

Chapter 310 - Conclusion



Around the time when the spearmaster and the Shadow Wing Brigade were fighting atop the new roof after the previous one had collapsed, another fight was going on in the basement. The pathways in the basement are gloomy with stagnant sewage causing a nauseating stench to hang in the air.

However, thanks to a cold wind whistling into the depressed passage from a sloping path that seems to open up the higher you go in a section of the inner basement, the offensive smell from deeper down the basement has dissipated there. This place is also the location for a showdown between Kary of the Shadow Wing Brigade and Veronica of Remains of the Moon.

With agile movements, Kary opposes Veronica's two flamberges with the daggers in his two hands. At the same time he's using the daggers, which are floating in the air through his Guidance Sorcery, at every opportunity.

Veronica employs variously shaped blood swords which she had summoned during the fight with a skill called <Blood Sword Dance>. [efn_note]The Dance in the skill name refers to a specific, old Japanese dance you can look at here: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=s6m1-gScRxs> [/efn_note] Each and every of the swords moves as if having its own consciousness. They keep attacking in waves, at times slashing down, at times slashing up, sometimes thrusting, other times slapping with the blade part, or even acting like scissors, as if combining ranged and closed combat styles.

All of them are pushing the battle maniac Kary hard, making the fight extremely tough on him. After all, his own guidance-sorcery-daggers are simply too few in number to deal with all of the blood swords at once. And yet, Kary maintains an unruffled expression even under these circumstances.

After he had been humiliated by the spearmaster, his own character drove him to rapidly develop all kinds of abilities. Currently he can rely on a bountiful variety of skills derived from Guidance Sorcery which capitalize on his physical abilities. However, in the end, all of these are within the range of what humans can achieve.

With his opponent being a family member of the spearmaster, she belongs to a unique race in this world. Veronica the <Head Servant Leader> of a Light Demon Lucival.

Of course it's next to impossible for Kary to keep up with her abilities. Even his beloved close combat bolstered by surprise attacks through his Guidance Sorcery merely looks like child play when compared to Veronica's <Murderous War Blade Dance>.

It's not like Kary's fighting and movements are unskilled, no it's rather the opposite, but this battle is the opposite of Kary's fight against Chiroc. Ever since the beginning, he's repeatedly running away with his clothes being a mess, with the time of his escape being the only moment when things around him change.

"——Oh! Found you, Veronica. So that's where you've been. But, going by the number of dead

guards around here...this opponent must be formidable."

Veronica stops moving upon Mel's entry.

"Hee, the Deathgoddess of Blood is called Veronica, eh...?" Kary asks while looking at Mel with narrow eyes.

"Indeed. You're quick at running away, and your movements are clever, but I'm tired of playing a game of tag with you. After all, you won't get away anyway!"

"Hah, Veronica, you're a pretty girl with a dazzlingly beautiful dress. An opponent completely different from what I've imagined, yo." Kary casts a look at Veronica that makes her feel like he's licking her all over with his eyes.

While using a unique, swaying walking style, he licks the blade of his dagger with his ling, snakey tongue. A peculiar magic crest is visible on his tongue. Something eerie that releases mana, squirms within the crest.

Veronica's appearance after having borrowed mana from Magit, who's observing from nearby, to transform is certainly dazzling. It's a dress that interweaves silver and scarlet colors.

Veronica examines Kary. She faintly shifts the spiraling spearheads of her red and white flamberge from their side hold. Despite each time planning to chase down and kill Kary through her great number of summoned blood swords, Kary has been striking back at her many times over, as if messing around with her, causing her to strengthen her wariness of Kary's bottomless battle techniques.

"Oh my, I guess that means I spilled her name unintentionally."

"You got it, yo. Seeing how you've got those black wings growing at your ankles, you gotta be Mel the Flash." Kary moves his eyes as if taking in her whole, pretty body starting from her slender feet.

And then he flaunts his status as pervert by deliberately showing off his erect dick pressing against the tight pants he's wearing to Mel. Taking on his look, Mel stares at his nether region, just to immediately shudder with a cold shiver traveling down her spine.

"...I wonder, is that brazen, strong pervert a leader of Shadow Wing——"

Continuing to tremble, Mel closes the distance to Kary, unleashing a kick technique in an attempt to bust his erect dick.

"——It's just as you say, missy. The name's Kary."

Kary twists his body, and using the wall, he makes a magic string of Guidance Sorcery cling to the ceiling. Contracting that string, he dodges Mel's kick by using it like a spring, and lands on the opposite side of the hallway.

"You're naive, missy!"

In that moment, the thrust by Veronica's flamberges stabs his body while the blood swords manipulated by her stab and slash at his whole body. Believing that even the best marksman can miss his timing, Veronica judges that she's killed Kary. However, Kary keeps up a calm expression. His cut figure disperses like mist and vanishes.

"What? An afterimage?"

"Quite quick, am I not——" Kary laughs as he retreats while injured with cuts at his head, right chest, and legs.

It was one of his tactics where he'd use one of the transformation skills of his Guidance Sorcery skill <Shadow Guidance Demon> to camouflage himself.

"You're pissing me off. I don't wanna see that smile of yours which only dampens my will to fight, you know?"

"Even if you tell me all that, I'm kinda desperate here, you see?"

Kary isn't lying. After all he'd usually reveal his 'nasty and shady smile' (Curse Smile), and not some smile. It's a small difference in the changes of his face, but if the two women had observed him during his battle against Chiroc, they might have now noticed the faint shifting of his mimetic muscles.

"Now then, I suspect it's about time for everyone and the spearmaster to clash for real. In that case——"

Kary puts his daggers away while forcing out his prided curse smile a bit, and takes out several pills, he had prepared in advance, from his pocket while holding them between his fingers. Veronica glares at him, but Kary only responds by smiling. While keeping up that smile, he tosses the pills into his mouth, and swallows them.

"Those drugs are going to boost your physical abilities?"

"They look like the ones I've heard about in Zamalia."

"Who knows, yo. Guess you've got to wait n' see?" Kary dodges their questions, and throws the last pill with a crooked shape, which he has been holding between his fingers like a card, on the floor in front of him.

At that moment, venomous smoke gushes out like steam from the bottom of the planet as if the door to the netherworld had been thrown open. The poisonous smoke changes its color from yellow to a light green. Eventually it turns into a dark green as it'd be done with a gradation on a painting. It's become such a dense fog that any ordinary person would perceive this as a world of green.

"Kyaa! Poison!?"

"Mel——"

"Nyaoo."

Veronica picks up Mel in an embrace, and leaves the smoke's range together with Magit.

The smoke used by Kary is a deadly poison using the poop of an S-Rank draconic monster called Deos Gihis which can turn itself invisible and only spawns in a place called Deep Blue Matchless Tower in the south of Mahaheim. It is something contorted by the black-haired Refined Gold Doll Master who had a battle to the death with Rinabel in Socteria. Its effect is immediate and a small dose is already lethal - a dangerous poison that works even against inhuman and undead opponents.

After brainstorming ideas with Alford, the clairvoyant of the Shadow Wing Brigade, Kary had independently prepared this as an additional measure against the spearmaster.

Mel has inhaled a small amount of that lethal poison. Of course, since it'd also harm Kary, he has swallowed antidote pills in advance. And, Kary seems to be satisfied by having forced Veronica to retreat.

"Well then, this is where I scoot. Let's meet somewhere again. See ya!" Kary vanishes within the poisonous smoke with his cursed smile on his face, and starts to leisurely jog through the basement while using the smoke spreading in the vicinity as a screen.

He hurries towards Alford's location, who's waiting at the end of the underground route.

On the other hand, Veronica quickly escapes the basement together with Magit, lowers Mel to the ground, and talks to her with a frantic expression, "Mel! Blood...even from your nose and eyes!"

"I was careless..."

"Nya, nyaaa." Magit is also panicking due to Mel's state. Her white fur stands on end.

"Potions don't work? I've got to get the antidote!"

"Wait, you don't know what kind of poison it is. Guguuh..." Mel coughs violently.

She's quickly losing all strength as her cells are being destroyed. Although Mel descends from a demon, Veronica has concluded that she can't be saved anymore. Her tragic goodbye from her father Slot and the many sad goodbyes she had to experience with the people she met during her long journey surface inside Veronica's mind like a run-on-end film strip. As the little girl Vivi, whom Veronica had loved dearly, flashes through her mind, her sorrow reaches yet another level.

Veronica furiously shakes her head to get rid of her tears, and declares, "...Mel, we don't have any time left anymore. I'll use what I told you about the other day."

"Okay, you mean me turning into a bloodkin, a Lucival, right?"

"Yep, I'll have you become my family."

With a coughing fit, Mel croaks, "...Uuhhh, please..."

Watching Mel foaming blood out of her mouth, Veronica makes up her mind. While carrying Mel,

she begins to run - to a safe house of Remains of the Moon. Magit chases after her.



Immediately after I finished off Galroh, the number of crows and doves with their beautiful wings and their gleaming red eyes fluttering across the sky suddenly increased, and their crying became loud. At the same time, the members of the Shadow Wing Brigade fighting atop the inn's roof also lost their cool.

"W-What!?"

"Guildmaster biting the dust means..."

"Eh?"

A shudder of fear travels through the Shadow Wing members. All of them, except for one person, have despair written all over their faces. Their looks allow me to understand how much of a big role Galroh played for the brigade.

They've lost the one holding them all together, their leader...and moreover, they've been directly shown the scene how Ganghis got stabbed into his chest, and how Gudorl's orange blade pierced through his flank, followed by Gladopalus erasure of Galroh's upper body.

Even Lalay, who's been handling many lightning attacks and electrical discharges, is lost for words. She stands still like a wax doll — and that proves to be a fatal opening in her defense. The members of Bloody Long Ears go for the win. Their members are accustomed to such fights and situations.

One blow, then another, and many more rain down on Palda and Lalay.

Viine, who has been fighting Lalay, naturally makes her move as well. After running up to Lalay in a forward-bent like a gale, she twists her body, and quickly brandishes Gadorices from the side. Lalay has her flank cut open alongside her protective clothing. Following that, Gadorices' point sinks into Lalay's chest.

After murmuring, "You've gotta be kidding...", Lalay totters as she's extending a hand in Galroh's direction. At that moment, Helme mercilessly tears apart Lalay's windpipe with her ice sword, just as Lalay is on the verge of collapsing.

Thin lines of blood gush out of the horizontal cut wound on Lalay's neck alongside a ripping sound.

"Spirit-sama, allow me to deliver the final blow," Viine says while passing Helme with her silver hair flying in the wind.

Drawing a parabola in the air, she jumps at Lalay's body as if to swallow it whole alongside her blood. She keeps absorbing Lalay's surge of blood through the bluish-white skin that's not covered by her black clothes. The crimson color of blood blends with her charming, silvery luster. Canines

extend from her violet lips.

My first <Head Servant Leader> Viine buries her small face into the torn neck, and bites into Lalay's nape. Then she proceeds towards sucking all of Lalay's blood with a speed as if trying to extract her enemy's soul. As it seems to be a vampiric urge to suck blood, she whirls around sideways, as if dancing with Lalay's body, exposing her back to us.

At the same time I can see how Lalay's slender arms, visible at Viine's flanks, wither away. Still, since it's not my <Drain Soul> we're talking about here, Lalay's body doesn't turn into dust and vanishes, but rather withers away after losing all its moisture.

Either way, Viine's tall figure with its bluish-white skin is beautiful. Her silver hair, which spills down her back as it's basked by the moonlight, sways in the gentle night breeze, gently brushing the root of her nape. I think that it's also an effect of Servant Development I had previously used on her, but in the end it must stem from her hair being beautiful to begin with. It's giving off as much of a luster as the back of a shell.

Helme's almond eyes are enviously fixed on Viine's white-silver hair as she touches her own hair, apparently comparing hair colors. Her hair is also amazingly beautiful, I think... Her long, blue hair, running down all the way to her hips, seems silky and smooth, just like before. The hair decorations shaped like water drops are elaborate and pretty as they're naturally woven into her hair.

"Shuuya, your finishing moves always are a great and exciting show." With one eye closed and her body bloodstained, Yui chats me up as I'm watching Viine and Helme.

"Are you alright, Yui?"

"Ah, yep. My opponent was really strong. If I had fought her alone, I'd have definitely died, I think."

Yui has some really bad injuries. And just as I had predicted before, her fight apparently turned into a fierce clash. Unrelated to the match between Galroh and me, she came out victorious in a one-on-one against the four-sword-wielding catwoman. Her opponent Leaf is lying on the floor.

One of Yui's eyes has been stabbed, with bloody tears flowing out of it. She's lost one arm, and blood is surging out from her wounds...her entire body is riddled with sword cuts.

However, I can see that she's gradually recovering. Her recovery speed is slower than mine, but she should be okay as long as she doesn't continue fighting. While twisting her face in pain, Yui manipulates the blood released from the cut arm. Drawing an arc in the air, the blood connects to the cut section of the arm as it lay on the floor. The now connected arm is naturally lifted into the air, and gets pulled over by the blood to Yui. And then, as if being N- and S-poles of two magnets, the cut section of her loose arm and the cut section right at her shoulder combine by tightly sticking to each other. No traces of their joining are visible anymore, leaving only a beautiful, flesh-colored arm behind.

Yui opens and closes her hand, probably trying to reaffirm its sensation.

"...Please give me some blood later. I've used quite a bit this time." She casts a beautiful smile at me

while winking with her recovered eye.

"Sure."

On the other hand, the battle between Divine Beast Rollodeen and the jet-black beast Sevicekel, which has been completely wracking the building structures of the inn, is about to come to an end as well. Sevicekel has its whole body stabbed by tentacle bone swords, and many of its big black wings have been ripped out by Rollodeen.

A black liquid - I can't tell whether it's blood or some other body fluid, but it looks oily and smells - is streaming out of the holes all over Sevicekel's black body.

"Pyua..." Sevicekel cries sadly, seemingly comprehending that Galroh has died...

At this point, its soul and body are completely battered. Maybe I'm the only one, but...Sevicekel looks kinda pitiful to me. Shit, even though it's an enemy magically-created life-form, I've ended up allowing my emotions towards it to overlap with those towards Rollodeen. But, since Rollodeen is wounded, Sevicekel is an enemy.

I'll let Rollo do whatever she wants to. Now is the time when the night wind's whispers begin to dominate the vast firmament with their melodies.

It's not that I've missed the hawk's eyes out of carelessness, believing that the battle at the Dignified Heaven's Shrine has ended, but...I've sensed a new magic source near the stairs. But, I can't see their figure.

I've started to consider that suspicious, but something even weirder happens next. The lower half of Galroh is sucked into the faintly remaining hole of torn space. All of it, including his blood and flesh. And as the underground space reflected in that hole begins to blur like a mirage, the tear, which has become small because of my dusk, expands upwards and horizontally. At the same time, mana spills out of it on end.

What's visible inside the tear now is an underground space maintaining a pale brightness, different from the night sky and scenery I had seen at first. Rocks are strewn all over the place, and a thin fog of violet and black colors hangs over the area. It's a cave space inhabited by unknown monsters. The female monster, who had previously talked with Galroh, has made her appearance again.

While that reflection appears in the tear, the magic source of the new humanoid, whom I sensed around the entrance, moves. Are they hiding their appearance through some kind of optical camouflage?

Well, I'm bothered by the hidden guy as well, but I should pay attention to that female monster, or maybe goddess.

"...Who are thee to slaughter my chosen kin whom I granted a blood name?" An echoing voice, and a mana quality that makes me feel quite a pressure.

A realm that is neither truth nor fiction...she must be some goddess after all.

"I'm a spearmaster, but what about you?"

"Underground Goddess Rolga. I'm Rolga of the Bee Darkness. Kneel down——"

Okay, as expected, Underground Goddess Rolga is some kind of divine being, huh? However, is this place in the range of her divine influence? She releases a mana light, producing a lukewarm wind. And...hearing that she's a goddess, I have an urge to reflexively put my hands together and genuflect, but I ignore that urge.

"Your Excellency...I shall protect you with my water."

"Master, I'll release my silver butterflies once more, just in case."

Helme and Viine are cautious of Rolga. They deploy the same spells and Extra Skills they used as countermeasures against Lalay.

However, suddenly telling me to kneel or such...who are you trying to kid here?

"I've got no interest in kneeling in front of you after you've suddenly attacked me." I reply with an attitude as if cracking my fingers.

"Thee intend to pick a fight with me?"

"What are you talking about? Don't turn things around as they suit your own convenience. You've been the one who attacked me first, right? Or are you possible dumb?"

"...Fuhahaha, thee shitty, cheeky unknown, thee are going on my nerves. Everything about thee is infuriating——"

In the instant Rolga intensifies her glare and swings her wand, a tremendous amount of dark bees come into existence. Those bees fly out of that reflected world once more, assaulting us. It's a swarm exceeding the previous scale.

Yui and Rollodeen quickly take up positions behind me.

"Nn."

"Kyaa, cold."

Rollo reverts from her black panther form to her usual cat form, and licks the blood clinging to Yui's leg. In an instant, I recall the time when she got injured at that leg.

In the meantime, the bees keep getting closer. However, since Helme's water membrane and Viine's butterfly-based magic barrier are forming a layered barrier, they manage to block the bees' stingers like they did with Lalay's lightning.

The bees keep firing their stingers from their tail ends without minding that, but the stingers merely drop to the floor after clashing with the barrier. The fallen stingers form a dark red pile on the floor.

Even so, just to make sure, I shoot <Chain> from both my wrists, deploying both chains into a big, fan-shaped shield to protect everyone.

"Retreat, no, gather up. Fars!"

"Okay!"

The members of Bloody Long Ears follow Lezalaysa's command all at once. The elven woman with the name Fars invokes something like a barrier from the magic tools on her arms.

"Geeeh."

"Aaahh."

"Gyaaaa, s-such a place is terri-bufu!"

The ax user, mace user, and yellow sword user, who have all been late in getting away, have their bodies stabbed by countless bees, and in the instant the surface of their bodies melted down, their bodies explode.

"Norn, Twin Brothers! Fuck iiiittt!"

"Guildmaster, you can't leave this barrier."

"Shut up! Unhand me, Clydossus!"

Clydossus has stopped Lezalaysa from leaving Fars' barrier by clinging to her waist.

"Guildmaster, you have to be patient for now."

"Sergeant..."

The refined Sergeant guy also restrains his guildmaster.

"That's so not like you, guildmaster. Logg, Gucchi, and Norn were able to die before you. It was their long-cherished dream, right? Please remember the matter of Back Nails Belly and Iraboe of the Magic Flute after they lost their lives in the west."

"Guuh..."

I can't see Lezalaysa's expression from where I'm standing, but I can clearly imagine it from her voice.

Still, those bees...just what kind of poison do they possess? The huge number of bees also assaults Demonic Steel Palda of the Shadow Wing Brigade. While having one knee placed on the floor, he suffers damage with his armor getting dented all over. But, although his armor gets indented, depressed, and twisted, it doesn't change the fact that his body is completely covered by Demonic Steel. Naturally, the bees' stingers don't manage to pierce through the tough armor plating.

The sole survivor of the Shadow Wing Brigade of those who had been atop this roof is Demonic Steel Palda, huh? I guess it's what you could expect seeing how his defense stands out above the rest.

The bees swarm to the corpses of Lalay and Leaf, riddling those full of holes. It seems to be Rolga's character to completely eradicate everyone she cannot stomach, without any care whether they're fighting her or not. I'd like to be pardoned from having to put up with a bitch who aims to be the sole winner.

"Mortals, thee sure are feisty for enduring my attacks!" Rolga glares at all of us, seemingly unable to contain her anger over some people still being alive.

Her force gives me the impression that she's also going to attack other people and the citizens of Pelneet without any reservation... While I'm harboring such a bad feeling...the guy, who's staying hidden, also lives on without being attacked by the bees. It looks like Rolga can't spot his movements.

Her detection skills must be rather weak. Maybe she can't use any because she's looking at this plane through the torn space? I think she entrusted Galroh with the surface world.

The invisible guy walks behind the place where the reflection of Rolga floats in space.

I wonder what they're trying to pull off here? At least it doesn't seem like they've got any intention to attack us, though.

At that point, I let my eyes wander across my comrades. I ask them with my eyes whether I should use my blood chains to kill that goddess.

Helme rolls up her hair, angrily swaying her butt while keeping her back straight. It's a new pose to emphasize her seductive back. Yui activates her Eyes of Baycala, and nods. Viine smiles at me dazzlingly. Rollo seems to be fed up with the battle by now. She's completely engrossed with bumping her head against Yui's knee.

Yui drives her away with a hand, but after licking Yui's hand, she rubs her ears against Yui's shins and calves. I suppose Yui and Rollo will sit this one out.

Just when I've made up my mind to leave the shield I've created with <Chain> behind, and square off against Rolga,

"——Eat this." The invisible guy suddenly appears while shouting, and stabs his large war sword at Rolga.

"Guuaaaah!"

A cut as if Rolga's face has been stabbed by the war sword manifests. At the same time as Rolga is writhing, countless dried-up hands like those of corpses and kid-like monsters with swollen bellies appear in droves from the underground world, and the reflected world completely breaks apart.

Immediately following, the tear created by Galroh narrows down.

The one who stabbed out his war sword is a tigerman. He was also present during the meeting of the Eight Lights. A spiraling cluster of mana in the shape of a dragon is being sent into the underground world from the sword's guard.

That spiraling cluster of mana sends the swarms of brats and corpses flying as it dances across the space. The mysterious tear in space, which Galroh created by using the power of his Demonic Eyes and which serves as connection between the underground world and the surface, narrows down like an eyelid, closing completely and returning the spot to the previous, burned floor of the inn. The vicinity becomes silent, and all I can feel is the cold night air.

In the sky, the caws of the crows echo into the surroundings.

"Hyahoy. Sorry, Spearmaster. Looks like I took the best part for myself." He says with a triumphant look while his tiger muzzle twitches.

This cheerful guy is the guildmaster of **【Sparrow Tiger】**. If I remember correctly...he's called Rinabel or something like that.

"And, I'll take this one as well——"

He thrust out the point of his war sword. The sight of the draconic mana cluster dispersing in the air is pretty. The swift thrust easily stabs through the head of the crouching Palda. That large war sword...might be quite amazing.

"...I don't really mind."

"That big war sword is a magnificent, rare gem of a sword, isn't it?" Yui asks Rinabel while holding Rollo at her chest.

"Oh, you can tell? But yeah...it's a Mythological sword. It's capable of slashing through steel and also killing gods, just like now."

I don't feel like it killed Rolga, unlike Palda, but I won't point it out.

"At first I didn't see your figure, but what was that about?"

"Oh, you sensed my presence? No wonder you were able to crush Shadow Wing."

"Rinabel Pusenarl, for what reason did you intervene in this battle?" Lezalaysa wedges herself into the conversation.

Probably because she's lost some of her friends her voice is filled with anger and sadness.

"Bloody Long Ears —— don't misunderstand. My leaders were killed by a member of the Shadow Wing Brigade." After having returned his war sword on his back, Rinabel turns his tiger face in my direction.

It doesn't look like he's planning to fight us.

"However, I couldn't spot Sein of the Peerless Sword, and over here, the Spearmaster had killed the guildmaster of Shadow Wing. So I wanted at least to get rid of what Galroh had summoned to get revenge for my friends."

"I see. Spearmaster, we need to talk about Resurrection." Lezalaysa shifts her eyes away from Rinabel to me after losing all interest in him.

"Hankay, huh? He's an acquaintance from the past. By coincidence I reunited with him here today."

"A reunion? Considering that a coincidence is..." Suspicion appears on Lezalaysa's face.

"It's the truth, ancient elf." Hankay comments.

It looks like he's come back up the stairs.

"Resurrection..."

All members of Bloody Long Ears turn murderous at once.

"Wait." Lezalaysa extends an arm diagonally below.

At that moment, the archer elf, the eye-patched elf, the elven woman with magic tools that have many eyeballs just like Fran's arm in both arms, Clydossus, and Sergeant who holds a saber with a knuckle guard, all put their weapons away simultaneously.

"I haven't conspired with Shuuya in any way. It was pure coincidence."

"Hmm, okay I understand that part. So, you have no will to fight against us?"

"...No, I do have the will."

With that short answer, the elves place their hands on their weapons again.

"But, if you're not in conflict with Shuuya, I don't plan to attack you either. I swear on the words of "Not regretting your own actions" left behind by my great legendary ancestors of the Budand clan who slaughtered demonoids and great warriors."

Hankay hasn't placed his hands on the axes equipped on his back. I guess he's a man valuing his debt of gratitude over his revenge. I'm sure it must take him much effort to respond like this to his archenemies.

Since I can still feel doubt in Lezalaysa's blue eyes, I refer to her conversation with Galroh, saying, "Lezalaysa, if you dislike it so much, we can fight it out, if you like? Something like a pre-established peace can fall apart at any time, right?"

After smiling at that, she answers, "...Hah, obviously there's no forewarning for disasters. But, limited to this time, no, when it comes to you, spearmaster, we'll absolutely adhere to the peace tying us."

I guess she wants to say that disaster might strike at any time unannounced. This means she approves of Hankay's existence. It seems like she doesn't wish to destroy the alliance between Bloody Long Ears and Remains of the Moon.

Going by her scarred face and her eyes, she's serious about it, too.

"...Guildmaster, aren't you a bit overhasty there?" Sergeant complains to Lezalaysa.

"Melichek, I'm sorry. Sometimes I still lose my cool."

"Good. It'd be weird if you were fine after having lost comrades right in front of your eyes, but to be honest, I have no desire to fight against that spearmaster. And, looking into his eyes, I feel for the first time in my life that it'd be nice and natural to leap into his bosom." Clydossus says to Lezalaysa while smiling faintly.

"Anyway, I'm off then, Remains of the Moon, Bloody Long Ears. Sorry for interrupting."

Rinabel disappears, suppressing his presence and killing any footsteps. Seemingly having no interest in him, Lezalaysa completely disregards Rinabel.

She turns a serious look in Clydossus' direction, and screams, "N-No, that's not allowed! What we've talked about the other day doesn't count anymore!", with a slightly flustered expression.

"Nyaa?" Rollo returns on my shoulder, and meows as if asking whether we're going back home.

While looking in her red eyes, "I think we'll go back after talking with Lezalaysa about the alliance and join up with everyone. Since there's also the matter with Hogbar, who wasn't at the Dignified Heaven's Shrine, I'll contact all those protecting the princess."

"Nyao."

"Rollo-sama, you were great as well!" Helme places her hands on her waist, declaring so proudly.

"Master, please let me contact the Blood Beast Corps. And I'll head back first while getting in touch with them."

"Roger."

After bowing to Yui, Helme, and Hankay, Viine heads towards the stairs.

Come to think of it, at some point the barrier around the inn has disappeared. It was an eventful night so far, but the nights on this planet are long... It's not so convenient to allow you to linger in its aftertaste by making you experience the victory of the morning sun.