

Chapter 182 - It's My Loss, Jo

"Uuuuaaaaaahhnn, I looooooosst." (Riko)

Ms. Riko doesn't stop crying.
And, I'm straddling her...

"Nyao."

Furthermore, Rollo pushed Ms. Riko's nose with her paw as if telling her, 『Be quiet nya!』.

"Uuuuh, paw? Uuuuaahn, it smeeeeells, but...it might be a nice smell..." (Riko)

"Master, is this the new play you were going to talk about before?" (Viine)

Viine, you want to do such a play?
Or rather, you're wrong.

"Humph, you have already found a different woman. Moreover, that woman...is a beauty."

Rebecca says with her cheeks puffing up.

"Nn, Shuuya, you attacked a woman?" (Eva)

Eva, who came next to me while riding her magic wheelchair, brings her face close and asks me.

"...No, it's just the course of events. I was forcibly challenged to a duel by this Riko-san of the Divine King Rankings. Since she's a beauty and as I was very interested in her spear techniques, I tried fighting her. And, once I defeated her like this, she ended up crying." (Shuuya)

Standing up while explaining, I extend a hand toward Riko.
And then I fix my tone, and address her with a gentleman-like smile.

"Riko-san, are you alright?" (Shuuya)

"...hics—— I lost. I will keep my promise..." (Riko)

Once she got up after grabbing my hand, she said while blushing.

"Ah, that was a joke, so please don't mind it." (Shuuya)

"Nyao."

Rollo extended a tentacle towards her as if imitating me, but Riko ignored it.

"——That's no good! I was defeated. And, we have a relationship of having had a match with our spears. Please don't talk to me like a stranger anymore!" (Riko)

She returns to her confident attitude again, and parted her hand that was grabbed by mine by brushing it away.
Well then, just as you wish...

"...Riko, you're a beauty, therefore do you really feel inclined to protect that promise?" (Shuuya)

I tried to talk to her in a manner of ogling her.

"I-I will!" (Riko)

Even while saying so, she moves towards hiding her own chest and slightly draws back her body. Since she's wearing something without sleeves, her breasts are naturally emphasized a bit. Therefore my eyes were naturally drawn to her seemingly beautiful boobs even though it's not like I focused on erotic stuff.
Rather than that, I switch the topic since I'm interested in the Martial Arts Federation.

"...Haha, don't worry. I won't assault you. All you have to do for the promise to tell me what the Martial Arts Federation is about." (Shuuya)

"...Really? You won't have such a chance ever again, you know?" (Riko)

She stares at me with her clear, azure eyes.

"Yeah." (Shuuya)

Once Riko hears my concise answer, she shows an adorable smile.

"Okay, you're unexpectedly gentle...understood. The Martial Arts Federation is an organization deciding the the top martial arts master who assess the Divine King rankings of the Eight Swords and Eight Spears. It's an organization that governs special individual matches concerning the Divine King rankings that are regularly carried out in the arenas located in **【Labyrinth City Pelneet】**, **【Mining City Tandar】**, **【Elephant God City Regeepick】**, **【Imperial Capital Azeldam】**, and **【Labyrinth City Souther'Deruley】**. Moreover, the "Royal World Martial Arts Association" and "Imperial World Martial Arts Association", which are sponsored by by the Kingdom and Empire, are cooperating, too." (Riko)

I had Viine teach me names of the World Martial Arts Associations in advance.

"The Martial Arts Federation, huh? Riko, you came to this mansion as its messenger, right?" (Shuuya)

"Indeed. Chairman Nemo, who heard about your rumors, asked me, who lives in your neighborhood, to invite you, wondering whether you wouldn't be willing to join the Federation. At first I was against it, but since I'm indebted to the geezer, I accepted the task and came here." (Riko)

"...Join, eh? Even if it might seem different, I'm busy, you know..." (Shuuya)

"Eh? You're not going to join even though you possess this much ability? Are you going to increase your disciples?" (Riko)

Seemingly surprised, Riko's azure pupils widen for an instant.
I looked at Viine who stood next to me.
She's wearing a silver mask, but I can grasp that she looks slightly disappointed.
Come to think of it, she mentioned something about wanting me to demonstrate my true strength to the world by appearing in a tournament, didn't she...?
I'm not hungry for prestige, but...I suppose I can consider participating at least a little bit.

"...At first I doubted your strength, but now I recommend you joining the Federation. Your magic spear skills that defeated the seventh rank of the Divine King ranking are the real deal. I grasped that you're using the Wind Spear Style as basic, but your unique fighting style, which you have accomplished by individually developing your spear style from there, is great. Shuuya, you're a splendid lancer. I feel like I met master, but you truly surpassed him." (Riko)

Although blue dye comes from the indigo plant, it is bluer than indigo.
The pink-haired Riko praised me with a serious expression.
Being admired by a beauty feels nice.
But, the pupil's style isn't as splendid as the master's.
Master Achilles is a great teacher.
While recalling master's spear motions,

"...I will consider an admission, but I'm fundamentally an adventurer. Since I also have other underground jobs...I can't appear in tournaments regularly. Are you still okay with that?" (Shuuya)

"I won't know unless I talk with the chairman. But, if you have connections to the underground, it looks like you'd be approached by the Underground Martial Arts Association if you were to join..." (Riko)

Such shady organization exists as well?

"...Don't I have to meet with that chairman or whatever?" (Shuuya)

"True. I think it would be better if you met and talked with him directly." (Riko)

"Can I have you lead me there?" (Shuuya)

"Sure." (Riko)

At that point I looked at everyone.

"So that's how it is. I'm going to head out, so you guys watch the house, okay? I plan to get back around evening." (Shuuya)

"Please leave it to us."

Kaldo calmly genuflects and swiftly lowers his head.

"Watch the house..."

...But all the girls, my chosen bloodkin, looked dissatisfied.
I plan to return until evening, so I will harden my heart here.

"I guess it can't be helped since it's something I have to do...even though you're my bloodkin, I don't intend to tie you down. It's fine if you freely have some fun. No matter what might happen, in the end you're my bloodkin, right?" (Shuuya)

『Helme, stay in my eye as you are.』 (Shuuya)

『Yes.』 (Helme)

As I'm telepathically talking with Helme, my <Head Servant Leaders> stopped looking unhappy, apparently having understood after hearing my words.

"Master, you're right. I will explore the Market District and research it." (Viine)

"That makes sense. Eva, let's go somewhere then, okay?" (Rebecca)

While pressing her hands against her waist, and acting haughty, Rebecca tilts her head to the side and addresses Eva who's next to her.

"Nn, I will go to a store with delicious sweets together with you, Rebecca." (Eva)

Eva looks back at Rebecca, nods, and replies while smiling.

"I will do some sword training together with Dad." (Yui)

Kaldo stands up after hearing Yui's words, and stares at Yui with a piercing look.

"...Yui, we will train the basics of the Seven Dark Heavenly Katana Techniques, and confirm the password chains." (Kaldo)

"Ok, got it." (Yui)

As expected of parent and child.
It looks like there are individual swordsmanship passwords.

"What amazingly strong-looking disciples..." (Riko)

Riko mutters after watching Viine's, Yui's and Kaldo's casual standing postures.
I guess she sensed their skills in assassination techniques as in a way special to Divine Kings?
Now then,

"...Rollo, let's go." (Shuuya)

"Nyaon."

Rollodeen transforms into her Horse Lion mode.
She extends a tentacle towards my waist, and places me on her back.

And she also twines one around Riko's waist.

"Kyaa——" (Riko)

Riko is also placed on Rollodeen's back. With her sitting in front of me, her peach-colored hair is nearby since I'm glued to her back.

The characteristic nice smell of a woman hung in the air.

"It startled me..." (Riko)

"Everyone reacts like this at first. Can you guide us?" (Shuuya)

"Ah, yeah, kyaaaa——" (Riko)

Rollodeen (Horse Lion) jumped in the middle of Riko talking — and landed in the middle of the street after using the large front gate as stepping stone.

"...I'd be grateful if you could move forward a bit slower, though." (Riko)

Riko turns around and looks up at me with complaints written all over her face.

I faced her azure eyes.

A compact nose and a beautiful mouth.

The sides of the pink, bobbed hair have a slightly deeper color at the roots.

"Hey, are you listening to me?" (Riko)

"Ah, I was fascinated by your beautiful hair." (Shuuya)

"Eeh? Jeez, what's it all of a sudden!? But, thanks..." (Riko)

She looked downward after turning her face sideways, and thanked me in a quiet voice.

Cute...

I speak up while smiling broadly.

"Riko, I rely on you as guide." (Shuuya)

"Ah, yeah." (Riko)

She pulls herself together and gives direction with the spear in her hand.

While listening to the sweet, high-pitched voice characteristic to women, Rollodeen runs through the streets at a moderate speed in order to not scare Riko.

The place we arrived at faced the southern street close to the arena.

The door, hidden by a greenish brown mud wall, was made out of cypress-like, high-class wood. It's a mansion with an ambiance.

It's plain, but much bigger than the bakery next to it.

A signboard with "Pelneet Martial Arts Federation" carved in big letters into the wood has been put up at the front.

"We're there. This is the mansion of the Pelneet Martial Arts Federation where the geezer Nemo

lives." (Riko)

"Roger." (Shuuya)

I got off first, and helped Riko dismounting Rollodeen while holding her hand.

"T-Thanks." (Riko)

"Don't mind it. Now, please let me meet with the chairman." (Shuuya)

"Okay, come." (Riko)

I put Rollo, who had shrunk, on my shoulder. Then I enter the mansion while watching Riko's back after she opened the door.

There's no reception desk. Simple, modern tables and chairs are lined up.

There are several water server lookalikes that seem to be magic tools...next to them, a few strong people chatted lightly as if showing off their presence.

The first is a woman. A great number of eyeballs? is floating around her.

Apparently blind, the upper half of her face is covered by bandages. She wore seductive clothes that have been tied to both shoulders and unified with a collared black leather bra hiding her big breasts. Strings, which were bound to the five fingers of her left hand, are loosely fluttering about while extending towards the air.

And, a huge eyeball floated on top of her left hand's palm which was covered by bandages.

Mana circulates to the eyeballs flying around in her vicinity.

『...Your Excellency, the people in the vicinity, including that woman, are artificially suppressing their mana. Especially the big-boobed woman which you like so much. The strings in her left hand contain thick mana. Mana seems to be intensely gathering in the eyeball on her right hand, and the eyeballs flying around her.』 (Helme)

A tiny Helme appeared while donning a grim face.

For some reason stabbing with a needle as if thrusting it at the big breasts.

Without retorting her weird actions, I communicated normally with her through telepathy.

『...You're right there. It's not normal. Her Magic Combat Style is quite high-leveled too. If I'm unlucky, her Magic Combat Style will be higher than mine, I guess?』 (Shuuya)

『...Your Excellency, I don't consider that to be possible.』 (Helme)

Given that Helme's voice is awfully low, it must be true.

The second one is a man with white eyes and a scaled skin.

Water bubbles are released from his entire body which is clad in a black martial arts vest.

Water bubbles, huh? It looks like he owns a fairly special skill.

The third one has a short, boyish hair style, thin eyebrows, and beautiful, deep blue eyes.

The mouth is hidden by a black mask, and the whole body is covered by a costume made out of bones and black leather.

Six daggers with bone hilts are attached below the belly.

On a glance it's the getup of an assassin.

Helme, who floats at the edge of my visual field, got close next to the assassin while swimming

with a breaststroke, and raised her finger...

『Everyone is quite strong.』 (Helme)

『I guess so...Helme, vanish from my visual field.』 (Shuuya)

『Okay.』 (Helme)

I address Riko who's walking next to me.

"...Riko, who are these people?" (Shuuya)

"The "Silkworms" of the Martial Arts Federation." (Riko)

Oh? The remarkable lancer whom I confronted in Zamalia mentioned that word.

"Silkworm...?" (Shuuya)

"As armed organization under the direct control of the Federation, they pursue wanted men and maintain security during the competitions. It's also an organization opposing the Underground Martial Arts Association. To begin with, all of them are remarkable Divine Kings or former adventurers. Now, the chairman's room is over there." (Riko)

"Roger." (Shuuya)

Riko walked ahead through a corridor that was blanketed with smooth, rectangular stones. She opens the door of a big room located at the end of the corridor sideways, and enters. There were several secretary-like women inside that room. A person covered with white hair, who sat on the other side of a large desk, stands up and walks over.

"Oh, Riko, jo. You came back, jo? The one behind you is..."

An old cat beastman with white fur on his head, deer horns, and a beard?
He has four arms, but with him possessing horns, he might be a race I have never seen before.

"Correct. I brought Shuuya Kagari with me. Since he said that he wants to talk with you as he considers joining the Federation, I brought him here."(Riko)

I was introduced, and thus bow my head once.
Rollo clung to the hood so that she wouldn't fall off the shoulder.

"...Nice to meet you. I'm Shuuya. The black cat on my shoulder is Rollodeen. Or Rollo." (Shuuya)

"Nyao."

"Fuofuofuo, what a cute black cat, jo. My name is Nemo, best regards, jo." (Nemo)

Jo? As might be expected of race belonging to the cat family, he's a strange, hunchbacked, old man.

"...So, I'm wondering whether I should join the Martial Arts Federation, but I'm an adventurer and someone managing a dark guild. I think I won't be able to appear in matches often as I'm busy, but is it still fine with all that?" (Shuuya)

Once I ask, the old cat makes the money sign with one of his thin fingers, and while peeking at me through the finger circle, he clads his yellow eye with dense mana for just an instant. (T/N: So many HunterXHunter references...)

"...I have heard the rumors, jo. I don't mind, jo...however, are you stronger than me, jo?" (Nemo)

Precisely because he's the chairman, he has appraising eyes?

"...I'm confident in my spearmanship." (Shuuya)

『Your Excellency, this cat geezer appears to sense my presence.』 (Helme)

"Fuofuofuofuofu, that left eye is great, and you're overflowing with confidence, jo. You're strong, jo...I will approve your admission right away, jo. You will start from the 230th Divine King rank, jo." (Nemo)

Once the old cat exchanged look with a secretary in the room, she began to write something on a document. It seems to be my registration.

Since he pointed out the matter with my left eye, it's just as Helme said.

I guess he's no common cat geezer possessing four arms.

"...And, if you're up for a match, come to the arena, jo. You can face anyone within thirty ranks above or below your own rank, Shuuya, jo." (Nemo)

Hee, so such a rule exists, too.

"Those matches...they will wage one's life, right? Is it alright to let the opponent die?" (Shuuya)

"No problem, jo. All those competing have the resolve, jo. Once a match starts, unfairness or whatsoever don't matter, jo. All that matters is one's own resourcefulness, jo. Fuofuofuofuofu." (Nemo)

He's a weird jo jo grandpa.

"Understood. I plan to go to the arena once I got some free time, but that might not come to pass." (Shuuya)

"Jeez, what's with that. Even though you can immediately reach the higher ranks...well, I don't want to fight against you, though." (Riko)

While scratching her cheek with its pink freckles with her index finger, Riko smiles next to me.

"Higher ranks, huh? Personally I'm interested since I want to see spear techniques. But, I have no interest in something like an entertainment show. It's at the level of me maybe having a match when

it fits in a distant future. After all I'm allowed to prioritize my main occupation." (Shuuya)

"...So you were serious. Haaa...for the man who defeated me to be someone with no motivation..." (Riko)

"Fuofuofuofuofuo, Riko, jo, you lost, jo? As expected, he's really strong, jo." (Nemo)

The old cat says while fiddling with his beard.

"Riko, are you going to regularly have matches then?" (Shuuya)

"Yep, I'm aiming for an even higher Eight Divine Spear King rank." (Riko)

"I see. We have a relationship of having clashed spears once. I'm honestly rooting for you." (Shuuya)

"Ah, okay, thanks." (Riko)

Riko's cheeks become red.

"Well then, I'm going home. Chairman Nemo-san, goodbye." (Shuuya)

"See you, jo." (Nemo)

"Chairman, see you later." (Riko)

I went out to the corridor together with Riko and Rollo on my shoulder.

"Riko, you mentioned that you have disciples, but around how many follow you?" (Shuuya)

"Slight less than hundred. There are many people who want to study spearmanship from me, you know? Fufun." (Riko)

Walking next to me, Riko smiles while looking proud.

"Hee, well, I can understand the guys who have become Riko's disciples." (Shuuya)

"Oh my, in what way?" (Riko)

Riko turns her eyes at me, obviously looking forward to my reply.

"I don't know anything besides a man's thinking, but I think they probably want to see your beautiful face and your pretty, peach-colored hair from close-by." (Shuuya)

"What're you talking about!? Can't you say that my spear techniques are mazing or such!? Humph!" (Riko)

"Haha, sorry. But, I'm 50% or 60% sure that they are thinking the same as me." (Shuuya)

"Humph, enough. I'm going outside." (Riko)

As she seems weak against praise about her appearance, she walked ahead with a beet red face and left the Federation's mansion.

Once I go outside, too, Rollo jumps off my shoulder.

On the ground she transforms into her Horse Lion mode.

"Amazing...she sure is a magnificent cat combining cuteness and coolness." (Riko)

Riko praises while fixedly staring at Rollo's face that has turned into that of a lion.

"Nyaon, nya."

Seemingly happy over being praised, Rollodeen brings her beast face close to Riko's, and licks her childish face with her big tongue.

"Kyaaa." (Riko)

Riko lets go of her spear and falls on her bum, unable to keep standing out of surprise.

"Are you alright?" (Shuuya)

I asked while picking up the short spear that has rolled to the side.

"Y-Yeah. Because it was sudden, kyaa——" (Riko)

Rollodeen (Horse Lion) extended a tentacle to Riko, twined it around her belly, and placed her atop her own, black-furred back.

"Jeez, you're too pushy, Rollo-chan. Fufu." (Riko)

Riko happily caressed Rollodeen's torso while straddling her back.

"Here, your precious weapon." (Shuuya)

I hand the short spear with its conspicuous bluish white blade to her.

"Yeah. Thanks." (Riko)

While nodding, I lightly jump on top of Rollodeen, and straddled right behind Riko. Rollodeen slowly walks ahead.

"You live in the Martial Arts District, right? We will send you home." (Shuuya)

"Ah, okay, thanks. Fufu, you're really kind, Shuuya." (Riko)

"Well, you know, it's my style to be kind to women I fancy." (Shuuya)

"...Pft, it's the first time in my life that I was told something like this. You're throwing me off..."

(Riko)

Riko appeared to be laughing a bit in front, but she hangs her heads in embarrassment.

"Nyao."

"Auaah——" (Riko)

Rollodeen (Horse Lion) extended several tentacles from her collar and held them against Riko's cheeks.

It seems she transmitted her feelings.

"What? How mysterious...her feelings have been passed on to me..." (Riko)

A short time later, she removed the tentacles from Riko's face and stuck them to my neck.

"Run, play, which way, over there, play, breeze, jump? She said..." (Riko)

"I'm sure she thought you would give her instructions again since you did so when we came here, Riko. Didn't you hear?" (Shuuya)

"I see. You're excellent, Rollo-chan. Well then, please continue straight ahead on the street." (Riko)

"Nyaon."

Rollodeen points her face upwards, raises a cat voice, increases her speed towards a quick pace, and advances along the street.

"Ahahaha, how fun. Fast, you're truly fast, Rollo-chan." (Riko)

She laughed with her peach-colored hair fluttering in the wind.

It looks like she grew accustomed to the speed. That said, Rollodeen goes quite easy on the speed since it's that of a normal horse.

Returning to the Martial Arts District, we pass my home and arrive in front of Riko's mansion. The gate of her mansion was made out of bricks and had a structure that's not common for the mansions around here.

A stone signboard, which had "Wind Spear Style Madolikos Dojo" written on it, is placed on top of the gate's roof.

"Teacher! What are you riding there!?"

"Teacher Riko, who's the man sitting next to you?"

"Silence, you guys! This person is Shuuya-san. He kindly sent me home——" (Riko)

Riko easily gets off Rollodeen with her hair flying in the wind.

On this occasion the white cloth flutters, revealing the area from her seductive thighs to her butt that's covered by white cloth panties.

It was instantly recorded by the Hippocampus synapses.

The art of giving a brief glimpse of panties has a high level of attraction. I'm troubled whether I should start a White Panty Committee.

"Shuuya, thanks for bringing me home..." (Riko)

As I was considering the panty's whiteness, Riko chatted me up while blushing. And, apparently she wants to tell me something. She lowered her azure eyes and fidgeted her inner thighs a bit.

"Hey, say...Shuuya." (Riko)

"Mmh, what's up?" (Shuuya)

"Let's train spearmanship?" (Riko)

At that moment the expressions of her disciples, who crowded around her, changed, and they started to glare at me.

"Sure. I still have time until evening." (Shuuya)

In response the surrounding looks become even harsher.

"Riko, the disciples around you are glaring at me, though. Wouldn't it be better if you stopped them?" (Shuuya)

"Eh?" (Shuuya)

Riko looks around her, checking her disciples' looks. They immediately averted their eyes, but it was plainly obvious.

"Sorry. They are envious since it's rare for me to request a training session. But, I want to practise with you...please. We are buddies who clashed our spears once, right?" (Riko)

It looks like they can't approve another man like me.

"If a beauty like you requests it this much, I will go along with your wish, Riko." (Shuuya)

"Fufun, thanks." (Riko)

Being described as beauty, Riko jerks her chin, seemingly in a good mood, and lifts the corners of her mouth into a smile.

"Come this way then." (Riko)

Once Riko looks at the gate, it was opened. I get off Rollodeen, place the shrunken Rollo on my shoulder, and pass through the Madolikos Dojo's gate.

A house that seems to be the dojo was visible in the center of the plot. Once I climb low stairs, a training room with stone mats spreads in front of me.

"Is it fine here?" (Riko)

"Sure. Rollo, get off me." (Shuuya)

"Nyaon."

She jumps off my shoulder, runs across the stone mats, and looks back this way once she took some distance.

The disciples spread out to the left and right, preparing to watch mine and Riko's training.

She holds her short spear and readies it by turning the blue blade's tip my way just like she did when we fought before.

Once I exposed my violet armor by opening the overcoat to the left and right, I lowered the Magic Halberd, which I held with both hands, in front of my waist. While grabbing the violet, metal staff part and adjusting my hold with delicate finger movements, I took a seigan stance.

——She starts first.

A spear thrust trajectory as I had expected.

I deliberately don't receive it with my magic spear. I place the weight of my body on the toes of my feet, and move my body with half steps, as if jumping across the stone mats, with a nice rhythm of tap-tap-tap while evading the thrust technique unleashed by Riko with nothing more than small movements.

It's a movement style I incorporated by studying the movements of Oze, whom I confronted in the past, in my own way.

"——Fast." (Riko)

It's inevitable that Riko murmurs so to herself.

I'm a Light Demon Lucival, a monster that constantly continues to evolve its physical abilities.

She's a strong elf as the seventh rank of the Divine King ranking. No matter how long her life span might be, she's a living being bound by the normal limits of logic. From the start that's different to me.

Even without using <Demonic Brain Speed> or <Blood Acceleration>, she's an easy opponent...

While dodging her attacks, I circle around towards her flank.

Since I discovered...several openings in Riko's defense, I'm going to attack those.

Faintly altering my step work, I deliberately destroy my own rhythm, and release a <Thrust>.

Naturally she's a Divine King ranker. While responding to the subtle difference in timing by correcting it with her own skill, she matches the red spear's spiraling thrust with the bluish white blade, and repels it by letting the spear glide off atop the blade.

Her delicate technique in this area is truly amazing.

It's a technique I should steal.

But, that's one of her openings, too.

I erase the repelled magic spear in an instant, and summon it back at hand again——

She misses her aim due to the Magic Halberd suddenly vanishing and then reappearing.

Right away I drew a lower arc with the magic spear, mowing down the feet of the shaken Riko.

"——Kyaaa." (Riko)

She vigorously tumbles down since I strongly pulled her feet with the Magic Dragon Gem.

Unable to use ukemi, she crashed with her head against the stone floor. Her bones might be broken,

too. In a hurry I operate my item box.
I approach her while taking out a healing potion.

"——You alright? I will apply this jar on you right away." (Shuuya)

"How dare you!"

"Get away from her, low-life!"

"Don't bring a shady jar close to her, you fake!"

The disciples came running with very threatening attitudes.

"Shut up. I'm going to heal her now. You're nuisances." (Shuuya)

『Your Excellency, let me.』 (Helme)

『It's fine for the moment.』 (Shuuya)

I ignore the small fries and Helme.
I sprinkled the potion over Riko's feet.
The injured places immediately recovered to its former state.
While at it, I cast the advanced leveled 《Water Cure》.
Small drops rained down on her from the shining cluster of water.
Her whole body shone, and it looked as if her skin's gloss got more intense.

"...Ah, I guess I lost again. T——Thanks, it looks like you healed me." (Riko)

Phew, she's alright.
Riko lightly uses her abdominal muscles, and gets up energetically.
She also picked up her favorite spear.

"...If it comes to me losing twice, the fourth rank of the Eight Divine Spear Kings, Fizz Gerald, might not stay silent about this." (Riko)

"Someone at a higher rank?" (Shuuya)

"Yes. Sometimes he comes to this Martial Arts District to train." (Riko)

"Is that person going to challenge me?" (Shuuya)

"Probably. You understand the feeling of wanting to try having a match if you know that the other party is strong, don't you?" (Riko)

"Sort of." (Shuuya)

At that time the surrounding disciples started to cause an uproar.

"Teacher!"

"Why, teacher!"

"To such a violet knight!"

The disciples seemed to be enraged about Riko losing quickly.

"——Are you guys idiots? You don't understand how much skill Shuuya possesses after watching the match just now? Then you're a disgrace as my disciples. It's so shameful that it would be better for you to stop right away... In the end I guess you're fools only aiming for my looks, just as Shuuya said..." (Riko)

Riko looked sad.

I think she really likes her spear more than being a teacher.

In a match between spears gender doesn't matter.

Exactly because she purely wants to develop her spear skill, she grieves as the disciples, who she taught herself, didn't understand what kind of feelings Riko harbored towards her spear.

The pride, which she showed on her face at first, had vanished, and it was painful to look at her.

I don't understand since I never had any disciples, but even now I'm harboring respect towards Master Achilles. I studied genuine love towards spear arts from master.

I believe that I have also inherited a bit of a martial arts practitioner's mindset from master.

From her expression I feel that I was taught about that once again.

Seeing Riko's sad expression, the disciples let her eyes wander, obviously feeling awkward.

"...Riko, your disciples look sorry, you know? Won't they rather grow through this time's incident?" (Shuuya)

"...It would be great if that were to be true." (Riko)

"...Teacher, I'm sorry. And, remarkable lancer-sama, please excuse my rude attitude and words."

Several disciples apologized next.

"Don't worry. I'm a lancer as well. We're comrades." (Shuuya)

The disciples look relieved and politely bow their heads.

"Fufu, Shuuya...thanks for having comforted me——" (Riko)

What! I got hugged by Riko.

"Hey, your disciples are watching..." (Shuuya)

"It's fine——" (Riko)

She powerfully pressed her face against my violet armor.

"...I see." (Shuuya)

For a while I gently embraced her back.
Dangerous, it's really dangerous.
A devilish voice whispering to my heart coaxes me...and in the instant my inner scale swung upwards and I was about to start a trial in my mind, I hear Riko's voice.

"Fufun!" (Riko)

Riko raises a voice full of elation.
At the same I fell down on my bum.
Yep, my foot was pulled by Riko, causing me to fall over.

『Your Excellency, sorry. I should have warned you.』 (Helme)

『No, it can't be helped.』 (Shuuya)

The short spear held by Riko's hand has the edge of its blade pressed against my neck.
...A woman's weapon, huh? This is sly.
At that time the words of the cat geezer pop up in my mind.
"Unfairness or whatsoever don't matter, jo. All that matters is one's own resourcefulness, jo.
Fuofuofuofuofuo."
Ahaha, it's just as he says. It's my loss, jo.