

Chapter 159.5 - It seems to be Interlude 14

The night sky is illuminated by bright red, flashing lights.

The sound of several overlapping sirens spread into the surroundings at an annoying volume from speakers installed on black and white toned cars. It indicated that some incident has taken place just now which ordinary people mustn't approach.

Men and women wearing blue uniforms deploy while hiding behind those two-colored cars that had been stopped in disorder. In their hands they are grasping small handguns.

Among them a woman with her black hair styled into twin tails took out a microphone connected with a cord from within a car, brought her mouth close to the microphone, and opened her mouth after pressing the switch on it.

A grating, shrill sound suddenly reverberates into the vicinity due to a volume that seems to overpower the sirens.

The twin-tailed woman, who reflexively dropped the microphone as she plugged her ears due to the sound which made all those that heard it shudder, right away slapped the back of a nearby man's head, who seems to be her subordinate, with her palm.

She apparently hit him with quite the power. The struck man ends up facepalming the car's side with a considerably force.

"The setting is weird! It's been howling, right!? Redo it!"

"Even though it would be fine if you did it yourself."

Even while turning a reproachful look at the twin-tailed woman, the slapped man begins to adjust the equipment inside the car as he was told.

As he works, the woman looks at the building which has been surrounded by the two-colored cars. The building, which has 5 floors and a facade made out of bare concrete, has many searchlights thrown at it, obviously illuminating it in the dead of the night.

Not only do those lights make the structure of their target building known to the vicinity, but it's also for the sake of preventing something escaping from inside the building while using the cover of the night.

"I adjusted it."

Hearing the man's voice that's dripping with discontent, the woman once again grasps the microphone and brings it to her mouth. After breathing in a bit, she shouted at the building that's illuminated by searchlights,

"Criminal! Stop any pointless resistance and surrender obediently!"

If we assume this to be a scene where criminals, who committed some kind of crime, are demanded to surrender after being cornered, it wouldn't be strange for more tension to hang in the air. However, the current atmosphere is only one of weariness and shirking, with not the slightest amount of tension.

What's visible in the face of the uniformed men and women participating in the encirclement are just feelings of "I wonder, can't we get over with this anytime soon now?" or "I have been forced to participate against my will." The only one being all gung-ho about this is the twin-tailed woman holding the microphone.

Seemingly not noticing that, the woman raises her voice towards the microphone even further.

"Surrender quietly before you add any more to your charges!"

There's no response to her shouting.

The woman glared at the building for a while, but suddenly she thrusts her upper body inside the car, starts to search for something, and at last retrieves a long and narrow metal pipe with a "Heave-ho."

She lightly places the pipe, which had a diamond-shaped warhead attached to its end, on her shoulder, takes aim by closing one eye, and pulls the trigger alongside an encouraging yell that lacks any motivation.

"Fire~"

A faint recoil afflicts the woman's shoulder. The warhead, which flew while leaving white smoke in its trail, pierces into a part halfway up the concrete building, causing an explosion and flames to rise. Concrete splitters are scattered into the surroundings.

The uniformed men and women let the hard fragments pouring down from above go past by hiding in the shadows of the cars, but the twin-tailed woman remains standing in a daunting pose while throwing the pipe away.

"Umm, once again, criminal! Give some response! Don't you make me look like some idiot here!?"

"It ain't 'look like'! You're an idiot, right!?"

The returned shout towards the woman's loud voice came from a man who showed up at a gaping-wide open hole on the building's third floor.

He's a man with red, unkempt and ruffled hair, and wild looks, but for some reason his trained body is clad by a long-sleeved prison uniform with horizontal stripes as worn by prisoners in very old jailbreak skits.

Handcuffs have been thoroughly put around his wrists. Shackles and as bonus iron balls have been attached to his feet.

"What's the idea!? Just what the hell's going on with this setting!? This is my domain, right!? How did it come to this!?"

"Ha ha ha. The authority of this domain is already mine~"

The red haired man, the supervisor of the beastmen, grinds his teeth out of vexation due to Giliel's, the twin-tailed woman's, loud laughter.

Rewinding the time a bit, Giliel, who stole the dragon supervisor's authority following after the human supervisor's, next invaded the domain owned by the beastmen supervisor, who is somewhat easy-going with the management of his domain compared to the other supervisors.

For Giliel, who had liberated two domains and had it easy due to receiving the little girl goddess' support, surrounding and then invading particularly the domain of the beastmen supervisor, who is rough and somewhat irresponsible in the way of using his powers, wasn't that much work.

Once she even secured a path for the invasion, stealing the management authority for the domain became even simpler. Giliel, who usurped it completely, waited until the time was ripe and then moved on to the next stage of capturing the beastmen supervisor himself.

"Even so, what's with all this!?"

"Occasionally one has to have some fun. You have been completely surrounded! Come out obediently." (Giliel)

"Who's going to come out obediently after being told so!?"

The beastmen supervisor is yelling, but the relaxed smile doesn't vanish from Giliel's face as she knows that she has the upper hand with almost no chance for him to overturn the situation.

"Even you are not such an atrocious fellow in reality, right? You should have been a lot more decent in the past." (Giliel)

"I don't wanna be told that by you!"

"Your mother back at home is crying, too!" (Giliel)

"Back at home? Mother...?"

The beastmen supervisor asked back quizzically.

After the broadly grinning Giliel looked back and confirmed once, she shouts into the microphone once again.

"For the sake of persuading you, I have called your mother here!" (Giliel)

"Hey, you lass, who did you call? Who!?"

At least as far as the beastmen supervisor knows, something like a homeplace doesn't exist for him. It's only natural, but a being corresponding to a mother doesn't exist either.

Ahead of the look of the beastmen supervisor, who peeks outside through the opened hole wondering just what Giliel is talking about, the person summoned by Giliel shows up.

It's a very small person and appears to very likely be a woman.

Her hair is streaked with gray shades, and deep wrinkles furrow her face.

Her back is bent and her attire is a matching combination of coat and work pants, but the beastmen supervisor's eyes immediately perceive that she's a person he has never seen before.

Once he looks properly, he can see that her hair is a wig, no matter how you look at it. Even her wrinkles are fake, obviously having been put on with cosmetics or something else.

In the first place, given that her nape and hands have glossy skin, it's quite apparent that her her bent back is deliberate, too.

Once that small person steps up next to the car while so unsteady on her feet that she's supported by Giliel, she embraces the microphone, which was handed to her by Giliel, with both hands, and breathes in once.

"Yoshiooooooooooooooooo!!!"

Already unrelated to any encirclement or similar, everyone present, who was swallowed up in this including even Giliel, toppled over due to her screaming voice.

Even the beastmen supervisor, who usually would use that opportunity to run away, collapsed on the spot, as if buckling from his knees, and was dangerously close to falling outside through the

hole, but then managed to cling to the wall in panic.

Without any energy to stand up, almost everyone thought simultaneously,

'Yoshio, who's that?'

Without realizing that question, the small person grasping the microphone continues screaming even further.

"It's meeeeeee! It's muuuuuuum! Yoshioooooooo! Stop doing such terrible things. Won't you please make up for your ciiiiiiiiimes!?"

"T-This destructive power is a bit unexpected. Certainly I didn't dream that all of our allies would be falling over altogether as well..." (Giliel)

Giliel, who escaped the fate of the others by only falling on her knees as she somehow managed to cling to the door of the car, mutters with cold sweat running down her face, but the small person's screaming doesn't cease.

"Mum doesn't recall having raised you into such a chiiiiiiiiiiild!"

"I don't even remember having been raised by ya at all..."

The beastmen supervisor mutters feebly while sitting, but his voice doesn't reach her.

The uniformed members, which joined the encirclement, drop their handguns, and frantically hold back their laughter with their shoulders trembling and their faces turned downwards.

"Please come oooooooooout! Yoshioooooooooooo!"

"Umm...I feel like the acting has gone a bit too far. Even I, who knew about it in advance, am barely managing to stand." (Giliel)

"If you don't do things like this with spirit, won't you become unable to do it out of shame after wondering just what you're doing...? Bah, now that I'm conscious of it, any further is no good..."

She drops the microphone, and once she flings off the wig, freely flowing blonde hair spills out from below.

When she removes the make-up by carelessly rubbing her face with a towel quietly handed to her by Giliel, the face of a little girl, which was so good-looking that one could only consider it a joke, became visible.

With that face being bright red due to shame, the little girl, who stood there with just her underwear after recklessly taking off the coat and working pants, swings her hand, causing her attire to instantly change into a pure white, gothic dress.

She quickly straightened her back and with her arm, which was covered by a snow white glove while her face was still blushing, she pointed at the beastmen supervisor, who dumbfoundedly looks in her direction, and shouted,

"Mum is crying shameful tears!"

"You still keep going with this!?"

The beastmen supervisor retorted energetically.

While the uniformed personnel that was about to stand up somehow noisily collapses as if having been given the final blow, the beastmen supervisor mutters in a daze as he kneeled on the concrete floor,

"Master..."

That little girl, who throws out her chest while possessing dignity despite her childish appearance, was the very little girl goddess to whom they ought to bow their heads as their lord. Right then and there the beastmen supervisor places both hands on the ground in a crestfallen manner, seemingly unable to believe that she's here.

"Master...why act like this...?"

"H-Huh? That's what you retort at?"

"Are you an idiot...? Even if you try wearing a dress and showing majesty at this point in time, all of it is for nothing, right?"

The uniformed personnel nods at the words of the beastmen supervisor, who reasons with a trembling voice. Due to the unpredicted reaction by her surroundings, the little girl fidgeted around with her fingers while replying with what seems to be an excuse.

"No, I mean, Giliel told me that she definitely wants to play out this setting. I just felt like there might occasionally be a need to have fun like this, too."

"I tried suggesting it since I thought that it might be fun, but I guess I will limit it to this time only. It caused a slight emotional damage that went far beyond expectation. If things don't turn out well, it's very likely that the lower-ranked angels will perish due to our exchange just now." (Giliel)

The little girl glares at Giliel, who scratches her head with a feeling of "It might have been a blunder~," with a look as if she's blaming her.

"Did it already reach the point where you can intervene, Master?"

The beastmen supervisor seems to have regained his composure far enough to finally be surprised about that part, but the little girl denies that by waving a finger left and right.

"The main body is a no go. This is a clone with a feel of being one hundred millionth part of my main body."

"Even so..."

"Yes, even so."

The little girl nods while revealing a faintly sharp smile on her lips.

"I still possess enough power to destroy you guys."

The bloodthirst placed into her voice was definitely nothing one could have predicted from looking at her appearance.

"Kuu..."

"But, if I try to exert that power, it'll be easily repelled by the world."

"With only two domains released, it's still impossible, as expected." (Giliel)

Giliel says, "How regretful," with a sigh to the little girl who simply shrugs her shoulders. Watching those two, the beastmen supervisor jumps down from the place where he was hiding. Once he lands on the ground he goes down on his knees in front of the little girl and bows his head.

"I shall surrender, Master...judge me however you see fit."

Looking down on the beastmen supervisor who's tone had become humble, the little girl laughs scornfully.

"You're a simpleton, but I guess that's also the reason why you know when to quit. Well, whatever. I will come up with a punishment later on."

"The criminal's name is Yoshio. The time is 23:45. Restrain him and take him away." (Giliel)

"Eh? You still continuing with that setting...?"

Without minding the little girl and her reflexive question, Giliel retrieves a transceiver from within the car and contacts some place.

While the uniformed personnel that had toppled over in the vicinity takes out handcuffs or brings over towels in order to hide their previous state, the still kneeling beastmen supervisor raises a voice that sounds somewhat pathetic.

"Say, Yoshio is...."

"Yeah, give it up. That's also something linked to your punishment."

While thinking, 'Even if I correct it myself, I'm sure that this supervisor will be called Yoshio by Giliel and the others from now on forever,' the little girl watched as handcuffs were put around the wrists of the dumbfounded beastmen supervisor and closed with a hard and cold click.