

## **Chapter 7 - It seems to Be Something better not to be Imitated**

The Demon King's army was flustered. Though, you'd need to be precise and narrow it down to precisely one person.

At this point, the territory of Jade Rajah was supposed to be on the verge of capitulation, with the Demon King's army having destroyed all the smaller towns dotting the territory, and having cornered the remnants to the extent of the city, where they had secluded themselves, being their final bastion. And to top this off, even the battle in that city might have been over and done with after one more hour.

However, with the arrival of just one dragon, a wind wall surrounding the entire city manifested. Not only did the wind pressure produce quite a number casualties and injuries, the wall itself made it impossible for the army to advance on the city.

Furthermore, this wind wall here had nothing to do with the regular spell <Wind Wall> which wouldn't be able to protect an entire city as it wasn't a magic art of such a high grade.

Having said that, all those capable of using magic in the Demon King's army were completely unable to erase that wall, despite pooling their efforts.

"What the hell is going on here!?! Gaahhh!" A woman wearing a black, goth dress stomped her feet in the troop headquarters of the Demon King's army.

Going by her appearance, she very likely had passed her twenties long ago. The woman was assuming the shape of a human as you could find them anywhere with a white skin and black hair reaching all the way down to her hips.

The sight of a human woman making such a huge racket in a place crowded with demons was extremely abnormal if judged by this world's common sense, but none of the demons around here showed the slightest indication of considering her presence to be odd. Instead, all of them looked like they actually held some kind of respect towards her.

"It's just an ordinary <Wind Wall>, right!? Why can't you cancel it out!?"

"It is either the ability of the caster, a difference in mana invested into this, or a combination of both, I would presume. At present, all our casters are working on the cancellation while using all their strength, but..."

"I don't give a flying damn about the reasons why you can't get it done!" While wearing black boots, the woman kicked the reporting demon.

Judging by their difference in weight and physique, it was questionable how much damage was dealt by her kicks, but usually, if a human acted like that towards a demon, it'd spell their doom. But, the demon, who was still being kicked by her, didn't react in the slightest, obediently allowing her to keep going just like an elephant would ignore a pesky mosquito.

"For heaven's sake, you guys are completely useless garbage!" The woman kept kicking for a while

longer, letting her irritation free reign, but seemingly perceiving that she wasn't getting through to the demon with what she was doing, she stopped kicking, with her breathing going roughly, and flopped down on the chair set up in the middle of headquarters, especially for her.

Without even cleaning off the place that got treated with kicks by her, lowered his head, showing the woman, who was reclining on the chair, his utmost respect and politeness.

"I am terribly sorry. We shall use everything at our disposal without any breaks to cancel the spell."

Sighing deeply, "Hey, do you understand?" Contrary to the courteous demon, the woman stuck with her arrogant attitude, adding, "This war is something His Majesty entrusted to me! A glorious duty he personally assigned me to, okay!?! To this Sazane Kuromitsu!"

"It is exactly as you say, your Ladyship."

"And you don't consider this state, where my war is hampered by some childish, fake spell, to be pathetic!?"

"It is exactly as you say, your Ladyship."

"If you get it, then get your ass moving, and do something about it!"

"As you wish, your Ladyship."

While he responded like some answer machine, some of the present demons headed out to pass on the orders just now to the front line, but their movements looked somewhat mechanical. Coupled with the abnormal situation of demons meekly obeying the orders of a human, it created a somewhat unreal scene. That being said, those caught in this abnormality didn't seem to notice anything. The woman in the black dress, Sazane, cockily sat on her chair while slovenly fanning herself with the hem and collar of her dress.

For some reason, just this behavior of hers caused the faces of the demons around her to look entranced.

"Give me a break. This is such a major pain." Sazane muttered while continuing to flap the hem, seemingly feeling hot and stuffy from her outfit which used plenty of thick cloth.



A stifflingly sweet fragrance hung in the air, appearing to be blended with her body odor and perfume.

"Here I am, stuck with this annoying mission, even though I want to be assigned a great mission like taking over the world! I've got to wrap it up quickly!"

The first obstacle standing in Sazane's way was the wall of wind, protecting the city.

Back when the woman with the name Kuromitsu Sazane was summoned to this world alongside two men, she was informed by a being calling itself the demon god that the demons of this world were shunned by the other races, and were currently on the brink of destruction. According to that god, he had granted the three of them various blessings for the sake of saving the demons from their peril.

What she had received as a blessing was the skill <Temptation>. It was such a dangerous ability that the term "Siren" would appropriately describe it even in her former world, but when it came to actually using it, the user's character, combined with a considerable amount of intelligence, played a major role.

However, Sazane was originally a short-tempered, egoistic woman. Even her current goth outfit wasn't anything she had started to wear after coming to this world, but rather clothes she had liked to begin with, as they suited her personality. In other words, she was a woman unable to conduct herself like the beauties of old who'd pretend so as to be liked by the men they fancied.

Sazane herself seemed aware of her own flaws, and demanded for the ability's performance to be boosted considerably during the blessing bestowal, arguing that a normal <Temptation> wouldn't cut it, and had the wish of hers granted.

The ability of Sazane's <Temptation> affected even the dead, as long as they were male, and it stole the free will of its target, turning all the affected men into Sazane's loyal underlings. With the ability having become this powerful, the demon god told her that she wouldn't be able to accept any blessings to increase her physical abilities or similar, but Sazane readily consented to that.

'In the first place, I'm not the type of person who does something by herself, so, as long as I can manipulate others with this ability, I'll never be forced to do anything by myself.

Because Sazane's ability was as mighty as that, she was given an army by the demon king which resulted in her being entrusted with its command too, but this ability also had downsides.

First, it wouldn't work on women at all. But this didn't matter to Sazane at all. All she desired was to be pampered and fawned upon by the opposite sex. Being loved by women bore absolutely no meaning to her.

Second, it was a fragrance released from her body. Or in short, this ability had no effect where the fragrance didn't reach. Because a certain level of effect would remain after inhaling it once, she could order a huge number of soldiers around, but <Temptation> was meaningless when it came to men who never smelled it before. If Sazane became serious, she could extend the effective range to a circle with a radius of one kilometer. This feature demonstrated a tremendous power during the captures of cities and towns. After all, it was a means to stop soldiers from attacking, and without

knowing about it, there was no way to block out her scent as it spread along the wind. Because she could hand down order without using words once someone fell under her rule, even strong castles were helpless in front of her as she could freely cause friendly fire within, or coordinate her army's actions with her puppets inside the castles.

Sazane had planned to bring down the city where Jade and his men had holed themselves up, but just when she thought that the defenders' area very soon fell into the effective range of her ability, she was shut out by a wind wall. No matter how powerful her ability might be, its true identity was no more than a scent, and scent wouldn't just be unable to penetrate a wind wall, but also get blown up high into the sky, where it would mix with the air and turn harmless after diluting.

Renya having covered the whole city with a wind wall might have simply been owed to his great affinity with wind arts, his apprehensions about an earth wall possibly getting destroyed, his belief that it'd become quite unpleasant for him and his friends if he had used a fire wall, and his missing imagination where he should obtain all the moisture needed to for a water wall, but unexpectedly this choice by elimination turned out to be the best defensive method.

"Even though I could eradicate a town like that in no time, if not for that wind wall!"

Although it was just a bit, the work on the wind wall's removal had advanced. At some spots the wind's force had started to wane, and you could see some spots looking like they might soon turn onto genuine holes, but overall, the progress felt slow.

The frustration over things not going how she wanted pissed off Sazane. Given that she didn't possess any abilities besides her <Temptation>, she had no means to do something about the wall by herself.

'I gotta promptly take this wall down through my underlings,' she thought while glaring at the loathsome wall blocking her way.

Suddenly a part of that wall became thin, and she noticed how the wind calmed down. That place was still too small at the moment, and because it was directly affected by the after-waves of the surrounding wall, it wouldn't allow for Sazane's scent to pass through, but this sight of the wall definitely breaking apart caused Sazane to become overjoyed as it'd spell the end of this war.

However, at that very moment something, which easily disproved Sazane's joy, flew out of the gap in the wall. It was a single, long, deep crimson ray. That, which was obviously some kind of spell, pierced through the open gap in the wall and penetrated a part of the Demon King's army alongside the demons frantically trying to cancel out the wind wall over there.

After the ray had passed through, nothing happened for a moment, but after yet another moment, thunderous roaring and explosive flames blew away everything in the way of its trajectory while faithfully pursuing the path the red ray had taken.

"...Haaah!?" Sazane cried out stupidly when confronted with that unforeseen event.

Until now, no such mighty counterattacks had been launched by the enemy army holding up in the city. Because both sides, defenders and attackers, were demons, both sides' strength was even to some extent, lacking any such one-sided attacks of mass destruction.

And, as if to confuse Sazane even further, two figures appeared from within the gap in the wall.

"Ha ha ha! So I was right! This way suits me much more than some silly dress! Yep, this is truly great!"

The one walking in front was Emil. In addition to her outfit consisting of the usual tube top bra, hotpants, and a long coat, she also wore, for some odd reason, unusually pointy equipment pieces such as spiky shoulder guards, elbow and knee protectors, and fingerless, black leather gloves with rivets.

The one behind her was Shion, who walked onwards with her mithril-based katana drawn and a somewhat fed-up look. But, except for her holding her a drawn katana, nothing had changed from usual.

In the space she had created with her first attack, Emil thrust her hand into her coat's pocket, without even looking at the enemies around them, took out several magic stones, and crushed them inside her right hand. While sprinkling the fragments, which were loosely falling down after being pulverized, into her own crimson hair, almost like doing some kind of makeup, and then roughly ransacking her own hair, Emil yelled, as if allowing some uncontrollable emotions to burst forth, "Pheeeww!! Nice! That's how it gotta be! Yep, this feels right now! It works all the way down to my soul!"

"Does Renya's mana also have some kind of bad drug reaction...?" Muttering that, Shion knocked down a demon, who had approached her, with the back of her katana's blade, just to send another one flying with a kick. Then she called out to Emil who seemed oddly elated, "Say, Emil...what happened with the talk about you not really wanting to kill your brethren?"

'I'm not certain about the guys who got blown away by the explosion, but those who got penetrated by the first ray must have died,' Shion assessed.

In reality, the remains of that attack were scattered all over the place as far as Shion could see, making for a fairly tragic sight.

"You sure remember some small stuff, partner. Well, it hasn't really changed, though." This time she put a magic stone into her mouth. While crunching down on it like a shaggy dog would chew away at dried meat, Emil glanced back at Shion, "I mean, all the guys at the front line are already dead anyway. For some kind of reason, this army has even employed corpses, using them as soldiers."

"Eh? But now that you mention it, I sense some sickly-sweet fragrance."

"Ha ha ha! Scent, huh? Truly, it's the scent of some bitch!"

There was quite a distance to the place where Emil and Shion had shown up from the Demon King's army's headquarters, but Sazane could perceive situations and conversations as long as they took place within the range of her own ability. In other words, Sazane overheard the talk between Emil and Shion, but the two didn't know that. Of course, it wasn't as though Emil or Shion would have softened their tone in consideration of Sazane, even if they had known about being overheard.

"I've got this for this stinkin' army of the dead!"

The instant Emil held her hand up, the soldiers of the enemy army, who tried to encircle Emil and Shion, were blown away alongside the ground, turning into a jumbled mix of earth, sand, and demon bodies. Emil looked back at Shion with a very happy smile, and shrugged her shoulders exaggeratedly.

"That said, living demons should be in the rear of the army, so I think it's cool to not worry 'bout it too much."

"Okay. Then let me apologize now, in case I should mistakenly cut down a living demon."

"Don't worry 'bout it. This is a war, so yeah."

Around the time of Emil's reply, several heads were already dancing through the air. When Emil started to follow Shion's movements with her eyes after staring blankly for a moment, another batch of soldiers returned to being simple masses of meat while releasing fountains of crimson blood after getting slain by Shion.

"Now that you've mentioned it, they definitely feel a bit slow."

Some soldiers also attacked with their weapons at the ready. But, their movements looked awfully sluggish to Shion, which allowed her to agree with Emil that this was an army of corpses. While lopping off heads and cutting away arms, without even exchanging any decent rallies, and then kicking away the remaining torso, Shion thought that there was no need for her to get so worked up if she had known that it'd turn out like this.

"Anyway, it looks like we'll be able to carry out our work."

"You so damn serious, Shion. That's also a good part about you, though."

After pushing back Emil, who had been leaning her body against Shion's as if snuggling up to her while laughing foolishly, without putting too much strength into it, and clearing her throat once, Shion readied her katana anew.

"Well then, until the work inside is done."

"Aren't you looking forward to this mop-up operation, partner?"

While shrouded by a screen of sweet fragrance, teeming with poison, silver sword flashes and crimson lights began to tear through the Demon King's forces as they advanced on the two in great numbers, almost as if ripping through the atmosphere.

