

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...

"...Guboboa, 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.

"Guboboa—— 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.

He comes running at huge strides as you'd expect from a giant. The mana emitted from his body causes the water in the river below to be blown away. He definitely has a terrifying force.

The witch spear, which is about to appear from his shoulder, shakes in concert. The red meatball representing that Adom-something duke remains floating in the air. Does that guy count as an outer combat force now?

Schmihazar's speed has gone up by a level compared to earlier. Is it the effect of the fire wand?

The tentacles grown out of Iglued have penetrated Schmihazar's thighs and are glowing as they're linked to the spear. It looks like they are raising his physical abilities.

Schmihazar thrusts Iglued at me as if to match the timing with me covering my whole body with Magic Combat Style at full throttle. As Iglued approaches, I activate <Blood Acceleration> once again, cladding my body in blood from my feet up to the back. At the same time I perform the footwork of the Wind Spear Style's 『Single Fold Stick』.

While twisting my waist and right arm, I transfer my Lucival strength into Baldok, unleashing a forceful <Thrust> against Schmihazar's Iglued. Iglued's blade and Baldok's red spear collide, both screeching and releasing respectively red and green flashes of light. A mana ripple, err, shock wave travels through space. With the point where the two spears hit each other as origin, the river also turns into a raging stream.

My forebangs are swaying as well.

"Gununu, equal, huh——" Schmihazar comments with his lips trembling after being likewise struck by the shock wave.

Certainly, on a first glance, we're equal. But, this is only the beginning, Schmihazar.

While rotating the right hand with Baldok, I draw it close to me. This allows me to hook onto Iglued's spearhead with Baldok's red ax blade, causing Schmihazar's posture, alongside his left arm Iglued, to pitch diagonally forward. This is the same situation as a while ago.

It's the spear technique I learned through the mock battle against the Divine Spear King ranker Riko. But, probably because he's already seen it once, Schmihazar deals with it, relying on spear techniques and his boosted physical abilities.

"——Hah!" Schmihazar yells with a voice full of spirit.

He forces the spear blade sideways, out of my lock, and then swings it back towards my head, aiming to cut it apart from the cheek.

I can see the approaching green spearhead through the ax blade. I avoid it at hair's breadth, and then focus on Baldok which I'm holding beneath my neck with both hands. I draw my left hand close to me, and push up the metallic handle of Baldok with my right hand as if to punch. This causes the butt end of Baldok to head for Schmihazar's abdomen while drawing a blue arc from below.

The Magic Dragon Gem hit Schmihazar's abdomen as a counter. I immediately hear a dull thud from that direction, accompanied by cracking sounds. His new armor, a combination red and green, quickly cracks, and the gem sinks into his belly. The armor caves in deeply, and violet flesh splatters off the spot of impact. It seems to have applied some pressure on his entrails.

"——Guoooh."

Schmihazar pitches forward and falls down, face first. I suppose because he's a giant, his body isn't overly nimble. This time it's different from the previous attack with Murasame. I also felt a proper feedback through Baldok.

I'll wrap this up in one breath——

I summon Ganghis into my left hand while pulling back Baldok. While twisting my left hand, and pouring mana into Ganghis, I unleash <Darkness Drill>. Ganghis lunges forward as if to replace Baldok at the front.

The flat spearhead of Ganghis with its two crescent-moon blades, clad in darkness, heads for the top of Schmihazar's head as he groans in pain. Schmihazar stands still, but just when I believe that Ganghis would penetrate his head, Schmihazar's left hand Iglued responds.

The chilly afterglow of Iglued's glowing Demonic Eye remains in my visual field. A flock of several, hand-like tentacles branches out of its handle, and entwines Ganghis alongside the darkness coiling around it.

The vibrating spearhead of Ganghis continues towards Schmihazar's head while severing the tentacles entangling it as if felling trees in a forest, but the number of tentacles is abnormally high. Eventually, Ganghis' spearhead is stopped midway.

Well, I've expected as much. I instantly focus on the tassel of Divine Spear Ganghis.

"Guaaaaah."

"Gyaaa——"

The bluish-white hair strands instantly turn into blades, and transform into a balloonfish. Schmihazar's whole body as well as Iglued's are completely pierced by the needles. They look as if sewed into the sky. Schmihazar has stopped moving alongside Iglued.

Nice, it's a great chance——

I thrust out Baldok at Schmihazar's neck after having pulled it back in no time earlier, activating <Darkness Drill>.

Suddenly, Iglued explodes.

Huh? It's not an explosion. Iglued has willingly scattered its own small shrubs and branches as if splitting apart. Iglued also separates from Schmihazar.

"——Iglued! Well doneee—— Guoooh!" Schmihazar shouts.

The thick trunks, which are repeatedly separated from Iglued, extend towards Baldok's red spear, entangling it. They are moving like snakes as they coil themselves around the spearhead. The red spear, clad in a dark mist, got completely covered.

The spiraling red spear consecutively runs against branches. As the trunks of the small trees appear to have a darkness attribute, they absorb the momentum of <Darkness Drill>. The trunks grow out, catch fire as soon as they get in contact with the spear, and vanish. This process keeps repeating itself. Just like that the red spear gets entangled in a net of countless trees, and has its force chipped

away in the same way as Ganghis.

Within milliseconds, the rotation of <Darkness Drill> comes to a halt, before the spear stops entirely. The trees of Iglued seemed as though they were only escaping the blue hair blades of Ganghis, but instead it looks like they were used to capture Baldok.

For caution's sake I erase Baldok while pulling my right hand back, and immediately following, Schmihazar, now without a left arm, shouts "I offer myself——"

A huge amount of blood gushes out of the opening at his left shoulder. The witch spear is about to appear from there.

Schmihazar's body shrinks down, being sucked into the dark red, long shaft of the witch spear together with his violet blood while spiraling.

The small, one-eyed meatball screams from afar. But, rather than the demon...Schmihazar's former left arm that has detached alongside the spear is much more of a problem.

Due to Baldok disappearing, the original Iglued moves in a way showing that she lost her target. Next Iglued transforms into the shape of a honeycomb while dividing many times over like a kaleidoscope. This also allows it to perfectly escape the hold of Ganghis' blue hair blades.

The thing now looks like a honeycomb with the countless combs filled by artistic mirrors and the Demonic Eye in its middle. It continues to expand while playing a lute music piece. As it keeps creating something akin to glue, it continues encroaching the space around it.

Is this an illusion? No, it's a type of <Dusk of Origin>.

A liquid similar to a greenish, translucent solution is being ejected from the Demonic Eye.

I make Ganghis disappear from my left hand, and summon Baldok back into my right hand in exchange. While at it, I also try to set up a defense formation with <Chain>, but an inarticulate voice reverberates, saying, "——A sacrifice is a sacrifice."

"Fufu, I wonder whether I should let you experience the same pain——"

My visual field becomes pitch black. At the same time, pain assails my head and right arm. Magic Observation doesn't work either.

"——Guoo..."

Next I hear metallic sounds from the chest area of my Evil Dragon King armor, and the shoulder dragon. It looks like they're under fire. But, from under my feet I can properly sense how I'm walking across water.

While focusing on that water, I hurriedly fire ice pebbles from my shoulder dragon as I brandish Baldok. As soon as I shoot <Chain>, I try to step away, but——

"It's useless. But, what's that armor you're wearing, sacrifice? Even though I tried to shred it apart

and devour it like back then, I couldn't cut through it."

The voice of Iglued, which sounds terribly sad as it's accompanied by a flute song, reaches my ears, feeling as if it's going to encroach my brain.

At that moment, a nostalgic voice, the voice of my Master, overwrites Iglued's voice which appears to affect my mind.

『Good, that's the way. Try to keep going. Feel the distance, and obtain the deepest secrets of the rotational evasion』

『——Yes!』

My eyes are filled with the gruesome training I did at the Goldiba village. I remember the many, many times I had to deal with spiked logs. Sounds, pace, how to place the axis of the rotation on my soles, the distance to the approaching spikes, and the sensation of the black spear's range in my right hand.

While recalling the time when I finally reached the point where I could evade the spiked logs...I close my eyes, calm my mind, and perform a half-turn on my toes.

"Eh? You evaded by using the water?"

Next I do a half-turn in the opposite direction.

"You evaded again? Can you see me?" Iglued further cries out, "Unbelievable! The water is being absorbed into your feet!? A cane as form?"

But, in the next instant,

※You have met the conditions for a skill derivation of the Extra Skill <Demonic Cerebral Spine Revolution> ※

※Piiing※ <Dark Water Moon of Nothingness> ※Acquired permanent skill ※

※<Super Demonic Brain Nimble Sensation> and <Dark Water Moon of Nothingness> have combined ※

※Piiing※ <Super Brain - Hazy Moon Reflection on Water> ※Acquired permanent skill ※

I receive such a chain of messages, informing me about the acquisition and fusion of skills. And then, my foresight and Iglued's image became one.

At once, I perform the new Hazy Moon Reflection on Water and succeed for the first time in unconsciously following up with an attack of my own after evading Iglued's illusionary attack. My eyes were tightly shut, but I could clearly tell that the tip of Baldok's red spear...had pierced something.

"Ouuucchhh——it hurts! Cold and hot. My core...has been exposed..."

At that moment, vague images that seemed to be Iglued's memory...

『Elias, your precious heart...』

『It's okay as it is, Iglued...』

With a sad song of flute and singing playing in the background...I hear such voices that seem to be echoes of the past.

※Piing※ <Water Cover> ※Acquired skill ※

My sight returns to normal alongside the acquisition of a new skill. I've been saved by Master Achilles' voice.

Thank you very much, Master——

I extend a greeting to my Master by overlapping my fists so that Baldok lays sideways. As I recall Master's face...I notice how steam rises from Baldok's red spear. For an instant I saw something similar to a water membrane protecting the red spear. Must be the last traces of <Water Cover>.

The billowing steam projects Iglued's expression. It's one full of sadness and sorrow, but it's still the head of a beautiful woman. Is that her true face?

The beautiful Iglued is crying. A teardrop falls into the river. But, as soon as a gust of the evening wind crosses past, the steam disperses like fine dust. However, her tears, which have fallen into the river, cause ripples on the water surface, making a faint sound as they spread.

Thereupon, as if connected to the sound...the dust that used to be Iglued converges in one spot right above the river. I don't know whether it's the power of the wind, sound, or her final moment, but...a pretty, light green boulder floats up in front of the cluster of gathered dust.

No, is that the seed of a plant? I don't know whether it's a seed or a stone, but the round object tries to get away as it sways. Trees are depicted in the designs on its surface, and it also has a small lute mark.

...How beautiful. It resembles the tree that existed inside Iglued's Demonic Eye. Is that round object actually Iglued's main body?

I feel some heartbreak from her final moments...

At that point, I focus on <Tail of the Crushing Evil Spirit Tree>. In an instant I send glowing trees with the size of an arm towards the round object. At the same time I imagine a cage off the cuff. The trees encase the surface of the object. In no time the trees complete something like a wood cage, locking up Iglued within.

I don't know whether this is going to save her. If it's a seed, I could put it into the Wave Gourd, maybe? Or like Catiza...but, that's all I can think of.

While pondering about that, I send the cage in the direction where Higlia and the others had escaped to before.

"Aahhhh! Iglued was done in! Even though she absorbed a part of me!" The small, round meatball laments.

It's coming closer to me while flying. I don't have a clue whether it's a man or a woman, but the small wings on its back look cute as they flap about. Let's grab this one with the trees as well.

"——What the hell are theeese! Let go! I'm Demonic Duke A..."

Since he's so noisy, I plug up his small mouth with a tree. Then I have the slightly bigger cage of the Demonic Duke-kun line up next to the cage with Iglued, and have both of them head to the other side of the river.

At that point, as I'm wondering what's happened to Schmihazar, it looks like his upper body has been sucked into the witch spear he had summoned from his own shoulder. Only his legs with their conspicuous hooves remain. The wand clad in fire has vanished as well.

A corpse with just its feet thrust out from a pond reminds me of a certain, famous thriller...

The witch spear seems to have finally appeared as well. The spear combines scarlet and ivory black colors. Moreover, the grip of the handle is rather odd. A fine material like particles or sand, clad in mana, floats around the grip. It kinda looks like the ring of Saturn. The grip's part is translucent with a tinge of red...

Can you actually hold that thing? I have my doubts whether you could call it a spear.

But, after all is said and done, I'd say it's a spear from the handle upwards. The handle itself is big with motifs similar to the Burning Knights' heads. The portrait of a woman is depicted in the middle, surrounded by those skeletal heads. The brain slightly peeks out of the woman's skull. A magic symbol is visible on her forehead.

A woman's naked body...is something that would delight me usually. But, the skin at her torso has been turned inside out with magic crests having been engraved onto that inner skin layer.

This is a huge turn-off. Truly a witch spear...a cursed spear.

Then again the blade of the witch spear is slender and refined, focusing on the curve lines as if trying to depict a woman's form. A dark red stake blade is affixed to the end of the staff continuing from the handle and apparently combining bones and metal. Blood drips from the tip that reproduces a touranba [efn_note]This is a special tempering pattern created by the swordsmith Tsuda Echizen Nokami Sukehiro from Osaka in the early years of the Edo period. You can find a picture of the pattern here: https://www.hyogo-c.ed.jp/~rekihaku-bo/historystation/rekihaku-meet/seminar/bugu-kacchuu/obj/img/tk/tk_intro3_img5.jpg (it's the first from the left)[/efn_note] .

The part with the skeleton heads was the one that absorbed Schmihazar. Countless bone hands have taken hold of Schmihazar as if to lure him into the abyss.

As I'm watching, the magic source response of my partner — I guess she's been able to come back at last.

In the next instant, crimson flames similar to a madder-red sun wrap up Schmihazaz's legs.

"Nyagoa!"

"Rollo!"

These flames belong to Rollo's directional attack. A hot wind blows against my face.

I can't see Schmihazaz or the witch spear because of the flames, but I can sense their magic sources through Grasping Perception. Through my magic source perception I can also observe how Rollo's flames contract, turning into a sphere. The flame sphere caves with dull impact sounds, and then loudly flies off upwards just like fireworks. The sphere heads into the sky right above us as if to create a new sun.

The witch spear, which is in the middle of absorbing the rest of Schmihazaz, deploys a gray membrane while hovering in midair. It looks like the spear has repelled the flames by deploying a magic defense field.

In the next moment our surroundings are as brightly illuminated by the flame ball as if a flare had been shot into the sky. Seemingly surprised by that sudden light, the fish in the river leap up.

"Nn——" Rollo reacts to the fish.

Her forepaws are twitching. But, she seems to be more curious about her own flames moving through the sky. While widely opening her mouth and thus exposing her glistening fangs, Rollodeen meows towards the sky as if saying, 『It got flicked away~』.

However, her eyes then turn back to the fish as her interest is apparently drawn towards them again. As she does, I can see that Rollodeen's paws are dirty with soil. Moreover, the fur above her head is stirring restlessly? Is she carrying something?

"Rollo, what's the thing on your head?"

"Nn, nyao~"