

Chapter 355 - Bearer of Light and Darkness

"You see, I'm a guy as well, so it's only natural for me to have nice relationships with beauties." I clearly voice out my belief that I like beauties.

Kisara smiles at my words, and then places her index and middle fingers together on her pretty, fair-skinned cheek while faintly tilting her small face. It's a lovely gesture as if asking whether I'm really okay with this.

At the same time, she keeps manipulating her mana so as to contain all of it, which she has been emanating so far, inside her body.

"Fufu, very well. —Wait a moment since I'm going to get ready." Kisara blurts out somewhat excitedly while adopting a cute pose.

Removing the fingers from her cheek, she stretches both hands widely into the air with a coquettish moan. Her deep breathing emphasizes her chest, causing her big boobs to wobble around seductively.

Maybe plenty of sweet honey is contained in those two nicely-shaped tits. Kisara continues to stretch like a cat.

At that point, a gust of night air blows past us, making her white-silk-like hair sway fleetingly.

Oohh, she sure has a fitting atmosphere, truly reminding me of a black queen.

Kisara gets off the darkness whale she used as a seat until now. As she walks through the air, her expression changes. I can tell that the color of her eyes keeps altering, reflecting her emotions.

Her casually walking in the air...makes me feel a certain mysteriousness. The vividness stemming from her dark purple lips gains in intensity as she exhales her magic breath. All of it gives birth to a tension as if treading on thin ice.

At the same time, one of the grimoire-like objects hanging at her waist glows up, she sings a poem,

"...Might it be the distant wabe,
The frumious desert crow, always taking the middle path,
The Spearman Damo'Anun with eyes of blazing flames,
Always searching for the <Bearer of Light and Darkness>, holder of the Dawn's sorcery techniques,
The one piercing through gods, men, and evil without concern of divine blessings
...Even as He falls to the monstrosity of divine might,
Yet he still tries to stab through Sela itself." [efn_note]It's a cross-reference to Jabberwocky (Damo'Anun) and Bandersnatch (desert crow), written in a lyrical way. But sorry, my English skills are too lacking to imitate Lewis Carrol.[/efn_note]

She uses a grinding, singing voice, sounding as if it's going to furiously gnaw away at your skin. Is it supernatural? It definitely is different from the song of a minstrel... It resembles the song of Shana a bit, but her throat doesn't glow. Maybe it's a witch ritual?

The glow dissipates from the grimoire-like object, and Kisara stops her mysterious singing. While combing her ruffled hair with her fingers, she uses her other hand to retrieve a string from a waist pouch. Using the black string, she ties a part of her forelocks, and brushes the plait behind her ear.

That womanly act allows me to take a look at her white ear. She's no elf. Her ear is somewhat on the small side and looks delicate, but it resembles that of humans.

After using that gesture as if putting some kind of intent into it...she shifts her eyes to the witch spear floating in front of her. Kisara nods, extends a hand, and grabs through the semi-transparent handle particles.

Looks like it can be held after all.

At that moment — the picture on the witch spear I had scrutinized earlier squirms. The stone particles, which look like finely crushed magic stones, form a unique knuckle guard while converging around her hand.

—It's just as I've imagined.

Even the detailed ornaments on her purple nails are being reproduced on the surface of the new, metallic handle. Kisara inclines the spear, looking my way past the handle.

Her blue eyes as they peek out through her black queen mask are beautiful and stabbing.

"...Are you curious about Damo'Anun?"

Kisara refers to the witch spear as Damo'Anun while staring at it. A number of check patterned depressions has been carved into it as if to signify a family crest.

"Well, of course."

I wonder, is that a witch mark? Or does it reveal a model number allowing to specify it as a separate weapon?

"Fufufu, but not yet. A little bit...wait a little bit longer, okay?" She whispers in a bouncy, charming, and sweet voice, and then winks at me with one eye on top of that.

She sure has a mysterious aura...just like a beauty who has just stepped out of the bath while hiding her chest with a towel...

Her words sound to me as if she's telling me, 『Don't get too aroused yet, boy』.

Kisara presses the family crest on the witch spear with her thumb.

"..."

In the next instant, her expression warps as if she's enduring terrible pain. The pain might be coming from her thumb. After all, blood is overflowing from it. The scent of her blood seems

wholesome, but it looks like her thumb hurts.

Yet, her blood doesn't trickle down from the witch spear. It dyes the skull drawings continuing all the way up to the spearhead crimson without a single drop being wasted. The blood fuses with the spear, almost as if the spear is being permeated by it.

Does the spear desire blood? Does it have its own consciousness like Iglued?

Suddenly I can hear an eerie groaning from the spear, accompanied by a broadening of the handle. At the same time, the skulls around the hole gather, seemingly being guided to the spearhead by the blood. They make hyperbolic tile patterns, which continuously contract as they rotate, float up into the air from the widened surface many times over.

The spear has fully reformed itself as if having obtained new metal from somewhere. Its mucilaginous movement is similar to that of when using a "Subdivision surface."

The eye sockets of the skull paintings have flames dwelling within after having amassed on the surface of the spearhead. The skulls are cackling with their bones rattling. Sounds similar to them talking reach my ears. And then a small illusion is born from the skulls. A demon-mask-like head with a cornrow hair style and crosses carved onto its foreheads. Its eyes have different colors. All in all, it looks like an ancient Persian or a yaksha actor with white makeup.

Masks with the same shape are over and over again extending beneath the demon mask. A haze obscures the connected masks as if they're all breathing hot air. Is it the same design as the one at the abdomen of Kisara's nun outfit?

The witch spear has adopted a shape that resembles a lance. The round hole has become bigger as well. Purple, red, and black magic lines are crowding the interior of the hole even more densely than before. The knuckle guard's handle part, which has formed new curves, slightly resembles the 'magic katana' (Azelos & Versage) Yui liked so much in the past. Personally I prefer the previous version, though.

Kisara the spear with its glowing blood downwards, "Oh, nice. I lost my skills, but the sensation feels different——"

While staring at the reformed spear with crossed eyes, she looks somewhat happy as she explains all this. Next she swings the spear back up again, followed by a sweep to the right.

"——OK, looks like I'll be able to use this spear...just as well as the ancient witches thanks to having absorbed that hateful giant. It'll even be possible to repel that magician if I should encounter him!"

And now she squeals joyfully like a little girl. Next she pulls the spear back, changing its angle and thus adopting a stance reminding me of a proper style school. Adding a spiraling spin to the spear, she unleashes a thrust with it.

Is it some kind of <Thrust> skill?

Then she sweeps the magic spear of Damo'Anun to the left while her arm is still stretched out. The

purple, red, and black magic lines that continue to extend from the hole in the handle turn into a swarm of filaments which starts to connect with both her arms. She swiftly shifts the spear from the right to the left, both now connected by magic fibers. That's a technique similar to the Wind Spear Style's practical 『Branch Snapper』 technique.

Having changed the main hand, she adjusts her hold while pulling off a cartwheel as if jumping through the air. After lifting a knee, she stabs, slashes, and kicks. Afterwards, she shifts the spear to her back, almost like a baton that's being rotated while being moved behind one.

On top of that, she uses a part of her magic outfit, letting the spear slide across her back while rotating. As it moves towards her waist, Kisara grabs the spear with her other hand. She's surpassing a rhythmic sports athlete there, or rather, is her body and the spear glued to each other or something?

As I wonder about that part, Kisara extends the spear to the front, jumping once more. It looks as if she's dancing above the whale.

Her shoes have a thick sole, but I think they're magic and battle-suited. Each time she moves through the air, mana particles spill out of her boots like a rainbow. Although they have a completely different shape, the boots remind of the ones I gave Souther as present.

At that point, Kisara whirls around with her head as a cardinal point. She extends the other, empty hand straight ahead, pressing its palm against the whale's forehead. A one-handed handstand, huh?

Her skirt outfit, including the garter belt, that allows a peek at her belly is marvelous. Her smooth, long legs are just like those of a model. Her pale white skin...I want to trace it with my fingers... Her legs are beautiful enough to wake that urge in me.

As if to spur on my perverted thoughts, her apron cloth is turned up gently. In addition, the moon brightly illuminates her figure as it stands on one hand.

—Her black panties are see-through!?

The part below is being vividly reflected like a swan that spreads its glossy, wet wings. Good job, moon god.

Exposing that seductive, lewd appearance, Kisara bends her elbow as if doing push-ups with just one hand. And then she stretches her arm out with a jerk and pushes herself off the whale's forehead, allowing her body to fly up high into the sky again. Just like that, she performs a forward somersault after a twisted dive roll.

—A wedgie! Gorgeous! Should I worship the moon god?

She mows the spear diagonally to the side as if to make a retort against my perverted thoughts. Her panties end up hidden by the spear's blade.

Still, I ain't got no time to hold a high-class commission of inquiry at the Pantie Wedgie Committee. Her skill in handling the spear...allows me to perceive her ability. She must have reached a considerable level of proficiency.

Each time Kisara magnificently moves her spear, the magic fibers connected to the hole draw pretty trails in the air, so it looks as if sound is being visualized in multiple colors.

I'm sure I'd be able to gain some valuable experience if I cross spears with her.

However, skulls on the spear's head and handle hole colored by the magic fibers are bipolar to each other. The spearhead seems to represent darkness whereas the handle stands for light. Kisara's body appears to be on fire as she easily exhibits such refined spear techniques. It's the same amazon-like atmosphere she had emanated earlier.

The faint Magic Combat Style-based mana streams have surfaced on her white skin.

...Nice, really nice...a battle nun as well as a combat witch. Or rather, a valkyrie, I reckon.

As I'm being enchanted by her spear dance, her black mask transforms. The majestic design, looking like the ones I encountered on the reliefs in the underground world, loses its shape. The black lace flaps like a spangle, and while expanding in a way a black swan would spread its wings, it forms into a small helmet covering her front head. In the end, it turns into a stylish, black headpiece with a sharp, pointed end at the tip of her nose.

Kisara inclines her slender chin while aligning the spear in her right hand with her thigh. ...The way she holds her spear makes for a great painting.

"...Your mask has transformed, or rather, evolved into a helmet? The shape of your spear also changed. I could sense a unique martial art and history from your splendid, beautiful spear art." I praise her with pure feelings of respect and admiration.

Kisara replies to that with respect, too. She adopts a courteous bow after twisting the spear around from standing alongside her thigh to her feet.

After raising her head, she politely thanks me with a smile, "...I'm happy to hear that. You have my gratitude."

It's not that I give her high marks just because she's a beauty, but I feel deeply moved by her respectful mannerism.

"...Do witches have their own school of spear styles?"

"At most the Heavenly Witch Style, but it's nothing as shady as the Blood Bone Fairy. It's a kind of demonoid martial art that utilizes the divine protection of Mephalla-sama. The Desert Crow Form of its combat stance. After all, it's an Evil Ogre Princess armament that uses special, unique hougu...fufu." [efn_note]hougu is a term known from the Fate universe as Noble Phantasms. Literally it translates to precious utensil, but that sounds crap in English, and the author here hasn't provided a coined term for it, so I'll leave it as is for the moment. [/efn_note]

Kisara's tone carries an educated, womanly modesty. Except for the chuckle at the end, that is...

"...So, are your preparations done?"

"Yep..."

After meaningfully glaring at Baldok, she says, "Your abyss-like, black eyes and the scent of light are special. ...And I'd love to personally experience your way of handling that violet magic spears of yours," with her voice growing hoarse in the middle. Maybe out of passion.

It looks like she's quite interested in Baldok and me.

"My spear, huh?"

The Heavenly Witch Style that includes spears.

Kisara's eyes seem to sparkle like those of a hawk. In the way of a battle maniac. Well, she did mention a divine protection by Mephalla-sama - Evil Ogre Princess of Dark Plays Mephalla who's also depicted in the Picture Scroll of the Spirit World Sebdola.

Is the power of that goddess in effect? Or is it her faith?

Looking at me with a sweet smile, Kisara answers, "Indeed——," and points her spear at me, and then charges at Rollodeen and me just like that.

"Nn, nya——"

Divine Beast Rollodeen reacts at once. She approaches Kisara at high speed, letting her tentacles go ahead.

But, Kisara is fast. While skillfully dodging Rollo's tentacles closing on her with a movement similar to a barrel-roll, she shortens her distance to us.

Time for me to step in!

I planned to directly counter with Baldok after getting off Rollodeen, but, "Puyuyuyu!"

Taro steps in front of me in its magic attire, hoists up its toy-like, twisted wand, and releases a spell from the ornaments at the tip of its wand. The ornament hanging from the branches squirm like clay works, detach themselves from the wand, and fly into the air.

So those weren't just plain old decorations, huh?

A swarm of richly colored butterflies and insects is heading for Kisara with a loud buzzing. Mini dinosaurs are also in the mix, rushing towards her.

"Eeh? Wha——"

Having been in the middle of a charge, Kisara pitches forward, and falls over in the air. Her whole body is struck by the countless butterflies, insects, and dinosaurs. Or rather, showered by them?

The strap-like dinosaurs sink their fangs into her thighs...and huge boobs!? Is it an indiscriminate,

offensive ability?

A part of her magic outfit is torn apart as well as the bulging parts of her nun garb.

Hello, boobies!

I reflexively end up greeting the one boob which has become visible. Kisara-san covers her breast with a hand to stop it from spilling out of her clothes.

"Uuhh~ Meanieeee~" Kisara looks as confused, as if not knowing right from left.

She blindly swats her spear. While squealing oddly, Kisara backs off while driving away the swarm which is probably filling her visual field by now.

"Puyu, puyuyuyuu——" Taro exclaims triumphantly.

I don't know whether its male or female, but it acting all mighty is strangely cute...damn it! If Mysty was here, she'd follow up with her usual, "Shit, shit, shit."

However, let me praise you, Taro, for having exposed her wonderful boob.

Taro itself is still clamoring about with puyuyu's, but...Rollo has entwined her tentacle around its legs. Or rather than calling it entwined, you could as well call it placing it on a pedestal to make it easier for Taro to move...

"...Don't screw around. You trying to make a fool out of Kisara, or what!?" The whale snarls while glaring behind Kisara in a threatening manner.

It furiously stomps and shakes its small, crooked horse feet. I thought that it might pop a few veins, but I wonder whether that whale actually possesses any veins to begin with.

Well, I suppose it's only natural for it to be pissed off, seeing how I could take a good look at Kisara's boob.

At that point, a powerful, oscillating wave washes over me, accompanied by a thundering roar. Is it the after-effect of its stomping?

How friggin scary. This goes beyond the level of a normal stomping.

Trying to object to the whale that I'm actually thankful, and not derisive, I say, "...It's not like I made a fool——"

"——Garururu."

Vigilant due to the vibrations, Rollodeen growls threateningly, interrupting my explanation. Rollo is obviously pissed.

"Puyuyu!" Taro holds up the wand, screaming.

But, no further spells come out from it anymore. Apparently having run out of power, it drops its shoulders, whimpering with a feeble voice.

Just when I'm about to retort that there's no point in looking at me like that, the darkness whale wriggles, releasing an oscillating wave, probably out of jealousy or anger. Its sperm whale-like forehead is already big under normal circumstances, but now it swells up even further. It bulges out as if deeply carving its contours onto the forehead with its circuit-board-like patterns.

Flames lit up at those bulging spots, almost as though signifying a fervent rage. Are those souls? Or maybe some kind of magic symbols?

And then fine stripe patterns appear underneath the flames as if tracing the circuit board outlines. It looks like light is traveling through a neuron network.

Next, tentacle holes open up across its black, glossy body with plops. They are similar to the tentacle openings of Tube-dwelling anemone. Steam with a dark red, fluorescent hue is being emitted from those holes. The steam blows upwards like viscous smoke signals.

Is that the whale's full-power mode?

At least it faces us with an expression full of seething rage.

"...I'll take you people on. I'll use you to test my new technique!" The whale spits out furiously with its eyes wide open and its voice angry as it shakes its forehead. "Stab and pieerce!! I'm going to slaughter you!!"

The whale pushes aside Kisara, who has been retreating, resulting in her being beaten to the punch by her enslaved summon.

"——Hey, Rotalz! I was going to fight Shuuya!"

At the time she shouts out her complaint, the whale has already flown way ahead of her. Not to mention its weird forehead, but even the whale's eyes are deeply bloodshot.

Its vigorous and enthusiastic way of charging packs quite a force due to its peculiar forehead. Moreover, dark brown, tetragonal dots are leaking out behind the whale. Those might be poisonous farts or some unknown gasses used as energy source.

That darkness whale is as flashy as a bloody, galactic decoration truck. If I get run over by that black truck, will I end up getting reincarnated at some other place? Also, it might be disguising itself as a mechanical life-form that transforms into a truck. Or maybe it's a shadow of what Schmihazar once used to be?

In the middle of me pondering these questions, the whale gathers its mana on its face while continuing to fly towards us. In response, the light in the circuit boards gains in intensity.

"——I'm gonna skewer you good, bastards!"

Immediately after yelling this, a long horn, similar to that of a narwhal, extends from the area near

the baby-shaped magic symbol. Illusions of tiny wands clad in fire manifest and revolve around the horn. A transparent, small R letter also floats up, blended into a twisted hexagon.

So that's why the whale said it'd stab and pierce us, huh?

At that moment, Rollodeen meows with an unusually powerful voice, "Nnn, nyagooa", as if saying 『I won't let nya~』.

In an instant, she makes half of her tentacles spiral while combining them into one. And then the tip of that single, big tentacle snaps open, allowing a huge bone sword, which has glittering silver and pink mother-of-pearl patterns, to protrude out of that split. The patterns are acorn barnacle-like tentacle horns that glow pink.

Golden powder in the shape of spiraling shuriken scatters into the vicinity from the horns. I feel like I've seen those barnacles somewhere...

But, why shuriken? Despite my doubts, the huge bone sword that catches the wind as enveloped by a golden maelstrom heads straight ahead as if tearing through the air. It looks just like a flamberge. I guess it also resembles Destruction Spear Gladopalus. It's a new technique unleashed by Rollo.

The tentacle bone sword and the whale's horn clash. After a shrill clank, a flash occurs where both weapons have encountered each other.

"Guuaaaa!"

"Puyuyuyu~puyu!" Taro yells as if declaring, 『The divine beast queen is strong ~puyu!』.

I ignore the cute puyu'ing.

However, just as it's audible from the whale's scream, Rollodeen's flamberge won out. After the whale's horn breaks in two, it crumbles to pieces. Its fragments drop into the river below. The wand illusions around it quickly shrink down while absorbing the R letter, and then vanish.

Moreover, while tearing through the rest of the whale's broken horn, Rollodeen's bone sword plunges onwards, stabbing into the base at the whale's forehead.

"Nyago——" Rollodeen shouts.

Just like that, Rotalz is lifted up by the tentacle bone sword as if Rollodeen has been fishing with a pole. However, as might be expected of Rotalz's gigantic frame, the lifting part doesn't work out as smoothly as with a tuna.

Still, its forehead has been deeply torn apart.

"——Guuuh, it friggin' hurtzzzz! For me to have been hit at the base..." The whale laments with its submarine-like head trembling.

The baby shape that got cleaved open vertically has vanished after withering away. Rollo rotates once while maintaining her divine beast size, and then retreats. Even as she makes the bone sword

shrink, her movements are still swift.

Taro is alright because of the tentacle wrapped around its legs, but it floats up as if being affected by the G force of Rollo's rotation. After Rollo splits up the great sword into a flock of tentacles again while flying through the air, she reels them back into her body.

It's the usual, but...these tentacles have quite a force when they return to their original place.

"...At long last I had a chance to exhibit my new technique! And yet, <Phokhare's Foolish Flame Lance> has..." The whale grieves.

I guess it simply means a fake is easy to destroy. But, its actions are full of openings, too. ...Is it the perfect chance now that it has stopped moving?

Should I mercilessly strike its forehead with Baldok while using the momentum of jumping off Rollodeen? Or should I rather use the hidden <Chain> three-section staff? Or I could also go with some ice spells?

The instant I consider all these options, the whale snarls, "...——Tsk, not falling for my lure, eh...?"

It looks like it was a trap to draw me in.

"No, I was on the verge of attacking you in a little bit, you know?"

"You being so honest truly pisses me off. Or are you just a spear moron?"

"Personally I don't think so."

"So what's with that docile acting!? Are you some pure spirit from the divine realms? Probably the reason why Kisara has taken a liking to you on the first meeting... However, although it happened in another dimension, I've lived through the Illusionary Great Demon War of hell. I also evaded "Desra's Wave Motion." I ain't that fragile..."

Illusionary Great Demon War? That's a term I've heard somewhere in the past, I think.

At that moment, "The real show starts from here! ——<Foolish Light>," the whale shouts a skill or spell name. At the same time, the circuit boards produce beams with a mother-of-pearl-like color.

Laser irradiation on a flat surface? Moreover, one with pentagrams added into the mix?

The dazzling light gives birth to shapes of hyperbolic curves in midair. There's also dark parts, but it's still very bright. The second moonlight scatters in all directions like a breaking polyhedron. The dispersed light possesses directionality. While zigzagging, the light approaches us at an abnormal speed.

It's difficult to perceive through all the dazzling, but I can somehow see it. The beams keep scattering as they clash against Rollo's tentacles. Her tentacles successively go up in flames as they offset the beams fired by the whale.

So this was the reason for the whale's reckless charge, huh? Something like making a part of Rollodeen's tentacles disappear by burning them down...? It's a fairly mighty offensive ability. Probably because it's such a gigantic being.

...It might have been impossible to dodge if we got basked in those beams near the whale's bosom. But, my <Chain> three-section staff with the Sanskrit characters on its surface is still remaining hidden. I manipulate that staff with its mark of <Sealer's Seal>.

"Let's go whale! I'll pommel that belly drum of yours!" I shout out.

Rollodeen, who shares senses with me, advances as well. I can see how several of Rollodeen's tentacle bone swords stab into the whale's torso.

Alright, I'll produce nice, dull bell sounds by drumming on its stock pot belly!

I make a part of the <Chain> head in an arc towards its abdomen from below. The tip of the chain staff drives into its belly after exhibiting movements similar to a biting snake.

Immediately after I can hear a cracking from its abdomen, it screams, "Guuuooooaaah!"

The size of the chain's three-section staff is small, but the whale shrieks as if hit by a huge tree. Simultaneously, its belly bends and dents deeply. With a slight delay, a dull metallic clang thunders across the vicinity. The whale makes a full turn while bent backwards, and then gets blown away due to inertia.

It's really refreshing to see that pesky whale topple over!

I think about further attacks, but...

"Nya——" Rollo meows.

While passing 『Fall over』 and 『Fun』 through our connection, she goes after the whale before I can. The tentacles, which remained after the clash with the beams, and the tentacle bone swords, which finished regenerating, head for the whale like Mahamayuri on his quest to repel all evil.

Countless tentacle bone swords keep stabbing the area from the whale's inner belly to its back. Each time they hit, I can hear multiple dull thuds like an army of jackhammers. The surface looks like black steel, but is it actually soft?

Just by the way it's getting skewered, its skin might not possess the same sturdiness as the ancient dragon scales possessed by the Evil Dragon King. However, one spot is an exception. It's the place with the other magic symbol.

It's being protected by two stacking layers of violet defense fields, meaning it's important. The whale has a solid defense on that part alone, but...it doesn't change the fact of it getting pierced by Rollodeen's bone swords all across the rest of its body.

"——Garururu."

Sure enough, Rollodeen growls as befits a divine beast, and then flaps her jet-black wings. Moreover, she reels in the tentacles that have been stabbing the whale.

Rollo speeds up thanks to pulling the tentacles back in, and uses it to attack the whale with an explosive speed. The big claws on her forepaws hit Rotalz's flank.

"Gyuaa——"

The whale's scream is drowned out by Rollodeen's growl. She suddenly bends her claws, and forcibly tears off a part of Rotalz's torso. Then she widens her muzzle, and deeply bites into the whale's forehead as if eagerly bumping heads, obviously having forgotten about her passengers.

Rollodeen, who has devoured a part of the whale's forehead, audibly crunches the flesh and bones after closing her mouth. Then she rotates her body, and delivers a fierce back kick against the whale's torso, causing the whale to be blown away.

Using the recoil from her own kick, she revolves in a spiral while circling in the air so as to keep Kisara and the whale in sight.

"——Puyuyu!"

Taro has almost fallen off, but it's probably okay because of Rollodeen's tentacle hold. Rollo purrs throatily. She's still in the middle of eating the whale's flesh. Chunks of whale meat keep falling out of the corners of her muzzle, dropping all the way to the river like rain drops. Plopping sounds reach me up here from the river.

"Rotalz, that easily..." Kisara mutters with a dumbstruck expression.

Rotalz is still alive after having been blown away. But, the part ripped out by Rollo is pitiful to look at. There's no trace of its initial fighting spirit left as it's bending its torso. It's bleeding profusely, and has lost most of its mana, too.