

Chapter 354 - The Witch of Damo'Anun

Something similar to a bear cub is sitting on Rollodeen's head? I can't quite tell because of all the black fur growing on her head.

——Suddenly I feel a surge of bloodlust. Not from the small animal, nor from the witch spear.

It's coming from the forest on the other side of the river. But, the instant I focus to pin down the source, the bloodlust disperses.

The treetops, giving one an impression of being a thick cloud because of the many trees, creak as they grate against each other. The rustling of the leaves is the only answer I get. The sound resembles that of Rollodeen's rare meowing like when she says something along the lines of 『Can't be helped nya〜』.

Well, it's dark so the visibility is bad, and the sensation teeming with bloodlust was outside the range of Grasping Perception. As it's been too far away, it's impossible to tell the magic source response apart.

I might have been able to spot something if I used the scope of the beam rifle to search, but...this place is a dense jungle overflowing with monsters, so there might be other strong enemies around besides Hoffmann.

I'll ignore it.

Also, I'm curious about the reason for Rollodeen's head fur to shake.

"...Rollo, get ready. I have no idea what's going to happen with that extremely shady, dark red spear——" I focus on putting strength into my eyes after warning my partner, glaring at the witch spear that has swallowed Schmihazar.

Huh? I'm looking closely, but...what's going on...? The witch spear has vanished?

I stare at the new being while shutting out everything around me. It's a huge object. The head of a whale? I can't see its front since it's so gigantic, nor can I grasp its entirety. But, it seems to have a crooked form.

The surface is made out of smooth, black metal that's filled with mana, I think. If Mysty or Eva were here...they might have been able to identify the metal's name by looking at the whale.

I wonder what the back of that whale head looks like. The upper part is roundish. The lower part has repeated traces of having its fur trimmed. Filament-like, weird fur grows on its feet that resemble the hooves of a horse in their shape. And it also has the part Helme likes so much.

The hoofs remind me of Schmihazar's.

Suddenly, a sound as if squeezing a house-cloth escapes from the whale head. Is that whale head object going to swallow something? Or is it going into action? While releasing that queer sound, it

starts moving up and down in a suspicious way.

Eh? What's that...?

As it bends and expands its abdomen, a dark brown, pixel-arts-like tetragon comes out of its butt. The tetragon repeatedly expands and contracts as if breathing while slowly swaying, and accompanied by a gurgling one tetragon after the other is being born.

Exaggerated pixel art farts? Poop? Traces of energy emission that's interfering with space?

The wine-colored tetrasons become transparent while sporadically blinking, and then vanish. A material that's being emitted and vanishes is mysterious, but the same can be said for the huge body that also looks like a whale.

The length of the whale's body exceeds 30 m, I think. It's even bigger than Schmihazar's coffin. So this time it's a jet-black, gigantic whale, huh?

It's not all that different from the wild whales flying in the skies. But, seeing how its shape is different, it might be another species.

Also, if Helme was here, she'd definitely comment on something. 『It's a disaster! The butt isn't cracked!』 or something like that...

Schmihazar's huge coffin is still floating in the air, diagonally below the whale. Even though Schmihazar has vanished, the same doesn't happen with the coffin...? That coffin isn't spiritually linked with Schmihazar or something?

Well, it's a fact that other monsters are also living inside that coffin. The one I managed to catch a glance of earlier was a black giant.

Schmihazar mentioned that 250 devils are obeying Hoffmann. So there should still be 249 devils lurking inside that coffin? Or...maybe the coffin itself is a monster?

The pictures on the coffin's surface are moving as if animated, and I can also see letters on it.

『Oh brethren, the one you ought to protect in this world is only one - Vampire Angel of Death Melchior Hoffmann-sama』

Many other letters also appear and disappear. Dissonant music chords reach my ears. The coffin is bloody fishy, but I'll leave it for later.

...Let's concentrate on the whale head for now.

Rollodeen shakes her head. She's aware of the whale head and the coffin.

"Nnn——" While purring throatily, she extends a tentacle towards me. That tentacle instantly coils itself around my waist with a rustling, making it look like a brand-new black belt of the New Evil Dragon King armor. And then she uses the tentacle to pull me over.

The sensation of being pulled with a jerk lasts but a moment. It's as if a stretched rubber band has snapped back. In no time, Rollodeen carries me above her back. I can feel her soft fur through Arzen's Boots.

Just like that I walk over to the back of her head, following the lie of her fur. Over there I find a rein tentacle bobbing back and forth.

—Thanks for always doing your job.

I tightly grasp the tentacle in front of me with my left hand.

"Nnn—"

Rollodeen purrs happily, seemingly enjoying the touch of my hand. Thereupon she transforms the tip of the tentacle, which has been protruding out between my thumb and index finger like a meatball into a flat shape, and slides the tip towards the lower part of my neck. Then the pad on the back side of the tentacle closely attaches itself to my neck. It feels like a suction pad, just a slightly cold one.

The sensation I obtain through the rein tentacle is nice, but I also love the feeling of the pad on my neck. The shared sensations with Rollodeen are special for me.

At that point,

『Head』 『Meat』 『Head』 『Roll』 『Happy』 『Play』 『Butt』 『Black』 『Defeat』 『Black Candy』 『Meat』
『Meat meat~』

Rollo sends me her feelings, going beyond fluffy and joyful.

I don't understand the 『Meat meat~』 part, but in short, she's telling me that we should defeat that whale together.

Rollodeen unnaturally shakes her head, and approaches the whale with a few powerful strides as if stalking prey. Though I don't get why she's shaking her head.

Countless tentacles fan out to the front from her limbs. The swarms look like the plume of a peafowl. There's so many of them that they actually darken my visual field.

Is she holding a grudge over having them bunched up into a bundle earlier?

Due to the shadow of the tentacle swarm...my visual field looks like it'd do during night. Well, it's not like I particularly mind since my eyes color the magic sources for me.

Beautiful wings spread to the sides from Rollodeen's flanks. They expand with movements giving one the impression that the number of primary feathers is continuously growing. And she also opens her muzzle wide as if to expose all her fangs. Making her head point upwards a bit, a small breath tinged with flames escapes her throat.

Rollo has also finished her preparations for battle. She's assuming that the battle will also take place

in the air.

But, what's that light suddenly shining in the fur close to me? No, the fur is restlessly stirring. And then a small animal appears from within while accompanied by a glow.

"Puyuyu~"

Puyu? Oh, that's the guy who's made the fur move since earlier!

...It has big and round eyes with a color similar to hyacinth. A small head that's engulfed by light brown fur which looks rather fluffy. That head also possesses two small and cute ears.

Going by the matching ears, it truly looks like the very definition of a plush toy.

The animal smiles pleasantly. A beastman? A bear cub? It has many gaps between its teeth, but...the teeth themselves are white.

The lower half of that animal keeps appearing and disappearing in the fur growing out of Rollo's forehead.

...Adorable.

It extends its small hand, also covered in fluffy fur, to the front, and moves Rollo's fur aside. With the other cute hand it's grasping a small, twisted wand like they are used in ceremonies. Many withered branches looking like Christmas trees are visible at the tip of the wand. They have no leaves, but instead, all kinds of decorations. The tips of the branches are ornamented with butterflies I remember having seen somewhere and dinosaurs. Something resembling white figs and wooden bells shaped like mangos are dangling down from the branches. There's also tiny cloth banners at the branches' lower parts.

Firefly-like bugs, which are blinking with a silver glow, have gathered around that wand. The wand itself releases a faint mana light. A dim silver gleam...

Since it's become dark because of Rollo's tentacles, it fits perfectly and feels bright. That bear cub or whatever draws close to me while crying, "Puyuyu! Puyuyu!"

It exposes its full body after moving Rollodeen's fur aside. The cub is wearing shell armor with small leather patches and carved bones pasted to it. It also has a leather belt, but it's even storing mana inside its small body?

It lifts up the wand towards me with its eyes gleaming.

"Puyuyu~n!", it cries with a voice that sounds awfully self-important.

Its gender is unclear, but the cub releases magic with the wand at its center. It's no attack against Rollo or me, but rather a spell directed at itself. Lustrous, silver waves expand in the air while creating unique ripples.

While the waves sway, they wrap up each part of the cub's body like a membrane. The silver waves

then vanish as if having blended into its fluffy plush. But, in the next instant, its body wears a magic robe. The robe emits a faint, silver light. Next, a bluish-white, thin film covers its body as if tails and fins have been attached to the robe.

Given that it covers its body including its two small feet, it might be some kind of <Magic Combat Style>. Or maybe it's plainly a defense field of sorts. The fur that has been cladding it to begin with is also bluish-white. A mark similar to a clan emblem shines on the surface of the shell armor. Even the leather belt is wrapped up by the film, and the small bag attached to the belt also changes its color. The wild oat-like catgrass protruding out of the bag is covered by a blue membrane, too.

Because its fluffy fur stands out, it looked like it wouldn't need any clothing. Is it surprisingly sensitive to cold temperatures or something?

But rather than that, I think I'll ask about its magic.

"...So you can use magic."

"Puyu?"

Oiii, come on, what's with that questioning look...though it looks adorable when staring at me.

Still, I don't understand its words. The translation doesn't kick in either.

Is the cub an aborigine living in this area?

"...Rollo, did you become friends with this bear cub?"

"Nn, nya, nyaa~" Rollodeen shakes her head, obviously denying.

Her velvet-like mane shakes furiously. Even I'm shaken by her motion. Well, since we share our senses, it's all cool, though.

And while we're still sharing senses...Rollodeen would usually dabble with me, using her tentacles to poke my cheeks, rub the bare skin of my right hand, entwine and pull my legs, and mess up my hair...

But as might be expected, she doesn't do such pranks in this situation. But, she uses her tentacles to support my body by coiling them around various parts.

"——Puyuyu!"

On the hand, the cub starts to scream around. It's frantic to not be thrown off Rollodeen's shaking head.

"Hahaha," I laugh.

Sorry, but it's extremely funny.

It's grabbing Rollodeen's head fur with its small hand. But, the cub doesn't run away, huh? Is it

obsessed with Rollo?

"...I don't quite get the nature of your relationship with the cub, but..."

"Nnn——" Rollodeen fervently shakes her head while answering with a deep purr, but then stops.

It looks like she fancies the small cub talking in a mysterious Puyuyu language on her head. And, it's not that she sees the cub as a bug, but she brings up one of her hind paws to her head, seemingly feeling itchy on her head thanks to the cub. But then she stops the paw, which she tried to use to scratch her head, right above my head.

It seems the gentle Rollo doesn't want to kill the small cub, seeing how sharp claws are protruding out of her paw. Though I believe the movements that almost threw the cub off were plenty of a menace for the small bear cub race.

I resummon Baldok into my right hand and Ganghis into my left, rotating them in the air as if to make them cross. Just like that I draw a 卍 and then ∞. It's a display of a dual-spear-styled rotation technique —— handling the two spears as if having them compete against each other.

Since Rollodeen's tentacles have pulled back in concert with my spear movements, they don't bump against each other. Then, I focus on my shoulder, but...

"Puyuyuyu!"

The bear cub Taro [efn_note]It's a common pet name[/efn_note] blinks its eyes repeatedly, surprised by the spear art. While crying, it continues to follow the spears with its eyes. Seemingly having become dizzy from doing so midway, it's about to fall down, squealing a weak, "Puyuyu..."

"——Bear Cub Taro, seeing how you're on Rollodeen's head, resolve yourself, okay? Neither of us can spare time to protect you."

It doesn't seem like it understands my word, but I give it a warning just in case. I've caught Evil Spirit Spear Iglued and Demonic Duke Ado-something, but right now we're in the middle of battle. (T/N: O rly?)

"Puyuyuyu~"

Due to its cute mannerism as it confirms my words, I unconsciously stop moving my spears, almost toppling over. At the same time I recall the fluffy body of my <Servant Leader> Souther. Come to think of it, Rollo likes Souther...

I think its race is different from Higlia's, but is it related to beastmen who have their body covered by fur?

"N, nya, nya~" Rollodeen meows while tilting her head.

It looks like she's going to endure Taro clinging to her head fur.

"Puyuyuyu!"

"Hey Taro, if you don't feel like running away, hide yourself inside the fur! we won't care even if you fall off."

Well, I say so, but Rollodeen is probably going to entangle her tentacles around it so it doesn't drop off.

"Puyuyuyu~n"

Taro seems to have grasped that I'm giving it a warning from my gestures.

——Mmh?

After the huge whale object has been moving up and down, it has now stopped its unnatural movements. And then it slowly turns around in our direction with a side movement reminiscent of a horror movie.

——Is it going to attack?

I guess that's where concerning myself with the Puyuyu comes to an end... I glare at the whale head in the middle of its rotation.

On that occasion I visually confirm the floating witch spear hidden next to the huge object. Has it been merged before...?

Readying Baldok, I take a step forward with my left foot, and point Ganghis in my left at the suspicious object. Ganghis' blue tassel flutters in the wind. At the same time, I extend the chain from the factor mark on my left wrist with the image of a split three-section staff.

Manipulating the chain, I make it hide itself by slipping underneath Rollodeen's deployed tentacles.

For the time being, I've gotten ready to fight, but...no attack is coming from the whale head.

Eh? A person?

Unconsciously I change my hold of Baldok. Two red eyes are staring from the whale head. A person is sitting on a protrusion on the whale's forehead. Or to be precise, a sex nun. She wears black, gothic clothes, and an eye mask.

Is she possibly the woman inhabiting the picture on the witch spear?

While pressing a finger with pretty, dark purple nail art on her small, dark purple lips, that sexy woman breathes out in an oddly indecent voice, just like you'd do when satisfied with a cold beer, "——Puhaa~"

As she moves her conspicuous fingers like an erotic actress, she gently caresses the bloodstained witch spear.

"Schmihazar sure is an idiot...he sa no idea what's going to happen...if he releases me——"

From the middle, she changes her voice into a deeply black whisper.

The witch spear still has the same colors as before, red and ivory. But I think its shape has changed a bit. The woman painting in the central part of its handle has vanished, replaced by a round hole. Violet, red, and black magic lines are gathering in the hole. A dense mana fills that area which kind of forms a thin membrane.

The area around the hole is crammed with bone skulls, just like before. However, there are no particular changes to the spear besides those.

As for me, I'm much more curious about the faintly glowing hand grip, than the hole. ...At least it looks like a grip. The grip starts from the round, magic-stone-like pommel, and is equipped with a knuckle guard reminiscent of Saturn's ring. The entire ring is formed by reddish, finely crushed particles, though I don't know whether they originate from stones or magic stones...

That's pretty cool, isn't it? It somehow makes me imagine a futuristic setting. It appears it'd allow me a different sensation than the hilt of Murasame. Though it might be cursed.

The sex nun lets her eyes wander while touching the witch spear. The eyes of the whale underneath her move at the same time.

A red, glowing symbol, which seems to be a magic symbol, can be seen in the center of the whale's forehead. Patterns similar to circuit boards are racing across the whale's head at an astounding speed.

Are there two of those magic symbols?

One resembles the head of a baby. It might be a power the spear obtained by absorbing Schmi hazar.

Immediately after the whale notices my look, the nun that's sitting on its head turns her eyes in our direction. Her blue eyes, peeking out from behind the eye mask, are beautiful.

Suddenly she speaks up, moving her lips with their pretty dark purple lipstick, "...A man with black hair who holds spears, and a large beast? But, this place is somehow...a river and forest..."

The gaseous mana escaping her mouth looks sinister...but, going by her words, she's not aware of what has happened until now? Though it might be an act too...

Her mana is truly what you'd expect of a witch, but her appearance is that of a beauty. Let's go with a faultless greeting here.

"Good evening, I'm Shuuya, the guy holding the spears. And the name of the beast is Rollodeen. Her pet name is Rollo."

"Nn, nya, nyaa."

Rollodeen also greets her while changing the set up of her tentacles as if easing on the wariness. I can't see it from here, but she might have closed her muzzle.

"Puyuyu! Puyuyu! Puyuu!" Having been ignored by everyone, Taro also shouts something akin to a greeting.

It uses the tip of its wand to poke my knee as if telling me to not ignore it. But, I disregard that. I also disregard the dinosaur decorations moving and snapping at me.

"..."

Having scanned her vicinity, the nun responds to my voice with a glare. I sharpen my own look, trying to read her expression. Her eyes are hidden because of the lace forming her eye mask, but I can tell through the movements of her nose bridge.

"...Why isn't Hoffmann present? Surely you're not going to tell me he died, are you? Or did you actually defeat him?" The nun scrutinizes Rollodeen and me.

Her white-silk-like long hair is swaying to the left and right.

"No, I don't think he died, seeing how that coffin over there is still around." I turn my eyes in the direction of the coffin, jerking my chin.

"Hoffmann's coffin is...does that mean he's not dead? Then, why did Schmihazar go out of his way to expressly sacrifice himself...?" The nun asks, and starts to ponder in a thinker pose on the whale's forehead.

...Still, her eye mask has some kind of atmosphere to it. I stare at the black mask that has lace pleats added to it as if bordering the eyes. Black tourmaline-like jewels are hanging down at the mask's edges. Her white skin peeking out through the stitches is gorgeous. Say what you want, but that stitched lace design is magnificent.

It reproduces how all kinds of races such as humans, dwarves, elves, karamnians, and razeil are fighting against evil monsters. It resembles in parts the relief I saw in the underground when I was lost in the past. Though it doesn't show any zaralarp (black ring)...

That lace is connected to a small, black horn which looks like a hair ornament.

"...Spear user and divine beast. Especially, you, who named yourself as Shuuya. Are you possibly one of the many subordinates of Hoffmann?"

"Puyuyu!"

The nun glances at me with her blue eyes while making that assumption. Puyuyuyu has been ignored altogether.

At the same the expression of the whale, seemingly linked to her feelings, transforms into something fiendish... The floating witch spear also begins to rotate of its own volition, pointing its tip at me. The blood dripping from the spearhead transforms into blades. The blades seem to be extendable.

"Puyuyuyu~n"

Puyuyuyu appears to say, 『The spear is shady, puyu!』, but I disregard that.

...'Rather than that, aren't you actually his subordinate?' is what I want to ask the nun, but I'd like to avoid misunderstandings. Let's go with the usual friendly approach.

"...No, I'm no one's subordinate. If possible, could you tell me your name?" I try asking in a casual tone.

"Not? In that case, I can guess the outcome of a battle, but..."

So you're not going to tell me your name, huh...?

Once again she sinks into thought. Her eyes are vacant as if unfocused.

The gothic-style outfit with the corset suits her. In some respects she resembles "Collector" Shiki. Of course, just in some respects. Her face, expressions, and physique differ when compared to Shiki. But, she has a presence surpassing Schmihazar's by leaps and bounds.

She's put on a thin, dark garment that's fluttering from her neck and shoulders. Even while checking her out, I speak up while focusing on smiling.

"...Have you heard me, Sister-san with the matching black mask?"

The instant I use a tone as if trying to pick her up, the red eyes of the whale beneath her squirm. Its narrow eyes rotate once. It directs a sharp glare at me, as if trying to shoot me to death with its expanded goggle eyes.

"Puyuu——"

Puyuyu is scared, and hides within Rollodeen's fur. ...I'd really appreciate it if I could get it to stay hidden like that.

"——Your eyes and words betray your sexual desire towards Kisara. It's pissing me off, so should I eat you?"

The whale, who refers to the nun as Kisara, can talk? The contents are jet-black and vicious, though...

Does that whale have the personality of a hotblooded person whose blood quickly gets pumping?

"Rotalz, stay silent for now. It's a bit late, but I shall introduce myself. I'm Kisara. Rotalz here is a special darkness whale enslaved by me.

"Indeed. Kisara is one of the Four Heavenly Demons, referred to as a Witch of Damo'Anun!" The whale proudly announces Kisara's alias.

I'm concerned about the whale's suppressed attitude, but the same can be said about me. But, her

name's Kisara, eh? It's got a nice ring to it.

She's completely different from the picture on the witch spear that depicted her with an exposed brain and a rolled-up skin. The words about her being a curse or some such, mentioned by Schmihazar, have already vanished from my mind.

While shouldering Baldok, I say, "...Nice to meet you, Kisara-san. Schmihazar summoned you while talking about sacrifices or something like that, but you don't seem to be hostile."

"...I see. Sacrifices, huh? His mana was extremely delicious, though..."

I observe her lips as the words leave her mouth. A scarlet tongue slips out through her small lips. The way she licks her lips is alluring.

So the previous voice passed...through those pretty lips, huh? (T/N: The Puhaa~) Her voice resembled that of a beautiful OL the instant she finishes eating her delicious lunch. It was kinda like the voice of a food goddess.

"You say you ate him like Iglued?"

As she's currently constrained, it might be impossible for her to revive as Evil Spirit Spear. Since Iglued's trees have already been cut off, Higlia and the others should be safe unless they do something.

"...Come to think of it, I couldn't absorb Schmihazar's favored demonic weapon spirits. Even the divine sword made to cut through destiny is gone. Because of you?"

Hearing that, I get worried about the wounds on my palm, but...demonic weapon spirits? Is that the technical term for Iglued and Demonic Duke Ado-something?

"...I defeated the strange things that used to be swords and spears, but they haven't been absorbed." I answer honestly.

"Hee... Your black eyes are beautiful, and you seem to have a character that's completely opposite of Hoffmann's who stole the powers from my brain." Kisara-san looks directly into my eyes.

Somehow I feel like her white skin has erratically become red.

"I haven't talked with that Hoffmann yet. I just saw him fighting the Death Butterfly woman Jody from afar."

"...Death Butterfly woman, you say? That means we're in one of the Sea of Trees."

"Correct. I fought against Ciel, another Death Butterfly woman. She sure was strong."

"...That sounds extremely interesting. And a being like you, who has survived after getting involved with Death Butterfly people and Hoffmann...is possibly..." As Kisara exclaims excitedly, the whale beneath her points its eyes upwards.

"Hey, Kisara! Did you, one of the Four Divine Demons...take a liking to this guy?"

"Sheesh, Rotalz. Jealousy can become power, but right now you're not allowed to."

"Tsk."

The whale sends a look full of bloodlust my way.

"Garuru." Rollodeen reacts to the bloodlust by growling.

A little flame flickers out of her muzzle.

"——Puyuyu!?"

Puyuyu squeals in surprise, probably because it feels hot or something.

"...Excuse me, divine beast-san. Don't worry. Currently we aren't hostile towards you." Kisara soothes Rollodeen with her blue eyes gleaming.

The intonation in the part just now was different. ...It bothers me.

"...That means Schmi hazar was sent here to release me upon Hoffmann's order from the very start, eh? Shuuya, are you possibly a being Hoffmann doesn't want to approach out of vigilance?"

For some reason, Kisara rattles her words down.

"I wonder. I, no, we just got caught up in the situation while in the middle of wrapping up an important task."

"What a humble attitude...it's irresistible, and...the light..."

Kisara ponders once again with a seductive expression on her face. Somehow she's become exceedingly erotic... My eyes are drawn to her chest... She got big tits that sway each time she moves slightly.

The black, sleeveless, gothic-styled outfit fits perfectly with her fair skin. Small cross designs line up like on an Othello board near the frilly cloth. And the humanoids depicted on the fabric from her chest to her abdomen are rather special. Humanoids who wear evil masks and possess four arms? They are holding up the swarm of crosses with dazzling swords and spears as if to cover them from below or to worship the crosses.

The design is beautiful, but in the end, her tight waist stands out the most. The garter belt nicely fits like a tee. Objects reminding me of grimoires are dangling at her waist, but her belly with its belly button and her thighs are generously exposed... The whole garter-belt-styled part is a sight for sore eyes.

"...Is this possibly the advent of a person carrying light and darkness at the same time?" She mutters under her breath.

The way she recrosses her legs...is once again, very sexy. No kidding.

Just now I even saw her panties. Black panties connected to the garter belt...marvelous. It's the second time today, isn't it? And the panties are also laced!? ...Marvelous. It's the third time.

Due to this impression I feel like giving her the name Black Queen. Well, she's originally a spear with the term 'witch' attached to it.

Speaking of witches, there's the witch Sazihali of the Saldia Wastelands, and Rubia is also a young witch, isn't she? Which reminds me, Schmihazar mentioned the names of some strange religious organizations.

Ah, even Pelneet had a church street or church district with the Temple of Justice, hadn't it? Over there...right, I heard the names back then - **【Black Witch Sect】** and **【Witches of Damo'Anun】** .

I wonder whether Ivanka is doing fine. Her golden hair and blue eyes...her lively expressions left a lasting impression on me. I'd like to let her hear the lute sounds once more which made her so happy at that time.

The scenes in her snugly room cross my mind.

As I recall these events in Pelneet, Kisara offers, "Hey...it pisses me off to go along with Hoffmann's schemes...do you want to join up with me?", while putting mana in her words as if to charm me.

That's an offer perfectly befitting a witch, but...she's cladding herself in a warrior-like aura as she deals with me. Her mana bustles around, seemingly trying to overflow from her exposed parts. She's clearly using a Magic Combat Style-based skill. And muscles that make her look like an amazon to me become visible.

This might very well become my 『Good Friday』 which is associated with Catholic nuns. I guess this wonderful woman is someone of the Black Witch Sect...