



Character Design: LOL Illustration: Yukinatsu Amekaze 0 DEMON LORD AND DEMON GENERALS

DEMON LORD

Um...



DEMON GENERAL 1 DG

Ah?! What is it, Demon Lord?!

DEMON GENERAL 2

That looks like a really lonely "um"!

DEMON GENERAL 3 Is there anything we can do for you?!

DEMON LORD

Oh, sorry, uh...



DEMON GENERAL 1

DG There is nothing we wouldn't face for your sake!

DEMON GENERAL 2

Now that I think of it, I haven't seen you smile in years!

DEMON GENERAL 3

We're worried about you, Demon Lord!

DEMON LORD

Thank you, everyone

DEMON LORD

...Sorry, I'm heading out for a bit

DEMON LORD

DEMON GENERAL 2 Huh? Demon Lord?!

There's someone I want to see



DG









'm the Demon Lord, ruler of the Demon Army. ton't really post on social media, but you are

welcome to contact me. e-mail is ask_demonlord@msr.mail.mmm.

lease note that I do not respond to prank





► GAME START

CONTINUE BACK TO SLEEP

If the FIFE WORLD Had Social No. 18





Character Design: LOL Illustration: Yukinatsu Amekaze





Copyright

If the RPG World Had Social Media

STORY Yusuke Nitta Translation by Daniel Luke Hutton

Cover art by Yukinatsu Amekaze

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MOSHI ROLE PLAYING GAME NO SEKAI NI SNS GA ATTARA Vol. 1

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First published in Japan in 2018 by KADOKAWA CORPORATION, Tokyo.

English translation rights arranged with KADOKAWA CORPORATION, Tokyo through TUTTLE-MORI AGENCY, INC., Tokyo.

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First Yen On Edition: September 2021

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Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data Names: Nitta, Yusuke, author. | Amekaze, Yukinatsu, illustrator. | Lol!, 1968– illustrator. | Hutton, Daniel Luke, translator.

Title: If the RPG World had social media... / Yusuke Nitta; illustration by Yukinatsu Amekaze; character design by LOL; translation by Daniel Luke Hutton.

Other titles: Moshi role playing game no sekai ni SNS ga attara. English Description: First Yen On edition. | New York : Yen On, 2021– Identifiers: LCCN 2021021093 | ISBN 9781975323929 (v. 1 ; trade paperback) Subjects: CYAC: Fantasy. | Fantasy games—Fiction. | Adventure and adventurers—Fiction.

Classification: LCC PZ7.1.K418 Am 2020 | DDC [Fic]—dc24

LC record available at https://lccn.loc.gov/2021021093

ISBNs: 978-1-97532392-9 (paperback)

978-1-9753-2393-6 (ebook)

E3-20210803-JV-NF-ORI

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Yen Newsletter

Once, there existed a position at the top of society known as the Demon Lord.

The Demon Lord's breath wilted vegetation. Earth decayed beneath their feet. Clouds darkened with contaminants when they soared through the sky. Every obstacle crumbled in the face of their unyielding charge. This creature ruled over all demons as the most powerful of their kind. They were evil incarnate, surpassing the gods with might beyond human understanding.

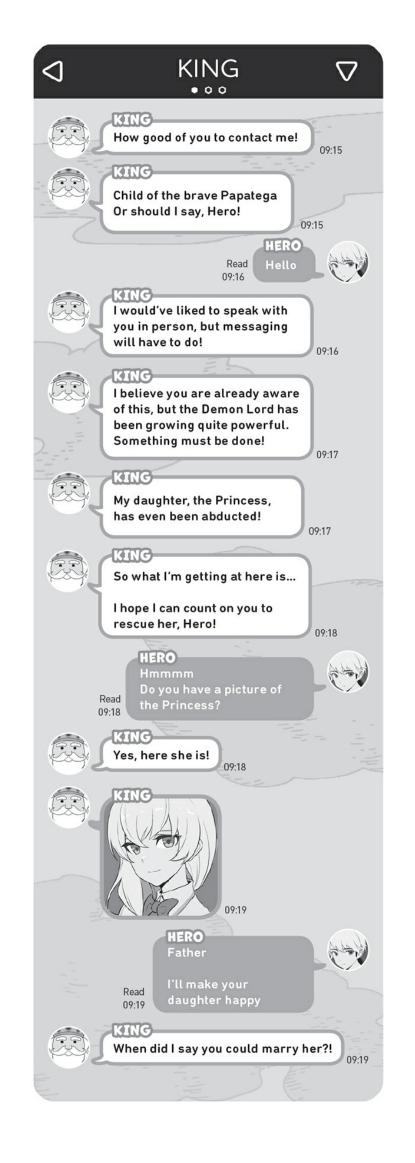
"Haaah...," sighed the Demon Lord as she gazed outside her castle, looking not unlike a young maiden thinking of a distant lover.

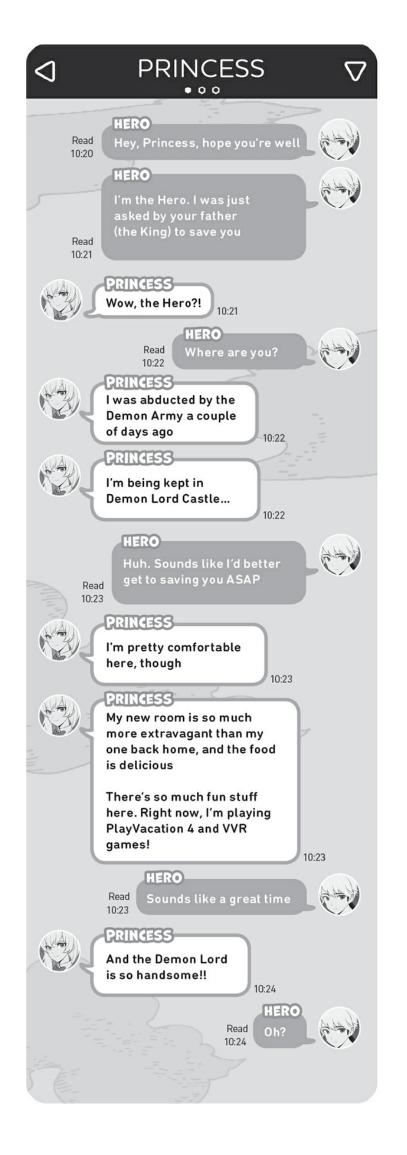
Once, there existed a position at the top of society known as the Hero.

The Hero was capable of breathing...but that was about it. His bones were wont to break from merely walking. Flying through the sky was a pipe dream to him. He couldn't manage to run for more than five seconds without needing to catch his breath. This creature was the weakest of all human beings, a shut-in with the moodiest of personalities who spent all his free time on the internet.

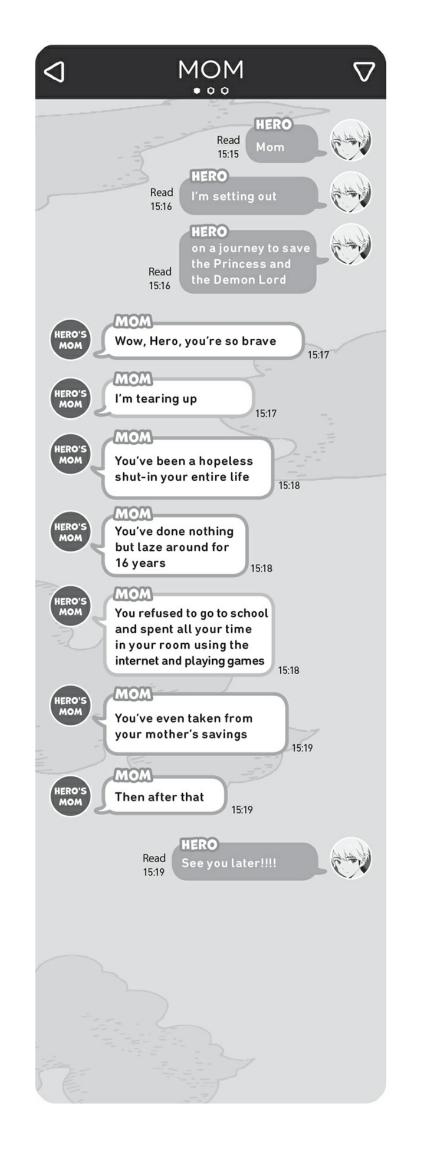
"Haaah...," sighed the Hero as he awoke in his bedroom. He was the kind of young man anyone could fall head over heels for... Actually, no, he wasn't—at all. Furthermore, what appeared to be a meaningful exhale was actually a simple yawn—the result of having stayed up way too late playing mobile games.

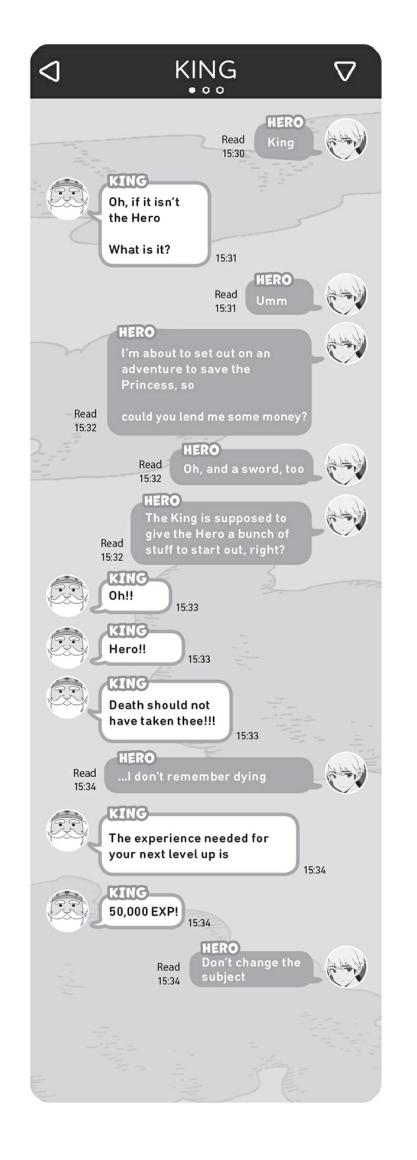


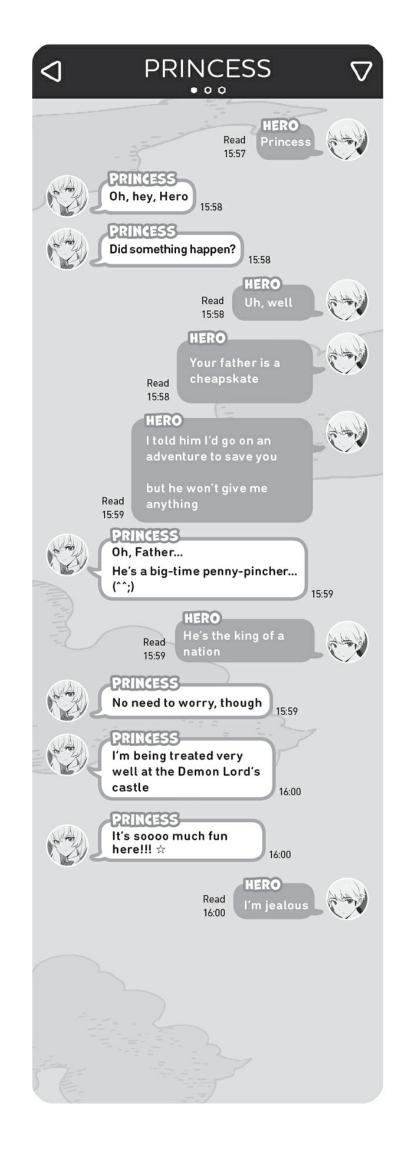




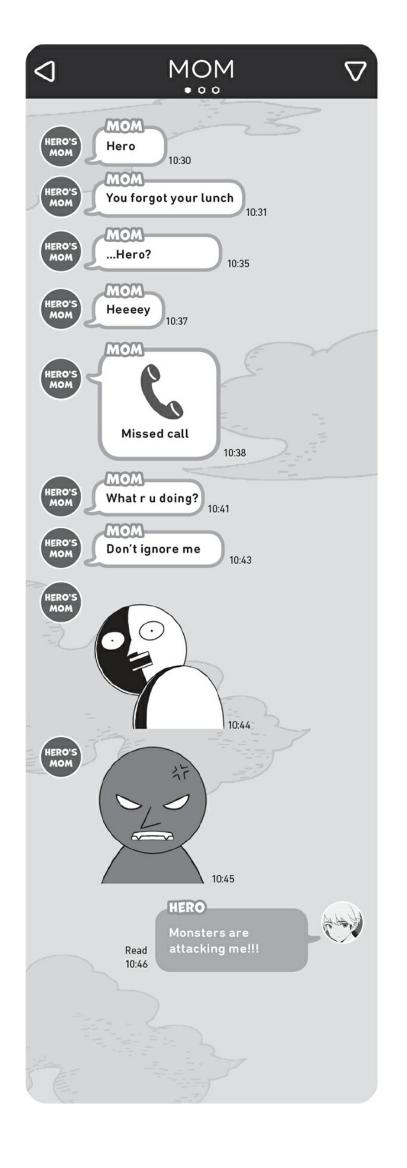














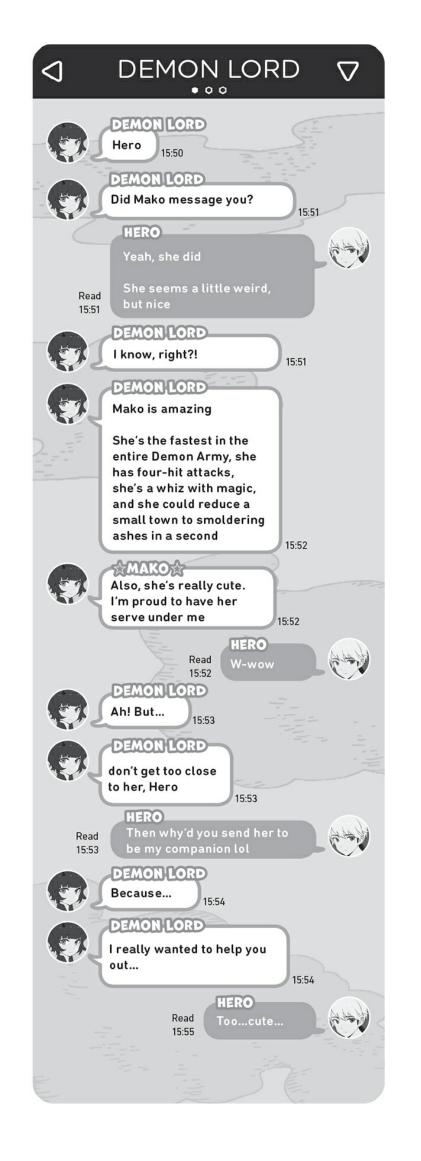












Social media, also referred to as SNS, was first introduced to the world around thirty years ago.

One day, a sorcerer named Markie Goldberg, who had devoted himself to researching sorcery on behalf of humanity, hit upon a new way to use magic power after receiving a sudden bolt of inspiration. He invented a new kind of magical technology that took a shape similar to a spider's web. Then he accomplished something or other by merging that with this mana-type stuff in the atmosphere, and... Well, regardless of how he did it, the result surpassed even telepathy, allowing anyone in the world to easily send and receive information as long as they possessed a "PC" (personal computer), a "smartphone," or a similar item capable of transmitting magic power.

The following is an excerpt from Markie's overenthused statement about his discovery: "This is crazy! Am I really *this* much of a genius?! We can use this to connect with anyone in the world, no matter where they are. It works systematically like the threads of spider silk, so how about we call it the 'net'? I also feel like it's giving off *inter*- vibes, too, so why not '*internet*'?"

His subordinates heavily opposed the name because they didn't know where the *inter*- part came from, but because Markie was the world's first distributor of the service, the term *internet* ended up sticking.

As technology advanced, a great variety of convenient services that utilized this new network began to crop up. "Blogs" allowed people to share their own writings and journals publicly. "Facelook" enabled acquaintances to connect and share pictures of themselves. "Twittle" became a dumping ground for folks to post their idle complaints. "Instabam" gave those with a life an outlet to post pictures that showed how great they were. And "Rine" allowed people to send messages over the internet in either individual or group chat rooms.

Eventually, a revolutionary information company created a search engine that scoured the internet to instantly locate any piece of information you could want.

Twenty years then passed after the distribution of the internet throughout

the world. The now-elderly Markie posted regularly on Twittle as he watched the use of his creation steadily grow, saying sadly, "I made that."

That was all he ever repeated in his old age. However, in his final hour, he delivered a speech on his deathbed that would still resonate with many for a long time.

"You know, I am happy that the internet has become so full of apps and services. Still, there's so much out there now that I don't even know what's what anymore."

His wife, who served as his lifelong partner and cared for him in his final moments, responded with her usual headstrong attitude. "Your point?"

"I want to unite it all under one term!"

"And what would that be?"

"Let me see..."

After much contemplation, Markie uttered a sentence that would echo throughout the annals of history.

"The internet is Super! Nay, Stupendous!" he declared.

"..." His spouse responded with silence.

"So it shall be called SNS."

"Any simpleton could have come up with that. But that is very like you," his wife replied with an affectionate smile.

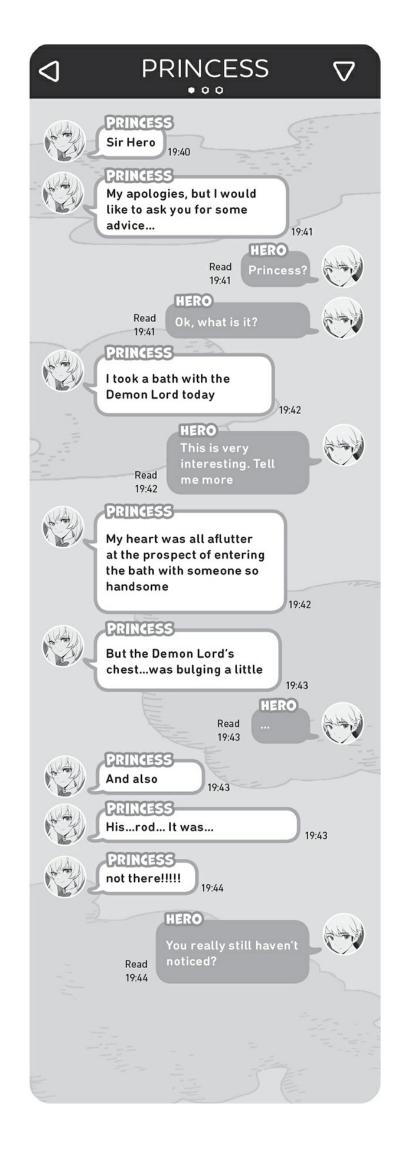
Having achieved his lifelong dream of making his wife smile, Markie departed this world. He died a peaceful death.

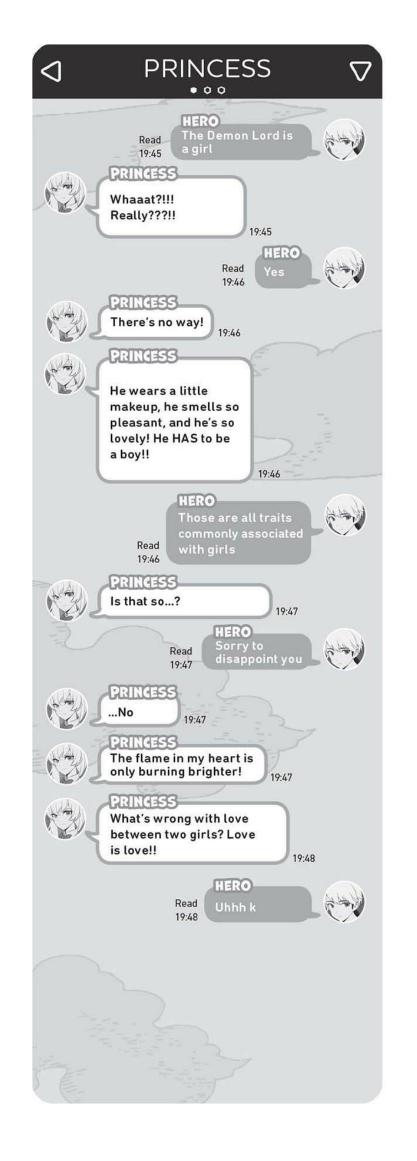
And thus, all the convenient services on the internet were united under the term SNS.

His wife passed away several years later in the company of her sons and grandchildren. Even in Heaven, they continue their endearing married-couple comedy routine.

By the way, Markie and his wife will never appear in this story again, so feel free to forget about all this.



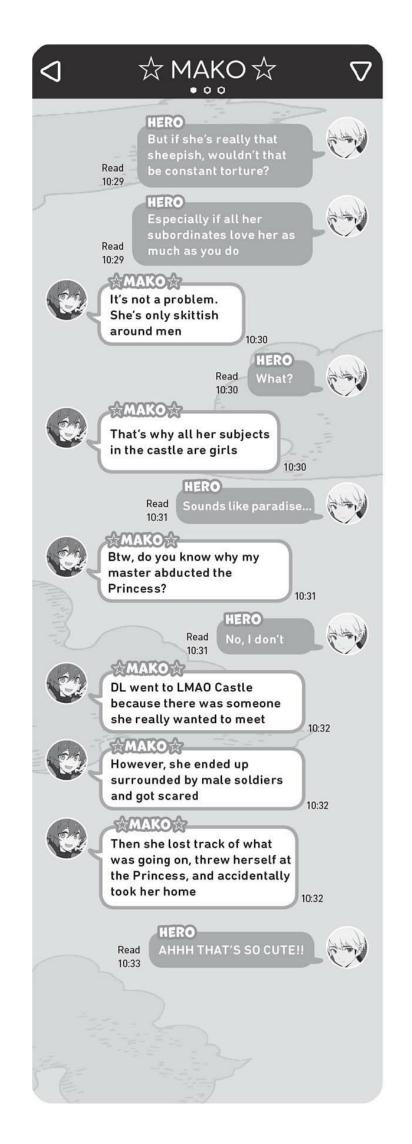














"Hmm? What are you looking at?"

Mako, a beastman monster and member of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals, suddenly leaned her face close to the Hero's to get a look at what he was doing. Her upturned eyes and blank expression made her look adorable, and she even added a "meow" to the end of her question.

Since it was already past seven, the lighting in the forest was dim. That reduced visibility may have been the only thing that kept the Hero's heart from bursting.

"H-h-hey! Don't get so close!" he cried. The Hero was a shut-in who had severed all contact in his life, and he panicked and instinctively jumped back to retreat into the shade of a nearby tree.

"...That shyness is a serious problem, Hero. Not that I really mind."

The Hero was thankful for Mako's tolerance. It made him wonder (without any real basis) if all demons were as kind as her.

It had been one week since the pair had set out on their shared journey.

Make had frizzy short red hair. Her adorable animal ears were covered in fur and protruded slightly from her unruly locks. She stood at around five feet, three inches and was somewhat shorter than the Hero.

Her black-striped sweater exposed her midriff. Her chest was of adequate size for an adult, and her top alluringly outlined its shape. As he was not used to interacting with women, the Hero had trouble keeping his eyes off that area.

Mako's long and well-proportioned legs extended from a pair of short shorts, though they quickly took on the shape of a feline's just above the knee. Every time the Hero saw her paws, he thought, I'm not really into this kind of thing, but anyone with a furry fetish would be beside themselves with excitement.

"It's getting dark, so let's make camp for the night. By my master's orders, I'm your traveling companion for now, so I'll make sure you're comfortable, meow," said Mako.

At first, the Hero thought that Mako was only doing the cat thing because the Demon Lord had forced her to, but she didn't seem to dislike it.

"What do you want for dinner? Ah, I guess there's not much point in asking. Roasted monster or animal meat is likely the best we can manage."

"…"

Without saying a word, the Hero took out his smartphone and began to tap the screen.

"Oh right, you won't talk to me unless it's over SNS... All right, message received! You're okay with anything. And there's no need to apologize. I'm having fun here," Mako replied aloud. Then she took off into the darkness of the forest to gather firewood and food.

She's awfully easygoing for a member of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals, thought the Hero, looking up at the sky. She's friendly, though, so it's all right by me.

Given how debilitatingly demure and inactive he was, the Hero never would've imagined he would leave the house for such a trek. He was even sleeping outside. That said, Mako was doing all the heavy lifting—making camp and preparing food every night. Seeing the girl make an effort to understand him and his communication difficulties brought a little joy to his heart.

Perhaps Mako was used to dealing with cases like his because the Demon Lord had similar hang-ups when it came to interacting with others. Despite having been on the road for days now, the journey had been nothing but comfortable. The Hero thought back to when Mako had mentioned that the Demon Lord's castle was populated entirely by women. He also recalled how lovely she smelled, and he briefly mused that the Demon Army must have it pretty good, all things considered. Before the Hero knew it, Mako had returned.

"I'm baaaack. I happened upon some lively-looking humans today, so I'm making human steak," she announced.

Mako was holding a large piece of meat, which she had already skinned and drained the blood from, over her right shoulder.

[No!!! You promised you wouldn't do that!!!] the Hero hurriedly typed out on

his phone. [Dddddid you really kill someone?!]

After glancing down at her phone, Mako burst out laughing.

"Ah-ha-ha, sorry. I wouldn't do that. Even if I wanted to, my master has ordered me not to harm any humans. It was just a joke. This meat is from a wild boar I found in the plains."

All of the Hero's anger and fear washed away like air escaping a balloon, and he slid down into the tall grass around him...which he did primarily to hide that he'd wet himself a little.

"I guess from my perspective, that would be like eating the meat of a fellow beastman monster. I couldn't possibly do that... Just the thought gives me the shivers. I'm not nearly that twisted of a person. Anyway, I think I've got a handle on the sort of dishes you prefer, so I'll do my best to make you something delicious."

Make then raised an index finger and, using what appeared to be a spell, summoned wood and rocks for a bonfire. Once everything was in place, she lit it with her breath, which was undoubtedly imbued with fire-element magic.

The Hero's birthplace, Beginnerland, had a warm climate and mainly consisted of sprawling grasslands. It got cold at night, however, so a heat source was welcome. The fire also kept monsters away, making it an essential part of the campsite.

"There we go," muttered Mako as she made the meat she was carrying on her right shoulder float in the air. She cut it into eight slices with an invisible wind-blade spell and pierced each portion with a stick. The cuts of flesh sizzled above the fire, looking very enticing.

The Hero's excitement grew as he watched the juicy fat roast, and his stomach growled impatiently as the aroma traveled through the meadow.

Make had also somehow found the time to prepare him a flask of water and a perfectly sized stone chair. She left nothing to be desired, and for that, the Hero was grateful.

"Okay, let's eat. Oh wait, humans need their meat a little less rare, don't they?"

The meat had barely cooked at all, yet Mako took one stick with both hands and heartily sank her teeth into a slice. Such an action seemed appropriate for a beastman monster, and the sight proved amusing to the Hero.

"Hmm?"

As the Hero reached out from the opposite side of the fire to grab some meat, Mako felt a vibration in her back pocket.

"...Which group did I set to vibrate again?" she asked, pulling out a cute phone colored an unusual shade of pink and checking her messages.

This prompted a question in the Hero's mind.

[Oh yeah, you said you're a member of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals, right? What are the other three members like?] he asked using his phone.

Mako was looking at her group chat when she noticed the Hero's message.

"Hmm...," she began, screwing up her face in a way that was rare for her. "It's difficult to explain."

"..." The Hero responded with silence.

"They're all pretty weird, I guess."

"Huh...," the Hero said aloud unconsciously, with only the bright-red fire to illuminate his surprised expression in the night.







Sela/Media



Meanwhile, the Demon Lord and the Hero were happily messaging each other. They exchanged texts every day—mostly about trivial things.

They asked the other's ages, if they had any hobbies, about their favorite foods, what they did in their free time, how much television they watched, and whether they liked pineapple on pizza. None of these were questions that especially needed to be posited. Yet both sides continued to toss inquiries as though afraid that the conversation would come to a permanent end if they stopped.

Neither had seen the other in person, but the pair had developed a friendship thanks to the internet. Their profile pictures provided a glimpse at their partner's appearance, and the messages gave each of them a good grasp of their counterpart's personality, even if they only had words to go off.

One thing they had in common was how comfortable, even relaxed, they both felt about exchanging messages over SNS. It was as if they were lovers in a previous life separated by social position, trying to regain lost time from a tragic past in which they were denied the chance to meet. They were texting at every possible opportunity.

[Btw, where are you now, Hero?]

[Hmm?]

[Well... You told me that you left on your journey, but I've been wondering how far you've traveled.]

[Oh, uh... Let me think. Right now, I'm in Beginnerland. I started from LMAO Castle Town, which is where I live.]

[Okay.]

[This is day ten of my journey, and I feel like we're finally approaching the next town.]

When she saw that, the Demon Lord quickly closed the chat on her smartphone, searched town near LMAO Castle Town, and found a map.

[Oh, does that mean you're approaching Lafta?]

Just like the Demon Lord had, the Hero closed the text app and searched the name of that settlement.

[Yeah, it looks like it. You have an impressive knowledge of the region, DL.]

[Like I said, I want to help you.]

[I appreciate that, but...]

The Hero was about to point out that he and the Demon Lord were supposed to be enemies... However, he quickly decided that was a pointless exercise and could be taken as insensitive.

[...Wait, Lafta is only about twelve miles from LMAO Castle. If it's taken you ten days to get this far, then you must be taking it pretty easy, huh?]

The Hero's heart skipped a beat at the Demon Lord's sudden probing inquiry.

[No, no! That's not it. I just tend to move slowly when I travel. Ha-ha-ha...]

I'm not really going slow because I want to, though..., thought the Hero. He then nonchalantly changed the subject.

[Anyway, I'm excited to sleep in a bed for the first time in ten days.]

[...I see. So has resting outside been hard for you?]

[It was tough at first because of the hard ground and the bugs, but I've been steadily getting used to it. Mako's presence has kept monsters away, which is a huge help. Sleeping outside has felt like camping, so it's been fun...I guess. I've never roughed it before, though.]

[...Remember, Hero...]

[Hmm?]

[If you cheat on me with Mako...]

[I'm telling you, I'm not going to do that, lol. I've never even had a girlfriend...]

The Demon Lord's face instantly lit up. She had assumed the Hero didn't have a girlfriend because of the way he'd said [Marry me, you goddamn bitch!!!!] the first day they had exchanged messages, but him admitting as much was still

a relief.

She was aware that there were men in the world who tricked women with similar lies. Still, she had been messaging him for over ten days, and he always responded instantly, so the Demon Lord thought it unlikely that he was taken.

[...Since we're on the topic, do you have a boyfriend, DL?] the Hero nervously questioned.

He could only judge the Demon Lord's appearance from her profile icon, but she looked beautiful and cool. Given her title, she undoubtedly resided in an enormous castle. It was impossible to imagine she wasn't popular with guys. However...

[No!!! Of course I don't! I've never had one!]

Even through text, her panic was palpable.

The Hero was relieved. Mako had told him that the Demon Lord was extremely shy, just like him. What's more, her messages had all given off innocent vibes. Her frenetic replies allowed the Hero to accept that she most likely didn't have a boyfriend.

That night, the Hero and Mako safely reached the town of Lafta. Thinking it would be problematic if a member of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals just strolled into a human settlement, the Hero insisted that Mako sleep outside as per usual while he looked for an inn.

"Oh, don't worry about it. I usually rest in the open air at the Demon Lord's castle anyway. I find it easier to relax in the trees than on a bed," Mako responded with her usual easygoing nature after the Hero apologized to her.

In reply, the Hero responded with a quick message saying [thx!]

Although he had stated he would be spending the night at an inn, a room in such places had become quite expensive lately. Thus, he elected to search for a twenty-four-hour business called an "internet café." Lodging was much cheaper there.

Usually, adventurers made a living selling valuable items that monsters occasionally dropped, such as fangs and pelts. However, as Mako had been

serving as his bodyguard for the entirety of this journey, the Hero hadn't battled anything. All he had on him was a little bit of money from his mom.

The young man had caused his mother no end of trouble by spending way too much money on the *gacha* games on his phone while shut away in his room. He felt guilty about his wasteful spending habits.

I've never saved money before, and Mom was so relieved that I finally left home. I can't ask her for more cash... I'll have to do my best to save from now on, the Hero decided.

Perhaps because of some painful experience in his past, walking through Lafta alone made him feel somewhat on edge. However, as he had spent his whole existence as a shut-in, he was happy to be able to sleep inside again, and he was looking forward to showering.

"Hmm? Are you staying at an internet café?"

As the Hero was searching for a place to stay on his smartphone, Mako's face suddenly filled his field of vision.

"...!"

Flustered, the Hero leaped backward and sent her a message.

[I told you not to get so close! You scared me!]

"I can't help it," Mako pouted, turning her back to him. "Anyway, why aren't you staying at an inn? I'm pretty sure you'd get a better rest there. Don't you have to sleep in a chair at internet cafés?"

[...]

"What's that silent message supposed to mean?"

The Hero sulked. Naturally, he would have liked a relaxing night in a proper bed, but he wasn't about to admit he couldn't afford it.

"Ah, do you not have any money, Hero?"

Mako's words pierced the young man's fragile pride as surely as any arrow.

[...No, nothing like that! I have money!]

"Then you should just stay at an inn."

[I just really love the internet, ha-ha-ha...]

At this point, it was about nothing more than keeping Mako from discovering how poor he was.

"You know modern inns are fully equipped with computers and internet, right?"

Mako performed a quick search on her smartphone. Lafta inns charged five thousand GP for one night, while internet cafés charged two thousand GP. The problem was, the Hero only had three thousand GP in his wallet.

(())

Silence fell as the Hero broke into a cold sweat. Make then glanced at the Hero and unintentionally poured salt in the wound.

"Wait, don't most adventurers get the money they need by exterminating monsters?"

She hadn't meant any harm, but her words painfully tugged at the guilt the Hero harbored over his lazy lifestyle. Unfortunately, now that he had committed to preventing her from learning of his financial woes, he couldn't back down.

"...You know, I've been wondering about something."

Mako's next question, however, got to the real heart of the issue.

"...Hero, are you weak?"

And there was the real reason he couldn't afford an inn.

The Hero had been trying to conceal this, but he'd never seen a real battle in his life. His mom had told him that he was an energetic child who loved to play outside, but he suddenly became a recluse one day. As far as the Hero knew, he had never defeated a monster and gained experience points, and his level had never risen.

All this indoor time had worn away at his physical reflexes, too. It typically took people two days to travel from LMAO Castle Town to Lafta, but the Hero had needed ten. That was partially due to him telling Mako that they should enjoy the trip, but that was a cover-up. Ten minutes of walking was enough to

leave him panting from exhaustion.

[No, I'm not weak!]

Backed into a corner, the Hero made an obvious bluff. It may have started as simply wanting to keep up appearances, but now his male bravado was kicking in—he didn't want to look uncool in front of a girl.

He had already told the Demon Lord that he was unable to defeat the monsters. It had come up in the flow of conversation, and the Hero hadn't felt the need to hide it then. Curiously, admitting as much to her had felt okay. It may have been that being honest was easier via text than when face-to-face with someone.

"Okay. Then starting tomorrow, can I leave the fighting to you?" Mako requested cheerfully, bobbing her animal ears up and down. She looked as if she couldn't wait to witness the Hero's strength.

[...I don't know about that...] he reluctantly replied after a little hesitation.

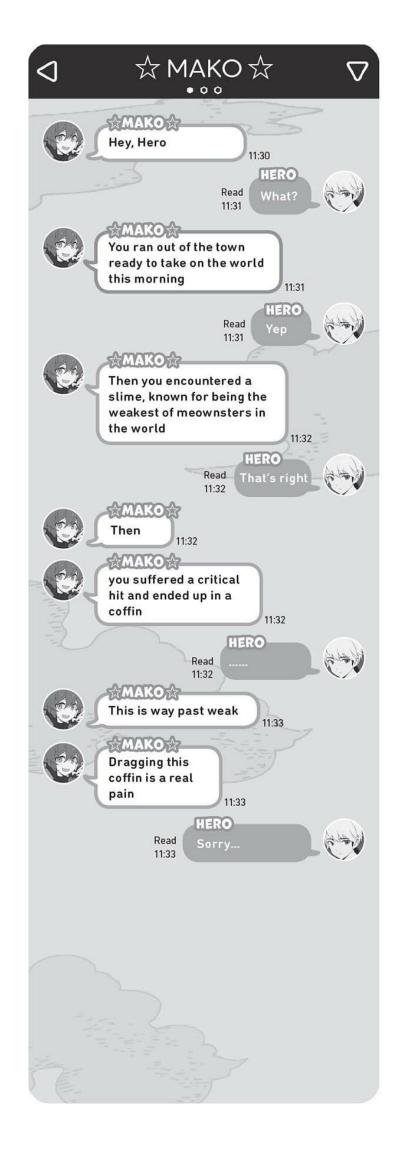
"...You really are weak, aren't you?"

[No, I'm not!!!]

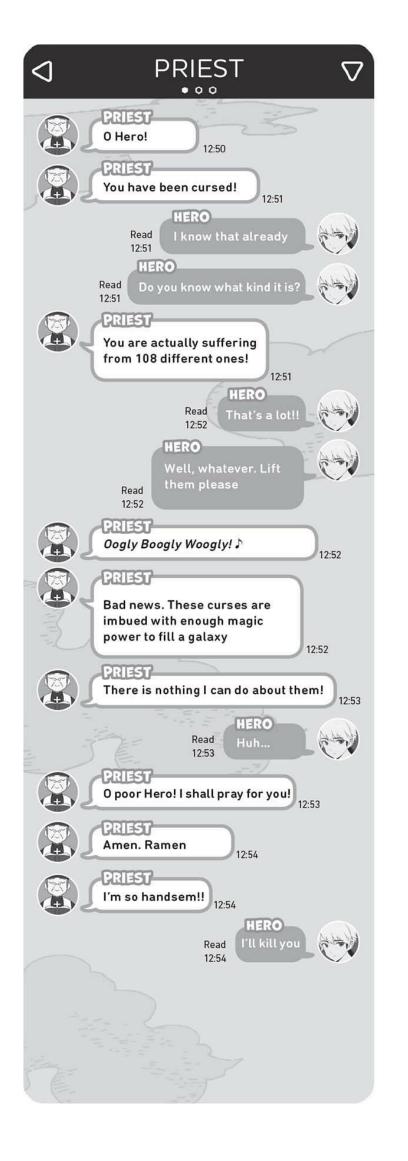
"Are you sure? It sounds like you're lying. Can you actually fight?"

Mako seemed genuinely curious, but the Hero was at the end of his rope, finding it more and more challenging to keep up the facade with every passing moment. Finally, he couldn't take it anymore and screamed, "What did you say?! I'll show you how the Hero fights! Just you wait!!!"

It was a desperate move to protect his pride and the unfortunate result of a string of fibs.

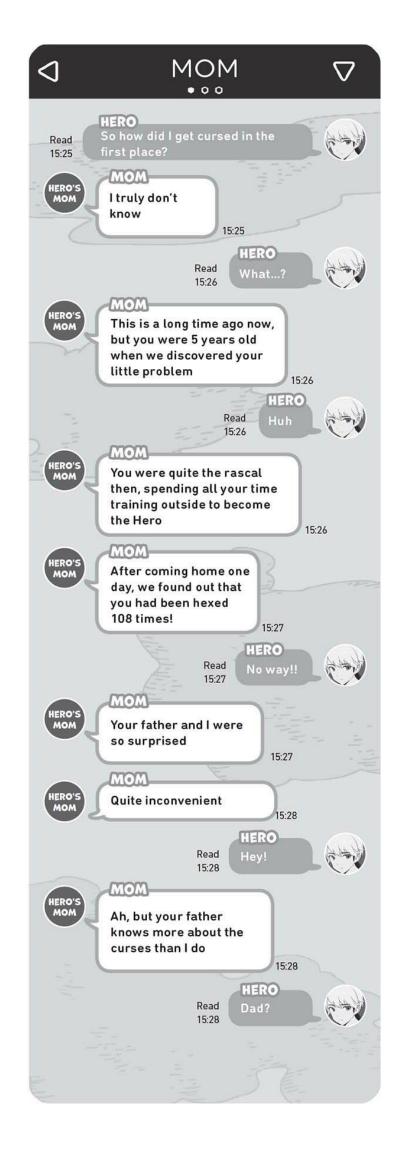




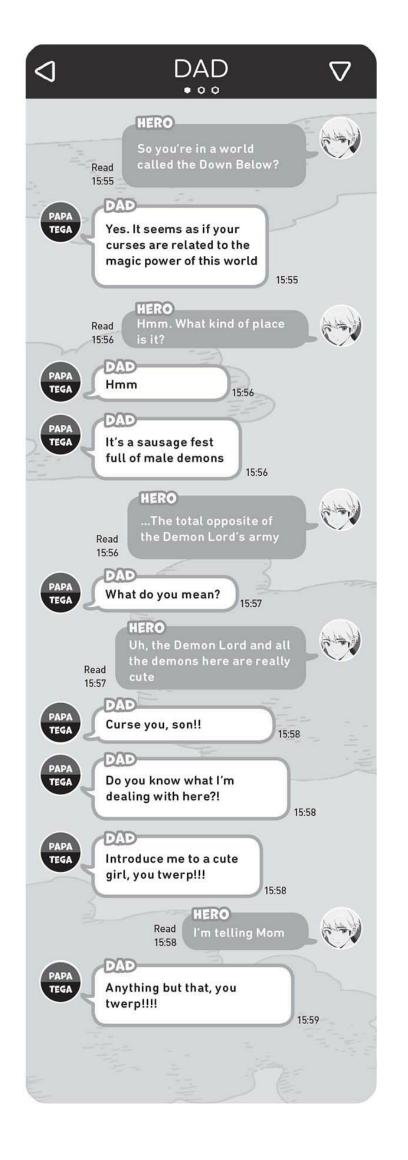


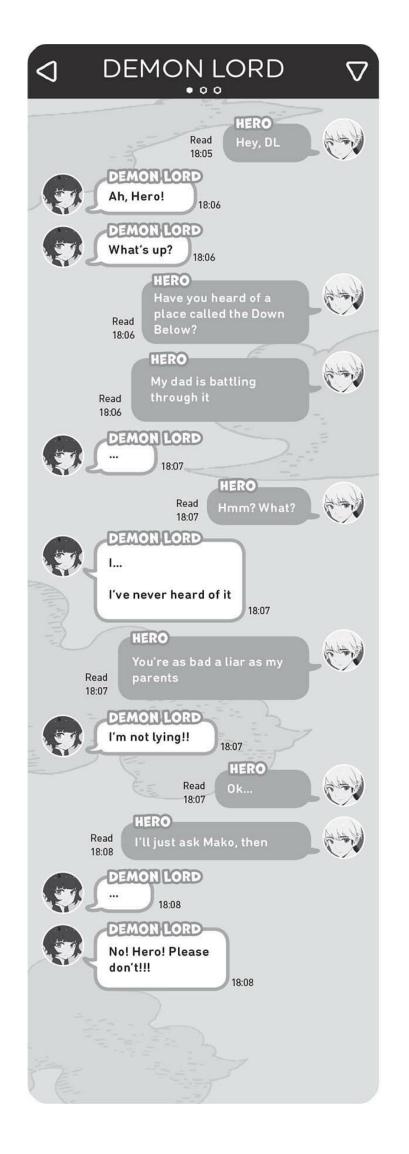




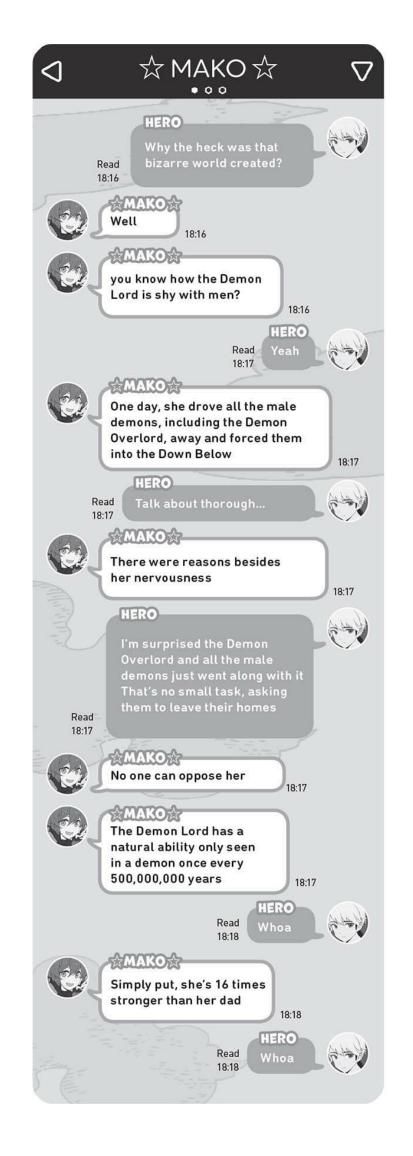




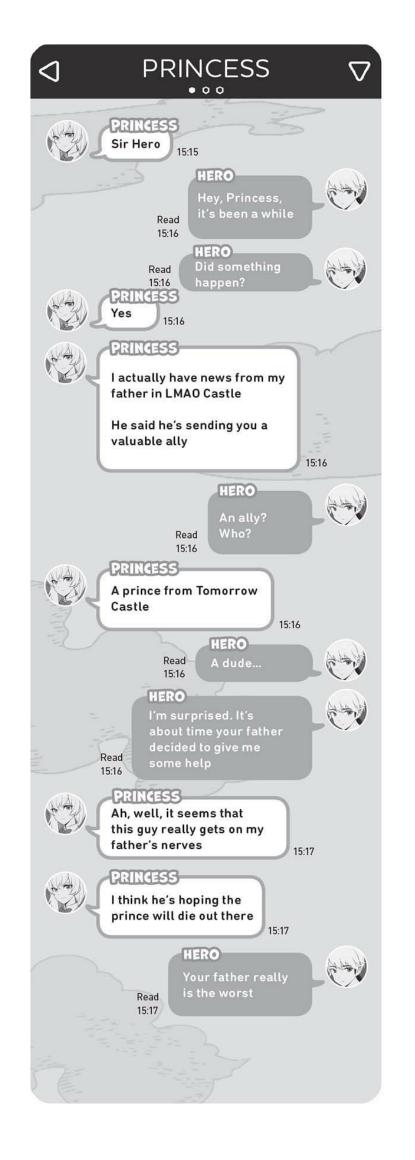


















"All right, I'll be back in a meowment!" Mako chirped. After stowing her smartphone in a back pocket of her pants, she raced off with a high-pitched boom.

Make moved way too fast for the eyes of the cursed Hero to follow, but he was able to understand that she was headed toward Tomorrow Castle to find the prince.

Doubt entered the Hero's mind as he stood there. Was telling her to kick his ass going too far? Did he really do anything to make me that angry? That line of thought lasted for about five seconds before he decided, Eh, it's fine. He was annoying.

He didn't consider it for very long. Death didn't mean much in this world because churches revived those who had fallen. Tomorrow Castle undoubtedly had priests. Sunege would be just fine.

...I can't believe he called the Demon Lord a pest. She's a good person.

Thinking of the Demon Lord helped the Hero calm down. He recalled what she'd mentioned about Mako's battle prowess. If he remembered correctly, the Demon Lord had said she was the fastest in the Demon Army, had four-hit attacks, possessed elite spells, and was capable of destroying a town in no time at all.

"...I might as well send Mako a message asking her not to kill him."

Unbidden sympathy for Sunege welled up in the Hero. He texted Mako, then put his smartphone in his bag and stretched, as if a weight had been lifted off his shoulders.

"...Wait. This place is...," the Hero began, but he'd noticed too late. He was currently in a famous wetland rumored to be inhabited by the strongest monsters in Beginnerland. Wandering it alone was a bad idea for someone with no combat ability.

As would be expected, the creatures of the fen did not take kindly to someone invading their territory. They had been keeping their distance because of Mako's presence, but now she was gone, and the Hero suddenly found himself faced with a kobold. The monster let fly a doglike howl, and more of its kin appeared.

"W-wait, stop! I can't fight! Time-out, time-out!!!"

Perhaps this was karma. The Hero mustered more effort than he had in his entire life—fleeing.

Make had reached the outskirts of Tomorrow Castle Town. There were two gatekeepers watching for trespassers by the town gate, so she decided to observe them from the shade of a tree.

The guards were standing there, yawning and complaining about their duties. They were nearly at the end of their shifts, and given that the monsters in Beginnerland were weak outside the wetland, there wasn't much for them to do.

"Wow. So this is what the castle town of a large country looks like," Mako remarked aloud, her eyes sparkling with interest as she gazed at the settlement and the palace beyond the gate.

She'd seen LMAO Castle and its surrounding village when she'd gone to pick up the Hero and had later observed the town of Lafta from the outside. However, Tomorrow Castle was on a different scale, boasting significantly more land and a much larger keep.

Mako's interest was piqued by the greater security as well. Despite the ceasefire currently in effect between humans and demons, her ears bobbed with excitement at the prospect of finding some strong people to tussle with.

"I wonder if this Sunege is in there."

The grand castle towered above the surrounding town from its elevated position. There were scars visible across the entire outer wall—evidence of its sturdiness and the many wars it had likely weathered.

"All right, let's get this over with."

Mako put a little strength into her bestial legs and shot forward with a small boom once again.

"Arrrrrrrgh!"

The two lazy gatekeepers were suddenly blasted aside, and a clean hole large enough for a person to pass through was gouged into the wooden gate.

Mako ran straight through the castle town without slowing down, covering a two-mile road to the castle portcullis in just ten seconds. When she hit the brakes and looked back behind her, she realized the destruction she had caused. Minitornados were wreaking havoc on the shopping districts and street stalls that she had passed through, sending goods flying into the air on the strong winds.

"Oh, shoot. Sorry, sorry!" Mako apologized, sticking out her tongue in embarrassment. She then turned back to the castle entrance...only to find more chaos.

"Gaaaaah!"

The shock wave that had been kicked up from her sudden stop had sent soldiers soaring upward, and the specially made iron castle doors flew open with a loud groan. This was only a fraction of the might of the strongest member of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals.

"Th-there are cries in the castle town! Reports say a sudden shock wave traveled through the shopping district, and someone was sighted approaching the castle at high speed!" cried a castle guard after bursting through the door to the throne room.

"That's not all, Your Majesty! Some kind of wind has been surging through the halls and reducing everything it touches to rubble! This likely means that a monster, no, some kind of high demon has breached the castle walls!" proclaimed a panicked combat soldier in heavy armor who had raced into the room after the guard.

"You fools! This is the royal palace! Make sure to bow and address the king properly!" scolded a cabinet minister stationed next to the throne, failing to read the room and fearing his subordinates' behavior would reflect poorly on

him. "...Although, if you're that distressed, this must be no small matter," he appended with a somber expression to make up for his outburst.

Everyone gawked at the minister in disbelief. There was no time for all this formality. As was common in modern society, the higher-ups in the castle were quite annoying, expecting decorum even in times of emergency.

"Could it be a demon?! How could you have allowed such a thing to traipse into my castle?! What are the guards and soldiers doing?!" bellowed the king.

That's what I just said, the soldier thought in irritation. He stamped his feet, frustrated, wanting the king to go ahead and give his orders to deal with the threat.

"...Oh right! Your Majesty, please flee using the emergency escape route! I believe this to be the vicious assault of a monster, no, a high demon! You can leave this to me, your trusted minister!" the cabinet minister shouted, clearly trying to steal credit from his subordinates by fooling the king into believing he had control of the situation. The guards were beyond fed up with him.

"Hey now, let's calm down, minister. In fact, everyone should. You're repeating the same thing over and over again. I can't tell what anyone is trying to say through your incoherent babble," admonished the King of Tomorrow. He looked dignified atop his throne, wearing a lavish crown and stroking his tremendously long beard. The soldiers were understandably relieved to see their ruler take charge.

"There is no need to fear. Even if a monster has breached the castle walls, Sunege, my son and the second prince of Tomorrow Castle, is here. He has a strange way of speaking, but he is every bit as strong as his reputation," boasted the king.

The guards joyfully voiced their agreement.

"Oh, th-that's right!"

"Sunege works day and night exterminating monsters to sharpen his skill! He's level twenty-five! No monster in Beginnerland is a match for him!"

"He does talk a bit weird, though!"

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"He sure does!"
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"Right?!"

You don't need to explain my own son's level like you're some no-name NPCs... Also, are they making fun of him? thought the king. It was true that his son had odd speaking patterns, however, so he let that comment slide.

"Oh, hey, guys! How's it going?"

A lovely female voice suddenly echoed in the throne room. Tomorrow Castle was usually occupied almost entirely by men, so the presence of a woman there was unusual. The queen and the princess were currently away, and it was time for the other women in the palace to begin preparing dinner. Not knowing what to think, everyone turned toward the source of the voice.

"Um, is there a prince named Sunege here?" a girl inquired entirely too casually. She had animal ears protruding from her red hair, fur on the back of her hands, and legs that looked just like a beast's.

"D-d-de..."

Her appearance was markedly different from the women whom the gathered humans were used to. It didn't require even a moment to understand what she was.

"Demon!!!"

"A—a humanoid high demon?! Sh-she's gonna kill us!!!!!"

"Feeeeek!"

Panic spread through the room like wildfire.

"Everyone, calm down! This is surely some kind of costume!" screamed the cabinet minister.

"There's no way that's a costume! She broke into the castle! Are you blind, you self-serving bureaucrat?!" yelled a soldier in response.

The room descended into a pandemonium of cries and personal insults. The king and everyone else in the room jumped back in fear and pointed their swords and spears at the blank-faced demon with catlike features.

"Aww, you've gotta be kidding, *meow*. You guys realized I'm a demon, right? I thought you wouldn't figure it out because I'm humanoid."

"It's not hard to tell!"

"Those are totally bestial limbs!!"

"What're you doing in this castle?!"

"Honestly, I just want to squish those adorable furry legs!"

Some spoke up with reasonable comments, while others shamelessly voiced their honest desires. The king then cut through the shouting with a calm and authoritative tone.

"H-hey, listen up, everybody. There's no need to fear. Sunege is one of the greatest knights in the entirety of Beginnerland. He will save us all."

Unfortunately, the ruler's visibly shaking legs betrayed his confidence. His boasts had also set the bar quite high for his son.

"Ooh, so this Sunege really is strong! I can't wait to see him," Mako said before placing something she had been holding in one hand down on the red carpet.

"...Hmm?"

When everyone's eyes shifted to that thing, no, *person*, the shocking truth became clear.

"No..."

The person Mako placed on the ground was none other than Sunege, second prince of Tomorrow Castle. He wasn't dead, but he definitely wasn't conscious.

"She defeated Sunegeeeeeee!!!!!!!"

"Why?!?!?!?!?!?!"

"Whaaaaaat?!?!?!"

Everyone but Mako began to wail in disbelief.

Sunege had led the charge against Mako, as he was the only person in the castle capable of meeting such an assault, yet Mako had knocked him out in an

instant.

"Wait, what? This guy is Sunege?" the demon asked.

"...Yes. He's a strange fellow, but that is Sunege, our prince."

"Sunege... Sunny egg... Ha-ha-ha!"

The soldiers began to shout some truly ridiculous things amid their terror, likely as some form of escapism. They knew they couldn't defeat the intruder, and they all hated the cabinet minister, so most of them had pretty much checked out mentally.

"You'll die for what you've done, you filthy demon!!!!" the King of Tomorrow suddenly screamed.

He raised his staff, an ornate rod affixed with extravagant jewels, and threw it at Mako. The girl easily dodged it, then knocked the king out with a karate chop to the head. The cabinet minister collapsed, playing dead. All still watching knew that their nation was finished.

"Man, I'm disappointed Sunege was so weak. Ah, but don't worry. I'm not going to kill anyone. The Hero told me not to," announced Mako.

The demon walked toward Sunege, who was still sprawled out on the floor. Because she had defeated the strongest person currently in the castle (which the soldiers blamed on the cabinet minister), no one moved to stop her.

"Oh, those legs... My heart can't take it..."

The furries among the guards had another reason for backing down; they were too enraptured by how cute she was.

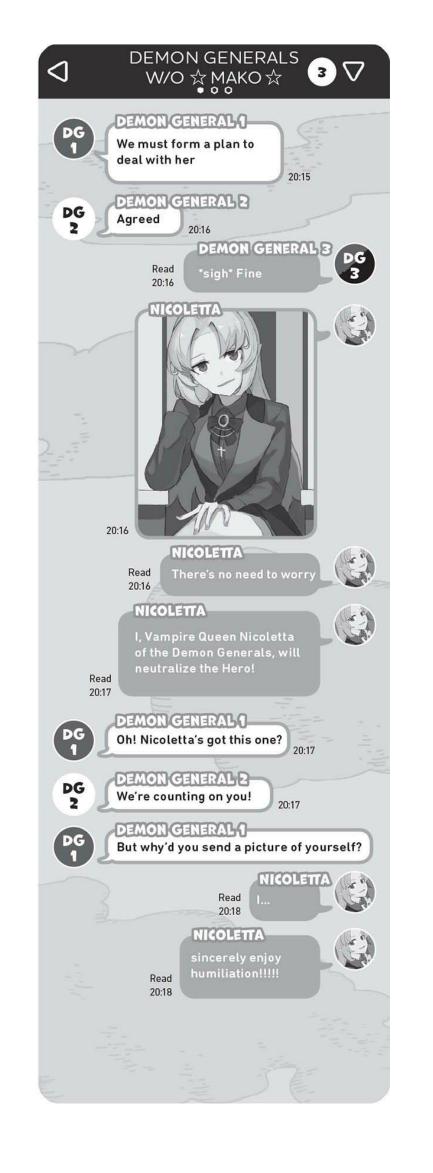
"I really got my hopes up, though. I'll be in a bad mood the rest of the day if I leave without doing anything."

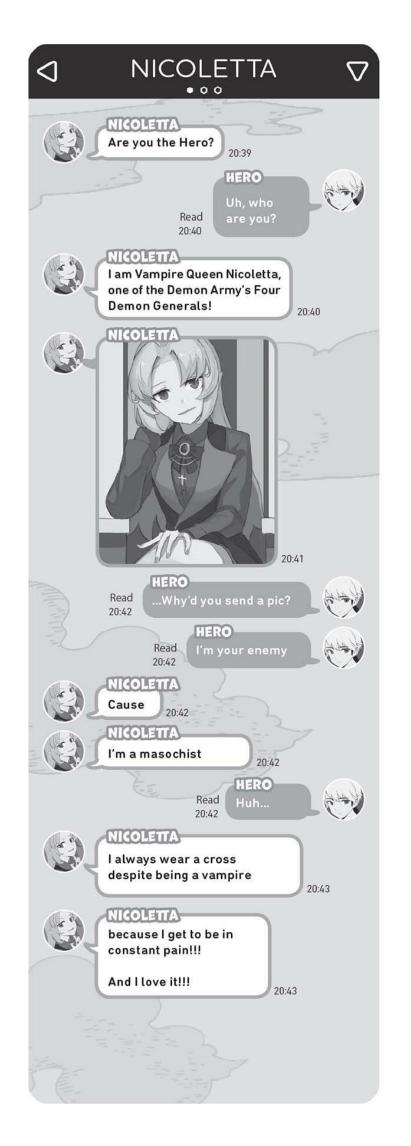
Make then conceived of the perfect punishment. She stripped Sunege's legs bare and started plucking out their hairs one by one.

"...What in the world?" one soldier uttered aloud. Nobody understood what was going on anymore. The atmosphere of the now-quiet throne room quickly turned surreal.

While a bit of a digression, let's return to the Hero in the wetland. He tried and failed to escape from the kobolds three times. Fortunately, he managed to get away on his fourth attempt. On with the story.



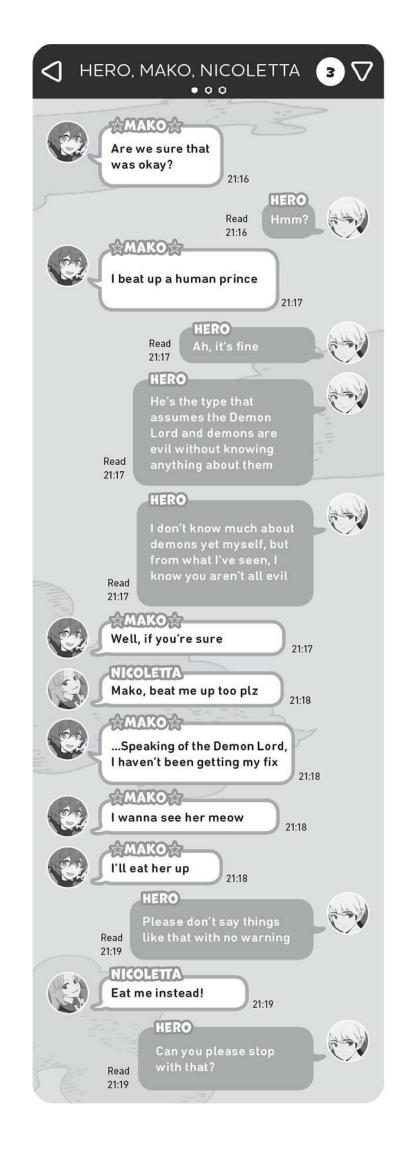


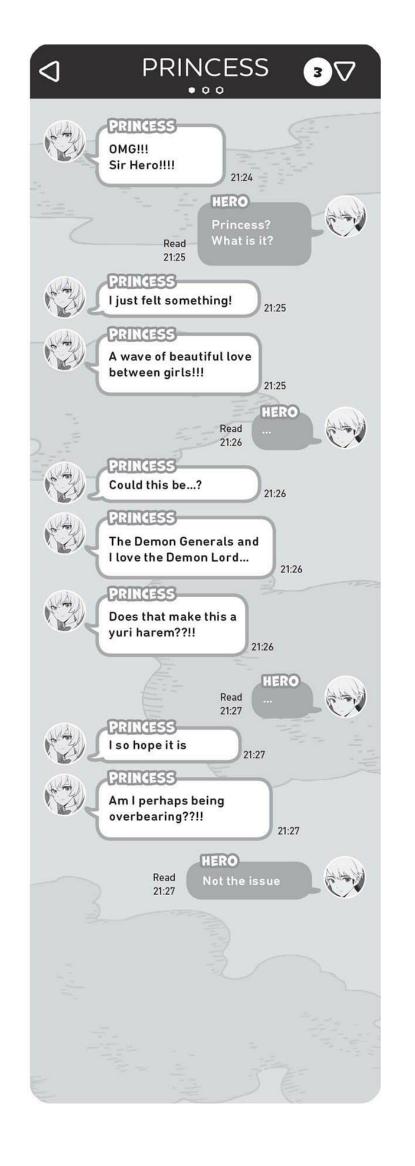


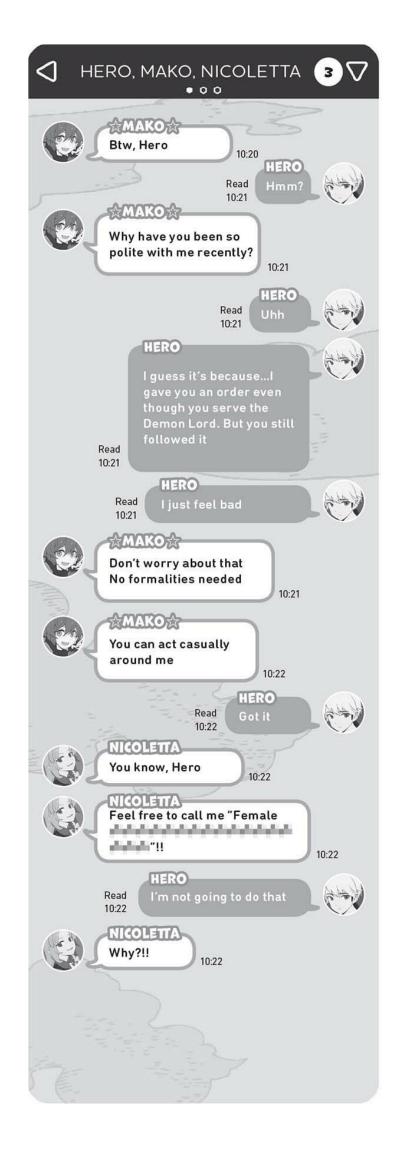


















It was half past four in the morning, and the sun had not yet risen to light the grassy plains of Beginnerland. A sudden sound roused the Hero from sleep.

Before lying down last night, his group had discovered a waterfall not far from their campsite. Now some kind of strange, otherworldly voice was issuing from that direction.

"...What is that bizarre screaming sound?"

It occurred to the Hero that it could have been a rare monster. However, that was unlikely because Mako would have sensed it from her spot in a tree. He then decided he was too tired to deal with whatever it was, wrapped himself up in his sleeping bag, and used the ground and the comforter to plug his ears.

"..."

Unfortunately, he couldn't fall back asleep. The voice sounded less like a monster and more like...the shrill gasps of a girl in pain. It was a little creepy.

"Goddamn it, what is that...?" the Hero muttered to himself. Reluctantly, he stood, picked up a short sword for defense—knowing he probably wouldn't be able to make good use of it—and headed toward the waterfall.

The voice cut through all other sounds, growing louder as he approached. And what the Hero discovered...

"Ouch! Oof! Ooooh! Yes, yes!"

...was Nicoletta, a member of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals. The vampire masochist who'd joined his party the other day. She was standing fully clothed under the waterfall and lashing herself with a thorned whip, looking as if she were performing some demented version of morning aerobics.

"What the ...?"

Such a sight left the Hero speechless. Even if he had thought of something to say, he wouldn't have been able to get a word in through all the "Yes! Ooooh! That's it! More, more!" coming from Nicoletta.

He watched her for five minutes, ten minutes, but she showed no sign of

letting up. The woman then swapped out the whip she had been holding with both hands and began to crack herself incessantly with two lashes at once. *Very* forcefully.

The Hero could do nothing but look on and feel sorry for her as he hid in the shade of a tree.

"Ahhh, that feels good. That feels sooooo good!"

Nicoletta was deep in her own little world, and her triumphant expression made it look like she had just won first place in a hundred-meter breaststroke. Her blond hair was wet, and her neat vampire clothes were soaked and growing ragged. Yet her red eyes continued to shine, undaunted.

Looking at her objectively, no one would have batted an eye if you said she seemed like a bathing goddess. "Judging from her appearance alone, she's truly beautiful," the Hero muttered.

"Wha-?!"

Nicoletta turned to stare intently at the shadow the young man was hiding in, as if she had heard his whisper.

"Who's there?! One should be open rather than hide away unseen. What was wrong? I'm not mad—the steam is not shooting out of my ears! I'll forgive you if you give me your best licking."

The Hero had no idea what she was talking about. Her grammar was all over the place. More than anything, her word choice was bizarre. He began to doubt whether she was actually a member of the Demon Generals. She didn't seem like a bad person, but her demeanor was screwing with the Hero's head.

"Not coming out? You're saying I should go to you, and we'll do the licking there? Yes, that must be it!" Nicoletta exclaimed, emerging from the waterfall with a loud splash. The Hero reluctantly left his hiding spot, accepting that escape was impossible.

"Ooh, it was you, Hero. Perfect timing. You caught me during my morning routine. I was hoping someone would come by to crack the whip for me."

Leaving the Hero once again stunned by her nonsensical words, Nicoletta

abruptly spread out a case she had left by the side of the waterfall.

"It doesn't have to be a lash. I only have what's on hand, but you can pick any other tool. I really don't mind," she stated.

The Hero wanted to fire back with *When did I agree to torture you?* But given his communication difficulties, all he could do was stare at her in dumbfounded silence.

"Hmm? Ah, you look like you want to say something. Then allow me to introduce myself again. I'm Nicoletta! I'm a vampire and a persistently pushy masochist! I'm a pervert from the slums around the Demon Lord Castle, constantly in pursuit of the greatest pain in history. My morning exercises are meant to heighten my spirit as a masochist."

Even if he'd possessed the confidence to reply, the Hero couldn't think of a retort. You serve the Demon Lord, so don't call the area around her castle the "slums." Also, your way of speech just totally changed. Be consistent with your personality. This is making my head hurt... That's when he gave up on thinking.

"...? Ah, that's right. You have trouble speaking, just like the Demon Lord. Though, I think not responding to people can be an excellent strategic move to grab hold of their attention. Sei d'accordo?"

Someone help me. I need a translator, thought the Hero.

"Anyway, your arrival must mean that you want to help with my routine. That's wonderful, Hero! Show me a portion of that sadist spirit of yours!" Nicoletta screamed, her voice echoing all around. The Hero had already accepted defeat. He judged that the smartest move would be to say nothing and do as requested.

Just after six in the morning, Mako awoke from atop her branch in the large tree she was sleeping in.

What is that racket? It's so early, she thought. She had been about to dismiss it as Nicoletta's usual nonsense when her ears caught what had to be a second voice mixed in with the first. It warranted investigation.

"I'm so tired..."

She dropped down quietly from the tree and sauntered toward the waterfall, the apparent source of the odd sounds. There, she was then greeted by a scene she could never have imagined.

"What are you doing, Hero?! That's not a vital spot! Hit me right here! Strike! Strike! Now yell as you hit me!"

""

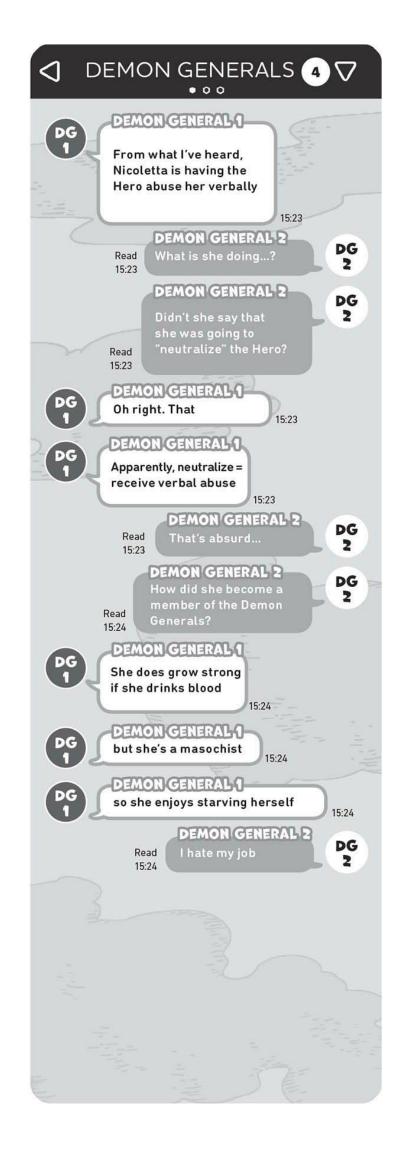
"Together now! And strike! And strike! Okay, gender bender fender! Gender bender fender! Snap crackle pop! Choo choo!"

The Hero was karate chopping Nicoletta according to her instructions. If his expression was any indication, he couldn't believe what he was doing.

"...What am I looking at?" muttered Mako.

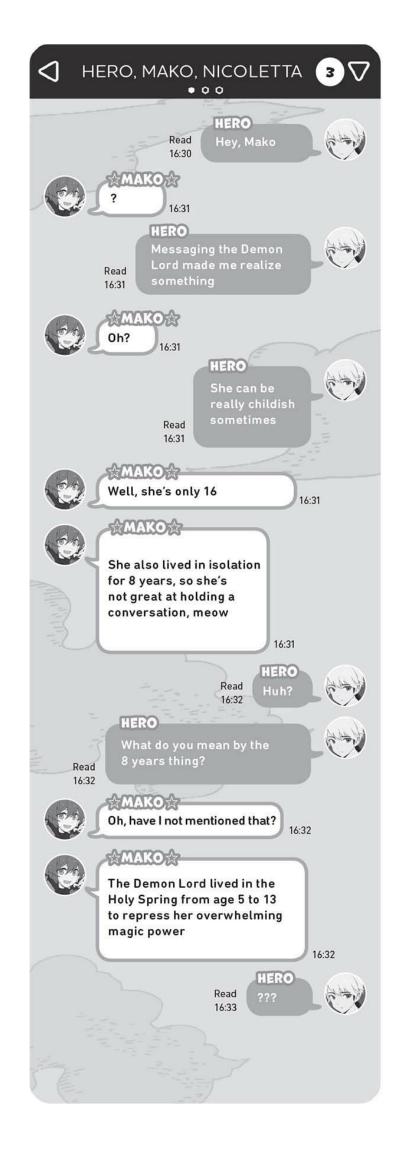
It was an excellent question.

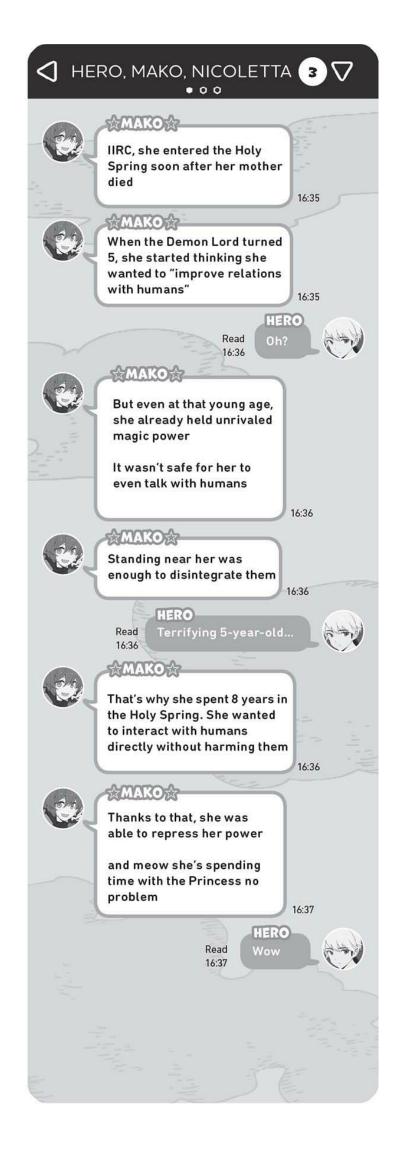


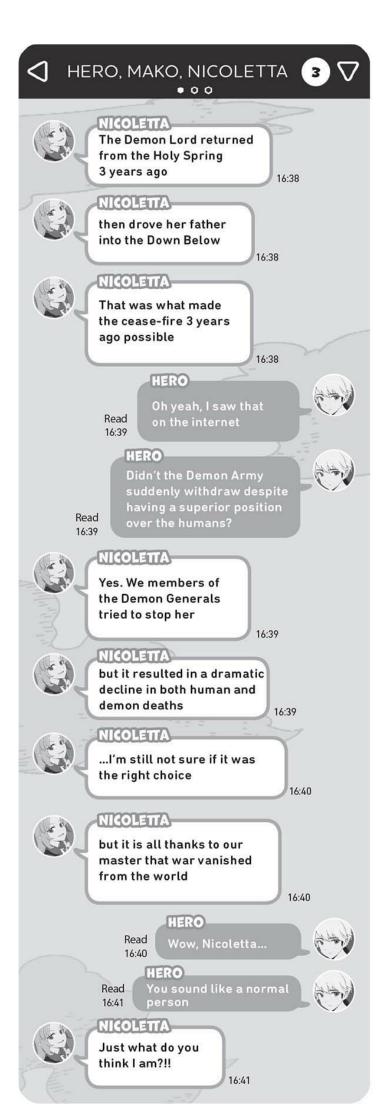














A high demon with ebony wings flapped down to land where the Hero, Mako, and Nicoletta were standing.

Her beautiful long silver hair fluttered in the wind, and her eyes, irises and all, were as black as an abyss. Her expressionless face suggested a coolheaded personality, and her dark clothing covered nearly her entire body. Despite her eye-catching attire, her wings were still the most striking feature.

They were spread wide when she touched down in front of the Hero, but they then quickly shrunk in size thereafter. The Hero, Mako, and Nicoletta stared at the new arrival in silence, and she spoke up in an indifferent voice.

"I am Pino, one of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals. Nice to meet you."

"..." Given his extreme shyness, the Hero couldn't respond.

"...Pino, what are you doing here? Did our master order you to join us?" asked Mako, voicing the question on everyone's mind.

"N-no, of course not!" Pino hastily replied.

"Okay."

"The Demon Lord did not ask me to do this, okay?!?!"

"She really didn't, huh?"

"Guess not."

Nicoletta's and Mako's answers were dry and unamused. Without any effort at all, the two had seemingly slipped into a comedy routine with Pino.

"S-so I have absolutely zero intention o-of being your friend or anything like that! But if you all insist, then I can try to...get along..."

"You just said almost that exact thing in our group chat."

Mako and Nicoletta were quite antagonistic toward Pino. The pair didn't hate her, but protecting the Demon Lord was their first priority, and they were unsure why Pino had left her side to join them with the Hero. They couldn't help but be on edge.

[Hey, let's all calm down.] Unable to say a word out loud, the Hero tried to ease the tension by sending a group chat message.

"...Anyway, is this the Hero?" inquired Pino, returning to her coolheaded personality and glaring at the young man standing with Mako and Nicoletta.

"Hold on, what's with these abrupt mood swings? Why are you suddenly cool as a cucumber?" asked Mako.

"It's because her personality is a little unstable. Kind of like mine," Nicoletta explained.

"I don't want to hear that from a masochist of all people," quipped Pino.

I wonder if this is how she usually acts. She looks like a calm and intelligent person, thought the Hero. He sent a message to Pino, saying [I agree with you there.]

"You sent me a message? Don't ignore me. I asked if you're the Hero."

"The Hero has an extreme communication disorder. He can only speak through texts," Mako detailed.

"Go easy on him, Pino. He's as shy as I am and a hardcore masochist to boot, so it's not his fault," said Nicoletta.

Mako and Pino ignored Nicoletta's comment, but the Hero nodded in agreement.

"Oh, so you're a masochist, too...," Pino said.

"No, he's not," Mako quickly corrected, helping the shy young man out. The Hero plopped his hand on Mako's shoulder with a self-satisfied grin, appreciative of her understanding. However, Mako hastily rejected the gesture. "Gross!"

"Well, regardless. I'm not acting on the Demon Lord's orders, but I shall join this party as well. I am coming along, and you have no choice in the matter. If he truly bears the human title of 'Hero,' I cannot take him lightly," Pino declared, staring down at the Hero with flaring nostrils. She was the tallest of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals and the only one in the party the Hero

had to look up at to meet her eyes.

"You should know, though, the Hero is stupid cursed and incredibly weak," Mako revealed.

"...Huh?"

"There's really no need to be wary of him. I asked him to inflict pain on me during my morning training the other day, but he was so frail that he ended up healing my body," added Nicoletta.

"You're only saying that because you're a masochist."

"No, really. I'm serious."

As the Demon Generals continued to chitchat, the Hero felt depression settling over him. Even if it was due to the curses, it was unpleasant to have women call him weak, and he felt ashamed.

"...Huh. He really is suffering from numerous heavy curses. A powerful spellcaster must have placed them," Pino remarked.

"That's what we've been trying to tell you," Nicoletta said.

The Hero looked at Nicoletta with a puzzled expression.

"Ah, Mako and I aren't especially skilled at magic, but Pino is a supremely adept sorceress. Undoubtedly, she can see all the details of the curses on you," Nicoletta elaborated, speaking seriously for the first time in a while. The Hero wished she would behave like this all the time.

"Well, it appears I have no choice. I would rather not do this while traveling, but I'll investigate this issue for you, Hero. You could become an enemy of the Demon Lord any day, after all. It is best to be informed about one's foes."

The Hero wasn't certain if Pino was kind or simply meddlesome. Still, despite the coldness of her words, he felt a warmth in her actions.

"That's our Pino!"

"She wasn't named after the Demon Lord's favorite ice cream for nothing."

"Shut up, you two."

Humans fear demons, but these three seem like good people to me, the Hero

thought as he watched the trio interact.

If he had set out to travel to the Demon Lord Castle with a group of humans, they probably would have ridiculed him for being useless and kicked him out of the party. He shuddered at the thought. Strange or not, the Hero was grateful for his current situation.

"Ah, but, Hero! D-don't get the wrong idea! I'm not looking into your curses for *your* sake or anything like that! I'm definitely not!" Pino suddenly appended.

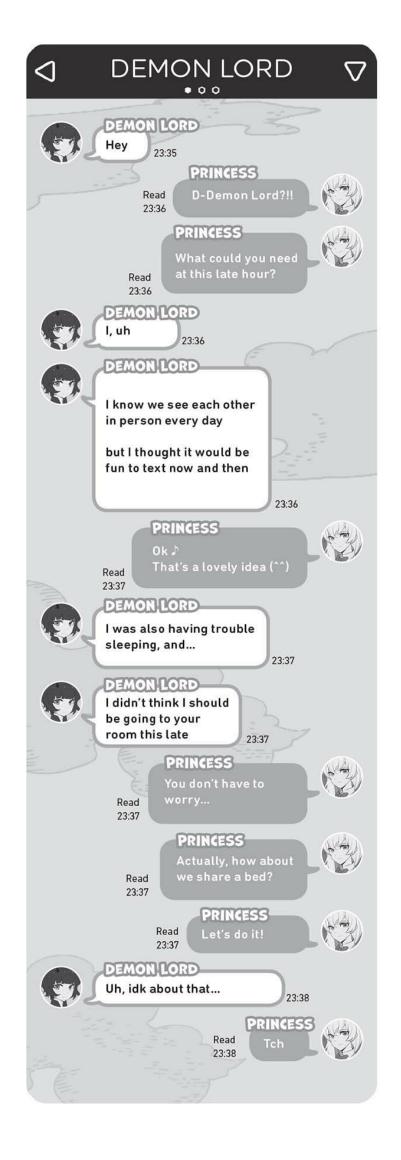
Man, is she annoying, mused the Hero.



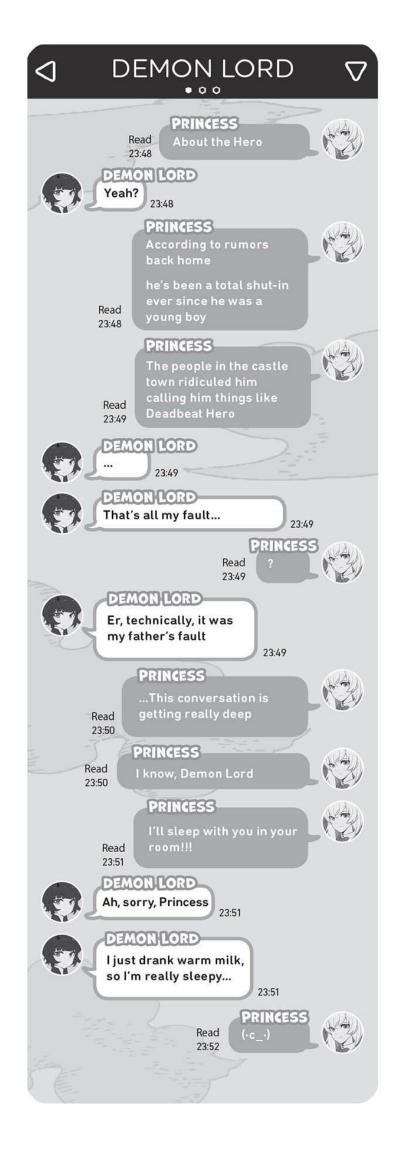


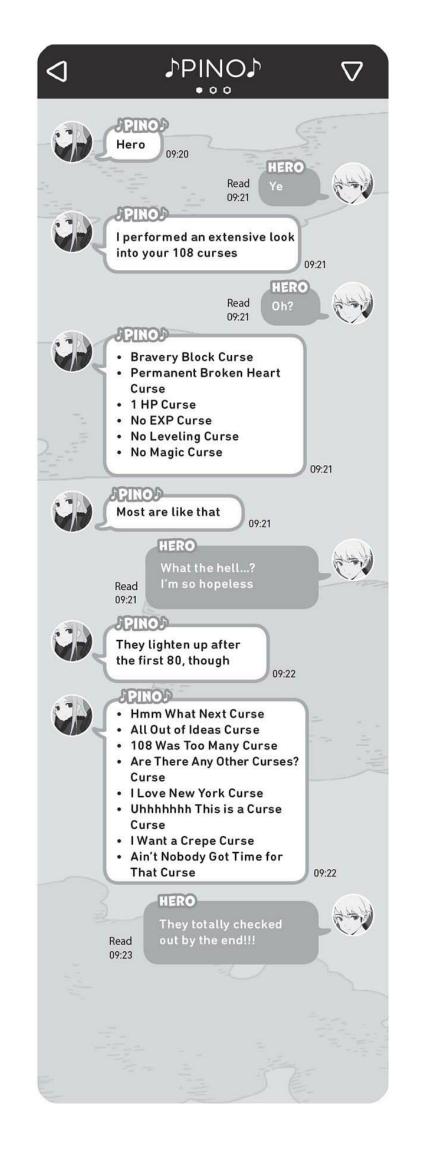


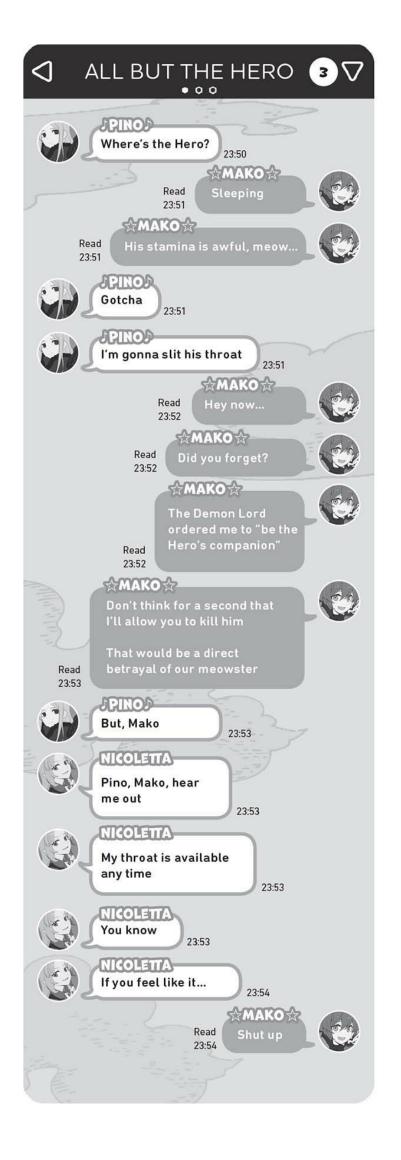






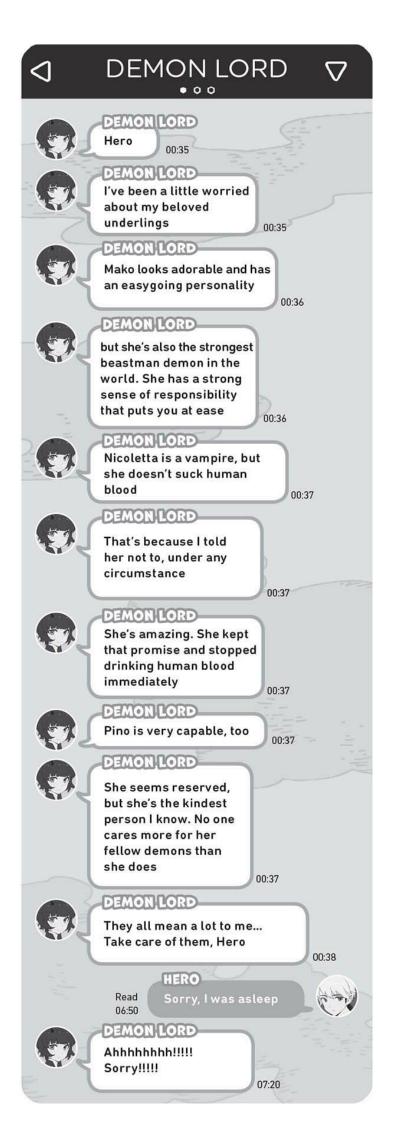












The Hero woke up early in the morning, as per usual. He had lived as a shut-in who couldn't talk to people his entire life, and now he was suddenly on a long-distance trip to the Demon Lord Castle. His comfortable bed had been traded for a campfire and sleeping bag, and he traveled in the company of a weirdo who whipped herself every morning. Sound rest was a luxury no longer afforded to him.

Two months had passed since the Hero set out from LMAO Castle Town. The three Demon General members traveled at a leisurely pace to accommodate the Hero's slow gait and lack of stamina. Unfortunately, walking the roads with unfamiliar demons was also proving to be quite mentally draining as well.

Urgh... I want to sleep in my bed... I want some of Mom's soup... I want to play games... I want to surf the internet... I want to do nothing...

Naturally, the things that had brought him joy back home were inaccessible now. Yet on some level, the Hero understood that this wasn't all bad.

He traversed the land with his own two feet, experiencing beautiful scenery in person instead of online. The monster meat that Mako prepared every night was surprisingly delicious, and he was getting on well enough with demons—something he would never have thought was feasible.

All this would've been impossible back in his room. The Hero had always been an indoor person, but now he was starting to wonder if he should have ventured outside sooner.

"You're up early, Hero. Good morning!"

Make was the first to address the Hero in the morning as he warmed his shivering body by the fire. She yawned as she approached, looking as carefree as ever. The Hero, who was hopelessly shy toward all people regardless of gender, quickly inched away from her.

"Oh right. You can't even greet people without using your phone. I'm getting tired of this, meow," Mako grumbled, adding a forced cat sound at the end. The Hero didn't feel right responding with a complaint (even through text), given

how much she had done to take care of him throughout the journey. Every night, she slept on high tree branches to keep watch and protect the Hero because he was too incapable of defending himself.

"Good morning."

The next to arrive was the vampire, Nicoletta. Her face was practically glowing with satisfaction; she must have finished her morning whip training already.

"What a beautiful day. And look at that blazing sun! The constant tingling on my body feels so good."

Her flesh sizzled and smoked. Sunlight must have been dangerous for vampires.

[...Doesn't that hurt?] the Hero asked using his phone.

"Don't tell me you don't remember the exact number of times you've experienced pain in your life!" Nicoletta fired back. Her nonsensical response convinced him to drop his inquiry immediately.

"Looks like everyone is awake," Pino the fallen angel remarked, fluttering down to the ground with her black wings out. The small bags under her eyes suggested she had been circling the skies for some time now.

"Where'd you go, Pino?" asked Mako.

"Nowhere in particular. I simply checked the area to ensure no one was watching us. Given our appearances, any human would be able to tell at a glance that we are high demons," Pino replied.

Although demons and humans had agreed to a cease-fire, not everyone was content to forget past offenses—grudges ran deep. Both sides had been embroiled in conflict for centuries, so there were plenty of humans who hated demons and vice versa.

The temporary peace had only been established because the Demon Army had proposed the idea while poised to utterly destroy the world on the Demon Lord's strength alone. Unquestionably, there were humans waiting vigilantly for the first sign of weakness from their perceived enemy. It would be their signal to attack.

"That said, there isn't a human alive who could prove a match for one of the Demon Generals. Changing the subject—I spotted a human castle about three miles ahead. Is that your hometown, Hero?" asked Pino.

The sudden question flustered the Hero, and he quickly pulled out his smartphone to perform some searching. In the group chat, he replied, [No, that's not where I'm from. That's probably Tomorrow Castle, the largest castle in Beginnerland.]

"Oh, then that means we're close to a human town!" Nicoletta said. She hadn't sucked human blood in years and was probably very excited at the rare opportunity to see humans (other than the Hero, of course).

"Ah, that's where I beat up that Sunege guy. It certainly is a big city," Mako answered, recalling her recent visit. As though a light bulb just turned on in her mind, she raised her hand and exclaimed, "Ooooh! I want to explore a human castle town, meow!"

"Noooo!" The Hero moaned out loud, unable to contain himself. Hurriedly, he explained himself via text. [That's obviously a bad idea. People will immediately be able to tell that you're demons. Worst of all, it'll be a shock to see members of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals in the town. Right, Pino?]

The Hero appealed to Pino directly, as she seemed to be the most reasonable and levelheaded of the three.

"I-it's not like I'm interested or anything, but if it's possible, then seeing the town...is not something I'd want to do one bit!!!" Pino exclaimed, suddenly shifting personalities yet again.

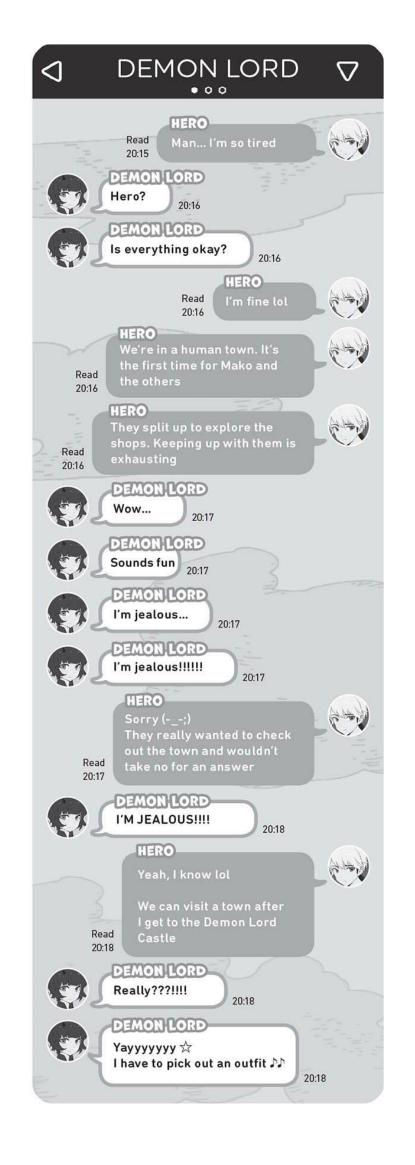
Oh, come on! They all want to go?

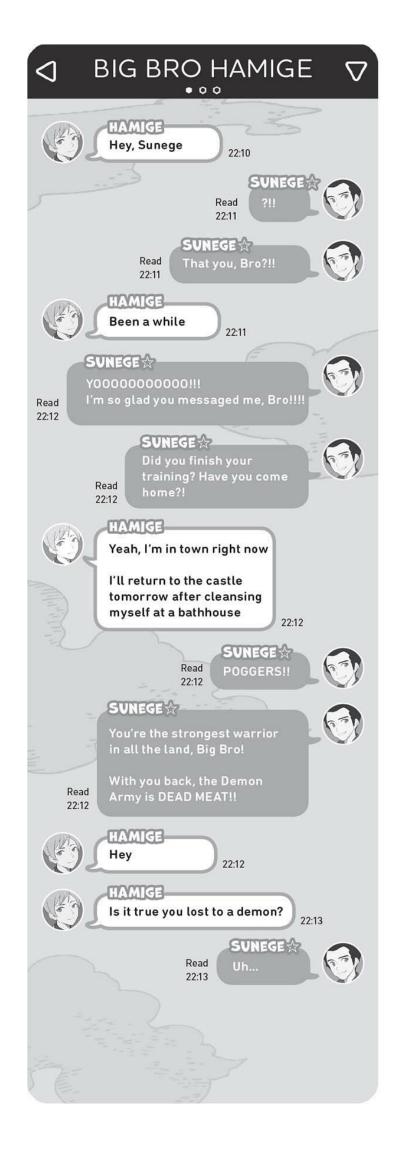
To his credit, the Hero fought valiantly to dissuade his companions, but their curiosity proved too great. Admittedly, he did find the idea of a real bed appealing. After the group set a few boundaries, they decided to enter Tomorrow Castle Town.

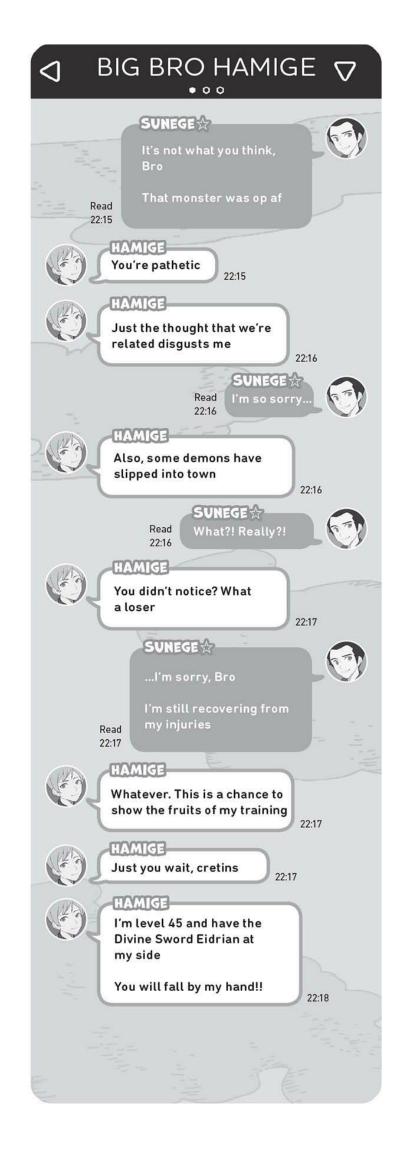


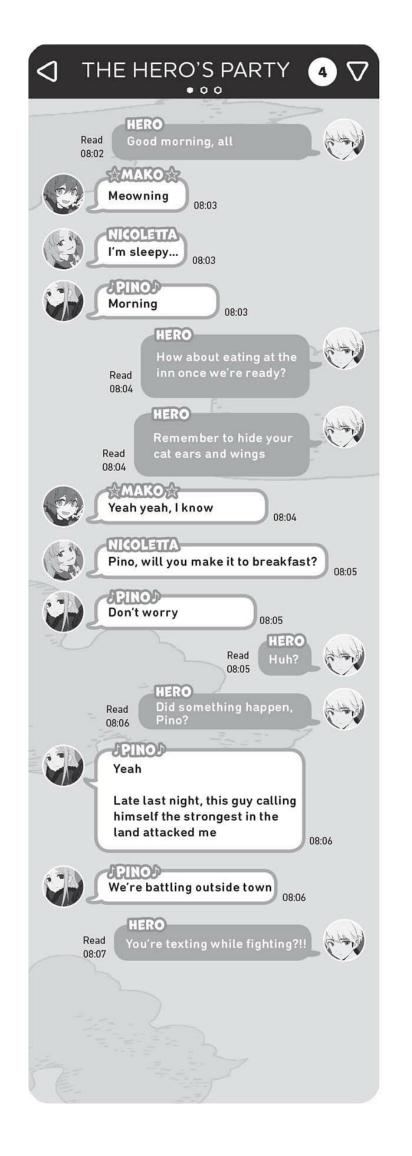




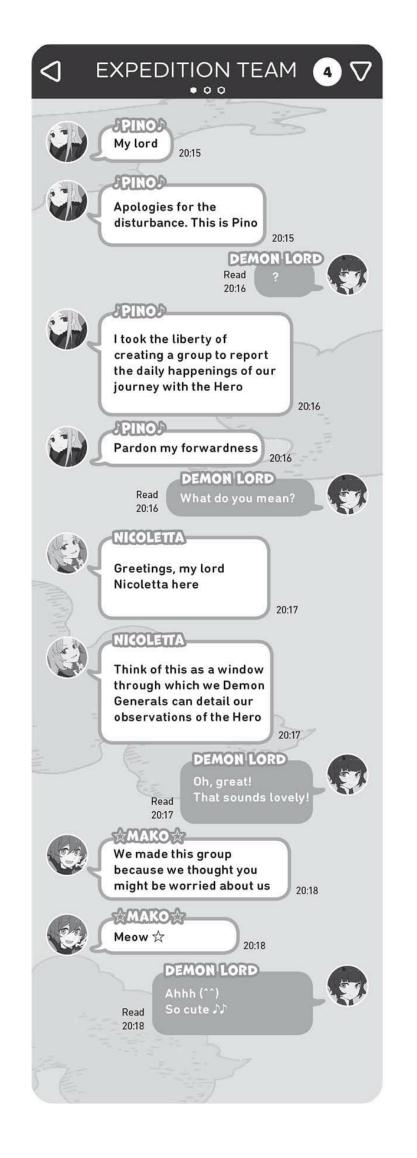






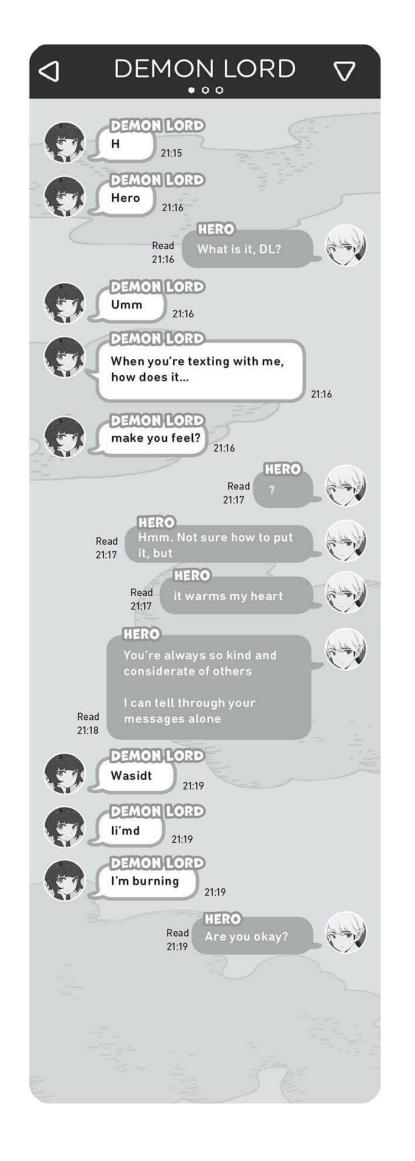






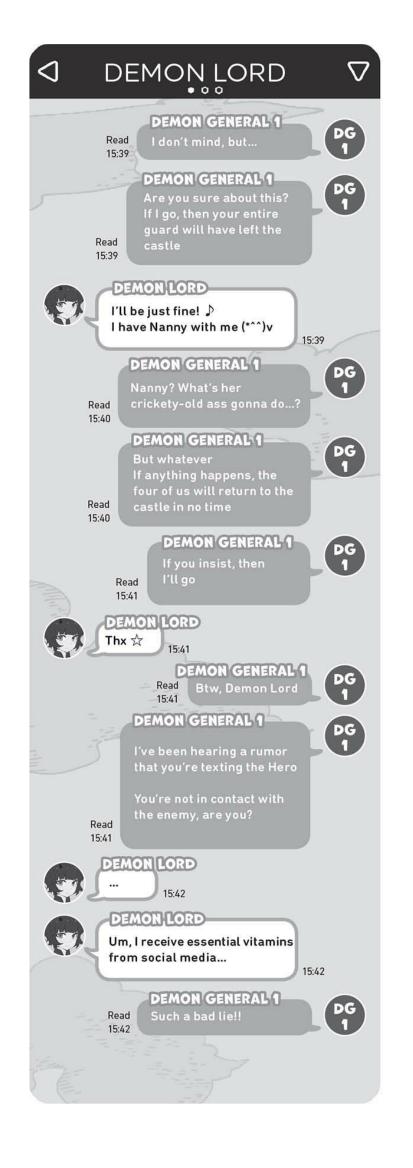




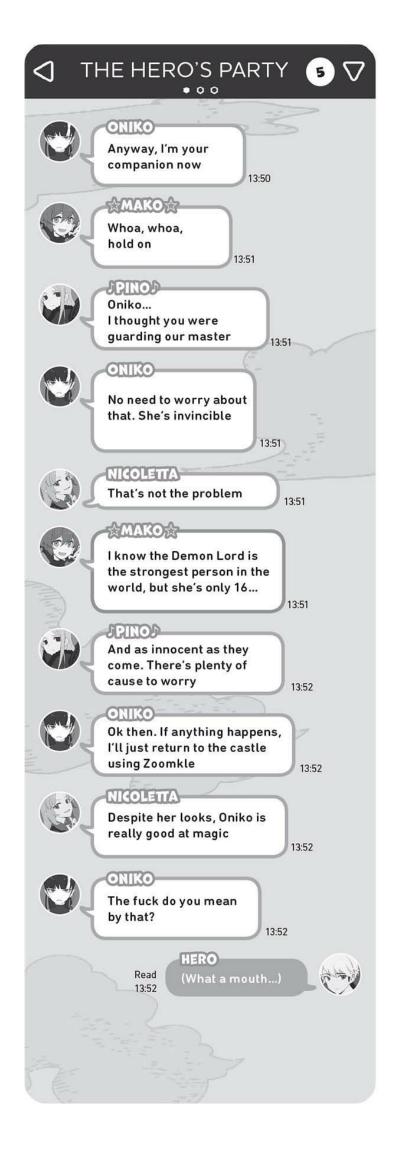


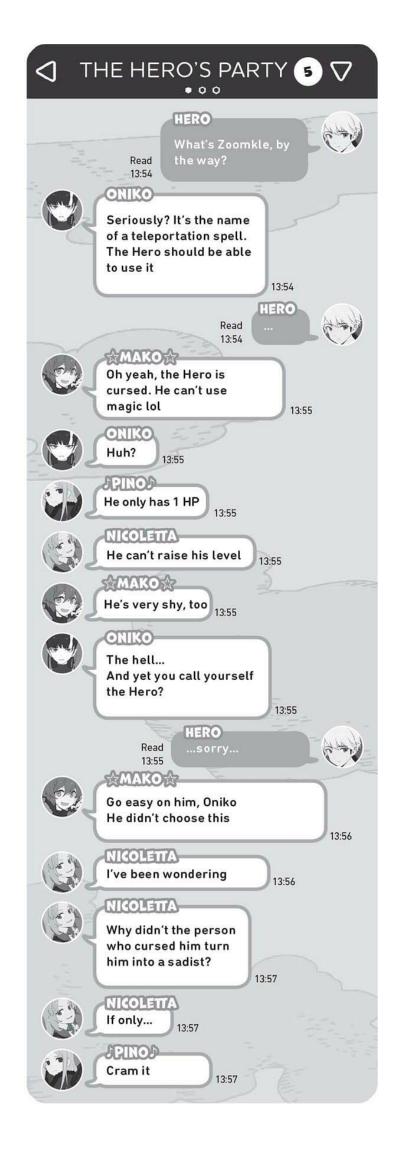
















From that day on, the Hero began to train with Oniko, the final member of the Demon Generals to join him. A text just after nine every night was the signal. He was supposed to reach Oniko ten seconds after receiving it.

The Hero was preparing his sleeping bag when he heard the pleasant *ping* sound from his phone, signaling a new message.

"...Ah!"

The blood drained out of his face. The message read, [Come to the nearby watering hole, pronto!]

Spinning around in circles, the Hero desperately tried to recall where the watering hole was.

Activate running motion. Restart zero-second preparation and brain function. Shoot, my body still won't move. Connect directly to modules not under control with artificial heart pump, reconstruct hero body network, update parameters for ignoring meta statements. Feed seems useless, so I'll let that be. Correct deviations in systems responsible for coming up with excuses to give Oniko, goddamn it, connect to exercise routine. My bodily systems are online—my smartphone strap has nothing to do with anything!

Fighting through his panic, the Hero tried his best to get moving. He then lost his temper and screamed.

"Ten seconds is stupid!! This is clearly impossible!!" the Hero cried before hurrying off. A small pool rested southeast of tonight's campsite. It seemed likely that Oniko was waiting there.

"Haaah! Haaah! Haaah!"

Curses had left nearly all of the Hero's stats at zero, so he'd started panting heavily the moment he'd tried to run. Dying was incredibly painful, though, so he'd pushed himself hard, determined not to let it happen this time.

"There you are, Hero."

Oniko was waiting by the pool of water, resting a wooden club on one

shoulder. She gave the Hero a kind grin. The Hero got excited, thinking he may have made it on time. Unfortunately...

"Blargh!!"

...he received a hit square in the torso from Oniko's cudgel. He had no means of guarding against an attack of such force, so he was sent flying backward about one hundred and fifty feet until he collided into the ground and died.

"...You were slow. That was twenty-two seconds."

As a coffin formed around the Hero, the merciless Oniko took a swig of alcohol from a bottle she had attached to her hip. Face tinged red, she approached the casket.

"Relife."

Oniko chanted a revival spell. The coffin was enveloped in holy light, and the Hero came back to life.

"Gack! Did I die?! Why?!"

The memories one had after revival could be a little disorderly. People tended to treat death relatively lightly in this world because of resurrection spells, but injuries to the body still remained. After perishing, a person would lose consciousness, and their body and soul would be separated and confined within a coffin. If one lost their body or soul, revival spells wouldn't work anymore.

The Hero knew that Oniko was the one who restored him, but he'd never even seen the club coming, so it was tough to grasp the situation.

"I told you to get here within ten seconds, you wuss! How the hell do you think you're going to get stronger if you can't even manage that?!" Oniko scolded angrily in her usual foulmouthed manner. "Ready your sword!" she commanded, lifting her club above her head.

Wait, Oniko. Please listen to me. Reaching you within ten seconds after seeing your message is utterly impossible for me. Wait, is this some kind of jock thing? If I had gone to school, I definitely would not have joined any sports clubs. This isn't really my element.

The Hero wanted to say all that and more, but Oniko undoubtedly would've

told him to man up before killing him again. The odds of her knowing what school was seemed low, too. Most of all, the Hero could only talk through texts, so his entire internal dialogue was pointless.

"Ready your goddamn sword!" Oniko roared, her patience wearing thin.

Terrified, the Hero quickly grabbed his weapon and held it in front of him. However, after deciding he would be killed immediately because he couldn't stop his shaking, he raised his hand to ask for a time-out.

"...Huh? What is it?" inquired Oniko.

The Hero took out his smartphone and quickly typed out a message.

[Can you please calm down for a second?]

"...I am calm."

[We need to talk.]

"About what?"

[...Can we please drop the ten-second rule? I'm telling you, it's actually impossible. Really. It takes me five seconds just to look at my phone, and it's physically impossible for me to get to the training site after that.]

"You serious?"

[Yes.]

"Then next time, get here within five seconds."

[What the hell?!! That's even less!! You really are a demon, aren't you?!]

"Uh, yeah. I am."

That she was.

"Hiyaah!" Oniko suddenly screamed, delivering a clean hit to the Hero's face with her club. A coffin once again appeared out of nowhere around his corpse, and Oniko revived him again.

```
"Urghhh..."
```

As should not be surprising, dying twice in rapid succession was very painful both physically and mentally. Consider this analogy: It was as if he was

simultaneously experiencing intense sunburn and extreme muscular pain throughout his entire body, while also feeling ready to puke from seasickness. He was brought back to life sobbing and deathly pale.

"I heard from Pino that you have a curse that prevents you from gaining experience, even after fighting. That means you can't raise your level. All that leaves is working on your skills and sharpening your feel for battle."

Oniko smashed the ground in front of the staggering Hero, and he stood up straight.

Given his personality, one might have expected him to quit and head to sleep, but something within him must have started to change. He had caused quite a lot of trouble for his parents, and people had always called him the "No-Good Hero." However, meeting the Demon Lord, the Demon Generals, and everyone else he had encountered on this journey had sparked a particular thought in his mind.

This trip has been rough, but some great people have helped me along the way... I might not be a real hero, but...I want to get at least a little stronger.

The young man hadn't lied when he'd admitted his desire to protect the people he cared about. It was an embarrassing thing to say, so he'd passed it off as a joke, yet he honestly had come to feel that way during his time with the Demon Generals.

"...!"

The Hero shook himself, readied his practice sword, and faced Oniko with a determined expression.

"...I like that look in your eyes. That's what I want. This time, you come at me," Oniko instructed, flashing him an abrupt smile.

After a brief pause, the Hero found his resolve and sent a message saying [Understood! I'll give it my all!]

Within ten seconds, however, he was dead for the third time that night.

Pino spread her wings wide and landed quietly next to Mako, who was lazing on a tree branch and watching the Hero as he trained.

"Practicing again, I see," Pino remarked.

"Yeah. He's taking a vicious beating, though. He's dying over and over again," answered Mako.

Unwilling to participate themselves, they both observed the Hero and Oniko.

Revival spells had a time window to them. If they weren't cast quickly enough, the coffin would disappear, and the person inside would be dead for good. Mako and Pino were watching carefully to ensure that didn't happen. They feared that if the Hero were to perish, the kind and gentle-natured Demon Lord would be overcome by rage and lay waste to the world.

"You know, there's something about this that is really bothering me," said Nicoletta the extreme masochist, joining Mako and Pino on the branch. "Why won't Oniko give *me* a vicious beating?" she continued with evident jealousy.

Mako and Pino ignored her.

"I wonder who could have put all those curses on the Hero," Pino thought aloud.

"Who can say? What we can be sure of, though, is that it wasn't our meowster," responded Mako.

"It was someone who possessed considerable power, though, correct? Hmm... I can't field a guess, but what I do know is that I want them to inflict a curse on me that magnifies pain tenfold," Nicoletta stated.

The three of them enjoyed a casual conversation while the deadly sparring continued below.

The Hero had already met his end over five times. Yet, as if riding a high on showing some effort for the first time in his life, he charged resolutely at Oniko every time he was resurrected. Oniko looked pleased to see the Hero devoting himself to his training.

"...Well, it looks like Oniko is having fun. We can probably leave them be for meow," remarked Mako.

"She's always been a natural leader. Having a pupil train so earnestly can't be an unpleasant experience for her," Pino added.

"Okay. Then we'll leave the Hero to Oniko, freeing up the two of you to give me a vicious beating full of love, right?" Nicoletta gave an invitation with a triumphant expression.

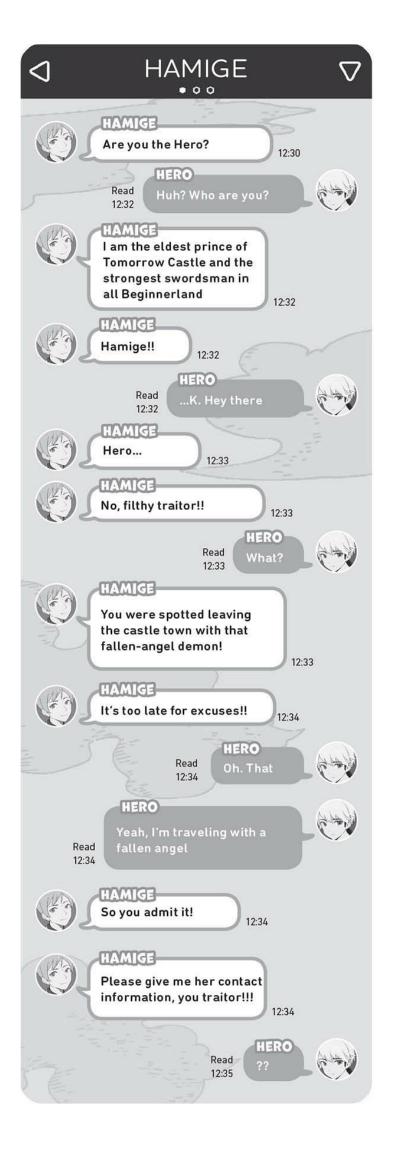
"...No, we're not doing that."

"Where did you get that idea from?"

"Honestly, I haven't been feeling very well lately. And I've given it a lot of thought. It's probably because I haven't been receiving enough agony. You know what I'm saying? Punch me, Mako!"

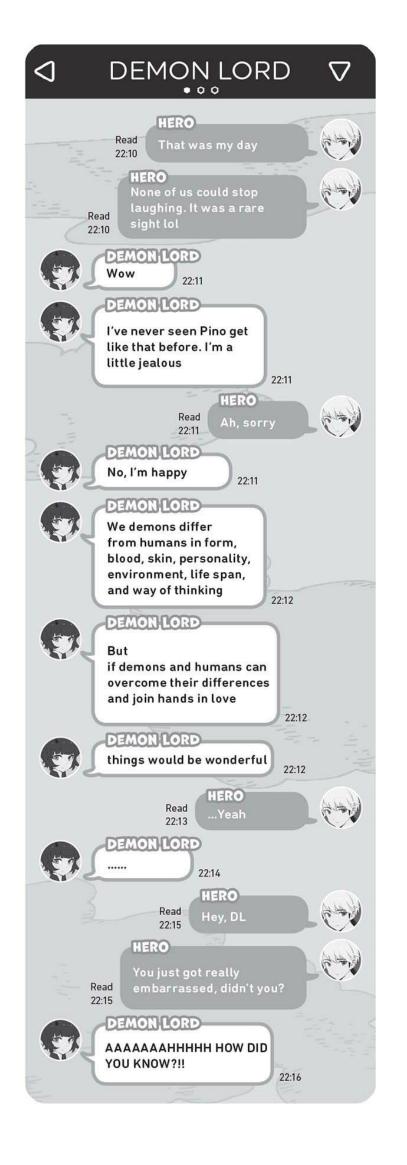
"Shut up already!"

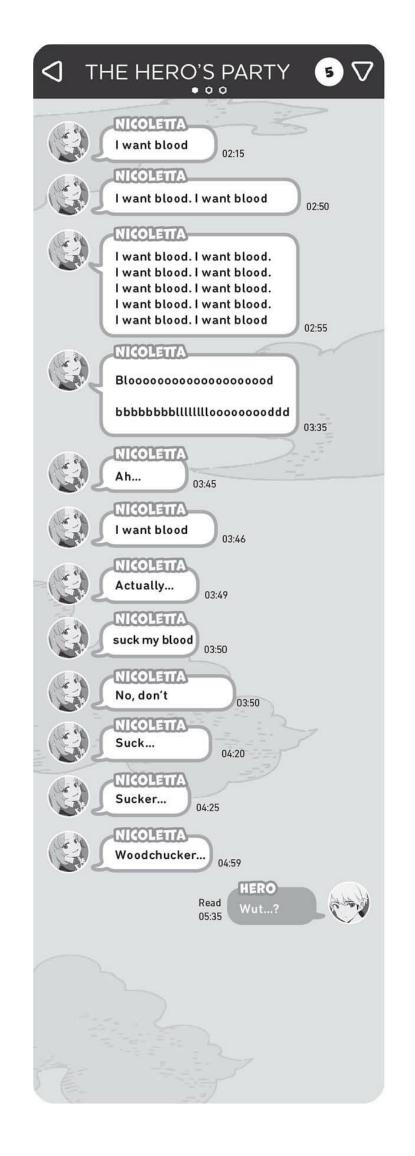
Nicoletta snuggled up to Mako, who kicked her away in irritation. Sadly, the three demons were completely oblivious to the trouble that was about to occur.





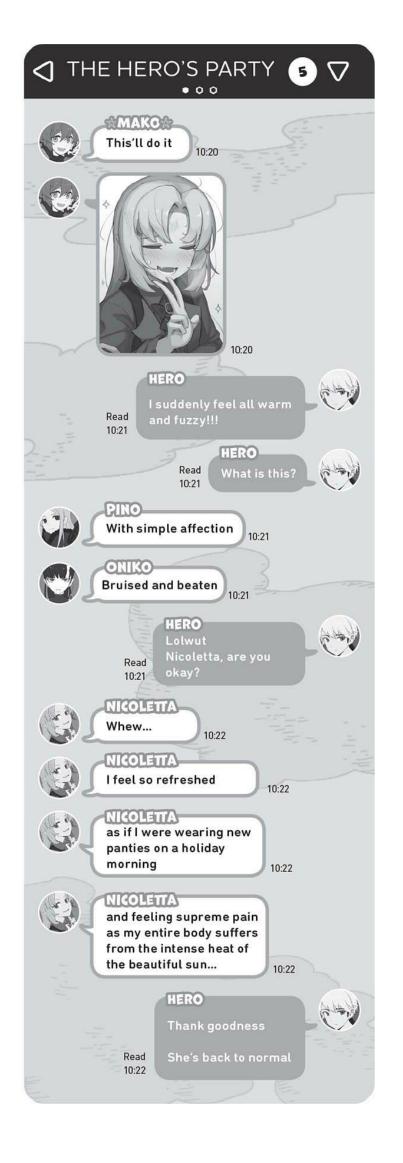






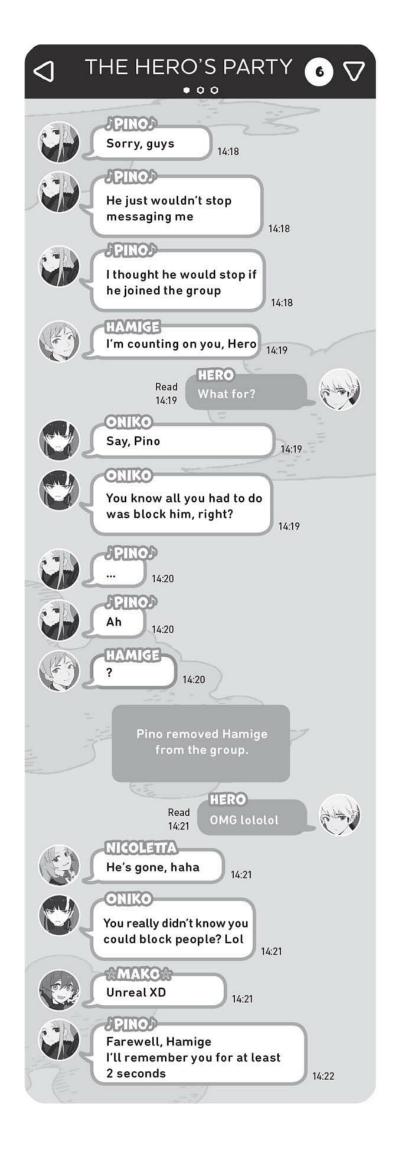


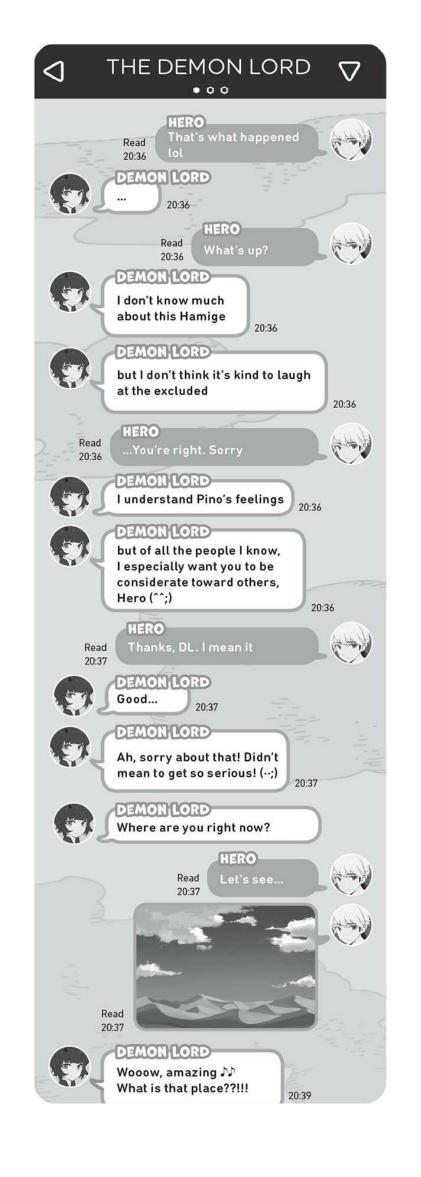




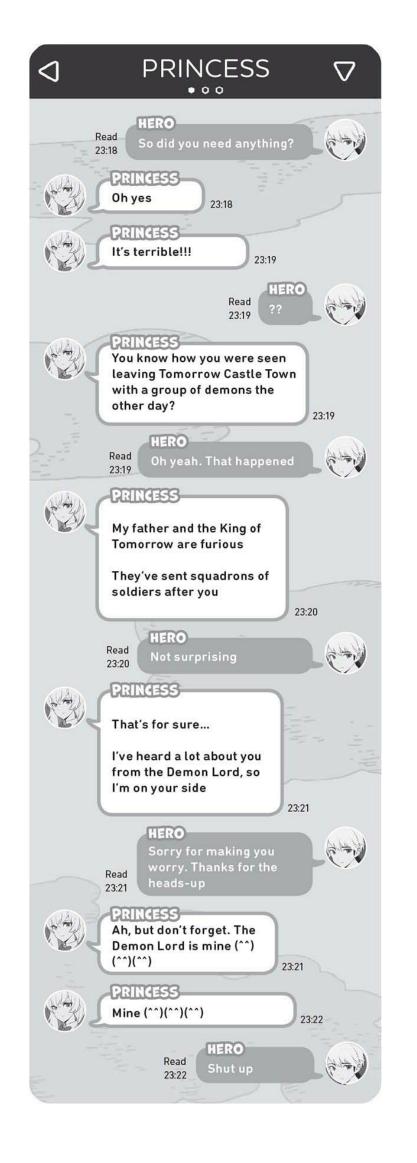


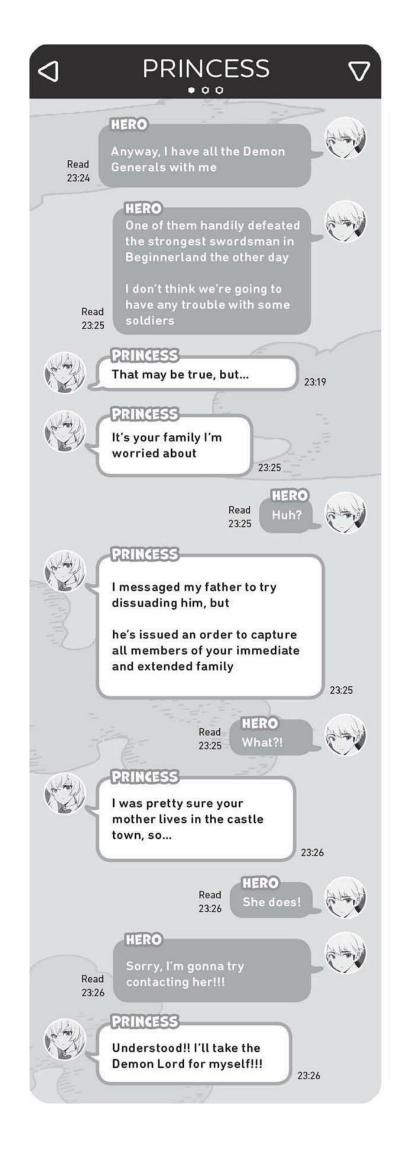


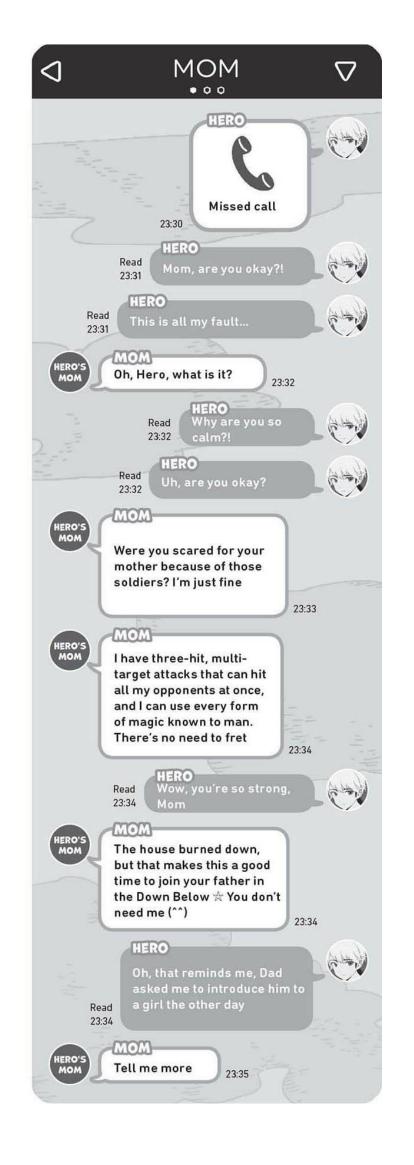












Mamasu, the Hero's mother, was enraged. Clearly, she needed to interrogate her lousy wretch of a husband and get him to spill his guts about this adultery.

She was standing in a grassy field some number of miles from LMAO Castle Town when she placed her tightly balled fists on her waist and unleashed her power.

"Haaaaahh!!!"

A powerful energy that appeared to be some kind of fighting spirit flowed from the woman's body, and her beautiful black hair immediately turned golden. She had gone through what many might refer to as Super...Something.

"...That bastard...," Mamasu muttered in a fierce tone, her usually kind eyes looking like they were out for blood. Her smartphone screen cracked, unable to withstand the energy flowing out of her.

"E-eeeek!"

Five pursuing soldiers from LMAO Castle discovered her in her transformed state. It was evident at a glance how terrifyingly mighty she was, and one of them fell to the ground and wet his pants.

"Don't worry. I ain't gonna hurt y'all," the Hero's mother said, her anger drawing out what may have been a hometown dialect. This rage was not directed at the sortied warriors, however. "My house was razed, but I don't especially care. My insurance will cover it once the Hero is proven innocent."

The structure was a fifty-year-old rental home. The Hero's mother had already been talking about having it rebuilt, so she honestly didn't mind that it had been torched. It was pretty convenient for her.

"You were the one who burned—!"

One of the soldiers started speaking, and then the Hero's mother disappeared. Well, *disappeared* wasn't quite right; what she actually did was circle behind the soldier so quickly that the naked eye couldn't follow the action. It may as well have been teleportation.

"... Wanna finish that sentence?" she whispered into the man's ear.

The soldier shuddered. Goose bumps formed on his entire body, and he dropped to his knees, quivering in fear. If he opened his mouth, he was finished.

"That's right. Now you take care of your family, okay?" Mamasu instructed as she looked down upon the man. While the words themselves were kind, the same could not be said for her eyes, nor her tone.

None could deny that the Hero's abode had burned to the ground. However, it was Mamasu herself who did the deed to make herself look like a victim—allegedly.

"Urrrgh..."

The other soldiers who had been dispatched to the house wanted to scream, The place blew up before we even did anything! Yet they knew to hold their tongues.

"You're a good kid. That's right. You've done nothing wrong," the Hero's mom said.

She then floated gently in the air. The soldiers all gazed at her like kids watching a parent leave for a business trip. It wasn't like they could do anything else.

"At one point in time, the phrase *cheating is part of our culture* was prevalent in society. But that is nothing more than a man's excuse. It's arrogant, slothful, and a despicable justification for their desires."

Mamasu looked like a descending god. She didn't look at the soldiers as she spoke, instead appearing as if she were addressing someone far, far away. The warriors from the castle were able to infer that her husband must be two-timing. However, given that he was in the Down Below, a world made up only of males, the truth was that he couldn't have cheated even if he'd wanted to.

"Oh well. I'll have to confirm this by myself," muttered Mamasu, opening her eyes wide. "I'm angry with you, darling!!"

Another wave of energy surged around the woman before she sped off into the sky with incredible speed. The exact mechanics behind it were unclear, but she was undoubtedly flying.

The soldiers watched her go.

"...I wonder if this is about her husband."

"...Mostly likely."

"RIP to him."

"Yep."

"Wanna head back?"

"...Yeah. No point in remaining here."

"Wait, hold on... Is it raining?" asked the soldier who was still collapsed on the ground.

"Rain? I don't remember any..."

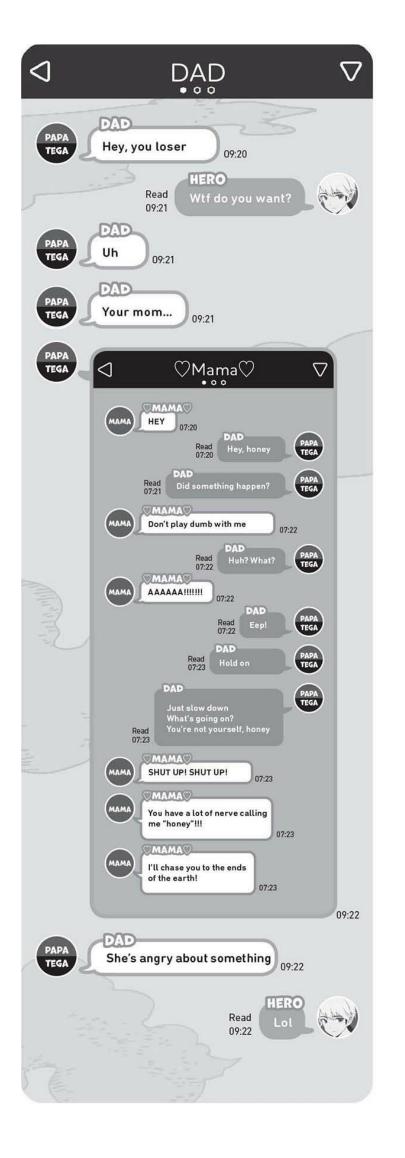
"No, I—"

It definitely wasn't raining, but the man who'd wet himself desperately wished that it was.

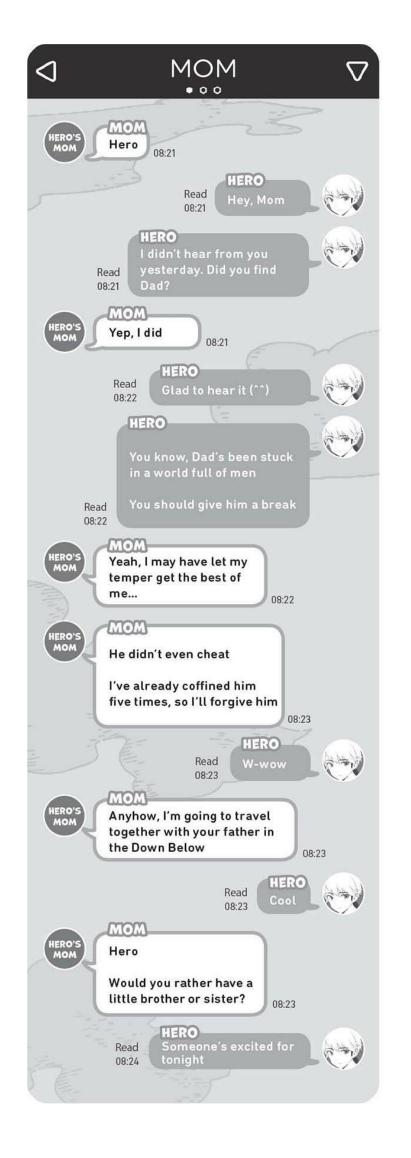
"You know what, I think it was raining."

"...Sure was."

Feeling sympathetic, the others decided to play along.



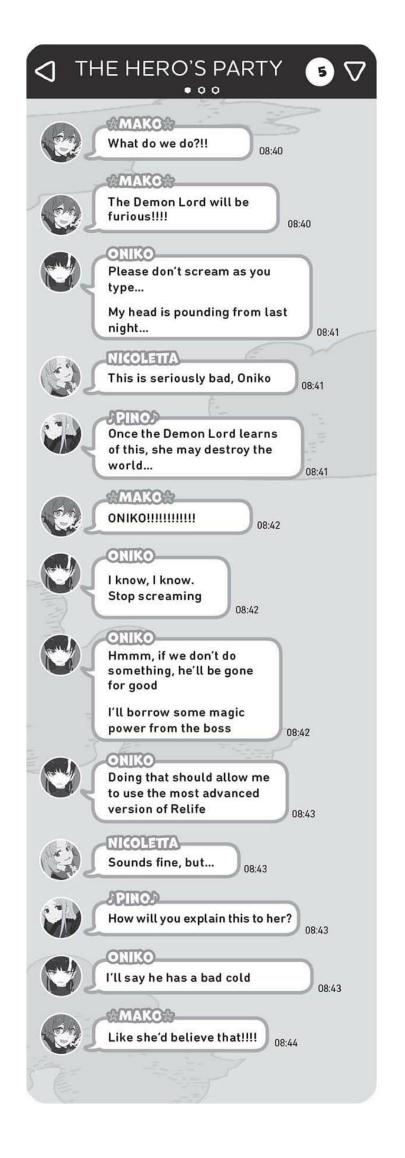






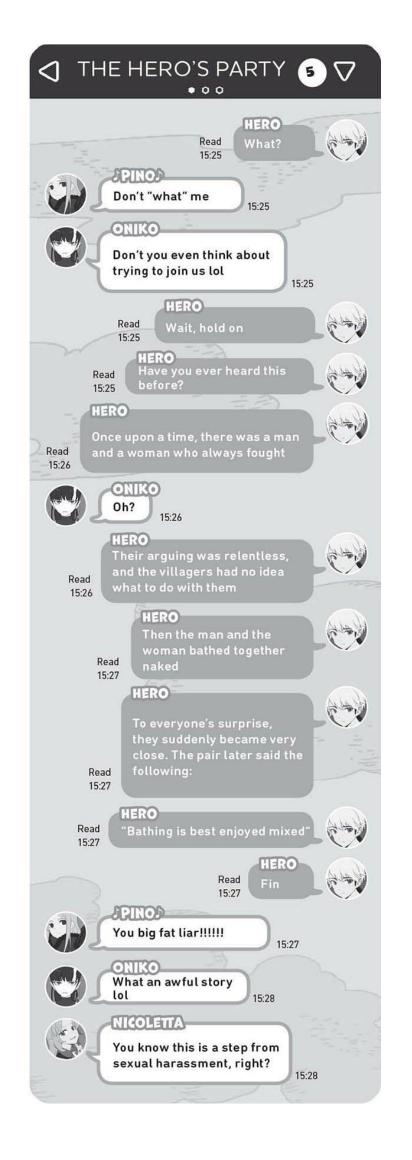
















A loud splash issued from the waters of the oasis.

"Ahh... That feels so good..."

Make had jumped into the lake fully clothed. While considered the strongest of the Demon Generals, she was no match for the heat of this desert. The fur on her legs and the back of her hands made managing her body temperature in a warm climate difficult. Walking in the desert had been like trekking through a massive sauna. Soaking in the cool water finally stopped her brain from feeling like it was melting.

"Hot damn, this is it right here. It feels incredible."

The next one to enter the pool was Oniko, the ogre monster from Shimahiro. She'd been faring better in the sun than Mako, but that didn't mean the temperature was comfortable for her. A nice break in the oasis was perfect.

"Unbelievable... You two just dived right into a naturally formed lake in the middle of a desert. It's probably full of germs," Pino remarked as she slowly dipped herself into the water.

"It's fine. I purified the lake with magic before we got in, so it's totally clean," responded Oniko.

"I trust your abilities, Oniko. I'm just saying this is careless," Pino answered.

"Oh, it doesn't matter. I was about to collapse out there. Thanks, Oniko," said Mako.

Their moment of peace was then interrupted by a certain someone yelling in the lake.

"Yoo-hoo, I'm over here! Catch me if you can, ah-ha-ha-ha-ha!" Nicoletta screamed, racing around in the water. The others paid no mind to her attempts at garnering their attention.

"Well, how often can we enjoy a giant lake like this? Let's have some fun!" exclaimed Oniko, who had until then only submerged the bottom half of her body. She scooped up some water with her hands and then squirted it directly

into Pino's face. Pino, who didn't want to get her hair wet, glared at the other demon.

```
"You mad?"

"You mad?"

Mako and Oniko both taunted her with wide grins on their faces.

"...I'm not angry."

"Oh?"

"But I feel a fire burning within me."

"That sounds like you're ma—"
```

Before Mako finished her sentence, Pino used magic to manipulate the water to form a giant cannon, then fired it at Mako and Oniko. It was powerful enough that they would've lost some HP had they not been members of the Demon Generals.

"Hold on, if you're going to use water magic, can you use it to perform water torture on me?!" the masochist yelled, finally dropping her previous ploy for attention and joining the others in pursuit of pain.

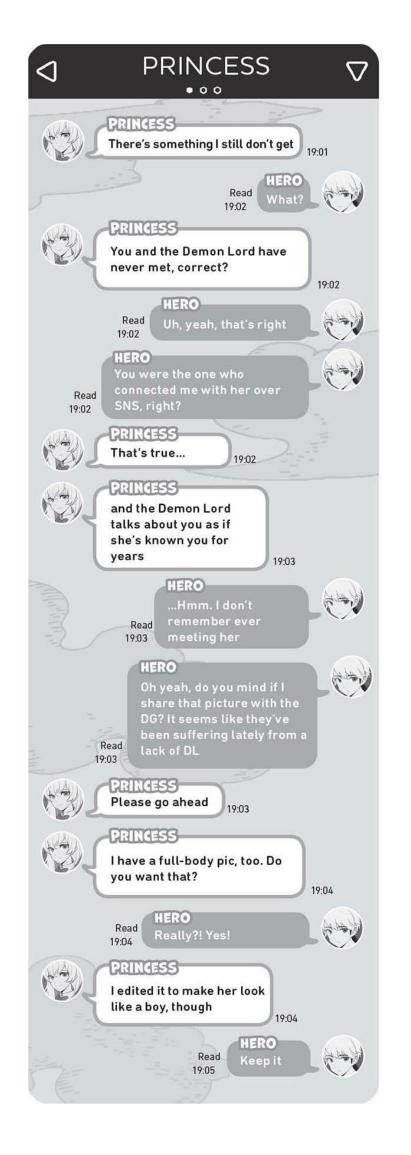
As the quartet of demon women messed around in a questionably friendly manner, a boy sat on a corner of the lake looking very anxious.

The Hero was sending messages and apologizing profusely to the Demon Lord, bowing his head repeatedly in real life as he did so, even though they weren't yet a couple. It was quite a sad sight.

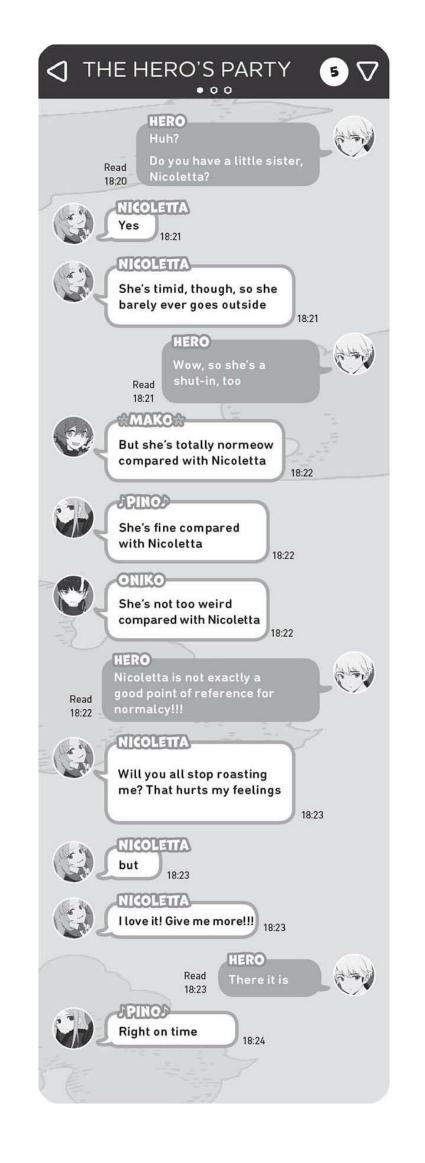
Even the sun appeared to chuckle sympathetically as it peered down upon the Hero.



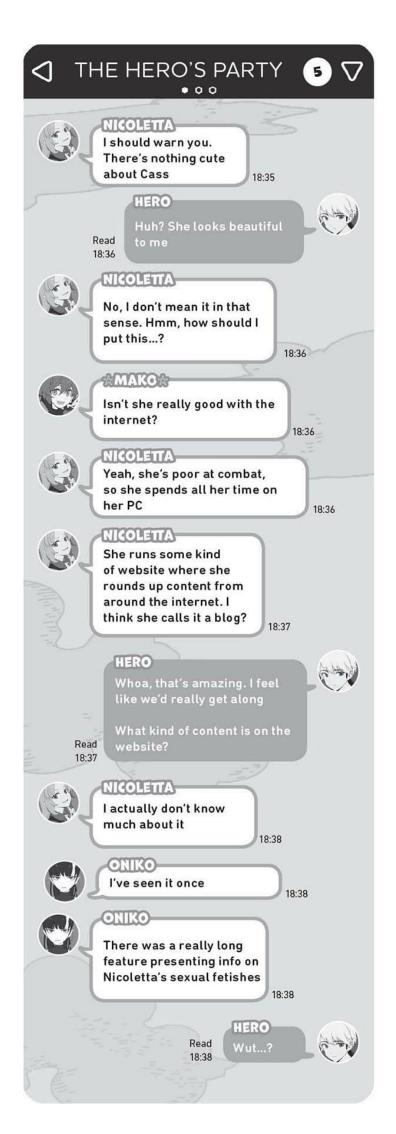


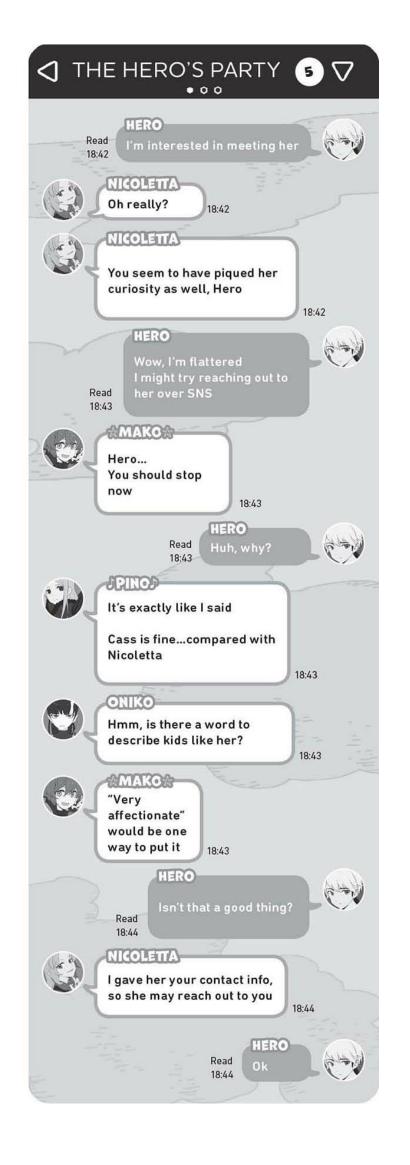














CASS

Hellooooooooooooooooo oooooooooo Hero! I'm Nicoletta's little sister, Cass, nice to meet you haha, I heard you're traveling with my beloved sibling and to be totally honest I feel nothing but hate, loathing, anger, and resentment toward you for tying her down, but she told me not to bother you, so I'll refrain from killing you, but Hero, no, "Hero" doesn't feel right, maybe I'll call you big bro, not that I have any real reason to call you that, but if you're traveling with my sis then that kinda makes you my big bro and having an older brother would make me happy and open my mind up to new fantasies and stuff which sounds really fun, though a manservant is never allowed to touch my sis even if she's a masochist, she's mine, and you're my obedient manservant, and don't you forget it. Also, sorry to change the subject, but I've never talked to a boy before because my personality is this way, but Sis has been telling me to be more social (I guess?), anyway this is pretty much a first for me, so sorry if I say anything weird... Lolol. Did you believe that apology there's no way I'd care what some guy I've never met thinks, I'm a VAMPIRE for crying out loud, humans are nothing but food for us, and you should go ahead and offer your blood to me, what kind of blood do you









Hey Hero, why haven't you been responding to my messages I wonder if I said something to weird you out? Answer meeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee why do you talk to other girls and not me, you're mine, you know, your head, your body, your ears, your face, your heart, your blood, your nails, your everything all belongs to me, I guess I could let you talk to Nicoletta a little, but if you chat with other girls I won't forgive you I'll tear you down on my website in a public, humiliating fashion I'll have it all over the internet that you're a pervert lolol so Hero how would you describe your love for me? Ah, sorry, I shouldn't ask you things like that out of the blue. I wonder if that was annoying, but you don't mind, right, cause I know you love me more than anything in the whole wide world, I'll let you marry me, even though I'm a shut-in and I don't have much confidence in myself I know you'll love me forever big bro and I love you second most after my sis so you don't have to worry, you'll let me wrap you up like a mummy and suck your blood right? Oh, but if you're the type that likes to feel pain and stuff, let me know ASAP, I'll do whatever makes you happiest lolol, you might not have expected this, but you'll be glad to hear I'm actually pretty good at household chores, I don't really like laundry and cooking and cleaning and stuff, but I'm sure I could learn, so yeah, I'm definitely going to make a good wife. Why aren't you responding to me big bro? Are you with another girl or











Answer meeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee big brooccoccoccoccocco 000000000000000000000000 000000000000000000000000 000000000000000000000000 let me suck your bloooooooo 000000000000000000000000 I know yours will be delicious and if I had it, I wouldn't need anything else at all, though I do want my sis to be here because I'm lonely. I wonder when you're going to come visit me, it's funny, I've never seen you once, and yet my chest is pounding, and I think extracting from your A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR licking up the distribution of the second like an ice cream would be pure bliss big bro big bro big broccoccoccocco 000000000000000000000000 000000000000000000000000 why won't you answer me? I'm sure you're being seduced by some other girl big bro big bro big bro big bro I want to know more about you big bro big bro big bro big bro l hate being apart from you, and I want you to respond big bro big bro big bro big bro big bro big bro respond to me big bro big bro big bro I'll kill you if you don't respond I'll kill you big bro big bro big bro you promised you'd let me suck your blood big bro why don't you answer? I'm going to keep

messaging you until you









CASS

Whyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyyy уууууууууууууууууууууу уууууууууууууууууууууу yyyyyyyyyyyyyyy answer meeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeeeeeeeeeeeeeee eeee I'll suck ALL your blood all your blood I'll suck suck suck suck you like me don't you? You like me don't you? Don't yooooooooooouuuuu **uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu** uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu **uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu** uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu



CASS

I'm gonna get some ice cream

21.3

Read 21:33 HERO
...That sounds nic







Once upon a time, in a certain corner of the world, a young couple lived with their child in happiness.

"See you later!" the five-year-old called out energetically. Despite the early hour, he left the house with little more than a practice sword and a small shield. His dream was to become a renowned hero who fought for the people, just like his father was.

"Oh, that boy always forgets his lunch," his mother remarked with a smile and a sigh after discovering the food she'd made was still sitting on the table.

"It'll be fine. I'm sure he'll come back once he's hungry," his father said before folding his newspaper and finishing off his morning soup.

"Okay, I'm going to go gather some firewood from the mountain so our brave son doesn't catch a cold."

"Good idea. I'll go do the laundry at the river so you two have no lack of clean clothes to wear."

After saying lines straight out of some old, familiar tale, the couple also ventured off.

By the way, these parents had a heating unit in their house, so they didn't have a particular need for a fireplace or fuel. They also had a washing machine that ran using magic power, but it seemed that the mother still preferred to use fresh water from the river now and then. The exact reason for this remained unknown.

"Yahhh! Haaah!"

The boy set right to swinging his sword in the forest that he had made his training ground. Only weak monsters with low intelligence appeared there, so there were none he couldn't fend off on his own.

He became so immersed in his practice that he lost track of time. Before he knew it, night had arrived.

"All right, that feels like a good place to stop for today."

He spoke with a level of intelligence one would never have expected from a five-year-old. He then refilled his canteen at a lake and leaned back against a tree to rest.

"I want to become an even greater champion than Dad so that I can protect this beautiful world," stated the boy, staring up at the star-filled sky. Once again, this proclamation displayed a surprising level of comprehension for a young child.

"Huh...?"

That was when it happened. Something appeared in the sky that looked less like a shooting star and more like a bright mass of energy. As though on cue, it began to descend as soon as the boy took notice of it. The object crashed near a big tree in the forest.

"D-did something just fall?!"

The boy bolted to the impact site, moving as if drawn to it. At his age, it was difficult for him to contain his curiosity, and his legs hurried to carry him to the tree.

"Is that...a person?!"

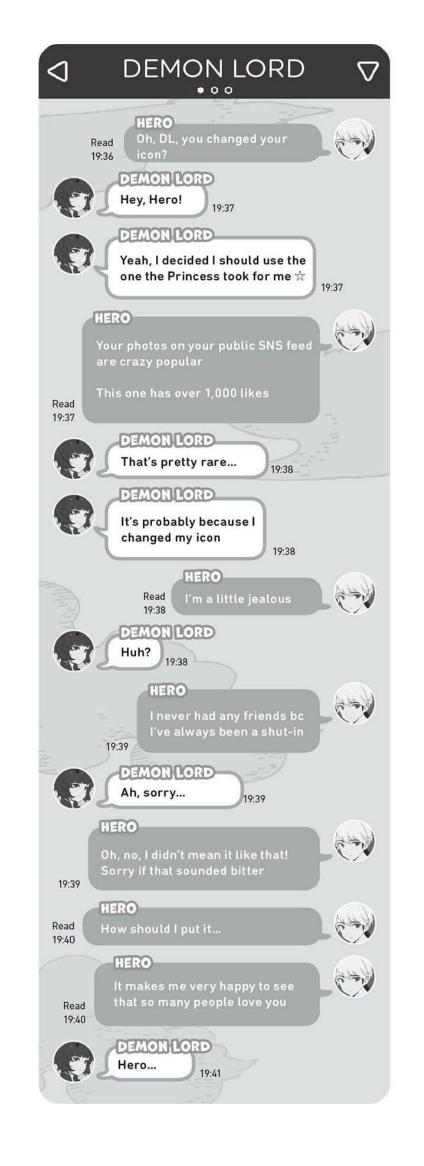
Although still a few dozen paces away, the young child spotted the unmistakable shape of a person. The foliage around them had been burned, likely from the explosive crash. Undoubtedly, this person was what had fallen. However...

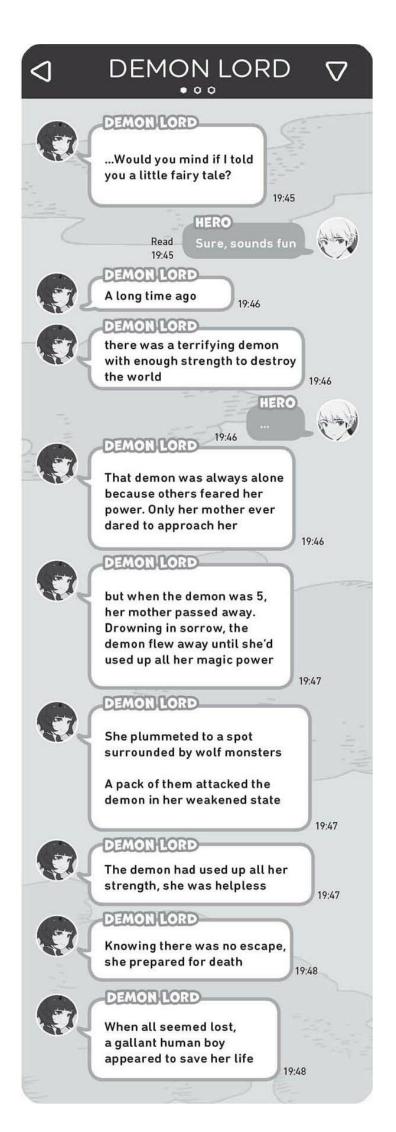
"They're surrounded!"

A pack of wolf monsters had emerged from the forest, happy for easy prey. Weakly, the person in the crater opened their eyes. Upon realizing their predicament, their face went pale.

"I need to save them!!"

The boy gripped his practice sword and charged heroically at the monsters.

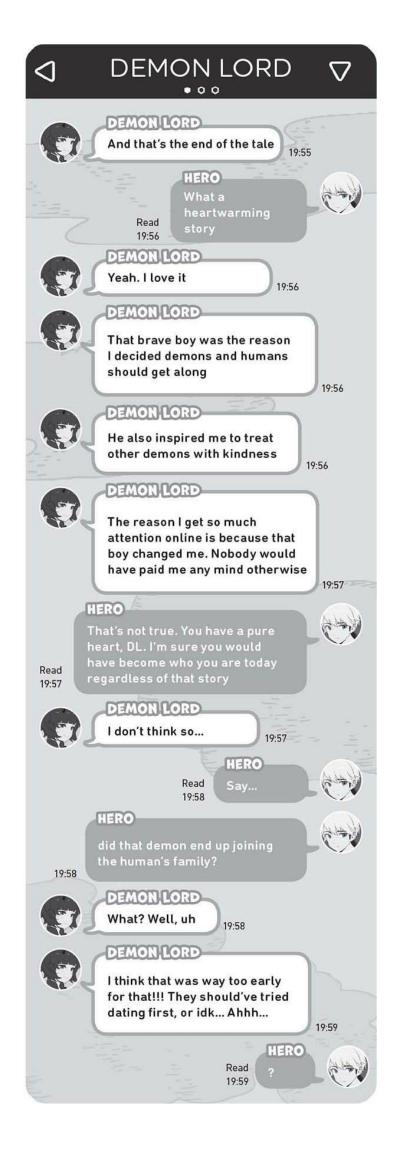


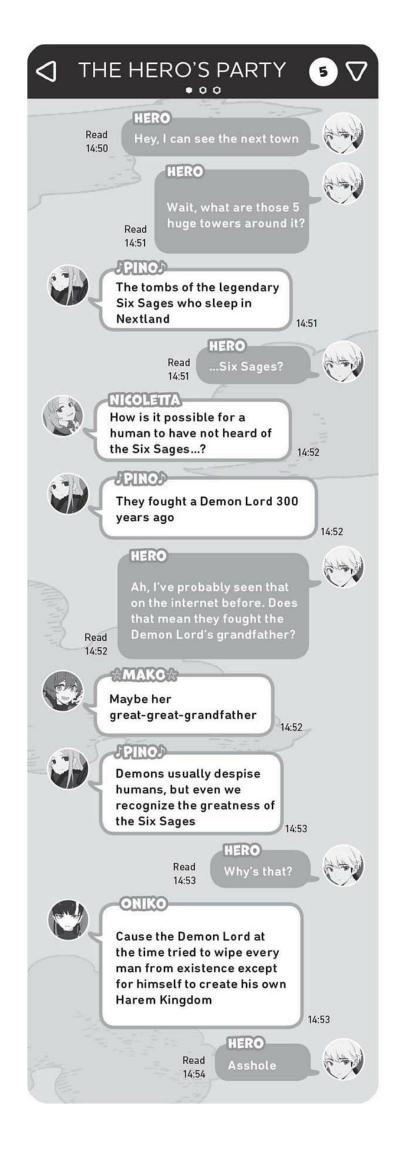


DEMON LORD DEMON LORD The boy cut down all the wolves in an instant 19:50 DEMON LORD He extended a hand to the demon and asked if she was okay 19:50 DEMON LORD but demons and humans were enemies. Thus, the demon hesitated 19:51 DEMON LORD The boy then saw the demon's horns and immediately realized what she was 19:51 DEMON LORD yet without a hint of prejudice, he said, "Those horns are beautiful" 19:51 DEMON LORD It was something the demon's mother had often said 19:51 DEMON LORD Suddenly, the demon was spilling her entire life story to the boy 19:52 DEMON LORD She told him her mom was dead and that she didn't know where to go 19:52 DEMON LORD She was all alone 19:52 DEMON LORD The gallant boy then took the demon's hand and said: 19:52 DEMON LORD "You can join my family" 19:52 DEMON LORD Tears began to flow from the

demon's eyes

19:53

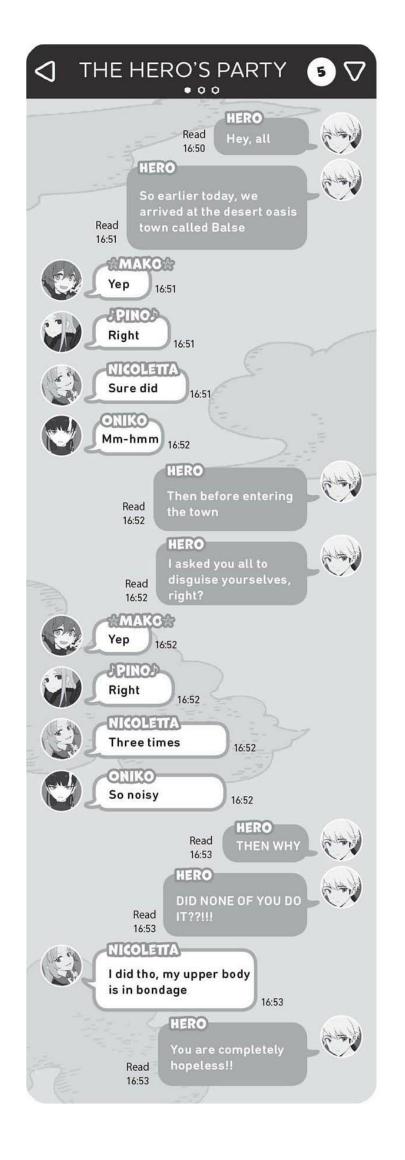


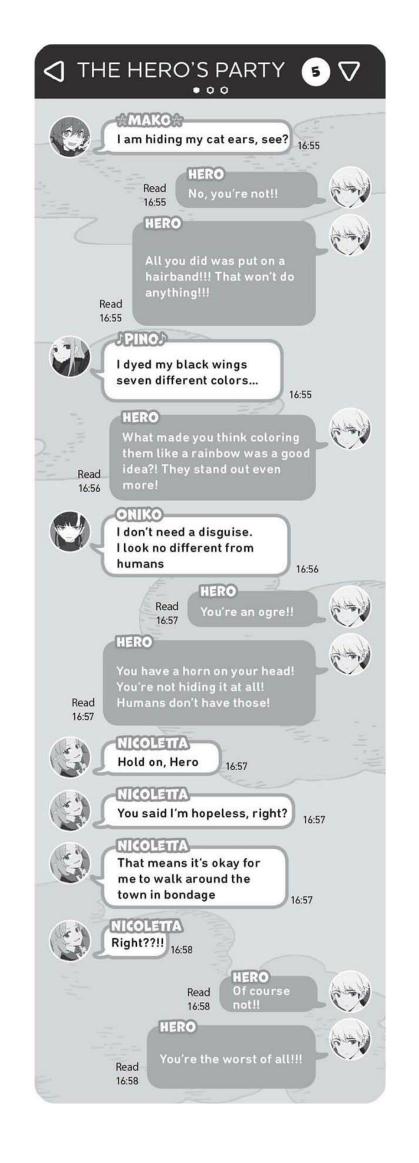
























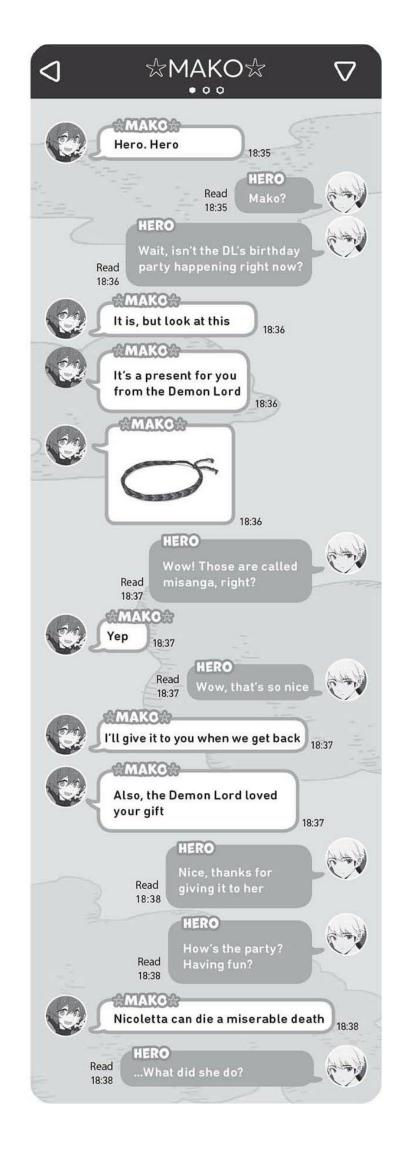


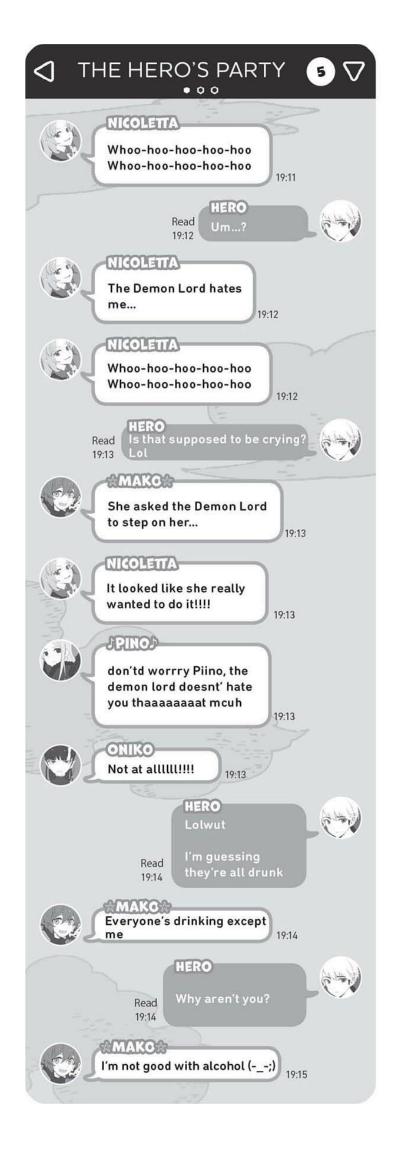


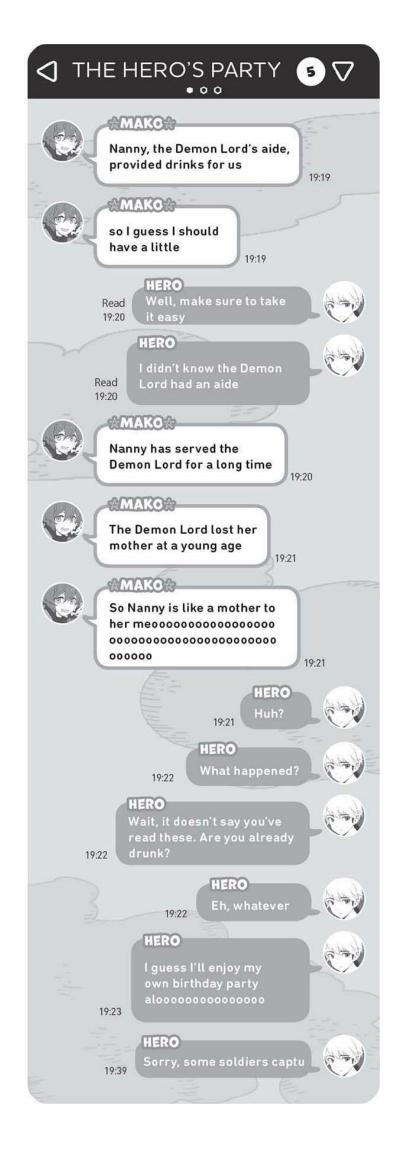












When the Demon Lord returned to the party from the bathroom, there was an uproar.

The Demon Lord, who was wearing a gorgeous jet-black dress, was the star of the celebration, but the five hundred or so female demons in attendance were all afraid that they would be incinerated if they didn't maintain magical barriers when in her presence.

"..."

A hint of gloom crept into the Demon Lord's expression. She used to emit power strong enough to disintegrate anyone in her vicinity until she was five, but thanks to eight years in the Holy Spring, she no longer possessed that dreadful ability.

It was even safe for her to interact with humans now. Her time spent with the Princess, a powerless young woman, was proof enough of that.

Sadly, old impressions and rumors didn't die easily. Some looked on in envy at the Demon Lord's beauty and strength, but most kept their distance.

Many of the demons attended the party simply to score some points with the greatest of their kind. Whether it was asking for poverty relief or wanting permission to maintain control of old captured human territory, they always came to her with their problems and petitions.

Naturally, the Demon Lord understood what they were trying to do, and she knew that the great majority of the "likes" that she got on social media were also just given to get on her good side.

"...Hey, Princess."

The Demon Lord spotted the beautiful (on the outside) girl whom she had accidentally abducted from LMAO Castle. The Princess looked exceedingly noble in the brand-new, custom-made dress that the Demon Lord had ordered for her. Despite her graceful appearance, she was hurriedly tasting and comparing the hundreds of cakes that had been prepared for the event.

"Oh, Demon Lord! H-h-h-how do you do?" the Princess said upon spotting her.

"How are the cakes? I heard that Nanny carefully selected the very best from among those that are popular in human society," the Demon Lord stated with a smile.

"They're all absurdly delicious! I can't believe that food this good is truly real! My father is always trying to save money, so I could never have imagined this level of extravagance back at my castle!"

The Princess could not stop stuffing herself, even with her beloved Demon Lord right in front of her.

The Demon Lord didn't see the behavior as rude. Instead, she found it endearing. Obviously, the Princess harbored an uncommon level of affection for her, which made things slightly uncomfortable. Still, the Demon Lord appreciated that the Princess expressed her true feelings rather than hiding them. There was no deceit.

The Demon Lord didn't trust the Princess over the Demon Generals, of course, but she was grateful for her openness. It was a world away from the female demons who smiled to the Demon Lord's face while whispering things like "Make sure to keep your distance from the Demon Lord" and "Don't forget your shield" behind her back.

"I'm glad you like them. Enjoy the party to the fullest, Princess. I asked Nanny to make your bed for you. If you get tired or have too much to drink, you can rest in your room."

"What?! Aren't we sleeping in the same bed tonight?!"

"...I don't remember promising anything like that..."

"Are you kidding me?! You said you would, Dilly!"

"Who is Dilly?"

The Demon Lord skillfully dodged the Princess's advances and began walking back to her seat.

"Demon Lord! Good day to you. I am the vice commander of the Dullahan

Tribe. I am honored to celebrate your birth on this most inauspicious of days, for you are both the heavens and evil incarnate—"

"Demon Lord, what a lovely day this is. I am the wife of the leader of the Troll Tribe. You recently rejected my husband's proposed invasion of a human settlement over SNS—"

"Demon Lord, I—I—I am the I-I-leader of the s-s-skeletons. I h-h-heard that you want p-p-peace with the humans. As a f-f-former human in life, I am g-g-greatly moved—"

"Hey, can't you all see you're bothering the Demon Lord? You should be ashamed of your greed. Ah, pardon the interruption, Demon Lord. I am Mino, a secretary for Minotaur Group LLC. We have a contract we would love you to take a look at—"

One demon representative after another foisted their request upon the Demon Lord, competing for her attention with various forms of flattery.

This was easy to forget given the cease-fire established three years prior, but there were some among these demons whose diet had consisted primarily of humans, and others who had kept them as slaves. Such activities had been their livelihood, but now they couldn't even invade human land without permission from the Demon Lord.

Many demons had lost their families to human warriors and pleaded with the Demon Lord for revenge.

The Demon Lord didn't intend to make light of their petitions, but she ensured that none of her people would harm humans.

However, there were those sly negotiators who sidled up with contracts designed to swindle money from the Demon Lord's estate. The young woman was inexperienced in such matters, so she left the negotiations to her trusted aides.

"Hey, listen up! The Demon Lord is clearly exhausted, so that is enough for tonight."

Head in her hands, the Demon Lord looked up when Nanny, an aide who had served her family for over one hundred years, arrived to rescue her.

"Nanny!" The Demon Lord was so relieved to see her face. She quickly scurried to hide behind the old woman.

"Can't you see the toll this is taking on her? There is no way she can discuss matters with a clear head when crowded in such a fashion. Now get away! Scram!" Nanny exclaimed, quickly waving her hands to drive back the throngs of demons.

None knew if Nanny had the power to back up such a command, but her status as a direct attendant to the Demon Lord left few willing to push their luck.

"Sorry that you had to do that for me, Nanny."

"Don't worry about it. I can handle fools like them in my sleep. I have no family of my own, and I owe the Demon Lord family for graciously taking me in. You're like a granddaughter to me, my lord."

"Thank you."

The Demon Lord sighed, and she scanned the venue for someone she could talk to without reserve... Unfortunately, there was no such person in attendance. Her trusted members of the Demon Generals—Mako, Nicoletta, Pino, and Oniko—were nowhere to be seen.

"...Huh? Nanny, do you know where the Demon Generals went?"

"Ah, yes. They are all currently indisposed, likely from overindulgence of alcohol. I carried them to their beds while you were in the bathroom."

"Really? Thank you, Nanny."

"It was nothing, child. I only did what is expected of me. I am sure they were tired from their journey with the Hero as well."

"Huh, but..." A single doubt rose in the Demon Lord's mind. "Mako doesn't drink. Did she pass out, too?"

"...Yes. She was undoubtedly overjoyed to see you again after so long apart. I'm afraid she collapsed almost immediately. She doesn't handle her liquor well, it seems."

It didn't make sense to the Demon Lord that Mako would drink in her

presence. After all, the beastman was bad with alcohol. Still, she couldn't imagine that Nanny would lie.

"...I see."

"Okay, it is almost time to end this party. I'm sure you're tired, so I will handle the closing remarks. You go on to bed, dear."

"Yeah, I'll do that. Thank you, Nanny."

The two exchanged a smile and walked side by side. Any strangers who saw them would have mistaken the pair for a grandmother and granddaughter.

No sooner had the Demon Lord returned to her room than she flopped on the bed.

She may have brought this on herself by driving out her father, the Demon Overlord, but she was fed up with parties. They made for good opportunities to improve relations between demons and humans, but talking to so many people was exhausting.

"Haaah..."

The Demon Lord buried her head in the sheets and sighed.

How wonderful would it be if she had a person who loved her by her side at times like these? The visage of a certain boy appeared in the back of her mind.

They had never met. Well, technically, they had seen each other once. Plus, in the social-media era, you could see what someone looked like even if you had never met them via their profile picture. The icon didn't tell her everything about him, but she was still grateful that she could see his face despite the distance between them.

"Hero...," the Demon Lord muttered to herself. She then rolled onto her back and lifted her smartphone. She checked her messages, but there was nothing from the Hero.

She felt a sudden wave of emotion and tapped his icon to enlarge it. A relaxed smile spread across her lips.

Thoughts of what he was doing began to drift about her mind. He was likely relaxing after enjoying dinner in Balse. It then occurred to the Demon Lord that

he wouldn't be training with Oniko that night, so she tapped on their text thread and sent him a message.

[What are you doing right now?]

It felt unlikely that he'd respond immediately, but the Demon Lord's heart still pounded as she waited for the notification that he'd read her text. One, two, five minutes passed, yet he still hadn't checked it.

He's been sleeping outside his entire journey, so he's probably taking this chance to enjoy a good night's rest in a soft bed, the Demon Lord reasoned.

"Ah..."

Her eyes caught the strap dangling from her phone—a birthday present from the Hero. Two little wooden people dangled from a thin thread. The Demon Lord had attached the gift to her smartphone as soon as she'd received it from Mako, but things had been too busy during the banquet to examine it.

One of the figures looked like a sweet girl with horns on her head, and the other was a brave boy holding a sword. When the Demon Lord looked closely at the girl, she could tell that the Hero had glued on the horns himself.

"Ha-ha..."

Smiling, the Demon Lord tapped the trinket. This caused the girl to peck the boy on the cheek, and the Demon Lord blushed a deep shade of red.

If only days like this could last forever..., the Demon Lord thought as she calmly drifted off to sleep.

Late at night, when all the attendees had left the castle and all the maids were asleep, someone slinked down the corridors of the palace, holding a candle.

Her body was hunched. She struck her hip with one hand and let out a sigh, then made a thin, creepy smile that suggested some plot of hers was progressing exactly according to plan.

"All capable of standing in our way will be extirpated," she muttered. The crone opened a hidden door somewhere in the wall of the passage, which led to a chamber where four demons were sleeping comfortably on the floor. It was

Mako, Nicoletta, Pino, and Oniko, the members of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals.

"As I am now, I cannot kill you. But I can manage this."

The old woman set her candle on a desk in the hidden room and began to chant a spell under her breath. The window in the secret chamber then blew open, and she screamed, "Kazoomkle!"

Four times, she intoned the spell, and with each incantation, a member of the Demon Generals was enveloped by luminous particles and hurled out the window. Unlike the teleportation spell Zoomkle, which sent you to a specified location, Kazoomkle flung the target to a totally random, faraway place.

"...The Demon Generals have been broken and scattered...and the Deepsleep Whiskey will have them out for a while yet...," the old woman said with glee, though slightly out of breath. Kazoomkle wasn't incredibly advanced magic and didn't require much power to use, but casting it four times in a row had to be a lot for one her age.

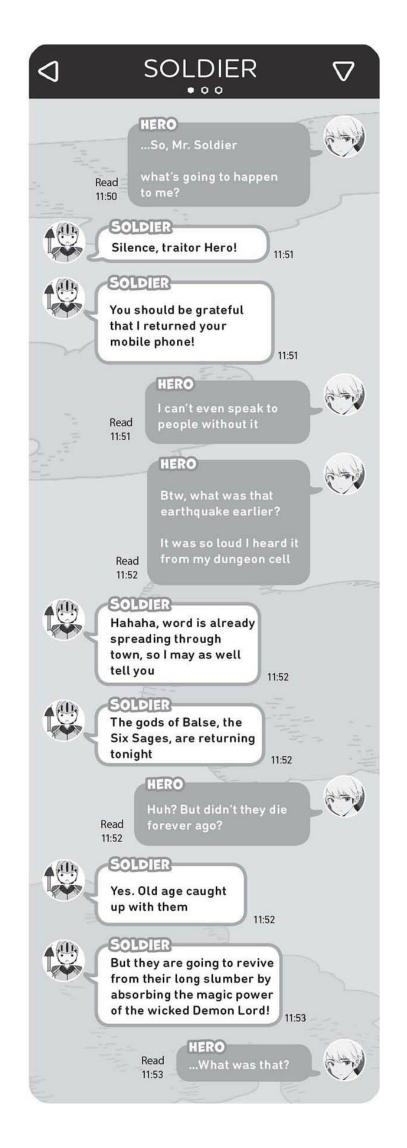
"It's almost time... Nyeh-nyeh, now, if I can just get ahold of that body..."

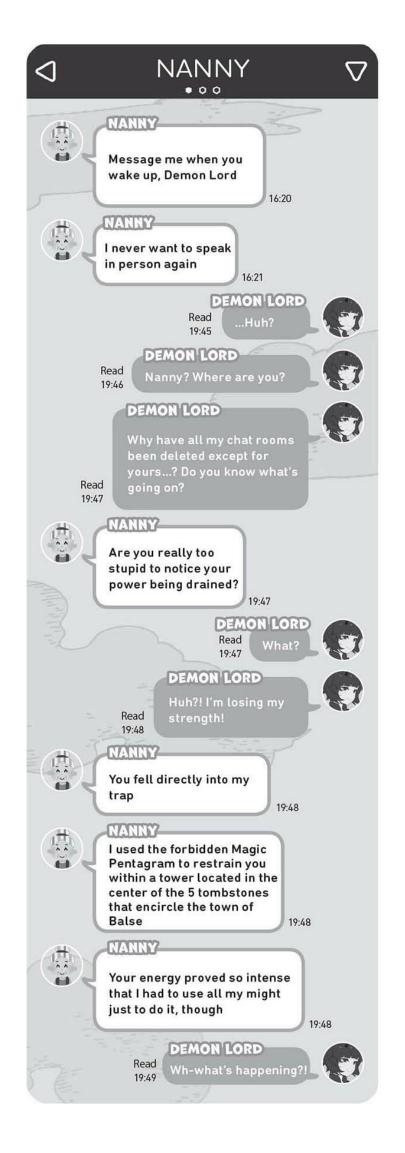
Wind blew in softly from the window, causing the flame of the candle to illuminate her face. The light revealed none other than the aide who served the Demon Lord family for hundreds of years, the woman whom the Demon Lord thought of as a mother-like figure—Nanny. A sinister grin rested on her face.

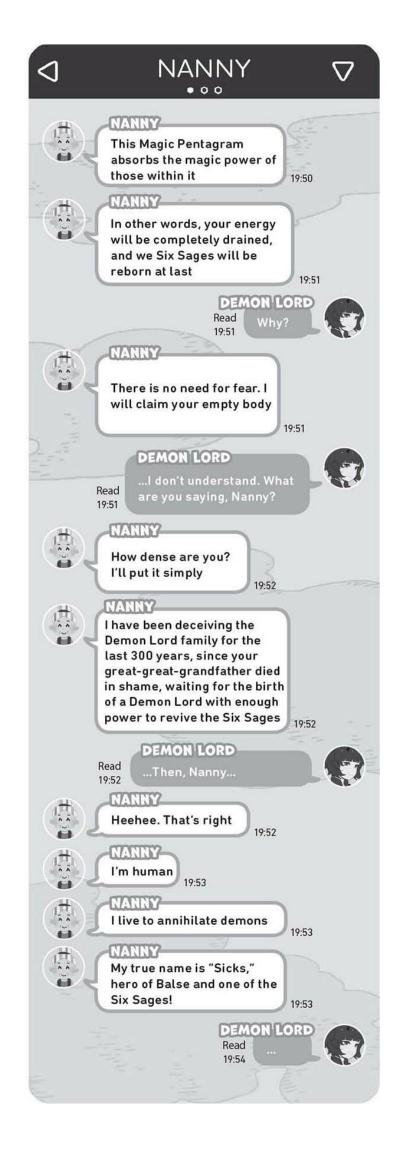




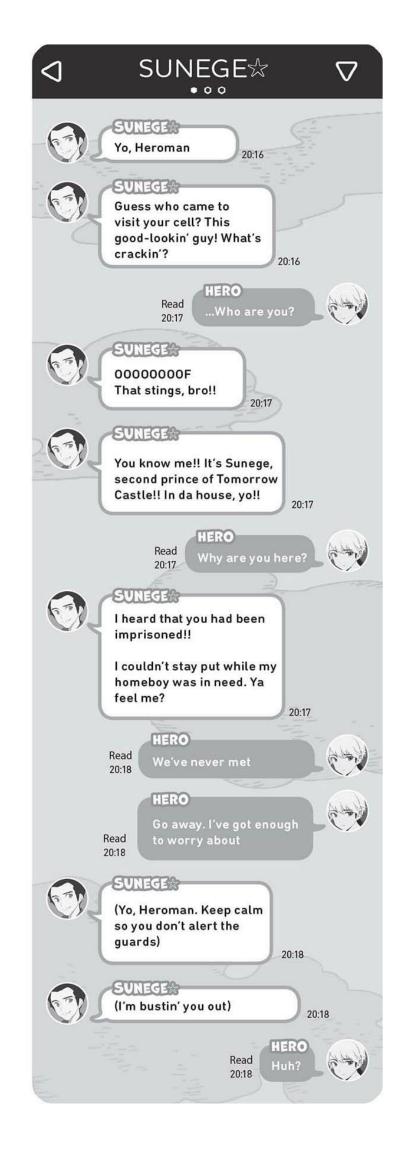




















The Hero looked up at the sky as he raced through the pitch-dark desert. It was cold enough for him to see his breath.

It was his fault that the Demon Lord had been captured. That wasn't going to be easy to forget, though this was hardly the time for wallowing.

"Always choose to look ahead over dwelling on regrets. If you fail, then think of the best way to fix it and keep moving forward." Something the Hero's father had once said to him surfaced in his mind.

Papatega wasn't the best father, but the Hero did look up to him to an extent, and the man was a former hero in his own right. Perhaps that saying was one passed down through the Hero's family for many generations. It could even carry some mysterious power. While unlikely, the Hero decided that this was true.

The girl he was reaching out to would probably kill him once he saved the Demon Lord. But after telling himself that such a fate would (hopefully) be nothing compared with Oniko's training, the Hero messaged Nicoletta's little sister, Cass.

[Hey, Cass, how's it going? Sorry to bother you, but I've got a request.]

[Wow, bold of you to ask me for something after ignoring, like, all my messages, you know where you stand, right, you must get how I feel sending you messages all this time, so first of all, I'm going to have to demand nine liters of blood as an apology. Do you know what that means? Lolol. An adult human male only has about four and a half liters of blood, so you'll be offering me, like, two people's worth of blood as a compulsory tribute, but it's the right thing to do if you think about it, although, even if you gave it to me, I wouldn't be allowed to drink it because that Demon Lord girl has outlawed all vampires from drinking human blood, so you'll be breaking her rules, but as long as you're okay with that...]

Her message continued like this for a while.

The Hero had known what he was getting into when he had texted her.

If her words alone are this overpowering, what in the world is she like in real life...? The Hero paled at the mere thought. While they were communicating over the internet, he read every word so as not to be impolite. When Cass's messages finally slowed, he quickly explained his reason for reaching out to her.

[...Wow, that sounds fun.] In a break from her usually obsessive behavior, Cass got on board surprisingly quick. Maybe she was glad to have someone ask her for help for the first time in her life.

Cass's socialization had always been very one-sided. She wound up running a popular blog somewhat accidentally through the simple process of posting about her hobbies and her sister's sexual fetishes. Never had someone come to her asking for a favor.

Like the Hero, she was a shut-in, so he could guess what kind of personality she had and what she would want in return.

[I'll get back to you with text files after I gather enough info. This won't take long!]

Unlike her in previous messages, Cass's sentences were now short and only conveyed what was necessary.

It turned out that being a shut-in did have its advantages. Cass was a good writer, she was proficient at getting things done quickly, and she worked with precision because she was experienced with locating and uploading accurate data. The risk of online backlash had honed her into the sort who meticulously verified their stories before posting them.

"Okay..."

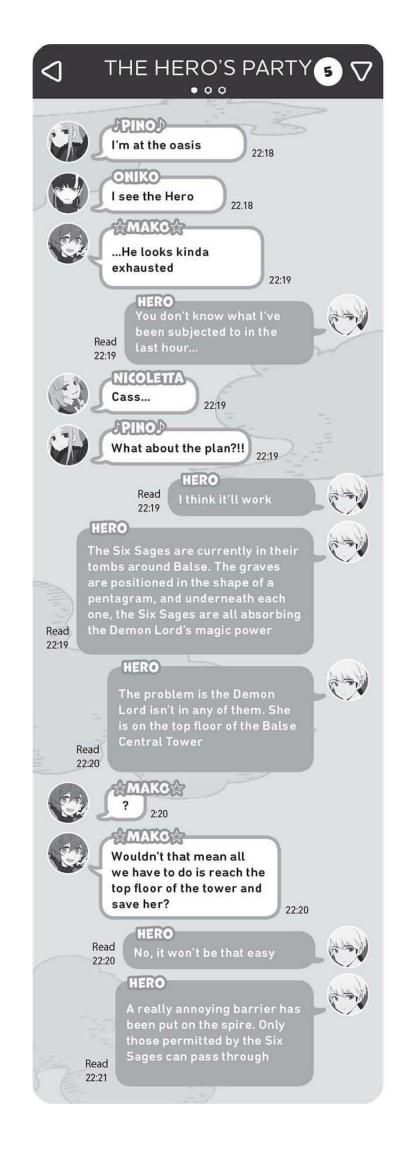
A small wave of relief washed over the Hero when he received the fruits of Cass's efforts.

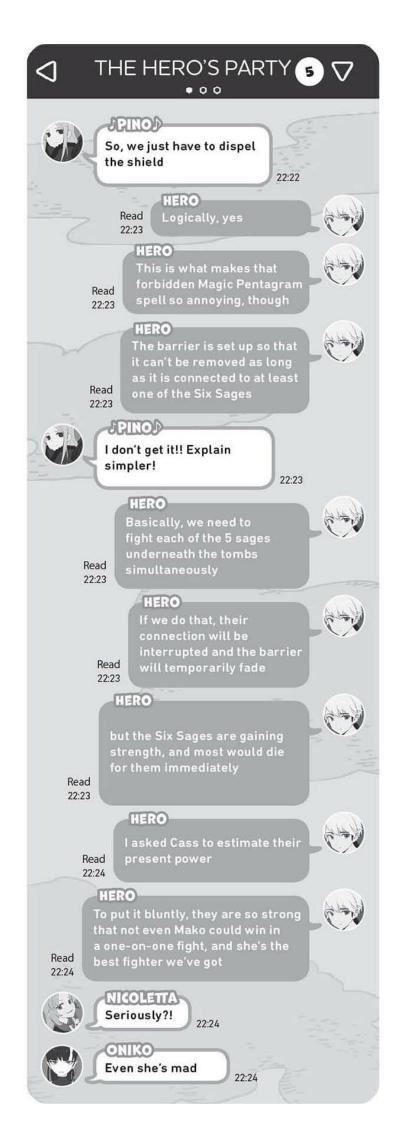
"...This is gonna work!"

The Hero immediately checked through each document, and every time he responded, Cass would get back to gathering more intel about the Six Sages and the town of Balse.

Unfortunately, Cass was a little too quick at her work. In every free moment,

she would messages.	continue	to	bombard	the	Hero	with	incredibly	long	stalker-style

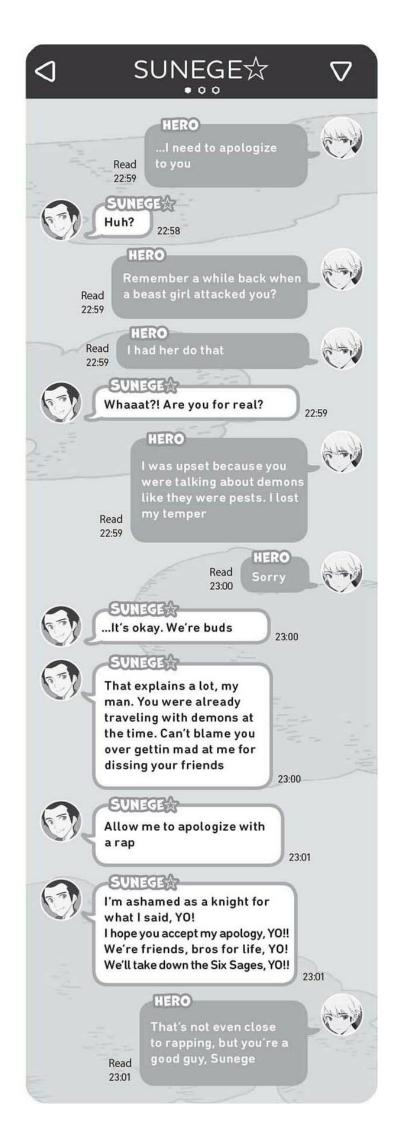












THE HERO'S PARTY • 0 0 MAKO ... Hero, let's hear your plan 23:05 HERO Read 23:06 HERO The Six Sages are easy to keep straight because they're named after numbers Read 23:06 HERO Fyve, and Sicks Read 23:06 NICOLETTA Who's taking who? 23:06 HERO Read 23:06 HERO Sage [Wonn] vs Mako Stronger than the others Weakness is arthritis in right shoulder Sage [Tew] vs Oniko Weakness is revival magic, surprisingly Sage [Thrie] vs Pino Strong up close but bad against ranged magic Sage [Fore] vs Nicoletta Strong against magic but mentally weak Sage [Fyve] vs Hamige bros Weakest sage but need to watch for insta-kill magic Sage [Sicks] vs Hero Read I'll fight her once the barrier is dispelled 23:06 ONIKO Okay, simple enough 23:07 NICOLETTA Nice handwriting, Hero. Lol 23:07 HERO Read 23:07



I was always alone.

Always in solitude.

The Demon Lord was only three years old when she first felt that way. It was around then that her power first began to show itself, and the things she touched began to decay and melt.

She was still a young child, so she found it fun and started touching anything that captured her interest. One day, however, she poked a sturdy, steel-made toy and watched it crumble. Unable to understand what had happened, she started crying and threw herself at her mother, who was still alive at the time.

"There, there. I know that was scary. But you're okay now. See, you can touch Mommy and Daddy. We're not going to melt."

Every time the Demon Lord sobbed, her mother would soothe her by patting her on the head and gently talking her down. None understood the Demon Lord the way her mother did.

Despite her fears, the Demon Lord's power grew steadily greater. Eventually, the ground beneath her began to melt, and those with low magic power feared that merely standing in her presence would destroy them.

An official notice was then issued to every demons to keep a healthy distance from the Demon Lord under all circumstances. She was forbidden from interacting with anyone other than her parents or her aide, Nanny. Any who saw her approaching in the castle turned and fled.

When the Demon Lord was five, her mother died of illness.

Officially, the story was that the woman had been terminally ill. However, the Demon Lord was old enough to wonder if she had been the real cause of her parent's condition.

Young though she was, her power already eclipsed her father's, and even he started vomiting blood when he touched her. From then on, the Demon Lord was denied physical contact with her family, and she fell into total isolation.

The days that followed were spent alone.

The Demon Lord had to keep her distance from her mother's bed when she watched the woman. Despite the risk, however, her mother mustered the last of her strength to call her daughter toward her. She then hugged her and said, "I love you, Demon Lord... I know there is—"

The Demon Lord could only barely hear her mother over her own sobs. After expressing her undying love, the Demon Lord's mother departed this world.

```
...Mom, why did you die...?
...Was it because of my terrible power...?
...It was my fault...
...I killed Mom...
It didn't take long for the Demon Lord to reach this conclusion.
"Wahhhhhhhhh!!!"
```

While wailing, she unleashed an explosion of magic power and took off flying from the Demon Lord Castle.

The Demon Overlord pursued her immediately, but the five-year-old was already the strongest creature on the planet, and he had no chance of catching her. If any humans had happened to glance up at the right time, all they would've seen was a distant object hurtling through the sky faster than a shooting star.

Mom died because of me.

Other demons are suffering because of me.

Humans despise me.

What should I do?

Mom is gone.

I make things hard on Dad.

...Being alive is too painful.

Everyone hates me...

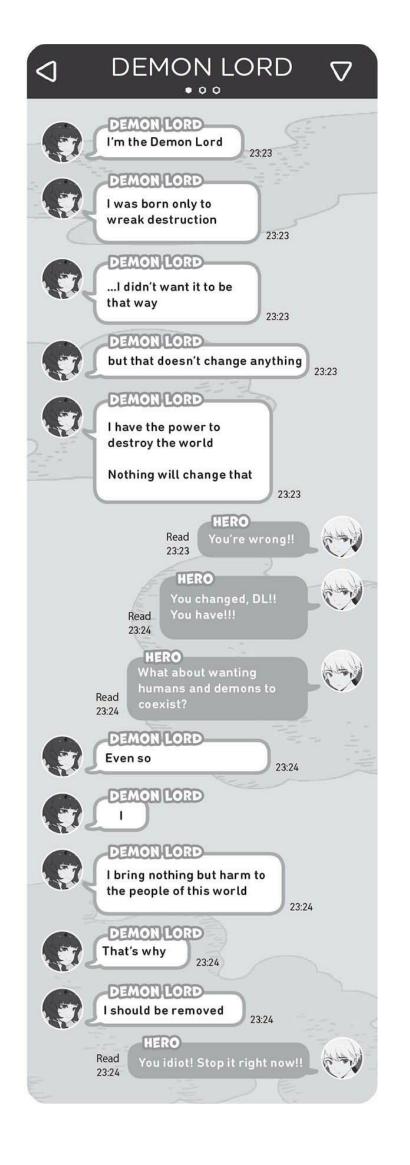
The world would be better off...

...if I didn't exist.

Hopeless, the Demon Lord flew until she exhausted her magic power, the life source of demonkind, and crashed into a big tree in some unknown land.

I should just die.

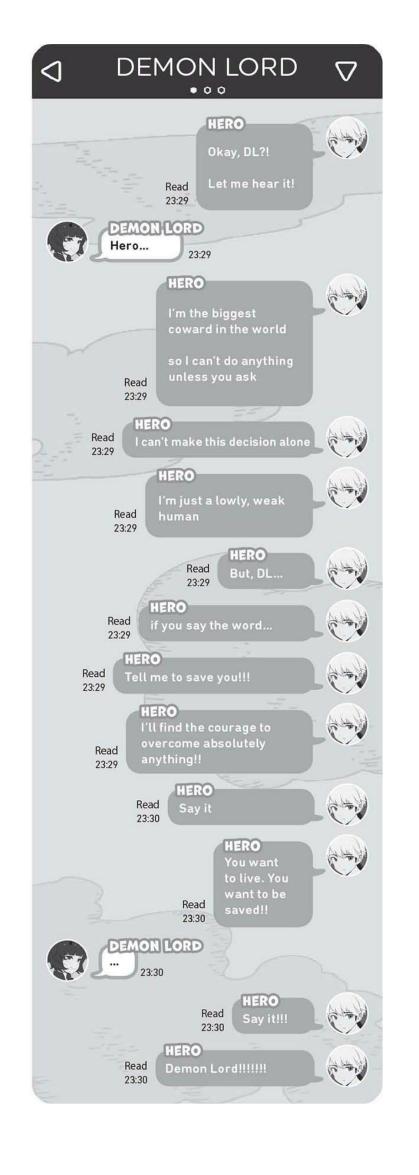




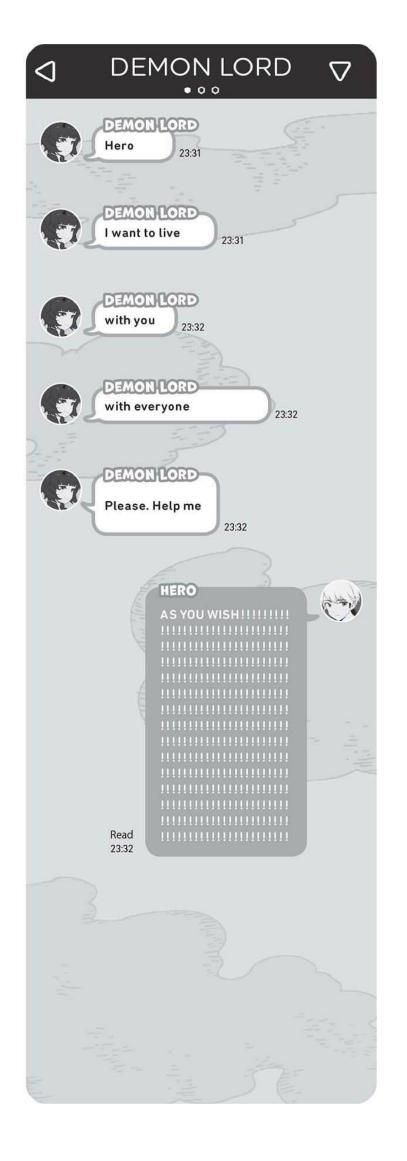


DEMON LORD • 0 0 HERO Read 23:25 HERO people. I'm shy and difficult to get along Read 23:25 HERO that I'd spend the rest of my life alone in that dark room Read 23:26 HERO Read 23:26 HERO Read 23:26 HERO Read 23:26 DEMON LORD Me ...? 23:26 HERO Read 23:26 HERO Read 23:26 Read 23:27 DEMON LORD But I... 23:27 HERO Read 23:27 HERO You don't get to decide that Read 23:27

DEMON LORD .00 HERO Read 23:27 HERO Read 23:28 So what if you're the Demon Lord?! Read 23:28 HERO Read 23:28 DEMON LORD 23:28 HERO Read attempt hurting you 23:28 HERO Read 23:28 HERO 23:28 HERO Because I want us to live Read 23:28

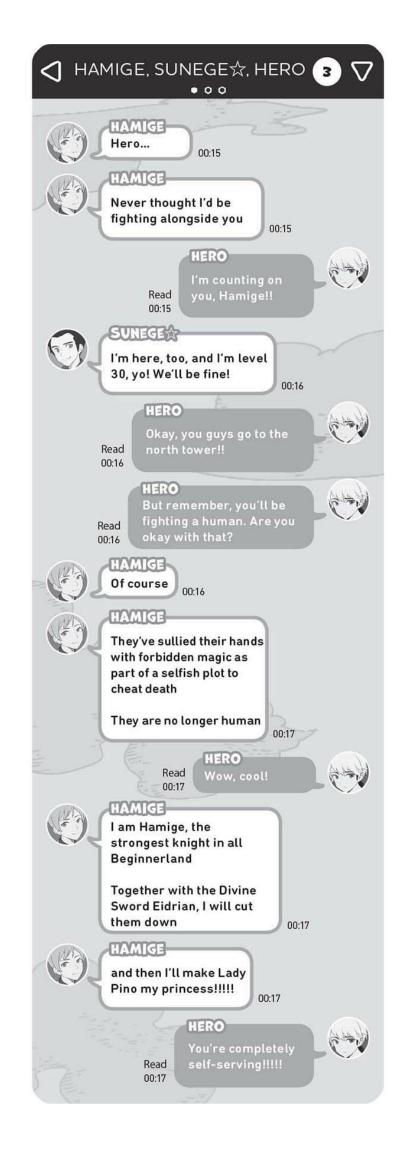










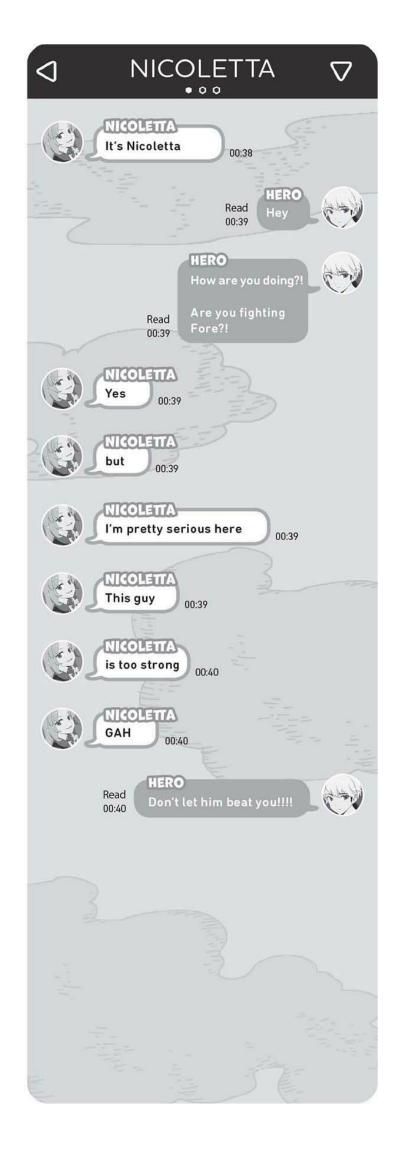












The Principality of Balse rested in the middle of the desert, surrounded by a permanent cloud of sand.

Rain was rare. No one would argue that living in such a place was easy, but the king had built his nation there for two reasons. The first was the defense that the harsh environment provided against invaders. The second was to ensure that the remains of the legendary humans known as the "Ira Sutoya" could rest in peace deep below the earth.

These champions were a party of six people who had been assembled to put a stop to a previous Demon Lord's destructive whims. They eventually triumphed and enjoyed great praise for it.

Unfortunately, this sextet was also filled with maniacs who refused to accept death.

A *hero* was one who possessed a strong sense of justice and couldn't turn a blind eye to people in need. They were the sort who'd risk it all to help others. The six entombed below Balse were not regarded as *heroes* but rather *sages*, and that was not without reason.

Not one of them was a kind person, nor did any possess a strong conscience. They'd only challenged the Demon Lord to flaunt their strength.

It was rumored that before their climactic struggle against the embodiment of evil, the Six Sages had all been deviants who enjoyed toying with humans and demons alike.

They carried out merciless experiments on the demons they captured, seeking to find the most painful methods of death. By sapping souls and strength from others, they extended their own life spans. At times, they'd even resort to stealing bodies.

The Six Sages were not ordinary people. They were just as twisted by insanity as the Demon Lord of their era, and that was what had enabled them to oppose him.

There was no denying they were infinitely strong. They were also shrewd

strategists.

After they fought the Demon Lord, they formed a plan to rest their injured bodies for hundreds of years and then recover their youth by using someone with extremely strong and terrible magic power. They sealed themselves away in a safe location and hypnotized generations of Balse kings into building a suitable environment for their scheme.

As a result, the tombs constructed for the Six Sages underneath the town of Balse were vast and tough. Astoundingly, the catacombs were larger than the castle town above. Iron and stone encased the structures, blocking out all light.

The expansive desert terrain of the Balse region enabled the tombs to be arranged in the shape of a pentagon, and the Six Sages had also constructed a solid prison to ensure their safety for when it came time to absorb the impossibly strong magic power of someone like the current Demon Lord.

"...Okay."

After she finished messaging the Hero, Mako flicked the smartphone in her right hand into the air with her thumb. The object soared above her messy red hair and floated there. Its liquid-crystal display captured Wonn performing his warm-up exercises.

Wonn had the elderly body of a human man in his late seventies. However, his glossy skin and the black aura flowing from his form were proof enough that he had already absorbed some of the Demon Lord's power.

"I'm not the type to enjoy hitting girls, little missy," Wonn admitted suddenly in a near whisper. Make twitched, unable to hide her anger.

"...How *gentlemanly* of you. Naturally, that means it's okay for you to absorb magic power from the Demon Lord, who happens to be a girl, right?" Mako spat.

Her smartphone landed cleanly into her pocket, and she folded her arms and glared threateningly at Wonn.

"Don't be ridiculous. The Demon Lord is a cretin that must be eliminated—regardless of gender. That *thing* cannot be called a girl. It is a repulsive creature that plunges the world into fear. It is a malign god of destruction that steals

countless lives."

A crease formed on the brow of Mako's usually sweet face. "...This is actually a relief, you know. You being this much of a piece of trash is going to make this easier, meow."

The beastman demon stretched her neck and glowered at Wonn as if she were looking at a worm. She then concentrated her animalistic instincts and dropped into a crouch to release the overwhelming force in her legs. Mako was the fastest member of the Demon Generals, and all that strength was currently leveled at this old man who had dared to cross her master.

"Hoh-hoh. A lowly beast could never hope to stop me as I am now."

Wonn, who was considered the mightiest among the Ira Sutoya Six Sages, waved his hands and assumed a martial-arts stance—that of a style that aimed to suppress the opponent's power.

The ominous ebon vapor flowing from his body collected around his hands and feet. His honed combat senses made it extremely easy for him to master the vast magic power he had absorbed from the Demon Lord already.

Just like the guy said, he is definitely stronger than me "as he is now." He has experience fighting a previous Demon Lord on equal footing, and he's leeching the Demon Lord's magic power. If my strength as the strongest of the Demon Generals is a seventy, his strength is a one hundred, meow.

Mako's body burned with anger, but her mind was cool. She could tell instantly from her opponent's flawless guard alone that he was stronger than any human she had ever encountered.

Thankfully, his drooping right shoulder suggested that the tip about his arthritis had been correct.

"Good job, Hero... All that's left now is to kill him," muttered Mako.

The great strength in Mako's feline legs continued to build until it caused the muscles in them to swell to double their size. With this, Mako was able to charge at the speed of sound—a feat that had earned her a reputation as the fastest individual in the entire Demon Army.

"Hoh-hoh, I'm impressed."

Wonn could sense his foe's strength and seemed to guess that holding back would not be an option.

"We probably won't be able to talk as we fight, so I'll go ahead and speak my mind now. You all lured the Demon Lord into a trap by taking advantage of her pure heart and kindness. You betrayed her wish to improve relations between demons and humans... For that reason, I'm going to kill you," Mako stated.

"...Then allow me this reply. I can't imagine a more absurd notion than unity with wickedness given form. And a beast like you should know better than to defy a human," Wonn answered.

A second later, the two combatants disappeared. Cracks began to form on the walls of the tomb. It was a fight too fast for normal eyes.

Shortly after Mako and Wonn began their clash, Oniko was staring fixedly at the sage named Tew in the southeast tomb.

"...Call yourself a Six Sage or whatever the fuck else you like, but you're just a bigoted old man," Oniko snarled, lifting her club and resting it on her shoulder. Tew was small of stature, only reaching four feet tall, but he was floating in the air to meet his enemy's eyes.

"You have an unthinkably dirty mouth for a girl. That's a reflection of your poor upbringing," Tew fired back in a mocking tone.

Like Wonn, he had also siphoned power from the Demon Lord, and dark energy radiated from his body. As the atmosphere of the room grew increasingly strained, both settled into their combat stances.

The Hero told me that revival magic is effective against this guy, but why? I could just try using Relife repeatedly, but he's clearly stronger than me. I need to avoid running out of magic power until I figure out why revival spells would hurt him.

Despite her foul mouth and massive weapon, Oniko was the sort who preferred to think things through.

Her role in battle was to heal the party, similar to a priest. However, if she ran

out of MP, which were the magic points that enabled one to use spells, she became the kind of club-wielding muscle-brain you'd expect a lot of demons to be.

Oniko had made it into the Demon Generals because of her huge MP supply and talent for recovery magic. She was also quite skilled with teleportation spells.

"Hey, ogre, are you just going to stand there? Not that someone of your level of strength would stand a chance against an immortal like me," Tew jeered.

"...Huh? Immortal?"

"Did you not wonder how the Six Sages, who perished three hundred years ago, still manage to walk the realm of the living? ...Well, you'll understand soon enough."

After that ominous statement, Tew's left arm suddenly separated from his body and plopped to the ground. It was as if he had cut it off himself.

"God, that's disgusting! What the hell was that?!"

"If that surprised you, just wait for what comes next."

The severed limb steadily grew in size, eventually forming into a second Tew. It didn't just look like him; by cutting off a part of his body, he'd created a second self just as authentic as the original.

And he didn't stop there. Tew lopped off his right arm, his legs, and even his limbless torso from under his neck. Before long, there were five copies for a total of six Tews. The original sprouted a new little body as though it were the most natural thing in the world.

"After sacrificing many lives during long years of experimentation, this is the strongest magic I managed to create. They may be products of fission, but they are all just as capable as I am. You know what that means, right? You have to fight six of me at once, each of us possessing the strength of one of the Six Sages."

Evidently, Tew was quite proud of himself, as he and his duplicates all grinned eerily at the original's pompous monologue.

"...It is seriously creepy watching six of the same face smile at the same time," Oniko said with an expression of disgust. She spit on the ground in evidence of that. "I should have known all you Six Sages were off your rocker. I don't give a damn about the lives you've already sacrificed, but whether they be demon or human, none of them will be able to rest in peace after dying for your stupid research. I pity their souls."

"What are you saying? My subjects offered themselves to me. For me and the prosperity of this world."

"Ha, are you saying the Demon Lord offered her magic power to you of her own volition? If so, then you're just delusional. I doubt any of them were willing, which would mean you forced them all to participate."

Irritated, Oniko swung her club through the air with her right hand, then pointed her left hand at Tew in a threatening pose.

"...Quit your yappin' already and come at me. Talkin' to you makes me want to puke. I'm gonna kill all six of you!"

The Tews eyed her blankly, then smirked in unison.

"Give me all you've got," they muttered before charging at Oniko.

Meanwhile, Pino was fighting Thrie in the northwest tomb. She kept her distance and prepared to use offensive magic, her specialty, by spreading her black wings wide in flight and gathering magic power in the air.

This wasn't to suggest that she possessed low amounts of magic power. It was simply because her opponent had proven to be a foe skilled enough to restrain the Demon Lord. She couldn't risk anything but her best against such an enemy.

"Hoh-hoh, you seem quite skilled," Thrie praised with ample confidence as he watched Pino soar through the sky. It was clear he wasn't taking her seriously. His body was old, but possibly due to the energy he had absorbed from the Demon Lord, he had straightened up his spine.

"You're an angel, aren't you? I heard a rumor once that some kind of heavenly tribe lives way up above the clouds. Ah, but you have black wings. Are you perhaps a fallen angel, driven out from the heavens?"

"Silence."

Pino didn't have the slightest bit of intention of talking to the sage. Unsurprisingly, much of that was because she wished to save the Demon Lord as quickly as possible, but she also feared that Thrie would discover her strategy if they continued to banter. According to the Hero's intel, Thrie excelled in melee combat. Pino wanted to control the pace of the battle as best she could and avoid getting too close.

"What terrible manners you have. I just woke up for the first time in three centuries. I would've liked a bit of decent conversation, even if you are a demon."

"..."

Although Pino knew there was no need to feel sympathy for this old man, her inner kindness distracted her for a brief moment.

"Where'd he go?!"

That was all Thrie had needed to disappear. Losing sight of him for even a split second risked disaster. Pino quickly scanned her surroundings, afraid he had fled.

He had not.

"I'm right here."

A thud reverberated through the room as a sharp pain ran up Pino's back. With speed and strength that was far beyond what any regular person could achieve, Thrie had circled quickly behind Pino and delivered a heavy kick.

"Tch!"

Pino clicked her tongue and stopped herself in the air just before she collided with the wall. If she hadn't been aware of her opponent's proficiencies, that move would have knocked her out. Thankfully, she had used a spell to bolster her defense before the fight.

"Impressive. You're slender but quite tough," remarked Thrie.

Pino maintained her posture in the air and used a recovery spell to mend her injury. Thrie watched her with an expression of ease. His blow proved there was

a significant difference in their level of strength.

"He's a monster..."

The sage significantly surpassed Pino in almost every way. Realizing this, Pino had no choice but to keep her distance and rely on what she was good at: magic. She concentrated the power she had collected from the atmosphere around her hands, shot a powerful fire spell at Thrie, then worked another bit of magic to increase her strength.

"Whoa! That's some impressive spellcasting you've got there." Despite the compliment, Thrie evaded the flames handily. "I see this could get dangerous if I don't take this seriously."

"You and your foolish Six Sages will fall here for what you've done to the Demon Lord," declared Pino.

Wasting no time, she hurled ice and wind magic at him, moving back to increase the distance between them every time she did so. Thrie was swift, and Pino blocked him with physical reflect and counterspells whenever he charged at her. The man seemed to be overjoyed at the prospect of his first strong adversary in years. Even when Pino landed a direct hit on him, he would laugh loudly and keep coming.

"Mwa-ha-ha-ha! This is great, fallen angel! Let's have some fun!"

"...You're a simpleton who only thinks of brawling. I'll burn you to a crisp!"

Having now each confirmed the other's abilities, they charged at the other with full strength, unconcerned about the walls crumbling around them.

Nicoletta had realized something the moment she stepped foot inside the tomb of the one named Fore.

"This room..."

It was starkly empty. While it was the same shape as the chambers the other members of the Demon Generals were fighting in, Nicoletta felt there was an essential element missing.

"Where are the candles, whips, and blades? Why do I not see any weapons? Are the Six Sages not professionals of torture?! No matter how far I walk, it's

just walls, walls, and more walls! What in these empty rooms could possibly satisfy me?!"

That's right. That absent necessity was pain.

Agony ruled supreme for Nicoletta, to the point that it could even be called her purpose for living. But there was nothing in the tomb that could satisfy her.

Suddenly, she hit upon an idea.

"I'll crash into the wall!!"

How she arrived at that notion was a little difficult to understand, but the vampire intended to sate her desires by whatever means necessary. Yet in a curious bit of irony, her wish for pain was granted.

"You're pretty annoying, you know."

A kindly voice speaking insulting words echoed through the chamber and was immediately followed by a powerful blow to Nicoletta's back. Fore, who had concealed himself in the dark, caught Nicoletta completely unawares and struck her with a powerful uppercut. Before she even knew what was happening, she smashed hard against the wall.

"Hey, what the heck?!!" Nicoletta screamed, not even fazed. Turning as she slid down the wall, she leveled a finger at Fore. "That attack was too fast for me to process! Unfair!"

A small amount of blood dripped from her mouth when she stood up.

"...That's because it was a surprise attack," Fore responded.

"What a waste!!!" bellowed Nicoletta. Fore stared at her in confusion, unable to comprehend what this crazy girl was so upset over.

"From now on, when you attack me, do it properly. If the attack comes too swiftly, I have no time to savor the agony. That is an unforgivable insult to pain."

Fore could not figure out why Nicoletta was upset but eventually decided she was simply off in the head.

"Well, now I know you're an absolute lunatic. Sorry about before," he said.

"Very good. Be careful next time," responded Nicoletta.

A strange atmosphere had formed between the two. Undoubtedly, it would have been too weird for any observer.

"You appear to be a vampire, but is it safe for me to assume you are an assassin in service to the Demon Lord from whom we are currently absorbing magic power?"

"That's right. But there's one more thing you should know. I am an extreme masochist. Please abuse me to your heart's content."

Fore stared at Nicoletta with his mouth agape. After a moment, he elected not to ponder on that unnecessary information for too long.

"But the Demon Lord is not a masochist," Nicoletta appended meekly. "She welcomed me with an open mind, without judging me for who I am. Other people always looked the other way and ignored me completely, but she allowed me to serve her. It had to have been embarrassing for her to choose me as a member of the Demon Generals. Do you see what I'm getting at? The Demon Lord is the nicest, greatest, and purest person in the world. All she wants is peace. For an outcast like me, she is my one shining beacon of hope."

It was rare to see Nicoletta so serious. Her reasoning made sense.

"For that reason, pain does not suit the Demon Lord, and she does not wish for it, either. You're forcing it on her for greedy designs—reasons that lack excess sadism or masochism, and are barren of love. What you've done is an arrogant act of self-pleasure."

"...H-huh."

How long is she going to go on? thought Fore.

"You tricked the Demon Lord and inflicted her with the greatest possible mental pain. In exchange, you will give me, Nicoletta, the weakest member of the Demon Generals, the greatest possible physical pain."

Fore was still having a hard time getting a sense of what exactly she wanted to say, but now that it seemed like she was done talking, he could finally get a word in.

"...Uhhh, if that's what you want, then I'll attack you now. Is that okay?" "There's no need to hold back. Come at me with all you've got!!"

"You got it."

Fore bent down into a crouch and dashed toward Nicoletta with a sonic boom. He punched, kicked, chopped, kneed, elbowed, head-butted, and hit her with every kind of physical and magical attack one could think of.

...Huh?

As Fore beat Nicoletta to a pulp, something felt off to her.

"Gah, blargh, ahh, oof..."

She couldn't even speak through the onslaught of attacks. Every strike landed accurately on a vital point, and her HP was being steadily chipped away.

"No, wai-"

"What's the matter? You told me to give you everything I had."

Fore then hit her with a finishing move square in the chest, causing a comic-book-esque *pow* to echo throughout the tomb and sending Nicoletta crashing against the wall a second time.

"Gahh!!"

Yet again, she'd received the much-desired wall collision, but after she fell to the ground, she noticed something odd within herself.

This is weird.

Nicoletta felt different today. This pain should have felt good, but instead, her body was rejecting it and crying out.

"It can't be..."

A moment later, Nicoletta heard the violent roar of an empty stomach.

I see. Now that I think of it, I haven't sucked human blood in many years. I was satisfied during my last withdrawal episode by a full-on bombardment of adorableness, but this sage is showing me no mercy.

A vampire can only go so long without blood. I didn't think I'd reach my limit

here, but my hunger has numbed my cranial nerves that convert pain to pleasure.

I can't let myself just die like this. If I perish, then the Six Sages' barrier won't dispel, and we'll lose our chance at saving the Demon Lord.

The Demon Lord allowed me to serve her even though I'm a masochist and everyone thinks I'm a freak. I can't betray her. I want to save her, and not because she could give me more incredible pain than anyone else in the world.

I want to save the Demon Lord because...she accepted me.

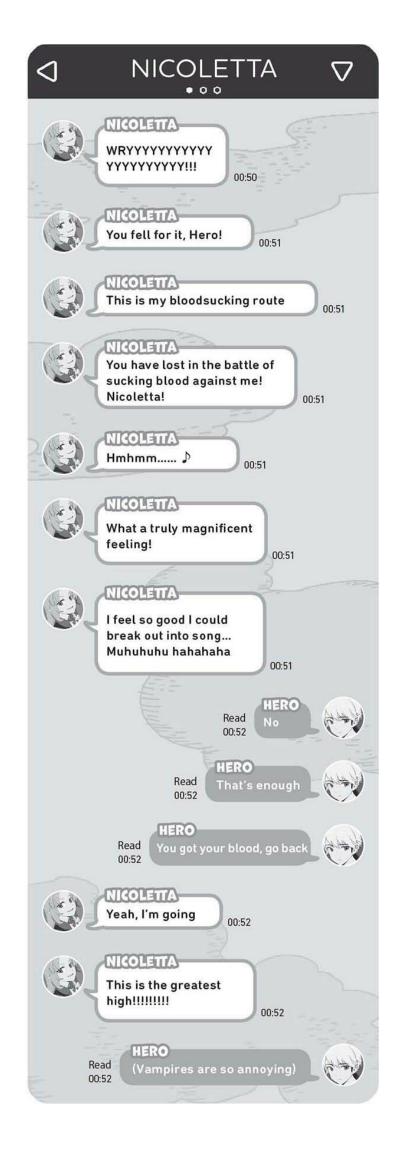
It's definitely not because she showers me with greater agony than anyone in the world. That's so important that I have to repeat it. That is certainly not the reason.

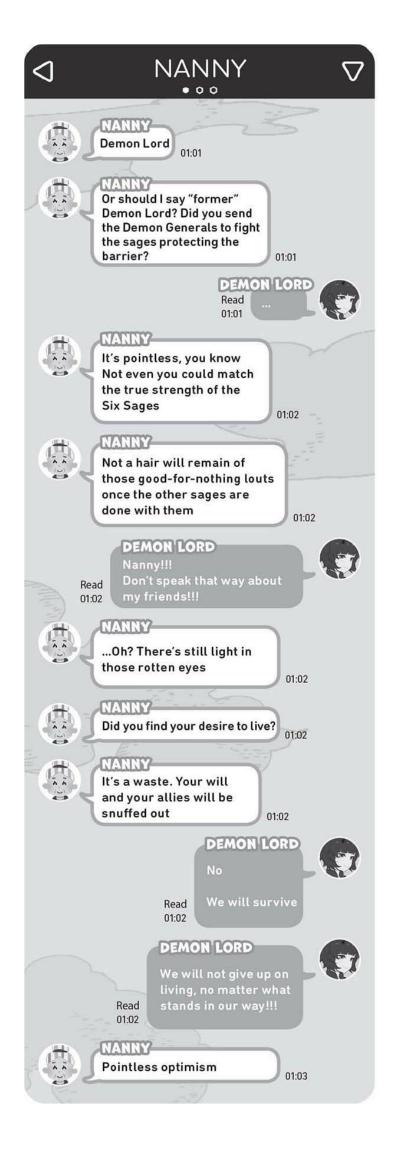
For the sake of the Demon Lord, I can't afford to lose.

"Nrgh..."

Nicoletta's consciousness was fading. In a last-ditch effort for help, she threw away her pride and began to message a certain boy.









An impact shook the tomb to the southwest of Balse like never before. Pieces of the impossibly strong walls crumbled, kicking up clouds of dust.

The cause of the tremor was an extremely high-speed object entering the tomb for the second time.

"Wh-what's happening?!"

Fore, who had been fighting Nicoletta until just a moment ago, couldn't so much as guess at this new development. The vampire had disappeared just moments after he thought he'd killed her, and then the whole place shook a few minutes later.

"I'm baaaaack!"

Things soon became clear, however. Nicoletta had returned, looking freshfaced. She gave a smile and a wink.

"H-how is this possible?! My last move should have killed you!" Fore screamed, a cold sweat breaking out on his face. Something about this felt even more ominous and repulsive than when he'd fought a Demon Lord, and goose bumps formed on his whole body.

"Sorry about before. That was an embarrassment to all masochists everywhere."

The woman's eyes were bloodshot, and some kind of powerful, purple miasma was gushing out of her body. It seemed a task all unto its own for her to maintain control in her ecstatic state.

"But now I'm back to my usual self! All right, Fore. Hit me with everything you have! I feel aroused in the greatest, strongest, most wonderful way! Punch me, kick me, suck me, cut me, stab me, hurl me, abuse me! Give me pain! WRYYYYY!!!" Nicoletta screamed with deep-red, unfocused eyes, and an immeasurably large aura surrounded her body.

Fore felt fear for the first time in his life as he watched the swaying and drooling Nicoletta approach him. Faced with such a sight, he ran.

"Come on, are you not going to attack me? I guess you won't give me the ultimate pain unless I attack you first. Oh yeah, if I do that, then I'll be able to experience the blissful agony of a counter!"

"D-d-don't underestimate me, you lowly vampire!" Fore bellowed as if to distract himself from his own quaking and charged at Nicoletta. He then performed the strongest martial arts technique he knew, called "You Belong to Me and Only Me," and chanted a spell called *Pachizoma* to send magic power inside her body and burn it.

...However, Nicoletta didn't even flinch.

"Mwa-ha-ha-ha-ha!! Yes, that's what I want. But that was just a tickle. That wasn't strong enough for my body to register as pain. Show me more of your real strength! You Six Sages are the strongest and most terrible the human world has to offer, right? Give me the finest pain you can muster!"

"Wha...? You asked for it...!"

Fore used self-strengthening magic to increase his attack power as high as possible and unleashed his most ultimate of secret techniques. However, not only did Nicoletta not seem to feel any of it, but his attacks also seemed to please her.

Flummoxed and shaken at this paradoxical opponent, Fore trembled.

At the same time, Wonn kicked Mako with a killing move that he embarrassingly referred to as "Super Ultimate Gale of Darkness X Silver Wings Midnight Sun," sending the demon crashing hard into the wall. The iron facade crumbled, covering Mako with a pile of rubble and dust as she hit the floor.

"Phew. That was quite fun. It's been a long time since I've faced someone this strong," said Wonn, breathing heavily. His body was shaking from exhaustion, but he was confident Mako was defeated, so he made no effort to hide it.

No opponent of his had ever taken that attack and managed to stand afterward. This demon may have been the strongest member of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals, but there was no way she would be able to move.

"If not for the power I've absorbed from the Demon Lord, I may have actually

lost. You were a worthy enemy. I'm just a little stronger and a little more experienced. You should take this defeat with pride when you awake in the next world."

Wonn slowly approached his bested opponent, clutching his injured and aching right shoulder.

"Well, demons tend to be hard to kill. I'll cut off her head just to be sure," he muttered. A quick spell was all it took to conjure a knife in his right hand. As the leader of the Six Sages, he was a ruthless planner and decision-maker, and he never hesitated to do what was necessary to achieve his goals. His plan would be complete once he confirmed his opponent's death.

There was no room for mercy, even against an adorable beast girl.

However...

"Huh?!"

...the mountain of rubble suddenly exploded, sending countless stones soaring toward Wonn. He batted them away in irritation and then saw something that defied reason.

"Hmm, guess I really have no choice but to use this power."

Mako, whom he should have finished off already, was standing there nonchalantly, wiping sand off herself. A golden aura was flickering around her body.

"What ...? How ...?!"

In the best-case scenario, she should have been breathing her final breaths. But that wasn't the strangest thing about this. All the deep wounds he had inflicted on her throughout their intense battle had vanished.

"Ah, did I surprise you? Well, I guess this would. I don't ever use this ability, and the conditions required to activate it are kind of ridiculous. Also, my injuries are healed *for now*, but you can bet I'm gonna pay for this later."

Mako's easygoing manner seemed a stark contrast from Wonn, who was breaking into a nervous sweat.

"That radiant glow... Don't tell me, is this the power spoken of in beastman

legend—?"

"Oh yeah. That's right. I bear the Golden Soul. I suppose this weird tradition does go back over three hundred years, so it makes sense that you know about it, meow."

Mako licked her arm, incredibly closing up a wound.

"I'm pretty sure this ability is only given to one demon in the entire Beastman Tribe. I don't really remember. It's apparently some kind of soul containing a piece of the ancient beastman god's power. It wasn't all that interesting, so I don't know the details."

"This is impossible... The Golden Soul should only manifest to protect the chief of the Beastman Tribe. You fight to save the Demon Lord! How did you tap into the power?!"

Mako frowned in irritation.

"...That's why I said the conditions are ridiculous. Anyway, I don't know anything about this custom. I am a beastman demon, but the others of my kind are selfish and arrogant, and I couldn't care less about them. Doesn't everyone choose who they want to protect for themselves anyway? I'll take that over someone deciding my loyalties for me any day."

Wonn sensed the power flowing from Mako and gulped.

"Are you saying you chose the Demon Lord as your guardian...? A savage beastman demon like you couldn't select someone from outside your tribe—"

"Are you listening?" Mako interjected with a sigh, "Surroundings, rumors, tribes—none of that matters. Those are all just assumptions you made on your own. I don't want to be tied down by laws and traditions; that kind of stuff has nothing to do with me. Your limited viewpoint is so typical of humans."

"What ...?"

Wonn could not bring himself to attack now that he was facing an opponent who wielded this fearsome power. More importantly, his body was still crying out in pain from the last fight.

"Ah, also, I chose the Demon Lord as my guardian because she gives me no

special treatment. Naturally, I had plenty of other reasons. She's nothing like you. You talk like you know everything when all your knowledge is only based on your own biases."

Wonn ground his teeth in frustration, unable to even respond.

"I'm really fortunate this activated, though, given all the conditions required. If I hadn't already known your weakness beforehand, you probably would've killed me."

"Weakness...?!"

"That's right. The Hero and Cass did some intense research on the internet. Ah, did it not occur to you that everything about you, including strategies to take you down, was easily accessible online? You really don't have a sense for modern times."

"That's imposs—"

"Oops, I said too much... Eh, it doesn't matter. Let's finish this," Mako stated, eyes blazing with power.

Wonn cursed under his breath. Hesitation would spell his doom. Quick as he could manage, the old man threw up a defensive magic shield around himself.

"Too slow."

With leg strength significantly more incredible than before, Mako closed the distance between her and Wonn instantly and punched him square in the chest. The blow far surpassed any she had thrown previously, and it penetrated the barrier handily.

"Gah!!"

Blood gushed from the old man's mouth. Still, Mako showed no mercy. Not because she had almost been killed but because the dearest person in her life had been hurt. Mercy was no longer something the demon needed to concern herself with.

"This place seems pretty sturdy. Guess I might as well make use of that," Mako mused to herself. She tossed Wonn up in the air, then kicked off a wall rapidly to attack him over fifty times a second.

"Arrrrgh!"

Wonn was the strongest of the Six Sages, yet he was helpless in the face of Mako's many strikes.

"You all hurt the pure and kindhearted Demon Lord!" Mako cried, raising her voice to a yell for the first time in the fight. The gold aura burned bright around her. "You'll pay for that!!"

The tomb echoed with the sounds of Mako's lightning-quick attacks and Wonn's pained shrieks. Thus, the strongest member of the Demon Generals had defeated the strongest member of the Six Sages.

Meanwhile, the battle between Oniko and Tew was near its own climax.

"You damn geezer!!" Oniko screamed, swinging her club forcefully at Tew C, who had been a left arm. The attack connected, splitting the little man in half. "Die already!"

She then thrust her club into the torso of Tew F, who had been a right leg. That just made Tew D laugh unsettlingly. No blood ran through the clones' bodies, and the smell of rotten flesh filled the air.

The two halves of Tew C joined back together.

"As I said, I'm immortal. No attacks of yours will damage me. You're simply wasting your energy."

Oniko cursed to herself, looking visibly frustrated. The other four Tews (A, B, D, and E) then charged at her simultaneously. She did her best to fight them off with her club, but just as Tew said, she didn't seem to injure a single one of them.

"You goddamn monster!"

"Hmph. I'd rather not hear that from an ogre like you."

Catching Oniko off guard for a second, all the Tews launched explosive magic and sent her flying. She may have been fine against one spell, but avoiding six coming from different directions was impossible.

Oniko was running out of energy, but Tew showed no sign of exhaustion and had no visible injuries. Anyone observing this one-sided battle would

undoubtedly have declared victory for Tew. Oniko hung her head after she landed.

"Ha-ha... Ha-ha-ha..." However, she then began to quietly laugh.

"...What's so funny?" asked the Tew that had grown from his head, coming to an abrupt stop.

"I finally figured out your little secret."

Through the bruises and cuts, Oniko's face radiated confidence. It looked as though she'd already won.

"You're a zombie, aren't you? I'm surprised. Usually, the undead that have unfinished business in this world or impure souls are reborn as demons. You're able to maintain yourself and your humanity as you split off and reproduce your body. I'll bet you absorbed many souls while performing zombie research, overwrote their wills with your own memories, preserved your body in culture fluid in a halfway state before turning into a demon, then used some forbidden spell to create a body that doesn't die. That about right?"

If the Hero had been there, he probably would have pretended to understand what she had said by saying, *Ahh*, that makes total sense.

"Hmph, what does it matter that you figured that out? By solving my secret, you've only proved I am invincible. Furthermore, thanks to the power I took from the Demon Lord, this body will never know injury, and it will never feel fatigued. That's how incredibly strong your master was. With this strength, I feel ready to resume my research on eternal youth."

Oniko looked at Tew incredulously and laughed again.

"Tell me one thing, old man. Can you really say that you're 'living'?"

"...Huh?"

"Whether human or demon, eternal life does not guarantee happiness. Our lives shine bright because of our limited time. This world would rot if it were full of idiots like you sages with your old-fashioned way of thinking," Oniko declared, angrily slamming her club into the ground. "Life is something you are entrusted with. We teach our children about its preciousness. That's why we do

our best during our limited time to live and grow, which is how we make progress as a society. Just look at the Demon Lord. After many long years of conflict between demons and humans, it was her generation that finally realized the futility of our discord."

Tew clicked his tongue in irritation, and Oniko continued.

"The current era does not need old legends like you who think nothing of life. I don't like humans too much myself, but I know there are good people among them. You sages are sacrificing lives for stupid self-satisfaction. That won't get you anywhere. None of you will find happiness. Understand?"

Oniko reached out an arm and opened her palm.

"It's about time you old geezers kicked the bucket."

Tew ground his teeth in frustration, his calm expression finally waning.

"...You talk a big game, daughter of the ogres. But that is not going to help you. Without a way to properly combat me, my victory cannot be overturned."

"You sure I don't have a way to beat you?" Oniko inquired with a mischievous smile.

"...What?"

"I said it earlier. You're a zombie. That means you're weak to revival magic that purifies souls and sends them to the next life."

Tew burst out laughing.

"Revival magic? Ha, you may be right. But that only works against souls in coffins. No such spell could penetrate my body. I also highly doubt a demon could use light-elemental magic, though I welcome the effort."

"...In what era did you hear that demons can't use light-elemental magic? Hate to break it to you, but you're mistaken. We demons learn and progress. The idea that we can't use light-elemental magic is just another arrogant misconception of yours."

A ball of holy light appeared in front of Oniko's right hand. There was no mistaking its divine energy.

"What the ...?!"

"By the way, my light-elemental magic is still low-level. However, the Demon Lord can use all the advanced resurrection spells that humans can. That is what we call *progress*."

"...Huh. Don't get full of yourself. Even if you can use such magic, all I have to do is evade it."

"...I'd like to see you dodge this," Oniko stated with a grin.

The luminous sphere hovering above her right hand split into five.

"It's a good thing I received magic power from the Demon Lord the other day. Thanks to that, I was able to learn advanced revival spells that are guaranteed to destroy you."

All the Tews paled.

"No, you couldn't have—"

He recalled all the times that Oniko had pierced him with her club and split him in two. If, by chance, she had planted *that* revival spell inside his bodies at the same time...

"That expression tells me you already understand what's happening. Then let's get this over with. As soon as I give the command, my magic will automatically activate within all six of your bodies."

The resurrection spell she used brought party members back to life automatically when they died, making it extremely convenient to cast before entering a difficult battle.

Immediately, Tew comprehended that this situation could not be worse for him. "N-no, don't!"

All six of Tew's bodies charged at Oniko together, and she clasped her hand tightly around the five balls of light.

"Autolife."

Five of Tew's bodies burst simultaneously.

"AAAaaaAAAaaaAAAA!!!"

The original Tew screamed in terrible pain. Not a shred of his copies remained, but because they had been formed from parts of his body and were connected to his brain, he felt the agony of all their destructions.

"What a disgusting fireworks show," Oniko remarked. She had decided not to obliterate the original, perhaps because she wanted to honor her vow to the Demon Lord not to kill even in such a dire situation. It was also possible she aimed to deny the sage release from his pain.

"AAAaaaAAA, AaAa, AAAaaaAAA!!!"

Tew's screams no longer sounded human. His entire body began to emit an indescribable noise, and his arms, legs, and torso crumbled. One could say he was finally being punished for all the lives he had sacrificed in pursuit of his foolish goals.

"Well, you are a zombie. You can live just fine as a head."

Oniko had won. Even if Tew attacked her again, he wouldn't be able to accomplish much without a body. Still, Oniko wasn't foolish. Her opponent was one of the famed Six Sages. She wasn't going anywhere until what remained of Tew was unconscious.

"Mwa-ha-ha-ha! Have you finally run out of magic power, fallen angel?"

A dull whack sounded in the tomb as Thrie kicked Pino in the side and sent her flying into a wall. The blow snapped multiple ribs. Blood bubbled up from Pino's mouth. Her defense-boosting spell had ended.

"…"

Yet Pino still had life in her eyes. Then, as if enjoying herself, she looked up at Thrie and laughed.

"Huh? Did I say something funny?"

Thrie was a total airhead, and he couldn't understand why Pino was laughing from her clearly inferior position. To him, it seemed his triumph was a foregone conclusion.

"It took a while, but my preparation is complete," Pino declared weakly, and she flapped her black wings to fly up near the ceiling of the chamber. A dark aura was drifting from her battered form.

"Preparation? Ha-ha, what are you talking about?" Thrie responded, dismissing his opponent's words with a laugh.

"Foolish question. Preparation for defeating you."

"Defeating me? Hoh-hoh! You've been on the defensive the entire time, and now you're saying you can best me? That's rich. You know that your magic has done nothing more than scratch me, right? Quit your bluffing and surrender already."

Thrie spoke with utmost assurance, but he did have a point—Pino had struck him with hundreds of advanced spells, but they hadn't even slowed the sage down. It was a testament to how insurmountable Thrie's physical strength was. Without something truly miraculous, it seemed Pino was doomed.

"...You're probably right that I can't defeat you with magic alone. Or should I say, with my magic alone."

"Huh?"

Thrie had absolutely no idea what Pino was getting at, but then he suddenly caught sight of purple magic circles that dotted the walls of the tomb.

"What in the...?" Thrie could not hide his shock. Growing panicked, he looked this way and that.

"You did a wonderful job of chasing me throughout the entire tomb, Thrie. And as you did, you were unknowingly leaking the Demon Lord's magic power and feeding my magic circles."

"The Demon Lord's magic power...! Y-you can't mean...?!"

"That's right. This is my homage to the forbidden Magic Pentagram that you all used to restrain the Demon Lord. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but I don't respect you at all, so I suppose it would be more accurate to say I stole the array to give you a taste of irony." Pino spoke very matter-of-factly, but there was a pep to her voice as if she was finally getting a chance to vent her anger.

"Did you not wonder why I was doing nothing but soaring around the tomb

and evading your attacks? I thank you for behaving as I anticipated."

Thrie could be thickheaded at times, but that didn't mean he was stupid. Hundreds of magic circles surrounded him, and he knew full well how much trouble he was in.

"I—I, uh... Well, you're a gross demon loser!"

Sadly, all he was able to do was respond with an insult that demonstrated his miserably limited vocabulary.

"All I hear are the cries of a man who realizes he's lost. Still, if I hadn't known beforehand that you specialized in physical combat, I probably wouldn't have been able to pull off this strategy... Guess I have *him* to thank for that..."

Pino then raised her hands like a conductor at an orchestral performance.

"All right, I think I've given you enough explanation. One last thing, though. The power these magic circles sapped from you belongs to the Demon Lord... However, seeing as it's been tainted with your filth, I can't return it to her."

Thrie assumed a stance, summoned up the last of his strength, and took position to charge at Pino.

"Prepare to be purged with the power of my magic circles," the fallen angel declared.

"Don't get cocky! You're just a failed, sullied creature from the heavens!!!"
Thrie screamed.

He leaped at Pino, but her attacks proved too swift for him. Hundreds of powerful blasts erupted from the magic circles, ripping through him.

"Argh, gah, hyeee, oough!"

Thrie screamed pathetically as a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand surges of energy buffeted him without pause.

The magic the Six Sages had leeched from the Demon Lord was supreme, and this demonstration of Pino's made it abundantly clear why magic circles were considered taboo throughout the world. These arrays strengthened the power they absorbed before launching it, making them function as a kind of neverending firing squad.

And Thrie was the unlucky one caught in the middle of them all. Even if he was one of the Six Sages and possessed brawn greater than any other human in the world, there was nothing that could withstand such an onslaught.

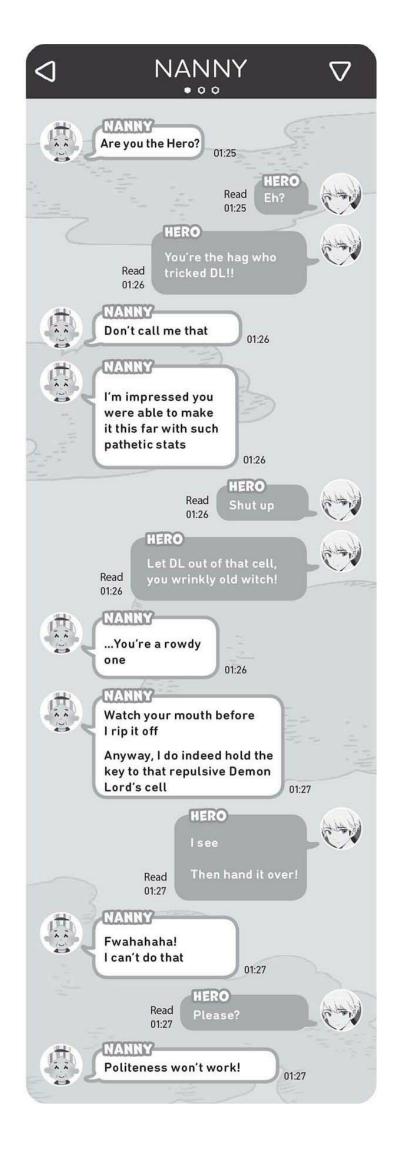
"Here's a piece of advice," Pino began, watching her victim without a hint of pity. "You called me both an *angel* and a *fallen angel*, but I am neither." She narrowed her eyes. "I am a loyal servant of the Demon Lord, a *demon* who was given a second chance. Don't get that wrong again."

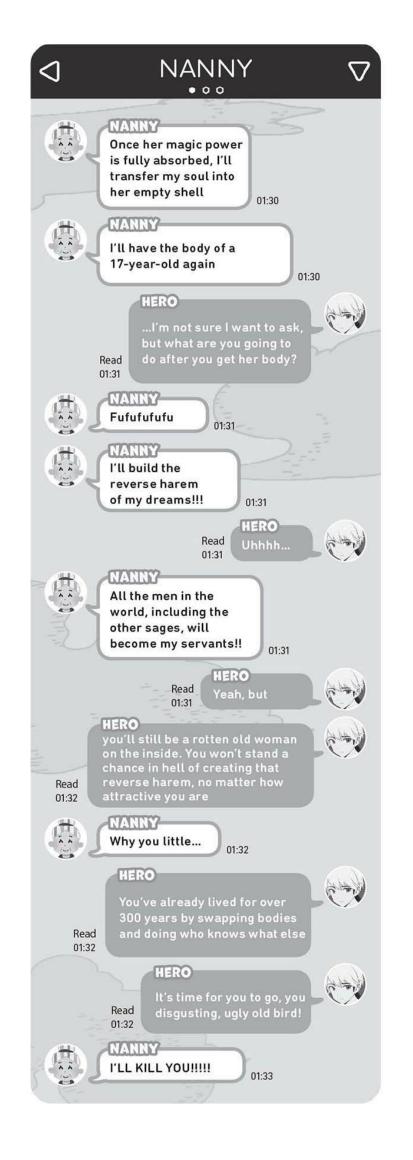
Thrie had already lost consciousness from the uncountable number of beams tearing through him, the sound of which filled the tomb with a harmony reminiscent of classical music.

"Not that you can hear me right now anyway." Pino turned and dismissed the magic circles with a snap.

Even if Thrie managed to attack her again, he'd been weakened to the point where the Hero would've been a challenge for him. Pino confirmed that her opponent's connection to the Magic Pentagram barrier had been severed and headed outside to save the Demon Lord.

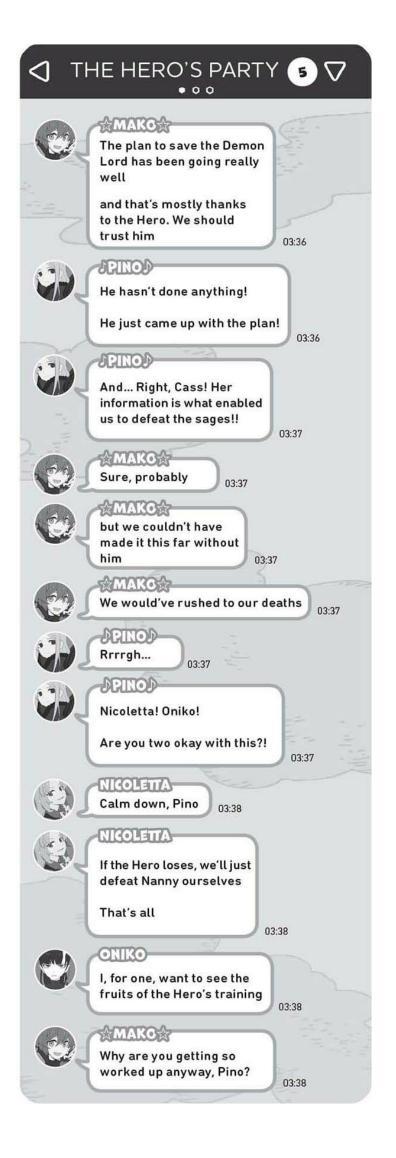








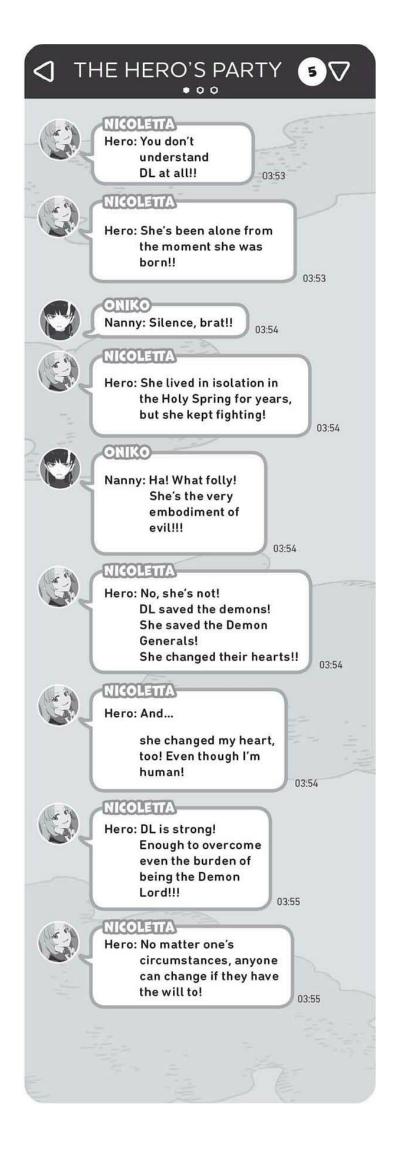








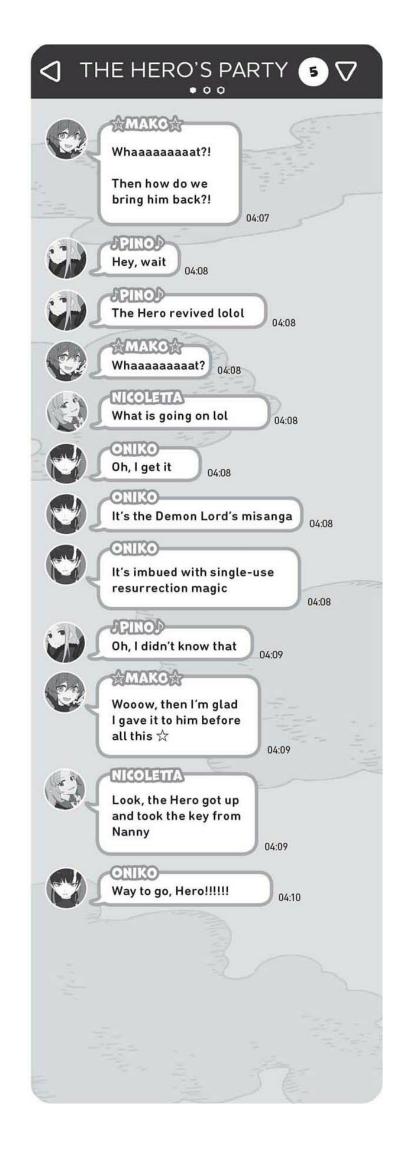


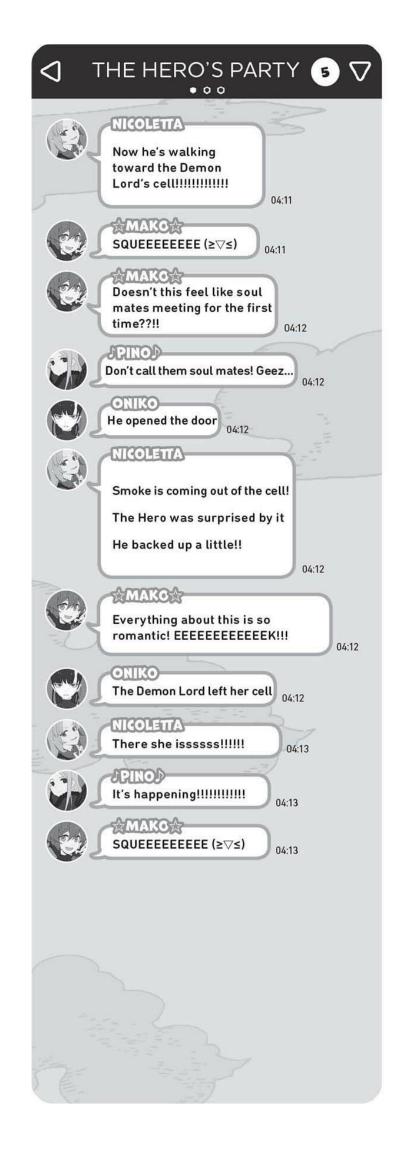




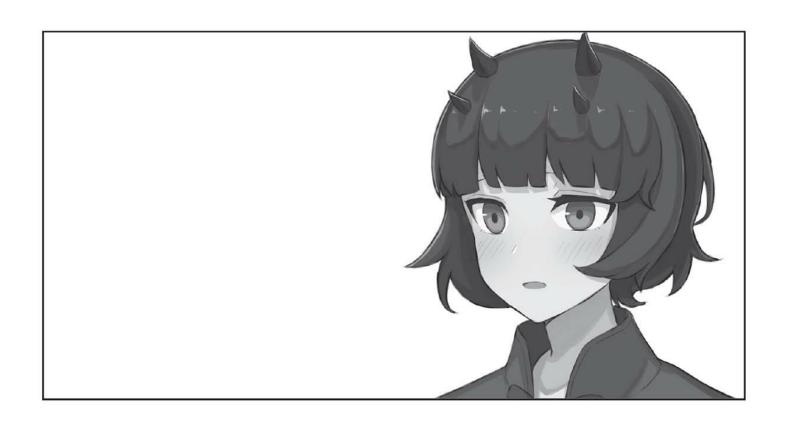




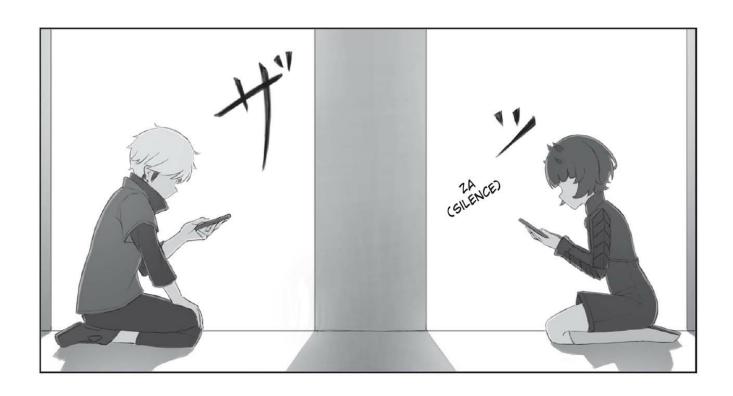


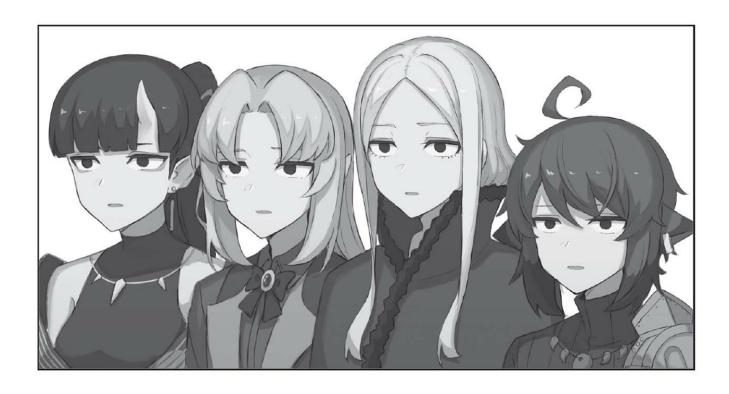






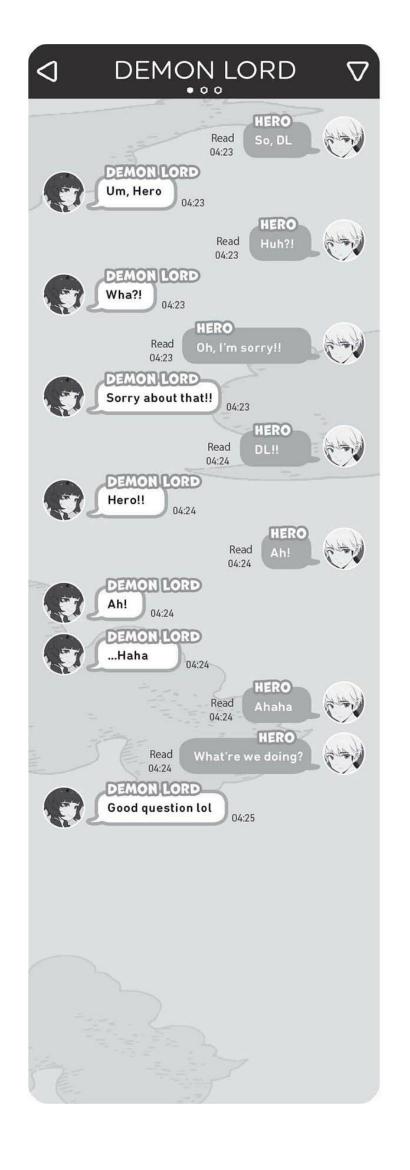






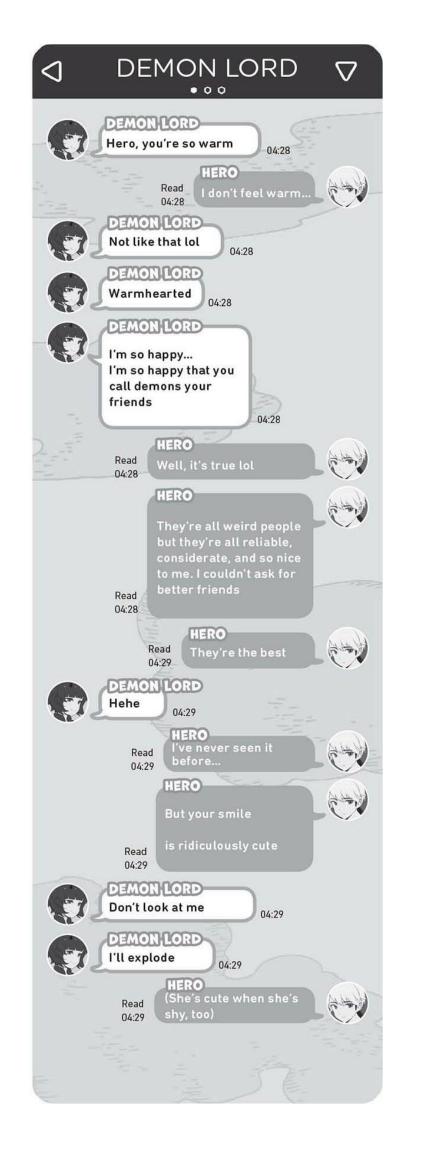


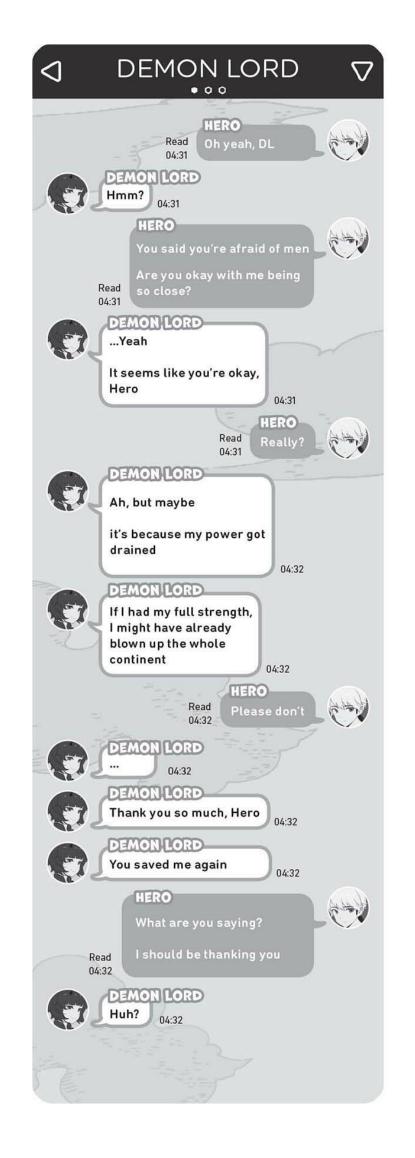




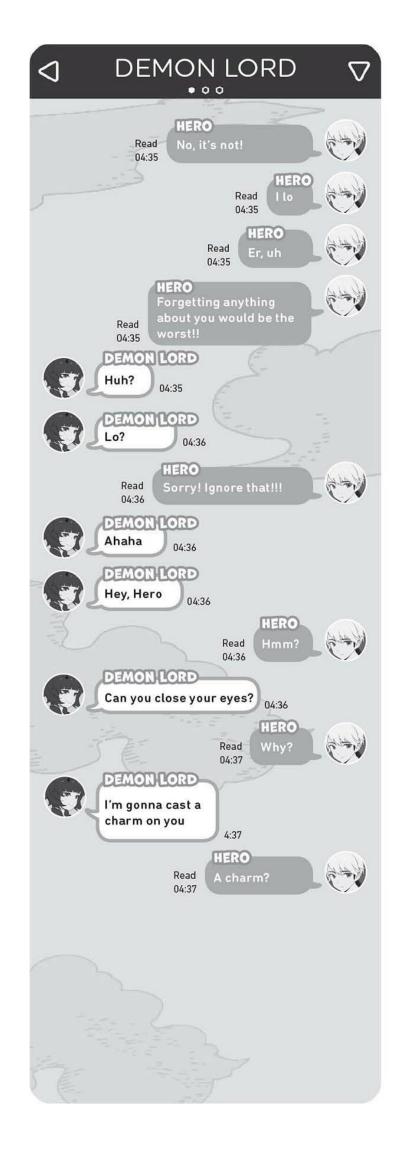




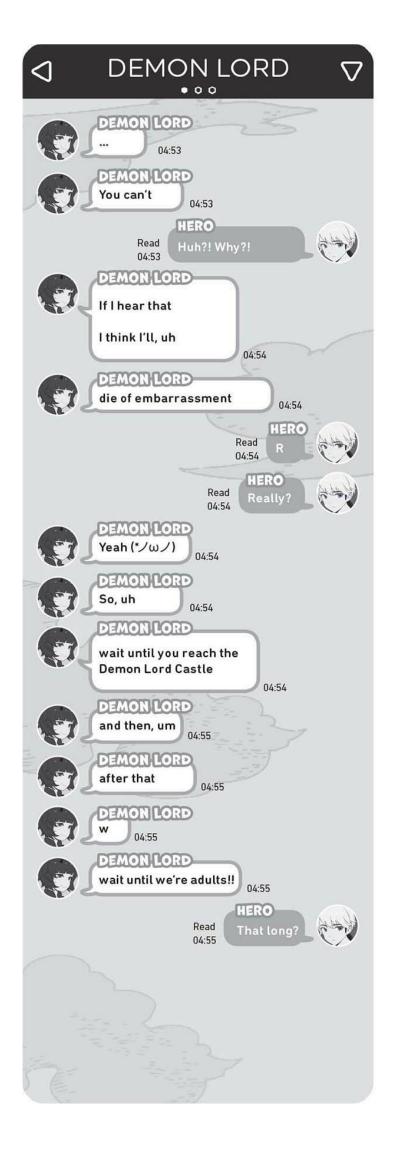
















THE HERO'S PARTY 5



A MAKOA

No, no, no! What are you doing, Hero?! Pin her down, press your lips against hers, and rip off her clothes! *pant pant pant*

04:45



ONIKO-

What the hell was that?!! You're supposed to lay down the smooch! Not on the right, on the left!!

04:46



NICOLETTA

Now, Hero, now! You idiot! That was your chance to take out the candle and whip! Come out to her as a sadist!!!

04:46



PEROD

AAAAAAAAAAAAAA!!!! Onthecheekonthecheekonthe cheek!!! AAAAAAAA!!!!

04:48



MAKG

04:48



NICOLETTA

The Demon Lord just took off! Where is she going????????

04:49



ONIKO

You have to be shitting me! That's where you grab her and pull her into a tight embrace, you moron!

04:49



MAKO A

UGHHHHHHHHH. I can't take this anymore

04:52



NICOLETTA

Come on, Hero. Come oooooon. Make the Demon Lord your masochist slaaaaaaaave. You're killing me

04:55

Read 05:03 HERO

MIND YOUR OWN DAMN BUSINESS!!!!!



Thus, the Six Sages' plot entitled "Demon Lord Magic Power Rescue Operation Six Sages Revival Ceremony Parental Guidance Advised" was thwarted by the Hero and his comrades. The Demon Lord was rescued, and she happily took to the skies and soared back to her home.

Success wouldn't have been possible without cooperation from the princes of Tomorrow Castle in Beginnerland and the rare uniting of humans and demons against a common foe.

Thanks to the power of the internet, the news that a revival attempt of the Six Sages was thwarted spread like wildfire. False information and rumors abounded, of course, and counterefforts to divide humans and demons sprang up. Only the gods knew the truth of what happened that day.

Yet for the direct participants, there was no doubt that the incident brought people together and helped form a deeper bond between divided societies.

"Ugh..."

Hamige, who had been knocked unconscious at the end of his battle with Fyve, stirred in the dark tomb located to the east of Balse.

"I'm...alive," he said hoarsely and touched the tough armor he had equipped. It was riddled with holes, but there wasn't a single injury on him.

He had somehow managed to dodge all of Fyve's signature instant-death spells, but the physical-piercing spell Fyve spent the last of his strength to use should have ran him through. Hamige recalled meeting the attack with a finishing move of his own, one that used his Divine Sword Eidrian. Everything past that was a murky unknown.

"Ah, Lady Pino...and Sunege!"

Hamige sprang up, paying no heed to his aching body. Quickly, he searched for his younger brother, who'd stood with him against the villainous sage. It turned out there was no need for concern—Sunege was lying right behind him. The younger prince was sleeping soundly, and to Hamige's relief, he was also miraculously unhurt.

"Thank goodness. We're both alive."

After a sigh of relief, Hamige spotted a black feather on the ground.

"This is..."

He quickly picked it up, looking the thing over intently. Growing a little overexcited, Hamige decided that this meant his beloved Pino must have rushed to them out of great concern. She had rescued Hamige and his brother from the brink of death.

"She hurried all the way here for my sake? Oh, Lady Pino... You're so brave and beautiful..."

Like someone hit on the head too many times or a fool who couldn't take a hint, Hamige decided to take this feather as a sign of Pino's love.

"Wahhh!"

Sunege suddenly jumped to his feet, shivering at his elder sibling's creepy words. Hamige was truly in a class of his own.

"Hey, Sunege. You're awake. It looks like Lady Pino graced you with her healing as well," said Hamige.

"Urgh... My whole body still hurts a little. But it looks like we managed somehow, bro," Sunege replied.

The pair looked each other in the eye for a few seconds, then burst out laughing at how ragged the other looked. They embraced, happy to be alive.

Any jealousy or ill will fostered by a difference in ability between the duo vanished. They'd risked themselves together and, most importantly, had found something worth fighting for.

"...You two are loud as ever."

Hamige and Sunege looked up to see that someone was watching them as they laughed.

It was Pino, a member of the Demon Generals—officer of the Demon Army and fallen angel prone to sudden mood swings. After confirming that the Demon Lord had returned to the castle, she had come to check on Hamige and

Sunege and thank them for their cooperation.

Truthfully, she only did so after being pushed by Oniko, who'd insisted, "He said he'd do anything for you; now show some manners and go talk to them!"

"L-L-Lady Pino!!" Hamige pushed aside the brother he had just embraced and ran toward Pino. Her face spasmed.

"Hwuh! Don't come near me, you creep! And don't toss your brother aside like that!"

"A-ah, sorry, Sunege! But wow, you really are a kindhearted demon who places value on siblings and family. My love for you burns ever brighter!"

"Shut up."

"H-hey, Bro, don't forget about me! I'm injured!"

Laughter filled the tomb, possibly due to a release of tension from having survived what undoubtedly had felt like certain doom. When things quieted down, Pino spoke up.

"...I've said as much already, but we couldn't have rescued the Demon Lord without your help. I'm grateful for that."

"There is no need for thanks. These criminals broke human law. As a prince of Tomorrow Castle, it is my duty to make them pay for their crimes," responded Hamige.

"Yeah. Don't worry about it, Pino. We should be the ones apologizing. We've had the Demon Army and the Demon Generals all wrong. You're the best friends I've ever had, yo!" appended Sunege.

After hearing such kind words from humans who had once treated her with hostility, Pino softened her cold expression for the first time since entering the room.

"Talking with you two makes my head hurt. Anyway, to wrap things up, the Six Sages are all still alive. They don't deserve an ounce of sympathy, but we decided they're not even worth killing. The Demon Lord has also forbidden her direct subordinates from taking lives. That said, this is a human problem. I trust I can leave them to you?"

"Of course. We will apprehend these criminals. They've committed a first-degree violation of magic law. The king and the citizens of Balse were likely all under their control. My country will provide support on that front as well," declared Hamige.

"That's a big help."

"It's all good, girl! This incident was borne of human greed, so we need to be the ones to put an end to it!" exclaimed Sunege.

Pino smiled again, then spread her black wings and turned toward the entrance.

"Ah, wait, Lady Pino!" Hamige called.

"...What is it?" Pino inquired without turning around.

"You... After defeating your sage, you should have wanted to rush to the Demon Lord as quickly as possible. Why did you come to us first?"

After a pause, Pino answered, "I—I was just worried that you might have lost." She flapped her black wings faster to cope with the embarrassment. "D-don't get the wrong idea! It's not like I thought that coming here to heal your injuries was the least I could do to thank you for your help... I wasn't thinking anything like that at all, okay?!"

Hurriedly, she flew out of the tomb.

"Ha-ha-ha... Those Demon Generals are good people once you get to know them. That probably goes for all demons," Sunege remarked, watching Pino go with a smile.

Hamige was visibly shaking.

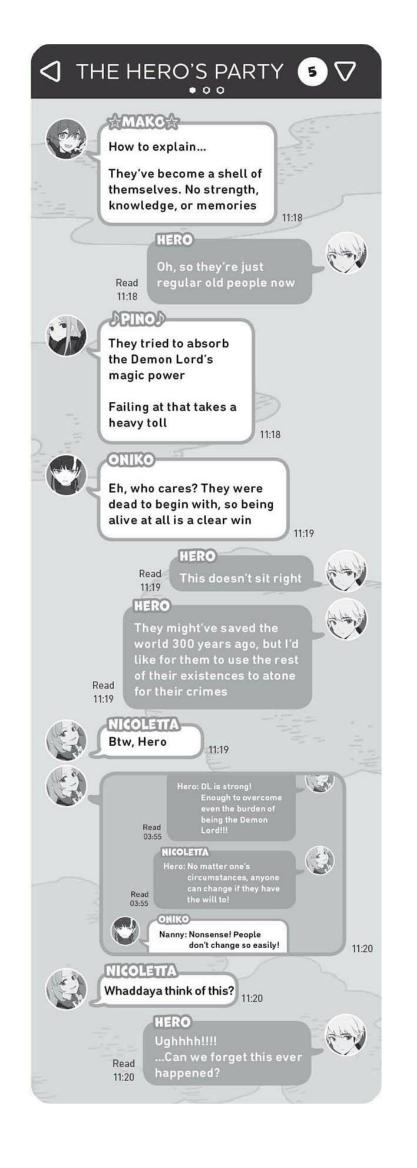
"My..."

"Huh? What is it, Bro?"

"My heart...!"

"You should keep that kinda thing to yourself, my dude," Sunege chided, exasperated. The siblings set to work arresting the remaining sages.









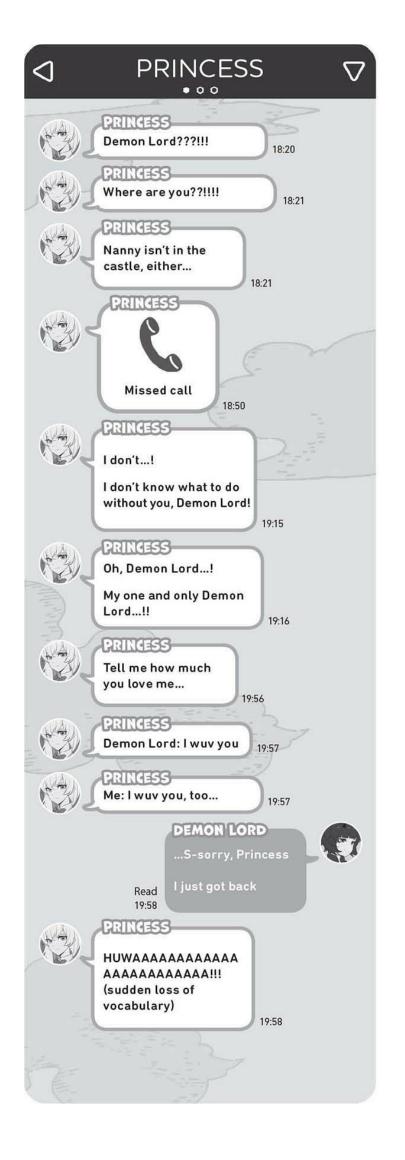
CASS

Hey, Big Bro, I heard from Sis. Is your battle over? Soooooo 000000000000000000000000 ooooooooooooo you know what you promised right? You said in exchange for my help you'd listen to anything I say, but you're taking so long to respond to me, Big Bro, your heart, your body, your brain, your blood, your everything belongs to me, so you have to respond to me, you know? Ah, I know what's going on, it's Ayase isn't it? I can smell it, you used to message me all the time, Big Bro, but you've been so cold to me lately She doesn't understand a single thing about you!!! I know you better than anyone in the whole world!!!! You have to message me, Big Bro, you belong to me, so you have to do it, come occococon, Big Bro, respond to me, I want to suck your blood, Big Bro, I'm watching you, Big Bro, don't forget that I'll alllllllllways be watching you, so if you cheat or anything like that I'll slice up your body, I'll wash it, then I'll bite into your carotid artery and suuuuuuuck all the blood that comes out without letting a single drop escape, I'll suck your body till it's completely dry







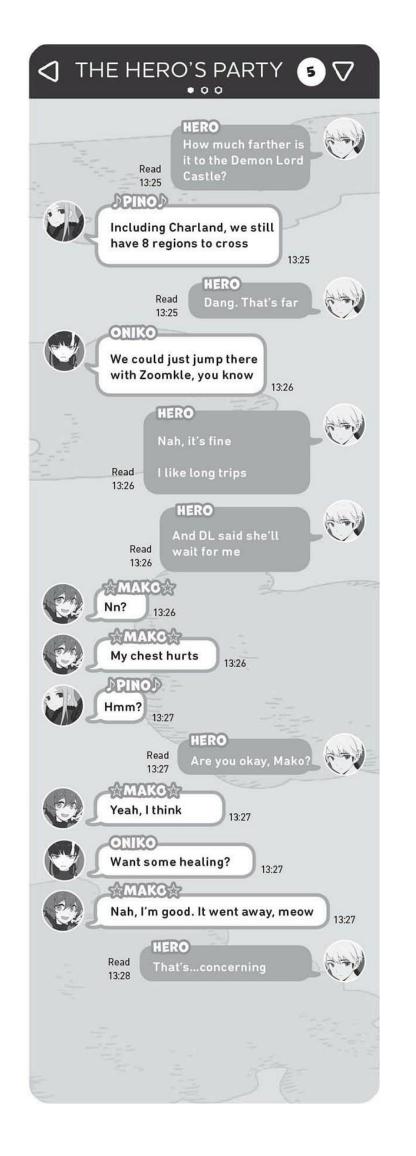








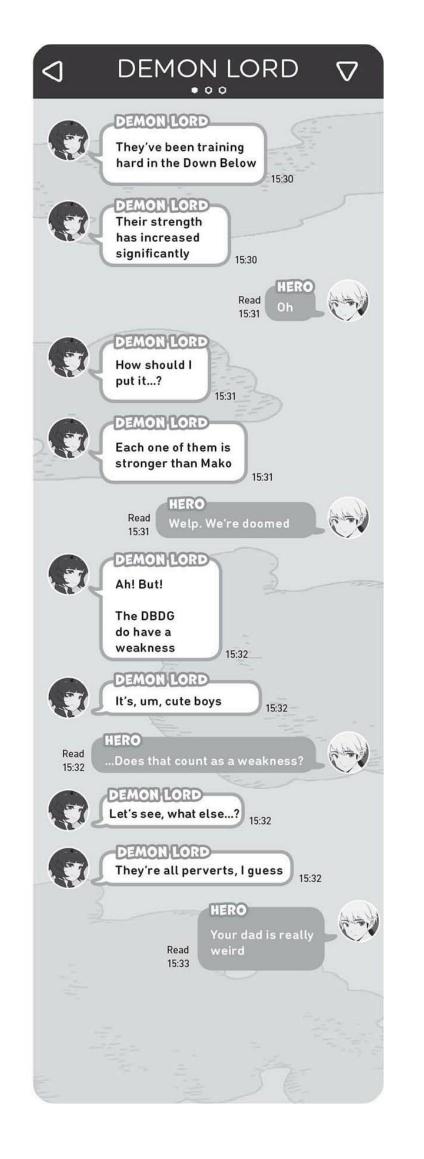


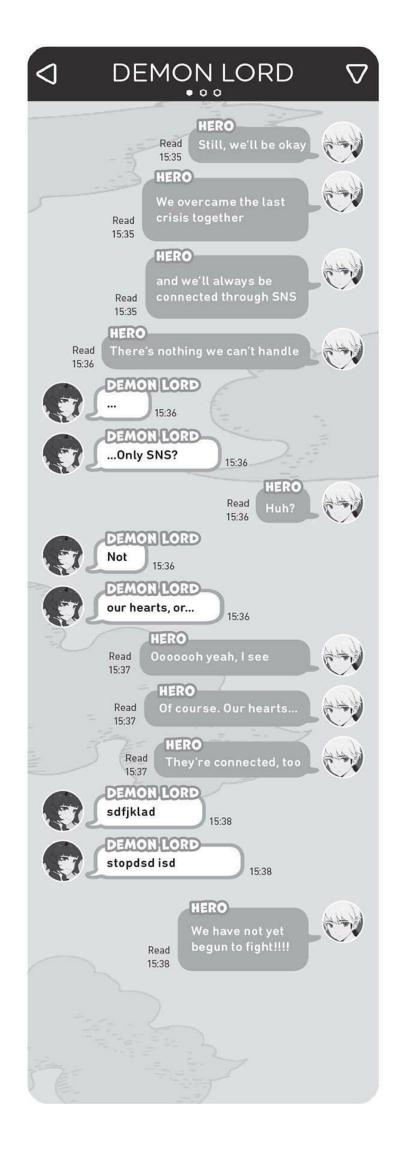














Once, there existed a position at the top of society known as the Demon Lord.

The Demon Lord's breath wilted vegetation. Earth decayed beneath their feet. Clouds darkened with contaminants when they soared through the sky. Every obstacle crumbled in the face of their unyielding charge. This creature ruled over all demons as the most powerful of their kind. They were evil incarnate, surpassing the gods with might beyond human understanding.

However, that was just a rumor spread by humans—one borne out of simple prejudice and fear. In reality, the Demon Lord had a kind soul and desired to live in harmony.

The ruler had spent eight years living alone in the Holy Spring and strived to keep a promise she'd made to a young boy. She was pure, innocent, and the nicest person in the world.

"Haaah...geez."

The Demon Lord collapsed onto her bed and sighed.

She'd been feeling worried about the future ever since Makao, the member of the Down Below Demon Generals whom her father had sent to the Demon Lord Castle, arrived. Worst of all, due to her fear of men, the simple presence of one in her home had her feeling depressed.

"...Ha-ha."

Still, she smiled.

The Demon Lord wasn't alone anymore. Just recently, a few humans had worked together with demons, her bonds with her dear subordinates had deepened, and above all, she was always connected to the Hero, whom she had developed feelings for. Indeed, it was hard *not* to be happy.

The Demon Lord took out her phone and rechecked her messages. Then she looked at her chat history with the Hero, and her cheeks flushed red.

Once, there existed a position at the top of society known as the Hero.

The Hero was capable of breathing...but that was about it. His bones were

wont to break from merely walking. Flying through the sky was a pipe dream to him. He couldn't manage to run for more than five seconds without needing to catch his breath. This creature was the weakest of all human beings, a shut-in with the moodiest of personalities who spent all his free time on the internet.

...However, he did have one redeeming feature: When he decided to do something or resolved to save someone, he possessed the courage to see it through.

As a hero, he was pretty inept—quite possibly the weakest person in the world. Extreme shyness kept him from talking to people, and that only scratched the surface of his inadequacies. Yet by rescuing the Demon Lord, he'd proved his own declaration.

"No matter one's circumstances, anyone can change if they have the will to!"

Those words were corny enough to make a person throw up in their mouth. Still, even as pitiful and unreliable as the Hero had been, his strong determination to save the Demon Lord *had* changed him.

He wasn't alone anymore, either. Along his journey, he'd found comrades with whom he shared mutual trust. It didn't matter that they were demons. Above all, he was always connected through social media to the Demon Lord, who'd saved him from his dark room.

[*Sigh*... Sleeping outdoors again yet again...] Once he'd sent the text, the Hero exhaled in real life as he sat in front of the bonfire at a camp his group had set up on their way to Charland.

"What did you expect, a five-star hotel?" chided Mako.

"You can burn me with a stick if you want," suggested Nicoletta.

"Shut up, masochist," spat Pino.

"Hero, the meat is done, so eat up," Oniko said.

The members of the Demon Army's Four Demon Generals all regarded him kindly.

"..."

Unfortunately, the Hero couldn't respond. They'd rescued the Demon Lord

together, but it seemed his communication disorder was still going strong.

"Still silent, huh? When will he be able to talk?" wondered Oniko aloud.

"He can message us. That works just fine. No point worrying about it, meow," Mako answered.

"By the way, aren't you cold in that sleeping bag at night, Hero?" inquired Pino.

"Leave him be. He's probably just adopted my masochist ways by now," Nicoletta replied, speaking for the Hero.

The young man broke into a smile at their cheeriness and clumsy attempts to help him. He ignored Nicoletta's nonsense, took a haunch of meat, and sent another message in the group chat.

[Thanks, everyone.]

The members of the Demon Generals looked puzzled for a second, then they all grinned warmly.

The Demon Lord had a dream.

Her mother, who'd perished over ten years ago, was right in front of her, talking to someone in a gentle voice.

"I love you, Demon Lord."

It was the moment right before her death. The Demon Lord's younger self was there, too, wailing at her parent's side.

"I'm sure you'll have to face a lot of hardship in your life... But you'll be okay."
Her mother hugged the young Demon Lord tightly.

"I know there is someone out there who you are destined to meet. Someone who will love you, no matter if you're the Demon Lord or what kind of power you have. Don't be afraid. Take that person's hand and strive for happiness."

Tears began to flow as the Demon Lord remembered her mother's final words.

"I'm so glad I was able to bring you into this world and spend this time with you. You made me so happy. Please live. No matter what happens, rely on the

people around you and keep moving forward. Do that, and you'll find happiness, just as I did in my life."

At last, the Demon Lord was able to recall the words that she'd been unable to hear over her sobbing.

"...No matter how far away I am, I will always love you, Demon Lord."

Her mother smiled affectionately. There was a brief flash of pale light, and the woman was gone.

The Demon Lord awoke with a start and realized she was crying. Feeling a little anxious, she messaged the Hero despite the late hour.

[What happened? Are you okay?] The Hero's response was quick. A deep sense of relief washed over her.

After they spent a little time texting about nothing in particular, the Demon Lord lay back down on her bed, feeling at ease.

Both the Demon Lord and the Hero would undoubtedly face many hardships from here on. Trouble would follow them for the rest of their lives.

But they would surely get through it just fine.

No matter how far apart the two of them were, they were always connected through social media, and even more importantly, in their hearts.



Afterword

Thank you very much for reading If the RPG World Had Social Media...

I would never have thought this story that I published on the internet would get made into a book, and when I was given the offer, I was so happy that I wanted to jump for joy.

I owe the final product's existence to the project lead who reached out to me; LOL, for her beautiful character designs; and Yukinatsu Amekaze, for depicting the lovely characters in her illustrations. More than anything, however, I owe it to all of you who read and supported the original work. I'd also like to use this opportunity to thank my family, friends, colleagues, and everyone who supported me when times grew tough. I thank you from the bottom of my heart.

My pen name, Yusuke Nitta, is close to my real name, but I changed the *suke* character to one that means "help" or "save." I got the idea from my author friends when I started writing online.

I took the pen name as a show of gratitude to them and so I wouldn't forget my roots. I will work hard to live up to this name by creating stories that might help someone in a difficult spot.



ILLUSTRATOR: LOL

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