

Chapter 1: Shake and Consciousness

A month has passed since the gathered executives had met.

Today, I was also in the Control Room monitoring the movements of the Empire.

Since this was the staging ground for all of our intelligence, Benimaru and I could practically say we moved in here.

We really only left to our homes at night.

If left unattended, this would likely turn into a secret base for Veldora and Ramiris. It was a place I had been building for a long time, and had put to good use.

Benimaru also cleaned up after himself, so I think he had all but actually returned to his room. I don't even need to worry about such things, but with the battle coming up, it would be bad if the Great General fell.

The "control room" was usually manned by staff. When we were at war we would work round-the-clock shifts, taking three shifts.

This was to prevent everyone from sticking their heads up too hard.

It is important to manage your own health, and this was the only thing that needed to be thoroughly implemented. Still, the one person I didn’t even need to worry about with that kind of thing was our ally, Veldora-kun.

And then there was Ramiris.

Those two would rest and relax without me needing to say anything. Rather, it should be said that they would also go AWOL.

At first they were excited that the war was about to start, but when it turned out that there was no movement after a month, they looked as if they were completely tired of everything. By now they had returned to their research and were saying capricious things, telling us to just wait for something to happen before notifying them.

It's just as well. It they were here they would only cause trouble, so I decided to just go along with them.

So that’s the situation. The only group of people here at the moment were me, Benimaru, and Souei.

Then, there were my secretaries, Shion and Diablo.

I also can’t forget the other number one, Geld, who was there too. However, it kept some other projects at a standstill, which made me sad. I'd really like to get the war over with before Miss Frey gets mad.

But in the end, it’s up to the opponent to make the first move.

In this war, the side that attacks first takes the reins. If the other side doesn't fight, even if they want to fight with the other side, they can't fight.

It was originally thought that the Imperial Magic Tank Force would attack in almost twenty days or so, but the invasion turned out to be slower than expected. It should be said that they were deliberately slowing down and making a deliberate show of their majesty when they entered.

I was always watching them with my own Argos, but some of them haven't even seen a magic tank, so they looked like evil demons.

Monsters would also fear those huge and vicious opponents. Even the sub-A level monsters that lived in the forest fled from their marching range because they were afraid of the Imperial Army.

As for where the Imperial Army was currently, they had just crossed the border.

Forced entry into our borders—a matter that was totally incompatible with international law as laid down by the Western Council, but the enemy empire did not take rules seriously. Nowadays, the most important thing was how to apply them and make them strategically valuable.

We could actually use this as a reason for us to launch a surprise attack…but I still felt that we should at least consult with each other.

It also seemed likely that the Imperial side would persuade us to surrender and hold off on attacking for the time being until that moment comes.

“I think the other side is naive, but we're not ready for that either. It should be a showdown afterwards anyway, so there's no need for us to sneak around.”

In this way, Benimaru also expressed his approval with a leisurely attitude.

I was relieved that preparations for war against the Empire could indeed be made.

Immediately following, the days that we had been waiting were finally coming to an end.

The Imperial side had stopped and started to lay out their formations.

The Imperial Army was not stupid either. It seems that they had no intention of fighting us squarely from the beginning. Other than the magic tank units, the other infantry squads were marching towards the forest one after another.

The total number was about 70% of the entire strength of the Empire—up to 700,000.

Although we already knew this, I would review once more.

“Looks like this is their main force.”

‘Should be. While using the Magic Tank Force as a front, the real purpose is actually to suppress the Dwarven Legion, right?”

“So it seems. Is it to avoid being pinned from behind in an attack on our country? It is clear that such a large army is well prepared, but they are still very careful in their actions.”

The reason why the magic tank forces seemed to be moving so slowly was really not just to demonstrate their majesty. There was another, more important purpose, and until their main forces, the infantry, was assembled, they seemed to want to attract our attention by using the magic tank force.

“It's just that the other side's attempts have already reached us. With intelligence, we can accumulate so many advantages.”

While saying that, Benimaru smiled wryly.

“Kufufufufu. It's true, Lord Rimuru. Everything is under your control—that’s how it is!”

Diablo came over to us and was about to do that whole ‘Lord Rimuru is the best' thing. I’d gotten used to it, so I just nodded and said ‘I guess.’

With the right know-hows, it's actually easy to deal with Diablo.

“As for that group of Imperial infantry, we seem to underestimate each other's threatening nature a bit.

It seems that all of them are quite skilled, and none of them could keep up with the others and went to gather at a place thirty kilometers away from the capital 'Rimuru'. They camped there, and set up command posts.”

Souei said this in order to get more attention and to explain the current situation to us. Plus, there was Moss to bring us information with impeccable accuracy. I also used my "Argos" for reinforcement, and even the enemy's strength was visible.

“It's unnatural, isn't it, that we don't react when we're all close to each other’s throats?”

“No, not necessarily. Those guys believe that they are better than us and believe that their actions have gone completely unnoticed by us. They’ve underestimated us and must be preparing to act immediately after persuading us to surrender.”

“Kufufufufu. I think so too. I would like to add to Mr. Benimaru's comment that this thirty kilometers is a wonderful distance. If it is monitored by magic, the farther away the accuracy decreases. Combined with the magic used to unleash interference through Legion magic, that area would be completely turned into a safe zone. The other side should believe that they can do that. But the funny thing is, I think that's all those guys can do.”

It seems my worries are just unfounded.

There must be some kind of trap behind this lack of action on our part—that was what the Imperial Army thought while pushing in this direction, so even now, the enemy thinks we must not be able to see through them.

In that case, all that was left to worry about was how strong the enemy's army actually was.

“By the way, Souei, how strong are the enemy soldiers?”

Souei deliberately emphasized that the other party was extremely threatening, that should mean only the strong ones. Depending on his answer, it might be necessary to revisit the operational plan.

“From an average evaluation, any grade that translates into human terms is equivalent to a B grade.

There is no shortage of people in the upper echelons who are above A, and those in the lower echelons who are not below C+. Even when compared to the Knights of the Western countries, they seem to be very good.”

The opponent's fighting power was beyond imagination.

In this world, however, it's more about quality than quantity when it comes to combat, and a B-grade is pretty good, but sometimes an A-grade person alone can be more dangerous.

While this is true, but the power of the group as a whole still cannot be underestimated.

“And there are absolutely no casual drafters among them, all of them are professional soldiers?”

“Yes. They are well trained and considered the quality of their weapons and defenses, coupled with their tactics, each of which seemed to surpass the Order of the Western Powers. Even with Benimaru and his 'Black Flame Jail,’ it might still be difficult to penetrate those guys' magic defense.”

According to Souei, the enemy army unleashed legion magic from time to time. The level of the standard can only be described as very high, the combined combat power of each team is equivalent to rank A.

The hobgoblins were the same way, tacit troops are tricky. It's not just adding up everyone's strength, sometimes it even has a multiplier effect.

If every twenty was equivalent to an A-grade, that's 35,000 A-grade opponents to deal with simply by calculation. Seriously, that is not to be underestimated. They are very dangerous opponents.

“But it should be fine. That's the reason for using the maze.”

“Kufufufufu. Just let them spread out within the maze and easily break through before the enemy could fully muster their strength. Everything is as Lord Rimuru has predicted, that's how it is.”

Actually, it's not.

But in the end, it was the right choice to launch an attack inside the labyrinth, but depending on the enemy's strength… Huh, wait?

Thinking about this side of the story made me realize something.

No matter how strong the opponent comes at us, this meet-and-greet battle will come in handy. By coming to the maze, we are able to spread the other's war power and keep our own war power concentrated.

So the truth of the matter is that if they really want to go through the maze, they can only rely on a few elite challengers.

I thought this to myself, not to be outdone by Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom.

“I'm glad to see them on our side.” (\*\*\*Not positive, but I think he is referring to Ramiris who created the labyrinth)

I couldn't help but murmur, and Benimaru was quite sympathetic.

“It will prevent the town from suffering, and will also make it easier for the war to move in our favor.

Standing in the position of commanding an army, the last thing I want is to make an enemy of her.”

It's only because Ramiris isn't here now that I can compliment her from the bottom of my heart. If it was a compliment to her face, she'd get carried away for a while and show it off, which would be annoying.

These things aside for now…

“We shouldn't have any problems on our side, but we don't know what's going on with Gobta and the others.”

There were several big screens in the control room, and my magic was shining through them. And of course there was a broadcast of the scene near the Dwarven Kingdom above.

There were two thousand magic tanks lined up neatly.

The layout here was no exception, which translated into a distance of about thirty kilometers from the central metropolis of Dwargon (St. Doran). This unbiased location is what we had anticipated.

What matters is the performance of the magic tank. Its muzzle is facing the front door, which I had visited several times.

The Imperial-developed Magic Guided Tank seems to be a step up in performance compared to the magic tanks I know of. Maybe the range of the magic tank is better than my native world military tank.

At such a distance, there should be no way for the shells to hit…

In the square just inside that gate there were people like Gobta and Gabil standing by.

Gobta and Gabil led their respective legions in their mission. The occasional battle with the enemy was not frequent, and the people who stayed in the hotel town took refuge.

We also went as planned and sent reinforcements to rendezvous with the Dwarven Kingdom.

“The two army chiefs, Gobta and Gabil, have entered the Dwarven kingdom. Either way, it's a matter of fighting with each other, and the other side is not taking away our command.”

Gazel had already promised this, so I wasn't worried, and it looked like the military units of the Dwarven Kingdom had indeed kept their word.

“That should make it all right.”

“Although there is still some unease about us joining forces with the Dwarven Army……but as long as we let Tempest attack and ask the Dwarven Army to take over the defensive duties thoroughly, there should be no problem.”

Confusion in the chain of command is a problem in military operations. In order for legions of different nationalities to join forces to fight, as they did this time, it must first be decided which side of the order will take precedence.

If it was Benimaru, he could interfere forcibly by using his unique skill, "Generalissimo". Even if he was in a difficult position to distinguish between the enemy and himself on the battlefield, as long as he had this skill, everyone else would not have to worry about their own people fighting amongst themselves.

Adding in the Dwarven Legion in this case, there was the potential for chaos. That's why we came to the conclusion that it was more efficient to share the responsibility for offense and defense.

“Just to be on the safe side, maybe it's better to talk to Gazel again.”

“That's true. Now that the empire has been laid out, it won't be long before the war begins. It's almost time for us to get on the battlefield, so we'd better get in touch with King Gazel and make a final confirmation.”

It looks like Benimaru agreed with me.

With that in mind, I hurriedly reached for the newly set “contact device".

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The so-called “contact device" was a magical communication machine successfully developed by Vesta.

The great thing was that not only audio information, but also visual information could be transmitted.

The “contact device" had the shape of a computer. It looked like a screen plus a mouse and a keyboard.

And it wasn’t a mouse, it was actually a palm-sized crystal ball that could be activated by touching it.

Then, you could specify your options with the engravings on the keyboard to contact someone.

The construction was simple and everyone could use it.

But there were also inconveniences.

I just said that it was visual information, but it was actually ‘mind power’ replayed in the brain. When you activated something like this by holding the “contact device", what you think will be conveyed to the other person.

The principle is the same as that of “Communication Network". I'm so used to it that I can remove distractions, but people who aren't used to it might shed unnecessary intelligence.

If one was thinking of something evil in one's mind, they may accidentally convey it to the other side, which was one of the risks.

There must be no evil intent. I can't help but think that I really don't recommend using this machine to chase girls.

For the average person with no mental training, it's better to just use the talk function.

In short, this component is expected to improve in the future.

“Hello, Hello, I'm Rimuru. Is His Majesty Gazel here?”

I also take it for granted in this world that I say "hello hello". This has become habitual and natural, so I do it up without a doubt (\*\*\*Rimuru is saying ‘moshi moshi’ which is a japanese phone greeting that roughly translates to ‘hello hello’).

What's interesting is that this evolved into the new rule when using the “contact device".

“Hello, Hello, this is for His Majesty Gazel. Could you please wait on the line for a moment?”

“Okay.”

One could sense that someone on the other side of the “contact device" was fumbling with his hands.

The other party seemed to be trained to be in charge, but fell into a panic upon hearing my name.

If the head of the company we do business with called out of the blue, then perhaps even I would be alarmed. I should be more considerate of the other person.

“It's rude to ask Lord Rimuru to wait!”

Shion said this statement with an exasperated look. I think that was supposed to be the secretary's job, but what Shion said was to not touch the “contact device".

The reason couldn't be simpler, it was because she didn't know how to use it.

It seems a little wrong to say she doesn't know how to use it. No matter how many times I taught her how to use it, it would cause more damage due to Shion's overpowering 'Numinous Power'.

After that, Shion used the “contact device" like a hot potato. She didn't even have the qualifications to complain.

“Personally, I don't think I need to rely on this kind of thing, I just need to meet directly through 'space transfer'. Why don't you bring King Gazel here?”

Diablo was also there to make his own outrageous remarks, which were not even negotiable. The other party also had his own schedule and should make an appointment with the other party first to not be rude.

This time it was me who sought out Gazel without an appointment, and it was me who was to blame.

The other side just wanted me to wait for a reasonable moment, how can I get angry because of this?

“It's hard not to panic when Rimuru-sama is suddenly talking to them. I sympathize with the person in charge.”

Hearing Geld say that, I wished Shion and Diablo could emulate him.

Waiting less than three minutes, Gazel responded.

“I've kept you waiting. I was thinking that it was about time to contact you, too.”

Gazel's voice came from the microphone attached to the screen.

There was no image. I personally had the King of Wisdom, Master Raphael, to help manage and can pick the images that want to be shown. But Gazel doesn't seem to be used to it yet, so I guess the only way is to use the call function. It's a smart choice.

“That's great. I'm looking for you to make a final confirmation of the sharing of tasks in a joint fight.”

“Hmm. It's also important, but before that, let me tell you one thing. Our gate to the east of the city of Dwargon (Isthmus) has been blocked by the Imperial Army.”

It was just like Gadra said.

This was the legion led by Yuuki.

“I have captured the image. I’ll pass it on to you.”

I aimed the Argos at the Empire's territory. In addition to the distance, there was also the magical obstruction caused by the "barrier", and those images were not very distinct. Even so it was possible to see a certain group blocking off the street that stretched out from East.

“Just like you said. When I heard that the enemy would rebel, I suspected that it was a trap, so it seemed more or less credible.”

“No, not necessarily. Gadra may have been disillusioned with the Empire, but we still couldn't trust the guy one hundred percent. And sometimes he can be taken advantage of without realizing it, so it's best not to take it lightly.”

“Well, that's a good one! Just because you can see that, that's a big deal.”

Gazel said and smiled happily.

It seems like he's testing me to see if I was taking things lightly, but really, he was still the same as usual, trying to play up his ‘senior brother’ status.

That’s right, Rimuru. We have sent emissaries to the Empire, but they seem to be talking him out of it.

We in Dwargon, by law, use preemptive attacks as a last resort. As detrimental as that was, as long as it was still a day of dwarven pride, we would have to wait for the Empire to strike. And you don't have to go along with this. What are your plans?”

Gazel collected his smile and said this with a look of unsuspecting intent.

What would he do if he could tell what was going on behind his back?

I looked over to Benimaru. Immediately afterwards, Benimaru also smiled and looked back at me with those eyes.

Communicating without words, we already understood what the other meant.

I sighed and said, ‘Got it,’ then sat back down and faced the screen again. Looking at the empty image, I informed in a serious tone.

“The Imperial Army has invaded our territory without our consent. This must not sit idly by, and my country even intends to resort to military means and consider a strong response. That's why I wanted to check with our allies, your country, beforehand, to see if you'd like to follow suit.”

That's about all there is to say.

Benimaru looked satisfied.

Shion nodded her head.

Geld shivered with excitement, and Diablo was all gleeful, jotting down some notes in his hand.

I wasn’t sure what was being recorded, or what he was going to do with those, but it was certainly not a big deal. I decided to dispose of those later, while waiting for Gazel to respond.

“Well, you’re starting to look like a king. That's good. You've been trying to meet them there since the beginning, haven't you?”

“Of course. Considering the damage that would be done to the town, we could actually fight on the edge of our borders as well. In this way, however, the opponent may later claim that this is a legitimate defense against monster aggression. By being on our territory, it would prevent them from making such statements and would also create a sense of crisis in the West. Besides, the inhabitants have taken refuge without incident, and the enemy has penetrated so deeply into our country that we can be justified in going all out.”

“Hahahahaha! It's good to know how to use what you have, but you'll lose points for saying it.”

Gazel smiled and said those words.

'You're the one who started it, so why are you talking so hard?’ I didn't realize his words had a follow-up.

“Having said that, a King does not like to beat about the bush. The military, in particular, is prone to trouble if misunderstandings arise. So I'll be clear with you. The work of negotiating with the Empire was left to the “Jura Tempest Federation.” After that, if you decide to go to war, we, the "Armed Powers of Dwargon", will take part in the war as the Tempest allies. To avoid chaos in the chain of command during combat, we at Deva Heights will only be in charge of defense from beginning to end, no problem?”

Wow, the answer was clearer than I thought.

The Dwarven kingdom must remain absolutely neutral, so I imagine that if others are not encroaching on their territory, they will most likely not be able to do so casually. Benimaru and I had long thought that things might turn out this way, so I wasn't surprised and accepted the offer.

“Thank you. Having you say that makes me feel more confident.”

“Come now. You knew from the beginning that it was going to go in that direction. In short, it was the most feasible tactic, and with the Allies in crisis, it was enough in that name. If you have any problems, you don't have to come to me.”

Oops, really good and reliable.

“We're backed up by a thousand years of undefeated Deva Heights. If the defeat is not such that there is nowhere to run, then this alone will give us peace of mind to fight.”

“In that case, we will send the messenger according to the plan.”

“In order to defend the center and the east, our country must divide our army in two ways. It is also more appropriate for our position to be thoroughly defensive. By the way, you guys be more careful.

Regarding the new type of weapon you call a "magic tank", its combat power is unknown. Looking at the Imperial Army equipment one would think that the era of using swords might be coming to an end. We are tantamount to putting a dangerous task on you, so forgive us.”

Gazel was probably worried about us and said this to me.

Indeed, that is hardly reassuring. As Gazel said, the performance of the Magic Tank is unknown.

So, while I don't think it's necessary, it's important to warn Gazel first.

“As far as I know, the world I used to live in also had weapons called tanks. It was to make the gunpowder explode, and by this force the shells were sent flying. The principle is simple, but the construction is complex. The power of the shell, the range, the accuracy of the hit, whatever it was, seemed to be impressive. As for the Magic Tank developed by the Empire, if its construction is similar to that of this type of military tank. It is likely to be impossible to deal with the current tactics.”

Gazel was right, the age of using the sword was probably coming to an end.

That is likely to lead to an even more gruesome battlefield.

What if the projectiles were fired not by gunpowder but by magic power?

I once had Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, run simulations against this part, and the results were terrible. Depending on the type of magic, it seems to be able to produce high-powered magic cannonballs, which are even better than the military tanks that had been the result of modern science.

And it was still a mass weapon…

“So the "defensive barrier" against magic will be useless?”

“That's what it's all about. It's not just the "defensive barrier", it's probably also the "magic barrier". Not only that, but we have envisioned those things to be incredibly powerful, so to merge the use of 'earth wall generation' or 'tectonic strengthening', it is best to form a double or triple defense through trenches or earth walls.”

“It's true. Is everyone thinking the same thing? In order to cope with the new era, we are also working on the development of "Magic Armor". While getting jumped on by others, complaining isn't the way to go here. So what are our chances?”

It's a hard question to answer.

So that's all I can say.

“Don't worry about winning, we have to win! That's all I can say.”

It wasn't just Gazel, this statement seemed to satisfy my partner as well.

“Heheheheheh! You're a reliable guy. I wish you a successful start.”

“Okay, I'll take care of it!”

Finally we finished this conversation and my call with Gazel ended.

In terms of final confirmation, that was a pretty good result.

“Shouldn't that be enough to make sure?”

“That’s good enough. It means he has promised to let us go ahead and do it.”

After hearing Benimaru's response, I nodded.

The time had come.

Now, we don't have to wait for the Empire to come out. We're ready for it too, so let's make this war official.

We were on the side of justice.

Within my monster territory—deep within the great forest of Jura—the footsteps of the Imperial Army's invasion hav set foot here. This was already a fact that could not be denied.

Next, we would be careful not to let the other party that we have seen through everything, and pretend that we are in a panic to formulate a countermeasure while dealing with them.

So now it’s about who to send over.

Gobta and Gabil lacked a few things, and above all they were unfit to deal with people.

Especially Gabil…thinking back to the moment I first met him, it felt unfit to send him as a messenger.

And so, there was only one person left.

I decided to send Testarossa.

Well, if it was her, even if the Empire attacked indiscriminately, there was no need to worry that she would die.

Even though it was all staged, it was time to negotiate a deal with the other party.

It was also possible to preemptively say nothing, but a Demon Lord is also big on theatrics.

Thinking about this, in order to give the key order, I launched the ‘Communication Network,’

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It was at the time when Rimuru spoke to Gazel through the “contact device".

Gathered inside the gates of the Dwarven Kingdom were about fifteen thousand soldiers, the First Legion led by Gobta (about twelve thousand), and the Third Legion led by Gabil (about three thousand).

Instead of going inside the cave, they camped in the plaza at the outer edge.

The inhabitants of the hotel town had all gone to shelter without incident and were currently watching the movements of the Empire.

The Empire had not yet sent emissaries to visit, nor had they induced surrender. However, those gathered at the scene were vaguely aware of the impending war between the two sides.

The Dwarven legions were also quick to prepare for the war.

The Dwarf Palace Knights had seven units, two of which were working units and magic support units, and the generals on the team were reinforcing themselves against the gates, as well as building temporary defensive walls.

That earthen wall was built with earthen magic, and with the addition of fire magic, it would gain more strength than brickwork in a blink of an eye. It is then further strengthened to create a defensive wall like a brass and iron wall.

These operations flew and went well, and when a triple defensive wall was constructed on the outside of the gate, the heavily armed strike force came out at this time.

The generals of the heavily-armed strike force had magical equipment all over their bodies, but were very different from their appearance, forming a whole formation with sharp movements.

Presumably things had taken a turn for the worse.

Yet Gobta and the rest didn't care.

Not bothering with the busy dwarves, the members of the First and Third Legions rested individually.

As for Gobta and Gabil, they were about to sit down nicely on the ground to eat.

A set of tables and chairs were somehow prepared next to it, even a luxurious parasol. Sitting in those pristine white chairs were none other than Testarossa and Ultima.

They were drinking tea.



The man who served them looked like a butler, and this man was Veyron. Externally, he looked to be an old man with a straight back and a very nice posture, standing up straight like a statue.

“This is so good! What lovely cuisine. I personally love it!”

“Mmm! I am also content. The taste is fantastic, the more you chew it, the more flavor it has, the better it is!”

That said, Gobta and the others were eating a meal prepared by Zonda, an attendant of Ultima. Taking the boned meat whole and grilling it, then seasoning it only with salt paste and herbs. It wasn't a meal, it was a dish that Zonda had made by going on a hunt and bringing back the prey.

“It’s a great blessing for us cooks to hear the two army chiefs say so. I'm particularly good at making palace cuisine, but not at cooking this kind of food for camping. Please forgive me if I'm rude.”

With a graceful bow when Zonda finished, he returned to Ultima's side to stand by.

The chef's outfit he wore was a two-piece style, a special cloth from Shuna. A silk weave from the Hell Moth is processed and then dyed with a mauve that is the same color as Zonda's hair.

The people here wear armor and military uniforms, so Zonda is particularly conspicuous.

Even Testarossa and Ultima wore specially made military uniforms. Testarossa wore trousers and Ultima wore a skirt, and although there was a difference, it was undoubtedly a military uniform. Zonda was, of course, particularly conspicuous.

Zonda's demeanor was so calm and introverted that it didn't match the battlefield, and even gave the impression that he was a gentleman, however, he was an indispensable figure. His instruction in cooking on the battlefield had grabbed everyone's stomach.

On top of that, he was an attendant of Ultima, which was one of the reasons Zonda was free to act.

Ultima herself had a free-spirited personality, and as a consultative subject of the Gabil's army chief, she uses that authority to the fullest. Such a dignified attitude did not take the bitterness spewed out by other magical creatures seriously at all.

In the Jura Tempest Federation, Ultima was already a celebrity. Few would dare to question her.

“This is not to my liking. There are also very few items, I wish there was more variety.”

“I agree. Either it is simply grilled or cooked into a fondue pot, which seems a bit lazy. It's been a long time since I've met Ms. Shuna and Mr. Yoshida. I hope you hone your craft more so that it will be more beneficial to me.”

Unlike the raving Gobta and Gabil, Testarossa and Ultima gave negative reviews.

“I apologize.”

Zonda immediately gave thanks. But Gabil said to Zonda.

“No, no, no, Mr. Zonda. I think Miss Ultima recognizes Mr. Zonda's handiwork, too! It's not really the taste that's the problem.”

Gabil suddenly uttered such a sentence and the eyes of all present became fixed on him.

Testarossa showed a look of interest.

His words were denied and Ultima was displeased.

Zonda was in a panic, afraid he would displease his master.

Veyron looked bland and did not reveal his emotions.

It was at this point that Gobta, who did not know how to read the atmosphere, asked a question.

“What does that mean?”

“Good question, Mr. Gobta! It's actually nothing. Even I was often scolded by my sister. She wants me to look at things more in a female mood.”

“So what exactly does that mean?”

Gobta gorged on the meat while asking questions.

“That's what it means, Mr. Gobta. If it's us, we can dine like this without looking at the others. But Miss Testarossa and Miss Ultima can't be like us, can they?”

Hearing this side, Zonda understood the meaning of Gabil's words and at the same time dawned on him.

Since they didn't need to eat at all when they hadn't acquired flesh before, something so basic had been overlooked by him, which made sense.

The discovery of so-called cuisine does not mean that taste is everything.

“Oh, it's not like Mr. Gabil to have such a great opinion!”

“Thank you, I've been working on it too. That being said, this is actually sold from Lord Rimuru's side…”

Speaking of this side, Gabil began to talk about what had happened not long ago when he went to consult with Rimuru…

“I also want to be as popular with women as Lord Rimuru…what should I do?”

“Asking me something like that? I'm also… no, nothing. Gabil, let me teach you a trick or two. If you want to be popular with women, you have to know how to compare your heart to her heart. In this way, I think the other person will naturally feel good about it.”

Gabil proudly said he once had such a conversation with Rimuru.

“Then I remembered what that Souka said. What Lord Rimuru was trying to say was, ‘Don't do things that would make the other person hate you’—that’s when I realized that it turned out to be so basic!”

Listening to Gabil's headline, everyone felt a sense of admiration.

They thought to themselves, ‘You're worthy of the name Rimuru.’

If he had heard this conversation himself, he would have blanched, but fortunately, Rimuru was not there. So no one was going to stop Gabil from making a big deal out of it alone.

“I'm sorry, Lady Ultima, and Lady Testarossa. We'll definitely work harder next time and serve the dishes you expect.”

With a beautiful gesture of a bow, Zonda came in front of Ultima and Testarossa and next knelt down to say the words.

"Oh, what a good servant you have. By comparison, my servants are…”

“What are you talking about? As far as I'm concerned, Moss seems pretty handy too. And Cien, being able to hand over the job of agent means he's good at paperwork, right? The servants under me are better at physical labor, and I envy having servants who can take care of those chores.”

“That's true, perhaps you are right. It's futile to ask for something that you don't have.”

As if not seeing Zonda, who was kneeling on the ground, out of sight, Testarossa and Ultima continued to talk. That attitude looked cold in the eyes of Gobta and others, but in fact it was just the opposite.

They were the pinnacle of all demons, and it seems to them that it is rare for them to praise others, or even to care about them. Knowing this, Veyron and Zonda, who became the subject of the chat, were very nervous.

At the same time, realizing that the masters were giving recognition, the mood became so intense that even their souls seemed to be burning.

Yet there were still those who could not detect such an atmosphere.

That man was Gobta.

“It's always a problem for girls. That's what it means, simply to be able to cut it into bite sized pieces and serve it better when you serve it. And I understand what Mr. Gabil is saying, but seriously, that's a pain in the ass!”

“Mr. Gobta, even if you have that thought, you can't say it. This is the first step to becoming a gentleman. I learned this from Lord Rimuru's words.”

“Geez, I know that. But this is a battlefield. Eat when you can, and don't be too extravagant about it.

That's the right attitude to have at a time like this, and that's what I thought when I was in charge by being the army chief!”

‘As long as there's something to eat, there's nothing to worry about’—or so Gobta thought. This was a battlefield, and when he heard such capricious words, he was tempted to say, ‘there's something wrong with that.’

As a result of accepting the assignment to become a military chief, Gobta also began to develop a sense of responsibility. In addition to that, he had another layer of thought, which was that he wanted to show his handsome appearance to the people present, and that was why he spoke the words just now.

Gobta was right on the money.

But in this world, it didn’t help to reason with certain people. Perhaps Gobta should have thought more carefully about this.

“What fun Gobta boy! I'm starting to get excited.”

“Yes, indeed. Fortunately, he was the one responsible for corresponding with me.”

Testarossa and Ultima responded with a smile.

But there was no smile in their eyes at all.

‘Ah, this is bad’—everyone but Gobta thought so.

“First, wait a minute, Gobta-kun… Chief of the Gobta Army? Let's get this here first. I think several of the intelligence marshals should have understood…”

Someone rushed to intervene to stop it, and it was one of Gobta's adjutants, named Gobchi.

Gobchi knew that Gobta meant no harm, he was just being frank about his feelings, and it was because the two had known each other for a long time and knew that Gobta was not wrong in what he said.

But in this world, life on earth could not be about right and wrong. These correct statements didn’t work for some people.

The hobgoblins knew how to read an atmosphere and knew that there were dangerous people who should not be provoked. It was not an unusual role for someone to be able to enjoy an afternoon tea on the battlefield.

Gobta-kun, it's not good to preach to such people!

That's the state of mind that Gobchi was currently in.

He had guessed correctly that Gobta was in a very dangerous position at the moment.

Testarossa and Ultima were not angry with Gobta at all, simply treating him as a fun toy.

But they were still demon primordials, and being treated as toys by them meant that…

The fate of Gobta was like a candle in the wind.

But just at this time, a miracle happened.

“Oh, Testarossa? Can you talk now?”

It was too late to tell, and Rimuru reached out to Testarossa through the ‘Communication Network.’

Thus Gobta was saved.

“No problem at all. So, Lord Rimuru, what can I do for you?”

Testarossa fell to her knees on the spot and responded.

Upon seeing this, the others around them realized that Rimuru had used the ‘Communication Network’

to contact Testarossa.

It didn't take long before everyone was on their knees.

Rimuru was completely oblivious.

“Ah, yes. Hold on a second.”

He said this leisurely, and then this time also contacted Gobta and Gabil using the “Communication Network".

“Is there a connection?”

“Yes!”

“I'm okay with that too!”

Feeling a nod from Rimuru after hearing that. What Rimuru said afterwards startled Testarossa and others.

“I have just discussed this with King Gazel. To take on the Empire, the vanguard goes to us, Tempest, but until then, we have to deal with the Empire first.”

In fact, he was tempted to attack first, but still expected to go and talk the other side down once before that.

Next Rimuru began to state what he had said to Gazel about the good things. Testarossa and neither of them interjected and listened through the instructions.

And after that…

“Then, Lord Rimuru. Can I take care of this negotiation?”

The discerning Testarossa asked so rhetorically.

It sounded like an acknowledgement to someone, but it was actually already a matter of decision in her mind. The question is how to strike a balance with what the other person meant.

“Yes, that's it. You should also continue to serve as a diplomatic officer on this side, giving you full authority to represent me. You may consult me at any time—granting you permission to contact me through the ‘communication network’ and maintaining your equal status with the army commander, in the hopes that you will work together with Gobta and Gabil to make things work.”

“I'll do as you say.”

At the moment she, like Ultima, had been sent as an ombudsman, but Testarossa was on the other hand the chief of the Western army. That legion didn't have a chance to appear this time, but its power was the largest in the Monster Kingdom.

On the same level as Gobta and Gabil, she was the right man to send as an emissary to the Empire.

“Uh, good. By the way, it should be dangerous to travel to the Empire as an emissary, is that okay?”

In this way, Rimuru asked in a worried tone, and the subject, Testarossa, seemed to happily oblige.

“There is no problem. I will definitely show those who don't know the height of the empire how powerful Lord Rimuru is.’'

“That is…Hopefully a war can be avoided if it can, but I don't think that should be possible. So after that…”

“—Think of the Empire as an enemy, and just wipe them out.”

“Hey! No, well, that's right…"

“Just leave it to your servant. If those people are foolish enough to ignore Lord Rimuru's merciful ultimatum, it is not worth letting them live in this world at all. I will destroy them all.”

Testarossa was full of killing intent.

Gabil, who felt this, was scared to death and thought to himself, ‘I'm a little afraid to compliment such a terrible girl.’ Conversely, Gobta was as dumb as ever.

“Lord Rimuru, please be assured. Testarossa had a lot of energy and said some very imposing things the first time she went to war. I'll be right beside her. Don't worry.”

In this way, the Gobta, who did not know how to read the situation, spoke towards Rimuru.

“Hey, you???”

“Of course it's me. I am at least a military chief, and I should take responsibility for my position. It is also my duty to guard the tender women.”

Facing the astonished Rimuru, Gobta finished and straightened his chest.

Even Testarossa smiled darkly when she heard it.

This kid…he's stupid, but I don't hate it.

To be able to misunderstand herself so much, even Testarossa was surprised.

While Testarossa clearly did not intend to hide her cruel nature, Gobta was completely unaware of it, making her feel that the man had quite a lot of nerves.

“I-I know. Then I'll send Ranga over as well, and you'll go over with Ranga as Testarossa's escort. If the Empire responds to our demands, so be it. If you don't respond, there will be a war on the spot. You must be careful not to die!”

“Leave it to us. I'm the best at running away!”

“Is that so? Then I'll leave it to you!”

After saying this, Rimuru cut off the “communication network".

Just like that, the monster army decided to strike.

Everyone was quiet, watching the situation…

“It's finally our turn! Everyone, get your stuff together, we're going on a march!”

The sound of Gobta's loud voice rang out from the scene.

Immediately afterwards, the army of monsters moved out simultaneously.

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Well—although it's a little different than I thought—that’s how I felt after they communicated the order to Testarossa.

To pretend that we're in a panic—the atmosphere just made it impossible to say that.

No, and rightly so, when you think about it. It's not natural at all to pretend to be panicked in order to show everyone how good the Demon Lord is. I think that's the right way to respond.

That being said, Testarossa is so reliable.

She seems to be able to show the Empire my majesty in a highbrow way.

Did Testarossa mean what she just said about wiping out the Imperial Army?

No, how is that possible…but, Testarossa is just like Diablo. Which means she's definitely a problem child, most likely serious?

It seemed so horrible that it was better to stop her…well, something had come up. This is a war, and it's not too late to wait until we've won the war before coming to observe a moment of silence for our enemies.

There were also unexpected takeaways.

That is, Gobta has grown.

Probably thanks to the responsibility I let him take on, he carried out his duties with great care.

He’s become very responsible.

Now that Gobta has grown, I'm also going to be a little easier. Hopefully he'll be able to work at this pace, but on the one hand he's afraid he'll step on a big landmine at any moment.

I've been watching from the sidelines because it's funny, but it's better to bottom out with Gobta too, while Testarossa isn't really angry yet.

With that in my head, I opened my mouth.

"Is Ranga here?”

“Yes!"

Ranga burrowed out of my shadow.

The tail wagging around is so cute. So much so that I wanted to lie down and snooze in that ball of hair, but I tried hard to hold back.

"Ranga, you stay with Gobta and protect him if anything happens.”

Ranga's tail came to a sudden halt.

After a brief silence, he replied in a tone of great disappointment.

"...Yes, master. So what's the best time to leave?"

It always felt like this reaction was like a little kid who didn't want to get past it.

For a moment just now he seemed to notice what I was thinking, but my orders would not change.

Since the fighting power of the Empire was unknown, it was disturbing to rely on Gobta alone.

"Please go right now.”

"Then I'll be on my way…”

A droopy-headed Ranga was about to leave.

You want to part with me that much…?

"Please. It's true that Gobta has become more reliable, but it's reassuring if you're with him!”

Although feeling a little sorry for him, this time please cheer him up. Thinking that way I said that to Ranga.

And then, right then and there…

"Put it on me, master!"

So responsive was Ranga, full of energy and glowing all over.

The lack of domineering footsteps became heroic because of my words. In addition to this, Ranga will also use Space Shift. He should catch up before Gobta and the others set off.

It's a relief for the time being.

"First of all, regarding the deal with the Empire, Most of them will break up. At that point we will declare war and expect it to start immediately. What should we do to get everyone in formation then…”

There is no doubt that there will be a war with the other side, according to the words and reactions of Testarossa. Honestly, I'd like to avoid fighting the other side, but that's just not possible. Since they have sent their troops so far into our country, I don't think they will come back empty-handed.

At least once against them, to show them the power of our country.

But the other side's fighting ability is unknown - they're a magic tank unit. We are also very likely to suffer significant harm if we accidentally adopt the wrong strategy. Operational plans must be decided carefully.

It's certainly a time to bring out Benimaru.

"If Testarossa decides to go to war after dealing with the other side, the city will be immediately isolated inside the labyrinth.”

"In that case, I think it would be better if you called on Ramiris first.”

"Right. Things have come to this point where we are about to go to war and she shouldn't be bored.”

It always feels wrong to think of war as a form of entertainment. In places like this, monsters think very differently than humans.

"And after that?”

At this stage, we will be defending the best defense facility in the Maze, as planned. That's on our turf, and I'm sure I can take the reins.

The problem is with the green legion.

"As a matter of common sense, the battle is too great. But also the ability to treat the enemy as a giant object and the thing called a magic tank as a magic creature. That would be to our advantage.”

As for the accompanying supply force, it was nothing to write home about—Benimaru’s confident attitude had shown that.

I do think it should not be, however Benimaru's words are also very telling. Anyway, I decided to hear what the follow-up said first.

"However, if troops are deployed on a large scale, they may become the victims of the magic tank artillery. Already trying to calculate the power of the magic tank cannon based on the images known to Lord Rimuru, the Green Legion should not be able to hold out. Therefore, the first one to be sent to confront the Imperial Army could only choose the Wolf Rider Troops.”

Huh? Wouldn't that be too much of a strain?

"Should I challenge myself on a hundred horses?"

"Yeah. I was going to arrange it this way at first and see what happens. If the enemy's magic tanks are as I expected, all our forces will be able to overcome them, and if they exceed expectations, then the battle plan must be redrawn. So that being said, whatever the outcome, it's important to hit it off with the other side first. It's not fun to add victims in this situation.”

With that, Benimaru blandly explained.

The implication of this is that he intends to take Gobta and test them. I'm afraid that one careless mistake will turn all the wolf-rider troops under Gobta into dead soldiers.

But Benimaru was unfazed.

He thought it was the most efficient thing to do and made a cold judgment.

"Worst case scenario, what will happen to them, and Gobta?”

"I have already told them that they should judge for themselves and run away with the ‘shadow movement’."

So that's it……is that the basis for keeping the Green Legion in place?

Benimaru predicted the performance of the magic tank, that is from my memory, with knowledge as the basis. But all this knowledge comes from television and doesn't feel very accurate.

Having said that…

I have the formidable companion of the King of Wisdom, Master Raphael, and although those memories are ambiguous, I think the Master should be able to calculate the specifications very correctly.

Other than that as seen so far, the shape of the Empire's magic tank has been learned.

Also mastered were the caliber and full length of the magic tank gun, as well as the machine gun that looked like a secondary weapon. These are all based on the knowledge of "otherworldly visitors", and the way they are used is similar to that kind of magic tank. While the power and performance are unknown, I think it's all the same in terms of the few points that should be alerted.

Benimaru's predictions and Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, had turned out to be only slightly wrong, and this part of the battle plan was sure to go according to Benimaru's view.

At least it would be more appropriate than what I, a layman, had in mind.

Benimaru's plan is as follows.

First, while the war was going on, the hundred cavalry would come together to launch a surprise attack.

Use the high speed maneuver feature, irregular action does not give the magic tank gun a chance to aim.

So that they don't suffer straight blows.

Since it was a minority unit, it could respond to any situation it faced. If you're lucky, you'll also be able to fight and run to catch the enemy.

Listening to the instructions made me realize that it made a lot of sense, too.

If you're afraid, you lose—that’s what Benimaru seemed to say to the green legion.

Of course, no one knows what will happen on the battlefield.

It is also possible that the enemy may not play his cards right and may miss the point. Although it is possible to guard against a direct hit without losing one's life, such a thing can not be determined until the moment of the final showdown.

So I want all of them to abide completely by one thing, and that is to withdraw immediately if anything happens.

"However, escape is a last resort. Let the majesty of Lord Rimuru be stained—I must not let that happen.”

Compared to the Empire, the Benimaru was even scarier.

"Don't force them."

"It's impossible. It is the proper etiquette that one must exert in oneself in order to achieve victory.”

Only to see Benimaru respond in such a way, showing a bright smile.

He didn't have the slightest confusion on his face and felt handsome, but I was in a complicated mood.

On the one hand, I can understand the meaning of Benimaru's words, but on the other hand, I feel like I'm saying, ‘There's no reason to sacrifice some people for this.’

Actually, my prestige really doesn't matter at all. If you have the talent to protect the majesty of your country, but you have to sacrifice to protect that majesty, isn't that putting the cart before the horse?

Whichever partner it is, I don't want them to get hurt…

Just be prepared for the worst and be ready to "teleport" the Third Legion at any time and let them be reinforcements.

If it was me going into battle myself, there would have been no such fear—I began to feel uneasy in my heart.

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Lt. General Geist, the head of the Mecha Legion and the beloved Lieutenant General of Calgurio, is in charge of the Magic Tank Division on this expedition.

He was a muscular man of about thirty-five years of age.

He stood proudly at the head of a state-of-the-art instructional vehicle configured in the rear, enjoying the atmosphere on the battlefield. The situation in the large forest around them was unchanged, and no one stood in their way. Geist, who was already used to this situation, began to think that this war was probably going to make him famous again.

The invincible kingdom of the Dwarves for a thousand years—the armed kingdom of Dwargon is ruled by the heroic King Gazel, and will be brought down by my own hand. You can't find anything more painful than that in the sky!

Geist will be applauded by the nations this time.

A new hero will be born, and he will go down in history. Just going and dreaming about it makes Geist's heart ache.

The man who defeated the heroic king Gazel—the title will be his. This will happen in the near future and is bound to come. After all, the Magic Guided Tank Division led by Lieutenant General Geist had the corresponding combat power that made him so sure.

Two thousand Magic Guided Tanks were neatly arranged.

There was a plain at the foot of the mountain, and there were twenty magic tanks in the horizontal and vertical lines.

Such a magnificent sight pleased Geist greatly. Yet this is just like the opponent's strategy.

Each magic tank measures about ten meters in length and three and a half meters in width, and if there are two thousand magic tanks stretched out, you have to choose a place to display them all. Geist laid out his troops in accordance with the findings of the prior investigation, which turned out to be exactly where they expected it to be on Rimuru.

Such a thing Geist hadn't even thought about, but the man was an excellent soldier. Fit to serve as a Lieutenant General, with excellent personal fighting ability.

Geist thought to himself that he wasn't going to lose to the Close Knights.

The reason I didn't make the cut was simply because I didn't get a chance to compete in the ranking battle. Since I've been assigned to this division, it means I'm on a military operation at all times.

Such and such, he thought unpleasantly.

Of course it will be a very high post. In the empire, it is a choice between one of ten thousand, or the upper class, whose status is equal to that of a high class nobleman.

It would not be too much to say he was a distant existence in the eyes of the common man, but that did not satisfy Geist.

One day he was going to replace Calgurio and make himself the army chief. And to be a hero afterwards, Geist has big ambitions.

What he wanted was not money, but fame. So he didn't want to go through the maze, but to fight with the heroic King Gazel.

And Geist is strong enough to embrace such ambitions.

He has a unique technique called "Player", which is the ability to control the sound and analyze the situation by listening to a variety of sounds.

He is also able to use special fluctuations to launch specific instructions, so that even in the midst of chaos, he can command his own army.

This is the force best suited to command the legions, but it's not the only thing worth mentioning.

The unique skill of the "player" also conceals a vicious attack.

It is possible to manipulate the sound waves to irradiate the subject—using the sonic cannon for cellular destruction—and Geist is capable of such brutal tricks at will.

Even within the Empire, Geist was certainly among the masters of the awesome.

Ha! I'll admit that the near guards were strong. But that was because they had the legendary-grade equipment given by His Majesty the Emperor's imperial court! Obviously I'm the only one who deserves those things…

With the legendary equipment, he can also earn the highest honor of "single digits”—the confidence of a Gestalt.

Despite thinking about this all the time, Geist didn't take the combat operation lightly.

Huh? The smell of the forest has changed…?

The surrounding voices suddenly broke off. Finding this out, Geist ordered to the whole army.

"Interrupt camping preparations and go on alert immediately!”

After giving the order, Geist focused even more, turning his attention to the patch of forest to his left.

The sounds of birds and animals are gone, and there are no bug calls.

There was always a sense of tension.

And not only that—there was the sound of tiny footsteps. On top of that there was the sound of leaves scraping closer and closer.

The distance is long, but it's fast.

Is the other side planning to attack by surprise? It's not a bad move, but it's a shame your opponent isn't that easy.

Geist secretly snickered.

Analyzing the sounds heard, the number of people approaching here was about a hundred. I heard that the Demon Lord's army was gathering in the inn town from which they had marched.

This proves that Geist's plan is going well. The demon lord’s army had been stationed in the inn town, and they missed the main body of the Imperial Army.

As the army of up to seven hundred thousand approached, one wondered how panicked those monsters would be. Imagining the situation made Geist laugh wickedly.

The sound was approaching a distance of ten kilometers.

We're about to enter the effective range of the "Magic Guided Cannon". Its maximum range is up to thirty kilometers, but at this distance, the hit accuracy is not very good. The mere fact that it can attack that far is actually an effective range of about three kilometers. That said, you don't have to worry about the accuracy of your hits as long as you use special shells that explode.

The enemy was few in number and had gathered in a small area, approaching here. As long as they don't come into the open, they think it's okay to take trees as shields…

Too naive. Let's give them a greeting.

The special shells are still in the trial stage and can only be prepared for two rounds, but the blast range is tens of meters. Explosive power is not explosive magic that can be compared to it. There would be tens of thousands of degrees of heat and storms that would deform even the entire topographic landscape.

Only the command vehicles in which Geist travels are equipped with this special product, but Geist does not shy away from it.

He didn't hesitate to fill the cannon and keep the muzzle pointed at the forest.

Instructions were then given to the battle group.

This is just in case, if the enemy is still alive, they will meet it immediately.

"Left squad, turn counterclockwise!”

The soldiers were originally preparing tents for camping, however they were about thirty kilometers from the Dwarven Kingdom and were on guard at all times.

As soon as they heard Geist's order, they got to work unhurriedly packing up their things and putting them into the wagon being towed by the magic tank. It wasn't long before everyone had finished preparing for battle.

In time to catch Geist's order, the left column—up to five hundred vehicles—all floated into the air and headed for the forest.

And just like that, Geist they were ready to go.

As if always waiting for this moment.

A magical creature appeared in the depths of the dense forest.

With two horns on their heads, they are monstrous creatures with the appearance of wolves.

That huge body made people stare blankly. At five meters tall, even with a magic tank, it was no less impressive.

I r emember in the report given by the intelligence agency there was a mention of this magical creature called "Ranga". Seems to be teased as the demon lord’s pet, but his strength is equivalent to A+…

That's a lot to take in.

"There's only one? What exactly is the plan…no, it turns out.”

Geist wondered what their purpose was.

Since it came alone, it was not to fight. The purpose is to warn us, I'm afraid. That's right, in order to protect their position as monster lords, they cannot lose to their enemies in their aura. Heh heh, that's stupid.

You are going to send a master like Ranga to oppress your enemies and suppress your opponent's fighting spirit—that’s how Geist interpreted it.

''It seems that Demon Lord Rimuru's pride is high. Do you want to preserve the prestige of the Demon Lord even if you give up the advantage of a sneak attack?”

Speaking of which, Geist laughed aloud.

The other generals laughed along with it, and the soldiers thus ceased to be nervous and only remained appropriately nervous.

Ranga came nearby.

He's got a leisurely pace and doesn't look like he's going to fight.

It looked like Geist was right in guessing that the other side was aiming to deal with them.

Coming to a place a stone's throw away from Geist and the others, about ten meters away, Ranga finally stopped in his tracks.

A woman sat sideways with her body on his back and then jumped gracefully.

Not a sound, not a whisper.

Then walked unthinkingly ahead of Geist and the others.

Seeing that beauty unlike all human women, a chill ran down Geist's back, like being held against an ice knife.

How could…? This woman's voice is not quite right…

It's a heartbeat sound, but the melody is eerie.

There was also the sound of blood flowing. Yet compared to the human voice, it sounded quieter and faster.

No, it's too fast.

If the blood flowed at this rate, the human body could not bear it at all…

Ranga was long gone from Geist's eyes.

He kept looking at the woman.

Pure white long hair flowed down beautifully, adding to that beauty.

But the other part was wearing serious military uniforms that didn't match that beauty. The lower half of the body was worn like riding pants, with a rounded, slow swelling curve in the thigh area.

There was another man riding on Ranga's back, and Geist didn't bother to notice him. That was because the woman exuded enough eerie scent to make Geist put all his attention on it.

What is she…? The intelligence agency gave the information without this figure. This woman is more dangerous than Ranga who is a main subordinate, right?

Geist really wants to rebuke the intelligence services.

But the person who wanted to complain to him wasn't there.

At the moment, the appearance of the Demon Lord's close attendant was more important than that.

In order to hide the fact that his aura had been overpowered, he spoke to the woman in a tone full of majesty.

"You are a messenger from the Demon Lord Rimuru, are you not? The timing of the contact was sooner than expected, but the Demon Lord's minions were pretty good. So, what's the matter with coming here?”

Seeing Geist ask such a question, the woman responded with a voluptuous smile.

"Greetings everyone, my 'name' is Testarossa. This land is governed by the Great Demon Lord Rimuru, of whom I am a confidant. So, as to what you're here for today…”

When that was said, the smile on the woman's lips, Testarossa, deepened.

It was a very wicked smile.

"If you leave like this, I'll leave you alone. But I am not at liberty to continue the invasion. I have come this time to deliver these words from our lord.”

Those eyes, redder than blood, glittered, and Testarossa declared so.

Geist held his breath for it.

What the hell was that? Even if she meant it, Testarossa's movements were quick.

She just waved her hand and things happened in a flash.

A wall of flame appeared one meter in front of the frontmost battle group.

The wall of flames disappeared in a flash, and the molten scorch marks on the ground became crystalline, drawing a straight line.

"I think I’ve made it very clear. Once you cross that line, you are dead. Don't come in without being fairly aware. Well, take care, everyone.”

After bowing extremely gracefully, Testarossa said so. The next thing you know, you look like you've lost interest, and you turn your head and leave without looking back.

Testarossa walked away.

This means that the bargaining is over.

Ranga also looked like he took it for granted, tail wagging from side to side.

It was just the short figure sitting on his back who kept looking over at Geist their side, but none of that mattered to Geist at all.

I can't believe you don't think of me! What do you think I am!? And in the face of such a large army, it would be too arrogant to bluff like that!

Geist was furious. It's as if his beliefs so far have been smashed to pieces and lost their cool in a flash.

Unilaterally saying what they want to say on their own is not at all going to listen to what the likes of Geist have to say. This was supposed to be the attitude the Empire took towards its enemies.

How dare you…

The messenger's attitude had set Geist on fire, and the fear that had just been embraced in his heart disappeared.

Geist thus made an error of judgment.

It’s five meters from Testarossa. It's right in the middle ground between Ranga and Geist and the rest.

How can you just go back unscathed?

He had made up his mind.

It was not at all important to the empire to treat the messenger with the courtesy that was due.

If only the other side would surrender, otherwise they would be completely ravaged.

By analogy, Testarossa's attitude was an insult to the Empire, and Geist considered it enough to justify war.

"Can you hear me?”

"Yes! Communications are good.”

"Shoot that arrogant woman through her head. Afterwards the reverse direction was reversed, allowing twenty magic tanks to come to the front and fire their shells together. Let the monsters that lurk in the forest see the power of our empire…!”

Geist ordered quietly through his "player".

Snipers dedicated to the command vehicle took the lead in responding. They immediately raised their sniper rifles to lock on to Testarossa.

Then the silent bullets were fired through the "magic gun", which was specially designed for long range.

The Magic Gun was originally a small magical weapon, but its long-range counterpart has an improved range of up to two kilometers. It's not even 10 meters away, so I'm sure I can hit it and kill someone.

The bullet is wrapped in the elemental magic "Great Flaming Sphere", but what happens to those if they are launched inside?

It doesn't take much thinking to know that the subject matter will burn out from the inside out and eventually explode and burn up.

Even for magical creatures that are highly resistant to magic, the inside of the body is usually defenseless. There was no way to escape the vicious supersonic shells, and Testarossa was going to die— Geist was convinced of it.

The moment the bullet is fired and passes over the border.

Testarossa turned her head.

That face was very wicked and very beautiful.

Next, Geist widened his eyes in surprise.

The vicious bullet, which was supposed to run through Testarossa, was blocked by her slender index finger.

This magic-bearing bullet has come to three times the speed of sound at its initial velocity.

The magic contained in it was gently grabbed and thrown away before it was time to be liberated.

It was like treating it as a boring toy in general…

"That's your answer, isn't it? Very good. This answer is great. Then let's go head-to-head."

Leaving this to go and rendezvous with Ranga, Testarossa never looked back.

Immediately afterwards, she left the scene as if nothing had just happened.

Geist almost went into a panic mode, but he pressed on by sheer force of will. Fear and humiliation are put on the scale to be measured, and in the end it is humiliation that wins the day.

The average soldier has no idea what just happened. Only Geist himself and the sniper had noticed what had just happened.

In that case, we will proceed directly according to the plan and sweep with the strongest weapons and magic tank guns. In this way, we can also preserve our dignity as a soldier of the Empire.

"Lieutenant General Geist, what should we do, what should we do?”

"Don't panic! Don't let that illusion fool you! We are the glorious Imperial Army. To win the victory for His Majesty the Emperor! Let's go ahead with the plan and start firing the shells…!"

In conjunction with Geist's loud orders, the battle group listed on the left simultaneously moved in.

They didn't take the warning seriously at all.

In order to keep a proper distance from the vehicles in front, the magic tank units began to advance as they crossed the state line.

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The war had begun.

It started more easily than one might think.

Testarossa drew the final warning line that the Imperial Army did not hesitate to cross.

It was at this moment that the Eastern Empire began to enter a state of war with us.

"Looks like it's already started.”

"Yeah. It all starts now.”

The look was high and mighty.

Sitting up on the slightly raised chair on her toes, Ramiris conversed with Veldora.

I let out a sigh.

It's not like we're playing a game, it's war as if it were.

I wish their nerves would tighten a bit and correspond with a more serious attitude.

"Don't worry about those first. Let's get the town to take refuge.”

"I know! It's all on me, Master Ramiris!"

“Listen to me, please," responded Ramiris, refreshed.

The next second, the capital 'Rimuru' had silently isolated itself to the interior of the maze.

It was all for the sake of acting so as not to be discovered by the enemy, which is why we delayed the town quarantine and implemented it at the nick of time. But we don't need any more acting.

When they disregarded Testarossa's advice, we used it ungraciously.

"By the way, Treyni has something she wants me to pass on.”

After isolating the town in three or two strokes, suddenly, Ramiris remembered the incident and said so out of her mouth.

“Hmm?"

"It seems to mean that she sensed the presence of a suspicious person and went to say hello.”

"Huh? What do you mean?”

"I don't know. I'm not sure.’

I would ask her to count me stupid.

It would be useless to ask for a detailed report from Ramiris.

That being said, I'm not in a position to complain when she's not under my command. And with her involvement in our country's wars, the mere willingness to help us is appreciated.

Besides, the other one was Miss Treyni… Well, come to think of it, that person wasn't careful enough at some point.

"Souei, is there any way to deal with the intruder?”

I was a little worried, so I confirmed it with Souei.

"That part's okay. The next thing you need to do is to run according to the plan, and to guard the gate on the ground.”

It looks like I'm overthinking it, which is a relief for now.

There seemed to be a few spies invading, but the "blue dark congregation" below Souei would take care of that. There should be no need to worry too much.

Again, about the individual floors.

The ninety-first floor to ninety-five floors all move to ninety-six to one hundred.

The towns on the ground have all moved to the lowest level of the maze—the temporary one hundred and first floor.

If you want to get to this side, you’d have to beat Veldora. By common sense, we would have been defeated by that point.

As for the critical final defense, we intend to put it on the 95th level. The ninety-one to ninety-four floors were all dragon rooms, and after breaking through these levels you would come to the large room where Veldora sat.

There's also the "control room" in the back where we're staying. If Veldora is defeated, we will buy time there.

Take this time to get the town back on the ground and let Geld’s troops step up to the defense and help the residents escape. Seriously it's reluctant, so hopefully this time the floor guardians can cheer.

At least the interior of the maze was defensively sound.

It should be said that even if one wanted to fight to the 95th floor, it would be impossible for an ordinary army.

Because of the battle against people, service inside the maze is naturally suspended altogether. Of course, no "resurrection bracelets" will be given out, and you can't stay in a hotel to go to the bathroom, etc.

In such cases, things like food must be prepared by the adventurers themselves. The water feeds that occur every five floors are also expected to be closed, making them relatively more difficult.

If you want to seriously tackle the maze, let alone for days, I think it could be months. It's not that more people are better; more people are more likely to get in the way.

According to the information given by them in Gadra, Imperial soldiers seem to have been modified.

Even if you can move around without eating or drinking for a week, it shouldn't be easy to get around the maze.

We ran simulations with several knights from Western countries and found that it was impossible to successfully navigate the maze. Even if the Imperial Army was better than them, they still couldn't break through easily.

It's probably just me being paranoid. It's better not to be too worried.

It is also possible for them to skim the maze directly, so we can only match the moves of the enemy.

That's pretty much it, our side is ready.

We have also informed the surrounding countries of the Empire's actions, and presumably they are now praying for a victory for our country. In order to cope with the worst case scenario, the West is equipped with military units that are ready to stand by, and afterwards they are expected to adapt to the situation at hand.

That's what happened, and I pulled my attention back to the battlefield.

Testarossa went to rendezvous with Gobta and retreated on Ranga.

As if in pursuit of her, the Imperial magic tank force was laying out.

The magic tank guns kept moving and looked like they would soon be firing in force.

"Will it be all right?”

"It should be dangerous to get hit, but I don't think it will be a problem,"

This arrogant response comes from Benimaru.

Next, he directly instructed the First and Third Corps using his unique skill, "Generalissimo".

Tempest's side was about to swarm into action.

The Green Legion began to advance cautiously toward the enemy's rear. They looked like they were about to enter the forest, using those trees as shields, careful not to be seen by their enemies. Launch a surprise attack when there's a chance of winning, retreat first if the opponent is having a hard time dealing with it, they're not going to make much of a move until they see that.

As for the guerrilla flying regiment led by Gabil, one hundred "flying dragon congregations" and three hundred flying dragon troops selected from the Blue Regiment flew into the air. They were going to attack the slow moving magic tanks from the air. That's a good judgement, but the enemy is also warlike in the air. Once they're out in force, the showdown will be played for real by then.

Then look at the green legion and others who are closest to the enemy army.

It is unclear how powerful the magic tank guns are, and getting into enemy range is an act of suicide.

There is still some distance for the two forces to engage, but the effective range of the other is not clear and vigilance must be maintained.

Other than that, I don't think the other side has seen the Wolf Rider troops yet, but they seem intent on firing their magic tank guns.

Maybe there's a new type of weapon that Gadra doesn't know about.

<<WARNING. Calculations have been made according to the direction and angle of the magic tank guns, and they have correctly aimed, and seem to have correctly grasped the position of the wolf-rider troops hidden behind the trees.>> Huh?

That wouldn't be so bad.

"Benimaru, the enemy seems to have somehow mastered Gobta's position!"

"Understood. It was with this possibility in mind that only the green legion were given the role of vanguard force.”

I was the only one who felt anxious, and Benimaru was still as old as ever. It looked like this was in his expectation.

I decided to trust Benimaru first this time and watch the situation from the sidelines.

There are 2,000 units in total. Five hundred of them had already turned around and were on alert towards Gobta on their side.

As for the top twenty, the one that is currently firing its main gun.

The difference between the original world's magic tanks and the this world's magic tanks is that the guns on this side are shorter, right?

Even if they came by the foothills, some places should be overgrown with grass. Even then it is not a problem because the gun is relatively short and does not pose a hindrance when rotated.

It's just that it's possible to cut down trees with brute force.

That said, rotating up is more conducive to taking dense formations. The guns of each other do not pose an obstacle and are able to rotate quickly.

While it's not certain that such a gun length would ensure hit accuracy and range, these are not things we should worry about. It's because the other party has overcome this problem that it's used in practice.

Next, let’s talk about Gobta and the others

Gobta has rejoined the troops. There wasn't much blood on his face, so presumably he didn't see the magic tank troops in fear.

I guess it was discovering the true nature of Testarossa that made me realize I was in a very dangerous position.

And this Testarossa was sitting sideways on Ranga's back, elegantly combing her hair. Now that the bargaining is over, she seems to think she has done her duty.

Indeed, it was a credit to her that she came home unscathed. It would actually be possible to give her a break, but the current situation would not allow it.

Just thinking about that, the magic tank guns have fired.

Twenty-one shells came flying.

It was hard to tell by the "Argos" alone, but the one that came out of the command vehicle looked different from the other shells.

What the hell is that…?

"Gobta, use the Shadow movement.”

"All are in the shadow!”

Putting my doubts aside, Benimaru quickly ordered.

Gobta responded to this.

Without a moment's pause, the Wolf Rider troops disappeared from the scene by "shadow movement".

Immediately afterwards, a rain of shells poured down on the spot.

Twenty-one rounds of rainstorm with destructive force.

The mere imagination is horrible as hell.

<<Answer. The calibre of the magic tank gun was 120 mm and the mass of the shell was presumed to be 21 kg. Based on the distance to the point of impact and the time of arrival, the velocity should be a little over six times the speed of sound. The kinetic energy is equal to the mass of the artillery shell multiplied by two squares of the flight speed. Based on the conversion of these conditions, muzzle strength and penetration capacity can be calculated. The deceleration is inversely proportional to the cross-sectional load and simulates the surrounding environment, with air resistance, and these values are multiplied by the magic coefficient of the artillery shell, which translates to trinitrotoluene explosives approximately…>> You seem to be having a good time, sorry to bother you…

I don't know how powerful trinitrotoluene explosives are, even if you convert them, I don't understand them.

<<…Understood. That's a little more specific. If hit head-on, even the gates of the Dwarven Kingdom would shatter. Even an A-rated dragon can't take it. In addition, anyone within five meters of the impact site will suffer significant damage, and anyone below level C may not survive.>> That's right. If you'd said that in the first place……hey, hey, hey, hey!

That's not two words for horrible anymore.

And there's a mystery shell mixed in, so I'm worried about Gobta's safety.

But after all, my worries were unwarranted.

The shells blew the ground apart as soon as they hit. And it blew up twenty rounds in a row, and the terrain all changed with it.

The last shot hit the target, and the place where Gobta had just stayed was immediately surrounded by karma fire. The wind pressure from the explosion blew wildly, and small-scale storms blew the perimeter to pieces. The damage reached tens of meters, and one can imagine how powerful it was.

That's the effect of that mystery shell, right? Such a dangerous shell was even enough to rival nuclear strike magic, thanks to their ability to develop it.

The reason one can feel admiration like that is because they are safe and sound in Gobta. They immediately reacted to Benimaru's command to disengage from the scene through the "shadow movement".

"It's really good that they’re okay.”

"What's okay!? The shockwave has even hit this shadow space.”

"Is anyone hurt?"

"No, our group is fine. Thanks to Benimaru-san, everyone is safe.”

Gobta replied with a Yuanqi (?) voice. Although it hurts to complain about it in your mouth, I think it's okay.

By the way, does Testarossa know how to use “shadow movement" —well, she seems to be fine, so there's no point in worrying about that.

The bigger question today than that is what to do next.

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I organize a network through the Communication Network.

Joining them were Benimaru, Gobta, and Testarossa.

In order to extend the somatic time, I also start "thought acceleration". This makes for a meaningful meeting, even if it's a short one.

"So what's next?”

It's times like these that I want to hear from Benimaru.

"At the moment, Gabil's forces are launching a surprise attack on the enemy's tank forces. I want the green legion to come out and pigeonhole them.”

Oh.

"Isn't this dangerous?”

"Danger is danger, but it will make Gabil's troops do fakes. Gobta and the rest took the opportunity to attack again. The magic tank is beyond destructive, but maneuverability is to be expected. We have a good chance of winning.”

Benimaru sends out a proud message.

Looking at the flurry of attacks just now, one could tell that Gabil's men were flying at a higher speed than the rotating speed of the magic tank guns. Had they concentrated on evading, they would not have been hit by the magic tank guns.

It must be very difficult to target them—although Benimaru said so, it was the members of the assault force who would be feared. But don't look like Gabil, who is actually very brave and doesn't seem to care about any of that.

Indeed, as long as one can fly through the air, the light escapes from the rays of the shell without suffering damage. Hopefully, Gabil will be able to get over this hurdle with gusto.

Let's look at the green legion again.

"Me, us too?"

"You are the main characters. But you can rest assured. Once infiltrated into the heart of the opponent, the enemy they will be afraid to hit one of their own and the movements should become sluggish. So as soon as Gabil and the others start attacking each other, you're going to rush in with all your might.”

In this way, Benimaru gave orders to Gobta like an evil spirit. No, he is indeed a monster.

"I mean, you're moving in the shadow, right?"

Hearing Gobta ask that, Benimaru shook his head.

"That's dangerous. I think the enemy would have prepared all sorts of defenses, such as magical detection object or defense against the barrier. There are probably countermeasures against skills, so it's best not to play around with them.”

I share the same view on this point.

The magic tanks are their killers, can't be unguarded, and I think should be thoroughly guarded. There are some boundaries dedicated to skills, and it would be bad if the other side used that. It's probably safer and safer to break through positively at times like this.

"There is also something called an interface boundary in Legion magic. This magic is specifically designed to protect against surprise attacks from space, so that we risk being blocked from action.

Benimaru-san is right, a positive break should be the safest.”

The meaning I wanted to express is perfectly summed up by Testarossa.

On that point, Gobta seems to be okay with it.

“I-I know. I'm fine with that, even if Miss Testarossa says so."

The Gobta guy is scared.

That's right. After all, the opponent was several times better than he was, and he'd made a big deal about an opponent like that.

Would be afraid of course.

I'm looking forward to it, to—correction, pleasure in it—and it's not wrong to say, by the way, that it resonates involuntarily with this situation. So I want to send Gobta these words.

"Gobta-kun. People are not to be profiled. Once again, you have to keep that in mind and not repeat it!”

Although that phrase could also be applied to me just fine.

I hadn't even noticed it until no one told me about Testarossa and them…

"Good. I will reflect on it…”

Hmmm. That's good!

"What are you talking about?”

"It's no secret that Gobta would be wrong.”

"I see. Is it something to do with Testarossa? The most important part of it didn't grow. It's nice to give him a hard time once in a while.”

It seems that Benimaru also found out and revealed a dark smile for my explanation.

"By the way, who are those people Diablo brought back? Especially those three girls, who feel like unusual people?”

Because these people were approved by me, Benimaru didn't have any complaints and just accepted it.

Still, he did care about the women's true identities.

That being said…they are terrible Primordial Demons…I think it's better he doesn't know these things.

But there's no way to keep it hidden forever.

Even the subordinates hid it from me, and I felt bad about it. I think Shion didn't care even if she didn't know, but maybe she could tell the truth to Benimaru.

"Well, I'll explain that to you later.”

When I so responded, Benimaru shrugged.

"Well, that's right. One shouldn't care too much about such topics when fighting a war.”

It seemed like he was able to take it, so I turned my attention elsewhere as well.

"That's the way it is, Gobta, we're at war with the people. It's important to reflect, but that's when you come back alive."

"It's a must!”

"Is there anything you don't understand about the battle summary?”

"No problem, Mr. Benimaru. We'll move to the edge of the forest first and rush in when Gabil starts attacking.”

"That's it. You've got to do your best!”

"Got it!”

Gobta is no longer afraid.

That way he can focus on the fight.

In that case, we will discuss it through the "Communication Network".

Immediately following, a few minutes later.

The Third Corps, led by Gabil, launched a strong surprise attack on the magic tank units.

"Gah, gah, gah, gah! Let's see what I can do! You guys move so slowly, you're no match for us!

He's just as smug as ever, talking out of turn.

It's a little unsettling, but that's what makes it Gabil.

In fact, there was no immediate response from the magic tank units.

Benimaru had expected correctly, the magic tank cannon's movements couldn't keep up with Gabil's.

Gabil also takes credit for this. Because he commanded well, the members of the regiment cooperated well.

It took a fair amount of training to get to this point. It seems to acquire an air combat capability that makes the eyes glaze over.

Even the three hundred Flying Dragons performed well. They still seem to be cultivating alternate riders, and as long as the number of flying dragons increases, it should turn into a very reliable fighting force.

Gabil had been responsible for shifting the focus of the enemy, but he was not entirely without an attack. On the one hand, they wanted to dazzle the enemy and also make the flying dragon spit fireballs.

Are those really the B+ equivalent of magic? The power is comparable to the elemental magic "Great Flame Sphere" which is manipulated by ordinary wizards.

It wasn't enough to break through the magical defenses of the magic tank, but it was effective enough for the infantry. Attacking the ground from the air gives a glimpse of what Gabil can do.

Didn't put up much of a fight, but he did it beautifully at the tactical level.

And so does Gobta.

Looks like he's adjusted to the mood.

Without a trace of confusion, he took command, was straightforward and meticulous in his movements, and launched a surprise attack on the battle group.

A total of five hundred stations were confronting the green legion, and a thousand and five hundred more were lined up in front of them, all aimed at the Dwarven Kingdom. Now that we are so deep, the enemy cannot move lightly.

Progressing to this point has been a great victory for us, but the Imperial Army is not that incompetent.

They'll be desperately trying to get in our way, and then we'll have to rely on our strength and speed to win.

Gobta seemed to understand this as well, and while following Benimaru's instructions, he used that electric speed to rush towards the magic tank unit.

There was no fear of even looking at the muzzle of the gun aimed at them, no color on their faces.

About a hundred meters remained from the front of the magic tank unit.

Changed to a wolf-rider troop, it took less than six seconds to run.

Several rounds of shelling sounded on the spot, and yet the green legionnaires were not at all afraid and did not reduce their speed, and just kept running.

In fact the shells seemed to be threatening, hitting in a different direction than we had expected.

This is evidence that the Imperial Army is shaken.

The wolf rider troops did not act in any way, and did dispose of the obstacles that stood in their way.

The infantry unit currently in charge of protecting the magic tanks also tried to block their way, but were bitten off by the wolves.

There's not a bit of distance left.

In this way, we succeeded in approaching our first target, the magic tank unit.

Ranga ran at the forefront, the hobgoblin sitting on his back in all his glory.

Running in second place was Gobchi, and Gobta gestured to him with a wink. Gobchi looked away and nodded. Immediately following, the next second, the hobgoblin threw some "little thing" at the magic tank's turret.

It was a jewel that glowed red.

It is the Element Core, or the Magic Pearl for short.

I asked Kurobee to prepare a large pile of empty magic pearls, and then asked Charys to seal in the magic of the flame.

It's not meant to be used on a magic sword, but a substitute for a bomb.

The name is "Flaming Jade".

Will it work or not…?

The weakness of the magic tank is in the interior, so we set off a big explosion of firepower inside. If that does not work, we intend to terminate this operational plan immediately.

"No problem?”

"Rimuru, don't worry. Have faith in my friend Charys!”

"Rest assured, Lord Rimuru. Since the infused magic was almost on the verge of bursting, I thought to myself that I would be able to easily make that piece of iron unable to move again.”

I also think it should be fine, but this is the first time I've done an experiment. Don't worry about me -

the magic tank exploded.

"You see, it's just like I said, right? My battle plan is indeed correct!”

This idea was started by me.

So I feel more uneasy about it…but when it works out in the end, it makes me want to show it off.

"This guy's a cheapskate…”

"It's so Rimuru-esque!”

"You two have no right to talk about me!"

A few of us were bickering over there.

Charys had a proud face.

Benimaru and Beretta, on the other hand, were smiling bitterly.

Shion and Diablo grinned.

The second phase of the battle plan was successful, so the atmosphere became somewhat cheerful.

It's an outpost battle on this side.

The next step is to dive into the midsection of the enemy. Leave the magic tank units that are killing each other with the green legion and strike at the center.

The opponent had infantry units deployed to defend the dead ends of the turrets, and Gobta gave blows on one side and Testarossa on the other.

It rushes across the battlefield like a giant monster.

A series of actions show the beauty of the wash, all reflected on the big screen.

"That guy Gobta, did well. That way they won't get locked out by the magic tank gun.”

"No, not yet. Depending on how the other side's commanders will arrange it, it is possible that they will not take the damage done to their own people seriously and will attack directly."

How can this be?—as much as one thinks it, this is war.

Let's also assume that this might happen.

"Besides, the enemy has air power on their side. It's too early to rest assured.”

That's right, I followed and turned my head to look at the other big screen.

Seeing the shadow of the enemy machine reflected above, one can see that the speed has increased. It looks like the Empire also got its soldiers to work better with each other by some means.

Once the enemy's air warfare arrived, Gabil would be busy. In that way, Gobta risked their isolation on the battlefield.

It's a race against time.

I want to play the key battle while I can.

As if to respond to this expectation of mine, people on the battlefield continued to fly in.

Gobta and Gabil.

The pair made the most of their training results, hitting the ground running in their first live battle. But it's impossible for everything to go so smoothly.

Like Benimaru said, it's too early to rest assured…

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Geist stared angrily at the incoming green legion and others.

Those brats are so arrogant!

He was filled with indignation and vowed in his heart to take advantage of the monsters that had forced their way into his eyes.

Just a moment ago, the full head of white hair falling out of Testarossa struck fear into his heart. Geist was reluctant to admit it, intending to dismantle the green legion and regain his confidence in this way.

The monsters would only mess with the scene, and no matter how fast they moved they couldn't hurt the magic tank—so Geist thought.

However, a loud explosion from the battlefield shattered that thought.

How could that be!?

Geist almost screamed out and hit the brakes urgently at the last minute.

How can a commander act like he's panicking on the battlefield. He was, at least, an excellent man, not so bad as to lose his normal sense of judgment.

"General, what's next?”

"Don't panic. Take a close look at the enemy's actions. They only sabotaged one magic tank, after which there was no follow up. That proves that's one of the few killer weapons they have on hand.”

"So it is. That's true, to hear you say it. Otherwise those lizards flying in the air should be spilling everywhere too.”

Geist “hmmm’ed" and nodded.

He thought to himself that he was making a very calm judgment, but it was actually a miscarriage of justice.

In fact, the total number of flaming jades prepared by Rimuru was as high as three thousand. Each of Gobta's wolf-rider troops held ten, and the lizards flying in the air—Gabil and the Flying Dragons—all had ten in advance.

The reason why they didn't use the Flaming Jades was to focus on distracting the enemy. In addition to that, they also knew that they couldn't use the Flaming Jade's true abilities without using it in a confined space.

If the explosives are allowed to explode in a confined space, their power will increase several times.

The same principle applies to Flaming Jade.

Benimaru focused on destroying the magic tank and didn't give a second thought to the surrounding infantry. That's why they weren't allowed to waste Flaming Jades.

The focus is on whether or not the battle plan will work, rather than on the immediate results.

Not only Gobta and Gabil, but even the magical creatures underneath them knew this all too well.

Geist didn't know anything about it, and what he had just said to himself made him feel better.

The generous use of new weaponry is commendable. It's just a shame it's me who's going to win!

Geist misjudges Gobta about their assassination, yet he correctly sees through his opponent's true purpose.

The reason for not looking at the big left team is because the opponent's goal is to take down this team, right? That being the case, there are many ways to deal with you!

Gabil and the others’ attacks were fierce, but these were blocked out by the magic-generated 'barriers'.

The only ones that should be guarded are the new weapons, in that case, just stay away from them with Gobta.

"We'll take an intensive air battle formation.”

Geist's order took the adjutant by surprise.

"General, that's too dangerous! Some men are fighting the enemy now, for fear of hurting their own…!"

"So what? If they pull back, why don't they just use a magic tank gun to smash them to pieces? That said, incompetent enough to rip one's own legs off, the glorious Imperial Army doesn't need them!”

“What…?”

The other side was so asserted that there was nothing the adjutant could do to stop Geist.

Several magic tanks, along with most of the infantry, would have been affected and actually won the battle —as the adjutant well knew.

Do not be afraid to sacrifice a few, that way you can win in war. Without such macro and awareness, how can one be a commander?

"Will there be any problems with the regulations?”

"No, sir. There's nothing wrong with that.”

The staff officer echoed Geist's comments.

And just like that, Geist's recital began.

"Left column, take a heavy air battle formation!”

Without going through the ministry, Geist ordered directly with skill. This allowed the left brigade to regroup at a faster pace than before.

Ignoring the soldiers who had been chased by the green legion, they blocked the road with the remaining vehicles and then let the magic tank guns spin, linking the vehicles back and forth.

That formation even subverts the common sense of modern warfare.

“What!? What a mess…!"

It was only natural that Gobta would shout in surprise.

Using that massive body, the magic tank began to gather densely, as if to fill in all the gaps. Yet doing such a thing would make even themselves immobile, but it's effective. In this way Gobta and the others had no way to run between the cracks.

And what's even more surprising is that it comes later.

The left brigade spread into a circle and a wall was erected to surround Gobta and them. As if echoing this wall, half of the magic tanks belonging to the Central Division were out in full force. They floated back into the air and began landing on the back of the frontmost magic tank. Immediately afterwards, a barricade was formed that blocked Gobta's way to them.

Nearly a thousand magic tanks were connected to each other and turned into a huge fortress. That way, it's not just about destroying the main force.

"I've heard about them being able to do this kind of thing, but I never thought they’d actually make this move…"

Even Gobta's adjutant Gobchi opened his mouth at the sight in front of him, and he began to mutter to himself.

"Use the machine gun to create a bullet screen to stop the enemy!”

A three-dimensional wall of machine-gun fire ensued. With bullet screens on all sides, Gobta couldn't exercise the high speed movement they were good at.

Gobta was surrounded by magic tanks that were supposed to be enemy partners, plus infantry units that followed the magic tanks, yet the enemy didn't care about that.

"This is bad. There's no way to implement a combat plan like this, is there?”

Discovering a flaw in Benimaru's battle plan, Gobta was alarmed.

Seeing that the Imperial soldiers were about to be attacked by their own people, even Gobta couldn't help but feel anxious.

"Gobbledygook, I'm sorry. I'd love to go over there and help you, but I can't separate myself right now.”

Gabil and the rest were also subjected to aerial artillery fire.

Even if the magic tank cannon couldn't hit them, the magic tank was equipped with a machine gun.

That's why they're being held back by Gabil.

Now that Geist, in command, has regained his composure, the difference in numbers will form a critical advantage. And things always get worse.

"Long time no see, Mr. Geist!”

The "Air Combat Air Corps" led by Major General Faraga is here today.

The number of airships is 100.

Gabil and his team were busy dealing with these blimps, making the situation of Gobta and the others even more precarious.

"Faraga, you're finally here. This is a win for us. This stage is perfect for testing the secret weapon, right?”

"Yes, are you ready, Lord Geist? Then hurry up and let's join in.”

"I'm giving you a chance to win. Don't be careless."

"Got it. Well, I wish you good fortune in your martial arts!”

Talking over a special line, Geist and Faraga made an appointment to fight hand in hand.

Geist is trying to solidify his gameplan.

Faraga wants to warm up before the big showdown. There is also the purpose of showing them to the outside world that they can also be useful in real combat.

Although the "Air Combat Flying Corps" has the killer weapon of blimps, its status is the lowest among the three units as it has to to have a record of war.

In this way, the situation became even more unfavorable for Tempest as Faraga and the others entered the war.

It is the green legion who are the most able to understand the change in circumstances.

"What shall we do, Commander Gobta?”

"This won't do. We have to take refuge!”

"That would be good. Now that the situation has changed, there's no need to hold on.”

Gobta's judgment is correct.

Don't force the battle plan, and temporarily retreat if something unexpected happens. This is the guideline for being thorough with them in advance.

Benimaru, who had been watching the battle from the sidelines, had already given instructions for them to retreat, and now even the soldiers at the bottom understood the situation.

Even if we have to run, we have to act together. There was no lag and everyone turned around.

And then tried to use the "shadow moment" to retreat…

"Gobta, the enemy is not a light to save fuel. It seems that they have started to do magic obstruction so that people on our side can't use the Shadow Movement.”

Ranga sensed that something wasn't quite right and his warning was given a little late. By this time Gobta and his team had been affected by the Empire's 'widespread magic hindrance'.

Ranga was a different story, and the other dependents could not break through such obstacles. The way things had evolved, they had to run and flee.

"Run for the forest with all your might!”

The pale Gobta shouted, and the wolf-rider army followed his orders.

It's not even 200 meters from the forest.

Run past in just a dozen seconds. Yet now being sniped from behind, that distance feels so far away as to make you despair.

This battle of retreat is full of suffering…

Seeing Gobta as they fled, a cruel smile appeared on Geist's face.

He immediately gave orders to his men to prepare magic tank guns.

You trash, you think it's that easy to escape!

He was going to use a special shell with only one round left.

Following Geist's orders, the magic tank guns were ready to fire without delay.

Special artillery shells hit the forest in front of Gobta and the others. Those karmic fires scattered all over the place.

The purpose is to hinder the enemy's advance. The green legion dodged the flying shells by super-intuition, but the forest was burning and there was nothing they could do.

"This is bad…is there any way I can get back alive?"

"Gobta-kun, please don't say such things even when you're joking. But with me here, everyone can go back alive.”

"Gobta is so confident inexplicably. I feel like an idiot to hear such baseless words and to be bothered there.”

"Captain Gobta—no, the army commander has his moments of trouble, too?”

"What are you talking about? Must be talking about what's for dinner today or something anyway. Or is it that you were caught hanging out with His Majesty Rimuru and were wondering how to apologize to Mr. Rigur?”

Even Gobchi and Gobte added to the mix, and the members of the Wolf Rider Soldier unit all laughed out loud.

Despite the desperate situation, Gobta did not lose their usual pace.

And this conversation between them, Gobta, was overheard by Geist, who was eavesdropping.

…how dare you belittle us. Now completely surrounded by us, your fate is in my hands!

An agitated Geist was full of restlessness.

In front of his eyes was the white-haired beauty—Testarossa.

She was exposed to the storm of hot air breeding, but her face was blank. Those shots didn't seem to pose any threat to her.

You too. How dare you fool me? I'll never let you go! To make that beautiful face of yours turn into a wailing face because of fear!

Geist didn't notice the dark desire that appeared in him.

Compelled by Testarossa, she did not even notice that she was making too extreme a judgment.

That face twisted wickedly, and Geist issued an order.

"Order to all remaining vehicles! Fire your magic tank guns at the enemy!”

The residual fighting force on the left is holding Gobta to them. Although that order completely disregarded the security of the unit, no one disputed it.

While the magic tank force that had become the fortress was holding Gobta back on their movements, the thousand magic tanks that remained made the turrets spin.

Adjusting the angle and preparing the defenses to absorb the impact so that they can fire from close range—these muzzles are bound to kill people and are now intended to fire at the same time.

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Fierce fighting also began to appear in the sky.

The airship fires many enhanced spells.

Gabil and the others were fooled by these things.

Nothing is more problematic than the disruption of the magic element movement. The Magic Disturbing Radiation was a classified weapon, and not only Gobta and his team, but even people on Gabil's side would be affected.

"Coo-hoo-hoo, that's tough. Just get near that blimp and our bodies get good and heavy.”

"Lord Gabil, what shall we do?”

"I'd love to save Mr. Gobta and the others, but I don't have the strength to do so right now.”

If they relied on the Flying Dragons alone, they might be able to think of something, but there are still Flying Dragons on this side who lack real-world combat experience. If they acted rashly here, not only Gobta and the others, but also those on Gabil's side would suffer.

"Oops, no way! Let's shoot those boats down first. In terms of numbers we are better off. Let us all turn our attention to the enemy in front of us!"

"Yes, General."

"But they're bigger, right? Just in terms of numbers…"

"Stupid, shut up! Lord Gabil noticed it too, but he could only give such orders!”

Certain people are still out there saying less than sturdy things, which is a common occurrence. In contrast to those conversations, Gabil and the others actually ran off to fight the pile of blimps.

Someone looked at such Gabil and them with a cold look.

He is Major General Faraga, who is in charge of the killer "Air Combat Flying Corps" that commands the Mecha Corps.

He was a capable man and had a desire for glory to match it, a desire to rise to the top without losing to other generals.

Such a Faraga is particularly hard-working, thoroughly helping other colleagues so that they do not become hostile to themselves.

There is certainly a reason for this.

Since he was in the "Magic Legion" before, he had experienced the end of that Legion firsthand.

The Legion of Magic, which held great power long ago, has disintegrated and is now a relic of the past.

Maybe times change that way, but the biggest reason is that people think that legion is too inefficient in war.

People tend to think that fighting with magic is flashy, but it's actually very unassuming work.

To analyze the magic of the enemy, and to carry out obstruction. Then to take the opportunity to unleash magic and strike the enemy army. Then just keep doing it over and over again, with no way to come up with much.

This was because the knights were several times stronger than the magical legions in actual combat after being strengthened through magic.

For example, the most powerful magic known was Nuclear Strike Magic, and to use this move you had to send out a dozen spellcasters. This is not a spell that can be cast by an individual. The spell must be constructed, that is, it requires chanting time.

If you are a heroic figure, you can control the nuclear strike magic by yourself… but your power can only explode within a hundred meters in diameter at most.

If it was a direct hit it would be quite powerful, however when the opponent was an army, they would use Legion Magic to build the barrier used against magic. If one wanted to have enough power to break through, one could only rely on a group of people exercising ritual magic.

In other words, a single wizard is less likely to be active on the battlefield.

Other than that, it's certainly more beneficial to have more wizards, but not the more the better. The amount of mana floating around the battlefield was limited, and if it was depleted, the wizard would not be able to display his long talent in one go.

A wizard's existence, though indispensable, cannot produce magnificent results.

Faraga is also an excellent magical teacher and is one of Master Gadra's disciples.

He had great respect for his teacher Gadra, followed his teachings and refined them from time to time.

However, he discovered one thing.

That is, Gadra, who was a teacher, stepped in to assist and did a modern treatment of the Mecha Legion, resulting in them never having an active stage again.

This age is beginning to see no need for hard-drilling wizards.

As long as there are "magic guns", even ordinary people can manipulate magic.

Faraga hates Gadra.

He once made the observation that teachers were stifling them by such behavior. Yet these were dismissed by Gadra.

The result was the wiping out of the Legion of Magic…

That's why I betrayed my teacher and declared my allegiance to Lord Calgurio.

Later he gained the status he has today.

Accepting the former minions—the capable wizards—and giving them a stage to show their skills. One day we will get what we want, and we will make the Air Combat Air Corps the best it can be.

Until then, they have to bribe their colleagues so that the Flying Corps don’t come out on top. Because of this idea, Faraga was always strict.

After that, he finally waited for the perfect opportunity.

That is, to go out and crush Veldora. The "Air Combat Air Corps" was selected and became a key unit.

The mission is roughly to seal off the Veldora by disrupting the radioactivity of the magicules.

The rest of the job is to supplement the other troops.

Serving as a resupply force was their original mission, but they didn't need to do that this time. It should be said that out of the four hundred blimps, three hundred had to go on other missions, and the remaining hundred had to carry elite wizards within the carrying limit.

Designed entirely for combat, it's conceivable how much importance Calgurio places on this combat plan.

The battle plan had to work no matter what—and Faraga was well aware of that.

I’ll take advantage of this time to make a big splash and prove we are useful. And then I'm going to start a new era!

Faraga secretly snickered.

In this way, there was no need to look at the other generals' faces. The stance will be reversed and no one can ignore Faraga's comments.

That was the gesture he was supposed to have, and Faraga was convinced of it.

I’ll use them as a bit of a warm-up before beating Veldora, and just make do with it. I’ll take those lizards flying in the air and dogs crawling on the ground and use them as practice objects for new weapons.

Faraga fought the reckoning.

"Say what's mine to take credit for. I'm the one who sold you a favor, Lord Geist!”

He raised the glass of wine he was holding in his hand and shouted.

"Guys! So far we've been patient, and those will all come to a halt today! Let's show them what we're really made of!”

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!"

The people who took the blimp all responded.

These people were originally elite wizards who had been living in seclusion in a reality filled with heartache. From this day forward they will enjoy the glory and the humiliation will be nothing.

All of them on the same page.

With this tacit agreement, a hundred blimps stepped up their offensive…

The airship's biggest feature is the magic--disrupting radiation device, and it is also equipped with other state-of-the-art weaponry.

And it is the wizards who are well versed in "elemental magic" and "summoning magic" who are in charge.

The construction of the airship is broadly divided into three parts.

There is an operational sector, a defense sector and an attack sector.

Each department is assigned one hundred men each, the remaining one being used as a reserve or for liaison and medical work.

The Operations Department, which naturally needs no explanation, is in charge of the blimps. In fact, the ship can fly with a minimum of fifty people, if you want to use the fleet completely, even a hundred people is not enough.

The defense sector is responsible for applying a "defensive barrier" to airships.

It is used to respond to a variety of attacks such as physics, magic, and attributes.

In order to keep the blimp light, the outer walls of the blimp are not thick. If one is negligent in defending through fortified magic, one will be shot down in three or two strokes. So there must be no weak points in this department.

Then there's the final attack department, which sort of plays the role of the soul character.

The weaponry prepared on the hovercraft also contained magic-enhanced cannons.

On the one hand being able to make it easier for the wizards to work together.

There are magic balls placed on the base, and several wizards will pour magic into them at the same time, then chant magic at the same time, making it easier to manipulate big magic.

There is one on the front and two pairs on the side.

There are five Magic Enhancement Cannons in total, each with a maximum of ten wizards. The back seat has the person in charge of the shift on standby so that the magic can be unleashed continuously.

In particular, it is worth mentioning that the magic enhancement cannon is proportional to the number of users, and its power will increase along with it.

If two people use it, the power becomes four times as powerful.

If the maximum number of people was ten, the power would be twenty times greater.

This is enough to pose a threat.

Even ordinary fireball techniques would override the Great Flame Demon Sphere in terms of power.

What a powerful thing this is, I'm sure it doesn't need much explanation.

The airship is well guarded.

The fireball that the flying dragon spat out was nothing at all, and even if it was rushed with its body, it would still have a barrier to resist.

A half-assed strike doesn't work, much to Faraga's satisfaction.

And the offensive performance is no less impressive.

"Blimps are the strongest. Almost time to show them the real power. Use all your strength and shoot down all the lizards that are in the way!”

Faraga sounded the call.

Just now, there were only two or three wizards performing magic chants respectively. However, they've tested enough and now it's time to play for real.

They use very pure magic stones to make spells that are about fifty centimeters in diameter to control the treasure beads. Pouring the magic into it will activate the Magic Enhancement Cannon.

Even the wizards who had been waiting and watching just now also moved, so that all ten of them would be able to unleash massive magic.

It was twenty times more powerful than normal, with thunder and ice, flames and vacuum knives, and all kinds of terrifying magic sweeping through the sky—these mad attacks were closing in on Gabil and his team.

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I had been watching the battle intently, but I couldn't help but get up from my chair when I saw it halfway.

Blasted by magic tank fire, Gobta's men were knocked out.

Exposed to the massive magic, Gabil's men were beaten down one by one.

The fighting intensified and casualties began to emerge.

No, we had expected casualties. It's been expected, but perhaps I've been optimistic.

Thinking we're going to win no matter what.

Benimaru is so confident, and Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, doesn't say much, so I don't think there will be any problem with thinking too good of everything.

Yet reality is at variance.

It's no wonder. After all, we are at war.

How can one take victory for granted when there are absolutely no casualties on our side.

Knowing that I'm thinking too much, I'm now furious and anxious at the same time.

At this point, Benimaru spoke to me with a bland expression.

"Please, sit down, Lord Rimuru. These are all to be expected, no questions asked.”

Hearing that, something inside me seemed to explode.

"I say, there's already a victim! Wouldn't it be better for me to cover them with Megiddo as well…?"

No, the conclusion has been drawn on that.

The "Megiddo" does work, but the conclusion is that even that would be pointless.

Benimaru is so doubtful about its effectiveness that even Diablo denies it.

There seem to be several reasons.

First of all, having begun to leap onto the stage as a nation, one cannot always look to their demon lord that is, me, for support.

The demon king must protect the magical creatures underneath, but it was the duty of those ministers to guard the country, so asserted Benimaru.

If one does not have the self-awareness to treat the Jura Tempest Federation as one's own country, and does not possess the will of his motherland to be protected by one's own hands, then one is not qualified to live in this country—the other subordinates think so too.

"Lord Rimuru cannot be left to carry everything alone."

Shuna once said so.

It made sense to me to hear it too, and I was amused at the time.

The above is the first reason.

The second reason is the weakness of the "Megiddo" pointed out by Diablo.

"This 'Megiddo' is a very beautiful magic. No need to expend too much energy in exchange for high power. It is very versatile and easy to use. But once you've seen it, you'll be able to figure out how to respond to it.

Diablo said as above.

If you stay in the control room, you'll be able to use that trick, and if you use it this time, it'll work great. But once it's seen, it won't work next time.

Hinata seems to have said the same thing, she said that by lifting the wind to roll up the sand, this alone would make the accuracy and power fall straight down.

He was also able to get advice from Hinata's side, and Diablo's intelligence-gathering ability was really not something to write home about. But let's ignore that for now.

Last time I killed all my enemies.

The survivors—now only two men, Edmalis and Razen, remain—have been silenced, and there is no need to fear that information will leak out. It's just that there's no way to make it work this time.

The Imperial generals and soldiers added up to a total of several hundred thousand people, how could it be possible to silence everyone.

"A great move should be kept hidden.”

Even Benimaru said so.

Such magic should not be used haphazardly. Diablo and Benimaru's opinion is as above.

It makes sense to me to hear them explain it like that.

The true face of the so-called "Megiddo" is actually a super-hot concentrated beam formed by shrinking sunlight, and it is almost impossible to avoid the light just by seeing it with the naked eye. That said, magic used specifically against people must be used at critical times to make sense.

Plus this time the opponent was not flesh and blood, but a magic tank formed of iron. Megiddo shouldn't be completely useless, but the effect is probably weak. The calculations of Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, also indicated that it would take some time to destroy the magic tank.

The power must be increased, which means that the focus temperature of the hotline must be focused to tens of thousands of degrees or it will not penetrate the magic tank. Other than that, the power of the magic tank should not be oil, and there is probably no way to break out into a fire.

If you can't stop the magic tanks from moving just by using the beam, you'll have to beat the magic tanks into a thousand holes until they can't move. Instead of doing something so tedious, it's easier to blow up with nuclear strike magic.

In such a case, you would have to break the "magic barrier" that had been cast several layers first, and then you would have to clean up the magician who was the spellcaster first, and in the end, it would start a magic war that would be mired in a quagmire……….then it would be meaningless to fight.

There was no way things were going smoothly.

That being the case, both handed over the command to Benimaru, and my job was left to silently watch.

It was supposed to be like this…

"I did go to war together…"

My words were interrupted halfway through.

"That won't do.”

As the general in charge of everything, he could not expose me to danger. After all, the words of 'hero'

Chloe made people care.

“In another time, someone killed Lord Rimuru. Knowing this dangerous man, letting Lord Rimuru fight in battle—such a thing will not be tolerated.”

All the subordinates were aware of the presence of dangerous people on the enemy's side. This is because I have talked to people and told them that this could happen in the future.

How did you all feel when you find out?

As for the answer, just look at Benimaru's expression right now and it's clear at a glance.

"The current threat is posed by the chiefs of the three legions and the hundred men who belong to the Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard. There may be other hidden strongmen present that are still being investigated. I beg your pardon for our incompetence.”

The words were spoken by Souei.

Souei and his group were currently desperately gathering information.

All of this is for me.

To rule out the threat that would arise against me.

"It's not clear how the enemy's battle strength can bring Lord Rimuru, who is the king, to the front line.

The battle plan is going well, so please have faith in me, in Gobta and in Gabil.”

The words made me slump helplessly in my chair.

The displeasure of not being able to tell whether it was chagrin or agitation did not go away. Although it didn't go away, the words of Benimaru were just too valid.

That's right.

Calm down and think about it, from the very beginning, Benimaru was thinking of me in order to implement such a combat plan.

It wasn't just Benimaru, it was also Shion who stayed behind me, and Souei who stood next to me.

Diablo didn't need to say much more, even Shuna looked at me with a worried look, which only made me realize that everyone was mentally prepared, knowing that those who went forward to fight might be sacrificed.

It is not just those who are here—I am afraid even those who are fighting on the front lines think so.

To use themselves as bait, they go into battle ready to face unknown threats, ready to be bait to lure each other in.

Other than that, there is the same reason why Veldora, who normally always does what he wants, stays in the "control room". That is, if anything, he will protect my personal safety.

All for the sake of me as the King of my own country.

The only person who has not made an enlightenment is me…

At this very moment…

‘Because of this, I must become invulnerable…’

Vaguely it seemed that a sound was coming from somewhere.

Even you're worried about me?

However, it's been okay.

I feel sad that it is offensive to those who make the consciousness.

That being the case, I must also be aware.

"Sorry, I'm losing my cool…"

When I apologized to Benimaru, he nodded.

"Please don't worry. The victory must belong to Lord Rimuru.”

With a proud smile on his face, Benimaru hung reassurance with me.

That's the serious look that only a major general who carries the life of a general's soldier can get.

Hearing that, it felt like the negative emotions like annoyance and entanglement in my mind were gradually disappearing.

There has been a long time of awareness of the fact that you will die and that you must kill your enemies. Yet there will be those who will die for themselves, and I deliberately do not think about that.

I have to bear those.

I would do it not just for me personally, but for their families, for the country that protects those families—the symbol of all of this is my being.

Therefore, I must bear their thoughts.

They deserve to be repaid for what they have given, and we must not lose the war.

Since it's a symbol, it has to look the way it should, so it has to go with the show. Thinking about this side, in order to look like there was such a thing, I leisurely responded to Benimaru's words.

"That's for sure. Pass on my words. Is that okay?”

“—as you command!

With Benimaru's approval and help, I communicated my "will" to all my minions. My words are conveyed intact through my unique technique, "Generalissimo".

"Listen up, everybody! Do your best to crush the enemy. No need to hold back. And certainly no mercy is needed. Use all your strength to get rid of the enemy as quickly as you can!”

Pouring all of my thoughts into it, I gave the order.

Benimaru nodded after hearing my words.

Smiles also appeared on the faces of other subordinates.

This order represents one thing.

No more suppressing your strength, you can do it…

Interpreting the meaning of my words correctly, the magical creatures are once again active.

And the result…

…would create a major turn in the entire war.