

Chapter 353 - Fierce Battle, Master's Voice, and a Sad Iglued

"Well, of course I do have some interest in what they are. Especially when it comes to precious magic symbols."

"It's a sad fact, but nowadays only few humans have bloodlines with magic symbols."

"That's only logical if they're being stolen by Hoffmann, isn't it?"

"No, there also exist other people who own the power to deprive others of their magic symbols."

I guess that makes sense...

"The reason for the decrease of such bloodlines is the similarity of everyone."

"Okay, I can understand that."

"The desire to pursue power is endless...even without our involvement, it's an outcome of people and monsters, including demons, repeatedly fighting over magic symbols."

I don't think that's any justification to steal magic symbols though...

"Hoffmann-sama also mentioned that he'd need a lot more power and combat forces to create his ideal and peaceful Millennial Kingdom which will be ruled by the True God. He also said that people will always gather at places profitable to them."

Power and combat forces, huh? It's a reasonable line of argumentation that also possesses a certain level of persuasiveness.

The foundation of Schmihazar's words might be based on what he's heard from his master, Hoffmann. As far as I can tell from what Schmihazar is telling me, Hoffmann seems to be a fairly intelligent man. He prides himself to have memorized many theological books, and his own foundation is that of a genius, I reckon.

I can't really imagine a Millennial Kingdom. However, I don't think it's wrong to say that you need power and the combat prowess of your comrades to rein in any potential conflicts. After all, humans will always fight over something. And it's a natural course of events that they'll gather in a place beneficial to them.

You might as well say, 『All roads lead to Rome』. Although this world could have its own proverb for this...

Battles to reveal or hide inconvenient truths or ugly wars in the name of a god have repeatedly taken place in my former world as well.

Anyway, I was able to obtain some valuable information about Hoffmann who could become my enemy. Schmihazar mentioned that he can steal and grant skills, including the deprivation of magic symbols...

"...Guboboaa, spearmaster..."

The fire wand, which he spat out of his epiglottis, floats around him.

"Going by your troubled expression, I guess you're thinking about some of what I've said, right?"

"Of course. I like the pose of a thinker, too."

"...I don't get the meaning behind that, but in that case, you should cherish your bloodkin who are related to magic symbols in the future. But, the bloodkin of the great Hoffmann-sama are..."

'Cherish' is a short word. But, I felt a nuance with a touch of a hidden jargon from the way he used it. 'Are you going to steal the magic symbols of your bloodkin? Or will your bloodkin be targeted by others?'

Schmihazar looks like he's about to cry at the end of his words. Because of his huge lips and the finely-chiseled face for a giant...it's so abnormal. And for him, a single <Servant Leader> and a bloodkin of the great Hoffmann is...

Higlia, Nora and I have killed one together, though. ...Best to not mention it.

"...I'll cherish them in my own way. But, that's none of your business."

After declaring this confidently...I clad my whole body in Magic Combat Style again. I shift my look from the fishy fire wand to his masked shoulder protector. I guess the magic spear in the middle of appearing from that shoulder is soon going to be out.

Let's get everything ready in advance then. I focus on the item box on my right wrist. The Gatrance-form made out of special fibers is instantly stored away into the item box. I become stark naked for a moment, but I don't care. The storing of the Gatrance-form by being sucked into the prominence-shaped edge takes a few milliseconds at most, so my nakedness doesn't really stand out much anyway.

In the eyes of an ordinary person, it might look like my dick being emphasized through subliminal stimuli. Then I make the shoulder dragon appear with a plop, which next spits out a dark green cloth from its mouth, once again taking just a few milliseconds.

As a result, my body is covered by short-sleeved protective clothing. Thanks to Hal'Konk I've basically transformed from wearing the Gatrance-form to wearing a dark-greenish combat outfit in the blink of an eye.

I focus on a part of the Evil Dragon King armor on my chest. It's because its shape slightly differs from before. I hold out my left hand in front, getting ready to shoot <Chain>. And then I glare at Schmihazar.

"Guboboaa—— Don't glare so much. I see you've changed your appearance into one similar to a secret art knight, spearmaster. It's an item like a magic item that seems to possess a magic symbol. Those haven't been rare during the era of the crusaders like Fortunal when the Great Befaritz

Empire flourished, but nowadays they're are very rare. All the more so if it's humanoid. As I mentioned, my magic symbol is connected to my Demonic Eyes, and there are 250 devils involved, including me and the Knights of the Apocalypse. Guboboaa——"

Probably because he's getting cocky, his noisy lips...are going on my nerves. Guess I'll point it out.

"Can't you do something about those lips of yours?"

Immediately following, Schmihazar lifts his white head a bit. It looks like he's pissed off.

"Are you mocking my lips?"

"Pfft, kukuku, that's inevitable, isn't it? They look totally disgusting." The ethereal woman laughs while being connected to Iglued like a lamp spirit.

Because of the laughter being low and bassy, it has an impact like the laughter of a Queen.

"...What was that!? This is a monster lip the great Hoffmann-sama stole from the treasures of the cousin of Lord Telgamot, one of the Purple Nine Institute."

"...As if I'd care about something like that. You know that I only lend my help to those offering me sacrifices, right? That man and...ah, jeeze, the woman is gone now! You summoned me because you'd sacrifice them to me, didn't you!?" The woman hisses, making Iglued creak.

"When you follow my will...get ready."

Schmihazar looks at his abdomen while admonishing her. The violet blood has vanished, but there are still some torn parts left. Has his recovery slowed down because he's using the small wand?

Suddenly, slimy, red clay appears from the gems embedded on the right arm sword just like earlier. That clay stretches out towards the torn armor parts at the abdomen, and links up with it. At the same time, the upper part of Iglued comes off, and changes its shape while turning into branching tentacles. Those tentacles head for Schmihazar's abdomen as well. Reaching the area, they combine with the red armor.

Iglued hasn't penetrated the armor as if to flaunt it's sadistic disposition.

It appears the blood coming out of the floating wand plays a role as adhesive. Thanks to the powers of the two weapons and the blood of the wand, the torn parts at Schmihazar's abdomen are closed up as if a new armor has been made on the spot. I suppose Schmihazar's fight is going to start anew with his shiny, new armor.

At least that's what I thought, but it looks like it's different?

One of his shrunken Demonic Eyes vanishes. Losing a Demonic Eye or such...the spot of his left eye is now an empty socket. As I'm surprised, Schmihazar begins to split off a part of the right arm sword.

Now there's a hand on his right arm. Its size is that of an ordinary giant hand, just somewhat

slimmer. A metal protector imitating an axle with the size of his upper arm covers it. Small, black rivets have been hammered into the edges of the round part of the axle's trench at equal distances. I sense artistic sense from the quality of that trench. It must have been made by a blacksmith. I think it was a demonoid specialized in smithing. It's strangely cool.

The red gem embedded in the center of the axle has shrunken. Meanwhile, the metallic part of the greatsword that has separated from the arm has shrunken as well while floating in the air. It's squirming around as if a cell split is going on. It has transformed into a small, spherical life-form made out of a material you wouldn't expect to be metal.

It's wearing clothes, and possesses roundish, small wings. Despite its roundness, I can tell that its clothes are special to symbolize its race. The transparent fragments of ore and gems have combined, transforming into a vellum color. Maybe mini-clothes for nobles?

Some are translucent badges with the shapes of rockfoils, others are crescent-moon-shaped accessories, I think. Don't tell me...those are similar to Evil Emperor Ciphol...

The shrunken, small, red gem is encased in the center of that meat ball with its gaudy attire. The other designs on the sword have been reproduced just like that.

Suddenly a tiny creature appears from the surface of a conspicuously big and old jewel pattern...just like you'd see it in a clay animation. That tiny being possesses one eye, using it to repeatedly blink. It's the same form the sword revealed back then in an ethereal form.

"...Don't fuck with me! You're absorbing way too much. I'm Demonic Marquis Adombraly. I'll bask you in the Light of Amshabis."

The appearance of the tiny marquis complaining while rattling down his words is just too funny. Adombraly-kun sure looks disgruntled.

Well, as a result of having his power absorbed, he's now wearing special clothes, but still, he's transformed into a round clump of flesh. Is he going to share the same fate as Schmihazar's Demonic Eye: vanishing?

The one having siphoned the power must have been Iglued, though. As proof of that, a Demonic Eye has manifested on the handle of Iglued. A Demonic Eye with a slit-shaped iris which is moving around within Iglued's handle designs as if swimming.

I focus my eyes on that free Demonic Eye. A thick tree similar to the roots of a Chinese bayan is being projected around the iris. Bloody juice is dripping from its bark, and the blood is connected to the interior of the eye...like a mirror within a mirror...a group of trees giving one the impression of using trick art on the depth. Blood-stained magic crests are repeatedly overlapping with each other in many layers. Beautiful men and women with lutes in their hands as they frolic around on the twisted trunks. A pretty woman tries to throw me a kiss, but...

Black tulips with heart shapes, which represent evil and art at the same time, are blooming nearby. Abnormal, wicked flowers are squirming on the branches which are entwined by ivies that look like snakes raising their heads.

I can also see distorted humanoids with shapes similar to 『The Torture Garden』 through the twisted branches and trunks. It seems as though mummies of ancient nobility and royalty are groaning in grief.

I get the impression that the very bottom of hell is contained in Iglued's heart through her eye. Her one eye is similar to its origin as one of Schmihazar's Demonic Eyes, but...it's different from the Demonic Eyes that have given magic form so far.

Maybe it's Iglued's very own Demonic Eye. But, I really want to hear Helme's opinion on this. The humanoids are evil, but the trees look remarkably beautiful...

"...You've overdone it, Iglued. Adombraly is going to break. Your hometown has——" Schmihazar looks at his left arm that has fused with Iglued, and rebukes it, but Iglued creaks in the middle of his sermon.

"——Don't talk about my hometown!"

A nasty snarl from Iglued. And a part of Iglued changes into a distorted shape in concert to her voice. The bottom of its handle bulges, and a woman's head with a disgusting Demonic Eyeball buried on her forehead directly materializes from the. I can also see a new handle design imitating a woman's head.

Moreover, the handle head is alive... Iglued's head looks as if it's infuriated. She has such an angry expression that she's giving off sparks. Her gaze is ripping through the air like a grid of purple lightning.

That terribly furious glare isn't directed at me or Schmihazar, but the magic spear in the middle of coming out of Schmihazar's shoulder.

"...For making me remember my past...Schmihazar, before you can use that odious witch spear, I'll suck up your heart and everything else, kicking your mind down into the abyss——"

Iglued makes her two eyes and the Demonic Eye gleam as if to display her will to betray Schmihazar. The tentacles growing out of the spear penetrate Schmihazar's legs, entangling his thighs.

"Guuaaaa!"

Aww, come on, she's going at it as if she's going to suck up his legs as well.

But, the wounds to his thighs are instantly closed up by the blood released from the small wand floating around Schmihazar.

It's just a speculation, but was this Iglued's way of giving him a playful experience of her rebellious character? Maybe the wounds were nothing worthy of mention either. The hair on his head stands on end, and the outer corner of an eye and the cheek on the same side of the face are lightly lifted, but...

Is that guy actually a M? He might have such a perverted disposition.

After turning his two Demonic Eyes at the witch spear, he moves his huge lips, "...Indeed. I shall offer this battle to Hoffmann-sama in order to head down into that abyss. However, Iglued. Be careful of what you say."

"Don't lecture me!"

"Even Hoffmann-sama, who turned a part of the Highgrand Forest into a wasteland, told me, 『Damo'Anun's Witch Spear is a precious weapon that can even repel the "Barrier King" because it has a magic symbol, which was highly treasured by that church, carved onto it. But, no. Miasma, maliciousness, evil spirits, and the karma of curses is rampant. By just remembering...that it's beyond my capabilities, it apparently breaks down my mental barriers by using <Remashell's Ash>』 ...Even if your Evil Spirit Spear definitely won't come out undamaged if you receive a blow by the witch spear!" Schmihazar explains pridefully as if to recover his dignity.

"Even if you tell me something like this across many eras...it still remains gibberish. I'll agree that the witch spear is a major pain in the ass, though."

"Even Mother Azagale has warned us to toss a magic spear, which is sought by the heretic 【Black Witch Church】, into the caldera of 【Volcano Phoronium】."

"Mother who? I haven't met any knights besides you. You don't use me often after all."

"Whatever, shut up and get ready for work...the witch spear, which had been stored in my divine tool Flae has already been invoked... 'A person out at sea has the choice between sailing or sinking.'" Schmihazar mutters something in English I can't quite catch while having his long, white hair shaken by the wind.

"That one can stay as a simple prank just fine. I'll take the sacrifices for myself."

Iglued appears to regard me as a sacrifice. After hearing her words, Schmihazar turns his remaining Demonic Eyes in my direction. It's as if he's made up his mind on something.

He's intently glaring at me. And after swinging Iglued horizontally and vertically as if drawing a cross, he points its spearhead at me. He's holding the big handle of Iglued with his right hand. A two-handed style, huh?

Schmihazar holds left arm Iglued with his right hand as if pointing a gun. Keeping up this posture, he begins to charge at me.