

1 - Invasion

"From the direction of Gravalto, slimes are approaching! Reports indicate a large number of reinforcements are following—"

"Gather the soldiers at the outer wall! Prioritize those who can use magic, and knights, focus on protecting the citizens!!"

"We're severely outnumbered! Anyone among the citizens who can use magic, please gather here!!"

By the time Meltya and the others succeeded in rescuing Mariabelle, the capital of Fontiule was engulfed in chaos.

The slimes that had brought Gravalto to ruin had finally begun their invasion.

Their destination was Fontiule... the country where it all began, the nation founded by the hero who defeated the Demon King.

Magic was used to erect a barrier wall towards Gravalto, with mages positioned atop it to prepare for magical sniping, while knights served as shields to protect the wall from the ground.

The number of defenders was around three thousand.

The mages ranged from nobles serving at the royal court to citizens running shops in the capital—yet even when gathered, they seemed to be only about one-tenth of the slimes heading their way.

(With this many, and having to rely on the citizens' power... what a dire situation...)

A female knight with beautiful silver hair that reached her waist, tied back at the collar, bit her lip at the sight of the mass of slimes covering part of the horizon.

Fiana, the elven knight.

Her outfit, designed for ease of movement, featured deep slits on both sides of the priestly robe, and she was internally shaken by the gravity of the situation.

Among the long-lived elves, she was a seasoned knight who had fought since the era when the threat of the "Demon King" loomed over the world.

—Even for Fiana, the swarm of slimes approaching the country felt like an endless threat.

Despite the extreme danger of the situation, she painfully realized there was nowhere to run.

Gravalto had collapsed, and now it was Fontiule's turn.

If they fled, the only country left on this continent would be the nation of Rishlua, and the slimes would surely muster their full strength to destroy it...

"Everyone, please remain calm! The knights will hold back the slimes! You just need to cast your magic from here and defeat the slimes!!"

As she raised her voice atop the outer wall, Fiana smiled with an air of calm that belied her inner turmoil.

She knew that if they, as knights, panicked, the citizens—who had little to no combat experience—would become even more agitated.

So, she maintained her composure, at least to quell the chaos.

Donning her beloved breastplate over her robe, her ample chest was uncomfortably compressed within.

The elven race is known for their well-proportioned bodies, but Fiana was among those with a particularly generous bust.

The neckline of her robe rose like a hill, and when compressed by the breastplate, the fabric twisted in a way that accentuated its indecency.

Her lower half, with thighs adorned by white garters peeking through the deep slits, only heightened her allure, and when the strong wind blew atop the wall, her skirt fluttered, almost revealing the pure white underwear beneath.

While it wasn't exactly a preparation for battle, the delicate, luxurious, and somewhat sheer white panties were crafted from spirit silver interwoven with magical power.

Seeking defensive strength even in her underwear was a reflection of the slimes' instincts—protecting herself from the "reproductive instinct" akin to that of living beings.

"Wouldn't it be better to run away than to fight here...?"

One of the citizens, trembling with anxiety, spoke up towards Fiana, who was issuing commands atop the wall.

Upon hearing those words, Fiana stopped and nodded firmly, as if it were the most natural thing.

"I understand your fear at the sight of so many slimes approaching."

After a deep breath, she continued.

"However, if we flee, the slimes will only go on a killing spree. They are that kind of enemy—it's either resist and survive to protect our country, or be killed without resistance... fleeing won't save us."

At Fiana's words, the citizens, who had been agitated, fell silent all at once.

To live or to die.

Those who had lived normally until now found their rational thinking slipping away when faced with such a choice.

No one had imagined they would "die" today.

So—

"The knight order will surely protect you all—endure and survive... until the return of the hero, Mariabelle!!"

With that, Fiana concluded her speech and hurried towards another gathering of citizen mages, not sparing a moment to check on the citizens' reactions.

(Mariabelle—please come back soon...)

The hopes of the knights, the citizens, and Fontiule rested solely on that.

The slimes had grown into a massive horde that filled the horizon.

Fiana's keen eyesight could see their battle strength.

The vanguard goblins, followed closely by large orcs and lizardmen.

Behind them were even larger monsters like chimeras and golems... they were advancing in a three-tiered formation, raising clouds of dust.

...Yet among them, there was no sign of the oval shapes typical of slimes.

(Truly, they have transformed into entirely different monsters...)

The way slimes fought... their very existence had changed dramatically since a certain point.

The colossal slime, Black Ooze, which had dominated Fontiule, had been defeated, and Fiana recalled how Carla had said that some change had occurred as a result.

The slimes had shifted from their oval forms into various other creatures, even mimicking human shapes.

And now, slimes in the guise of monsters were attacking Fontiule again... bringing despair greater than when they had first taken control two years ago.

"This time, we must stop them..."

What resurfaced in Fiana's mind was the humiliation of having the capital taken without being able to resist two years ago.

A defeat that had come from underestimating mere slimes.

Her first experience of violation.

And the invasion that had occurred right after returning to the capital following the subjugation—one year of being "kept alive" and "continuously violated."

(I won't let that happen again...!)

With that resolve, Fiana called out to the citizen mages, reassuring them as she went.

The battlefield would soon be upon them.

She prayed that as many citizens as possible would be saved.

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The battle began around noon.

A group resembling goblins, the vanguard of the slimes, was approaching.

"Everyone, take aim! We don't need power; focus on avoiding your allies and hitting the slimes!!"

A rapidly assembled mage unit of about three thousand.

Leading a portion of them was a purple-haired knight, Alfhira.

Having combat experience against slimes but lacking magical abilities, she had been assigned to command the mage unit.

At her command, the citizens divided into groups began chanting spells.

They were using fire magic.

Slimes were weak against fire and ice.

Especially fire, which could evaporate the slime's mucus even without a direct hit, drastically reducing their means of attack.

Ice could temporarily halt their movements, but it was also known from Carla's research that they could break free and launch surprise attacks from within the ice.

In chaotic battles, the greatest danger came from the slimes, so it was better to scorch them with fire magic, even if it meant making the front line endure some heat—this was the judgment made.

"First, we need to stop the goblins' advance! That's all we need to think about—fire!!"

With Alfhira's command, the citizens unleashed their magic all at once.

Under her leadership, about three hundred fireballs struck the thousands of goblins—explosions erupted.

Chunks of slime splattered along with clouds of dust... and amidst that dust, the next wave of goblins charged forward.

Even as their comrades were blown away, they showed no signs of panic.

That was the threat of the slimes.

They felt no fear or pain. Their wounds healed almost instantly.

However, due to the heat and explosions, their only weakness, the "core," might have been destroyed, and their numbers had decreased somewhat.

Moreover, as they charged forward, they were somewhat hindered by the holes created by the explosions.

Taking advantage of that opening, another knight-led mage unit executed a second and third volley, further reducing the number of goblins.

"Draw your swords!! Consider that this battle will determine the fate of this land!!"

Below the outer wall, Fiana was directing the knights protecting the mages, raising her voice to reach Alfira's position.

She herself stood at the front line, drawing her magic sword forged from spirit silver.

"Behind us are those who cannot fight, the citizens we must protect—goddess Fasarina herself is here! We will defend them!!"

"Yes!!"

"Charge!!"

"Ooohhh!!"

With Fiana's command, the knights charged towards the remaining goblins.

The goblins had already lost a significant number due to the mages' earlier attacks, and the knights began to eradicate the remaining monsters with their ice-enveloped magic swords.

Elves, being forest dwellers, were naturally weak against fire magic.

Since the knight order of Fontiule had many elves, they had no choice but to opt for ice magic, which slimes were weak against.

"Don't overlook the 'core'!! Prioritize that above all else!!"

"Understood!!"

Following Fiana's voice, the knights took down some of the surviving goblins, while most searched for and destroyed the "cores" from the bodies that lay on the ground, either rolled over or frozen.

The only weakness that could be considered the heart of the slimes.

Each core was about the size of a thumbtack, making it quite a hassle to find.

But since it was the most dangerous part, their focus naturally concentrated on searching for it.

From the top of the outer wall, the scene might have looked somewhat foolish, but no one laughed at it—it was necessary.

"The second wave is coming—this time, it's the big ones, concentrate your magical power!!"

After a while, the orcs, heavier on their feet, approached, having been slowed down.

Though their feet were slow, their bodies were robust... a slime mimicking a species known for its durability would not be easily taken down by a single weak spell from the citizens.

Behind them were even larger monsters...

"An earthquake!?"

"At a time like this!?"

The knights screamed as they felt the vibrations through their iron greaves.

The earthquake—this natural disaster struck not only the knights but also the mages atop the outer wall, causing screams to erupt from all around.

Some even let out cries of terror as the tension they had been under exploded—but.

"This isn't an earthquake... it's the enemy! A worm...!?"

Fiana quickly realized the cause.

Among the large species that had appeared when they conquered the "Slime Castle" in Gravalto, there was a particularly massive creature—the worm.

She recognized that it was moving underground near Fontiule, as the irregular intensity of the vibrations differed from a natural earthquake.

"It's coming—!"

As the vibrations intensified, the orcs could no longer stand, and their charge slowed.

At the same time, the ground exploded.

Dust rose, and soil and rocks were scattered—out from that chaos emerged a gigantic worm with skin nearly blackish gray.

...And there were two of them.

"Ugh—retreat, get out of the way!!"

The worm emerged, entangling the orcs that were supposed to be allies, expanding the damage as it charged towards the knights.

Its thick-skinned body, a mouth large enough to swallow several humans whole, and the countless tentacles of varying sizes sprouting from within were grotesque—just before being swallowed, a knight screamed at the sight.

"Uwaaaahhh—!!"

With that scream, several knights were swallowed whole.

The worm then burrowed back into the ground, and another followed, consuming the knights and disappearing underground.

"No way—"

Knights who had just been fighting were suddenly swallowed by the worm.

They could be said to have been eaten.

Fiana had no time to be shaken by that fact.

"It's coming again...!"

She readied her spirit silver sword, channeling her magical power.

Opening her legs, exposing her underwear, she crouched down and gripped the sword tightly with both hands.

The new spirit silver sword amplified the magical power sent to her in response to her will, creating a storm of magic wrapped in ice and a blizzard around Fiana.

"Come—!"

(Slimes can't generate magical power—so they'll target those with stronger magical power...)

If the worm opened its mouth towards her, she would strike with magic into its maw—Fiana prepared herself, spreading her awareness around.

But.

"What!?"

It was her feet that were targeted.

The worm attacked from her blind spot, where she was poised to counter, biting at her waist along with the ground.

It wouldn't kill its precious "host with excellent magical power."

Unlike men, it bit gently to capture her, then stretched its body high into the air.

"Let go of me!!"

Caught off guard by the surprise attack, Fiana thrust her magic-imbued spirit silver sword into the worm, freezing its surface.

But that was only temporary.

The worm fully utilized the properties of slimes, shedding its frozen outer skin.

(As I thought, it's impossible unless I freeze it all the way through...)

With a body that extended to the height of the outer wall created by the mages, the only way to defeat it was to channel magic into its mouth and freeze it from the core.

As Fiana reaffirmed that fact, she felt countless tentacles wrapping around her lower body inside the worm's mouth.

"—Let go, let go!!"

Swallowing her scream, Fiana struggled desperately.

She tried to pry open the worm's mouth with both hands, thrashing her legs inside.

But there was no way she could resist against a worm that was dozens of times larger than herself.

The sight of the silver-haired elf raised high as if for display caught the attention of everyone fighting there, and they witnessed her porcelain-like skin turning red with shame.

"Hyah!?"

Inside the mouth, the tentacles touched the most embarrassing part of Fiana.

Her flashy underwear, adorned with spirit silver decorations, initially repelled the tentacles in response to her magical power.

But that wouldn't last long—.

"Don't move!!"

The moment the second invasion was about to begin, a voice reached Fiana's long, elf-like ears.

Immediately after, a shadow leaped up to the outer wall and used that momentum to charge toward the worm.

The figure, moving with an athleticism that seemed almost inhuman, was Akane, the second hero summoned by the goddess Fasarina.

Having received Fasarina's magical power in the royal castle of Fontille, she swung her holy sword with a sharpened edge as she passed by—effortlessly cleaving through the thick body of the worm with a single motion.

"Catch it below!!"

Akane shouted as she landed on the ground.

At that moment, a worm, having sprung from the earth just as it had done to Fiana, bit at Akane's lower body.

However.

"Too slow!!"

As if she had anticipated the attack, Akane remained unflustered and swung her holy sword before the worm could bite.

The sword, with its curved blade and emphasis on sharpness, cut through the worm's open mouth with ease—moreover, the wound did not

regenerate, emitting white smoke instead.

The power of the goddess—an ability that could destroy monsters, a natural enemy to them.

It was a strike of light unleashed by Mariabelle, a slash imbued with that light along the blade.

While its power was not as overwhelming as Mariabelle's, the lesser energy required meant its effects would last longer.

"Now, burn it to ashes!!"

As she minced the worm's head with her sword, Akane commanded the mages to incinerate the giant body, now sluggish without its head.

From within emerged multiple 'cores'—all of which she destroyed.

"Thank you, Akane-sama."

"We'll talk later; the next one is coming soon!!"

As Fiana, rescued from the worm's mouth, approached while receiving treatment from the priest, Akane immediately set her sights on the next enemy.

The orcs, who had not been significantly reduced in number and were unaffected by the confusion caused by the worm's appearance.

"I'll take the lead! Everyone, focus on destroying the 'cores'!!"

"We'll follow! Leave the front line to the beastmen!!"

Following Akane, the beastmen warriors led by Fornelis stepped forward.

They fortified their defenses by pouring 'Valhalla's Sacred Water' over themselves and wielded magical swords made with more spirit silver than Fiana's.

"We'll wipe out those slimes!! Keep going!!"

The beastmen, enraged by the destruction of Gravalto, let out fierce battle cries and charged at the slime-shaped orcs.

There was no fear.

More than that, their anger at the destruction of their country and the fall of the World Tree drove them forward.

"I'll push them back all at once!!"

Overwhelmed by their momentum, Akane also charged into the horde of orcs.

Thanks to the combined resistance of Fontille, they had gained the upper hand in the early stages...

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"What is the status of the battle?"

"Yes. We successfully repelled the giant worm and, taking advantage of that momentum, annihilated a group of goblins and orcs."

"The large monsters are not numerous, so I believe we can say we have survived for now."

"I see..."

Hearing that report, Leticia, who was waiting in the royal castle of Fontille, let out a sigh of relief.

In the face of overwhelming disparity in military strength, surviving a day was significant.

"We can survive. We can win."

Having that goal would surely become a great hope for the knights and the citizens.

"Was there any other significant change?"

"No. The evacuation of citizens near the royal castle is proceeding smoothly. We have enough food and water for a while."

"Understood. They will invade through the sewers and small holes as well. Do not let your guard down just because we have survived."

"Yes."

Once the report to Leticia was finished, the knight exited the throne room.

Without a moment to catch her breath, the nobles arrived to report on the distribution of food and water, followed by another knight who continued with reports on troop deployments...

Around Leticia were only the minimum necessary forces—armed maids, with not a single guard knight present.

Almost all military strength had been redirected to the outer walls, and the queen, their greatest asset, was still focused on recovering her magical power.

"You seem restless, Leticia."

"That is... Fasarina-sama. I apologize for such a setting—"

By the time those reports concluded, the sun was setting, and Fasarina—the goddess borrowing the body of Sister Angelica—arrived.

She appeared to soften her otherwise emotionless beauty just a little.

As Leticia knelt to the ground, Fasarina stopped her.

(She seems to be in a good mood.)

Leticia made that judgment.

They had managed to survive the slime's assault for at least one day—she seemed pleased about that.

"I am glad we endured this day with minimal sacrifices..."

"Yes."

"I can sense the life force of the daughters you are worried about... Mariabelle and the others. So, continue to lead the country with peace of mind."

With just that, Fasarina left the throne room.

It was advice meant to ensure that Leticia would not falter in her command due to concern for Mariabelle and Meltya, her two daughters.

"Mari, you're safe..."

(Meltya, thank you for helping her...)

Just those words nearly brought tears to Leticia's eyes, but she held them back.

They were in the midst of an invasion by slimes.

There was no time to cry.

"From tomorrow, we must win."

(Mari. I will definitely protect the place you will return to—)

With that resolve, Leticia marked the end of the first day of the invasion...

We will resume the novel from volume 21.

I hope you enjoy it once again.

2 - Underneath That

<novel-excerpt>

——Day Four

"I'll be back! Prepare the magic!!"

"I know, I know! Don't rush me!!"

Surprisingly, even on the fourth day of the assault on Fontille, the outer walls had not yet been breached.

Moreover, the number of injured had not increased significantly; rather, the citizen soldiers who had experienced battle were becoming more skilled, efficiently defeating the Slimes that took the form of magical creatures attacking them.

Their skill was improving.

In actual combat, it became more refined, which surely was not something the Slimes desired.

(As I thought, something is strange...)

The first to sense this was Fiana and Forneus, who were commanding at the front lines.

In particular, Forneus, who was constantly fighting the Slimes at the forefront, felt a strong sense of discomfort about the current situation.

They attacked during the day and slept at night.

This could be considered a behavior mimicking the ecology of the magical creatures, but still.

(Why aren't they using magic? Why aren't they attacking in numbers?)

From the very first day of the assault, the Slimes' peculiar fighting style had been unsettling.

Having fought Slimes many times before, Forneus believed he understood five key aspects of these creatures today.

They were fearless, pain-ignorant, and simply attacked relentlessly.

They killed men and violated women.

Eventually, they evolved to even kill women, yet still, a certain number of individuals engaged in the male emotion—reproductive acts.

However.

(...Why do they keep repeating these meaningless charges?)

In terms of numbers and individual strength, everything was superior on the Slime side.

The notion of being "the weakest magical creature" was a thing of the past.

They used magic, multiplied endlessly, had low resistance to attributes other than specific ones, and could recover from minor wounds in an instant—these were the worst magical creatures in history.

And yet.

(Why aren't they attacking us?)

The Slimes were indeed assaulting Fontille.

Reports indicated that they continued to emerge endlessly from the deep forests of the country, which had been the stronghold of the fallen Grabalt.

Even now, various Slimes mimicking the forms of magical creatures were attacking in waves... but.

However, while they were attacking Fontille, they did not seem intent on destroying the country.

The commanders at the front lines felt this way.

"A horde of Goblins is coming! Magic—fire it up!!"

As Alfira shouted from atop the outer wall, the citizen mages unleashed their fire magic in response.

The magic from a group of about three hundred amateur mages was poorly timed, yet it fell like an ideal wave upon the Goblin Slimes rushing toward the ground.

Those struck directly evaporated, and even those fortunate enough to avoid a direct hit were blown away, losing their form from the shock of the explosion that occurred nearby.

If the exposed 'Core' was hit directly by a fireball or caught in the aftermath of the explosion, the Slime would die, reducing their numbers.

However, not all of them.

The surviving Slimes rapidly repaired their forms at a speed impossible for humans or natural Goblins, and soon began to charge toward the outer wall again.

Forneus felt the unique threat of the Slimes he had fought until now—the 'fearless of death' nature—but at the same time, it was a dangerous recklessness as they charged in without a plan.

"Brace the shields! Draw your swords! —Let's go!!"

Forneus leaped toward the Goblins, whose numbers had decreased and whose charge had weakened.

He wielded a large Spirit Silver two-handed sword, enveloping its blade in flames as he slashed.

Without mercy, he cleaved through the enemies that had destroyed his homeland, and the flames on the blade evaporated the slime, exposing the 'Core.'

With a swift motion, he shattered the exposed 'Core,' killing two, three—slaughtering the Slimes in his charge.

"They are attacking—but—"

"Don't let your guard down, Forneus!"

Forneus felt that their actions were somewhat passive.

These Slimes had body fluids that were highly toxic.

Just touching them could cause paralysis, and some even had the ability to arouse women merely by their scent.

While they had strong resistance to status ailments, they were a type that could be considered a natural enemy to beastmen with sensitive olfactory senses.

Those possessing Slime characteristics—indeed, the ones Forneus and the others regarded as the most dangerous were present on the battlefield, yet their attacks remained passive.

They charged in without any strategy, simply rushing forward.

(What is the meaning of this attack?)

If his doubts slowed his movements, a Slime leaped from behind and was sliced in half by a flash of light.

It was Akane.

Blessed by the Goddess Fasarina, she had gained physical abilities comparable to Forneus and wielded the Holy Sword imbued with the light that destroys magical creatures, used by Mariabelle.

She fully utilized her physical prowess, darting around the battlefield, slicing through Slimes as she assisted the soldiers and knights who were cornered.

"I'm sorry—ah, thank you, Hero."

"You don't have to call me that... more importantly—"

"Yes."

The second female hero, distinguished by her black-rimmed glasses, had little practical experience, yet she was one of the few who had slain more Slimes than anyone else on this battlefield.

In the previous battle at Rishura, she had once succeeded in repelling a particularly powerful Slime that had disguised itself as Alfredo.

Like Mariabelle, she possessed the black hair that was a mark of the hero and stood on the battlefield wielding a sword with a refined, curved blade.

Her armor was somewhat modest for a hero, emphasizing mobility.

She wore a thick jacket and trousers, along with light metal chest armor and gauntlets.

Though the Slime's mucus was highly toxic, she resisted it with a bracelet blessed by the goddess.

Her equipment was designed to maximize her speed, a reflection of her pursuit of an effective fighting style.

—Akane too had noticed the anomaly on the battlefield... the discomfort.

"Something feels different from when we were at Rishura. I can't quite put my finger on it."

"Even though they are attacking, I don't feel threatened—why is that?"

Forneus and Akane backed each other, eliminating blind spots as they dealt with the encroaching Slimes.

The two, possessing outstanding individual skills within this group, were the greatest threats to the Slimes.

That was precisely why they charged forward.

Doing so would alleviate the fatigue of the others—.

"The command of the soldiers has been entrusted to Fiana and her subordinates—let's wreak havoc!"

"Yes! And no need for honorifics!"

"Ah, understood!"

Forneus and Akane exchanged words with a lightness unbefitting a battlefield, then began to cut down the Goblin-shaped Slimes charging from their fronts.

(Something is off, but I don't have the luxury to ponder what it is right now.)

For everyone present to survive, they had no choice but to cut down every last Slime that approached.

Four days.

There was a reason the Slimes had been attacking from the Grabalt side for that long.

It was a diversion to thin out the defenses inside the castle.

For that purpose, it mattered not how many hundreds or thousands of Slimes perished.

—After all, eventually, even more Slimes would be born using the bodies of women...

With a thud.

A small sound echoed, and the wall of the large bathhouse within the castle shifted.

What lay there was a secret passage known only to the royal family. A route for those within the castle to escape in times of emergency.

It was the back road used by Mariabelle and the others when they entered the castle to save Fontille, which had been dominated by the Black Ooze.

From there, a blond man emerged.

It was Alfredo.

Having once been defeated by Akane at Rishura, another Slime had transformed into his likeness—this was a testament to the potential that "all Slimes could become him."

Thus, it became impossible to weaken the overall strength of the Slimes by defeating the most powerful individual.

Everyone learned this the hard way.

Because even if you defeated one, another Slime would simply "turn into Alfredo."

"_____"

Alfredo's appearance was indistinguishable from that of a human.

His hair swayed with the slightest movement, as did his clothes, skin, and expression.

There was nothing different from a human.

Except for the fact that he "could not speak," no one would be able to tell the difference.

He knew of the hidden passage located at a dried well far from Fontille.

When the Humanoids attacked Rishura, the refugees from Fontille had taken refuge there.

Among them, he had absorbed the important figures of the country and gained their knowledge.

The Black Ooze had been defeated by Mariabelle without obtaining that information, but this Slime, born from the Humanoid and Goddess Fasarina, had inherited that knowledge.

If the Black Ooze had known this information, could it have responded to Mariabelle's assault?

—The Slime in the form of Alfredo pondered such thoughts as he walked through the interior he had entered for the first time.

There was no hesitation in his steps.

He understood where his destination lay from the memories of the countless knights, residents, and nobles of Fontille he had absorbed.

He was headed for the dungeon.

The memories of the Alfredo he was based on were urging him to do so.

Within him resided countless consciousnesses, allowing for clearer "dialogue with those consciousnesses" than with the Black Ooze or other Slimes or Humanoids.

"_____"

There were no guards in the dungeon.

Of course.

The enemy of humanity was the Slime, and the criminals were now being deployed to the front lines as forces.

There was no need for leniency in their sentences.

Humanity had reached a point where they must unite to confront the threat of the Slimes.

It was the same situation as when the Demon King existed.

There was no justice or evil, only a desperate need to resist the threat to survive—thus, humanity was once again united.

Therefore, there was no need to place soldiers to watch over the criminals.

Thus—Alfredo was able to easily find the only person imprisoned in Fontille's dungeon without being detected.

"Alfredo-sama...?"

The gray-haired woman appeared slightly thinner than in his memories.

But that was because she had grown taller.

Her head, which had previously been just above his waist, now reached her shoulders.

The youthful expression she had retained now bore the beauty appropriate for her age, yet her hairstyle remained the same, tied in a side ponytail that gave off a somewhat childish impression.

She wore a simple tunic befitting a criminal, but her chest had slightly developed, and her waist was nicely defined.

Her long, beautiful legs peeked out from the hem of the tunic, and steel shackles were fastened around her ankles to prevent her from escaping.

"Alfredo-sama."

The gray-haired mage, Satia, called her master's name once more.

With affection.

As if she were dreaming.

—The beloved master who had gone to defeat the Black Ooze, only to be killed before her eyes.

When Satia was shown that moment, her heart shattered.

It was only natural.

To Satia, Alfredo was the beloved person who had saved her from slavery.

He had taught her magic as a means of survival and had given her the status of an adventurer.

No matter how much she expressed her gratitude, it would never be enough.

Alfredo was more than just a master who taught Satia how to live as a human.

...That Alfredo had been consumed by a Slime and suffocated to death.

She had witnessed the moment his body melted away, so it was only natural that her heart would break.

The thrill of her first sexual experience had not yet faded, and she had lost even the semen obtained from her first internal ejaculation—while the Slime had gained the ability to reproduce, Satia had lost both her beloved and his essence.

Yet—Alfredo stood before her.

In the same form.

"Alfredo-sama."

As soon as Satia saw that figure, she rushed to the iron bars that sealed her cell.

Like a small animal. Leaning her cheek against her beloved master.

If she reached through the gaps in the iron bars, she could easily touch the Slime that took the form of Alfredo.

She touched his clothes.

The texture was far from what one would expect from a Slime's mucus.

She touched his cheek.

She felt warmth.

His hair was soft, and he was breathing.

The texture was that of a human.

"_____"

But this was a Slime.

Recognizing the presence of the iron bars that obstructed her from reclaiming what she desired, her right arm transformed into a tentacle bearing a massive blade.

In an instant.

Before Satia could even blink, her arm transformed, and with a speed that left no afterimage, she swung it several times.

To Satia, unaccustomed to swordplay, it felt as if a gust of wind had blown by for just a moment, and by the time she realized it, the iron bars made of molten steel had been sliced into pieces.

—That overwhelming swordsmanship was something she had gained from fighting Akane.

It resembled the movements she made while wielding the Holy Sword.

The only difference was whether the weapon was a sword or a tentacle.

The overwhelming reach and area of the tentacle would make it an even more vicious attack than Akane's.

...No one saw it.

"Alfredo-sama, you're safe."

Satia smiled quietly, pressing her body, which had grown over the past year, against Alfredo.

An expression of affection she had never been able to show the living Alfredo.

To do so to the Slime in the form of Alfredo was, for anyone who knew the truth, simply complex and pitiable...

Her overwhelming action was a manifestation of joy, and Alfredo did not reject her.

He placed his right hand, which had just moments ago sliced through the iron bars and had now returned to a normal arm, on Satia's head.

Gently, lightly stroking.

It was a human-like gesture, yet it remained utterly mechanical and inorganic—an act devoid of emotion, likely due to being a Slime.

"Ah..."

Satia's face lit up with bliss at that simple action, and she pressed her face even harder against Alfredo's chest, her cheeks flushed.

...As she inhaled his scent deeply, a sweet fragrance filled her lungs.

It was the scent of flowers secreted to mask the foul odor of the Slime.

"Alfredo-sama, Alfredo-sama..."

Satia repeated those words.

She remained broken.

Even though she understood with her own eyes that Alfredo was dead, she could not accept it, and she harbored feelings for the Black Ooze, which had taken on a form so far removed from humanity.

</novel-excerpt>

If he can't even remember reality when facing Alfredo himself, then as Frederica worried, he probably can't ever return...

But that was fine.

Satia was happy.

She could be held by Alfredo, whom she had always loved.

An adventurer and a slave.

She had given up, thinking it was a love between people of different statuses, but he held her every day, every night, every hour, whenever he pleased.

That made her incredibly happy.

Her body, which had been confined in a cell for the past year, was heating up.

Even without anything being done to her, just being embraced by Alfredo was enough to make her simple cotton pants under her robe soak with overflowing love juices.

"Ah, I'll serve you right away..."

Muttering with a blissful expression, Satia knelt before Alfredo.

Truly a slave.

With movements so natural that it felt like the obvious thing to do, she brought her face close to Alfredo's crotch and loosened his belt.

"_____"

Even knowing what the situation was, Alfredo didn't stop her.

The people in the castle were focused on the battle and wouldn't come to the dungeon, and if they did, he would just kill them.

Before meeting Satia, it would have been troublesome if things got noisy, but now that he had met her, all that was left was to take her and leave the castle.

He even considered slaughtering everyone in the castle.

Alfredo now had the power to do just that.

--It wasn't arrogance, but a pure fact.

He was capable of protecting Satia while killing all the fighting forces in the castle.

Therefore.

"Faa... Ah, how magnificent..."

Satia muttered with a blissful expression as Alfredo's manhood was exposed from his trousers.

What was there was a human male's genitals.

The only difference was its thickness.

It was thicker and longer than what Alfredo used to have.

Having absorbed many men as a Slime, Alfredo's lower body possessed the thickest, longest, and most woman-pleasing form among them.

It might be meager and short compared to the Black Ooze's tentacles, but it could be said to be an ideal shape to fit inside a human womb.

"Chuu... I'll clean it nicely now..."

Satia gently kissed Alfredo's manhood that would soon penetrate her, then licked the shaft with its bulging veins, the jagged head like a weapon, and the mesmerizingly thick glans.

She licked it lovingly, carefully, as if savoring a sweet treat.

"Nn... Chuu, nn, nnfu... Lero..."

Satia licked Alfredo's lower body with an enthusiasm that was hard to believe from someone who had been locked in a cell until recently.

She consciously made a wet sound by coating her tongue with saliva, kneading her beloved's testicles with one hand, and reaching for her own breasts with the other.

Feeling a tingling sensation as she massaged her thinly swollen breasts through her robe.

Satia, who had been listless about everything since leaving the Slime's side, was now venting her pent-up frustrations.

At first, gently and carefully.

But soon, she began to lick Alfredo's manhood roughly and wildly, massaging her own breasts.

"_____"

The sexual service, which she had never done once in her life, was surprisingly skillful, and it was hard to believe that she was dealing with a human-shaped object for the first time.

It was stimulating enough to make him ejaculate, but Alfredo didn't change his expression even slightly.

It was only natural since he didn't have that ability, but Satia, perhaps feeling uneasy about it, moved her tongue even more intensely and boldly.

"Chuu, lero... Haa, haa..."

Her jaw soon grew tired, and the movement of her tongue became dull.

Perhaps feeling uneasy about Alfredo's unchanging reaction, Satia continued to move her tongue nonetheless.

Her devoted appearance was endearing... Alfredo intertwined his fingers in her gray hair, grabbed her head, and roughly shoved his manhood into her mouth.

"Fu Gock!?"

Satia screamed as her mouth was suddenly blocked.

Alfredo's long manhood easily reached the back of Satia's throat, making it difficult to breathe.

Her eyes, which had been narrowed lovingly until just now, widened, and her nose, the only part that was free, desperately tried to take in oxygen, her nostrils flaring.

"Nngh, ah, ma... Stopp, It hurts..."

Satia screamed between insertions, but Alfredo didn't stop.

Whether he was excited by the service just now, or just wanted to finish quickly because he was in the middle of enemy territory -- in any case, for Satia, whose stamina had been depleted by being imprisoned in the dungeon, the service using the back of her throat was unbearably painful.

But at the same time.

"Fugo, oh, Obu!?"

(Alfredo-sama, Alfredo-sama, I'm being used by Alfredo-sama...!)

Satia was still happy.

She was only surprised at first.

She quickly accepted the rough treatment, and felt joy even in the act of being used... her head being grabbed tightly and moved back and forth, and desperately licking her master's manhood in her mouth, using her tongue.

A large amount of saliva overflowed in her mouth, stimulated by the back of her throat, and muffled moans and wet sounds, as if she were having real sex, echoed in the dungeon.

Satia unconsciously released the hand that had been kneading his testicles and reached for her own lower body.

Kneeling on the floor, she massaged her breasts and fondled her crotch.

The simple cotton underwear was already wet with Satia's own sweat and love juices, and she unhesitatingly put her hand inside her underwear and directly fondled her genitals.

She inserted a finger into her vaginal opening and rubbed her clitoris with her thumb.

Feeling a numbing stimulation, her body, excited by serving her master for the first time in a year, easily reached climax.

However, it was a sweet stimulation caused by stimulating the shallow part of the vaginal opening.

It wasn't the intense climax that the Black Ooze had given her, which numbed her to the depths of her brain and made her existence itself seem to fly away.

However, Satia's entire body convulsed as she knelt on the floor, experiencing a sweet climax that was just right for the first time in a year.

"Fua, au, A, annnuuu!"

But even as Satia climaxed, Alfredo didn't loosen his grip on her head, and roughly moved her back and forth, treating her like a masturbation tool.

Roughly. Unilaterally. Selfishly.

But that was good.

"Fugu, uuuuu, fuguuuu!?"

(It hurts, but -- Alfredo-sama, Alfredo-sama)

The Black Ooze had treated her gently and carefully, but Satia had been incredibly envious of Frederica, who was being treated so roughly that she seemed about to break beside her.

Even though she thought he was cherishing her, she was still jealous that her beloved was doing things to others that he wouldn't do to her.

That's why she felt happy even being treated roughly because she had grown up, and Satia smiled happily, her face red with pain.

She desperately moved her tongue, trying to make Alfredo feel good even a little, even though her eyes were about to go blind from the pain, and she showed no sign of stopping.

Without even bothering to wipe away the drool dripping from the corner of her lips, Satia continued to serve Alfredo.

At the same time, she didn't stop massaging her breasts and genitals with her own hands.

She wanted to feel good together.

Not just to be made to feel good unilaterally, but to climax together with her beloved master.

"Hoo, hoo, fuguuu!"

"_____"

Without noticing Satia's devoted wish as she continued to serve him, panting heavily, Alfredo shook her head even harder.

Roughly, mechanically, unilaterally.

With the same unchanging force, as if repeating the same scene, he violated the woman's mouth to the back of her throat.

Satia's mouth was already filled with a large amount of saliva, and it felt like a woman's genitals.

If he changed the angle, it would rub against her throat, and her wet tongue would entwine with his movements.

The hard sensation of her teeth hitting him occasionally was also a pleasant stimulus that prompted ejaculation -- without exaggeration, Satia's mouth was a wonderful 'masterpiece'.

Among the women that the Slime had violated so far, she would probably rank quite high.

Whether a reluctant woman tried to escape or resist, the movement of her tongue wasn't bad, but it wasn't bad to have someone like Satia who accepted it and served him with love.

Whether Alfredo thought so or not, he didn't resist the urge to ejaculate that he felt in his lower body, didn't hold back, and ejaculated as it was.

"Gah Fuh!?"

Satia was surprised and choked as she was suddenly ejaculated into.

Alfredo's semen, being that of a Slime, was voluminous, and moreover, the ejaculation lasted a long time.

Satia's narrow mouth was quickly filled with semen, and even though she desperately tried to swallow, the amount of ejaculation was greater, and her mouth was filled.

At first, she mixed it with saliva and swallowed it, but soon that saliva ran out, and the viscous, heavy semen became entangled in her throat, causing her to choke.

"Gohock!?"

Then she spewed semen from her nose, which was the only connection to the outside world, and Satia exposed the unsightly sight of semen dripping from her nose on her brown-skinned beauty.

Even so, Alfredo's ejaculation still didn't stop, and Satia swallowed her beloved master's semen while desperately making a gurgling sound in her throat, with semen dripping from her nose.

If that continued for about a minute, Satia's stomach, which had never been filled during her prison life, was quickly filled with semen.

"U, Gee -- ack. Gehock, kehock"

Satia couldn't help but burp in a vulgar way.

The smell of semen escaped from her nose, and she had a blissful expression on her face at the smell.

While exposing actions and expressions that a girl shouldn't make, Satia looked up at Alfredo and smiled happily.

She felt that the act of being used and ejaculated into was 'making her master feel good', and she was incredibly happy.

Alfredo grabbed Satia's arm and pushed her against the wall of the cell, a little roughly.

He understood that she wasn't satisfied.

Like the other women, Satia was also wetting her genitals under her clothes.

Alfredo lifted the hem of her robe and roughly pulled down her cotton underwear.

What appeared was a small but well-shaped butt, and below it, her genitals decorated with thin pubic hair.

The presence of pubic hair in that place, which had previously been hairless, made him feel her growth, but Alfredo placed the tip of his manhood on her genitals without changing his expression even slightly.

"Ah... Come..."

Even though she knew that she was about to be violated roughly, Satia didn't run away.

Rather, she shook her hips as if welcoming him, and opened her legs to shoulder width to help with the insertion.

Her first sexual experience since growing up was a reward for the woman who had been enduring it all this time.

She had always been treated gently.

She had always been caressed carefully.

What would happen if such a woman, who had been used roughly in her mouth and to the back of her throat, had sex...?

She felt an unbearable excitement just from imagining it, and new love juices oozed from her genitals without her doing anything, wetting her thighs.

Satia was completely ready, sweat beading on her brown skin, and she grabbed her own butt with her hands and spread her genitals wide open so that her beloved master could use her easily.

Exposing not only her wet, beautiful pink genitals, but even her anus between her spread buttocks, Satia looked at Alfredo while leaning her upper body against the wall of the cell.

Her eyes, wet as if expecting anything, were clouded with lust, and she was only thinking about feeling good anymore.

"Alfredo-sama, please, use me freely."

She muttered, panting with semen-smelling breath, and shook her butt.

The seductive movements were meant to excite Alfredo, but he, being a Slime, didn't move his expression even slightly.

However, it may have had an effect.

Alfredo grabbed Satia's waist to hold her in place so she couldn't escape, and immediately pressed his penis against Satia's genitals.

"Nn..."

Satia moaned at the stimulation of the hard, thick glans touching her sensitive mucous membranes.

The Black Ooze's tentacles had used thin ones to match Satia's body, but Alfredo was different.

He judged that Satia, who had grown up, would be fine as it was -- and invaded her womb with that thick, long thing that seemed like it would dislocate her jaw.

"Ha, nn... Nnu..."

(Thick, tight...)

Satia hurriedly looked ahead... at the wall of the cell.

She didn't want him to see her painfully distorted expression.

Even though her body had grown, the male organ, which was an exception to the human standard, was tight for her first sexual experience.

It wasn't enough to tear her body apart, but the pressure that seemed to lift her internal organs made it difficult to breathe, and Satia stiffened her entire body.

If she did that, her vaginal opening would inevitably narrow, showing movements that seemed to reject Alfredo's insertion.

"Alfredo, sama... I'm okay, so..."

That was not Satia's intention.

She desperately tried to relax her entire body, but her body stiffened unconsciously.

That's why she told him that she wasn't rejecting him with her mouth, and Alfredo grabbed Satia's waist even harder.

A shiver ran down her entire body.

Because she had always been treated gently, her skin crawled at the premonition of being used powerfully and roughly.

"Come..."

At the same time as Satia muttered, whether it was in sync or just a coincidence, the glans invaded with a forceful insertion immediately afterwards.

"Fu, gu..."

(It hurts, but --)

Even though it was just the tip, once it was in, all that was left was to put it in deeper.

As Alfredo pressed his hips in as it was, Alfredo's manhood pierced all the way to the back at once, expanding Satia's narrow hole that hadn't been used for a year.

"Ka, ha... It hurts, but..."

If she gently stroked her stomach, she could feel a definite foreign object under her flesh -- the sensation of Alfredo's manhood.

As she felt the presence of his manhood, which was so thick and hard that she could feel it, Alfredo naturally pulled his hips back immediately.

That's what sex is like.

Satia knew that too.

At the same time, she felt with her skin that today was different.

There was no kindness at all.

Like a beautiful woman like Frederica crying and begging for forgiveness, it was rough, one-sided, and she wouldn't be forgiven even if she lost consciousness --

"Ah... Ah... Ah, ah, ah, ah!?"

Pull, thrust, pull, thrust, pull thrust, pull thrust.

That was the repetition.

There was no stimulation like a tentacle that was infinitely flexible and undulating in her vagina, which was absolutely impossible for a human body, but there was power in having sex with Alfredo.

At first, slowly, as if to get her used to it.

But once she got used to it and her vaginal opening matched Alfredo's thickness, the movement of his hips became more intense.

Quickly, powerfully, and violently.

The male lust Satia had yearned for, been jealous of, the lust directed at Frederica.

Her heart was filled with the happiness of it being directed at her, but her body screamed at the violent insertion that felt like it would break her.

At the same time, Alfredo's semen, like that of other Slimes, contained a potent Love Potion.

Satia took it into her mouth, swallowing it until she burped, and her entire body became aroused in response to the stimulation of the insertion.

She quickly forgot the pain of the insertion, and what she felt next was a pleasure that seemed to melt her hips and womb.

The heat spread from her uterus, flushing her ovaries, giving her the illusion that she could even tell she was ovulating.

"Ah, now, Alfredo-sama, now...!"

(If I'm given it, if I'm allowed to have it!)

Surely she would be fertilized.

She would conceive a child.

She would conceive Alfredo's and her child.

Satia fantasized about that happy future, and even though just accepting it was her limit, she shook her hips herself, urging Alfredo to ejaculate.

She spread her legs shoulder-width apart, not caring that her anus was visible, and thrust her hips up, shaking her hips so that his returning spearhead would be in close contact with her uterus.

It was hard to believe it was her first sexual act with a humanoid, her movements were so bold and precise as she demanded ejaculation, and Alfredo's movements became more intense in response.

He gripped her waist so tightly that his fingers dug in, fixing Satia in place so she couldn't escape.

Not that Satia would escape even if he didn't do that, but it was a male instinct.

The sounds of hips and buttocks colliding, *thwack, thwack*, and Satia's intense moans echoed through the dungeon.

If you listened closely, you might even be able to hear it from Fontille's castle above ground.

But neither Alfredo nor Satia cared.

Right now, they were just celebrating their long-awaited reunion—just shaking their hips to satisfy the desires of an important female.

It was a behavior that Slimes had never exhibited before.

Alfredo wasn't aware of the changes in himself, and Satia, whose mind was broken, didn't have the luxury to think about it.

If someone had seen it, they would have noticed the change in the Slime... that abnormality.

Was it because of the shape it had taken, or because it had obtained the power of the Goddess Fasarina?

...The Slime in the shape of Alfredo had 'changed' again.

"Fuggh, ah, ahihh—come, please come—Alfredo-samaaaaah!"

As Satia raised her voice as she wished, Alfredo responded by pressing his glans against her core and ejaculating.

What was spewed out was hot, viscous semen, no different from that of a human.

The only difference was that it also contained a Love Potion, and the direct hit to her cervix—no, the fact that it was poured into her uterus—made Satia's womb feel like it was burning.

"Fu, oh? Oh, oh, O—?"

Satia only recognized Alfredo as her 'beloved master', and it didn't matter whether he was human or Slime.

So it didn't matter if his semen contained a Love Potion. She didn't have the intelligence to think about it.

It just felt good.

Her womb was burning, and the heat spread throughout her body with each passing second.

Suddenly, her legs, which had been spread shoulder-width apart, began to tremble.

She could no longer support her body with her legs and was about to collapse onto the floor of the prison, but Alfredo's hand, which was gripping her waist, supported Satia's body.

Without being allowed to fall, she was held up with his male member, which had not withered from a single ejaculation, as a support.

Her back was against Alfredo's chest—but it wasn't the gentle embrace that a maiden might fantasize about.

When she was lifted up with his oversized, long male member as a support, all of her weight was placed on the tip of the part that was in close contact... her uterus, which was in close contact with his glans.

"Ah, eh!?"

No matter how aroused she was by the Love Potion, there was a limit.

Immediately after climax, the intense sensation of her sensitive uterus being pushed up by his glans caused her to scream, and at the same time, when her abdomen was pushed, the bladder inside her womb was crushed from the vaginal side.

As she spewed out the accumulated liquid, Satia ended up squirting against the wall of the prison.

"Ah, ah, ah, stop, please stop—fuGgh!?"

But it didn't stop.

Alfredo... the Slime, was a monster who would violate a woman over and over again in a single sexual act—until she fainted.

Just as Satia had wished, just as he had done to Frederica... Alfredo violated Satia until he was satisfied, even though his comrades and humans were killing each other on the surface....

3 - Invasion

The Slime's attack on Fontille was an unrelenting wave.

Slimes, mimicking various forms of magical creatures, advanced without fear of death or knowledge of fatigue, pressing forward even as their comrades fell beside them, showing no sorrow.

The assault of these emotionless monsters was simply eerie and terrifying.

After four days of this, it was only natural that those fighting to protect their homeland, their people, their neighbors, their friends, and their loved ones would grow weary.

"The sun will set soon! Just a little longer, hold on!!"

Fiana shouted as she commanded the knights.

Before her gaze, the sun, stained a deep crimson, was disappearing behind the foothills of the mountains on the horizon.

The Slimes had not merely become stronger through their new evolution.

They had begun to mimic the habits of traditional magical creatures, halting their siege at night and retreating to safer locations.

Once they withdrew to caves or the depths of the forest, they would become immobile, as if they were asleep.

This strange behavior had begun after the Black Ooze was defeated by Mariabelle and her companions, leading to the liberation of Fontille.

(According to Lady Carla, it was said they were imitating the lifestyle of the creatures they mimic...)

However, the extent to which this "imitation" was true had yet to be investigated.

If they were truly asleep, then night would be a safe time for humanity, but if it was merely a ruse, they might resume their attacks without regard for the night.

...In the current dire situation, there was no room to investigate, and they could not afford to act in a way that would tighten the noose around their own necks.

What they did know was this.

"When night falls, we can rest! Just a little longer, hold on!!"

As Fiana rallied them, the knights, soldiers, and citizens responded to her voice.

To survive this day, they summoned their remaining strength, readying their weapons to face the Slimes.

The magic of the citizen mages continuously blasted away the front lines of Slimes, and the soldiers charged at the moment their momentum faltered.

Knights supported the soldiers from the front lines, using magic to minimize casualties as everyone fought desperately.

"Haaah!!"

Fiana joined the knights—no, she stood at the very forefront of the battle.

By showing her back, she signaled that there was no commander; everyone was fighting as one.

As she swung her Spirit Silver Sword, her beautiful silver hair, gathered at the collar, swayed like a tail, and with a single stroke, three Slimes standing before her were frozen.

Though they took the form of a pig-faced monster resembling a large orc, nearly twice the height of the smallest goblin on this battlefield, it mattered not to Fiana.

The immense magical power she possessed as an elf amplified the Spirit Silver woven into her blade, transforming it into an overwhelming chill that froze the orcs in an instant.

Even when their movements halted, the Slimes broke through the ice from within and extended their tendrils, but Fiana's countermeasures, having faced defeat once, were flawless.

She ensured that she would not suffer a second defeat by freezing the Slime's core, sealing off all resistance.

"Next!!"

In that manner, five, ten, twenty—each time Fiana advanced across the battlefield, the number of frozen statues increased, and the knights following her shattered them to search for and break their weak points, the "cores."

...However, it still wasn't enough.

(There are really so many. How many more... no, there must be even more...)

No one could tell how many Slimes there were in total.

Surely, not even Goddess Fasarina...

Yet still, Fiana and her companions had to fight.

If they did not, this Fontille would be destroyed, just like Grabalt.

"We will fight until night falls! Everyone, I ask for your support!!"

Fiana took the lead to minimize damage, drawing the Slimes' attention toward herself.

She raised her voice constantly for that reason.

By standing in front, she and Forneus, along with Akane, became the targets for the Slimes, who focused on defeating the "strong individuals."

But conversely, if they knew the enemies were gathering around them, they could turn that to their advantage.

"I'll gather the enemies! Just like before!"

"Yes!!"

As she charged into the mass of Slimes, it was inevitable that Fiana would be surrounded.

The attacks from all sides were deadly, wrapped in paralysis poison.

Many knights and soldiers endured by protecting themselves with metal armor, but Fiana, who relied on speed, had more exposed skin compared to them.

Even a single droplet could render her immobile—yet, as she plunged into the swarm of Slimes, she fortified her skin with magical armor.

The splattering slime froze just before touching her, falling to the ground under the pull of gravity.

Furthermore, as she released more magic, a winter-like chill spread around Fiana, slowing the movements of the slime monsters.

While a human would generate heat through movement, thus negating the effects, for the Slimes, which merely pulsed with slime, even this slight temperature difference posed a significant problem.

"Not yet, not yet!!"

Fiana slowed their movements by lowering the surrounding temperature, facing many Slimes at once.

Though she lacked the physical abilities of Akane or Forneus, her superior magical skills were her weapon.

With that, she dashed around the front lines, freezing dozens of Slimes before the sun set.

"Almost there—"

From a distance, she could hear the sounds of Akane and Forneus fighting.

As their last push for the day, they too purified and incinerated many Slimes, reducing their numbers as much as possible.

"Hah, hah..."

When she realized it, Fiana found herself surrounded by frozen Slime statues.

The knights desperately shattered those statues to expose their "cores," but the pace of battle continued to escalate beyond what they could keep up with.

"Today, we survived..."

Until she received the report, she wouldn't know the details, but there shouldn't be too many casualties today.

(But, I'm tired...)

Fiana thought that Akane and Forneus must feel the same.

The strategy of using themselves as bait was exhausting.

Especially since, unlike Fiana, who led the knights, Akane and Forneus were moving independently.

Even accounting for differences in stamina and race, there were limits.

(This way of fighting can't last much longer...)

Even knowing that, there was nothing they could do as the enemy numbers did not decrease.

As Fiana pondered this, the sun finally set completely... and vanished from sight.

"Torches! But be careful of the frozen Slimes!"

"I understand. We must crush their 'cores' without melting them..."

Torches were already burning atop the outer wall, and beyond the soft, warm light, Alfira was guiding the citizen mages.

Today, they had survived.

Some seemed to cheer in relief.

(I'm glad they're safe...)

Fiana steadied her breath so as not to show her fatigue to the knights, letting her shoulders drop slightly—

"———!!"

At that moment, Akane, who had been fighting from a distance, raised her voice.

With nightfall, the surroundings had grown dark, and her expression was not visible.

"Get down!!"

When Fiana heard that voice, she forgot her post-battle fatigue and tightened her expression.

"Everyone, get down!! Hurry!!"

As she said this, she too crouched down.

She immediately recalled the existence of the outer wall surrounding Fontille and, following Akane's lead, looked up.

"Get down!"

"Get downnnnnn!!"

As the two shouted simultaneously, an explosion occurred.

The part of the outer wall that had been set up to prevent the Slimes' invasion and had been unleashing magic from an advantageous position—where the mages were stationed—was blown apart from the inside.

"Kyaaaah!?"

Fiana and the others could not immediately comprehend what had happened, ducking down to shield their heads from the debris raining down.

Even small fragments caused pain, and those unfortunate enough to be struck by larger pieces could perish without ever facing the Slimes...

After several seconds, the rain of debris finally subsided.

As Fiana stood up, cautiously scanning above, she was relieved to see that no large remnants had fallen where she and Akane had been.

"Lady Akane!? Are you safe!?"

"I'm fine here!! Look for Forneus! I'm going inside!!"

With that, Akane quickly entered the city through the breach in the blown-apart outer wall.

"What on earth...?"

Fiana was left stunned, unable to move from the shock of the sudden explosion, staring up at the "wound."

The outer wall of Fontille, which had protected the town from Slimes—and any magical creature—had been so easily destroyed in an instant.

It had a height and thickness that even giants would struggle to breach... yet now, a part of it was completely lost.

What kind of powerful attack had blown it apart? The light from the remaining torches illuminated the white smoke rising from the outer wall.

"Lady Fiana!!"

Called by name, Fiana turned her gaze to see Forneus rushing toward her.

She seemed unharmed, and there were no visible injuries.

"What happened!?"

"I-I don't know... Lady Akane went inside..."

"Dammit—stay focused! The Slimes have gotten inside! They were likely using the attack from Grabalt as a diversion—to draw our attention here..."

"Lady Fiana, Lady Forneus!?"

As Forneus spoke, one of the knights let out a strangled scream.

Around them—the orcs that Fiana had frozen.

They suddenly began to tremble.

"W-What!?"

While Slimes typically emitted little heat when they moved, they did not remain entirely devoid of body heat.

By vibrating, they could instantaneously generate a large amount of thermal energy, capable of melting ice.

Though Fiana and the others did not understand this principle, the Slimes instinctively knew how to "warm themselves up."

It was the wisdom of humans living in rural areas without heating.

They gained heat through friction.

They became warm by moving their bodies.

Applying this wisdom, the Slimes began to move their own slime, quickly transforming it into enough heat to melt the ice.

...After all, compressed slime existed within them.

"The ice is melting!?"

"Dammit. Everyone, brace yourselves! They will act at night!!"

As Forneus shouted, the Slime, shaped like an orc, resumed its movements after the ice melted.

It reached out its right arm toward Fiana, who was right in front of it, but before it could reach her, Forneus skillfully wielded her experience to slice it off.

It would not regenerate immediately.

Upon closer inspection, the cut in the slime was burned and emitting white smoke.

"Give the order to retreat! If we're surrounded without a break, it will be disadvantageous!"

"—!? Retreat! Fall back into the city through the hole in the blown-apart outer wall!!"

"Yes!!"

The knights immediately responded and began to retreat.

Fiana and Forneus took up the rear.

There were things they wanted to confirm.

"Why are they suddenly active at night...?"

"It must be that one."

"That one?"

Fiana tilted her head at Forneus's murmured words as she stood at the center of the hole in the outer wall.

However, the beastman clad in black military attire narrowed his golden eyes, exposing his hostility as he glared into the darkness.

...His gaze was fixed on the royal castle of Fontille.

"The humanoid Slime that cut down Grabalt's World Tree... Akane once defeated it, but I saw another Slime take the same form immediately after."

(That was reported as a particularly powerful individual... Is it inside the city?)

From Akane's urgency and Forneus's demeanor, Fiana felt a chill run down her spine at the high possibility.

When, from where, and how?

There were many questions, but that was not the only problem.

"Lady Forneus, enemies are coming!!"

A part of the outer wall had been completely destroyed.

Fiana and the others, who had been lulled into a false sense of security by the night, were shaken by the sudden onset of battle.

Just seeing the mass of Slimes approaching the hole made their bodies tense in fear, despite the enemies' hostility.

"We will hold them here! For as long as possible!"

"Yes!!"

After responding, Fiana turned her gaze to the outer wall.

(Alfira, everyone—stay safe...)

Though she could not confirm their safety, Fiana directed her sword toward the approaching Slimes, wishing for their well-being.

.

.

.

"W-What is...?"

Alfira, blown away by the impact of the outer wall explosion, said as she sat up.

Her entire body ached, but she understood from her senses that she had not sustained any major injuries like fractures.

Looking up, she realized she was in a stable near the outer wall.

Thanks to the straw cushioning her fall, she had managed to avoid serious harm.

(That was lucky—but this...)

The stable was empty.

The horses, startled by the explosion, had already fled and were running around the city.

"Heehee—!?"

A high-pitched neighing suddenly ceased.

Feeling an ominous fear from that sound, Alfira hid in the shadows of the stable and peered outside.

...There were Slimes.

And not just one.

Goblins, orcs, lizardmen... among them were even powerful individuals like giant golems and four-legged chimeras.

(Slimes!? They infiltrated the city... how!?)

As Alfira was in turmoil, she noticed one particularly small individual—a still-oval-shaped Slime that had not yet taken on the form of a magical creature—was consuming a horse.

It swallowed it whole, digesting it.

From the information gained, the Slime began to transform into the shape of a horse right before Alfira's eyes.

(So that's how they change into different forms...)

Alfira, witnessing the moment a Slime transformed for the first time, felt a sense of horror.

The change in shape, the act of 'eating' to gain information—everything was utterly repulsive.

And the Slime, mimicking the movements of the creature it was based on, transformed into a horse and galloped through the streets.

“Eek!?”

Unfortunately, a resident trying to escape toward the royal castle from the destroyed castle walls encountered the horse-shaped Slime.

Alfira placed her hand on the sword at her waist but found herself unable to leap into action.

There were too many Slimes around, and she was powerless to do anything alone.

Right before Alfira's eyes, the horse-shaped Slime rushed forward with a speed far surpassing that of a human.

In an instant, it closed the distance to the fleeing resident, transforming its mane into tentacles.

The resident's eyes widened in disbelief at the impossible transformation happening before them, their expression twisting in fear, rendering them completely immobile.

Before the defenseless prey, the horse-shaped Slime extended its tentacles, capturing the resident and whisking them away on its back.

(It didn't kill... it abducted? I feel like something has changed again...)

Previously, the Slimes would kill men to absorb them and violate women.

However, recently they had begun to kill indiscriminately, yet this particular Slime had chosen to abduct a woman.

(The hole in the outer wall created from inside the city... I feel like something significant has happened again.)

As Alfira pondered this, the Slimes scattered throughout Fontille, each seeking their prey.

“Damn—I want to regroup with Fiana and the others, but...”

She couldn't abandon the abducted resident.

Confirming that her sword was still intact, Alfira headed in the direction the horse-shaped Slime had taken.

(If it didn't kill at that moment, then perhaps...)

The humiliation of being a woman, a fate worse than death in some ways, awaited her, but if she was still alive, Alfira wanted to save her.

With that singular resolve, Alfira pursued the horse-shaped Slime.

No matter how much their forms changed, they could not cease being gelatinous monsters—wherever they moved, they would inevitably leave traces behind.

On the sun-dried cobblestones, the slime hoofprints remained, making the pursuit easy.

As she followed the tracks, screams erupted from various directions, and the gathered residents fled toward the royal castle.

In such chaos, it was impossible for a single knight to calm them down.

The knights who remained unscathed were doing their best to guide as many as they could, but Alfira did not see the figure of her trusted silver-haired superior among them.

“I hope Fiana is safe...”

As Alfira advanced through the city, worrying about Fiana, she spotted it.

The horse-shaped Slime.

However, it had joined a group of Goblins ahead—

“No, nooo!? Someone, anyone, help me!!”

It violently tore the clothing of the abducted woman, exposing her skin right before Alfira's eyes.

Alfira held her breath, stifled her presence, and drew her sword.

The Slimes were composed of a potent paralysis toxin in their bodily fluids, which acted as a love potion, inciting lust in women.

Though Alfira was clad in full armor, if they were serious, their gelatinous forms could easily incapacitate her by slipping tentacles inside.

(What an opening—!)

Alfira did not call for reinforcements.

Everyone was too busy guiding the evacuees, and it was likely that a considerable number of Slimes had infiltrated the town.

She quickly realized they had failed to seal the hole in the outer wall.

Thus, she had no choice but to rely on her own strength—understanding that everyone else was likely overwhelmed with their own concerns.

“Haah!!”

Alfira gripped her sword, which contained a trace of Spirit Silver, tightly.

Though not as much as Fiana's, the blade emanated a faint blue light wrapped in coldness—freezing the wound as she struck.

Slimes could manipulate their bodily fluids freely.

Freezing just one spot wouldn't be fatal, but it would delay their counterattack for a moment.

Alfira's first target was the Goblins.

There were five of them, and their sheer number was a threat.

The horse was not as concerning.

It might be fast, but its large body would hinder it in close combat.

Indeed, while the horse-shaped Slime could react to Alfira's ambush, she swiftly moved to a position where its hind legs could not reach her, her purple form flowing gracefully.

As for the tentacles, Alfira had seen the horse-shaped Slime transform its mane into tentacles to abduct the woman.

Knowing the point of attack, Alfira aimed to freeze that area, temporarily sealing off its means of attack.

“Over here!!”

In that moment, Alfira grabbed the woman’s hand and pulled her away from the spot.

The woman was concerned about her torn clothing, but there was no time for that as Alfira pushed her into the line of fleeing residents.

“Flee to the royal castle! We knights will handle the Slimes!!”

Alfira spoke in a strong voice to reassure her, then began scanning the city for anyone else who might be left behind.

(I won’t let a single person be missed—if they’re abducted and captured, it’s terrifying.)

Having experienced defeat, abduction, captivity, and violation herself, Alfira acted immediately upon witnessing the earlier woman’s near violation.

She was driven by the desire to prevent the citizens of her country from feeling such despair.

That was a commendable mindset, both as a knight and as a human being.

But this was a battlefield.

“There!”

Alfira quickly spotted another Slime.

One bore visible ice wounds.

(That must be from the earlier Goblin—there's no horse. Did they part ways, or did it transform into a Goblin?)

There were too many ambiguous aspects regarding the living beings to make a definitive statement, but it was clear that those Goblins were targeting another human.

With so many evacuees around, their avoidance of the crowd might indicate that the Goblins feared “humans gathered in large numbers.”

(Though it's a nuisance—I know a bit about Goblin ecology.)

Grateful for the knowledge she learned as a knight about the ecology of magical creatures, Alfira gripped her sword tightly...

“Gah!?”

Suddenly, a shock to her head.

(Behind me, when did...?)

It was a surprise attack from a Goblin that had been hiding, waiting for Alfira to let her guard down.

She could tell there was frostbite on it, indicating it had split into two after attacking her earlier.

Goblin strength was inferior individually, so they set traps to ambush people.

That was also a trait of magical creatures...

Struck on the head, Alfira dropped her Spirit Silver sword and lost consciousness.

4 - Invasion

「Haa... ugh... c-could this also be... that Love Potion Carla invented...? 」

Alfira had experience being violated by Slimes, and experience being injected with Love Potions.

However, a Love Potion that worked through scent was a first for her.

She tried to minimize her breathing somehow, but stopping it was impossible.

With each breath, her entire body grew hotter, and sweat poured out.

Outside, her skin, covered in black innerwear and underwear, was faintly wet with sweat, and beginning to flush a light pink.

It was especially bad in her groin.

The thin shorts clung to her groin, soaked with sweat, revealing the shape of the soft undulations beneath.

If you looked closely, you could see that only the crotch area in the center of the undulations was discolored.

Even in this situation, Alfira's womanly parts were honest.

Her body was being forcibly aroused by the Love Potion, and it was obvious that only her physical desires were being fulfilled.

But—.

「Haa... haa... haa...」

Alfira, unaware of these changes in her body, was trying to breathe shallowly and briefly, to minimize the effects of the Love Potion as much as possible.

Her desperate efforts were having a considerable effect, and her arousal was significantly less than that of the other women.

—Yes.

Alfira had been unknowingly transported to a place where other women were gathered.

This was also Fontille's castle town.

The center of the main street.

Most of the citizens had already evacuated, and the vibrancy that had existed just a few weeks ago had vanished as if it were a lie.

There, about twenty Slimes stood.

All of them had women embedded in their torsos.

"-----!! -----!?!?"

"-----Tssu!"

"--, -----!!"

Their heads were swallowed by things that mimicked the mouths of Worms, and like Alfira, their screams couldn't reach the outside.

The difference was that, unlike Alfira, the town girls, who hadn't been trained, couldn't resist or endure.

The town girls, stripped down to their underwear or naked like Alfira, inhaled the Love Potion smoke to their hearts' content without resistance, and were quickly aroused beyond the point of no return.

Slimes, which could generate poison within their bodies, naturally also generated Love Potions within them.

There was no limit to the amount of Love Potion smoke, and it wouldn't stop until the other person's ability to think was gone—the town girls who had been made to inhale such Love Potion smoke convulsed their exposed torsos, and a powerful tide gushed from their groins.

Their nipples were erect to the limit even though nothing had been done to them, their entire bodies were red with excitement, and their skin glistened with a beautiful sweat that was different from the Slime's mucus.

And from their groins, a single stream of tide gushed out like a fountain.

The tide would stop after gushing for a few seconds, but after a few minutes, it would gush again.

Repeating this many times, dozens of times, the tentacles inside the Worm's mouth that enveloped their heads would forcibly feed them a nutrient solution as a substitute for water—this was also a liquid laced with Love Potion—so that they wouldn't become dehydrated.

The town girls, who had absorbed a high concentration of Love Potion from within their bodies, were in an almost blank state with their eyes rolled back, their consciousness barely there within the faintly visible mucus heads.

「Ugh... haa... ugh...」

(Please, someone find me—someone, quickly...!)

Alfira, unable to obtain any information from the outside, simply waited for help to come.

She kept her breathing as shallow as possible, and held her will strong to avoid losing consciousness.

By doing so, she wouldn't expose the unsightly act of squirting—there were a few women other than Alfira who were like that.

From the few pieces of equipment remaining on their exposed torsos, it was clear that they were also female knights who had undergone the same training as Alfira.

However, all of them were still only in their underwear or innerwear.

Their obstructive metal armor had been removed, leaving their breasts and groins, vulnerable as women, exposed.

They were desperately enduring while waiting for help.

But even that had its limits.

Their opponent was smoke—it was impossible to stop breathing in a sealed space, and they inevitably inhaled small amounts of Love Potion smoke.

And so, even as they continued their desperate resistance, their nipples became erect, their groins became wet, and their skin was dyed red with excitement.

The Slimes stood motionless in the center of the main street, like statues.

They were waiting for their master.

The most powerful individual—Alfredo.

However, he was currently being hindered.

He had rescued Satia, engaged in sexual intercourse for about half a day, and then destroyed the outer wall to escape.

What he destroyed was a powerful Magic that had been released from the entrance of Fontille Royal Castle.

To be precise, he had simply released a vast amount of magical power.

An attack not imbued with an attribute was not Magic, but should perhaps be called a 'Magic Bullet.'

But even so, it had blown a large hole in Fontille's outer wall, allowing the Slimes to invade.

Many female knights and watching citizens had died at that time, but Alfredo didn't care.

For him, women were no longer 'things that must be kept alive'....

They were waiting for Alfredo's arrival, but 'he' wasn't coming.

「If only I had a sword—if only I could use Magic...」

Alfredo's absence was fortunate for Alfira and the others.

If he were to come to this place, it would be difficult to escape and rescue them, along with these Slimes.

Alfira, unaware of that good fortune, muttered that, but there was nothing she could do.

Her sword had been taken away, and she didn't have the talent for Magic.

However, humans, even if they can't use Magic, have a small amount of latent magical power.

That's why the Slimes collect humans and Elves.

To use them as better seedbeds.

However, the handling of Beastmen, who don't have magical power, is rough.

There were also Beastmen women imprisoned in this place, but their treatment was rough.

The Slimes treat the women gently so that they don't die, in order to use them for a long time, though not as gently as Black Oozes or Humanoids.

However, with the Beastmen, they go all out from the beginning, as if testing the robustness of their bodies.

The Worm mouths enveloping the heads of the Beastmen women were so full of smoke that their faces couldn't be seen, and their bodies, exposed to the outside, were constantly squirting.

The women with various tails, such as wolves and cats, were busily moving the only parts they could move.

It was as if they were trying to convey to the outside world how dangerous their situation was.

"—————ッッッッ！！！！"

"~~~~~っ！？！？！"

They were forced to smell a higher concentration of Love Potion than the others for a long time, through their superior sense of smell.

Their brains quickly burned out, their senses broke down, and they couldn't think about anything anymore.

Bodies that were tighter and more trained than those of humans or Elves.

But even that was being destroyed by something formless called 'smell,' without being able to hold a weapon or resist.

It was the worst humiliation as a warrior, but after being captured for a few dozen seconds, they couldn't even think about such humiliation anymore.

(Fiana-sama will surely come to help... someone, quickly...)

Alfira, lined up next to the Beastmen who were convulsing pathologically and squirting as if broken, was still hoping for help to come.

Lined up on the opposite side was an Elven woman.

Petite, with small breasts.

Her supple and beautiful body, characteristic of Elves, had no unnecessary fat, and was still beautiful even with her head swallowed by the gruesome Worm mouth.

However, at the peaks of her breasts, which didn't need the support of underwear, her nipples were erect to the point of pain, and even her areolas were swollen with excitement.

Looking down, you could see her sparsely grown golden pubic hair, and even her clitoris peeking out from under the foreskin.

The fact that her clitoris was excited enough to protrude without anything being done to her might be because she was particularly sensitive to pleasure.

Or perhaps it was because she had habitually masturbated.

A Beastman repeating pathological convulsions, and a beautiful Elf.

Another threat was approaching Alfira, who was sandwiched between the two—.

「Ugh, stop it, don't come!?!」

Alfira shouted within the Worm's mouth, which was filled with Love Potion.

The various tentacles, large and small, that had been wriggling inside the mouth, had finally begun to move.

In order to bring down the women who were still resisting—the Slimes were carrying out their next torment on the female knights who were desperately reducing their breathing and maintaining consciousness.

The small tentacles swarmed over the beautiful faces of Alfira and the resisting knights—and then invaded their nostrils.

「Don't come, sto—Ah, aah!?! 」

(Wh-where!? That's not a hole to put something in—)

The resisting knights thought so at the same time, but the Slimes didn't care.

Besides, the women were in no condition to care.

The nostrils weren't originally places to 'put' things, and it should have been painful—but.

(The mucus is slippery, and it's going deeper and deeper, further inside!?)

「Aah!? 」

A voice came out unconsciously.

It should have been painful, it should have been painful—but the Slimes, fully utilizing the fact that they were mucus monsters, easily invaded the depths of their noses using that mucus as a lubricant.

Without causing pain to the other party, and even mixing Love Potion into that lubricant, the female knights even began to think that 'having a foreign object enter the depths of their noses felt good.'

Such a thing was impossible.

It wasn't normal.

It was unthinkable by common sense.

「Aah, ah, aah! 」

(M-my nose, my nose!? My nose—but...!)

Alfira—no, the other female knights as well.

Unable to endure for even a few dozen seconds, they rolled their eyes back into their eyelids, convulsed their exposed torsos while exposing unsightly expressions of ecstasy.

However, that was obstructed by having their hands and feet swallowed, and the tremors of the convulsions were minimal.

It only looked like they had suddenly squirted while remaining almost motionless.

The knights, squirting vigorously all at once through their shorts or from their exposed genitals.

The stone floor that had been beautifully laid out on the main street was quickly soaked by the simultaneous squirting that resembled such fixtures.

Moreover.

「Eh, ah, ah, aah!？」

The tentacles continued to move back and forth in the depths of their noses, tormenting the female knights with a stimulus of 'being violated in the depths of their noses' that they had never experienced before.

They screamed hysterically with their eyes rolled back, and a tide gushed incessantly from their groins.

When the water for squirting ran out, only the obscenely wriggling essence was emphasized, and it was clear from that alone that they were climaxing.

Their naked genitals showed their beautiful light pink sex organs, and those who still had underwear showed the wriggling of their genitals through the underwear that was wet and clinging to them.

When the women were sufficiently prepared—a phallus-shaped object appeared from the groin of the obese body like an Orc.

It wasn't a thin and long thing like a tentacle.

It was something close to a human's, but thicker and longer than anything anyone in this place had ever experienced, and hard.

Moreover, each of them had different details.

The Slimes remembered all of their past experiences.

The women of Fontille, the knights, Grabalt's warriors, and Rishurua's priestesses.

The Slimes, who remembered everything about the people they had violated, prepared phalluses that matched the vaginal holes of those women.

「Haa, haa!? N-no, no way—no way!?!」

Alfira, imagining the worst future from the sensation of the hard thing touching her groin, raised a voice of restraint while her voice became low from being violated in her nose.

However, that was blocked by the wall of mucus inside the Worm's mouth, and didn't reach the outside.

The other knights were the same.

They were desperately enduring the unknown stimulus of pleasure from their noses, but helplessly exposed their groins—and that phallus pierced their wet genitals.

「Kaa, haa—」

It was bigger and more painful than the Slime's tentacles had been so far.

But it didn't have the softness characteristic of tentacles, and it was a hard thing with a core running through the center.

As it went all the way in, it thrust into the depths of her womb, her cervix.

At the same time as a strong stimulus that felt like her internal organs were being lifted, a pleasure that was so dazzling that she felt dizzy exploded, and Alfira couldn't endure it—her mind went blank.

「Aah, guh, zo—」

Spitting out curses was all she could do.

She couldn't hide the fact that she had climaxed. She couldn't even make excuses to herself.

It was such a clear and absolute climax.

She could feel new love nectar overflowing from her groin, wetting the Slime's phallus.

Her vaginal hole tightened around the phallus, which was the perfect size for her, in accordance with the convulsions of the climax, and rubbed it up, using the overflowing love nectar as a lubricant.

If she stimulated the entire phallus with the convulsions of her vaginal hole—however, the Slime didn't ejaculate, but pulled back its hips.

「W-wait—ugh!?!」

And then thrust.

Unilaterally. Violently.

It was the thrusting of a male who was planting seeds with all his might from the beginning, unlike the Slimes so far.

Alfira sensed it.

This was a movement just before ejaculation—it was a unilateral insemination that didn't consider whether Alfira and the others felt good.

「Wait, wait, wait, wait!?! No, stop, stop—stoooooop!!」

Alfira shouted with the tentacles still in her nostrils.

But that voice

"—Ugh,———!! ~~~~~!!"

Didn't become words, and didn't even resonate as a sound.

The other female knights, town girls, Beastmen, and Elves were the same.

Everyone was crying and screaming at the top of their lungs, but the center of the main street was enveloped in a silence as if only time was passing without any sound.

Within that, only the sticky sound of water continued to echo in accordance with the movements of the Slimes moving their hips.

The women climaxed or convulsed each time their defenseless weaknesses were attacked.

One knight had her innerwear torn, and her bra was pushed aside.

The swelling of her breasts was emphasized by being supported by the bra, and her nipples were exposed.

They were softly erect even though nothing had been done to them, as if emphasizing that she was feeling sensuality.

Alfira had her innerwear torn in the same way.

The coldness of the wind hitting her skin increased, and when she noticed that, Alfira thrashed her body.

「Stop it, stoooooop!!」

She shouted, but of course they didn't listen.

What appeared from under her innerwear was a bra decorated with the same rose coloring and one-point ribbon as her shorts.

It had a modest pattern that wasn't too flashy, and suited the serious Alfira well.

When the cups of her bra were pulled down, Alfira's breasts were exposed, just like the other women's.

However, at their peak, unlike the other women, there were no nipples indicating the degree of arousal.

In the place where they should be, there was only a horizontal indentation—the purple-haired female knight realized from the airflow around her areolas that her most embarrassing secret... her inverted nipples, had been exposed.

She screamed in shame, but even that voice didn't reach that place.

Rather, by screaming, she inhaled even more of the love potion smoke, making her dizzy.

That was bad.

The sudden inhalation of a large amount of love potion smoke caused her whole body to become aroused, and Alfira's inverted nipples became increasingly hot deep within the areolas where they were hidden.

As the nipples, erect within the flesh, increased in hardness, they inevitably began to emerge from their hidden holes.

However, the half-hearted erection stopped this action midway, leaving behind an unsightly, half-erect inverted nipple, like a thick lip with a tongue peeking out slightly.

Only the tip of the nipple was exposed, and because it was erect, the exit of the mammary gland was visible, but the crucial nipple remained hidden.

Black underwear lifted the breasts, which had their inverted holes split open to reveal perverted nipples, turning them into a sharply pointed shape.

Among the captured women, Alfira was the only one with inverted nipples, making her chest stand out whether she liked it or not.

However, she herself was unaware, as her face was being swallowed by the Worm's mouth.

Whether that was fortunate or unfortunate...

"I won't for, give you—ah! I'll definitely, ugh! I won't, forgive you, I swear...!"

Alfira spat out words of resentment, glaring at the Slime inside the Worm's mouth.

Outside, her half-inverted nipples were exposed, her defenseless crotch was being unilaterally thrust into, and she was even climaxing from time to time.

Even so, she still didn't give up, continuing to glare at the Slime.

But,

"Ah, aah—Aah, ah, ah ah..."

The Slime's movements didn't change.

At a constant speed, with unchanging strength, it thrust at the same spot, thump, thump.

It was her cervix.

The deepest part of her vaginal opening.

Alfira's weak point.

"Damn, why—only, there...!"

As if remembering the size and shape of the male genitalia that suited Alfira best, the Slime also knew Alfira's greatest weakness.

And it was the same for the other women.

Everyone was being attacked intensely at their vaginal weak points, some sinking into pleasure, some agitated by fear, some enduring—assaulted by a one-sided wave of pleasure.

"Guh, damn it, why, why only there!!"

Within minutes, her voice lost all composure, and Alfira exposed a tearful face, snot and tears streaming down her face.

The Slime's attack didn't stop.

It just endlessly attacked the women's weaknesses, with strength and angles tailored to each of them.

It was impossible to endure.

Accuracy, power, and endurance impossible for a human.

It was only natural that the human would give in first to the stamina that continued to thrust without rest.

Alfira gritted her teeth.

The other female knights also gritted their teeth.

But the beastmen, whose bodies were soaked in pleasure by the high concentration of love potion, and the town girls who had no training, climaxed within those few minutes.

Unable to convulse while restrained, they suddenly ejaculated, and at the same time, a cloudy liquid was poured into their wombs.

The amount was so tremendous that the semen that couldn't fit in the vaginal opening or uterus dripped onto the stone floor with a heavy sound.

In the slender elf, the abdomen bulged slightly from the tremendous force of the ejaculation.

Alfira and the others endured that first wave—but.

"Hoh, oh, Oh, oh!?"

However, that result only lasted for a dozen seconds.

After all, they couldn't resist.

If they were continuously thrust into unilaterally, it would only be delayed, and the result would not change.

Rather, the degree of pleasure deepened by the amount they endured, and the female knights contracted their vaginal openings more violently than the other hostages.

It was a violent sensation that seemed to burn out their brains, not just make them dizzy.

Moreover, because they couldn't escape the impact by convulsing, the impact of the climax was concentrated.

While they were in the midst of feeling their core numb, their body melt, and even hallucinating that their lower body had melted away, they were ejaculated into the depths of their vaginas.

The released cloudy liquid was poured into the uterus as if there was no resistance.

Alfira rolled her eyes back at the intense sensation of her uterus being filled, and at the same time, the knights who had tried to endure were being continuously violated up to their nostrils.

"Ah, eh!? Ah, aehhhhaaaah..."

While even the screams of climax were being obstructed by the violation of her nostrils, Alfira climaxed.

The other female knights also climaxed, with only a few seconds difference—but.

"Gu, zo—stop, stop it—stop it, stop it!!"

The Slime didn't stop.

As Alfira had feared, the Slimes didn't stop even when the women climaxed or ejaculated.

They wouldn't stop until the women were pregnant.

That was what was terrifying.

Alfira remembered the 'past' and cried.

"No, nooo, I don't want to anymore!!" Damn, they're trying to kidnap women... are the Slimes getting smarter again?"

Fiana, who had given up defending the large hole in the outer wall, had also returned to the castle town to support the retreat.

What she saw there was an unbelievable sight: Slimes incorporating women into their bodies, using them as flesh armor.

"I can't believe they'd do something like that... I've also lost sight of Forneus-sama. I hope she's safe."

Fiana, who had lost sight of Forneus in the battle to rescue those women, continued to support the retreat while wishing for her safety.

Fiana, who was skilled in ice magic and knew the threat of the Slimes well, was probably a threat to the Slimes as well.

The Slimes that hadn't captured women targeted her, and the captured Slimes tried to escape from the silver-haired elf knight.

Despite the easy-to-understand reaction,

(Where do they think they're going?)

Weren't the captured women gathering at the destination of that escape—thinking so, Fiana continued her pursuit.

"Haah!!"

She froze the Slime disguised as a goblin that occasionally came at her with a single swing of her sword.

The Spirit Silver Sword, newly bestowed by Queen Leticia, was in good condition, amplifying her cold magic many times over.

Because Spirit Silver was rare, the others were supplied with swords of lower purity, but those with ability like Fiana and Forneus were given swords of higher purity.

Thanks to that, Fiana's cold magic was so sharp that it seemed like it was the best it had ever been.

"There are so many—Akane-sama seems to have headed to the royal castle, I hope she's alright."

(No. That person is stronger than me... I have to do what I have to do.)

Thinking so, Fiana chased after the escaping Slime.

The destination was the main street—if she went further, there would be a plaza.

While advancing along the road where the evacuated people were gone, Fiana recalled the map in her mind, relying on her memory.

And—she soon arrived at that place.

"No way..."

There, about twenty Slimes were standing.

They were sticking women onto gigantic bodies like obese Orcs and violating them.

Their heads were deformed like Worms, swallowing the women's heads whole.

But they weren't dead.

The women were violated in the state of being stuck to the Orc's torso, convulsing... showing a reaction.

With their heads swallowed, unable to let out screams, there was a scene of monsters standing still like furniture, with women stuck to them who occasionally ejaculated like fountains.

Seeing that, Fiana felt nauseous from the sheer horror.

"I'll save you now!!"

Her reaction was fast.

Fiana immediately released her magic power and poured it into the Spirit Silver Sword.

It wasn't as good as Akane's Holy Sword, but when it came to handling magic power, Fiana was far more skilled.

The silver-haired elf knight, skillfully manipulating her magic power, lowered the temperature around her, trying to freeze the Slimes at the same time.

If she faced them one by one, there was a possibility that they would resist.

But.

"———— ツ !!"

"Tch, Goblin!?"

In the midst of such cold air, a Slime in the form of a goblin appeared, as if wanting to be frozen on its own.

It pointed the sword it was holding at the body of a woman who was being held captive by the Orc and was continuously climaxing without knowing the information from the outside.

Fiana didn't realize it, but the woman exposing her half-inverted nipples was Alfira.

She was ejaculating while being threatened with a sword, not understanding the situation.

"What!?"

(A hostage, huh...!)

"But!"

Fiana knew that if she hesitated here, she would be playing into the Slime's hands.

She didn't stop releasing cold air.

"I'll end it here! Return them!!"

Fiana glared at the goblin pointing the blade at Alfira.

—Naturally, her consciousness was now directed only at the goblin who was the only one holding a 'weapon' in this place.

Goblins are creatures that flock together.

Because they were the weakest magical creatures, once spoken of in the same breath as Slimes, they flock together and fight with numbers.

Fiana should have thought more deeply about what it meant for that goblin to appear in this place.

"Eh—? Kyaa!?"

It was too late when she noticed.

Fiana, who had focused her consciousness only on the figure of the goblin holding a weapon, was pushed down by other goblins who had crept up from behind—and had her Spirit Silver Sword stolen.

There was no sound.

Even though they were in the shape of goblins, they were Slimes—mucus monsters.

They didn't emit any breathing, footsteps, or biological signs.

If they were mindful of actions specialized for stealth, they would already be standing right behind Fiana when she noticed.

(No way, there were some behind me too!?)

The surprise attack, unthinkable from the goblin species until now, was not a low-intelligence magical creature that just challenged head-on without thinking.

The goblin, who had gained intelligence through the shape of a Slime, pushed the beautiful silver-haired female elf onto the stone floor and pointed the tip of her sword at her eyes, as if rejoicing in victory.

This time's image is 'Flesh Armor' and 'Morgellons'.

...I wonder if anyone remembers?

5 - The Statues

"Guh, let me go!!"

Fiana, who had been tackled onto the stone floor from behind in a hug-like hold, cried out, thrashing her body while her magnificent silver hair flew wildly.

Her opponent was a small goblin, albeit one disguised as a Slime.

As a slender, though trained, elf, Fiana should have been able to shake it off with her strength—or so she thought.

(Strong!? A Magical creature disguised as a Slime is this...!)

Fiana... no, anyone would be surprised. This was her first experience in a pure contest of strength, not a clash of weapons.

She was astonished by its power, and even as she tried to resist... the situation was only worsening, and she unconsciously felt a despair akin to terror.

"Not yet, not yet! I—we haven't lost yet!"

(Not here, not by this...! We knights must not, cannot lose!)

Fiana cried out, keeping her mind focused, desperately trying to rally herself.

She couldn't afford to lose.

Never again could she tolerate being controlled by a Slime like Fontille had been a year ago, not as a knight, not as a woman. She couldn't bear it.

(That's right, I won't lose again... Still, who knew Slimes could be this strong...!)

Whether she had been careless because it was disguised as a goblin, or whether she had underestimated it—either way, once the Slime had made contact, Fiana was at a significant disadvantage.

Slime fluids themselves contain a potent paralytic toxin, making any contact dangerous.

If one were to be embraced like this, only a beastman with strong toxin resistance could remain active.

(I can still move because I received a Detoxification Blessing beforehand, but I don't know how long that will last...)

Now, it was common sense to receive a Detoxification Blessing from a priest before fighting Slimes, and if possible, to douse oneself in the Slime-Killing Elixir 'Valhalla's Blessed Water' before battle.

Yet, Fiana, who would normally never engage in a contest of strength between an elf and a goblin—experiencing it for the first time—turned pale as she realized that the Slime Goblin possessed a strength far surpassing that of the original Magical creature.

As she was pushed even more forcefully onto the floor, a viscous arm grabbed her head and pressed her cheek against the ground.

Another goblin pinned her limbs, and the goblin who had picked up Fiana's sword pressed the blade against her neck.

"Guh, not yet, not yet!!"

(I can't give up! I have to save everyone!)

Fiana's gaze fell upon the figures of people imprisoned by the Slimes, crucified as if wearing Flesh Armor.

Rescuing them was her mission as a knight, and she could never give up against Slimes—.

"I still, still have something I can do...!"

Even without the support of the Spirit Silver Sword, Fiana still had her own Magic.

Using that Magic, she would amplify its power with an incantation and unleash a storm of cold air centered on herself.

But.

"Ice storm—gyuh!?"

Fiana, who had tried to unleash a powerful Magic with an incantation, was cut off by a bizarre scream before she could even finish the first line.

The cause was one of the goblins holding down her legs in a clinging embrace.

The goblin, struggling to release its hold, saw her rear swaying charmingly from right to left up close—and rudely grabbed her large, plump buttocks.

Not only that.

As it grabbed roughly, the goblin's pointed finger touched her anus through her skirt and underwear, and even worse, the tip of its finger, catching the fabric, slightly penetrated her intestines.

...Fiana's anus, developed by the Black Ooze's long-term violation when it controlled Fontille, was terribly weak.

Her sphincter was loose and unable to reject foreign objects, and her softened anus throbbed intensely even from having its surroundings caressed.

If such a vulnerable spot as her anus was touched, the mere stimulation would cause a large amount of intestinal fluid to be secreted, and with that as lubricant, it would easily welcome foreign objects from the outside.

Her sphincter was no longer of any use; it was just a erogenous zone that tightened around intruding objects with moderate pressure.

It was the aftereffect of a year of violation.

"N-no, stop, not there!?"

Fiana's eyes widened, and she threw her head back.

The extent of the shock was clear from the way the beautiful silver-haired woman lifted her face without regard for appearances, unable to even complete her incantation, her entire body stiffening.

The Black Ooze's violation had been brutal.

It hadn't stopped, no matter how much she cried, screamed, begged for forgiveness, or pleaded.

Due to the brutal and one-sided pleasure, Fiana's anus, a place that should never have been touched, had been developed.

The scars remained even now—.

"H-ah...!? Th-there...!?"

Fiana couldn't continue her incantation and looked back in surprise.

But the goblins were in the way, preventing her from seeing her private parts.

It was an accident.

It was truly just an accident that the tip of the goblin's finger had entered her anus—yet.

The elven knight, the silver-haired female knight who was perhaps the strongest among them, opened and closed her mouth, then stiffened her entire body, and after enduring for a dozen seconds, lowered her face and began to twitch all over.

The inside of her pure white underwear, woven with Spirit Silver, gradually became damp... and it didn't stop there; a weak stream even spurted out.

"_____"

The goblins, perhaps confused by their prey's sudden lack of resistance, stopped moving.

Having inherited the memories from the Black Ooze, they also possessed the memories and knowledge of Fiana's violation.

However, even within those memories and knowledge, they hadn't realized that this silver-haired elf was so sensitive in her anus.

The confusion spread to the goblins as hesitation, and their movements ceased.

A once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to escape—yet Fiana, tormented by the sensation of the fingertip in her anus, couldn't escape.

Unable to move even a finger during that sole chance, only her anus writhed obscenely, chewing on the hem of her robe, her underwear, and the goblin's fingertip.

"H-hi...!"

(N-no—that's, weak...!)

Fiana herself was deeply frustrated that her body had become so weak.

She had endured even more painful and difficult training to overcome the year of violation by the Black Ooze, yet the reality was that she couldn't even defeat a single finger.

She had been defeated just by having her anus played with.

...Moreover, it was her excretory hole.

A hole not normally used for sexual acts. A hole only for excretion. An impure hole. A dirty hole.

Within the body of Fiana, a beautiful silver-haired elf, it was the only place that could be called dirty.

Yet Fiana... the beautiful knight with the most exquisite beauty, Magic, and superior combat ability among the many beautiful elves in the knighthood, had that excretory hole as her weakness.

"I-i-ice, storm...! Gyuh!?"

Still not giving up, Fiana tried to unleash a powerful Magic.

But the moment the goblin heard the incantation, it pushed its finger even harder into her anus.

Pushing it in with the fabric caught around it, up to the first joint, the thick cloth and the rough monster finger stimulated the entire area of her sphincter.

"H-ah, oh...!"

Not only that, but her intestinal wall was being rubbed with the soft fabric, and her vision flickered.

"Hi, guu..."

The pleasure was so intense that even her vision was distorted, and Fiana unconsciously clenched her teeth and gripped the stone floor tightly with her freely moving fingers.

She had to cling to something, or she would reach climax in an instant.

"Hah, haheh, hi, hah."

(Endure, endure...!)

The stimulation was too strong, and Fiana stopped her incantation again, letting out a strained moan.

At the same time, her hips trembled, and her breasts, no less voluptuous than her chest, moved up and down, expressing her 'genuine feeling'.

Once that happened, it was over.

The goblin, understanding Fiana's new weakness, attacked it.

Even so, it was just moving its finger back and forth.

It was a childish torment for a Slime.

It wasn't even using the Slime's unique tentacles—yet the silver-haired female elf, who had been so wary of the Slimes, was convulsing on the stone floor in an amusing way.

"Hi, hi!? Stop!? No, no, no!? My, my butt is, my butt is weak!"

Fiana, calling out her own weakness, convulsed all over while letting out a wild, beast-like cry.

Still trying to escape somehow, she moved her only freely moving hands, hooking her fingers on the edge of the stone floor while crying and screaming.

But that was all.

Without Magic, she was just a powerless elf, unable to pull her own body with just her arm strength.

"Hi, hig... h-help, help me... someone—!"

The female knight, who had come to save the imprisoned people, called for help to the empty void.

She convulsed repeatedly, floundering pathetically on the floor as if drowning.

Even more pathetic were her legs.

Tossed about by the movements to escape and the convulsions of climax, she kicked at the floor with her legs spread open in a miserable, frog-like position.

But it only resulted in the armor on her feet striking the floor, producing a hollow, high-pitched metallic sound.

She was a formidable enemy who could be called the goblins' natural enemy if they fought face-to-face with swords...

The Slimes probably hadn't even imagined that the female knight would expose such a pathetic sight with just her anus.

The goblin inserting its finger into her anus had reacted to the incantation and immediately moved to neutralize Fiana, but the other goblins were still not moving, or their movements were very slow.

But what they had to do hadn't changed.

The goblins slowly resumed their movements and pressed Fiana even harder onto the stone floor.

Once her limbs were grabbed, she couldn't even make pathetic movements, and even worse, the goblins' limbs melted and lost their shape, merging with the stone floor.

They were makeshift restraints.

"Ah, ah..."

(T-this is bad—but, not yet—)

Fiana still had Magic left.

The weakness of Slimes... of slime, was freezing.

(It's okay. I can still do it—if I freeze them and shatter them, I can escape!)

She gathered Magic for that purpose.

However.

"Fua—!"

Every time Fiana gathered Magic, the slender finger penetrating her anus moved back and forth.

That alone disrupted her concentration, and the gathered Magic dissipated.

(How pathetic!! By this, by something like this!!)

Fiana looked again at the Slimes standing upright in the plaza of the main street, like bizarre ornaments.

The Slimes were using women as shields, like Flesh Armor, and continuing their violation in a shameful manner.

(Women, you say—such an act that destroys their dignity... I won't allow it!!)

That anger sharpened her consciousness.

She clenched her teeth, stiffened her entire body, and gripped her hands so tightly that her nails dug into her palms.

Using the pain to distract herself from the pleasure, Fiana gathered Magic again.

"—!! —!! ... Ugh, ugh, ugh..."

(Freeze, freeze, freeze!!)

She wished. She prayed.

She desperately glared at the restraints that overlapped her wrists and merged with the stone floor.

In her lower body, the finger inserted into her anus, through her clothes and underwear, was moving faster and faster.

The hand movements were so intense that she feared the fabric would tear and the finger would penetrate even deeper.

But Fiana clenched her teeth and suppressed her cries, not breaking her concentration, desperately gathering Magic.

Her silver hair swayed slightly and floated due to the torrent of Magic emanating from her body.

The surrounding air cooled, and the surface of the slow-moving liquid was turning white.

Fiana didn't care about such trivial changes.

She only desperately focused on freezing the restraints in front of her and the surrounding goblins, not caring about anything else. Not paying attention. Ignoring it.

Forgetting everything—.

"Fua!?"

But then, another goblin reached in from the side and groped her crushed breasts, pushing her face down.

The protection of her breastplate was irrelevant.

The viscous hand penetrated the slight gap between the breastplate and her robe, and then rudely tore open the chest of her robe, entering inside her underwear and suddenly groping her breasts, underwear and all.

It wasn't that her breasts were being groped directly; the sensation of her skin rubbing against the rough underwear even felt good.

Fiana's aroused body recalled the Black Ooze's brutal pleasure assault, and even the slightly painful stimulation felt pleasant.

Furthermore, another goblin brought its mouth close to her long, pointed elven ears and licked the inside of her ear canals with its tentacle-like

tongue. Suddenly, both ears at once.

"Augh, ah, ah ah!?"

(No, suddenly!? M-my breasts, my ears!? That's, weak—no, my butt too!?)

Her concentration was broken by the sudden stimulation of erogenous zones that hadn't been stimulated before.

As a result, when she became aware of the torment of her anus, Fiana let out a strained cry and convulsed violently again.

This time, her limbs were restrained to the stone floor, and she couldn't even display her pathetic limb movements.

"Hio, ho, fuo!? Uuuu!?"

(I can't move, I can't escape!? I can't let the pleasure get away!?)

With her limbs sealed, she couldn't even offer the resistance of 'thrashing her body', and she couldn't help but be aware of the pleasure being given to her.

That pleasure gradually accumulated deep within her womb and in her head.

She couldn't escape. She couldn't let it escape.

Fiana, with tears streaming down her face, widened her eyes and stuck out her tongue, breathing heavily.

She was desperately moving whatever parts she could move randomly to try to release the pleasure.

But it was of no use, and her entire body was getting hotter and hotter.

The pleasure accumulated in her head became heavy and painful.

"No, no, nooooo!"

At the same time as her scream, she reached climax, simply moving her hips violently up and down—and at the same time, she lifted her hips violently and spurted a stream of fluid from her crotch.

The intense squirting, unbelievable for someone wearing underwear, struck the stone floor like a flash of water, scattering droplets and spreading a black stain.

Moreover, the torment of her anus, breasts, and ears didn't stop during that time.

"Hh, ooh, Oh!? Stop it, sto—faa, Aaaahhhhh!?"

(This, this is awful! This is awfulll!! My ears, not there, it's awful, weird, but still!?)

Perhaps because it was the organ closest to her brain, the sound of the slime licking the depths of her ear echoed within her mind.

The viscous sounds of squishing and squelching echoed throughout her head, and tears streamed from her eyes, leaving her with no room to endure the unpleasantness.

Saliva dripped from her unconsciously extended tongue, and another goblin lapped it up.

Fiana writhed in agony, drooling copiously, unable to stop.

Despite the abhorrent sensation, the faint stimulation of her breasts being fondled and the intense pleasure of her anal cavity being violated brought the woman's body to climax.

She couldn't bear it, and even climaxing didn't end it.

The one-sided, violent pleasure characteristic of slimes was the same as when she was violated by the Black Ooze—.

"No, noooo, noooo, nooooooooo!?"

(That's wrong, that's wrong! I, I won't lose anymoreeeeeee!!)

Fiana panted and groaned, yet still, she kneaded her magic.

Desperately, desperately, desperately.

Her mind, filled with the continuous sound of water, couldn't think straight; she simply unconsciously kneaded and released magic, driven only by the desire to 'not lose to the slime.'

The nearly runaway release was devastating in its power.

The surrounding goblins froze in an instant, but even as their surfaces froze, they continued to assault Fiana by exuding new mucus from within.

If they stopped their assault, they would be frozen solid.

So the goblins assaulted Fiana.

Not content with her breasts, ears, and anus, another goblin extended its tongue like a tentacle and inserted it into her vaginal opening.

"Guhhhiiiiiii!?"

Fiana cried out in a distorted scream as the cold tentacle was violently inserted.

The shock, the opposite of her feverishly flushed womb, actually helped to anchor Fiana's consciousness.

She desperately continued to release magic.

There was no chanting, no intentionality.

The cold air Fiana emitted froze everything around her.

The mucus froze, but new tentacles assaulted Fiana.

The cold also bared its fangs at the imprisoned women, but their body heat protected them.

Perhaps it was because, unconsciously, Fiana had not lost the thought of saving them.

A storm of cold air that did not steal body heat, only freezing the mucus.

Even as it was unleashed, the movements of the goblins assaulting the silver-haired beauty did not stop.

Which would come first—Fiana's magic running out, her consciousness fading, or the goblins freezing to their cores?

"Huuuuh, stop it, please, stoop ittttt!?"

Fiana screamed with particular intensity, and again, she came.

Her buttocks convulsed violently while she was releasing magic, and the shock of the climax threatened to make her lose consciousness.

The tentacles, hardened by the freezing, pierced her cervix, and her mind went blank with a shock that she couldn't tell was pleasure or surprise at the cold.

The goblin that had been playing with her anus was already frozen to its core.

However, the mucus inside her intestines was protected from freezing by Fiana's own body temperature, and it moved about freely in her anus.

It was like a small snake... no, an earthworm.

As the narrowed tip of the slime licked the intestinal walls, her anus, which had been continuously developed by the Black Ooze, secreted a large amount of intestinal fluid in proportion to the pleasure.

The slender, earthworm-like slime absorbed the intestinal fluid and increased in mass, but it was only a small amount.

At the same time, the slime, lacking a 'Core,' had a short lifespan.

"Stopppp, stopp, stooopppp!!"

All of the surrounding goblins were already frozen to their cores.

However, only the slime inside her anus was active, and Fiana, desperately resisting, did not realize this.

She released even more magic, and the cold air affected the entire plaza.

The localized blizzard also froze some of the slimes holding Alfira and the others captive, slowing their movements.

"Stoppppp itttttt!!"

Screaming desperately, Fiana mustered her last strength and released magic.

—Such a wide-ranging spell could not be sustained for long.

With that final scream, Fiana's magic ran out, and she collapsed as if exhausted.

Her entire body went limp as her magic was completely depleted, and she couldn't move a single finger.

The exhaustion, close to unconsciousness, gnawed at her mind and body, and she was tempted to close her eyes at any moment.

"Ha, oh, oof..."

But the slime in her intestines was still active.

Of course.

After all, the slime was inside Fiana's body—since the magic's influence didn't reach it, no matter how powerful the magic she released, it couldn't be stopped.

But fortunately, the slime didn't have a 'Core.'

In a few minutes, its life would be over, and the slime would be expelled from her body....

"Ah, ugh... hh, ah...!"

As Fiana, on the verge of losing consciousness, shuddered all over, the slime, its life extinguished, flowed out of the beauty's anus with a slimy sound.

Fiana's lovely anus, her delicate shorts woven with beautiful Spirit Silver... only that part of her anus was turning gray.

"Haa, haa..."

(I somehow, won... after all, acting alone is, dangerous, isn't it...)

Fiana, unable to move her body, remained lying face down, trying to catch her breath first.

The mucus that had been restraining both of her hands was also frozen, and if she could just move her body, she would be able to move immediately... or so it should have been.

...One of the buildings facing the main street's plaza, its door opened.

"Ah, ah..."

The creature had weathered the full force of the cold air that Fiana had unleashed inside the building, and it emerged unscathed.

It was a massive, obese magical creature, like an Orc.

However, only its head was a grotesque, cylindrical shape with countless tentacles growing inward, like the mouth of a Worm.

"St, still... esca..."

Fiana whipped her powerless body to try and get up.

But now that her magic was exhausted, she couldn't even break the frozen restraints on her limbs, let alone get up....

The beauty, her armor and clothes remaining, her entire body soaked in goblin mucus, writhed helplessly on the stone floor.

As time passed without her being able to break even one of the restraints on her limbs, the strangely shaped slime raised its hand towards the center of the plaza.

It unleashed fire magic.

To thaw its companions who had been frozen by Fiana's cold air, it created heat.

The slimes quickly thawed and began assaulting Alfira and the others again.

"!"

"—!? ————!"

"Ah, no... that's not true..."

The screams were inaudible.

After a few dozen seconds of rest due to the freezing, they were sent back to the hell of continuous climaxes by the assault on their respective weaknesses, unchanged.

Fiana almost cried at the sight, but she didn't have the luxury of worrying about others.

That was—.

"No—don't come... don't come, don't come near me...!"

The slime crushed and absorbed the frozen mucus that had been restraining Fiana's limbs, then lifted Fiana up with one arm.

Even though Fiana herself was petite, and she was wearing light armor and wet clothes, her body floated up as easily as if it were lifting a child.

The difference in arm strength—Fiana gulped as she looked at the arms as thick as logs.

(With arms like that... I can't escape...)

Despair and powerlessness at the certainty that she could never shake free.

At the same time, she couldn't help but imagine what would happen next, and her mind was sounding alarms, but the core of her body trembled.

Her crotch, which had barely been touched, throbbed... the silver-haired female knight bit her lip as if to deny her own reaction.

Regaining her reason with the pain, she glared sharply at the slime that was lifting her up.

"Let me go! We will never lose to the likes of you..."

Ignoring Fiana's bravado, the slime grew tentacles from its back and lifted the silver-haired elf knight up again.

Unlike the other women, Fiana was pressed against its obese body in her armor and clothes.

However, unlike the other women, it was from the front.

Fiana didn't know the term, but it was called the face-to-face position.

The tentacles wrapped around Fiana's hands and brought them behind her, as if hugging its neck, and after her legs were forced into a bold spread, they were wrapped around its waist.

"Th, this—no, this position!?"

(This is, it's like I'm hugging it...!)

As the thought suggested, this position was completed by the woman hugging the man.

Although forced by the tentacles, Fiana blushed at the sight of herself with her arms around the obese body's neck and her legs around its waist, making it look as if she was clinging to its lower half.

However, that wasn't the end of it.

The thick, log-like arms with their lumpy, thick fingers roughly grabbed the silver-haired elf's buttocks over her robes and spread them apart.

As the robes tangled around its fingers and rolled up, her delicate, pure white shorts woven with Spirit Silver were completely exposed—splitting her buttocks to the left and right, the remains of the slime goblin, the last of the slime that had remained in her intestines, revealed the gray-stained anus.

The female knight's cheeks flushed even more as her shorts, which hid it, were exposed, revealing the one spot that had discolored.

"Let go—eh...!"

(My arms, my legs too...!? It's hard!?)

Fiana realized that she was completely unable to move, as her arms and legs, which had been wrapped around its neck and waist, were restrained together at the joints.

Not only that.

Because they were facing each other and pressed together, the grotesque Worm's mouth was now in front of her eyes.

"No—"

She couldn't resist.

She had no magic left, so she couldn't freeze this slime.

Without magic, an elf was just a powerless woman—and a beautiful, exquisite one at that.

A scream escaped from the powerless woman, no different from a town girl, from the terror of being exposed to the monster's mouth without resistance.

No matter how strong she was, no matter how much experience she had... in that respect, she was no different from the other women.

And the slime was the same.

Whether it was Fiana, Alfira, or the town girls... it didn't matter; it swallowed their heads with its mouth in the same way.

"Hic... ah, safe...?"

Fiana braced herself, thinking she would be bitten on the head, but the inside of the Worm's mouth was hollow.

The space, faintly visible by the streetlights remaining in the castle town, was filled with wriggling, unpleasant tentacles, but she was relieved that she hadn't been killed instantly... but.

"Cough!? What, is this!?"

(Love Potion smoke!? I'm done for—)

And so, Fiana followed the same fate as Alfira and the others.

The enclosed space was filled with Love Potion smoke, and her body became aroused with every breath.

The only difference was that Fiana still had her armor and clothes on.

But that was just a minor difference.

Outside, her defenseless buttocks were supported by thick, log-like arms, and thick, lumpy fingers like caterpillars massaged her, while her anus writhed and opened and closed under the one spot where her pure white shorts had turned gray.

Surprisingly, the goblins hadn't used Love Potion on Fiana.

Since she had shown such a reaction without it, they may have decided that 'it wasn't necessary.'

That's why she lost.

That's why she was frozen.

That's why this slime didn't make such a careless mistake, and when it created new tentacles, it made them all out of Love Potion.

The mucus that wet the surface, the tentacles themselves.

Then, hooking its fingers on the pure white shorts that covered her large buttocks and pulling them to the side, it exposed—her anus, wriggling as if begging for insertion, was exposed.

"—!? !"

Fiana seemed to scream something inside the Worm's mouth, but like the other women, her scream was inaudible.

Only her waist convulsed violently, and she came forcefully from her crotch.

The ejaculate hit the slime's body and was absorbed.

But now that she had used up all her magic, it was almost worthless.

The slime didn't feel anything even as it received the woman's ejaculate, and it began to move the tentacle inserted into her anus back and forth.

The obese body, almost black-gray, had only that one spot turning light pink.

The tentacle was about as thick as an adult man's penis, but Fiana's anus easily swallowed it.

As it repeated the back-and-forth motion with enough force to turn her sphincter inside out, the beautiful pink mucous membrane rose up, resembling an active volcano.

Each time, she came from her crotch.

The sound of Fiana's ejaculate and the slime's mucus colliding and hissing echoed in the silent plaza.

"!? ———!?!?"

Inside the Worm's mouth, Fiana's mouth was visibly being force-fed by a tentacle so she wouldn't become dehydrated.

At first, she must have tried to minimize her breathing so she wouldn't inhale the Love Potion smoke; like Alfira and the others, she had tentacles stuck into her nostrils, forcibly pouring the Love Potion into her body.

The silver-haired female knight was not only crying, but also snorting from both nostrils, which were filled with tentacles, and swallowing the forcibly poured liquid.

Rather, the tentacles that had invaded the depths of her throat were pouring the liquid directly into her stomach.

Was it the pain of that, or the burning shock of the Love Potion-laced liquid in her stomach, that caused her tears and snot to flow endlessly?

In addition to that, the shock of having her anus violently violated caused the beautiful elf woman to climax in her excretory hole—the relentless back-and-forth motion of the tentacles caused her to climax repeatedly, two or three times.

But it still didn't stop.

It was the essence of the slime.

To impregnate the mother, it would not stop until the mother became pregnant.

But Fiana was being assaulted in her anus.

The silver-haired elf could not become pregnant.

At least, not now.

She was simply being assaulted endlessly, only to neutralize the elf child who used dangerous magic.

"Foh—————!"

Finally, Fiana groaned so loudly that her scream could be heard beyond the wall of mucus.

That's how powerful it must have been.

—The shock of having a tentacle made of Love Potion inserted into an anus that climaxed even without Love Potion, and being violently violated.

However, even while exposing such disgrace, the Slime remains vigilant.

Fiana is a formidable opponent.

Even a woman whose weakness lies in her anus and who can easily reach climax, when determined, has the power to freeze all the Slimes in the square.

If she had allies, the Slimes present would have been annihilated.

Thus, they do not let their guard down.

The reluctance to remove her clothing and equipment, as well as the decision to violate her anus, which is not a part of the reproductive act, stems from this reason.

They are different from Black Ooze and Humanoids.

It is only natural to make her bear offspring.

But they will not leave a dangerous opponent as a threat.

First, to completely neutralize this vicious nemesis, the Slime continues to probe her anus with love potion tentacles, transforming it into an even more sensitive and vulnerable weakness.

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"Fooooohhh, oh, oh, fuuuuguuuuuu!"?"

(Come on, it's definitely coming! Lady Fiana, Lady Fiana! Hurry, please come to save me!!)

Next to the Elf knight, who is moaning as her anus is penetrated, a purple-haired knight continues to hold onto the hope that Fiana will come to their rescue, showing unwavering determination to resist, a fact that even Fiana herself is unaware of...

6 - The Fate of the Weak

The flames of war rapidly spread throughout the entirety of Fontille Castle and its surroundings.

Within minutes of the outer walls being breached, Slimes overflowed onto the main street, and many people fled toward the royal castle of Fontille for refuge.

The castle was filled with citizens seeking shelter, and the Jomon became the last line of defense——.

“Ha, ha, ha———”

Amidst this chaos, there were still those who remained in the town instead of fleeing.

One such person was Freya, an ordinary nun working at an orphanage.

She was not someone who could wield special powers or magic; she was just an ordinary human with minimal magical ability.

There were a few women in similar positions, who had transformed the orphanage into a makeshift clinic, not as combatants but as caregivers, treating the injured.

.....As a nun, she was tasked with treating wounded knights, but unable to abandon the injured, she found herself isolated in the town.

“It’s alright—— I’m sure the knights will come to help us...”

Freya said with a smile, trying to reassure her companions.

Her usual gentle and warm smile, typically directed at children, was now strained, her lips trembling as if her teeth were chattering.

It was painfully obvious how frightened she was, yet none of her fellow nuns or the priests sent by Rishlua pointed it out.

They all shared the same sentiment.

They were terrified.

——So they wished for help to arrive.

However, from outside the clinic, screams and sounds of destruction echoed, and there was no sign of assistance coming.

On the contrary, with every loud noise, her shoulders would tremble.

(So close to the fighting... Ah... Goddess Fasarina, please, please protect us...!)

Freya quickly closed her eyes to avoid seeing anything unpleasant and clasped her hands in prayer to Goddess Fasarina.

She too had experienced an attack by the Black Ooze.

In fact, as one of the earliest victims, she had endured violation at the hands of its tentacles for a long time.

——The reason lay in her overly ample bosom.

Even through her austere black nun's habit, it was evident that her breasts were larger than those of other women. They could be described as voluptuous.

Indeed, compared to women of her own age and other nuns, hers were a size larger.

Her ample breasts, which seemed to have been nurtured by the desires of men, were considerable even when constrained by clothing and undergarments.

Thus, she inevitably became the target of male... and Slime desires.

(I can't bear to go through that again... Ah, Fasarina... please, please protect this powerless me...)

.....It hadn't always been this way.

Though she had always been more voluptuous than her peers, Freya's breasts had become fuller due to the violation by the Black Ooze, and the second invasion by the Slime had transformed them into even more sensitive erogenous zones.

Initially, her breasts had felt so full that they were almost numb, but now, if she didn't firmly restrain them with undergarments, they throbbed with every step she took.

There were several reasons for this, but the most significant was that she had been targeted for her breasts—— not just the breasts themselves, but the mammary glands within had been violated.

As a result, despite having no experience of pregnancy aside from the Slime, she had become capable of producing milk, and the Black Ooze continued to squeeze her breasts as if it found amusement in it.

Providing proper nutrition, it directly stimulated her mammary glands, causing her to lactate.

After a year of this, even now that the Black Ooze was dead, Freya's breasts remained——.

(Ah, Fasarina—— please help me, protect me... I can't bear to go through that again...)

Whenever she heard the sounds of battle nearby, she couldn't help but remember.

The violation by the Slime. The one-sided pleasure that had been forced upon her.

Such things were unnecessary in human life—— Freya still believed that sexual acts were meant to be shared between lovers.

So.

(I don't want that anymore...!)

The violation by the Slime was the most abhorred form of lovelessness among the clergy—— yet, when she recalled it, her heart ached.

Just like Fiana and Alfira, those who had “experienced violation.”

No matter how much they hated it, how much they loathed it, they couldn't forget... it would come back to them in fleeting moments.

Freya no longer liked her overly ample bosom—— she hated it.

Not only because it attracted lewd gazes from men, but also because it responded so easily to pleasure... even without love, it would react.

As a devout follower of the goddess, she had developed a puritanical mindset, perhaps as a consequence of the trauma from the Slime's attack.

Thus—— while she called out for help from knights and the goddess, her legs trembled uncontrollably, and her clasped hands dug into her palms, turning red.

She was scared.

Terrified beyond measure.

And this feeling was not hers alone; everyone present shared the same sentiment.

In the dimly lit clinic, where the lamp's light had been dimmed, powerless nuns and priests huddled together, trembling.

They prayed to Goddess Fasarina, hoping desperately for this crisis to pass safely.....

Yet.....

“Ah—— Ahh!?”

With a small creak, the door opened.

At first, Freya and the others brightened with hope, thinking that knights had come to rescue them, but their expressions quickly stiffened in fear.

As the wooden door was skillfully opened, a massive Slime slithered in with slow, deliberate movements.

It was a magical creature resembling a demi-human, with a human-like torso and a beast’s head.

Freya did not know the name of this creature.

.....She had never seen a being that looked like this before. There had never been one until now.

Just as Alfira and the others had been captured by a creature resembling a Worm with the bulk of an Orc outside, this creature appeared to be a combination of multiple magical beings—— a result of the Slimes evolving to efficiently “capture women.”

Just as the Black Ooze had transformed its appearance for its showdown with Mariabelle, now, all the Slimes that had invaded Fontille had taken on a form specialized for one particular purpose.

What stood before Freya and the others was a shape specialized for “searching for women.”

The beast’s head had heightened senses of smell and hearing, while its torso resembled that of a human to navigate the man-made town more easily.

Its ears could pick up even the slightest sound of movement, and its nose possessed the ability to “smell,” something the Slime lacked.

And the torso... mimicking the shape of a human, the Slime that had “opened the door” now turned its gaze toward the women who were praying inside the clinic.

A chill ran down Freya's spine.

Despite its beastly face, its eyes lacked any spark of intelligence.

They were inorganic, mechanical—— and as one after another entered, a dozen more Slimes followed behind it into the clinic.

“No... no...”

“Everyone, run away!! Take the injured with you, please escape!!”

The priests who had been praying together shouted as they stood in front of the creature.

They clasped their hands in prayer once more, simultaneously erecting a barrier around the entrance.

Though not as strong as Jenna, who was called a saint, the barrier created by multiple people had a decent level of strength—— when the creature touched it, a crackling sound echoed as holy electricity repelled the filth.

The creature's advance was halted.

Taking advantage of this moment, Freya and the others, brought back to their senses by the priests' voices, attempted to escape through the clinic's back door with the injured.

“Are you alright!? I'll take you to a safe place right away...!”

But it was heavy.

While Freya and the others had decent stamina from daily tasks like fetching water and caring for children, carrying an adult who was unable to move was limited to one person per person.

Even that was quite heavy, and their movements became sluggish.

That was why they couldn't escape from the clinic.

They couldn't move quickly while carrying the injured.

They couldn't escape—— even knowing this, they had to run.

Yet they couldn't abandon them.....

“Kyah!?”

Even so, desperately trying to carry the injured, Freya heard a scream behind her, followed by the sound of shattering glass.

The creatures realized the entrance was blocked and began to break the windows, with some even destroying wooden walls to invade.

(Are they getting smarter...?)

Freya thought to herself.

As a nun treating the injured, she had heard rumors from knights and soldiers who had experienced the front lines.

Among them was a tale that “Slimes are becoming smarter with each battle.”

This was an opinion proposed by Carla, and while it hadn't yet spread widely, the behavior of Slimes growing stronger, smarter, and more cunning had circulated as rumor.

And it was only natural.

Slimes were “changing.”

The ones who felt this most acutely were the warriors on the front lines.....

“Enough! Please run away!!”

While supporting an immobile knight, Freya shouted.

Before her eyes, the priests were trying to maintain the barrier at the entrance to prevent the monster from entering.

They had barely managed to erect the barrier at the entrance, and if even one of them faltered, they would immediately allow the monster to invade.

In such a situation, if they were to be attacked from the windows or walls, there would be no way to prevent the invasion——.

“Run! Help—— Mmmph!?”

“Ah!?”

Before Freya’s eyes, one of the priests was caught by a tentacle that had reached from behind.

.....No.

It was a “mouth.”

A hollow mouth resembling a Worm had engulfed her head.

She wasn’t dead.

Even with her head obscured, the priest struggled violently, trying to pry the Worm-like mouth off with her nails.

But.

“Ah...”

That resistance lasted only about ten seconds, and suddenly her exposed torso began to convulse violently, and the blue-hued robe’s groin area became wet and darkened.

Her limp body began to leak a copious amount of love juice, audible between her legs, and after losing all resistance, she was absorbed by the Slime.....

“Hyah!?”

It all happened within mere seconds.

And the other priests, witnessing the sight of their captured companion up close, were filled with fear, their concentration shattered.

——The barrier that had been blocking the entrance vanished.

“No, nooo!?”

“Stop it!? Let go—— don’t touch meee!!”

With that, a swarm of monsters surged toward several of the priests.

There was no escape, surrounded on all sides, and each one of them was physically superior to the priests.

In an instant, they were captured, and one by one, their heads were engulfed by the Worm-like mouths, just like the first priest.

“Ah, ah, ah...”

Seeing this, Freya felt her legs give way.

With no strength in her lower body, she collapsed to the floor, dropping the knight she had been supporting.

“Ugh...”

“Ah... no, no...”

Freya snapped back to reality at the knight’s groan and tried to stand up.

But her legs wouldn’t cooperate. She couldn’t muster any strength in her lower body.

.....She noticed that her groin was damp, but there was no time to worry about that.

With trembling hands, Freya grabbed the knight's arm, trying to crawl away from this place——.

“Ah.”

But it was too late.

One of the creatures that had invaded through the window grabbed the knight's leg and, with merciless strength that Freya could not resist, dragged him inside.

Her grip slipped away, and the injured knight couldn't even scream—— he was taken.

Just as the Slimes had done before, the knight's body was absorbed by the Slime right before Freya's eyes. ...Of course, while still alive.

"What...!? ---!?!?"

"Ah, ah, ah..."

Words failed her. She couldn't even scream.

The sight of female priests being swallowed whole, their bodies writhing, and the male knight being engulfed up to his face, struggling for breath and then going still.

Seeing this, Freya was paralyzed with fear, shrinking back and clasping her hands in front of her chest.

“Please, Fasarina, help me, please, Fasarina, help me, please, Fasarina, help me...”

Yet, no matter how much she prayed, no help came.

“Hyah!?”

And finally, one of the creatures grabbed Freya's hand.

A slick, slimy hand.

It had five fingers, and though it bore some resemblance to a human shape, it was unmistakably a creature.

That hand transformed before Freya's eyes, coiling around her arm like a snake, its tip splitting into smaller tendrils that wrapped around each of her fingers.

As it meticulously licked between her fingers, the feeling of revulsion overwhelmed any surprise or confusion.

“No!?”

She waved her hands as if to swat away an insect, but the slimy snake wouldn't let go.

In fact, as she moved her hands, her chest opened up, and it seemed to take advantage of that, pinning Freya's arms wide open as she sat on the floor.

“Ah, no—— please, no, not there——!”

It was then.

The door leading to the back entrance swung open with a loud noise, and several nuns who had escaped earlier returned.

They hurled bottles at the creature.

“Now, let's escape, Freya!”

The Slime that was hit began to writhe in agony, emitting white smoke.

It was Valhalla's Holy Water.

A potent poison designed to kill Slimes, which had been sent to the clinic in limited quantities for emergencies.

However, there weren't many of them.

Even if they managed to take down three or so, a dozen monsters had already invaded the clinic.

Thus, the nuns quickly rescued the unharmed Freya and made a dash toward the back entrance.

“But, but——”

“We can’t save them! Understand!!”

The senior nun grabbed Freya's hand, who was still bewildered, and ran.

Freya, still shaken, looked back as she was pulled along, seeing the priests writhing near the entrance and the knight who had stopped moving in the slime...

"We have to escape... quickly..."

The senior nun's voice caught in her throat as she opened the back door.

Because a new monster was standing there—.

"Hie—"

There wasn't even time to scream.

Before Freya's eyes, the senior nun's face was swallowed.

Squinting, she saw that the other nuns who had fled earlier into the night were also having their heads swallowed by monsters that had circled around to the back door.

...Like the priests who had tried to protect the clinic, they were having their heads swallowed, their bodies writhing freely as they forcefully sprayed fluid from under their nun's habit skirts onto the ground.

"Ah, no..."

Those were her last words before Freya's head was also swallowed by the mouth of a worm-like monster....

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This scene was happening all over the castle town.

The Slimes were attacking women and gathering them.

To increase their numbers efficiently.

At the same time, to reduce the number of beings who could become their enemies.

There was probably no other creature in this world so specialized in "reducing enemies" and "increasing allies."

...At the same time, it was a terrifyingly merciless and gruesome sight from a human perspective.

"_____, _____"

"~~, !!!"

About twenty women had been gathered behind the clinic.

The number was smaller than the women gathered in the plaza on the main street, but even so, it was abnormal to have so many women gathered in a residential area.

And since all of those women had their heads swallowed—the scene was too terrifying to be described as merely abnormal.

One of them, Freya, couldn't bear the sight of the worm's mouth trying to swallow her... and as she regained consciousness from fainting, she opened

her eyes.

"Where... am I...?"

The first thing she saw was the blurry scenery outside.

The outer skin of the worm's mouth was thinly coated with mucus, allowing it to absorb the outside light and making the inside faintly visible.

And when she realized that the things flickering in her vision like gnats were tentacles, she let out a whimper.

"No!? What is this—ugh!?"

(I can't move my body... I can feel the wind? Is my body, alright!?)

Freya couldn't see it herself, but only her torso was outside.

It seemed she wasn't completely restrained, and she could move her hands and feet.

That was because they understood that she and the others weren't trained in combat like knights, and that they couldn't use magic or priestly miracles.

The Slimes remembered all the information about the women they had violated. They shared it among all individuals.

That's why they understood that Freya couldn't resist—and that her breasts were very attractive.

"No!?"

It was hard to tell what was happening outside, but Freya suddenly felt her chest lighten and screamed.

(My clothes were torn!? This feeling, could it be—)

"No, not that!?"

Freya frantically raised her voice.

However.

"---, ---!?"

The worm's mouth blocked the sound, and her words didn't reach the outside.

She covered her chest with her unrestrained hands, hiding her exposed breasts after her nun's habit was torn.

The monster was now targeting her underwear.

The underwear provided by the church didn't fit, so she had no choice but to buy a custom-made product for nobles at her own expense.

High-quality sky-blue underwear with delicate designs and cute decorations in various places.

—Even so, it didn't fit her size lately, and part of her breast meat was spilling out of the cups.

She crossed her arms to protect the custom-made full-cup bra that seemed like it could fit a child's head, but the monster grabbed Freya's wrists and pulled them wide apart as if to say they were in the way.

Freya's eyes widened inside the worm's mouth in shame at having her complex, her huge breasts, exposed defenselessly.

Tears welled up in her eyes, threatening to spill over.

It wasn't just humiliation.

What she was feeling now was unmistakable terror.

"I don't want to!? Not by a Slime again, by a Slime!?"

(Lady Fasarina, please help me! Someone, a knight, a goddess! Anyone—help me!!)

Freya prayed desperately, but no one came to help her.

The monster pulled on the exposed sky-blue underwear, and the front hook prepared to hide in the valley popped open with a snap.

The metal fitting broke, and the suppressed huge breasts spilled out.

No, it would be more accurate to say they burst out.

The breasts that burst out with a "balun" were larger than any of the women being attacked in this castle town—and her areolas, appropriately large, and her large nipples were completely exposed.

The mammary gland depressions at the tips of her nipples were clearly visible, and Freya could understand the feeling of liberation from the underwear's constriction without even seeing the situation outside.

"Ah, not like this..."

(I don't want this to happen again...)

She thrashed her body in a last-ditch effort, but that only caused her breasts, freed from her underwear, to shake up and down, left and right, in a circular motion.

The violent shaking was so intense that the afterimage of her nipples was faintly visible, making it seem as if the woman was obscenely inviting them.

The monster, realizing that Freya couldn't resist, released both of her hands.

"Ah!?"

She immediately used her freed hands to cover her breasts.

—Although she managed to hide her nipples, that alone only distorted the shape of the biggest breasts in the castle town into the shape of her own arms.

After enjoying the sight for a few seconds, the monster filled its mouth with Love Potion smoke, just as it had done to Alfira and the others.

As the light pink smoke filled the sealed mouth, Freya's lovely eyes rolled back into her eyelids.

It was instantaneous.

The nun, who wasn't prepared at all, inhaled the Love Potion smoke, which was adjusted to a concentration for knights, and lost consciousness in an instant.

Like the other nuns, her whole body convulsed in the next moment, her limbs went limp, and she sprayed fluid vigorously from her crotch, so much so that it was obvious even through her skirt.

The force was too much for her sky-blue shorts, which matched her bra, to contain, and the gushing fluid hit the ground, making a splashing sound.

"...Ah...eh...?"

Even when she regained consciousness, she couldn't understand what had happened, and she was stunned—but her hands were still free.

(I have to, escape...)

Thinking only of that, Freya put her hand into the pocket of her nun's habit, which had been torn only at the chest.

The monster, convinced that she couldn't resist, ignored her actions and fondled her breasts.

"Fuh, oh!?"

In that instant, Freya's vision went white.

She couldn't help but release a second spurt of fluid from her crotch as she felt something being pushed out of her chest.

What came out of her chest... her nipples, was breast milk.

She wasn't married yet, and she hadn't even dated a man.

But Freya, who had experience giving birth to Slimes, was ejaculating while spraying a large amount of breast milk befitting her huge breasts.

The release of breast milk wasn't transmitted as pleasure.

However, Freya, who had been taught by the Black Ooze that she could "ejaculate while producing breast milk," had her brain recognize the act of producing breast milk itself as pleasure.

Acts that have been learned in the head cannot be forgotten, no matter how much time passes or how strong one's will is.

—Her mind went blank before she could even feel disgusted by the taboo of deriving pleasure from the organ she feared most, the organ for raising children.

"N-no...I don't...I don't want to..."

She uttered words of denial as she regained consciousness, but the monster fondled Freya's breasts with finger techniques that were unimaginable from its appearance.

It held the base of her overly voluptuous breasts as if to squeeze them, another finger pinched her areola, and different fingers performed back-and-forth movements that stimulated her short male genitals.

A tentacle wrapped around the opposite breast like a snake and bit her nipple.

The fangs acted as a syringe, pouring Love Potion into her already sensitive nipples, turning them into even more sensitive erogenous zones.

The breast fondling, which was absolutely impossible with human fingers, created pleasure unique to Slimes, and Freya groaned as her entire huge breasts, which couldn't even fit in an adult man's hands, were stimulated.

She let out a scream that couldn't even be called a moan inside the sealed worm's mouth, and her unrestrained limbs thrashed around like broken toys.

—But.

"Fugyuuuuuuuuuuu!!!"

Freya regained consciousness from the pain of biting her lip and slammed the bottle containing the small amount of "Valhalla's Holy Water," a supply item she had put in her pocket, against her face.

It was too small to dissolve even one monster, but even so, the head reminiscent of a worm melted, and the Holy Water that scattered as droplets also annihilated the tentacles that had been fondling her breasts.

"Kah! Hah, hah!?"

Freya took in a lungful of fresh oxygen and collapsed to the ground as the supporting tentacles disappeared.

"Fugyu!?"

However, this caused her sensitive huge breasts to be crushed by their own weight and the ground, causing her to moan while spraying new breast milk.

Shaking her beautiful pink hair and moaning from the impact of crushing her breasts on the ground, Freya still tried to get away from the monster on all fours.

She desperately moved her hands and feet, but her movement was very slow.

She was soon caught up by the monster with the missing head, and her waist was grabbed from behind over the nun's habit that was stuck to her

large buttocks after absorbing the gushing fluid.

The clothes, which clung to her skin so tightly that the lines of her underwear were visible, were conversely obscene, and the monster roughly rolled up the nun's habit, perhaps angered by being attacked.

"Someone, aaaaaaaah!!!!"

Freya used all of her energy to resist and escape to scream.

Her body was too sensitive to move anymore.

It was impossible to escape on her own.

So she made a final gamble—screaming, believing that someone would come to help her....

"Some, one..."

But of course, no one came.

The Slimes had poured in after breaking through the outer wall, and many of the people who lived on the side of the broken outer wall had evacuated to the royal castle.

Freya's screams echoed in the deserted, quiet castle town.

"Someone, please help me..."

As her lovely sky-blue shorts were completely exposed, they were pulled roughly, not caring that the elastic would stretch—.

"They're here too!!"

It was at that moment.

The knights, who were exploring the city using fireballs created by magic as a light source, found Freya and the others being attacked and raised their voices.

They immediately threw "Valhalla's Holy Water" to keep the Slimes in check.

The Slimes also understood that it was a deadly poison to them, so they knocked it down in mid-air, but the splashes from the wind magic released in pursuit directly hit the Slimes.

"————..."

The Slimes, shaped like grotesque unknown monsters, dissolved silently.

But there was no time to worry about that.

The knights protected the nuns who were in this place and turned their wary gazes to the surrounding area.

"Are there any others still here!?"

"I-inside...ugh!? Hie, ah, inside, there are priests...!"

Freya, trembling and convulsing from the effects of the Love Potion, suppressed her shame and explained.

The knights who came to this place were men.

As she couldn't hide her complex, her huge breasts, the knights bit their lips and then lent their shoulders to Freya and the others, or carried them on their backs, and turned their backs on the clinic.

"There's not much 'Valhalla's Holy Water' left, at least you guys..."

"Ah, not like this..."

Freya wanted to cry, but if they didn't have a weapon to resist, they would only be returned to the hell of lust.

And if they were men, they would be killed.

Then it would be reasonable to save only those who could be saved... Even knowing that, Freya raised a voice of sorrow.

So did the other nuns.

"Let's go—I'm sorry we couldn't save them..."

One of the knights bowed his head towards the clinic.

Inside, the female priests who had stood their ground to try to save them were still being violated—and they might be taken away and used as tools to give birth to Slimes.

...Even knowing that, no one in this place had the power to help.

The speed of the Slimes' evolution was abnormal.

People's plans, wisdom, tools, even numbers.

They were quickly surpassed.

Using people to increase their numbers meant reducing enemies and increasing themselves.

The Slimes continued to increase. As long as there were women.

The Slimes continued to evolve. By absorbing men and monsters.

No one knew how to fight such monsters.

All they could do was save the lives in front of them in each situation.

Just desperately survive—.

"Ah...Goddess...Hero...please help us..."

Freya muttered, her body still convulsing from the effects of the Love Potion even from the vibrations of walking, while dripping breast milk from the tips of her huge breasts....

7 - The Hero's Light

As Freya and her companions fled through the deserted castle town, muffled voices occasionally drifted from hidden corners and inside buildings, places where no one could see.

Each time she heard those voices, she recalled the horror of the clinic, understanding that similar atrocities were occurring everywhere.

And what would happen next—this fear, known only to those who had experienced it, made the pink-haired nun bite her lip as she leaned on her companion for support.

“I’m fine now...”

With time, the shock of the violation had lessened, and perhaps because the love potion had been a small dose, her body was beginning to adjust.

Though her entire body remained sensitive, she could still muster strength in her legs.

Freya, concerned about being a burden, declared this and decided to walk on her own, fleeing toward the royal castle.

“Hmm...?”

However, as she did so, the knight who had been supporting her averted his gaze, looking troubled.

At that moment, Freya became acutely aware of her own appearance.

Her habit had been torn only at the chest.

Her voluptuous breasts, spilling out from the thick black fabric, had nothing to hide them, merely resting atop the remnants of her clothing and blue underwear.

The habit itself clung to her skin, soaked in the slime's mucus and her own bodily fluids, accentuating not only the contours of her plump thighs but even the lines of her underwear.

“Ah...nngh...”

As Freya hurriedly tried to cover her chest with her arms, the hem of her habit brushed against her nipples, causing a sweet sound to escape her lips.

(At a time like this...how embarrassing...)

Even in a situation where she had to escape, she found herself resenting her body for feeling good.

Freya pressed her arms against her overly sensitive breasts, distorting their magnificent shape, and followed the knights toward the royal castle.

(The buildings aren't too damaged...?)

What caught her attention was a corner of the outer wall surrounding the castle town that had crumbled, allowing slimes to flow in...from there, it seemed that destruction had not occurred.

Previously, when the Black Ooze had attacked Fontille, the massive slime had destroyed buildings, while the smaller slimes invaded even the tiniest holes, accessible only to children, rampaging everywhere.

But this time, there were no signs of such destruction or rampage...at least, not on the road connecting the clinic to the royal castle.

(Scary...)

The streets remained almost intact, as if life continued as usual.

Yet in reality, slimes lurked everywhere—Freya felt a desire to cry at the fear that was different from destruction.

“This way!”

“Yes!”

The knight’s voice, cutting through her sorrow, prompted Freya to run once more toward the royal castle.

However.

“Wait!”

The knight, who had been running, called out, and they halted.

The royal castle was right in front of them.

They were only a short distance from passing through the castle gate... when a high-pitched sound of clashing metal echoed.

A battle was underway.

“Damn it, slimes have made it this far...!”

The knights lowered the motionless nuns to the ground, each drawing their swords.

But they did not advance.

They quickly understood that they would only be a hindrance if they joined the fray.

“Since when did they infiltrate!? How could no one notice!?”

The voice raised in anger belonged to a black-haired woman, the proof of the Hero—Shinomiya Akane.

In the dark of night, she wielded a beautifully glowing holy sword, radiating a white light, as she fought against a human.

No, a slime that had taken on a human form.

“Alfredo has turned into a slime...?”

The magic user supporting her murmured his name.

Alfredo was the name of the blonde man, an adventurer, who had been mimicked by the slime.

He was wielding an iron sword, clashing with Akane, having likely attacked other knights to recover it.

The slime could transform its mucus into the shape of a sword, but that only worked against Mariabelle, who fought by releasing magical power.

Against Akane, who enveloped her holy sword with the goddess's magic, the slime's sword would be purified.

Having learned this, Alfredo was now armed with an iron sword, parrying Akane's holy sword.

“Don't panic! That Alfredo is targeting you all!!”

The adventurers who had evacuated were now defending the castle gate, their last line of defense, while supporting Akane.

Alfredo had aimed for the goddess, the hero, and the queen in his final push, but his plan had not yet been completed due to more 'capable fighters' remaining than he had anticipated.

However, it was not a failure.

The presence of people meant they could be used as hostages.

Even if they did not become hostages, if they became immobile before him, the new hero would likely slow down.

Judging this, Alfredo fought Akane while transforming the mucus disguised as clothing into tentacles to target the adventurers.

“I won't let you!!”

As predicted by Alfredo, the tentacles aimed at the adventurers were severed by Akane's holy sword.

When cut by the sword imbued with the goddess's power, the regeneration ability of the severed tentacles drastically diminished.

Thus, while they would quickly resume regeneration by self-mutilating around the severed area, it would take many times longer than normal.

"I won't let you through..."

"Haah, haah...damn it, Alfredo... and Satia too."

As she muttered this, a fireball suddenly formed a short distance away from Freya and the others.

Satia, hidden in the night's darkness, attacked Akane with a low-level fireball to support Alfredo.

When another adventurer extinguished that fireball with a stream of water, the resulting steam obscured Akane's vision.

It was only natural to extinguish fire with water, considering the elemental properties, but in this situation, it was the worst possible outcome.

"Damn it!?"

As Alfredo concealed himself in the steam, Akane clicked her tongue and pursued him.

The steam, just extinguished from the fire, was slightly warm, and yet it disrupted her concentration—within that haze, she deflected the descending iron sword.

(I can't see, but I can hear the sound of slicing wind. I'm still okay!)

To avoid a surprise attack, she had charged into the battlefield her opponent desired, but Akane, awakening her superior senses as a hero, quickly adapted to the situation.

In the mist, glowing warmly as it absorbed the light from the torches on the castle walls, she engaged in a flurry of sword clashes within seconds—using that momentum, she kicked Alfredo’s torso, forcibly pushing him out of the mist.

“I’m immune to poison now...”

Akane was equipped with armor made from Spirit Silver, enhanced with the goddess’s power, specifically crafted for Shinomiya Akane, though not as formidable as Mariabelle’s.

Only the goddess Fasarina could create equipment capable of countering slimes; she had first given Akane a holy sword that could kill slimes, followed by armor that could protect against their poison.

However, that was only a breastplate and greaves.

The equipment was still insufficient, and there were many weaknesses.

Alfredo would not overlook those weaknesses; if he targeted her exposed neck or arms...however, knowing that he would aim for her ‘weaknesses,’ Akane could easily counter.

Suddenly, tentacles extended from behind her, where she had a blind spot as a hero—but they were sliced to pieces by the holy sword swung with blinding speed, turning into white smoke and being purified.

“_____”

In a one-on-one, she still could not win.

Realizing this, Alfredo retreated to where Satia was.

“Are you okay, Alfredo...?”

With a voice devoid of emotional fluctuations that the adventurers knew well, Satia placed her hand on Alfredo’s chest, worried for him.

Normally, a slime would paralyze its opponent with its paralysis poison, but Alfredo did not do that.

It was unclear whether he believed Satia was not an enemy.

“Satia, that’s a magical creature! You saw it! Come back!!”

One of the adventurers called her name, but Satia did not respond.

She only looked at Alfredo, worried only for him, present there solely for his sake—the gray-haired magic user created a fireball as a distraction and slammed it to the ground.

The explosion sent dirt and small stones flying, forcing Akane to cover her eyes.

“Above!”

For just a moment, her vision was obscured, but Freya, who was at a distance, relayed Alfredo’s trajectory.

Alfredo, concealed by the smoke of the explosion, leaped up and landed on the roof of a stable near the castle walls.

Akane’s sword could not reach him, but even if he extended his tentacles, the distance would ensure he would be countered—what he needed now was time.

His kin were gathering hostages in the castle town.

He wanted time to devise a plan to utilize them effectively.

—But the situation changed rapidly.

...He was in a frenzy.

The hero was fighting, having pushed into the royal castle’s immediate vicinity.

Driven by a desperate urge to do something, Freya simply raised her voice—but.

“————”

Alfredo, noticing the presence of a human woman, looked at Freya and the nuns, still affected by the violation, with emotionless eyes.

He immediately extended tentacles to restrain them.

Several were slashed by the knights, but the numerous tentacles generated from paralysis poison rendered combat impossible with even a mere touch.

The knights were encased in metal armor, yet two unfortunate ones fell forward.

“Run!”

Akane, who had been at a distance, finally noticed Freya and the others.

That was the hero’s weakness.

If one possessed a spirit noble enough to be chosen by the goddess, they could not abandon others.

Alfredo aimed to exploit that very mentality as a weakness, attempting to take Freya and the others hostage.

At the same time, Akane, who had rushed out to help others, was also left wide open.

“Take this!!”

Alfredo instructed Satia to burn the knights who had been rendered immobile by paralysis.

The released fireball engulfed the two knights.

No screams arose from the paralyzed knights.

Perhaps they were fortunate that they felt neither the heat nor the agony of being burned due to the paralysis poison...

“Ahhh!?”

Freya, the one least accustomed to ‘fighting’ in this situation, let out a scream.

As her anguished cry echoed around them, Akane, enraged by the tragedy, accelerated further—thinking that jumping would put her at a disadvantage in the air, she aimed to cut the stable’s support beam to bring Alfredo down to the ground.

However, while holding Satia, Alfredo leaped again, extending tentacles in mid-air to snatch Freya.

“Kyah!?”

“Damn—”

As Akane followed Alfredo’s airborne figure with her eyes, hearing Freya’s scream and the knights’ frustrated voices, she focused on severing the tentacles that held the nun before she was completely captured, but in that moment, another tentacle targeted her.

“Ugh!?”

Three tentacles.

Two were visible in the air, and the last one aimed for Akane from below, burrowing through the ground.

She swiftly cut through the first two, but even with her near-precognitive ‘Hero’s Intuition,’ if her body did not move, she could not respond—this perfect coordination, impossible for humans, unleashed a three-pronged attack, with the third strike hitting Akane’s left arm as intended.

Barely managing to protect her dominant arm, she swung her holy sword with her remaining right hand, slicing through the tentacles.

“Seriously. One after another, these kinds of tactics...”

(It’s an excuse to say I wouldn’t lose in a fair fight...)

She wanted to shout that, but in real combat, such a ‘one-on-one’ situation was impossible...she had been made painfully aware of that since arriving in this world.

Understanding this, she stood there, knowing she had no right to say such things.

(I’m still too soft...more... I need to concentrate—)

She took two deep breaths.

Her left hand was numb, and she couldn’t grip the long sword, which resembled a katana, with both hands.

But her legs still moved, and her dominant arm was unharmed.

Her stamina was still abundant, and her breath was steady.

While checking her physical condition, Alfredo landed on the ground.

He set Satia down from his left arm and seized Freya, whom he had captured with his tentacles, with his right arm.

His grip on Freya’s neck conveyed the message that he could snap it at any moment.

“How lewd...you’re like a villain from a movie. A slime, no less.”

Even so, the situation was dire.

Hostages were troublesome.

(What should I do...?)

Akane had never killed anyone.

She had seen people die right before her eyes, but she had never killed with her own hands or abandoned anyone.

So—even in this seemingly hopeless situation, even knowing what the best course of action was, she still...

“This is the worst...”

First, Akane lowered the tip of her holy sword.

She did not let go of the sword.

If she lost her means to attack, she would be unable to fight. She would lose... and be violated.

But she could not abandon the hostages, so she lowered the tip to prove she had no intention of attacking.

Yet Alfredo was not satisfied.

“Ugh...”

As he tightened his grip on Freya’s neck, the pink-haired nun let out a groan, her chest exposed.

With just a little more pressure, she would die.

“Let her go...”

“No way, Hero!”

Akane still could not bring herself to abandon someone right before her eyes.

She released her holy sword.

But not yet.

(From this distance, I can reach it in two steps.)

However, Alfredo had anticipated such a cunning thought.

Without releasing his grip on Freya's neck, he extended a tentacle to retrieve the holy sword.

Once again, the holy sword, imbued with the goddess's power, was grasped in the hands of a monster.

As if to confirm it, he raised the holy sword, reflecting the light from the torches placed on the castle walls, causing the blade to shimmer.

Alfredo lifted the sword with eyes that resembled glass beads, uncertain of its significance—an image that was, in a sense, the worst possible sight.

“...I'm sorry.”

Akane apologized.

Was it for losing, or for not being able to abandon her?

But.

“—————!!”

A shadow fell from the castle wall, silently severing the tentacles that held the holy sword in Alfredo's grasp with a massive sword engulfed in flames.

The wielder of that great sword was Forneus.

She had been hiding, not to join forces with Akane, but to provide support in times of crisis.

At the same time.

“—————!”

A sudden blade of wind sliced through her body, temporarily freeing Freya.

Alfredo rushed to close the wound, but before he could, Forneus retrieved Freya—twisting his body, he deflected the Holy Sword that had fallen to the ground with his oversized sword.

“Pick it up, Akane!!”

“Thank you!!”

Cautious of a counterattack, Forneus did not slow down, rolling into the stable while still holding Freya.

Akane dashed to grab the deflected Holy Sword, and Alfredo immediately extended his tentacles—but they were once again sliced apart.

“Lady Akane, now!”

A voice called from atop the castle wall.

Leticia, not in perfect health, had unleashed a composite spell of wind and cold with her remaining magical power.

The wounds cut by the invisible blades froze, slowing their regeneration.

In that moment, Akane picked up the Holy Sword—closing in on Alfredo.

“Not good!?”

Satia reacted instinctively, inserting her body between the trajectory of the Holy Sword and Alfredo.

...Anticipating this, Akane skillfully avoided Satia with a single hand, striking at Alfredo.

Not only that, she aimed precisely for the ‘Core.’

“...Alfred-sama? —Alfred-samaaa!?”

As Alfredo's form crumbled before Satia, the gray sorceress screamed.

Clinging to him in tears... but in the next moment, his crumbling right arm regenerated and struck Akane in the chest.

“Guh!? You can still move, huh...!?”

Without her chest plate, she might have died—coughing from the impact that resonated deep within her, Akane jumped back.

The shock was too great to absorb; she had to leap to lessen its force.

Before her, Alfredo's crumbled form began to revert.

“Impossible, I cut the ‘Core’!?”

(He can regenerate even without the ‘Core’!?)

For a moment, she doubted, but Alfredo's ability to regenerate was thanks to Satia.

He might lose.

Alfredo had given Satia multiple ‘Cores’ when he embraced her in the dungeon.

He had focused all his attention on her during their battle, unaware of Freya's presence or Forneus's ambush.

Similarly, Akane had been so focused on Alfredo that she had overlooked the low-level sorceress, Satia.

It was this lapse in thought that allowed for the successful regeneration.

“_____”

“...But, if that's the case...”

However, the hostage had been lost, and Satia's role had been recognized.

It was clear that they were gradually cornering Alfredo.

As both sides remained on high alert and unable to move, Forneus emerged from the stable, wielding his beloved oversized sword.

Freya still seemed to be hiding inside the building.

Forneus was far too powerful to be taken hostage.

—If Akane were to see the hostages gathered in the city, would this female Hero relinquish the Holy Sword again?

As Alfredo pondered this, the Slimes that had been capturing women and violating them while standing like statues began to move throughout the town.

Like mere tools given orders, they all started walking toward the castle gate.

Victory was assured.

As long as Slimes existed, the entity known as ‘Alfredo’ would not disappear, die, or perish.

With a difference of tens of thousands in combat power and the ever-increasing number of Slimes, humanity could not possibly win.

Though the concept of ‘victory’ did not exist within them, the Slimes, convinced of their ability to annihilate humanity, simply pondered “how to buy time” against Akane, who was readjusting the Holy Sword with a blank expression.

—That thought was fundamentally shattered the moment a radiance, like the sun, appeared in the darkness of night.

The light emerged from the horizon like the morning sun, strong and bright enough to illuminate the entirety of Fontille.

“What is that...?”

Leticia, atop the castle wall, saw it.

The light, which she mistook for the rising sun, had suddenly appeared from a far-off, empty place.

She knew that it was a light emitted by someone standing in a location invisible to the Elves' eyesight.

That radiance was the hope shown by the Hero.

“...Maria?"Are the Slimes already flooding in!""? We might not make it...!”

As Carla, running alongside her, said this, Meltia bit her lip.

However.

“We're still okay! The Slimes are staying in the city— the castle hasn't fallen yet!!”

Mariabelle strongly countered, kicking her horse's belly to make it run faster.

They had simply been lucky.

After being rescued by Grabalt, on their way to Fontille, they had managed to pick up a saddled horse, either abandoned or left by a rider who had perished in battle.

Having passed through the deep forest of Grabalt much faster than on foot, Mariabelle and the others headed straight for the royal castle of Fontille... and tonight, they had made it to the battlefield in time.

“I'll use my sister's magical power!”

“Right! Save our country... the castle, our mother, Maria!”

As Mariabelle declared, Meltia pushed her from behind.

Holding the Holy Sword aloft as they rode, it responded to the Hero's will, shining brighter than ever before.

Yet, it was still small. Still weak.

The light merely shone like a solitary beacon in the night.

Compared to the world enveloped in darkness, it was a feeble glow, but Mariabelle did not give up.

“Fenel, please stay hidden—”

Mariabelle wished for this.

The red-haired female incubus was indeed an ally, but to her, the radiance of the Holy Sword was a fearsome power.

The same went for the magical creatures in Fontille, who were walking the path of coexistence.

(Father... please, please lend me your strength. Please protect my friends.)

“If the Holy Sword gathers magical power—if it responds to human will—”

After the decisive battle at Rishlua, in the temple of Grabalt... in the ‘Slime Castle’ remodeled by the Humanoids, Mariabelle and the others had realized the new potential of the Holy Sword.

This Holy Sword not only stored magical power but also had the ability to accumulate the magical power of others.

In these past few days, she had continued to imbue the magical power of her sister Meltia, who had grown to possess power rivaling Leticia, the strongest sorceress in the continent.

Even so, it was still not enough.

“Father, Fasarina... everyone, lend me your strength!!”

In an instant, magical power erupted from the blade with a force never seen before.

It was not just her sister's magical power.

Due to the battles that had erupted around Fontille, the released magic—the remnants absorbed by the Holy Sword—was unleashed for a single purpose.

To defeat the enemies of the Hero. The magical creatures—the source of the ‘increase in magical creatures’ like the Demon King.

It was a dazzling and warm light, like the sun.

The sunlight that suddenly appeared in the darkness stretched toward the sky, slicing through the shadows.

“With this———!!”

No matter how massive the blade of light, the size of the Holy Sword held by Mariabelle remained unchanged.

With its weight intact, she swung the oversized sword, and the light surged through Fontille's town, piercing the royal castle beyond.

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Only Alfredo realized the danger.

The Slimes that had been capturing women prioritized his orders, causing their reactions to be delayed.

Only Alfredo instinctively hid behind cover, redirecting all his magical power to defense.

They were fortunate that Akane and the others were momentarily bewildered by the sudden radiance and could not react.

Thus, they could not pursue him, even seeing Alfredo's unguarded form as he defended with all his might—and after the warm light surged through... all the Slimes except Alfredo lost their slime, leaving only the ‘Core’ rolling in the town.

“Was that the power of Mariabelle's Holy Sword...?”

When Akane exclaimed in surprise, Alfredo had already shifted into full escape mode.

Leaping up to the castle wall while still holding Satia, he glanced at Leticia's face, whom he had considered one of his last targets, before jumping down to the town.

Skillfully maneuvering his tentacles, he moved from roof to roof as the wave of light dissipated and the night returned.

With movements impossible for humans, even Akane could not pursue him.

It was not merely a difference in physical ability; fundamentally, the mobility of humans and magical creatures was too different.

“...He got away... sigh.”

As Akane watched the fleeing figure with her eyes, she gave up the chase and sighed.

Before her eyes lay the town of Fontille, once again shrouded in darkness.

(How many are safe...?)

The light of the Hero that Mariabelle had shown illuminated Fontille, likely saving many lives.

At the same time, that light must have become a beacon of hope, giving courage to many that “there are still means of resistance.”

However—.

(So many can no longer fight properly... at this rate, how many more times...?)

Thus, those who survived would resist again. They had to resist.

There was no compromise in this battle; for humanity to survive, they had no choice but to kill—yet.

(How do you plan to achieve victory in this battle, Fasarina?)

Akane was curious about the goddess's demeanor, which remained calm even in this situation.

With Mariabelle's timely arrival, perhaps they could say they had won this time.

Yet, it was certain that the number of those who could fight was steadily decreasing.

Now that even civilians had been mobilized simply because they could use magic, it was likely that only a few more could fight the Slimes...

Even so.

“What a troublesome situation I’ve gotten myself into...”

There was regret.

Having been caught up in a battle with no chance of victory, it was easy to voice one or two grievances, or ten or twenty.

But if she uttered even one of those, she would surely no longer be able to fight.

—To survive, she had to fight... swallowing such negative emotions, Akane finally encountered the ‘other Hero’ of this world...

The gathering of Heroes had finally begun.

Surely, they could win!

At least, she hoped so.

Next time will be the conclusion of volume 21.

Please continue to watch over Mariabelle's story for just a little longer.

8 - To Survive

——It's just like a beast, someone said.

An overwhelming number that they could never defeat... they attacked in a swarm, yet fled at the first sign of danger.

It was a method of attack reminiscent of wild beasts.

Not a human way of fighting.

It was like hunting... they thought.

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"Um, nice to meet you..."

"Nice to meet you." So, you're Mariabelle, right?"

"Yes..."

After a while had passed since they had stopped the invasion of the Slimes.

Back in the royal castle, Mariabelle exchanged words for the first time with the woman who had been summoned from the same other world as her father, Shinomiya Akane.

It was clear at a glance.

The first black hair she had seen in this world, apart from her own.

The woman wearing glasses, reminiscent of Carla, was tall like Mariabelle, possessing a slender, healthy figure with almost no excess fat.

At a glance, it was evident that this person was also a Hero, and possessed considerable strength.

(She's strong...)

And it was the same for Akane.

In fact, Mariabelle, who had experienced far more battles than she had, understood at a glance that she was much stronger.

Despite being in such a dire situation, Akane showed no signs of panic, and when she returned to the castle, she held her head high, receiving the admiration of the citizens.

Her presence inspired courage in those who witnessed it, and Akane felt the same.

After Alfredo's retreat, she had been anxious about what would happen next, but seeing Mariabelle's calm demeanor made her feel, "Maybe we can still fight," and "Perhaps there's still something we can do."

(How many battles must one experience to become this strong of heart?)

Even though Akane was somewhat well-known in her original world, she had only been a member of the kendo club, so she felt a twinge of envy towards Mariabelle, who was grounded and composed at such a young age.

...However, that feeling of ease lasted only a few minutes.

"Mariabelle, I'm so glad you returned safely..."

"Mother, I'm back."

"Meltia, Carla, too. Thank you for putting yourselves in danger to rescue Mariabelle."

"No, it was the least I could do."

The citizens who had already taken refuge in the royal castle had returned to the town.

They couldn't let them hear the desperate conversation that was about to unfold—this was the judgment of Leticia and Fontille.

Thus, feeling that it was a waste of time to walk in the throne room, Leticia and Fontille made their way to the great hall on the first floor, where they reunited with Mariabelle... even forgoing the time to embrace in joy, they spread a map of the continent across the table.

“We've sent knights to pursue the fleeing Slimes, but judging by the direction, they likely fled to Grabalt Forest.”

“Are they planning to use the castle created by the Slime that captured me? I destroyed that castle, though...”

“Or perhaps they might utilize the location of the World Tree—”

Following Mariabelle's words, Fontille spoke up.

The anger in his tone was likely a result of recalling the tragedy that had befallen his country.

“I saw it on the way here. To think they could do something like that...”

“But in terms of power, you are the stronger one. Mariabelle... how were you able to draw out the power of the Holy Sword to such an extent?”

“There's nothing special about it. Until now, I had been waiting for the power of the Holy Sword to accumulate, but I realized that by gathering the magical energy... no, surely the magical energy overflowing throughout this world, I could gather much more than I had thought.”

“The power the Slimes used in the battle at Rishrua...”

“Lady Carla noticed it. The Holy Sword created by the Goddess can also incorporate human power.”

When Meltia said this, Carla cleared her throat.

“Can this be applied to Akane’s Holy Sword as well? If infused with magical energy, could it unleash even more powerful strength?”

“I wonder... Fasarina said that my sword was sharpened to suit me. Even if infused with magical energy, it might only enhance the sharpness.”

“If it’s something as tough as a Golem, it could be useful, but against Slimes, it wouldn’t matter much...”

“Yes. Akane’s sword is already adjusted to be effective against Slimes in its current state.”

As they spoke, Fasarina arrived.

She looked somewhat pale, likely from hastily preparing armor for Akane.

The maids who had been standing behind her handed Akane gauntlets and armor.

“It’s light... and armor? I had received a breastplate, though.”

“To prevent the slime from sticking, a larger area of armor is safer. You and Mariabelle need to stand out.”

With that, Fasarina stood next to Leticia.

“You’ve endured well. Thanks to that, we can take measures to seal that Slime.”

“Seal?”

Hearing Fasarina’s words, Carla asked back.

“Not to defeat it?”

“You must realize that it’s impossible, Carla. It’s unfeasible to eradicate that number, and if even one remains, it will reproduce... it’s beyond our control

now.”

When Fasarina asserted this, the atmosphere in the room grew heavy.

It was none other than the Goddess who created this world saying so—there was likely no way to handle it.

“But how do we seal it? I mean, I thought we had reduced their numbers significantly in this battle, but there should still be many left, right? And they’re scattered.”

“I’ve learned a bit about the Slime’s ecology, Akane.”

Fasarina received Akane’s question with a smile.

It was surprising that a goddess, who had initially underestimated Slimes as mere creatures, now felt threatened enough to study their ecology.

Especially for Mariabelle, who was hearing her voice for the first time—she felt a different kind of tension, as if she were facing the goddess who literally existed above her.

“Well, since we can communicate, I think you don’t need to be so tense?”

“Carla is amazing... I feel like I might faint...”

When Carla nudged her with her elbow, Mariabelle swayed slightly.

She was exasperated by her excessive tension, but right now, she didn’t have the luxury to worry about her friend.

“So, what do we do? The method to gather the Slimes, the place to seal them—if we’re going to seal such powerful Slimes, we also need to consider the strength and maintenance of the Barrier...”

“We have a plan for gathering them.”

In response to Carla’s first question, Fasarina spoke with certainty.

“That Slime responds with full force to threats. The fact that it didn’t pay attention to its surroundings during the battle with Akane is proof of that.”

“Now that you mention it, it didn’t react until that Sister raised her voice.”

Freya, who had been taken hostage during Akane’s battle.

If she had noticed from the beginning when Akane had taken refuge, they could have secured her before Akane realized.

Indeed, it seemed unnatural when pointed out from a third-party perspective.

“Most likely, that Slime sees Akane... and Mariabelle as considerable threats. Perhaps it thinks it would lose in a one-on-one situation.”

“That one-on-one situation is the tricky part...”

Akane had a vague sense of this as well.

In a one-on-one, they could win—but the opponent was an infinite number of Slimes.

Moreover, even if one was defeated, other Slimes could transform into the same form.

Since their abilities were the same, it was essentially like facing an infinite number of those powerful Slimes that resembled the adventurer Alfredo.

“The important thing is that the Slime is wary of you two—what’s more, instead of killing you, it’s trying to capture you.”

“...So, you mean... to use Mariabelle and Akane as bait.”

Carla murmured, anticipating the conclusion, and Fenerlieka nodded slowly.

“You two will hold the Slimes at the place where we set up the Barrier.”

“That’s too dangerous!”

Carla immediately objected, but Mariabelle took her hand.

“Thank you for worrying about me, Carla. But I’ll be fine.”

“...”

Mariabelle’s resolve had already been made.

She would do anything to win against the Slimes—that was how she had fought.

Since that day when the Black Ooze had taken her castle and her mother.

And that had not changed.

“I have the equipment granted to me by the Goddess. Poison won’t affect me... I’m perfect for being bait.”

“I...”

Akane couldn’t respond immediately.

Being bait—meant taking on the most dangerous role.

To do that with a woman she had just met felt like a suicidal act.

The Hero’s anxiety was absolute.

Because her Hero’s Intuition, which was close to foresight, was working, feeling anxious meant that something bad was likely to happen.

“I do have concerns—however, if I must move forward for this land... I will fight. I have the strength for that.”

Mariabelle had strength.

The strength of a Hero. The Holy Sword, the Goddess’s equipment.

And many people lacked the power to fight, chased by Slimes, fleeing, only able to cry.

When Mariabelle returned to Fontille, she did not only see the cheers of joy for their safety.

People who had been violated and trampled by Slimes were crying.

She had the strength to fight to stop those tears—Mariabelle wanted to fight for that.

To run away despite having strength. To turn away from reality.

That was surely different from the way her predecessor, the Hero... her father, had lived, whom she still admired.

“...You’re amazing.”

(Though she’s about my age, she’s so much more composed than I am...)

That was only natural.

After all, Akane wasn’t even a resident of this world. She was from another world.

She had no obligation to risk her life for this world, nor had she ever experienced a conflict where lives were lost.

Even so—the Goddess Fasarina had chosen this woman.

For her goodness, which allowed her to hear the voice of the Goddess on the other world, Earth.

“...For now, let’s hear your plan. If we’re to use us as bait to seal them, where and how?”

“We will perform the sealing. The Barrier we have set up in Rishrua—gather the human priests and create a Barrier stronger than that. The location is...”

At that moment, a knight rushed into the guest room, which was being used as an emergency conference room.

With a tone as if he knew the timing, Akane sighed.

(Like a director or something...)

In reality, as a goddess, she might be able to sense human movements.

As she pondered this, the knight continued to report, out of breath.

“While pursuing the fleeing Slimes, they have escaped into Grabalt Forest. And...”

“And?”

“From within the forest, a large number of Slimes are... They were using horses, so we managed to shake them off, but by dawn, more Slimes will be in this country...”

“No way... relay the situation only to those in command, and hasten the repairs to the outer walls! Under no circumstances should you inform the citizens or soldiers. It will cause unnecessary chaos.”

“Yes!”

The breathless knight exited without having time to compose himself.

“The place to set up the Barrier is Grabalt—”

“!?”

At those words, Fontille bit his lip.

But he did not voice a protest.

No matter how much he cared for his homeland—what mattered more was the peace of this world.

If Fontille had been attacked first, Leticia would have likely endured and accepted this decision.

In this battle, there was no longer a complete victory, only the question of how much sacrifice could be tolerated for that.

“That is—”

“It’s fine, Mariabelle... Fasarina, can we seal the Slimes like that?”

“It’s possible. Leticia, send a fast horse to Rishrua now, and coordinate... tell all the capable priests to come here.”

“Understood.”

When Fasarina asserted this, Leticia left to convey the message to the knight waiting outside.

For a few seconds, the room fell silent.

“Ugh... I dislike this heavy atmosphere. Let’s change the subject a bit.”

“I see—then, Carla. Please share what you’re currently anxious about.”

“...That will likely continue the heavy atmosphere, though...”

However, it was better than remaining silent, so Carla opened her mouth.

“First, if we use Mariabelle and Akane... the two Heroes as bait, will the Slimes really gather? How do we get through the group of Slimes that are currently approaching? Will this situation continue every day until the priests from Rishrua join us? How much stock of Valhalla's Holy Water do we have left... and finally—”

There were countless issues to raise, so Carla listed the particularly important ones with her fingers, concluding with:

“I’m curious about the magician who was taken by the Slime that resembles that adventurer Alfredo. Is she really that important to the Slimes?”

Five fingers opened, and everyone fell silent.

Especially the fifth point was crucial.

Was an individual truly important to the Slimes?

Or did the gray-haired sorceress Satia herself hold some secret?

“The ecology of the Slimes is still full of mysteries—so I particularly want to know about that fifth point.”

“If it can be used as a hostage, it could serve as bait instead of Mariabelle and the others.”

Fontille voiced a practical thought.

A hostage.

Would such a thing even work on the Slimes?

...If so, then they would no longer be Slimes, but “another person” with human thoughts and sensibilities...

Everyone who came to this realization, however, kept that thought to themselves.

The opponent was a Slime.

Even if it had human thoughts and sensibilities, they must not entertain such ideas.

"...Well, that's my question. Let's finalize our discussion before the priest of Lishrua joins us. We absolutely must seal the Slime."

This will be the last update for the 21st volume of the e-book.

As the story approaches its conclusion, I would be grateful if you could continue to support Mariabelle and the others a little longer.

...I've received comments like, "I thought the castle would fall," and "Seeing Mariabelle look at her mother and the people who were swallowed whole, now turned into Flesh Armor," and I can't help but think, "I should have written that!!!!"

The excitement from the castle's fall leading to the sealing was quite something.

I feel like I've missed out on something precious.

1 - Careful Preparations for Battle

On that day, everyone was bustling about from the morning.

Those in white coats moved back and forth between the royal castle's flowerbeds and outside the capital, gathering as many white flowers known as "Valhalla" as they could.

Knights clad in heavy armor were loading iron weapons onto the carriages waiting outside the arena.

The townspeople packed healing potions and food into the carriages, while women prepared meals to serve the knights and the laboring men.

Slimes—those that had finally begun to mimic the very form of humans—prompted humanity to resort to their last means of defense.

Every aspect of them, from individual combat power to biological quality, magical prowess as sorcerers, and their sheer numbers, surpassed humanity.

The worst enemy, the Slime, had outstripped humanity in every way.

To seal away these slimes, the people were preparing to leave their homes and gather in one place.

"Is the preparation proceeding smoothly?"

As she observed the busy people, a beautiful silver-haired woman spoke to a nearby knight.

"Lady Leticia!"

Upon recognizing who she was, the knight placed the spears he was carrying on the ground and knelt.

Leticia—a silver-haired half-elf woman, the queen of this country and the wife of the previous hero—stopped him with a hand gesture and smiled gently.

Years of being overwhelmed by duties since the Black Ooze had taken this country, Fontille, had caused her once delicate smile to vanish.

But it was not due to being cornered; rather, it was a smile that emerged from having a clear purpose and determination.

"That's fine. So, how is the preparation coming along?"

"Yes, I believe we will be ready by tomorrow morning. However, regarding the scientists... it seems they will take a bit longer, according to reports."

"I see. Our few means of countering the slimes... the 'Valhalla's Holy Water' is our lifeline. If possible, please send personnel from the knight order to Lady Carla."

"That is—ah, no! I will consult with the squad leader!"

"Thank you."

Returning a salute to Leticia's words, the knight handed his spears to a nearby soldier and ran toward the makeshift tent.

To shorten communication time, many of the higher-ranking knights set up tents near their assigned work sites to exchange information.

Not a moment could be wasted.

After all, the slimes were acting in ways that humanity could not comprehend at that very moment.

"It seems the action will take place tomorrow morning... Will we make it in time?"

"Yes. According to reports from the priests coming from Rishlua, the slimes are currently gathering deep within Grabalt Forest, constructing yet another

castle... a place for themselves to live. They likely won't initiate action immediately."

Behind Leticia stood a blonde nun, possessing beauty that rivaled even the lovely silver-haired queen.

When the queen posed a question to the nun, she answered without any sign of reverence, as if it were a casual conversation.

In fact, it felt as though the queen was the one being considerate.

—After all, that blonde woman was a goddess.

The will of the goddess manifested through human flesh.

"Another slime castle... Why are they so fixated on castles? With their gelatinous bodies, there must be more comfortable places to inhabit..."

"Strictly speaking, that's not quite right. Their living spaces... Just as goblins make their nests in dark, unpleasant holes out of reach of light, and orcs raid human villages to seize them, slimes likely create their own comfortable habitats from their own slime."

Until a few years ago, slimes were known as the "weakest" and were not feared by anyone.

However, the sudden emergence of the mutated "man-eating" slime, the Black Ooze, changed the power dynamics in the human world through its rampage, gaining magical power by consuming humans.

In just a few years, the threat posed by slimes had dramatically changed, and perceptions of them shifted in proportion.

Most notably, their ecological stance became a focal point of concern.

What they eat, what they prefer, where they live, what their goals are... and what they dislike.

Information about the ecology of slimes was re-evaluated from scratch by scientists, allowing humanity to survive until today.

"I've heard that slimes prefer damp places like forests and caves..."

"The slime castle is likely the best habitat for them. Moreover, the slime itself can serve as a weapon."

Leticia and her companions understood the threat of the slime castle well.

Although it had been conquered by her daughter, the second hero Mariabelle, who inherited her husband's black hair and was the previous hero, it was a fortress so formidable and dreadful that they wished never to encounter it again.

"We must complete the sealing before they can build their castle."

"Yes. That will be more than enough time if we start tomorrow morning."

(Perhaps the slimes also understand that humans are preparing for their final offensive to annihilate them...)

Fasarina thought that the slimes were constructing their castle to prepare for the humans' assault.

A castle fortified with powerful magic that would not be blown away by Mariabelle's powerful strikes from the outside.

(Last time, women were taken as hostages and the Holy Sword was stolen during the siege—this time, we should expect some countermeasures as well.)

As the goddess Fasarina pondered this, she let out a naturally melancholic sigh, uncharacteristic of a goddess.

(The abnormal intelligence, the magical power that slimes should not possess, and their magic... We must not give them any more time.)

The goddess understood better than anyone on the surface that the evolution of slimes had worsened over time.

That was why she wanted to act as soon as possible, even if it was just a day or half a day earlier.

However, sealing the slimes required adequate preparation, including the equipment of the knights who would protect them while the barrier was erected, the mass production of the "Valhalla's Holy Water" that could neutralize the slimes, and above all.

"The priests coming from Rishlua have not yet been able to join us, have they?"

"Yes. It is far too dangerous to meet up in Grabalt, so they must first pass through Fontille."

Geographically, Grabalt is located in the center of the continent, with Fontille and Rishlua to the east and west.

If prioritizing the time to construct the barrier for sealing the slimes, it would be best for them to arrive directly on the west side of Grabalt from Rishlua.

However, if the priests encountered the slimes alone, annihilation would be inevitable—thus, they had no choice but to take a longer route, bypassing Grabalt to regroup in Fontille, with knights providing escort as they headed west again.

(The preparation of the poison, the knights' readiness, the priests' convergence—how frustrating...)

But that was also a mistake on the goddess's part, who had judged the slimes to be "just weaklings" and thought that a new hero could easily annihilate them.

If only she had intervened the moment the Black Ooze was born in the abandoned mine at the northern edge, this tragedy would not have occurred.

Yet.

"The demon king cannot be defeated without increasing the number of magical creatures—at least, that was supposed to be the case."

"Is something the matter?"

Fasarina's murmurs went unheard by Leticia, fading away.

The new lives born after the demon king's defeat.

What meaning did that hold...? Now, understanding it, Fasarina sighed once more.

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"Hero, you're going to tire yourself out if you keep so tense like this.""

"...That may be true. But I can't help but feel restless."

As Mariabelle polished her sword and armor in her private room, a red-haired female incubus entered through the window, teasing her.

Awakened as a female hero, wielding her power to save the nation from crisis multiple times, Mariabelle was now recognized as such, and few dared to speak to her casually.

...For Mariabelle, the presence of Fenerlieka, who still casually called her "Hero" since the first time they met, was truly a blessing.

"What brings you here, Fener? My room has nothing interesting, so I thought you'd be bored."

As she said, Mariabelle's private room had few eye-catching personal belongings.

The modest interior, uncharacteristic of royalty, resembled her mother's focus on the prosperity of the nation.

"If it's my sister's room, there are cute stuffed animals and such."

"I've seen that a few times, so I'm good for today."

Though it was a casual remark, it was heartwarming to think that this female incubus had visited her sister's room multiple times.

Though she often referred to Fenerlieka as a demon, it was delightful that they shared a good relationship.

"You spend a lot of time with my sister, don't you?"

"Well, yes... If I take my eyes off her, she gets into trouble. Yet she makes me her enemy. That's what makes it truly amusing."

"Hehe. Please don't tease my sister too much, okay? She tends to overthink."

As Mariabelle said this, Fenerlieka laughed brightly and sat on the bed.

Watching her move around Mariabelle's private room as if it were her own was quite fitting for Fenerlieka and brought joy.

"By the way, I heard the knights talking downstairs earlier. It seems the operation will commence tomorrow morning."

"Is that so? Then soldiers should be reporting soon."

Mariabelle was not surprised.

It was as if she had already known... Perhaps her Hero's Intuition was signaling that the decisive battle was near.

"...I wonder what will happen to the world after this."

"It will become peaceful."

When Fenerlieka posed a question that was difficult to answer, Mariabelle replied immediately.

"The threat of the slimes will be gone, and a world where both humans and magical creatures can live peacefully will come... surely."

"Is that so?"

Fenerlieka responded playfully to Mariabelle's words.

"When the common enemy, the slimes, are gone, I'm sure humans and magical creatures will start fighting again."

"That won't happen—surely."

"Really?"

"Yes. Because you, Fener, and all the magical creatures helping with the preparations are really good people."

"Not people, though?"

Correcting her with diligence, the red-haired female incubus chuckled softly.

To Mariabelle, they were people—recognized as comrades.

Though she thought it was naive, she couldn't help but feel happy about it.

(Perhaps we've been together for too long?)

Fenerlieka was one of the succubi who had taken over a human village following the rampage of the Black Ooze.

She drained vitality from human men, but she never killed them in a clumsy manner.

When the slimes attacked and violated the village she had just acquired, Mariabelle and her companions rescued her, and she became one of them.

That was over a year ago.

Perhaps because they had been together ever since...

"You're too naive, Hero. If you think like that, you might get betrayed by other magical creatures someday."

"If that time comes, it comes. Right now, I don't want to doubt those fighting alongside me, nor do I want to betray them."

Fenerlieka found herself at a loss for words at Mariabelle's unwavering declaration.

Pure words without any ulterior motives.

Words that came out naturally as she polished her sword and armor.

Her back was that of a human woman... so slender, yet carrying so much on her shoulders.

Yet Mariabelle accepted it as if it were the most natural thing and continued to prepare for tomorrow with solemnity.

When Mariabelle directed a quiet word toward her, Fenerlieka found herself unable to respond.

"Fener?"

"Hm?"

"Oh, you suddenly got quiet, so I thought you had fallen asleep."

"I wouldn't sleep in the middle of the day."

Yet from her mouth came a slightly absent-minded remark.

The contrast was amusing and enjoyable.

As Fenerlieka chuckled, her ears—slightly longer than a human's but much shorter than an elf's—turned red, perhaps embarrassed by her earlier slip.

"Stop laughing already!"

"Even so, you sisters are really fun."

That was Fenerlieka's true feeling.

Perhaps once the slimes were gone, humans and magical creatures would start fighting again.

Or maybe, just as Mariabelle hoped, they would continue to get along well into the next generation.

What was certain was—

"The next battle, Carla won't be able to come."

"I understand. We need to produce as much of the 'Valhalla's Holy Water' as possible."

Carla would remain in the castle as a scientist.

Though it was the first time Mariabelle had heard this report, she was not surprised.

And she quickly understood that Fenerlieka had hurried to convey this information.

The reason was simple.

The "Valhalla's Holy Water," one of the few poisons that could neutralize the slimes.

Carla's expertise was needed to produce as many tools containing the holy water as possible before the barrier was completed.

The discoverer of the poison.

And the genius who had become the first to call herself a "scientist" in the world.

That power was—

"I will use my father's sword. Carla will handle the research—together, we will defeat the slimes. That's the plan."

"Wow, that's rather straightforward... I rushed here just to tell you."

"It's fine. I already understood—"

But her voice was slightly subdued, perhaps because she felt lonely about it.

Mariabelle herself might not realize it, but the presence of a friend beside her made a difference in her state of mind.

So.

"That's why this Fenerlieka will be here with you. That way, you won't feel lonely, right?"

"...Thank you. You're very kind, Fener."

"Really? I can be quite calculating, you know? This time, I'm just encouraging you because if you don't win, the slimes will dominate the continent."

"Hehe—yes, that's true."

As Mariabelle laughed cheerfully, Fenerlieka playfully stuck out her tongue.

It was hard to tell how much of it was genuine.

But it was true that Fenerlieka was kind.

Because it's true that Slimes dominating the continent is important, there isn't much a Succubus with almost no fighting power can do.

Carrying luggage and scouting from the sky, at best.

Well, one of her strengths is that she has a far higher tolerance for pleasure than humans, so even if she were to be violated by a Slime, she could recover quickly.

—Fenerlieka always pushed forward to the front lines alongside Mariabelle and the others.

Excusing herself with reasons like protecting her older sister Meltia or worrying about her.

"Is that so?"

"Yes, it is."

They didn't delve deeper than that.

Mariabelle enjoyed the comfortable distance she had with Fenerlieka. She liked it.

No pressure, no concern, no worries.

It was different from being friends. Different from acquaintances. Different from strangers and family.

They were comrades who understood each other well. Such a relationship.

(It feels so comfortable.)

She treated Mariabelle not as a princess or a hero, but simply as a comrade.

Conversations with Fenerlieka were a source of solace for Mariabelle.

...As they were having such exchanges, there was a knock on the room's door.

"Mariabelle, may I come in?"

"That voice, is it you, sister? Yes, it's fine."

"Excuse me. Just now, I received a report from a soldier about Carla... Why are you in Mariabelle's room?"

The one who entered was her sister Meltia, who had inherited their mother's long, beautiful silver hair and red eyes, along with a chest that was unusually ample for an elf, and she was slightly shorter than average.

She seemed to be dressed in a cute pink dress, perhaps intending to assist with duties until the very last moment of the operation.

She froze, about to say something, because a magical creature was sitting on her sister's bed.

"Seeing this all of a sudden, shouldn't you be used to me being anywhere by now?"

"How could I possibly get used to this...? Honestly. Did you come in through the window again? Mariabelle, I told you to lock it properly..."

"Ahaha... So, sister, is something the matter?"

"Oh, right. A soldier just came by and said that Carla will be staying at Fontille to focus on increasing the production of Blessed Water."

Carla's intellect was a crucial element in executing their plans.

It seemed Meltia hurried over to convey the news of her absence.

Being not very athletic, Meltia was already out of breath after just a little running.

"Oh, I already told her that."

"Why did you tell her before the castle's soldiers did...?"

"Well, I can fly, can't I?"

As Fenerlieka pointed to the window with her thumb, Meltia sighed and dropped her shoulders.

Her ample chest, emphasized by the tightening of her corset, swayed boldly, almost violently, in a way that could distract men.

Mariabelle couldn't help but glance at it, perhaps because her own chest was far smaller and thinner compared to her peers...

"Flying is a natural instinct, but please, stop coming in through the window!"

"Eh, but it's so convenient."

As Fenerlieka said this lightly, Meltia's composed beauty stiffened, and a moment later, her brows furrowed.

"Convenient or not! I won't be responsible if you get shot down by a soldier by mistake!"

"Oh, are you worried about me?"

"If a magical creature enters Mariabelle's room through the window, it could lead to misunderstandings if something happens. Or if you get too comfortable and a dangerous creature comes in thinking it's you, that would be a problem."

"That was surprisingly reasonable and concerning..."

"What's wrong with being genuinely worried...? No, don't fall asleep!"

Perhaps feeling a bit deflated, Fenerlieka lay back on the bed, and Meltia stepped into the room, pulling the red-haired female Incubus's arm to wake her up.

She then began to drag her out of the room.

"Ugh, you're heavy..."

"You're not heavy!? You're just weak!"

"Hehe."

"Anyway! Mariabelle is busy, so please don't disturb her!"

(I don't mind the disturbance, though...)

Mariabelle thought, but since Fenerlieka was being carried without resistance, it seemed she had no further business.

Next, it appeared she would be playing with her sister as they left the room.

In fact, as they were leaving, Fenerlieka waved her hand subtly, trying not to be noticed by Meltia.

"It's gotten quiet..."

Once Fenerlieka and Meltia were gone, the Hero's private room became surprisingly silent.

A cold breeze wafted in through the open window, hinting that the seasons were about to change.

The curtains swayed, and outside the window was an astonishingly blue sky.

As she approached the window, Mariabelle found herself captivated by the beautiful view of the sky, while below, everyone in Fontille continued to prepare to set up the Barrier.

(Sister only shows such emotions and gets angry with Fenerlieka. They really get along well.)

Thinking such things, she continued to gaze outside.

Men, women, the elderly, children, humans, demi-humans, and even the magical creatures that had come to take refuge.

Everyone was preparing to seal the Slimes.

After watching for a while, Mariabelle returned her gaze to the room.

The sword, shield, and armor were polished and gleaming.

From a distance, she could hear her sister worrying about her and the teasing voice of the female Incubus.

(I want to protect everything.)

Everything in sight. Everything within reach. Her family. Her comrades.

Everything. Everything.

—Even if it means sacrificing her own life...

"Please. Please... lend me your strength, Father..."

Mariabelle murmured this as she sat beside the shield and armor on the floor, embracing the Holy Sword she had sheathed.

And thus, the battle to seal the Slimes begins.

I hope this time goes well too.

I wonder if we can win...?

2 - Before the Storm...

The day arrived much more smoothly than Mariabelle and the others had anticipated.

The Slimes that had fled deep into Grabalt Forest were not launching a forceful attack, nor did it seem they had set any traps.

Nothing happened.

And that was terrifying in its own way... What were the Slimes doing in the forest? What were they thinking? What, as living beings, was their 'purpose'?

Such thoughts began to take root in her mind.

(Truly, we know nothing about Slimes. There's so much we don't understand...)

Mariabelle thought again.

She recalled something Carla had said long ago.

That understanding the Slimes was crucial, and that it would be the key to their counterattack.

If they could grasp the reasons behind their actions, they could devise traps in response.

But if they understood nothing, they could not think of countermeasures.

(But still. We must win, or we will truly have no chance left.)

Even now, she remembered the face and words of her dear friend who was still producing Valhalla's Holy Water in Fontille, and Mariabelle steeled her resolve.

They would fight the Slimes and win.

They had to win.

Because if they lost, they understood there would be no means left to resist the Slimes...

They were still far from Grabalt Forest. It would take half a day of travel on horseback, making it a place where they could easily prepare for any Slime that might emerge from the woods.

Though the forest was still out of sight, her heart raced with tension.

There was no way to remain calm.

The one who had driven humanity to this point was the Demon King her father had defeated over twenty years ago... No, the damage was greater than that caused by the Demon King.

She had to fight and win against that foe.

"Are you nervous?"

A voice called out to Mariabelle, who was glaring at the still-invisible forest from atop her horse.

Her body stiffened with tension, and the one who spoke to her, despite everyone else keeping their distance in fear, was a woman with shimmering golden hair like silk and an otherworldly beauty and aura.

Goddess Fasarina, manifesting in the body of the nun Angelica, approached Mariabelle while sitting behind the horse controlled by the newly summoned Hero Akane from another world, Earth.

"Yes... Do you think we can win?"

Mariabelle asked Fasarina after confirming that no one else was around.

She felt anxious.

Their opponent was an ever-multiplying horde of Slimes, each possessing strength surpassing that of an ordinary knight.

Even with Akane's special powers as a Hero, could they truly win against such overwhelming numbers and quality?

"We must win. If we lose, the Slimes will invade Fontille once more."

"....."

"The only ones left in Fontille are scholars, the elderly, and children—those who cannot fight. We won't be able to stop them next time."

Fasarina's words rang true.

In this battle, humanity had committed nearly all remaining personnel.

—Even so, they likely wouldn't even match half the strength of the Slimes.

The deadly poison known as Valhalla's Holy Water was not available in sufficient quantities for everyone, and even now, it was being produced in Fontille and sent out by swift horses just before the operation.

They had already given up on 'winning,' yet surrender meant either being 'killed' or 'continuously violated until death'—a grim choice.

Thus, they had no choice but to resist.

Thus, they had to aim for victory.

In the face of despair, where they had to strive for victory despite the odds being against them—yet as a 'Hero,' they could not afford to falter.

Mariabelle gripped the reins tightly and took a deep breath.

"Yes. Only Akane and I can do this."

"Just call me Akane. We're going to fight together, so it's easier for me if you don't put on airs."

"Understood... um, Akane."

"Yeah. Mariabelle."

As they decided on how to address each other, they both smiled.

"Nice to meet you?"

"Likewise."

"...Are you really chatting so casually right before the operation?"

Fasarina said with an exasperated tone, and Akane shrugged.

The light armor she had newly donned for this battle rustled, making a soft sound.

With a focus on mobility while providing ample protection, the light armor featured knee and elbow guards.

Without a shield, she wore a curved longsword—her stance resembled that of an athlete heading into competition.

Well, Mariabelle and the others didn't know what an 'athlete' was.

"I'm nervous. There are countless opponents, and it's just the two of us fighting."

"...Indeed. I honestly never expected to be pushed this far. I feel truly sorry for leaving such a battlefield to you."

As Fasarina, seated behind the horse, bowed her head solemnly, Akane's forehead bumped against her.

Perhaps uncomfortable, the horse stumbled as it sensed her unease.

"Oops... well, being called here is certainly tough, but..."

Struggling to regain her balance on the horse, Akane opened her mouth.

"If you're in trouble, it's okay to rely on us, right? People often say that there's only so much one person can do. Oh, but you're not a person; you're a goddess."

"...I have caused you trouble, Akane."

"Nothing's over yet, so saying that is bad luck..."

Akane said with a wry smile.

It was truly painful.

Suddenly summoned, she had her virginity taken by a monster like a Slime, was violated, and was forced to fight.

Yet, Akane had to fight.

If she didn't, she couldn't return to Earth, and if they lost, she would be violated again, with no escape in sight.

On Earth, people often said, "If you don't like it, just quit," or "It's only natural to run away to survive," but those were ideals.

The reality was that there were many situations where escape was impossible, and fleeing could lead to even worse outcomes.

What lay before Akane was precisely that.

Even if she ran, the Slimes would only continue to multiply.

Even now, it was desperate, and the odds were growing slimmer...

"In short, we just need to buy time, right? That's much easier than winning the battle... probably."

"Easier than winning the battle, you say... heh, yes, that's true."

For some reason, Mariabelle found Akane's words amusing and smiled.

Easier than winning.

That was a thought she had never considered before.

Perhaps it was because she had felt pressured to 'win' as a Hero.

"Yes, that's right. It's easier than winning— we just need to buy time."

"Exactly."

(If I don't think like this, it's going to be tough...)

To be even a little more positive.

To be a little more relaxed.

To be a little brighter.

As Mariabelle and Akane thought this, they felt their shoulders lighten just a bit.

"Have you calmed down? Then, Akane, let's move a bit further ahead."

"Got it. Until we're just on the edge of the Slimes' reaction.

The priests of Rishlua, led by Goddess Fasarina, spread out at equal intervals around the vast Grabalt Forest, each accompanied by elves, beastmen, and magical creatures skilled in direct combat as their guards.

For each priest, there were about two guards.

Though not many, that was the limit of what humanity could provide as protection at this time.

"Looks like everyone's in position~"

One of the Succubi, Fenerlieka, shouted as she checked the surroundings of the forest from the sky.

In this world, where communication methods were scarce compared to Earth, verbal transmission was the norm.

"I didn't realize how convenient cell phones were."

Hearing that, Akane reflected on how much easier civilization's tools had been, lightly stroking the hilt of her curved single-edged sword hanging at her waist.

Though it resembled a katana, she had only wielded one since coming to this other world.

Yet, it felt astonishingly familiar in her hand, as if it had become an extension of her arm after years of use.

Was it because she had a talent for fighting?

Or was it also the blessing of the goddess?

"Looks like we're ready."

"Yes. How about you?"

Feeling surprisingly calm about the fact that she was about to fight against the one who had violated her countless times—the enemy of humanity—Akane spoke to Mariabelle, who stood beside her.

The only woman in this world with the same 'black hair' as Akane.

Despite being the daughter of a Hero who had fought far longer than Akane, she too had to face the Slime horde with just the two of them... and yet, she remained calm.

"I'm fine too. Fasarina, Jenna, I'm off."

"Mariabelle, Akane—may fortune favor you. Please buy as much time as you can."

"You really just say what needs to be said, don't you? Can't you show a bit more concern?"

"I am worried. If you fail, this world will end... As the one who created it, that would be very sad."

"...Sigh."

Realizing that the words she had hoped for would not come, Akane let out a sigh.

But well, it had been like this from the beginning.

Since Fasarina had said "may fortune favor you," that was already a sign of growth, or perhaps improvement.

Deciding to think that way, Akane put on a wry smile.

"Mari, don't overdo it... no."

Jenna, who had traveled alongside the first Hero—Mariabelle's father—was worried about her as she headed to the battlefield, thinking of her like a daughter.

If possible, she wished she could take her place and didn't want her to take any risks.

Holding Mariabelle's hands with those heartfelt words, she said, "Please. Win... and protect this world."

"Yes."

As strength filled the hands they held, Mariabelle squeezed Jenna's hand back.

She noticed it was trembling slightly.

Was it sadness, worry, fear—or perhaps all of those?

To dispel that anxiety, she squeezed her hand tightly.

"Don't worry, Jenna. Both Akane and I will come back safely."

"Yes—"

She said confidently to reassure her.

It was the truth.

Neither Mariabelle nor Akane intended to end things here.

They would seal the Slimes, restore peace to the world, and one day think of a way to eradicate the Slimes—there was still much to do.

(I don't want this to end here.)

Thinking of the 'future,' Mariabelle could approach the battle with a hopeful mindset.

"Akane, please, please help Mari."

"Leave it to me!"

Once called a 'Saint,' Jenna now stood on the battlefield as one of the priests forming the barrier to seal the Slimes.

Against such powerful Slimes, even a Magic User capable of using spells that Slimes were weak against would be a hindrance.

If she followed Mariabelle and Akane into battle, at worst, she could be taken hostage and interfere with the fight.

So, only the two Heroes would enter the forest—that was the initial decision.

Even though she had been called a 'Saint,' she was not even allowed to stand on the battlefield.

With that frustration, she bowed her head to Akane, who confidently declared, "This is the last time. We will definitely seal the Slimes! You all, please be careful too."

"Thank you."

"But really, do you think they'll come to us? It seems Slimes can sense something like magical power, and once we start setting up the barrier, they might head our way."

The plan was simple.

The Slimes had evolved powerfully, but their instincts as living beings remained intact.

In previous battlefields, they had prioritized attacking the 'Heroes' they considered threats or sent powerful individuals to confront them.

Thus, they would place the targeted Heroes at the front lines and seal them in the barrier once the Slimes gathered—this was the plan for this operation.

This barrier, as Fasarina explained, was the opposite of the barrier protecting Rishlua from 'monster invasions'; it was a barrier that would prevent them from getting out from the inside.

Due to its nature, even if it was not a monster... even a Hero could not exit from within.

Fasarina had conveyed that she would create such a powerful barrier.

"To prevent that from happening, we will wait until the Slimes gather around the two of you. And once they have gathered..."

"We will seal them."

"Yes. Therefore..."

"You want us to cause as much chaos as possible to gather the Slimes, right?"

"Akane, Mariabelle. I'm afraid I must rely on you two—but please, do your best."

"Leave it to us."

As Fasarina bowed deeply, Mariabelle nodded firmly.

The tension that had been present just moments ago was gone, and her eyes, looking straight ahead, were stronger than anyone else's in that place.

On the contrary, it was Akane who was surprised.

Since being summoned to this other world, the goddess Fasarina had, for better or worse, been a 'god,' often prioritizing the world over humanity.

That goddess Fasarina had bowed her head.

...Though she was surprised by that, Fasarina chose not to address Akane's astonishment and looked at Mariabelle instead.

"We will continue to fight until the Slimes' attention is drawn. It's alright; this battle is not about winning, but about enduring and buying time—it's easier than winning."

Even if that was just wordplay, Mariabelle smiled brightly as she said it.

In this tense atmosphere, her smile was out of place, yet powerful.

Because she was a Hero, she smiled.

Because everyone else was tense, she smiled.

To convey that everything would be alright.

The girl who had always been silent, hidden in the shadows of her mother and sister before the Slime invasion, suffering under the weight of being the 'only' black-haired daughter of a Hero.

Yet now, she had developed the courage to smile in front of her comrades, who were tense both in expression and body.

She had grown that much, as if to convey it.

Mariabelle smiled.

"How reassuring... In the moment we cast the Barrier, the two of us should be able to understand each other. We must definitely come out."

"I know. I won't forgive myself if I'm trapped when this is the final battle."

"Yes. With the power inherited from my father, we will surely succeed."

What enables their escape is the 'Hero's Intuition,' a near-foresight that only the two of them possess.

Some Slimes have gained similar abilities by absorbing Mariabelle's blood, but that Humanoid has already been defeated by Mariabelle.

The only remaining issue is the Slime that takes the form of Alfredo, a 'perfect humanoid.'

(Just how much power does it possess... I still don't know...)

Having little experience in combat, yet possessing the strength to destroy the ancient tree that has existed on this land since the time of Grabalt with a single strike.

They must continue to defeat it before it can direct its power toward the priests casting the Barrier.

Mariabelle and Akane, recalling what they must do, tightened their resolve and conducted a final equipment check.

Armor to prevent poison, and Mariabelle also has a shield to ward off magic.

And, their respective Holy Swords.

"Mari, Akane. I pray for your victory."

"Honestly, we would like to fight alongside you, but we're sorry."

"No, Mother, Lady Forneus. Just knowing your feelings makes me very happy."

In the central location surrounded by the priests, the key point of the Barrier, Fasarina and Jenna are preparing.

Protecting those two are Forneus and Mariabelle's mother, Leticia.

The three who traveled with Mariabelle's father, the Hero, to defeat the Demon King.

This place, where the three and the goddess are gathered, will likely become a target right after the two Heroes.

Thus, they have gathered the smallest yet most powerful force to defend it.

"Mother, I will be going now."

"Yes... Please, please return safely."

"Yes."

The words were few.

Determined to return, Mariabelle needed no more words, not even a farewell, simply nodding softly with a reassuring smile.

With that, she began to walk toward the forest.

"Was that enough?"

"Yes. Akane, weren't you going to speak with Fasarina?"

"I... well, I would just get scolded with 'be careful' or 'don't let your guard down' anyway..."

She could somewhat predict what would be said without needing to converse further, so Akane had no intention of talking more.

Besides.

"...We know what we have to do. So all that's left is to do it, right?"

"Hehe. That's right."

When Akane answered simply and clearly, Mariabelle broke into a smile.

A carefree, age-appropriate girl's smile.

If she weren't clad in heavy armor and wielding a dangerous sword, one might think they were just chatting in the streets during peaceful times.

As they made their way to the forest, the two relaxed their tension.

They recalled the journey they had taken so far.

Mariabelle had been exiled from her homeland, her mother had been harmed, and both she and her sister had suffered time and again.

Even after reclaiming their homeland, the threat of the Slimes had not vanished; rather, it had grown more vicious with time...

Akane had been summoned to this world and was attacked by Slimes just a few days later.

The filthy, slimy monsters had taken her virginity, abducted her, and violated her alongside the goddess.

Even after being rescued, she was expected to take on the role of a Hero, yet her innate sense of justice—if one could call it that—would not allow her to abandon those in need, leading her to keep wielding her sword all the way to this battle.

That journey was about to come to an end.

Whether it would conclude in victory or defeat was uncertain, but the fact that this 'final battle' was taking place in the forest felt rather anticlimactic.

"Well then, let's go, Akane."

"Yes. I'll finish this quickly, Mariabelle."

As they exchanged names while pondering such thoughts, they stepped into the forest.

Two foreign entities entered the forest.

At the entrance... the Slimes that had camouflaged themselves among the surrounding trees quickly transmitted information to their comrades.

Faster and more accurately than any Succubus watch.

There were no words, only intent, and all the information was conveyed.

In fact, for them, 'words' might be more of a hindrance than anything.

More precise than words, quicker than words, simpler than words... such information was rapidly transmitted to all the Slimes that had disguised themselves throughout the forest.

"-----"

Of course, there were no words.

After all, they did not possess the organs to produce speech.

Some took the form of Goblins, some of Orcs, some of Wolves, and some of Monkeys.

Slimes that had disguised themselves in various forms gathered together.

To exterminate the foreign entities that had invaded their forest.

To eradicate the beings that had intruded into their world.

It all began with just that.

Like beasts chasing away an enemy that had invaded their territory, the Slimes attacked the two who had entered the forest.

"Here they come!?"

It was Akane who reacted.

Using the branches of the trees skillfully, she slashed at a Slime disguised as a Monkey the moment it reached within striking distance.

Its body, less than half the size of a human, was sent flying by the force of the slash, crashing to the ground and losing its form.

The instant strike had accurately cleaved through the Slime's only weakness, its 'Core.'

"Here they come, Mariabelle!"

"Yes!!"

Mariabelle quickly drew her Holy Sword.

She deflected the strike of an Orc that had burst through the underbrush with her shield, redirecting the impact, and countered with a blade that pierced the location of its heart.

With a single, precise strike, she shattered the Orc's Core, and its massive body crumbled before Mariabelle's eyes.

However, that was just the beginning.

The Slimes disguised as magical creatures and other Slimes began to gather, spurred on by this initial attack.

Soon, they were too numerous to fit within sight—yet.

"Mari, behind you!"

"Leave it to me!"

The two stood back to back, eliminating each other's blind spots.

Even with the 'Hero's Intuition' akin to foresight, their nerves would wear thin against attacks from behind.

To alleviate that as much as possible, they positioned themselves back to back to minimize their blind spots.

Their movements were flawless.

Both understood 'how to move in relation to each other' perfectly and acted immediately.

The attacks of the approaching magical creatures, the reactions of their comrades behind them, their own actions.

As they fought while considering various factors in the best possible way, the two Heroes had no need to panic even when surrounded by countless magical creatures.

"Come at me! I'll slice every last one of you down!!"

"Come on! I'm right here!!"

After slaying several, they finished fending off the first wave and raised their voices while readying their weapons.

Their eyes sparkled with fighting spirit, and their stances with the Holy Swords exuded vigor.

However, the Slimes were emotionless beings.

Seeing the figures of the two Heroes, they felt no fear, no hesitation, and did not think—only charged straight ahead.

...They knew.

The weakness of the Heroes lay in their stamina.

No matter how extraordinary their abilities and physical prowess, their stamina was finite.

Just as no human can fight continuously for an entire day, Mariabelle would begin to breathe heavily after just half a day of battle.

Understanding this from previous fights, the Slimes continued to attack head-on.

No matter how many comrades were killed.

No matter how much their numbers dwindled.

As long as they could win in the end.

As long as even one could survive.

They could multiply again.

"It has begun..."

Fenerlieka, watching the scene from a high vantage point in the sky, murmured and sent one of her Succubus companions to relay the information outside the forest.

Fenerlieka herself had no fighting power.

Succubi and Incubi, as lustful beings, were not created for battle; they were born to ensnare and corrupt human men.

While they excelled in the ability to charm the opposite sex, that was all.

Their role was to relay information.

And to use 'Valhalla's Holy Water' to help humans, even at the cost of self-harm.

It was ironic, or perhaps something else entirely.

"Do your best, dear Heroes..."

Fenerlieka whispered while gripping the bottle containing 'Valhalla's Holy Water.'

Before her eyes, the two Heroes were advancing deeper into the forest, surrounded by countless Slimes disguised as magical creatures and beasts, yet deftly dodging all their attacks.

They were overwhelming.

The strength of the two far surpassed that of the Slimes, and the swarming Slimes were unable to inflict even a scratch before perishing.

---But there were too many. Too many.

Even just the Slimes surrounding the two numbered nearly a hundred, and from Fenerlieka's line of sight... more Slimes were gathering from deeper in the forest, shaking the trees as they approached 'just the two of them.'

"Please, hang in there... both of you..."

Fenerlieka clasped her hands together in prayer before her chest.

Unconsciously.

What does a magical creature pray to?

A goddess? A Demon King?

Praying to someone when there is no one to pray to may be an instinct of living beings.

She didn't know, but Fenerlieka prayed for the victory of the two.

"Whoa!?"

As Fenerlieka soared high in the sky, a tentacle shot out from the forest toward her.

It was quite fast, but with the distance and the clear view in the air, she managed to evade the attack.

"To think that even fellow magical creatures would target me, how utterly shameless..."

However, there was no second strike.

The Slimes' attention quickly shifted back to the two Heroes, ignoring Fenerlieka and the other Succubi on watch.

The frequency of attacks was steadily decreasing.

(That just means those two are a significant threat to the Slimes.)

She recalled the words spoken by Fasarina and the others.

Stand out. Stand out. Stand out so much that the Slimes' focus is entirely on the two.

(Carla, it's progressing just as you thought...)

She remembered the words of the self-proclaimed scientist who had not come to the front lines in this operation.

If they stand out, gather the Slimes, and concentrate their attention, the Slimes would lose sight of everything else.

That had been the case in past battles.

When Rishuria was attacked, the movements of the other Slimes had been disrupted when the perfect humanoid Slime fought Akane.

When Mariabelle fought in the Slime Castle, the other comrades had been ignored as the Slimes fixated solely on the Heroes.

The Slimes regarded the Heroes as special.

Whether as a threat, as the opposite sex, or as a host, she couldn't tell.

But because they regarded them as special, the more the Heroes stood out, the more the Slimes' thoughts would focus solely on that point.

"But with that many... is it really going to be okay...?"

For now, the situation was progressing just as Carla had envisioned.

The Slimes throughout the forest were gathering toward Mariabelle and Akane.

Time continued for about half an hour, roughly an hour.

Mariabelle and the others continued to fight.

They slashed through the Slimes, reducing their numbers, yet even more Slimes continued to gather.

The two of them cut down hundreds, or perhaps even more, of the Slimes, and with the numbers too great to confront head-on, they moved through the forest, dispersing their targets while fighting efficiently.

Fenerlieka could only watch.

If the Heroes were captured by the Slimes, her last job would be to use 'Valhalla's Holy Water' to save them, relying on her mobility to fly.

She could do nothing but pray that the moment would not come, watching over them.

As the other Succubi also kept watch, the two Heroes continued to slash through the Slimes...

"Here they come!! Finally!"

"Yes, finally...!"

As Fenerlieka held her breath, watching Mariabelle and Akane, another Succubus approached her in a flustered manner.

She was one of the Succubi keeping watch outside the forest.

What had come was the Slimes that had scattered outside the forest.

Many Slimes had fled into the forest after failing to attack Fontille, but those that had not had spread around Fontille and toward Rishuria.

In the operation to confine the Slimes within the Barrier, this was the most troublesome aspect.

Even if many Slimes were confined, if even one remained outside, they could reproduce from there.

They absolutely had to gather every last Slime into the forest—this was where the 'Hero' was needed.

A situation where the Slimes were most wary, most desirous, and where the Heroes stood out.

After enduring a long battle, the Slimes, knowing that their target was in the forest, began to gather.

About an hour had passed.

Thanks to their combat while supporting each other's blind spots, the Heroes still had stamina left, and their speed of movement had not yet diminished.

"If we can endure this, we can cast the Barrier—gather all the Slimes..."

"Just a little longer!"

"Yes, just a little longer—"

(Just a little longer. Hang in there, Mari...)

Everything was proceeding as planned.

Fenerlieka wished for it to end this way—watching the two Heroes fight.

I had my first canelé today.

...It's a pastry with alcohol in it!?

I'm feeling a bit dizzy after just one bite (laughs).

3 - Decisive Battle 1

"Looks like the Slimes won't be coming anymore!"

One of the Succubi flying in the sky conveyed this message.

She was a Succubus from North A, sent to inform about the Slimes approaching from outside the forest after speaking with Fenerlieka.

She observed the movements of the Slimes scattered outside the forest and then relayed the information to Fasarina and Jenna that the Slimes had entered the woods.

"Thank you. Then, let's prepare the Barrier—please inform the other priests of this."

"Okay! Well then, really count on you, alright? Good luck!"

The Succubus said this casually, but with genuine feeling, before flying off to join the other priests.

At the same time, Fasarina and Jenna knelt on the ground, clasping their hands in front of their chests as if offering a prayer toward the forest.

A powerful and sacred energy began to overflow from the two of them, visible enough to be seen, and it spread through the ley lines to the priests praying beside them.

From one priest to the next, and then to the next.

The transmission of divine energy that began with the goddess and the saint gradually reached the priests participating in the creation of the Barrier, surrounding Grabalt Forest.

The Succubi watching from the sky followed the lines of light spreading along the outer edge of the forest with their eyes, and it was quite some

time after the process began that the Barrier was finally completed.

"Jenna, can you still go on?"

"Yes. As much as you need, Lady Fasarina...!"

At that stage, large beads of sweat had formed on Jenna's forehead, and her expression began to tighten with fatigue.

It must be an incredibly demanding task.

The divine energy that had spread was considerable in area, but its strength remained consistent from one end to the other.

Yet, it was still quite weak.

...The amount of divine energy overflowing from the two of them was not even half the height of a hundred-year-old tree. At best, it was just slightly taller than Forneus.

"Is this really okay?"

Forneus, the beastman who was not well-versed in the miracles used by magic users and priests, murmured this.

The amount of divine energy was still too weak to be considered a Barrier covering all of Grabalt, and the wall of light was low, so it was only natural to feel anxious.

Rather than covering the forest, it seemed more accurate to call it a 'light fence.'

"Yes, this is just the beginning. From here, we will take our time to cover the forest—don't you remember?"

"I recall... at that time, we covered Rishlua all at once."

"The area covered by a single mountain and an entire country is far too different."

"That is true, but..."

Over twenty years ago, when she was traveling with her husband and companions, Leticia had witnessed the scene of the sacred mountain of Rishlua being enveloped in a Barrier.

At that time, the priests, including the saint Jenna, had covered the entire sacred mountain with a Barrier, but this time it was an entire country.

It was a large-scale operation to cover all of Grabalt's vast land.

The movement of the Barrier being generated was slower than the scene from the past, and Forneus raised a voice filled with anxiety.

At the same time, he felt a tightening sadness in his chest at the sight of his homeland surrounded by the light.

"Ah..."

(We really are sealing the magical creatures here... Father...)

Forneus's father, the king of Grabalt, had not even had his remains recovered.

He was likely already defiled by the Slimes, but still—someday, he wished to recover at least one of his father's belongings.

But now, that too would become impossible.

This was true not only for Forneus but for all the beastmen and demi-humans who lived in Grabalt—thinking that they could no longer return to their homeland made the sight of the encroaching Barrier incredibly sad and painful.

"...Pull yourself together. They're coming."

"Ah."

Should she have offered some words of comfort?

Leticia pondered this, but swallowed any sweet words.

Forneus, with his strong-willed personality, likely wouldn't appreciate being comforted; it would be better for him to direct that pain and frustration toward the enemy.

So she deliberately wove harsh words, redirecting his focus deep into the forest.

This was not a lost homeland.

It was a warning of the detestable enemy that would soon approach.

"I'll kill every last one of them—someday, I will definitely destroy them..."

As Forneus muttered this, the depths of the forest trembled.

The slime monster had almost no presence, but the foul odor emanating from it was undeniable.

Forneus, being a beastman, tightened his expression as he sensed the stench of the slime monster, which was not the soft green fragrance wafting from the depths of the forest.

The sadness in his golden eyes vanished, replaced by a fierce glint of hostility and anger.

At the same time, Leticia gripped her well-used wooden staff, which was about her height, with both hands, showing a hint of age.

It was the staff she had first used when traveling with the Hero.

"Go wild, Forneus! If we don't gather the Slimes here, other places will be in danger!"

"I understand!!"

At those words, Slimes appeared, shaking the greenery of Grabalt.

—The slime monster, disguised as a Goblin, was a nearly black, translucent gray.

Its weak point, the 'Core,' was visible... three of them.

The number was not large because they were gathering at Mariabelle's location in the forest.

"Haah!!"

The moment Forneus saw them, he drew his massive sword and slashed at one of the Goblins.

The Slime itself was a formidable foe capable of using powerful magic, but for some reason, the Slime disguised as another magical creature tended to mimic its actions.

It should be able to use magic.

It should possess the intelligence to skillfully use its tentacles.

Yet, this Goblin form was attacking with a stick found on the ground, without using magic, which was quite the contradiction.

It should be able to fight more efficiently, but it didn't, which was truly a mystery.

However, this made it easier for Forneus and the others to fight.

"First one! Die!!"

As Forneus slammed his massive sword down, the Goblin was cleaved in half from head to groin.

In the process, if he crushed its weak point, the 'Core,' the Goblin could no longer maintain its form and the Slime began to dissolve.

The other two attempted to counterattack, but their movements were not very fast.

As had been recognized by humanity until now, Goblins were troublesome in groups, but each individual's combat ability was not particularly high.

They were only slightly stronger than an average adult.

Even though it was just a stick, the fact that they could use a weapon showed they had some intelligence.

Forneus easily dodged the counterattack and swung his massive sword to decapitate the Goblin, which had lost its balance from swinging the stick.

The Goblin's head flew through the air. Its weak point, the Core, was inside that head—.

"Ha!!"

The Goblin's head, spinning through the air, was sliced by an invisible blade of wind.

Next, he unleashed a fire spell into the Goblin's torso, which was collapsing after its Core was destroyed, vaporizing it.

As he closed in on the last one, Forneus enveloped his Spirit Silver blade in flames, destroying the slime while evaporating its goo.

"Isn't that a bit excessive? Are you sure it's okay to use that much magic power?"

"We need to stand out, right? If we don't do this much, the Slimes won't gather."

The main targets were the two Heroes, but they had considered that the Slimes would target the priests during the Barrier phase.

That was why they had gathered the 'Saint' Jenna, 'Goddess' Fasarina, and the continent's strongest magic user Leticia along with the strongest swordsman Forneus in the same place.

So they had to create a commotion to draw attention as per their strategy.

Leticia used her unfamiliar fire magic to blow away the Slimes, and attracted several more Slimes from deeper in the forest with the sound and magic power.

This time, they were small and weak individuals, just like Goblins.

"The larger magical creatures must be with Mariabelle..."

"She'll be fine. Akane is with her."

"I'm not worried—it's just that I want to fight more!"

Of course, Forneus wouldn't hold back.

Releasing the magic power stored in his Spirit Silver, he began to slice through the Goblins with a momentum that rivaled Leticia's.

However, the Slimes were not foolish.

Even though they were mimicking the weakest Goblins, they would not simply be defeated; as their numbers dwindled, they changed their body odor.

A sweet scent that would arouse beastmen—the smell of Healial flowers.

"Tch!?"

Forneus, who was trying to cut down the Goblin-shaped Slime, sensed the change in odor with just a sniff of his tongue and quickly distanced himself.

"Are you okay!?"

"It's the Healial flowers!"

Forneus hurriedly covered his nose with the sleeve of his black military uniform, while Leticia incinerated the Slimes at the forest's edge with her fire magic to prevent any pursuit.

The forest crackled as it burned, and black smoke rose into the sky.

Furthermore, as she used wind magic to blow away the smoke along with the air, the scent of Healia flowers, which beastmen found difficult to tolerate, was also swept away.

The Slimes attempted to emerge from the flames several times, but along the way, they could no longer maintain their forms and collapsed.

"I'll provide support; do you want to take a break?"

"I'm fine, this much...!"

Though his head felt hazy as if he were drunk, he shook it off with sheer willpower.

He tightened his grip on the massive sword, braced his legs, and gritted his teeth.

As soon as he returned his focus to normal, new Slimes emerged from the forest.

This time, they were not just Goblins, but also Orcs, which were impressive with their height, a head taller than an adult man, and their corpulent bodies, along with four-legged beasts... Wolves.

"Ha, they've finally started to mimic beasts too."

"This isn't the time to laugh!"

As Leticia's anxious voice rang out, the Wolf charged across the ground.

With its four-legged stance properly aligned, it kicked off the ground, accelerating at a speed completely different from that of the Goblins or Orcs.

It was a full-speed sprint from the start, a concept that Slimes, lacking stamina, could achieve—this speed was unfavorable for magic users.

The tip of her large staff aimed at the wolf, but whether it was the beast's instincts or the wisdom of a Slime, the Wolf moved vigorously from side to

side, closing the distance while evading her aim.

—However, Forneus, being a wolf beastman, anticipated its movements and swiftly decapitated it in one breath.

"Burn! I'll hold it off!"

"Okay!"

Only the Wolf was fast.

The Goblins and Orcs could not keep up with that speed, and their coordination was lacking.

They just needed to deal with the Wolf that came charging first, and then handle the Goblins that followed.

By the time they managed to fend off the Slime's attacks, they noticed that the Barrier, which had been low like a fence, had slightly increased in height.

"Is this all it took...?"

"More will come—Jenna, Lady Fasarina! I will definitely hold off the Slimes, so focus on the Barrier!"

"....."

Both Jenna and Fasarina were too focused on maintaining the Barrier to respond, but they heard those words.

With their eyes closed, blocking out external information, they desperately hurried to construct the Barrier.

But.

Even so.

(To encircle such a wide area of Grabalt with a Barrier is this difficult...!)

Having experienced it once before, she understood.

(Even so...! I must hurry, with all my strength...!)

Jenna, too, was desperate, gritting her teeth as she continued to release divine energy as if she were sacrificing her life.

.

.

.

"We're heading deeper!""

"Understood!"

In the forest, Mariabelle and the others were also fighting hard.

Surrounded by a swarm of Slimes, they continued to dash deeper into the woods.

Their sole target was the "Slime King."

"I think you understand, but defeating just one is pointless, right!?"

"I know!"

Akane, who had faced Alfredo once, had experienced that even if they defeated what was presumed to be the King, it would only "multiply."

That entity was likely the core of the Slimes, which could only be destroyed by annihilating all the Slimes.

It seemed that all Slimes were designed to "ultimately transform into that form when in danger."

The humanoid shape was likely the most efficient way for a Slime to fight—using weapons, magic, and physical prowess.

"Even so, if we want to gather the Slimes, crushing the head is the quickest way!"

"How bold!"

Yet, deliberately targeting the most dangerous individual was to increase the chances of success for this operation.

No matter the creature, even humans, if their head is targeted, they will gather their surrounding forces to protect it.

Slimes were no different.

Just the presence of two Heroes entering the forest they had designated as their nest caused a commotion, with Slimes of various sizes and shapes gathering as if poking a hornet's nest.

So what would happen if they struck the king of the nest... the fully humanoid Slime?

"We will gather all the Slimes in this forest...!"

As Mariabelle and the others advanced deeper into the woods, a giant horned ogre stood like a wall, causing the ground to tremble as a Worm burst forth.

The sight of the two massive monsters, which should never have synchronized, standing side by side was likely due to their perception of the Heroes as a threat.

However—.

"Akane, take care of the Ogre!"

"Got it!"

Mariabelle and Akane accelerated even further, closing the distance in an instant.

The Ogre uprooted a nearby giant tree to use as a club, while the Worm showed itself once before burrowing back into the ground.

The first to engage was Akane.

She accelerated, leaving Mariabelle behind to make herself an easier target, and charged straight at the Ogre.

The Ogre, aiming for the human no bigger than its fist, swung the giant tree down with great force.

The green leaves that had been growing were all ripped off, and each sharp branch bent like a blade as it approached.

"Ha!!"

However, Akane, with the breath of a slashing attack, unleashed her sword toward the branches that were still out of reach.

The released sword flash created a vacuum, slicing off the right half of the sharp branches in a single blow.

Sliding her body into the now-safe right side, the strike that could easily crush a human merely struck the ground awkwardly.

"——!!"

The Ogre opened its mouth wide in a threatening manner, but without vocal cords, it merely opened its mouth.

Taking advantage of the opening, I dashed up the massive tree that had been slammed to the ground, using it as a foothold, and then swung my arms and shoulders—

“The ‘Core’ is far away—”

With the enhanced reflexes granted by the Hero's physical abilities, I locked onto the Slime's weak point, the ‘Core.’

However, the 'Core' moved within the giant's body, slipping to the opposite side of the viscous mass where my blade couldn't reach.

So—

“Haah!!”

Akane leaped onto the ogre's shoulder and first severed its neck.

Next, she sliced off the right arm from the shoulder, using the momentum of the fall to shred the flesh into pieces.

In a blur of motion, she carved into the ogre's torso, then turned her attention to the remaining half where the 'Core' was located.

By excising the viscous body, she narrowed the 'Core's escape route, cornering it to her left foot in just a matter of seconds.

At the same time, as Akane landed on the ground, the 'Core' attempted to flee to a position still out of reach of her blade—

“It's over here!”

After all, the 'Core' was being driven into a corner.

In the end, it was severed along with the left knee, and the pieces of viscous flesh that had been shredded crumbled away.

As she cut through the ogre's 'Core,' Akane turned to look behind her, just in time to see a worm that had burrowed into the ground snatch up Mariabelle from below.

Mariabelle's tall frame, remarkable for a woman, was launched into the air along with the ground, fluttering like a piece of paper.

The worm, utilizing its massive body, attempted to crush the airborne Mariabelle, but she quickly regained her footing by using a piece of the ground that had been lifted with her, kicking off to accelerate.

At the moment she was about to be bitten, she changed her position, plunging her sword into the worm's tough exterior while sliding down its enormous body.

Though the mud-covered exterior from burrowing into the ground made it slippery, it was less affected by the slime.

“Haah!!”

In the instant she passed a certain point, she unleashed a swift strike.

With minimal effort, she sliced through the worm's ‘Core,’ and by the time she fell to the ground, its massive body crumbled pathetically.

“Let’s hurry on!”

“You're doing well...”

Akane had also taken down the ogre's massive body with ease, but Mariabelle seemed to have even more composure.

It was a difference born from experience in battle.

Though Mariabelle had only about two years of combat experience, it was clear that she was worlds apart from Akane, who had only been fighting for a few months.

As she muttered in admiration at this fact, she chased after the black-haired princess who was running ahead.

“We're almost at the area where Grabalt's royal castle used to be—please be careful, Akane-sama.”

“Yeah. You be careful too, Mariabelle.”

Worrying for each other, the two pressed on, occasionally cutting down Slimes that had gotten ahead of them.

Not just small, nimble creatures like goblins, but also beasts resembling wolves, and even magical creatures like fairies and harpies that flew through the air with magic.

The evolution of the Slimes, which had begun to encroach not only on the ground but also in the sky, was astonishing, yet Mariabelle and her companion cut them all down.

They did not stop.

Behind them, a horde of hundreds, thousands of Slimes disguised as magical creatures was closing in.

...No matter how great the difference in strength, two warriors were nothing but scraps of paper in the face of overwhelming numbers.

“It’s going according to plan.”

“Indeed.”

In such a situation, Mariabelle forced a brave front, and Akane echoed her sentiment.

Rather, being pushed to this point was almost amusing—it was as if the tension had driven them to madness, and as they approached Grabalt's royal castle, their lips began to curl into smiles.

Realizing this, they tightened their expressions to maintain their focus.

From the entrance of the forest to the royal castle, it was a distance that would take half a day even on horseback.

However, if the two heroes sprinted with all their might, they could reach their destination in half that time—

“—Get down!!”

Just after they emerged from the forest into an open area, Mariabelle jumped to the side.

Following her lead, Akane leaped in the opposite direction.

Where they had just been standing, a massive fireball struck, sending up a cloud of dust and igniting the surrounding grass and trees.

As the dust and black smoke obscured their vision, the two heroes found themselves separated by the flames.

“Mari, are you okay!?”

“Yes! Are you hurt?”

“I’m fine—”

But just then, Akane's response faltered.

Looking ahead, a second massive fireball was rising into the air.

Beneath it stood a man.

A strikingly handsome man with golden hair.

The ‘Perfect Humanoid’ Alfredo, as reported.

The moment Mariabelle laid eyes on him, she immediately tightened her grip on the sword that held the power of her sister's magic.

The blade of the Holy Sword, charged with magic right before the operation, glimmered with a faint light.

“I’ve fought you once before! And I won!!”

(There’s probably another one headed toward Akane-sama as well...)

Though obscured by the black smoke, a Slime shaped like Alfredo was indeed approaching Akane.

There was no surprise.

This Slime was “that kind of thing.”

In times of crisis, it directed its greatest power toward them.

Unlike the humanoids they had fought until now, this one exhibited rational, human-like thought.

While Akane, with her limited combat experience, would engage in close combat, Mariabelle, who could unleash powerful strikes but not in rapid succession—

“___”

From a distance, a high-powered shot.

The released massive fireball was even larger than the last. Its purpose was not to divide them but to cover a wide area, leaving no escape route.

It was designed to provoke Mariabelle into a “waste of the Holy Sword,” but knowing this, she refrained from using her power.

“I’m going in, Father.”

With the fireball approaching, she spoke calmly and lowered her stance.

Trusting Akane, Mariabelle dashed sideways, not to deflect the fireball but to evade its range.

Naturally, the abandoned fireball crashed into the forest behind them, exploding upon contact and causing a disaster that engulfed some of the thousands of Slimes that had been pursuing them.

But the Slimes did not care.

If their numbers dwindled, they could simply multiply.

After all.

Slimes were weak to fire because their weapon, the slime, evaporated, but as long as the ‘Core’ was safe, they could regenerate quickly with just a bit of moisture.

Thus, when Alfredo realized that he couldn’t track their movements with a massive fireball, he next conjured countless small fireballs.

The number exceeded fifty, with enough heat to obscure the fallen World Tree behind them.

Even Meltya, Mariabelle's sister, and Leticia, her mother, would likely find it impossible to cast such fire magic simultaneously—at that moment, each fireball seemed to possess its own will as they surged toward Mariabelle.

“Ugh!?”

(So fast!? This is troublesome!)

As Mariabelle increased her speed, some of the fireballs lost their target and struck the trees, but most accelerated, following the hero.

“Take this!!”

Even when she desperately fled into the forest, the fireballs maneuvered around the trees, their movements becoming increasingly refined.

It seemed that Alfredo, who was controlling them, understood the surrounding terrain and how to manipulate magic.

In a short time, the evolution of the Slime continued to astonish Mariabelle.

The Hero's Intuition confirmed the truth, and it didn’t take long for her to realize that a prolonged battle would be overwhelmingly disadvantageous for them.

(If they use any more magic...!)

In their previous battles with Slimes, the magical creatures had only “released” their magic.

But this Slime—this one shaped like Alfredo—was “manipulating” magic.

The moment she understood this difference, Mariabelle burst out of the forest, trailing fireballs behind her.

However, that too was just as Alfredo had anticipated.

If she fought while charging the power of the Holy Sword, the hero would have to close the distance to the enemy.

The Slime already knew that Mariabelle couldn’t use magic.

Thus, as she approached to defeat Alfredo, he was preparing a massive fireball while manipulating countless fireballs.

“Crap!?”

Her panic led to a straightforward action, which was easily predicted.

The moment Mariabelle leaped from the forest, a fireball infused with an overwhelming amount of magical power, capable of incinerating even the remnants of the World Tree, was launched directly at her.

The blazing flames roared like a hellish inferno, and even upon hitting the ground, they would continue to burn without exploding.

From the front came a fireball that surged like a mass of lava.

From behind came countless fireballs, each with tremendous force.

Surrounded by flames, Mariabelle immediately channeled her power into the Holy Sword.

The faint glow transformed into an aurora, and in an instant, the overflowing light became a blade.

Twisting her waist with enough force to see her back, she readied the light blade, and the fireballs approaching from behind were swallowed by the light.

So dense was the magical blade that it obliterated Alfredo's magic.

“How about this...?”

The newly released massive fireball would leave a fatal wound on the land of Grabalt.

(I won't let you—never!!)

“Ahhhhhh!!”

With that conviction, Mariabelle unleashed a fierce shout and cleaved the fireball in two with the light blade.

The light blade beautifully sliced through the molten mass of the fireball, obliterating it with the shockwave.

Even as the magical energy dissipated and the flames extinguished, the light blade did not stop.

It continued downward, easily cleaving through Alfredo, who had been standing in a straight line.

“Hah, hah...”

What remained was the white smoke rising from the plants scorched by the residual flames Alfredo had unleashed and the gouged earth.

The remnants of the World Tree, which had once been the royal castle of Grabalt, were painfully gouged, and at its roots lay the countless ‘Cores’ of the Slimes that had once been Alfredo.

“—!?”

But there was no time to catch her breath.

Alfredo, who had been fighting Akane, extended his tentacles from beyond the remaining black smoke.

The tips of the sharp, spear-like tentacles accurately targeted Mariabelle's right shoulder, but she deflected them with the now-weakened blade of the Holy Sword.

That was the first strike.

It was as if she heard the voice of the Slime.

“Not yet, not yet!!”

Mariabelle slashed at Alfredo from the side to support Akane.

Alfredo transformed his arms into tentacles, splitting the tips into five like fingers. Each tentacle bore a blade, and with ten blades skillfully maneuvered, he sought to confuse Mariabelle and Akane.

...However.

“Take this!!”

The five swiftly moving knives were troublesome, but they were controlled by a single arm.

Perhaps overwhelmed by the need to think while facing two heroes, he couldn't protect both arms, and they were severed.

Seizing the moment before they could regenerate, Mariabelle sliced through his neck, torso, and legs.

Inside were three ‘Cores,’ and when all were shattered, he melted away like the other Slimes.

“First two down...”

“It seems they're finally getting serious over there.”

The two heroes felt the surge of the Slimes rushing out of the forest.

Yet still, they did not feel threatened.

—Alfredo was not among the approaching horde.

“To think they wouldn’t send out any individuals capable of using magic this far...”

“Perhaps there’s a limit to how many can emerge at once. Maybe they can’t use multiple powerful individuals at the same time due to cost? Like levels?”

“Cost? Level?”

When Mariabelle repeated the unfamiliar terms, Akane chuckled.

“Yeah, sorry. Forget what I just said—”

She pondered how to explain, but it was merely a hunch.

Besides, there was no point in explaining it here.

“Anyway. Let’s focus on buying time. If they don’t send out any Slimes shaped like Alfredo that can still use magic, that would actually be easier.”

“Right.”

In close combat, they would need to work together.

If magic were used, it could cause serious problems in the forest.

If such individuals didn’t appear, that would be for the best—but—

“We must not forget about the human magic user who was captured in the prison.”

“Right, she was a companion of the adventurer who became the basis for the Slimes.”

“Exactly. There’s a possibility the Slimes attacked Fontille to rescue her...”

A gray-haired, brown-skinned slave magic user named Satia.

Many had witnessed Alfredo abducting her when Fontille was attacked.

And they had seen him enter the forest with her.

“She must be somewhere. We need to be cautious and not let our guard down just because she’s human.”

“Agreed.”

Having fought only Slimes until now, they were actually more concerned about Satia.

If it came to a battle between humans, what should they do...?

(If that happens, we’ll have no choice but to knock her out.)

They couldn’t bring themselves to kill.

Confirming the thoughts that had been troubling her, Mariabelle sensed countless presences approaching from the forest.

“Phew—then, shall we run once more?”

“Indeed.”

With that, Mariabelle and Akane set off again, searching for Alfredo in the woods...

4 - Decisive Battle 2

The Slimes pursued the Hero.

It was an action driven by an uncontrollable instinct.

Perhaps the only beings in this world capable of opposing them. The natural enemies of magical creatures.

An existence that could effortlessly and easily annihilate countless of their kind, more effectively than any poison used by humans.

The Slimes feared the two with that power, felt threatened, and thus swarmed to defeat them.

It was the instinct of a living being.

They were not fighting the Hero.

They attacked to destroy their natural enemies.

Just as humans indiscriminately kill insects when they come into sight.

The Slimes aimed to defeat the Hero.

Yet, there was an intrusive thought mixed in.

A woman.

An entity capable of bearing children.

As magical creatures, the Slimes could not multiply from nothing now that the Demon King was absent.

The only way they could increase their numbers was by using a woman's womb to bear offspring.

That was how they had increased their numbers up to this point.

Eventually, they surpassed even the total number of humanity, and their individual magical power overwhelmingly exceeded that of humans...

But still, it was not enough.

The instinct of a living being urged them to multiply more, to fill the earth.

There were no limits. No boundaries.

Endlessly, endlessly, endlessly, endlessly...

Increasing, increasing, increasing, continuing to increase—resulting in a small foreign thought mixed in with the will to use women to increase their numbers.

Two conflicting thoughts intertwined within the Slimes—yet they simply chased after the two Heroes out of instinct.

Was it to violate women and increase their numbers?

Or was it to defeat the dangerous Heroes?

...The Slimes had yet to find the answer.

In that sense, it was correct for Fasarina to summon the woman, Shinomiya Akane.

The Slimes hesitated.

While they attacked to defeat the Hero, they inadvertently held back to spare the woman.

Individually, they surpassed humans in ability, but their thoughts were not as complex as they believed.

Ultimately, their actions were prioritized by their "instinct as living beings."

In other words, to multiply.

That had not changed, no matter how much they evolved.

No, it should not have changed.

The only exception was Alfredo.

The perfect Humanoid he had finally become.

He was different.

And he alone could not multiply.

Even if the other Slimes tried to imitate him, a difference would inevitably emerge.

The Slimes could not kill the woman.

They could not help but try to use her as a breeding ground.

However, Alfredo alone—was different.

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"The Slimes' momentum has weakened?"

As the number of Slimes emerging from the forest decreased, Forneus muttered while panting heavily.

Even as a beastman, facing dozens of Slimes would naturally exhaust one's stamina.

Leticia, who had been using magic from the rear, had not exhausted herself much, but she felt a slight dizziness from overusing her magic.

The continuous battles with the Slimes were exhausting, and one could only imagine how fatigued Mariabelle and the others, fighting in the forest, must be—considering that, the two still managed to muster their spirits.

"It seems to have calmed down here..."

As Leticia murmured, an explosion occurred at a distance.

The powerful explosion of flames rivaled the fire magic Leticia had used, and Meltia immediately understood that it was her daughter who had unleashed it.

"It seems Meltia is doing her best..."

Though she wanted to rush over immediately, they were in the midst of a strategy.

This was a battle that would determine the fate of the world.

Hiding her maternal kindness, Leticia closed her eyes for a moment to concentrate her mind.

To recover even a little of her magical power.

However—

"It seems that over there is more dangerous now."

From the direction where Meltia was, a series of magical explosions erupted.

Most likely, a horde of Slimes was attacking.

"It's calm here. You can go assist Meltia."

"But..."

"Certainly, this is the most vulnerable spot, but if even one of the priests is attacked, we lose. We must be flexible—it's only natural to reinforce our

forces in a place where the enemy's assault is fierce, isn't it?"

Forneus said this as she lightly swung her oversized sword.

It seemed her stamina as a beastman had already recovered.

The Spirit Silver greatsword began to glow red-hot with just a light swing, emitting enough heat to distort the surrounding space.

"I can still fight. Even if this place is attacked, I can buy time to return."

Despite her strong words, she was trying to send Leticia off because she had lost her father, her country, her place to return to.

It was too late to act only after losing family, as she had.

One must not be swayed by emotions on the battlefield.

Yet, it was unavoidable.

Losing family made it impossible to remain calm.

If a comrade she could call a close friend were to find themselves in the same situation, she would wish for them to act without hesitation.

It did not matter if they were a hero or just an ordinary citizen, a companion of the Hero, or the Hero's mother...

"I'm sorry. I'll be back soon."

"Yeah."

Leticia said this, then mounted the horse she had ridden to Grabalt's forest and headed towards the neighboring battlefield.

Jenna and Fasarina watched her leave.

"No matter what, we don't have enough defenders. It's fine to act flexibly, right?"

"Yes."

Jenna affirmed with a brief response.

Even if their protective forces decreased, it could not be helped.

The barrier they were to erect was not only for this location but also spread around the forest.

It had been clear for some time that this would happen sooner or later.

There were not enough people.

Even if they could not overcome that fatal weakness, humanity had no choice but to opt for "sealing with the barrier."

"Jenna, focus—finish erecting the barrier as quickly as possible..."

"Yes!"

Fasarina remained unperturbed.

In a calm voice, she continued her role without losing focus.

As a goddess, she would ensure the survival of this continent.

To keep humanity alive.

Faith was what allowed her to exist and thrive.

That was what a goddess was, and without people, she could not function—if the Slimes were to dominate the land and humanity were to perish.

The existence of "Goddess Fasarina" had never ceased since the world was created and humanity was born.

Since the concept of death did not exist, she could neither understand nor imagine what it would be like.

However...

That reality was close at hand.

The crisis of the world was also the crisis of the goddess's existence.

Right now, at this moment.

"...Prioritize the generation of the barrier. Even if it means sacrificing this body..."

From that single statement, it was clear that Fasarina was anxious.

Her tone remained unchanged.

Her expression was as usual.

Yet, Fasarina was indeed anxious—perhaps even she was unaware of the subtle change.

At the same time.

"Here they come!"

After Leticia left this place for a while, the Slimes appeared as if they had been waiting for that opening.

As Forneus readied her greatsword to deter them, what emerged from the forest were... magical creatures.

Not just Goblins and Orcs, but also Lizardmen who wielded weapons skillfully and even gigantic spiders the size of humans...

Each appeared in numbers of one or two, but when they came in a swarm, it was quite a sight.

"All at once—let's kill them all..."

Even upon seeing that swarm, Forneus's hostility did not wane.

Rather, her resolve intensified, and in response, flames erupted from the Spirit Silver blade.

The heat generated was enough to scorch the surrounding grass and flowers, distorting the air around the blade.

She gripped the greatsword with one hand and slung it over her shoulder.

Her heat-resistant black military uniform showed no signs of burning, and the heat caused her long gray hair to sway—at that moment, Forneus kicked off the ground.

With the momentum of her jump, she cleaved through a Lizardman wielding a rusty, tattered sword from head to groin.

"One down!!"

By that time, she was already looking toward her next target.

The Slimes could not react.

Unlike ordinary magical creatures, their "Core" likely thought and manipulated the slime, resulting in a physical structure that was slow to respond.

Their reactions were delayed.

Once they started moving, they should be able to manipulate their tendrils at incredible speed, but their initial movements were always sluggish.

In that instant, she sliced the Lizardman in half and, with a returning strike, decapitated a Goblin and severed the torso of an Orc.

It was difficult to deliberately aim to destroy the "Core" like the Heroes did, but the wounds inflicted by the searing blade emitted white smoke, slowing their regeneration.

One of the weaknesses of the Slimes was that their movements slowed during the regeneration process.

The "Core" could only issue commands to either "move the slime" or "regenerate the wound," but not both.

As she sliced through another Slime, only then did the others finally begin to move.

"Useless!!"

A giant spider extended its tentacles made of slime to wrap around her sword, but it was simply cut away by the flames of the heated blade.

Before it could even manage a second of interference, the next Goblin was cleaved in two, followed by the remaining Lizardman being reduced to a puddle of slime.

She had cut down four, and by sheer luck, she had managed to destroy the "Core" of only one.

But that was enough.

"Still more! I'll carve them all to pieces!!"

Forneus leaped into the center of the Slimes, swinging her oversized sword with the ease of wielding a twig, trampling the slime monsters.

Even if she could not deliberately destroy the "Core," reducing the amount of slime she controlled would limit their means of attack.

Unless they were individuals like Alfredo or humanoid magical creatures that could use magic, it would be difficult to stop Forneus, who had abundant combat experience.

"Useless, I tell you!!"

In the end, the Slimes emitted the scent of Healia flowers from their entire bodies, but Forneus, noticing this immediately, shouted and held her breath as she swept through the Slimes.

The slime splattered around, but before it could touch her skin, the heat from the Spirit Silver greatsword evaporated it in mid-air.

"———!!"

Then, the remaining giant spider attempted to ensnare Forneus herself with its threads, but by wedging the greatsword between her body and the threads, she burned them away.

(This is it, it's over!!)

Holding her breath, she cleaved the giant spider in half, then retreated to a place where the scent of Healia flowers could not reach.

In the meantime, the Slimes began to regenerate, but this time, their forms were different.

Perhaps judging Forneus as a threat, the slimes did not revert back to Goblins or Lizardmen, but instead gathered together to transform into another shape.

"So, they can do that—"

No, this was likely the correct way for Slimes to fight.

Being fixated on one shape, the original form of fighting was peculiar.

Forneus readied her greatsword again.

She was not so naive as to wait for the transformation to complete.

As she approached before the shape could stabilize, she swung her red-hot Spirit Silver greatsword to cleave through it—

"What!?"

With a sound like metal clashing, she felt a shock in her arm as if she had struck steel, causing her to gasp in surprise.

The impact was so great that both her arms went numb, and Forneus took a few steps back.

—The slime had gathered, solidified, and increased in hardness.

It was the same principle as ice.

When water freezes, its hardness increases.

In the same way, they had forcibly increased the hardness of the slime. In that case, even the searing sword would not be effective...

"Tch!?"

In the next moment, she jumped back to evade the right arm that was swung down during its transformation.

It was quite a height, as the fist sank into the ground, raising a cloud of dust.

The ground shook as if it had come alive, and she could feel the force of the punch on her skin.

"A Golem!?"

The form the Slime had taken next was that of a Golem.

Originally a rock creature, but... its hardness was far greater than that of a Golem. One could say it was a steel Golem.

Standing up, it was taller than Forneus, who was already tall for a woman.

It was simply about twice her height.

Despite being so massive, its movements were much quicker than they appeared, and as it took a step toward the surprised Forneus, it swung its left arm horizontally.

"Whoa!"

However, its movements were monotonous.

The twisting motion of the body was necessary to swing the arm, and the joints were extremely stiff.

Being a magical creature without muscles meant that even a simple action like swinging an arm required complex movements, making it easy to predict what attack would come next.

That was the downside of seeking hardness to counter the greatsword.

(Even after transforming this much, can it not use magic? Is it perhaps gathering magical power into one to counter Mariabelle...?)

Forneus thought this, but there was nothing she could do about it now.

She focused on the steel Golem approaching her and leaped into its embrace.

Being hard meant that the joints were not functioning, but if it was moving with limbs—

"I can see the weakness clearly!!"

Forneus thrust her greatsword into the Golem's knee.

If slashing or striking wouldn't work, then stabbing would.

Moreover, she aimed for the most mobile part of the joints.

When a foreign object got lodged in the joint supporting its body, the Golem lost its balance.

The right leg, with the greatsword embedded in it, fell to the ground.

No matter how hard and strong it was, that alone was enough to topple it, which was quite characteristic of a Golem.

"Haah! Burn to ashes!!"

Next, Forneus aimed her greatsword at the neck joint of the fallen Golem and, while keeping the sword embedded, poured strength into her gripping hand.

As her power increased, so did the heat enveloping the blade, producing white smoke.

Holding back the foul stench that made her nose wrinkle, she watched as the Golem's hard body began to melt right before her eyes.

(If I can just reach the "Core"—!?)

Just as she thought this, Forneus suddenly jumped back.

Her body moved instinctively in response to a sense of danger, but... it was a moment too late.

"Wait!?"

At that moment, her left foot, which had been a moment too slow, was caught by a tentacle extended from a Slime hidden in the Golem's shadow.

Her tall frame was effortlessly lifted upside down.

"Let go!!"

<novel-excerpt>

Forneus shouted upside down, swinging his oversized sword in an attempt to slash through the tentacle gripping his left leg.

But this time, his right arm was seized.

Next was his right foot. Finally, his left arm.

“Damn it!? Let go of me, you—!!”

“Forneus!?”

“Jenna, you mustn’t lose focus—right now!”

“Ugh...!”

Forneus was lifted into the air, upside down, right before the watchful eyes of Jenna and Fasarina.

As his limbs were spread wide, he was fixed in an inverted 'X' shape.

“I’m fine! Jenna, hurry with the Barrier—!!”

(Get away from me!!)

Forneus immediately began to thrash his arms and legs.

The tentacles binding him were thin, and with the strength of a beastman, he should have been able to tear them apart easily—yet.

“It’s... tough! Damn it...!”

Contrary to their appearance, the Slime's tentacles were resilient and unyielding.

No matter how much strength he exerted, they wouldn’t budge, and his long gray hair and wolf tail hung pitifully, swaying under the pull of gravity.

As the Slime rendered Forneus powerless, the Golem rose.

It swung its fist down towards Jenna and Fasarina.

It had no intention of killing.

The punch was delivered with restraint, lacking force—however, it was deflected by the wall of light.

“It’s fine. An attack of this level can easily be blocked even while I’m maintaining the Barrier with one hand.”

As Fasarina had said, the Golem's fist, which Forneus deemed dangerous, couldn't even crack the wall of light that the goddess had casually erected.

The Golem struck again, twice, three times, but all were blocked.

In fact, the increased hardness of the Barrier caused cracks to appear on the Golem's fist instead.

“Keep it up, maintain the Barrier!!”

Seeing this, Forneus felt a sense of relief and began to struggle to free himself from his restraints.

Being upside down made it difficult to exert his strength, and he could only flail helplessly in the air.

His long hair swayed like a butterfly caught in a spider's web.

Yet, the bindings did not loosen.

And then.

“Damn it, stop it! Let go of me, you—!!”

The Slime had instincts.

No matter how much it evolved, it could not erase its biological instincts.

Even if it was a beastman, a species that no longer possessed the magical power necessary to 'grow stronger'—as a female, it would violate, impregnate, and bear children.

Following that instinct, the Slime directed a new tentacle towards the upside-down Forneus.

The tip had taken the shape of male genitalia.

“With something like that, I won't be intimidated...!!”

Seeing this, Forneus bared his fangs in a threatening manner.

He tightened his grip, clenching his fist.

If it came for his mouth, he would bite it off.

If it came for his hands, he would crush it.

With that resolve, his golden eyes shone with hostility—.

“Jenna, prioritize the Barrier! Absolutely!!”

“—————!”

Forneus glared at the Slime and the Golem.

</novel-excerpt>

5 - Final Battle 3 (Upside Down)

"Guh, it won't come off... damn it!"

Suspended upside down in the air, Forneus, his limbs restrained, muttered in frustration.

The tentacles were unimaginably strong for their thinness, and no matter how much force he exerted, he felt it was impossible to tear them apart, let alone pull them.

Even as he felt the overwhelming difference in power firsthand, Forneus showed no sign of weakness.

He glared fiercely at the Slime and called out to his fellow priest, who was surely worried about him.

"Jenna, the Barrier—mmph!? Fuggh, mggghh, mmuuuuunnnnngh!?"

In an instant, one of the tentacles, split horizontally like a beast's mouth, snapped shut violently on Forneus's head.

The beastman swordsman, unable to resist with his limbs bound, was swallowed headfirst—or rather, from the neck down, since he was hanging upside down.

It didn't break his neck with force... not exactly.

"Forneus!?"

"Fugo, mugooooooh!?"

Jenna cried out in worry, but a muffled voice came from beneath the tentacle clamped on his head, and she breathed a sigh of relief that he was alive.

However, the situation was dire.

The air that hit his swallowed beauty was hot and humid, almost steaming.

It was the scent of the Healial flower, secreted by the Slime.

Even a single whiff of the flower's highly aphrodisiac scent in the open air would make a beastman dizzy, but here, in this confined space, the concentrated fragrance instantly burned through Forneus's brain.

His eyes, which had been shining with a sharp glint, widened, and tears overflowed for no reason.

That wasn't all; his beauty, swallowed by the maw of mucus, instantly broke out in a sweat.

His beautiful gray hair was soaked with unpleasant dampness, and his skin, beautiful and fine-textured for a swordsman, was drenched in sweat and the Slime's moisture.

"Fuh, guh!? Hiss, fuah, unnnnaaaaaah!?"

The grayish-black interior, writhing like a wall of flesh, was as humid as a midsummer forest.

The heat intensified the scent of the Healial flower, and Forneus was assaulted by a pleasure that felt like his brain was being burned by electric shocks with every breath he took.

"Fuh, oh, oh, oh...!"

(I, can't... can't... stop...!? First, I'll... DIE...!?)

The overwhelming pleasure was akin to pain.

He couldn't tell if it felt good, painful, agonizing, or just plain hurtful.

Only his body was aroused, accepting the pleasure, but his head, his brain, couldn't comprehend it—Forneus tried desperately to hold his breath.

But it was impossible.

As a living being, he couldn't stop breathing.

In the first place, Forneus was more aroused than ever before, and no matter how hard he tried to hold his breath, his nostrils flared with every pant, matching the frantic beat of his heart.

"Huff, huff... huff... unghhhhh!"

He clenched his teeth, trying to at least suppress the sounds of climax, but the limbs hanging defenselessly upside down in the air outside the mucus couldn't be concealed.

Forneus's limbs twitched and jerked in the air, and it was even possible to see the stain spreading across the crotch of his black military uniform under the sunlight.

And even that was minimized by the fact that his limbs were bound, limiting the convulsions.

His body, unable to escape the pleasure, desperately flailed its limbs, only exposing his pathetic climaxing spasms to Jenna and Fasarina.

"Forneus! Are you alright, Forneus!?"

"I-I'm, alright, th! Barrier, barrier, now!"

Jenna's worried voice reached him from beyond the mucus.

Answering with a desperate effort, Forneus strained every muscle in his body, trying to break free of his restraints.

But it was no use.

The restraints binding his limbs showed no sign of loosening, let alone breaking.

He wasn't in danger of dying, since he could breathe normally, but the scent inside the maw of mucus didn't escape at all, and almost no fresh air entered.

Enveloped in the dense fragrance, Forneus's vision blurred with tears as he was continuously subjected to the scent that aroused beastmen at close range.

"Fugghhhhhhhh!"

Within the Slime's maw, a viscous liquid, like a more concentrated version of the Healial flower's scent, began to seep out from all over the grayish-black interior.

It was as thick as honey, and it was clear at a glance that it was "heavy."

As the large amount of mucus that dripped from the surface of the maw accumulated in the back, it steadily, steadily approached Forneus's beauty from above.

"Hih... hah, hah..."

(This is bad—I'll suffocate...!?)

It was only natural to think so.

If his head was enveloped in the mucus, he wouldn't be able to breathe and would drown.

Understanding this fact even as he was melting in pleasure, Forneus desperately tilted his head, trying to escape the surface of the mucus.

However, it was meaningless in his situation, with his head swallowed whole.

In an instant, the liquid overflowing from the surface of the mucus soaked Forneus's beautiful hair and the wolf ears that were the symbol of beastmen.

The water level rose to his eyebrows, and he closed his eyes.

His reason returned as he was gripped by the fear of death, and prioritizing survival over climax, Forneus took one last, deep breath of the Healia flower's scent, filling his lungs, and held his breath.

Immediately afterward, the beautiful face of the lovely beastman princess was swallowed by the dense Love Potion Mucus—

"Fuggh!? Ggh, goff!? Go—...!?"

(In my nose!? No, it's coming in!? Help me—ggh, oueh!?)

The liquid secreted by the Slime had a will of its own, and after swallowing Forneus's head, it invaded through his nose.

The shock of the liquid flowing backward through his nostrils startled his body, causing him to reflexively open his mouth.

As he writhed, expelling the air he had painstakingly stored as bubbles, the Slime's liquid invaded his mouth—and then his throat, penetrating deep into his body.

Unable to bear the intense agony, his beautiful limbs in the air began to convulse dangerously.

The liquid, which made his skin burn with even the slightest touch, invaded his body, rubbing against the sensitive mucous membranes of his skin, mouth, and throat.

Moreover, it emitted a concentrated scent like a boiled-down version of the Healia flower's fragrance, which aroused beastmen.

The cloying sensation, as if he had been doused in thick honey, lasted only for a moment.

Immediately, his two breasts, as ripe and soft as fruit, became so erect that their tips were visible even through his military uniform and underwear, and the stain on his crotch spread rapidly.

"Ggh, noooo..."

But Forneus hadn't given up yet.

Even enveloped in such a scent, such a Love Potion, he didn't forget his anger at having his country destroyed, and he sank his teeth into the liquid Slime that was ravaging his mouth.

He bit down with the sharpness of a swordsman, trying to tear it apart.

If he was going to drown, he would at least crush one of them and take it with him.

"Ngh!"

But the Slime didn't care.

In the first place, it wasn't the kind of creature that would die from being bitten—feeling Forneus's futile resistance, it didn't obstruct or resist, but simply and carelessly tore apart the crotch of his black military uniform, which was wet and clinging to his skin.

White skin, wet with sweat and the tide that had burst forth with his confidence, appeared from under the thick fabric, leaving only a single pair of flashy, bewitching black lingerie shorts to hide his crotch.

Forneus's crotch was in a terrible state, even though nothing had been done to it yet, not even touched.

The crotch of the shorts was wet and clinging to his crotch, unable to even hide the movements of his throbbing labia.

On the contrary, the fact that they were clinging tightly to his skin made the bulge of his pubic hair and even the protrusion of his clitoris clearly visible.

The Golem, whose black shorts were not fulfilling their role as underwear, aimed at his crotch and stroked it over the shorts with its rough, thick, and gnarled fingers.

"Fwah... ungh!"

A sweet, melting voice that didn't sound like a swordsman's escaped from Forneus's mouth.

It was instinctual.

It felt good, his hips twitched, and new love juices leaked out.

The Golem's fingers were very hard, with many small protrusions on the surface, and just rubbing them against him was enough to assault him with irregular stimulation.

There was nothing special about it.

Just the thick, hard, and gnarled fingers stroking his genitals through his shorts—

"Ah, stop it, st—ungh...!"

Along with the sweet voice that was unimaginable coming from the usually serious, unapproachable, and rigid soldier, the female swordsman's crotch bounced around amusingly.

Before he knew it, all of the mucus that had been enveloping his head had been swallowed into Forneus's body, and he was too agitated to notice.

"Hiss, au... hnn! Stop it, stop... stop... stop it..."

The strong words faded along with the sweet voice, and Forneus's body arched back violently as he uttered words that sounded like begging.

Forneus's eyes, which had never lost their strength and absolute confidence, widened, and after a few seconds, he relaxed pathetically.

At the same time, the tension in his lower body eased, and a weak tide wetted his shorts.

The tide that overflowed due to the release exceeding the absorbency of his underwear ran down his skin, wetting his navel and part of his upper body,

and he repeated his heavy breathing so intensely that he didn't even notice the unpleasantness.

Even that breathing was filled with the scent of the Healial flower that permeated the inside of the mucus maw.

His whole body flushed with every breath, and even though he had climaxed, the pleasure didn't subside at all.

—Then, the Golem's thick, hard finger gently rolled his clitoris, which was still covered by its foreskin, over his underwear.

"Fwah, stop—that, no, stop it! Let go, let go!"

Even as Forneus screamed desperately, the Golem didn't stop.

Rolling it around and around.

The clumsy fingers, thick and rough, rolled his clitoris around, and the awkwardness of it assaulted Forneus's lower body with a frustrating pleasure, causing it to convulse wildly upside down.

His body, melted by the Love Potion and the scent of the Healial flower, was extremely vulnerable to pleasure, and everything felt good.

Even the stimulation of his breasts, which were swaying violently with the convulsions, made him feel a thrill that made the pores all over his body open.

But of course, it didn't end there.

As Forneus became ready, the Golem's finger hooked his underwear and shifted it to the side.

His genitals, obscenely throbbing and aroused, and his pubic hair, the same gray color as his hair, which was wet with sweat and love juices and clinging to his skin, were exposed.

"Forneus, run!"

"Jenna, concentrate on creating the Barrier for now..."

As Jenna shouted, Fasarina stepped forward and stopped her friend with her voice as she tried to help her.

Her best friend was being violated right in front of her.

There was no way she could remain calm while being shown such a thing—Fasarina realized that was the Slime's aim.

"It's difficult even for me to prepare another Barrier while maintaining such a large-scale Barrier. You understand that this is an act to lure us outside the Barrier that protects us, don't you?"

"That's true, but—"

"Fwooooooooooh!?"

While Fasarina and Jenna were arguing, the Golem's finger was finally inserted into Forneus's crotch.

Even though it was a finger, it was quite thick.

The finger that was inserted was the Golem's smallest finger, but even so, it was twice as thick as the average male penis.

Forneus's genitals were painfully spread to the left and right, and love juices overflowed as if they were being pushed out by the forced insertion.

And yet—

"Fuh, ungh, ah, fwaaa... stop it, stop it, higghhhhhhhh!?"

Forneus was letting out sweet, melting moans that could be heard even though she was swallowed by the maw of mucus.

The moans grew louder as the Golem moved its hand up and down carelessly, and his limbs, hanging upside down in the air, convulsed like a broken toy.

Sometimes spouting, sometimes bristling his tail, convulsing his hands violently without a moment's rest.

"Fhiiiiih, hiss, ihiiiiih, igiiiiiih!?"

Like a beast that had forgotten its words, Forneus roared and continued to climax.

But the Golem's hand didn't stop.

That's because this wasn't insemination to produce offspring, but a trap to agitate Jenna and the others and lure them outside the Barrier.

Besides, Forneus was a beastman.

She had no magic power, making her the least valuable to the Slime.

That's why—

"Fgiiiiiih!?"

As the Slime extended a new tentacle so as not to interfere with the Golem's movements, it brought its tip close to the completely erect clitoris, which was obvious to everyone.

The tip was as sharp as a syringe needle, and the tentacle pierced the clitoris with that needle.

The effect was immediate.

Forneus screamed at that alone, and spouted tide as powerfully as a fountain.

She was regularly given a concentrated liquid like a boiled-down version of the Healia flower in the maw of mucus so that she wouldn't become dehydrated, so there was absolutely no chance of her dying.

The moment the Love Potion Mucus that had been poured in through the thin injection needle flowed into her clitoris, Forneus thought her lower

body had exploded.

The sexuality that had been forcibly, violently, messily, and unilaterally awakened became a shock and burst, and the clitoris, which she had thought was erect to its limit, seemed to swell even further.

"Foh!? Ooooh!? Nnghoooooooooh!?"

Even words had completely disappeared.

The injected Love Potion Mucus quickly destroyed the sensitivity of Forneus's clitoris, and it seemed to be invading all of the "organs directly connected to pleasure," including the cells and nerves.

Her hypersensitive nerves went berserk, and she felt a sharp sensation just from touching the air or being wet by the tide she had blown herself.

"Higih, hiiiiiiiiih!?"

(Ah, it's hot!? It's so hot!? My body is hot, I can't get any strength!?)

Forneus screamed and writhed while shedding tears.

But neither the Golem nor the Slime showed any mercy.

The tentacles that the Slime extended became entangled with her two large breasts, which were swaying violently with every convulsion.

"Fuaaaaaah!? Hic... guuuuh! Hahiiiiiiii!?"

The beautiful, busty breasts that, on lonely nights, I'd stimulate and only think of as insensitive.

Even the Slimes had always shown interest in *that* area when violating Forneus.

They get in the way when swinging a sword, they're heavy, and forcing them into underwear is even painful—just lumps of fat that hinder battle.

That perception changed after being violated by Slimes—but at this moment, Forneus was made aware that her breasts were a 'weakness'.

The Slime's tentacle stretched towards her breast, piercing her nipple, which was erect enough to be seen even through her clothes, just as it had done to her clitoris.

It tightly constricted the base of the insertion, which felt refreshingly cool, fixing it in place so she couldn't escape, and then pierced the needle deep inside.

"Ah, ah..."

(This is bad... something's entering, even inside my breasts...!?)

That sweet, numbing sensation gradually entered the depths of her breasts.

Once it accumulated deep inside, she could feel it spreading throughout the entire, previously insensitive breast fat.

Heat was generated within the fat-filled swellings, and sweat poured from her entire body.

As if gauging that change, the needle was withdrawn from her nipple, and the inside of her nipple was rubbed with a sharp pain, and with just that stimulation.

"Aghi..."

Forneus let out a sweet voice and rolled her eyes back in the maw of mucus.

Her whole body went limp, and she could only tremble jerkily in time with the movements of the Golem's fingers violating her crotch.

But that torment was only for a moment.

The Slime changed the tentacle that had been sharpened like a needle.

Next, it had lips and teeth, just like a human mouth.

--It bit her nipple, military uniform and all.

"Agu!? Ah, ah? What, is—nhiii!?"

For a moment after regaining consciousness, Forneus had forgotten the situation.

But immediately, her brain was seared with intense pleasure from her crotch and nipples, and she let out a convulsive scream.

At the same time, a change occurred within the maw of mucus.

"Higii!? Stop it, st—hic, kukkuryuna!? Don't come!?"

The tentacles were aiming at the conspicuous organs in Forneus's figure—her beast ears.

Normally, she wouldn't care about them, just ears on a human body, organs that exist as a matter of course.

Naturally, such places weren't erogenous zones.

Being stroked there was just ticklish, nerves ran through them, but they were never places that would ever feel 'good'.

The tentacles swarmed there, and, of all things, began injecting Love Potion into them, sharpening their tips like syringes, just like they had done to her clitoris and nipples.

Moreover, the beast ears of a beastman were far larger than those of a human.

They carefully pierced the Love Potion injection not only on the surface but also inside the ears, and even secreted viscous Love Potion Mucus from the surface of the tentacles and smeared it all over.

As they crawled around, licking with the sticky skin of the tentacles, the secreted Love Potion Mucus was spread evenly over the entire beast ear.

"Fua, ah, ah..."

The organ closest to the brain was being transformed into an erogenous zone.

Invaded by the Love Potion injected directly into her body, her skin soaked in Love Potion Mucus, Forneus's wolf ears were transformed into an erogenous zone no less sensitive than her nipples or clitoris.

The tentacles crawled around, licking the inside of her ears, which had turned into an erogenous zone, kneading them.

Because her ears were much larger than her nipples or clitoris, it was possible to caress them all over.

Normally, she would only allow a beloved partner, someone she trusted, to do such a thing, and in the first place, it shouldn't be an act that elicits sexual pleasure, but an unbearable pleasure, as if her bare clitoris was being toyed with, arose from her ears, and Forneus exposed a limp, slovenly expression.

"Kuh, oh... ears, breasts, that place too..."

(F-feelings are... melting... throbbing, my ears are, so... good...)

She didn't know.

Forneus writhed in the humid maw, tossed about by unknown pleasure.

Her limbs, released in the air, continued to twitch incessantly, and even the thick sweat, smelling of a female in heat, crawling across her skin made her tingle with pleasure.

The sensation that the sensitivity of her entire body had been heightened tenfold was by no means a metaphor.

Even the rubbing of her clothes against her skin, due to the changes in her skin that could only be described as hypersensitive, was causing her a pleasure akin to torture.

The pleasure eroded the strong will of the female knight, and she became less and less able to resist.

(Gu, fuuu, this me... being done in by a Slime, of all things...)

When she was traveling with the Hero, she had never once lost.

On the contrary, when fighting other Magical creatures, she had defeated them in her spare time.

By such weak and small Slimes--.

"Damn, damn it..."

Forneus gritted her teeth, determined not to yield in her heart, even after being subjected to Love Potion and the scent of Healia flowers.

But she was frustrated.

By Slimes.

By Slimes, of all things.

That she, who had once traveled with the Hero and showered the Demon king with people, was now being brought to a shameful climax by the weakest of Magical creatures.

--The moment she clenched her fist, trying to put up at least a final resistance.

"Fua?"

Gothun! The Golem's finger forcefully thrust into the deepest part of her vaginal opening, all the way to her cervix.

Her lower abdomen lifted slightly, a strong impact that made it visibly clear that the Magical creature's finger had reached that far.

Her uterus moved, with the tip digging into her cervix with such force.

In that instant, Forneus's body displayed the most intense squirting she had ever experienced.

The gushing, obscene fluid that spurted out became spray that danced in the air, wetting a place about a meter away, and Forneus's entire body.

Immediately after.

"Ah, ah, kah, ah!?"

She couldn't even let out a proper scream.

Her brain couldn't even comprehend the simple fact that her cervix had been thrust into, she was confused, and only her body was climaxing.

A few moments later, Forneus's entire body began to convulse.

Each time she convulsed, she squirted out fluid from her crotch, wetting the ground and Forneus's own limbs, which were being held upside down in the air.

It was only then that Forneus realized that she was climaxing, but just because a woman climaxed didn't mean that the Slime's movements would stop.

For the Slime, this was an act to lure Jenna and Fasarina out of the Barrier.

...Whether Forneus climaxed or fainted, it didn't matter.

"M-matte!? Matte, matte, tomatte, tomatteeeeeee!?"

Forneus pleaded in a slurred voice that was unimaginable from her dignified attire, but of course, it didn't stop.

The Golem rubbed her vaginal walls while violently thrusting into her cervix, the Slime caressed her clitoris and nipples, and inside the maw of mucus, the inside and outside of her ears were being violated.

While climaxing.

Even after climaxing.

Even if the climax hadn't ended.

"FuGih, Ah, Agih, Ahiiiiiii, hic, Hiiiiii, iHiiiiiiiiiii!?"

"Uuu, uuu!"

Forneus's screams began to rise.

Not amorous cries.

The screams of a woman being burned by overwhelming pleasure.

Jenna listened to her best friend's screams, but shed tears for not being able to help her—desperately, she could only concentrate on completing the Barrier even a second sooner.

(I'm sorry, I'm sorry!!)

In front of Jenna's tearful eyes, Forneus's limbs, with her head being swallowed whole, twitched greatly.

...The excessively violent convulsions finally slightly loosened the tentacles' restraints, but she had no will left to escape.

Forneus's posture changed from an inverted 'large character' to an even more pathetic and miserable bowlegged shape, and her legs were simply left in a pitifully splayed state.

As she continued to gush out her genuine female juices from her crotch like a fountain, she displayed a rainbow shimmering in the sunlight in the air.

Next, not only her back but also both legs stretched out straight, and after a few seconds, they changed to obscene convulsions, as if to release the pleasure she had been storing up, along with lascivious tremors.

"Foh, oh, Ohohohoho!?"

As Forneus climaxed repeatedly, the Golem's finger was pulled out with a splashing sound.

The beastman princess let out a pathetic voice even from the stimulation of the rough finger being pulled out, and was struck with yet another climax, she didn't know how many times it had been.

There was no resistance.

Unable to escape or fight, she could only twitch her vaginal opening, which had lost the thing that had been penetrating it.

She was so excited that something like steam could even be seen coming from the area around Forneus's crotch.

.....Until just now, the thinnest little finger had been used.

Next was the index finger.

"Nhiiiiiiiiiiii!?"

The Golem's index finger invaded the depths of the dense thicket.

Forneus, who only knew the common sense of proper sexual intercourse, let out a scream-like amorous cry at the clearly unusual pleasure of her vaginal opening being stretched to its limit and rubbed all around, causing her to tire.

Even the little finger had been like that, but the index finger was even thicker and rougher, and if she put something like that in her vaginal opening, it would definitely tear... or so it should have.

"Fuua!?! Damn it, damn it, stop it, stop it, st—please stop it!"

At that moment, for the first time, or rather, for the last time, Forneus began to thrash around with all her might.

In a state where her hands and feet were tied upside down, she couldn't move her body properly.

She tried desperately to force strength into her whole body, but it didn't work, and even the convulsions of her climax were somehow clumsy and pathetic, weak and faltering.

As a result, Forneus couldn't escape the pleasure well, and the pleasure of the climax remained in the core of her body, making her 'suffer'.

"Hi, guh. Sto, p—it. Any, more than this! I'll really ki—nGiiii!?"

She knew she was really at her limit.

Desperately, she screamed as loudly as she could, even though she was wrapped in mucus, and thrashed her whole body.

But that only shook her large breasts, which Jenna envied.

The restraints on both hands didn't come off, and both legs were restrained again in a miserable bowlegged position.

She just screamed.

She kept screaming.

In the unstable air where she couldn't even perform the convulsions of her climax properly, the gray-haired beastman princess just continued to scream miserably.

The Slime understood, from the cunning perversion that existed within it, what Forneus... what the women hated being done to them.

If she was screaming for it to stop with her mouth, then it would just continue to do it.

Endlessly.

Its sexual techniques far surpassed those of humanity, and it even mastered the use of poisons such as Love Potion, which forcibly aroused women.

That finger rape should have seemed nothing but violent and painful, but in front of Jenna's eyes, Forneus was raising genuine amorous cries, tossed about by pleasure, and even making her anus twitch.

A heroine with superhuman strength who swung around an extra-large sword.

A female knight who was as strong as a man, in a different sense than Leticia.

In her memories.

No, ever since they had traveled together—a woman she had always thought was strong.

"Forneus... Forneus..."

"N-no more—impossible, impossible, impossible... ah, un! N ahhhh!"

That Forneus was raising a sweet voice and climaxing.

She stretched both legs and her tail to the tip, and climaxed while wearing clothes that were torn only at her crotch.

That, too, was humiliating.

Being made to climax as a knight.

If she had been stripped naked, she might have been able to excuse it by saying that she had lost as a woman.

But Forneus was still wearing her military uniform.

Jenna felt sad, as if she had been made to realize in her heart that she had been defeated as a knight.

"Jenna, please concentrate on the Barrier—so that Forneus's efforts won't be in vain."

"Uuu... h-yes..."

"D-damn... damn it!! Hiyameroh, mo, yamerohhhhhh Oon!!"

While listening to Forneus's screams, Jenna still concentrated.

She would erect the Barrier.

That was the only result that could answer her best friend, those who had been sacrificed so far, and her comrades--.

6 - Final Battle 4

"Meltia, over there!!"

"Yes, Mother!!"

As her mother burned several Slimes emerging from the forest, the lack of magical power diminished their effectiveness, allowing one of the Slimes to charge at the priest who was casting a barrier.

Though the Slimes did not understand 'what humans were doing,' they could grasp that it was a dangerous act for them.

After a few hours of starting to cast the barrier, a few Slimes began to emerge from the forest, not in large numbers, but still enough to pose a threat.

The rare weapon capable of countering Slimes, Valhalla's Holy Water, was not abundant.

Only the priests had it as a last resort for self-defense, while their guards were armed with weapons made of Spirit Silver, which could convert stored magical power into attributes.

Among those guards, this location showcased the most remarkable performance.

Queen Leticia, who was said to possess magical power rivaling that of the Demon King, traveled alongside the Hero.

And her daughter, Meltia, who inherited such immense magical power.

The silver-haired mother and daughter duo worked together with an extraordinary synergy, as if they had fought side by side for years, incinerating every last Slime that emerged from the forest without consuming any Holy Water.

"We're done here!"

"Well done, Meltia. You've worked hard. But don't let your guard down; they might come again soon."

"Yes."

Leticia, aware of her own lack of power, warned Meltia not to relax until the end.

Her breath was still ragged.

She was compensating for her lack of magical power with physical strength.

This was a dangerous act, even for an elf with a long lifespan and immense magical power, as it could shorten her own life.

Leticia possessed far greater magical power than ordinary elves, yet there were still limits.

There was a cap on the power one could hold, and she stood at a certain peak—but even so, it was insufficient.

To face the Slimes.

...However, if they lost here, that 'future' would be lost.

Understanding this, Leticia had no hesitation.

"Mother, please take a moment to rest. The Slimes' attacks have calmed down for now..."

"No, if anyone should rest, it should be you—don't worry about me."

"That's..."

Even without the bias of a daughter's eyes, it was clear to anyone that Leticia needed rest.

However, there was no way to take a proper break in this frontline position, and if they were to remain vigilant, at least two or three should stay alert.

One person alone had its limits.

After all, the opponent was a magical creature skilled in mimicry.

And if they let their guard down even once, it would lead directly to defeat—understanding this, Meltia could not handle everything alone.

In fact, the elven knights who had been guarding this location alongside Meltia were now incapacitated by the Slime's paralysis poison.

They could not afford to relax until the very last moment.

"It seems things have calmed down on Forneus's side as well..."

"Yes. The sounds of battle have stopped."

(If Lord Forneus is guarding, we shouldn't lose—if a critical situation arises, there should be some signal.)

The mother and daughter thought this way.

The beastman swordsman who traveled with Leticia and fought alongside the Hero against the Demon King.

There was no way she could lose to Slimes emerging from the forest, and if something unexpected happened, she would surely send some signal.

So now, with the sounds of battle ceased, they believed the center of the barrier was safe.

Their misfortune was that as time passed, the sun gradually sank behind the mountains.

In the dimming world, the view of the Succubi watching the forest from the sky also became obscured.

The assumption that 'Forneus, Jenna, and Fasarina would be fine' led to overlooking the most dangerous location at that moment...

"Here they come again, Mother!"

"Ugh... as expected, there's no time to rest..."

As she thought this, more Slimes emerged from the forest.

Again, their numbers were not overwhelming.

But without letting their guard down, the mother and daughter readied their staffs and unleashed fire magic, which the Slimes were weak against...

Around the Gravalto Forest, the locations where the priests were casting barriers were all in similar situations.

In some places, mages like Leticia were present, while in others, beastmen and magical creatures armed with Spirit Silver weapons were stationed.

Succubi capable of flight checked for any locations where Slimes were overwhelming, and reinforcements would head to dangerous areas from advantageous positions.

As they surrounded the vast Gravalto Forest with a small number of people, the battle situation was gradually being pushed back.

However, thanks to Mariabelle and Akane rampaging through the forest, the disparity in combat power had not yet reached a critical level.

Yet this was a precarious situation, like walking on a thin thread or advancing on a fragile ice sheet where the ground below was visible.

Everyone participating in this battle wished for it to end as soon as possible.

However...

.

.

.

"Ugh, no—stop!" Not there, please!?"

With only her head swallowed by the Slime's gooey mouth, Forneus shouted loudly, still retaining some consciousness.

The tentacles of the Slime, different from the fingers of the Golem violating her vagina, aimed for another hole.

It was the anus, hidden beneath a gray tail.

An opening meant solely for excretion.

Yet due to the previous violations, Forneus's—an heroine who fought alongside the Hero—anus had been developed to the point where it could accept a male organ.

At this moment, even the slightest touch from the Slime's tentacle dripping with love potion made it twitch lewdly, as if the sphincter was writhing in delight.

As a toxic, deep pink liquid dripped onto her beautifully pink anus, it made a cute sound, "Pusuu."

Yet there was no room for embarrassment.

Hanging upside down in the air, displaying an awkward spread-eagle, Forneus desperately twisted her hips side to side.

"Ugh!? Ah—no, no!?"

In an attempt to escape the tentacle from her anus, she inadvertently tightened around the Golem's finger that was violating her vagina, vividly feeling its rough, hard texture and moaning in response.

Unfortunately, the Golem had stopped its finger to avoid interfering with the tentacle's insertion, leaving Forneus to writhe and suffer alone, reaching climax.

No matter what she did, she felt pleasure, and she climaxed.

Her ears, mouth, and throat...

"Ugh!? Huh, oh, fuhg!?"

As punishment for the struggling swordswoman, new love potion liquid filled the tentacles enveloping her head.

Once it filled to the brim, swallowing Forneus's entire head upside down, it began to flow back through her ears, mouth, and even her nostrils.

The initial scream of agony was the only one that escaped.

As the love potion liquid rubbed against her sensitive nasal mucosa, tears streamed down her face from the pain.

But eventually, it transformed the beastman princess's nostrils into erogenous zones, and when all the liquid that had filled her head was absorbed into her body, Forneus's entire body began to twitch in small spasms.

New love juices trickled from her groin, soaking her clothes, while her desperately clenching anus opened and closed, pulling at the threads of intestinal fluid.

At that point, the gray-haired swordswoman could do nothing.

The Slime's tentacles pushed aside her black, seductive underwear and carelessly inserted a tentacle as thick as a human thumb.

"—!?"

She had been violated countless times.

Countless pleasures had been etched into her.

Yet, she thought, that did not mean she would become accustomed to the act of violation.

She did not want to be violated, nor did she want to be defiled.

Especially since it was in a filthy hole meant for excretion, as a swordswoman and as a woman, it was absolutely unacceptable...

"Ah, oh... no, no!"

With a low voice, Forneus relaxed her entire body and forcefully squirted from her groin.

The first love potion liquid she had ingested was absorbed into her womb, and there was no risk of dehydration—but it was a change that brought no joy.

With the love potion liquid absorbed, her entire body's sensitivity increased, and it was akin to a fatal development that scientists would be unable to create an antidote for.

This development updated every second, and Forneus had reached the point where she climaxed merely from the insertion into her anus.

But not yet.

The two culprits behind the 'strange barrier' that the Slimes aimed to create were still trapped within the barrier.

Therefore.

"Ugh!? Oh, oh, oh!? Stop, stop!? Both at once!? I can't, I can't, it's impossible!!"

In front of Jenna and Fasarina, Forneus was being broken.

With a thick finger, incomparable to a human's, inserted into her vagina, an additional tentacle was also inserted, spiraling together into her anus.

Forneus, being simultaneously violated in both holes by protrusions made of love potion mucus, screamed from her instincts.

Even knowing that her voice would hurt Jenna's heart, it escaped her lips.

There was no way to endure it.

The Slime did not care about Forneus.

They intended to 'break' her.

"Stop it! Stop, please!?"

As her scream transformed into a bizarre cry from the shock, her voluptuous body, still clad in military attire, thrashed in the air.

However, with her limbs bound and hanging upside down, it resembled an awkward and ungraceful dance.

A poorly executed dance that even a court jester would not showcase would be unpleasant to watch in normal times.

Yet the one performing it was a heroine who traveled with the Hero, a close friend who fought alongside her.

Tears streamed down Jenna's face as she clenched her hands tightly in front of her chest.

"I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry, I'm so sorry!"

While repeatedly apologizing to Forneus, Jenna desperately constructed the barrier.

For the sake of this land.

For the countless lives of others.

Even thinking this, the reality of abandoning her friend was unbearable, tightening the holy maiden's chest.

—In that moment, she was struck by a shock akin to an earthquake.

Taking advantage of the opening, the Golem struck the barrier again.

But it did not break.

Without even creating a single crack, the Golem's fist, having touched the goddess's divine energy, vanished in a puff of white smoke.

"Not yet—there's still more we can do, Jenna?"

"Y-yes!"

(Wait for me, Forneus. I'll finish the barrier and come to save you...)

All Jenna could do now was that.

Construct the barrier as quickly as possible and rescue Forneus.

Hidden within the encirclement she wore was Valhalla's Holy Water for self-defense.

If she threw it, while it might not dissolve all the Golems, it should be able to help Forneus.

(Once the barrier is complete...)

Or perhaps the reinforcements of her comrades, who had noticed the anomaly, would return, along with Leticia.

There was a possibility.

Forneus could be saved.

—Or so she thought.

"Ugh, stop—let go, let me go!!"

The Slime released Forneus's head, making her scream.

Jenna wanted to cover her ears, but she couldn't as she was praying, so she closed her eyes to avoid seeing that reality.

However.

"Damn it, ugh!? Don't move!? All of a sudden!? Let go—"

That voice, that painful scream, was growing fainter.

When Jenna opened her eyes to see what was happening, the Slimes were lifting Forneus into the air, attempting to take her deeper into the forest.

From her studies and research on the ecology of Slimes, she had learned something.

—Among the women taken by Slimes, some were still missing.

They likely had nests in places other than this forest... what happened to the women who went missing was unknown, but it was easy to imagine they were going through something very painful.

Moreover, this forest would be sealed until a method to exterminate the Slimes was established.

If Forneus were taken deep into such a forest...

"Forneus, no!!"

In that instant, Jenna burst out of the barrier.

She threw the bottle filled with Valhalla's Holy Water at the Golem.

"What!?"

However, the Slimes had gained intelligence.

They understood that it was something very dangerous for them, and before the bottle could shatter upon impact, they caught it with their soft mucus.

A partial softening that was unimaginable from its appearance, which suggested hardness like rock or metal.

Due to that strange change, the transformation Jenna had envisioned did not occur, and her lethal attack ended up being a dud.

The bottle was swallowed into the Golem's body without breaking, and Jenna gasped in surprise.

—Moreover, the moment she stepped out of the barrier, a Slime at the Golem's feet swiftly extended its tentacles and wrapped them around the waist of the blonde holy maiden.

"Ah!? Let go!! Let me go—ahh!?"

Just like Forneus, she was lifted into the air.

Hanging upside down, her blue-themed modest robe was boldly flipped up, exposing not only her shorts but also the garter belt adorning her waist and her cute little belly button.

The difference from Forneus was that her long skirt obstructed her view.

This blockage of vision caused Jenna to become flustered, exposing her awkward attempt to push the obstructive skirt away with her own hands.

"I can't see—ugh! Let me go!!"

"Jenna..."

With one less key figure in the barrier, the Golem turned on its heel and began to run, gaining momentum to strike the barrier protecting Fasarina.

With a shock greater than before, a slight crack formed in the barrier.

At the same time, the Golem's left arm was destroyed, but the Slime quickly regenerated its left arm and struck again.

By that time, the barrier had also recovered, but even with the second strike, a crack was formed.

Her arm breaks, regenerates, strikes, the barrier cracks, the barrier regenerates.

It repeats. Repeats. Repeats.

Again and again and again and again and again.

There's no pain from the impact that shatters her left arm; the Golem simply, single-mindedly, mechanically, emotionlessly continues to strike the barrier.

"Tch, you low-intelligence magical creature...!"

However, even with the attacks directed at her, Fasarina had absolute confidence in the barrier protecting her.

The barrier would not be broken.

And the Slime, constantly obliterating its left arm, would eventually run out of mucus.

But as the count exceeded ten, then fifty, then approached a hundred, a hint of impatience gradually surfaced on her face.

(How long will this go on...? Jenna, even told me to concentrate as much as possible...)

Without even breaking a sweat, Fasarina spat out a curse, but her concentration wouldn't be disturbed by something like that.

For her, sealing the Slime was the highest priority, and Jenna's absence was a great loss, but it didn't mean she could no longer erect a barrier.

The fence of light surrounding Grabalt had become as tall as a wall, but the speed at which the wall extended was dramatically decreasing.

Even so, the barrier's creation hadn't stopped.

(If only someone would notice the anomaly...)

Rescuing Jenna would restore the speed at which the barrier was erected.

Even if Jenna couldn't be rescued, it wasn't impossible to erect the barrier alone, given enough time.

(It's still alright... Angelica, please endure a little longer.)

The name of the original owner of this body, a normal nun who had closed her heart after being unable to withstand the love potion-induced violation, crossed her mind, perhaps because Fasarina felt a sense of guilt for 'pushing the body this far.'

The Goddess continued to erect the barrier without losing her composure, even as her escort, Forneus, was destroyed before her eyes, and even as her follower, who was even called a 'Saint,' was about to be violated.

"No, let go of me! I have a mission—"

Jenna, held upside down, flailed her hand at the skirt hiding her upper body, pulled down by gravity, as she raised her voice.

But who knew that a skirt, originally meant to hide the lower body, could be so obstructive when pulled down by gravity?

Disturbed, she swatted and swatted, but the thin blue cloth kept getting in the way, preventing her from seeing.

On top of that—her exposed lower body was in a pitiful state.

The high-quality pure white shorts, embroidered with a white lily pattern to hide her crotch, were completely exposed, as were her beautiful legs encased in garter belts that matched.

The sight of her beautiful legs, wrapped in white garter stockings, thrashing about as she swatted at her skirt, was enough to incite a man's lust.

Taking Forneus from the Golem striking the barrier, the Slime lifted the two heroes with its tentacles.

"Ah, eh..."

"What!? Let go of me! Quickly!!"

Forneus, freed from the shock of the violation, lost consciousness, and the powerless Jenna couldn't break free from the tentacles' restraints even as she struggled.

Perhaps because she couldn't see due to the skirt, Jenna didn't even notice Forneus next to her as she thrashed—

"Goddess Fasarina, please heed my prayer and lend me the power to dispel evil!"

—She muttered the incantation she remembered, concentrating the light of exorcism in her right hand.

It was enough to drive away weak magical creatures; it wasn't highly lethal, but it was one of the few offensive means available to priests.

Her right hand, gathering the light of exorcism, was directed at the tentacle gripping her torso... but faster than that, the Slime extended another tentacle and grabbed Jenna's right wrist.

"Augh!?"

With a light twist, her concentration was broken by the pain, and the light dissipated.

"Damn—what now!?"

The tentacle then grabbed Jenna's hands and feet, just like Forneus, restraining her in an inverted 'spread-eagle' position.

The difference was that the skirt of her robe was upside down, blocking the Saint's view even without the use of tentacles.

As a result, Jenna didn't know what was being done to her, and could only guess from the sensations she felt on her skin.

"Tch... but...!"

(There's still something I can do! If I continue to pray...)

The Slimes still didn't fundamentally understand what Jenna and Fasarina were doing.

If they did, they would have quickly moved Jenna away from this place.

Even if she was dragged outside the barrier, this place still functioned as the 'keystone of the barrier.'

As Jenna offered her prayers while hanging upside down, her shorts fully exposed, the speed at which the barrier was constructed increased slightly in response to her power.

(Jenna, you're amazing.)

Fasarina noticed the revival of Jenna's power and exclaimed in admiration in her heart.

Jenna's initiative was that remarkable.

Even with her body restrained and in a critical situation, she still offered prayers to erect the barrier—that was how tremendous her concentration was.

However, the Slime sensed a crisis from the priests who were trying to do something that would put them at a disadvantage, and extended its tentacles towards her body.

It wouldn't kill her.

Jenna, the priest even called a Saint, was a valuable and excellent host.

Knowing that the priests' prayers increased in power through concentration, the Slime tried to break that concentration—by directing a tentacle dripping with love potion liquid towards her defenseless crotch.

The upside-down skirt was in the way, and Jenna didn't notice.

"Forneus, I'm sorry that things have turned out like this, even though you worked so hard... but I'll save you soon...!"

The moment Jenna declared that powerfully, a single drop of love potion liquid dripped from the tip of the tentacle aiming for the Saint's vaginal opening.

It fell onto the crotch of her pure white shorts, changing the color of that area to gray and faintly revealing the vertical slit of the vaginal opening hidden beneath.

It was just a single drop of water.

If it was just ordinary water, Jenna might have ignored it even if she felt a slight discomfort.

However, that drop of water was a potent... no, a heinous love potion.

"Haugh!?"

Suddenly, Jenna heard a scream from inside her skirt as she received a shock of heat in her crotch.

Her face turned red all the way to her ears, though it couldn't be seen from the outside, and her eyes widened in astonishment.

Even when she directed her surprised eyes towards her upside-down lower body, the skirt was in the way, preventing her from seeing.

"What is...!? Stop it! This body is already,"

(Graphs, help me!!)

When she understood that the shock she felt was sexual, Jenna immediately understood the cause.

She didn't know exactly what had been done, but she knew that the Slime was trying to ensnare her with a love potion.

Realizing that, the Saint recalled the face of her beloved husband in her heart.

Even before this operation, she had shared intimacy with her husband.

She thought that would strengthen her resolve.

A rendezvous with her beloved.

She wanted to seize a happy future with that person someday.

To that end, she vowed to risk her life and do her best, and that's why Jenna didn't lose her concentration even after being captured by the Slime.

That's why.

"It's alright. I'm alright, you—ah hiya!?"

But such bravado turned into a scream as the tentacle dripping with love potion mucus caressed her crotch through her shorts.

Her pure white shorts became even more transparent, revealing even the golden pubic hair beneath.

Even though it had only touched her crotch, the heat was so intense that Jenna's own love juices, different from the love potion mucus, gradually permeated the entire shorts, spreading a lewd stain.

"Hihi!? Hih, fuhiiii!? Ahh ahh ahh, atsuhi, atsuiiii!?"

Jenna was one of the first victims to be invaded by the Slime's love potion.

She was imprisoned with the developer, Carla, in the Rishurua Research Tower, and her body was soaked in love potions.

Now, the effects of the love potion were slightly weakened by the inhibitor developed by that Carla, but the effects hadn't disappeared, and she was attacked by lewd heat every day.

She desperately endured it, or had it resolved by her husband's hand every day, but—at this moment, Jenna realized that the Slime's love potion had been revised to be far more powerful than 'before.'

Just the mucus overflowing from the surface of the tentacle made her crotch burn with heat.

Even through the wet and transparent pure white shorts, the married woman's lewd slit twitched, and after a while, it opened wide, revealing the pink vaginal mucosa hidden inside.

Her clitoris, too, pushed back its foreskin and softly erected just from being wet with the love potion, revealing its tip.

As her sensitive vaginal mucosa and clitoris were exposed, the tentacle coated in love potion mucus gently and slowly stroked her crotch through her shorts again.

"Fuua—augh, afuuu...—!"

Just from that, the vision hidden by her skirt flickered, and unbearable pleasure, like an electric shock directly implanted into her brain, flowed into her.

Before she knew it, Jenna was shedding tears, drooling, and even had snot running down her face.

Tears streamed endlessly from her blue eyes, reminiscent of the open sky, while only her waist moved back and forth in the air like a separate creature.

Eventually, she even came just from having her crotch caressed, scattering her love juices around while splashing into the air like Forneus.

"Hahe... ah, ahe...?"

(...?? Ah, what? What is...?)

It was then that Jenna finally regained consciousness.

She had been unconscious.

The pleasure was so sharp that she had lost consciousness just from having her waist caressed.

When she realized that, Jenna's face turned blue.

"Ah, ah,... no, it's alright—I, something like this... there's no way I'd feel anything...! Absolutely! So, I won't lose to something like this..."

Jenna, who had just regained consciousness from fainting, closed her eyes while uttering words that were incomprehensible even to herself in a slurred voice right after climaxing.

Concentrate.

Erect the barrier.

She had to erect it.

That was her mission, and it was to repay the people who had worked so hard until now—.

"Aff!? Nff!? Au, ah, ah!?"

The Slime pressed its tentacle against her shorts, pushing aside the pure white cloth that was wet and no longer fulfilling its role as underwear.

Aiming for her crotch, adorned with defenseless golden pubic hair, it forcefully invaded her vaginal opening, which was the woman's greatest

weakness.

There was no resistance.

In the first place, it was a hole that had been twitching and exposing its mucous membrane as if to open its mouth, just from being wet with the love potion.

The married woman's hole, which had been used every day and night for the past few years since she was first violated by the Slime, was a little looser compared to Forneus's.

But rather, that became a moderate tightening, and as it swallowed the Slime's tentacle, it easily reached the innermost part... her cervix.

"Ann! Ah, no—wait—kun!? Ah, ah, no... it can't be... there's no way I'd feel anything from something like this... ..no, wait... nhiyaa!?"

On the contrary, Jenna climaxed from the shock of the insertion, climaxed from having her vaginal mucosa directly rubbed, and climaxed from being poked in the cervix.

Even though she couldn't be satisfied no matter how many times she climaxed during sexual intercourse with her husband, the insertion of the extremely thick, virile, and powerful tentacle threatened to melt the Saint's thoughts in an instant.

However, Jenna desperately endured that sweet and melting stimulation, gritting her teeth and enduring.

Her reason hadn't been shattered yet.

(You, you, you...! Help me, protect me!!)

Jenna desperately recalled her husband's face in her mind.

He was a kind husband.

He accepted and embraced her, who had been smoldering because she couldn't abandon her infatuation with the Hero who had married her best friend.

He tried to be a good husband.

He was a cool and intelligent, proud husband.

For the sake of that husband, Jenna had to complete the barrier.

She had to protect this land where her husband lived.

—But her lower body sensitively felt the slightest movement of the tentacle, easily leaking love juices, and even wetting her inguinal region, lower abdomen, navel, and even part of her upper body with her own love juices.

Her chaste blue robe quickly changed to dark blue, making it visually clear that the woman, who was even called a Saint, was feeling pleasure from the filthy act with the Slime.

"Nhiyaaa!? Hifuuu!? Hih, hih, I won't, I won't lose hiiiiii!?"

But such thoughts were shattered easily as the tentacle in her vagina was pulled out, inserted again, pulled out again, and inserted again and again—gradually increasing in speed and power.

The speed created even greater pleasure, and Jenna let out a sweet and melting, lustrous moan from under her skirt that anyone would have to admit she was feeling.

Her lower body, adorned with shorts and garter stockings, convulsed pitifully, and she displayed her second orgasm with such force that she wet the ground with her love juices, not losing to Forneus.

Amused by the reaction of wetting the surroundings like a clumsy watering, the Slime made its tentacle harder, bigger, and more throbbing.

"Hih!?"

(It, got bigger!? Why!? How!?)

The Saint, who had no idea that her lewd appearance was the cause, was shaken by the sensation of the tentacle hardening inside her vagina, and tightened her flesh.

It was a desperate measure to 'prevent the tentacle from running wild any further,' but for the Slime, it was just a moderate tightening.

"Hauah!? N, no!? Please, only that, only that please don't do it!?"

Jenna shouted instinctively.

If the tentacle hardened and moved faster, there was only one thing waiting for her.

As a married woman, she had no choice but to shout that.

She could only shout that.

The Saint, whose hands and feet were restrained, couldn't even thrash her body, and her defenseless crotch, lifted into the air, was forcefully thrust with a violence that struck repeatedly, repeatedly, repeatedly—.

"Please don't do only that! Please, don't let it out! Outside! Please, not inside—nooooooooo!?"

But such words were ignored, and the Slime quickened the insertion of its tentacle as if in delight, and finally thrust into the depths of her womb with a force that shook her entire body.

While pressing its tip against her cervix, it mercilessly began to ejaculate.

"No, noooooooooaaaaah!?"

As ejaculation began, hot liquid flowed directly into her womb.

"This... no, no... hot, what is this!? Hot, it's hottttt!?"

Understanding that Jenna would be shaken by his screams, Forneus, trained as a hound, desperately swallowed the sensation.

Perhaps it was because he was a beastman, strong both mentally and physically.

But it was impossible for Jenna, a priestess.

The golden-haired saintess screamed at the shock of the love potion semen being poured directly into her womb, shaking her enviable beauty within her skirt.

Her beautiful golden hair clung to her sweat-slicked skin, not even caring that her wet hair was disheveled.

She couldn't afford to.

"Ah, ahhh, ahhhh!? Hot, so hot!?"

(This, this is!? This is too much!?)

The heat seeping into her womb was converted into pleasure, something impossible to suppress with human will.

She had been violated by Slimes countless times, but she could never get used to this particular stimulus.

Each time, the love potion was made worse, and even with inhibitors, they were almost useless.

The ability to generate a barrier with the small amount of reason she had left was still intact, but that very composure made her recognize the effects of the love potion more clearly, burning her brain.

It had only been a few minutes since the violation began, but the back of her head already ached.

A throbbing, numbing pain originated from the depths of her head, making her feel so good that her entire body seemed to melt away.

"Higgghhh, uuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuh!?"

Among her entire body, the most sensitive place was the most sacred place in a woman's body, where the love potion semen was being poured directly. Her womb.

The tentacles continued to spew a large amount of semen into her womb, and the pulsating phallus in her vagina stimulated her entire sensitive vaginal flesh.

Each time the semen burned her womb, Jenna convulsed violently, twisting her beauty hidden in her skirt in ecstasy.

Her entire body was being swallowed up by a feeling of weakness as if she had just reached orgasm, yet her body continued to climax.

She felt exhausted as if she had just sprinted at full speed after only a few orgasms, but there was still a large amount of semen left in Jenna's womb.

No, it was still being spewed out--.

"This is, not yet... Unghh! Again, no, no--no more, I'll break--Ahhh, uuuuh!?"

The scorching sensation spread from within her body again, and Jenna let out a pained scream at the overwhelmingly powerful sensuality that she couldn't resist.

But no matter how much she screamed, the Slime wouldn't stop.

With obscene splashing sounds, the insertion of the tentacles resumed while ejaculating.

"Ahhh!? No, I said no! I'm telling you no! Again, it's moving!? Why, no, no more!"

Jenna screamed, even though she should have known where she was and what the situation was.

It was a genuine scream.

She was pleading that she had reached her limit--.

"Stop it! Please... Stop! Forgive me, please stop! Graphs, Graphssss!"

Jenna called out her husband's name instinctively.

If things continued like this, she would be ruined.

She had vaguely understood it ever since she was captured in the 'Slime Castle' and returned.

--It feels too good.

She would no longer be satisfied with sex with her husband.

Her husband would only do it twice at most, but the Slime was forever.

Many times, dozens of times, hundreds of times.

It would violate her until Jenna was satisfied, or even until she fainted, until she broke.

Its inexhaustible stamina was something that humans could never imitate.

A difference in species that could never be filled with love.

She was made to realize it.

It was being engraved into her.

Jenna, a married woman, was about to desire someone other than her husband.

That was scary.

Scary and terrifying.

The simple fact that it felt good was terrifying and unbearable.

"Fugguuuuh, fuuuuuh, Fugguuuuuuuuh!"

Jenna clenched her teeth while crying, desperately offering a prayer with the little reason she had left.

She desperately wished for the act to stop, and that was why she remembered.

There was only one other way to be saved.

"Ahhh, hahhh, kuh, hic, higguuuuuuuuuuh!"

(Goddess Fasarina! Goddess Fasarina, please help me, protect me!)

She remembered the one she should ask for help.

It was only the goddess she worshipped.

Only God could save her from this demon.

"Fuhhyaaaaaaah!"

So Jenna continued to pray desperately, even as she screamed and gushed.

So that the barrier would be completed even a second sooner.

.

.

.

"..."

Even Fasarina was in a desperate situation.

The Golem's fists were being slammed down relentlessly, and now that she had released Forneus, the impact was twice as fast.

The repair of the barrier couldn't keep up.

The cracks gradually widened, and now there was nowhere on the front of the Golem where it was intact.

(But fortunately, I am only being targeted by this one...)

Fasarina made that judgment and concentrated the barrier only on her front as a last resort.

If there was only one opponent, there was no need to defend in all directions.

If she concentrated the defense in one place, she could repair it more strongly and more quickly.

(With this...)

By concentrating the barrier's defense only on the front, a strong barrier was formed that wouldn't crack even with the Golem's giant arms.

This should buy her time to build the barrier that would cover Grabalt's forest.

"Jenna, please hang in there a little longer--"

Fasarina called out to her follower, who was still offering prayers while being tossed about by the pleasure of having her crotch fondled, as she let out a seductive cry in the distance.

(Just a little more...)

As the world was enveloped in twilight, the wall of light began to curve in a shape that enveloped the forest like a round roof.

All that was left was to cover the ceiling part to the center of the forest.

Once that was completed, it would be completed as a barrier that nothing could pass through.

"Just a little more..."

Again, the Golem struck the barrier.

But it was meaningless.

The barrier no longer had a single crack, and the Golem's arms were simply blown away in vain.

(As expected, it has knowledge but not much ability to think--how dare such a lowly magical creature do this...)

It had destroyed the world she had created.

Fasarina formed the barrier while harboring emotions close to anger.

The Golem's fists were no longer a threat, but the hostility directed at her was dangerous.

If something happened, Fasarina could at worst abandon this body and escape.

But for now, she needed a vessel of flesh to complete the barrier.

The barrier was perfect, but if something happened to Angelica's body, it would be a problem--she continued to maintain the barrier while being wary of the Golem in front of her.

".....!?"

It was at that moment.

The Golem was shaking the air in front of her while swinging its fist.

Fasarina, who had been focusing only on that, didn't notice the tentacles approaching from behind.

The tentacles came from the Golem's heel.

The weeds growing from the ground served as a natural camouflage, hiding its appearance.

"Tch, it seems you used your intelligence as a lowly magical creature."

She spat out an insult while sitting on the ground and maintaining the barrier.

Three tentacles wrapped around her breasts, which were larger than Forneus's, and her beauty, which was filled with more sacredness than Jenna's.

The blue robe was quickly soaked with the love potion mucus secreted from the surface of the tentacles, clinging to her beautiful limbs.

When wrapped around her beautiful, explosive breasts that could barely be held by a man's two hands, they were fixed in the shape of a bell, pushing them up from the base.

The clothes clung to her skin because they were wet, and the shape of the underwear she was wearing faintly emerged.

The tentacles that crawled over her beauty moved while stroking her nape, licking her glossy lips.

...However, the goddess didn't budge.

By completely shutting off the senses of her body, she didn't feel pleasure, and was only aiming to complete the barrier.

(It's useless. Pleasure doesn't work on me.)

She had almost accepted it with agitation and interest before, but now, in this desperate situation, her heart wouldn't be shaken.

The goddess continued to weave the barrier, simply to fulfill her role--.

"....."

New tentacles stretched out to Fasarina's limbs as she continued to pray with her eyes closed.

The Golem's arms continued to strike the barrier only to prevent Fasarina from erecting a barrier that surrounded her in all directions.

If the barrier was weakened even a little, it would be crushed by the Golem's fist, so it had to continue to exert a sense of intimidation.

...For that reason, it could only create thin tentacles, but with that, it couldn't break Goddess Fasarina's concentration.

However, it had also deprived Fasarina of the decisive factor in protecting this body.

(I'm sorry, Angelica... I'm going to be defiled again.)

In order to maintain the barrier that protected her from the Golem, she had to accept the tentacles that had circled around from behind.

After apologizing for that, Jenna continued to prepare to erect the barrier again.

--While her body was being caressed by the tentacles.

"Huu..."

First, she exhaled slowly.

The important thing was not to be agitated.

Because she had cut off the senses of her body, Fasarina wouldn't feel pleasure.

No matter how much she was violated, if she didn't restore her senses, Fasarina and the others would eventually win.

"There's no problem."

She could say that with certainty.

That she wouldn't lose.

At the same time as those words, new tentacles that had circled around from behind wrapped around Fasarina's entire body.

They tried to lift her up like Forneus and Jenna, but Fasarina's body didn't budge.

Her body was fixed in this position by the barrier.

After trying several times and realizing that it wouldn't budge, the tentacles decided to violate Fasarina in this place, as she was.

No matter what these women were thinking, the Slime would try to impregnate the woman from its instincts.

It had learned to kill women after becoming Alfredo's shape... It had learned to kill women by obtaining Fasarina's bodily fluids, but that was only for 'existences that were harmful to it'.

That judgment was very vague, and only those who had driven it into a critical situation were targeted.

In other words, the two Heroes and the scientist Carla, who had created the tools to kill it.

The others were just bait. Just seedbeds.

That was how it recognized them.

"Huu, u..."

Her breathing became ragged.

Fasarina thought it couldn't be helped.

It was just a physiological phenomenon.

If her body was forcibly aroused by the love potion, there was nothing a woman could do.

Even women with strong mental strength like Forneus and Jenna were crying out in pleasure.

Even though the goddess's spirit was residing in it, Angelica's body, which was just a priestess, couldn't withstand it.

Her breathing became ragged, sweat poured out, and her cheeks flushed.

But for Fasarina, who had cut off her senses, it was only 'suffocating'.

She continued to maintain the barrier without any problems.

The wall of light was further expanding its area, and although it was slower than expected, it was definitely heading towards completion.

(Everyone is doing their best.)

It wasn't just here.

In order to erect the barrier, cooperation from multiple priests was essential, and adventurers, knights, and even the magical creatures who had been driven to the brink of extinction were cooperating to protect the priests.

As a goddess, her position was complicated, but she was able to hold out this far only because of everyone's cooperation.

"Ku, n... U..."

Sweet sounds began to leak from Fasarina's mouth.

When she turned her gaze to her body, the tentacles dripping with love potion mucus were still wrapped around her body from the encirclement.

But even if it didn't understand what it was doing, it felt that it was dangerous.

The assault on Fasarina was more intense than on the other two.

When it realized that love potion mucus alone wouldn't stop her, the shape of the tentacles changed.

It was a shape that could be called a syringe, like the one it had used on Forneus.

It had a needle on the tip, and inside it was filled with a poisonous pink love potion mucus.

It would inject it directly into the body, not from the skin.

The needles were aimed at her nape, nipples, lower abdomen, clitoris, and arms.

These were the weaknesses of women, and the love potion would be injected directly into the blood vessels that ran throughout her body, causing her to become aroused from within.

Medicine was underdeveloped in this world, in inverse proportion to the development of magic, but the Slime's knowledge, which had swallowed many human bodies, far surpassed that of humans.

It applied and diluted the love potion to the extent that it wouldn't kill the human body.

If that circulated through the blood vessels, her fingertips, and even her heart and brain, which circulated blood, would be contaminated.

She wouldn't die.

But Fasarina couldn't imagine how much aftereffects would remain--an act that would make an ordinary woman cry out in terror was nothing to Fasarina, who was using a 'borrowed vessel'.

If they wanted to affect her, they had to find a way to contaminate her soul, not her body.

But that was an impossible technique for creatures living in this world, and no matter how strongly and powerfully it evolved, it was the 'Slime's limit'.

Looking down at the tentacles that continued their futile resistance with cold eyes, Fasarina continued to maintain the barrier.

Love potion was injected into her nape, into the blood vessels in her arms, into her nipples, into her clitoris--into every part of her body.

"This is..."

Suddenly, her body began to convulse pathologically.

Angelica's body trembled precariously as if screaming, and love potion overflowed from the tips of her breasts like breast milk, and her clitoris swelled to the size of the first joint of a little finger, reminiscent of a small man.

Just the protrusion rubbing against her underwear caused obscene liquid to overflow from her crotch, and a puddle quickly formed under her feet.

Fasarina was worried about the body that had begun to tremble abnormally, but she didn't interrupt her prayer.

Understanding that, the tentacles returned to their original shape and began to caress the Fasarina's body that had become more sensitive--no, that had 'broken'.

"Huu... Hah, hah... Hmm, this is troublesome..."

She didn't feel pleasure.

That was natural, because she had cut off that sensation.

But her breathing was ragged, her vision was blurred, and her limbs moved on their own.

Because she had cut off her senses, she was concerned about those unnatural movements, and her concentration was disturbed.

The speed at which she erected the barrier visibly slowed down.

But it hadn't stopped completely.

(Let's continue to concentrate--it's okay, there's no way I, who has cut off my senses, will be swept away by pleasure...)

With that confidence, Fasarina offered her body without resistance and concentrated only on erecting the barrier.

The Golem pounded against the Barrier, skillfully increasing the number of its tentacles.

What it particularly targeted was her ample bosom—an even larger bust than Forneus's.

Had the Love Potion injection caused an abnormality in her female hormones, or was she simply born with such a physique?

Angelica's body began to leak milk with every squeeze, staining the neckline of her blue robe in a lewd manner.

Not only was it excessively large, but it was also incredibly sensitive; whenever her breasts were touched, Fasarina would convulse uncontrollably, her expression remaining blank.

At the same time, her breath became ragged, sweat poured out, and although the goddess's concentration did not break, it was slightly disrupted.

Tentacles wrapped around her breasts multiple times, pushing from the base to the tip as if milking a cow.

Immediately after, a massive amount of milk erupted, enough to be seen even through the robe.

It was not the same as the Slime's semen; it was the nourishment a woman provides to raise a child. Breast milk.

The tentacles eagerly latched onto the goddess's nipples, each vying to be the first to obtain her milk.

"How filthy... mmm... ah..."

Breathless, Fasarina murmured this from the depths of her heart.

Not only was it violating another race, but the instinct to snatch away her breast milk was simply abhorrent.

In her line of sight, numerous tentacles swarmed around her nipples, competing with each other, causing her body to undergo pathological convulsions.

But the targeting did not stop there.

Another tentacle lifted the skirt of her obstructive robe, exposing her thick thighs and the panties hidden beneath.

The pure white fabric adorned with black lace, featuring a striking red ribbon, was somewhat childish in design.

In these times, there was no luxury to choose underwear; she had simply grabbed a piece at random.

It was ill-fitting, digging into her lower abdomen, but as long as it could be used as underwear, she hadn't minded... until now.

"Mmm, ah... Angelica, please hold on. Just a little longer, mmm... please..."

The ill-fitting underwear dug into her lower abdomen, and worse, it clung tightly to her clitoris, which had swollen to the size of a pinky.

With every tremor from the stimulation of her breasts, the sensitive clitoris rubbed against the lining of her underwear, causing Fasarina's vision to blur.

She did not feel pleasure.

Yet her body relaxed from oxygen deprivation and extreme sensations, and if she let her guard down, her consciousness might easily fade away.

No matter how strong-willed Fasarina was, if her body fainted from lack of oxygen, that would be the end.

The Slime had not thought that far, but...

(This is bad, isn't it...?)

It was unexpected that Angelica's body would exceed its limits.

Given the nature of the Slime, it would likely not kill her, but...

(Before the consciousness of the body fades, I must form the Barrier...)

Fasarina felt a sense of urgency, but the formation of the Barrier did not speed up.

Her partner, Jenna, had fainted from overwhelming pleasure, surpassing her limits.

She sensed the power to form the Barrier dissipate from the body of the saint, who hung upside down before the goddess, motionless.

Though hidden by the skirt, she could not help but wonder if Jenna was rolling her eyes back in her head.

(Jenna, please wake up... Jenna...)

Fasarina directed her voice toward her consciousness, but there was no response.

She would likely awaken eventually, but even if she regained consciousness, would she be of any use?

—While she pondered this, a change occurred in Fasarina's own body.

Perhaps sensing the growing crisis from Fasarina's unyielding demeanor, the tentacles transformed once again into the shape of a syringe.

"...Wait."

Fasarina finally spoke up.

"That could lead to this body dying—surely you understand that..."

The Love Potion that drove a woman's sensitivity to madness.

The Slime must understand what would happen if it were used repeatedly in a short time.

After all, it had conducted numerous experiments.

How much of a dose would excite a woman?

How much would break her?

Having experimented, it knew—Fasarina was still not dead.

"..."

For the first time that day, the goddess's expression twisted.

She directed a fearful gaze toward the approaching syringe.

Her senses were cut off.

She felt no pleasure.

...But what would happen if this body were to break down completely?

As if to answer that question, the tentacles, devoid of any sentiment, easily injected her.

From her neck, from her arms.

"Ah, ugh..."

Suddenly, Fasarina's body began to convulse violently.

She squirted from her groin and even bled from her nose.

Her eyes were bloodshot, and although they were open, she could see nothing; the tremors would not cease.

(I'm sorry, Angelica...)

This body had completely broken down.

Fasarina understood this, yet her consciousness did not fade.

Perhaps it was the last miracle Angelica had invoked—she thought.

"Ke, ke, ke—"

Her mouth could not form words.

Her body was convulsing dangerously enough that she could not even string together coherent sentences, but Fasarina was certain of her victory.

(Angelica. I vow to save your soul—)

As Fasarina's entire body trembled sickly, tears and blood flowed endlessly, yet her eyes witnessed the light Barrier enveloping Grabalt's forest.

(Hurry and come out, Akane, Mariabelle... quickly... hurry...)

7 - The Heroes and the Slimes

"This makes it the sixteenth!"

With a sharp flash, Alfredo's head flew into the air.

Having already struck down many of these 'humanoid' forms, Akane felt her resistance to wearing them diminish as she turned her gaze to the next Alfredo.

However, that Alfredo had already been cut down by Mariabelle in a sweeping motion.

"That makes seventeen, doesn't it?"

As she said this, Mariabelle quietly exhaled slowly.

Though she didn't show it on her face, her breath was slightly ragged from running through the forest.

Her legs were gradually growing heavier, a clear sign that fatigue was accumulating.

After standing still for just a few seconds to rest her body after slaying Alfredo, she looked around her surroundings.

"It doesn't feel like we've made any progress at all."

"Well, it can't be helped. With just the two of us, no matter how hard we try... you know."

Akane also planted her sword into the ground like a painting, leaning her weight against it to rest her body.

They had been running, drawing the Slimes away, and whenever they spotted a Slime in the shape of Alfredo, they struck it down.

Of course, the Slime in the shape of Alfredo was not alone; it was protected by many other Slimes, but only a handful.

Before the two heroes, they posed no threat.

"Still, they really keep transforming, don't they? Even after cutting down seventeen, the Slimes don't seem to care at all."

"Yes. For the Slimes, taking on a human form probably isn't anything special."

"Honestly—I'd like them to show a bit more of a boss-like presence, some sense of uniqueness."

"That's true."

Akane occasionally used words that were difficult for Mariabelle to understand, but she continued the conversation, sensing the flow and atmosphere of the discussion.

Alfredo—a complete humanoid form—was not particularly special to the Slimes, as Akane had confirmed after facing several Slimes in the shape of Alfredo in the forest.

They easily revealed themselves before the two, were defeated, and then another Slime would transform.

The number was not large, and they likely couldn't appear in large numbers simultaneously—though the reason was unclear.

(Or perhaps they are luring us in like this...)

At first, they had decided on their destination and ventured deep into the forest.

The base of the World Tree where Grabalt's castle stood was their goal.

If the Slimes had any intelligence and possessed even a modicum of human-like abilities, they would surely be particular about their 'habitat.'

Just as humanoids would create their own 'castle.'

Akane thought Alfredo would also prepare a castle or a home.

That was why they aimed for the base of the World Tree as a landmark, but the Alfredo they found there was easily defeated.

And now, after taking down seventeen Alfredos, she thought...

"If we go any deeper into the forest, we won't be able to return when the barrier is completed."

"That's right... I've gotten quite fast since coming to this world, but it's about time..."

When the two looked up at the sky, they saw a thin golden membrane stretching across the sky through the gaps in the deep forest of Grabalt.

The sun was gradually tilting, and the darkness of night was spreading, but thanks to that light membrane, it wasn't so dark that they couldn't see their feet.

"Should we go back?"

"I'd like to, but..."

However, just as they were discussing this, another Slime in the shape of Alfredo appeared before them.

It had been like this for a while.

Having learned from their previous encounters, the Slimes had begun to take on Alfredo's form at key points to prevent the two from escaping.

"Should we take down as many as we can?"

"Yes."

Mariabelle and Akane each readied their holy swords, pointing them at Alfredo.

In response, Alfredo also readied a plain iron sword.

It was likely something he had taken from a corpse left behind when Grabalt's castle was destroyed.

As Alfredo took his stance, he grinned defiantly.

But it was merely a change in expression—there was no emotion behind it, and rather than a smile, it conveyed a chilling, lifeless quality that could be perceived as 'terrifying' by onlookers.

"Don't you dare smile like that!!"

Though Mariabelle had no personal connection to Alfredo, she had heard that he was a deceased victim of the Slimes.

Anger surged within her at the insulting change in expression of a dead person, and she charged forward, slashing straight at him.

Fast—by the time Akane took a step forward, she had already closed half the distance to Alfredo.

In just a few more steps, she closed the distance entirely and swung her holy sword down with all her might from above.

The strike, faster than Alfredo's reaction time, did not allow him to take a defensive stance and cleaved him from the top of his head down to his groin.

As she completed the downward swing, she followed up with a horizontal slash that cut through his torso.

The liquid that had been sliced into a cross shape melted and collapsed before her, but Mariabelle immediately looked up.

Using the branches as a foothold, another Alfredo with the exact same face leaped down.

"Ha!!"

She kicked the body of the adult male who had tried to tackle her.

However, Alfredo extended his tentacles and wrapped them around her, pulling himself back and changing his position in midair.

The kick missed, and the Alfredo, moving like a spider using its threads, charged at her from the side—but...

"There's one here too!!"

Before that charge could collide with Mariabelle, Akane, who had been a beat behind, slashed with her sword.

Yet even that was deftly avoided as Alfredo skillfully used his tentacles to absorb the momentum of the charge.

(This one's movements are different! This guy—!?)

"Mariabelle!!"

"Yes!!"

The two quickly understood.

This was Alfredo—a special individual.

This Alfredo moved with the agility of a wild animal, leaping onto another branch.

Immediately after, a wind magic attack flew in from a completely different direction.

Even though the wind blades were already difficult to see, the golden membrane covered the sky, and it was darkening into night.

The ambush strike was... but Akane, without any preliminary movements, cut through the magic and turned her gaze toward it.

"There you are, the girl who escaped from the castle's dungeon!"

"Lady Akane!!"

"I'm going!"

Their current objective was to 'seal the Slimes,' but there was something they had to be careful about during that process.

That was to 'not leave any humans inside the barrier.'

If they failed to do so, the Slimes would continue to multiply within the barrier and could become a threat to humanity in the future.

For that reason, it was necessary to secure Satia if possible.

That was quite a difficult issue in a forest filled with Slimes, and it was only a 'if possible' situation.

There was no need to force it—but still, the moment Akane spotted Satia, both she and Mariabelle immediately decided to capture her.

(If she were to be sealed for hundreds of years, it might not be so dangerous...)

A human's lifespan is at most several decades.

If Satia was an adult, that would likely be her limit.

How many Slimes she could produce in that time was something the two, not being scholars, could not know, but it was certain that it would exceed a thousand.

(I won't let that happen!!)

"Wait!!"

As the barrier neared completion, one of their objectives appeared right before them.

Akane headed straight for Satia, but Mariabelle stood in front of Alfredo to block her path.

"I won't let you pass—you're going down here too..."

She could feel that this Alfredo was different from the others.

It was a sense of intimidation, perhaps.

Unlike the previous Alfredos, who had been emotionless and expressionless like dolls, this one awkwardly changed its expression, trying to protect the woman like a human would.

(If such a thing were to blend into the human world...)

Could people distinguish between humans and Slimes?

The moment she thought that, Mariabelle understood that this individual absolutely had to be defeated.

She tightened her grip on the holy sword.

The magical power stored in the blade would likely be needed for their escape, but she resolved to use it all if necessary to defeat this foe.

It was not just the 'Hero's Intuition'; it was a conviction that Mariabelle felt intuitively as an individual.

"Wait!!"

As Mariabelle faced Alfredo, Akane was pursuing the fleeing Satia deeper into the forest.

It was likely a trap.

Satia was deliberately moving through the particularly treacherous beast paths deep in the forest, which were unfavorable for her.

The footing was poor, and visibility was limited.

(It's okay, I can catch up in no time now!)

Ignoring the rough terrain, Akane ran through the forest at full speed, following her instincts.

She envisioned securing Satia, reuniting with Mariabelle, and escaping the forest—a clear vision of victory filled her mind.

Just a little longer... thinking that made Akane feel lighter on her feet.

She was about to catch up to the fleeing Satia when—

"Just as I thought, you came!"

Several beasts approached, running alongside Akane.

Wolves.

But these were much larger than ordinary wolves, faster, and... monstrous.

They were magical creatures classified as werewolves.

The quadrupedal humanoid wolves raced through the forest faster than Akane, who had awakened as a hero and enhanced her physical abilities, quickly closing the distance.

"Come on!!"

Without slowing her pace, Akane focused her awareness on the werewolves.

Immediately, one of the combat-ready werewolves lunged at her.

However, it did not try to stop her right away.

First, it ran alongside her, gauging her, then extended its claw-like fingers toward her.

"———!"

When she blocked the sharp claw strike with her sword, she was slightly taken aback by its force and weight.

(Strong—its strength is above mine.)

Perhaps because it was a beastly magical creature, its instincts were sharp, and even while running alongside her, it executed precise attacks, deftly countering her strikes.

It felt more like fighting a seasoned martial artist than a magical creature.

With her long weapon, Akane was surprised by the flurry of claw strikes she was receiving, but she dodged and weaved through the forest, getting closer to Satia.

To prevent that from happening, the werewolves' attacks grew gradually fiercer and more reckless as she approached Satia.

They were trying to stop her with sheer force.

"Here!!"

Choosing a particularly wide opening from the rougher attacks, she slashed it down with her sword.

With one strike, she severed an arm, and with a second, she pierced its chest.

The werewolf, pierced in the chest, lost its balance, and as its legs stopped, it fell to the ground, rolling away.

The werewolf, unable to stop its momentum, fell to the ground and melted away.

While she didn't have the luxury of cutting its core, once it was down, it would take time to catch up again.

However, three more werewolves were still targeting Akane.

"This is the first monster I've seen. Have they changed forms again?"

She thought for a moment that if they could move this quickly through the forest, they should be multiplying this individual more.

Even Akane, a novice in tactics, thought that, so why hadn't the Slimes done that?

It couldn't just be a lack of intelligence, but the first thing that came to mind was,

"Perhaps it really was a trap."

(The timing of that girl showing her face, and how we were separated from Mariabelle...)

At that moment, Akane stopped in her tracks.

Not to face the werewolves.

"Oh no, that was their aim!?"

Akane and Mariabelle had come here to gather the Slimes in the forest.

They might not know the reason for that strategy, but perhaps they thought they had no chance of winning with both heroes present and sought to divide them.

(Was that girl a decoy!?)

Realizing this, Akane quickly turned back and began to sprint back the way she had come.

Securing Satia was not absolute.

It would likely be advantageous in the future when fighting to eradicate the Slimes.

However, that was still a long way off, and right now, it was better to minimize casualties.

Humanity was in a desperate situation, needing to prioritize the present over distant future concerns.

And the key to that was the hero.

Mariabelle, being a half-elf, had a longer lifespan than humans, and her life was more precious and important than anyone else in this world.

—As Akane sensed that this was a trap to take Mariabelle away, the werewolves began to swarm around her.

"Don't get in my way!!"

She slashed through one that lunged at her, narrowly avoiding the sharp claws aimed at her from the opposite side, using the momentum to blow it away.

However, that caused her to halt.

(They're fast, and—)

Before she knew it, the number of werewolves had increased to five.

No, Akane's keen senses picked up on even more werewolves and other Slimes approaching from the surroundings.

"The reason so many slow monsters were appearing was to make us let our guard down..."

(I thought it was strange. I hadn't seen any monsters this fast before.)

They were surprisingly clever. Smart.

The scientist Carla had said that Slimes might absorb some consciousness and memories of the creatures they took in.

Not only did Slimes change their forms into monsters, but they also mimicked the lives of those creatures.

While Akane couldn't think of any meaning behind mimicking the lives of monsters as a whole rather than as individuals, she could understand the possibility of them absorbing some consciousness or memories.

After all, she had heard that single-celled monsters, which could only charge head-on, were setting up 'traps.'

"Mariabelle, just wait a moment—"

Regaining her composure, Akane readied her sword in a proper stance.

Surrounded by werewolves, if she took too long, other magical creatures would gather as well.

But she wouldn't rush.

Once she regained her calm, she took a deep breath—

"Haah!!"

As a werewolf lunged at her from behind, Akane turned and swung her sword with the momentum.

That strike accurately destroyed the werewolf's 'core,' and as it passed by, its form collapsed, falling to the ground and melting away without being able to stop its charge.

With that as a cue, the remaining four werewolves lunged at her simultaneously.

"Yah, ha!!"

The werewolves were incredibly fierce, but their coordination was still lacking.

The Slime transformed into the shape of a magical creature, mimicking its actions as before.

It was likely that the werewolves attacked in groups like this when hunting.

However, they were not attacking simultaneously; their timing and order were slightly off.

This behavior mirrored that of wolves hunting, where they would strike in succession to tire out their prey, and then deliver the final blow when the prey's movements slowed.

But this flaw would become their downfall.

If their timing was different, they could simply face them in order of speed.

Akane made that judgment instantly, and with a speed that would make even a master seem sluggish, she sliced through the werewolves in the order they approached her.

It was easy to say, but Akane's blade was sharp, and she cut through each Slime's Core with precision, taking down the werewolves one by one.

Two, three—she smoothly dispatched the fourth, and the last werewolf charged at her without losing momentum.

In one swift motion, she swept its torso aside.

As the werewolves fell to the ground in staggered timing, they could no longer maintain their forms, creating a pool of slime around Akane as they vanished.

"Alright."

Akane swung her sword to cleanse it of impurities and dashed forward without sheathing it.

If this was a trap, Mariabelle was in danger.

(Wait—!?)

"Ahh!?"

In that moment, Akane narrowly avoided a heavy object that fell from above.

However, she was still caught by the shockwave generated upon impact with the ground, sending her flying several meters away.

Though she managed to keep her consciousness, she looked up, shaken by the sudden attack.

"W-What is... Ahh!?"

This time, the ground beneath her feet crumbled.

The lower half of the female Hero was swallowed by the earth—and worse, the entire hole that had opened up collapsed, sending her sliding down like a slide.

She was unlucky.

The place where she fell was not just a slope, but rather a terrain close to a cliff.

It was a steep incline, not quite at a right angle, and there was nothing in sight to grab onto.

The cause of the collapse was the Slime's slime.

The ground, soaked with the slime of the defeated Slimes, had turned to mud and she fell into a worm's hole beneath the surface.

And once she realized that...

"No way!?"

At the end of the muddy slide, a dark hole awaited.

No, it wasn't just a hole. It was the mouth of a Worm.

As Akane grasped this fact, she plunged her sword into the ground.

She tried to slow her slide, but now her "sword was cutting too well," and she couldn't stop.

Though her momentum had weakened, she was still headed straight for the Worm's mouth.

(This is bad, this is bad, this is bad!?)

In the brief moment of time she had, Akane thought of her next move—she quickly drew the sheath from her waist and thrust it into the ground.

As expected, the sheath couldn't cut through the ground, and finally, her sliding momentum came to a halt.

"Th-Thank goodness..."

Surprised by her own relief, Akane let out a sigh—when suddenly...

"Wait, now!?"

A werewolf fell on top of Akane, who was stuck using both arms to keep herself from being eaten by the Worm.

Unable to resist, the werewolf dug its claws into the ground to brace itself against the fall, and with its free arms, it began to violently tear away the armor Akane was wearing.

"No, no!? Don't take it off! I need my armor!?"

(If I lose it, I won't be able to defend against the Slime's poison!? No way, not like this!?)

Because she had defeated too many Slimes, the ground had become muddy, causing her to fall.

What a foolish way to lose.

As Akane thought this, she desperately struggled to escape the werewolf's grasp.

The werewolf had no intention of killing Akane.

Even if the opponent was a Hero who might have defeated dozens, hundreds, or perhaps even more of its kind, to a Slime, a woman was a precious breeding ground.

Moreover, if she was a Hero, her importance would only increase.

"Let go, let go!!"

Akane gripped her sword and sheath tightly with both hands, bracing herself as she kicked the werewolf's torso.

The werewolf's massive body was sent flying, plummeting into the mouth of the waiting Worm below.

...By that time, the clasp on Akane's breastplate had been destroyed, and it was barely hanging on her shoulder.

More importantly, her undergarments had been torn, revealing a flashy red bra.

"You perverted Slime...!"

Cursing under her breath, Akane used the sword and sheath as leverage, alternatingly stabbing them into the ground as she crawled back to safety without falling.

Finally managing to climb up the muddy slope, her upper body reached solid ground, and she let out a sigh of relief.

"Haah, haah... that was close...!?"

However, the Worm, realizing its prey had escaped, extended its tentacles from its mouth, climbing up the slope.

As it approached Akane, who had just relaxed with her upper body on solid ground, it wrapped around her lower half.

Tentacles coiled tightly around her legs and waist.

With multiple tentacles gripping her, Akane, still half-submerged in the mud, had no chance to escape.

As the Worm tried to drag her down using its weight, Akane firmly planted her sword and sheath into the ground to resist the pull.

"No way!? Let go!!"

Panicking, Akane kicked at the tentacles wrapped around her legs, trying to pry them off.

But the opponent was a tentacle—a slime monster, even if it took the form of a Worm.

Such resistance should have been easily endured... or so she thought.

"Get off, get off!"

(This monster isn't that big!?)

Earlier, she hadn't noticed due to the shock of the fall, but the Worm targeting Akane was quite small.

It could even be called a juvenile.

Its total length was about the same as Akane's height, and correspondingly, its tentacles were thin.

As she thrashed her legs, several tentacles easily came loose, granting her more freedom to move her lower body.

"With this..."

Finding a glimmer of hope for survival, Akane desperately began to thrash her legs.

She had no idea what would happen if she got swallowed, so she couldn't let go of her sword and sheath planted in the ground.

As she focused solely on her lower half, Akane noticed a shadow looming over her.

Looking up, she saw a large shadow—a towering horned man, an Ogre, standing above her.

He held a massive rock in his hand, and she vaguely understood that the shock that had sent her flying earlier was due to this giant rock being thrown at her.

Akane looked up at the giant figure, her cheeks twitching.

"Ugh..."

(What should I do...?)

Her hands were occupied. If she relaxed her lower half, she would be swallowed immediately.

In this dire situation, she still had her weapons in hand.

Moreover, she still had the "Valhalla's Holy Water" for self-defense.

"Ah!?"

However, despite her calm thoughts, a strangled scream escaped her lips.

The cause was the Ogre's groin.

The horned giant, far larger than any human male, had a member that was far more monstrous than that of a human.

Even with a piece of cloth wrapped around his waist as makeshift underwear, its tip was visible when erect... no, it was drooping down, so perhaps it wasn't even fully erect yet.

Even so, the reproductive organ of an adult male that Akane knew was nothing compared to the thickness of a Slime's tentacle.

As she caught sight of it, the female Hero, who had been a virgin until recently, felt a childlike fear and tensed up.

No matter how many Slimes she fought, she was still unaccustomed to being the target of "desire."

"Ah, no—!?"

As her body stiffened in panic, new tentacles wrapped around her lower half.

Perhaps having given up on pulling her in with the help of its companions, the Worm finally swallowed her lower half, dragging her in from her ankles.

Desperately trying to thrash her legs, she saw the Ogre step closer, looming over her.

An abnormally large male member was approaching her face.

In that moment of panic, the Ogre dropped the large rock he was holding, grabbed Akane's head, and pressed her face against his member, adorned with glasses, as if it were a trophy.

"Mmmg!?"

The Ogre seized Akane's jaw, forcing her mouth open.

With a member as thick as a child's arm blocking her mouth, the female Hero couldn't even scream.

It was so thick that even when she stretched her mouth to its limit, it was painful, and she couldn't breathe properly.

And then— the Ogre treated Akane's mouth as if it were a sexual organ, thrusting his hips back and forth.

"Mugoh, oh, fugoooh!?"

(It's suffocating!? Let go!!)

Akane grimaced, desperately trying to push against the Ogre's hips.

Ironically, the Ogre's grip on her head stabilized her upper body, preventing her from being pulled down the cliff.

However, now she was being assaulted in the most humiliating way possible...

"Ngh!?"

But she could only focus on the Ogre in front of her for so long.

Now, the Worm, climbing up the slope like a cliff, began to gradually swallow her lower half.

Though it wasn't biting her with teeth, the sensation of the thick slime writhing and engulfing her legs through her heavy pants was overwhelming.

She was being eaten.

As she felt that fear, the Ogre's member thrusting into her mouth increased its pace.

"Fuguh, mugh, fuguuh!!"

(It's coming, my feet too—! Someone, help...!)

Thanks to the new armor Fasarina had prepared, Akane was unaffected by the love potion.

Calmly, she was being silenced by the Ogre's massive member while her lower half was being devoured by the small Worm.

Meanwhile, other magical creatures gradually gathered around Akane.

As she caught sight of them from the corner of her eye, Akane silently pleaded for help...

Perhaps one or both of Akane and Fasarina's stories might become a side story.

8 - Winners and Losers 1

<novel-excerpt>

“_____”

“Ugh...”

(...It’s disgusting)

Mariabelle found herself unable to shake off those distracting thoughts during this battle.

The clash of the Holy Sword and the iron sword echoed through the forest with a high-pitched sound.

The Humanoid transformed its slimy arm into a sword, enveloping it with magical power to intercept the Holy Sword that would obliterate the Slime.

However, right in front of her, Alfredo was doing it even more efficiently, using a metal sword to block Mariabelle’s Holy Sword without consuming any magical power.

Indeed, if one were to consider prolonged combat, this method would be more efficient.

Moreover, even if the power of the Holy Sword were to be activated unexpectedly, he could withstand it much better than the slimy sword.

...But still.

“Stop that smile!!”

“_____”

The Slime, taking on Alfredo’s form, wore a smile.

Was it truly enjoying the battle against the Hero, sensing victory ahead?

Or was it merely mimicking a human?

Either way, that emotionless smile was nothing but eerie, and being directed at Mariabelle became a significant psychological burden for her.

Rather than fear, feelings of disgust and revulsion were stronger.

A smile plastered on like a mask.

Without breathing, it showed no signs of fatigue or breathlessness.

It simply continued to attack with a calm demeanor, smiling as it approached.

(Disgusting, hard to fight... Why is it like this...)

She had fought against the threat of Slimes many times before.

The ordinary oval-shaped gelatinous form.

Slimes that had taken on the appearance of various magical creatures.

Humanoids.

The completely unknown Black Ooze, possessing traits of countless organisms.

...Yet, there was an alien quality about the Slime before her that was unlike any of those.

As she swung the Holy Sword in a panic, Alfredo elegantly deflected her erratic sword strikes with remarkable swordsmanship.

His sword skills were astounding.

The techniques learned from the knights he had absorbed were fully utilized now that he had taken on a complete humanoid form, allowing him to

respond to Mariabelle's sharp swordplay.

“_____”

Conversely, Mariabelle barely managed to deflect one of Alfredo's strikes.

A woman and a man—human and Slime.

The difference in physical strength stemming from that disparity caused Mariabelle's tall frame to stagger backward.

It was a heavy blow.

Though it seemed to be a casual strike, after receiving it multiple times, her right hand began to tingle.

Currently, she was managing to fend off attacks using the shield on her left arm.

(Strong—purely, strong!)

As Mariabelle was astonished by this fact, she stood her ground.

She had an instinct that if she retreated, she would be overwhelmed in an instant.

In fact, despite his expression being emotionless—his smile still plastered on—Alfredo's gaze, which could be described as a keen sense of battle, was sharper than any Slime's.

For now, he was deliberately using strikes that were easier to block to tire Mariabelle out, but if she showed any openings, magical attacks or tentacle follow-ups would surely come.

Having cut down seventeen Alfredos since entering the forest, Mariabelle understood the richness of his attack methods.

(Don't think you can win by holding back!)

She felt no irritation about that.

Rather, if he underestimated her, she would simply seize the opportunity to counterattack.

With renewed determination, Mariabelle took a deep breath and charged forward.

“Haah!!”

As she blocked Alfredo’s sword strike with her shield, she retaliated with a thrust aimed at his chest.

However, Alfredo sidestepped, avoiding the thrust, and readied his deflected sword for a horizontal slash.

As she bent down to evade that strike, the tips of her long, beautiful black hair danced in the air.

Unfazed by having her prized hair cut, she stepped forward, positioning her shield in front and attempting to body slam him.

Her goal was to disrupt Alfredo’s stance, but he didn’t budge an inch.

“Uwaaaah!!”

As she pressed her entire body against Alfredo, he only retreated slightly, half a step back.

With that space created, she thrust her sword forward.

(At this distance!)

As she stabbed the Holy Sword into his abdomen, Mariabelle unleashed the magical power she had stored in the blade without hesitation.

The light of the Holy Sword, which annihilates magical creatures, burst forth, piercing Alfredo’s torso—yet, he transformed only his torso into slime and moved half a step to the side.

The released Light of Exorcism only burned his side, and Alfredo quickly discarded the ‘part’ that had been scorched by the self-destructive light.

While discarding it, he swung down his iron sword.

“Even that!?”

(To minimize the impact of the wound!? He really is clever!)

He wasn’t just accustomed to battle.

He seemed to have a profound understanding of how to use his body and fight.

At the very least, the way he easily excised a wound from his abdomen after being stabbed was a fighting style no human could conceive.

Surprised by this, Mariabelle blocked the descending sword with her shield and jumped backward.

“Haah, haah...”

If possible, she had wanted to finish him off with that last strike.

She could sense it.

Surely, the same fighting style wouldn’t work again.

The opponent was a Slime, and those who had fought at a distance to avoid paralysis or love potions would now be facing a sudden close-range ambush.

It was good that she had managed to stab the Holy Sword, but if he minimized the damage in that brief moment before its power could manifest, it wouldn’t be a fatal wound.

While she was contemplating this, Alfredo’s abdominal wound healed in no time.

(As expected, I need to obliterate all the slime at once...)

Destroying the Core was not very realistic.

Mariabelle instinctively understood that Alfredo had countless Cores within his body.

Not just two or three, but likely more than ten.

(Probably more than the Humanoid I fought in the Slime Castle)

Then she should unleash the power of the Holy Sword all at once and sweep through this area.

(But if he can withstand that, I'll have no means to resist)

Thinking that way, a very unpleasant premonition arose.

Surely, this magical creature had some means to endure against a complete humanoid.

Or perhaps... it wouldn't work at all.

(Slimes indeed grew stronger over time. They have been evolving)

But could such a thing really be possible?

That the Holy Sword of the Goddess, the sword of her father, would not be effective... Yet, Mariabelle was anticipating the worst-case scenario.

In the moment they faced each other, her initial hostility born from its grotesqueness was now beginning to wane.

“Ugh...”

(No! I must defeat it here—absolutely, I must defeat it!)

Even if the seal was completed, having such a Slime within the Barrier would not allow for a sense of security in the future.

Right here, right now.

Before it could grow any further, she had to defeat it.

“Fuu...”

She steadied herself.

Slowly exhaling, she calmed her mind———.

“!!”

She lunged forward at full speed.

With an intensity that would make even a trained knight seem to leave an afterimage, she stepped forward, kicking the ground and raising a cloud of dust.

By that time, Mariabelle was already right in front of Alfredo.

This was a completely different movement from the cautious approach she had shown before; it was the fastest advance she could muster at that moment.

Closing the distance in an instant, she swung the Holy Sword horizontally.

——At that moment, Alfredo’s body was already in the air.

He too kicked off the ground at full speed, leaping into the air.

However, Mariabelle anticipated this, and with the momentum of her horizontal swing, she spun around, changing the trajectory of her sword and slashing upward while gouging the ground.

“I got it!!”

The upward slash deeply cut into Alfredo’s body, which had become sluggish in midair.

However, it was not a fatal wound.

For a living human, it would be a lethal injury, but for a Slime, it was merely a loss of some slime.

Raising her intact right arm—she brought it down toward Mariabelle with the force of her fall.

“Guh!?”

With a heavy metallic sound, the Hero’s shield blocked the iron sword.

At the same time, the iron sword shattered halfway.

To withstand the Slime’s strength and the shield’s durability, mere iron was insufficient.

However, Alfredo extended tentacles from his back, grabbing the blade of the shattered iron sword that was now in midair.

He then lashed it like a whip, attacking Mariabelle from her blind spot—behind her.

“Not yet—”

She rolled forward to evade that strike.

Her left arm, which had taken the blow from the iron sword, was tingling.

(It’s not broken, I hope...)

But she felt no sensation.

Using her shoulder as a pivot, Mariabelle swung her left arm, deflecting the tip of the sword caught by the tentacle with her shield.

She countered with a strike, this time deflecting it with the Holy Sword.

In the meantime, Alfredo unnaturally extended his left arm, transforming it into a tentacle, and picked up another iron sword.

Looking around, it seemed he had prepared multiple iron swords, having gathered them from the forest.

(Did he consider this place a battlefield...?)

That was the only conclusion she could draw.

Mariabelle and Akane possessed an exceptional Hero's Intuition, almost akin to foresight, and he might have been confident that he would eventually reach them.

Or perhaps, like the Humanoid she fought in the Slime Castle, he had gained such overwhelming power that he acquired an intuition close to the Hero's Intuition.

At that time, she had no certainty.

Her intuition had dulled, and conversely, the Slime was fighting with a sharper intuition.

Such a thing had never happened before, and it was impossible for a magical creature, an enemy of humanity, to gain the Hero's power simply because it was "strong."

——It was unimaginable that her own blood, the blood of her first menstruation, was mixed in there.

However, if it became the second one, it would turn into certainty.

And Alfredo had obtained it.

No, it was precisely because he had obtained it that he had taken on the complete humanoid form of "Alfredo."

The blood of the Goddess, thicker than that of the Hero.

“I won’t lose... I can’t lose!”

Their fighting strength was evenly matched. No, Alfredo might even be stronger.

Yet Mariabelle had the weapons of the Goddess.

A armor that protects against all poisons.

A shield that defends against any attack.

And the Holy Sword that destroys evil.

Alfredo discarded the broken sword and gripped iron swords in both hands.

With his emotionless face still wearing a smile like a mask, this time he charged at her.

“Absolutely!!”

As Mariabelle steeled herself, she glared back at him and slashed from the front—only to feign it.

Just before impact, she came to a sudden stop, changing direction and circling to the side to bring down the Holy Sword.

However, Alfredo blocked her first strike with one of the swords he held in his left hand, and with the momentum of his turn, he swung his right sword.

She deflected that strike with her shield, but her exposed torso was kicked through.

“Guh!?”

Unable to withstand the shock, Mariabelle stumbled backward, and Alfredo followed up with a flurry of sword strikes.

Each one aimed at vital points, attacks meant to “kill” Mariabelle.

“Ugh, guh!? Not yet, not yet!!”

(It’s heavy, it hurts! I can’t take this!?)

As she took the blows head-on, her hands went numb, and Mariabelle desperately tried to deflect or evade each strike from the side to avoid fatal injuries.

The overwhelming difference in physical strength.

No matter how strong her body was, the weight of each strike was insurmountable.

It was the limit of a woman’s body.

Their speed was equal. His physique was superior. There was no comparison in stamina.

On top of that, if she was even losing in strength, Mariabelle could see no chance of victory—yet.

“This!!”

As she deflected attacks at crucial moments, Mariabelle somehow managed to jump backward to create some distance.

Alfredo immediately pursued her.

His movements were so agile, it was as if he knew exactly what “Mariabelle would do next.”

(I knew it! My actions are being read! Why!? Is he that perceptive? Or—)

If he was absorbing the consciousness and wisdom of the people he had taken in, his combat experience would surely be far superior to Mariabelle’s.

It could be a preemptive strike based on that experience.

She had no certainty.

Mariabelle and the rest of humanity still understood nothing about the abilities of the Slime.

Yet, they had managed to win until now because of Mariabelle, the Hero, and the deadly poison known as Valhalla's Holy Water.

...No, they hadn't won.

It would be more accurate to say they had managed to survive until today.

Every day had been a precarious existence.

“Not here!”

(I can't end it yet!!)

Fontille had been attacked, she had been separated from her mother, she had been called upon as a Hero, and she had responded to that call.

Recalling those days, Mariabelle gritted her teeth and swallowed her own weakness.

Gripping the Holy Sword tightly, she placed her faith in her shield and armor—.

“I can't lose here!!”

As she readied the Holy Sword, Mariabelle braced herself.

Alfredo approached—this time, he suddenly stopped just before closing in and circled to the side.

He mimicked the same fighting style Mariabelle had used earlier.

Instantly imitating her, he moved with more force, speed, and visual acuity than Mariabelle.

She reacted immediately, but Alfredo was faster—.

“Gah!?”

Moreover, Alfredo circled to the right, where he could bypass her shield’s defense.

Mariabelle managed to block the first strike with her Holy Sword, but she couldn’t react in time for the second.

“Guh!?”

For the first time, Mariabelle was hit.

The iron sword struck her armor, and the impact knocked the wind out of her.

Her vision blurred, and pain instinctively caused her body to retreat.

As Alfredo stepped in to fill the gap, the instincts of the Slime interfered.

Victory was assured.

So instead of killing her, he aimed for her head with a precious strike meant to capture the “female hero,” but the trajectory shifted slightly.

Seizing that opening, Mariabelle managed to dodge the finishing blow by turning her body.

Her eyes still held no signs of giving up.

Channeling strength into her still-numb left arm, she shouted,

“Haah!!”

With a fierce shout, she slammed her shield into his face.

The sensation of something flesh-like and elastic crushing against her shield, along with Alfredo’s upper body bending like a bow, was felt.

Even as a Slime... no, because it was humanoid, the attack to the head caused its movements to momentarily falter.

“This!!”

</novel-excerpt>

Taking advantage of the opening, Mariabelle attempted to thrust the Holy Sword, but Alfredo's body immediately returned to an upright position, as if pulled by strings like a puppet.

The thrust was evaded with a strange movement that seemed inhuman, resulting in a miss.

Nevertheless, Mariabelle pressed on, enveloping the blade of the Holy Sword in light.

"Blow away————!!"

Though it did not strike directly, it still emitted the Light of Exorcism.

Thanks to the Humanoid form, Mariabelle knew she could channel more magical power into the Holy Sword.

So, without hesitation, she unleashed the sword's light, burning Alfredo's body at close range.

"————!"

For the first time, a scream-like 'sound' escaped the mouth of the Slime.

Simultaneously, its body began to crumble, half of it evaporating into white smoke.

Unable to maintain its human shape, Alfredo extended his remaining left half—his arm transformed into a tentacle that wrapped around a distant tree.

Like a spider's thread, he pulled his body away, escaping the Light of Exorcism.

"Hah, hah!!"

Mariabelle quickly turned her gaze toward his escape route.

She wouldn't let him get away.

Desperately catching her breath, she dashed forward.

By then, Alfredo's wounds had already begun to heal, and writhing slime was forming his lower half.

If he had legs, he could run.

It was as if he was thinking that way.

"I won't let you escape!!"

Without hesitation, Mariabelle unleashed the power of the Holy Sword once more.

A beam of light, thicker than before, overflowed from the blade and slammed down toward the ground.

However, Alfredo anticipated the attack, perhaps sensing it, and rolled on the ground to evade.

He judged that jumping or using his tentacles to move would be more dangerous.

But Mariabelle did not give up.

"Hah!!"

She swung the blade of the Holy Sword horizontally while still channeling light into it.

As the blinding light closed in, Alfredo transformed both arms into blades resembling the Holy Sword, enveloping them in his own magical power.

Just as the Humanoid had done, he countered the power of the Holy Sword with his magic.

Moreover, the magical power Alfredo wielded was far denser than that of the Humanoid.

The slime's Holy Sword, covered in high-density magic that distorted space itself, absorbed the light Mariabelle unleashed—but soon dissipated in a puff of white smoke.

This was because Mariabelle had poured all of her remaining magical power into that single strike.

(I don't care if I can't go back!! So, Father!!)

"Uaaahhh!!"

Mariabelle swept the Holy Sword in one swift motion.

The thick beam of light purified the entire area of Grabalt Forest, sending up white smoke from various spots as if it were a tropical rainforest after the rain.

Not just Alfredo, but dozens, hundreds, perhaps even more Slimes were engulfed, as the dazzling light burned through the dim forest like the sun.

"Hah, hah, hah... Hah, ugh..."

Breathing heavily, Mariabelle heaved her shoulders up and down, fatigue and pain coursing through her.

Yet, despite her pained expression, her gaze remained vigilant.

"Akane, dear..."

(I've used my trump card... If I break the Core, I need to regroup quickly and get out of the forest...)

Mariabelle approached the Core that had taken the shape of Alfredo, keeping an eye on where Akane had gone after Satia.

But she stopped in her tracks.

"Ugh..."

(My chest hurts... I might have twisted my ankle...)

Her sword and shield had not been enough for defense, and even though it was an iron sword, she had been struck with metal over her armor.

The strength of the Slime was tremendous, and even the Hero's armor could not absorb the full impact.

Though she hadn't noticed during the battle, the reckless acceleration and deceleration had taken a toll on her legs.

The phrase "wounded all over" floated in her mind.

"I need to hurry..."

Slimes can revive as long as they have moisture.

That was something Carla and the scientists had discovered.

Time was running out.

Fighting something like that again was impossible for Mariabelle now——.

So, dragging her injured foot, she approached the Core and slammed the Holy Sword down to shatter it...

"Huh?"

However, even after breaking all the Cores lying on the ground, there were only three of them.

Strange.

Something was off.

The number was clearly too few...

"Kyah!?"

Just as she thought that, Mariabelle's body was sent flying through the air.

(Did I get hit!?)

By what?

It became clear immediately.

As she opened her eyes wide, she saw grayish-black tentacles writhing in the air, illuminated by the golden light of a barrier.

Enduring the shock of being struck, Mariabelle steadied herself in mid-air and landed on the ground—only to be hit again by a pursuing tentacle, which she barely managed to block with her shield...

"Ugh!?"

(So fast, so strong!? Much more than before!?)

The attack, stripped of any pretense of being a Slime, was far stronger, faster, and overwhelmingly heavier than when it had been Alfredo.

Mariabelle's body could not withstand it, and she was easily blown away as if she were a small stone or a piece of paper.

"W-why...?"

Even so, she managed to take the hit, avoiding a direct strike while voicing her confusion.

The light of the Holy Sword should have burned the Slime.

So why was Alfredo unharmed... and able to regenerate so quickly?

...Though Mariabelle couldn't see it, the answer was simple.

Since he had designated this place as the battlefield, it was only natural to prepare both weapons and a "place where he could quickly regenerate even if he lost."

——If she ventured a little deeper, there was a pond where fairies used to enjoy bathing when Grabalt was peaceful and thriving.

Just before being consumed by the Light of Exorcism, Alfredo had thrown most of his Core toward the pond.

The Cores thrown into the pond dried up in an instant, transforming entirely into slime, allowing him to control them and regenerate immediately.

"That can't be..."

Though she didn't know about the pond's existence, Mariabelle's expression stiffened at the realization that Alfredo had regenerated.

Even gripping the Holy Sword tightly, its blade only glimmered faintly.

The overflowing light from earlier was nowhere to be seen.

As despair washed over her, another tentacle came crashing down.

A thick tentacle, as wide as Mariabelle's torso.

It came down without hesitation, without care, imbued with the intent of "I don't mind if I die."

"Ugh, ah, stop——!?"

Again and again, again and again.

Mariabelle raised her shield above her head, managing to block the blows.

Dropping the Holy Sword to the ground, she supported the shield with both hands.

But it was futile.

The overwhelming mass and strength made her flesh and bones scream in agony.

With the third strike, she knelt.

But Alfredo was no longer careless.

With the fourth strike, her knee sank to the ground, and with the fifth, her strength drained from her arm.

With the sixth strike, she finally fell to the ground, and without hesitation, the seventh strike came crashing down mercilessly toward her defenseless back.

"Ah, gah..."

Yet still, Mariabelle was alive.

Though her whole body ached, nothing was broken.

The Hero's armor protected her daughter, still intact.

So, as the tentacle was raised for the eighth strike——.

"Mari!!"

The Slimes surrounding them, having been swept away by the Holy Sword's blinding light, were all incinerated.

Thus, without any hindrance, her reinforcements—her mother and sister—arrived, riding their horses.

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Time would rewind slightly.

"The barrier will be completed soon—but Mari, Akane, still..."

The Slime invasion had ceased, and while Leticia did not know what had happened in the forest, she had no doubt that her daughters had completed their mission.

Yet, they did not emerge.

If they were following the original plan, they should have already come out of the forest to regroup and be at the stage of completing the barrier.

There was no sign of Mariabelle or Akane coming out of the forest.

The Succubi watching from the air could no longer monitor deep into the forest due to the barrier imbued with the goddess's holy power, intensifying the mother and daughter's anxiety.

"The last time I saw them, they were fighting that Alfredo? That Slime in human form..."

"Mother..."

"Yes."

Upon hearing Fenerlieka's words, Leticia and Meltia nodded at each other, as if steeling themselves.

They entrusted the situation to the Elf knights who had arrived as reinforcements and borrowed their horses to enter the forest.

"Thank you for your hard work up to this point. Please protect the priests."

"Your Majesty!? Are you really going!?" If so, we will too——"

"No. There is a possibility that the Slimes will attack again. Focus on protecting the priests."

"We will take plenty of the additional Blessed Water you brought, so we will be fine."

The mother and daughter, who could wield the most powerful magic on the continent, took a significant amount of Valhalla's Holy Water sent from Fontille before riding into the forest.

(I must save the Hero, Mariabelle—even if it means sacrificing myself.)

For the mother and daughter... no, for the mother, saving her daughter was paramount.

Though she would have preferred Meltia not to come, Leticia was acutely aware of her own waning magical power.

...Rather than stubbornly losing Mariabelle, the Hero, she resolved to become a substitute alongside her sister.

"Are you sure about this, Meltia?"

"...I am prepared. Ever since that day I fled from Fontille."

Meltia had resolved to support the Hero, Mariabelle.

Ever since the day they were driven from their country by the Black Ooze.

To save the country and her mother, she would sacrifice Mariabelle.

Even if it meant her own destruction.

"Well said."

"Because I am my mother's daughter."

Leticia smiled at Meltia's determination.

At the same time, she thought, as if reaffirming.

(Even if I die, I will absolutely protect my daughters...)

Heading toward the place where Fenerlieka had last seen Mariabelle and the others fighting.

Though the location was far, the absence of Slime attacks allowed the mother and daughter to arrive much faster than they had anticipated.

Along the way, they spotted the light of the Holy Sword and changed their destination.

The Slimes feared that light, perceiving Mariabelle and Akane as a threat, focusing their attention solely in that direction.

With the second blinding light, the entire forest was swept away, and all the Slimes on the side where Leticia and the others were located were purified without exception.

Thus, their speed through the forest increased even further——.

"Mari!!"

Leticia shouted her daughter's name, who lay on the ground, and pulled out a bottle filled with Valhalla's Holy Water from her bosom, throwing it into the air.

The Slimes already understood that it was poison to them.

So they transformed their tentacles into a soft form, gently catching it.

But the opponent was a seasoned Magic User.

As soon as they caught it, they unleashed wind magic, shattering the bottle.

The impact caused the Blessed Water to splash out, collapsing Alfredo's tentacles.

——However.

"That can't be..."

Meltia, who was less accustomed to riding than her mother and had arrived late, gasped in surprise at the scene.

Seeing Mariabelle collapsed, she was shocked, but quickly dismounted and readied her staff.

"Mari, wait! I'll save you right away!!"

Leticia also dismounted immediately, preparing for battle.

The mother and daughter unleashed fire magic, which Slimes were weak against, and confirmed the presence of the bottles filled with Valhalla's Holy Water they had brought just in case.

(I have to somehow keep that Slime away from Mari...)

Thinking the same thing, the mother and daughter unleashed their fire magic simultaneously.

The colossal fireballs, unimaginable for individual Magic Users, engulfed Alfredo, threatening to incinerate even a corner of the forest behind him.

The fire magic, infused with magical power, was easily deflected by a single swing of a tentacle wrapped in magical energy.

Compared to Mariabelle's slashing attack, it was a mere fireball, slow and lacking momentum.

For Alfredo, determining the angle of its entry and deflecting it was far too easy.

Taking advantage of the opening, he swung his tentacle, knocking the staff from Leticia's hand.

"Ugh."

(How could it come to this...)

In an instant, she became acutely aware of the overwhelming difference in power.

It was not even a fight.

——Standing before her was just a Slime, yet it was a being of overwhelming strength.

Leticia suddenly recalled the time she fought the Demon King.

When her husband and Forneus stood in front of her, protecting her during the battle.

The deeper threat she felt now was not due to the absence of allies or because her daughter was in danger... but because she understood that this monster in human form was something beyond that.

(But still...)

Leticia clenched her jaw tightly, glaring at Alfredo.

"Meltia, take Mari and run! I'll buy you time!!"

"Yes!!"

Meltia did not resist.

The elder sister understood the overwhelming difference in power as well.

Even together, they could not win—let alone inflict any wounds; even holding him back would be precarious.

Thus, she realized that they had no choice but to sacrifice themselves to save the Hero.

Without her staff, Leticia manifested fire magic in both hands.

Three flames on each side.

Creating fireballs, she hurled them.

Alfredo skillfully manipulated his tentacles to knock the fireballs away, but each one exploded upon contact.

While the power was not immense, the slime's tentacles had a fragility that caused them to splatter easily.

It was one of the few weaknesses of Slimes—the fragility of their gelatinous form.

Considering this weakness, Leticia created more fireballs and approached Alfredo.

Though her speed was incomparable to Mariabelle's, she was protected by the exploding fireballs.

(If only I can buy a little more time——)

"Ugh, ahhh...!?"

However, such defenses were meaningless to Alfredo.

Though he reacted to the unfamiliar magic at first, he quickly adapted once he understood what it was.

With the delicacy of controlling his own fingers, he maneuvered his whip-like tentacles, easily slipping through the gaps between the fireballs to attack her directly.

As the tentacles wrapped around Leticia, they lifted her body into the air.

Under the glow of the golden barrier, the queen's form, clad in adventurer's attire, was constricted by the tentacles.

Alfredo was not a threat to her, yet he was a half-elf capable of producing rich magical power... and the queen who had defeated the Demon King was an exquisite breeding ground.

As if following his instincts, the tentacles that had tightened around her body began to writhe, wrapping around the ample breasts of the mother who had raised two children, her slender waist, her thickly muscled thighs, and her soft rear, which rivaled her bosom.

“Ugh, let go... let me go!!”

Leticia resisted fiercely, but soon her arms were ensnared, leaving her unable to move.

As she struggled, her voluptuous breasts, accentuated by the tentacles, swayed as if to flaunt their softness, while the pure white panties peeked out from beneath the skirt of her adventurer's outfit.

“Mother... Maria, wake up!!”

“Ugh... Sister, why are we here...?”

“Just hurry up and get up!”

Meltia said this without looking at her mother, rushing back to the horse she had ridden in on.

She helped Mariabelle to her feet, picking up the Holy Sword that Mariabelle had dropped, hurrying even as she nearly stumbled.

She cursed her own lack of athleticism.

(If only I had the power of Father like Maria...)

But there was no time for such thoughts; Alfredo did not grant her that luxury.

A different tentacle struck at her feet as she tried to flee, capturing her mother.

“Ugh—ah, kya!?”

Caught while supporting Mariabelle, Meltia was soon ensnared by a tentacle as well.

“Let go!!”

She screamed, trying to burn away the tentacle that had wrapped around her torso with fire magic.

However, another tentacle coiled around her right hand.

As she concentrated her magical power into her left hand, that arm too was ensnared by a tentacle.

Tentacles easily wrapped around both of her legs, binding her mother so tightly that she could not move at all, while her sister was pinned in mid-air, spread-eagle.

“Ah, ugh... Mother... Sister...”

“Maria, run away!!”

“Run, Maria!! Get away!!”

“That's...”

Dazed from the impact of being struck, Mariabelle managed to stand.

Before her were the figures of her mother and sister, suspended by Alfredo's tentacles.

Even if she was told to run, there was no way she could escape.

She looked at Alfredo.

The grotesque creature, resembling a human, still wore an emotionless smile.

...His right arm transformed into a tentacle, reaching out toward Mariabelle.

In a moment of instinct, Meltia released her grip just before being captured, grasping the fallen Holy Sword in an attempt to slash at the tentacle.

“Ugh!?”

“Ah, it... hurts...”

“Mother!? Sister!?”

As Mariabelle tried to resist, both mother and daughter were tightened further.

This was a warning.

If she resisted, he would kill her mother and sister.

It seemed to convey that message.

“Damn it...”

Mariabelle spat out, releasing the Holy Sword.

Immediately, the tentacles that had been constricting her mother and sister loosened. And then...

“Ah...”

The tentacle that had transformed from his right arm struck Mariabelle's armor.

It was not an attack.

(Is he telling me to take off my armor... with my own hands?)

Alfredo remained smiling.

That smile was grotesque beyond measure.

“Maria, run... away...”

“Run, quickly...”

“_____”

(I can't do that... It's impossible, Mother, Sister...)

With a sorrowful gaze, Mariabelle lowered her eyes, paralyzed by indecision, unable to choose what to do.

As if he understood her inner turmoil, Alfredo remained still.

(What should I do—We cannot afford to lose...)

But should she survive at the cost of her mother and sister?

Thinking that way made her arms feel unbearably heavy.

(That's right, there must be something...)

Was there anything she could use?

Clinging to a glimmer of hope, Mariabelle discreetly scanned her surroundings, unnoticed, and spotted the staffs of her mother and sister lying on the ground, along with a bottle filled with Valhalla's Holy Water.

It seemed they had dropped it when Leticia and Meltia were captured, having brought a large quantity with them.

Alfredo had not broken it, perhaps because the Holy Water, which was poisonous to Slimes, was something he disliked even releasing from the bottle.

At the same time, he must have thought it was not dangerous as long as he was not ambushed, as he had not moved it away from Mariabelle.

(Maybe... just maybe...)

“Haah...”

She slowly exhaled.

Taking a deep breath to calm her nerves.

Even so, her heart raced like a broken clock, and sweat poured from her in tension.

(It’s alright. If I have time and an opening... surely...)

There were still means to resist.

To buy time and create an opening—Mariabelle steeled herself and reached for the clasp of her armor...

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"....."

Mariabelle glared at Alfredo, her fingers on the clasp of her armor.

The monster mimicking the blonde human remained motionless, a smile plastered on its face, but as if sensing her resistance, it tightened its grip on her mother and sister with its tentacles.

"Ugh, guuu..."

"Agh... no, Maria..."

The effect was immediate.

Her mother understood that raising her voice would only push her daughter further, desperately trying to swallow her screams, but the pain forced a groan from her throat.

Her sister pleaded with Mariabelle to resist, but that voice only strengthened her desire to save them.

"Stop it! I understand, I do."

Mariabelle said, her hands trembling as she unfastened her armor.

She was prepared.

She understood what it meant to remove her armor—to lose the goddess's protection.

But she had no choice.

(It's okay. I still have ways to resist—it's okay, so...)

She told herself, removing her breastplate.

She took off her gauntlets along with her shield and placed them near the Holy Sword.

A pathetic attempt to be able to grab them all if a chance of escape arose.

As she removed her greaves, she felt a shiver, as if every hair on her body stood on end, as if her pores opened, a throbbing sensation.

Mariabelle, who had been fighting while wearing armor that blocked all poisons, hadn't noticed, but Alfredo, who had designated this place as the site of their final battle, had hidden clones around them that emitted a Love Potion smoke.

In addition, Alfredo himself was emitting a Love Potion body odor.

—If you looked closely, even the mother and daughter, who should have been suffering while restrained by the tentacles, were squirming in the air, moving their legs restlessly, rubbing their thighs together so hard you could see it even through their skirts.

That emotion assaulted Mariabelle, who had lost the protection of her armor.

"Hah... hah..."

In fact, Mariabelle might have been more susceptible to pleasure than her mother Leticia and her sister Meltia.

She had been protected by her armor for so long that she had had far fewer opportunities to "feel pleasure" than the other two.

(This is, the same as that time... frustrating, but...!)

The sensation was similar to when she was attacked by the Humanoid in the Slime Castle the other day.

No matter how strong her will, she couldn't resist, and it kept overflowing from deep within her body.

Before she knew it, her breathing was ragged, sweat was pouring out, and her skin was wet even though nothing was happening to her.

Her skin became sensitive in response to her breathing, and before long, she was aware of even the sensation of her clothes rubbing against her.

The change was especially noticeable in her breasts.

Compared to her mother and sister, who had been freed from their armor, her modest breasts were still hidden by her clothes and underwear, but her nipples were slightly erect and throbbing.

"Ugh..."

Mariabelle shifted, trying not to be noticed by Alfredo.

She leaned back, bent forward, trying to create even a little space inside her clothes so that her nipples wouldn't touch her underwear.

—Before Mariabelle's eyes, a tentacle stretched out.

"....."

(Am I going to be violated again...?)

She thought.

What a Slime does doesn't change, no matter how much it grows, evolves, or transforms.

...Or so she thought.

But Alfredo skillfully moved the tentacle and undid only one button on the clothes Mariabelle was wearing.

Then, he guided his right hand to the next button.

"...! You're the worst."

(After coming this far, you still want me to take it off myself?)

Sensing his intention, Mariabelle glared at Alfredo again.

"Ugh, guuu!"

"Ka, hah! Maria, no, run away!!"

"Ah!? Stop it! I'll, I'll do it properly..."

But even such a small resistance was not allowed when her sister and mother were used as shields.

Seeing her family in pain, Mariabelle's expression hardened with frustration and shame as she hurriedly undid the buttons on her clothes.

One, two—her white skin peeked out, and a glimpse of her black underwear, in stark contrast, could be seen.

When she undid the third button, her bra was completely exposed, and she felt like she wouldn't be able to move from the shame if she stopped even once, so she undid all the buttons at once.

Her collarbones were visible, and her chest was modest compared to her mother and sister—one could even describe it as meager.

In contrast, her flashy and attractive black bra, her toned stomach with not a single ounce of unnecessary fat, and her cute navel.

Mariabelle averted her gaze as a last resort, exposing her upper body, protected only by her underwear, her face flushed red to the tips of her slightly long, half-elf ears.

...Next is the bottom.

"Ugh..."

A Slime that violates women would not be satisfied with this much.

Without being told anything, Mariabelle thought so, and took off the men's belt that was tightening her thick trousers, and took off her trousers as well.

Before she knew it, she was left in just her underwear and boots—.

"Ah, no—no way!?"

A tentacle stretched out and snatched away her bothersome bra.

Mariabelle panicked.

The most meager chest in the family.

The shame of having it exposed in the forest, which was being dyed by the night, illuminated by the light of the golden barrier covering the sky, made her scream.

It had swelled slightly more than it had a few years ago, when she had no battle experience, but even so, it was less fleshy than the breasts of her family... no, women of the same age.

And yet, not only her nipples but even her areolas were plump and swollen, a change that anyone could see at a glance meant she was aroused.

This was because she had been injected with Love Potion around her nipples in the process of being violated by the Humanoid, which had changed her sensitivity.

As a result, Mariabelle's breasts were meager like a girl's, but her nipples and areolas alone swelled and thickened when she was aroused, making them something perverted.

However, it wasn't all bad.

As a woman, she was tall, and her body, which had been trained by standing on the front lines as a Hero, was slender, but still had feminine curves.

Now that she was left in only a pair of black shorts, there was nothing to hide her magnificent beauty.

"Ah, ugh..."

After a while, Mariabelle hid her complex, her small breasts, with both hands.

But.

"Ah, gah!?"

"Ah, stop it..."

As if not allowing even that resistance, Alfredo strangled his mother's neck.

Mariabelle gave up, lowered her hands that had been hiding her breasts, and took off her last remaining bra and matching black shorts... biting her lip.

Finally, she exposed her naked body before the eyes of her hateful enemy.

Meager breasts. Hairless mound of Venus.

The female Hero's genitals were slightly wet with arousal from absorbing the Love Potion.

It wasn't sweat.

The liquid dripping from the slit of her vagina had wet her thighs.

That was embarrassing, and at the same time, perhaps because of the continued influence of the Love Potion.

Mariabelle, like her mother and sister, rubbed her thighs together.

"Hah, hah... why, like this..."

(I hate it, it's frustrating... but I'm aroused... frustrating!)

Her face red to her neck, Mariabelle squeezed her eyes shut as if to avert her gaze from her current situation.

Her body was that of an adult, but her beauty was like that of a girl.

Her mystical naked body was adorned only with rugged men's boots, and the loathsome Slime tentacles wrapped around her flawless naked body.

"Hiccup!?"

No matter how strong her will, a scream escaped her lips.

The loathsomeness of the slimy, wet tentacles crawling directly on her skin.

Goosebumps rose all over her body, and if she let her guard down, her knees would easily give way.

...And yet, her nipples increased in hardness even though they weren't being touched, her areolas tingled, and her love juices flowed from her crotch.

"Ah, no..."

Whether the words of denial rejected being touched by the tentacles, or whether she didn't want to admit her own reaction to being stroked on her skin.

As the tentacles wrapped around Mariabelle's delicate naked body, they lifted the youngest daughter as well, placing her alongside her mother and sister in the air.

"Maria, why..."

"I'm sorry, Mother. But—!"

"Just you, escape..."

Having said that much, Leticia swallowed her words.

Even stripped naked and restrained, Mariabelle's eyes had not yet given up.

They were the eyes of a Hero who still believed there was some hope.

Leticia knew those eyes.

Her husband, too, had eyes that never lost hope like Mariabelle's, no matter what adversity he faced, and had overcome despair—.

(Is there still something she believes in?)

As Leticia swallowed those words, Alfredo began to change before the mother and daughter.

He divided the mucus among the Slime "Cores" that were rolling around him, and they merged into one and grew gigantic.

—What appeared was a giant tree that could be seen even from outside the forest.

A grotesque Mucus Tree that imitated the World Tree.

"Ugh. To defile even the World Tree... Forneus..."

As she imagined the face of her best friend, who would be furious with frustration outside the forest if he saw this, Leticia glared at Alfredo with frustration as well.

Meltia, who was usually gentle, was also filled with anger at the act of insulting her comrade's hometown.

Alfredo, who was glared at by the mother and daughter, did not seem to care about their gazes, and simply pressed the three of them against a corner of the World Tree.

...The bodies of the Queen, the Hero, and her sister were embedded in the surface of the Mucus Tree.

It was as if they were paintings or something, treated like furniture.

Embedded in the wall, unable to move their limbs, but with only their breasts, crotches, and faces exposed.

They wouldn't die from not being able to breathe, but no matter how much they put strength into their limbs, they wouldn't be able to escape.

As for Leticia and Meltia, their voluptuous breasts only shook and jiggled in a way that aroused men.

The state of being embedded with only three people in the extremely huge Mucus Tree was terribly comical, but the people who were embedded were not enjoying it at all.

The mother and daughter glared at Alfredo even more strongly at the treatment that made them look like a spectacle.

"Hiccup!? It's moving inside!"

"What—ugh, how disgusting..."

"Over here too."

The hands and feet embedded in the World Tree felt like they were being licked by something.

You couldn't see inside the mucus, but precisely because you couldn't see, it felt like both hands and feet, each and every finger, were being licked and sucked carefully, even in the gaps.

That was the truth.

This entire World Tree was made of Slime, and existed to tease the embedded women—a kind of livestock shed.

It was too huge to be called a shed, and there wasn't even a bed to rest on in the first place.

It just embedded women, caressed them, aroused them, and then...

"Ugh."

Next, thin tentacles that grew from the surface of the World Tree wrapped around their exposed thighs, armpits, and limbs, passing through their upper arms and thighs and gradually wrapping around their waists as well.

Once their joints and the fulcrum of their torsos were restrained and they were completely unable to move, the tentacles approached even more sensitive areas with a slow, crawling motion.

"Get away, don't touch me... don't touch my daughters!!"

"Hiccup, ah, no!?"

"Sister!?"

The first to be attacked by the tentacles was Meltia.

When the tentacles wrapped around her breasts, which were particularly prominent among the three, even larger than her mother's, the chest of the adventure clothes she had inherited from her mother was suddenly and violently torn open.

Her bouncy, pink-bra-clad breasts were exposed, and soon, even that last defense was snatched away.

Her beautiful, bouncy breasts, which were incomparable to her younger sister's, so large that even one breast would be too much for an adult man's hand, were boldly exposed before the Slime, shaking.

Her nipples were small, and her areolas were also small.

Compared to the size of her breasts, both gave the impression of being smaller than her sister's.

Meltia's breasts and nipples had also been developed by the Slime's Love Potion, but perhaps the reason why there was less change than in Mariabelle's case was due to her constitution or the resistance of her innate magic power.

That was why Mariabelle's nipples, which had been completely trained and soaked in Love Potion, stood out even more because of their thickness and sensitivity, which was half-erect even though nothing had been done to them yet.

"No, don't look—ah, please don't touch me!!"

Before Meltia, who was raising her voice in shame at having her embarrassing bouncy breasts exposed, the tentacles wrapped around her breasts.

If they were wrapped tightly as if squeezing from the root, her beautiful, bouncy breasts would be pushed forward like the breasts of a dairy cow being milked.

The wicked Slime tentacles squeezed the roots as they were, and directed new tentacles at the roughly pushed-out nipples, swallowing them as if sucking on them.

"Fuhyaa!? Nn, ungh!?"

(Inside, this!? Being licked—!? No, Mother and Maria are here!?)

"Nn, nnn!?"

Meltia bit her lip to swallow her moans from the shame of having her family around.

But her skin, which was whiter than Mariabelle's, was dyed red to the tips of her ears, and tears even welled up in her eyes from the shame.

"This!? Let go of Meltia—unh, hiii!?"

"Mother!?"

The Queen, who had intensified her anger at the humiliation of her daughter, also screamed immediately.

Her eyes widened, her tongue extended from her open mouth, and her entire body convulsed, stiffening with rigidity.

Even Mariabelle, who was next to her, didn't know what was happening to her mother.

Her breasts and clothes were still intact.

"Hiccup, ugh!? Blood, that's a different hole, ah...!"

"Mother!? Mother, stay strong!"

"No, no!? Maria, don't, don't look!!"

"What's wrong!? Mother!"

She didn't know what was happening.

As Mariabelle was shaken, her mother's body suddenly began to convulse.

Her skirt was rolled up by her thrashing, and she climaxed violently while still wearing her pure white shorts.

The Queen's love juices became droplets and danced in the air, and then, as if she knew it would happen, they wet Alfredo's entire body, who was standing in front of her.

For Alfredo... for the Slime, the magician's bodily fluids, which were full of magic power, were a delicacy.

This was something that would not change no matter how strong they became.

"Fugh, ah, no, strength...!? Ah, ah!? Please, stop, stop my butt!"

"Ugh, ah..."

(Butt? No way, Mother...)

Before her eyes was the beautiful Queen, the beautiful mother, whom she respected, who was trusted by everyone, and whom she had idealized as someone she wanted to become someday.

When Mariabelle understood that her mother's anus was being penetrated and she was reaching climax, she felt tears of frustration welling up.

She immediately averted her gaze from her mother's shameful state and glared at Alfredo.

"You...!"

She wanted to at least punch him, but Mariabelle was also immobilized, buried in the Mucus Tree.

And then.

"Hie!?"

The female Hero, with her hands behind her head, knees bent, and legs spread shoulder-width in a humiliating armpit-revealing and squatting position, seemed to be considered especially dangerous.

When she tried to resist, she was restrained even more tightly than the other two, and Love Potions were abruptly injected not only into her nipples and clitoris but also into her armpits and joints, areas that were not normally considered erogenous zones.

"Ugh, ah... Unn, aah, AAAAAH!?"

(A, hot!? Hot, what is this!? Ah...)

"Fuaaa, AAAAAAAAH!?"

That alone caused the female Hero to arch her back so far it seemed her spine would break, and she gushed an even greater torrent of fluids from her groin than her mother.

That also drenched Alfredo's entire body, pushing him to even greater heights.

Leticia's fluids, imbued with powerful magical energy.

The Hero's fluids, blessed by the goddess.

And then.

"A, no... no..."

Perhaps her body mistakenly believed it was pregnant from the excitement, breast milk overflowed from Meltia's breasts, which had been developed through repeated humiliations.

Her cute, favorite pink shorts were pathetically discolored only in the crotch area, and as the tentacles slid the shorts aside, a tentacle shaped like a male organ was inserted in one swift motion.

"O, un!?" She didn't even have the composure to suppress a moan."

With her body stimulated without question as it was already aroused, resistance was impossible. Meltia let out a low, guttural sound that was unimaginable from her lovely appearance, and like her mother and sister, she gushed.

As even more breast milk flowed out in time with her climax, Alfredo began to suckle on her mother-worthy, enormous breasts.

"Hie, no!? Don't suck!? Please don't touch me!?"

Even as Meltia screamed, Alfredo didn't stop.

Seeking the more nutritious breast milk, he sucked on his older sister's nipples, drawing up the milk while they were still in his mouth.

He also roughly massaged her other breast, absorbing the breast milk flowing from the nipple with his palm.

"Fua, ah, ah, A... again..."

"Melt, tia... un, ah, no... stop... endure... endure..."

"Sister, endure, please endure... Hieee!?"

Her mother and sister, trying to encourage her somehow, were also moaning, one with her excretion hole being penetrated and the other being directly injected with an even more concentrated Love Potion.

Listening to the voices of those two, Meltia still gritted her teeth...

"Fu, unnnn!!"

...After enduring for a few seconds, she easily reached climax.

Alfredo continued to squeeze her full, enormous breasts with both hands, absorbing even more breast milk.

It was an unbearable pleasure.

"Fuo, o, un, oooo!? Boobs, no... stop... my boobs are breaking, melting... unfuaaa!?"

She even hallucinated that her breasts had truly melted and disappeared.

Her sensitivity had increased so much that she felt they had exploded and vanished.

Yet, when her breasts were massaged, her entire mammary flesh heated up, and breast milk flowed vigorously from the mammary glands within that flesh, glands she knew were there even though she had never seen them.

She was assaulted by a violent pleasure that ravaged both the surface and the inside, and there was no way she could endure it.

Moreover, Alfredo's finger techniques were also amazing.

It only looked like he was roughly massaging her breasts, but it was with exquisite control and appropriate movements.

His finger techniques attacked only the spots that Meltia felt good, and her breasts seemed to melt away.

Her groin became a waterfall of love juices, and more fragrant magical power than her mother's was provided to Alfredo along with the breast milk.

"Fua, no, more... stop..."

(Feels, good...? No, no... no, but... Slime, but...)

Meltia's consciousness became hazy as her magical power was rapidly drained in a short period of time.

But her body succumbed to the pleasure, twitching and spasming, and her expression lost its hostility and became sweetly melted.

Tears of joy overflowed from her eyes, and the Slime meticulously licked up even a single drop, as if not wanting to waste it.

"Fuo, un!? O, ah, ah, stop... more, stop my boobs..."

Alfredo continued to steal breast milk from Meltia with his exquisite finger techniques.

It was breast milk meant to nurture children, but her mind was confused by the situation of having her breasts sucked by a handsome man who looked like an adult.

Meltia shook her head while crying, but Alfredo didn't let her escape.

Even more strongly, even more accurately, he lavished his techniques on Meltia's overly voluptuous, beautiful breasts.

Sometimes so strongly that their shape changed. Sometimes with a gentleness that caressed the surface. Sometimes with a teasing sensation that made her impatient.

"Fua, no, again... ah, kuu..."

While her breasts were being sucked and massaged, Meltia's entire body arched back stiffly.

She exposed her climaxing figure while averting her chin, and after a few seconds, she relaxed.

Her entire body, clad in her adventure clothes but with her breasts bared, spasmed and twitched as she reached climax.

"Ha, ha... au..."

Meltia's head dropped limply.

She had lost consciousness due to the overwhelming pleasure and the rapid consumption of magical power.

At that stage, Alfredo finally removed his mouth from Meltia's breasts.

He had already drunk a considerable amount of breast milk and bathed in love juices, but he then extended his demonic hand toward Leticia.

"Ha, ha, ha...! Guh, stop... Un, on!?"

The Queen, whose anus was still being penetrated at this moment, glared and let out a low, thick scream similar to her older daughter's.

Perhaps because they were mother and daughter, their voices were very similar to Meltia's.

Or rather, it should be said that Meltia's voice was similar to Leticia's...

(I, I must endure... If I keep enduring, this man won't lay a hand on Maria or Meltia...)

Leticia knew that Mariabelle felt some kind of hope.

She hadn't said it aloud so as not to be noticed by the Slime...

"Fu, guh... fuu, fuu...!!"

Looking next to her, her daughter, who had lost the protection of her armor, was panting as heavily as they were, but she still believed that she hadn't given up.

That's why Meltia desperately wanted to endure as well, and to buy time.

She gritted her teeth, glared at Alfredo, and clenched her fists so tightly that her fingernails seemed to dig into the palms of her hands buried in the Mucus Tree.

"No matter what you do, we won't lose! Absolutely, in the end..."

(We'll win. Anata, please lend me your strength... the power to protect my daughters, to me!)

Leticia clenched her teeth, picturing her husband's face in her mind.

If she could move, she would have attacked him even without her staff, sinking her teeth into his neck. She glared at Alfredo with that much spirit.

...Alfredo's hand grasped Leticia's slender waist and squeezed it powerfully.

Before she knew it, a male organ had been created from his groin, whether by Alfredo himself or by adjusting the size to best suit Leticia among the people he had absorbed...

It wasn't a tentacle.

It was something that resembled a human.

"Hie."

Leticia understood that she was about to be violated.

Moreover, it wasn't by a Slime's tentacle.

It wasn't being violated by a Magical creature.

It was in human form, being violated as a human...

"That, much!"

(Anata, the power to protect Maria and Meltia...)

Leticia roused herself and directed a sharp gaze at Alfredo.

Then, as strength gathered in both arms, she finally resigned herself to being violated... but still held her feelings strongly so as not to lose.

"Un..."

A voice escaped as the glans of the male organ pushed aside her pure white shorts and entered her vagina.

(It's, nothing... just a physiological phenomenon.)

Love juices overflowed from the stimulation of her sensitive vaginal mucosa being rubbed, and even though her thighs were already wet from having her anus penetrated, it dripped down to her knees.

Alfredo's phallus continued to bury itself inside Leticia.

A rigidity that she only had memories of from over twenty years ago.

Not a Slime's tentacle, but a human phallus.

"Ha, ha, ha... st, ill...?"

Alfredo's phallus was only about halfway in, but Leticia was already in pain.

It had been violated many times and had become soft, but the Queen's vaginal opening was still extremely tight.

Not too strong, not too weak.

It had been transformed into an exquisite female hole precisely because it had been used so much, and contrary to her true feelings, it had welcomed Alfredo with a pleasant tightness.

But for Leticia herself, it was the first time in over twenty years to have a man's phallus inside her.

The shock and pressure were incomparable to when she was dealing with tentacles, and she felt like she would be crushed by the pain if she didn't repeat her strained breathing.

"Pain, ful... thic, k..."

(Why, is it so much!? It should be shorter than a tentacle, thinner than a tentacle!?)

While she was agitated, Alfredo thrust all the way to the innermost part... her cervix.

But the phallus still had room to spare.

When Alfredo put strength into his waist and tried to push it all in, Leticia, whose cervix was being pushed up, let out a painful voice.

"Fuu, fuu... mo, re... any more is, impossi, ble..."

(This man, how, far!? Any more is, mo...)

It shouldn't fit, but.

When Alfredo strongly held her waist and lifted it as if pressing his own waist against her, Leticia felt like her uterus was being lifted.

At the same time, the tentacle that had been penetrating her anus, which had stopped moving out of consideration for Alfredo, resumed its movements.

"Un, giyu!? Stop, both at once!? Impossi, ble... ah, aguu!?"

(My butt, that place too!? At the same time, there's no way...)

Leticia had experienced simultaneous two-hole humiliation when she was violated by the Black Ooze, but that didn't mean she was used to it.

Her eyes widened and she writhed from the sudden shock from her anus.

When Alfredo moved his waist in time with it, her tightly closed cervix began to twitch.

As her cervix softened, it pushed the phallus away even further, trying to twist its tip into the room for nurturing the most sacred baby in the female body... the womb.

He slammed his waist, pressed his glans against her cervix, and moved his waist in a grinding motion.

She could tell as if she could see it with her own eyes that he was trying to pry open the door by stimulating her cervix with every possible means.

On the other hand, her anus was treated even more mercilessly than her targeted cervix.

It was being violated with an intensity that was like being right before ejaculation from the beginning, as if it was okay for the Queen's anus to be destroyed.

The entire sensitive circumference of her anus was being rubbed, and she was being forced to expand and contract at a speed beyond her limit, and she could hear the sound of the Slime's mucus and Leticia's intestinal fluids mixing together.

Given that humiliation from her tiny anus, the Queen's spasms had become unstoppable within a few minutes of being violated, due to shame, pity, and pleasure.

"Hia, ah, A, uuu!?"

(No, I'm going to cum, I'm going to cum!? I'm being made to cum...)

Sparks scattered before her eyes, and she widened her nostrils, which had been neatly shaped, in a pathetic manner, but still desperately gritted her teeth.

Leticia repeated the embarrassing declaration that her husband had taught her in her mind, as she felt the premonition of climax approaching right before her eyes.

But, I can't.

I mustn't cum.

"Fuu, fuu, fuuu!!"

(Endure, endure... I must endure...)

Leticia tried to endure her climax with a tragic determination.

However, there was no way she could endure it, being stabbed in the back of her uterus from her anus, and having her entire uterus violently shaken by thrusts across her cervix through her vaginal opening.

She was assaulted by a wave of pleasure that was absolutely impossible for a human to experience, and the Queen's uterus throbbed unbearably, even though it wasn't being directly attacked.

She even felt like her lower abdomen had become heavy.

Her love juices increased in volume, and the Slime absorbed her abundant magical power, though not as much as Meltia's.

Her vision blurred from the sudden feeling of weakness that attacked her.

Her consciousness was about to fade.

At the same time, a floating sensation right before fainting and a pleasure that seemed to burn her brain attacked her simultaneously, and Leticia's beauty melted slovenly.

"Ae, a, a...!? No, I must endure..."

No matter how strongly she held her consciousness, no matter how strong her willpower was, no matter how wonderful her sense of mission was, it was meaningless if her body was melting into pleasure and weakening while pleasure substances raced through her brain, right before she fainted.

The human body melted into pleasure, weakened... and Leticia's body alone, against her will, displayed violent spasms while she gritted her teeth.

"Ah, ah, ah!?"

She immediately raised her voice, but as a last resort, she didn't make a declaration of climax... but.

"Fuaaa, aaaaah!?"

Of course, Alfredo didn't stop.

The reason he violated women was not to satisfy them, but to satisfy himself in a way.

That's why he didn't stop his waist even when Leticia reached climax, and the tentacles violating her anus didn't stop either.

"Fuuuu, fuguuuuuuu!!"

(No, I'm cumming, I'm cumming!? I'm being made to cum the whole time...)

"Hi, guuuuuuuu!!"

She was immediately attacked by a second climax.

Leticia couldn't resist and convulsed all over, causing her large breasts, which had nurtured two children, to thrash wildly.

She shook her beautiful silver hair and looked at Alfredo with tears in her ruby-like, deep-colored eyes.

She didn't say it, but her eyes seemed to be pleading, "Please stop."

...But, she swallowed those words.

(Endure, endure, endure, endure!!)

She had to buy time.

In order to reach the hope that the Hero believed in, in order to protect her daughter, even at the cost of sacrificing this body...

That's why Leticia desperately resisted Alfredo.

She couldn't faint like Meltia.

If that happened, this man's interest would turn to the next... Mariabelle.

That alone was unacceptable.

"Maria, Maria, I'll protect Maria!!"

Leticia desperately endured, clinging to that one thought.

...But, if her anus was being penetrated, her cervix was being stimulated, and a woman's body that knew pleasure repeated climaxes, the next thing that would attack her was oxygen deprivation.

"Hiss, cough, cough—hic, painful, ugh!?"

(I'm orgasming too much, it's too much... Are you still going to continue!?)

A Slime's stamina is infinite.

There is no limit.

He will violate Leticia until she loses consciousness, continuing to steal her magic power.

It is simply businesslike, and utterly one-sided.

He will do anything as long as Leticia doesn't die, and humiliate her endlessly.

Several tens of minutes passed.

"Agh, heah... Unh, unhee! Stop... It's getting weird, heh, aheaaa!?"

Leticia groaned as her vagina and anus were stirred alternately.

Against the Queen's will, her body twitched and reacted to the pleasure, her vaginal and anal openings unconsciously accepting the phallus and tentacle violating them.

Even though they had been rubbed dozens, hundreds of times, the two phalluses showed no sign of weakening.

And her uterus, which had not yet been ejaculated into even once, throbbed painfully and violently.

Her mother's limbs had been violated by Black Ooze for a whole year, and since then she had been attacked by Slimes many times.

Because she knew pleasure, she remembered an even greater impact, yet she was frustrated that she wasn't being given it.

(A, again, again, I'm going... I'm being made to cum... But, but...)

Her body climaxes, but her uterus is not satisfied.

A milky, extra-rich, cloudy fluid overflowed from Leticia's vaginal opening, making it clear at a glance that her 'body' craved semen.

But Alfredo did not ejaculate.

As if waiting for Leticia to ask him herself—with a smile plastered on his face, he observed the Queen's face, tears of ecstasy streaming down her cheeks.

It had come to the point where even Leticia, who did not have as excellent intuition as the Hero, understood.

"Hoo, hoo... Coo, oooo..."

(Frustrating, so frustrating!!)

It felt like her heart was being seen through, and she couldn't bear the frustration.

Her heart denied wanting to say it, but her body couldn't take it anymore.

If she was teased any more, she felt like she would break.

"Hahea, hah, haheaaa!! Stop, stop—please forgive me..."

Finally, a weak word leaked from the Queen's mouth.

This was something she had been taught by the Black Ooze.

If you can't stand it, just give in. Just lose.

If you do, it will end for the time being.

It will end, you'll pass out, and if you rest just a little—'next' will come again.

The Slime will not let her escape.

She has no choice but to be violated until she can be rescued.

But if she faints, she will be saved for that moment alone...

"Ugh...!!"

(But, now, now...)

When she looked next to her... Mariabelle and Meltia had also fainted.

She hadn't noticed.

Alfredo was violating her because Meltia had fainted, but Mariabelle, who would be violated next... had been injected with an even larger amount of Love Potion, and had fainted because she couldn't stand it.

Had her sensitivity been raised too much? Even though she was closing her eyes and unconscious, her crotch occasionally spurted, and her erect clitoris, which should not have been touched, popped out of its foreskin on its own, exposing its beautiful fleshy pearl form.

"Ah..."

(My daughters aren't watching...)

At this moment, she doesn't have to try her best as a mother.

She can be a woman...

Leticia, who had been exposed to pleasure beyond her limits, had reached her limit there.

Because she had been taught 'how to lose,' she immediately spoke those words.

Because she wanted to lose once and rest.

"Get it out! Hurry, hurry and get it out!!"

(I'm going to cum, I'm going to cum! Is something even more amazing coming this time!? Is it coming!?)

If she did, she could faint. She could feel good enough to faint.

The frustration made the back of her head hurt.

The core of her head throbbed, but more than that, she wanted to be satisfied quickly.

She had never been teased this long when dealing with Slimes, and she had no memory of ever feeling this good during sexual intercourse with the only man... her husband.

Her head was already a mess.

Not knowing what she was thinking, Leticia asked for it herself, thrusting her hips as if pressing her stomach against him.

"Higyaaaaaaah!?"

In accordance with those words, Alfredo thrust his hips forward so hard that it sounded like a thud.

Her sweetly melted uterine opening swallowed the glans in one gulp, welcoming the male organ into her sacred womb.

With that impact, Leticia rolled her eyes back.

The Queen's beauty was destroyed by pleasure, and she drooled and snotted as she slumped down.

As her consciousness was lost in a frenzy that burned her brain with pleasure, Alfredo ejaculated at the same time as Leticia fainted.

The tentacle that had been violating her anus also ejaculated, and the beautiful limbs of the silver-haired Queen, who had lost consciousness, convulsed violently like a broken toy.

In response to the convulsions that made the viewer feel uneasy, she spurted from her crotch, and the chest of her adventure clothes, which had not yet been touched, changed color only at the position of her nipples.

Was it because she was pregnant that breast milk came out, just like her daughter?

"I, I'm gu, I'm gu... I—ah—"

But Alfredo didn't seem to care about Leticia's changes in particular.

He knew.

Leticia was the biggest factor in making him this strong.

And at the same time, this Queen's magic power was not as high as it used to be, and her daughter was more valuable.

If her magic power recovery gets worse, will he discard her like the beastmen...?

But that doesn't matter now.

Alfredo released Leticia, who had fainted, indifferently, as if throwing her away, and turned to Mariabelle, who was restrained next to her, in the middle of the mother and daughter.

He directed his erect male organ, which was standing strong with a strength that didn't seem like he had already dealt with two women, towards the naked woman wearing only boots.

The sight was terrible.

Her nipples were thicker and harder than her mother's or sister's, and her clitoris popped out on its own without being stimulated.

Her skin was flushed with excitement, and glistened with her own sweat, which was different from the Slime's mucus.

The female Hero, exposing her defenseless figure while shamelessly fainting, was exposing a seductive figure that seemed to be appealing with her whole body, "I'm excited."

Alfredo had originally intended to kill her—but if he was able to capture her, he had to make full use of her.

Just like the Humanoid was born.

Just like he was born.

If it's from a woman with special powers, an even stronger Slime might be born.

It's instinct.

For the Slime species to become stronger, more numerous, and evolve.

"Unhiii! What, what are you—unhaaaah!?"

When Alfredo inserted the phallus that had violated her mother into his youngest daughter, Mariabelle screamed and woke up.

If she unconsciously put strength into her lower body, the phallus, wet with Love Potion semen and her mother's love juice, forcibly pried open her tightly closed vaginal opening and entered deep inside, ignoring the tightening.

Mariabelle was surprised by the sudden impact, but the moment her uterine opening was suddenly pierced, she let out a scream of pleasure that she couldn't hide.

"No, don't—what are you—ah, no, don't move—don't move, hihiii!?"

Mariabelle's uterine opening was exposed to Alfredo's violent thrusting, and the shock of being forcibly brought to climax assaulted her consciousness, which had been stunned immediately after fainting.

Her body convulsed on its own, she lost strength, and pleasure like sweat gushing out of every pore in her body.

At the same time, the phallus inside her vagina became thicker and harder in the blink of an eye.

Her blood vessels swelled with excitement, semen accumulated in her flesh, and Mariabelle understood that it was a change just before ejaculation, even though she had just woken up from fainting.

"Ah, ah..."

(He's trying to cum...! Inside me, se, semen!? He's trying to ejaculate!?)

Even if she noticed that, her mouth wouldn't move.

Even if she thrashed her whole body, her hands and feet were restrained, and she couldn't understand what was happening to her.

She was confused.

(What's—me...? That's right, we lost to the Slime, and o, our mothers were captured—)

When she remembered that and looked to the left and right, her mother was dripping breast milk on her chest and semen was dripping from her vagina, and her sister was dripping breast milk, and both of them were unconscious.

"Ah, that's—unah!?"

But there was no time to grieve about that.

"Stop!? Stop it, stop it!! Get out, if you put it inside me, I'll really get angry!? I'll kill you! I definitely, definitely will, hiii!?"

While listening to Mariabelle's screams as she continued to be confused, Alfredo's hip movements became more violent.

Much more violent, rough, and fast than with Leticia.

Was it because he wanted to impregnate the female Hero as soon as possible?

She desperately tried to escape from the one-sided insemination without any mercy, but all she could do was shake her hips back and forth.

Alfredo, who possessed skillful sexual techniques, firmly and powerfully grabbed Mariabelle's hips as she tried to escape.

"Ah, let go, let go—ah! Ah, ah! Fuaaah!?"

If he thrust into her uterine opening with even more violence, he could enjoy the sight of her supple, beautiful limbs, with no unnecessary flesh, writhing before his eyes and convulsing in his arms.

Alfredo... was excited.

Impregnating the Hero.

Impregnating the one who could kill him.

He was probably violating Mariabelle with more passion than when he violated Satia.

Mariabelle was tormented by such passion.

The more she tried to escape, the stronger Alfredo's power became, and she was forced to realize the difference between a woman and a man, an Elf and a Slime, arm strength and physique, and she couldn't escape.

"No, no! By this, by this Slime!?"

(Hah, hahea!? No good, no good, I'm losing strength!? Is he going to ejaculate semen again!? But, ahe—no, this, I can't stand it...)

"Unaaaah, fuaaaah!?"

Mariabelle's body arched back greatly with a twitch.

At the same time, semen gushed out from the tip of the phallus inside her body.

The semen released in close contact with her uterine opening flowed straight into her uterus, and the female Hero's uterus happily swallowed that hot seed.

"Ungih, hiaaaaaaaah!?"

What attacked her next was heat comparable to violation.

Slime semen not only impregnates children, but it is also a Love Potion itself.

When the semen, which continued to flow without stopping even after a few seconds, flowed into her uterus, her uterus became hot as if it were burning from the Love Potion.

Mariabelle, with her waist still grabbed by Alfredo, convulsed her waist continuously, like riding a wild horse.

She moved her waist wildly, but Alfredo suppressed the convulsions with the strength of a Slime.

"No, no way!? I can't stand this, Aaaah, it's burning, my stomach is hot!?"

(I can't stand this, unhii!? Strong, stronger than that Slime!? Too strong!?)

What came to her mind was the Humanoid that she had managed to defeat.

The opponent she faced in the Slime Castle.

Even then, she had been violated by a powerful Love Potion, and she had almost succumbed in body and soul.

"Haheh, haheee!? Inside, get out, ahih, it's still coming out, still, Aaaah!?"

(Hotter than that Slime, hotter!!)

Exposed to a more powerful Love Potion than the Humanoid, Mariabelle was attacked by the next climax in the midst of her climax.

She screamed as she writhed in continuous climaxes, unable to come down from the peak of her climax without it ending.

An even larger amount of semen was poured into the uterus of the wildly thrashing female body, and her consciousness melted away as she was attacked by the next climax.

Alfredo was smart.

He judged Mariabelle to be a threat, and poured a larger and more powerful Love Potion into her than into her mother and daughter without hesitation.

It was the same as what he used on Goddess Fasarina, but

"This, this kind of thing... can't..."

But her heart still wouldn't break.

Terrifying.

Dangerous.

Alfredo judged so and raised his right hand.

One of his fingers turned into a syringe. It was a device for directly injecting drugs into the human body that he had seen in Carla's laboratory.

"Ah... stop... stoppp..."

Mariabelle shook her head weakly, but Alfredo wouldn't wait.

Alfredo grabbed Mariabelle's left arm and dragged it out of the Mucus Tree, bringing the syringe closer to her.

Her blood vessels were bulging from the excitement of the climax and the rigidity of the convulsions, making it easy to see where to stab.

"No, no way!? Stop it!? I'll break, you can't do that to people!"

Her whole body stiffened with so much fear, and a milkier and thicker semen than milk overflowed from Mariabelle's vaginal opening, with the phallus still inserted.

Directly in front of Mariabelle, who was stiffening her whole body to the point of pushing out the Love Potion semen from inside her vagina, the Love Potion was injected.

"Ah, ah, ah..."

The pink Love Potion liquid was poured in front of her eyes, and it circulated through her body—immediately after, her heart jumped.

The Love Potion that had circulated through her blood vessels reached her heart, causing Mariabelle's body to become explosively hot.

"Fugyaaaaaah!? Agih, ahhihiiiiiii!?"

Her body thrashed with more force than ever before, and she spurted like a fountain from her crotch.

Her vaginal muscles repeatedly contracted, conveying that the Hero was climaxing like crazy, and Alfredo, satisfied, returned his hand to its original shape and firmly grabbed Mariabelle's waist again.

"Hic, high, hiiii! Th, th, this kind of thing! To me, to me, how could you do anything to me!"

That declaration was already a scream.

While shouting that with a strained voice, Mariabelle reached climax just from the stimulation of making a sound.

Even so, she clearly expressed her intention to refuse—and Alfredo, as if it didn't matter, began to move his hips.

"Aaaaaaaaah! Aah, aaaaaaaaah!?"

The Slime doesn't change.

It just continues to act single-mindedly for one purpose.

It absorbs magic power from Leticia and Meltia, and impregnates Mariabelle.

It repeats that.

Many times, dozens of times, hundreds of times.

Many minutes, many hours, many days.

They have no sense of time.

They just repeat their purpose.

That is their 'purpose in life.'

For a Slime, repetition is life itself—.

.

.

.

"Uwaaah, ah, un'aahhh!? Still, this much...!"

"I can't stop... it won't come out anymore!? I won't let you suck my boobs anymoreee!!!"

"Higyiiih, aga, ga, fuhiiiiiiii!?"

After some time, Mother Leticia and Sister Meltia also woke up.

Now, all three, mother and daughters, were being violated simultaneously, each raising cries of ecstasy and writhing in agony.

...Leticia's two holes were being violated by tentacles, and now her adventurer's clothes were torn, exposing her breasts, and even her breast milk was being squeezed out.

...Meltia's breasts were being squeezed with the intensity of a cow being milked, her larger-than-her-mother's bust changing shape as her vaginal opening was also violated by tentacles.

...And Mariabelle, unchanged, was being violated by Alfredo's own phallus, screaming as she was filled with a quantity of love potion-laced semen overflowing from her womb.

Each of them had their limbs swallowed by the giant Mucus Tree, and were simply being violated by tentacles.

Their dignity as human beings was completely taken away, treated as furniture, fixtures, or exhibits.

They didn't even have time to feel the humiliation of being treated as objects, their magic power, their wombs, being stolen for the sake of the Slime.

"Igu, another IGUUUUUUUUU!?"

First and foremost, Leticia, whose two holes were being violated, reached climax.

Perhaps it was because she had the most developed female body among them, and was accustomed to it as a mother who had given birth.

Even when aroused by a large amount of love potion, she lost consciousness fewer times than her daughters, and that was why she was exposed to even more climaxes.

"Au, I, Iku? Iku... this—ah, scary, it's scary, Mommaaaaaaaah!?"

Meltia, too, had come to understand what the word "Iku" meant through experience, and had unconsciously begun to shout it out.

When she climaxed, the words naturally spilled from her mouth, and her mind went blank as she couldn't hold back.

Obscene words were engraved in her blank brain, and the Queen and her elder sister, sandwiching the Hero, convulsed as they declared their climaxes in unison.

And in the middle.

"N'oh, goh, oh!? Fuohhhhhhohhhohhhh!?"

(How long... do I have to endure... how long do I have to endure before... this guy... gives up!!)

Even though there was no way that could happen, Mariabelle had begun to wish for such an impossible miracle.

She screamed, tears streaming down her face, drooling saliva and snot.

Her breasts, inherited from her proud father, shook softly, her black hair flying wildly, sweat flying, her nipples erect and more obscenely firm than the other two.

Alfredo ran his tongue over her thin breasts, which had begun to seep breast milk after being injected with the love potion, rolling her nipples with his tongue as he sucked them hard.

The phallus twisted into her vaginal opening attacked Mariabelle with an exquisite balance of power, making it difficult for the female Hero with little sexual experience to predict what kind of stimulation would be given next.

So as not to waste that 'hole', the Hero's anus was also pierced and dug into, and the tentacles sprouting from the Mucus Tree rhythmically, and persistently, continued to violate Mariabelle's shameful tightness.

"Fuhiiiih, hih, hahiiiiih, hiiiiih!?"

Her breathing also changed to a twitching one, and her tongue became numb, making even her cries of ecstasy sound strange.

Mariabelle was certain.

(I'm going to be broken!? I'm going to be broken!? This magical creature is trying to destroy me, to destroy us!? Not to increase the number of children! That's what it is... it's really going to make us have children, to turn us into tools just to steal our magic power!!)

That was a complete miscalculation.

She had thought that they were capturing women to have children and absorb their magic power.

That was why she thought they wouldn't be killed.

In fact, this Slime probably wouldn't kill the women.

But they would be broken.

This Slime didn't care what happened to the mothers. It understood that it was more convenient for them to be alive, but it wasn't thinking about keeping them alive.

If they couldn't give birth anymore, that was the end of it.

It wasn't thinking beyond that.

"N'ah!?!? Ah—!? Ahhh, ahhhh!? N'ahhhhhhh, stop it, stop iteeeeee!?"

Mariabelle's womb was violently thrust into, and she howled, her eyes rolling back.

When her anus reflexively contracted in response to the climax, the tentacles forcibly dug in as if breaking through that tightening.

Her womb was stimulated, and her anus was stimulated.

Her nipples were still being licked, her thin breasts were being massaged with superb finger techniques, and as her heart raced with excitement, the love potion coursed through her entire body.

Not only her erogenous zones, but also her throat felt good.

Her fingertips were numb, and her skin tingled just from the sweat pouring out.

"Hiah, hiaaah, nooooooooo!!!"

(No, forever! This guy is only touching the places I feel, only the places that feel good—n'hih!? No, this is no good, I can't take it—I'm going to cum again, I'm going to be made to cum—I'm going to be seen cumming...)

"N'ahhhhhhh!? See, don't see, don't seeeeeeeee!!"

Mariabelle tried desperately to endure it, but she couldn't hold back for even a second and climaxed.

"Iku, I'm going to cum, I'm going to cummmmmmm!?"

As they repeated their declarations of climax while exposing their pathetic cum faces, it coincidentally became a climax for the whole family.

Mariabelle and her sister Meltia, and their mother Leticia.

When the three of them climaxed together, they spewed out a large amount of vaginal fluid and breast milk in amounts appropriate to their respective constitutions.

Their brains were fried by the sheer pleasure, and the mother and daughters all lost consciousness... but Alfredo and the Mucus Tree did not stop their actions.

"...Nn, n'hih!? Ah-h!? Still, still!? No, no way! No wayhiiiiiii!?
Fuaaaaaaah!?"

After resting for only a dozen seconds, Mariabelle was literally awakened by the phallus.

As she regained consciousness with the shock of being struck in the womb, the shock of the climax suddenly attacked her.

Awakened by pleasure, Mariabelle's beautiful body began to convulse violently.

Her hazy head was struck with the impact of being hit by a powerful blunt instrument, and she regained consciousness and memory all at once.

"N'bu!? N'muuuuuuu!?"

Whether it had any meaning for the Slime, or whether it was just imitating human sexual behavior—Alfredo grabbed Mariabelle's chin, turned her to face him, and kissed her.

For Mariabelle, it was her first kiss with something in human form.

It wasn't as bad as when she lost her virginity, but because it was right after she regained consciousness, it was inevitably engraved in her brain as 'humiliation'.

"N'buuuuuuh!? N'juuuuuuh!?"

(Hih, tongue!? Tentacle!? No, even inside my mouth—!?)

As Mariabelle was surprised, Alfredo's tongue... or perhaps it was a tentacle, it was hard to tell, a skillfully moving thing ravaged the Hero's mouth.

"Nnnnnn!! N'ju—puha, stop—N'juuuuuuh!?"

Mariabelle bit down on the sticky tongue and tried to turn her face away and escape.

But soon, she was grabbed firmly by the head with both hands, and forced to kiss again, forcibly.

In a violent sexual act that seemed to ravage the entirety of the woman Mariabelle, tears of humiliation, not pleasure, overflowed.

(No, no, no, no!? Disgusting, disgusting—disgusting!!)

It was then that fear first appeared in Mariabelle's eyes.

Everything was being destroyed.

Everything was being ravaged.

Everything was being taken away.

There was no way to win.

There was no way to lose.

"N'bu, nn... n'aah..."

(I... I'm done for... no matter what I do, I can't win... this is, like this... anymore)

She could withstand the Holy Sword.

Her physical strength was overwhelming, and there was such a difference in stamina that there was no comparison.

Even though she was inferior in her abilities as a living being and as a warrior, there was no way she could win...

While Alfredo sucked on her tongue, licking and sucking up even the overflowing saliva as if it were delicious, Mariabelle realized this.

The emotionless smile plastered on his face that she saw up close was terrifying.

She couldn't understand what he was thinking.

Scary.

The moment she thought that, large tears overflowed, and Mariabelle's heart —.

"—————!?!?!"

In an instant, Alfredo, who had been ravaging the mother and daughters so much, began to rampage, emitting white smoke.

He quickly lost his ability to maintain his shape and collapsed to the ground, but desperately tried to return to the shape of 'Alfredo', and then

broke down again.

"Thi—s!!"

The bottle thrown with that voice shattered in mid-air.

It was 'Valhalla's Holy Water'. It was Akane who threw it.

"Akane, sama..."

"Haa!!"

The other black-haired Hero used the Holy Sword, which had increased its sharpness to match her, to cut off every single tentacle extending from the Mucus Tree.

White smoke rose from the cut surfaces, and the tentacles could not be easily regenerated.

In the meantime, Akane picked up the 'Valhalla's Holy Water' that had fallen to the ground and threw it.

"Hah!!"

The shockwave created by the flash of the sword broke the bottle, purifying the area where Mariabelle and the others were trapped, even if it couldn't purify the entire Mucus Tree.

"We're getting out of here! Can you run?"

"Higu, hih, ihi!?"

However, Leticia, Meltia, and Mariabelle were all still climaxing, having been invaded by a large amount of love potion.

Akane quickly understood the cause and looked around, perhaps having been careless in her certainty of victory, or perhaps not wanting to touch it even if its owner had taken it off.

She searched for Mariabelle's equipment that had been taken off and fallen to the ground, and quickly put it on the other Hero.

"Are you okay!?"

"Gu, u... some, how..."

"I'll carry your sister, you take your mother!"

"Ye, s...!!"

As Akane carried Meltia, Mariabelle hurriedly re-equipped her armor over her naked body, picked up her shield and sword, and then carried her mother on her back.

(I can't leave the equipment behind... if it's left behind when we fight the Slimes in the future, it could become a threat...)

Even during that time, Alfredo was writhing on the ground in agony, rampaging in a strange form that could not become either a Slime or a human.

The other Slimes did not appear.

Mariabelle's earlier attack had burned down the majority of the Slimes in the forest.

In addition to that, Akane had also cut down a considerable number of them before coming here, and probably Alfredo's poor condition, who had been giving instructions to all of them.

As a result, the Slimes were in a completely uncontrolled situation.

—But even so, there were still many signs of the Slimes.

As long as they didn't know when they would start moving, they had to get out of the forest as quickly as possible.

Besides, they didn't know when the barrier covering the sky would close.

"Hurry!!"

Akane shouted while parrying the attacks of the Mucus Tree.

When she judged that Mariabelle had finished equipping herself, she ran away.

(Good, I made it in time!)

This rescue was not a miracle.

The light of the Holy Sword that blew Alfredo away—the Light of Exorcism that swept through the forest had rescued Akane, who had been captured at that time, as well as the Slimes.

...From there on, it was a gamble.

Whether Akane would go outside the forest after seeing the completion of the barrier, or whether she would prioritize joining up with her.

Mariabelle had won that gamble.

"Mother, this is the end. After this, we'll be outside the forest—"

While kicking the ground with both feet, whose senses were gradually returning as the effects of the love potion wore off... Mariabelle headed for the outside of the forest, crying.

Finally, this was the end....

10 - Seal. And

"I can see it—keep going, just a little more!"

Akane, who was running ahead, shouted.

The deep forest came to an end, and in the distance, a golden barrier stretched up from the ground.

Adjusting her hold on Meltia, Akane increased her speed even further.

Following her lead, Mariabelle also put more strength into her legs, but—

"Ah..."

(The pain in my leg won't go away...!)

Her foot, injured from being crushed by Alfredo's tentacles, throbbed painfully, feeling heavy.

Moreover, the pain was only getting worse.

(I've made it this far, so my bones must be intact—if that's the case...)

Gritting her teeth, Mariabelle ignored the pain in her leg and desperately pushed forward.

Even if it was just one step at a time.

Looking back, the Slimes were not pursuing them.

"We have time! It's going to be okay!"

As she reassured herself while heading toward the edge of the forest, Akane suddenly stopped just outside.

She had not yet crossed the golden barrier.

"Akane-sama?"

"Shh."

When Mariabelle called out, Akane was staring intently outside the forest.

Following her gaze, there should be Fasarina and the others setting up the barrier.

Yet—

"Slime...!?"

"Here too—"

Ahead of Mariabelle's line of sight, a massive Golem-shaped Slime had captured Fasarina.

She could see Forneus and Jenna being lifted upside down by the Slime's tentacles.

"Why is a Slime outside the barrier... no, more importantly—"

"Even in this state, they were still trying to maintain the barrier..."

The three were in a terrible situation.

With their heads swallowed whole or their skirts falling due to gravity, Forneus and Jenna's expressions were obscured, but their defenseless bodies were stained with a milky substance, making it harder to find a clean spot.

Fasarina, though her expression remained composed, was visibly trembling, her body convulsing violently even from a distance.

"We need to take care of this quickly."

"Right. It should be easy for Mariabelle and me."

The two lowered Leticia and Meltia near the barrier.

Here, the barrier should protect them from the Slime's attacks.

With that, the two heroes readied their Holy Swords and leaped out from the barrier.

The Slimes quickly noticed them—no, they might have been aware as soon as they emerged from the forest.

Like Alfredo, the Slime attempted to use Forneus and Jenna as hostages, moving the tentacles that held them.

"I won't let you do that! Hyah!!"

However, Akane paid no mind to those movements and hurled the bottle containing Valhalla's Holy Water at the Slime.

Naturally, the Slime gently caught the bottle, careful not to break it, as it was now a poison to them.

That was precisely the aim.

As Akane increased her speed, the moment the Slime caught the bottle, she struck with her sword, slicing through the goo.

The Holy Water splashed onto the Slime, causing it to dissolve in a cloud of white smoke.

It could not endure like Alfredo.

As half of the Slime melted away, she effortlessly sliced through the "Core" that had escaped into the remaining goo.

"Let Fasarina-sama go!!"

Mariabelle charged at the Golem, swinging her Holy Sword.

Though the magical power had already been depleted, making the Holy Sword merely a sharp blade, when wielded by a hero, it should have been a lethal strike—at least that was the expectation.

However, the Golem's body was tough, and it was difficult to cut through with just a blade.

As if striking against rock, her blow was deflected, and the Golem lifted Fasarina as a shield.

"You're slow, both of you."

"Just a little longer, please, Fasarina-sama!"

Fasarina seemed unconcerned.

At this stage, all that was left was to complete the barrier—her mother and sister were still inside.

Thinking this, Mariabelle focused deeply.

She observed the Golem's entire body and noticed a bottle filled with Valhalla's Holy Water lodged in its shoulder.

It was something Jenna had thrown when Forneus was about to be taken.

The attack had failed because the bottle did not break, but it remained inside the Golem's body.

Perhaps they thought it would be more threatening to them if it could be expelled and retrieved.

But thanks to that, Mariabelle found a glimmer of hope.

"I'll finish this quickly."

Saying this casually, she readied her sword before the towering Golem, unafraid.

The Golem made a move as if to crush the hostage, Fasarina.

The current Slimes were capable of killing a woman to protect themselves.

At least the complete humanoid form of Alfredo could take such action.

The Golem might also be able to kill Fasarina—but Mariabelle was overwhelmingly faster.

Channeling strength into her legs, she kicked off the ground, positioning her Holy Sword at her waist and launching herself like an arrow.

As Mariabelle moved at a speed that was difficult for anyone other than Alfredo and Akane to follow, the bottle containing the Holy Water in the Golem's shoulder was pierced by her Holy Sword before it could clench its fist.

While cutting was impossible, channeling the momentum of her charge into the tip of the Holy Sword made it easy to pierce through the hard outer shell.

The wound was not deep.

For a normal Slime, it would not even leave a mark, healing almost instantly.

However, as the Holy Water flowed out from within, the Slime began to melt away, as if ice were thawing.

"Now!!"

As the Slime's shape collapsed, the Golem's characteristic hard exterior was lost, and with a swift strike, she sliced through the "Core."

Unbeknownst to Mariabelle, the Golem, formed from multiple Slimes, had four "Cores," all of which she had cut through.

Afterward, she caught Fasarina as she fell toward the ground and landed.

"Ugh."

At that moment, Mariabelle grimaced.

The pain in her ankle had intensified.

It seemed she had further injured herself during the battle and the landing.

(But this is the end...)

Letting out a sigh of relief, Mariabelle slowly lowered Fasarina to the ground.

Even though she was a living human body possessed by a goddess, perhaps due to the effects of the love potion, Fasarina continued to convulse even after being rescued.

Yet, she was still maintaining the barrier, proving that Fasarina was indeed an incredible goddess, Mariabelle marveled.

"You did well—but hurry."

"Yes."

Mariabelle replied and headed back into the forest to retrieve her mother and sister left inside the barrier.

Due to the repeated effects of the love potion, even though they had not been attacked by the Slimes, they continued to twitch on the ground.

In fact, they were still in a state of unconsciousness.

As she approached, she raised her gaze.

—There stood a giant tree.

So massive that it could be seen from the entrance of the forest. Under the golden barrier, its presence stood out even more, exuding a majestic aura.

It was not the World Tree.

(That thing... how enormous and grotesque...)

A tree of slime.

A new stronghold for the Slimes, modeled after the World Tree.

With its existence, Mariabelle was convinced.

Alfredo was still alive.

The "Core" had not been safely regenerated.

He had not died even after being drenched in Valhalla's Holy Water.

She was certain of it.

"But, already... Mother, Sister—thank you."

(Because of you, I was saved...)

When she lost to Alfredo, if her mother and sister had not come, she would not have survived.

Without being killed, they had continued to give birth to humanity's enemies—thinking of that made her feel an overwhelming fear.

However, because the two had bought time together, she was able to wait for Akane and be saved.

As Mariabelle thought this and tried to lend her shoulder to her mother and sister, she sensed countless presences approaching from deep within the forest.

"Ugh."

"Mariabelle, hurry!"

Were they searching for Mariabelle's presence?

Fenerlieka called out from the sky.

Even through the barrier, it was clear that a large number of Slimes were rushing toward Mariabelle.

They paid no attention to the priests, who were the key to the other barriers.

The female hero.

They were targeting their arch-enemy.

"Don't worry, I'll save you right away—"

Mariabelle lent her shoulder to the two and stepped outside the barrier...

"Eh?"

She felt as if something was pulling her.

When Mariabelle turned her gaze to where she felt the force, a Slime's tentacle was wrapped around Meltia's right leg.

It was one of the Slimes that Forneus had defeated.

Having survived due to failing to destroy the "Core," it had been hiding near the barrier all this time.

"No way... let go!!"

Mariabelle shouted sharply and stomped on the Slime.

Since she was supporting the two, she could not swing her Holy Sword.

She tried to crush the "Core" immediately, but just stepping on it was not enough to break it.

The Slime increased its volume further and wrapped around Mariabelle's right leg over her boot.

"Ugh!?"

"What's wrong!? Are you okay!?"

"The Slime is still here!!"

Thinking she was saved was a moment of carelessness.

In the very last moment, Mariabelle let her guard down.

If she had been desperately vigilant, she would have carried each of them outside the barrier one by one.

But because she neglected that, she was slow to notice the Slime that had been playing dead, and even when she did, she had no means to deal with it.

"Let go!! You—!!"

"Wait!!"

Akane, who was beside the rescued Forneus and Jenna, approached Mariabelle while drawing her sword.

At the same time, the presence of the Slimes from deep within the forest drew closer.

(No way, no way!? Here of all places—)

It was finally ending.

They had won.

Yet, this was how it would end... Mariabelle felt regret and sadness, kicking at the Slime while bursting into tears.

Still, she did not let go of her sister.

They were family.

The important people who had protected her until today.

She could not abandon them.

"Ah!?"

"...Huff... huff..."

As Mariabelle panicked, Leticia, who had been unconscious, moved.

She distanced herself from the borrowed shoulder but could not stand on her own and collapsed to the ground.

Yet, trembling, she removed the boots that Mariabelle and Meltia were wearing.

"Mother!"

"Get Meltia outside, quickly..."

Was it painful even to raise her voice? Leticia spoke sweetly, her whole body shaking.

Mariabelle immediately took Meltia outside the barrier and reached out to Leticia.

She grasped her right hand.

There was no time to return inside the barrier and lift her mother.

Trying to pull her out quickly, yet the still-living Slime entwined itself around Leticia's body on the ground, pinning her down.

"No way!?"

"Don't worry! Fasarina-sama!!"

"No! No—"

As Leticia shouted with determination, Fasarina acted swiftly.

Muttering the final incantation, in that moment, the barrier was completed.

The golden barrier shone even brighter, and the surrounding ground lifted, creating stone pillars.

At the forefront, a large crystal ball from Grabalt's ruins floated.

It was the key to the barrier—and as that crystal shone, it signified the completion of the barrier.

"No way, no—no!! Mother! Mother!!"

Mariabelle cried as she pounded on the barrier.

Yet the barrier would not break. Not a single scratch.

On the other side of the invisible, transparent membrane, her mother was entangled by the Slime, suffering.

Yet, filled with frustration at being powerless to do anything, Mariabelle struck the Holy Sword against the barrier.

—Still, it would not break.

"Thank goodness, you're safe—"

Without even being able to finish her farewell words, new tentacles wrapped around Leticia's body, dragging her deep into the forest.

...Right before Mariabelle's eyes.

"Uwaaaaaaahhh!! Ah, ahhh!!"

Even as Mariabelle cried and pounded on the barrier, it did not budge.

No one had the words to comfort her as her mother was taken right before her, and yet unable to endure, she continued to strike the barrier, when Slimes emerged from the depths of the forest.

They came in various shapes, but all had bodies made of a grayish slime close to black.

Yet among them, one was... a complete humanoid, and a human.

Alfredo and Satia.

Satia stood hiding behind Alfredo, and as Alfredo reached out to touch the barrier, white smoke rose as his fingertips evaporated.

He could not get out.

Realizing this, Alfredo turned on his heel.

—As if he had no interest at all.

"I'll kill you—one day for sure... I will absolutely destroy you all and take back my mother... absolutely!!"

Glaring with eyes filled with hatred, whispering in a voice of resentment, Alfredo stopped.

Did he understand the meaning of that?

Or could he simply only make that expression?

...Seeing Mariabelle glare at him, Alfredo smirked.

A smile devoid of any emotion, an inorganic grin.

Just a moment ago, when he had violated her, that smile had been terrifying. She had thought she could never win. ...It had been frightening.

But now, it was different.

Mariabelle glared at that inorganic smile. At those emotionless eyes. At those glassy eyes.

"I will kill you one day."

Elves have long lifespans.

Even as a half-elf, Leticia would live for a time incomparable to that of humans.

A long, long time would pass, enough for the ages to change.

For the day she would destroy the Slimes.

A long, long, very long time would pass for the population to recover.

Thank you for reading this time as well.

This concludes the updates for the electronic book's 22 volumes.

Thanks to everyone buying the electronic books, it seems I can continue the serialization for a little longer.

So, it's going to continue just a little bit longer.

It might not be very popular in a long-form work, but from the next time, a bit of time will have passed.

...Because the population has dwindled too much.

It can't be helped.

I had intended for a scenario where the Slimes would achieve great victory, so I left no chance for humanity to win.

I did my best to strengthen Mariabelle and use Valhalla's Holy Water, but, well.

The feeling of "long live the Slimes" inside me was just too strong... so it was impossible.

Let's go ahead and make some babies, as the earth calls for us to reproduce and multiply!