head without hesitation would settle everything.

“Don’t! Anne! That person! The Marshland Witch, is our Mother!”

For a moment, Annelotte’s sword arm grew dull at the unexpected words from Aldra.

Not letting that chance slip by, the witch aimed her whip at Annelotte’s wrist, and knocked off the lance-sword Grim Venus.

“Unlike the elder sister, this younger sister may require some training... indeed, this body is your mother’s, the

Demon Princess of the Netherworld Werbellia's...."

Smiling as she made her whip sound, the witch stared at Annelotte.

"Our... Mother..."

Without hiding her surprise, Annelotte grabbed her wrist struck by the whip as she stared at the witch.

The Marshland Witch spoke without moving her lips, her voice coming from the jet black underwear Werbellia wore.

"That means you can't hurt me, if you don't want to hurt your mother... if you get it, according to the prophecy, join me. Noble beautiful sisters descended from the Demon King."

"We refuse... Marshland Witch."

Annelotte once again picked up the lance-sword lying down on the floor without hesitating, waking up the demonic blood dormant inside her.

"I shall free Mother from your spell! Older sister, please help me out!"

With the figure of the Marshland Witch reflected in her crimson eyes, Annelotte readied her lance-sword and pointed it at the witch.

Sure enough, can the two people bring the witch down, and release their mother?

They won't know that unless they fight.

-To be concluded-

The witch uses a speech usually reserved for old and/or wise people (kinda like Melona uses now, but more emphasized in the witch's case), and uses "warawa" (an old "I") to refer to herself. Didn't want to get all Shakespearian with the "why art thou", but my hand was forced ^^U.

In the volume version of this chapter, Aldra doesn't reveal yet that it's her mother's body, apparently the witch disarms Annelotte just because she's faster and she wonders if she has to use a curse to get her to obey... so keep that in mind for the next one.

Next chapter: end of the line!

# Queen's Blade Rebellion Illustrated Stories: Showdown, chapter 11

 [queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/10/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated\\_11.html](http://queensbladebattle.blogspot.pt/2012/10/queens-blade-rebellion-illustrated_11.html)

Extra chapter, probably the longest, and the very last one! I chose this bland preview with Aldra in case you haven't seen the awesome illustration yet...

Last battle!

Enjoy the **Rebellion finale!**



## Showdown, chapter 11: Conclusion, And...

The Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh advanced through the marshland. Luna Luna was devoting herself to dancing in the altar located in its heart, to store magical power.

“Magical power supply, entering threshold.”

On Bligh's throne, deciphering the information sent by Vante, who integrated with the Fortress' control unit, Yuit added one more order.

“Launching Sealed Weapon: Magic Lightball!”

The lightball released from Bligh's widely open mouth vaporized the miasma on their course, transforming the marshland into solid ground.

“C, cool... That was amazing.”

Witnessing such a dreadful power, a power capable of destroying the world like only legends sang about, Izumi revealed her honest thoughts with a blank stare.

“If we had such a thing, why didn't we use it in the battle against the Queen?”

“The whole Gainos would have disappeared if we had shot this. Or rather, at that time we didn't even know how to use it.”

Yuit answered with embarrassment to Mirim's question.

“It seems Luna Luna didn't know it either until she heard a story from a snake goddess in a prophetic dream.”

Until just the other day, Luna Luna didn't know the location of the altar that she needed to dance on in order to shoot.

“Tarnyang, how is Luna Luna doing?”

“Ah, seems like she can't do it anymore. She's at the limit of her fatigue.”

Yuit nodded at Tarnyang's report from the altar, and Bligh accelerated. They had to arrive to the witch's castle before the miasma they had blown away came back drifting.

“Wait for us, big bro... You mustn't be hasty.”

Even with Annelotte's strength after changing into a demon of her own volition, facing the witch by herself couldn't be said to be anything but hard.

“Older sister...”

Annelotte approached slowly to protect Aldra. She needed her cooperation to fight the witch.

““We can't oppose her”... what do you mean by that?”

She asked in a whisper. Was there a law from the Netherworld in effect that she didn't know about?

“The Marshland Witch... That body is our mother's, Werbellia's...”

“W, what did you say?”

Annelotte involuntarily gasped at Aldra's words.

“S, so that means, if we kill the Marshland Witch...”

“Yes, we’d be killing our mother.”

Annelotte’s parents, the ones who had raised her, were the couple from the Kreutz Margraviate. Though that didn’t feel like a lie, having met her true mother, who wasn’t a human at that, was enough to perturb her.

“What are you whispering about... are you reconsidering if you should surrender?”

The Marshland Witch wriggled her body in an obscene gesture as she flexed her whip.

“Well, fine... you should know that any plans are useless before me... just with a glimpse of my power, behold an Unholy Pose.”

As the Marshland Witch made a dirty gesture as if to tempt them, countless ghosts appeared from the darkness.

“Kuh! T, this is...”

The ghosts appeared everywhere. Ghost came out from Annelotte’s and Aldra’s shadows as well, and immobilized the two.

“L, let goo!”

“What rude fellows, to make a move on madam.”

The summoned beasts drove away the ghosts that approached Aldra. But, since Annelotte didn’t have guardians of her own, there was no way for her to repel the innumerable ghosts.

“Come now, Annelotte. You should kiss my leg to make an oath of obedience.”

The Marshland Witch stretched her leg in front of Annelotte’s lips, who was made to kneel on the floor. Immobilized, Annelotte couldn’t even turn her face away.

“What curse should I cast on you... a curse to “Deny” your way of life... a curse to “Refuse” everything... maybe I should make you unable to live without my help...”

With a smile, the Marshland Witch put magical power into her fingertip, gathering force for the curse.

She couldn’t attack with her weapon due to the witch’s skill with the whip. She was no match for the demonic strength of a genuine inhabitant of the Netherworld like Werbellia... she couldn’t win... at this rate, let alone kill the witch, she wouldn’t even be able to touch her.

The moment Annelotte felt close to despair, the sound of a trumpet shell echoed from somewhere far away.

“Guwaooooooh.”

The undead that were immobilizing Annelotte screamed in death agony after hearing the trumpet shell’s sound.

“What’s that unpleasant sound? Airi, what’s happening?”

The Marshland Witch frowned in annoyance, and summoned Airi.

“Great Witch, it’s Bligh! Bligh is in our territory.”

“Damn them... Airi, suppress them with the undead, you may use an evil god, it doesn’t matter even if you kill the beautiful fighters as a warning to others.”

“Acknowledged.”

Airi disappeared just like she had appeared. Understanding that Bligh was getting close from the conversation between the two, Aldra raised her lowered face and looked at Annelotte and the Marshland Witch.

“Are you alright, madam? At this rate, your younger sister will become her servant.”

“Besides, aren’t the lives of your comrades in danger?... The Witch is merciless, mada-m.”

They thought that the Marshland Witch wasn’t supposed to be able to kill the beautiful fighters, but it had been a big misunderstanding. Like she did with Captain Liliana and Menace, she could resurrect the deceased and rule over them. There was no reason she’d hesitate to kill them if she had to.

“I can’t allow... such a thing.”

Aldra made up her mind.

“Will you oppose her? Madam, you intend to oppose her.”

Aldra nodded and, thrusting out her arm, ordered the summoned beasts.

“Mr. Belphe! Mr. Dogor! Initiate the attack! Aim at the witch’s underwear!”

“Uhohoho, what a delicious sounding order.”

The two summoned beasts, both the stuffed frog Dogor and the stuffed bear Belphe, jumped out vigorously.

“You servants are a million years too early to touch me!”

The Marshland Witch swung her whip when she sensed the summoned beasts approaching, and knocked down the two animals with lightning speed.

“Oooh, wonderful!”

“T, this is, more like a reward!”

Though they had been struck by the whip and the cotton padding inside them had spilled out, for some reason the two beasts smiled with great joy and bounced excitedly on the floor.

“Older sister!”

Encouraged by Aldra’s participation in the battle, Annelotte took hold of her lance-sword and stood up.

“The main part of the Marshland Witch’s body controlling Mother is that ominous underwear, if we tear it off from her body...”

“I agree!”

As soon as she heard, Annelotte stuck out her lance-sword, and charged towards the Marshland Witch.

“How foolish, to charge over and over again without a plan.”

The Marshland Witch faced Annelotte with a defenseless posture.

“What? T, this...”

The point of the lance-sword curved without touching the witch’s body, idly cleaving through the air.

Around the witch, strong enough on her own, there seemed to be an invisible, peerless shield.

“Hohoho, it’s as the witch says. Madam.”

“That’s right... Around the Marshland Witch, there’s a barrier formed by a huge magic supply from the Netherworld. It’s because of it that we can’t get close.”

Grumbling, the summoned beasts pointed at the back of the throne the witch had sat on.

Unless the radiance from the Netherworld stopped shining on the throne from the depths of the earth, there wouldn’t be a chance for the two people to win.

Bligh rose with a roar, pushing its way through the countless undead that loomed like fog. On its head, Izumi tooted her trumpet shell, raising the allies’ morale.

“That’s as far as you go. We’re expecting no visitors!”

A huge shadow showed up to halt Bligh's advance.

"Geh! What is that!?"

Izumi exclaimed involuntarily.

The huge shadow that stood in the way before Bligh was an evil god from the Netherworld with the lower half of a serpent. On its shoulder, carrying a scythe, could be seen the figure of the witch's loyal subject, the Infernal Tempter Airi.

"To send out such a thing."

Mirim's voice trembled before the figure of the evil god sung about in legends.

"I guessed as much! Go!"

Coming near beside the frightened Mirim, Yuit rushed Bligh.

"Thrust into the castle as is! Maximum battle speed!"

They didn't need tricks or plans anymore.

They could only achieve their goal by striking from the front.

In that situation, how could they cut off the supply of demonic energy from the Netherworld?

(Think, Annelotte, think)

If the ebb and flow continued, it would be them who would lose their stamina.

If they could at least prevent the light from the Netherworld...

The very moment Annelotte closed her eyes with a feeling as if praying to the heavens, a miracle happened.

The ground rumbled with a thunderous roar, and the ceiling of the hall where Annelotte's party and the witch were fighting crumbled down.

"W, what is it?"

Along with the rubble, a huge foot appeared trampling on a gigantic arm. It was the large build of the Sacred Treasure Fortress Bligh.

"You're telling me you couldn't stop Bligh?"

The witch shouted inside the collapsing rubble.

Bligh kept moving without stopping, and trampled down on the throne, the rubble blocking the point of contact with the Netherworld.

Unable to let this opportunity slip, Annelotte started running towards the confused witch.

"Mr. Belphe! Mr. Dogor! Please seal the witch's movements."

Seeing Annelotte's actions, Aldra gave an order to the summoned beasts. Inside the Witch's Castle, now crumbling due to Bligh's ramming attack, the last battle had begun.

"What a delicious body, I'm salivating."

"Low lives... you better step back!"

As an effect of the light from the Netherworld being blocked, the barrier that should have been formed along the witch's voice didn't appear.

"Uhyohyohyo, this is quite sweet."

The summoned beasts pounced on the witch's voluptuous breasts.

“You servants!”

As the witch tore the summoned beasts off herself, Annelotte drew near among the crumbling debris.

“Annelotte! I decided on the appropriate curse for thee!”

The witch tore the summoned beasts off her clothes, and with her breasts exposed, turned towards Annelotte with a curse on her finger.

“When your soul receives this “Despair” curse, you’ll surrender before me.”

She risked being cursed. But even if she was cursed, she should be able to reach the witch’s body.

“Now! Anne!”

Seeing the witch’s opening, Aldra grabbed the witch from behind, immobilizing her.

“What? When did you...”

The witch was bewildered by the surprise attack. But, it only lasted for a moment.

“In that case, you’ll be cursed first.”

The witch turned towards Aldra, clinging to her, and pointed the cursing finger at her.

“Witch! Your opponent is me!”

Annelotte cast aside her lance-sword and extended her hand.

“Did you throw away your weapon because you realized you can’t make it?”

“No. I threw it away to win, witch!”

That was a desperate tactics after noticing how Aldra’s unarmed surprise attack had been a success.

“Nonsense.”

The cursing miasma collected around the witch’s fingertip distorted the air. But, the curse didn’t leave her finger.

“Why? Why didn’t the curse take place?”

Annelotte’s fingertips bit into Werbellia’s underwear, and tore it off from her body in one go.

“Guoooooh! Damn! Damn!”

Releasing a screaming shockwave, the jet black underwear left Werbellia’s body, moving its limbs like a spider.

“Just a little more... even though I had abolished that annoying Queen’s Blade forever... Damn...”

At the same time the witch’s words extinguished, the dark clouds that toppled the marshland went away, and warm sunlight shone in.

Separated from the body she inhabited, the Marshland Witch was gone.

“Farewell... Marshland Witch...”

In Annelotte’s hands, losing its strength, the witch’s main body became worn-out and slid down.

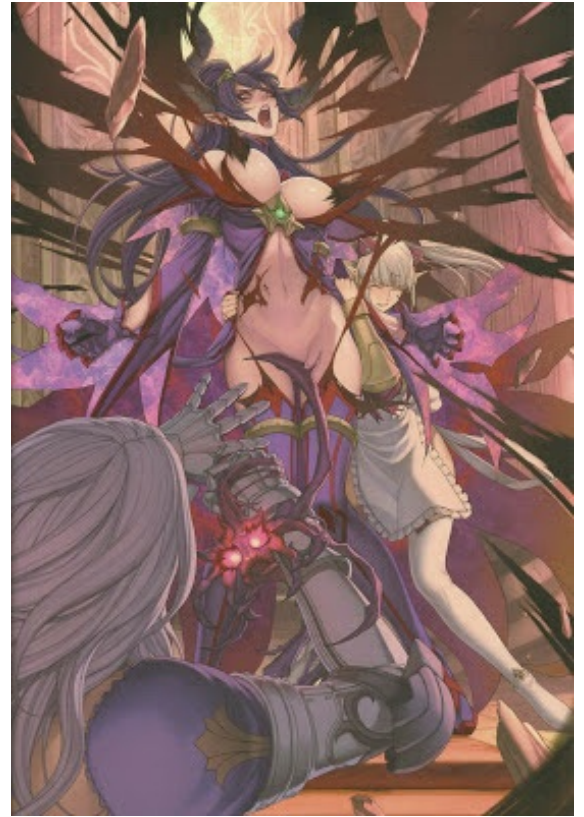
Though she was wounded all over from being hit with the rubble, Annelotte was convinced that it was their victory.

A victory she couldn’t have possibly achieved on her own, if it hadn’t been for her sister Aldra, Yuit who operated Bligh and her comrades from the Rebel Army, they wouldn’t have triumphed over the Marshland Witch and released their mother.

“It’s our victory... Annelotte.”

Annelotte and Aldra felt the sun on their backs, and ran up towards Werbellia, who was getting up.

“You did it... big bro...”



As they watched from atop of Bligh the joyful reunion between parent and children, the beautiful fighters realized that the battle had ended.

That day was received as a big occasion in the history of the Continent.

The nobles that had long corrupted the Continent had been eradicated by Queen Claudette’s great political purge, and the technology of instruments operated by magic put in place during her mandate revolutionized the life of the people.

The great political purge had ended in calamity due to the curse cast on Queen Claudette by the Marshland Witch, and thanks to the Rebel Army led by the Princess Knight Annelotte marking the end of the Marshland Witch, the Continent had regained peace once again.

“...I revoke my own proposal that made me into the Queen here, and I declare a Queen’s Blade tournament to decide the Queen of the next era.”

It went without saying that the whole Continent got in an uproar of joy when Claudette’s declaration was propagated all over by the crystal ball.

A true Queen determined by Queen’s Blade. That was what the people of the Continent were asking for.

“Will you really do this?”

At the Queen’s Castle, Claudette was talking to Annelotte in the backyard.

“No one would complain anyways if you got the throne of the Queen.”

“I was able to achieve my goals. The Marshland Witch that brought calamity to the Continent was defeated, I reunited with my sister, my mother was saved, and Queen’s Blade was restarted. That’s good enough for me.” As Annelotte said that, she shifted her attention to her comrades from the Rebel Army gathered in the courtyard.

“Thank you for all until now. We made it thanks to everyone.”

“S, so this... is goodbye?”

“No, we’ll meet again. In the next Queen’s Blade, we’ll fight properly then, aiming for the throne of the Queen.”  
Before Annelotte’s declaration, Claudette showed a smile no one had ever seen before.

“I’ll look forward to it, rebel Princess Knight... no, Patriot Princess Knight.”

The era of the rebellion that had caused many calamities in the Continent had passed, an era where the new Queen would be decided in a fighting tournament was about to begin.

The sisters gathered under the flag of the Rebel Army, each with their own goal, separated to fulfill their dreams. Some people will carry out the mission they were born to, and some people will improve themselves... They’d meet again in the great competition Queen’s Blade to decide the next Queen, but whether that victor will be Annelotte, or it’ll be someone else entirely, they won’t know that unless they fight.

One girl was wandering through the wilderness, not knowing where to go.

The girl, whose body was clad in maid clothes and who didn’t look like either an adventurer or a traveler, was holding a black piece of cloth that released a sinister miasma.

“Please wait a little... I’ll find a suitable body for you, Mistress...”

Where was Airi heading to, and which plans she had with the piece of cloth, that’ll be another story.

-END-

>That was the story, but now a little bonus:

### **The Marshland Witch’s Secret**

Roughly 100 years ago. The Marshland Witch who appeared suddenly openly hated the living things and Queen’s Blade, and building a gigantic castle in the Large Marshland, begun spreading the marshland through her magical power.

The Marshland Witch was a bodiless spirit, if she didn’t possess anyone, she couldn’t display her full power. Although the witch had tried many bodies so far, none of the bodies could withstand the use of her mighty magical power for long. Therefore, the witch set her eyes on Werbellia. She was a beautiful high ranking demon, daughter of the Demon King of the Netherworld. The Marshland Witch summoned her from the Netherworld under the pretense of helping to conquest the world.

On the other hand, a man known as Pope Stephan, the supreme leader of the religion, got to know that the Marshland Witch was cooperating with the daughter of the King of the Netherworld, and went to subjugate them. Although the Pope lost the battle facing Werbellia in the marshland, he actually succeeded in sealing her power. That is, Werbellia fell in love at first sight with the Pope and gave herself to him. The Marshland Witch was stumped. As long as Werbellia continued her sweet married life, let alone her body, it’d be near impossible to borrow her strength.

5 years passed, husband and wife had two daughters, and they formed a happy family. Then, the witch eventually kidnapped the two daughters, luring the Pope to her own castle and sealing him alive in the Netherworld forever. Though the Marshland Witch tried to usurp the body of Werbellia, despaired at her husband’s disappearance, her plan failed. Werbellia was a mightier being than she could have imagined. She got angry, and went back to the Netherworld. Her two daughters escaped secretly to the town by the hand of an identified human.

And then, time passed, and the moment came when Aldra was defeated at the tournament. Once again, the witch summoned Werbellia. The witch had obtained the “Controlling Treasure” handed down by the Amara Kingdom from Menace, and using the treasure on that body, she controlled Werbellia. As Werbellia, the Marshland Witch first cast

the "Amplification Curse" on the new Queen. If she amplified her personality that respected the order to an abnormal degree, it'd be easy to manipulate her in the future. Placing Melona (a fake Ymir) as a supervisor, the Queen substantially belonged to the witch. She was made to declare the abolition of Queen's Blade, calamity befell and a "Beautiful Fighters Hunt" began to erase the people according to the prophecy. But the prophecy said that she couldn't kill them. Then, the witch rendered them powerless, casting on them curses crueler than death. This way, the witch's preparations to rule the Continent were complete, without her actually finding herself on center stage. She was keeping an eye for a chance to depose the Queen, and seize the throne for herself. But the two daughters of the "vessel" she had kidnapped became an obstacle! Why didn't the prophecy told her about the existence of these two people? Wasn't the prophecy that almighty, or did the "vessel"'s maternal instincts hinder it? That will always remain a mystery.

Whew, so that was the whole thing... Guess there's a lot to comment about, but I'll just highlight a couple of things for now:

The Witch does have 4 "Unholy Poses": Control, Corruption, Despair and Pain. We'll have to wait for her book to actually see them, but unlike the Holy Poses, seems like they require the user's own energy.

Also, I was rather convinced the summoned beasts would turn on Aldra sooner or later. It was rather refreshing to see them staying beside her (and staying as perverts, while at it), truth be told...

Still, the Continent was saved, and the Witch was severely (fatally?) weakened, but what happened to our heroines...?

Next: Rebellion endings, start!