

勇者に  
滅ぼされる  
だけの  
簡単な  
仕事です

そのに  
2

AMANO HAZAMA  
天野ハザマ

# **The Simple Job of Only Perishing to the Hero**

**Yuusha ni Horobosareru Dake no Kantan na Oshigoto Desu**

**- Volume 2 -**

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**[ Manga0205 (Light Novels Translations) ]**

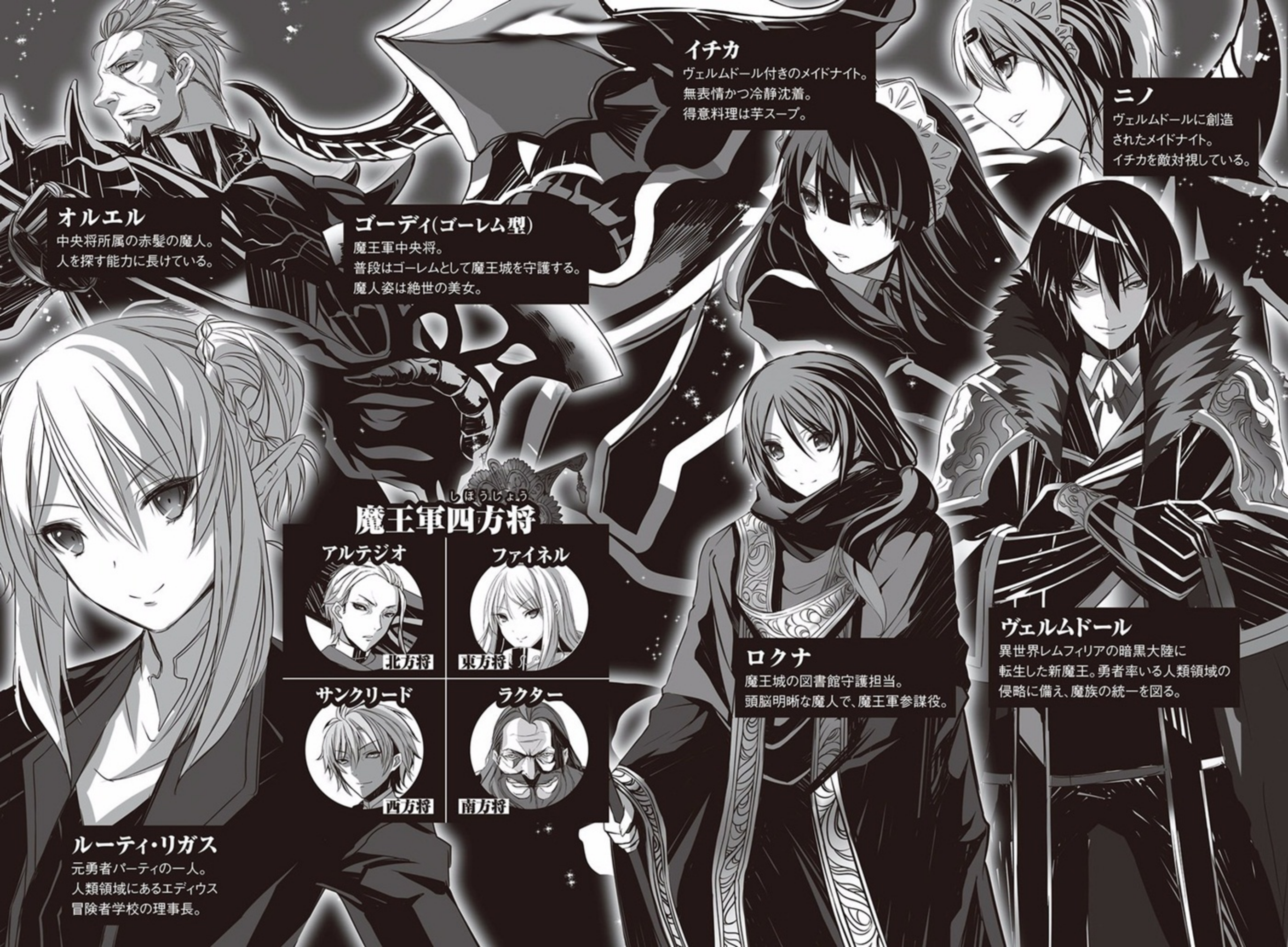
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Illustration : ジョンディー



### イチカ

ヴェルムドール付きのメイドナイト。  
無表情かつ冷静沈着。  
得意料理は芋スープ。

### ニノ

ヴェルムドールに創造されたメイドナイト。  
イチカを敵対視している。

### オルエル

中央将所属の赤髪の魔人。  
人を探す能力に長けている。

### ゴードイ(ゴーレム型)

魔王軍中央将。  
普段はゴーレムとして魔王城を守護する。  
魔人姿は絶世の美女。

## 魔王軍<sup>しほうじょう</sup>四方将

### アルテジオ



北方将

### ファイネル



東方将

### サンクリード



西方将

### ラクター



南方将

### ルーティ・リガス

元勇者パーティの一人。  
人類領域にあるエディウス  
冒険者学校の理事長。

### ロクナ

魔王城の図書館守護担当。  
頭脳明晰な魔人で、魔王軍参謀役。

### ヴェルムドール

異世界レムフィリアの暗黒大陸に  
転生した新魔王。勇者率いる人類領域の  
侵略に備え、魔族の統一を図る。

# Chapter 1

A few days passed since the Ogre extermination request in mankind's territory—in the Shutaia Continent.

Having returned to the royal capital, the Adventurer Shion—the Demon King Vermudol, after buying several books at a bookstore, shut himself up in his own room at the lodging house, the [Steel Fish Store] , and started reading. Maybe because he had really wanted to concentrate and read them, he specifically told the shopkeeper Garadd “even if I have guests, absolutely do not let them through...” just to be sure. Actually, even with the Maid Knight Nino playing around and writing letters on Shion's back with her finger, he didn't bother with her at all.

“...So boring.”

Nino, who was lying down on top of the bed, muttered that sounding dissatisfied.

After returning to the inn, Shion stared at his books the whole time.

Even if she wrote letters on his back with her finger, or placed her head dress on his head as a joke, he didn't notice at all.

Even when she leaned on his back as a test, he was rude and only muttered the one word of “Heavy”.

She felt that he should have said more about something else, but there was no helping it if he wouldn't respond.

While sulking, Nino didn't know what to do with her spare time.

What Shion bought up seemed to be publications that were popular in this country for some reason.

She recalled how plenty of the same books were piled up in the bookstore.

Nino gazed at the titles of the volumes that were stacked up next to Shion.

[A Report on Demi-Humans]

[Following the Hero's Journey (Volume One)]

[Following the Hero's Journey (Volume Two)]

[Following the Hero's Journey (Volume Three)]

[Mysteries of the Dark Continent]

[Maid Knight Legends]

[The Bible of Life]

[Investigation on the Country of Darkness]

And then, what Shion was reading right now was a book called [Sea of Farthest Ends].

Nino didn't really understand what had made Shion so enthusiastic about them, but for the time being, she picked out the book that had [Maid Knight Legends] written on it, and tried opening it on top of the bed.

"Let's see... When speaking of Maid Knights, we must first speak of the existence called the [Origin of the Maid Knights]..."

[—Origin of the Maid Knights, Reina.

The Maid Knight that not even the former Hero Ryuuya could get to obey him.

Since that time—and even at the time of writing this book—she freely goes around the world with an unchanging appearance.

To begin with, how should we consider the existences known as Maid Knights.

Maid Knights are said to search on their own for the master that suits them.

Being both knights and maids, those women are the best in both fighting and in skills as a maid, and are therefore existences that anyone would employ.

I have heard that with there being too much of a yearning for Maid Knights, there has recently been a trend of taking in “Battle Maids” which are similar to Maid Knights as one’s employees, but no matter how similar they are, they are not Maid Knights.

As for why, it is because the unique equipment that the Maid Knights wear have special characteristics.

Let us consider this point later.

Before that, let us see what qualifications makes a Maid Knight a Maid Knight.

In regards to this, there are many parts that have not been divulged, but this author believes that the secret is most likely with Reina.

It is thought that it was most likely Reina who personally imparted the secret ceremony to those who have the qualities of Maid Knights...]

“H—n”

Since Nino was an innate Maid Knight created by Vermudol, she had never met this Reina or whatever.

However, excluding cases like Nino, cases where normal people become Maid Knights, just like this author said, Nino thought that they might have received some sort of influence by means of Reina. She wasn’t too sure though.

To begin with, Maid Knight was an “Occupation”.

Normally, occupations are said to be determined through the person’s own battle method and living environment, as well as through a strong will and awareness.

For example, Shion’s occupation right now is Magician. It could be said that the current Shion’s battle style had influenced it. However, if Shion were to use a sword as well, there was also the possibility that it would change to Magic Swordsman.

On the other hand, those with a strong recognition of their own occupation could also establish their occupation no matter what their battle style was. For example, if one had a strong awareness that they were a Weapons Dealer, no matter how much magic they used to fight, they would not change from being a Weapons Dealer or Merchant.

However, this [Maid Knight Legends] pointed out that Maid Knights possessed a “Uniqueness” that made it different from other occupations.

“...Let’s see, there is one example here.”

According to the book, in a certain experiment in the past, it was said that an inspection was performed where a Battle Maid was strongly put under the impression that she was a Maid Knight, and then they checked what decision the item that is able to confirm one’s Status, the [Reveal Crystal] , had made.

The result of it, the [Reveal Crystal] decided that she was a Battle Maid.

Through this, it became known that a Maid Knight was a “special occupation” like the Hero, and at the same time, the fact that it was impossible to feign being a Maid Knight was also spread.

And then, for that reason, it seemed that the number of people that sought genuine Maid Knights increased even more.

Incidentally, the special and unique equipment that was mentioned was probably about the clothes and armor that Nino also used.

While having a function of automatically cleaning dirt, a function of automatically repairing itself, and being made of an unknown material, it had a high defensive power. The Maid Knight’s equipment that could always maintain a state of being perfectly good as new, if one had to say if it was special or not, it certainly was special.

However, by comparing the equipment of Nino and the equipment of Ichika who was another Maid Knight, since the color and shape as well as the decoration details differed, one could guess that even though the functionality was the same, the designs would be different depending on the individual.

“Poitto”

Nino threw the [Maid Knight Legends] onto the bed.

There was truly nothing more asinine than this.

This was something she had strongly felt ever since she came to the Shutaia Continent, but there were too many people that misunderstood Maid Knights as some sort of high class decoration or something.

Among Humans, it seemed that there were many who feel that they themselves would become remarkable if they decorate themselves with gorgeous and high priced things and surround themselves with excellent people.

One is not remarkable because they are decorated.

One is not remarkable because they are surrounded by subordinates.

It is because they have calibre that those around them try to decorate them.

It is because they have calibre that people try to become their subordinates.

Becoming remarkable, is nothing but a result of that.

That should be one's natural state, that is what all Majin think. That is why the Majin have a meritocracy.

However, for some reason, in mankind's territory, it seems that status is something inherited, and there is a rule that usurpation of that is not allowed.

Nino felt that they had become rotten because of that, but she also had no obligation to go out of her way to point that out.

“Uu—...”

Rolling on top of the bed, she ended up face up.

After returning from the Ogre extermination, that long eared woman—The Edios Adventurer School's board chairman, Luuty Ligas, didn't meddle with them.

It was truly peaceful and quiet, but it wasn't like they had come to enjoy peace either.

When Nino turned her gaze to Shion while thinking about such things, it was right when Shion raised his face from his book.

Nino immediately jumped off from the bed, and started to massage Shion's shoulders.

"Done?"

"...For the time being. I've formulated a conjecture. Though, I don't have much confidence in it."

## Chapter 2

The sea that was in between the Dark Continent and the Shutaia Continent was called the [Sea of Farthest Ends].

It was now known that the Dark Continent is beyond that sea, but that wasn't the case in the past.

[Sea of Farthest Ends].

Constantly running wild, it was a sea where one could not see what was ahead.

Seeing that, the people purported that it was a "sea where the Gods' blessings had ceased".

There is nothing beyond here, only the end of the world.

Therefore, the Gods sealed this sea as the "Farthest End" to make it so that people would not approach it.

A portion of brave sailors went out to travel to try and see the end, but not a single one of them came back.

There was no mistake that they were swallowed up by the Farthest Ends.

Therefore, one must not approach it.

"...And well, that is why this sort of story was the most spread out in the Shutaia Continent."

"How was it for us?"

When Shion nodded at Nino's reasonable question, he placed the book that had [Sea of Farthest Ends] written on it down on the desk.

"It was something similar. Shipbuilding engineering itself hadn't even existed, and there wasn't anyone interested in what was on the other side of the sea. It seemed that

they didn't know that the thing known as the Shutaia Continent even existed."

Far from just that, it was said that the Mazoku of the Dark Continent didn't even know about the existence of Humans.

What changed that situation, was a certain day.

A single woman was washed ashore on the coast of the Dark Continent.

Altejo who was just a mere Mazoku in those days—the current Demon King Army Northern General had held an interest in that strange woman.

She was far shorter than him in height like a child, but her appearance and atmosphere were complete like that. She was a woman that had that sort of strange balance.

After helping her out in jest, he learned that the woman was part of a race known as Metalio.

Metalio—a.k.a the Ore-man race. A race that specialized in blacksmithing.

Naturally, the Altejo of that time didn't know about that.

Altejo told the woman that he himself was a Mazoku.

Although the Metalio woman who heard that was surprised, she immediately apologized for her reaction.

When Altejo asked the woman who had come from a place that was not here what she intended to do from now on, it was said that the woman said that she wanted to stay here.

The woman said that her name was Margarett.

To that woman who had said that she cast away her birthplace and went on a journey, Altejo did not ask for anymore details. He said that he was hesitant to ask due to her painful looking state.

When she revealed that her special skill was in blacksmithing, she made a request saying that she wanted to produce arms for Altejo who had taken care of her as thanks.

Like that, numerous arms including Altejo's beloved sword, "Light Burying Sword Auraal", were born, and at the same time, blacksmithing techniques were brought to the Dark Continent.

Majin who had further interest in blacksmithing techniques seemed to go to Margaret to study one after another, and Majin who devoted themselves to blacksmithing spread throughout every place of the continent.

Incidentally, it was said that the number of Majin walking the coast wondering if there were any interesting fellows that had come in had increased.

"Weren't there any Majin that held an interest in what was on the other side of the sea?"

"It seems that there weren't any fellows that held that sort of spirit of inquiry."

When Shion answered, Nino went "I see" and nodded.

"...What happened between Altejo and Margaret?"

"I don't know since he didn't answer me."

Pretending that he didn't hear Nino's muttering of "when we get back, let's definitely get him to spit it out...", Shion collected his thoughts.

The Mazoku of the Dark Continent did not possess an interest in the other side of the [Sea of Farthest Ends].

And then, even with the people of the Shutaia Continent, except for a portion of people, they didn't try to get close to the [Sea of Farthest Ends].

In that case, where did that all crumble.

The hint to that was in the old book that had [Investigation on the Country of Darkness] written on it.

This book was an old book that was in the corner of the bookstore that Shion entered.

It was written approximately more than a hundred years ago.

For high-class books, they would normally have Preservation Magic cast on them to prevent degradation.

Naturally, the effects would vary depending on the grade of the magic, but seeming like this book had a considerable amount of expectations for it, high-grade Preservation Magic was cast upon it, and had a brilliance as if it were as good as new.

“Why was a book like that in the corner?”

“It’s because it’s a book that had a lot happen in its past.”

What Shion had visited this time was a bookstore that was at the heart of the royal capital.

It was a bookstore that mainly dealt with high class specialized books oriented for nobles and scholars, and did not sell books for the general public.

He had a letter of introduction for it prepared by Luuty as a reward for the Ogre extermination, but if he hadn’t done that, he wouldn’t be able to even enter it.

This book was in the corner of that sort of bookstore. At the time of its writing, it received extravagant praise from a portion of scholars as being the latest interpretation, but having many conjectures with no positive proof, it was said to have gone out of print as a dangerous publication that bewildered people’s hearts.

“According to this book, it seemed that mankind once believed that Mazoku had come from a place known as the [Country of Darkness].”

“What is that?”

[Country of Darkness].

The author of this book defined it as the place where Mazoku reside.

The basis for that was the method in which Mazoku appear.

“Nino. What was the method that we used to come to the Shutaia Continent?”

“It was Transfer Magic.”

Transfer Magic—Magic where one moves themselves to a different location in an instant.

There was also a magic called Transmission Magic which did something similar.

This made it possible to send not oneself but a targeted group to another location.

As a matter of fact, there was no one in mankind that could make use of this sort of magic.

Even among Mazoku, only a portion of those proficient at magic could use it.

In other words, since even the existence of Transfer Magic or Transmission Magic was unknown in those times, it was interpreted that Mazoku seemed to have appeared from the [Country of Darkness] that was in some other dimension. However, this conjecture of “Mazoku invading from another dimension” only fanned the fear of the people more than necessary as a result. This book ended up going out of print for that reason, but the existence of the [Country of Darkness] continued on with a deep-seated tinge of authenticity among the people.

In those times, the Demon King Shuklous who was said to be in the Shutaia Continent was made out to have come from the [Country of Darkness] , and even the Mazoku that appeared from empty space were made out to either be his reinforcements, or ones sent in by Shuklous’ political opponents.

“How was it actually?”

“Gramfia had probably sent them in. Most of them were...”

This was just Shion’s guess, but Demon King Gramfia who was in the Dark Continent probably knew of the places where mankind lived.

He wasn’t sure if Gramfia knew that it was the Shutaia Continent or not, but at any rate, if one had at least an image of some sort of place, it was possible to irresponsibly send in subordinates with Transmission Magic.

Since it was also possible with Transmission Magic to designate a person to make them return, there should have also been times where the sent in vanguard brought back prisoners.

It is unknown as to what degree Gramfia did that, but for a degree where they could somewhat influence the culture of the Dark Continent, it was a fact that there were prisoners from mankind's territory.

And then, the existence of Demon King Shuklous had become a cover for those sorts of actions.

"In other words, for a considerably long time... Everything was made out to be the fault of Demon King Shuklous."

"H—n. But, what Gramfia had done... was mere slave hunting, right?"

"Pretty much. In contrast, what Shuklous did was clearly invasion. That being said, from mankind's point of view, neither of them did nothing, and it was nothing more than an invasion by Mazoku. Gramfia also probably had that sort of intention."

A prolonged fight with the Demon King Shuklous.

Fear of the [Country of Darkness].

On a certain day, a turning point would come, to the exhausted mankind.

"In other words... the summoning of the Hero."

# Chapter 3

Hero Ryuuya.

Borrowing the power of the Goddess of Light, he was the Hero that the Great Altis Temple had summoned.

The black haired, black eyed Hero that was said to have come from another world that was not this one, together with a young Sylphid girl, went on a journey with the mission of subduing the Demon King Shuklous.

And then, after obtaining many companions, he destroyed Shuklous with a sacred sword that controlled the power of the Gods and prayers. Furthermore, when the Hero Ryuuya came to know of the existence of the Great Demon King Gramfia that lied dormant in the Dark Continent, he searched for a way to cross over to the Dark Continent together with his companions.

Before long, they got the Holy Dragon Exlet to obey, and after crossing over to the Dark Continent on that, they finally subdued Gramfia.

“...Wait a minute.”

As Shion was explaining, Nino interjected.

“What is it?”

“Dragons, they are Mazoku, aren't they?”

“That's right.”

Just as Nino said, Dragons were unmistakably Mazoku.

Sub-dragons and Flying dragons, and then firedrakes, and veil dragons<sup>[1]</sup>... There was no mistake that Gramfia had created these.

But, dragons known as a Holy Dragon were not among them.

“Also, there is one more thing. Going by the story just now, that Shuk-whatever knew of the Dark Continent?”

“It would seem that he did.”

That’s right, at the moment that Demon King Shuklous was defeated, he divulged the existence of the “Great Demon King Gramfia” and the Dark Continent and then perished.

There was probably some surprise for mankind’s side, but it was nothing strange. Behind one evil, there was an even greater evil, it was probably taken with that level of understanding. But when thinking of it from the common sense of Mazoku, there was clearly a problem.

For the Mazoku, there was a one and only Demon King. There existed no greater or lesser of it.

Naturally, that was the case for Gramfia as well. As a matter of fact, as far as the Mazoku of those times know, Gramfia had not even called himself something like the “Great Demon King”.

And then, there was an even stranger point.

“Demon Kings... are able to create Mazoku but...”

“Yeah.”

“...There is also an exception that cannot be created.”

That’s right. If Shuklous were a genuine Demon King, starting with the Ogres, the existence of the Mazoku that appeared only in the Shutaia Continent could be explained. It meant that they were Mazoku that Shuklous had created.

But, however.

“Demon Kings... cannot create Demon Kings.”

That’s right, that was the exception. Those of the same race cannot be created.

That was the single exception to the Demon King’s power.

When Gramfia had come to learn of the existence of mankind and had started to send his subordinate Mazoku to the Shutaia Continent, Shuklous was already acting in the Shutaia Continent.

In other words, Shuklous couldn't have been sent in by Gramfia.

Despite this, to the Hero that could use magic that could confirm one's status, Shuklous was recognized as a Demon King.

In short, this indicated a certain fact.

“Shuklous was... a genuine Demon King.”

And then, Shuklous, for some sort of reason, grasped the existence of another Demon King, Gramfia, and the Dark Continent.

On top of that, he purported that Gramfia was a “Great Demon King”.

As if to make it so that Gramfia were the root of all evil...

Naturally, Gramfia himself was unmistakably the enemy of mankind.

However, if one were to say that he was the root of all evil, that would be slightly wrong.

Besides, at present, there wasn't any sort of point connecting Gramfia and Shuklous.

When looked at from mankind's side, it's a fact that they were connected. But from the Mazoku's side, they couldn't be connected.

“This is clearly strange. No... Shuklous's existence, every part of it is strange.”

After thinking of it like that, the existence of the Alva were also strange.

The eerie Alva that appear through airspace transfer.

The mysterious Mazoku that are ambiguous even in inhabited places.

If those really are Mazoku, then just who in the world created them?

Did someone other than Shion—other than Demon King Vermudol form those?

“Wouldn’t that God of Life fellow be able to do it?”

“...Don’t be silly. What sort of gain could there be in something like that.”

Shion was surprised by Nino’s words.

Certainly, it was possible.

To sow a seed of life, it would be possible for the God of Life Philia.

But, in that case, there would be no reason to summon the Hero.

“...Let’s think about this matter at another time. As a matter of fact, there is another problem that seems like trouble.”

“H—n”

After making a wry smile at Nino who had started rolling about on top of the bed, Shion took up a book that had [A Report on Demi-Humans] written on it.

“If I had to put it simply... Let’s see.”

It was there that Shion erased his expression, and made a face that said that he truly found it boring.

“At this rate, a war will happen. Also, it will be in between mankind...”

“How foolish.”

“Yeah, it is foolish. But it will happen. There are many fools that desire it.”

The Demi-Human Controversy.

That is a controversy that says that Demi-Humans are the same as Mazoku, and had started from the Demi-Human rejection argument that made them out to be creatures that were originally separated from the origins of mankind.

The ones that mainly support the Demi-Human rejection are the scholars of the St. Altlis Kingdom which has faith in the God of Life Philia. They are fanatic believers that worship the creed of the Great Altlis Temple which ranks the God of Life Philia as the supreme God.

The ones that they first made into targets of criticism was the Jiol Forest Kingdom where many of the Sylphid race who had long lives had lived. They said that the trait of long life itself was contrary to the God of Life Philia's will.

Of course, believing something like that to be an irrational argument, many of the Sylphids were angered.

In the form of taking advantage of this, the Cylas Empire which had the Ore-man race known as Metalio as its core race, and the Kanal Kingdom which was a mixed nation of various races expressed unsatisfied feelings for the St. Altlis Kingdom, and the Demi-Human rejection immediately developed into a huge controversy.

“So that, is why.”

Shion displayed a curious expression at the words Nino muttered.

However, noticing the meaning behind them, he did not press her about them.

It was because Shion himself had many ideas about it as well.

After all, there were extremely few Demi-Humans in this town.

“It is amazing how Luuty became the board chairman in a place like that, isn't it?”

“Yeah, the rejection must have been difficult.”

That's right, no matter how much the Demi-Human rejection argument was preached, there is no mistake that Luuty's removal would be difficult.

After all, Luuty was the “young Sylphid girl” in the Hero legend.

Even within the book that Shion had bought, her name appeared many times.

“Well... That being said, it's probably certain that she finds it difficult to stay there.”

Actually, if a war were to happen, there is no mistake that it would be a war between this St. Altis Kingdom and the Jiol Forest Kingdom.

In that case, Luty who was a Sylphid would also be unable to stay like this.

And then, no matter who wins, the strength of mankind's territory would be greatly weakened.

"Mankind sure is foolish."

"...It sure is."

Nodding, Shion breathed a sigh.

Nino had noticed that a large tone of disappointment was mixed in with it but... she didn't say anything.

No, it would be great if a war would hurry up and start, is was Nino was thinking.

At this rate, it would be great if Shion abandoned mankind.

Thinking of things like that, Nino buried her face into the futon so that her expression wouldn't be seen by Shion.

# Chapter 4

In the Edius Adventurer School Board Chairman's room, Luuty Ligas breathed a deep sigh.

Three letters were on top of the desk. One letter was from the captain of the First Protection Chivalric Order of the Jiol Forest Kingdom, Zekwell. Another one was from the royal family of the Jiol Forest Kingdom. The last one was from the St. Altis royal family.

After reading the two letters that came from the Jiol Forest Kingdom, Luuty was holding her head.

The start of the matter was the incident that happened just before the Edius Adventurer School's entrance ceremony.

That day, Shion was urgently invited to the entrance ceremony and made to do a greeting, but originally, Zekwell should have been asked to take up that duty.

However, due to ineptitude on the school's side, Zekwell and his attendants were angered and went back, and by the time Luuty noticed, it was already too late.

Even so, if they were just angered, then it still would have been fine.

It would have been fine to apologize with a letter, and then come up with a plan afterwards. And if it was with her old friend Zekwell, Luuty even had the plan of burying the hatchet if she herself gave it her all in apologizing.

But, the contents of the response from Zekwell far surpassed anything she could imagine.

[This was a request from none other than you.

Being manly, I said that I wouldn't mind, but it wasn't like I didn't have the feeling of wanting to act cool.

However, this time alone is where it won't go over so easily.

I pardoned the eyes and atmosphere of looking down on us that they had at the school.

Naturally, I am sure that you understand that there was considerable conflict even with just that.

Putting me aside, I was anxious wondering if my subordinates would start chanting magic at any moment.

But, what happened after that was bad.

In a place where even the attendants were at, they hit us with malicious gossip like "Filthy Demi-Humans".

Furthermore, they had said "To invite a guy like this to the entrance ceremony, the board chairman is a Demi-Human too after all", and spoke badly of even you.

They had probably thought that they couldn't be heard, but for us who have ears far better than those of Humans, we could clearly hear them as if they were saying it right in front of us.

With that being the case, naturally, you can understand, right?

I also have a considerable status, and you are also a hero of the Sylphid.

In addition, if the Sylphid are insulted as a whole, even I cannot keep silent.

Having somehow controlled myself, restrained my subordinates, and finished things with only leaving that place despite that, how many complaints do you think I received from my subordinates afterwards?

That isn't all.

Even His Majesty became enraged from hearing those circumstances.

It is His Majesty we are talking about, you know?

His Majesty who just laughed and watched whether it be when the Hero Ryuuya had went around making advances on the maids within the castle, or when you had viciously beat that Hero up for that.

It isn't hard to imagine the things that were surely piling up and up within His Majesty.

Surely you have also heard about the Demi-Human Controversy.

In Jiol, it has already reached the point where people are wondering when war will start.

A letter from His Majesty will probably reach you soon.

I hope that you return quickly from that sort of country.]

Although jokes were occasionally mixed in, it was a letter that pointed out that the situation had already advanced to a point where nothing could be done about it.

And then, just as Zekwell had predicted, a letter from the royal family had really arrived. In it, [We want you to return to the Jiol Forest Kingdom] was the only thing written.

Now that things have already turned out like this, it was not a situation that Luuty could personally do something about. The relationship between the St. Altis Kingdom and the Jiol Forest Kingdom was already reaching close to the worst it could get to.

“ ... ”

Luuty quickly called the personal connections she had within the St. Altis Kingdom to mind.

First, within the royal palace. The current St. Altis king was no good. They had associated with each other, but it was obvious that he normally did not have a good impression of Luuty.

The first prince had a wide outlook, but he still did not have any political power.

Next was the temple, but this was even worse than than the royal palace.

The Head Priest did not show it on the surface, but he was a bundle of hostility. As for how the entire temple was... there was no need to even say it. She doubted her ears when she heard that there was talk in the temple that a Hero should be summoned as a preparation for war.

Just what do they think a Hero is.

With the selfish thoughts of such Humans, she didn't think that the God of Life would lend her power to the Hero summoning...

However, for them whose outlook had become narrow in their hatred of Demi-Humans, it probably wasn't a problem of whether or not it could be done.

"There might... not be anything that I could possibly do."

Luuty muttered that, and shifted her gaze onto the last remaining letter.

It was a letter from the St. Altis royal family that had just arrived.

Just what kind of letter came from the party that was worrying the current Luuty.

When she opened the seal and checked the contents of it, Luuty's eyes quickly went cold.

Luuty's thoughts, which had become chaotic until just a little while ago, instantly became clear.

Throwing the letter onto the desk, she stood up from her chair.

"...I, see. It is already a flow that cannot be stopped."

Luuty muttered that, and then turned to her own room.

On the letter that was left on top of the desk, there was only a single sentence written.

[Luuty Ligas's duty as the Edios Adventurer School board chairman is dissolved.]

That was also an official notice of dismissal.

“In that case, I no longer have any right to do my duty.”

Coming out from her room, Luuty was in travelling clothes.

She wore silver armor on cloth clothes, and she had her bow on her back. Those were the armaments that Luuty habitually used since long ago, and were things that were filled with memories of the beautiful days where she fought together with Humans as the Hero Ryuuya’s partner.

“...Ryuuya. If you were to see this country now, I wonder what you would think of it.”

She said that jokingly, but she remembered the man she held heavy feelings for.

Ryuuya’s stance where he interacted with any race of mankind whether they be Human, Beastman, Sylphid, or Metalio with an unchanging attitude was something that should be learned from.

However, Humans did not learn from it.

Not only seeing Mazoku as hostile, but latching onto the disparity among fellow mankind, that strain had reached its limit.

“Goodbye, St. Altlis Kingdom. The lingering scent of my youth.”

This day, the Edius Adventurer School Board Chairman Luuty Ligas resigned.

At the same time, her figure vanished from the St. Altlis Kingdom.

# Chapter 5

The story of Luuty Ligas's resignation rushed about the royal capital several days later.

Shion and Nino, who were staying at the [Steel Fish Store] , were having a meal at the first floor bar.

The time was noon.

It was the busiest time of the day, but today at the [Steel Fish Store] , it was relaxed.

In there, Carol, the store's poster girl, carried the food to the table that the two of them were sitting at.

"Alright, here are two servings of today's special! Shion get the normal one, and Nino-chan gets the one with a large serving of Ringos!"

"Thanks. Here, Nino."

"Un."

When Shion handed over his own portion of Ringos to Nino, Nino accepted it with a satisfied-looking face. And then, as if in thanks, she placed her deep fried potato onto Shion's plate.

"Oi, don't be picky. Properly eat your potatoes as well."

"This is not being picky. It is the embodiment of Nino's pure goodwill. Nino is a good woman that is able to properly show thanks after all."

"I see. In that case, I will also respond to that goodwill."

When Shion tried to put the deep-fried potato back onto Nino's plate, Nino quickly moved her plate.

"Since Nino is a wonderful woman that doesn't seek compensation, she cannot accept that."

“Don’t say that. It seems that obediently accepting goodwill is also a condition of being a good woman or whatever.”

“That is a mistake. That is for certain since Nino has said it.”

As Shion and Nino were silently fighting each other, Carol laughed with an \*Ahaha\*.

“It’s fine, Nino-chan. They are delicious Jiol Forest Kingdom grown potatoes after all!”

“Where it was grown is irrelevant. Nino has decided in her heart that she would not eat potatoes for a while.”

“Is that so? Ah—, I see. Adventurers do eat nothing but dried sweet potatoes after all.”

In truth, it was a different problem, but both Shion and Nino spoke ambiguously about it.

“Speaking of dried sweet potatoes... Enam oba-san has really closed shop.”

Carol began to talk with a low voice.

The back alley grocery store Enam was well-known shop that had a proprietress with a good disposition and dealt in foodstuffs with good quality.

Shion and Nino had also purchased food from there quite often.

“Ahh, is that so. Is that really the cause for it?”

The Demi-Human rejection argument.

Due to Luuty Ligas’s resignation, the one of Demi-Human disdain displayed a rapid rise, and its influence spread throughout the entirety of the St. Altis Kingdom.

It first started with the Adventurers and those in service to the royal palace that were of races other than Human fleeing abroad.

It seemed that the Beastmen in particular, who were sensitive and perceived this atmosphere, quickly migrated to other countries. Next were the Sylphids. And then

even the remaining Metalios who were the last ones, one after another, they all started to prepare to evacuate.

Even on the level of the general public, cracks in the relationship where they interacted without any problems up until now had started to appear.

As proof of that, the Humans blatantly avoided arms stores and grocery stores that were run by people of other races.

Since there were few people of the races other than Humans in this country from the start, the customer traffic did nothing but decrease for them, and even the store owners were driven to the point where they had no choice but to go out of business.

It meant that even the landlady of the Enam grocery store, who was half Beastman, could not escape that custom. And then, seeing as how the shopkeeper Galadd was a Metalio, the situation of this [Steel Fish Store] was not all that different.

“I wonder what’s going to happen from now on...”

“Who knows.”

When Shion shrugged his shoulders, Carol looked into his eyes with an uneasy face.

“Hey, Shion. What do you think... of that Demi-Human rejection argument?”

“That question, if it has a meaning of asking if I am a supporter of the Demi-Human argument, then it is a foolish question. If I were, I wouldn’t go out of my way to have meals in this declining store, and I wouldn’t stay overnight in it.”

“Sayin’ that it’s in decline was unnecessary!”

Hearing the shopkeeper Galadd’s loud voice from the kitchen, Carol giggled.

However, that smile looked a bit fainthearted.

“I see. I’m a bit relieved.”

“Another helping of Ringos.”

“Ah, sure!”

After taking the now empty plate from Nino, Carol vanished into the kitchen.

While seeing that back of hers off, Nino muttered a few words.

“...How stupid.”

While making a wry smile at her all too appropriate thoughts, Shion roughly patted Nino’s head.

Looking at it from the view of the Mazoku Nino, this was a “farce” called a falling out between fellow mankind.

If a comparison were made with Mazoku, then it was something like cat Beastia and dog Beastia quarrelling over which one surpassed the other as a living creature.

Both of them were Beastia, and there was no other way of saying it. Beastia wouldn’t squabble over something like that to begin with though.

“Hello, is Shion-san here!”

As if to interrupt Shion and Nino’s thoughts, that voice resounded in the [Steel Fish Store] , and the door was opened with a slam.

The ones who came rushing in as if they tumbled in were Kain Stagius who occasionally came here since the Ogre extermination, and one of his female friends, Quelia Lewistale who was the daughter of the Great Altlis Temple’s Head Priest.

“I’m not here.”

“Ah, so you are here!”

“If it’s for something troublesome, then leave. I also won’t be accepting jobs as a counselling service.”

“Th, that’s not it! It’s about Luuty-san!”

Carol, who had carried Ringos out from the kitchen, lightly hit the head of Kain, who was shaking his hands and head, with her tray.

“Hey, Kain-kun! Don’t be so noisy in the store! Also, if you’re staying, then make an order!”

“Ah, sorry! Then, erm... If you have a deep-fried special, then I’ll take that! Senpai, what will you have?”

“Eh? Ah, well then, I will have a salad and fruit juice...”

After telling the two’s orders to Galadd in the kitchen, Carol placed a plate of Ringos in front of Nino who was made to wait and was making a dissatisfied looking face.

Kain sat in front of Shion. After hesitating a bit, Quelia also sat down next to him.

“So, what’s up with Luuty?”

“I can’t believe it. Shion-san, haven’t you heard?”

“If it’s the matter of her resignation, it’s already common talk within the town.”

Kain was still wearing his armor. Even Quelia next to him, who was making a somber expression, had a short staff and mace hanging on her slightly dirty priest outfit.

It seemed that the two of them had taken a request and gone to a nearby town. It was there that they discovered an Earthworm that he recognized.

An Earthworm was a gigantic multi-legged-type bug that possessed a hard shell that shined in purple.

Possessing a large build that surpassed even bears, it could dash at great speed even in a desert.

On the occasion of the Ogre extermination, even Shion and Nino had ridden together with him on Luuty’s Earthworm.

When Kain’s group approached that Earthworm that they just happened to see, sure enough, it seemed that Luuty was there.

“When I called out to her, she said [Ara, Kain-kun. I, have left my job as board chairman. So I will be returning home. If you ever come to the Jiol Forest Kingdom, I will welcome you. Well then, take care.] , and now it’s like this!? I was totally surprised.”

“It seems that her resignation speech at the school had finished while we were gone as well. Even though we would have been able to make some sort of arrangements if we had known.”

While listening to the story, Shion sensed that there was a considerable difference in the attitudes between the two of them.

When compared to Kain, he got a somewhat calm impression from Quelia.

He felt that the cause wasn't a difference in personality... but some sort of difference in their sense of values.

“To begin with, there is no way there would be anyone more suitable than that person for it anyways! Why would they do that!?”

“Nn? Going by the way you say that, did she not resign of her own will?”

When Shion asked him that, Kain breathed a deep sigh.

“Yeah, that much hasn't circulated through the rumors. Erm, about that... According to Seira, it seems to have been the king's decree. Though, it seems that even in the Adventurer School, the reason was to bring about a new breeze or something like that...”

“I see. So the cause of it was in fact discord between the king and Luuty. Was the impetus the Demi-Human rejection argument?”

So the one called Seira really was a female friend of Kain's, and if he wasn't mistaken, she was the daughter of the Necros Duke Family... is what Shion remembered.

In that case, it was probably information with a high degree of accuracy.

“Although I don't know if that was definitely it... But, it seems that the King certainly didn't get along with Luuty-san...”

“It is because there were rumors that he had originally desired her dismissal. There must have been changes to the figures of power within the royal palace.”

In response to Quelia's words, Shion said “fumu” and nodded.

This probably meant that there were many voices that desired Luuty being in office up until now, but now...

“However, in that case... things will probably change even more so than how they are changing now.”

“That is true. I believe there will be big changes.”

Shion stared at Quelia’s eyes as she nodded in agreement.

Most likely... This young girl is probably on the same side as the king.

To begin with, he had heard that there were many believers of the Demi-Human rejection argument among the officials of the Temple.

In that case, it was almost certain that Quelia, the daughter of the Head Priest, would also see things that way.

Above all, anger like the type Kain had couldn’t be felt in Quelia.

That composure that could even be seen as detachment couldn’t be displayed unless she was “on that side”.

“Alright, here’s your order! A deep-fried special and a salad... As well as some Ringo juice!”

Carol had brought the food over.

“Ah, yeah. Thanks.”

“Shion-sama, Nino will also drink that.”

Nino pulled on Shion’s sleeve. Shion made a nod to Carol.

“Yes, yes, well then, a Ringo juice for Nino-chan as well!”

“Yeah, if you would. And while you’re at it, just make it a jug of it.”

“Ka—y!”

“Shion-sama, I love you.”

Shion pushed Nino away as she tightly hugged him.

Kain and Quelia displayed smiles while gazing at that scene.

“What is it?”

“No, um...”

“I was just thinking, it sure is peaceful.”

Kain took over after Quelia who spoke ambiguously, and then stuck his fork into his deep-fried food.

“Even though it would be fine to just smile together with everyone like this... Why did it all turn out like this.”

“That is what I want to know. What is so fun about attaching rank among mankind?”

Kain couldn't answer to Shion's question.

He had his own resentments, but he was unable to put them into words.

No, even if he did... he probably understood that it would be nothing but an idle complaint.

Even if he were to make some kind of assertion here, it wasn't like there would be any sort of change due to it.

It was because not even a single thing in the world would change with a single child's idle complaint.

“Well, just eat your meal. It will get cold.”

“...I.”

Kain tightly gripped his fork, and muttered as if squeezing his words out.

“I, believe that the current situation is mistaken.”

“Is that so.”

Shion said that, and nodded.

“As long as you understand that much, you are surely of excellent class.”

After saying that and changing his gaze over to Quelia who was at Kain’s side, Quelia kept silent and quietly smiled.

On the other hand, Nino was drinking the brought over Ringo juice as if none of this was her concern.

In the [Steel Fish Store] that was dominated by silence... only the sound of Galadd’s preparations being made quietly resounded.

# Chapter 6

And then, another several days later—

“...I see. So you’re closing the store.”

“Yeah. It’s due to times endin’ up like this.”

The proprietor of the [Steel Fish Store] , Galadd, shamefully answered to Shion’s words.

“That’s true.”

Shion also nodded to Galadd’s words.

Galadd also had his daughter Carol to think about. Not wanting to stay in a turbulent country is surely justified parental love.

“...What will you do from now on?”

Nino looked straight at Galadd and asked that.

“I was thinkin’ of goin’ to the Cylus Empire that has a lot of Metalio but... Carol is a half after all. I think it’d be a 10000 to 1 worst case scenario there but, I was thinkin’ of headin’ to the Canal Kingdom which seems like the safest choice.”

The Canal Kingdom is a gentle country where all races get along and live together.

There weren’t any particular points of special mention as a country, but seeing as how they have faith in the God of Light Raidolg, there weren’t any walls between races like the St. Altlis Kingdom.

For that reason, it was also the country with the most number of halves and quarters of every race.

“That might be good.”

“Yeah, I’ve already had various things delivered over there.”

“Will you run an inn again?”

In response to Nino’s words, Galadd said “that’s the plan” and smiled.

“So you guys’re departin’ today too.”

“Pretty much.”

That’s right, Shion and Nino were also planning on leaving the St. Altis Kingdom.

Now where the situation had accelerated to the point where the word “war” had appeared in rumors even among the general public, orders under the name of an “appeal for cooperation” from the royal family started to reach every guild which should have originally been neutral.

Stationing changes within every guild had already happened, and personnel that were mankind races other than Humans did not remain in the guilds within the St. Altis country.

Within this state of emergency where the guilds were in chaos, stories of fleeing abroad even among Human adventurers began to appear.

That was also something that probably couldn’t be helped. If one thought about it as their own social position changing from an adventurer to a mercenary employed by the country, it was only natural.

There were even rumors on the streets that the royal palace seemed to be discussing an adventurer conscription law.

“There’s no point in staying in this country any longer.”

Galadd also nodded at Shion’s words, but he didn’t know his true intention.

Shion was planning on leaving the Shutaia Continent.

If a war were to start, there would be nowhere that Shion would need to control the finer circumstances.

It might also be possible for him to join some country and do something about the war, but Shion had no intention of doing that.

“I see. Well, take care.”

“Yeah. Is Carol in the middle of packing?”

“Pretty much. Should I call her over?”

“No, it’s fine. Just give her my regards for me.”

Saying that, Shion took Nino and went outside the [Steel Fish Store].

The back alley was deserted, and there were many closed stores.

The public atmosphere had started to accelerate towards war to the point that there was nothing that could be done about it anymore.

“What will you do?”

Shion answered to Nino’s words.

“We’ll go home.”

“Not that. After this, what will you do?”

Nino asked him that question once again.

The “after this” contained the meaning of what would Demon King Vermudol do in regards to mankind’s territory.

“I will watch the situation. It doesn’t seem to be at a level where we need to do something.”

A war between fellow mankind had no connection to the Mazoku whatsoever. While they are crushing each other, just like how they will not have the leeway to think about the Dark Continent, it could be said that the Dark Continent will be safe during that time.

“H—n”

Nino seemed to still want to say something, but she sank into silence without saying anything.

Shion placed a hand on that Nino’s head, and hit the Holy Silver staff that he held in his other hand on the ground.

Seeing as how they were leaving this continent, he would have to say goodbye to the name of “Shion” as well.

“War, huh.”

Shion curved his mouth, and smiled.

If there was no enemy on the outside, they would seek the enemy on the inside.

For mankind, it was a situation that couldn’t be thought of as anything but having an instinct for that sort of strife.

Just what in the world could be obtained from fighting against fellow mankind who was at a relatively close culture level.

Shion couldn’t think of it as anything but being more foolish than Gramfia who sought a culture that wasn’t in the Dark Continent from another place.

“...Let’s go, Nino.”

“Un.”

When Shion pulled Nino close to him, Nino wrapped her arms around Shion’s waist and hugged him.

The bodies of those two were engulfed in a faint light... Shion called their destination to mind.

“—Gate”

Together with the light residue, the figures of the two of them disappeared.

Adventurer Shion.

Adventurer Nino.

The two Adventurers that were famous within the St. Altis Kingdom, on this day... went missing.

The two who had been expected to be war potential in times of emergency had no traces of crossing the national borders, and were rumored to have gone into hiding somewhere, or maybe even assassinated but... even those who excelled with behind-the-scenes rumors were unable to catch hold of traces of them.

# Chapter 7

Right now in the Dark Continent, there was a newest kingdom in this world of Remfilia—the Zadark Kingdom that has Demon King Vermudol as its king. It was there that the white walled Demon King castle towered.

Light gathered in the large magic formation that was in the castle’s dim underground, and before long, it vanished as if it popped.

Ichika greeted the figures that appeared from within that with a perfect bow.

“Welcome back, Demon King-sama.”

“Yeah, I’m back. In particular, I shouldn’t have contacted you before deciding to come back but...”

Vermudol turned his gaze with a bit of a perplexed look to it at Ichika who had received him with perfect timing.

“It is because I had felt Demon King-sama’s magical power.”

He had various retorts to make like “what kind of timing did you sense it with”, or “where did you come from and with what speed did you get here”, but since Ichika was capable of directly clearing all conditions, Vermudol kept silent and nodded.

After seeing Ichika after such a long time, he felt that her bottomlessness had been polished.

“How was mankind’s territory? It would be nice if Nino did not act carelessly.”

“Nino’s work was done perfectly. Nino is the one worried that Ichika skipped out on her work.”

“You are the one that has a habit of putting things off. Did you think I did not know that you had become the castle town’s specialty?”

“That is proof of Nino’s popularity. Nino’s beautiful womanliness is at the level of

turning men into stalkers at first sight.”

“Oya oya, that is quite troubling. A maid that brings in trouble needs to be quarantined.”



After getting in between the gazes of the two who had immediately fired shots at each other, Vermudol turned towards Ichika.

“Well, let’s see. Various things had happened but... That’s right. Where has Rokuna gone?”

“She is in the first underground floor’s grand library.”

“Same as usual then.”

“Yes. Shall I go and drag her out?”

Saying that that wasn’t necessary, Vermudol waved his hand Ichika.

“I merely have a souvenir for her. Since this is a good time, let’s just go like this.”

The underground of the Demon King castle was deep.

The fourth underground floor was the large magic formation, the third underground floor was the treasury, and the first and second underground floor acted as the grand library.

“...It increased once again.”

Passing by in front of the third underground floor treasury, Vermudol muttered that.

In the third underground floor treasury that had become empty due to the Hero’s invasion in the past, a fair amount of treasure was stored nowadays. The treasure was not articles with history, but were mostly weapons and armor that the Norm artisans, who were a race that specialized in blacksmithing, had made as well as jewelry. But even though they were new, their value was high. For that reason, the treasury was always guarded by Magic Clad Armor.

“It is because mines and veins are being discovered one after another, and the Norm artisans are constantly testing out their skills against each other.”

Just as Ichika said, the act of making things was equivalent to a purpose in life to the Norm artisans, and they were a group that would not settle down unless they were always challenging their own limits.

Due to Vermudol's command, they received definite protection in the Zadark Kingdom.

It was a policy carried out with the plan of making them useful in the protection and stimulation of industry, but the Norm artisans displayed feelings of great thanks for that, and ended up offering their own masterpieces to Vermudol.

Of course, what they called masterpieces were with the meaning of "the ones at that point in time".

The Norm artisans put in strenuous effort to aim for even greater heights, and they would make an offering everytime their masterpieces were improved. This meant that the result of that was the current treasury.

"...I see. It seems that they are doing well."

"Yes, it is going quite favorably."

Vermudol's group left the resplendent treasury, and moved to the second underground floor.

At the center of the abnormally open and conspicuous forest of bookcases, there was an old stone table and chair.

The one sitting in that chair was the guardian of this grand library, as well as a Mazoku that Vermudol had directly created, the Majin Rokuna.

With her dark brown hair tied back and loosely wearing a thick robe, Rokuna noticed Vermudol's presence and turned around.

Moving her sleepy-looking brown eyes, she stood up looking like she found it to be a pain.

"Welcome back, Ver-cchi... The Demon King-dono I love and respect. I am sure that you are tired from finishing your long journey. By the way, it would be an honor if you were to give something to adorn this lonely place that must be protected, you know? Rather, souvenir please."

In response to that way of speaking that did not seem to show any love or respect at all, Ichika looked down and pressed her forehead with her fingers.

Although Rokuna looked like this, she was a hard to come by talented personnel and since it was known that she was currently in a free state since the grand library was pretty much empty, even Ichika turned a blind eye to her to a certain extent.

“Yeah, I know. I have prepared a fair amount of them.”

When Vermudol snapped his fingers, books appeared from empty space, and fell on top of the table making a \*dosa dosa\* sound.

From picture books to books for academic pursuits, there was a large number of books that he had obtained in the mankind territory.

“Ooh, as expected of you, Ver-cchi! Ya—, I am so happy. I super love you!”

“Is that so.”

While noncommittally brushing her off, Vermudol pulled out a chair near Rokuna and sat down.

Beside him, Rokuna immediately opened a new book, and started to read it at a tremendous speed.

A majority of Mazoku were so-called muscle-brains, but Rokuna was made after consulting the Northern General Altejo who was able to make calm decisions, and was a new type of Mazoku of the intellect faction.

But since half-hearted intelligence would beckon a situation like how the former Western Majins were, it was needless to say that tuning was performed quite cautiously.

“Rokuna. Once you have finished reading all of those books, I would like to hear your opinion.”

“Nn—?”

Without separating her eyes from the book, Rokuna replied.

“What would you like to hear about?”

“It is about the thing that you first thought.”

Hearing those words, Rokuna stopped her hand in the middle of turning a page.

“The information is lacking. That is why I can’t say that it’s absolute though.”

“Yeah, that will be fine.”

“This Hero legend thing is strange. Although I can’t really say anything since I don’t know about those times, it’s really weird. It feels like I’m listening to a heroic tale meant for kids.”

Vermudol kept silent and nodded to Rokuna’s words.

“...Well. I guess that’s about all I can say right now. I don’t want to say anything too irresponsibly after all.”

After saying that, Rokuna once again dropped her eyes to the book.

“While Ver-cchi isn’t around, the world changed in various ways.”

“I’m sure it did.”

“Although I am sure that there are various things that you need to take into consideration, you should first watch your own steps. I will take over the monitoring of the many countries.”

“...I suppose, that’s true.”

Saying that, Vermudol and Nino climbed the staircase to the first underground floor.

Ichika saw the two off, and then turned around to Rokuna who had been sending a sharp gaze at her for a while now.

“...What is it?”

“Don’t give me that, Ichika.”

Erasing that expression from her face, Rokuna stared at Ichika.

“You, you actually know various things, don’t you.”

“Unfortunately.”

Receiving Rokuna’s gaze from the front, Ichika replied.

“In regards to your conjectures, there were no points for me to supplement or correct.”

Without disturbing her usual expression, Ichika spoke.

“I am a bit closer to Demon King-sama than other Mazoku... That, is merely all. My loyalty will always be with Demon King Vermudol-sama, and that is something that will never change for all eternity.”

Making a bow, Ichika vanished, chasing after Vermudol and Nino.

After chasing after her with her gaze, Rokuna breathed a sigh, and then spoke towards the shadow of the bookshelves.

“...Well then, you guys will be on monitoring duty. Ein will take the St. Altis Kingdom, and Zwei will take the Cylus Empire.”

“...Not the Jiol Forest Kingdom?”

“The Sylphid are sensitive to the smell of the wind. I have no intention of throwing live coal in to a place that is already tense.”

“...Yes ma’am.”

In the shadow of the grand library’s bookshelves, there were two figures called Ein and Zwei.

When they turned into small, darkness-colored birds, they turned into grains of light, and disappeared.

“...It would be nice if it were just my imagination though.”

With no one to hear Rokuna’s mutter, those words were sucked into the gigantic underground space and vanished.

# Chapter 8

“Orel huh. What are you doing?”

Vermudol called out to the red haired Majin Orel who was standing around in the reception hall on the Demon King castle first floor. At the back of the hall, there were two Mazoku that seemed to be quarrelling over something.

“Oh, why if it ain’t Demon King-sama. So you’ve returned. Well, it ain’t anything important. The newcomer and the Aulokk guy were havin’ a fist fight.”

Hearing those words, Vermudol reflexively breathed a deep sigh.

As a matter of fact, fellow Mazoku having a fist fight wasn’t a rare scene.

As part of the nature for the race known as Mazoku, they were not suited for the method known as discussion.

When they try to discuss with a fellow Mazoku who has a conflicting profit or claim, in the end, it wouldn’t end until one of them, or both of them yield.

An adult way of dealing with it... That sort of phrase did exist, but in terms of how Mazoku would take it, they would say “What do you mean adult when a grudge is left behind. Don’t make me laugh” , and it would end up like this.

If a grudge was going to be left behind through discussion, then there was no longer any other choice but to exchange blows.

If one punched the opponent, beat them, and won, then their own claim would pass right away, making it easy to understand and prompt.

In other words, Mazoku were a race that exchanged blows over trivial things.

That was why Orel’s claim that it wasn’t anything important was also not mistaken.

“...So, what is the reason?”

“Ahh, you’ll understand if ya just listen to ‘em.”

After saying that and smirking, Orel gave way to Vermudol and Nino.

When the two continued to the back of the room, there was a fierce fist fight between the newcomer Gudion and Aulokk taking place.

“Nino is mineee!”

“Nino is my partner -de aru! Resign yourself!”

“Don’t screw with me! I’m not foolish enough to give her to some guy fresh off the farm!”

“In that case... There is no choice but to make you submit with my fists!”

“Bring it on!”

The one to send out his fist first was Gudion.

However, Aulokk avoided Gudion’s fist, and using that fist as a foothold, he jumped up.

Going further and making a barrage of kicks to Gudion’s face, he then escaped while making a spinning jump backwards.

Nino made a kick at Orel who was laughing hard from seeing that spectacle and muttered to him.

“...What is this.”

“What ya ask, ah— ... A harem?”

At the same time she heard Orel’s words, Nino made a dash with a speed that made her vanish from his field of vision.

She put a knee to Gudion’s temporal region and knocked him out, and put a fist into Aulokk from the front and blew him away.

“Gufuah!”

“Gah!”

Gudion and Aulokk fainted from the attacks that showed no mercy, and it ended with the displeased looking Nino being the only one standing.

“Don’t need it. Finished.”

“Ah—... Yeah, right.”

When Orel said that and turned his gaze towards Vermudol, Vermudol just shrugged his shoulders.

Whether it was Gudion or Aulokk who would have won, it probably would have had this sort of conclusion anyway.

No matter how the situation before his eyes had turned out, Vermudol tried to think positively by thinking that being able to confirm that Aulokk had become much stronger than he thought he would was a good harvest.

“Well, be that as it may. It looks like I’ll need to think of a way to reach a settlement other than through a fist fight.”

“Looks like it. For dignitaries as strong as the Four Cardinal Generals, there aren’t that many guys that they can exchange blows with though.”

“But they can exchange blows with a fellow Four Cardinal General, right?”

“True.”

Vermudol breathed a sigh at Orel who had admitted that so easily.

The Four Cardinal Generals were an assembly of the top four muscle-brained Mazokus.

Some sort of solution was necessary. A solution that wasn’t through discussion.

“I wonder what should be done.”

While Vermudol was muttering that, Magic Operated Armors were carrying Gudion and Aulokk to the sickbay.

Since the two of them had large frames as they were, they would be a nuisance to just leave them in the reception hall where people often pass through.

“...Being as simple as possible. But something that makes them use their heads...”

“That sure is a difficult problem.”

Orel replied with a face that said that he wasn't thinking about anything, and then he was kicked by Nino.

Just as Vermudol was heading to the Throne Room while worrying over the problem, a voice resounded from the opened Demon King castle entrance that announced visitors.

“All of the Four Cardinal Generals are entering!”

“Nn...”

When Vermudol looked back at the Magic Operated Armor's voice, the Four Cardinal Generals were standing at the castle's entrance.

The Northern General Altejio, the Southern General Raktor, the Eastern General Fainell, the Western General Sancreed.

When speaking of level of muscle-brainedness, the order was Raktor, Fainell, Sancreed, and Altejio.

In particular, Raktor's level of meatheadedness could even be said to be an immovable first place in the Zadark Kingdom. If he tried a way of solving problems other than fist fights using Raktor and succeeded in it, then all Mazoku would surely be able to accept that method.

“Demon King-sama, we have been awaiting your return.”

Vermudol nodded to each of the Four Cardinal Generals that bowed side-by-side, and then spoke out a question that had suddenly hit him.

“Is this alright? I am sure that you all are busy.”

“That is not the case.”

Fainell answered like that, and expressed a thin smile.

“With Rokuna-dono’s assistance, she made it so that the maximum results would show with the minimum connection to us and oputimi... Ah—, she oputimized it.”

“Oputimized? Ahh, optimized.”

Vermudol nodded, and send words of gratitude in his mind to Rokuna who shut herself in the underground.

She was the first type of Mazoku that he had created, but she was far more capable than Vermudol imagined her to be.

“In that case, this is perfect. Everyone, please gather in the Throne Room.”

Leaving the Four Cardinal Generals, who had question marks showing on their faces, as they were, Vermudol headed towards the Throne Room.

# Chapter 9

The Throne Room was the most beautifully made place within the castle.

Vermudol sat down on the throne, and made a face that seemed like he was pondering over something.

“So, Demon King-sama. What’re you doing?”

Vermudol gave a nod at Raktor’s words.

“Ahh, I was thinking of exploring for a solution to solving problems in a way other than fist fighting.”

“Give me a break if you say to discuss things out.”

“I wouldn’t say something like that.”

While answering like that, Vermudol worked out his thoughts.

Things that required tools were naturally rejected. It would be fine to think about those the sake of what would happen after this, but it would be a bit difficult to test it out here and now.

In that case, something that was as simple as possible that didn’t need tools would be good.

“It has to be... Janken”

“Janken... you say?”

Vermudol stuck a hand out at Fainell’s question mark-laced words.

First, he made a tightly clenched fist.

“Rock.”

From that state, he erected two fingers.

“Scissors.”

And then, he opened all of his hand.

“Paper.”

While repeating those actions, Vermudol started his explanation.

“The thing called Janken is something where matches are decided through these three actions.”

That’s right, that was all there was to Janken.

Either rock, scissors, or paper would be presented together with saying “Janken, pon”.

Rock beats scissors, scissors beats paper, and paper beats rock.

In cases where the same hand is put out, it is a “Draw” , and the match is done once again.

There did not exist anything that could be called the strongest hand, and it was possible to do a fair match.

Since the rules were also simple, it was surely appropriate as the first introduced measure.

“Yosh, then Raktor and... Orel. Try it out.”

“Ou.”

“Geh!”

In contrast to Raktor who nodded, Orel noticeably backed away.

Seeing his state, Vermudol made a wry smile.

“Orel. This is a peaceful game. There won’t be any sort of problem.”

“It’d be nice if that were true...”

Looking reluctant, Orel faced Raktor.

Orel also had a large build, but when compared to Raktor, one couldn’t deny the impression that he was small.

“Yosh, well then, please start.”

At Vermudol’s signal, Raktor and Orel took postures so as to hide their fists.

“Janke... Pon!”

Together with the peaceful shout that could seemingly sound idiotic, Orel, who put out paper, suddenly flew about in the air.

Right below him, Raktor, who put out a fist... or rather rock, had taken an uppercut stance looking satisfied.

When he roughly chased after Orel, who had dropped down and was now lying on the ground, with his eyes, Vermudol breathed out a deep sigh.

“...It’s Orel’s win.”

“Wh, why!?”

“It’s because you had rock and Orel had paper...”

Thinking “so he really didn’t understand the rules”, Vermudol dropped his shoulders.

It was there that Altejio, unable to continue just watching that situation, came forward.

“Listen, Raktor. Think of it like this. Rock is something like magic. Paper is a shield that defends against that, and scissors is something like a sword that tears through the shield.”

“Rock is magic... huh.”

Seeing Raktor who was looking at his tightened fist and muttered as if he had somehow understood things, Vermudol felt relieved thinking that things would finally

work out somehow.

Being one of the Four Cardinal Generals, Altejio's composure was extremely valuable.

"Yosh, then next is Fainell and Sancreed."

"Understood."

"Yeah."

Doing as they were told, Fainell and Sancreed stepped forward.

Since the both of them were people who could make calm decisions to a certain extent, even in the off chance that Fainell were to behave recklessly, then Sancreed should be fine, is the plan that he had in this pairing.

"Jancken... Pon!"

It was like a brandishing of swords.

Fainell's high-speed scissors that aimed for the neck, was intercepted by Sancreed's scissors together with an unbelievable sound of \*giin\*.

"Aiko de... Sho!" *(TLN: Think of it as "one more... time")*

\*Giin, giin\* With a speed that normal eyes couldn't keep up with, an offense and defense of scissors unfolded.

It was a severe scissors battle where neither would yield even a single step.

Fainell and Sancreed expressed smiles that showed that they acknowledged each other's strength.

"Alright, wait. Stop."

At Vermudol's words, Fainel and Sancreed separated.

"What the heck was that. Rather, you guys did magical reinforcement, didn't you."

"As expected of you, Demon King-sama. So you could tell."

Forget being able to tell, for unbelievable sounds like that to be resounding while being bare-handed, then anyone would notice.

“I believe that I told you guys to do Janken though.”

“Yes. It was a good match.”

“...Good for you.”

“Yes!”

In response to Fainell who expressed a smile that looked like she was happy from the bottom of her heart, Vermudol breathed a deep sigh.

That’s right, that’s how it was.

She was the sole female among the Four Cardinal Generals, but Fainell was also a muscle-brained Mazoku. She wasn’t all that different from Raktor.

“So, why were you like that as well, Sancreed. You understand the rules, right?”

“Yeah.”

“In that case, why did it turn into you guys crossing swords.”

In response to Vermudol glaring at him, Sancreed gave an answer with a nonchalant face.

“If she desired to make an initial charge from the front, then responding to that would be the correct disposition, wouldn’t it.”

“Ah—, is that so. Okay, I’ve got it. But you understand the rules, right...?”

“With no problem.”

Seeing Sancreed nod, Vermudol suddenly tasted fatigue while somehow cheering himself up.

At this rate, nothing would change.

“Then... Sancreed and Altejio. Please try doing it.”

At Vermudol’s words, Altejio and Sancreed faced each other.

“Janken... Pon!”

Altejio had scissors.

Sancreed had rock.

It was Sancreed’s win.

“Fumu, so I’ve lost.”

“It’s because you use a sword. I simply tried betting on the likelihood that you would put out scissors.”

“I see, that is certainly right.”

Seeing the two of them calmly give their impressions, Vermudol muttered “Finally...”.

“This is Janken’s correct form. Everyone, I would like you to spread that amongst your subordinates as a new means of settlement... And so that is the end of this meeting!”

At Vermudol’s words, the Four Cardinal Generals made a bow and left the Throne Room.

After seeing them off, Vermudol slid down the throne.

“...How did things turn out like this with just Janken...”

“While it may be presumptuous of me.”

While holding out a glass filled with water to Vermudol, Ichika whispered.

“If you carried out a demonstration using me and Nino, I believe that it would have been done much more promptly.”

“...Tell me that a lot earlier.”

In response to Vermudol who discontentedly drank the water, Ichika expressed a small smile and replied.

“It’s just that keeping quiet seemed more interesting.”

“...What a good maid you are.”

Ichika wasn’t perturbed in the slightest by Vermudol’s sarcasm.

“Receiving your praise is the utmost honor.”

Recovering the glass, Ichika gave her thanks.

# Chapter 10

“But you know, will things be resolved with only that.”

In response to Nino’s artless question, Vermudol, who sat back down properly on the throne, answered sounding like he didn’t care.

“Well, it’s probably impossible. But, there is meaning to it being something that I proposed.”

That’s right, what was important was the point that it was a “solution that Demon King Vermudol proposed”.

For the Mazoku who only knew fist fights as being the only means of problem solving, the fact that another method than that was a “new resolution method” that the Demon King personally proposed meant that it would be treated as a splendid resolution method on the same level as the time-honored “fist fight”.

“Erm... In other words?”

“The Mazoku will think for themselves and choose the way of solving a problem... that is what it means.”

“That is how it is.”

With Ichika answering Nino’s question, Vermudol nodded.

This time, the true reason for proposing janken was this.

Getting into a fist fight if opinions clashed, that was easy but it was too simple.

That is why, by first putting in the “method that the Demon King proposed” as a choice for a means of solution, it would make the Mazoku start thinking.

As a result, if it developed into a fist fight, then that can’t be helped.

Actually, it was only natural that there will be times where it is hard to settle things

with janken. However, there was meaning in making Mazoku have to think about which measure they should take.

“H—n. Then Raktor won’t use it.”

“No, he will use it for one day.”

“I think that he will use it for three days.”

As Nino and the others exchanged their own self-willed predictions, Orel, who had finally awoken nearby, groaned while raising his upper body.

“...What’re you all saying who will or won’t use what?”

“Ahh, it’s about how long Raktor will use janken for!”

Hearing Vermudol’s words, Orel pondered while saying “Fumu...”.

“Since it’s that guy we’re talking about, wouldn’t he continue to use janken by bringing it up only for things that don’t matter?”

“Ahh, that makes sense.”

Vermudol nodded at Orel’s unexpectedly perceptive opinion.

Certainly, Raktor was that kind of man.

“Well, in regards to that, let’s just watch the transition that will happen from here on out. For the time being, there is a need to think of other means of resolution as well.”

“Haa, so you’re still gonna do more.”

“Yeah.”

What Vermudol was thinking of, was board games—more specifically, things like shogi, go, and chess.

The facts that they were strategic in nature and that they could even be used as amusement were the wonderful points of board games.

It would be troubling if they became too engrossed with them, but the things known as games were indispensable to the growth of culture to a certain extent.

And then, above all, it made one use their head.

As a means to make a decision, they would take too much time, but they were just right as a means for making the Mazoku's muscle-brains better.

Things that could make even Mazoku get engrossed with them... taking that into consideration, something that was visibly fun was good.

In that case, a game that had beautiful, three-dimensional pieces like chess was good. Furthermore, replacing the pieces with parts of the Demon King army would make it easier to approach for them.

If he remembered correctly, chess was a game where one won by cornering the opposing king so that they couldn't escape... that was roughly the rule of it... that was how he felt.

However, the Mazoku probably wouldn't be able to agree with this.

Even if he explained the general concept of a checkmate, he could easily see the appearance of people flaring up about a king that admitted their loss before dying.

Moreover, they would show rage towards the remaining piece and how they were a gathering of weaklings that wouldn't even fight the king's enemies.

If done poorly, there was even the possibility that it would develop into a fist fight from a difference in opinions over that.

In other words, the rules would have to be changed into an annihilation battle.

"...And, well, that is the kind of game that I am thinking of."

"Haa. Well, it does sound interesting."

"A strategy game that plays with three-dimensional pieces... However, there is a point at issue."

In response to Ichika who was making a refined face, Vermudol, who was singing his

own praises by saying that it was surprisingly a good idea, showed a question mark on his face.

“Having the Demon King army divided into two is inadvisable. There is only Demon King-sama after all.”

“I mean, it’s just a game after all...”

“To have two Demon King armies oppose each other with the sense of it being a game is nightmarish.”

Ichika turned the other way in a huff.

Thinking that it was impossible to persuade her now that she’s become like this, Vermudol breathed a sigh.

“However.”

Saying that, it was there that Ichika returned her gaze towards Vermudol.

“If for example, one side were to be made as the Hero army, then it might be fine.”

That’s right, if it was the Hero versus the Demon King, then it certainly wasn’t impossible.

However, feeling like there was some sort of problem, Vermudol tilted his head in contemplation.

“But there’s how to decide which one will be the Hero army... isn’t there.”

“Ahh... Right. That’s true.”

Hearing Nino’s muttering, Vermudol agreed.

Certainly, without a doubt, it would turn into a fist fight with just that.

“Manipulating the Hero army, in what way could they naturally guide it to its destruction... Wouldn’t that be a splendid strategy?”

“Ahh, yeah. That would more for advanced practitioners... Well, I suppose we should

leave it at that for now.”

In response to Ichika who was making a truly mysterious face, Vermudol replied with a smile with no strength behind it.

“In that case, shouldn’t we just add in a setting that it is just an exercise?”

“An exercise?”

Hearing Orel’s words, Vermudol sent a very interested looking gaze at him.

“In other words, let’s put the setting as being an exercise for fellow members of the Demon King army. Wouldn’t it be fine if we just them prepare the pieces to the point of being sick of it, have them choose the ones that they’ll use in the game from them, and make them go to war upon assembling their own armies.”

“I see, it also has the good sounding point of causing attachment by the setting of making them choose the actual Demon King army.”

Hearing Orel’s unexpected suggestion, Ichika also nodded.

Vermudol also felt that Orel’s idea certainly wasn’t bad at all.

If they were to use their heads starting from the selection of pieces, then it might encourage positive thoughts towards group battles.

“Yosh, then let’s send an order of pieces going with that direction to the Norms and...”

“Ah—, wait, wait, Ver-cchi—.”

It was there that Rokuna appeared in the Throne Room while being out of breath.

Clearly looking like she sprinted with all of her might, Rokuna’s clothes were a bit disordered, however, for some reason, her hairdo was fixed properly.



“So it’s you Rokuna. What’s wrong?”

“For crying out loud. To be like that even though the current me, which could tickle an innocent boy’s heart from being just a little bit disorderly, is right in front of you. Aren’t you a bit too dry? I mean, look at Orel over there, he looks like he’ll attack me at any moment, you know?”

“...As if— ...”

Rokuna went from a dash to a dropkick at Orel who breathed a sigh sounding serious. However, since Orel didn’t collapse from that as anyone would expect, Rokuna went and added a knee strike and then turned back around to face Vermudol.

“Ah—, and so. About what was being talking about just now.”

“Nn? Ahh, I also feel that your words just now were a bit questionable.”

“Not about that part.”

While clicking her tongue at Orel who shook off Rokuna’s blows with a composed face, Rokuna shook her hand sideways.

“It’s about the pieces. The pieces that will first be in a set with the game board, could you limit it to just Goblins?”

“Why?”

Hearing Nino’s words, Vermudol also replied with the same reaction.

“Yeah, I thought the same thing as Nino. Why would there be a need for such a thing?”

“It’s for the sake of turning the economy, see—. Amusement turns the economy veery well.”

Vermudol immediately understood the meaning of those words.

“...Ahh, I see. So you’re trying to make them buy additional pieces.”

“That’s how it is. You make them buy a bag filled with random pieces. Ones like the Four Cardinal Generals, and naturally the Ver-cchi pieces will need to be low in

number, of course.”

What Rokuna was saying was certainly correct.

By changing the acquisition rate depending on the piece, it will make them buy additional pieces for the sake of making an army that they could agree with, and they would surely possess affection for the pieces that they obtained.

And then, if that could make them enthusiastic for the game those pieces were made for as well, then it could accomplish the goal of making the Mazoku use their heads as well.

If he remembered correctly, there should have been a similar concept in the world that Vermudol was originally in as well.

Feeling like he was about to remember that, Vermudol slightly tilted his head.

There certainly should have been something but... he just couldn't remember what it was.

But still, changing his mind and thinking that sort of things happens as well, Vermudol switched over his thoughts.

“Right, let's go with that.”

“While we're at it, even the boards themselves, let's change things like the materials and make various types of them. That way would be better. I super recommend it.”

Certainly, from cheap boards to high class boards... that sort of thing made sense when said from an economic point of view.

“Yosh, Ichika. Could we move forward in that direction?”

“As you wish. It will be done right away.”

Ichika said that, and left the Throne Room.

Most likely, a set of samples would be made in the next few days.

The rules would have to be finely worked out later.

“Rokuna.”

“What, Ver-cchi. Have you fallen in love with me?”

“Please take care of the pieces’ individual movements and the finer rules. Since it’s Ichika we’re talking about, she will surely have a fearsome amount of pieces prepared.”

“Eh, I don’t wanna...”

“Please do it.”

“Ehh— ... Ver-cchi, it was your idea, right?”

“Don’t say that. I’ll give you several wonderful pieces once its all done.”

“Then give me the Ver-cchi one, the real one.”

“You can’t.”

“What the heck—. Nino, don’t get in the way.”

Seeing Nino and Rokuna start to glare at each other, Orel stealthily took refuge near a window that was easy to escape from.

While watching that scene, Vermudol... felt a serenity that he truly hadn’t felt in such a long time.

# Chapter 11

“Ah, hey, hey, Ver-cchi.”

Rokuna, who was facing-off against Nino, suddenly made a complete change in expression and smiled.

“You might as well go to the castle town. You might be able to discover various things, you know?”

“The castle town huh...”

Vermudol went “Fumu” and nodded at Rokuna’s proposal.

Certainly, he hasn’t seen the castle town after having come back. There was also the need to ascertain the degree of the country’s development, and above all, he could discover various things like gossip.

“Yosh, then why don’t we go immediately.”

“Un.”

Rokuna put one hand out and stopped Vermudol who got up from his throne and Nino who tried to go with him as if it were only the natural thing to do.

“Wait, wait. Ver-cchi, although I find your Human Magician-like appearance to be rather questionable, Nino, do you also plan on going with that appearance?”

“Is there some sort of problem?”

“Of course there is. To go with a grouping of a Magician and a Maid Knight. That’s like advertising “this is the Demon King party”.”

When Vermudol first visited the land near the castle, that was when he put the Goblin settlement under his control.

At that time, the Demon King Vermudol appeared bringing along Ichika the Maid

Knight, but that story has been handed down in the castle town as the origin of the Demon King legend.

After Rokuna gave a rough explanation of the story that was told amongst the people, she added that nowadays, the Goblin settlement of those days is preserved as a commemoration.

“Wait.”

“What?”

“Then, where did Agur and the others that were living there go?”

“They are employed as part of the management of the Demon King’s Advent museum.”

That being said, since the Goblins including Agur weren’t suited for organizational management, it seemed that there was a section where Beastia workers were managing various things.

“...How fearsome.”

“That’s why I said that things have changed.”

Seeing Rokuna have a look of amazement, Vermudol said “That’s true...” and nodded.

At any rate, things changed too much.

“Well, although it looks like I got Ver-cchi to understand. It means that we need an appearance where it won’t be immediately found out that he’s the Demon King with just a glance. Ichikaa, you’re pretty much listening in, aren’t you?”

“Of course.”

At the same time as Rokuna’s words, Ichika appeared together with Magic Operated Armors that were carrying what looked to be mountains of clothes.

“H, has the matter of the pieces already been finished?”

“Yes, everything has gone smoothly. All that is left is to wait for the completion.”

While thinking “Nevertheless, that was way too fast, wasn’t it”, Vermudol looked at the Magic Operated Armors carrying mountains of clothes in their arms.

The male ones... were surely for Vermudol’s use, but there were clearly more than just those.

“Those clothes are...”

“Nino and I will be accompanying you after all.”

“Eh—, what about me—?”

“You have a job given to you by Demon King-sama.”

Next to Rokuna who went \*Tsk\* and clicked her tongue, Nino whisperingly grumbled.

“Even though Ichika isn’t needed.”

“It is because the purpose is to guide Demon King-sama. Normally, you would be one that isn’t needed, you know?”

Vermudol loudly clapped his hands at the two who surpassed just glaring at each other and made glares that could kill at each other.

“Alright, that’s far enough. Well then, Ichika, I would like to choose an outfit but. What kind of look would be appropriate?”

“Let’s see... First, Demon King-sama, erasing your impression as a Magician should take priority.”

What Ichika took out while saying that were thick clothes and pants.

“Attire in the western Majin-style that doesn’t appear much in the central area would be good... In that case...”

What was chosen next was a dull steel blue breast plate and boots.

Furthermore, a single long sword was picked out, and after drawing it halfway, they ascertained a red brilliance.

“That’s... Is it, Red Iron?”

Red Iron was an indication for metal where iron and Blood Metal was mixed at a fixed ratio.

To begin with, Blood Metal was a hard-to-handle metal, and was a product that was difficult to process.

Since its affinity to magical power was a bit too high, it would be useless unless something was mixed in with it... but if it were mixed in an unskillful way, it would completely lose its special characteristics as Blood Metal, causing it to be considered something extremely troublesome.

The first precedent of being able to skillfully use that was Red Iron, and arms that were produced with this were used by many Majin, and it has now become the standard metal to use.

That being said, it was also fairly high priced though.

“Yes, among the western Majin, even if they are not affiliated with military affairs, they are clad in Red Iron equipment. The minimum preparation... It could be considered as such.”

Research on arms and armor made with Holy Silver that was mined from a recently discovered mine was also progressing, but as expected, the main thing now was Red Iron.

Holy Silver was a material that was also in the Human Hero’s equipment. There was a feeling of avoidance due to that fact, but above all, there were few mines that produced it, creating a small supply of it.

As supplies for military affairs, having a steady supply of it was important.

“I see, I get the general gist of things. So, Ichika, what about your group?”

Getting consolidated into a “group”, Nino made a somewhat dissatisfied-looking face, but Vermudol didn’t notice at all.

“Let’s see... There is a need to gather a guise different from normal so that the fact that we are Maid Knights does not get exposed.”

The Maid Knights’ equipment was special, and even the outward appearances of them really stood out.

Ichika and Nino wore maid outfits with breast armor, with Ichika having black and Nino having green as the basic themes for them.

If they were to walk around the castle town like this, that would be equivalent to going around advertising “we are Maid Knights directly under the Demon King”.

In other words, attire to remove this impression... To put it simpler, it had to be something other than maid clothes.

“Ah, then I’ll pick for you—”

It was there that Rokuna raise her hand while saying “me, m~e”.

“You’re going with the western Majin-style, right? Just leave it to me. I’ll put something together with a totally cool feel to it!”

He thought “I’m uneasy about this...”, but surely Vermudol wasn’t the only one.

Unrelated to the atmosphere of that spot, Rokuna jumped at the mountain of clothes looking delighted.

# Chapter 12

“Yosh, it’s done!”

After a bit of time passed after she started choosing the clothes, Rokuna expressed a satisfied-looking smile.

First, Vermudol was still in Ichika’s coordinated outfit, a western Majin-style outfit.

And then, Ichika was in sharp attire that was somehow similar to knight clothes. Her usual long sword was hung on her waist, but her hairstyle wasn’t long and straight but gathered into a ponytail.

As for Nino, she had leather armor on top of rough cloth clothes, leather pants and leather shoes. In place of her usual curved swords, both of her hands were placed in leather gloves.

“The theme is a senpai guiding their kouhai around the castle town on a day off, and an associate that joined up for some reason or another, I guess.”

Orel, who was nodding things like “Ho—” and “Fumu”, kept distant while listening to her to ensure his safety.

“...Senpai.”

Seeing Nino point at herself as she said that, Rokuna shook her head sideways.

“...Can’t agree to this.”

“It’s fine—. It’s because my selection is perfect. Right—... wait, arya, and Orel isn’t here.”

Vermudol thought “Well, what she says is true...”.

For Vermudol and Nino who were absent for a while and are unfamiliar with the castle town, having Ichika guide them to a certain extent would give him a peace of mind, and there wouldn’t be any unnaturalness to their attitudes.

“...Well, isn't this fine? It is true that Nino and I don't know about the recent castle town after all.”

Nino made a dissatisfied-looking face at Vermudol's words but... in the end, she sank into silence without saying anything.

“Now then, let us get going.”

“Ah, Ichika. Although I think you know this.”

“Yes, of course. So please proceed with your own work as well.”

After she and Rokuna nodded to one another, Ichika stood at the Throne Room entrance so that she could guide Vermudol and Nino.

“Nino, let's go.”

“Nn.”

Vermudol and Nino caught up to her, and then the three of them and headed to the stairway that headed down just like that.

“Don't forget my souvenir—.”

After leaving the words that Rokuna said at the corner of his mind for the moment, Vermudol casually threw a question at Ichika.

“Come to think of it, Ichika.”

“Yes, what would you like to know?”

It was about what Rokuna and Ichika were talking about earlier.

About what she “knows” about.

“That is a simple story.”

Ichika nodded and answered.

“To pass through the rear entrance, and show Demon King-sama's great figure to

Gordy... that is all.”

“Ahh, now that you mention it, that guy does protect outside after all.”

“Yes, he is usually at the back.”

Walking while having that conversation, the three of them arrived at the rear entrance of the Demon King Castle.

Although it was called a rear entrance, it was something quite splendid.

Acknowledging the figures of Vermudol’s group, a Magic Operated Armor started to open the door.

After making a simple greeting to the Magic Operated Armor that completely finished opening the door and had taken a bowing posture, Vermudol’s group came to the outside of the Demon King Castle.

Beneath the usual unchanging gray sky, the Demon King Castle’s rear garden spread out.

It was once the place that Ichika’s kitchen garden was at, but nowadays, it had been changed completely.

“It is a farm... isn’t it.”

“Yes, I had believed that it was no longer necessary but... I came to learn that it had a popularity that went beyond expectations as given goods.”

What was there wasn’t on the level of a potato field and kitchen garden, but a splendid plantation that used roughly half of the wide rear garden that was spread out.

There was a focus on raising things that could be preserved, and since they were carefully produced by the Demon King Castle, it seems that they are treated as top quality products.

“This is surely Demon King-sama’s natural virtue.”

In response to Ichika who said that sounding a bit boastful, Vermudol tilted his head wondering if that really was the case.

“How are things going around there, Gordy.”

Vermudol talked to the gigantic stone statue that took up a position at the center of the remaining half of the rear garden.

“Well, the point that they are crops that Ichika-dono is looking after is surely greatly taken into account -no dearimashou na.”

The stone statue answered like that.

Wearing full-body armor, the statue of a knight with wings was made with a material that had a black luster to it.

That figure of being down on one knee, gripping the hilt of a sword that was thrust into the ground, and offering a prayer, this place being what it was, it brought about even a divine atmosphere.

However, in this place called the Demon King Castle, it had nothing but a strange intimidating air.

Wearing a full-face helmet, that appearance where not even its expression could be seen spurred that intimidating air on.

However, with a red magical power light fired from the part where the eyes would be, it was very clear that it wasn't just a simple stone statue.

This stone statue... Or more accurately, this Golem was Gordy, the worldly-wise man that, although reluctantly, had assumed the position of the Central General, which was the position that Orel and Rokuna completely refused to take on.

Incidentally, he was called a Golem, but his abilities can't be contained on being of the level of the simply stone statue type Mazoku. He is a Majin that Vermudol created as the guardian of the Demon King Castle, and possessed a strength that surpassed even the Ancient Golems of the south.

Therefore, Gordy's race ended up being the “Master Golem” where he was the sole member of at the present time.

He was a powerful person worthy of being the Demon King Castle's guardian, but fortunately, things have not fallen into a situation where he would have to release that

power so far.

“It is because Ichika-dono is quite popular even among the Majin after all. They were personally raised by her, and furthermore, with the place they are being grown at being this place where Demon King-sama lives, it cannot be helped that its value makes it the best in the Zadark Kingdom.”

“Is it something like that.”

“It is something like that -degozaimasu. Well, there is no mistake in Ichika-dono’s words that it is because your, the supreme one, the Demon King’s existence.”

After saying that, Gordy once again sank into silence, but after a bit of silence, he spoke once again.

“...At any rate, Vermudol-sama. I have been awaiting your grand return.”

“Yeah, thank you, Gordy.”

As a Majin... No, as a Mazoku, Gordy was a special existence in a different way from Rokuna.

He showed no interest in the “the top” or “strength” that almost all Mazoku sought after, nor did he hold any interest in anything that could generally be called amusement.

Even for the typical Golem, they would have an interest in something, and there were cases where they would change into their Majin form and go to a town.

However, Gordy didn’t do any of that.

Even for Vermudol, the only time that he saw Gordy’s Majin form was after his creation, when he had no choice but to change into it in order to pass through the Demon King Castle.

For the usual Gordy, quietly standing still in the rear garden and working hard at the security like this was his normal state.

Though, since he would be covered in moss if left alone as he had no need to even move since there were no scoundrels, Ichika would occasionally polish Gordy.

“How about it, Gordy. Would you like to come with us to the castle town?”

“What grateful words. However, seeing as how we would stand out if I were to accompany you all, I believe that it would not be a good idea for travelling incognito.”

“...I don't think that would be the case though. Well, that's fine. Let's go another time.”

“At your will.”

Hearing Vermudol's reply, Gordy answered while letting out a slightly delighted-sounding sound.

Seeing Gordy once again sink into silence like that, Ichika and Nino started to peek at him from below with somewhat questioning-looking faces.

“...What's wrong, you two.”

“No, it is nothing important but.”

“Gordy's Majin form, I haven't seen it.”

That's right, Vermudol was the only one that knew about Gordy's Majin form.

Since the person himself didn't feel any meaning to turning into his Majin form, it couldn't be helped.

After all, if he stayed in his Golem form, there wasn't even a need to eat things.

As far as Gordy, who was proud of his duty as guardian, was concerned, staying like that was ideal... That was probably how it was.

“That doesn't matter, right? More importantly, let's hurry up and get going.”

“Yes.”

“Un.”

Ichika and Nino chased after Verumodol who urged them on.

After sending his gaze after their leaving figures for only an instant, Gordy once again entered a long silence.

# Chapter 13

A palace engulfed by an everlasting darkness in a void of space that was detached from the world.

In the Throne Room, Shuklous squared off against the Heroes.

Carrying the “Altor Wand” , which as a sacred treasure gifted from the God of Light, and possessed a magical power amplifying and restoring effect, the Great Sage Teria.

Wearing clothes that received the God of Water’s divine protection, and possessing the sacred treasure, the “Radeus Gauntlets” , which could change its form at the user’s will, the Warrior Juno.

Having received the God of Earth’s divine protection, and having the sacred treasure, the “Gladio Blade” which possessed a blade that would absolutely never chip, at the ready, the Swordmaster Duke.

Possessing the “Arslys Bow” which fired arrows of magical power and was a sacred treasure gifted by the God of Wind, Luty.

And then, possessing the sacred sword, the “Tilt Blade” , which controlled the power and divine protections of all of the Gods, the Hero Ryuuya.

The Heroes gained the Gods’ divine protections, defeated Shuklous’s many subordinates, and finally invaded as far as Shuklous’s palace that existed in the void of the world.

Shuklous used his all as well as all of his palace’s fighting power and attacked the Heroes, but with his best subordinates already defeated, only he alone remained.

On the other side, the Heroes were also close to their limits from the fights they had up until then... They were already in a state where they were riddled with wounds. However, Shuklous beared even more damage than that.

All of his magic was defended against, all of his attacks were endured, and all of his defences were broken through.

The Hero Ryuuya's sacred sword, the Tilt Blade, broke Shuklous, the Demon King's body and soul, so that he would be unable to reincarnate.

At the moment the sacred sword's completion was allowed, Shuklous's fate had come to an end.

Breathing hard while gazing at Shuklous who was already only waiting to perish, the Hero Ryuuya muttered.

"...It's over. With this, the world is..."

"Ku, fufufu... So you think that, Hero."

Not even Shuklous himself knew why he had said that.

If there is no meaning to such a thing, there is no benefit to it.

While gazing at the surprised Hero Ryuuya's face, Shuklous spun out words.

"The Mazoku's true master, is not me. My master... The Great Demon King Gramfia-sama is already in this world..."

"The Great Demon King... Gramfia...? You're kidding, something like that still existed...!?"

Why did he say such a thing.

His own master where he only knew his name, face, and location, why did he tell them to the Hero.

Shuklous, did not feel any doubt towards them.

Why was that.

Even after " " thought that, they didn't know.

However, the contents of that doubt and dream... they were lost together with their awakening.

And then, “ ” opened their eyes.

That place, was a dark place.

That place, was a bright place.

That place, was a narrow place.

That place, was a vast place.

“ ... ”

“ ” sought the reason why their own perception wasn't for sure within their own memories.

Why their perception wasn't for sure.

Why there wasn't anything within this place.

Where this place was, what time it was now, who they themselves were.

“ ... ”

“ ” felt like something was going to come to mind, but feeling like it was going to vanish in the next moment, they somehow grabbed that vestige of it.

“That's right, if I'm not mistaken, I am...”

That moment where “ ” tried to renew their own perception.

Together with the word “wrong”, that vestige vanished as if it were washed away.

That's right, wrong. In that case, it was surely wrong.

“ ” lost the means to represent themselves, and even that thought was about to disappear.

But, “ ” suddenly felt something that could be a core of thoughts within themselves

being born.

“...I, am...”

“ ” was one that ruled fear and dissension.

“ ” was the enemy of all of mankind.

“ ” was one that ruled Mazoku.

“ ” was one that was the summit of evil.

“That is right... You are the hiding place of all sins. One that wears deeply held resentment on your body, and turns it into your delight and power.”

That place, was a white room.

Everywhere was white, and it looked endlessly vast.

“You are the reason for all of the evil of the world. The origin of all pain of the world.”

“ ” understood.

Everything was of their own scheme.

Everything, was for the sake of their own delight.

That’s right, that’s how it was.

Why had they forgotten that.

Even though the one that threw the world out of order was none other than them themselves.

“ ” showed delight together with gratitude towards the mysterious voice.

However, the hands that should have extended were still not there.

The legs should have stood up were still not there.

The eyes and face that should be shedding tears, were still not there.

“That is because this, is a dream.”

A dream.

In that case, it can't be helped, is what “ ” thought and felt relief.

Incidentally, what was their own name?

“Your name, is it...”

The mysterious voice replied with a somewhat troubled voice at “ ”'s question.

“Let's decide on it by the time you awaken.”

They felt that something was terribly out of place.

However, while not knowing what it was that they felt was out of place, that feeling completely vanished.

“Go to sleep. It is because your turn on stage is to come a bit later.”

“ ” thought that going to sleep within a dream was a strange expression.

However, what was strange about it.

That out of place feeling also completely vanished, and “ ” consciousness was lost.

“...”

The instant their view became blurred and became unable to see anything, “ ” felt that they saw beautiful gold hair swaying.

However, that perception also vanished, and the figure of a single man was engraved into “ ”'s memories.

They remembered.

That person, is my creator.

The Great Demon King... Vermudol.

The great master, that made his descent in the Dark Continent.

# Chapter 14

The Zadark Kingdom castle town, the Royal Capital Arkverm.

Right after Vermudol was created, that place was nothing but neglected ground, but nowadays, there many stores and houses... as well as crowds of figures of Mazoku.

Avoiding the Demon King Castle main gate, which had become a tourist attraction, and leaving through the back gate, Vermudol's group was within that hustle and bustle.

"Hey, hey, what is this?"

Nino pulled Vermudol's hand, and tried to enter a store that had a signboard that said John's Grill.

In this castle town, what was prepared weren't carts, but fairly able shops, and with face-to-face type counters in between, they would sell goods to the customers.

The hygenic side was taken into consideration... Or rather, it was something like the resolution of the shopkeeper that settled down at that place, and it was probably also a threat from him saying that he wouldn't give this spot up.

Seeing customers come out from the John's Grill store in front of them with things that gave off a savory smell with them, Nino looked like she couldn't take it anymore.

"Welcome. This is something where Charging Boar meat and Kagari Mushrooms are alternatingly stuck on a skewer and grilled. And when a matching special sauce where Sparim and Shagal are mashed and mixed is smeared on it... Look."

The Majin shopkeeper took a skewer that was grilling and thrust it into a pot that had a sauce with a deep darkish color, and then put it back to spot that it was grilling at.

When he did that, the heated sauce went \*shuwa\* and gave off a savory aroma.

"Heeh... This is quite good..."

When Vermudol was being impressed by that aroma, Ichika made a complement.

“It is a flavor that has been spreading in Arkverm recently. It would seem that it has quite a high degree of completion.”

“I won’t say it out loud since it’ll turn into a fight, but I can proudly say that it has the best taste in this area.”

Hearing those words, Vermudol made a wry smile.

Certainly, if someone were to say that they were the best, Mazoku would claim to each other that they were the best, and that would surely start fist fights in order to decide who really was the best.

“Ahh, I see, so that is why there aren’t any voices of barkers.”

It was a spectacle often seen in mankind’s territory... where they say things like “the best flavor is found here”, “this is the original”, or “this is its birthplace”.

When it came to special products, there were many that would claim that they themselves were the best, and even contests between barkers would get superheated.

However, here, that sort of thing wasn’t seen, and the town was bustling with only people coming and going.

“It’s more like everyone has found it questionable to have fist fights in Demon King-sama’s home territory. It’s been decided to do it silently. The matches are done in silence... see.”

“Incidentally, how are the winners of those matches decided?”

In response to Vermudol’s question, the shopkeeper made a broad grin and answered.

“...Isn’t obvious that it was through a fist fight? I was the last one remaining. It was decided.”

“I see.”

“So, will you buy some? If you do now, then I also have an interesting extra for ya.”

“An extra?”

When Nino showed her interest, the shopkeeper stuck out his fist.

“Ou, not too long ago, an interesting messenger from the Demon King Castle was going around here and there, see. Janken... it seems to be a way to have a match. I was thinking of practicing this match that was started by Demon King-sama. If you win against me, then one of them will be for free, so how about it?”

Vermudol smiled at the shopkeeper who then said “Of course, that’s only if you buy more than two though”.

He thought “I see”. He should have just taught the match method to the Four Cardinal Generals before they left the Demon King Castle, but Ichika probably made a smart move and had it taught even in the castle town.

When he sent his gaze to Ichika who was standing next to him, she made a faint nod and affirmed it.

“I see, that is a good method. We have also heard about that match method.”

“Is that so, well then, that means that you won’t have any complaints about the match. Whoops, if you’re going to accept it, you’ve got to make an order, got it? Since there’s three of you, will you have three of them?”

“That’s right.”

“Okay. Well then, here we go... Jan, ken... pon!”

The shopkeeper had rock, Vermudol had scissors.

It was the shopkeeper’s win.

“Ha ha ha! That’s too bad. Well then, that’ll be six large copper coins. Well, don’t mind it too much, it’s because you aren’t losing anything to begin with.”

“That’s true. But still, what do you think of this Janken thing, after having tried it.”

While taking the skewers off from the fire, the shopkeeper started his answer with “Let’s see...”.

“I think that the part of having a lighthearted match like this is good. It’s because

before, even little things wouldn't settle down without a fist fight.”

“Well, that's true.”

“But still, in the end, important things can't be settled except through a fist fight. I think that it's Demon King-sama's intent to tell us that we should moderate and regulate that part and choose what to do, you know?”

When Vermudol looked at the shopkeeper seeming impressed by him, the shopkeeper noticed his gaze and swung his body seeming like he found it unpleasant.

“...I see. Here, six large copper coins.”

“Aiyo. Here, three skewers.”

Vermudol received them, and handed over one to Ichika and Nino each.

When Nino immediately sunk her teeth into it, her eyes sparkled the moment she did.

Vermudol also took a bite... the lightly salted taste spread throughout his mouth, and he was assaulted by a sensation that felt nostalgic yet didn't.

“Delicious.”

“Yeah, it is tasty.”

“It sure is.”

After Nino's impression, Vermudol and Ichika also gave interjections.

That taste that was a combination of the well-grilled meat, the mushrooms with a crispy texture, and the sauce, it was quite irresistible.

After having finished eating, and wiping his hands, Vermudol once again surveyed the area.

At the town that was well-maintained, and the smiling faces of the Mazoku that were coming and going.

When he had first awoken in the Demon King Castle, he didn't think that he would see

a spectacle like this.

“...Come to think of it, how is the maintenance of the public order done?”

“With this place being directly under Demon King-sama, there is no one that would disturb the public order... but, tentatively, patrolling is performed by a collaboration of the western army that is under the direct control of the Western General and the central army.”

Hearing Vermudol's mutter, Ichika answered like that.

“Be that as it may, what's being done is something like a face-off of a duel though”

The number of events that happened that would be called crimes in mankind's territory were zero.

There was no one that would do such things at the Demon King's home territory... that is what Ichika explained.

“Is that, so.”

Hearing those words, Vermudol pondered.

When he was in mankind's territory, there was a high probability that the type of people called thugs were in back alleys.

He knew that Nino had eliminated them before they picked a fight with Vermudol, but it seemed that quite terrible things happened even in places that had nothing to do with them.

It wasn't in countryside towns but large towns like the royal capital that stupid people like that would lurk in great numbers in.

Despite being a king's home territory like this Arkverm, why would they appear that close.

...No, the answer had already come to him. Vermudol himself simply recognized it, and reached the conclusion to that question.

Mankind was... Humans were rotten, and it was because of that that nothing could be

done.

Just by recognizing that, it was fine.

# Chapter 15

The western part of the Zadark Kingdom, which was in the Dark Continent, was the land where the legend of how the Hero party had once invaded remained.

Currently, under the command of the Western General Sancreed, it had become the stronghold of the Western Army that boasted outstanding morale and control.

Right at the same time that Vermudol's group was eating their skewers, there were two Majin walking along the coast of that western land.

The two were wearing matching armor, and those that saw them would tell that it was the official equipment of the Western Army.

"So, this doesn't match at all either... Just assembling Shariano's new products doesn't mean that it'll all work together."

"Well, I'd like to instead appreciate the effort that was put into it, you know? Just how much did all of that take."

"Look, there was a time where that guy didn't show up even after we invited him to drink for a while, right? It seems that he was saving up money at that time."

"Uaccha— ... So it was that. I completely thought that he was running around to buy a new sword again."

"Right, right, there was that kind of rumor. There's no way that's the case... Ya sure he didn't find someone that he liked?"

They were in the middle of patrolling, but now that there was a new Demon King, there was no way that there would be any Majin that would cause problems, and so they were doing their patrol duty while having a carefree chat.

What is why when they discovered "that", it was understandable that they were at a loss for words.

"Oi, what's that...?"

In the Dark Continent that was surrounded by the constantly rampaging [Sea of Farthest Ends] , there was not a single person that went out of their way to go out to sea.

It was for this reason that the two were unable to understand what the thing that had barged into their view was.

It was a ship.

However, the sails were broken, and that ship that had been reduced to a wreckage that was only tossed about by the waves looked like a jail that floated on the sea. Maybe it was simply a coincidence, but it was drifting towards the coast. The soldiers that were in the middle of patrolling didn't know what a "ship" was to begin with, but they were just barely able to understand that it was a man-made object.

What came into their minds was the word "Hero".

Although they were able to shake off that word by thinking that there was no way that would be the case, they at least understood that that thing that the Dark Continent did not have was definitely something that was related to Humans.

"...I will keep watch on that thing. You go and make a report!"

"O, ou. Be careful!"

At the same time they said that, one of the soldiers quickly ran towards their subdivision.

Most likely, there would be a messenger that would be sent from there to the Western Army headquarters... But at any rate, it wasn't a problem that could be dealt with with just the two of them.

"Still, it sure is huge... what is this."

The object steadily got closer.

The object that seemed to have become battered from the raging waves, it actually did not have the strength nor ability to be able to cross the [Sea of Farthest Ends] and

come this far.

It was because of that that it was impossible to be the Hero's ship... but there was no way that the two soldier men would have known that.

Before long, its anchor was dropped, and the ship came to a stand still.

The male soldier placed a hand on his sword, but changing his mind after thinking that there was nothing he could do with that at this distance, he started to think about the on hand magic that he could use.

However, before long, when he noticed that a small boat came out from the ship and were approaching, the male soldier stared at the thing that was flown on that small boat.

It was a white plain flag.

He had heard that flags were things that represented a mankind's affiliation, but that white flag had nothing on it.

On the small boat, awfully short and stout members of mankind that totally resembled Norms were on board.

Although they looked like they were strong in fighting strength, he couldn't see any possessions that seemed like weapons.

While taking a posture so that he could fire his magic at any time just in case, the male soldier asked for their identity.

"You all over there! What business do you have with this land!"

"We were adrift and came here! We have no hostile intentions! What country is this!? Is it the Canal Kingdom!?"

"This is the great Zadark Kingdom! If you say that you have no hostile intentions, then wait right there!"

"We had injured and sick people! We're also out of food and water!"

"Shut up! Just wait right there... Captain, it's over here!"

The male soldier that was having the conversation with the ship called out to the man that was running at the lead of the group of around ten of his companions that came from the Western Army headquarters.

“What is that huge thing... Mu, and what are those guys that are riding that thing that looks like piece of wood over there?”

“Yessir, it would seem that they are a group of mankind that were riding on that gigantic thing.”

“I see, so those are mankind... This is also my first time seeing them, but they look just like Norms.”

“Yes, I was wondering if they were actually Norms... It seems that they were “sent adrift” or something.”

“What is that, some kind of new technique of mankind or something?”

“Dunno...”

In the Zadark Country that has no sailing culture, they naturally had no word for “sent adrift”.

Therefore, this was also a natural response.

“Also, they seem to have sick and injured people. They also don’t have any food or water.”

“Fumu. If they are mankind, then it isn’t our problem, but they couldn’t be Norms that did a strange experiment and ended up like that, could they... if they are, then it would be a problem to leave them like that.”

“Wouldn’t it be fine to just ask them?”

“That’s true too. O—i, what race do you all belong to!?”

Hearing the male captain’s question, the people on the small boat shouted back.

“We are all Metalios! We were escaping from the St. Altlis Kingdom! Please, help us! We’re already at our limit!”

Hearing that voice, the male soldier whispered to the captain.

“Metalio... that was a companion of mankind, wasn't it.”

“Yeah, that's right. However, despite that, they are saying that they were escaping or something... Are they criminals or something?”

“Either way, they are part of mankind, aren't they. Shouldn't we destroy that huge thing as well?”

“No, no, wait. A report should have been made to Sancreed-sama. There is no way a serious affair like this is something that we can do about.”

As the soldiers were thinking about how to deal with this, suddenly, a bead of light appeared before their eyes, and stretched out.

In the spot that the gigantic clump of light had burst open, a single man stood there.

The Mazoku Hero, the Western General Sancreed.

The man that gave courage and hope to the Mazoku that saw his figure had now appeared at this place.

# Chapter 16

“Sa, Sancreed-sama!”

Everyone at that place acknowledged Sancreed’s figure, and knelt down.

Being a Hero even though he was a Majin, Sancreed’s heroic figure brought forth kinds of emotions that were different from the loyalty that they offered up to the Demon King—for example, hope and courage—in those that saw him.

With those being similar to the emotions that mankind had harbored for the Hero Ryuuya in the past, it was proof that Sancreed was a Hero.

“Ahh, please raise your heads. That sort of thing isn’t needed for me.”

“Ye... Yessir.”

While saying that, the captain naturally took a saluting pose.

It wasn’t because he was inflexible... it was because he naturally ended up having the greatest respect for Sancreed right after the Demon King.

“The gigantic something that was in the report... is it referring to that thing that is floating over there?”

“Y, yes! Oi, give an explanation!”

Prompted by the captain, the soldier that first discovered the ship straightened his saluting posture.

“Yes! A while ago, that gigantic object appeared from the other side of the [Sea of Farthest Ends] , and from within that object, the small object that can be seen over there appeared, and the race that call themselves Metalio that rode aboard it came out raising a white flag! They said that they have no hostile intentions, and seek aid!”

“I understand. Good work.”

“Yes!”

Receiving the soldier’s report, Sancreed pondered.

Metalio certainly were on mankind’s side, but there was also the story of a Metalio that just happened to wash up on the Dark Continent during Demon King Gramfia’s era that had handed down the techniques for blacksmithing.

There were also stories that Gramfia had occasionally snatched some, and that they were a race had a relatively deep intimacy with Mazoku.

If they said that they had no hostile intentions, then there was room to consider the aid that they sought.

However... he didn’t understand the meaning of the white flag.

The matter of raising a flag was an action done to indicate their own affiliation.

However, a plain white flag didn’t seem like an expression of being affiliated to anywhere.

In that case, just what kind of meaning did it have.

A flag that has nothing written on it... No, if it means that they can become allies by having a flag that has room to write anything on it, it could mean that they are either people that do not have a clear affiliation, or are people that will not insist on their affiliation.

The reason why they would expressly hoist something like that would be... for example, couldn’t it be a declaration of submission.

If that were the case, then they shouldn’t recklessly attack them.

“...I ask this of you Metalio! Is that white flag a display of intent of submission!?”

“In our ways, a white flag is a symbol of having no intent of hostility!”

“I understand! Wait for a short while!”

Having no hostile intentions, it was simple to believe in those words, but he couldn’t

understand the reason why Metalios would be in a place like this.

What if, that gigantic object was mankind's new means of travel.

What if, mankind had obtained technology to cross over the [Sea of Farthest Ends].

“ ... ”

Sancreed thought.

It would be simple to kill them.

However, the war between mankind and Mazoku was a thing of the past. The Mazoku had already performed a reconstruction, and their hostile hearts towards mankind were also fading little by little.

In that case, wouldn't extending a hand to a past enemy also be required.

“...Make preparations to receive those Metalios. Let us first hear their story.”

“...! Is that alright!?”

“Although they may be a bitter enemy of the past, it would be foolish to continuously hate them for eternity. That flow needs to be severed somewhere.”

Seeing the captain who seemed like couldn't quite agree with all of it, Sancreed expressed a small smile.

“...Don't worry. Even if they make some sort of suspicious action, I am here.”

“...Yessir.”

“Also, send a report to the royal capital. A guy that could use Transfer Magic would be good. Have it done ASAP.”

“Yessir, right away.”

When the soldier captain gave an order to a nearby subordinate, that soldier started running in a panic.

After seeing that with his own eyes, Sancreed then shouted towards the Metalios that were on the sea.

“You are permitted to land on the coast! However, if there are any suspicious movements, you will be immediately crushed!”

“You have our thanks!”

The small boat that the Metalios were aboard approached the coast.

Before long, the small boat reached land, and the three very short and stout Metalios got down from it.

“I am Borkio. I act as captain of that ship.”

“I’m Sancreed. Shippu... by that, do you mean that gigantic object?”

“Yeah. It’s called the Kurioel. A ship that had the Metalio’s prestige placed on it... or that’s how it was.”

“This is probably the case but... did you cross through the [Sea of Farthest Ends] with that thing called a shippu?”

“About that... could ya wait a bit.”

After Borkio scratched the back of his head, he looked up at Sancreed with a puzzled face.

As a matter of fact, Borkio was far from a ship captain, and had a status that was a bit higher than that.

He was someone that had a so-called diplomatic position but... he had a hunch that it was still not the time for him to show that hand here.

“You said that this place is called the Zadark Kingdom or something, right? This place definitely ain’t one of the four major nations, but I can’t tell where this place is at all. I’m certain that we lost our way in the [Sea of Farthest Ends] but... from the way you’re talking, it sounds like ya can’t reach this place unless ya pass through the [Sea of Farthest Ends].”

“That’s exactly it though.”

Hearing Sancreed’s words, Borkio opened his eyes wide, and even the other two Metalio couldn’t hide their surprise.

“O, oi,oi. Stop it with the bad jokes. A place surrounded by the [Sea of Farthest Ends] , couldn’t that only be the Dark Continent?”

“Like I was saying.”

I see, so he didn’t know... is what Sancreed understood.

“This place, it’s that Dark Continent. The Zadark Kingdom exists on that Dark Continent. The westernmost coast of it is this place.”

“The Da... Da... Dark Continent!?”

Borkio’s shout resounded in the coast.

With there being three people’s worth of the full powered shouts of the already loud Metalios piling up, even Sancreed covered his ears and grimaced at that excessive loudness.

When that screaming finished, Sancreed breathed a sigh.

“That’s right. I now understand that you all have come here not knowing that. But, still... A shippu, huh. Mankind sure does possess something quite troublesome.”

“Oi, wait. Seein’ as how this is the Dark Continent and you’re callin’ us mankind...”

“Yeah, I am a Majin.”

Seeing Borkio’s group trembling, Sancreed once again covered his ears.

Borkio’s scream resounding in the coast was something that happened immediately after that.

# Chapter 17

“O, oi, oi. Hold on a sec.”

Borkio, while staring at Sancreed, had his face turn red and blue.

“No matter how I look at y’all, you guys are just a regular army of someplace, y’know? When speakin’ of Mazoku, they’re more like...”

“A group that has no unity and marches on with violence... is that it?”

“Ah, no. Sorry ‘bout that. Well, it’s just that yer quite different from the stories I’ve heard.”

“I do not mind it.”

Hearing Sancreed’s calm words, Borkio was dumbfounded for a while and sank into silence, and then once again started to scratch his head.

“...Well this has got me beat. It’s like I’m seein’ a bad dream.”

“If you want to escape from reality, then I won’t stop you. But, I heard that you needed help?”

“Ahh, ou. Well, what. We have injured and sick people. Even after dealin’ it with it somehow, we don’t have enough medicine. We don’t have any food or water either. We’re out of everythin’.”

After saying that, Borkio looked at the gigantic ship that floated on the sea behind him.

If the ship that had become completely tattered did not get repaired, it would absolutely not be able to endure the voyage from now on. No, it was doubtful if it could cross the [Sea of Farthest Ends] even if it was repaired.

Borkio was worried if he could rely on Mazoku to do that sort of assistance to begin with.

However, ignoring that worry of his, Sancreed readily answered him.

“If you put the things that you require into a list, then we will assist you with it. In regards to the injured, we will arrange some healers. For the sick... it will probably depend on their degree of sickness. Depending on the case, it might require a fair amount of time.”

“O, oi oi... Sayin’ that so readily.”

“But you need it, don’t you?”

“W, well, that’s true but.”

In response to Sancreeds face that seemed to say “what’s the problem?”, Borkio made a visibly troubled face.

“We are, part of mankind, ya know?”

“So what of it?”

“We had beat your guys’ king ta death, a so-called enemy, right? Is this alright?”

Hearing Borkio’s words, Sancreed went “Fumu” and nodded.

“It’s not like you had done it. Besides, it’s an old story from more than a hundred years ago.”

“W, well, yeah. That might be true but. Mankind and Mazoku, there’s still that, ain’t there.”

“I am completely unable to understand what it is you’re so fixated on.”

Interrupting him with a face that said he was fed up with Borkio’s words, Sancreed thrust his finger at Borkio.

“We will cut you all down the instant you turn into enemies, so don’t worry about that.”

“Is, is that right.”

“That’s right.”

Sancreed sent his gaze from Borkio, who had fallen into silence, to the gigantic ship.

“...And, so. Are the ones who need aid and the list of required items ready yet?”

“O, ou. Oi, you guys go and get them.”

“Un, understood -ssu, Captain.”

Prompted by Borkio, the other two Metalios returned to the ship using the small boat.

While gazing at them, Sancreed raised a question that he had thought of.

“That thing called a shippu, with what kind of principles was it able to come here with?”

“Ahh, that huh. It uses the power of water and wind. It’s not like the Sylphids have patented it, and the Cylus Empire is number one in terms of shipbuilding technology. As a result, that means that the best ship ended up being our ship.”

“So in other words, it moves with magic.”

“Basically. There are also ships that don’t use magic, but their performance drops remarkably.”

After nodding, Sancreed spoke out the most crucial part.

“That thing called a shippu, to what standard is it? It is something able to cross the [Sea of Farthest Ends] ?”

That’s right, this was the most important part of all.

That thing called a ship, Sancreed was unable to tell how many people could board it, but if it had the ability to transport a fair amount of people, then there was the possibility that the Heroes would once again cross the [Sea of Farthest Ends] and come here.

“No... It’s just as you can see. A ship that can safely cross the [Sea of Farthest Ends] just doesn’t exist. Even a state-of-the-art ship of the Cylus Empire ended up in this kind of state after all.”

The [Sea of Farthest Ends] was constantly running wild, and was a sea that rejected all creation.

Even magical power would be disturbed, and it was said that even phenomenon that would be impossible in nature would occur.

Having once been said to be the place where the world ends, there was no one that would approach it other than a portion of reckless individuals.

For Borkio and the others to have crossed that sea and lived through it, it had been nothing but luck.

“I see.”

Confirming that there was no danger to the Dark Continent for now, Sancreed felt relieved.

After that, it would be fine if they dealt with Borkio’s group and their treatment after that. After thinking that, noticing Borkio’s gaze that was staring at him, Sancreed raised his head.

“...What is it?”

“There’s one thing I want ta ask.”

Sancreed nodded to Borkio, and urged him to continue.

“My head feels like it’s gonna go crazy from the continuous surprises but... this place, it’s called the Zadark Kingdom, right?”

“Yeah.”

What about it, is what Sancreed said.

Borkio gulped while wiping a cold sweat, and before long, as if he had resolved himself, assembled his words.

“...Who is, the king?”

With those words, the temperature of the place instantly dropped.

The soldiers placed their hands on their weapons, and the atmosphere became strained.

However, Sancreed calmed the soldiers down with his hand, and spoke with a composed tone.

“I see, it’s logical to think that there would be a king in a kingdom.”

“Y, yeah... No, if you don’t want ta say it, then ya don’t need to.”

“The Demon King Vermudol. That is our king.”

“...!”

Interrupting Borkio’s words, Sancreed answered him.

“Did you not hear me? Demon King Vermudol. That is the king of the Zadark Kingdom.”

“Demon King... Vermudol...? It isn’t, Gramfia?”

“Gramfia was killed by mankind, wasn’t he?”

Hearing those words, Borkio took one step back.

He was filled with the feeling of wanting get away from here at once even if he had to swim.

This place was the Dark Continent, and moreover, even though the fact that the Mazoku army was in front of him was scary enough, there is even a new Demon King in existence.

Having such a way too important reality thrust at him, Borkio’s stress reached its peak.

But, at the same time, the fact that he himself was still alive in perfectly good health had let Borkio just barely retain his sense.

The fact that he was told that they wouldn’t be killed if they didn’t turn into enemies had also let Borkio’s mind stabilize a bit.

“As for what will happen to you all from now on, it will surely be discussed in the

country. But still, as for your safety for now, the Western Army will guarantee it.”

“Y, yeah. We’ll be... in your care.”

Other than that, words that Borkio could say... there was no way there would be any.

# Chapter 18

In front of the Demon King Castle Front Entrance, two Magic Operated Armors were performing security.

There, a single Majin wearing Western Army equipment had appeared together with the light of Transfer.

“Who are you!”

“I am Dolnois, belonging to the Western Army! I have come entrusted with an urgent verbal message from the Western General Sancreed-sama!”

Hearing the words of the man who named himself as Dolnois, the Magic Operated Armors glaringly looked up and down at Dolnois’s figure.

His equipment was unmistakably of the official style of the Western Army.

Normally, there would be a need to be carrying an official letter, but in cases of emergency, it would be fine to omit that.

In exchange, there was the condition that they would appear in a specified place with Transfer.

In other words, if they appeared in a place other than the designated spot, it was possible to determine that they were an imposter or an intruder.

Rather than being a check to see if they were a real soldier among Mazoku, the implication that it was a countermeasure against the Hero that might come someday was larger.

After the Magic Operated Armors confirmed that the man who named himself as Dolnois had appeared from the Western Army’s designated spot, they nodded and opened up a path.

“You may pass!”

Receiving those words, Dolnois continued on inside of the Demon King Castle.

“This is an urgent report by Dolnois-dono, belonging to the Western Army!”

The Magic Operated Armors’ words resounded in the reception hall. A single man who noticed that stepped forward to in front of Dolnois.

“Ou, good job. I’m Orel, belonging to the Central Army. So you’re a messenger?”

“I am Dolnois belonging to the Western Army. I have come entrusted with an urgent verbal message from Sancreed-sama for Demon King-sama!”

“Demon King-sama has gone out for an inspection. I’ll hear you out for now.”

“No, but...”

“What the heck, am I not enough for ya?”

Orel glared at the all too serious Dolnois. Both of them had reasonable claims.

Orel was technically belonging to the Central Army, and moreover, his duty station was set as the Demon King Castle.

Orel was certainly adequate enough to receive verbal messages when the Demon King is absent... but, Dolnois had the standpoint of being entrusted with an urgent verbal message for Vermudol, so he was unable to judge if it was alright to report it to anyone other than the Demon King.

“O—kay, okay, Orel, you head over there—. I’m Rokuna who safeguards the library—. Since it’s true that Demon King-sama isn’t here, I will hear you out for now. If you are still dissatisfied with that, then you will have to go around to the back and report to the Central General though. What will you do?”

“...Y, yes ma’am. Well then, I will first report to you, Rokuna-sama!”

“So overly serious—, it feels like you’ll miss out on life—. So?”

Maybe because he had an idea on about what Rokuna’s words could have talked about, Dolnois distorted his face a bit, but getting ahold of himself, he went down to a knee, and took the posture of making a report.

“This is an urgent report from the Western General Sancreed-sama for Demon King Vermudol-sama! In the western land, an unidentified gigantic object appeared at the [Invasion Coast] ! Members of mankind who called themselves Metalio who were riding it are seeking rescue! Right now, Sancreed-sama has made direct contact with them!”

Hearing the contents of that report, Orel and Rokuna knitted their brows.

[Invasion Coast].

It was the westernmost coast that was associated with that day that the Hero had once invaded.

What appeared there, was an unidentified gigantic object.



“That unidentified object, what was it like?”

“Yes, it was an object like nothing I have ever seen before, and having no other way to express it, it seemed to be floating on the sea!”

“H—n, could it be technology of mankind’s side. There’s also the chance that it’s something unique to the Metalio though.”

“More like, did they cross through the [Sea of Farthest Ends] ?”

“They’re seeking rescue, right? Doesn’t that mean that they weren’t let off safely?”

Saying that, Rokuna pondered.

Most likely, in Sancreed’s case, the talks would probably go in the direction of accepting them.

And Rokuna agreed with that.

If the other party are Metalios, for the time being, there was no possibility that they would be the Hero.

The fact that the Hero Summoning was done through the power of the God of Life’s power—that is, the fact that they weren’t Demi-Human was clear even from the books that Vermudol brought back from mankind’s territory.

In that case, the Metalio were most likely in true need of rescue.

“Well, the problem is... what did they come to do, isn’t it.”

To come here just because they wanted to come here, the Dark Continent... The [Sea of Farthest Ends] wasn’t such an easy place. That was the reason why the Dark Continent continued to maintain a distinctive culture.

The “something” that the Metalio were riding had the possibility of becoming the hint to explaining that mystery.

In that case, there would be a need to have that technology explicated, and depending on the situation, there would also be the need to absorb it.

“Nn— ... It’s turned into a really bothersome story, hasn’t it.”

After putting things together, there was one conclusion for this place.

Since the story was way too big for Rokuna to deal with, there was no other choice but to report this to Vermudol himself.

It was something that she herself had sent him on, but Vermudol needed to round up the castle town observation and return as soon as possible.

This was an important event that would affect the entire Zadark Kingdom.

“It can’t be helped. Orel, go and search for Ver-cchi.”

“Ou, well... I guess I should.”

For both Orel and Rokuna, they wanted Vermudol to have a rest for at least today... but it couldn’t be helped in this situation.

“Well then, I’ll be goin’. Messenger-dono, sorry but just wait for a bit.”

“Yessir.”

After seeing Dolnois nod, Orel turned to go outside the Demon King Castle and ran off.

“...Will that person be fine alone?”

“Nn? Ah—, it’s fine.”

Hearing Dolnois’s reasonable question, Rokuna replied with a carefree attitude.

“There’s no one that can win against Orel in searching for someone.”

There is a suitable reason why that guy is serving at the Demon King Castle.

Saying that, Rokuna showed a smile.

# Chapter 19

“Fuu... Nn, is this... a pretty good sword?”

“Yes, within this price range, I believe it is something good. I am sure it is the result of omitting as many decorations as possible.”

Vermudol, Ichika, and Nino, the three of them were evaluating swords in a Zadark Kingdom Weapon Shop.

The sword currently at hand was considerably plain, but after drawing it, the brilliance of the sword blade was beautiful, and even Vermudol who was an amateur with swords reflexively leaked out a voice of admiration.

Seeing their looks, the Norm shopkeeper approached them with a delighted face and talked to Ichika.

“Ohh, so you really get it, don’t you. That is something quite excellent even among Magic Swords.”

“Yes, however, at this price, wouldn’t it practically end at covering the cost of the materials?”

“No, it’s fine. It’s pretty much something like a service good after all.”

“Fumu. That stance on the matter is a point that should be evaluated.”

While wryly smiling at the shopkeeper and Ichika who were having a friendly conversation, Vermudol returned the sword to the shelf.

After casually searching for Nino, she had taken a curved sword off of the wall and was turning it around as she scrutinizingly viewed it.

Not being a swordsman, Vermudol was unable to understand it at all, but for those who handle weapons, the place called a Weapon Shop might be able to touch on various heartstrings.

Thinking “at any rate”, Vermudol had a thought.

They had yet to go around all of the castle town, but the places that they had gone to today were all filled with liveliness.

The place had a liveliness and development to the point that how the place was immediately after Vermudol had been born as the Demon King couldn't even compare to it now.

The people were filled with smiles, and overflowing with hope.

If, and this is just an if.

If they were to stay like this and forget about the mankind territory, wouldn't everything end in peace?

No—

Vermudol shook his head sideways.

Someday, somewhere, a time that had to do with mankind would definitely come.

That was within Vermudol as a definite premonition, and that was why he had expressly gone to mankind's territory, studied the matter concerning mankind, and tried to crush as many problems as possible.

But, far from those efforts bearing fruit, they were indefinitely painted over by an even bigger problem that was created between the nations of mankind.

That being said, that was already something that couldn't be helped.

However, he was unable to understand the thing known as mankind from the start.

Why was mankind divided up into multiple nations?

Why would being of a different race be a cause for strife?

Why were they unable to gather together as a single group even though there was a

king?

Vermudol pondered.

Why was something that the Mazoku could do something that mankind couldn't do?

To build stable national policies and build good quality interactions between races, differences in magical power and physical ability didn't matter.

In other words, mankind should be able to construct a system similar to what the Mazoku have.

And yet, why—

The answer, couldn't come to him.

No, Vermudol feared it coming to him.

To acknowledge that answer meant a single decision for Vermudol.

That would turn into him parting with all of the feelings and ways of thinking from when he was once Human.

It wasn't that he found that to be regrettable, but if he were to let go of it, then most likely... it would turn into him going down a path that he could no longer return from.

“...Nn?”

\*Kui kui\*

His sleeve being tugged, Vermudol was awakened from his sea of thoughts.

What was there was the figures of Nino tugging at his sleeve and Ichika peering at his face.

“...Are you alright?”

Hearing the words of a worried-sounding Nino, Vermudol was brought back from his thoughts that were going down a negative direction.

“Yeah, I’m fine... I was just, thinking about a couple of things.”

“There is nothing to worry about.”

“Nn?”

Hearing Ichika’s words, Vermudol involuntarily asked for an explanation.

“That anguish becomes your power.”

Before Vermudol’s eyes, there was the reality that members of mankind were fighting against each other, and the reality that the Mazoku were celebrating peace.

On the opposite direction of the expectations and disappointments towards mankind that were born, he also needed to carry out his duties as the King of Mazoku.

Vermudol was searching for the form of peace that he himself desired from now on, and would surely continue searching for a method to maintain it for eternity.

Someday, when the fruit known as anguish surpasses the limit and falls to the ground and bursts open—That is when Vermudol will become a true Demon King.

Ichika imagined when that day would come, and expressed a gentle smile.

“I am at your side.”

“Mu, that is my duty.”

Seeming to not have understood the meaning of those words, Nino clung onto Vermudol’s words and asserted that.

“...I see. That’s, true.”

Also not being able to understand the true meaning of Ichika’s words, Vermudol expressed a small smile and nodded.

However, Ichika thought that that was fine.

“Yes, of course that’s true.”

“I don’t really get it but Nii-chan, if your group is just going to flirt, could you do it outside?”

Hearing the Weapon Shop shopkeeper who said that with a face that said that they couldn’t take it anymore, Vermudol noticed and laugh.

“Ah, right. Sorry, sorry. There have been many things distressing me lately, see.”

“That so. Must be hard on you.”

Making a light salutation to the shopkeeper who seemed to think that he didn’t have it hard at all, Vermudol’s group went outside the shop.

The sky was dark and overcast as usual, however, Light Magic was illuminating the town here and there while it floated about.

“Oh, I’ve been lookin’ for ya!”

What could be heard from far away was Orel’s voice.

He was probably searching while jumping around on top of buildings. Orel jumped down from the roof of the store next door, and landed right in front of Vermudol.

“...Orel? What’s wrong?”

When compared to the Four Cardinal Generals, Orel was remarkably falling behind them, but he was furnished with the special skill of being able to discern people based on their individual magical power. Therefore, in cases where a person needed to be searched for, there weren’t many people in the Dark Continent that surpassed Orel.

“It isn’t just wrong. Somethin’ troublesome has happened. I’m sorry ta do this in the middle of your date, but could ya please return?”

In response to Orel who said that with a frivolous tone while shrugging his shoulders, Vermudol nodded.

“...Something troublesome, huh.”

“Yes, honestly, it’s somethin’ that Rokuna and I can’t manage.”

Hearing those words, Vermudol breathed a sigh.

He wanted to go around the town a bit more, but it couldn't be helped.

Important matters of the Zadark Kingdom needed to be dealt with as being the maximum priority.

"...I've got it. I'll return immediately with Transfer."

"Oh, that'd be good. I'll go with ya."

Nino looked at Orel as he grabbed Vermudol's hem with displeased eyes.

"—Gate"

Together with vestiges of light, the figures of Vermudol's group vanished.

Being the Demon King, Vermudol's transfer spot was the Demon King Castle's Throne Room.

## Chapter 20

In the Demon King's Castle Throne Room, Vermudol looked down on the Majin messenger.

"Well then, let me hear it."

"Yessir."

The Majin got down to one knee and continued while still in a bowing pose.

"I will make the report! This is an urgent report from Western General Sancreed-sama to Demon King Vermudol-sama! A gigantic unidentifiable object has been discovered in the western lands, on the [Invasion Coast] ! The members of mankind riding on it who called themselves Metalio are seeking rescue! Presently, Sancreed-sama has made direct contact with them!"

"A gigantic unidentifiable... Is it not a species of Dragon?"

Hearing Vermudol's words that seemed to be checking something, the Majin messenger seemed bewildered, but answered with a levelheaded tone.

"A dragon... No, it seemed to be an object that floats on the sea and is made with wood."

"...I see. A ship, huh."

Rokuna sharply caught the words that Vermudol had muttered.

"A ship... Is that what it's called? I see, Ver-cchi did go to mankind's territory after all."

"Nn? Ahh, pretty much."

After making a vague response back to her, Vermudol turned his gaze to the Majin messenger.

"So, how many of the other party were there, and what was the contents of the rescue that they sought?"

“Yes, they sought rescue for their sick and injured, and support in food and water. Their number on the whole is unknown.”

After nodding, Vermudol gave an order to Ichika who was in waiting beside him.

“Ichika. For now, prepare a larger portion of what would normally be needed. I think that Sancreed will make a list or something for the more detailed things.”

“As you wish.”

Hearing those words, the Majin messenger went \*Ha\* and shouted in surprise.

“Y, you are going to rescue those members of mankind!?”

“Yeah. You came here seeking permission for that, didn’t you?”

Hearing those words, the Majin messenger hurriedly lowered his head.

“I, I am terribly sorry! I said something very intrusive!”

“Don’t mind it. It’s not like I am rescuing them merely out of good will after all.”

“Information... isn’t it.”

Hearing Nino, who was in waiting on the side opposite of Ichika, mutter that, Vermudol nodded.

Even in mankind’s territory, maritime transportation hadn’t developed all that much, and even regular transportation was mainly done through land routes.

And then, sea routes shouldn’t have been open to the general public. With that being the case, the group of Metalio on board of the ship, there was a high possibility that they were important figures to a certain

extent.

And then, if they had a high position as Metalio, there was no mistake that they were nobles of the Cylus Empire.

In other words, the fact that nobles of the Cylus Empire were traveling an undeveloped

sea route itself meant that this was no trivial matter.

Considering the distance from the Cylus Empire, timewise, they had most likely departed long before Vermudol had left the St. Altis Kingdom.

He didn't know how much information he could pull out of them but... there was value in trying to do it.

"Rokuna."

"Coming, what is it? Ver-cchi."

"You come along as well. Someone with a clever mouth will be needed."

"Sure, that's fine—."

Rokuna stepped forward to being beside Vermudol as he stood up from the throne.

"Ichika, please come later as soon as the preparations are completed. I don't mind if you move anyone required. Nino... This time, you will be on standby."

"Yes."

"...Un."

Leaving the expressionless Ichika and the slightly dissatisfied-looking Nino as they were, Vermudol took Rokuna's hand.

"Yosh, we're going to transfer over there... You are able to transfer over with your own strength, right?"

"Yes, I have no problem doing that."

After nodding at the Majin messenger's reply, Vermudol focused his consciousness.

The place he was transferring to, was the westernmost coast of the Dark Continent.

"—Gate."

After seeing off Vermudol and Rokuna as they were enveloped in light and vanished,

the Majin messenger also transferred over.

The ones left in the Throne Room were Ichika and Nino, and then Orel.

“Well, just leave the rest to Demon King-sama... is that it?”

“That’s right.”

Ichika nodded at Orel’s words. However, only Nino turned her gaze to the western corner and muttered.

“...Even though it would be fine if they were all killed.”

“What’s this, Nino, are you that? One of those mankind-haters?”

“I hate them. Mankind is something that has gone rotten.”

Orel scratched his cheek and sent his gaze to Ichika looking troubled.

Relatively being of the younger generation as a Majin, Orel practically didn’t know about mankind.

At most, he had only seen the Hero Ryuuuya from a distance when he attacked the Dark Continent, but he had absolutely no contact with them other than that.

However, Nino was of an even newer generation than Orel.

Essentially, she shouldn’t have any prejudice against mankind but... that being said, she had gone to mankind’s territory together with Vermudol.

Something had most likely happened during that time... is what Orel guessed.

However, he hesitated to delve anymore into that and ask her about it.

“Ah— ... I see. Well then, it might be good that ya didn’t go this time.”

“That’s right. It would be troubling if Nino were to slaughter them before getting information out of them after all.”

“You’re also quite somethin’...”

Seeing Ichika say that with a lack of expression, Orel made a look of amazement.

And then, without saying it to anyone in particular, he muttered.

“Mankind, huh.”

If he remembered correctly, Rokuna’s Majin subordinates, Ein and Zwei, should have infiltrated mankind’s territory.

Once they return, it might be good to try hearing their impressions of mankind.

No, on second thought, it probably would have been better to have gone together with them just now...

Imagining the mankind he had yet to see, Orel thought things like that.

# Chapter 21

At the westernmost part of the Zadark Kingdom, the [Invasion Coast] , there was the figures of two groups.

On one hand, there was the Western General Sancreed and the western army that was under his command.

Right now, they were busily moving around and setting up a temporary building.

On the other hand, there were thirty Metalios getting down from the gigantic, tattered ship that was floating on the sea.

There were twenty men and ten women.

Knowing the Norms who had similar appearances to the Metalio, the soldiers of the western army worked while making complicated faces.

“...Is this everyone?”

“Yeah.”

Borkio answered Sancreed’s question.

Among the Metalio that were on board the ship, the number of people that had injuries to the point that they couldn’t move was five men, and the number of people that were suffering from sickness were two men and four women for a total of six sick people. In addition, it seemed that there were a large number of people that bore light injuries.

The ones that couldn’t move due to injuries or sickness were carried to the temporary building by the soldiers of the western army.

In the building, spare futons brought in from a nearby fort were prepared. Since they were aired out every several days through Sancreed’s thorough leadership, they were probably much more pleasant than the ship’s beds.

“Sancreed-sama!”

“What is it?”

Sancreed glanced at the soldier who came running with a panicked look.

“V... Ve, Vermudol-sama is!”

“...I see.”

The soldier who was overly nervous and astonished couldn't let his voice out, but Sancreed guessed the situation.

“Bring them here.”

“No, that won't be necessary.”

“Yahho—”

The ones who had come walking over were the Demon King Vermudol, and the advisor Rokuna who protected the library.

Seeing the figure of the Demon King who had come to a place like this, one could tell that nervousness spread out amongst the soldiers of the western army.

“So the Metalios that were mentioned... ahh, so it's them.”

“A, are you... the Demon King?”

Vermudol gave a nod to Borkio who had a dumbfounded look.

“Yeah, I am the Demon King Vermudol.”

“I, I see. I am the captain, Borkio.”

After nodding to Borkio's self-introduction, Vermudol continued his words.

“I see. So, could you also tell me your peerage and your role in the St. Altis Kingdom?”

“!”

Seeing Borkio's clearly surprised state, Vermudol breathed a sigh.

Thinking “there was no way I wouldn’t think he would try to gloss over it”, he felt that it was just a pain.

“Let’s stop it with the worthless bargaining tactics. I’m fed up with that sort of stuff.”

“Y, yeah... S, sorry ‘bout that.”

While shaking his paled face up and down several times, Borkio answered like that.

“My peerage is viscount. In the St. Altlis Kingdom... I acted as the resident diplomat from the Cylus Empire.”

“I see. To think a diplomat would run away... Has the Demi-Human rejection argument become that bad?”

“Just how much do ya know...”

While shaking his head looking tired, Borkio breathed a sigh.

It was information that Vermudol had just learned in mankind’s territory, but from Borkio’s perspective, it looked as if he had clairvoyance.

“Of course there was that too. Or rather, the voices of the guys that served the God of Life had become too strong. It was a situation where it wouldn’t be strange if a war with the Jiol Forest Kingdom broke out at any moment.”

“But, what does that have to do with the Cylus Empire? The percentage of Metalio in the Jiol Forest Kingdom isn’t high.”

“Course we’re related. The root of it is the Demi-Human rejection argument. The voices sayin’ that the Cylus Empire should ally with the Jiol Forest Kingdom are strong.”

Most likely, even within the St. Altlis Kingdom, the rumor of “isn’t the Cylus Empire going to ally with the Jiol Forest Kingdom” is probably circulating around.

“It couldn’t be settled as to how the Cylus Empire would come out as... but, either way, the inside of the St. Altlis Kingdom smelt too much like war was looming. So it was decided that we’d evacuate for the time bein’.”

And the result of that, Borkio's group was shipwrecked.

"Why didn't you use the land routes?"

"It's because the land routes have the risk of bandits. And the sea route doesn't have that. If we continued along the continent, there shouldn't have been any problems."

"Shouldn't, huh."

"Yeah. If not for those guys... If those Alva hadn't come out, then no matter how sudden of a storm it was, we wouldn't have slipped into the [Sea of Farthest Ends]."

Hearing the word "Alva", Vermudol's brow twitched.

"Ahh, no. I'm sorry if that hurt yer feelings. Sorry for badmouthin' your comrades. But even we received damage from them. So for that part..."

"They aren't comrades."

Vermudol interrupted Borkio's words and said that.

"Ah?"

"The Alva are neither my subordinates, nor are they comrades. They're a bunch that only exist on your guys' continent."

"Eh... Oi oi. What're ya sayin'? Those're Mazoku, right?"

"They are Mazoku, yes."

"And you're... the Demon King, right?"

"Yeah, but the Alva are not my subordinates. They're Mazoku that I know nothing about."

Seeing Borkio sink into silence with a surprised face, Vermudol continued his words.

"They are neither my nor Gramfia's subordinates. And while I'm at it, I'll say that Shuklous who was on your guys' continent also isn't our comrade."

“Ho, hold on a sec, but the legends...”

“I don’t care about some legends. In any case, those Alva or whatever aren’t my responsibility.”

“No, but. In that case, what the heck are those Alva?”

“Dunno.”

At that moment, Rokuna, who kept silent and listened to Vermudol and Borkio’s conversation, suddenly raised her head and wedged herself in between the two of them.

“Alright, stop for a bit. There are a couple of things I want to check with Borkio. Is that alright?”

## Chapter 22

“Nn, ahh... what is it?”

“There’s one thing I wanna confirm.”

Rokuna put up her index finger, and thrust it at Borkio.

“If you guys don’t return... what kind of effects will happen?”

“That, is...”

Being asked that, Borkio caressed his beard as if pondering about it.

After doing that for a short while, he returned his gaze to Rokuna.

“...Well, various possibilities’ll be suspect.”

“That’s true.”

“What do you mean by that?”

Hearing Borkio and Rokuna’s conversation, Vermudol, making a puzzled face, joined in.

“It’s simple. A country’s ship that hasn’t come back despite having gone down a sea route that should have been safe. The place that ship departed from is a country that advocated the Demi-Human rejection argument. So what is the possibility that will be suspect...?”

“An attack by the St. Altlis Kingdom... huh.”

“That’s how it is.”

Rokuna nodded at the comment that Sancreed, who had kept quiet until now, had muttered.

“No one is able to prove what the truth of what happened is after all. Besides, even if the ship is repaired, and safely passes through the [Sea of Farthest Ends]. It’ll be a story of how they would explain the details.”

“Is there some sort of problem?”

“Jeez, Ver-cchi. Have you forgotten who we are—?”

Rokuna recited a sentence that appeared in a book that Vermudol had brought back from mankind’s territory.

“ [Evil Mazoku smeared with hatred cover the lands. They attack, steal, kill, invade, and rape villages. Those actions have no meaning to them, and are simply done because they all have an unlimited hatred towards mankind that can only be cure through death. Their eyes dyed in joy simply represent their wickedness, and display their evil meaning to the world.] ”

“The Hero Legend huh...”

Rokuna nodded at the mutter that Vermudol made sounding disgusted.

“Exactly. We are wicked Mazoku, you know—? To have reached the stronghold of guys like us and be saved by us, just who would believe that.”

“But, if they were shown the truth, they would believe it, right?”

“Naive, Ver-cchi, that’s naive—.”

Rokuna shook her index finger, and turned her chest away.

“I’m sure that mankind will think of things like this. There is no mistake that the Mazoku have some sort of ulterior motive. No, more than that. The fact that the Mazoku have made that much of a comeback is a problem. They need to be dealt with.”

“Uu...”

Maybe because something had come to his mind, Borkio made a small nod.

After Sancreed looked at that Borkio with a sidelong glance, he returned his gaze back to Rokuna.

“In that case, I’m sure that the world will move on a grand scale.”

“They won’t have the leisure to be fighting amongst their fellow mankind... is it?”

Rokuna nodded at Vermudol’s words.

Right, that is surely how it would turn out.

With the threat of Mazoku and the new Demon King before them, mankind will temporarily unite.

And then, there was no mistake that the tension and dissatisfaction that had swelled in between the races of mankind would be vented towards the “absolute evil” known as Mazoku.

In that case, there was the possibility that the stupid pretentious statement said to have been for the sake of peace known as the Demi-Human rejection argument would be blown away.

At the very least, it should turn into enough of a “fact” to postpone the problem.

And then, if the leaders of the St. Altlis Kingdom weren’t incompetent, it could be predicted that they would take advantage of the chaos from the Demon King’s revival, and make all of the current problems that were occurring the Mazoku’s fault.

By imposing the strife between the races of mankind onto the Mazoku and defeating the Demon King, mankind would once again obtain peace—

“...I see.”

“No, wait a sec. That’s a story of if we were able to return... right?”

Seeing Vermudol’s look of comprehension, Borkio hurriedly interjected.

“Sure, I can’t say that that sort of possibility doesn’t exist. But, the likelihood of gettin’ through the [Sea of Farthest Ends] are pretty much close ta zero, ya know? Honestly, just the fact that we’re here like this is somethin’ like a miracle. And we ain’t got any means of reportin’ you guys’ existence.”

“Ahh, that’s true.”

Vermudol said that and gave a nod.

Borkio's words just now were essentially him begging for their lives.

If they were to be judged as a risk factor to the Mazoku, all of them might have their lives taken right here.

Borkio felt that the flow of the talk had become dangerous, and tried to somehow insist that they themselves were harmless.

Going by mankind's common knowledge, Borkio's insistence that they were unable return was correct.

However, that wasn't the case with the Mazoku's common knowledge.

The Mazoku were able to use Transfer Magic. It wouldn't be any trouble to send Borkio's group back to the Cylus Empire.

At first, Vermudol came with the view of searching for the possibility of reaching peace with mankind with Borkio's group as the materials for that.

However, as things turned out now, that way of thinking was mistaken, and he felt that Rokuna's concerns were correct.

"Mazoku rescued members of mankind that were found adrift."

Something like "Whether it be Gramfia or Shuklous, the Alva are not comrades to the Mazoku of the Dark Continent"... just who in the world would believe something like that.

"Honestly, this is an incredibly delicate matter. If we take one wrong step, it'll be rushing with a swift attack into a war with mankind."

Hearing Rokuna's words, Vermudol sank into silence.

Right, it was just as she said.

Things that were way too bothersome came rolling in.

What he needed to think about wasn't what should be done for the most correct thing

to do, but what should be done to bring about the best result.

“Demon King-sama.”

Behind Vermudol who was pondering, Ichika appeared.

“...So it’s you, Ichika.”

“The preparations for the rescue are complete. The first wave of personnel and supplies will arrive shortly.”

“Ahh.”

Vermudol nodded, and temporarily switched thoughts.

“For the time being, I shall guarantee your safety on my name of Demon King. It would be best to heal your sick and injured. As for your reception after that, we shall tell you later on... We will not kill you, so you can have peace of mind with that part.”

“...Thanks.”

Hearing Borkio answer like that, Vermudol replied with a nod, and after a bit of silence, he opened his mouth.

“...Do we, really look that wicked?”

Maybe because he sensed resignation show through those words, Borkio showed a face that he was worried as to how he should answer that.

“...Seein’ as how we were able to talk like this, you guys don’t look like that to me. But, as for the confidence that the guys in my home country would believe my story... I, don’t have any.”

“I’m sure that’s the case. The fact that you have yet to dissolve your caution is proof of that.”

Vermudol replied like that, then gave instructions to Ichika.

“Commence the rescue. All hands, go through them so that they’re in perfect physical condition.”

“As you command.”

After nodding with a beautiful bow, Ichika immediately moved to carry it out.

Vermudol looked up at the gray sky with an expression loaded with complicated thoughts.

# Chapter 23

“Ver-cci.”

“...Rokuna huh.”

Vermudol turned his gaze to Rokuna who had come beside him at some point.

“There isn’t really anything to worry about. That is probably a normal reaction that mankind will have towards us.”

“...It might be.”

Borkio didn’t attach any honorifics to Vermudol right until the end.

The race called Metalio, maybe because they prize sincerity, they fundamentally don’t use honorific speech.

That being said, if the other party was the king of a country, they would at the very least add “-sama” or “-dono”. However, even until the end, Borkio didn’t attach “-sama” when speaking to Vermudol.

This was proof that he was cautious of Vermudol being the “Demon King”.

In actuality, for Borkio who was attacked by the Alva, Vermudol probably couldn’t be seen as anything but an enemy.

Rather, it wouldn’t be strange to think that they were purposely enticed.

“The Alva... huh.”

If I could figure out their whereabouts, I could destroy them... is what Vermudol thought.

This was something that he understood after confronting them several times but, the Alva had no intention of obeying Vermudol.

They appeared to be Mazoku, but they somehow live while grounded on logic different from Mazoku.

However, that sort of thing, even among the Mazoku, was something that only Vermudol, who was the Demon King, could understand.

“Well, those Alva or whatever, since I haven’t seen them before, I can’t really say anything but.”

“But, what?”

“For the time being, it’s about those Metalio. What do you want to do?”

“...What do you mean by that.”

When Vermudol expressed a question mark, Rokuna whispered with an unusually serious expression.

“The longer they live, the more of our information will be leaked. Whatever they do, it will have a huge effect on the Zadark Kingdom’s... on the Mazokus’ future. You understand that, right?”

The longer their stay here is, then the information given to Borkio and the others about the Dark Continent... about the Zadark Kingdom will be just as detailed.

It would be fine if Borkio’s group were to abandon their prejudices towards Mazoku during that time, but if they didn’t, then they would be dangerous existences to send back alive.

...No, even if they were to harbor goodwill towards Mazoku, that would not mean that it would be the collective opinion of all of mankind.

“...Rokuna.”

“Aiyo, what is it?”

“What is the probability of entering a treaty of friendship with the Cylus Kingdom?”

“If we were to go by what we’ve seen of that guy called Borkio, let’s see... I’d say that attacking them and enslaving them would have a much higher chance of success.”

“I see.”

Hearing Rokuna’s undeniable answer, Vermudol breathed a sigh.

Is it really impossible... is what he asked himself.

This case with Borkio’s group was a chance to tie peace between Mazoku and mankind, but most likely, the deep gap between mankind and Mazoku couldn’t be filled so easily.

“...First, let’s wait-and-see. There was a time in the past where Metalio brought about blacksmithing to the Dark Continent... If we consider that favor, then.”

“It was also the Metalio that lent a hand in destroying Gramfia though—.”

“...Well, yeah.”

Rokuna lightly shrugged her shoulders, and made a small laugh.

“Well, Ver-cchi, it’s not like I don’t understand your thoughts. If they’re killed then that will be the end of it, but if they’re allowed to live, then I think that a way to use them will come into view. That is why it is correct to let them live.”

“...Yeah.”

Rokuna shrugged again at Vermudol’s response, but she then immediately narrowed her eyes.

“But, I wonder. Honestly, no matter how we deal with them, a scene where I can have a peace of mind won’t come up.”

Rokuna muttered that with a quiet voice so that only Vermudol could hear it.

“There is something strange. I have an uncomfortable feeling coming from somewhere. Hey, Ver-cchi. It’s strange, isn’t it. Why did the Alva appear? Why did the Metalio reach this place? There’s a limit even for coincidences. Don’t you think so?”

“...What is it that you want to say.”

“Ver-cchi, even you understand, don’t you? It was why you had no choice but to

prepare a guy like Sancreed.”

Hearing those words, Vermudol answered with silence.

Sancreed.

He was the Western General who governed over military affairs of the Zadark Kingdom, and a genuine Hero.

An existence that they could not be without that Vermudol had created.

That was for the sake of opposition.

“The Hero will appear in the world without fail. Thinking about it like that, I can understand everything.”

Rokuna hit her fist on Vermudol’s chest.

“Most likely, the world will become even more chaotic from now on. It’ll become a sloppy mess, and the Hero will appear. In order for anything and everything to end with a happily ever after, the Hero will come.”

Rokuna grabbed Vermudol’s chest, pulled him towards herself, and looked into his eyes.

“I won’t let you say that you haven’t noticed. No, rather, you’ve already noticed, haven’t you? Ver-cchi, that’s why you created me.”

Rokuna’s gaze wouldn’t allow Vermudol to turn his face away.

However, Vermudol also had no intention of averting his gaze.

“Ver-cchi, my Demon King-sama. Just what is it that you want me to do? Just what is it that you want?”

Vermudol expressed a thin smile, and whispered to Rokuna that which he had not divulged to neither Ichika nor Nino.

“I want a way. A way to meet with the one that is watching us and laughing in a pitch dark room.”

In a place that was not here.

In a place that was not now.

In a place that was nowhere.

Someone, was laughing as if they had gone mad.

# Chapter 24

“A pitch dark room...?”

“Yeah, that’s right. I myself, do not know the details.”

Vermudol, remembered the faint figure that remained within himself.

The figure of the one he had met before he had become Vermudol.

The figure of the one who had created Vermudol.

He couldn’t remember it clearly.

It was because the one who met with that was someone who had become the material for Vermudol, and not Vermudol himself.

Even so, that figure faintly remained within Vermudol.

Someone... with black eyes.

Black hair that seemed to melt into the darkness.

What concealed their small stature, was a black dress.

A black room that seemed to have no end.

Sitting on the throne that floated in that space, a black little girl.

“If I remember correctly... Ichika, she called her... That Person.”

“Why that little... So she really did hide it.”

Rokuna clicked her tongue, but she immediately turned back to Vermudol and threw a question at him.

“So, just how would you meet with that black girl? Or rather.”

“What is it?”

“To have created Ver-cci. Just, what kind of monster is that. Wouldn’t that be the one called the God of Life?”

In response to Rokuna’s reasonable question, Vermudol shook his head sideways and denied it.

“No, that girl’s different. She’s probably a God or something that isn’t spoken of even in Remfilia’s legends.”

That confidence came from within Vermudol.

“A God huh... Should we try building a temple or something?”

“It would be easy if she would make her descent with that but...”

Hearing Vermudol’s troubled sounding words, Rokuna breathed an easily understandable sigh.

“Ver-cci. I hate unwillingness. You hold some kind of clue, don’t you? Just hurry up and pull it out.”

“Nn, yeah. I do have a clue but... I won’t be able to show it to you.”

“I don’t get what you mean.”

Vermudol took a breath and answered.

“It’s Summoning Magic.”

That was the new magic that Vermudol saw in mankind’s territory.

“Summoning Magic... huh. Is that something that can call out a God?”

“I don’t know. But, it seems to be magic that calls out an existence that possesses some kind of power with keywords fill with magical power as the intermediary.”

“An existence that possesses power... huh. I wonder if it has a common point with Transfer Magic.”

“Honesty, I have no idea. I feel like it could work if used skillfully but...”

Hearing Vermudol’s unreliable words, Rokuna shrugged her shoulders.

“Ver-ccchi, this talk would go by quickly if you just used that Summoning Magic or whatever though.”

“I tried out the chant, but I couldn’t use it.”

“Is that so. Then does that mean that you memorized the contents of the chant?”

“Yeah.”

It was the Sword Spirit Summoning chant that the student of the Edius Adventurer School Sharon recited in the battle against the Ogres... against Gudion’s group in mankind’s territory.

My fragile self implores.

I implore a sword.

I implore an agent.

Although my body is fragile, my heart is stern.

My heart has become a sword, and desires a time to be wielded.

Therefore, o agent, come forth.

I implore that you be here to execute my will.

Come forth, Sword Spirit.

At the same time that Sharon finished this chant, a swordsman that uniformly shone blue appeared.

“Fuu... Nn. Well, it... won't happen immediately but. I guess there's value in investigating it.”

“Yeah, please do.”

Rokuna nodded to Vermudol, then sent her gaze to Ichika who was giving instructions to the rescue party.

“Although I have some things I want to ask her... she probably won't confess.”

Saying that, Rokuna clicked her tongue.

Ichika unmistakably knew something about that God-like existence.

However, Ichika probably won't talk about it... is the belief that was within Rokuna.

For the summoning of that God-like existence, it will most likely have to rely on the fragmentary memory that was within Vermudol.

She then thought “nevertheless”.

There is an existence or something that created Vermudol, and if that wasn't the God of Life Philia, most likely, that existence is the God of Mazoku... is what she started to think.

She didn't know how things actually were but Rokuna decided... to provisionally name her the “Demon God”.

“A Demon God Summoning... huh. Well, that's an interesting topic.”

Muttering that, Rokuna forcefully cheered herself up.

If they left the rest of this place to Ichika and Sancreed, then there surely wouldn't be any problems.

Rokuna felt that it would be fine to return to the castle and investigate about the new topic that she was given.

“Ver-cci. I'm going to immediately try verifying things in the library.”

“Yeah, I’ll send you there.”

“What’re you saying?”

Rokuna turned a puzzled face to Vermudol who was about to activate Transmission Magic.

“Ver-cchi, I need to get a more detailed account from you. Like what happened before and after that Summoning Magic or whatever, and the actual movements of the thing that was summoned. Also about the one that used that magic. I need to hear everything. You shouldn’t think that you’ll be sleeping tonight, you know?”

“Well... That’s true. Got it.”

“I’d get you to help me out even if you didn’t get it.”

Vermudol nodded while making a wry smile.

Having been the one asking her to do all this, that was something that couldn’t be helped.

Rather, if the research were to advance by him assisting her, Vermudol intended on gladly cooperating.

“Now then, let’s hurry up and go back.”

“Yeah, roger that. —Gate”

With Vermudol’s Transfer Magic, both Vermudol and Rokuna were enveloped in light and vanished.

A Demon God Summoning through Summoning Magic.

The research aimed towards the preparation of a trump card started like this.

# Chapter 25

It was, an infinite darkness.

No matter how far one went, there was no end

No matter how long one waited, there was no dawn.

There was one spot, where there was light.

The one sitting on a throne of darkness, was the only one here.

The one sitting upon that throne, was a black haired young girl.

Her shining red eyes, they asserted that she was not a mere Human.

However, it wasn't like that was her true form.

But, it wasn't like she had a true form.

She had become like this after changing into a form that met with a single person's tastes, that was all.

That which had abdicated even her name... She was something called the "Demon God".

Demon God.

The summit of all demons.

The Creator of all demons.

The enemy of all good.

The enemy of all evil.

The tolerator of all good.

The tolerator of all evil.

The one who affirms all contradictions.

The one who transcends all logic.

In this place where anything and everything had gone out of order, the Demon God cheerfully laughed.

“Ahaha... Ahaha, hahaha!”

A smile and sweet voice befitting that young girl appearance.

Wiping the pearl-like tears that rose to her eyes, the young girl continued laughing.

“Vermudol... A child like you, you truly are greedy!”

Saying it was fun, the Demon God laughed.

Saying it was interesting, the Demon God laughed.

When the Demon God waved one hand, a cutely deformed Vermudol doll appeared in her arm.

While poking and grinding her fist on that doll’s cheek, the Demon God laughed.

“Fufufu, to think, to think! To think that he would try to pull me out to center stage!”

Saying that, she threw the Vermudol doll aside.

The thrown aside doll landed, and started to dance a strange dance.

What next appeared in the Demon God’s hand, was a deformed doll of Rokuna.

“Rokuna, huh... I see, I see. But still, to summon me... He’s come up with an interesting hand to play. I wonder when he thought of this, this sinister design.”

At the very least, he probably came up with it by the time he created this child, and after adding the two things together, the Demon God threw the Rokuna doll aside as well.

The Rokuna doll that landed joined arms with the Vermudol doll and started dancing.

The summoning of her, the Demon God.

That had an even greater level of difficulty than the creation of the Hero (Sancreed) that Vermudol performed.

First of all, the thing known as Summoning wasn't something that could be performed so easily.

Transmission and Summoning were similar, but the essence was different.

Transmission, or rather a pulling done through Transfer, ended with just connecting airspaces.

However, Summoning was different.

By nature, separate space-times could not be connected, separate times were neither interlocking nor continuous, separate laws were incompatible, and separate standards were not interchangeable.

Ignoring all of these things and pulling out the intended thing was what Summoning was. Just like reincarnation, it was quite a feat of strength.

Speaking from the conclusion, the probability that the intended thing would be pulled out just as intended was low.

Cases where some sort of error would definitely happen somewhere and cause it to fail would mostly happen.

Even if one was lucky enough to complete the summoning, there were times where abnormalities to the data of the thing summoned would be yielded, or their souls would be damaged.

Then, without those sorts of injuries, there might be cases where the summoning would be completed.

Even then, a problem would still occur.

Since the summoned thing's soul would not match with the standard of the souls of

another world, the possibility that it would become a singularity of that world would appear.

When that happens, the body would try to fill up the difference in standards of the soul and mutate, which would manifest superhuman abilities.

In that case, what should be done so that it would be summoned in a perfect state and in a way where it would not be influenced by the world?

That was the reconstruction of the soul.

It would be fine if the parts of the soul were reconstructed to match the standard of the other world while maintaining the soul's core part at the moment the summoning was performed.

This method was the one that would have the least effect on the world.

If it was something simple like the Sword Spirit, even the reconstruction of the soul would be relatively easy, and it would be that much easier to summon it without any problems.

However, when it came to the summoning of a God, it wouldn't be so easy.

Unless there was some sort of sly trick done, the summoning of a God would require a precise and accurate configuration to the point of being overwhelming. That's why it would almost certainly fail.

"...Well, in regards to sly tricks, there are a lot of guys that could do them in that world though."

Softly muttering that, the Demon God looked at the dancing dolls.

After snapping her fingers with a \*pachin\*, the dolls melted into the darkness, and silence returned.

In regards to those sly tricks, as a matter of fact, Vermudol could also do it with limitations.

However, it was no good with only just that.

“Vermudol... If you say that you want to meet with me, then try and find me.”

Having abdicated both my name and my figure, just what in the world am I.

Just try and guess that, is what the Demon God muttered.

“And if you are able to accurately represent me. At that time... it might be fine to respond to your summoning, you know?”

Deeply leaning her body into the throne, the Demon God gazed at the empty space.

“Well... as for if you make it in time or not is up to you. I won't help you out in regards to this, nor will I give you any hints. This time, you'll have to hang in there with your own strength.”

That, would never be heard by anyone.

It was merely, the Demon God's monologue.

# Chapter 26

The St. Altlis Kingdom possessed the Grand Altlis Temple and the Edius Adventurer School, and was one of the four major nations in mankind's territory.

It was the country that once summoned the Hero Ryuuya and was the origin of the legend.

And then, currently, it was also the country where the voice of Human supremacism was the strongest.

The Demi-Human rejection argument, the ideology of the Human supremacism was based on the legends handed down by the Grand Altlis Temple that held its faith in the God of Life Philia.

Within the legends, the one that first created Humans was the God of Life Philia, and after that, various races were created and completed the form that was now known as mankind... that was a verse in the legends.

This was broadly interpreted, and that created the theory that Humans were the most superior races amongst mankind, or that they were the original race... consequently making the other races something mixed and impure.

This sort of warped ideology was once heresy that was too incomprehensible.

However, there were existences called "Beastmen" that were mixed in this place.

The Beastmen were members of mankind, and were a race where they were Humans with animal parts... such as ears and tails.

As traits, they had stamina and physical strength that was greater than Humans but less than Metalio.

Agility greater than Humans but less than Sylphid.

Magical power greater than Metalio but less than Humans.

And then, sharp senses that did not allow the others to catch up to.

Also, there were many of them with sociable personalities where they could get along with any race, and occasionally, their desire to monopolize would also be strong.

They were a race that had few factors to hate, and it was said that even for the Hero Ryuuya, when he first saw a Beastman, he sent passionate goodwill towards them.

However, the existence of the Mazoku known as Bestia gave a suitable excuse to the Human supremacists.

The Bestia were a race whose heads had the forms of animals but had figures and an ecology similar to Humans. It would be faster to describe them as humanoid animals.

Since their physical abilities were on par with animals, to mankind, they were a party that would be extremely bothersome if they became an enemy.

When the existence of the Mazoku known as Bestia became clear, people that claimed that Beastmen were a result born from the mixed parentage of Bestia and mankind appeared from amongst the Human supremacists.

With that as the start, those that detested Mazoku simultaneously supported that theory. Before long, voices saying “if Beastmen had the blood of Bestia who were Mazoku, then they should be rejected” steadily rose, and like that, the word “Demi-Human” and that way of thinking were created.

Although Bestia and Beastmen had common points, there was no way that relationship was verified.

Besides, even if the Beastmen had the Bestia’s... the Mazoku’s blood, they were independent as a race, and the Beastmen that were living peacefully in mankind’s territory had no sin whatsoever.

Because of that, there weren’t that many people who accepted the “Demi-Human” way of thinking at first.

However, the Human supremacists took some time from there, gradually classified all other races other than Humans as “Demi-Human”, and permeated the way of thinking

that made discriminations.

The place where that took root the most was the Grand Altis Temple... And that caused the current situation.

“...Hmph, how stupid.”

A single crow muttered that on top of the roof of that Grand Altis Temple.

Naturally, it wasn't merely a crow but a Mazoku named Ein.

Being a superior variety of the bird-type monster called Shadow Bird, and being a kind of “Majuu” that could also take the form of a Majin, Ein infiltrated the St. Altis Kingdom on Rokuna's order.

Ein's body trembled from the size of her duty when she heard that this was the land that birthed the Hero, but after coming here, she couldn't think of it as anything but a truly worthless country.

A highway full of Humans... no, a highway with nothing but Humans.

In the deserted back streets, there were people talking enthusiastically about the stupid discrimination argument.

There were drunkards, ruffians, and people that were the same as trash who attacked those of the same race for stupid reasons, stole goods, and killed.

“I'm amazed that guys like that haven't perished by now.”

Honestly, it was a pain to be in a country like this.

The region had fallen to ruin, guys called bandits ran rampant, and guys called Adventurers slaughtered those guys.

When dim-witted Goblins would occasionally act violently, they too would be exterminated by Adventurers.

And then, the Alva.

Those creatures that couldn't be talked to had attacked even Ein several times.

Of course, she had turned the tables on them but... Honestly, she couldn't think of them as fellow Mazoku comrades.

When those Alva had come here, Ein noticed that they were showing strange movements.

Somehow, it seemed like they were trying to get in contact with a certain single Human.

The one that attempted to contact that Human, it seemed that it wasn't merely an Alva.

The impression Ein had when she first saw it was that it had a commanding officer rank amongst the Alva.

A few days ago, Ein tried commencing a preemptive strike on it, but she was disappointed by its unexpected weakness.

That, which had an appearance that could be called merely for show, would occasionally appear, and try to go to where that "certain Human" was.

With those movements somewhat bothering her, Ein ended up stealthily monitoring that Human.

Today as well, she was doing that reconnaissance.

The Human was called Kain Stagijs, and seemed to be a student of something called an Adventurer school.

Today, it seemed that he was meeting with a girl called "Senpai" who was related to the Grand Altlis Temple.

From what she could see, Kain seemed to possess some sort of factor that made him liked by women, and he was together with various girls every day.

However, maybe he his hearing was bad, or maybe because he was thickheaded, no matter how hard a girl tried to approach him, he wouldn't notice their feelings of love at all.

Why would a thickheaded young man like that be targeted by that strange Alva?

In order to ascertain the answer to that, Ein looked down at the surface from the roof of the temple.

“...-kun, I... that far.”

The voice of a girl could be heard from below.

She could see the figures of the girl called Senpai and Kain.

“...So they’ve finally come out.”

After muttering that sounding annoyed, Ein flew so as to chase after Kain and “Senpai” who had started walking.

# Chapter 27

“Well then, Kain-kun, I will be excusing myself here.”

“Right, Senpai. Thank you very much.”

Kain and that girl parted in front of the main gate of the grand temple.

Seeming to be the daughter of an influential person of the Grand Altlis Temple, “Senpai”, at a glance, appeared like an impeccable person of character.

Even in front of Kain, she behaved like a compassionate and virtuous person, and looked like she was gaining his trust.

However, Ein knew.

She knew that attitude was limited to Humans, and that “Senpai” was also a member that supported that Demi-Human rejection argument or whatever.

However, that had no relation to Ein.

Right now, she needed to chase after Kain.

Spreading her wings and flying, Ein’s figure only looked like a mere crow from mankind’s point of view.

Recently, the royal capital had many crows, so it was wonderful that Ein wouldn’t stand out no matter where she went.

“ ... ”

Just who was this man called Kain.

I don’t know the reason why the Alva would try to get into contact with Kain but... most likely, it’s something worthy of reporting it to Rokuna, is what Ein thought.

It was there that Ein suddenly felt an uncomfortable feeling.

The path that Kain took, was strange.

Normally, it was the time for him to return to his room in a building called a dormitory.

Yet today, he was going through an awful lot of back alleys.

It were as if he were luring something.

Just as she thought, when Kain came to a complete stop in a deserted place, he started looking around here and there.

While experiencing interest, Ein stopped on a nearby roof.

Kain placed a hand on his sword's handle, and carefully checked the surroundings.

"...I don't know who you are, but I know that you've been watching me recently."

Hearing those words, Ein was surprised.

Could it be that he noticed her gaze?

She shouldn't have made any actions blatant enough to be sensed.

...Then that meant that this man called Kain was strangely sharp and quite careful.

When Ein thought that it might be good to temporarily stop her observation of him, a distortion of space appeared in the sky above Kain.

"Wh, what the!?"

Kain saw that and was surprised.

However, Ein immediately noticed.

That that, was an Alva. As expected, they were trying to get in contact with Kain.

"An, an Alva!? An Alva is in the royal capital!?"

It was a sinister form, much larger than the ordinary Alva.

There was no mistake that it was identical to the special-type that Ein had crushed these past few days.

At best, it's probably merely for show again, but... nevertheless, this time, it appeared in a place that was quite easy to notice, is what Ein thought.

It were as if it had come out in response to Kain's words.

"I see... So the identity of that recent gaze was you!"

The Alva in the sky looked down on Kain who had unsheathed his sword.

However, the Alva didn't answer him.

Ein understood very well that Alva were unable to utter words.

But—

"Y... yy... y, o, u."

"...!"

Hearing the Alva's voice, Ein shuddered.

You (omae wo).

That is certainly what it sounded like.

There was no mistaking it.

That Alva was trying to convey something with words.

"You... kill. Mememe... rei..."

"Merei... Could it be that it said "command (meirei)"!?"

Not good.

Ein intuitively understood.

That she couldn't allow that Alva to talk anymore than this. She couldn't allow it to go free.

A command... Just who in the world gave it a command?

"Ma... mamao..."

"Shut it."

Transforming into her Majin form in an instant, Ein wielded her pocket dagger and fired seven slashes.

Having turned to pieces, Alva's body turned into a mist of darkness and vanished, and Ein, who was dressed in black clothes, landed in front of Kain.

By the Demon King's command, I will kill you.

If one were to connect its words, that was most likely what that Alva was trying to say.

However, Demon King Vermudol would never give that kind of command.

By whose command would cause the Alva to persistently target Kain.

"E... erm... you, are...?"

She was called out by Kain who sounded bewildered, but Ein didn't answer him and put her dagger away into her pocket.

Seeing that, Kain also hurried sheathed his own sword.

"..."

She had reflexively come out in front of Kain, but Ein didn't have any plans beyond this at all.

What should she do now... Fortunately, being in her Majin form, her physical appearance wasn't all that different from Humans.

If she dealt with things appropriately, then it should all work out.

As she thought that, she was called out to by Kain.

“Ah, could it be... is your name, Merei... is that it?”

As she was about to say “Just what in the world are you saying” to him, Ein noticed Kain’s misunderstanding.

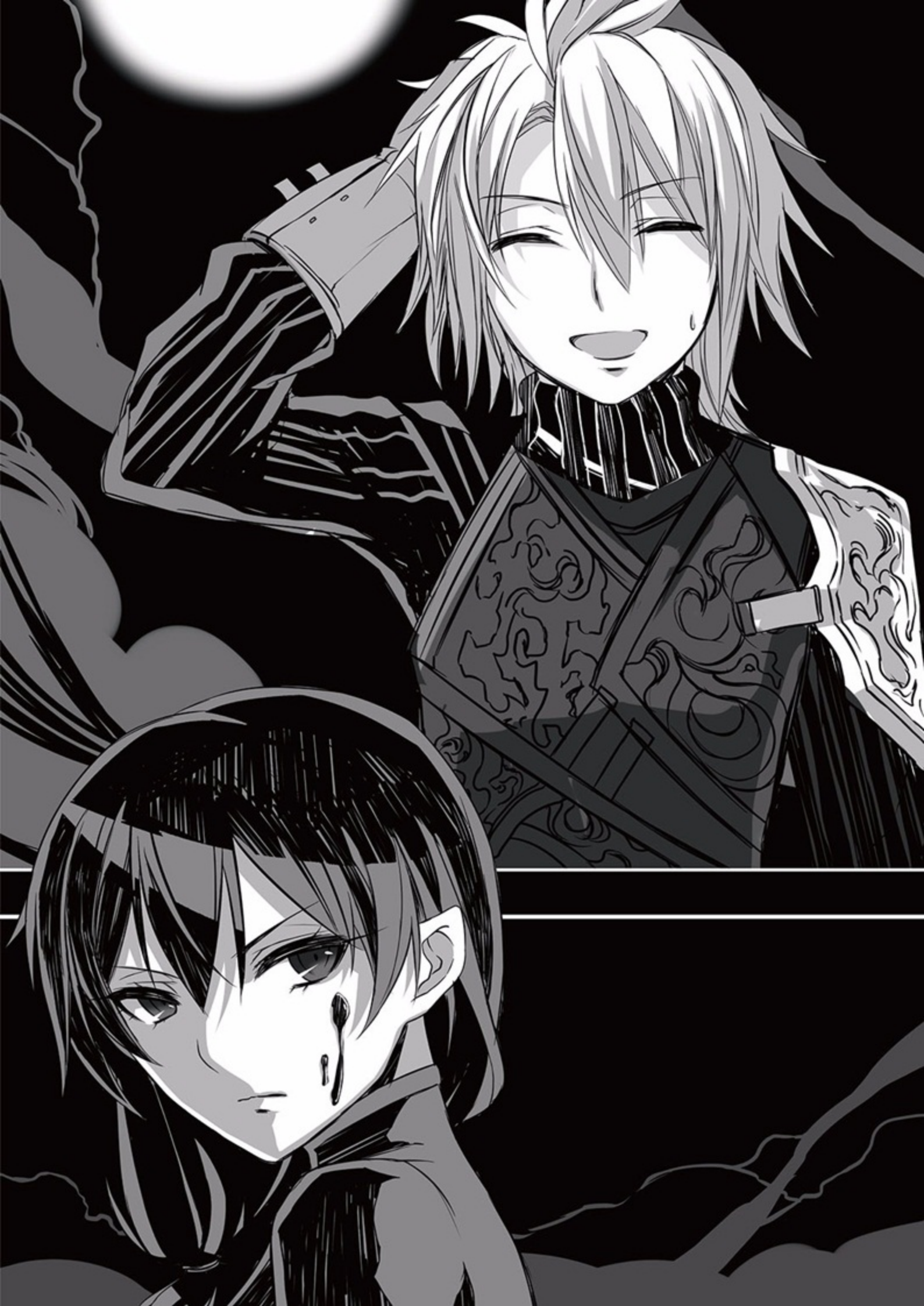
Indeed, the Alva certainly didn’t say “meirei (command)” but “merei”.

The Alva came to kill the person called Merei... it might be natural to understand it like that.

If he misunderstood things like that, there was no need to go out of her way to correct him.

“Who knows. I have no intention of giving my name to you though.”

“I, I see. That’s understandable too. Ah, I’m Kain. Kain Stagius...”



“Not interested.”

After Ein replied like that, she nimbly went up to the rooves.

For some reason, the incomprehensible words “so kunoichi are also around this area” that Kain said strangely remained in Ein’s ears.

# Chapter 28

The Cylus Empire was a sacred place for blacksmiths and called the country of fire and iron.

A majority of the country was a mountain district, and most of the mountains possessed the feature of having some sort of mine.

A great majority of the citizens were Metalio, but in addition to them, a variety of races such as Humans, Sylphids, and Beastmen who were aiming to be blacksmiths also lived there.

Agriculture wasn't prosperous, so the part where they relied on imports from foreign countries was large.

As for their military aspect, the tenaciousness of the Cylus Empire Chivalric Order, which was configured with the Metalio who excelled in the endurance and strength facets compared to the other races at the center of it, was famous.

The Chivalric Order that rushed about the mountain district with bottomless stamina and covered themselves in high quality armaments.

It was because of that strength that the saying "only the reckless would do bandit work in the Cylus Empire" was born.

Blacksmithing, which could be said to be the country's key industry, worked on a merit system, and anyone from anywhere would be welcomed as long as they had the ability.

If looked at from another perspective, there was also the risk of a fair amount of blacksmithing technology flowing out to foreign countries, but to the blacksmiths to the Cylus Empire who always continued to move several steps forward, something like technology that would end up flowing out wasn't a problem at all.

It's because if one stayed in the Cylus Empire, they would reluctantly be able to understand that the cutting edge technology of blacksmithing could only be found here. Therefore, the truly skillful blacksmiths wouldn't want to leave the Cylus Empire.

In the Cylus Empire where craftsmen like that gathered, even though a war that could cover the entire Shutaia Continent was gathering momentum, it looked like they continued business as usual.

The town was overflowing with liveliness and the sounds of smithing, and there was even a great variety of people coming and going.

...However, with the signs of an imminent war, as expected, the people were vaguely displaying anxiety.

The refugees were increasing. The rumors that war was looming could be heard.

Naturally, even the palace of the Cylas Empire was looking to understand the situation and discussing how to deal with it.

“...I see. So that Borkio is still missing... huh.”

“Yeah, Emperor-dono. We still don’t know anything beyond the news that they had left the St. Altlis Kingdom’s port.”

The person called Emperor heard those words, and deeply leaned his body into his throne.

The Emperor of the Cylus Empire, Alfgard.

He was concerned about Borkio, the diplomat who vanished together with his country’s state-of-the-art ship.

Being on the safe sea route where they shouldn’t even encounter bandits, why would Borkio cut off all contact.

A theory of a conspiracy by the St. Altlis Kingdom, a theory of an attack by Mazoku, a theory of Borkio’s betrayal, various rumors flowed forward, and every time, Alfgard would think.

Did something happen to Borkio? Is he alive, or is he dead?

The influx of refugees conveyed the rise of the Demi-Human rejection argument in the St. Altlis Kingdom.

Right now, where the citizens have become sensitive to information, the time they could conceal the fact that Borkio had cut off contact wouldn't be very long.

If that news were to spread, there would naturally be people that would connect the St. Altis Kingdom's situation to the matter of Borkio.

...If that were to happen, anything and everything would be too late.

There was no benefit to fellow members of mankind going to war.

And yet, why did no one understand that?

"...Why. Just what are the guys at the St. Altis Kingdom thinking..."

The one looking down on the distressed emperor was a single crow.

But of course, that was not a simple crow.

Its name was Zwei. Having infiltrated the Shutaia Continent on Rokuna's command, he was the same kind of Mazoku as Ein.

"..."

As a matter of fact, Zwei felt sympathetic for this Emperor Alfgard.

Being noble and kind, this man possessed a fair amount of qualities as a leader.

That was Zwei's evaluation of Alfgard.

If there was anything that he was lacking, it would be strength.

Since he did not have strength, Alfgard was troubled like this even now.

Within the Cylus Empire, the people were wavering over how the country should move in regards to the signs of war that were floating about between the St. Altis Kingdom and the Jiol Forest Kingdom.

People that asserted that they should stand between them and mediate them.

People that asserted that they should ally with the Jiol Forest Kingdom.

People that asserted that they shouldn't get involved with them.

Since Alfgard was part of the mediation faction, he was moving so that the country would be like that as well but... as far as Zwei knew, it seemed that it wasn't bearing any fruit at all.

On the contrary, recently, it's been said that the Cylus Empire's emissary had cut off contact within the St. Altlis Kingdom.

With regards to this fact, the advocates of war faction strongly claimed that this was the doing of the St. Altlis Kingdom.

The St. Altlis Kingdom's diplomat that was stationed in the Cylus Empire promised that they would to a thorough investigation, but it seemed that there hasn't been any clear information yet even now.

"...This is quite the suspicious story. I might need to coordinate with Ein and collect evidence."

Going up to the roof of the palace, Zwei muttered that.

The fact that Ein and Zwei, who specialized in espionage activities, were expressly dispatched meant that Rokuna had determined that truths that couldn't be found unless one dived in deeply were being hidden.

As a result of the information that he gathered from the palace over the past few days, Zwei couldn't help but feel that there was someone operating behind the scenes.

He didn't know who that person was, but most likely, something was moving with the St. Altlis Kingdom as the center.

"...Ein. It would seem that the place you're at was the jackpot, you know?"

As Zwei muttered that, he gazed far into the direction that the St. Altlis Kingdom was at.

# Chapter 29

The Zadark Kingdom that ruled over the whole Dark Continent.

The eastern lands were the most fertile lands within the kingdom.

And then, it was also the region that the sole female Mazoku of the Four Cardinal Generals, the Eastern General Fainell, controlled.

Under Vermudol's imperial command, extensive agriculture and animal husbandry was being conducted in the eastern lands.

One of the reasons why this continent was called the Dark Continent is because of the darkness of its skies.

It was always overcast and covered in clouds, and sunlight rarely ever shines on the land.

It was for this reason that the foodstuffs raised in the Dark Continent were special... And many of them had undergone distinctive evolutions.

For example, Nilgiri.

It was a vegetable that was similar to daikon, but it wasn't daikon.

It was a convenient ingredient that could act either as a medicinal herb or as part of a salad, and it possessed a weed-like vitality no matter where it was raised. That was why it was actively cultivated in the continent.

Nilgiri existed even in mankind's territory, but the ones that adapted to the Dark Continent's environment had evolved to absorb magical power from the ground and from the air and receive nutrition from that.

As a result, the Dark Continent-grown Nilgiri possessed a lot of magical power... so it became an ingredient that became even harder to tell if it was a medicinal herb or a vegetable.

Even a majority of the other vegetation, they had carried out evolutions similar to the Nilgiri in the Dark Continent.

And then, now that the Mazoku who were high in magical power were systematically raising the vegetation, their efficacy had increased even further.

That was a very good thing but... at the same time, it was connected to a situation that troubled the eastern Mazoku.

“The Nilgiri of the fifth plot have escaped—!”

“Oi kora! I said that all of the ones there needed to be harvested yesterday, didn't I!”

“I'm not the one that was on duty yesterday... wait, they're coming this way!”

Flying over the agricultural land, was a swarm of Nilgiri.

The Nilgiri of the east, when the harvest time was mistaken, they would end up flying by using the magical power that they amassed.

Their flying figures while having their verdant leaves shake in the wind, they were reminiscent of brooms that flew through the skies... or maybe squids.

The figures of the farmers chasing after them were also routine scene.

If the sky flying Nilgiri were caught and cooked, they could be eaten normally but... since they wouldn't quietly be shipped or cut on the chopping board, they would be processed as a share that would be consumed at the spot they were harvested.

In the past, a proposal wondering if the Nilgiri could be used as a tool for flight came up, but since they couldn't be controlled at all, that plan was disposed of.

“Dammit, catch them before they run out of magical power! Their value will decrease more and more!”

The Nilgiri became unsellable with their excess magical power.

However, they were of superior quality as they were filled with even more magical power than the ones circulated to the public.

If too much magical power is absorbed at once, it would cause abnormalities in the body, but for high-ranking Mazoku, it would become a source of nutrients that stimulated their growth.

For that reason, there also existed Mazoku that came to buy these kinds of imperfect products.

Specifically, that included all members of the Four Cardinal Generals, but let's set that aside.

"Leave it to me...!"

A male Mazoku possessing a single sword stood in the way of the flying Nilgiri.

The sword that man possessed had a blade that was abnormally thin, and had an unreliableness that was reminiscent of paper.

However, one could tell that it also hid a fairly high amount of magical power with a single glance... Having that sword at the ready, the man thrust it into the Nilgiri.

"...HAA!"

Together with that shout of fighting spirit, the blade flashed, and the leaves were cut from the bodies of the Nilgiri and fell to the ground.

The man caught them with nimble movements, and piled them up on the ground.

"It's perfect... It was worth making a special order for this anti-Nilgiri use sword."

That was a line that sounded like it was at the peak of stupidity at first, but there was no one that laughed at the man.

Even if they had special circumstances, goods were goods.

They couldn't make them burst and scatter with magic, nor could they smash them with blunt weapons.

How to hold down on the damage on the goods... that was an eternal project.

"Fumu, that is a good sword... Plus, that technique of cutting off only the Nilgiri's

leaves was also splendid. You've been really diligent."

Hearing those words that suddenly resounded, the hands of the men working to carry the Nilgiri to the selling spot had stopped.

The one who had said that was the Eastern General Fainell.

Being the sole female of the Four Cardinal Generals, she was a secret idol of the eastern Mazoku.

"Fa... Fa-Fa-Fa, Fainell-sama!? Why are you here!"

Seeing the Mazoku that knelt down and took a saluting pose, Fainell smiled and answered.

"Ahh, you don't need to stop working. Well, see. It seems that two or three of the Ringils of the twenty-eighth orchard have become monsters. I was about to go and break them in."

"So it happened again... Wouldn't it be better to burn that area down once to let the concentration of magical power decrease?"

The Ringils becoming monsters meant that they had changed into monsters that were classified as being of the plant-type.

There were also cases where a portion of plant-type monsters would gain wisdom as even more years passed and would evolve into Mazoku called Maju (magic/demon trees).

Even after turning into monsters, the fruits that they bore were the same, but since most of them would be treated as special circumstance goods, their value would drop.

"Well now, don't say that. Those are pretty good like that, you know?"

"Haa..."

The Ringil trees that turned into monsters, Fainell would generally talk to them with her fists and make them submit.

She would make them engage in administrative tasks of the orchard just like that but...

being the same kind of plant, they were extraordinarily capable.

The fruit of the Monster Ringil Trees were identical to the sky flying Nilgiri in that they were goods whose magical power concentration were too high, but if one were at the Four Cardinal Generals' level, it was sufficient enough to eat.

Giving all of the Mazoku enough strength to reach the domain of being able to eat that was Fainell's secret objective.

If that were to be done, there would be no need to go out of their way to dispose of them.

"...The future, huh. That's quite the ticklish word."

Fainell muttered that, and pushed the drawn future prediction plan to the corner of her mind.

The eastern part of the Zadark Kingdom.

This land is currently at peace.

# Chapter 30

“...Good morning, Demon King-sama.”

A voice that was slow... yet had a definite weight to it called out to the person on the throne.

“...”

The one who had fallen asleep on the throne was their king.

The four subordinates who were loyal to their king awaited the words of their king who slowly opened their eyes.

“...I saw, a dream.”

There was no one that interrupted the king’s words.

The king gazed with an absent minded face at the subordinates who simply hung their heads as they awaited the continuation of the king’s words, and spun out words while still in a daze.

“It was a dream, where we destroyed the world, and spared no one...”

That’s right, that was a dream.

Instigating the fears of all of mankind—

Conspiring the dissension of all of mankind—

Crumbling the connections of mankind’s hearts—

Universally destroying mankind’s nations—

It was a dream where everything was destroyed like that.

However, that was not a mere dream.

The plan was already being implemented.

Under the name of Demon King, they first started with the destruction of the St. Altis Kingdom.

Taking a long, long time, it reached a stage where it would be impossible to repair it.

Not even mankind itself was conscious of the fact that it had been destroyed.

It's because it was a plan from so long ago that even the Demon King himself had completely forgotten about it.

"...Demon King-sama. Is it not a good time now -degozaimasu ga?"

"For what."

"For mankind's destruction... -degozaimasu."

"Fumu..."

Hearing those words, the Demon King slowly started turning his thoughts.

First, about where... this place was.

The throne he was sitting on.

And then, this reception hall.

The distorted and richly colored scenery, which spread out outside the window.

Turning his consciousness to the nooks and crannies of the castle, the Demon King recalled.

That's right, this place was a [Dimensional Gap].

It was land in the next world that was detached from the world.

This place, was the Demon King Castle.

The castle of the Mazoku, who were invading the world.

Well then, who were these people.

The Demon King gazed at the four loyal subordinates that were before him.

Red, blue, black, and white.

They were four colored knights that wore strange-looking armor.

The Demon King remembered.

They were his strongest loyal subordinates.

The Red Knight.

The Blue Knight.

The Black Knight.

The White Knight.

Finally, about who the Demon King himself was.

“...My four loyal knights.”

“Yes, Demon King-sama.”

“...Just who am I?”

Hearing that question, the four knights trembled with deep emotion.

They were given a chance express how they felt about their magnificent Demon King.

“Our King, our magnificent King.”

First, the Red Knight sung his praise with a gallant voice.

“You are the one who governs over fear and dissension. You are the father of all evil.”

Next, the Blue Knight sung his praise with a slow voice.

“You are the hand that spins chaos and disorder. You are the king that wears all resentment.”

And then, the Black Knight sung his praise with a low voice.

“You are the primary cause of all evil. You are the one that will dye everything in the world with blood.”

Finally, the White Knight sung his praise with a refreshing voice.

“O King, our Demon King Ikslaas. You are the one who will guide mankind to perish...  
The Demon King -degozaimasu.”

Yes, that was it.

It was there that Ikslaas finally remembered.

Ikslaas was the primary cause of everything.

In order to destroy the world, Ikslaas advanced things.

But, not yet.

A bit more preparations needed to still be arranged.

“...My four loyal knights. For now, wait for a short while. Save your strength for the appropriate time.”

“As you command.”

After Ikslaas nodded looking satisfied with their response, his consciousness sank back into slumber.

Ikslaas’s subordinates.

The loyal Alva.

They would surely promote chaos even more.

For the sake of the appropriate time.

“...”

The four knights once again sank into silence like sculptures and silently gazed at Ikslaas.

During that time, the Red Knight opened his mouth.

“...He sleeps quite well.”

The Blue Knight stood up, and turned his body around.

“In that case, it means he won't get in the way.”

“Wait, Blue Knight. You aren't allowed to leave without the command.”

“Yeah, isn't that how it's been up until now?”

Hearing the Black Knight and White Knight's words that had the same view, the Blue Knight went silent, but once again started walking.

“...The fated time is close. There is surely a need to check to see if there are any defects in the Demon King Castle.”

“...That's true too. Can we leave it to you, Blue Knight?”

“Yeah, and I will leave the escort duty of Demon King-sama to you all.”

Saying that, the Blue Knight walked around inside the castle.

The Demon King Castle.

A floating castle suspended in the [Dimensional Gap].

A land where nothing could be created.

Floating with a form that remained unchanged for a time close to an eternity, the headquarters of the Demon King Army.

And then, it was an invincible stronghold that mere Humans could never reach.

Only those who prostrate themselves to its glory would be allowed to reside in this land.

“...”

Looking down at the castle town from the window, the Blue Knight muttered.

“...It's, the same as always.”

A quiet castle town.

Made with the same mysterious materials as the castle, there were numerous different buildings.

However, they were vacant buildings that had no one living in them.

There was only the main road where the Alva came and went on.

It was the same as usual.

“...Was, that really how it was?”

Suddenly, that kind of thought passed through his head, but he immediately painted over it.

“...No, of course it is.”

What came to the Blue Knight's mind in place of that doubt, was his duty from now on.

He would make a declaration of war against mankind in the near future, and plunge into war.

By destroying the weakened mankind, they would establish a paradise for Mazoku on the surface.

Drawing that scene in his mind... The Blue Knight once again arrived at another doubt.

“However... Why, do we not just wait for mankind to self-destruct?”

That doubt was also painted over.

Within the [Dimensional Gap] , the Blue Knight continued wondering things that had no answers to himself.

Those doubts were all painted over, until that moment.

# Chapter 31

The Zadark Kingdom that ruled over the whole Dark Continent.

The southern lands were a majestic region even within the Zadark Kingdom where mountains stretched out.

And then, it was also the region that the oldest Mazoku of the Four Cardinal Generals, the Southern General Raktor, controlled.

Having many mountain districts, the south was where mining and blacksmithing was popular, and it was also known as the region where powerful Mazoku gathered.

The reason for that was because a metal called Blood Metal was abundantly produced within the southern lands.

Blood Metal possessed an aptitude as materials for Magic Tools, and at the same time, it was also a magic metal where amounts of magical power dwelled in the metal itself.

The veins of Blood Metal that circulated within the mountains permeated magical power into ground, and were connected to the increased magical power density of the entire south.

And then, the monsters and Mazoku that lived in the south developed themselves while adapting to the ground's magical power. Before long, they acquired enough strength to that weren't inferior to the magical power of the ground. Like this, a group of the strong that could draw a line from the monsters that lived in the other regions was completed.

Elder Golems.

Species of Dragons.

Numerous powerful Majuus (magical beasts).

There are many warriors that possessed high fighting strength were gathered in the south even now.

And then, the most senior and strongest one even among them was the Southern General Raktor.

He was top class in regards to destructive power even amongst the Four Cardinal Generals, and was said to be the Mazoku that was extremely close to the Demon King in strength.

Raktor was a Mazoku that was called a “Majuu (magical beast)”.

Majuu were Mazoku who were able to change their own form into either a Majuu or a Majin, and generally, there were many cases where monsters evolved and obtained a Majin form.

However, Raktor was different.

He was one of the strongest Dragon species called a Vale Dragon, and boasted the worst strength, a Dragon Majuu (magical beast).

Dragons blessed with uncommon strength and longevity would be differentiated from common Dragon species, and would be categorized into things such as Elder or Ancient, but in Raktor’s case, he was an existence that transcended that even more.

Normally, the dragon species was unable to change their form, but Raktor was the strongest by nature and as he sought even more strength, he changed into a Majin form with his own will in order to fight against those that were smaller than himself.

By going into his Majin form, he ended up sealing the Breath which was his strongest attack, but the magical power that ran through his gigantic Dragon body became compressed and ultra condensed.

What was created as a result was the “Strongest Majin of the South, Raktor”.

Raktor was a member of the generation that knew of the Hero... And it was for that reason that he was now receiving questions from a certain person.

“Are things the same as usual? Raktor.”

“Well, pretty much.”

Within a room of the solid southern fortress that was built deep within the mountains,

Raktor, the master of the fortress, answered like that to the sudden visitor.

The one who deeply sat down on the sofa that no one would sit down on out of reserve... or rather, fear of Raktor, was the Demon King Vermudol.

He was the only person that could get the arrogant Raktor to listen to him.

“So, what do you need? Demon King-sama.”

“Ahh, the organization of various information has advanced see. I came to hear your story.”

Hearing that, Raktor displayed behavior that showed he was pondering.

The reason why the Demon King would personally come visit.

Him knocking the subordinates that disobeyed him to the sky was something that usually happened.

Him knocking challengers that aimed to overthrow him down until they sank deep into the ground, that was also something that usually happened.

It didn't seem like the Demon King would go out of his way to give his frank advice for that daily occurrence of the southern lands... is what Raktor thought.

When he did, he thought of the possibility that someone like Rokuna had come up with some kind of new project or something.

Or could it be a talk about mankind's territory.

Thinking that, Raktor sat across from Vermudol.

“What should I talk about?”

“Yeah, about the Hero... and about the Demon King of mankind's territory.”

The Hero Ryyuya.

Raktor was unable to forget his words and figure.

Possessing a nightmarish strength, he was the strongest living creature as far as Raktor knew.

The abnormal power of the sword that Hero possessed was something that he was unable to forget even if he wanted to forget it.

However, he didn't know anything about the Demon King of mankind's territory.

To Raktor, the Demon King was only about Gramfia and Vermudol.

"I don't really get it but... are you telling me to tell an old tale or something?"

"It's something similar but different."

After Vermudol shook his head sideways, he stared at Raktor.

"There are various things I want to know but... first is about the method the Hero reached this place. A Holy Dragon... Do you know anything about that kind of existence?"

Hearing those words, Raktor made a visibly displeased face.

"The Holy Dragon Ikslet huh. What's this, Demon King-sama, could it be that bastard... is still alive?"

"...What do you mean by that?"

Hearing the words of Raktor who clearly knew something, Vermudol made a puzzled face.

"There's not much to it. The one that knocked 'em down was me, you know?"

Raktor had knocked down the Holy Dragon... the Hero's transportation.

That was a fact that wasn't known in mankind's territory.

"Kah—, I've remembered that unpleasant bastard! But Demon King-sama, where did you hear about that bastard Ikslet?"

Seeing Raktor spit that out, Vermudol felt that he was right to come here.

“...Let’s talk about that as well. Raktor, I’d like you to tell me about what you know.”

# Chapter 32

“Even if you say the things that I know.”

Fundamentally, Raktor was bad at consolidating stories.

If he was told to talk about all he knew, he would end up talking about everything that happened in his life up until now. That was the man called Raktor.

“In that case... let’s see. About you knocking down the Holy Dragon, what do you mean by that?”

“It’s just as I said. Staring it down, I picked a fight with it and knocked it down with a Breath.”

“...Got it, my way of asking was bad. For what reason did you meet with the Holy Dragon, how was the fight, and how did you knock it down? And then, what happened afterwards?”

After Raktor went “fumu” and nodded, he looked up at the ceiling as if remembering something.

“A reason... there isn’t one in particular. Since there was a guy that I wasn’t familiar with flying in the western sky, I simply went to pick a fight with it.”

It was said that the Holy Dragon Ikslet was a dragon that possessed scales that had a white shine.

It seemed that the Holy Dragon, which came carrying Humans... the Heroes on its back, had caught Raktor’s eye as it was flying towards the direction of the Demon King Castle.

“And, well. I waited until it let the Heroes off. On top of shutting out that bastard’s Breath with my Breath, I went and knocked it down.”

Having taken the name of being the one closest to the Demon King, Raktor, who was a Vale Dragon, was the strongest among the Dragon species that existed in the Dark

Continent.

Even the deadly Breath attack that any Dragon would definitely possess, Raktor's was special.

Just as how a Fire Dragon would have Fire Breath and how an Earth Dragon would have Rock Breath, there existed various Dragon Breaths but... they were element attacks that were the same as the element that the Dragon itself possessed.

However, the Vale Dragon's "Vale Breath" was different.

It possessed all elements other than "Life". And then, it had the special characteristic of automatically finding out the element that the opponent was weak to, and would change to a Breath that had that elemental weakness as the core.

Putting it simply, it would unleash an "elemental attack that the opponent was weakest to". Since a clear opposite magic didn't exist for this Breath, the one receiving it could only either "endure" or "avoid" it.

Theoretically, it could be blocked if an opposing magic or attack that possessed all elements was performed, but someone that possessed the tremendous talent or magical power to unleash something like that did not exist.

Therefore, Raktor was the strongest... and not even the Holy Dragon was able to escape from him.

"However, the Hero returned to where he came from. Then that means that the Holy Dragon didn't die... Isn't that right?"

"Pretty much. I didn't finish him off. But, I don't think that he'd be able to live a long life with that wound. At most, I think it was enough for him to send the Hero back."

"Perhaps it was possible to recover it with the Hero's help... That might have happened."

"Maybe. Rather, since you're saying that... Could it be that a Hero has appeared?"

Raktor carried a dark brilliance in his eyes.

After displaying denial to that, Vermudol breathed a sigh.

“No, this is merely verification of the Hero legend.”

“Verification?”

“Yeah. It’s truly a mysterious thing though... There are too few documents regarding those times. Even in mankind’s territory, only convenient tales were left behind.”

Raktor made a puzzled face.

“What kind of story was it?”

“The Hero that was summoned with the God of Life’s power gathered companions, wielded the Holy Sword that controlled the power of the Gods to defeat the Demon King, and went even further and defeated the Great Demon King... that’s the kind of story it was.”

“Hou—. So, who was this Great Demon King?”

“It was Gramfia. It seems that the Demon King was the Shuklous guy that was in mankind’s territory.”

The Demon King Shuklous.

The Demon King that was defeated by the Hero Ryuuya, and announced the existence of the “Great Demon King Gramfia” at the time of his death.

He was said to be a powerful Demon King that possessed a castle in the [Dimensional Gap].

“I am thinking that, this guy called Shuklous was a genuine Demon King.”

“Ah? Then does that mean that Gramfia was a fake? There’s no way that’s the case.”

“That’s not it. Shuklous was genuine. Gramfia was also genuine. That is most likely how we should think of it. And then, in order to arrive at Shuklous’s true identity, the place called the [Dimensional Gap] will be the key... And so, that’s where you come in, Raktor.”

“Hou.”

Raktor was the most senior one amongst all of the Mazoku that currently existed in the Dark Continent.

Raktor, the top of the Dragon species, was a muscle-brain, but he was by no means an idiot.

He simply didn't use that superfluous intelligence at all.

"Raktor. Regarding the place called the [Dimensional Gap]... if you know anything about it, please tell me."

In regards to this [Dimensional Gap] place, only its name appeared in the documents from mankind's territory.

How the Hero Ryuuuya's group went to that place, or what kind of place it was wasn't written down at all.

But, only the words [Dimensional Gap] existed.

Then again, it might just be wordplay in order to gloss over something obscure, and there was also the possibility that it was a word meant to conceal a troublesome place if it was made public.

But, and this is only a but.

If the [Dimensional Gap] did exist, it would explain one mystery.

The Alva.

If these strange Mazoku appeared from the [Dimensional Gap], it would explain that that place was where the Alva resided.

And then, thinking that Raktor might know something about it, Vermudol visited this place.

Harboring a faint expectation, Vermudol gazed at Raktor.

# Chapter 33

“...Sorry, I don’t know about it.”

“...Is that so.”

Together with a bit of disappointment, Vermudol dropped his shoulders.

It seemed that there was no choice but to put the matter about the [Dimensional Gap] aside for now.

“To begin with. What does it mean by dimensional?”

Hearing Raktor’s words, Vermudol’s shoulders trembled.

“...Raktor.”

“Ah?”

“...What did you say, just now?”

The words just now... were very important.

“Like I said, what does dimensional mean? Is there a place with that kind of name?”

Raktor said that he was unable to understand the word dimensional.

But, Vermudol was able to understand it.

Vermudol thought about the meaning of this.

In regards to the naming, it could be treated as something the Hero Ryuyua added.

But, the fact that the idea of dimensions couldn’t be understood, Vermudol felt that some sort of important fact was held within it.

“...No, let’s discuss this matter again some other time.”

“Nn? Ou.”

Raktor nodded, and leaned his body into the sofa.

“So, are we done?”

“No... This time, it’s about the Hero’s Holy Sword.”

“Ahh... That, huh.”

The Hero Ryuuya’s Holy Sword was said to be something that controlled the power of the Gods, and the Demon King perished due to that.

However, even after searching through the mankind territory documents, he couldn’t figure out a single thing about what kind of thing the Holy Sword was.

“That is the worst sword.”

Raktor’s body trembled hearing the words Holy Sword.

Raktor vividly remembered it even now.

Controlling the power of the Gods... that sort of story wasn’t a lie.

In fact, the Hero’s Holy Sword possessed outrageous strength... powerful strength strong enough to cut through Raktor’s magical power.

Raktor’s magical power was the same as his Breath, in other words, it was furnished with all elements other than the Life element, but the Hero’s Holy Sword that opposed it directly from the front also concealed a special characteristic that was equal to Raktor’s magical power... or even greater than it.

In fact, that power was verified when Gramfia had perished. It was a sword that he didn’t want to confront ever again if possible.

“But ya know. If you want to hear about the Hero’s Holy Sword, rather than me, I think it’d be better if you asked that Fainell girl. It’s because I ain’t interested in weapons other than if they’re strong or weak.”

“Fainell huh...”

The Eastern General Fainell was actually the next senior Mazoku after Raktor.

And during those time, she had even fought against the Hero several times.

“Yeah, I’ll try visiting her after this. But Raktor, how were your own feelings about the Holy Sword?”

“There isn’t much to say. If there’s a next time that thing is brought here, it’d be best to blow it up along with the Hero from far away. That is a dangerous thing. The image of me exchanging blows with it and winning won’t come to my mind at all.”

Raktor’s words told it all.

The Holy Sword was most likely one of the things that made the Hero a Hero.

If it went just as the Hero legends said, although it would take time to make... as long as it was completed, it would literally become a weapon that could destroy Mazoku.

If possible, it was something that they would like to somehow deal with before it was completed.

“...Say, Raktor.”

“What is it, Demon King-sama.”

“Do you, want to go to war against mankind?”

“And what’s the point if we did.”

“...True.”

Vermudol made a wry smile at Raktor’s answer... and then looked up at the ceiling.

That’s right. From the Mazoku’s point of view, there was no reason to go to war against mankind.

But, if there was a reason for mankind’s side to go to war against the Mazoku, then the Hero would surely appear once again.

Equipped with that knowledge, he was preparing for it but... it was questionable if he

would make it in time.

Even Vermudol was unable to predict it.

“Say, Demon King-sama.”

“What is it, Raktor.”

Raktor spoke to Vermudol with a lightheartedness as if he were talking about the weather.

“Wanna try having a light fight? Against me.”

Hearing those words, Vermudol made a blank face, and then laughed with a loud voice in the next moment.

“Between you and me? Jeez, are you planning on blasting away the south.”

“That might be good too. If we go that far, then maybe the Hero will also get scared and won’t come anywhere near.”

After saying that, Raktor returned to his serious face.

“Say, Demon King-sama.”

Correcting his posture on the sofa, Raktor gazed at Vermudol.

“The Hero is coming, isn’t he? If I think of it like that, then everything falls into place.”

“What does?”

“I’m talking about that Sancreed guy.”

The Western General Sancreed was a Hero of the Mazoku that Vermudol had created.

And he was one of the trump cards that Vermudol had prepared.

“If it’s just about building the Demon King army, then there’s no need to prepare something like a Hero. No, it might be fine to prepare one but... Demon King-sama. You predicted the return of the Hero ever since then, didn’t you?”

Vermudol met with Raktor's gaze.

Seeing those eyes that wouldn't allow any deception, Vermudol nodded.

"...There was no certainty to it. That's why I prepared him."

Vermudol continued on.

"But now it has been confirmed. I was correct to have prepared him. But, even so, I am thinking that it might not be enough."

"What's lacking? And also, why has it been confirmed?"

"...Let's see. It might be about time that it's reached a stage where I should talk about it."

Vermudol muttered that and stood up from his seat.

"I will talk about what I saw and everything that Rokuna has consolidated."

Finally, that time has come.

The uncertain information.

The indefinite predictions.

The conjecture that was raised up to a "most likely" stage by piling up several facts.

The stage where he should share those had come.

"...I will gather all of the Four Generals and the Central General."

A council of the top Mazoku of the Zadark Kingdom... The Central Council, was about to start.

# Chapter 34

The ones gathered in the Grand Library that was in the underground floors of the Demon King Castle were the top members of the Zadark Kingdom.

The Northern General Altejio.

The Southern General Raktor.

The Eastern General Fainell.

The Western General Sancreed.

The Central General Gordy.

Furthermore, the Library Guardian Rokuna.

And then, the Demon King Vermudol, and Ichika and Nino who were under his direct control.

What gathered them together was only this council called the Central Council.

The Cardinal Council, which was the usual council performed, was where one of the Four Cardinal Generals would make a summons and hold it within their respective territory.

For the Cardinal Councils, Gordy and Rokuna would not go to them unless they had business in the council.

If Vermudol had the time, he would sincerely show his face, but in cases where he couldn't attend, either Ichika or Nino would go to them as messengers.

In contrast, the Central Council was where Gordy, the Central General, would make the summons in the name of the Demon King Vermudol.

The rule was that the conditions for the summons was that it had to be a case where they would decide important matters of the entire Zadark Kingdom.

In other words, since this matter fulfilled that condition, attention was naturally gathered on Gordy and Vermudol.

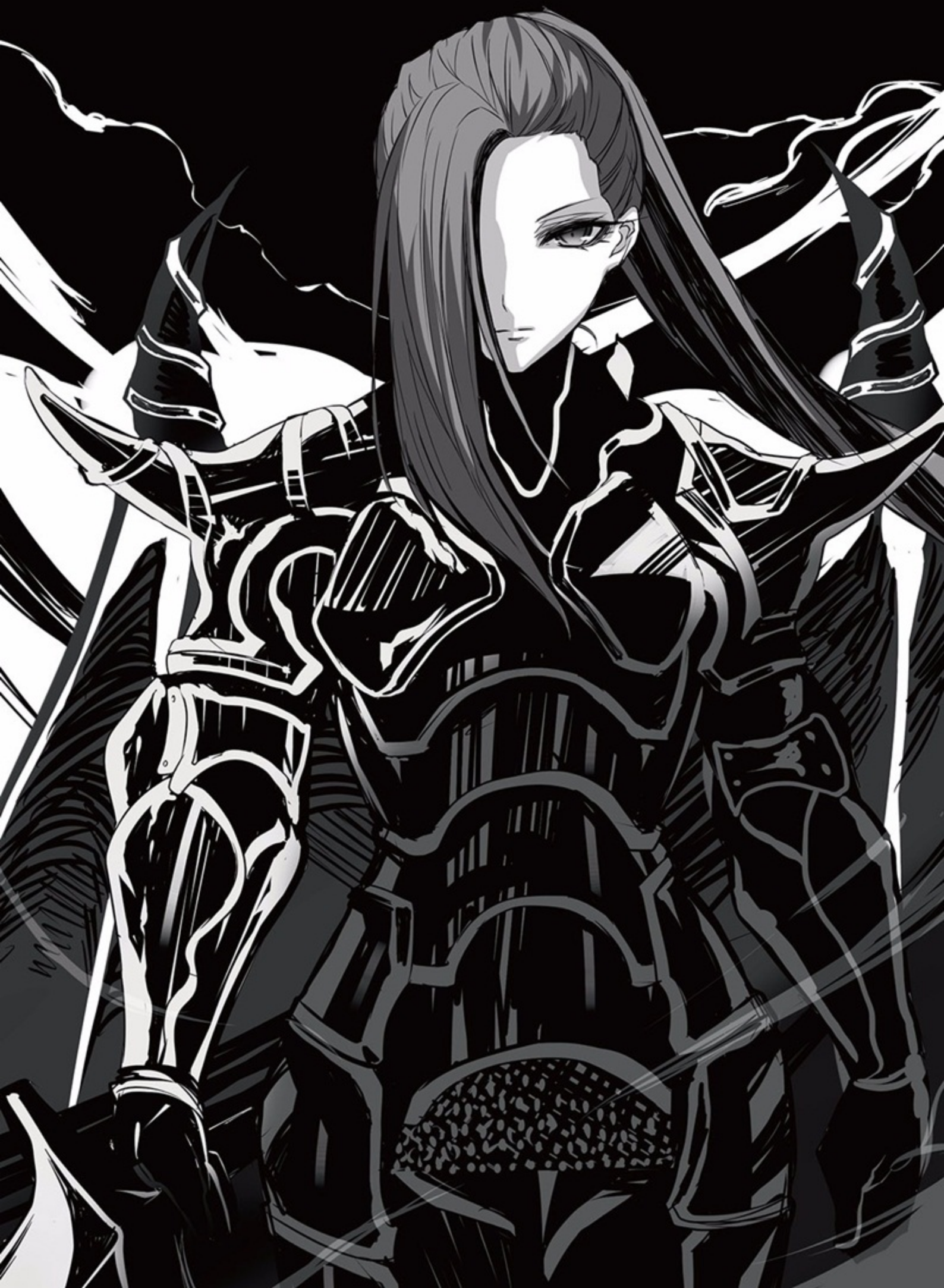
In particular, Gordy had gathered gazes in a different meaning.

Today's Gordy was in the Majin form that no one other than Vermudol had seen before.

It was a figure that could be perfectly described as a female knight that wore full body armor and had a red-haired ponytail but... somehow, there was an artificial beauty to it.

“ ... ”

The Gordy in question simply quietly kept silent.



That gaze was fixed on Vermudol.

Before long, after Vermudol turned to Gordy and nodded, she finally opened her mouth.

“...I am grateful to you all of answering this abrupt summons. From hereon will be the honorable words from Demon King Vermudol-sama.”

Continuing on from that dignified address, Vermudol started talking.

“Now then, we’ll start immediately but... First, I will start from explaining the reason for the convening of this Central Council.”

Saying that, Vermudol leaned his back onto his extravagant chair.

This chair was an article that was presented to him from the Norms, and was something that Ichika had brought in from the treasury not too long ago.

It couldn’t be said to have an affinity with the furnishings that had a calm design that were within the Grand Library, but it could also be said that the exquisite choice where it couldn’t be said to be too out-of-place was very much like Ichika.

“As everyone knows, I had gone to mankind’s territory not too long ago.”

Hearing those words, everyone nodded.

Mankind’s territory—In the past, the Hero Ryuuuya’s group came to the Dark Continent from there.

When Vermudol declared that he would be taking Nino along with him to mankind’s territory, almost all of the members here were jealous of Nino.

It was because everyone felt that they themselves were Demon King Vermudol’s most loyal retainer, and thought that they were the appropriate capable person to accompany him.

There were reasons as to why Nino was chosen. At the time, Nino had few jobs that she was in charge of when compared to the others, so it was easy for her to move

about.

Going even further, the fact that Nino had an appearance that was hard to be cautious of was also somewhat related.

Raktor was clearly a dangerous person, while Ichika and Altejio were hard to approach, and since they gave too much of an impression that they were sharp and able, they would cause others to harbor unnecessary wariness.

As long as Sancreed was his trump card, he didn't want to move him all that much.

Besides, his Heroic personality was a catastrophe, and if handled unskillfully, there was also the danger of him sticking his own neck out into needless situations.

Fainell and Gordy didn't have any problems in terms of personality, but due to their appearances that stood out, there was the possibility that they would invite trouble.

If only personality and appearance were taken into account, Rokuna would have been fine as well, but with a pair of two Magicians, that in itself might be suspicious.

In any case, everyone remembered that time... and everyone other than Nino, who made a subtly triumphant face, expressed similarly bitter faces.

Only Rokuna made a face that said that she didn't care.

"I gathered as much information I could in mankind's territory... Also, something that actually had something a bit to do with our people."

Information gathering and... preventing the rumors of the Demon King's revival that were in mankind's territory.

Having thought that the Mazoku that were in mankind's territory just on the level of being remnants, Vermudol's anticipations had virtually collapsed after going there but... even so, there was information that he wouldn't have known if he hadn't gone.

He could only obtain fragmented information about the crucial fight between the former Hero and the Demon King, but even so, he was able to make estimations about the historical past and about the future to a certain extent.

"With Rokuna's cooperation, it has finally been organized into a state where I can

report it to everyone.”

Vermudol said that, and survey each of the gathered faces.

“I would like for you all to listen to the details I am going to tell you from here on... and give your opinions on it.”

# Chapter 35

This was a story about an age before mankind's territory was assembled into the form that centered on the current four great nations, when mankind quarrelled seeking hegemony.

Aiming for the time when mankind was exhausted from a long time of war, Demon King Shuklous appeared.

Demon King Shuklous, who governed over tyranny and strife, declared that he would annihilate mankind, and released many Mazoku into the Shutaia Continent.

Mankind was at its wit's end before that powerful strength and was trampled down.

During that time, the Grand Priest of the Grand Altis Temple, which believed in the God of Life, sought aid from the God of Life Philia.

It was said that the Goddess Philia answered that prayer, and imparted the secret process of the Hero Summoning to them.

And then, the Hero Ryuuya was summoned from another world.

At this time, the Hero Ryuuya was gifted a single sword from the Goddess Philia.

“Go around the world, and obtain the blessings of the Gods to complete the Holy Sword.”

Receiving that oracle, the Hero Ryuuya went around the world just as he was told, and completed the Holy Sword.

Invading as far as the [Dimensional Gap] together with numerous companions, the Hero Ryuuya destroyed the Demon King Shuklous through the use of the Holy Sword.

However, on the verge of death, the Demon King Shuklous told the Hero Ryuuya that the Great Demon King Gramfia had manifested in the Dark Continent.

The Hero Ryuuya's group headed to the Dark Continent... the place surrounded by the

[Sea of Farthest Ends] , together with Holy Dragon, and in the end, the Great Demon King Gramfia also perished.

The people were ashamed of themselves for having been guided to strife by Shuklous, and assembled themselves into the current form.

But currently, the assertion of the Demi-Human rejection argument was rising in mankind's territory due to the St. Altlis Kingdom.

As a result, it's tension with the Jiol Forest Kingdom was raised... and was now in a situation where it wouldn't be strange for war to break out at any moment.

“Well, that's about it. We also can't overlook the secret maneuvers of the mysterious Mazoku called the Alva... Rokuna, do you have anything to add?”

“Although I do have a bit to say, I'd first like to hear everyone's impressions.”

As encouraged on by Rokuna, Fainell was the first to open her mouth.

“The Hero Ryuuya... I've heard a nostalgic name.”

“If I remember correctly, you've fought against him, haven't you.”

“Yes, he was a strange man.”

Fainell remembered those days.

The Holy Sword that the Hero Ryuuya carried in his hands was powerful, and the person himself was by no means weak.

His sword technique that seemed to cut through the battlefield was sharp and honest.

No matter how many times he fell, he would get up, and would get stronger every time he did.

Honestly, he was a man who possessed an ability for growth that was just astounding... is what Fainell's impression of him was.

“Altejio, what about you?”

“No, I was not involved with the circumstances of those days after all.”

Altejo answered that way to Vermudol.

During that time, Altejo was enjoying a reclusive life with a single Metalio.

That was why he was not all that informed about the Hero invasion.

“And so, all that’s left is Raktor... huh.”

“Yeah. Well, I had said this to Demon King-sama. The one that knocked down that Holy Dragon or whatever was me.”

This was everything they knew right now about those days.

“So, Demon King-sama. Just who is that fellow called Shuklous or whatever?”

Vermudol nodded to Altejo’s reasonable question.

“I... am thinking, that he is a genuine Demon King.”

Hearing those words, everyone became noisy.

The fact that there was only one Demon King was something that anyone knew if they were a Mazoku.

Vermudol, the Demon King, had denied that fact.

“...But.”

“More accurately, he was something similar to Sancreed... is what I was thinking.”

Hearing those words, this time attention gathered on Sancreed.

Sancreed was a Mazoku hero, and originally someone that shouldn’t exist.

Having been created by Demon King Vermudol’s hand, his occupation was that of “Hero” which should have been given by the God of Life Philia.

But, that person that shouldn’t exist was actually here like this.

In that case, the possibility of a Demon King that similarly shouldn't exist existing was something that couldn't be denied.

"...But, even so, he shouldn't have existed."

Fainell spoke that out.

"Just who in the world are you saying was the one that created that Demon King? I do not like this way of speaking but, I do not believe that the previous Demon King could create a Demon King."

Certainly, that was impossible.

That should be impossible even for Vermudol.

Creating something of the same rank as one's self surpassed the Demon King's authority.

Even at the time of creating Sancreed, it had surpassed the Demon King's authority but... having obtained someone's inexplicable assistance, Sancreed was born into this world.

The one that lent their power was most likely an existence that was superior to even Vermudol.

The existence that Ichika called "That Person" , and that Rokuna temporarily designated as "Demon God".

The black little girl that the Human who had become the material for Vermudol had met.

If it was by an existence equal to that, then it would be possible to create another Demon King.

Then, who was the one that created him.

Who would profit from creating another Demon King.

Vermudol remembered Rokuna's words.

In order for anything and everything to end with a happily ever after, the Hero will come.

Rokuna said that as if she were telling a heroic tale that was aimed for children.

When society was disturbed by a Demon King that guided the world into a bad direction, the Hero would guide them to a solution.

The ones who would profit from this, was mankind.

Imposing everything onto the Mazoku, mankind would become peaceful.

But, it didn't seem like mankind would be able to do something like create a Demon King.

In that case, who was it.

"...The God of Life."

Someone, muttered those few words.

"Certainly... if it was the God of Life, she would be able to create another Demon King..."

"But, if that really is the case..."

Fainell muttered.

Anyone would hesitate to say what was beyond those words that she didn't finish to the end.

If that really was the case.

It meant that the enemy... was the God of Life.

"No... that certainly might be the case, but there are measures that we can take. "

Sancreed said that and stood up.

"...Certainly, that God of Life or whatever might be the enemy. But, the one that will be sent to us should be the Hero of mankind. It means that things will end if we defeat

them.”

“...And how would we do that. How would we oppose the strongest bastard that carries the divine protection of God”

“...It’s simple.”

Attention naturally gathered on Sancreed who cut off Raktor’s words with “it’s simple”.

“From what we heard from the earlier story, the completion of the Holy Sword will take time. It will be fine if we settle things before then.”

“That’s... true but.”

“In truth, I’d like to do something about it before they appear but... in this situation where we don’t know how to obstruct the Summoning Ritual, I think that this is the best move to do.”

Certainly, it was just as Sancreed said.

For example, if there were conclusive evidence that they would be able to prevent the Hero’s summoning if they blew away the Grand Altis Temple, then it would be fine if they carried that out. But at the present time, they didn’t know the method of preventing the summoning.

In that case, defeating the Hero after they’ve been summoned but before they obtain absolute strength was the most reliable plan of action.

“ ... ”

While listening to the advancing discussion, Vermudol pondered.

If only everything ended through discussion.

He searched for a path of coexistence by reaching peace with the leader of mankind called the Hero.

If possible, that would be for the best.

...However, that was most likely impossible.

If even fellow members of mankind were in discord as they were now, it didn't seem like there was room for Mazoku to be accepted there at all.

If there was a single path to coexistence, it would only be through domination.

By dominating mankind through complete victory, he could search for a path of harmony little by little.

If it was through that kind of drastic measure... is what he dreamed of.

In the end, it was nothing more than a dream is what Vermudol himself understood very well though.

"...The Hero, huh."

Ultimately, it ended up there.

As long as the hope called the Hero existed, no matter what kind of path he tried to go down, mankind would surely stand in the way of the Mazoku.

That is why, Vermudol, as the Demon King... would end up needing to pulverize the Hero.

Vermudol was in mental agony.

No matter what he did, he couldn't avoid the path of violence.

He had continued to take measures to the point of being exasperated.

However, the situation always went above them.

No matter how much he avoided it, no matter how much he ran away from it, there would be fights. And then, he couldn't see a future beyond that.

Vermudol was in mental anguish.

Vermudol lamented in his heart.

They should be able to understand each other.

It should be simple.

Why, couldn't they do that.

How?

Why?

What was the reason?

The cause, where was it?

Was it the Humans?

Was it the Metalio?

Was it the Sylphid?

Was the the Beastmen?

Or, was it the Mazoku?

As long as each one of them existed as their respective selves, did it mean that they wouldn't be able to understand each other?

Were they made to be like that?

“Demon King-sama...”

“Are you alright?”

Ichika and Nino looked at Vermudol's face seeming worried.

The heated discussion stopped, and at the same time, some sort of voice could be heard from the upper floor.

Ichika dealt with that.

“I...”

He didn't think that he made a mistake.

Surely everything was necessary verification work.

A procedure for him to understand everything, and arrive at despair.

It was not for him to know that he couldn't find the answer, but self-satisfaction so that he would be aware that there was no answer.

Even if he did reach that place in the end, it was something necessary.

In order for Vermudol... to be completed as a Demon King.

“...Demon King-sama. It's been reported that Borkio's group, has set sail.”

“...I see. And so, is it just as expected?”

“Yes. It would seem that they possess documents split amongst several people that hold information regarding Demon King-sama's physical characteristics.”

He had purposely not put any restrictions on Borkio's group.

That was for the sake of checking answers.

A formula for the sake of knowing mankind's response towards the Mazoku's sincerity.

The result, was simple.

For the sake of justice of the whole of mankind, Borkio's group decided to tell the world of the Demon King's existence.

And he had no intention of reproaching them for that.

It couldn't be helped. That's right, it was something that couldn't be helped.

“...I see. That's unfortunate.”

“Yes, it is unfortunate.”

Vermudol and Ichika made sorrowful expression.

It was something truly unfortunate.

If they didn't do anything unnecessary, Vermudol had intended on accepting Borkio's group.

He was able to believe in the possibility of harmony.

But, it was impossible.

“...Sancreed, sorry.”

Vermudol, looking truly apologetic, turned his gaze towards Sancreed.

“For a short while... I think that the amount of driftwood around the [Invasion Coast] will increase.”

“...I see.”

Sancreed answered with only that.

With only those words, everyone that was there understood.

About Vermudol's decision.

And then, about the change of Vermudol's magical power.

“...It truly is, unfortunate.”

Around this time, there was a simultaneous firing of “Voltenix (Electric Shock Cannon)” that should have happened at the [Invasion Coast].

Imagining the “ship” that had burst without leaving a trace due to that, Vermudol muttered that it was truly unfortunate.

“Ahh, sorry about that. Let's continue the council.”

And then, he expressed, his usual gentle smile.

# Chapter 36

The Jiol Forest Kingdom was a country where most of the domain was covered in a grand forest, and where the people lived together with the forest, the wind, and the water.

The citizens had Sylphid as the core.

It respected order more than any other country, but there wasn't a single outrageous person among them since they personally disciplined themselves so that they would be noble and righteous.

And then, with their feeling of fellowship being extraordinarily strong, they thought of personal troubles as the country's troubles, and also thought of the country's troubles as personal troubles.

That Jiol Forest Kingdom was currently enveloped in a disquieting atmosphere.

The cause was the St. Altlis Kingdom.

The voices of the Humans that advocated that they themselves were the sole existence loved by the Gods became louder, and the St. Altlis Kingdom became strange... That was the Jiol Forest Kingdom's analysis.

However, it was also a fact that groundwork for the Human supremacism to spread in the St. Altlis Kingdom was there.

If they felt that it wasn't righteous, the people with wisdom should have been able to eliminate it.

However, the fact that that didn't happen meant that both the central figures of the St. Altlis Kingdom and a majority of its citizens had accepted Human supremacism.

As a matter of fact, the St. Altlis Kingdom didn't respond to the repeated demands for improvement.

Then again, the St. Altlis Kingdom side had a stubbornness where they wouldn't allow

their domestic affairs to be interfered with by other countries... but as a result, the gap had deepened to the current situation where they were only one step away from war.

“Like I said, we should be the ones to attack right away!”

A Sylphid shogun with a splendid physique hit the desk.

No matter who looked at him, it was clear he was irritated. A Wolf Beastman shogun pressed down on that shogun’s shoulder.

“Just calm down. It’s enough for only the guys at Altlis to be the ones to lose their intelligence, right?”

“Bastard, are you treating me the same as them!”

“I’m saying that how I treat you all depends on you.”

“...Give it a rest.”

The two shoguns sank into silence due to that low voice that resounded.

The owner of that voice was a Sylphid that was both young-looking and majestic.

Overtaking his appearance, he was the oldest one here... and at the same time, he was also the king of this country.

The King of the Jiol Forest Kingdom, Sarigan displayed a disgusted expression.

The recent signs of the St. Altlis Kingdom should be at the level of being able to be resolved if they took appropriate measures.

But some sort of balance for that had crumbled somewhere.

The situation deteriorating this far was something that Sarigan was unable to overlook any longer.

Even the two generals that were fighting just now, they had a difference of being in the radical faction and the moderate faction, but there was no difference in that they approved of the outbreak of war.

Now that the tendency towards war has been promoted in the entire country, it was right to have called Luuty, the hero of the Jiol Forest Kingdom, back home...

“...In any case, there is no justifiable reason for us to be the ones attacking. Express your opinion while understanding that.”

Hearing Sarigan’s words, the lined up generals lowered their heads.

They had preparations to fight if they were attacked, but they had no reason for them to start the war.

That should have been the same for the St. Altlis Kingdom, and Sarigan thought that that would become an opening for negotiations.

Meanwhile, at the time where arguments were being exchanged at the royal palace, the former board chairman of the Edius Adventurer School and one of the party members of the Hero party, Luuty had breathed a sigh in a room on the second floor of the house she was given.

The house she was given... although it could be described like that, in a nutshell, it was a royal villa. With the reason being that they couldn’t the hero of the country crudely, she was allocated that place.

In reality, there was also the fear that if she were to live in the town area, Luuty’s admirers would barge in on her everyday. However, after having stayed here, Zekwell, a familiar face who was also the captain of the First Protection Chivalric Order, had barged in on her almost everyday.

It was hard to decide on which one was better but... When she consolidated the papers about if she should settle down with Zekwell, or what kind of advantages there would be if she had to choose herself at that time, she ended up seriously thinking that she should migrate to either the Cylus Empire or the Canal Kingdom.

Since he would end up prostrate himself and cling onto her if she were to actually mention her consideration of migrating, she found it pitiful and decided not to.

“Luuty! Ohh, you’re also beautiful when you’re by the window!”

As she was kneeling near the window and spacing out, she was called out to from outside.

It was the Zekwell that was just talked about.

Clad in the green and silver steel armor that was the official armor of the Protection Chivalric Order, Zekwell looked up at Luuty with a whole faced smile.

“...Zekwell. Could it be that you’re skipping out on work?”

“There’s no way I would do that. Checking up on how you are doing is simply an official job.”

“...You said something unreasonable to His Majesty again, didn’t you?”

“I swear that I didn’t. His Majesty simply understood the contents of my passionate chest.”

“Is that so. In that case, you can go on back.”

“Yeah, I shall go back to being inside of your chest.”

Doing as he said, Zekwell entered the royal villa and started climbing up to the second floor.

Seeing him like that, Luuty made a wry smile.

“He really hasn’t changed at all.”

The Sylphid live long lives, and once they reach a certain age, the aging of their bodies would stop.

Both Luuty and Zekwell... their outward appearances hadn’t changed at all from the time that the Hero Ryuuya was around.

Even how Zekwell would court her was the same as that time.

That was why Luuty would end up having visual hallucinations.

About the days that she spent with the Hero Ryuuya and the others.

However, Ryuuuya who would have fist fights with Zekwell, as well as the other companions from the journey of those days, none of them were around anymore.

Everytime she realized that fact, she would get depressed.

Having noticed that kind of Luuty, Zekwell would come to meet her like this almost everyday.

Of course, he also had ulterior motives though.

“...”

Luuty expressed a thin smile, and was about to go and open the door to the room to welcome Zekwell. At that time.

“Hmph... To think I would see you with that kind of expression. Honestly, it’s disgusting.”

“!?”

Luuty turned around to the voice that suddenly called out to her.

At that place... at the center of the room, there were two figures.

One of them was a person with long golden hair and blue slit eyes.

Their white skin was smooth, they had a body line that clearly indicated that they were a woman, and on top of her clothes that had white as the basic tone, she wore a pendant with a yellow magic stone fitted into it.

That figure didn’t hold anything that seemed like a weapon, but it was also a figure that Luuty knew of very well.

“Fainell...!?”

“It’s been a while, Luuty.”

That’s right, that was the Majin Fainell.

Possessing the second name of “Thunder Blade”, she was the battle crazed Majin that

had fought against the Hero Ryuuya several times in the Dark Continent. Even now, she remembered how she had responded to Ryuuya's signature move, the "proposal the moment they meet" with an electric shock smack done at the speed of sound.

"...What did you come here to do?"

"Don't be so on guard. We're both fellows who were proposed to by Ryuuya, aren't we?"

"Unfortunately, to me, you're nothing more than an opponent where we've tried to kill each other several times."

Taking the slender sword she had set beside her into her hand, Luuty cautiously measured the distance between her and Fainell.

"What, do you still hold a grudge for how I kicked Ryuuya's crotch? Could it be that he became unable to have kids from that?"

"Wha...! Come to think of it, it was after that! That idiot awakened to a strange preference and things were terrible! Do you know how much trouble we went to to get him back to normal!"

"I don't care about the fetishes of your guys' boss."

Seeing Fainell's face that said that she didn't care from the bottom of her heart, Luuty's mouth repeatedly opened and closed... And it was there that she went \*Ha\* and sank into silence from noticing it.

This arguing back and forth was fun.

She realized that fact.

"...The flow of time is cruel, isn't it. Amongst mankind, you Sylphid are the only ones within a different flow of time."

"...Did you come here to say something like that."

"If you have the time, it'd be nice to reminisce with you."

Saying that, Fainell shrugged her shoulders.

“But, this time, the situation is a bit different.”

Being told that, Luuty turned her eyes to the person that was next to Fainell for the first time.

Fainell’s sudden appearance was too much of a shock that they didn’t enter her eyes but... the person that was there was also a person that Luuty knew of very well.

“You are... Shion-dono!? Why are you together with Fainell... Plus, how did you get into this room!?”

“...It’s been a while. Today I have something to discuss with you for a bit.”

“Discuss? No, more importantly...”

As if cutting off Luuty’s words, the door to the room opened.

“Luuty!... Wait, oya?”

The one that entered the room was Zekwell.

Finding Fainell and Vermudol’s figures, Zekwell made a curious looking face.

“...So you’re guests. Pardon me for the intrusion. I am the captain of the Jiol Forest Kingdom’s First Protection Chivalric Order, Zekwell.”

“How polite of you.”

In response to Zekwell’s elegant greeting, the person who was called Shion... the Demon King Vermudol also answered him.

“I am the King of the Zadark Kingdom, Vermudol. The one over here is the Eastern General Fainell. She is my trusted general.”

“I am the Eastern General Fainell. Pleasure to meet you.”

Visibly becoming good humored from hearing him say “my trusted”, Fainell politely returned a greeting to Zekwell.

“Zadark Kingdom... Ah, no, I am terribly sorry. I am embarrassed to expose my

ignorance, but I was perplexed by the country name that I hadn't heard of."

Excluding the four great nations, there were also several small countries that existed in the Shutaia Continent.

Zekwell judged that it was surely one among those. In contrast, Vermudol replied with a gentle smile.

"I suppose you would be... If you'd like, I will show you around there next time."

"I would be grateful for that. Still, Luuty, you're pretty mean as well. You should have told me if you were going to have guests."

"Eh, no..."

Seeing this abnormal situation, Luuty felt that she was sweating an unpleasant sweat.

The man in front of her should have been the Adventurer Shion.

But he said that he was the king of the Zadark Kingdom which had placed the Majin Fainell as general, Vermudol.

...Luuty was organizing the situation inside of her head.

If she thought of things like this, it would be coherent.

Shion's real name is Vermudol.

He was royalty of a small country somewhere called the Zadark Kingdom, and introduced himself as the Adventurer Shion in order to broaden his horizons.

Even how he completed difficult tasks, he had done them as a duty of royalty... she could consent to it if she put it that way.

However, she couldn't reach an explanation for why he was together with Fainell.

Could it be, was she hiding the fact that she was a Mazoku?

Thinking that, Luuty regained her composure.

“However, I didn’t hear that such an important person had come here.”

“We are travelling incognito, see. We just arrived in this country today.”

“Hou, is that so. If you don’t mind my asking, may I inquire about your business here?”

With it roughly being a part of his professional duties, Zekwell asked that.

If they had merely come to greet Luuty, then that would be fine. If they had come to provide information regarding the recent state of affairs, or to use Luuty as an intermediary for some sort of negotiations, he would need to introduce them to the proper department.

Nodding to that, Vermudol answered him.

“I see, you were a captain of a chivalric order, weren’t you.”

“Yes.”

“In that case, this is perfect. As a matter of fact, I came here to negotiate as a country representative.”

Hearing those words, Zekwell nodded.

He thought that if that was the case, then he himself would be much more useful than Luuty.

“Please tell this to the king. The Demon King Vermudol has come to negotiate with the Jiol Forest Kingdom as a representative of the Zadark Kingdom.”

# Chapter 37

“Haha, ha. That is quite the joke.”

Zekwell said that and expressed a tight smile.

To introduce one’s self as the Demon King, that was a joke that could be categorized as being one of the worst to make.

Having instinctively looked to Luuty seeking her follow up, Zekwell then noticed that Luuty was in a state where she had drawn her slender sword the whole time.

“...Zekwell. At the very least, Fainell is a Majin.”

“Wha... っ”

The Majin.

Having terrifyingly long lives and high abilities, their outward appearances are hardly any different from mankind. Due to that, there were often many cases where the distinction couldn’t be made.

“In that case... Is he really, the Demon King...?”

Just as Zekwell was about to place his hand on his sword as well, a cold voice resounded.

“...If you touch that sword, I will see it as a declaration of war.”

Hearing Vermudol’s words, Zekwell completely stopped that hand.

Even if everything this man said was a bluff or a magnificent joke, the words “a declaration of war to the Demon King” were too heavy.

While hardened up like that, Zekwell then noticed that he had truly become unable to move even a single finger at some point.

“...If you hadn’t heard my earlier words, then listen carefully.”

Vermudol’s red eyes suspiciously shined.

That was a phenomenon that occurs with the thing called Magic Eyes.

“Vermudol, the king of the Zadark Kingdom and the Demon King, has come to negotiate with the Jiol Forest Kingdom. Without doing anything unnecessary, go prepare a conference right away. Not directly marching into the royal castle is a sign of our sincerity and understanding. Got it? Do it right away.”

“Guh... ugh... G, got it...”

“I see.”

When the radiance in Vermudol’s eyes weakened, Zekwell breathed heavily.

“...Don’t lay a hand on Luity.”

“That is an unnecessary worry.”

After making sure that Zekwell had left the room, Vermudol breathed a sigh.

“This isn’t good. I had thought that I would do things gentlemanly this time.”

“No, Demon King-sama’s profound mercy was fully shown.”

“...Is that so?”

“Yes, this Fainell... is in admiration.”

Hearing the praise that came from the bottom of Fainell’s heart, Vermudol made a face that said he didn’t find it all that bad.

Fainell’s words that had no hidden meaning to them at all were something that Vermudol could easily accept.

“Well, that’s how it is. I had thought of having you be the point of contact for this but... it looks like I’ve been saved the trouble.”

“...What do you intend on doing?”

Hearing Luuty’s question, Vermudol expressed a question mark and looked to Fainell seeking an answer, but Fainell also tilted her head.

“Negotiating with the Jiol Forest Kingdom... Could it be that you’re supporting the war with the St. Altlis Kingdom and trying to bury the Hero Summoning Ritual in darkness?”

“Honestly, I had also thought of that. But, it would be pointless, right?”

To begin with, the Hero Summoning Ritual was something granted to mankind by the God of Life Philia, and even if they were to bury that technique into darkness, things would be the same if it was granted to the Humans again by the God of Life.

“In that case, why...”

Hearing those words, Vermudol suddenly narrowed his eyes.

“It’s in order to resist.”

“...Just what, are you saying you’re resisting?”

“Everything. I am resisting everything that would force destruction onto us. I will resist, and destroy them. As the Demon King, I will obtain peace for the Mazoku.”

“And so, why the Jiol Forest Kingdom? If you say that you’re heading for peace, the country as it is now is...”

“That doesn’t matter.”

Vermudol interrupted Luuty’s words.

“Whether we can understand each other or not, this is the last and only possibility. That is why I came here.”

“The last...?”

Fainell twitched her brow at those words.

The vanished possibility was... it was most likely about the Cylus Empire.

Since the Metalio Borkio had betrayed Vermudol's sincerity, the choice of negotiating with the Cylus Empire had vanished.

"And then, the reason that Vermudol had chosen the Jiol Forest Kingdom was most likely"... is what Fainell thought.

"We Majin, have long lives. You get what this means, right? At the very least, you yourself should."

"...!"

Luuty immediately understood that Fainell's words were pointing to her parting with Ryuuya and the others.

That's right, no matter how well they got along.

No matter how much they crossed hearts.

No matter how much they wished to be together.

The flow of time left Luuty... left only the Sylphid behind and passed by them.

That is why the Sylphid had constructed their own community within the Jiol Forest Kingdom, and made firm connections in order to protect their hearts that feel like they would break when alone.

For the Sylphid, despite being amongst mankind, they were constantly tormented with loneliness, and due to their long lives and perennial youth, they were a race that easily received envy from those that did not understand their circumstances.

"...We, have the possibility to understand each other. We, won't leave you all behind."

Fainell's words sweetly satisfied Luuty's heart.

Certainly, if it was the Majin and their extremely long lives, they could live the same flow of time, and wouldn't leave the Sylphid behind.

And then, Luuty knew about Fainell very well.

In the fight at the Dark Continent that she had headed to with a resolution that was prepared for death, Fainell was the cause for how her view towards the things known as Majin had changed.

She was an opponent that seemed like they weren't any different from themselves.

Thinking that far, Luuty noticed.

"The Dark Continent... I see, so your Zadark Kingdom is..."

"That is exactly it. But it's current development can't even be compared with the time that you all had come, you know?"

Seeing Fainell puff up her chest as if boasting, Luuty was at a loss for words.

Honestly, she couldn't believe her.

The Dark Continent that Luuty's group had arrived at in the past was a place that was worthy of its name.

The law of survival of the fittest reigned, and the Mazoku only held interest in raising themselves up.

The Demon King Gramfia didn't reign or govern over them, and instead did everything he could to strengthen himself without limit.

Destroying Gramfia, who had cast away even his Majin form and became a monster, was something that Luuty believed to have been unmistakably righteous.

However, to Luuty, the Vermudol before her eyes didn't seem to be the same kind of Demon King as Gramfia.

Even when he had introduced himself as Shion, he would choose and accept difficult requests and requests that had little profit when compared to the level of danger, and was an Adventurer that was called an ally of the weak.

He was always intellectual and rational.

"...Could it be, Nino-san too..."

“Yes, Nino is also a Majin.”

Maybe because his emotions had settled down, Vermudol, who had returned to his polite words, said that and smiled.

Nino had the impression of being a free child, but certainly, she had a Majin-like part to her... is what Luuty re-thought of her.

That being said, just like Vermudol and Fainell, she didn't feel like someone that couldn't be reasoned with.

“...Luuty.”

Fainell spoke with a quiet tone.

“The wish to travel here this time, was out of my own will.”

“Yours...?”

“Yeah. At that time, due to you guys' objective, we couldn't become friends in the end. But, this time is different. If it's now, we can become friends.”

Hearing Fainell's words, Luuty wavered.

And then, she remembered about the days she spent with the Hero Ryuuya.

“...Please, let me ask one thing.”

“What is it?”

“If you guys say that you aren't enemies, then why did you send in the Alva?”

As I thought, she went for that... is what Vermudol thought.

Ultimately, that would become a bottleneck.

But, if it was with this timing where Luuty was wavering, he might be able to hold a bit of hope.

“They, are not under my command. They seem to be moving by some kind of will, from somewhere else.”

He had reached a conjecture.

It was most likely the God of Life.

However, if he were to mention that, he would only lose her trust.

“Something else...?”

“Yes, to begin with, it’s even questionable if they are Mazoku...”

Hearing those words, Luuty pondered.

She thought that it wasn’t an impossible story.

To begin with, even the process on how Mazoku are generated into the world was unknown.

What if the Alva were generated in a phenomenon that resembled the Mazoku’s creation process.

Thinking that, Luuty nodded.

“...I understand. I will trust you for now.”

“Yes, you have my gratitude.”

On the surface, Vermudol expressed a gentle smile.

For the time being, the talks ended here.

Now, they just had to wait for someone to meet with them.

If a messenger came, that was fine.

If an army came... then at that time, there would be no choice but to blow them away.

After taking a peek at Vermudol who had sank into silence, Luuty turned her gaze to Fainell.

“...You haven’t changed at all since those days.”

“My appearance that is. The ones around me have changed quite a bit.”

“That goes for me too.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard. You were fired from your job, right? Getting someone that would put the Hero into a joint lock to act as an educator was a mistake in the first place.”

In response to Fainell who said that while smirking, Luuty’s face turned red.

“Th, that was educational guidance! Besides, the reason for that time was because you were in the river...!”

“Yeah, that was it. That thing with that guy, was it really a coincidence?”

“...Unfortunately.”

“What are you talking about?”

Having an interest in the flow of the two girls’ story, when Vermudol asked that to Fainell, Fainell made a wry smile.

“Ahh, it’s merely reminiscent talk. The Hero Ryuuya was... ah— ... he was a bit of an awkward man. Putting it plainly, he could be called an enemy of women... No, but, there were a lot of women around him...”

“ ... ”

When Fainell turned her gaze to Luuty, Luuty went \*fui\* and averted her gaze.

“...Oi”

“ ... ”

Fainell made a retort, but Luuty hung her head down and didn’t reply with anything.

“I don’t want to believe this but, that man, did he do similar things in other places...?”

“...”

“...What an exasperating man. No, well, I guess that’s within expectations...”

Going “I see”, Vermudol thought about it.

In other words, it seemed that the Hero Ryuuya was a man that somehow easily had unexpected incidents with women.

And yet, it seemed that he wasn’t hated by women and instead had a trait that made him easy to like.

“...Fumu.”

As he tried to imagine the Hero Ryuuya who he had never met... he immediately stopped thinking.

“...”

“Is something wrong? Demon King-sama”

“No, it’s nothing... Don’t mind me.”

To Vermudol, all Mazoku were like children he needed to protect.

If the Hero Ryuuya were nearby, he would wallop him before something occurred, was the kind of thinking that was like that of a father or something that he had.

“...Hey, Fainell.”

“Yes, Demon King-sama.”

“I’m... how do I put this... correct, right?”

“Yes, of course.”

“I see... that’s, right.”

Seeing Vermudol be attacked by an unidentifiable emotion, Fainell tilted her head looking curious.

# Chapter 38

Jiol Forest Kingdom, Council Room of the Royal Palace.

The place that was in disorder until just a little while ago was now filled with an eerie silence.

Shock, fear, perhaps hostility... there might even be bewilderment.

Within this atmosphere that was a jumble of various emotions, a single man opened his mouth.

“...O Demon King. Just what kind of business do you have with my country?”

The Jiol Forest Kingdom’s King, Sarigan, asked about the objective of Vermudol who had suddenly appeared within his country.

In response to that, Vermudol expressed a thin smile.

“Today, I have not come as the king of the Mazoku, but as King Vermudol of the Zadark Kingdom. O Sylphid, I expect an attitude appropriate of a dialogue between fellow kings of single countries.”

“Guh...”

Hearing that extremely reasonable demand if they were fellow countries, Sarigan unintentionally sank into silence.

Looking at that with a cool-looking face, Vermudol opened his mouth.

“Now then, the reason why I came here today is clear.”

Nervousness ran across the faces of the lined up generals, and they put themselves on guard.

“I have come to form a treaty of friendship with your country.”

“Wha!?”

The cat beastman general was surprised and stood up.

“Did you say a treaty of friendship... Impossible!?”

It was unbelievable. To think that a word like friendship would be spoken from the Mazoku.

That kind of stir spread out.

“...Are you not mistaking it, with subordination?”

“It’s friendship. Even our coming here was done for going through the proper procedure. I thought it would be a show of our sincerity though.”

Certainly, the Demon King had personally come to negotiate, and was rationally talking with them like this.

Sarigan went silent at Vermudol’s words.

Even so, why did he choose the Jiol Forest Kingdom as the one to negotiate with?

He didn’t know the reason for that.

“...My country currently on the verge of war. Do you understand this?”

“Yeah, I do understand. It is with the St. Altlis Kingdom, right?”

“In that case, why? Could it be that you are going to intervene with the war and deal with the Hero Summoning by...”

“I have no intention of doing meaningless things.”

Vermudol interrupted Sarigan’s words.

“Listen, and listen carefully... King of the Jiol Forest Kingdom, Sarigan-dono.”

Vermudol continued on with a calm tone.

“My demand is simple. I am saying that my country and your country should try to walk together. The circumstances of the other countries are nothing more than noise to us. Am I wrong?”

Hearing those words, Sarigan thought about it.

Even if Vermudol’s words could be taken at face value, a verbal promise couldn’t be made here.

Diplomacy wasn’t something that simple.

“Unfortunately, that is wrong. If my country were to form a friendship with your country, someone that would find unjust suspicion will definitely appear.”

“The St. Altlis Kingdom huh.”

“Yeah, that’s right. Who knows what the result of that will be... At worse, my country will collapse.”

This tension of being on the verge of war that started from the St. Altlis Kingdom had brought about a distortion to the world.

The flow of people stopped, and even the economies in every place started to stagnate.

Naturally, even the hearts of the people became murky, and it was said that even the types of bandits had increased.

The countries of the Shutaia Continent had taken many years to build up a system where they cooperated with each other, and continued to coexist.

If one part of that system were to collapse, one could visibly see that it would turn out like this.

For argument’s sake, let’s say that the Jiol Forest Kingdom joined hands with the Zadark Kingdom... with the Mazoku.

That would definitely leak out from somewhere, and be circulated like this.

The Jiol Forest Kingdom joined hands with the Mazoku, and turned the world to chaos.

The current state of the world, was the Jiol Forest Kingdom's scheme... is what would be said.

If that were to happen, the St. Altis Kingdom would surely use this as justification to hoist the flag of justice and attack the Jiol Forest Kingdom.

In the event that were to happen, who knows how the other countries would move.

Far from the Demi-Human rejection argument, it would be a fight against the enemy of mankind... if that were to occur, then countries that would ally themselves with the Jiol Forest Kingdom, who had joined hands with the Mazoku, would not appear.

Furthermore, even within the Jiol Forest Kingdom, there was the fear that dissatisfaction would explode.

"...I see. So, in other words, you're afraid that the stigma of being the traitor that joined hands with the Mazoku will remain in history."

"...To us of mankind, that fact is heavy."

In response to Sarigan solemnly nodding, Vermudol answered with a gentle smile.

"Damned fool. Making me listen to such worthless nonsense."

"Wha..."

It wasn't just Sarigan, but all of the generals that happened to be present were at a loss for words at that line that was given.

Sarigan's concern was also a concern for all of the people here that were involved with the Jiol Forest Kingdom.

And Vermudol had cut that down as being nonsense.

"If they come invading, then you merely have to drive them away. If you turn the tables on them, attack them, and conquer them, then there would be no one that would say something as worthless as that. Am I wrong?"

"Im, impossible. If we were to do something like that, we would...!"

“Are you unable to? It’s merely on the level of becoming the supreme ruler of a single continent though.”

Sarigan became speechless.

For merely a single country to go against the other countries, that shouldn’t be possible.

Even if the Jiol Forest Kingdom was one of the four major countries... it shouldn’t be possible.

“Hold on... no, please wait, Vermudol-dono.”

Vermudol turned his gaze to the voice that called out to him.

If I recall correctly, he was a man called Zekwell... is what he remembered.

“What is it, Zekwell-dono.”

“In that case, what kind of assistance would you plan on giving as a friendly nation?”

“Assistance?”

“Yes. As long as your proposition is made as king of the Zadark Kingdom, naturally, as a friendly nation, your country... I think that it should exhibit an appropriate amount of cooperation though.”

Going “I see”, Vermudol nodded.

Zekwell was the only one amongst everyone here that did not get swallowed up by the atmosphere.

He did some realistic calculations, and was trying to pull out some advantageous conditions for his own country on top of that.

“Of course. In regards to your country’s defense... or perhaps invasion, we will also lend you our strength.”

“Naturally, may I take that as you saying that you have enough war potential to go against the other countries all together?”

“Of course.”

It was there that Zekwell gulped.

Staring at Vermudol... he spun out his words.

“...Is there no mistake in my understanding that, the Hero will come?”

Vermudol gave a broad smile.

His smiling, wouldn't stop.

Vermudol was filled with delight.

Zekwell most likely understood everything.

“Of course! Yes, of course! Fufu, hahaha! Zekwell-dono, I am sorry for looking down on you! You are wonderful!”

“You have yet to answer what you mean when you say “of course”.”

In response to Zekwell who had remained calm right to the end, Vermudol stopped smiling and answered.

“Yeah, let me declare this without a single bit of deception. In that case, whether it be the Hero or whatever, I will provide enough war potential to kick them about. But naturally, if your country is to betray us, then that war potential will be turned onto your country.”

“...I see. I am grateful for your answer.”

Staring at Zekwell's face that looked satisfied, Sarigan realized the meaning of that and his face turned pale.

“Wait, wait! Did you say the Hero! What do you mean by that!”

“There is nothing to it. It means just as it sounds.”

Vermudol had cold water thrown on him, and he immediately became displeased.

If the Demon King were to appear, then naturally, the Hero would also appear.

In that case, it meant that the war would change from strife between fellow countries, to a strife between mankind and the Mazoku.

Vermudol was trying to pull the Sylphid out from the framework of that strife.

But, that was merely all.

“...You will, become an enemy of the Gods.”

“In that case, let’s drive back the Gods as well.”

That’s right, that’s all there was to it.

Since the true enemy was most likely the God of Life, there was nothing else to do at this point.

“You’re mad... This country is a country that has faith in the God of Water Aklia and the God of Wind Wurm, you know. That kind of proposal is...!”

Fainell glared at the Sylphid general that shouted that.

Stopping her with his hand, Vermudol nodded.

“If you are saying that you can’t go along with this, then that means that the meaning of these negotiations will change though.”

“What do you mean by that!”

The cat beastman general that was about to draw his weapon was blown back along with his chair, and hit the wall.

The one that got down to the place where that general had been sitting, was Fainell.

Fainell had stood up from her seat, jumped over the desk and sent the cat beastman general flying along with his chair with a kick.

“It is simple. Demon King-sama has a wonderful suggestion within him that is able to eliminate all of your worries... that is what he means.”

Fainell announced that while going around the desk... and returned to her seat beside Vermudol.

“Well, that’s how it is. With this plan, you all will be released from your troubles.”

After Vermudol said that, he announced his next proposal with a clear voice.

“Capitulate. Submit to the Zadark Kingdom. If you do that, then I will protect you from all threats.”

Sarigan understood that to be Vermudol saying that they should become the Zadark Kingdom’s... the Mazoku’s subordinates.

But, Vermudol’s following words crushed Sarigan’s expectations.

“I am not telling you to become subordinates. In reality, it’s an annexation. The Zadark Kingdom will promise to treat the citizens of the Jiol Forest Kingdom as equals.”

There wasn’t a single hidden meaning or lie in that.

In the Zadark Kingdom, although there are differences in official positions, essentially, whether they are a Dragon, a Bestia, or a Goblin, all races were equal.

“...Naturally, the executive power in this land will belong to us, right?”

Zekwell opened his mouth before faster than Sarigan.

“Of course. I will have you accept several arrangements but... in the general framework of it, it won’t be any different from how it is now.”

“May I take that as there being no bad blood between us for fighting against the Mazoku in the past?”

“Is this about Luuty? You don’t need to worry. The citizens of the Zadark Kingdom have already divided the past as being something of the past.”

“Wait... wait!”

Sarigan cut into the progressing exchange between Vermudol and Zekwell.

After clicking his tongue sounding displeased, Vermudol turned his gaze to Sarigan.

“What is it, Sarigan-dono.”

“Don’t what is it me! Something like that... it isn’t something that can be decided in this place!”

“I see. In that case, you aren’t needed. Since I will treat you as former royalty, you can just be quiet.”

“Wha...”

Leaving Sarigan, who had become even more pale, as he was, Vermudol looked at each of the Jiol Forest Kingdom generals that had become noisy.

“That goes for all of you as well. Anyone that is unable to declare that they will obey me here... in particular, anyone that has plans to take action as a rebellious member after all of this, I would like for you to say it now. It will save me the trouble of finding and crushing you in the distant future after all.”

Being told that, there was no one that would make a remark.

They merely gazed at Vermudol with eyes filled with strong determination. All except Zekwell.

For Zekwell, he couldn’t just abandon his country, but no matter what, he couldn’t help but think of prioritize his beloved Luuty.

What should be done to let Luuty live, what should be done to leave this country that Luuty lives in in its best form... it was speech and conduct that desperately thought about those things.

Though, as a statesman, it was a decision that should absolutely not be made.

Although Vermudol thought that, he had no intention of criticizing him for it.

It was because Zekwell was the wisest one here, and had become the one that was most understanding.

“Well then, may I judge this as you accepting the advice to capitulate?”

“...ial... ards.”

“Nn?”

Hearing the words of Sarigan, whose face had completely gone into a ruddy complexion, Vermudol turned his gaze towards him.

“Call the Royal Palace Imperial Guards!”

With those words, a commotion spread amongst the generals as well.

“Why you... I’ve understood everything, damned Demon King! By creating this situation, you’re aiming to make this country your foothold for your invasion on mankind, aren’t you! This Sarigan will not fall for your evil schemes!”

“Hou. What splendid words... If you exclude how stupid you are that is.”

“I will make you understand... which one of us is the stupid one!”

After breathing a sigh, Vermudol turned his gaze to Fainell.

“Fainell. Go retrieve Zekwell.”

“Yes.”

After confirming that Fainell had forcibly carried Zekwell in her arms, Vermudol unleashed the magical power he had been holding down.

At the same time his dense magical power covered the royal castle, the Royal Palace Imperial Guard rushed into the council room.

“O brave warriors of the Jiol Forest Kingdom! Defeat the Demon King!”

With Sarigan’s command, the half-absentminded generals also drew their swords and shouted.

“...Demon King-sama.”

“There is no need.”

Vermudol interrupted Fainell's words.

"More importantly, bring Zekwell to where Luty is."

"...Yessir."

Seeing Fainell, who vanished with Transfer Magic, off, Vermudol lightly received a sword that was swung to cut off his head.

"Wha..."

"What a worthless good-for-nothing."

After making a yawn, Vermudol muttered only one word.

"—Volsaber"

What was born in his hands in response to that word, were blades of lightning.

It was the signature move of the Eastern General Fainell, as well as her original magic.

Swinging his arm that was clad in blades of lightning, Vermudol mowed down the body of the general that slashed at him.

"A... gagibuagagagagaaaa!!"

Raising a death agony shout where no one could no longer understand what language it might be in, the general was enveloped in intense sparks... became human-shaped charcoal, and before long, turned into ash where not even his bones remained and crumbled down.



“Fumu... I wonder if she’d get mad if she knew that I selfishly ripped off her technique. But still, this thing sure is handy.”

With a lighthearted tone that wasn’t fitting for the gruesomeness of the place, Vermudol muttered that.

“Ahh, you all can come at me at once, you know? In the end, all of you will be massacred. The only difference is how fast or slow it happens, you know?”

Smiling with a gentle face, he declared that.

# Chapter 39

In the Jiol Forest Kingdom royal villa, there were three figures emitting sharp atmospheres.

One was the captain of the Jiol Forest Kingdom's First Protection Chivalric Order, Zekwell.

One was the prided hero of the Jiol Forest Kingdom, Luuty.

One was the Zadark Kingdom's Eastern General, Fainell.

Among them, two of them... Luuty and Fainell were glaring at each other.

"...Move out of the way, Fainell."

"There's no way I can let you run loose as you are now."

Fainell's gaze was cast onto Luuty's bow.

That bow was a sacred treasure that Fainell had seen several times in the past... The Arsllys Bow.

The Arsllys Bow, which Luuty had received from the God of Wind, was a weapon that turned Luuty's own magical power into arrows and fired them.

With it being possible to fire an amount of arrows that was close to infinite if Luuty were to use it, it possessed might appropriate of its name of being a sacred treasure.

"To begin with, what are you so angry about? Even though the fact that they drew their weapons is also a declaration saying that they are resolved to defeat or be defeated."

From Fainell's perspective, the thing that was going on at the conference location was simply that the other king had challenged Vermudol to a fight, and that Vermudol had accepted it.

How the result of the fight would turn out would be their own responsibility. If one

picked a fight with the intent to kill, it's only natural to be ready to be killed, that was an absolute logic to the Mazoku.

"This isn't that kind of problem! Move out of the way, and if you don't...!"

"L, Luuty!"

Zekwell hurried to stop Luuty who tried to ready her bow.

For Zekwell, he didn't want let Luuty die here.

Above all, he also had a hunch that it was probably already too late.

As part of the Protection Chivalric Order, it was a state where he could be said to have abandoned his duties, but to Zekwell, he didn't have the resolve to risk his life in that situation.

"Don't get in my way, Zek! Beside, why're you also doing this...!"

Watching them like that while folding her arms, Fainell then noticed something and turned her gaze to the air.

And then, in the next instant, in between Fainell and Luuty's group, two figures appeared.

"Hohou, so this is the thing called Transfer Magic."

"Yeah. Mankind might not be familiar with it though."

Seeing those two, Luuty and Zekwell were astonished... and Fainell moved her eyebrows looking puzzled.

"Sa..."

"Sarigan, -sama...?"

The man that was cheerfully talking with Vermudol... He was without a doubt the King of the Jiol Forest Kingdom Sarigan.

"Wh, why... no, so you were safe?"

“Ahh, I’ve worried you, haven’t I. No, more importantly...”

When Sarigan said that, he took Zekwell’s hands.

What was expressed on his face, was deep fondness.

“In the negotiations earlier... you were the only one that calmly focused on the situation. And despite that, I the king made such a blunder... I am extremely embarrassed.”

“Eh, ah, no...”

“Wh, what is... going on...?”

Zekwell and Luuty were bewildered.

However, when Luuty went \*Ha\* and came back to her senses, she brought out a crystal ball from a corner of the room.

“King, please forgive me for my rudeness. But by all means, use this...”

“Fumu, a [Reveal Crystal] huh.”

Sarigan took what Luuty held out into his hands.

A [Reveal Crystal] was a magic item that possessed the ability to display a person’s status.

It possessed an effect similar to the Status Confirming Magic that the Hero and Demon King used, therefore regardless of if they were Human or Majin, it was something that was widely used.

Luuty was asking him to use the [Reveal Crystal] , and do an “identity verification” to show he was the king.

“Well, that is a justified demand. I won’t think of it as rude... Let’s see.”

When Sarigan poured his consciousness into the [Reveal Crystal] , his status emerged within the crystal.

**Name: Sarigan**

**Race: Sylphid**

**Rank: C**

**Occupation: Jiol Forest Kingdom "King"**

**Equipment: King's Ring**

**King's Clothes**

**Technical Skill: None**

**Bad Status: None**

"How about it, Luuty. Am I, the the real thing?"

"Y, yes... There's no mistake. However, in that case... why?"

"Umu, as embarrassing as it is, my eyes were clouded with prejudice towards Mazoku... And Vermudol-dono, eliminated that."

Hearing those words, Luuty felt an intensely uncomfortable feeling.

That place shouldn't have been in a situation where it was possible to "eliminate prejudices".

"In the talks this time, it was a talk where there was no loss for us. The Zadark Kingdom side said that they would lend their strength to the defense of our country, and with me fearing being slandered as a traitor in the afterlife, he went as far as proposing the idea of creating the visage of being [forced to obey] from being annexed... For me to have turned blades towards him despite that... I am ashamed of myself."

Seeing Sarigan hang his head, the inside of Zekwell's head was filled with question marks.

Was this, really the same king from earlier?

The [Reveal Crystal] could only display the truth. In other words, this Sarigan was the real deal.

In that case, what in the world is this difference in attitude from earlier?

"K, King."

“What is it, Zekwell.”

“The other generals and imperial guards... what happened to them?”

Was what he was seeing an illusion or something... thinking something like that, Zekwell asked that to Sarigan.

When he did, Sarigan closed his eyes looking saddened.

“...They became sacrifices to my foolishness. With things turning out like this, I had thought that there was no other choice but to apologize to them with this life of mine but...”

“That would be troubling. For the king to have died due to my coming here, as expected, that would be on a level where finding opposition within the country wouldn’t be a joke.”

“...That is what Vermudol-dono said. He cannot let me die.”

“Also, it is troubling for you to do something like suddenly do suicide by the sword. My magical power has a limit to it.”

“Fufu... If I were to make any more debts to you... I wouldn’t be able to repay it.”

Hearing this conversation, Zekwell slowly swayed and crumbled down.

He was unable to understand what the king was saying at all.

Even though he should have been talking about the incident that occurred in the royal palace just a little while ago.

Why was he saying something like that.

No, to begin with, why didn’t he show that attitude and understanding earlier?

Those emotions were running about within Zekwell.

“...Vermudol.”

“What is it, Luity.”

While keeping her hand on her bow, Luuty asked a question to Vermudol.

“You... what did you do to the king... to Sarigan-dono?”

“What do you mean by what?”

“Please don’t play dumb with me. The fact that nothing appeared on the [Reveal Crystal] means that it isn’t some type of brainwashing... Just what in the world did you do to the king!”

“Luuty... You must calm down.”

Sarigan stepped in front of the exasperated Luuty.

“Vermudol-dono merely, he simply released me.”

“Released...?”

“From his way of thinking towards Mazoku, from his fixation on the framework called mankind, from the ties and lingering discomforts of the past, from animosity. Incidentally, even today’s portion of all that... Ahh, also from religious views. They were eliminated all at once.”

Luuty ruminated on the words that Vermudol said with a lighthearted tone... and thought about it.

Any one of those things were something that couldn’t be made to change in such a short time.

Especially for Sarigan, who had personally experienced the war between the Hero Ryuyuya and the Mazoku, it shouldn’t have been possible to change his way of thinking towards the Mazoku.

What did Vermudol do?

It wasn’t brainwashing... What about an unknown magic that only the Mazoku had?

She thought of that possibility, but Luuty immediately denied it.

No matter what kind of magic it was, if it was something that sullied the person in

question, the [Reveal Crystal] would detect it.

“By the way, Sarigan-dono. Although it’s a cooperative relationship, there are also some unclear points regarding the actual war potential. And even in regards to the Royal Palace Imperial Guards, although they were the ones that first laid a hand on me, I also have the mistake of killing them. During the time until you find replacements for them, I can dispatch substitute personnel if you so desire but... How about this, including the talks about that... I have made preparations to accept an observation of my country by your country’s delegation.”

“Fufu, you’re too hasty, Vermudol-dono. It’s customary practice for this sort of stuff to start with an exchange of documents to conclude with a contract.”

While feeling an eeriness from the talk that was progressing amicably, Luuty frantically thought about things. When she did, she noticed how Fainell was looking at her.

“...What is it, Fainell.”

“I just thought that you looked really dissatisfied.”

“No matter how I think about it, this isn’t a joyous situation.”

Going \*Fumu\*, Fainell nodded.

“In other words, that king’s change bothers you, right?”

“Could it be... Do you know the cause of it!?”

While being a bit overpowered by Luuty who pressed her for an answer, Fainell vaguely nodded.

“W, well... Even if you ask me that. Demon King-sama said it, didn’t he?”

“He said it you say... A person’s sense of values isn’t something that be so simply... changed...”

After having said that much, Luuty’s eyes opened wide.

Grabbing Fainell’s clothes, Luuty squeezed out her words.

“...Could it be. Can he do it? Can the Demon King Vermudol... touch on the Life Seed?”

The Life Seed is the source of existence that the God of Life Philia was said to have planted.

That seed that could be said to be the core of all life, it could also be called the soul itself.

“No, I don’t know about that Life Seed and such.”

“I can do it.”

Vermudol, who was pleasantly chatting with Sarigan, answered like that without turning around.

“Well, I can’t do anything that significant though. Since the seed’s protective wall was too strong, it felt like a majority of my magical power was going to be taken away just cleaning off the grime that was clinging onto it.”

Looking at Vermudol who muttered “as expected of a work of a God”... Luuty became speechless.

That, was dangerous.

That wasn’t a power that should be allowed to be left alone.

It was... much too dangerous.

“Why... would you tell me about that?”

“Luuty, it’s because you are wise in the true meaning of the word.”

When Vermudol said that, it was then that he turned to Luuty’s direction for the first time.

“Once you know the truth, you will definitely come to this side. I told you because I am convinced of that.”

Vermudol expressed a thin smile.

# Chapter 40

“...What do you all think?”

The Grand Library that was underneath the Demon King Castle was chilly and dim.

What was there was the figures of three Majin.

One was the first subordinate that was under direct control of the Demon King... The Maid Knight Ichika.

One was also a subordinate that was under direct control of the Demon King, the Maid Knight Nino.

The final one was the head of the Grand Library, Rokuna.

Looking at Rokuna who was spinning the cookie in her hand with her fingertips, Ichika answered with her usual lack of expression.

“There is nothing to it. He is the sole master that I will serve.”

“Nn, Nino loves him.”

Nino also made a short answer.

What was the reason that these three people who looked like they didn't get along at all in terms of personality had gathered for.

It wasn't like there was some important talk where they had no choice but to show up.

Vermudol had not caught wind of this either, but tea parties were often held by the three female Majin that served in the Demon King Castle.

And speaking of the viewpoint of female Majin that worked in the Demon King Castle, the Central General Gordy was also one, but since Gordy was a Majin that loved her job, the probability of her participating was low.

For Nino, since she didn't have much willingness to do her daily tasks and was in a situation where her talents as a maid were called into question, she said that participating in tea parties was a part of her regular operations.

For Rokuna, she was either immersed in the research that Vermudol had entrusted to her recently, or just being lazy.

As for Ichika, she was too perfect, and although she had even inserted time for tea like this into her schedule, she was even doing follow-ups for Nino and the other Majins that served in the castle.

The topic at the tea parties would differ at times but... this time, it was about what the girls thought of the Demon King Vermudol, the one who was their master.

For Rokuna, she was hoping for some interesting answers, but they were so in line with her expectations that she nodded like she didn't care.

"...But."

Nino muttered a single word.

"Demon King-sama, has changed a bit."

Hearing those words, Ichika and Rokuna reacted with a twitch.

His personality hadn't changed. He was still the gentle and kind Vermudol that they knew.

However, he had certainly changed.

"Even the strategy this time, it was Ver-cci's suggestion."

Thinking of the strategy that was currently in the middle of progress in the Jiol Forest Kingdom, Rokuna bit the cookie.

Vermudol took along the Eastern General Fainell and headed to the Jiol Forest Kingdom for negotiations.

The objective was to enter friendly relations, and after considering all of the political measure done up until now with the thought of how they would not get involved with

mankind, it was a strategy that had a completely different perspective.

He said that based on the existence of the Alva and the movements of the mankind territory's Demi-Human rejection, this change in policies was inevitable.

In order to make it so that mankind wouldn't turn their eyes towards the Dark Continent, it was necessary to make it so that an atmosphere where something like a Demon King revival dispute wouldn't happen, or in other words, make it so that the world's state of affairs are stable, and maintain a situation where the people's anxiety and dissatisfaction wouldn't surge up.

That is why the Demon King had personally gone to mankind's territory, and tried to investigate their situation and deal with their problems. However, in the end, even that didn't bear fruit due to the large-scale deterioration of the state of affairs on mankind's side.

Furthermore, what dealt an additional blow to the already unfortunate situation was the Metalios that drifted ashore on the Dark Continent... And the betrayal of the sincerity that they had shown them.

And so, the strategy used this time was suggested and carried out.

"The friendship with the Jiol Forest Kingdom strategy has three stages but..."

Saying that, Rokuna made a rough review of the strategy.

The first stage was amicable negotiations. If friendship could be formed with this, then it wouldn't be a problem at all.

However, the possibility of that was exceedingly low.

The moment a Mazoku suddenly appeared and said that they were seeking to form a friendship, an "upright member of mankind" would suspect the possibility of a trap.

And then, just like what the drifted ashore Metalio... what Borkio's group had done, they would tell the other countries of the Demon King's revival under the justice and sense of duty of all of mankind.

For example, they would make up some kind of reason for something or other at that place and buy some time, and during that time, they would communicate with other

countries... they had taken that into sufficient consideration.

That is why the negotiations this time took the form of being a sudden visit. It was because there was a need to not let the other party make any preparations.

The negotiation time will be one day, is what Vermudol determined

It was because if the time was delayed any longer than that, the situation would proportionately get worse by how long it was delayed...

“...That, is what Nino didn’t get. Why would it get worse?”

“...It’s the precedent with Borkio, and the movements of the God of Life, isn’t it.”

Hearing Ichika’s frank explanation, Rokuna nodded.

Giving them time would mean giving them time to transmit information.

If the Jiol Forest Kingdom’s side were to stir up the entire society’s sense of justice, then a punitive force would definitely turn up in the middle of their negotiations.

And then, the God of Life.

Just how would the God of Life, who seemed to have devoted herself to mankind to the point that she would send in the Hero, move against Vermudol.

They were unable to read how she would move.

Taking these into consideration, they were unable to take their time on things.

What was prepared for the sake of that, was the second stage of pressing them to capitulate.

And then, resolving the situation with force was the third stage.

“Well, that being said. It doesn’t really feel like the second stage will work at all.”

Rokuna thought that there was an extraordinarily high probability that things would transition to the third stage. And then, she didn’t think that Vermudol didn’t notice that possibility.

The fact that things would transition past the second stage meant that it would be equivalent to him doing an act of conquest as the Demon King.

“...Certainly, if it was the Ver-uchi from before, it’s a strategy he would have hesitated on.”

That’s right, Vermudol had changed.

His strange softness towards mankind had completely vanished.

“...It should have been, a good thing though.”

But, Rokuna simply couldn’t be happy about it.

When she thought of it as a process needed to make the Demon King Vermudol more Demon King-like, she honestly couldn’t give her blessings for it like the other Mazoku had.

“It isn’t “should have”, it is a joyous matter.”

“...I’m sure that’s how it is for you, Ichika.”

Rokuna breathed a smile, and Ichika lacked expression.

Acting as if she were unrelated to that, Nino half-emptied the plate the cookies were on.

This was simply, the usual... tea-party scene.

# Chapter 41

The Dark Continent, which was also the Mazoku stronghold, was surrounded by a sea called the [Sea of Farthest Ends].

The constantly rampaging sea has prevented people from crossing it for a long time.

Through the Hero Ryuuya, the Dark Continent's appearance was told to the people for the first time, but only his impressions of that it was constantly covered by a grey sky, and was a primitive land with a low level of culture so there was no need to expressly go there and risk the dangers were given to the people.

A place not worth mentioning if not for the existence of the Demon King, that is what mankind's perception of the Dark Continent was. That is why the delegation of the Jiol Forest Kingdom, who were brought along by the Mazoku who picked them up, were astonished by the Demon King Castle's appearance.

"L, Luuty... This is quite different from the stories I heard from you in the past..."

The captain of the Jiol Forest Kingdom First Protection Chivalric Order, Zekwell muttered that to Luuty, the hero of his country and childhood friend that was next to him.

However, more than anyone else, Luuty herself was the one most surprised.

The Demon King Castle that was within Luuty's memories... it had dull colored stones with a solemn ambiance, a gloomy air that wafted about, and was in a state where it wouldn't be strange to say that it was either an abandoned or cursed castle.

But how was it now.

The reception hall that Luuty's group was currently in was brightly illuminated with Light Magic, and was enveloped in a clean atmosphere.

The inside of the castle which should be called a white walled castle was thoroughly cleaned, and not even a speck of dust could be found.

There were many furnishings and works of art that had never before seen designs that decorated the place here and there, but all of them were clearly very wonderful objects.

Such great things were arranged all over the place, but the gaudiness that was commonly found in the houses of upstart nobles wasn't there at all, and there was a refined and virtuous atmosphere like that of a temple.

The Demon King's sense... or rather, there must be personnel that possesses the talent to be watchful of that sort of thing among the Demon King's subordinates. That also demonstrated the Zadark Kingdom's high level of culture.

"Yes, it seems that it is..."

Luuty replied with a complete understanding of it.

But, that wasn't the only thing that surprised Luuty.

The full body armored soldiers that were stationed at various places of the castle.

They, who moved with movements like that of skilled soldiers that conducted high-degrees of training, were unmistakably monsters that were armor that moved with magical power... Magic Operated Armor.

Luuty had also seen Magic Operated Armor before but... if she remembered correctly, they shouldn't have been monsters that were capable of such smooth movements.

It was more like, a clumsiness of forcibly moving armor with puppet strings. That is what she saw in the Magic Operated Armor in the past.

However, the black Magic Operated Armors that were in this castle, whether it be their movements, or the amount of magical power they kept inside of them, all of them were completely different from what she saw before.

And then, most likely, this difference in Magic Operated Armor clearly displayed the difference between Gramfia and Vermudol, is what Luuty felt.

While thinking that sort of thing, Luuty stared at a Magic Operated Armor that stood nearby.

“...Do you need something?”

“!?”

Hearing the words emitted from the Magic Operated Armor, Luuty was surprised and backed away.

“Is something the matter? If you are feeling unwell, a Healer can be prepared.”

“Eh, no... ah, well, more importantly. You are, a Magic Operated Armor, right...?”

Hearing Luuty’s words, the Magic Operated Armor answered without hesitation.

“Yes. I am a Magic Operated Armor affiliated with the Central Army.”

“Is, is that so...”

Luuty answered like that, and Zekwell turned to her with a face that said that he didn’t really understand her surprise.

“What’s wrong, Luuty? Is there some kind of strange point about them?”

“...Zekwell. You, don’t you think that there’s anything strange when you see that Magic Operated Armor?”

“Strange... It is true that it’s rare to see that black armor.”

“That isn’t what I mean...”

Hearing Zekwell’s off-the-mark response, Luuty lamented.

Since monsters like Magic Operated Armor didn’t exist in the Shutaia Continent, it couldn’t be helped.

Monsters, which were species that were ranked lower than Majin, basically found it even harder to have a mutual understanding with than Goblins.

There were many that moved with a bestial instinct. For example, even the Shadow Birds, which were the form that Ein and Zwei had before their evolution, were monsters that could not be communicated with.

It is only after they evolve from a monster to something of a higher rank did they possess reliable intelligence.

Magic Operated Armors were classified as monsters, and from what Luuty knew, they were existences that only eliminated intruders.

However, the Magic Operated Armors before her eyes were energetically moving, and in the corner of her vision, they were even performing miscellaneous tasks like carrying what seemed to be a tea set.

Furthermore, they had even shown concern for Luuty.

It were as if, they were Majin.

That was the impression that Luuty held towards the Magic Operated Armors.

With Magic Operated Armor of this level, it wouldn't be strange at all if they were to be able to make coordinated movements.

“About how many of you guys are in this castle...?”

“I am terribly sorry. I cannot answer that. Please ask that to the ones with superior authority.”

“Right, thank you.”

Luuty, who tried talking to another Magic Operated Armor as a test, nodded to that answer.

There was no mistaking it.

Their intelligence to listen to orders was there from the start, and then they were even endowed with the ability to determine what was the correct thing to do even beyond that.

Just the fact that he had created such sophisticated Magic Operated Armor allowed her to catch a glimpse of Vermudol's true ability.

“Hahaha, this is all quite promising, isn't it.”

In contrast to Sarigan who was displaying a composed look, looks of fear were shown on the other members of the delegation.

The Jiol Forest Kingdom delegation this time was the King Sarigan, the Cabinet Minister Melt, the Royal Palace Secretary Morse, the Captain of the First Protection Chivalric Order Zekwell, and then the hero Luuty.

In front of that group who waited in the reception hall, a single maid appeared.

“...We are terribly sorry to keep you all waiting for such a long time. Since the preparations for a warm welcome are being arranged, I shall guide you there.”

The maid was an impressive woman with long black hair and red eyes, wore clothes with black as the basic tone, and wore armor that covered her chest on top of that.

Seeing that figure which was clearly not that of a simple maid, Zekwell was the first to react.

“A Maid Knight...!?”

“Yes. As the one that will be guiding everyone from here on, I am the Maid Knight Ichika.”

Seeing Ichika make a perfect bow, Sarigan was in admiration, while Melt and Morse agitated in an easy to understand way.

With the loftiness of choosing their master by themselves, and with the fact that there was one Maid Knight among the Hero Ryuuuya’s companions, the occupation of Maid Knight had a facet where it was regarded as sacred in a certain way in the Shutaia Continent.

They probably had never thought that they would end up meeting with one of those Maid Knights here.

She was plenty surprised by the fact that the Maid Knight had appeared before them but... at the same time, Luuty remembered the other one... the other Maid Knight that she knew of that wasn’t here.

“...Is Nino-san, doing well?”

“Yes, she’s doing too well in fact that I’m having difficulty dealing with her.”

Having sensed the aim of Luuty’s question, Ichika answered.

Hearing that, Luuty understood that Nino was also a Maid Knight on the Mazoku’s side, and that the two of them were most likely Majin.

“Who is Nino?”

“...Zek, it’s better if you don’t know.”

Luuty answered like that to Zekwell’s mutter.

It was consideration on her part thinking that she shouldn’t increase his anxiety any more than this.

“Well then, I shall guide you. Right this way.”

Following Ichika’s guidance, the members of the Jiol Forest Kingdom delegation climbed the staircase and arrived at the second floor.

“You can see it from the windows over there but that is the castle town of our Zadark Kingdom. Today, they are welcoming your visit, and holding an independent festival.”

Being told that, Sarigan as well as the other members of the delegation sent their gazes out the windows.

In the castle town, there were many splendid buildings lined up, and the place was overflowing with liveliness. Among the people that were coming and going, there were Beastia and Goblins, Majin, people similar to Metalio... a diversity of races that was unbelievable even in the Canal Kingdom in mankind’s territory could be seen.

“Goodness... This is... the Zadark Kingdom’s...”

“But, welcoming us...?”

“It means that we have already gotten over the past.”

“Fufu, this really strikes home.”

Hearing Ichika's words, Sarigan said that and smiled.

He had yet to see their faces, but he was able to understand that the people of the town were most likely smiling.

That was an impossible scene in the current Shutaia Continent.

If the opposite were to happen... if the people of the Shutaia Continent were to learn of a visit of a Mazoku delegation, far from welcoming them, a rebellion would surely occur.

"However, there is also a part I would like to understand. In the Shutaia Continent, the Mazoku threat has yet to vanish."

"...I am sure that there will be an explanation by Demon King-sama in regards to that as well."

Ichika replied with only that, and resumed walking.

While following after her, Zekwell whispered to Luuty.

"Hey... It's different from what you tol..."

"I'm surprised as well... Their culture level has impressively risen."

Not just the castle, even with just a peek at their castle town like this, they were able to understand their culture level.

The many houses that were built in a well-organized manner, and the well-maintained streets.

Seeing even the figures of soldiers coming and going, they could tell that even the town's public order was being properly kept.

Seeing the Illumination Magic that was drifting about throughout the town, surely the "dark streets" that existed even in their own royal capital didn't exist here.

And then, what surprised Luuty the most were the Goblins.

A scenes of Goblins, which only had stealing things on their minds, doing things like

holding sake bottles in one hand and joining shoulders with Beastia and singing had entered her eyes.

Moreover, those Goblins were wearing tidy clothes, and if she were to speak only of their posture, there wasn't any difference at all from normal humans.

Maybe that was a show of the high intelligence of the Goblins here... Or maybe a show of the magnanimity of the Zadark Kingdom citizens who regarded even Goblins as companions, or maybe it was both.

By some chance, it might be through the height of their educational standards or the excellence of the regime.

Even the Beastia that were together with the Goblins, they didn't have the impression of being of savage tribes at all, and seemed to be wearing high grade clothes with well-made designs.

"...It's way too different. Anything and everything is."

There was no one that noticed Luuty's mutter.

...No, more accurately, only Ichika had picked up Luuty's mutter.

However, Ichika did not reply to it.

If it were Nino, then she might have a sarcastic line though.

"...This is the council room."

Prompted by Ichika, the two Magic Operated Armors that stood nearby as guards opened the doors.

In that room where something that looked like a round table was installed, there were several figures of Mazoku including Vermudol.

"Nice to see you all. I am happy to welcome a visit of the people of the Jiol Forest Kingdom delegation."

The Demon King and King of the Zadark Kingdom, Vermudol's words resounded.

# Chapter 42

What awaited the group in the council room that they were guided to, were four Mazoku.

One was the Demon King Vermudol.

What stood in waiting behind him was a single young girl.

She couldn't really be called small, but it was hard to say that it was an average height.

She had a physique where one could agree if she were called a thinnish young boy, had light green, very short hair, and green eyes.

She wore a maid outfit with dark green as the basic tone, breast armor, and then had swords on both sides of her waist.

"...!"

Seeing that figure, Luity's face stiffened in an instant, but the young girl didn't have any sign of being bothered.

The one who sat to the right of Vermudol was a female knight who gathered her red hair into a ponytail.

The female knight, who possessed a somewhat nonhuman beauty, only peeked at every member of the Jiol Forest Kingdom delegation, and preserved her silence.

And then, the one who sat to the left of Vermudol was a woman who had her dark brown hair gathered behind her, and wore a loose, thick robe.

This one clearly had an expression that said that she really found this to be bothersome on her face.

"Allow me to introduce them. This is the Central General Gordy, and my adviser Rokuna. The one in waiting behind me is Nino."

“...Pleased to meet you.”

“U—i, nice to meet ya—”

“...Nice to meet you.”

Hearing the three girl’s three different greetings, the members of the Jiol Forest Kingdom delegation also returned vague greetings.

“Well, at any rate, let’s dispense with the ceremonious greetings. There is a bit more time until the preparations will be completed. Why don’t we have a pleasant talk until then.”

“N, no. But Vermudol-dono. Today, we should first do the treaty of friendship signing that was discussed last time...”

Hearing Morse’s words, Vermudol made a puzzled face for an instant, then nodded as if he remembered.

“Ahh, that’s right. Let’s see it, let’s hurry and finish that up.”

It really wasn’t that kind of atmosphere but... the observation this time also acted as the signing ceremony for the treaty of friendship.

Two pieces of paper where the treaty of friendship was written down were lined up, and had the seal pressed on them together.

This made it possible to confirm the two countries’ seals when the two papers were put together, and was a so-called proof of the treaty.

Since Preservation Magic was cast on them, they would never deteriorate.

The contents of the treaty of friendship this time are as follows.

The Zadark Kingdom and the Jiol Forest Kingdom consent to the below-mentioned conditions.

Both countries will, strive to build friendly relationships with each other.

Among the citizens of both countries, with the exception of special things such as

executive positions and ranks, differences in social status will not exist.

Both countries will enact military cooperation to feasible extents.

But, that was all to it.

With messily written words like “strive” and “feasible extents” , it was truly a lenient agreement.

With such vague details, there was no reason to oppose it, and even if one tried to read between the lines, there was nothing to read.

There were even opinions from the Jiol Forest Kingdom side that were thinking that it should have been more clear and strict.

They thought “isn’t this a trap...” and were vigilant.

And they were right, it was a trap... no, more accurately, it was bait.

By forming a lenient treaty of friendship with the Jiol Forest Kingdom, it would display the Zadark Kingdom’s existence... as well as demonstrate its caliber.

More specifically, it was the clause in regards to “social status”.

Needless to say, this was clearly an insinuation at the “Demi-Human argument”.

By expressly establishing it as an agreement, this would raise an objection to it from head on.

In addition, to destroy the impression of being “fiendish Mazoku” , they would first separate the Jiol Forest Kingdom from the frame of mankind’s territory.

The Jiol Forest Kingdom that escaped from the Mazoku threat.

Or perhaps the Jiol Forest Kingdom that sold their souls to the Mazoku.

How they would be seen would depend on the country but... from there, making other countries “jealous” of them was the next step.

“Now then, with this, the signing is done.”

“Yeah, you have our gratitude, Vermudol-dono.”

The documents were collected by Nino on the Zadark Kingdom side and by Morse on the Jiol Forest Kingdom side.

“Now then, the stiff signing ceremony is done. Ichika, start preparing some tea...”

“I am terribly sorry, Demon King-sama. But it is almost time.”

“Mu, is that so. So the Transmissioners are already here.”

As he said that, Vermudol stood up from his seat.

Standing at the entrance to the room, Ichika opened the closed door.

“Well then, everyone, I shall once again guide you to the reception hall.”

And so, she started guiding them to the place where the Transmissioners waited, who would then transfer them to this time’s main venue.

The word Transmissioner indicated a person that could use Transmission Magic, but there weren’t many of them.

Transmission Magic naturally used a high amount of magical power, and since the amount of magical power consumed increases depending on the transfer distance, there was a limit to how many people could use it.

Furthermore, Transmission Magic would end up being a random transmission unless they used a clear image of the place they were transferring to, there were cases where they would be transmitted to outrageous places.

A time where someone that used Transmission Magic with a “general location” in mind had sent the targeted group to a women’s bath that was near the original place of destination, and as a result, the people sent were beat up, tied up, and had rocks thrown at them... That time where that group had gone through such a terrible time was an all too famous story.

Therefore, excellent users of Transmission Magic are called “Transmissioners”, and are beings useful to every army.

Fundamentally, they were deployed while giving priority to the Western Army who governed over military affairs, but they were necessary for the Northern Army who performed monetary policies as well.

Since there was a demand for them for various reasons even in the Eastern and Southern Armies as well, Transmission Magic Users naturally became high income earners.

The several Transmissioners that were lined up in the reception hall had the transmission location driven into their heads in a prior meeting, and there was no one that had objections about their magical power.

“Now then, transmissions will be performed. In groups of two, please grab onto your respective Transmissioner.”

Following the words of the Transmissioners, everyone except for Gordy grabbed onto the Transmissioners.

“Well then, I shall be making preparations so we will part here.”

“Yeah, I’m counting on you.”

“Leave everything to me.”

At the same time as those words, Vermudol’s group was transferred to the inside of a tent somewhere.

Every direction was covered by cloth, and one was unable to tell where this place was at a glance.

“Mu, where is this?”

Hearing Sarigan’s question, Vermudol nodded and smiled.

“It is a simple welcoming party, Sarigan-dono.”

Melt, who had continued shedding a cold sweat ever since they came to the Zadark Kingdom, was startled by those words.

Being one of the Jiol Forest Kingdom Cabinet Ministers, Melt strictly protected his

disciplines more than anyone else, and was a person who could be said to be a model Sylphid.

However, having been too used to those disciplines, he exposed his fragileness in situations like this where he was surrounded by phenomenons that were outside of his own common sense.

Even at this moment, the sound of people moving about outside had reached his ears.

There was no telling if he was alert or cowardly but... excluding Luuty, Melt was the only member of the Jiol Forest Kingdom delegation that noticed those sounds.

Leaving Melt, who was in suspense wondering just what in the world was going to start, as he was, Sarigan happily had a pleasant chat with Vermudol.

“Hohou, a welcoming party. I am looking forward to that.”

“Ahh, well... it also serves as an exercise though.”

The ones who reacted to the word “exercise” were Luuty and Zekwell.

There was no mistake that that was a military term. In other words, something was happening here by means of the Demon King Army.

“Now then... It should be about time.”

Around the time that everyone sat down in the prepared seats that they chose on their own, a light meal and drinks were placed on the table.

They were things made with Zadark Kingdom products but... by no means were they any inferior to goods in mankind’s territory.

There were also traces of the gourmet food culture that the previous Demon King Gramfia had brought in, but at the same time, it was also the fruit of the Zadark Kingdom’s citizens’ labor who continued to diligently work hard at it.

“Hohou, this looks quite good.”

“K, King! At the very least have a poison tasting done...!”

“Zekwell. I understand your worries. But... those sorts of worries are not needed in this place.”

Saying that, Sarigan put a cookie in his mouth.

“Fumu, it’s delicious but... sometimes there’s a strange sweetness, or rather bitterness mixed it?”

“Oranji peels are mixed in.”

“I see. In our country, those are only used as medicinal herbs but... this surprisingly works.”

Sarigan nodded at Ichika’s explanation, and Vermudol, who similarly put a cookie into his mouth, added a complement.

“In the Zadark Kingdom, cloudy weather is a daily occurrence, you see. There are many foodstuffs that grow in your place that don’t exist here.”

“Fumu. Would it be better for me to think of exporting those here?”

“In regards to exporting and importing methods that won’t stand out, there is currently only our Transmission Magic... and that isn’t suited for large quantity transport.”

“Hou. Going by that way of saying that, it sounds like you have some other means of transportation but...”

Sarigan’s words were drowned out by a sound that seemed like a far away flute.

“Oh, it’s starting.”

Coincident with Vermudol’s words, the cloth that was in front of them was cleared away.

What had spread out there, was open wilderness. Mountains stretched out behind it.

The place where the tent was installed was on slightly elevated ground, and it was made so that they could look down on everything. And then, what appeared before them were five Majin.

Each of them made salutes, and stood before Vermudol's group.

One of them was a female Majin with long blond hair.

On top of her clothes that had white as the basic tone, she wore a pendant that had a yellow magic stone fixed into it, and did not carry anything that looked like a weapon.

That female Majin was Fainell, who Sarigan had also met with before.

One of them was a Majin with short silver hair.

He had light blue metal armor, and a large sword that was about his height.

His cool-headed looking eyes had a calculativeness that one could not neglect peeking through.

One of them was a large muscular man.

He had light brown loose and disheveled hair, and an amply grown beard.

The outfit that seemed to be a formal military uniform dreadfully didn't suit him.

One of them was the Majin Gordy who they had just met with earlier.

And then, there was one more person.

With golden short hair and blue eyes, he had a well-balanced body. On top of his dark blue outfit that had a simple form, he wore plain armor. There wasn't any flashiness at all, but one could tell that extremely high density magical power was kneaded into both his clothes and armor.

What he carried was single sword. This was also an equivalently sharp sword.

However, there wasn't a single person that placed this equipment that should be admired into their eyes.

As for why, it was because after seeing this man, every member of the Jiol Forest Kingdom was assailed by an emotion that they found hard to put into words.

A tinge of nostalgia.

Overwhelming fear.

Certain despair.

Something that stirred their hearts to the point that it was maddening.

“Ve, Vermudol... -dono.”

“What is it, Sarigan-dono.”

In response to Sarigan who had finally squeezed out some words, Vermudol replied with those word.

“That’s... That man, who is he?”

“Ahh, that is Sancreed. Well, self-introductions will happen after this. Please look forward to it.”

Vermudol said that sounding like he found things to be interesting.

However, Sarigan... no, Luuty and Zekwell as well, were unable to get their eyes off of Sancreed.

# Chapter 43

“...Now then, the theater exercise will begin! Central Army, all hands, assemble!”

As if dispelling the atmosphere that covered the place, Gordy shouted.

Gordy’s loud voice, which didn’t even use Amplification Magic, vibrated the surrounding air and resounded across the wilderness.

Responding to that voice, a group of black, full-bodied armors... Magic Operated Armors formed lines.

“The Central Army under the Central General Gordy, is before you!”

Gordy’s voice, which one normally wouldn’t have a chance to hear, freely resounded throughout the wilderness.

Having estimated when those vibrations would calm down, this time Fainell shouted.

“Eastern Army! All hands, assemble!”

She had properly made use of Amplification Magic. With that perfectly clear voice as the signal, soldiers that lurked in the nearby mountain shade and wore white military uniforms came running.

What the soldiers were wearing wasn’t armor.

Also, they did carry sword-like things, but looking at the extravagance of the ornaments on them, one could tell that they were Magic Swords.

Going by this equipment, Luuty understood that the Eastern Army was probably a group of either Magic Swordsmen or Magicians.

If Fainell’s own battle style was taken into consideration, then she could understand it.

It’s because the Fainell that Luuty knew was a Magic Fist Fighter that combined magic

and hand-to-hand combat.

Finally, after looking at the lined up Eastern Army, Fainell turned back around to Vermudol.

“Under the Eastern General Fainell, the Eastern Army! It has taken the stage before you!”

“Yeah, good work. It looks like you’ve brought along quite a lot of them, but is that alright?”

“Yes, it is not a problem at all.”

The number of the Eastern Army that was lined up before them was probably one thousand at most, but one could understand from Vermudol’s words that this wasn’t the entire army.

Even so, even a thousand Magic Soldiers was an enormous threat.

Finally, after seeing that Fainell had returned to her saluting posture, this time, the silver haired Majin shouted towards the wilderness.

“...Well then, Northern Army! All hands, fall in line!”

At those words, this time, many Transmission Magic formations expanded on the wilderness.

Before long, what appeared enveloped in light were soldiers dressed in blue armor.

They deployed with perfectly coordinated movements, and created perfect rows.

“Under the Northern General Altejio, the Northern Army. They have taken the stage before you.”

“Yeah. Today, you’ve taken quite the enchanting method, haven’t you. Fainell is glaring at you, you know?”

“It is because this is a exercise that should be celebrated. We cannot be stingy here.”

After confirming that Altejo had returned to a saluting posture with a nonchalant face, this time Sancreed gave his command.

“Western Army! Assemble!”

Together with Sancreed’s voice, a group wearing dark blue armor appeared from the opposite direction of Fainell’s Eastern Army.

They, who ran at a fixed speed despite wearing multi-layered armor, lined up in front of Sancreed, and clicked their shoes. And then, the soldier at the lead shouted.

“The Western Army, has completed its assembly! The number of persons is neither more nor less than what was last reported!”

“Yeah, good work.”

Sancreed responded to him, then turned back to Vermudol.

“...Under the Western General Sancreed, the Western Army. It has finished assembling.”

“Nn. Don’t you think it would be better if you put a bit more effort in being enchanting?”

“I shall take the proper measures.”

With this, only the Southern Army remained.

However, the large man that controlled the Southern Army only expressed a deep smile.

“...Hey Demon King-sama.”

“What is it?”

“Is it alright? To bring out my Southern Army.”

Hearing those words, Vermudol nodded.

“Yeah, it’s fine.”

“Are you seriously saying that?”

“Yeah, I’m serious.”

Vermudol nodded once again and answered.

“Do it seriously.”

“...Understood.”

What did that mean?

Before that question could be asked, the large man’s voice resounded throughout the wilderness.

“Southern Army! Don’t hold back! All hands, assemble!”

At the same time as those words, earth tremors that were like earthquakes occurred.

“Wha, wha!?”

Each member of the Jiol Forest Kingdom delegation was surprised by the trembling earth, and Nino expressed an annoyed-looking face.

And then, from beyond the wilderness, seeming like a mountain... a wall drew near.

No, it wasn’t a wall.

That was, a group of Golems.

The group of gigantic Golems were coming here, running across the land.

Also, a group of Majuus (magic beasts) of various sizes came running to the grounds from a different direction.

And from yet another direction, a grove of gigantic Majus (magic trees) arrived.

It was truly a party of large monsters.

The appearance of the group that could destroy a single country seemed as if it had

swallowed up all of the displays that were shown up until now.

But, the large man's words continued on.

"I said for all hands to assemble! Are they asleep!"

As if to match with those words, something came flying in from beyond the cloudy sky.

"...What is that...?"

Zekwell narrowed his eyes so as to ascertain its identity.

Something black, that covered the sky.

It came in with high-speed, and entered a range where it could be confirmed by sight.

This time, every member of the Jiol Forest Kingdom delegation became speechless.

That, was a flock of Dragons.

Red, blue, yellow, brown, green.

It was a group of Dragons with various colors.

The Dragons, which were said to have high pride and wouldn't flock together, were flying in in a row.

This commanded flock of Dragons was literally war potential that could fight against the world.

"Well, this is pretty much it. The Southern Army under the Southern General Raktor, it's been assembled."

Seeing Raktor say that, Vermudol breathed a bored-sounding sigh.

"...What. So in the end, you didn't get serious."

"Oi oi, don't say something like that. If I myself were to get serious, it'd be an uproar that couldn't be called a display anymore, you know?"

“Well, that’s true too.”

Hearing Vermudol say something terrifying so calmly, Raktor heartily laughed and answered. And then, it was there that he first noticed Luuty.

“...I feel like I’ve seen you somewhere before.”

“She was one of the candidates to be the Hero Ryuuya’s wife.”

“Ho—, so that was it... Ah, in that case! Do ya know if that Ikslet guy is doing well or not, oi.”

Luuty, who was about to refute Fainell’s frivolous talk, heard Raktor’s words and made a puzzled face.

“...Are you, an acquaintance of Ikslet’s?”

“Ahn? Well, if I had to say if I were acquainted, then I would be.”

After sending distrustful eyes towards Raktor, Luuty answered as if unconcerned.

“Unfortunately, I don’t know of Ikslet’s whereabouts either.”

“Then who would know?”

Hearing Vermudol’s words, after Luuty thought about it for a bit... she resolutely declared.

“I don’t want to answer.”

“L, Luuty!”

“Zek, you be quiet.”

Seeing Luuty silence Zekwell with her gaze, Vermudol leaked out a suppressed laugh.

“Ahh, then it’s fine for now. It’s because the relationship of mutual trust between me and you is only at this level for now.”

“That’s right. I have yet to hear about that truth or whatever after all.”

“That’s for sure.”

After laughing and sounding like he was truly having fun, Vermudol turned his gaze to the speechless Sarigan.

“Sarigan-dono.”

“O, ohh... Vermudol-dono. Sorry, I was a bit astonished.”

“What, I did this in order to surprise you. I am satisfied.”

Hearing that, Sarigan weakly laughed.

Sarigan was truly surprised... but at the same time, his innards had grown cold.

How terrifying.

That was his honest impression.

Did they really think of turning something like this into an enemy?

Sarigan thought that his past self was foolish.

“And so.”

As if to cut off Sarigan’s thoughts as he was thinking about such things, Vermudol spun out his next words.

“This is about the replacement war potential for your country but. Which one would you like?”

“...Ha?”

What was he saying?

For an instant, Sarigan was unable to understand that.

“What I am saying is that this is about the replacement war potential that will be placed for your country’s defense. Well, the ones I killed were the Imperial Guard unit after all. I had thought of sending several members of the Central Army... But, there

were also several generals that had died. After taking that into consideration, I thought that some of the other armies would be good as well.”

“No... wait, please wait!”

“What is it?”

Sarigan finally understood.

That Vermudol was saying that he would lend a part of his powerful military that seemed like it could even destroy the world to the Jiol Forest Kingdom.

“Are they insufficient?”

“N, no. They aren’t insufficient...”

“Fumu?”

Rather, they were excessive.

They were much too great to take in as assurance, and if they were taken in as a favor, there would be no way to pay them back.

“I am not expecting repayment. This is a symbol of friendship.”

“Friendship...”

Sarigan ruminated over that word.

“Overcoming the past, we will become the true embodiment of peace. Please think of this as a symbol of that.”

“...Is that, so...”

“Yeah, it is.”

Sarigan reseated himself into his chair with a calm look to him.

However, it was there that Zekwell opened his mouth.

“In that case, Vermudol-dono. May I state my opinion as one who engages in the military affairs?”

“Of course you may. What is it?”

“I would like to hold back on those who are greatly disconnected from the human shape.”

Hearing those words, Melt and Morse looked to Zekwell with a snap.

They felt that that was an outrageous verbal gaffe.

“Hou, and why do you feel that way?”

“If we speak from a defensive collaboration point of view, affinity with the existing war potential should take priority. We the Jiol Forest Kingdom are a country that has been configured with Sylphid and Beastmen at the core. If we are to aim for affinity with them, then naturally joint tactics would be impossible unless they were in the same human form.”

“I see, you do have a point... Raktor.”

“What is it?”

When Vermudol called Raktor, he made a broad smile.

“...Do it.”

“Ou.”

Raktor snapped his fingers, and with that as the signal, the gathered members of the Southern Army which had atypical forms changed into human forms.

“Wha...!?”

“See, there isn’t a problem. Well, with the exception of the Dragons though.”

It was possible for the Majuu (magic beasts) and the Maju (magic trees) to transform into Majin forms.

Therefore, the condition that Zekwell mentioned had already been cleared.

“Now then, since you are a Forest Kingdom, I believe it would be fine for you to choose from the Maju (magic trees) of the Southern Army. Sarigan-dono, what do you think of that?”

“Th, that’s true... They are all so good, I’m not sure which to choose.”

While the talks were advancing, Luuty was calmly getting a grasp of the situation.

The Demon King Army certainly became much stronger than the Great Demon King Gramfia’s time when Luuty had come to visit this continent in the past.

Having clearly gathered their war potential into a form of armies, they will most likely introduce war tactics as well.

Not leaving battles to powerful individuals, they migrated to combat done with powerful groups.

That military force might have already reached a domain where it would be too much for mankind’s armies to handle.

Demon King Vermudol.

This Demon King, is clearly different from Gramfia.

What if, things now were how it was back then, is what Luuty thought.

If Ryuuya.

If Teria.

If Juno.

If Duke.

If her companions of that time were here right now, would they be able to win against this many formidable enemies?

“...Ryuuya.”

She muttered that single name.

That mutter, vanished within the tempestuous sounds.

But, only Sancreed gazed at Luuty.



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