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槍使いと、黒猫。

S T R A N G E R & B L A C K C A T

The Spearmaster and the Black Cat

by Kenkou

[Novel Updates](#)

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Chapter 53: The Witch of Sedia Wasteland

I return to the inn, intending to take a bath.

When I wash my body, Rollo jumps into the hot water as well, so I wash her black fur until it is pretty.

After washing briefly, I lean my back against the edge of the tub.

The hot water is relaxing...

First, I will check my Status.

Status Window			
Name: Shuya Kagari		Title: Divine Beast Contractor	
Age: 22		Race: Rusivault	
Battle Occupation: Dark Magic Spearman: Chain User		Condition: Relaxed	
Attributes			
Physical Strength	19.2 →19.3	Agility	20.0 → 20.1
Stamina	18.2 →18.3	Mana	23.2 → 23.3
Dexterity	18.11→18.2	Spirit	23.7 → 23.8
Luck	11.0		

Such a thing, I grew a little.

Then, I dismiss my status.

The Mirror of Paredes is in front of me...there should be 24 of them in this world.

I will look for them, little by little.

However, one is in the corner of this room.

This room has no door so won't someone passing by eventually notice the mirror?

Ma, this is fine. Yosh, I will try out the gate magic.

I get out of the tub and wipe my wet body down before getting into my leather clothes.

First of all, I touch the bracelet and remove the zohedron trap from the item box.

I hold the twenty-four sided zohedron trap in my palm. I rotate it and look at the different faces.

Quite beautiful. Should I trace this second and third side? Or, should I go for it and trace twenty-four symbols?

The proof of the pudding is in the eating. (TL: Japanese saying, I couldn't help but translate it like this. The English equivalent is "don't know it till you've tried it.")

I will touch the twenty-fourth face first.

I trace the groove with a finger and it changes from red to green.

Oh? Even once the entire symbol is green, the gate magic does not activate...

As a test, I trace all the red symbols on the face.

At that moment, like the other day, the flashing sphere folds in on itself.

The mirror in the room shines and the scene in front of the mirror is reflected in the gate.

In other words, my form moved.

When I pass through the gate as a test– I return to the room and land with the bed in front of me.

Like the last time the twenty-four sided zohedron trap is set in the top of the mirror, it separates on its own and floats through the air.

Again, it begins to orbit around my head.

The symbol on the face can be used normally. So, that means...

Are there not twenty-four mirrors? Or can it not be used now?

Is it not usable because the mirror and sphere have not met some condition?

As another test, I trace the “one” symbol and activate the gate.

Without entering the gate, I leave it alone for five minutes, then ten minutes, without entering.

–I reach out a hand to the shining gate.

My hand does not come out of the mirror. My hand does not stick out of the mirror so something like dimensional kill is not possible. (TL: Reference? I think our equivalent is playing with portals.)

Even after thirty minutes have passed, the gate magic does not disappear.

Can it not be canceled this way? I put my hand in the light of the gate and try to will “dismiss gate magic.”

Then, the light of the gate instantly stops and the twenty-four sided zohedron trap appears in my hand.

Heeh, so I can cancel it this way.

Yosh, next I will trace the second face.

Ooh, the gate activates normally.

I can see the other side through the light...

There, un...

It is under water. Is it the bottom of the sea?

It seems like the sandy bottom of an ocean, fish...

Still, it does not seem to be too deep. I can see sunlight.

I will postpone this one. I thrust out my hand...and activate the cancellation.

I catch the rotating zohedron trap in my hand and then trace the symbol on the third face.

The third side activated normally too.

The scene on the other side of the gate causes me to stare in surprise for a moment.

A woman, a naked blond changing into her clothes.

When that woman noticed the light of the mirror, she covers herself with gray rag clothes, then begins to touch the mirror despite being scared.

...I cannot go through this one.

She is joining her hands in prayer towards the mirror.

No, lady, don't mistake me for some God.

However, the clothes in front of this child's chest, several places are torn...

The woman seems to be called by someone and leaves the room after stepping away from the mirror and putting her shabby clothes on.

The range I can see makes me think the room is small.

There is a bed on the right, and further to the right is the wooden door the woman left through.

In the left corner is a wardrobe and a small desk.

There is a wreath above the desk and there is also a small bookshelf.

It is a simple image of a modest life style.

Now then, I have checked this gate, so should I check it another time...

I cancel it.

Next, I trace the fourth symbol.

This gate is different from the other one.

The scene I see is brown earth and bare rocks.

Moreover, on the ground there is scattered a countless number of ruined arms and jewelry.

The sunlight is illuminating the jewels beautifully, and the various articles on the ground look like wonderful treasures.

Even so, it shows signs of a battle field, even if it does look like a gold mine.

However, what is this unnatural gold mine?

Suddenly, it vibrates and is all blown away in an instant—

That surprised me.

And, suddenly the only thing that occupies the gate is the color of a great eye.

Uhaa, huge, it is an amphibian eye.

Dragon, is it the eye of a dragon? The area around the eye is dark red, its blinking is also big...

After it blinks the dragon took some distance from the mirror, this time the dragon's entire head is in view and it opens its mouth and its dark red tongue envelopes the gate.

Did it lick the mirror?

Sticky juices are covering it...

The dragon seems to have gotten tired of licking and vanishes in an instant.

However, this time a brave woman, no, an old looking woman appears in front.

–She is staring in this direction.

The old woman is wearing a special helmet.

There is a red jewel in the middle of the forehead, covered by an ornamental dragon.

The frame around the jewel extends out to the sides and tapers to two points, hidden behind her hair like a head-band.

The frame makes it seem like a crown.

Her hair is black but tinged with red.

The contrasting black and red stands out and the hair flowing down her back sways in the wind.

She is wearing a decorative red armor that covers her entire body all the way to her toes, it looks like a sweat suit, a costume type armor.

Moreover, the narrow feminine silhouette is captivating, I follow the curving outline of her body.

Her body seems to be youthful, but her face is that of an old woman, full of wrinkles... unbalanced.

As for information about the woman on the other side of the gate, I can see her one-sidedly, and I cannot feel any bit magic essence either.

N~. this is bothering me.

To go through this gate, this strange old woman, I would like to meet this dragon-baba.

I check on my throwing knives and small weapons.

“Rollo, I think I’m going to go check this place out now.”

“Nya.”

She claps my shoulder with one paw. Signalling her agreement.

With a smile and a nod, I summon the black spear into my right hand and pass through the gate.

“Oya, maa...this is surprising.”

The moment I pass through the gate, the old woman reacts with a transparent voice that conveys her experience.

“Thanks...I surprised you?”

“Aah, it was really surprising, I have lived several thousands of years, yet this is the first time this mirror has shined. You suddenly appeared to, just what are you”

“Iya, even if you ask what I’m called...I am just a humble spearman.”

I check things out while speaking so lightly, and observe this old lady with magic observing eye.

A strong and dazzling magic essence is rising from her whole body.

I do not know whether it is fighting moji, or if it is just the magic essence quickly circulating through her body.

“Hou... those “eyes” you’re using? Hyahyahya.”

The old woman shows mana in her eyes and her eyes change to being slit.

The color is bordered by dark red, a strange triangular magic formation

pattern is visible.

This old woman, she really is the dragon from before...

“Aren’t your eyes strange too? Are you a dragon?”

“Aah. That’s right. However, I’m not a common dragon. My formal name is ‘Haiesoshesoto Dragonia’ of the dragon race. However, it has been a long time and I am called the ‘Witch of the Sedia Wasteland’ by the neighboring countries.”

Witch of the Sedia Wasteland?

The witch of a wasteland...this is the first time I have heard of this.

“...Is that so. Then let me introduce myself. I am Shuya Kagari, the one of my shoulder is Rollodinu.”

“Is that so. A strange partnership, aren’t eyes of the beast with the appearance of a cat not common like Shuya Kagari?”

“Nya.”

–Her various judgements seem good.

Iya, is she able to tell with those eyes?

During the conversation, the zohedron trap separates from the mirror and returns to drifting. It begins the orbit my head as usual.

I casually grab the sphere. I put it in my chest pocket.

“...Hou, isn’t that a strange technique or magic tool...”

“Pardon me, may I ask your name?”

“Ah, of course, I guess I will introduce myself as well. My name is Sazihali. My

old name is the witch Sazihali.”

“Is that so. Sazihali-san.

I bow slightly in response.

“Hyahyahya, you are interesting. With this response, after all, you are not a human from the neighboring 【Aherne Country】 or 【Zerubia Empire】. They would normally respond with violence upon seeing me.”

Sazihali-san folds her arms and reaches one hand to her jaw. While placing her fingertip of her beautiful red lips, she talks with a smile.

“Eeh, that’s right. I have no idea where the Sedia wastelands are, and I have never heard of countries called 【Aherne】 or 【Zerubia】. Then, have you heard of the Maheim mountain range?”

“Maheim mountain range. That should be where Aruditto lived. That is an extremely distant place...it is a mountain range to the south east; did you metastasize from there?”

Aruditto?

The Maheim mountain range is the far southeast place which is far from 【Hector】 and 【Mount Burdock】, so this 【Sedia Wasteland】 is far off to the northwest?

“...Eeh, something like that.”

Sazihali’s words become sharp when she hears my words.

“Hou, then isn’t Shuya a talented magic user with the space-time attribute? Did you come to ‘hunt’ me like the other humans?”

Sazihali talks with a suddenly cold tone.

This nuance, is traveling such a far distance with the space-time attribute

impossible?

However, hunting?

“...No, no, it’s different. As for hunting, are you being aimed at?”

The witch Sazihali’s eyes open wide at my question.

The ends of her scale-like eyebrows move in surprise.

“...I have lived for a long time. Still, this is astonishing. Explaining it, I am viewed as the natural enemy and target of the humans, a mortal enemy, isn’t it because I took the form of a dragon for a long time? I am targeted by 【Aherne】 and 【Zerubia.】. It’s natural, but I indiscriminately lay waste to the surroundings, eating monsters and humans alike.”

Uha, I thought it was fine since I could talk to her like a human, but is she actually frenzied?

Is it the same for the Evil Dragon King?

“It was such a thing...”

“Because of that, what kind of reason did Shuya come here, is it not to hunt me?”

“I had no reason, I was simply curious, that’s the reason.”

“Oho, is that so. You had no business...kukuku.”

“Is something wrong?”

“Iya, na, it has been a long time since I have talked to someone like Shuya. Even if you see the form of this dragon-baba, you have a pleasant attitude without flinching.”

It’s really fun. Shouldn’t I ask in this situation?

“That’s right. Then, since it’s fun, may I ask you a question?”

“Aah, it’s fine. Don’t hesitate to ask.”

“Well then, what is the difference between an Ancient Dragon and a High Dragon, and have you ever heard of the evil dragon king?”

“That’s simple. An ancient dragon is generic name for old dragons that belong to the strongest class, aside for ‘high dragons.’ Their character is ‘fierce and greedy with a daring personally’. Those guys are different from an ordinary dragon, and possesses a degree of intellectual power, but they can never take on the form of a human like me. I have never heard of the name evil dragon king.”

She has never heard of the evil dragon king... no, shouldn’t I ask about the intelligence?

Is either one okay?

“...Is that right. Like Sazihali-san, can contact be made with a high dragon?”

“It would be impossible, I said it earlier, but violence is not uncommon isn’t violence common.?”

It seems I will not be able to contact the evil dragon king.

“Is that so. Is there any significance behind the name High Dragon?”

“High Dragons are those dragons that stand at the top of the dragon race aside from the ‘ancient dragons.’ It also means there are people who have dragon language magic.”

Dragon language magic.

This is another kind of magic I have never heard of.

“Can I use dragon language magic?”

“Impossible. “Fazloirugaaaaaa.”

Suddenly, the old woman sets “words” free when she opens her mouth and

shakes her throat.

At the same time— suddenly, a gust of wind is born that flows behind me.

“That was part of dragon language magic. It is impossible with the throat of a human. They don’t have the appropriate vocal organs.”

There is such a magic.

Ah, I will also ask about this.

“I see. That’s certainly impossible. Then have you heard of Genju’s sake ball of light, or the sacred stone of wisdom?”

The witch Sazihali shows a reaction different than she has so far.

“...I have. Where did you hear of it?”

Even if I cover it up, it can’t be helped. I guess I will tell her the truth.

“I heard about it when I made a contract with a divine beast.”

“Nya.”

Rollo also calls out.

“...Is that so, is that so...it’s that cat on your shoulder? Ma, it’s fine. Twilight of the gods, it’s a treasure artifact left behind by Rerikus, the god of relics. From a human...it should be something only known of as a fairy tale?”

The witch Sazihali, stares at Rollo with apparent unrest.

“It’s only the name. I am looking for it.”

“Haha, you’re looking for something that may as well be a mirage. The meddling of the gods in Seurosus has never gone past that point. Still, Sateyura, the god of plants, has a direct effect on the spirits of plant types, Gaia, the god

of earth, has a sanctuary that is a forest thick with magic essence...Perhaps, you may find some clue there.”

Oooh, this is more than enough. As expected of an ancient dragon and witch. I got a major clue.

“Thank you. I will remember it.”

“Fumu. –It is time for me to go soon. Shuya? It was fun.”

Sazihali looks in the opposite direction and talks with a smile.

“Yes. May I come here again?”

“...Do what you want, I have a whimsical mood, so am often not here. Well then, I’ll go-”

When the old woman says so she transforms into a raging red dragon right in front of me.

After releasing a roar, she flies away.

Fuu, she has an intimidating air, that mysterious dragon.

Now. Should I look around this area or return?

I leave the small mountain that is Sazihali-san’s home and look around the area.

Overhead, a crow-like bird is flying.

It may be a hawk or a falcon...

At any rate, a wasteland spreads out.

In the distance, I see a small hill on the brown side of a mountain.

There is only the desolate scenery without any trees or grass.

After a few hours of wandering through such a wasteland, I come across the

familiar green monster, the Goblin.

–There is a magic essence reaction.

I activate at once.

I get closer to the goblin while staying hidden.

Most of the goblins have wooden clubs in their hands and are wearing hide armor.

There seem to be goblins carrying bows in the back as well.

Since they have yet to notice me, should I attack first?

Rollo prepares for the first attack with me.

I use with a throwing knife. The knife pierces the head of a goblin and the chest of another, two are dead in a fraction of a second.

Rollo extend her feeler toward the skull of a goblin too.

The sharp point of the ivory sword pierces the goblin's head.

Goblins are killed one after another.

The goblins in the back begin to counter attack with bow and arrows, but their aim is poor, and we are not hit.

With no intention of allowing the goblin archers to continue firing, I quickly run with fighting moji enhanced legs, and approach a goblin archer.

I extend the black spear grasped in one hand and pierce through the archer's body.

“Gyaa.”

Pulling out the black spear dirtied by entrails, I make a wide turn centered on my toes.

Using the turn, I summon the magic sword Bitou into my left hand and bring it down, cutting through the shoulder of the nearby goblin.

“Ge.”

Once other goblins see their comrades easily killed, they take us as a threat, and fire arrows from the bows desperately while wailing. However, every time, I use a dead goblin as a shield, knock down the arrows with the black spear, and easily block the arrows.

The time lag between firing arrows makes it useless.

Now if they had a skill that allowed them to fire three arrows at once...

It becomes troublesome to kill them with the distance, so I eject as a middle range weapon to easily kill them.

It would have been easy if I used the chain from the beginning.

As the development always goes, I slaughter the goblins without being careless.

In front of Rollo and me are scores of goblin corpses along a stone road. This much will not become an obstacle.

The corpses of the goblins are scattered across the wasteland. From the sky descend carefree crows to the new feeding ground.

If so many goblins appeared, there should be a goblin race colony in the area.

Or is it an underground hole because of the topography of the wasteland?

When I try to look and walk around, the frequency of goblins becomes high.

I head north, slaughtering goblins along the way, there does not seem to be anything like a goblin colony or a town with people nearby.

The sky darkens as the day comes to an end.

I should have asked Sazihali-san where I could find a human town.

Ma, I can return for now.

“Rollo, let’s return.”

“Nyao.”

Rollo returns to my shoulder.

I take the twenty-four sided zohedron trap out of my pocket and tamper with the sphere.

I trace the symbol for the mirror I placed in the inn, and the gate activates.

The shining gate appears without a problems.

I go through and return to the inn in **【Hector】**.

Chapter 54: Expert Blacksmith from the Slave Market

For these past few days, I have stopped searching for the mirrors using the gate.

Continuing to live freely while taking requests, I go out for a walk.

Shuya Kagari enters a different world, a back street path.

I walk happily while feeling the refreshing winds and there is a reporter type of feeling.

I see the condition of the people who live in the city as I walk around.

A place washing leather using a washboard and pail, laundry is being air dried or dried with life wind magic. There seems to be small jointly owned gardens. There is a person cultivating the ground while watering it with magic.

A small side door of a general store is opened and I peep inside. There is betting revolved around boxing in a barred in the area, bodice, a beautiful prostitute with curly hair and a sleeveless jacket...

I walk through the downtown area of 【Fort City Hector】 with such a feeling.

The sewers are maintained and there are public restrooms available. There is no scene of shit being thrown into the street.

Yosh, this is enough for today, I will not walk much more.

Today is the day I will be receiving the armor I ordered.

I am going to Zaga & Bon's shop once I get a little exercise.

I go ahead through the small alley to the residential area's vacant square.

Pieces of cloth are spread out between the eaves overhanging the alley.

The ground is dark, and even though it has not rained the air is humid.

However, I do not hate it. I calm down slightly. This is because I hear the laughter and voices of people working under the cloth roofs.

An atmosphere peculiar to downtown.

While I am enjoying the calm, the vacant land spreads out in front of me.

There is a cloth roof before the small alley I pass through.

The vacant land that exists all alone.

I am not here for radio exercises; I am here to train. (TL: During the summer in Japan elementary aged children go out to nearby parks in the area to do radio broadcasted exercises. They get a stamp for doing it and local shops may give them something small as a reward.) “Rollo, I’m going to train, so you can play.”

“Nya.”

Rollo calls out lightheartedly and jumps down from my shoulder.

Like that, she walks along the wall of the residential area.

A few hours later—

Rollo does not return even after I have finished training.

Ara? She normally comes back immediately.

While whistling, I walk in the direction that Rollo disappeared.

At that time, the laughter of children comes from around the corner.

I head there.

Ah, there she is. Rollo is playing with children.

They seem to be racing.

Rollo lets the children catch her.

She licks the children with a *pero-pero* when caught.

The children and happily going *kya-kya-kya* and putting their faces in Rollo’s belly and going *fuu-fuu* in retaliation.

Haha, the children’s smiles are good. They seem happy playing.

It is unfortunate for the happily playing children, but I whistle to Rollo, letting her know I had come.

Rollo’s ears immediately stand up straight in response to the whistle.

She turns her small face to me and stops playing with the children, running back to me.

Rollo rubs her head against my leg and then climbs up my right arm before taking up her usual position.

The children gather too, tempted by Rollo.

“-Waa, your face is flat. Is that your cat onii-chan?”

“Ahaha, it’s good, riding on the shoulder~”

“-Me too, me too~”

“Onii-chan is tall~”

“Naa, onii-chan, let’s have a ‘throw’ match.”

I introduce myself simply with a smile.

“That’s right. This cat is my Familiar, my pet.”

“N, nya.”

Rollo speaks too.

“Heh, ama~zing. She answered.”

“N, is she saying yes or no?”

“Ryoryo, baka, ” (TL: Uh, I give up on the second part まほうのせいぶつとか、めしつかいのことだよ)[ED: WELL....]

“That’s right, Tatan is smart~”

“Heeeh, amazing onii-chan, are you popular?”

“That’s right.”

I talk boastfully to the children.

“-Oooh.”

“Amazing.”

The children look at me in surprise and with eyes full of excitement.

Playing with kids like this is good, but I need to go to the Dwarf’s shop.

“...Well then, I have somewhere I need to be, so bye~”

“Eeh, don’t go.”

“Bye~”

“Neko-chan, bye.”

“What about the throwing game~?”

Although I wave a hand.

“Sorry. I have to go.”

Saying so, I part from the children and head towards the shop of the dwarf brothers.

I hear the voices of the children behind me saying “Good-bye” in imitation.

Now then, I am excited about the armor I ordered.

What will it be like?

I walk through the alley with a grin.

On the way, I get lost but back track to the main street and somehow remember the way.

And then, I arrive at the dwarf brother’s shop.

“Encha? Enchant!”

“Nn, Nyao.”

Bon meets us when we approach the store.

Rollo makes a rumbling sound when she sees Bonn and jumps from my shoulder.

She is running towards Bon.

Bon seems happy loudly exchanging words with Rollo.

“Haha, what a strange conversation.”

Thereupon, Zaga appears from the shop.

“Oh, I was thinking Bon was being noisy and it’s Shuya? Mou, the armor is already made. Come in-“

“Yes. Rollo, I’m going inside.”

“Nya.”

“Enchant.”

Rollo returns to my shoulder.

Bon comes along as well.

Entering the shop, I am led to a desk.

The new armor I ordered is placed there.

This is the armor that Zaga and Bon built for me.

It has a wonderful appearance.

Around the neck is a white soft looking collar that gives it a high-quality appearance.

There is a round pauldron attached to the right shoulder. From the right elbow to the shoulder section, is a cylindrical part made from the carapace.

This shoulder section is great.

There is no ruck sack, but I want to do a shoulder tackle.

It seems the chest part uses the octagonal piece of the armored commander’s carapace.

The bare minimum, it is made to only protect the heart.

Furthermore, there is a faint magic formation on the surface of the carapace, the image of a white spear is on the octagon.

Heh, this picture is good.

However, the enchantment section stands out.

It is the only part with high mana density.

A line of mana is joined to the surface creating a honeycomb pattern... I think this is the work of a tremendously skill enchanter.

I can tell even with the eye of an amateur.

The carapace is joined in several places with fur and metal.

The tassets around the waist are firmly made, it looks like I will be able to move my legs freely too. Twofold and threefold leather belts are attached to the side.

They come together to make a fluctuating small form.

This is carefully made, Amazing. As expected of craftsmen.

It fits without needing to tighten the side belts.

The surface is smooth too.

Blue leather. Aah, this is the hide from the tiger I had.

Even if I twist my waist, there is no discomfort.

It has a high affinity with the cuirass made from sea dragon from the old days that makes it look good.

Pale black gloves were prepared so I try putting them on.

There is a hole in the left wrist.

They seem to have made a hole for the chain as I requested.

The wrist of the gloves has a leather worked pattern of flashing lightning.

“How is it?”

“Thank you. I am completely satisfied.

“Is that so. Then it was worth making. Right? Bon.”

“Enchant~”

Raising two fingers, it is slightly altered?

Pouting, my forehead creases.

Bon has a triumphant look.

“However, it really is wonderfully made. The design on the chest is good, what is the magic like thing on the back?”

“Bon’s enchantment. it seems to be a fused magic of divine light protection and physical protection. I do not understand the specifics, but I think it means your defense should increase. By the way, the spear design is my original.”

So, it is Bon's enchantment. Bon is a prodigy.

The picture is good too. These dwarf brothers are more than common blacksmiths.

"The design is good. I can tell that Bon's enchantment is great."

"Maana."

"Enchant!"

"Bon seems happy as well."

"Yes. Ah, this is the cost in gold coins. Zaga and Bon, Thank you very much."

I hand over the gold coins.

"Ouyo. –Certainly."

"Enchant."

"Well then. At once, I am going to go exploring with this new armor."

"Gahaha, show it off, I'll make you something again if you bring good materials."

"Yes. Then-"

"Nyao."

Enjoying the indescribable smell of new armor, I walk through the street with the big market along with Rollo.

The market has various stalls; people are milling about in confusion.

There is a shop specializing in fur and leather shoes, a stand selling cakes with roasted chestnuts, a shop selling clothes is next to a shop selling food.

At any rate, it is all disordered.

In addition, the shops that are here vary day to day, a competitive market place of a random nature.

This market, is kind of like the malls in Southeast Asian and Latin America...

If there is a shop selling ramen I will immediately go there.

Oh, skewers.

There are meat-skewers being sold in one of the stalls.

It seems to be the breast meat from a deer type monster.

With onion type vegetables and meat, the fragrant smell of meat juices is appetizing.

–It looks good. I buy some.

I buy a share for Rollo and myself.

While eating the meat skewers, amongst the crowd of various qualities of customers, I stroll indifferently.

When I walk out of such a market, I see a big long carriage stopped at the edge of the market.

N? That is an especially large carriage.

It feels like the carriage has been remodeled magically with metal and It looks like a coffin.

The slave market is in front of it, is it somehow related?

I move to the side of the peculiar carriage.

Next to it is a coat of arms with the design of a horse with one horn.

The unicorn is drawn in red, yellow and white.

Is it a family crest? Or maybe the logo of a company.

It stands out, the owner might be a special person...

When the back door of the carriage opens, a wooden ramp is lowered to the ground.

There comes a young man wearing clothes appropriate for a noble, and a long-haired elf with silvery hair wearing a black slave collar steps firmly down from the ramp.

Silver hair and pale skin?

N? She is wearing a silver mask over the left side of her face?

The noble-like man that I had identified as a slave trader has silver hair reaching his hem. Their hair is more appropriate for an elf than a human.

Furthermore, this is my first time seeing such pale skin on an elf.

I can tell she is a slave because of the black collar but unlike the other slaves her hands and feet are not restricted.

Continuing from behind are people of various races with black collars around their necks and shackles around their hands and feet linking them together.

The group lead by such a slave dealer heads to the corner with the slave market.

I am curious so I follow them.

That slave trader and pale elf, they seem to be putting the slaves up for auction.

They are being evaluated with sharp eyes.

Occasionally, he speaks to the silver haired elf for advice.

The other merchants seem to acknowledge the superiority of this slave dealer...

Everyone, while whispering, is turning cold eyes to the newly arrived slave dealer.

Some slave dealers back away to avoid him.

They split before the noble looking slave trader like the Red Sea before Moses, the streets become crowded.

Who is this slave dealer...

Men dressed in the same way see the slave trader with the appearance of a noble with his entourage of slaves and approach him.

What are they going to talk about?

I am extremely curious.

At that moment, I make eye contact with the beautiful pale elf.

Half of her face is covered with the silver guard, but I tell from her exposed pale skin that she has a beautiful face.

Mana is circulating in one eye that is a brilliant silver.

That pale elf...she seems to be able to use magic observing eye.

I keep mana in my eyes as well and approach while straining my ears to hear.

“Keragan Kyaneras-sama from 【Oath of the One Horn】”

“Dodgness. 【Hector’s】 outdoor market is the same as always. The market surely is big but the shops are much too disorganized.”

The slave dealer called Keragan Kyaneras talks while looking around the market with blue eyes.

“Yes, however, the market here is treated considerably well in the taxation system, so it is convenient for slave traders.”

“This crowd. I will be like that.”

The slave trader called Dodgness is rubbing his hands together in a submissive attitude, and turns sharp eyes to the silver haired elf behind Kyaneras.

“...Are you selling today? Buying?”

Dodgness speaks to Kyaneras in a wheedling voice.

“Selling today. No, are you worried about the eyes?”

“Eeh, yes. Possibly, is the person behind you an illusion?”

When Kyaneras hears him, he nods in satisfaction.

“That’s right. As expected, you noticed. This isn’t an ordinary elf, it’s a dark elf. Don’t you want me to sell you this slave? Now, the slaves behind me need to be sold as well.”

“...I see, well then, would you like to bring the dark elf to the underground auction?”

Heh, that elf is a dark elf?

Her skin is pale instead of tanned.

Ah, our eyes met again.

This is good, right? Her body is wonderful.

However, I am interested in the conversation between the slave dealers so I disregard the eyes.

Kyaneras faces Dodgness with a triumphant look.

The corners of his mouth rise and he grins and arrogant smile.

“...Naturally. It cannot be seen in the market, you could say it is a value equal to a high elf. The price will jump considerably in the underground auction.”

Kyaneras looks away from Dodgness and smiles at the dark elf.

When the dark elf notices his eyes she averts her gaze from me, and looks again at Kyaneras.

She lowers her heads and stays silent.

“Fumu. Dodgness. –How much would you buy such a thing for?”

Dodgness is upset by Kyaneras’ question but removes a parchment from his chest.

“Y, yes, wait a moment.”

“Understood. It’s a mixture of good and bad, but the price is expected.”

The slave dealer Dodgness is evaluating, so he extends the thin metal stick in his hand and begins to look over the slaves that are chained together.

He makes them stick out their tongues and open their nether regions, he keeps picking at their bodies with the thin stick.

When he finishes examining them, he smoothly writes on the paper with a pen and returns the Keragan Kyaneras.

“I’ll buy all of them. How about this?”

Kyaneras receives the parchment and looks at what is written, and his eyebrows twitch in response.

“...Hou. Didn’t you estimate them very high? ...Dodgness. What is your request?”

“Eeh, isn’t it good? I also want to attend the underground auction.”

Kyaneras nods a few times.

“Fumu, fumu...Dodgness’ qualifications are first class?”

“Yes. Since last year.”

“Since that’s the case, here...”

Kyaneras takes a pen and begins adding to the paper Dodgness wrote on.

“Na... I understand.”

Dodgness is staring at the paper Kyaneras is writing on as greasy sweat begins to drip from him. Shaking himself with the feeling of it being inevitable he begins to write.

“...Can you take this out? It seems you want to attend very much. Yosh, the transaction is completed. Take this, with it you may enter my house. In the cold months of winter, come to my mansion in 【Pernette】. The important auction is being held ninety days from the end of the year. You should come sooner than that.”

Something is handed over.

“Yes. I will be there. Thank you very much.”

“Well then, carry the gold coins to the carriage. You– (Slap)”

Kyaneras turns around and claps.

He gives simple instructions to the slaves he owns.

The slaves are directed by Kyaneras and walk to Dodgness who purchased them for a large sum.

It seems Kyaneras sold the slaves in his possession.

The slaves Dodgness bought become two lines.

After instructing the slaves, Kyaneras returns to the luxurious carriage with the dark elf.

When she returns, I think the dark elf may have looked at me for a second, but it must be my imagination.

This is my first time hearing a conversation between slave traders, it had a lot of information.

There is such a world.

At any rate, I am curious about the underground auction that came up several

times.

Before she died, Kuna said she bought the item box from the underground auction, it was also written in her notes.

It seems to be held in Pernette...I have a slave trader's certificate too, am I able to participate?

While contemplating, I look at the sold slaves.

A strong looking man and woman are bought immediately.

"Onii-chan over there, are you buying?"

While I am looking at a slave, a trader calls out to me "N? I'm not interested right now. Sorry."

"Is that so, there's a broken-down adventurer soldier, but there's also a beastman warrior who can take out a magic doll on his own."

There is a tiger faced macho man wearing a collar.

After staring at the state of the slaves for a little, I pass on.

If they are going to be usable they must be "beautiful" and a "woman"... [ED: Thinking with his dick...]

Now then, let's go.

I want to try using the spear while I wear the new armor. I guess I will train.

"Rollo, let's go to the vacant area."

"Nnn."

Only purring, is it because Rollo ate the meat skewer, she crawls into the hood hanging down my back.

Rollo seems to be sleepy. Ma, I can still go to the vacant land while she is sleeping.

I head to the vacant area I found the other day.

I arrive. I make sure the surroundings are clear with presence detection.

-No one is there.

It is the place where the cat convention happened the other day.

The wide space with nothing other than the big stump.

“Rollo, I’m going to train so you need to get up.”

“N, Nyao.”

Rollo moves from the hood to my shoulder.

She jumps to the ground, and after stretching out her forelegs with her chin up she runs to the stump.

While Rollo stares at me from the stump with her feet together like a doll, I begin training.

Running, swinging the spear, jumping, thrusting up.

I move my body vigorously to check the status of my new armor.

I can move the spear as smoothly as normal.

There is no sense of discomfort with the new armor. Then, I stop moving for a moment.

Tomorrow is finally the day of the Evil Dragon King extermination.

Starting from the basics— I begin to release consecutive normal thrusts.

In the middle, I add in .

—From — Thrusting, without leaving a space, an ordinary lunge.

The delay before makes consecutive stabs possible.

Next is spear sparring—

Twisting, turning on my toes, I make full use of my foot work.

Assuming all of these, I perform connected attack training.

The I got from the 【Training Course】 is great.

Every time I practice the “Toe turn” evasive maneuver, it becomes sharper and my ability to dodge improves.

I also do training that makes use of the magic sword in my movements.

I move my arm in a slant with the sword, being aware on the meandering

type.

I have outstanding stamina so I do not need to worry about getting tired.

I train the spear and sword in earnest without a particular goal and end up spending most of the day training.



The next day, I head the square of the War God Vaisu where we are supposed to meet for the evil dragon king subjugation request.

The location is like a big park.

Rollo jumps from my shoulder and runs ahead.

Again, did you find something?

I quickly chase after Rollo.

I discover a place that seems like an entrance.

There is a statue of an old man dressed in a gown, indeed a statue that looks like a god wearing armor and with a sword in his hand is on either side of the entrance.

Rollo climbs onto on the statues and is aiming to climb onto the bald head.

“Ara, a cat.” “It really is.” “It’s awfully fast.” “Hou.” “To climb onto wise man Rabi...” “However, it’s pretty cute.”

...She is attracting attention.

Adventurers are noticing Rollo.

The number of adventurers suddenly increases from here.

Everyone seems to be here for the same reason.

I call Rollo while feeling slightly embarrassed.

“O-i, come back.”

“Nya.”

Rollo immediately returns to her spot on my shoulder.

“Rollo, behave yourself a little. We’re heading to the place where everyone is

gathering now.”

“Nyao.”

I have such an exchange with Rollo.

“That cat is cute.”

“I want a cat like that.”

“Awfully obedient. A familiar?”

“I wonder? Let’s go.”

With such a feeling, the black cat and I attract attention for a while.

Scratching my head while being embarrassed by people looking, I follow the adventurers.

In the center of the open space is a circular open air theater.

Heh, it has the feeling of a dramatic opera.

People that look like adventurers are gathering there, one after another.

–So, when I walk to the meeting place, I am called out.

“Shuya-“

The source of the voice, was Quiche with a translucent smile.

Quiche Bakunda.

The white and emerald green knight armor, I look at it, green greaves type.

Her seductive rocket breasts are concealed. (TL: I don’t...why author-sensei?)
[ED: Kill me please.]

Her perfectly aligned white teeth. After all, I am healed. (TL: I think he means from the fear Kuna caused him. I know you’ve all been worried, but Shuya’s penis is ready to fight to!) “...As I though, Quiche is also participating in the subjugation.”

“Nya.”

“Aah, of course. Shuya has also brought Rollo, you have come here to participate?”

“That’s the plan.”

“Good. Shuya and Rollo are strong. This is reassuring.”

Rollo seems happy, she lifts one leg and claps my shoulder.

“Nyaa.”

“Maa, I intend to fight.”

“Aah, that’s right. I also will get reparation for the lives taken, my home, my family, those I buried.”

Quiche’s eye become clear, colored with hatred.

“...Shuya will be participating solo?”

“That’s right.”

“Then, I am participating solo as well. Let’s go to the meeting place together. The guild master of the adventurers and marquess-sama seem to have already arrived. In addition, there are members of this city’s knight order on the dais as well.”

“Understood, let’s go.”

I accompany Quiche to the circular venue.

Several hundred have already sat down and the place is nearly full.

It seems we are standing at the back of the procession.

It is noisy with the sounds of rustling and talking adventurers.

Looking at such a seated audience, every person looks strong and powerful. There are also many beastmen.

Oh, it’s Sarah. Crimson Tiger is participating too.

Over there is a famous mixed adventurer clan of humans and beastmen. I think...they are the B rank **【Shaffer’s Battle-axe】**. Most of the members are combat slaves. On the other side is the similarly B ranked **【Crimson Tiger’s Tempest】**. The ones to them with the black and red robes are the B ranked **【Aria’s Wanderer】**. Oh, there are even more big shots. The magic user duo is the S ranked **【Ice Mausoleum of Blue Waters】**.”

Quiche explains.

“Heh, you know a lot.”

“I also have been an adventurer for several years, the adventurer clans I just brought up are not only here in **【Hector】**, they are adventurer clans know in areas to the east.”

“Is that so. I didn’t know. I’ll remember what you told me.”

As for Quiche, does not know such a thing? (TL: Not sure, so I left this translation literal.) Such a look is on my face.

Without minding it, now I look at all the famous adventurer clans that Quiche mentioned.

The leader of **【Shaffer’s Battle-axe】** is a giant hairy beastman.

There is a characteristic mark on the beastman’s chest.

He is covered head to foot in fur, only on his chest is there a black ring of burnt skin, the hair is gone.

All the members are slaves sold the other day, they have “collars,” is the scar burned into their chest proof of slavery...there is a female magic user to the side as well.

Only this women’s chest is unharmed.

This woman might be the master.

I cannot make out her face from this distance.

The faces of **【Crimson Tiger’s Tempest】** are as beautiful as ever.

Conversely, Butch-shi is the only one with a grim look and it creates a good balance.

【Ice Mausoleum of Blue Waters】 is sitting in the front seats.

As Quiche said, there are only two of them.

Going by their appearance, I think they are twins.

They look human, but they are awfully short and their fair skin stands out.

A magic user duo.

Then, I move my eyes to the platform.

Soldiers wearing black masks are standing guard on both sides of the platform.

The black mask wearing guards are built like pro wrestlers. They are carrying executioner's axes in both hands, watching the audience attentively.

They have a guard like feeling.

At the center of the stage is a noblewoman with her retainers, she must be the sponsor.

On her left is an old man dressed in a dark blue cloak and a female magic user.

N, –That is Eris.

Eris is at the left side. She is standing next the old man in the dark blue cloak.

The old man is not speaking to Eris and is instead talking to the noble woman on his right.

Standing as guards to protect the noble woman on both sides and behind her is an old soldier with grey hair and the lady's beast maid who looks young.

Knight-like people in blue armor are sitting next to the nobles as well.

However, that noble woman is having a long conversation with that old man...

Blond hair and blue eyes. Beautiful porcelain skin.

Her face looks like a doll's and her nose ridge is long...

Possibly...no, that would be impossible. The noble woman is wearing a blank mantel edge with silver over a crimson velvet dress that hides the lines of her body.

The black mantel is reflecting the light because it is covered in jewels.

Noble woman, old soldier, beastwoman...

I have seen that face somewhere before.

–Aah, I remember.

Chapter 55: Evil Dragon King Subjugation Rally

Seriously. The woman with the overbearing personality...

She and the others were on the side of the people who attacked me in the ruins on the outskirts of Fadyke.

The nobles involved in the kidnapping of the princess.

She was a big shot in Hector.

When I look at the platform—

“Guuuuuuun.”

The deep bass voice of an animal comes from the sky.

The voice is coming from a griffon.

It is actually two griffons making that sound as they fly down to the platform.

Cheers rise from the stands.

Uhyo~what a flashy entrance.

The knight riding the light brown griffon climbs down to the platform.

Both the people are wearing a dark green unified armor.

The lion has wings like a dragon to support the armor and shield, the figure of the griffon creates a strong atmosphere.

When one of the knights removes their helmet, long golden hair cascades and the face of a beautiful woman is revealed.

Another cheer comes from the men in the audience.

The other dark green knight is an ikemen with a good build. There are some shrill feminine voices mixed into the cheering.

They are easy to understand.

The two knights in dark green armor go to one knee and bow to the noble

woman.

And then, the knights who have finished greeting the noble join the line of blue armored knights and sit down.

It seems everyone has arrived.

At that time, the noble woman stops talking with the old man next to her, and begins to walk to the middle of the platform.

The woman's old soldier and beastwoman maid walk forward as well.

The woman soldier and beastwoman follow and focus on the adventurers.

The old gray-haired soldier is keeping watch from the back.

The beastwoman maid walks to the front of the platform and opens her mouth without timidity.

“-Everyone, thank you very much for gathering in the forum of the war god Vaisu on this occasion! Then, from here, the explanation will be handled by the high commander of this army corps of Osberia and the head the Anaheim household's marquess Chardonnay Fon Anaheim-sama.” (TL: I deserve praise for translating this line.) The beastwoman has a loud voice. The transparent tone affects the gathering.

Her skirt fluttering around her, she moves to the rear of the noble woman.

Chardonnay, the feudal lord, takes a step forward.

“-Everyone, I am Chardonnay Fon Anaheim.” (TL: both Chardonnay and her maid are addressing the crowd as “mina-sama” so they're being very formal.) Applause arises from the audience.

Once it quiets down, Marquess Chardonnay opens her small mouth slowly.

“As you know, the ceiling of 【Vallaida Insect Shrine】 was destroyed by an attacking group of wyverns, many adventurers were also caught by this and died as a result. This was caused by the Evil Dragon King Burdock. In recent years, Evil Dragon King Burdock has come down from the mountain to attack neighboring countries, plunging the people living there into fear. And here, it is unknown when 【Hector】 will be attacked in earnest.”

Marquess Chardonnay lets that hang in the air.

After all, this is the woman who cooperated in the kidnapping of the princess from the neighboring country.

Participating in the request, first of all? No way, this marquess...

When the conversation of that time is recalled...

Not only disputes between countries, there seems to be hidden struggles for power going on under the table.

Maa, right now I am only guessing.

Then, Chardonnay continues.

“...This being the case, I decided to make the first move. I asked the adventurer’s guild’s master ‘Carban-shi’ for his cooperation, here I want to perform a large scale ‘non-search area reclamation mission’ and the ‘Evil Dragon King Subjugation!’”

The audience stirs.

Speaking to such an audience, she raises her thin arm, and continues to talk while showing off the well-developed biceps of her small arms.

“-Furthermore, the elites of Osberia Kingdom’s strong corps 【Dragon Cavalry Company】, the ‘Griffon Force’ has agreed to participate.”

Chardonnay looks behind her.

She turns her thin arms to the people wearing the dark green armor. In such a state, the assembly again, raises a heated cheer.

Nodding strongly after waiting for the applause to quiet down, Chardonnay begins to talk.

“-Those who will win the materials from the Evil Dragon King Subjugation, it will be decided. Therefore, please do your best. In addition, as for the subjugation strategy, there is someone from the defense corps here, my subordinate, the head of the 【Third Blue Iron Knights】, Rod O’Donnell– then, everyone. I would like to finish my story here. So that everyone has the protection of Vaisu, the god of war... thank you very much.”

Marquess Chardonnay and the beastwoman maid make a petty curtsy with the edges of their skirts, and walk away.

Then, joyous cheering rises. Once it settles down, the two knights in blue armor walk to the front of the platform.

The knight I identified as the older veteran earlier begins to speak.

“As the marquess told you, I am Rod O’Donnell, the head of the 【Third Blue Iron Knights】. Undertaking this expedition, we are going to make a regiment and plan the beginning of our advance. The direct commander of the one thousand man blue knights ‘Sharp Oni Company,’ Gains Burgain is going to be commanding. –Gains.”

One of the called upon knight commanders walks up and after saluting to the audience and bowing he begins to explain.

There is an emblem of a horse supporting the crow in detail on the left chest of the blue iron knight’s armor.

“As her Excellency said, this time, command is entrusted to Gains Burgain. There are many adventurers that have no chain of command participating, as well as soldiers. So, I want you adventurers to play your part separated from our command as mobile ‘guerilla units.’”

It sounds like he is trying to get rid of nuisance.

An uproar comes from the adventurers; Gains ignores them and continues talking.

“...Soldiers and our Wogan Dolls have already gathered at the south gate. After this we will immediately begin the Evil Dragon King Subjugation. 【Burdock Mountain】 is a dangerous area that has long been designated a non-search zone. However, we are not afraid! For the sake of Osberia Kingdom, as the Blue Iron Knights, we are expecting everyone to do their best. There are eighty cavalymen from the griffon corps in the sky. The adventurers and Blue Iron Knights will be supporting them from the ground, also, we plan to dominate air superiority. Leave the sky to them. –With our combined strength, we will certainly exterminate the dragons! Then, everyone, let’s advance!!”

After Gains raises his arm to the sky, he touches the emblem on his chest.

The speech is finished after this loud declaration.

Immediately, the Knights wrapped in blue armor all stand up together and a booming cheer rings out.

“OOUu!!:

“OOOu”

“Ooo!”

Some adventurers raise their voices too.

Like that, the Knight Commander walks away from the platform in the gathering place.

All the griffon corps depart to the sky.

The gathering is filled with shouts of joy and spirit.

If I contribute can I get a reward?

When I look around at the neighboring adventurers I see someone riding a horse and a group advancing on magic beasts.

The person riding the popobumu has it easy...

It may become chaotic during the fight so it is not necessary.

Should I advance like this?

“I guess we’ll go too.”

“Understood.”

I head in the direction of the south gate with Quiche.

The column of adventurers spreads out for a while.

Then, a woman’s voice calls out.

“Isn’t that Shuya?”

“Ah~ It’s Shuya-san.”

“After all. He received this request.”

It is Sarah and the other members of Crimson Tiger.

“Yaa, isn’t it Sarah and everyone from Crimson Tiger. Ma, I thought I saw you all earlier at the assembly.”

“Then you should have called out to us then.”

“Iya, when all of those big shots were up on the stage? Impossible, impossible.”

While imagining it, I wave one of my hands as I respond.

“That’s right.”

Sarah shows a beautiful smile while her cat ears stand up with *piku*.

“Shuya-san. Who is this?”

Lushell who is next to Sarah asks with a hint of interest.

“Aah, she is an adventurer I became acquainted with the other day. A friend. Quiche, this is the leader and members of Crimson Tiger.”

“Ah, yes. I am Quiche Bakunda. I’m an adventurer. I have heard of Crimson Tiger’s Tempest.”

Quiche is speaking with a nervous tone.

“Is that so. It’s an honor. Quiche-san. I am the Sarah Floraid, the acting leader of **【Crimson Tiger’s Tempest】**.”

“Hello, I am Lushell Adokins, vice-captain of Crimson Tiger.”

“I am Belize Mafon. Same beautiful race. However, our hometowns are different. I have not seen the mark of the bee very often.”

Mafon talks with a little authority.

Is she talking about the mark on her cheek?

Quiche places her left hand over her heart like a knight and stands up straight.

“Yes. My family, the clan...is going on the Evil Dragon Subjugation separately, if the Evil Dragon King can be defeated, please summon everyone, I want to reopen the village.”

“Evil Dragon King...that’s right, I’m sorry.”

Belize has become awkward and is talking self-consciously.

“No, it’s fine. Since a famous clan like Crimson Tiger is participating the Evil Dragon King subjugation should be finished easily.”

“...Fufu, thank you. Quiche-san looks to be a heavy knight; you seem strong as well.”

Sarah acts as a mediator to smooth over Belize’s slip.

“Yes. Ah, yes. I am confident in my ability with this shield.”

“Un. However, we are all adventurers, so there is no need to be so respectful...”

“Haha...that’s so. I have never talked to such a high ranked and famous adventurer clan before, be that as it may, Shuya. So, you are an acquaintance of Crimson Tiger’s Tempest.”

Quiche’s cheeks redden.

I try to escape from the topic.

“That’s right. Was it unexpected?”

“Iya, un, maa, isn’t it possible with Shuya’s strength?”

“Ahuh. Shuya is strong. It’s as Quiche-san says. We got acquainted with him during the urgent request.”

“About the urgent request, if I am not mistaken, I heard it was completed in two days?”

“It seems so, Shuya took the request and had an outstanding performance as a solo participant. He helped us too.”

“Nya.”

Rollo calls out as if to say 『I was there too, nya』, and claps my shoulder.

“Ah, fufu, sorry. Rollo-chan played an active part too.”

“It seems Rollo wants to be praised.”

“Haha, n, Rollo, just a little, is your tongue coming out of your lips cute?”

Quiche points out.

Surely, Rollo-san’s pink tongue has not returned.

Amusing.

“Ahaha, cute-“

“Rollo-chan, want to come to my chest?”

Belize says something ridiculous but it is not pointed out.

“Haha.”

When everybody laughs, Butch runs from a place that is not the southern gate.

“Captain~~, fuu~~, the leaders of the clans are already gathering~. Oh, isn't it Shuya. Like captain said, you're participating too.”

Butch seems to be in a hurry and is gasping for breath.

“Fine, fine, an event such as the Evil Dragon King subjugation does not happen very often. I must participate.”

“Haha, certainly, you, maybe...”

“Butch. Is everyone already gathered?”

“Ah, –yes. Let's go.”

“Understood.”

Sarah nods at Butch's words and turns back to us.

“Then, Shuya and Quiche-san. Let's do our best together. We are a clan so we may be doing something separately, I do not know what will happen on the Evil Dragon King subjugation. So, –Shuya, can I hope for your help?”

“Ou, let's do it together.”

“Un.”

“The divine protection of the war god.”

Quiche bows slightly while grasping her sword hilt and says so.

Sarah looks at mine and Quiche's faces in turn.

–For some reason.

Is it just my imagination or are Sarah's eyes looking at me harshly?

Am I being too self-conscious?

Sarah turns a smile to Quiche and talks.

“...Divine Protection for you as well, then-“

Sarah shakes out her crimson hair and turns on her heel.

She heads in the direction of the adventurers that are gathering.

The members chase after her while trying to apologize to us.

“It was a little tense.”

“It’s understood from the behavior. Other than that, it seems the clans are going to participate together in the advance, I think it’s because they aren’t able to work together with the Blue Iron Knights.”

“The strategy of separating from the knights, is because it will make things easier. It becomes serious when the chain of command gets confused.”

“Is that so. How can people participating solo like us participate?”

“...these are not the words of the warrior Shuya.”

I spoke casually, but it seems to have come across as sarcasm to Quiche.

“I’ll finish it. I don’t need to kill the Evil Dragon King.”

“Fufu, Shuya, I don’t dislike those eyes.”

Quiche has a translucent smile and her words seem happy.

“Oto, have you actually fallen in love with me?”

“Ba, Baka, concentrate on facing mount Burdock right now.”

“Haha, I understand, if I play an active role I will stand out as a solo participant, so I will do my best.”

“That’s right, that’s right. There are also a lot of solo participants. There may be secretly strong people like Shuya among them. So, even if you can’t cooperate, it may advance unexpectedly easily.”

“I see-“

—The sound of beasts comes from above.

The griffon corps is flying through the sky.

Iyaa, what a magnificent sight.

Their joined ranks of troops are like Blue Impulse.

I advance while watching such a scene and arrive at the south gate.

That is, not only the griffons in the sky but also the militia that is in front of us.

The regiment's emblem of the horse supporting the crown is visible in many places, the Blue Iron Knight soldiers are colored navy blue.

Wherein, three bodies stand out conspicuously.

Who are they...

They look like mechanical dolls.

They are tall and wearing the armor of a soldier, their helmets are deformed cylindrical iron masks.

Their movements are slow and heavy. The sound of their iron boots rings out as they advance.

A marching rhythm is beaten out on a wooden drum placed on a cart and a low sound rings out like a gong.

Rather than being like a musical band, they seem to advance and perform their tactics according to the sound from the drum and gong.

When seen from the sky, the winding marching formation is probably heading in the direction of Mount Burdock.

"What are you looking at?"

"Aah, that obtuse big iron doll."

"That is the Magic Wogan Doll. Aren't they said to be golems used in war? Iron, leather, wood, and magic stones are combined to make the magic item. It is a symbol of nobility."

Those words, I heard Zoru say them while I was in the Magic Fog Forest.

It is my first time seeing one with my own eyes.

"Hou, that...there are only a few of them but they look strong."

“The strong thing is strong. However, if their partner is a dragon...they cost too much money to make so they aren't worth much. A skill is also required as well as vast amounts of mana.”

A skill and mana are required?

“The gold needed to make one makes it impossible if you aren't a noble.”

“That's exactly right. The craftsmen who can make them are hidden by their nation as a professional engineer. Nobles in the old days used their existences as a proof of their power.”

“I see...”

“Saa, let's go without seeing them.”

“Nya, nya, nyaon.”

Rollo claps my shoulder several times, getting all fired up.

“Aah, let's go.”

We follow the soldiers to mount Burdock.

The dragon class monsters that appear along the way are defeated.

Two rows of Blue Iron Knights advance to meet them and kill them.

The heavy knights seem to make a line in the front row and the magic users and bowmen types are in the back.

And, the forms of the griffons raiding from the sky.

“Fire, magic, prepare, uteee!”

A captain shouts.

The bowmen and magic users all fire at the same time. Their magic and arrows draw an arc through the air as they head towards the dragons.

The large Drake dragons and Wyverns are hit one after another by magic and arrows, the dragons are injured and fall.

“They are falling back! ‘Sharp Oni Corp’ advance!”

“OOoooo!”

“Attack!”

A different commander shouts, and the soldier’s battle cries pierce through the dragons like magic.

The tightly formed ranks, with their spears at the ready, advance together and slaughter the dragons.

The griffon corps killed Wyverns and Drakes with magic and perform swooping attacks from the sky.

On the other hand, us adventurers are entrusted as a mobile unit, and exterminate the small sonic bangs the soldiers fail to shoot.

A dragon turns around there—

N, is it close?

When I look at the person the voice is coming from, a ridiculous thing is taking place.

A big white beast is on top of the sonic bang, bending it over and keeping it under control.

—A white bear!?

Moreover, is there a person riding the white bear?

The white bear is wearing armor and has equipped weapons like hooked rakes...

For an instant I recall the Degozabear and start to ready my spear.

A long slender spear is thrust at the two heads of the sonic bang being dominated by the white bear. (TL: This sounds kinda erotic.) The small dragon stops moving.

Riding the white bear, is a person cloaked in robes and a hood with a long slender spear, I cannot make out their face.

The mysterious person pulls the slender spear out of the small dragon and swipes the blood away.

Like that, a thick arm is stretched out, yosh, yosh, they pet the white bear’s head.

“That...”

“‘Familiar User’ and ‘Beast Trainer.’”

“Heh...”

“Isn’t that black cat Shuya’s familiar?”

Quiche asks...

“Ah, Aah, yeah. However, that white bear?”

“Certainly, I have never seen someone fighting from the back of a bear.”

The white bear walks lively with the person on its back and approaches.

Intensity is felt.

“Did you hear?”

The person riding the bear removes their cowl and exposes their face—hou, long long ears.

They are a beastwoman with a square and plump face.

“Nn, nya.”

Rollo reacts to their form first.

Jumping from my shoulder, she goes to the shoulder of the white bears and rubs her head into the knee of the rabbit beastwoman.

Rollo-san.

She immediately wanted to attach her scent?

A few times, she rubs her head there, and then returns to my shoulder after being satisfied.

“Cute~ that kitty-chan. Ah, you’re a beast trainer too, right? I am called Azora. I am participating solo this time in the request. Please treat me kindly.”

Her voice is high pitched. Azora with her long ears drops from the bear and greets us.

I am not a beast trainer, but I return the greeting.

“Aah, please treat me well. I’m Shuya Kagari. Call me Shuya.”

“I am Quiche Bakunda. Call me Quiche. I am also someone participating solo. I’ll be in your care.”

“Yes, please call me Azora.”

“Fuga.”

The white bear breathes out, almost as if it is answering with its master.

“This is my first time seeing someone working with a white bear. Is it a special bear?”

“Yes, it’s the ‘sacred beast Puruntobea” They are called Pau. It is my proud partner and pet.”

Azora has a proud expression and her eyes are lively.

One eye is squinting slightly.

“Sacred Beast?”

“I have not heard of that either.”

“That’s normal. My home is the Rerikku area to the far far-off east...”

That reminds me, in the eastern edge of the map I got from Shisho, Rerikku was written...

“A far off place...Rerikku.”

“Yes. There was a land route so riding Pau made it comfortable, but there was time spent traveling by boat.”

A young beastwoman going on a sea voyage with a white bear.

It was probably thousands to ten of thousands of kilometers to Hector...

Visiting mother is not 3,000 kilometers, it is a great trip.

And by boat. Something is attractive about it. I may want to take one at some point.

A sea voyage in another world...will there be an existence like a pirate king?

Just thinking about it makes me excited.

“...That’s an amazing adventure. A sea voyage.”

“Haha, it was an adventure. However, the sea voyage was hard yet it was often fun. Pua also swam and caught a fish.”

Maa, it’s because it is a white bear.

“Pua seems amazing.”

“Thank you. Shuya-san is accompanied by the black cat as well.”

“Aah, her name is Rollodinu. I call her Rollo-“

While I am talking, Rollo plays a trick on me to get in the way of my mouth.

Supporting her body with a feeler, she starts to walk from my right shoulder, and goes to my left shoulder by walking across my clavicle while she rubs her small head on my cheek.

At that time, my mouth is covered by her bushy tail.

Rollo-san, your tail...

“Ahahaha, she’s cute. You’re loved. That’s what that child, Rollo-chan, is saying.”

‘Soso.’

Azora shakes her long ears slightly and smiles happily.

“That’s right. Quiche-san for Shuya-san. On this occasion. Should we team up for now as solo participants? There isn’t much chance to participate with the Blue Iron Knights and the Griffon Corps here, but we should be able to advance easily if we team up to defeat a dragon together.”

“Aah, I don’t mind it.”

“Me either. Once again, I’ll be in your care. Azora.”

Quiche also agrees.

“Yes.”

Azora’s long rabbit ears twitch.

She has a square face; her smile has an honest feeling.

“Let’s all work hard.”

“Yes, let’s work hard.”

Azora nods violently and gets fired up.

“Azora used a spear a while ago, but you’re suited for the vanguard?”

The heavy armored Quiche seems worried about the spear.

She is talking while looking at the long slender spear on Azora’s back.

“Yes. I can be the vanguard; my battle occupation is magic spear man so I can do either. My adventurer rank is D, but Pau has power so I can respond to any situation.”

Azora speaks confidently while patting the white bears head with a plump hand.

“I see. As expected, you would need to be, to continue such a long journey. I’m D rank too, but I am confident in my spear. I can also do more because of Rollo.”

“I am a C ranked Adventurer but I seem to be the weakest member.”

“Eeh? Quiche-san is C rank?”

“Fumu. However, aren’t we walking slowly? We seem to be too far from the front.”

Quiche seems to be feeling awkward, when she says so she points at the sky.

The griffon unit that is wandering through the air.

They attack the ground from a high position.

A storm of magic is released and the side of the mountain is set ablaze.

“It looks intense over there.”

“That’s right, let’s go.”

“Advance.”

Quiche advances to the front.

As we advance to the foot of mount Burdock we defeat a small dragon and pass through the forest zone, we walk through the villages destroyed by the dragons.

The subjugation force see the signs of fighting dragons here and remain vivid.

The smell of blood and burnt flesh is pervasive.

The body of a blue soldier with cut and torn blue armor, the body of an adventurer. In addition, an iron bolt sticking out of the head of a large dead wyvern, a destroyed iron body, there are the wreckages of two Magic Wogan Dolls with and industrial waste-like silver solution dripping from them.

These big iron soldiers, it seems I cannot expect excessive strength from them.

However, I collect the claws and teeth from the dragon's corpse.

I push "storage" on the item box.

"Kuso, together with a dragon."

While I am sneakily harvesting, I hear Quiche's angry voice."

When I look at her face, I can feel roaring flames in the depths of her eyes.

Looking at a mercilessly wrecked village, she seems to be remembering the past.

Azora is also muttering and looking regretfully at the ashes of the houses.

"This burn, it is the breath of a dragon..."

There is magic essence reaction—

"An Enemy!"

It is a drake that appears.

Chapter 56: Third Griffon Corps Commanding Officer

–A drake.

This one breathes fire.

It seems Quiche is advancing to the front.

Seeming cautious of the breath, She keeps the big shield in her left hand and gradually advances.

The Drake is distracted by Quiche approaching from the front.

I sneak around and aim for the Drake foot.

Rollo also seems to understand my intention and quickly moves to the back-left Drake's foot.

“Do not let it use its breath-“

I run and shout out a command to everyone in a loud voice.

And, I use the black spear on the Drake's right foot. The black blade slices through the Drake's scale making an intense sound and I get to feeling of tough flesh.

Rollo also stabs her bone sword into a soft looking spot between the Drake's claws.

At that time, my body becomes light.

A white fog is wrapped around my body.

I became faster? Is this support magic?

Rollo also has something like a white wind wrapped around her.

Yosh, since I became fast, I should kill it quickly.

The four feet of the Drake. Sharp claws are growing out of its forefeet.

So, that it cannot use its claws I release of at the forefoot as I run, the black

spear pierces through the green flesh and multiple holes are created.

A large amount of green blood spurts out from the wound.

“Gyaoooooo!”

The Drake screams in pain and attacks with its forefoot, attacking with the foot that is not being attacked from the side.

I crouch to avoid it and dash.

I slide towards the right side of the Drake’s stomach.

–The Drake’s claw attack passes overhead and is easily avoided.

I stand up immediately and eject .

The aim of the chain is not the stomach right in front of me, it draws an arc as it goes around to the attack its back.

When I get the feeling of it properly sticking in its back. I use it similar to rappelling up a building, and pull on the chain to confirm the hold.

The chain seems to have anchored in the flesh and will not come out.

–This is sufficient.

I stab the black spear into the abdomen of the Drake in front of me. I hold the black spear tightly as green blood streams down the handle.

That moment– I retract the chain into the ‘Chain Mark’ on my left hand, and my body moves quickly. I soar low like Tarzan.

The black spear is pierced into the stomach, so as it moves a great wound is cut into the Drake’s stomach.

“Gyaooooo!-“

The screams of the Drake beat against my ears.

I dismiss the chain and land on the other side.

When I pull out the black spear that split the Drake’s stomach, the Drake’s blood and entrails are scattered. It comes towards me but the white mist repels the blood, so I am not bathed in the victim’s blood.

At that time, I angle the black spear down and go around the left side of the

dragon then swing the spear.

There is a response like the Achilles tendon being severed.

The Drake's movements have become dull; its body is moving unsteadily.

Looks like it will die soon.

I lower the black spear in front of me and take in my surroundings.

"Nya."

Then, Rollo returns to sitting on my shoulder.

Ara, as always but it's different.

The left foot of the Drake gives out and it collapses.

My right shoulder has the pauldron made from carapace and metal.

I have the pauldron attached to my shoulder so it seems Rollo has become confused.

This appearance is cute too.

"Rollo, are you okay?"

"Nnn."

She only answers with a rumbling sound.

However, she seems to be okay.

Rollo uses her feelers, extending them out to my clavicle and arm to support herself.

The end of the feelers turn into something like a sucker.

While we are having such a conversation, the worn-out Drake is still alive.

"-I will give it the finishing blow!"

Quiche's powerful voice rings out.

Quiche also seems to have a white fog around her.

The magic seems to increase a person's speed.

That, are you not going to use your long sword?

Uha, she punched it and delivers a shield bash.

With a *buuun* she powerfully slams down the shield in her left hand.

Having its jaw shattered the drake's head is thrown back.

Quiche's attack continues and from her shield comes a beating.

To the exposed neck of the drake, she extends her long sword out strait, making use of her own height.

Without a sound, the long sword in Quiche's right hand pierces through the neck of the Drake.

Blood gushes from the neck like a shower.

The drake is completely silent.

Or should I say, isn't that shield stronger than the sword? The blow from the shield was that intense, giving me this impression.

Thereupon, Azora trots over with her rabbit ears swaying.

Her ears are cute, but since her constitution is round, so it is powerful.

"Haa, haa... Shuya-san and Quiche-san are amazing. To defeat it before Pau had a chance to attack."

The sacred beast Pau has weapons on its paws like steel claws, so as it walks by the corpse it makes loud clicking sounds.

"This magic, was you?"

Quiche looks to Azora and asks.

"Yes. The divine protection of the wind is speed, it improves evasion. Wind's Quickness is the language magic."

"I see. It improves evasion speed. That was why the single blow from the shield was so powerful."

Quiche checks her body and looks her shield up and down.

I see, this is my first time witnessing support magic.

I will thank Azora.

“I felt my speed increase too. Thank you. Azora.”

“Nyao.”

Rollo gives her thanks as well.

“Fufu, it’s only natural. Right?”

Azora turns a smile to Rollo and winks.

It is powerful for a different reason.

“...As for us, shall we hurry to that exploding place?”

Quiche raises her sword and looks at the figure of a griffon flying off in the sky.

“Roger.”

“Yes.”

When we approach the site of the explosion, all around are scattered weapons, screams, and battle cries mixed together with the sound of a chaotic battle.

“This is melee.”

“Let’s work together and not get separated.”

“Yes.”

There are dragon monsters, adventurers and those from the blue iron knight, countless adventurers jumbled together, all in one fierce battle.

A battle is raging in the sky between the griffon corps and wyverns.

Quiche, Azora and I are on such an intense battle field but we work together.

As an impromptu party, we steadily defeat dragons in the chaotic fight.

In the middle of such a fierce battle—

That happens.

The ground in front rises.

On top of a large square rock platform an unknown large dragon appears. The unknown large dragon, has three separate heads, its pale scaled body is larger

than a drake's and is smashing the soldiers near it underfoot, the three heads move in a rampage as if covering the entire ground.

The blue knights are being devastated.

It feels like a giant version of the two headed sonic bang.

Perhaps, is that the Evil Dragon King?

"That, Daedalus-"

It seems to be different, Quiche recognizes it.

"That dragon, it is called Daedalus, and it has three heads."

"-You two people, make room-"

While such a destructive sonic bang approaches, Quiche and I are talking, and Azora speaks up in exasperation.

"Gau."

The white bear Pau raises a deep voice along with Azora.

"Such an Azora, didn't Pau defeat a drake by itself?"

"That's right, but-"

Azora tries to reject it in the middle.

The three headed Daedalus releases a booming roar.

I thought it was a roar, but a booming shock wave is released from the three mouths.

When the shock waves hit the armored soldiers, they are blown away like rag dolls.

I am unsure whether it is good or not, but I do not understand the pressure of the shock wave, the attention of the battle all turns to this fight.

At once, the griffon corps seems to rush in as reinforcements.

Several cavalry flying through the sky approach the three headed Daedalus at an awful speed.

"As for us, should we go subdue that Daedalus?"

“I think so.”

“Aah, me too. However...”

“N?”

“Quiche-san, is something wrong?”

“Iya, it’s nothing, we’ll understand if we try.”

Such a vague Quiche begins running.

What is it? Ma, I will go.

Following behind her, Azora starts running with me.

There are several knights from the griffon unit fighting when we get there, no, the three headed Daedalus is being played with.

A knight on a griffon fires magic, repeatedly doing a hit and run attack, avoiding the dragon’s claws.

The three headed Daedalus is pushed back.

The soldiers of the blue armored knight are reforming their ranks under cover of the griffon corps.

Bowmen and magic users are forming a row, firing at the Daedalus.

The Daedalus immediately reacts to the attacks.

The left head turns to the sky with a jerk and opens its mouth, exposing its sharp teeth— and roars.

The roar is like a shock wave barrier; a transparent film balloons out in the air to protect the three heads.

The shock film barrier protects against long-distance attacks.

—There is something making a nose dive toward the Daedalus.

Just now, that was a griffon.

A griffon with a dark green knight on its back is nose-diving.

The knight jumps off the plummeting griffon.

With a large two-handed sword held over his head he drops from the sky.

Amazing, like a green meteor.

The three headed Daedalus cannot react.

The dark green night easily passes through the shock film, and directly hits the base of the dragon's throat with the long sword.

The neck collapses with the one strike and the heads are torn off and sent flying through the air.

A single strong blow using speed and gravity.

The necks attached to the heads are still wriggling as blood seeps out.

Blue blood falls over people like rain, the severed heads of the dragon also fall from the sky.

–The attack of the griffon corps continues.

One after another, knights jump off their griffon.

The new knight holds a long-sword smaller than the knight from earlier.

N? Is there a faint red light coming from the sword blade?

–I look with magic observing eye.

After all, that long sword is abnormal.

A light of dense mana is coming from the sword blade.

That weapon has a feeling like my magic sword Bitou.

A smooth slash from the magic sword.

A thick red straight cut, without the dragon's head reacting, it slips down across the red line.

The dragon's neck is severed like a hot knife through butter.

Unbelievable sharpness, there was no recoil.

The single blow from before was comparable to a “wave of rock,” but the single blow from the magic sword was as smooth as “wave of willow.”

There is no recoil, but when there is a magic sword and such amazing skill, a cut will be made like that.

From the magic sword wound, blood gushes out several seconds later.

The special movements of the knights continue.

Each arrival signals a blow, there is no interval.

The knights with their large swords cut through the necks of the three headed Daedalus and then run past its side.

The knight with the magic sword runs over too and jumps up and slashes the neck of the head that released the shock wave.

Once again, the third neck is easily cut.

The large body of the Daedalus with its three severed heads collapses backwards and pale blood spurts out.

The knights of the griffon unit that jumped down to attack the Daedalus are forced to fight normally.

“UOooooooooo.”

“They did it!”

“Amaaaaaziiiiing!”

Each member of the blue armored knights raises a cheer for their help.

Then, the knight who cut off two of the three heads removes their helmet.

–Wow. Then, the woman who rode the griffon appears.

The face of the woman from the platform appears.

Upon noticing the female knight, the soldiers still fighting the dragons begin to get excited.

Such soldiers,

“Everyone, we’re in the middle of a battle, but listen up, I am the commanding officer of dragon rider post of the third army corps, my name is Cecily Fadasso! Just now I defeated the Daedalus that slaughtered so many soldiers!”

The female knight shouts loudly to raise moral.

“Oooh!”

The soldiers respond.

Cecily continues talking.

“With this force the dragon will be wiped out! All of you, each person’s actions determines the battlefield! Go straight to the home of the Evil Dragon King!”

“OOOoooh!”

“Let’s gooooo!”

“Me too!”

“OOOOOOOOHHHHH!”

Cecily’s voice echoes across the battlefield as if carried by magic.

Most of the soldiers are still fighting the dragons, but there are still several who raise their voices.

After Cecily Fadasso finished raising moral, her griffon drops from the sky in search of its master.

Cecily jumps lightly onto the back of the gliding griffon, and returns to the sky.

The griffon commander seems to be switching to offering air support.

“Quiche started to say something, what was it?”

“That’s right. The warriors of the griffon corps are a match for a thousand men. They are famous in Osberia.”

“The griffons are amazing. So cool.”

“Gafuu.”

Pau raises an upset sound to Azora’s statement.

“It’s fine. Pau is number one.”

She rubs the white bears head and cheeks while talking in a gentle tone to soothe it.

Azora is a magic beast tamer.

To fly in the air, she might be able to contract a griffon as a secondary beast.

With such an impression, the chaotic battle draws to a close.

The many dragon classes are slaughtered one after another by the adventurers and soldiers.

“...They seem able to handle cleaning up the remaining dragons.”

“Commander Cecily raised their spirits. My chest also became hot.”

Quiche’s visor is down so I cannot make out her expression, but her voice sounds heated.

As she says, the blue iron knights and adventurers along with us are wiping out the dragons that appear.

Mt. Burdock is climbed and a few days pass.

As our temporary party fights the dragons our cooperation gradually improves. Eating and sleeping together, we take turns doing watch and a relationship of mutual trust is built.

Of course, Quiche and I have sex repeatedly. I apologize to Azora, but she is not bothered. So, with a rough snort Quiche and I do not hold back.

During the meals over the several days in the mountains, I discover that Azora has an accessory like a rabbit tail attached to her lower back.

I am curious so I try asking about it.

“Azora, what is that thing that looks like a ‘tail’ hanging at your waist?”

“It’s a good luck charm. A rabbit tail. It is made from the collected hair of a virgin. In my home of Rabbitmen, it is a luck charm famous in Conrad Village for ‘evading death.’”

The hair is from a virgin’s tail? I try to break in down in my head.

However, I want to reserve myself with Azora.

“...Heh.”

“Ah~, do you believe?”

“Nya, nya.”

There, Rollo has approached Azora’s waist and begun playing with the tail.

“Kora~, Rollo-chan. That’s not good, what about I take Rollo-chan’s tail.”

Azora grabs Rollo’s tail and pulls it up and down, left and right, playing with it.

“Nn, Nya, nya, nyaa.”

Rollo does not seem to like having her tail caught, so she stops playing with the rabbit tail and runs away from Azora.

Azora chases after her, laughing.

She really loves Rollo.

There is a “carved magic beast seal” on the back of her right hand, thanks to that she can understand the feeling of a beast well.

Azora’s face is stern, but her long ears are cute.

I carelessly stare of Azora’s head.

To be honest, her face is plain, but her personality is cute. I feel friendship.

I would be happy if I took such a woman as a bride.

While having such thoughts, it becomes night.

The next day, our temporary party subjugates the dragons without injury.

We are approaching a gorge halfway up the mountain.

The number of dragons in the area has gradually been increasing so the battles are growing more intense.

The dead soldiers and adventurers are increasing.

However, the soldiers and adventurers are able to go through the small canyon because of their large casualties, Finally, we arrive in the area where the Evil Dragon King is said to live.

“Around here.”

“Ooh.”

“Everyone is a little tense.”

However, the Evil Dragon King is nowhere to be seen.

The blue iron knights and adventurers start making preparation to camp the

knight.

A bonfire is prepared and soldiers run about busily.

Luggage is removed from wagons and dozens of tents are set up.

An explanation is given by the leader of the knights to the adventurers.

We are told the knights will be taking command tomorrow morning, they will be performing a large-scale search of the area for the Evil Dragon King.

Saying such a thing, we take a break here as well.

We spread out our campsite on the ground and wait for tomorrow.

Chapter 57: Fierce Battle · The Evil Dragon King's Fight to the Death

During the break, I suddenly sense magic essence.

What? Uheh, it's huge, a huge mass of magic essence is coming— T-that, s-so laaaaaaarge.

Covering the whole camp, a huge dragon appears.

The ax horn of its read head shines with an unusual light. Its twin blue eyes are like that of a bird of prey, releasing a furious cold gaze.

Its massive body is covered in overlapping purple scales, the size of two, no three, wyverns.

The Evil Dragon King Burdock is bigger than Daedalus.

“Quiche, Azora, it's here.”

Even as I call out my warning, the Evil Dragon King raises the hooked claws of its fore feet and smash the soldiers, carts, and tents instantly.

It straightens its back and opens its mouth, exposing its sharp fangs, then released a thunderous roar.

—The roaring thump splits the air, causing vibrations.

The Evil Dragon King finishes roaring and falls back onto its feet, then rushes forward. Cracks spread out on the ground where the large claws grow.

The Evil Dragon King's speed is supernormal. An iron blue knight rushing to meet it has his body quickly cut through.

Its thick claws pierce through the metal breastplate, puncturing out the back.

The Evil Dragon King lifts the knight's body high as if presenting its trophy. Blood unceasingly flows from the knight body into the bonfire below, sparks rising.

Furthermore, the dead knight is thrown at a cart, hitting the soldiers in the area.

The Evil Dragon King opens its mouth wide to sneer.

The large uvula in the back of its throat is visible. (TL: That dangly thing in the back of your mouth.) It thought it was going to roar again, but...

Power is accumulating in its mouth? That moment, a phosphorescent light like a glowing furnace appears inside. The phosphorescence grows in the front of its mouth, becoming an enormous blazing globe.

Tail Beast Globe. Massive fireballs are repeatedly shot.

“Dragon, the Evil Dragon King is heeeeeeeere.” “It’s attacking!”
“Uaaaaaaaaah!” “Fireball!” “Hiiaaa” “It’s huuuge!”

The consecutive fireballs turn the campgrounds into a sea of flames.

All of the adventurers and blue armored knights scream and try to run away.

The Evil Dragon King’s raid has thrown them into utter chaos.

The griffon corps turn to counterattack, but the Evil Dragon King is indifferent, continue to cut down the adventurers and soldiers with a sweep of its enormous tail.

–Here it comes.

Too fast, Quiche sets up her shield.

Azora gets behind Pau.

With Rollo on my shoulder, I eject in the other direction and escape.

The huge tail catches a massive number of adventurers including Quiche.

“Quiche!”

I try to call out, but I am too late...

There, the light of a magic formation appears below the Evil Dragon King—That is the paralysis magic from Lushell, from crimson tiger.

The Evil Dragon King is caught by the light, its movements frozen. The adventurers take this as an opening and attack the Evil Dragon King together.

Sarah is there. I see Butch too.

Each is working on their own foot of the Evil Dragon King, attacking, using hit and run tactics.

Explosive flames, creating a deep bass sound, wrap around the Evil Dragon King.

The griffon unit in the sky releases an advance fire explosion magic, similar to carpet bombing.

In the meantime, I look for Quiche.

“Oi, Quiche! Where are you!”

There is only the debris and dead bodies created by the Evil Dragon King, I cannot find Quiche.

Azora rushes over on the back of her white bear.

“Quiche-san?”

I stop talking, shaking my head side to side.

“Is that so...”

For now, the Evil Dragon King needs to be dealt with.

Shit, shit, I continue being silent, filled with anger. I look to Rollo and nod.

Rollo extends her feelers and gets down from my shoulder.

Then, when I try to plunge into attack the Evil Dragon King.

“-Please wait. I’ll cast magic.”

Azora stops me.

That magic?

“Understood.”

I nod

–I pay attention to Azora.

Azora’s long white rabbit ears twitch.

Her long white eyelashes stand out, and her brown eyes focus.

She is concentrating.

An aria is spun from her full red lips.

“Spirit of Wind, Road of Wing. Take my mana as payment for clothing of wind...cast 《Racing Wind》!”

Thin clouds rise around Azora.

The clouds spiral around into a white fog, drifting around me.

It also appears around Rollo.

This is the speed and evasion increase magic.

Nevertheless, this is the first time I hear a language magic aria spoken by another person.

“Thanks, I’m going now.”

“Yes, Pau and I will go too.”

“Gafuu.”

The white bear extends its steel claws and opens its mouth in an almost laughing manner.

This is the feeling of being ready for war.

Although the Evil Dragon King has taken countless magic attacks from the griffon corps, blue iron knights, soldiers, and adventurers, its scales are undamaged.

Only one magic has worked, the paralyzing magic from Crimson Tiger’s Tempest’s Lushell.

However, its movements are only temporarily halted.

When the Evil Dragon King recovers from the paralysis, it counters attacks with an angry roar.

The Evil Dragon King extends several sharp claws from its feet.

When I move to attack the forefoot, the massive talon is swung through the sky.

It strikes down the Griffon Corps flying in the air.

Each of those hooked claws is like a longsword.

I wait for the right timing to attack, then strike the Evil Dragon King's foot— I feel a hardness I have yet to experience.

This is way too hard.

The scales of the ancient dragon boast an extreme hardness.

Roll extends a feel to attack with a bone sword too, but it is easily repelled.

It was even repelled by the carapace of the armored ant. This is only natural.

It is certainly stronger than the armored ant, this...is it tungsten?

However, I won't give up. I strike Evil Dragon King Burdock's scale over and over— but the only result is the hard sound and a numb arm.

The tanza spear is totally ineffective— it's too hard.

Pau is also attacked the other foot with his steel claws, but they have no effect, only scattering purple sparks.

The back of the Evil Dragon King, its lower abdomen?

Making up my mind, I use fighting moji enhanced legs to cut the distance between myself and its abdomen.

At the base of the tail, I release at the Evil Dragon King's ass. (TL: Taking a hint Hajime, now the Evil Dragon King is going to turn into a masochist.) —But, there is only that hard sensation again.

—It failed completely.

Besides, seriously? The tanza spear tip is bent.

Like that, the black tanza spear that takes pride in its strength...

Shit, here, I will hit it with my strongest skill consecutively!

—I activate

I use with the metal bar of the black spear, bending it further.

Tsk, it's no good?

Then, when I think that, the summoned Break Spear Grand Pulse black spear

cuts deeply through the purple scales into the abdomen.

Purple blood gushed out, spurting out from the purple flesh.

OOOOOooooo, fantastic, it worked!

Purple blood spouts like a shower.

“Nyaya!”

Rollo turns to such a me and raises an unusual cry for attention, after crashing into me, she extends a feeler to the right and moves away.

What happened? Oh, crap—

Once I noticed, I receive a counter attack from the Evil Dragon King’s massive tail.

I try to deflect it with my spear, but the tanza rod is completely bent and sent flying from my hands.

I receive the impact too and am tossed away.

Knocked back into the debris, I somersault repeatedly.

Pieces of metal and scraps of wood tear through my back as I tumble backward. The scroll I didn’t use is knocked from my chest.

—I active midway.

I wrap my body with distorted mana hand to support it and eject gradually slowing until I come to a stop.

I-iteeeeeeeee, it hurts, it hurts. Mother of god, it hurts.

After such a long time, I am bleeding from everywhere on my body.

My new armor is severely damaged, and there is a hole in it too.

My foot is twisted, my waist is bent in an odd direction, ribs, arm, my foot might also be broken...

Pull out the chips of wood and metal stuck in my body.

Regeneration will probably take time.

...Time is precious. Fuu...

I return my gaze to the Evil Dragon King who attacked with its tail.

It is the scene of Pau who has killed three Drakes swinging its claws at the Evil Dragon King.

The attack utilizing all of Pau's weight scrapes of the scales of the Evil Dragon King. The attack is followed by a terrible impact.

The steel claw equipped nails ceaselessly attack.

Every time the steel nail collide with the purple scales, purple sparks are scattered.

The thick upper right rake— what, surreal.

Igniting Fang?

However, the amusing impression I got disappear immediately.

It has no effect on the Evil Dragon King. None whatsoever.

The white bear's attack doesn't connect.

Then, Azora's attack joins in.

She stabs with the long spear in her right hand, but it is similarly deflected by the scales. The Evil Dragon King turns its crimson horns toward Azora and extends its neck like a tortoise from its shell.

“Azora— run away.”

I voice doesn't carry.

—Pau collides with Azora to protect her.

While helping Pau, Azora is knocked to the side, the “lucky rabbit tail” that was attached to her waist flies through the sky.

The white bear bites the Evil Dragon King's crimson horn, stopping its attack with its mouth.

Amazing, the difference in physique is more than twice.

However, while it seemed it prevented the Evil Dragon King's attack...smoke rises from the bear's mouth.

Pau lets out a roar of agony and writhes.

Dangerous, dangerous.

Before long, the mouth of the white bear is burnt, and the gray head of the upper body begins to burn.

The blue eyes of the Evil Dragon King glow,,

As if treading on garbage, a long claw is stuck out.

The claw like a longsword pierces through the white bear's body.

The white bear turns red... the Evil Dragon King moves to toss the body aside, and the white bear is torn apart.

The body of the bear is cut in half, separated to the left and right.

Azora stands up, then stares at Pau without screaming.

That opening is fatal.

"Azora, get away!!"

However, my voice doesn't reach her.

My foot is bent, my wounds aren't healed, but I don't care.

I activate -

Blood flows out, and terrible pain racks my body, but I run.

GOOOOOOOOOO.

For all that— the Evil Dragon King roars shortly.

It turns its blue eyes to the sky.

Like that, I look toward the Evil Dragon King, it is slower than my usual trump, I still attain an abnormal speed.

The massive figure that crawls on the ground.

Three seconds pass—

Azora is right in front of me— I stretch out my arm.

The moment I see Azora's vacant eyes— the Evil Dragon King claws pass right in front.

Azora's neck is severed.

Her head with its long ears is sent flying through the air...

The Evil Dragon King doesn't seem to have even seen Azora, it was aiming to kill a griffon flying by.

The Griffon and its rider fall out from the sky.

—I was too late.

“U—”

Seriously? Azora...ugh.

My stomach churns. I'm going to be sick.

Some part of me still seems to be human.

It was only for a little while, but the death of the companion I fought alongside, who I became friends with, it sickens me.

Even when I killed people, I never felt something like this. Witnessing the death of a close friend seems to be a different matter entirely.

Once I notice, the adventurers and blue knights in the area have decreased, the griffon corps has too.

I pick up the rabbit tail Azora dropped, then immediately take distance from the Evil Dragon King.

This, I don't have the freedom to indulge in sentiment.

The smell of blood and taste of bile in my mouth is strong.

Rollo returns to me at a run.

She is uninjured. It seems she was able to evade the Evil Dragon King's attack.

Sorry. She threw herself at me earlier to help me.

I was heavy though, so it didn't work...

This fellow should know that my body is undead, but she still tried to help. She didn't need to go so far.

To that extent, my partner is reliable.

Strong. That shitty Dragon King.

With the shitty Evil Dragon King as their opponent, the Griffon Corps is doing its best.

Should I see what their condition is?

They should withdraw soon, but the griffon unit around Cecily does not seem to be.

Since they are attacked from the Evil Dragon King from the sky, they are able to withdraw repeatedly.

The ground force...

They're withdrawing... it was not possible.

The ground unit seems unable to escape.

The Evil Dragon King's claws and tail prevent them from retreating.

Also, the raid cannot escape.

Well, the damned Evil Dragon King seems to be intelligent.

I remember the words of the Witch Sazihali.

She said that Burdock's character should be "ferocious, bold, and greedy."

Adventurers, proud of their strength, die like garbage.

It seems that the members of Crimson Tiger have lost no one.

There is also the short magic messenger duo at the back.

There it seems the ax-wielding dwarf from the dragon subjugation urgent request is still alive.

Somehow or other, the adventurers in that area are working together.

A voice sounds from soldiers on the other side of the adventurers.

"-Garnet Burogain, the first person to retreat gets a sword in the back! Only charge! Everyone, the pride of the blue iron knights, remember your training! Follow me, Sharp Ogre Party! Haaeeeeeeeeee!!"

Seeming to hear the words that almost certainly triggers a death flag, the Evil Dragon King Burdock turns its head and faces the blue iron knights.

Its eyes move and catch sight of the group of soldiers.

Even though the entire group sees the Evil Dragon King's movement, they charge forward, undaunted.

Each extends their own weapon, confronting the villainous Dragon King.

The Evil Dragon King opens its mouth towards the charging soldiers and roars.

—Its roar makes the air vibrate.

The roar becomes high-pitched, causing the soldiers to bleed from their ears, fall to one knee, and hold their heads, unable to move.

The magic seems to be damaging their ear drums and their minds.

Then, the Evil Dragon King's blue eyes shine.

Twin blue rays of light shoot from its eyes.

The blue beams hit the incapacitated soldiers.

One after another, the soldier's freeze, turned into statues of ice.

Then, the Evil Dragon King sweeps out with its forefoot— The scaled and taloned foot hit the frozen soldiers. They shatter, turning into pieces of frozen meat, scattered around the area.

They are dying like ants being crushed by an elephant.

One of the soldiers killed was commander Garnet.

Upon such a gruesome scene, a straight light burns from the ground.

—The comrade's magic.

It is Lushell's magic.

The magic formation spreads, trying to capture the Evil Dragon King in a cage of light.

Once again, his movements are sealed.

It has no offensive abilities, but this magic is the strongest force present on the battlefield.

Taking the opening, several men from the griffon cops dive together.

The Knights are delivering the falling sword attack that decapitated Daedalus.

Only the griffon corps and some adventurers are participating...however, the scene the griffon corps weaves is cool.

“As expected, the green meteor warriors.”

One of the nearby surviving soldiers says absentmindedly.

It has the feeling of a nickname for a skill.

The blow using a giant sword and gravity.

However, the Griffon knight's attack that decapitated the three-headed Daedalus has no effect on the ancient dragon.

They manage to damage the scales, but it is superficial. It does not go so far as creating a wound.

The Griffon Corps can't do anything either...the moment I think that.

The next knight's attack is different.

–The knight with a magic longsword.

After all, it's Cecily Fadasso.

That single attack, penetrates the Evil Dragon King's scales, cutting into purple flesh.

Fresh purple blood scatters around.

“”UOOOooooooooo!””

The adventurers and soldiers who see the attack land raise a courageous shout!

The soldiers and adventurers with their moral raised are running up to attack.

Ou, it's that dwarf.

I forgot his name.

The scales on the left side of the Evil Dragon King's body are cut through by his ax, splashing purple blood.

The dwarf with the dragon killing ax. It should have a special effect on

dragons.

Then, two thick spiral icicles slam into the Evil Dragon King's wings.

The Evil Dragon King's wings are frozen, the parts hit directly turn white and snowstorm rages.

I look around for the person who used the icicle magic.

The two icicles are connected to a giant ice tree in the air, so I follow its branches.

At the base of massive ice tree are two children.

Was that powerful magic used by the short duo?

King class, maybe emperor class, I don't understand the scale, but the magic stands out.

Sarah's enlarged red arm grasping her huge sword attack the frozen parts of the Evil Dragon King for the first time.

The frozen parts are significantly damaged, the scales are destroyed, and purple flesh is exposed.

The frozen sections break with the sound of shattering glass.

The Evil Dragon King does not cry out in pain.

Even after receiving such a matchless attack, it seems indifferent.

Strong. In one word.

I look at such an Evil Dragon King, then look to Rollo and speak.

"Rollo, do you understand me? I am going to attack my own from now on, so hold back and focus on evasion."

"Nya."

Roll answers lightly and takes her distance.

I activate a magic formation.

If it's that ancient magic, it might work.

I focus mana on my finger and begin constructing the formation.

This is only the basics, so I don't change it much.

I fiddle with the magic formation while I hurry, making sure I don't make any mistakes as I transcribe it.

The foundation of the black mass magic formation is completed.

–Evil Dragon King, take this!

“《Dark Bullet》!!”

I shout to activate it.

My mana is absorbed by the magic formation, and a distorted black lump appears.

The black mass flies directly for the Evil Dragon King.

However, the Dragon King swings its head toward to the lump, brandishing its crimson horn.

The crimson horn hits the black lump...my ancient magic, it was bisected in a matter of seconds.

Seriously?

I pull myself together and eject in the Evil Dragon King's direction.

I move the chain diagonally so that it creates a slight arc.

Shit, I aimed for its head, but the dragon avoided it.

It can't be helped, I aim for its large back.

The chain could not finish off the Evil Dragon King, but the tip pierces its back.

I feel the chain strike the scales and judge that it reached the flesh.

Alright, a blade is ineffective, but like with the armored ant, my special gets through.

I have no choice but to use the magic directly. I shout stubbornly.

I activate and make the magic sword Bitou appear in my left hand.

“Oi, shit head, Evil Dragooooooooon.”

I cry, infusing my voice with anger.

I retract the chain into the mark on my hand, quickly jumping on the Evil Dragon King's back.

Everyone, all the adventurers and griffon knights there look at me with a dumbfounded expression.

Without minding the confused looks, I swing the magic sword at the purple scales.

I switch to two hands and swing— with a hard clang, the sword bounces off. Shit is hard, whatever, over and over again, strengthening my arms with Fighting Moji, everyone, Quiche, you killed everyooooone, dick! I attack with the magic sword Bitou out of fury.

However, the scales are unyielding...

The sword is different than the spear, I have no special skill like ...

It can't be used with the sword.

The paralysis magic ends while I am doing this, the Evil Dragon King begins to move.

The adventurers all scatter at once.

I don't care, I keep attacking with the magic sword, supported by the embedded chain.

I activate the distorted mana hand of .

I attack with the invisible fist at the same time, but the purple scales only make a creaking sound, so it is entirely ineffective.

I continue such an attack.

The Evil Dragon King seems to have noticed I was on its back.

Moreover— it turns its head around, opens its mouth and bites.

Gee, its back?

—Such a soft neck.

The large mouth of the Evil Dragon King approaches, I am eaten in one gulp.

I am chewed on by the foul smelling, crooked teeth.

HOLY FUCKING SHIT THIS HURT, OUCH, FUCK, SHIT, GODDAMN, MOTHER FUCKIN DRAGON. (TL: He just says “ouch” over and over in the raws, but that doesn’t communicate how much it should hurt, so I did this.) I will have my revenge you shit.

I stab the magic sword in the Evil Dragon King’s mouth, piercing its tongue.

It’s soft here.

However, teeth have pierced my body all over, blood gushes everywhere.

The pain is excruciating, but the Evil Dragon King seems to be in pain too, it is groaning and shaking its head.

It keeps chewing on my body, using its tongue full of holes that gush blood, it forces me into its throat.

I am rolled up in a tongue coated in saliva and swallowed.

Even after being chewed up and swallowed, I do not let go of the magic sword.

Even as blood gushes out from my body, I endure the pain.

I “cannot die” for my “body does not die.”

“Don’t you know I’m undead!!”

With a mighty shout– I bring down the magic sword.

I continue cutting into the esophagus.

Hahaha, I mince up his insides.

I am carried to the stomach as I cut, brought by contracting muscles.

I burst into its belly.

Boiling, rumbling, the sound of something dissolving.

Inside its stomach is an acid swamp.

There is a pungent scorching smell, likely the strong gastric acids reaching my nose.

At the bottom of its swamp of stomach acid is bits of flesh, bone, iron, chips of wood and other debris.

Is that the smell of melting flesh?

“Oops, my foot, iaaa, that hurts!”

The magic shoes I got from Zoru’s home are completely melted.

The pain of my foot being burned runs through my whole body.

I put my hand in the stomach acid.

Itee, it’s too painful, my foot is being dissolved too, I don’t like it.

My blood is gushing out in a state of continuous regeneration.

My body is bathed in gastric acid, my new armor filled with holes is tattered... only Shisho’s jacket and the part with Bonn’s enchantment are intact.

My body is undead, but this is too dangerous, I am full of holes from head to toe, the gastric acid is melting the flesh on my hands, I can see white bones.

However, but my body is regenerating quickly as well.

I am recovering with large amounts of blood are gushing out.

My entire body aches...but this is my best chance.

The pain is excruciating... but I can endure.

Incidentally, can the Evil Dragon King take pain too?

With a wicked smile, I activate a certain skill.

-

The copious amounts of blood pouring from my body shift, turning into bloody chains.

I release the blood chain skill will my entire body, then float in the middle of the dragon’s stomach. With arms and legs extended, the innumerable blood chains lengthen like needles of a hedgehog.

Extending in all directions, the blood chains pierce through the Evil Dragon King’s stomach into other parts of its body, leaving gaping wounds.

–I destroy its stomach.

–In an instant, I decimate the Evil Dragon King’s stomach.

Outside the Evil Dragon King begins to scream.

“How’s that, Evil Dragon King, doesn’t it hurt!! You, you shit!”

I cry out from inside its stomach.

The smiling faces of Azora and Quiche float by.

Kind Azora, transparent Quiche.

–I’m sorry, if I was eaten sooner...

If I were lucky enough to be eaten at the start, the result would have been different.

However, even if I wallow in self-pity, they won’t return.

Saying so, the Evil Dragon King. My companions, I will take revenge on the one who harmed my favorite woman.

“Die-”

The stomach is completely destroyed by the innumerable blood chains.

The mass of blood chain that pierced through the stomach tear through the dragon’s internal organs like a virus eroding away at its flesh.

Holding the magic sword Bitou, I cut through the ruptured stomach, aiming in the direction of the chest. Even with my mouth, I bite, swallowing the purple flesh and blood.

Thus, my health is completely restored.

The blood chains disappear. However, the massive damage caused by the blood chains to the Evil Dragon King’s internal organs will be fatal.

Furthermore, I find its heart.

I thrust the magic sword into the heart, purple blood gushes out.

While gulping down the blood, I thrust my head at the dragon king’s heart and directly eat it.

Puaaaa, the blue boils up.

※ Pikon ※ Title: Ancient Dragon Eater Acquired ※

※ Title: ※ Ancient Dragon-Eater and Divine Beast Contractor ※ Integration
※

※ Title: ※ Transcended One ※ Title Acquired

Oh, I got a title.

Should I make my way out now?

After eating the heart, I properly cut my way towards the esophagus.

When I reach the throat, I activate

I use the distorted mana hand as a foothold by grasping the purple flesh. With
and the magic sword Bitou I rise.

There, with a DOON, a massive rolling occurs with the sound.

Shaking– nuooooo.

I quickly eject into the esophagus and hang from it.

It seems the evil dragon king has fallen down. There is a vibration.

Without minding it, I climb up.

The movements of the muscles have completely stopped, it should be dead
now.

Climbing towards to lips, I force open its mouth full of sharp teeth.

“Oh-”

There is a female knight in front of me, holding a sword.

This, I’m shocked enough to open my mouth, is this the knight captain of the
Griffon Corps, Cecily Fadasso?

A roaring cheer begins then.

“What?”

Covered in blood, I try to stand up.

“Hero of the dragon subjugation.”

“Griffon Corps, Banzai-”

“Banzai-”

“Cecily Fadasso is a hero, she cut down the Evil Dragon King!”

The surviving soldiers in the area crowd around the female knight.

That, did I kill it? I am surrounded by roaring cheer of joy.

The knight woman does not seem to be interested in the celebration, she only stares at me.

I watch in utter amazement.

Then, Rollo runs up.

“Nya, nyaaa.”

Rollo is unexpectedly joyful, she walks up to me and rubs her head on my foot.

She climbs to my shoulder, then extends a feeler to my cheek.

She conveys these feelings.

『Worried』 『Stinky』 『Happy』 『Knew it』 『Happy』 『Play』 『Knew it』(TL: When Rollo says “Knew it” the kanji mean she believed it, had faith in Shuya. I simplified this to “Knew it” to flow better.) Rollo is licking my cheek wholeheartedly.

“Haha, I get it, Rollo. That tickles.”

“Did you kill it?”

While I’m playing with Rollo, the captain Knight pushes several spectators aside and speaks.

When I try to answer the female knight—

“-Shuyaaaaaa.”

Oh, Sarah from Crimson Tiger.

She’s hugging me.

“Sarah, what’s wrong?”

“Of course something is wrong, I watch Shuya cry out and attack, get eaten...”

Sarah has tears in her eyes.

But, it's fine. I hug her tight.

The smell of sweat. My nose is filled with the smell of a woman.

"That's right. Shuya-san. I was worried. I saw you eaten and thought you died, then you came out of the Evil Dragon King's mouth."

While I am enjoying Sarah's smell, Lushell appears with a worried expression.

"I thought you were dead."

Belize appears.

While she is laughing, she crosses her arms under her chest swelling under the red armor.

"Aah, me too."

Butch also survived.

The muscle man is safe.

Quiche is Quiche alive...

"Sarah, did you see Quiche?"

"Quiche? Aah, you were will that elf, the heavy knight. It seems she has been severely injured, but she should live with recovery magic."

Ooh, she lived.

"Thank god..."

Even she lived...it really is good.

Suddenly, I start to cry.

"...Nee, when the griffon corps killed the Evil Dragon King, there was sound..."

I look around while wiping my tears.

It's noisier than it was earlier.

"Yeah,...it can't be helped."

"The real slayer is Shuya...but, oh dear, these soldiers...these adventurers fighting here until the end, I understand it."

Sarah praises.

Ma, while hugging Sarah's body, it must have felt painful.

"...Ah, that's right. However, everyone deserves credit..."

Chapter 58: Dragon Killers

Quiche is safe in a tent that has become the place for treatment. She is missing half her armor and wearing thin leather clothes. Her face is still scratched, but she seems to be okay. She smiles as soon as her eyes fall on me.

We high-five on the spot, then hold each other. Quiche's face looks cheerful.

"Shuya, it's over...thank you."

Quiche's eyes fill with tears while she talks. The Evil Dragon King was Quiche's enemy.

"Ah, I know."

"Azora and the white bear?"

Quiche doesn't know yet...

"-They're dead."

I shake my head, answering briefly.

"...Unfortunate. However, she was probably satisfied since her final opponent was the Evil Dragon King."

"She probably was. Then, this, I want Quiche to have this memento, it's her lucky rabbit tail."

Saying so, I give her the charm that has turned dark brown, no longer fluffy and white.

I managed to survive, so it must be good luck.

Azora died the moment she was separated from it...

I'm an undead, so it won't help me.

"This. It's the charm Azora had. I'm not one for superstitions, but I'll take it."

Quiche accepts it.

It's hard to say, but it needs to be said.

"...Just before Azora died, she dropped it. So, it might actually be effective?"

"That's rather unlucky...but, already, I won't need it."

"Why?"

"I'm thinking about taking a break from being an adventurer, for a while."

Is it because of the shock?

However, her expression looks healthy.

"A holiday, huh. In Hector?"

"Uya, I won't return with everyone. I want to drop in at Hino village. Besides, the Evil Dragon King has been killed. I want to go back to my home, build a grave, report that the thing that killed my family has been defeated...to everyone."

Her home was destroyed by the Evil Dragon King.

She said before that she wanted to rebuild the village.

"I see. I'll miss you..."

"...Me too, Sh-Shuya."

Quiche voice is muffled, it sounds like "don't say such a thing," I shake my head.

One, two tears stream down cheeks. Crying. I pull Quiche's head close and stroke her beautiful green hair.

Her beautiful long ears,

“Quiche, it’s fine.”

“Ah...”

Quiche nods quietly. Then, she looks up at my face.

Like that, I snatch away her lips.

Don’t cry. I put that feeling into the kiss.

The deep kiss lasts for a brief moment.

“-Pa.”

The kiss ends.

It was a deep kiss, a parting one.

“Fufu, Shuya, I swore to the morning star Saideiru that I wouldn’t take a lover, but I like you.”

Morning star saideiru?

“I like you too.”

Her light green hair sways in the wind.

Surely, we aren’t lovers. The strategies of love are not twisting and constraining.

“...Shuya is my friend. I’m leaving.”

“...Ou.”

It seems like this is difficult for her...

Without saying anything, I turn my back on the woman I love and leave.

A friend, but my mind is brimming with the memories of her as my lover, whispering sweet nothings...the words die in my throat.

Quiche is tall, but...I’ve completely lost sight of her. The cord of a new backpack cuts into my shoulder. The knapsack is jam-packed. Is my treasure over there?

I think about something unimportant, trying to distract myself from the loneliness filling my chest.



...One day later.

News of the Evil Dragon King Subjugation's success arrives in 【Fort City Hector】

The main topic is the hero of the subjugation.

That person's name is not mine...

Their name is Cecily Fadasso, the female captain of the Griffon Corps.

–So. The stories vary, I should have insisted from the start that I was the one who defeated it...

When I went wild inside of the Evil Dragon King's stomach, the adventurers, Cecily, and the griffon corps saw Burdock act erratically, so they start delivering a sequence of powerful attacks.

The moment I was devouring the Dragon King's heart, Cecily Fadasso delivered an attack.

The surviving soldiers and knights assumed it was Cecily.

There is a portion of people who know I am the one who killed the Evil Dragon King.

The adventurers who fought until the end were confused when they saw my actions, but rumors about the “hero of the Dragon subjugation” had already begun to spread. Once the story disseminated through the city, it was too late to claim that I killed the dragon.

In the face of the rumors, the truth about the Evil Dragon King subjugation has been swallowed up, turning into quiet ramblings.

However, after two or three days passed, the value of such adventurers is rising as well.

A new title is attributed to the adventurer clans who participated until the end, the group of heroes who helped subjugate the dragon, they came to be called

the Dragon Killers.

The popularity of other clans like 【Crimson Tiger's Tempest】 will spread quickly.

On the other hand, the administrator of the city, that Marquess is trying to use the popularity of Cecily Fadasso as the "Dragon Subjugation Hero," was attempting to give Cecily material from the Evil Dragon King as the original reward promised.

However, for some reason, Cecily has vehemently refused.

"That person said, I was just a diversion."

"I will take nothing."

Somehow or other, she refused.

And then, Cecily nominated me.

Insisting to the Marquess that I, a D ranked adventurer, defeated the Evil Dragon King, she declines the reward.

It must be her pride that made her do it, no matter what the Marquess said, she took on an obstinate attitude and refused to change her opinion.

Normally, a mere officer would never do such a thing, but according to what I heard, Cecily and the Marquess have had a relationship since they were young. It took on the form of the Marquess' earlier compromise, taking into consideration Cecily's obstinacy, the name of the adventurers who participated in the Evil Dragon King Subjugation were changed as a group.

Again, a place was prepared to make a grand announcement and hand over the reward.

Or should I say, a Marquess will be a Marquess?

With that said, in regards to the reward material, I was told: "please think about."

I am given time to think so I can make changes later without restrictions.

The talk is because of the Marquess.

Ma, no matter the world, it's the usual case of government bureaucracy.

Though, Cecily has no such ambitions.

To give up the Evil Dragon King's materials, such a massive wealth...

Is this the nobility of a knight?

After such events, the Dragon Killing adventurers and the eminent clans such as 【Crimson Tiger's Tempest】 and 【Ice Mausoleum of Blue Waters】 will receive their formal reward for subjugating the Evil Dragon King.

I am being chosen as a solo participant to receive my award.

In the end, all the adventurers are sharing the material from the subjugation.

I thought the meeting to share the reward would be prolonged, but...

The conversation finishes after several minutes.

Sarah, the leader of 【Crimson Tiger's Tempest】, took the lead of the meeting since her clan played such an active role.

‘The one who killed the Evil Dragon King is Shuya.’

So, it was decided that I would choose first.

The other adventurers are first class. They understood without a word.

I was in the middle of the fight, so everyone seems to have understood

They obediently jump on the bandwagon.

I'm curious about the crimson horn, so I choose Burdock's head.

“I want the head.”

The moment I say that— I hear a “tsk” from the gathered adventurers.

I think it came from the S-Ranked twins of 【Ice Mausoleum of Blue Waters】

Judging by their response, those two seem to have wanted the head...

Ma, even if it bothers me, the fact that I killed it doesn't change.

Immediately, the Evil Dragon King's right hand, left hand, upper body, lower body, hind legs, and tail are all distributed.

However, it seems it will take seven days to dismantle the Evil Dragon King's body.

By the way, I tried to put its body inside the item box, but it failed.

The item box seems to have a size restriction.

It was unable to enter.

Once assigning ownership of the material is over, the meeting quickly dissolves.

"It'll be busy from here on out."

"What large commercial firm are you going to sell the materials to?"

"We're from a firm, have an exclusive contract with a blacksmith, and need to request a tailor."

Adventurers have such conversations.

However, I already ate the Evil Dragon King's heart, and the stomach and organs are wrecked. I said nothing to the clan who claimed the upper body.

I apologize in my heart.

Then, Sarah talks.

"Shuya, what are you going to do?"

"I'm not sure yet, for now, I think I will take it to an acquaintance's place."

"Hm... We'll be selling a lot of the materials to a large commercial firm."

"Captain, I want a vacation."

"Lushell, we'll talk about it later."

"Well then, I'll be off. Everyone, we'll meet again somewhere."

"Ah,...un."

Sarah's smile disappears, but it can't be helped.

They have their own way of life.

I bow slightly and take my leave.

Now then, I have no primary weapon anywhere, so what will I do.



Over the seven days I take my time and buy the daily necessities I need, I summon the Dark Hellbone Knights in the vacant lot, train with them using Fairy Moji and the magic sword, spend time wandering around the city and doing take on any requests as an adventurer.

During the Evil Dragon King fight, my primary weapon, the black tanza spear, was destroyed, and I lost all the contents of my backpack.

I stored my money in the item box, so that isn't a problem, but that's not the only thing...it's the situation that I have no rewards from the Evil Dragon King Subjugation.

Because of this, I'll store things other than small coins in the item box from now on.

Now then, the Evil Dragon King's material should have been transported by now, so I head in the direction of the main street.

People are gathering on the street.

I wait a moment for the crowd to disperse and see that the Evil Dragon King material is being transported.

It's already evening. Finally.

A line of large carts arrives in Hector.

People are gathering on both sides of the street to look the Dragon King's corpse.

Carrying Rollo on my shoulder, I join the line of spectators.

“Ooooooh, such large purple scales. Amazing.”

“Is that the Evil Dragon King?”

“That’s right. It looks unexpectedly small, all cut up like that.”

“Iya you’re right. It has a cute foot like a Wyvern.”

“Did you see the claws?”

“Aah, they were able to kill something so big.”

That’s right. That’s right.

While I mix with the crowd, one of the onlookers nods in understanding.

People’s voices are filled with admiration, they’re all excited.

Rollo watches the scene with me.

With the throng of people gathered, stalls are being set up along the road.

For a while, I walk around the street stands to enjoy the festive atmosphere.

When evening falls, and the sky turns dark, there is light.

Not only the light of torches but also magic light in many places.

I blend in with everyone.

Using the ring, I create a sphere of light.

Countless sources of light float up and fill the night sky.

The size, shape, and intensities are all different.

Like that, a swarm of mysterious fireflies seems to appear in the sky above downtown.

The night view overlooking Japan from a skyscraper is beautiful, but this doesn’t lose out to it.

This real-time fantastic neon view.

I make sure I engrave it in my memory.

Enjoying the night view, the moment I am going to the guild with a smile on my face—

“Oi, you, aren’t you the man who was with Quiche?”

The person who calls out from the crowd is an Elf man.

“N? Who are you?”

Who is this...

“I am Quiche Bakunda’s fiancé, Ra-”

“Oooiyya, that has nothing to do with me...”

Then, I remember.

This is the man who was following Quiche.

Lazu with the horse face. The tattoo of the bee is imprinted on his face.

“You, you’re a rude man. Please wait, were you together with Quiche for a long time the other day? It may be wrong to ask, but I don’t care right now. Ever since the deal with the Evil Dragon King, Quiche, I haven’t been able to find Quiche, was she killed in the subjugation?”

Annoying, this guy talks fast...

“Quiche is alive. Then-”

“Is that so, she’s alive. Then, please wait, I still have something to discuss.”

Something to discuss? Not with me.

I’ll ignore him...

I try to sneak into the crowd and get lost...

“Ano, still with me?”

“There is. The other day you stayed in a bar with Quiche for a long time, I cannot allow Quiche to keep bad company.”

Did he follow? And, bad company?

“You’re persistent, the only bad company here is you.”

Ah, crap, I spoke carelessly.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. Do your eyes not work?”

...What did his mouth just say?

A grimacing, detestable man.

I guess I should speak openly.

“Quiche is my friend and companion, the other day Quiche ‘clearly’ did no want to associate with you, Lazu, what did Quiche tell you?”

I raise my voice.

“That was said. Do you understand my love? Are able to comprehend it?”

This guy, despite his horse face, has taken on a nihilistic expression.

He has a face of triumph.

This Elf is way too full of himself...

“...I cannot understand your puny feelings.”

I tell him with a little laugh.

“Shit, what is effeminate, the gap between you, a black-eyed, impertinent shit face, and Quiche and I is an impassable gap! Besides, you speak with the habit of an uneducated adventurer, it is evident that Quiche and I love each other the most. You’re an unnecessary distraction-”

For a long time, he prattles on about how superior he is compared to me.

In an instant, I cover my whole body in fighting moji, then deliver a knife-hand blow to Lazu’s footing.

“-If I get in the way, are you going to kill me? If you want to keep being so

excessively rude...”

The point of my hand is embedded in the ground, creating an empty hole.

“Grrrrr.”

Furthermore, Rollo has become angered and entangles Lazu’s feet in her feelers, tripping him.

“Hihihiiii-”

Fallen on his rear, the horse-faced Elf has become afraid.

I approach the long-faced Lazu, meet his eyes with a calm smile.

“It is good that you love people without permission. However, do not get Quiche involved in your self-satisfying delusions of love. A one-sided oppressive love is worth the same as shit. Going mad with love to satisfy your own desires. From now on, you will give up on Quiche and chase after a different woman.”

“Nyago!”

Rollo raises a cute, angry voice, and slaps Lazu with a paw.

“Love...”

With a frightened expression, Lazu speaks in a muffled voice.

Troublesome, I need to make him understand my words.

“Oi, change yourself on the contrary. Chasing after a woman who insists she doesn’t like you, even if she refuses you every time, without listening, you persistently stick around no matter how many times she turns her back. Besides, you’re even threatening to raise your hand against the woman’s friend. Pardon me— what do you think is going to happen?”

“...It, it’s very bad.”

I spoke openly, did it work?

“You’re doing the same thing.”

“...Ah, I-I such a thing...”

Lazu blinks as if suddenly waking up, shedding tears as he looks at me.
I’ll emphasize it here.

“-You should understand. Now, you won’t trouble me or pursue Quiche, correct? You got it?”

Lazu nod repeatedly.

He seems to understand now.

This guy is unexpectedly good at understanding. Umu.

“Is that so, then, disappear quickly. If you trouble Quiche again, I will use the sword hand from earlier to destroy you so badly that it makes your horse face look cute.”

“Nyagoa.”

Saying so, I turn on my heel.

Rollo also, after growling threateningly at Lazu, follows after me.

Good grief...this splendid night scene is spoiled now,
I’ll quickly forget about it and head to the guild...

I enter the guild and head to the reception desk.

There is the usual beautiful oppai receptionist.

Upon seeing her, my mood suddenly approves.

Immediately, I talk to the lovely oppai-san.

“This is the non=search area reclamation mission success, right? You’ll be C-rank now.”

“Thank you.”

Thus, I am promoted the adventurer rank C.

I receive the reward properly.

Incidentally, I sell all the tusks, claws, and dragon scales I collected along the way... (TL: All the stuff he harvested from corpses on the way to Burdock.)

I sell them dirt-cheap.

That’s why everyone left them without collecting them.

Ma, this is normal. When everyone is selling them, it’s only natural for the market price to fall.

When it finally comes to the matter of collecting the Evil Dragon King’s head, I am shown to the back of the guild.

It was dismantled, but the Evil Dragon King’s head is huge.

So, I receive in a special place at the back of the guild.

The width of the Dragon King’s head is seven or ten meters.

I’m worried about if this will fit in the item box, but dismiss the needless anxiety.

As expected, while the whole body of the Dragon King is impossible, its head is manageable.

“Yosh, it fits.”

“That item box is amazing. To hold something that size...after all, you’re the only solo adventurer amongst the Dragon Killers.”

That, it seems the nickname include me...

“Haha, yeah. I’ll go, then.”

“Hai, again, come to me anytime.”

Anytime, huh.

Oppai receptionist san’s eyes are different than usual.

An expression a respect and interest is visible.

However, I have not heard her name yet...

When I consider asking oppai receptionist-san's name and making a pass at her, an old voice calls out.

"Shuya-san, wait."

"N?"

I look back. There is an old man, appropriate for the voice.

His beard comes to a sharp point.

The person is wearing a blue overcoat I have seen before.

From what I hear, this person is the big shot of a guild master.

His name is Carban Fafunade.

Fafunade...he asks.

When I try to remember, I am told to come with him for a private conversation and am led to a different room.

It seems to be the guild master's room, bookshelves line the walls, a sofa is lined up with a big desk.

On the desk are thick books, a few of the titles are New World Criticism, Coexistence With Demonic Beings, Hades and the Ten Levels of Hell, Boundary of Hades and Hell, and Kaikou City.

I am asked to sit in a chair with a soft seat and am immediately under a barrage of passionate questions by the Carban-san.

Carban begins to smoke, and fumes drift around me.

And then, starting with a light compliment, he tells me the story his daughter, Eris, said to him, then asks where did I come from. Am I really human? Among other things, what about the black cat...

The rapid succession of investigative questions follows one after another.

When I start to withdraw, Carban-shi begins praising me.

Do I know the name “thorny tail?”

The name “Kuna?”

I reply that I know Kuna, and give the same story I gave the receptionist-san about her dying.

This Carban-Oji takes on a manner appropriate for a guild master, his eyes are sharp but his expression half gentle.

The contents of the conversation change from there.

At this point, Rollo begins to enter my hood to sleep.

Carban Oji-san says tonight there is a celebration for the Evil Dragon King subjugation and a party at the Marquess’ house.

I have been summoned to attend.

This oji says...

He says “You should have been told beforehand.”

It seems I was chosen in a hurry.

“We’ve had to rush to find people.”

“Sorry,” he apologizes.

The conversation develops into a frank discussion from there.

A messenger from the Marquess arrives then, so I am told to wait here since his presence is demanded.

“Can’t I refuse it?”

Suddenly...

“What did you say? The top class cooking of Hector is a direct reward?”

Uh, is a high class a delicious meal?

However, isn't the Marquess that woman?

Of course, I remember...

Honestly, I'm tempted by the food.

The chance to eat the world's top class food doesn't happen very often.

...I'll go.

"I understand. I'll go. However, won't you look after Rollo?"

Rollo returns from napping in my hood when she hears her name. He looks at me questioningly.

"Understood. I'll look after her."

"Nnn, nya."

Rollo gets up with a purr.

What do you think? She jumps down from my shoulder to the armchair Carbon-jii is sitting in.

She licks the right side of the old man's wrinkled face, then begins to explore the room.

She jumps from the armchair to the desk.

She moves to the next box and jumps again.

She climbs up a cabinet to sniff the ceiling, then drops back to the corner of a desk.

"Such a feeling...Rollo is smart, so until I return here. And then..."

When I say I have no clothing suitable for attending, the old man immediately lends me some.

"You should wear this."

"Has everything been prepared?"

“Funn, it can’t be helped. The size of the clothes is close, but you can wear it for now.”

Good grief, shouldn’t you check on it?

I compare its size to my body.

Without saying anything, I remove my clothes and answer properly.

“...Hai, hai.”

I remove my leather clothes and don the new bilaud type clothing. (TL: This (http://znaf.info/blog/wp-content/uploads/2014/06/ff14_sorcerer44_02.jpg) is what appears when I search ブリオー, I’m also partial to the idea of Shuya running around in the female version.(<http://blog-imgs-48.fc2.com/f/f/h/ffheaven/20111011005825300.jpg>))

I had to throw away the leather clothing I was wearing when I was eaten by the Evil Dragon King. Its teeth and stomach acid did a number on them.

The black tiger leather jack that Shisho gave me is tattered and full of holes too, but I can still wear it, so I haven’t thrown it away yet. Compared to the leather clothes I can still wear it for a while.

The clothes I borrow are similar to a tuxedo, but the tailcoat is slightly different. On the shoulders are epaulets like the accessories attached to naval uniforms. (TL: This(<https://s-media-cache-ak0.pinimg.com/236x/a8/a7/cc/a8a7cc055914c981215aca0a33787229.jpg>))

Everything from the underwear to the tie, to the cuff links and shoes, are all of the highest quality.

The color of the cloth doesn’t stand out too much, but the image of the suit is appropriate for the first mansion in Ginza. (TL: Gina is a shopping district in Tokyo.

While I wait in the guild master’s room in such refined clothing, one of the receptionist-sans comes to tell us a luxurious carriage arrives in front of the guild,

When I try to go outside,

“Wait, a little bit of perfume is appropriate, how about it?”

“I don’t need it, in the end, I’m still an adventurer. Getting dressed up is good enough.”

“Is that so.”

I leave Rollo with the guild’s old man, then exit the guild.

Once I board the noble’s carriage, it starts to move in the direction of the Marquess’ house.

I stay silent in the jolting carriage and all too soon arrive in front of the Marquess’ house.

At last, meeting that noble woman.

Ma, in addition to nobles, it seems the Knights, the griffon corps, and some adventurers are coming...

When I descend from the carriage, a maid approaches.

She is a beautiful blond woman. It seems this maid will guide me.

I follow the maid as she advances.

From the large doorway, a red carpet extends down the corridor.

I am guided through the corridor, past the open double doors.

“Please come to this room.”

The maid lowers her head and returns to the hallway.

Yosh, I’ll go in.

It is a wide luxurious space. A large hall for the reception.

Nobles dressed in gaudy clothing are gathered.

Waah, it feels like I don’t belong here.

I turn my eyes to the ceiling to gloss over that feeling.

The ceiling is tall.

There is a large square chandelier made from crystals there.

It is lit brightly, providing light for the room.

The chandelier is mostly giving off white light, but there are hints of seven other colors in the center of the crystals.

Amazing. When I look with magic observing eye, I can see the mana is being released from the crystals

The crystals are special.

Is the strong repeating light from the prism...

I am momentarily reminded of a kaleidoscope. It looks like a work of art.

The beautiful colors are lighting up a table upon which various dishes are lined up.

“...Looks tasty.”

I mutter.

When I am seen, several dandy nobles begin whispering to one another.

Are they expecting me to act like a noble?

Ridiculous, without minding such a thing, I approach the line of appetizing dishes.

Therefore, I have come here today.

It appears to be set up in a buffet format.

There are roasted ham and an asparagus-like vegetable.

It is a feast of colorful vegetable inside of a large skewered chicken.

Cuts of sirloin steaks are piled attractively with a yellow-green sauce on the side.

I find a mass of scrambled eggs as well.

—I eat.

Wait, wait...

Ooh, there's an ingredient similar to caviar.

Everything looks so good.

With a plate in one hand, I heap food on top.

—Immediately, I put the plate down, and bring the sirloin to my mouth.

Nnn, ooh, so tender, delicious. Yummy.

Meaty, tender, flavor, the sauce interact beautifully.

Chateaubriand?

I seem to be eating a rich French food.

The guy who made this must be an iron chef.

There is also an unknown dish on the table...

While eating the food on my plate, I people watch.

The dressed up noblemen and ladies seem to be enjoying the food.

They are talking with a plate and glass in each hand, like a buffet party.

Nobles continue to enter the room.

“Oh, isn't that Shuya?”

Eh? I thought they were nobles, but it's the members of the crimson tiger all dressed up in fine clothes.

Moreover, Sarah looks breathtaking...

A costume of flames. It matches her hair.

Her fighting appearance is attractive, but this dressed up figure is nice too.

After all, she looks pretty if her style is outstanding.

The red fur on her feet matches the red heels she is wearing.

The shoe's design is splendid too.

It looks like flames are wrapping around like a snake, creating the image of a beautiful woman dressed in gauzy flames.

“...Sarah. I’m surprised. You’re beautiful. Those red clothes look excellent on you.”

I breathe through my nose a little, the simple statement making me excited.

“Haha, thanks.”

“Captain, you’re showing an uncharacteristic smile.”

The Elven bow user, Belize, is wearing a dress too.

“After all Belize, aren’t you checking out the jewel displayed on your chest?”

“Belize, to Captain. Don’t fight here.”

Lushell intervenes, or should I say, Lushell, Belize, and Sarah are all beautiful women.

With her Egyptian makeup and the attitude of an ojou-sama.

The clothing and makeup give her the appearance of a blue bird.

Also, Lushell’s chest...

The clothes are slightly transparent, I can see a blue bra...

As for Belize, is she the like the famous performing sisters? She is gorgeous to the extent that I want to insert a tsutsukomi.

The jewel in the middle of her chest is beautiful too, speaking frankly, her breasts have far more destructive power than the gem. The fabric of her dress becomes thinner the closer it comes to her feet, it has a sweetness that could pass in a modern day fashion show...

“Shuya. You look like your enraptured, your eyes are too obvious.”

The words come from the other member of crimson tiger, Butch-shi.

Butch-shi is also wearing high-quality clothing appropriate for the setting.

He is dressed in a deep black tail coat, but the strong muscles, characteristic of beastmen, are still apparent. His red beard is tidied up on his Hamadryad face,

and a coolness appropriate for a man stands out.

“...Ah, sorry. I meant, shouldn't Butch's look be mentioned too?”

“Nn, that, that's...

Butch's face and ears redden.

It seems the tough muscled beastman doesn't want to be looked at...

While I am having a pleasant chat with the crimson tiger group, all the adventurers call by the Marquess have begun to gather.

The female magic user with the battle slaves, the ax dwarf from the dragon subjugation, the soldier corps, and the hair beast soldiers have appeared.

However, it becomes a slight uproar.