

## **Chapter 365 - Ghost Song**

The night breeze pushing through the southern window is chilly. I guess I'll set up a brazier in the room.

Despite that cold night...Helme's flight speed is going up, and I can sense the movement of magic sources with Grasping Perception. She seems to also have detected the magic source presences which have amassed on the plaza.

Well, it makes sense, seeing how it's ghosts although we're in the Sea of Trees.

I look back at the elven ghosts on the plaza. ...Their voices don't reach all the way here, but it looks like it's noisy over there.

The elven ghosts at that meeting have all kinds of expressions - reverence as if looking at a guru or god, ghastliness as if having just crawled out of a grave, and sadness. Some of them simply look at me, albeit being expressionless.

The wounded ones might be those that have been killed by the Evil Dragon King.

Assuming that to be the case, I reckon these ghosts are related to the elven ancestors of this land, including Quiche's family.

While pondering about that, I focus on my shoulder dragon. The dark green cloth spreads out from the dragon's muzzle on my right shoulder, cladding my whole body in a coat within an instant. It's the short-sleeved protective clothing version.

Silver branches adorn the cloth at many places, and it also has metallic fixtures and belts at the collar, chest, and waist area. The chest area is slightly exposed. The whole outfit gives me a somewhat wild touch.

I feel Kisara looking at me from behind, but I don't strike a pose or anything.

"...Shuuya-sama, the continuation of the past recount...still that dragon-shaped shoulder protector looks pretty manly and gorgeous. You've earlier mentioned that being an adventurer is your main job while training your spearmanship, so is the shoulder protector that's combined with your shoulder an item box you've obtained in the labyrinth?" She asks me from the bed.

It appears she's curious about Hal'Konk. An existing beauty over ghosts — is not what comes in play here, but...

"This one, huh...?"

...I turn around while asking.

Kisara is currently leaning against the headboard and a small stool. While hiding her big boobs with the hand that's not placed on the stool, she stares at me.

"Yes," she answers with a nod.

...Yep, she's really pretty.

The long cloth that doesn't manage to fully hide her seductive hips only shows off her sexy body. Her body line has been refined through the training at the female martial arts school.

"Aren't you cold?"

The instant I question her while about to offer her a blanket, she coos with an erotic voice, "—Nnh, I'm fine. I'm still feeling flushed all over..."

She shakes her upper body, making her waist and eyebrows tremble at the same time, and squirms around with her lower body half. It looks like she's still under the lingering effect of my fierce attacks.

With the feeling of watching a beautiful painting, I say, "...I mentioned it earlier, but this shoulder protector here is..."

"...a cursed item, right?"

"Yeah. It was appraised to be 『a cursed item that's very close to First Grade Danger Level. For now I'll categorize it as Second Grade』 by the best item appraiser in Pelneet."

Hearing my words, Kisara smiles, "So what does that say about you who has eaten that cursed item?", and tilts her head.

She's apparently recalling my story about the time when I ate Hal'Konk which had transformed into a biscuit.

"...I just went with the flow."

"Pfft, weirdo..." Kisara laughs with the same bewitching expression she showed me when we met first.

"But, I was able to meet Evil Emperor Ciphol thanks to eating it."

"The inner world of the gluttonous Hal'Konk. When I heard the story related to that, my chest throbbed. There exists a fairy-tale about a demonic tribe wandering between the Great Forest of Demonic Haunts and the Great Desert Goldix. In reality a group of demons that could be the one in question here has been sighted several times. There are stories about them as a mysterious group in every desert city."

So Goldix has such stories as well, huh? The lyrics of the Goldiba family's song crosses my mind. The voices of Raglen, Rabi, and Master Achilles.

Moreover, I also remember Hal'Konk's... 『Mmhweee...mana of someone new, delicioooooos!』 voice.

"...The roaring of Violent Devourer Hal'Konk is a nostalgic memory."

"If I imitate your pronunciation...mmwhe? Haha, I want to hear it as well."

"If you stay with me, that day may come sooner or later."

"...Are you proposing to me?"

"Who knows. Doesn't everything depend on how you interpret it?"

"...Meanie! Stop with those ambiguous words that only crush my heart! Still, if you're telling me something like this with your captivating, black eyes, my chest and body are heating up again..."  
Kisara's body quivers with her eyes trembling.

"Haha, I'm curious about the ghosts out, but wanna to have another go first?"

"...I'd love to request it, but me being the only one getting spoiled is..."

"True, you've got a point there."

I touch the crystal of the item box, activating the interface so that it can be seen by Kisara. I guess I'll smoke a cigarette until Helme gets back here.

"The item on your wrist doesn't get sucked into your Hal'Konk?"

As I've that question tossed at me, I close the interface.

"No, it's not. This item box here is the place where I usually put away my Gatrance-form. Since Hal'Konk can also equip the Gatrance-form by sucking it in and spitting it out later, this sun-shaped bracelet and Hal'Konk resemble each other to some extent. Or rather, the item box is linked with Hal'Konk. Hal'Konk also serves a role as a simple item box."

"Linked?"

"Yep. Sometimes Hal'Konk also absorbs Murasame at my waist belt. There are situations where it falls down without being sucked in, too. Sometimes it automatically returns into the item box after having been sucked in by Hal'Konk, and at other times it remains stored inside Hal'Konk."

"That sounds quite mysterious."

At that point, I look at the shoulder dragon, asking it, 'Hal'Konk-kun, are you going to wake up for me again?'

I guess that's no option since I'd be eaten for real if he woke up.

And then I look at my item box.

"Aye, it's mysterious. But that's what magic items are to begin with. By the way, right now I'm wearing a Hal'Konk-based attire, okay?"

"Yes, the Mythological one." Kisara nods.

I let Hal'Konk absorb the dark green cloth once more, and make his sink into my shoulder at the same time as becoming naked.

"Ah..."

Kisara blushes as she looks at me, whom she had seen stark naked many times by now. Her eyes are pinned on my dick.

Without minding that stare, I deploy the Gatrance-form from my item box.

"A jet-black combat uniform in an instant...there's also a steel hilt at your waist."

"This is the Gatrance-form, and Murasame. I'm still a beginner at swordsmanship, but I can handle it to some degree."

I touch the hilt, and then focus on Hal'Konk again. The shoulder dragon breaks through the Gatrance-form, appearing on my right shoulder. At that moment, the shoulder dragon and the item box absorb the Gatrance-form. Following that, the shoulder dragon spits out the dark green cloth again. As a result, I transformed once more, putting on protective clothing.

"This armor with a high degree of freedom doesn't get absorbed by my item box. Only the shoulder dragon can handle the protective clothing, the Evil Dragon King armor, and the overcoat."

"...So you're saying you have two types of magic tools for transforming."

I nod at Kisara's remark, "Correct, two types——", and while swaying two fingers, "Just like I said earlier, Hal'Konk serves as a simple item box. Sometimes items enter the shoulder dragon without me wanting it. In most of those times I'll learn of it when deploying the dark green cloth coat. Usually the items are stored inside the many pockets. Well, this here is the real item box, but——"

While speaking, I show her the small loop that can operate the Gatrance-form. There's a crystal in the center of the loop, and sun-shaped patterns are visible at the loop's outer edges. You could call it a wearable terminal which manifests a spatial interface. It's an item of a civilized organization called Na Palm Integrated Planetary Military Alliance. The futuristic bike Tiny Orbital is a product of the same civilization.

Going by the terms 'Planetary Alliance', it's very likely a civilization living in space. You can find here the reply of the Fermi paradox in regards to space of this different world.

And the same applies to the Kaleidoscope, too. A metallic attachment device has embedded itself inside my right eye. It also has the feature of functioning as highly-efficient, intelligent glass that fuses with my right eyes. It's a special device that links item box and Tiny Orbital together.

"...I don't feel a strong mana from that bracelet item box, just like with my Damon'Anun magic symbol, but it seems to be a unique item box." Kisara extends a hand towards the grimoire she had placed on the night table.

Using the occasion, I focus on her slender wrist. It sports a tattoo that seems to create a bracelet loop with small skulls. If it were to be limited to those skulls, you could label it as simple fashion, but...that's not the case here.

Is it like my <Chain Factor>? Or something similar to <Saraten's Secret Art> that's now dwelling in me as well?

I don't know, but...a part of the tin magic lines extending from the grimoire start to link up with the skulls on Kisara's wrist.

As soon as I get curious in Kisara's wrist in the same way as her horn, mana gushes out of the grimoire she's picked up. Furthermore, the pages in the grimoire flip on their own at a terrifying rate.

Then it suddenly and quickly stops at one page. I can't see from here what's written on that page. The radiance of the grimoire increases in intensity. And then countless black crows manifest from the page as if spiraling upwards into the air.

The crows cover Kisara's body. Just like that, Kisara's body becomes clad in a short, shift-dress-styled sorcery attire that marvelously narrows down her nun's garb within milliseconds. The design hasn't really changed, but it's a form further capitalizing on her tight waist. It's close to a mini-skirt-based dress.

The nun's garb and black mask she wore at first, and at some point she also transformed the garb into a no-sleeves version, but...is this one some kind of Ogre Princess Armament as it also has the same patterns as her garb? I suppose it's a special armor based on Mephalla-sama's divine protection.

Evil Ogre Princess of Dark Plays Mephalla. Going by the Picture Scroll, she's a brave and gallant female warrior. Something like Mephalla's face had appeared on the witch spear's head when the spear transformed after sucking Kisara's blood.

She's also wearing boots, but it's her usual ones.

"...I was surprised when you became naked in an instant, but as expected, that grimoire is the source of it, isn't it? A grimoire that stores the Ogre Princess Armament...hmm? I guess it's about time."

Just when I was planning to ask her about the grimoire's name, Helme descends from the sky. Kisara and I turn around.

Helme enters the stage accompanied by a chilly wind blowing into the room through the window. I guess the questions about the grimoire have to wait for now.

"——Your Excellency, Kisara, good work on the butt love...is what I want to say, but unnatural magic elements have amassed on the plaza."

"Aye. As suspected, you've sensed them, huh?"

Though I can't see Taro and Muu, who've been bound with strings to her, anywhere.

"...What happened to Puyuyu and Muu?"

"They're taking a rest at the house of Moga and Nemus."

"Going by your expression, something happened, right?"

"Indeed. For some reason, Muu-chan said 『I want to go to Moga's home!』 - well not verbally - but after thrashing around, she jumped off Rotalz while skilfully using her leg."

...Muu, did you want to do some bungee jumping?

"Muu is unexpectedly nimble, that's why..."

"It looks like it. I saved her since <Lapis Lazuli Flower> was coiled around her feet, but as she dangled around, Muu ended up entering Rotalz's mouth by mistake. ...It was a huge disaster. I managed to avoid further troubles by hitting, piercing and puncturing Rotalz's head on the spot, but..."

...Rest in peace, Rotalz-kun.

He's a fellow with a forehead that's easy to retort at, so it can't be helped, I'd say. Kisara also says, 『It's going to be a huge disaster from now on, you know?』...

Haha...that's about something else, isn't it?

"Your Excellency, you are laughing, but do you wish to open a bit of a spear hole on Rotalz-chan's forehead, no, butt?"

That sadistic spirit casually asks something rather very disturbing.

"Don't mind me. I was just reminiscing. So, what about Muu?"

"Once I sprayed water on Puyuyu and Muu-chan, they glared at me, but since she pulled my hand, obviously wanting to enter Moga's home, she became obedient...as I took her to his house as wished."

Not bad, you've tamed Muu.

"After entering Moga's house together with Muu...we received various explanations about the interior design from him. ...Muu-chan fixedly stared at the vampire's treasure Moga had proudly moved from his item box to Your Excellency's hand-made shelf as a piece of decoration."

The other day Muu had also focused on Moga's items. Does Muu desire them?

"What about Puyuyu?"

"Since it was noisy, I left it bound with strings and placed it on Nemus' shoulder."

I see.

"Okay, good job. I think both will be okay over at Nemus and Moga. Leaving that aside, currently elven ghosts, ethereal bodies, are gathering on the plaza, just like you've sensed it as an unusual phenomenon."

"So they are the reason for the cluster of magic elements that seem to swirl around in a vortex. I don't feel any particular evil from there, but we're in the Sea of Trees where the veil is thin. You never know what might happen. In preparation for battle, I shall go back into your eye and prioritize your mental defenses, Your Excellency!"

"Sure."

Before I even beckon her over, Helme instantly turns into a liquid, and enters my left eye. She's fast. Her shape is like that of small darts. If Helme were to play darts, I'm sure she'd repeatedly pull off perfect games.

Then I turn around towards Kisara, "...Kisara, we'll go downstairs for starters."

"Okay."

"I could tell you to be careful, but I suppose that's pointless. The battle across a long distance concerning the Eight Star White Shadow Fencing with the hegemony over the Rhinoceros Lake at stake between the 17 masters of the Black Witch Church and the Rhinoceros Lake's 10 tomboy demonoids, and the battle over the Desert Hermit Spear with the blood bone nymphs..."

"I see you have memorized the battles I participated in."

"Of course. Your battles with named master fighters such as Raxen of the Naked Wood and Hiryu, a master of the Flying Fan Sword Style, the desert martial arts tournaments, and your dispute with the General Council of Sorcery over the Secret Reincarnation Book of Ancient Sorcery. Your stories about the many great battles you experienced were precious enough to deserve an apology if I had laughed at them. You also provided me with information about the desert inhabitants."

There are other stories that drew my curiosity as well, though. For example, why she equipped the Ancient White Star Stone.

"It's a pleasure...but, for you to have memorized all of it..."

"...Our sex had been intense, but we talked about it just yesterday, so it's only natural."

"Haha, I'm happy to hear that. I shall also strive to work hard like your bloodkin! When I become one of your blood some day, I'd like you to...strongly engrave my body with <Servant Development>. And then I shall accompany you with the spirit of the shadow crow, just like you follow the path of shadow!"

Even though Kisara bows with a strong determination, I can tell without looking at her...that her cheeks are bright red.

While feeling the night wind, I tilt my head slightly as I face Kisara. She seems to be interested in the special bodies of my bloodkin. Mamani's whisker beard which moves around as if having its own consciousness. Mamani uses the Tiger Fist Style, so I think Higlia would be interested in her as well.

However, if Yui, Rebecca, Eva, Mysty, and Veronica heard of this... 『We're first when it comes to designs with <Servant Development>!』 would Rebecca shout angrily.

I shiver violently. While feeling a chill run down my spine, I quickly jump out of the roof window. Immediately after landing on the ground, two elf ghosts float forward from among the ghosts. One is an elf with luxurious clothes and broad shoulders, the other is an elf looking like a monk.

They abruptly draw close to me with silent movements as you'd expect from ghosts. Possessing dignified auras, the two suddenly widen their eyes, and speak up.

"Extol the hero with the Hymn of Light."

"Extol the saint with the Hymn of Light."

"The hero who devoured the heart of Ancient Dragon Baldok."

"The hero who avenged a part of our people! Our messiah!"

"Extol the hard worker, who is trying to revive our village, the one carrying a bud of the Holy Flower within."

It's a way of spinning words that sounds dated.

"The messiah acts, regardless of day and night."

"The messiah invites us to the land we have been cut off."

"The messiah invites us to the sanctuary we have been cut off."

"——Extol! Praise him with the Hymn of Light——"

The both gradually start to pronounce their words at a good rhythm as if singing a song.

Immediately following that, the monk ghosts shouts into the night, "You are the true saint! A hero has come to this place!"

"——He's the return of Saint Kisstrin!!!"

"——He's the return of Saint Kisstrin!!!"

Next, the ghosts behind the two join in as well, starting to sing.

"Shuuya-sama! It resembles the victory song liked by Hesliphat's mobsters——" Kisara jumps

down from the roof window.

Planting her feet next to me, she whirls around her witch spear with one hand, and turns the skull spearhead towards the singing. Moreover, the filaments deploy towards me. Of course not with the intent to attack.

They create a rainbow-colored curtain to protect me.

Kisara's cheeks are still flushed. She's looking back and forth between my eyes and lips. After revealing a miserable expression as if to pester me for a kiss, she smiles.

...How cute.

"...The elven ghosts are singing."

"...Elven? Are they elves of the Great Empire Befaritz then instead?"

The elves of Befaritz's era must have mingled with Quiche's relatives. There might also exist songs related to the light spirit, the light god, or an old Holy Church.

"It seems like they are a mix of old and newer times."

"Speaking of ghosts, I recall the ability <Ghostly Ink> used by Demonoid Zama, one of the 10 tomboys...it's necessary to be cautious. Rotalz."

"——Aye, I'm watching from above. Having said that, I can only hear a weird song..." Rotalz answers.

He seems to have moved here together with Helme. Helme hasn't closed up the new hole injury on Rotalz's forehead. Though, the part with the magic symbol's flames is fine.

Just like Rotalz said before, "the prospects are grim."

"Extol! Our path to the sanctuary has been cut off by ancient Underground Goddess Rolga who is connected with the Jail Dimension Godolon, but...now we have obtained hope!——"

Jail Dimension Godolon that's connected to the underground world, eh? For some reason, the last part sounded like Greek, however.

I recall Naromivas' words. He had mentioned that jail dimension, and just as I predicted, it's related to bees. It's a bit premature to make a final call on that relation, but...Rolga had connections with the Hardelende Clan, huh? Still I wonder how and why they're connected with Rolga and Galroh

"We obtained a wonderful hope! Extol, the Hymn of Light——"

"Kisstrin's three miracles of freedom to us, who lent our strength the humans, were correct——"

"The past words of the saint were correct. Extol through the Hymn of Light——"

"Extol the return of the saint through the hero——"

"The saint's existence invites our souls to the sanctuary of Hardelende——"

"The saint's existence invites our souls to the temple of Hardelende——"

It's a song similar to a solemn rumbling. The clear, singing voices of the elf twins are the most beautiful ones. I'd say they're sopranos...

This one of these moments where you make the sign of the cross in front of your chest like Christians do, isn't it? Putting both my hands together, I pray to god...

At that moment, an indigo blue air clad in golden colors rises from the feet of the ghosts like a fog. Is the fog linked to the song? Is it the power of their ethereal bodies?

Moreover, candlesticks appear from within the fog. The flames accompanying them shift from white to gold. The candle sticks start to line up within the fog as if forming a sanctuary. Before long, the fog starts to sway. It begins to move around as if having its own, free will.

The fog heads for the base of the knoll beyond my house, creating a golden path on the ground. The foggy path of blue and gold streams into the Bewitching Palace's holes. Right afterwards, a part of the fog approaches my chest.

Nuoooh——

It moves at a speed surpassing a surprise attack that doesn't allow me to dodge.

『Your Excellency——』

The fog clashes against my chest, but there's no pain. In the next instant, a beam-like flash is radiated into the vicinity from my chest.

『Excuse me, I wasn't in time』

『Don't worry about it. This is different from an attack. At any rate, I'm feeling sluggish』

While I'm talking with Helme in my mind, the flash still continues, looking like it's even reaching the stars. A cross flash with an entangled chain that's clad in divine light.

『The pretty, warm light from your chest is...』

I guess it's the same design as what's etched into my chest - the shape of Extra Skill <Granted Seal of Light>. It's not like I managed to acquire a skill or anything though...

And then, once the flash also cuts through the fog, the light from my chest vanishes.