

Chapter 2: The Ravaged Beginning

Those words of Lord Rimuru penetrated into the souls of all the magical creatures on the battlefield.

Those words came from their King whom all their loyalty and trust was offered.

Immediately after, they heard an order.

"The camouflaged combat plan is terminated. Those fools upset Lord Rimuru, beat them to a pulp!”

In this way, the things that bound those magical creatures were gone.

The monsters were full of joy, following the urge to free their magic.

In order to live in the town, their aura had been suppressed so as not to affect the environment, and the full liberation had allowed the concentration of the surrounding magical elements to rise one level higher.

They are no longer fearless.

The inner impulse that drives them all to the battlefield…

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In the midst of the gunfire, Gobta also heard the order.

"Finally? Still, we don't seem to have reached our goal, is that okay?”

He muttered to himself there.

Someone responds, and it's his adjutant Gobchi.

"That's not so bad, actually. Although the original plan was for us to continue to pester our opponent to play the trump card, we would be the first to go first. If they didn't scare each other a little, the powerful ones wouldn't have come forward, would they?”

"Is that so?”

"That's it.”

Gobta and Gobchi were still talking about the numerous shells that were pounding the battlefield as the blast wave raged. They were able to hear each other, and those who saw this scene were impressed.

As far as this old godlike attitude goes, no one feels anything wrong with it.

"If it's our side, the powerful ones will be the first to jump out.”

"So, isn't the leader of the Gobta army one of the Four Heavenly Kings?”

"Wait! Although it is said that I am the Four Heavenly Kings, I am the weakest one on the inside.

Please give me a break…”

While saying some yes and no there, not only Gobta and Gobchi, but even the members of the Wolf Rider Soldier Unit were even more emotionally high than just now.

This is because they have been waiting to see when Gobta will give the order.

The rain of shells falls every now and then.

This is deliberate and unbiased in its accuracy, and it is launched to attack the entire face. From the very beginning, it was not to strike directly, but to annihilate the opponent with a shockwave.

The green legion had seen through this a long time ago and had been looking for a safe place to move.

Once hit head-on you die on the spot, but the flip side is that you live if you don't get hit.

The men in this place are masters, with strength equal to that of a centurion—they all have the rank of A-. No matter how much damage is done, they can be healed by restorative medicine.

That's why Benimaru asked them to engage in ‘pretend to fight and lose big battles’.

And they don't really have to lose to the other side, but just pretend to be in crisis. Then take the time to let the rest of the men block the Imperial Army, leaving them with no way to retreat, and fight back with the next breath.

When the magic tank's shells run out, the enemy's side should send out the best men to kill you—ust like that, Benimaru used to make extremely simple instructions.

In Gobta's opinion, he really wants to complain.

But a command is a command and cannot be disobeyed. Compared to the Imperial Army, Benimaru was even more terrifying.

No, Benimaru-san is normally very nice…but he doesn't show any mercy in the military. Plus, this time it was Lord Rimuru's safety at stake. How can I have a way to counter that?

Gobta began to think back to the moment he heard the battle plan.

It was tiring to go and convince the players and finally lift the big name of Rimuru and everyone stopped complaining.

Again, all it takes is a landslide victory in the initial engagement, but things don't seem that easy. When the enemy thwarted Gobta's breakthrough three or two times, they turned to the role they were meant to play—as bait.

But this role also ended.

Because Rimuru said those words.

And Benimaru followed suit to give the new order.

They don't have to be polite to the enemy.

Finally all the power in their bodies can be liberated.

"We are now free to attack. The Green Legion side has been handed over to Hakurou, no problem with this part, then this team will be handed over to Gobchi.”

Gobta changed his expression and informed all the team members through the "Communication Network". His tone was as usual, but with an irrepressible verve.

"Got it. So what's the green legion army chief's plan?”

When Gobchi asked helplessly, a troubled smile also appeared on Gobta's face, followed by a response.

"I don't have time to play there now either. It didn't matter what the Four Heavenly Kings were, after all, it was an order from Lord Rimuru. Lord Rimuru is watching, so don't be too bad! That’s why, I'm going to be serious from now on!”

Gobchi and the rest of the team knew he meant it when they saw Gobta's eyes.

It's rare to see their supervisor so serious.

"Hmph, use all your strength that I recognize, without reservation.”

"What makes you so arrogant?”

"Can you hear me?”

"Forget about it, and do your best!”

"Well, you can say that.”

Gobta, who had taken his cluelessness, let out a sigh.

Gobta was one of the early players and the two have known each other for a long time. Although he was excellent, he had absorbed all kinds of extra knowledge from the Rimuru side, so he now inexplicably liked to play handsome.

What started out as a copycat has evolved into his own unique style. He wore a long black version of his jacket and carried two long swords. The two swords were used, even though they were clearly not used properly.

Does that look make people worry that it's really okay? But with Gobchi by his side, he should be able to work something out. Gobta made the conclusion look away and turned his attention to the opponent who should be paying the most attention.

The one sitting behind the green legion, it was known without saying it, was Testarossa.

"That's the way it is, Miss Testarossa. I'd like to ask you to split up with us next, okay?”

Only to see Testarossa smile and nod.

Even staying in the midst of the bursts of flames and blasts, her movements were as graceful as ever and her military uniform as clean as ever. Presumably, coal and sand dust wouldn't have been able to get Testarossa dirty either.

"Yes, of course. I feel the same way you do.” She then ceased to act as an ombudsman and instead acted as a minister under Lord Rimuru. “Everyone should do their best.”

Testarossa finished and got off of Ranga.

“So take care of yourselves”—leaving those words, and Testarossa walks off at a leisurely pace.

Rimuru had ordered Testarossa to stay with Gobta as inspector, now that her mission was over. The dangerous demon began to strike.

This one is really my type…….

Even Gobta was wrongly stunned, but he didn't say anything. He's grown up, at least, and wouldn't do such a stupid thing.

And so, after seeing Testarossa leave, Gobta was like saying it's our turn to play…

"Then let's get started!”

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!"

He gave the order to all the players, and the response of the players satisfied him.

Gobta also wants to show Rimuru how cool he is.

He was very fond of Rimuru.

Although capricious and a bit bad-hearted, he has a good and reliable heart. Gobta also had visions of such a Rimuru.

What was once a tiny goblin has now grown into a warrior with a name. Now it is time for him to repay his kindness.

"Gobchi, you do the rest!”

After shouting this, Gobta gave a coded signal to Ranga.

"It's our turn, Mr. Ranga! The Demon Wolf in One…!"

Some people have responded to this statement with the same Ranga who has so far repeatedly endured.

"I've been waiting a long time, Gobta. Let our leader, Lord Rimuru, see the power we have!”

Gobta synced with Ranga's consciousness on both of them, liberating the magic within. The next moment, a black mist surrounded Gobta.

"Come on, let's make a scene!”

"Mmm. No need to show mercy. It's been a long time since I've shown any real skill!”

The black haze disappeared without a trace, looking as if it had been sucked in by the green legion.

Immediately after, the Goblin warrior who had merged with the Black Wolf showed up.

Two dangerous horns grew on his head, turning him into a black wolf with a humanoid stance.

This is what Gobta and Ranga looked like after they were "assimilated" and indeed possessed enough strength to be called Four Heavenly Kings.

As soon as they saw that posture, the members of the Wolf Rider Soldiers underneath Gobchi rushed out in unison.

"Don't mess with him! The head of the Gobta army is serious!”

The hobgoblins shouted desperately, seeing how dangerous they were now to the green legion.

The evidence is…

Even though the magic tank was firing shells, it was still knocked down by the Monster Wolf’s fist. Not only that, even if the magic tank attacked from the front, the hardened black fur could still leave the demon wolf unharmed.

Those mass bombs were more than six times the speed of sound and contained powerful destructive energy, but Gobta now had the extra armor that Ranga had turned into, and they couldn't hurt him at all.

This was due to the defensive effect provided by Ranga's 'multiple barriers', but the Imperials didn't know about it and it was like a nightmare to them.

"So, what's that? Am I dreaming…?"

"No, no! That's the monster. There are monsters under the Demon Lord!"

Those subordinate soldiers began to panic.

And on top of that, the members of the Magic Tank Force, who are so intertwined that they can't move a muscle, are even more scared.

As Gobta-Ranga let out a loud roar, "Black Lightning" came down over the magic tank force. Nearly a thousand magic tanks were turned into fortresses, which happened to be the subject of the "Black Lightning".

The black lightning would interfere with the defensive enclosure cast on the magic tank, emitting a dazzling glow. Although the magic tank can withstand it for a while, the "electrical resistance" cannot be said to be perfect.



The men seated inside seemed to have ensured their personal safety, but the infantry unit, which had posed with the magic tanks as a barrier, had suffered a great deal of damage.

Not only that, but the threat of "black lightning" is more than just current.

Essentially more terrifying than nature's thunderbolts.

"It's hot! This, this is—significant damage to the defensive structure of the vehicle…!”

“Ev-Everyone retreat! Get away from the magic tank now!”

While there are ways to prevent the electrocution effects of a lightning strike, there seems to be no way to withstand that heat. Immediately afterwards, even if the other party appeared broken, things didn't end here.

Black Lightning, as if a self-conscious snake, began to nibble at the lifeless magic tanks. It then causes significant wear and tear on the precision mechanical parts.

The magic tanks erupted and burst into flames before they were evened.

The thunder rumbled and the magic tank units were no longer able to move smoothly.

In this way, the magic tanks that join together to become fortresses only become stumbling blocks. All of the general soldiers desperately fled from the magic tank, falling apart in order not to be caught in the lightning wave.

It has long since become a scattered mass of defeated soldiers.

It doesn't look like much.

Watching the enemy's movements on the one hand, Gobta laughed out loud.

Their power works very well against enemy armies.

Besides, even the first target to be targeted, the enemy's own team, was not to be feared in his current wolf form, Gobta thought.

He looked to the magic tank barrier that towered over the front.

The barrier, which had been blocking their way, was hit by Ranga's thunder until black smoke rose.

Gobta didn't hesitate to let out a growl.

That sound, the sonic cannon, shattered the barrier formed by the magic tanks.

On the opposite side of the barrier appeared a line of tanks that were aiming their cannons at this side.

"I've had enough of being bait. It's time for us to go for it!"

"That's right. I'm sure Lord Rimuru is looking forward to seeing us do well too.”

Gobta and Ranga nodded happily at each other.

“Then let's get started.”

Without a moment's hesitation, Gobta burrowed into the barrier formed by the magic tank.

Even in the face of the strong enemy waiting ahead, he didn't have the slightest fear.

Make the best of Testarossa on the battlefield.

That speed instantly surpassed the speed of sound, and it was no longer possible for the Imperial General's soldiers to catch his movements with the naked eye.

"Let you see the results of my special training with Mr. Ranga! Let's see how far you can go with this.

Blizzard Wolf Dance…!"

A black blast of wind ran across the battlefield.

At the same time, the destruction from the supersonic shockwave hit the Imperial Magic Tank Force.

This shockwave also has the magic effect of "breaking the storm" attached to it, eventually growing into a tornado. The carefully calculated actions are effective in wiping out enemy forces and evolving into a "tornado of destruction".

Fearfully, Gobta's special skill for wiping out armies is the Blizzard Wolf Dance.

A corner of the battlefield collapses in on this.

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As the Gobta began to drive them to the ground, changes also appeared overhead.

That was the Third Corps, led by Gabil.

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Following Benimaru's orders, the Gabil group was responsible for covering Gobta and the others. Even though this task was starting to get difficult, they didn't go into a panic and immediately executed their next battle plan.

That was "pretending to lose" like the green legion.

Pretend that you're about to lose, so that you can stay glued and let the enemy perform a big trick.

Although this battle plan was very messy, Benimaru ordered it without changing his colors. Not only that, but Gobta and Gabil also accepted it with an unchanged face.

If there was real danger, they were allowed to retreat. And that, of course, had to come first to help Gobta get away.

But Gabil thought such concerns were superfluous. This was because although Gobta complained from his mouth, he kept a smile on his face.

Gabil would love to emulate the neurotic man he has become in this regard, but in fact the two of them may have unexpected similarities. If the situation allowed, he would even want to shoot down the blimp in that case.

If the glue can be maintained without being forced, Gabil believes it should be able to give his opponent more or less some damage.

Based on this idea only to take to air combat, but the enemy is stronger than expected.

Gabil and the others’ magic didn't work, and the fireball attacks of the flying dragon troops were blocked. Now that they have lost the advantage of attacking one-sidedly from the air, Gabil can be said to be at the disadvantage.

Our job is to get the attention of these blimps and not think about what comes after. If one fights with all one's might, it's not impossible to fight down…

Using Gabil and everyone’s "flying dragon congregation"'s killer weapon, it might be possible to break through the airship's defenses. But once that was done, there was no way for them to continue with the operational plan. So Gabil thought it was time to be quiet for the moment.

Obeying Benimaru's orders, willingly taking the attack unilaterally.

That's when a problem is encountered, and that's the under-persistent Flying Dragon Force.

Although the elite people inside were all selected from the Blue Corps, they had not evolved into the Dragon Race like Gabil and the others had. Endurance against magic is very low, and if they are attacked by mass magic, the light will be shot down.

So Gabil wanted the Flying Dragon troops to retreat.

"Miss Ultima, I have a favor to ask of you.”

"What is it?"

"We'll continue to 'pretend to lose' and then we'll do our best to act.”

“Acting?"

"Exactly. Even if we continue to flee, the enemy won't let his guard down. Therefore, we, the Flying Dragons, will deliberately bear the magic of the enemy.”

Gabil informed the other side of these.

“Oh…that's interesting what you said. So what's the real purpose?”

"Mmm. That's what I thought, and now this situation is just the thing to get resistance to. Even if we get hit head-on, we probably won't die. There's a lot of restorative medicine here, and I'm going to do an endurance experiment to make it look like we lost.”

The above is what Gabil said.

Ultima laughed after hearing that, and the players began to express their displeasure.

"Wait, General, are you serious?”

"Lord Gabil can be an idiot sometimes.”

"I really want to say…is that necessary now?”

Watching the players clamor, Gabil pretended not to hear when they were all air.

"Well, yes! Seems like fun. Permission to execute?”

"I'm grateful. Then, hopefully, you can retreat from the scene.”

Gabil asked Ultima, who was the Inspector, to lead the Flying Dragon forces in retreat.

All that was left was Gabil and the others to attack the airship force.

"If I die, I'll hate you…!"

"I wish you hadn't thought of this experiment.”

"I'm sure you'll be scolded for doing this later.”

The crew looked off into the distance, having said that, they had known Gabil for a long time. Despite the lip-smacking, they looked happy and dry.

In this way, they decided to implement magic endurance training for the Flying Dragon congregation.

In passing…

Rimuru was worried to see it all, and almost fainted when he later learned the truth that the Gabil group was stigmatized, and that several people had seen it coming. Even so, they were put into practice, and it seems that they were assimilated by General Gabil.

All in all, because of the exposure to the magic released by the blimp, Gabil and the others were badly injured.

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Time comes to now.

Gabil heard the 'voice' from Rimuru.

"Listen up, everybody! The training is all over. And I'm going to go into dragon mode next…!"

Totally unaware that their training had left Rimuru in a state of unease. Gabil declared aloud.

The players rejoiced at this.

Gabil happily continued.

"Fortunately, the rookies are retreating with Miss Ultima. It's just us, even if it's a little messy!"

Seeing Gabil like this, the players started joking with him.

"Since it's going to be a mess, I think it's better to use my real skills in combat than the endurance training I just did!”

"That's right. That's right. It's not like Lord Gabil's messing around didn't just start now.”

Hearing this, Gabil shouted red-faced.

"Shut up, all of you! Don't say anything, get moving! Follow me to the best of your ability!”

Seeing Gabil try to hide his shyness in this way, bitter smiles came to the faces of the players.

"There's nothing I can do about him. Stop joking around and follow orders.”

"All right, all right. You can't disobey a great general.”

"Yes! Lord Gabil, please give the order again!”

Hearing those words, Gabil nodded with satisfaction. Then stared at the Imperial "Air Combat Flying Corps" that was confronting them, and pulled up the volume to ask.

"I ask you, who is the overlord of the skies?”

"It's us, the Flying Dragons!”

The aura on Gabil changed, and the minions responded in earnest.

"Exactly. Those who dare to defile our skies must be cleaned up. That's what Lord Rimuru meant! The holy decree under Lord Rimuru. Everyone, give it your all! With all your might, you don't need to think much about what happens afterwards!”

“Yes…!"

Gabil's order has special significance for the Flying Dragon congregation.

That’s…

"Be careful not to let your sense of self be consumed, okay? All of you, Dragon Warriors…"

Gabil's order made the Flying Dragon congregation's blood boil.

The Dragon Warriorization is the last trump card they have hidden.

Combat power gains an overwhelming rise, becomes more ferocious, and is not easy to control. If self-consciousness is devoured, they will become raging monsters.

It will not suppress the urge to destroy, so this skill has been sealed so far.

Gabil brought in Middray as an instructor to train with his partners to learn control. But as things stand, the success rate is not high.

Even so they still used it.

For Rimuru had given the order—that they should go all out.

They had no reason to hesitate.

"Dragon mode…!"

Together, the Flying Dragons unleashed the power they deserved.

The muscles began to swell and the purple scales that covered the surface of the body turned black. The thickness is increased, and the softness and hardness are several times greater.

The body size also doubled. Absorbing the magical elements around them and constructing a new body.

Both volume and mass have increased dramatically, and attack and defense have improved by leaps and bounds. Needless to say, those values were not comparable before the transformation.

As for the most important self-awareness…

If this makes them unconscious, they are simply a collection of forces. However, each member of the Flying Dragon congregation has successfully maintained his or her self-awareness.

The Dragon Warriors—that was the strongest force in Tempest, and their true fighting prowess blossomed in this instant.

"Everyone's going to hit the next one. Is there a way?”

"Yes, sir!”

"Good! So, let's go…"

Gabil gave the order for the "Flying Dragon" to move out en masse.

Who is the king of this sky?

In the face of this question, the answer will now be revealed.

The Mecha Legion, one of the three legions that made the Empire proud. Their killer "Air Combat Flying Corps" is now a poor lamb for the slaughter.

This is because the Dragon Warriorization, an inherent skill of the Draconians, has now been unleashed with special effects, and magic does not work on them.

Gabil and his group have turned into dragonized warriors, and even the 'divine Wrath' that belonged to the natural effect didn't work on them. That's because they automatically generate barriers that correspond to all physical attacks and invalidate magical attacks and natural effects—“multiple barriers" and "natural effects".

The airships' means of attack were all magic-based, and the machine guns were only auxiliary weapons, with no way to penetrate Gabil's scales. The Flying Dragons had already possessed a combat power equivalent to A-, and now it had been strengthened several times, and now their strength had casually surpassed the A-rank wall.

The ability to regenerate close to "overdrive" is also available during the transformation.

The strength even surpassed that of high-ranking demons…

The blimps' means of attack could no longer hurt them, and now the blimps were out of gas.

As if to prove the point, Gabil shouted.

"I'm going in! Take it, and watch me do it…"

Gabil was originally a powerful individual, with an excellent ranking of Extra-A. Although not as strong as Shion and Benimaru, he was a strong one alongside Souei and Geld.

Such a Gabil transformed the Dragon Warriorization into his own power and spawned powerful warriors.

That power even went right to the former demon lords Carrion and Frey…

"Whirlpool water strike!”

The blow that Gabil struck broke up one of the blimps and sank it.

The air currents curl into a vortex, coalescing the moisture in the atmosphere at a certain point, forming a maelstrom of magical power. This majestic force was released from that lance in Gabil's hand, running through one of the aircrafts.

Even the "defensive frontier" from a hundred members of the defense services was defenseless and was crushed in this way.

It really does sink in a flash.

The other Dragonized Warriors followed close behind. Although they couldn't release the magical spear like Gabil, they still launched a surprise attack on the airship with his enhanced body functions.

The magic didn't work on them, so the hovercraft's barrier didn't do anything to stop them. In the blink of an eye, the barrier was breached, allowing them to invade the interior of the ship.

A small party of five men took on a ship that took a few minutes to sink one by one.

As things turned out, the "Air Combat Air Corps" would all die sooner or later.

This made Gabil shout in triumph.

"Gah, gah, gah, gah! Come on, everybody, take it up. If someone can't even bring down a ship, you'll see what happens later!”

Hearing these words, the members of the Flying Dragon congregation, who were moving relatively slowly, turned green in the face.

There are only a hundred blimps. Today Gabil continues to attack and the number of remaining ships is gradually decreasing.

This has turned into a competition.

"That will not do, Lord Gabil!”

"Lord Gabil is easily swayed by the mood of the moment. It seems to be hitting the right way now, maybe not leaving prey for us.”

"It is possible that the Grand Admiral did so…”

How well everyone teamed up to fight down the airship was going to be defined, it all depended on the mood of Gabil. Knowing how things might turn out, the players rushed to join the attack one after another.

The position of the hunter and the prey reversed and the situation in the sky was decided.

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A little time passed.

The supply troops belonging to the Imperial Army's "Magic Tank Division" were about to face trials.

"Gentlemen, I'm glad you've followed me to this point. But everyone needs to be prepared, and then comes the heavy lifting!”

The person who said this was Hakurou, who had been assigned to the Green Legion.

He also did not breathe a sigh of relief, a look of indifference, but the 12,000 regiment members who heard this, all of them were panting.

This was because they were now staying further back in the Imperial Magic Tank Force. In order to get around from the Dwarven Kingdom, they meandered for over forty kilometers.

Still in a state of wearing heavy equipment…

It was thanks to Hakurou, the 'teacher', that all this came true.

Hakurou thoroughly exercised the members of the regiment and made them learn the "qi fighting method". As a result, members of the team are able to use a variety of techniques, such as the instantaneous movement method, which allows for instantaneous movement, and the invisibility method, which makes opponents invisible.

The Green Legion marched out at the same time as Gobta and others, running to get there so the enemy wouldn't find out.

"You are to be commended for your flexibility in using the 'qi fighting method' taught by me.”

Hakurou said as he put on a Buddha-like and kind face.

The members of the regiment were all sitting on the ground, holding their breath as they listened, and instead had an ominous feeling in their hearts.

They’ve all known Hakurou for a long time. And this unflinching "teacher" treats his enemies more harshly than he treats his own people. Such an old looking man giving orders after complimenting his own people—just imagining it could be terrifying. The people knew that the person who was going to carry out the order was themselves, and without awareness they could not listen to what was coming.

"Our mission is to cut off the enemy supply line here. Although it is not very meaningful, but if we can defeat the enemy's supply troops in the rear, we can more or less thwart the enemy's fighting spirit. There is no need to do needless killing in the face of the enemy, but there is no need to show mercy to the enemy either. Besides…"

Speaking this way, Hakurou glanced towards the battlefield, then revealed a smile, then continued to say the following words.

"Gobta has also changed. When the bait is right, it's right. You can't lose to the army chief either, but you have to play well!”

Not losing to the sound of explosions coming from afar, Hakurou's voice was resounding. Some people who had no real-world experience in combat were sedated by such a Hakurou and began to feel nervous.

"Listen up, don't think of anything superfluous while you're fighting. Be aware that the one who does not hack the enemy to death is himself. If you let the enemy escape, your partner will die as a result. It's an iron law on the battlefield.”

Just now, everyone was still panting, but they all unconsciously held their breath and listened to Hakurou speak.

This is hitting everyone's hearts.

Let those who are well aware not be confused on the battlefield.

"The value of life is not created equal. Compared to the lives of those we cherish, other strangers become indifferent. And the enemy is still the aggressor. These fools have no value in keeping us alive.

Don't think about it. Kill them all!’

Then Hakurou pressed everyone through such fierce words, minimizing their guilt.

This Hakurou was being considerate of everyone.

"If it is you who have been exercised by the Master, even those pieces of iron can be cut off. What the enemy shoots is nothing more than gadgets that look like standing still to you, don't they? In that case, there is no need to be afraid. There is no opponent before our blade!”

It doesn't look like it's standing still at all—that’s something no one can say.

How can it be said? If you say something like that, you'll get a "lack of cultivation" and you'll be treated even worse than you were on the battlefield.

Some people have "this discontent" in their hearts, but everyone has no complaints against Hakurou.

What he couldn't do on his own, Hakurou would never take his word for it. Although Hakurou's words were too radical, it was hoped that the members of the group would come to the same pinnacle, and that such words and deeds would appear to contain the heart of the instructor.

And just like that, the Green Legion has been waiting in the wings.

They were waiting for Hakurou's instructions—to order a surprise attack.

The army chiefs who led them were on a more dangerous mission—to be the decoy. Fight beautifully without disgracing the name of the Four Heavenly Kings.

The figure was clearly seen by Hakurou's additional skill, "Heaven's Eye", and was then seen by everyone, even the most extreme legionnaire, through the "Communication Network".

They are going to be scared. But beyond the fear, the regiment members were all taken from their gaze by the wolf-rider army led by Gobta.

Everyone had already made up their minds, thinking that this time it would be their turn to work hard.

Seeing the members of such a regiment, the uneasiness in Hakurou's heart somewhat subsided.

In order to be able to cope with various situations, he thoroughly trained the members of the regiment, but there are still victims of the first battle.

Trying to exercise them a little more—despite such regrets, there's no way around it. The enemy is not waiting for them.

According to Benimaru's battle plan, the Gobta group is going to fight tooth and nail to maintain the glue. This will surely make the enemy feel anxious.

The magic tank's shells were not infinite, and there was always a moment when that shower of gunfire stopped. At this point, it was Hakurou's turn to make their appearance.

To strike the enemy's supply forces and seize their supplies. This would also easily paralyze enemy magic tanks.

There is another purpose, which is to force out the hidden masters…to wait for the opponent to show up for a win or loss.

I hope it's in front of me.

Hakurou expected so, but it also depended on timing.

It was their first time on the battlefield and they would have died if they had been consumed by fear.

Though hopefully they’ll more or less alleviate their fears, then the next…

All we can do now is pray that the battle will be successful—and that everyone will be safe. Hakurou thought so in his heart, but those worries were ultimately unwarranted.

“—Listen up, everybody!”

Suddenly, through Benimaru's skill, Rimuru used his mind to talk to everyone. Just by hearing those words, the uneasiness in the hearts of the monsters disappeared. Immediately after, unspeakable excitement began to well up and the flesh gradually became hot as if it were burning.

"Get rid of the enemy as quickly as possible."

Rimuru said so—no, he gave the order.

This made Hakurou smile darkly.

"Looks like I'm overdoing it. You all heard me, right?”

“Yes!"

"Well, go ahead, everyone! There is no need to hold back any longer. Go to the battlefield and make the most of your strength.”

Long before the old man said those words…

The legion of monsters then rushed out like a wave of fury.

After that, ten minutes passed.

Some of the infantry, who were originally guarding the Empire's supply forces, fought against the horizontally lined up army of monstrous creatures.

The sudden surprise attack by the opponent almost had them in disarray, but these were the elite men of the Empire. They immediately reorganized their posture to find order.

Take the armored vehicles for transport as shields, and some troops for sniping magical creatures. The Army was outnumbered and at first glance the battle situation seemed to be in their favor.

Yet the Green Legion was not half afraid.

Even when exposed to gunfire, the scaled shields set in the front row are still useful.

Unlike bows and arrows, small guns shoot without forming parabolas. The purpose is to suppress the enemy at close range, and that suppression cannot be exercised if the enemy at the front of the line is not shot down.

Currently, the world is still dominated by swords and magic.

If a weapon like a pistol is to be refurbished tactically, it must first exert too good a killing power.

There is magic in this world. There is no way to paralyze the enemy with just one shot. The gunshot attack focuses on one point, with swords and axes hitting out with stronger longitudinal attacks.

The epoch-making revolution—the new weapons of which the empire is proud are not enough to usher in a new era.

That being the case, another new type of weapon will be used. Once the commander had made up his mind, he then gave follow-up orders.

"Damn it! Everyone switched from small guns to "magic guns". The whole squad just needs to get the important supplies and meet up with this team!”

Small pistols—based on knowledge brought from another world to recreate the weapon, there was not much use against magic. No, there was some success in the experimental phase, but at best it was used against magical creatures that were not armed with anything.

Then they switch to magic. The average soldier can also use this "magic gun" with the magic of the Great Flame Magic Gun carved into it.

Using this would cut through most of the magic and let them burn—or so the commander thought.

Yet sadly, it must be said that the idea is too naive.

The Green Legion is equipped with the latest special-grade defense. It was a scaly shield that Garm had processed from Charybdis’ scales. A lead bullet can bounce off at any time, and it has a special effect…

"No, no! Magic is useless against enemy forces!”

Highly resistant to magic—that’s where the scaled shield really comes in.

There was another nightmare coming at the Imperial Army in the back.

The Flying Dragons flew in from the air—these were the elite of the Blue Corps led by Ultima.

"Spill blood all you want!”

After this lovely shout, the entire ground exploded and burst into flames.

This was a large scale attack with the Flaming Jades. Although not very powerful, it was already quite lethal when used on the infantry of the Empire.

And the roar was enough to bring chaos to the battlefield.

Support soldiers who are not accustomed to combat—for example, the reserves or the medics—are simply too late to react to sudden changes in the situation. As a result, there was no way to follow orders to rendezvous with our team, resulting in more and more unnecessary casualties.

Seeing that the battle situation was more favorable to our side than what he had just worried about, Hakurou was somewhat relieved.

"Hi, Mr. Hakurou. Can you hand them over to me for now?”

"So it's Miss Ultima. It doesn't matter if I do it for a while…"

Seeing Ultima jump off the flying dragon's back, Hakurou was like an amiable old grandfather, responding with composure.

It's a far cry from the way he treated the group.

"Yeah? Then I'll leave it to you!”

Ultima also looked cute begging like a granddaughter who was pandering to her grandfather. Veyron and Zonda must have looked dumbfounded, thinking they were dreaming.

After all, how could Ultima talk like that…

"That's fine, but…"

"Well, what is it?”

"It's nothing really. Just a question, is Ultima-sama close to Carrera-sama?”

“Well…That's a bit of a concern, but since it's Mr. Hakurou, I'll let it go. The answer is simple, we're on super bad terms!”

Ultima replied with a narrow smile.

The expression on her face was as cute as ever, and the vibe on her body was starting to get a little intimidating.

Actually, Ultima is very good at pretending to be a good baby. Cruel and cold by nature, her emotional ups and downs are so great that one suspects she has a dual personality.

Even so, there is still respect for her predecessors, so few people can detect her nature.

"Well, that's a shame.”

"Why do you ask?”

"It's nothing—just a little interest. Lady Carrera has a subordinate named Agera who I want to ask if you know anything about him or not…”

Hakurou stammered.

This demon in Agera resembles someone Hakurou knew—or he should say it’s exactly the same.

This person was Araki Byakuya, the grandfather and master of Hakurou.

That's why Hakurou was interested in Agera. Yet Agera, the party in question, looked as if he did not recognize Hakurou.

Is it because you've gotten older and changed your appearance? Hakurou once thought so, but…

“Um… sorry. I'm not interested so it's not clear.”

Ultima said this indifferently.

And she added…

"If you care so much, why don't you just ask him yourself?”

That statement is beside the point.

Hakurou nodded as he listened, thinking that it was right to say so.

"That's true. I'm sorry, I seem to have too many worries.”

"Well, well, it's not good to think too much and worry too much. Still, that one's for later. What's more important now is combat. Otherwise, even Mr. Hakurou would have been scolded by Lord Rimuru!”

“Then the rest is up to you"—leaving those words with a smile, Ultima flew into the sky again.

He watched her leave, and then Hakurou changed his expression to one of enlightenment.

"Oh, my goodness. It seems that it was myself who was not cultivating enough. I'll have to make up for that as soon as possible."

Immediately afterwards, Hakurou drew his sword.

He turns into a swordsman and is ready to dominate the battlefield.

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The sight before his eyes stunned Major General Faraga.

By managing the plural "defensive borders" with elite wizards, you can create an air fortress with a proud and all-around defense. Such a hovercraft was shot down by a magical creature.

According to Imperial Intelligence, it appears to be a rare race called the Dragon People. He had heard that the other side had what was called a human-type dragon's battle strength, but what he saw in front of him was simply worlds apart.

"Is that guy a monster? I'm not getting any information from the intelligence agency!”

To get rid of his own self, who is a magical mentor and wizard, so give him false information? Faraga almost thought in that direction, but he thought it shouldn't be.

No, not right. Those guys were transforming before my eyes. Could this be a change in the type of magical creature that Master had once written about in his book…?

It is said that certain races among the magical creatures are free to change into two postures, one suitable for general life and the other specifically for combat.

The Dragon People who had just fought them were magical creatures that had evolved from the Lizard People. They have wings capable of flying through the air and the stunt is to be able to spit out various attributes of attacks. The danger level is B among magical creatures, which is not to be underestimated, but it is certainly not a particularly threatening opponent.

"What's going on?”

Faraga originated to question the adjutant.

The discrepancy between the facts and information at hand also seemed to baffle the adjutant in question.

"I'm so, so sorry.”

The person in charge of detecting the energy value of the enemy's magical creatures returned, saying that as soon as the other party's appearance changed, the values increased dramatically. The value was found to be several times higher than the benchmark classified as A rank.

"You mean…several times higher than an A rank? And completely resistant to magic, is that what it means!?”

Faraga shouted, but that thought was actually wrong. Gabil and the others are not "magically ineffective" despite their high level of "magical resistance". It was just that the magic attacks released by the blimps weren't powerful enough to break the 'multiple barriers' that guarded them.

"I don't want to admit it, but I can only speculate in this direction based on the current situation. Our magic attack was useless at all, but the attack from the enemy magical creatures brought down our proud airship…"

That kind of thing to see and know—Faraga was tempted to complain. But he stiffly suppressed the urge and managed to cope calmly.

It was only about a hundred Draconians, nothing to be afraid of. No matter how great the gear they wore, they were no match for the Empire's newest weapon - he had always thought so.

When as many as three hundred flying dragons escaped, he was sure they would win—no, not right. In fact, at this time Faraga felt uneasy. Perhaps he had long experience of fighting in the battlefield, and an unspeakable feeling of foreboding rose in his mind.

Am I guessing? But now we have to think about countermeasures.

Thinking about this side, Faraga once again looked to the battlefield.

"Is the reason why it's said several times more is because each one is equivalent to a high-ranking wizard? A catastrophe—no, maybe it's as good as a catastrophe class, is that right?”

"Yes! That's what the analysts' side said.”

"That's tricky. If the magic is useful, even an A-grade magical creature can be disposed of. And what rank are the individuals leading the team?”

"This, this…”

"What's wrong? Answer quickly.”

"Yes! Then I'll tell you."

The adjutant faltered as he looked at the report, but re-reported under Faraga's glare. And its contents shocked Faraga.

"Ten times more, you say? Is this true?"

"It's true. It's not that the detector is malfunctioning, that's for sure, I've heard that one particular individual has ten times more mana than the others.”

“What…”

Faraga lost his voice dumbfounded.

Faraga's master Gadra reincarnated repeatedly and gained power, even he didn't have such exaggerated magical powers. Such a value is not even close to the Demon Lord.

"There's no information about the monster, not even the information given by the Intelligence Bureau.

And he didn't participate in the martial arts tournament organized by the demon creature, so his fighting strength is unknown.”

"The spy lurking over there said he seemed to have given a conference on herbs. I've heard that the content was interesting at the time, but in retrospect, the aim was actually to hide the equivalent of a catastrophe-level combat power.”

It was only after listening to the subordinate officers expressing their opinions that Faraga came to his senses.

A phenomenon like that just now is definitely a "transformation".

To hide your fighting strength and let the enemy fall off guard. Later on, he learned that the airship was armed only with magic, so he revealed his true nature.

Underestimated by them, thought Faraga.

"Calm down, everyone. The enemy is magic. In that case, we win. No matter what opponent you face, it’s fine as long as you do unleash the Magicule Disrupting Radiation and seal their movements!”

The Dragon People are a very rare race. There are even rarer, but not completely invincible, opponents who can "transform" among them.

The airships were secret weapons developed by the Empire to be used against Veldora. Even the dragon's dependents were no match as long as the real value of the magic element, which disrupted the radiation, was played out.

They're also now unleashing the mana-disturbing radiation. Even the surface can be netted with a wide range of influence. But that's like testing the waters and waiting until you're up against Veldora to apply it centrally.

If the mana element is disturbed, the magical movements of the body made up of magicule elements will become dull. Just focus on letting the disturbance wave shine, and no matter what kind of magic creature it is, the action will be blocked.

"Start moving now!”

Ignoring the adjutants who had rushed to get started, Faraga struggled to get a grip on the battle. With the exception of the individual responsible for taking the lead, the others were all five acting together.

There are currently twenty in the fray. Fewer than ten blimps were shot down.

In the face of such casualties and losses, there is still a great chance of redemption.

"Major General Faraga, the irradiation is ready. But if this goes on, our personnel will be affected…”

"So what?”

"No, it's okay."

"In that case, let's get on with it.”

“Yes!"

The airship was able to float with the power of magic, so what would happen if it was irradiated with magical disruption?

This, of course, goes without saying. After losing the magic effect, the hovercraft will fall in obedience to the laws of physics. Of course the people above would not have survived.

Faraga is a fellow wizard who once stayed in the "Magic Legion," which means that those wizards who look up to him will die.

Still, Faraga didn't even raise an eyebrow and gave the order in this regard.

“Mana disrupting the radiation—start irradiation!”

Around the engaged hovercraft and gobbler, the remaining ships began to lay out. Then one by one, the magicule-disturbing radiation was irradiated from the bow of the ship.

As a result, the blimps fell one after another. Along with the Draconians who were fighting them…

Sorry about that. It's all a necessary sacrifice.

Faraga opened his eyes and prayed silently.

The fallen blimp hit the ground hard and burst into flames. The people sitting inside, not to mention the magical creatures will not be safe and sound.

"Looks like it's all gone. Then it's just that special individual."

"Even if magic doesn't work, there's no way they can survive the shock and the heat."

"Although the sacrifice was great, being able to pack a hundred high-ranking monsters, such a price is already quite cheap.”

The adjutants were relieved.

But Faraga threw a cold shower of water at them with a scolding.

"Don't be careless. It was a sacrifice for a companion, nothing to be proud of in a battle like this! And we haven't packed that individual away yet!”

Hearing this, several adjutants tensed their nerves along with it.

Even that special individual that was equivalent to a demon lord level was blocked from moving. But his wings were still there, still lingering in the air.

Now that twenty hovercraft had been sacrificed, how could just one kill this enemy.

"If only Gobta, the Four Heavenly Kings, who cannot fly in the air, were left, we wouldn't have to work so hard”

"Mmm. If allied with Lord Geist's charioteer force, no amount of tenacious defending could break it down.”

"However, he's been so dislodged by the weapon that he can't move. As long as you keep irradiating at this pace, it won't be long before the flesh falls apart."

"No, I don't think so. The analyst class is observing, and they say the rate of reduction in magicule values for particular individuals is minimal.”

Hearing what the adjutants were talking about, Faraga instantly had a chill to the bone.

There are already so many of them, more than seventy hovercrafts together releasing magicule disrupting radiation, but only barely sealing the operation? Then wouldn't the effect of weakening the magical creature be of no use to that guy at all….?

While thinking, ‘How could there be such a thing?’ Faraga simultaneously thought to himself that he had to rearrange his battle plans.

This is when he realized that the enemy's strength was on a different level than theirs.

Letting all the magical vein disrupt the radioconcentration only barely seals its action. Taking some time might have made it weaker, and it was surprising that there could even such a monster…except for Veldora.

Doesn't that mean this guy's tougher than Gobta of "The Four Heavenly Kings”—no, is that it?

It was at this moment that a certain thought suddenly flashed through Faraga's mind.

In fact, this particular individual must be their target, "Veldora".

Faraga couldn't help but agree with himself.

"So that's it, this guy is Veldora. This would explain why his mana values were abnormally high.”

When he looked back, his mouth had taken the liberty of muttering those words.

All sorts of reactions emerged from the adjutants as they listened.

"I see…because his seal has just been lifted, he has become weak, so weak that he cannot maintain his dragon form.”

"Weak? He’s so powerful, but he’s still weakening. Even those followers are comparable to dragons, so maybe they can find someone comparable to the high ranking dragon clan.”

Faced with such adjutants, Faraga opened his mouth.

"Exactly. That's what's scary about Veldora. Once upon a time, the Imperial Army was defeated by Veldora. My master, Gadra, also told me about the situation at that time. It's been sealed for 300 years and the guy is still so strong. It's hard to imagine how strong he was before being sealed, right?"

After listening to Faraga's explanation, the adjutants nodded in sympathy.

"Indeed, with such great power, it is no wonder that the Farmus army was exterminated.”

"Major General Faraga has a point. That guy must be Veldora.”

Most agreed like this, but some of them were skeptical.

"Excuse me, Major General Faraga. But the name of the head of the Dragon People is ‘Gabil'...?"

Even when questioned in this way, Faraga laughed.

"I'm telling you, that's a fake name. It was heard that Veldora was sealed and his strength declined along with it. I think it's to try to hide it as much as possible until his original combat power is restored.”

Now that the other side was so asserted, the adjutant could only compromise.

"It's unheard of for a magical creature to use a pseudonym…No, that's more like a Veldora move.”

While there is still much to foxhole, he interprets it himself in this way.

Immediately afterwards, when everyone decided that the particular individual in front of them was Veldora, the adjutants began to have a look of joy on their faces.

"Although our ace blimp showed less damage, it was understandable that the opponent was Veldora!”

"It's better to say lucky. Attention must be paid to the widespread attack that wiped out the Farmus'

army. It's a correct choice to use the magic vein to disrupt the radiation to seal his movements as soon as possible.”

'Exactly'—thought Faraga.

Veldora is trapped by the mana-disturbing radiation and the whole person can't move. As long as it continues to drain his strength at this pace, it will be easier to solve it afterwards.

A quick glance back reveals that they got the biggest battle result of the campaign so far.

Faraga has to savor this good fortune.

"Is the output of the magicule disrupted radiation okay?'

"No problem. The output is down at 80 percent, which is pretty steady.”

"How long will it take to get up to maximum output?”

"Not for an hour. The current state alone was a struggle to seal the action, but Veldora's flesh had begun to gradually crumble. The effect should be well worth the wait.”

"Mmm. Does that mean that Veldora has only an hour to live if he comes back? Until then, Lord Geist can also complete the ground suppression.”

These adjutants are excellent.

As far as he could see his intentions without saying anything, he started a discussion with the analysis class. Then revisited the combat plan and filtered out the problem.

The conclusion was that after one hour, the Four Heavenly King Gobta would also be finished with his crusade. The hobgoblin that was merged with the Demon Wolf was also a powerful individual, but still not as good as Veldora. As long as Geist's charioteer units got serious, it wouldn't be that hard to crush such an opponent.

"Magic doesn't work, and that's because the opponent is Veldora and his dependents, which is something that can't be done. But the Goddess of Victory is smiling down on us! As long as we wait slowly like this, the Empire's long-cherished wish will come true!”

Faraga was so convinced and inspired their soldiers and generals.



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An atmosphere of imminent triumph permeated the bridge.

"I'll have the bar set up."

“Good idea. Please be prepared to set aside the 400-year-old wine from your collection.”

"It's a dreamy escape to celebrate the empire's shame. If it had been an hour, the sediment in the wine would have sunk.”

"Well, leave that to me.”

—“Give me one too."

A beautiful girl with long dark purple hair tied back into a single ponytail had unknowingly taken her seat next to Faraga as an adjutant.

When exactly did she start sitting here? No, rather…

The other party was wearing a military uniform, a dress that didn't match her age. However, the seemingly serious military uniforms can contrast with the vulnerable aura of a young girl.

Faraga cringed at his own carelessness.

He was negligent in confirming that he would win. It's not just Faraga, it can be applied to all the soldier generals present.

It was only when these soldiers and their generals were not on guard that the girl was able to invade.

"Who are you?”

Where did she invade from?

And what is the purpose of the maiden?

To say whether she was an enemy or one of her own would certainly qualify her as such.

Faraga didn't think the maiden would answer honestly.

"Huh, no? Then it's okay to give me tea. I've been visiting on the side and feel thirsty.”

Hearing Faraga ask who was coming, the men on the bridge turned their heads. Next, they found the maiden and were surprised to find her eyes wide open.

Not only the ships, but also the inside of the ships are also arranged with "barriers".

However, no abnormality was detected.

The maiden took it for granted and just stayed there.

"I'm asking what you are.”

Faraga slowly stood up and came face to face with the maiden. Then draws his gun and asks the same thing again.

Even so, the maiden continued to laugh.

Even when a gun was pointed at her, she still didn't consider it a threat.

After all, this maiden's real face is…

"Who am I, you ask? My name is Ultima. It is a very important and precious name given to me by Lord Rimuru!”

Because she is one of the strongest forces in this world—the Purple Primordial.

Faraga calmly observes Ultima, looking to get a good look at his opponent. In order to achieve this, he believes that the most effective means of gathering information is through dialogue.

"Your name is Ultima? Haven't even heard of it.”

"Yeah? You are so ignorant. I've come to ask a lot of questions today, and it doesn't look like it's worth expecting.”

"What did you say?”

"Because you're going to die soon, right? So until then, I hope you can reveal all sorts of information to me!”

With an innocent smile, Ultima said so.

Seeing Ultima pose in such an attitude, Faraga had an unspeakable feeling in his heart.

It was similar—that’s right.

It was like facing those high ranking members of the Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard, who absolutely existed, and maybe this girl's sense of oppression was even stronger.

Hard to believe…I lost to the other side in terms of stamina? I'm so afraid of such a young girl!

Faraga began to doubt his instincts.

However, the reality of the matter came to light, and the young girl sitting in front of him—Ultima, who had invaded the ship alone, was simply extraordinary. This definitely needs to be classified as an emergency.

Faraga speculated on Ultima's purpose, and next found out that her purpose was actually quite obvious.

Outside the window was the trapped Veldora. Such a sight symbolized the imminent victory of the empire, and it must have been desperate to see in the eyes of those demonic creatures. It was to save him that the magical creature underneath Veldora acted, right?

Her name is Ultima? Even I shuddered at the sight of such a magical creature, and I didn't expect the Intelligence Bureau to fail to grasp this figure. She's an ace, I'm afraid. It must be a high-level magical creature that belongs directly to Veldora.

That must be right. She was a subordinate that had only recently been named. Although the appearance was close to human, the demonic aura was unnerving and evil to the point of being indescribable. It was still unclear who the other party really was, but fortunately, Faraga knew where the demonic spirit with such a demonic aura was.

For Gadra, the master of the Faraga, was once keenly studied for a time.

Pointing the gun at Ultima, Faraga opened his mouth to question.

“I get it. You're from the demon race, aren't you?”

"Wow, that's awesome. That's the right answer.”

As if to say "that's par for the course", Faraga snorted.

To be able to exude such a strong evil aura must be a high-ranking demon general. And it's still a monster that gets a name for flesh.

The question is what class Ultima is.

She's definitely an aristocrat. That's okay if it's below the Middle Ages, but if it's an older species, it might be a struggle to deal with? No, in this case, we have a way to seal the demon's stunt. Demons who can't use magic are nothing to fear!

Thinking about this side, Faraga secretly gave instructions to the ministry.

He wanted his men to launch a magic vein disruption radiation on the inside of the warship. In that case, the magic enhancement cannon cannot be used. And no "magic guns" can be used either, the wizards on the ship will be useless, right?

But that's what Faraga wants.

Zone magical creatures, the magical element is not a threat when sealed. The same goes for demons. As long as the mana was sealed, the demons could not use the magic they used as weapons.

The opponent is a high-ranking demon general, and minions who will use magic are useless no matter how many come. Instead of that, it's better to put the demon at an irreversible disadvantage so that the odds of winning also increase.

Glancing at the gun in his hand, he sneaked his hand up to the sword hanging from his waist. Then to distract Ultima, continue the conversation with her.

"It's surprising that Veldora has a demon like you as a subordinate.”

“Huh? Lord Veldora’s subordinate?”

"Heh, you don't have to hide it. In that case, there's no other reason than to come to the rescue of the master!”

"No! I am a loyal servant of Lord Rimuru!”

She's under the Demon Lord Rimuru? No, her goal must have been to save Veldora.

It is true that there is no mention in the report that Veldora had a subordinate on this matter. But it didn't matter if the Demon Lord's men were still Veldora's men.

"That's rude. So, you're here to save Veldora, right?”

"What have you been saying since just now? I just said I was coming to ask about something, don't you people listen to people?”

It seems the two sides are talking about the same thing.

Is that a bluff? I don't think there's any need to hide it, but what's this guy's purpose?

Faraga worried if he had gotten something wrong, an unspeakable uneasiness rose in his mind, a feeling that had disturbed him.

He felt like he was making a big mistake…

“…So, what do you want to ask?”

Hearing these words, Ultima, as if she had been waiting for this moment, smiled and then spoke with a smile on her face.

"The construction of this ship and the way it is used is a major focus. Also exploring the remaining war power in the Empire in passing. And how many strong men there are on your side, as far as you know, just admit it.”

To pose such an innocent attitude is simply to rag on a small view.

You underestimate us, so just so. I'll admit she's a little tricky, but what can the other person do when they're alone?

As unsettling as it was, these were Faraga's genuine thoughts.

It won't be long before it's ready to be completed.

He also has killer weapons that he uses against demons.

The afterglow in the corner of his eye caught the coded signal his own men had played, indicating readiness.

This will definitely be able to beat the other side. Faraga looks to regain some leeway.

"Heh, you think we're gonna tell the truth?”

"I don't think so, but it doesn't matter. Let's forget about that. Is the tea ready yet? I've been waiting.”

"Forget the tea, I'll serve you something better!”

Seeming to have shaken off all the confusion, Faraga pulled the trigger.

Bullets were fired, and that became the signal for war to begin.

The place was also affected by the magicule-disturbing radiation.

The pistol Faraga holds is not a "magic gun".

The M1911, a military automatic pistol developed by the American Colt Manufacturing Company, is an antique brought to us by "otherworldly visitors", carefully maintained daily, and is a favorite pistol of Faraga.

It holds seven plus one rounds. The power of the large caliber bullets made especially for a large sum of money is worthy of the nickname of the handheld cannon.

But that's a fake move at best. The demon races were all spiritual beings and ordinary weapons were simply useless to them. If it was a demon possessing flesh, perhaps it would sense some pain, but that's about it at best.

Faraga disarmed the insurance with a skilled move, knocking all the bullets out. He wasn't optimistic enough to think he was lucky enough to accidentally take down his opponent. Only those who dared to underestimate a high-ranking demon general and want to commit suicide would do such a thing.

When the voices stopped, things went exactly as Faraga had expected.

Ultima sat in her chair as if indifferently. She opened her left hand and let eight rounds fall with a clatter.

Not knowing how she did it without using magic, the bullet lost its physical energy and Ultima's hand was unharmed.

"That's a funny toy. But I prefer what Lord Rimuru has in his hands.”

"Yeah? I'd like to see that.”

The results were less positive than expected, but Faraga wasn't surprised. He put his gun away and drew the sword that hung around his waist.

The "Imperial Style Magic Sword" won't expire even if it's affected by the mana-disturbing radiation.

By using his own magic power to circulate the magical elements, Faraga is able to achieve the same effect as a magic sword, and is more powerful than the skill ‘Fighting Qi Sword’.”

If it was a magic sword, it would also work against the demon race. As long as they can destroy each other's flesh, there is no way for the other party to tolerate magicule-disrupting radiation.

That's what Faraga thought.

Hurry up and drive her back to the demon world!

In addition to being a magical instructor, Faraga's swordplay was also highly skilled. It was just that he didn't deliberately boast about it, he thought to himself that he wouldn't lose to a famous swordsman.

It was because Faraga had this ability that he could stay calmly in this environment where magic was sealed.

Ultima was no exception, and even with the effects of the mana-disturbing radiation, she was still as unhurried as ever.

Faraga thinks the other side is just holding out hard. Not to be fooled by his opponent's acting, he calmly makes his judgments.

"What's it like to be sealed by someone who's good at magic?”

“?"

Putting on a misguided expression, Ultima crooked her head.

"Heh, are you in a hurry? The time for chatting is over, motherfucking demon!”

The aura on Faraga's body changed abruptly, a tension that was invisible to the naked eye permeating between him and Ultima.

“Oh…you want to fight me?”

"You don't have to say that. Would anyone be stupid enough to respond to a deal with the devil?”

"Stupid? I say, is this supposed to be about…me?"

"Stupid. Don't you even understand that? Then I'll tell you something. It's the strong ones you want to explore, and I'm one of them!"

While Ultima was talking, Faraga stabbed his sword through in a single breath.

This is an expert grade spike. The stab at Ultima's heart, even if the opponent was a demon, it couldn't avoid it, it was a sure-fire blow.

However, the sky is the limit.

“I’ll kill you last.”

A voice came from behind Faraga.

Faraga's sure-fire strike couldn't even touch Ultima, who was originally sitting on a chair, only poking a hole in the chair. Surprisingly, something like this could happen, just now Ultima was still sitting in front of his eyes, and when Faraga found out, the other party had come behind him.

This is incredibly realistic for Faraga.

"Since you don't want to talk to me, that's okay. But when I ask a question, you have to give me the answer. Rest assured. Even if you don't tell me, I can take knowledge at will.”

With an innocent smile, Ultima looked around at the general soldiers watching, then announced in a voice that was unnervingly frightening.

"Then we'll start with you.”

“Huh?"

Faraga turned his head in a panic as some sort of circular object flew past him.

Pop-chop, that thing hit the wall and made a puddle on it. That thing is a human head to be exact.

One of the adjutants lost everything from the neck up, and then, as if suddenly remembering that he had lost his head, he fell to the ground with a jerk.

"How could…!?”

"Looks like he doesn't know much information. Hurry up and find the next one."

Once that was said, Ultima casually twisted the head of the enemy soldier general, played for a few seconds and then dropped it, starting to repeat the matter over and over.

One by one, the fallen appear. The bridge was suddenly hell, filled with shrieks and fear.

‘Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop…’

“Make contact with the other ships and focus around our command ship!”

The wizards went into a state of panic from fear and immediately came to their senses upon hearing Faraga say so.

Everyone hurry and follow the order.

"This Mana disruptor is your new weapon, isn't it? Theoretically, to hinder magic by firing a jumbled number of commands at the magic element? It does have an effect on magical things, but do you guys think it will work for me?”

Lovingly tilting her head, Ultima mumbled out her doubts.

Like in response to her, Faraga shouted.

“A bluff! Don’t think you can bluff your way through!”

"Well, I guess you don't understand. If the flesh is made up of monstrous beasts and so on, one can expect to play to great effect. But don't you think there's no point in doing that when you've already acquired flesh like me?”

"What did you say…?"

"Also, if it's a lower-order demon, it doesn't mean anything to a higher-order demon, does it? Just as you would naturally breathe, we can naturally generate magic as soon as we are aware of it. Just like this.”

Ultima disappeared without a trace as soon as the words were spoken.

At the same time the head communicator sitting in the last position flew out with it. This is what Ultima made by moving in a flash.

"See? Just now I just moved and this man's head flew off. It's beyond the speed of sound, but it doesn't send out shock waves or anything, right? Because I move like this by magic. And then there’s…”

Ultima flicked her wrist. The front of the fingertips seemed to blur for an instant.

Immediately followed by a "bang" —and with that impact, the adjutant standing beside Faraga lost his head.

"It's easy to follow the laws of physics like this and send out shock waves.

Ultima spoke innocently while not changing her face to commit this cruel act. It doesn't look guilty at all.

"How could…”

The pale Faraga began muttering to himself.

Then Ultima's words finally made their way into Faraga's head. To comprehend them, the common sense that Faraga has cultivated so far would instead constitute a hindrance.

It was as if someone from afar was speaking a foreign language, and there was something incredible about it. His instincts refused to understand.

High-ranking demons…is she really?

It is only now that Faraga thinks deeply about who Ultima really is.

According to Faraga's strength, he could be equal to a high-ranking magician.

If it's a newborn individual, he can win on his own. Although there was no way to defeat the Ancient Race and above, facing the Viscount Class below the Middle Age Race, even if they couldn't defeat their opponent in the end, they could still fight beautifully.

So, what is the status quo?

It was not at all useful to have the Mana Disrupting Radiation that even Veldora could seal.

This high-ranking demon general who called herself Ultima had acquired flesh, but her strength was extraordinary.

Even subverting common sense in Faraga's mind…

He found no chance of beating Ultima no matter how much he struggled. So it was decided not to keep it any longer and to use the slayers used specifically to deal with demons.

"Don't get cocky, you damned demon! The spirit summons the Flaming Giant - Come, Flaming High Spirit of the Origin!”

Only heroic characters can use this most powerful summoning magic. There was no way for Faraga alone to perform such secret magic, but this blimp had magic-enhanced cannons on board, along with fifty wizards, making the impossible possible.

And for the spirits, the effects of magicule-disrupting radiation are minimal. Thus he succeeded in summoning.

Destroying the bridge, the Flaming Giant descended upon it. If it was a high-ranking spirit with an advantage relative to a demon, even an opponent who was a high-ranking demon general could defeat it.

Sure of being able to do so, Faraga yelled at Ultima.

"I admit you're a monster. But we've been doing research on demons! So we also have a foolproof response. It's a pity that even you're going down!”

Even after hearing Faraga's high voice, Ultima still had a smile on her face.

A smile—He didn't think it was such a terrible thing to experience for the first time in Faraga's life.

No way. That's not possible. There's no way she can defeat the Flaming Giant we summoned—!

The Flame Giant summoned by Lager was being infused with power by fifty wizards through magic enhancement cannons. Of course, the Flame Giant's strength will be several times higher than that of ordinary high-ranking spirits, regardless of whether they are facing ancient or prehistoric species, even if they encounter high-ranking demons, they will not lose.

Yet the fear in Faraga's heart is hard to erase.

"It is only to summon such scum, not to get carried away. While I'm at it with a kind smile on my face, you'd better be honest with yourselves. Otherwise you will taste the despair.”

Ah, this is the end—Faraga understood.

It's a gut feeling.

And his instincts were right.

The next second, right in front of Faraga's eyes, the Flame Giant, the embodiment of absolute power, froze to pieces.

As if in a breath-change, Ultima unleashed the elemental magic "Frozen Hell" without chanting through it.

"Ah, ah…”

"Ee, ee, ee! It's a monster…!"

"That's nothing, that's nothing…!"

It was about time to go down the Yellow Springs road, and the stupid people started crying and screaming.

Complete panic.

It is understandable that there would be such a reaction. For the incarnation of death stood before them.

"Then I'll move on to the questions.”

Ultima, who could be said to have a very cheerful voice, became the last words those poor people heard.

In a few minutes…

The smiling Ultima nodded.

She was very happy to have all the information she wanted to know. Although there was no way to seize all the knowledge, sensing human brainwaves for intelligence was easy for Ultima.

Ultima was an intelligence marshal, and bringing intelligence back was part of the mission. If the results were satisfactory, she was sure their master, Rimuru, would be pleased too.

She'd be happy if he could compliment her, thought Ultima.

Then she looked to the one who was still alive.

That man is Faraga.

In the midst of this desperation, Ultima had no choice but to spare Faraga.

The reason is certainly not of the compassionate kind.

"You called me a fool, so I'm going to take the greatest fear and give it to you as a gift. If you try, maybe you'll survive, try to struggle.”

Ultima thus proclaimed was like a whisper, while unleashing a spell.

A fist-sized pitch-black karma flame appeared in her left hand.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah…”

Faraga knew such things.

Abyss Core—this uncontrollable hellfire occurs when some kind of magic is unleashed.

It is said to be uncontrollable by humans and is a kind of extreme magic.

No, it's just that Faraga doesn't know that someone is actually in control. If it was the "Seven Celestial Sages" who had once been human heroes, it was possible to control the three of them together.

However, the black flame core emitted by Ultima now was more than twice as large as that emitted by the Seven Celestial Sages. Faraga knew nothing about it, but even he could see that it was a strategic level ‘threat’…

Ultima threw something like that out with ease.

"Then take care of yourself. Goodbye!”

With these words, Ultima left the bridge.

Faraga, who had been thrown down, stood there dumbfounded.

What exactly is Ultima's true identity—that question is no longer important to the present Faraga.

As he suffered the Black Flame Core Baptism, Faraga knew that his life was coming to an end at this time.

There was absolutely no way he could control the Black Flame Core, and instinct made him understand that.

He was right to understand it that way.

It doesn't make sense to make a full effort with respect to the algorithm.

As if mocking Faraga's efforts were worthless, the fires of karma that were out of Ultima's control just swelled, multiplied, and spread.

Then after waiting for Ultima to fly away, the black fireball immediately devoured the command ship.

That fireball expanded massively and then exploded.

Turning into the ultimate destruction magic—Nuclear Flame.

And Faraga, who was forced to stay…

"It's beautiful…this is, this is magic at its best…”

A trance-like expression came over his face, the black flames burning his body.

The body evaporates and the "soul" tastes the pain of being burned by karma fire.

I don't know if Master Gadra ever experienced this miracle?

No, that's not possible—so asserts Faraga.

The magical hindrance created by the magical radiation of the mana-disturbing radiation would be deactivated by simply dominating it with a stronger thought wave, Faraga understood this. The proof is this beautiful destructive magic perfection given to Faraga despair.

Faraga—while savouring the despair of being surrounded by extreme magic, and the good fortune that comes with that, comes to the end of his career.

The "Air Combat Flying Corps" he led was completely destroyed by the Flame of Destruction, leaving not even a trace.

The first wave of damage is the super-hot flame and the second wave of damage is the shockwave from the explosion.

The command ship evaporated in a superheat beyond belief.

The surrounding ships erupted and scattered, their hulls turning into cannonballs. The ship's debris flew apart at supersonic speeds, and this alone caused a great deal of damage.

This big bang determines the trends on the battlefield.

The only ships that remain intact are those that fall to the ground in the first place. The ships that remained in the air were all victimized by chain explosions and were sunk in an instant.

So, before the original imperial assassins, the Air Combat Flying Corps, had even fought with Veldora, all the ships were destroyed in the blink of an eye, defeated and left with a discredited record.

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As Ultima flew away from the ship, her interest in Faraga completely disappeared.

Watching the ball of fire that swelled into a larger and upward spiral, she nodded with seeming satisfaction.

Thinking that Rimuru was asking everyone to give it their all, she thought that she should increase her power a bit more, but then she thought that doing such a thing would kill all the "flying dragon congregation" on the ground, which made her think that what she had done earlier was just right.

Although something terrible had happened in the air, the damage to the Flying Dragon congregation was calculated as zero.

No, it didn't actually meet the standard, and someone was indirectly victimized afterwards…but Ultima doesn't care that much.

More than that, Ultima cared about Gabil's actions.

"What has Mr. Gabil been up to since just now…?”

Gabil was hit with concentrated fire from the magicule disturbance radiation. It looked as if he had been mistaken for Veldora for some reason, but Ultima didn't bother with that.

At this rate, Gabil would be swallowed up by the Flame of Destruction, and she hoped he retreated quickly for refuge.

Troubled but unable to do anything about it, Ultima had to fly to Gabil's side.

"I say, Mr. Gabil, what have you been up to since just now?”

"Oh, oh, it's Miss Ultima! In fact, I've got a new grip.”

Somehow Gabil had a look of pride as he answered Ultima's question.

Ultima was originally still curious about what was going on, but it occurred to her that she would have to retreat first now.

She wouldn't be killed by her own magic, but Gabil probably couldn't afford it. Maybe he'll survive, but the odds of winning such a bet are too low.

She didn't want to carry the notoriety of killing one of her own, so Ultima took Gabil with her by force.

She came to the ground to meet the Flying Dragon.

It was at this point that Ultima could finally start questioning.

"So what the hell just happened?”

Ultima questioned Gabil's tone of voice with a firmness.

In addition to holding the position of intelligence marshal, Ultima is also the inspector general, who is to monitor Gabil's movements. Not just assisting him, but advising him so he doesn't take the wrong action.

A Gabil failure is the same as an Ultima failure, so of course she will be harsh.

But Gabil does not know how to read words and say such things.

"Gah, gah, gah, gah! Actually, it was, being hit by a special light released by the enemy, I thought of something. I saw on the spot that the property of the thing was that it would have an effect on the magic element, so I thought I'd experiment and see how far I could take it!”

Gabil, the stinking lizard, had better be scolded by Lord Rimuru, thought Ultima. But she relented and pursued the question next.

"So what's this new feel you're talking about?”

"Whoo-hoo, that's the point! Listen up, you guys. With regard to our inherent skill, Dragon Warriorization, Mr. Middray once said that skillfulness can prolong use. Now I'm in a state of 'transformation', right?”

Turning his head and looking around at all his companions, Gabil spoke triumphantly.

Hearing this, the Flying Dragon congregation looked at him and back, showing a surprised expression towards each other. The average amount of time they could transform was only about ten minutes, and everyone had long since recovered.

"I thought it was the Gabil who could do it, as a matter of course, but it seems not.”

"So if we know the mystery of it, we can extend our time too?”

In this way, Gabil's men began to clamor one after another.

Watching Gabil they began to clamor, Ultima showed an unbearable look.

I sincerely hope that these lizards will kick the can down the road and suffer.

She has no mercy on her enemies, even in the face of her men. But strictly speaking, Gabil and his men were not her minions.

If they took the liberty of doing so, it would be Ultima who would be scolded by Rimuru.

It was only okay to be scolded……to think that Rimuru was so angry when his men were injured, then he would probably be punished even more horribly. They might even get kicked out.

Ultima didn't want that to happen. The relief of your own stress and possible punishment are measured on the scale, and in the end the heart is unwilling to choose to be patient.

Gabil spoke up to such an Ultima.

"It is thanks to Miss Ultima that I have discovered the secret behind this power. You bought me time because you believed I had other ideas.”

“Huh?"

"Oh, don't play dumb, I've seen it all. Your willingness to give immature us the opportunity to grow is really appreciated!”

It didn't bother Ultima to be told that. She regained her composure and her opinion of Gabil rose a little.

"Let's take it as it is. By the way, what's new with Mr. Gabil? Everyone seems to be wondering.”

Ultima decided not to correct Gabil's misunderstanding. Because she thought it was more important to clean up the mess now than that.

Currently the fighting is only taking place in localized areas.

There was Hakurou in charge of the rear, and there was the central area where Gobta and Ranga were fighting like crazy. And then there was the enemy stronghold to which Testarossa was heading, three places in all.

The aerial battle force that Gabil and the rest were responsible for holding off had been expelled and had to go to other battlefields for support. No time for a leisurely chat here.

"This matter is expected to be reported to Lord Rimuru, but I will briefly explain it first. It should also help boost combat power, and you all need to listen carefully.”

Taking these words as an opening, Gabil proceeded to paraphrase with a serious expression.

The content is related to the complete control of "Dragon Warriorization".

Dragon Warriorization, an inherent skill of the Dragon People, is a special skill that strengthens itself by letting the mana get out of control.

The out-of-control mana will absorb the surrounding material and strengthen the user's flesh. By increasing the quality in this area to improve the defense, even if injured, it will recover immediately.

They will not be able to use magic because the mana will get out of control, but there is nothing wrong with using skills like spitting breath. It is a great power if it retains self-awareness, and mere reinforcement will only be effective.

"Then, the enemy attack seemed to have the property of disrupting the movement of the mana. It feels like my power seems to be further strengthened.”

"Huh, so…it will be stronger than this current stance?"

Even Ultima was surprised that the magical vein disturbance radiation had such an unexpected effect.

The amount of mana Gabil possesses today is not dissimilar to the amount of mana Clayman had when he awakened before his death. It's surprisingly reinforced and looks to have a listening value.

The mere act of letting the monster element get out of control could increase the power, and Ultima was naturally surprised to hear that it could surpass an Awakened Demon King—a True Demon Lord—on a numerical level.

After all, where in the world is such a good thing.

"No, no, no, it's not that. Despite the increase in power, I couldn't control it smoothly. So I concentrated my consciousness and felt the mana that was out of control within me…"

It turned out to be just like that, the body couldn't move.

Even if it didn't hurt, Gabil couldn't move. But Gabil could be said to have learned how to sense mana right about that time as he got more and more frustrated.

"Mr. Middray once said, 'The realm without me', right? To look squarely at the universe within you and listen to those voices. This way…"

“It's too long. Keep it simple and clear!"

At this time, Ultima spat viciously, and Gabil's men nodded in agreement.

Temperamentally seeming to lose to everyone, Gabil nodded and said, "Ah, yes.”

“To put it simply, it's a matter of sensing the out-of-control mana first, and then casting the Numinous Power. This way the unthinkable can happen and the power can be controlled.”

Upon hearing this, Gabil's men began to clamor, saying outright, "It's too messy.”

Instead, it was Ultima who gave an ‘oh’ in her heart.

It was easier than breathing for herself, but it seemed very difficult for Gabil and the others, and watching Gabil and the others react, Ultima found out about it.

At the same time Ultima began to take an interest.

Oh? Meaning that Mr. Gabil's men might get stronger if I exercise them?

That would certainly help Rimuru.

Rimuru would most likely compliment her.

"I see what Mr. Gabil means. But these will be negotiated later. Now to go first and help the little hobgoblins.”

Ultima said this as if to announce that the break was over.

Originally intending to return the favor by saying that Gabil was slacking off, Gabil brought such meaningful information that Ultima was a little impressed with him. So she did some favors.

Containing the actions of Gabil, she decided to turn a blind eye this time.

"Well, that's right! Then let's go over there and provide support too.”

Gabil also cheerfully agreed.

The man was still in a state of utterly wrong-headedness, but Ultima didn't think that would matter. It was actually a bit less complicated for her, so she didn't say anything and just left it at that.

"If someone doesn't live up to the standard, they'll be educated again later, so be aware of that!”

"Mmmmmm, then I'll help too!"

‘That's a great idea’—Ultima smiled sweetly as she thought about it.

Gabil and the others did not spot Ultima's attempt and returned to the battlefield again.



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"No way, how can this be!?”

In the main camp, far from the battlefield, Lieutenant General Geist shouted with an iron grimace.

The tragedy of the impossible is presented.

His proud division of Magic Guided Tanks was being tricked by a monster wolf who turned into a humanoid.

The sight was like a nightmare. It is now certain that the damaged body has taken up the majority.

It was immediately certain that he was about to be defeated, but the battle was progressing much faster than expected, causing him to miss the opportunity to retreat.

There is also no way to report on the situation to Calgurio, the Mecha Corps chief and commander-in-chief.

I must report to that Calgurio guy quickly to get permission to evacuate…

Geist's rational dimension speaks thus.

…but—

Even if it's reported, the other side won't allow it.

This team, led by Calgurio, is already in action, and if Geist retreats at this juncture, it will be isolated this time.

In front of the base of the Demon Lord Rimuru, the main force of the "Mecha Regiment" is supporting them. Each of them was a warrior who had undergone reconstructive surgery and made the Empire proud, and was full of an overwhelming army of seven hundred thousand. Even if it was the main force that would win by 100%, it would inevitably be panicked if it was known that the rear force was retreating.

The armies of the Dwarven Kingdom will also be out in force. That way, they would pigeonhole the enemy along with the forces of the Demon Lord Rimuru.

This means that the supply line will be cut.

Even if you don't sleep or eat, the "mech-modified corps" can still be active for about a week. But that's the limit. As long as they still had human bodies, supplies were indispensable.

My mission is to suppress the Dwarven kingdom…to retreat from this battlefield would be to abandon them with Calgurio. Even if there's no way to win, at least keep it together…

But it's difficult to implement.

What Geist saw before his eyes was the defeat of their army.

The rear is also in a state of disarray, with the chain of command even more disrupted.

One's own people even started killing each other. Even if the battle continues, it's only a matter of time before it's all over.

"Lieutenant General Geist! No matter what we do, it's all over!”

"Please, please, please order a retreat!”

Without having to listen to the advice of these ministers, Geist held the same view as them. Yet once this order is given, he takes all the blame for the defeat.

That said, Lieutenant General Geist, a man of impeccable personal bravery, was also highly regarded within the army. He had never encountered such a setback before, and therefore was not used to the situation he was experiencing at the moment.

How can I retreat? If so, His Majesty will certainly dispose of me. How could this be allowed to happen! I am the man who is going to be a hero in the future. But here is where my road to greatness is going to be ruined. At the very least, there has to be a justification that doesn't hold me accountable alone…

Now the battle bets on the prestige of the Empire and will end with his failure—an idea that reveals Geist's true nature.

He only wanted to preserve himself, and didn't care about sacrificing his men. Geist is such a minor character.

"Lieutenant General, it will be difficult to revive the troops at this rate. This team has not turned into a scattered mess at the moment, we should let them get rid of the enemy in the rear!”

"There is no shame in withdrawing for a while. If the fighting continues, we will only suffer more!”

Upon receiving such a suggestion, Geist finally began to use his brain.

If he loses the troops assigned to him from above, he will not be punished in any case. Don't say it's relegation, maybe it's going to cost you your life without a referee.

"Damn it. I'm the man who's going to be a hero. How dare you let this happen…you're all incompetent and will only rip my legs off!”

Fully revealing his ugly nature, Geist scandalized.

Just at this time the sound of the big bang boomed, almost drowning out his voice.

The other side is also shaken by this.

"What happened?"

"The enemy, the enemy attacks through magic!”

"Magic? Could it be, could it be nuclear strike magic!?”

"It's not certain yet, but it should be right in terms of scale. But that…”

"What is it!? Say it!”

"Yes! As for the enemy's attack magic, the one that seems to be able to easily break through the legion's magic that our army uses exclusively for defense…"

“What!? What about the level of casualties?”

"The explosion was overhead. We've lost contact with friendly airships...!"

"This, this is not possible! You mean the blimps—the Empire's proud 'Air Combat Flying Corps’—are all gone…?"

One by one, they clarified the situation.

One thing this makes clear to everyone is that the damage is worse than imagined.

The blimps that could not be contacted included not just one, but all of them.

This could only be explained by the fact that the magic just now had wiped out all the airships.

The airship is carrying a new type of weapon, the Mana Disruptor Radiation, and yet it has been defeated by magic, which is incredible.

"We're retreating—no, we should retreat somewhere else and regroup!”

Rather than speaking to the soldier generals, he was speaking to himself, Geist so ordered.

Faced with this overly unfavorable situation, Geist finally made a judgment call for everyone to retreat.

But this judgment was made too late to have a critical impact.

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A brisk voice rang out across the battlefield.

"Oops? You're not going to say it's over here, are you? I should have said that already. If you invade, we will show no mercy.”

Geist hurriedly turned his head in the direction of the sound, a beautiful face of extreme whiteness reflected before his eyes.

The other party wore a full smile.

It's Testarossa.

"Don't look at me like that, I'm a woman of my word. After all, when I used to come to this world to play, I had indeed fulfilled the desire of my lord. Please be assured. And I will repay you well.

Geist's heart was occupied with fear.

Not the fear of inferiority in wanting to know how to preserve oneself, but the never ending fear that erodes instinct and threatens the root of life.

“You—you're a…!”

"Oops? Maybe you forgot. How rude.”

As if looking at a headache-stricken child, Testarossa gave a motherly look and her mouth responded.

How could Geist forget.

On the one hand, not much time had passed since they parted, and yet the beautiful white hair and red eyes that were so full of charm were absolutely impossible to forget, no matter how many years passed.

But it's more about fear.

Testarossa's beautiful face gave Geist the creeps.

Forcing down this fear, Geist intended to order his men to attack.

Yet no one responded.

"I don't know what you want to do, but your men are resting. They seem to be very tired. Because, they don't seem to be able to stand up anymore.”

As if in a whisper, the voice of Testarossa informed rang in Geist. They had been talking face to face until just now, and when they came back, they were standing behind each other.

Geist didn't take her lightly and definitely didn't take his eyes off of her, but Testarossa moved without anyone seeing.

Moved too fast.

Even more frightening was the absence of any sound at all.

Geist has a unique technique called "Player" that can sense the movement of the opponent through the sound. No matter how skilled, no one can control that tiny sound-not just the beating of the heart, but even the sound of blood flowing through the veins can be captured.

But there was no semblance of a voice in Testarossa.

And by this time Geist had discovered another horrible fact, and that was that the fallen men made no more noise.

They're all dead.

“You……killed all these men!”

One side stomped a shaky pace and fled away from Testarossa, while Geist asked.

To this, Testarossa replied without guilt.

"Oops? Since I was a little hungry, I ate a little.”

"You said you ate some? What is it to eat?”

"Well, I ate a little bit of soul.”

Hearing the other side talk like it was nothing, Geist was outraged. Anger overrode fear and his body found strength again.

"Go to hell, evil demon! Mind Requiem!”

Geist took advantage of the opportunity to make the strongest aura he possessed. A murderous sound wave was released into the surrounding space that left people with no place to run.

This murderous sound wave will have a spiritual effect on intelligent lifeforms, and its special effect will cause these lifeforms to die. It also works on these spiritual beings, spirits or demons, and is Geist's ace move.

But only in exchange for a graceful smile from Testarossa.

"Ahhh, the sound is so refreshing. What a waste to let humans have such a beautiful tone. It's a pity.

You're such a great musician, and I have to kill you.”

A look of sorrow overshadowed the drunkenness, and Testarossa murmured.

Seeing Testarossa like this, Geist knew his attack wouldn't work. Then he felt despair.

Although always bewitched by her beauty, Testarossa is certainly not human and is an over-the-top formidable character. That's when Geist finally realized it.

Probably more so than the humanoid demon wolf who's been messing around…

No, she’s definitely dangerous.

Are these monsters everywhere in this country? If that's the case, then we may have adopted the wrong strategy from the start…

It was only now that Geist knew regret.

He also anticipated the failure of this imperial military battle plan.

And there's also the "natural disaster level" threat of Veldora on the Jura Tempest Federation's side. The odds of defeat are so high that the probability of winning is almost zero.

Because of this, Geist yelled desperately.

"Wait a minute, I want to make a deal!”

"Geez, what kind of deal is that?"

"I, myself, am a high-ranking officer in the Empire, and I am well versed in military combat and have classified information. I promise it will work for you. So please leave me alone!”

Not afraid of disgrace and not caring what outsiders thought, Geist began to beg for mercy. However, his eyes were still alert and he was still cautiously spying on the movements of Testarossa.

He had thought there was nothing more he could do at this point, but his proud "ears" caught the sound of several approaching footsteps.

Geist knew who the people close to this side were. That kind of running would have been silent if he hadn't noticed it at all. Just hearing the footsteps alone, he intuited that these people were from the Imperial Intelligence Service.

If it was Imperial Intelligence, it wouldn't be surprising to release intelligence officers to monitor the battlefield.

I'm sure Tatsuya Kondo, the rumored "intelligence-feeding eccentric" and director of the Imperial Intelligence Bureau, will do whatever it takes.

It will be saved—Geist was so convinced.

No matter how embarrassing it is, just buy time and you'll get your life back.

The reason he thought so was because he knew of a rumor that had something to do with the intelligence agency.

Among the staff working in the Intelligence Service, some are so-called intelligence officers. These intelligence officers have been trained to be active in a variety of environments and have the best fighting skills in the world.

The reason these masters' names are not known is because they did not participate in the row battle.

After being attached to the Army Intelligence Service, there was no more movement.

These intelligence officers are all obeying the orders of Tatsuya Kondo, an enigmatic "otherworldly visitor" who is isolated from the world.

But those are just hearsay.

While there's no credibility to be had, Geist can only believe the rumors.

If the person coming over is simply a soldier, then he is finished.

However, if it is really intelligence officers…

With Geist's help, they’re sure they’ll be able to win even if they have to face Testarossa. So now whether it's begging for mercy or doing something, he intends to buy time.

In the end, Geist won in this bet.

"This smell, you're a demon…no, a high ranking demon general!”

One side shouted and several soldiers jumped in front of Geist.

Geist thanked himself for his good fortune.

Hearing that the other party was a high-ranking demon general, he understood. Physical attacks don't work also because the opponent is a spiritual lifeform.

And high ranking demons would be the highest ranking among demons. It is the presence of a hazard equivalent to a catastrophe.

The only people who can deal with them single-handedly are heroes. It's not as if Geist is without a chance to win, but it's going to be a fight to the death.

"Oh, you guys are?"

There were three men who came over here.

Seeing that they had come, Geist regained his remaining strength, but he still deliberately inquired.

"Yes! I'm with the Intelligence Service…"

As Geist had expected, the other party seemed to be from the intelligence services.

One of them was about to declare his name when a man who looked like the leading man of the center stepped in to stop him.

"Hey, wait! Now is not the time to introduce yourself.”

Being so slighted, the man also looked at Testarossa with a stony expression.

"You're not just a high-ranking demon general, are you?”

"Looks like this one has acquired flesh. Tsk, no wonder the breath is faint.”

"Lord Geist, I'll introduce myself later. Let's join forces now to crush this evil demon first!”

"Well, sure.”

Hearing the leader say so, Geist could only agree. The fact that the mastery was in someone else's hands displeased him, but the immediate priority was to stay alive.

The men from the intelligence service worked together well to surround Testarossa. Then take out the chains woven into the magical hair crafted to seal the movement of Testarossa from three directions.

Unbeknownst to Geist, the move was called the Imperial Sealing Array. The Trinity, which can kill even high-ranking magical creatures—that’s right, even high-ranking demon generals—it is the most superior form of the must-kill formation circulating in the Empire.

The secret lies in these chains.

Inside were hairs woven into magical creatures, forged with holy silver, which were secret treasures of the legendary level.

The men who could serve as ambassadors were definitely more than just ordinary soldiers, these men were the Empire's highest fighting force—affiliated to the Imperial Emperor's Order of Near Guard Knights, a disguised posture for those Near Guard Knights.

The 11th-ranked Tibbs, respectively.

Balder, ranked 38th.

Gordon, who is ranked 64th.

Basically the near-guard knights move in threes when infiltrating. There were also rows in the Imperial Emperor's Order of Near Guard, and it was customary for the person in the front of the row to be the leader.

As for intensity, it is said that the difference between before and after rank thirty is like heaven and earth.

All those who were before the 30th rank surpassed the human race and came to the rank of "Immortal", and their strength was close to that of the "Sage" who was above them.

Such an over-the-top presence has one of its own to be present.

This man had been at the helm of the Lakeshore Dyed in Scarlet affair—he was Tibbs.

Tibbs’ squad had sealed the nightmare-like White Primordial, and they took to the field when Geist was desperate.

And as for having anything to do with the White Primordial…

Seeing the "knights" of the Trinity sealing Testarossa, Geist applauded in his heart and thought ‘well done.’

If it continued to be eroded by its own spiritual death funeral, even spiritual lifeforms should perish.

The target of the attack just now included even creatures, but this time there was an adjustment that would only have an effect on the spirit. In this way, no matter how powerful a high-ranking demon general was, it would be impossible to maintain form.

Geist thought so.

But he thought too much.

The prerequisite for the implementation of such a combat plan is that the opponent has not yet acquired flesh. Testarossa had acquired the flesh, and even if it was only for spiritual effects, it meant little.

Geist's hopes were bound to be crushed.

More importantly…

"Oops, oops oops. This is nostalgic. You're the ones who once beat me, right?”

“What?"

"I'm so happy. I was hindered at that time, so I didn't get enough to eat. It was a rare occasion when I cooked so well that I was about to feast on it. I'll always remember the regret I felt at that time.”

Testarossa spoke out, with an evil will in her. She was being sealed, and her voice sounded unmoved.

"This wickedness can't be…!"

"That face is—! Are you the White Primordial…?”

"You're kidding! It took so much effort to seal her, but she came back to life so quickly!”

Seeing the three men in a panic, Testarossa flashed a dismissive smile.

The look was very wicked, very beautiful.

“Ufufufu. That's a nice look. There is fear, there is anxiety, and there is unfounded confidence. I'm not even running away from, even though I'm bluffing. You guys really like to make extra effort.”

"Shut up, you demon!"

"I didn't think you'd come back to life, but did you forget? We once sealed you. Wait until you beat us and then show off!”

"Mr. Tibbs is right. I'll kill your soul this time!”

Those words seemed really funny to Testarossa.

"Oops, oops, that's funny. Is it okay to be so confident? Do you think the same trick as back then would still work for me?”

Caught in the Imperial Sealing Formation, Testarossa asked gracefully.

"It's so unconvincing. No one will listen to the demon’s nonsense.”

"Gordon was right. This is not the place for you to be. If we don't understand it once, we can bury you a million times!”

"All right, Mr. Geist. We'll take care of it here. Please order a retreat as soon as you can!”

Tibbs is calm whenever he is. Although they did not expect the White Primordial to appear, they did not forget their original purpose.

Tibbs had intended to defeat the Monster Wolf—Gobta and Ranga. In order for that to happen it had to be done in such a way as to keep people from discovering who they really were, which is why Geist asked the army to retreat.

Even Tibbs had no right to order Geist, who was of a higher class. The worst-case scenario was even expected to get rid of Geist, but the White Primordial debut left him without that leeway now.

If one were to take on the White Primordial, it would be impossible to win without hiding one's true identity. More importantly, if the whole army is not withdrawn soon, everyone could be affected by their fighting.

Not finding Tibbs in such a mood, Geist, who had turned back to his senses, was planning to act.

The current situation left Geist momentarily unresponsive.

White Primordial? What are you talking about? Could it be "the" big demon? No, there's no time to think about that right now. Instead of looking into these guys, it's better to find a way to stay alive first.

Desperately trying to get the idle head to work, Geist exported the most action he should be taking right now.

Then he hastened to order the entire army to retreat through his unique technique, "The Player".

However, it was too late.

All hope was dashed when they met Testarossa in the present moment.

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The trio of Tibbs, Balder, and Gordon were previously unsung heroes who had once defeated the powerful demon.

At that time, there was what the world called the “Lakeshore Dyed in Scarlet Incident.”

The White Primordial is the demon that dominated the East and is feared, and the other party came into the world just short of acquiring flesh.

From that day on, the vigilance against demons changed from the previous. All cities have demon countermeasure rooms, and spells such as demon summoning are forbidden by law.

After all, once a high-ranking demon would gain flesh, it couldn't be solved without sending out an army. It may also bring about the demise of the entire city and cause an irreversible catastrophe.

Plus the opponent is still a Primordial.

Among the high-ranking demon generals, the power is not calculated by the amount of mana alone, it is the feared demon.

They were lucky to have beaten the White Primordial when that happened—or so Tibbs thought. But at the same time, he was confident that no matter how many times he fought the opponent, it was impossible to lose.

After all, Tibbs is ranked 11th.

Even those heroes who enjoyed the strongest reputation in the surface world were no match for the truly strong ones who had lived for more than a thousand years in the world below the surface.

For example, the Great Power of Farmus' guardian, the mage Razen.

King Gazel, the hero of the armed power of Dwargon.

There are also the "otherworldly visitors" of Yuuki Kagarazaka and Hinata Sakaguchi, the powerful men of the Magical Order of the Sorcerer Dynasty of Sarion and the Paladins of the Holy Kingdom of Ruberios.

No matter how powerful the battle force was, the Imperial Emperor's Knights of the Near Guard would look out of place when encountering them.

And in the strongest group of such, "single digits" symbolizes special meaning. And in charge of aiding them was the eleventh ranked Tibbs.

His Majesty has granted me the strongest equipment. Coupled with this power, how could I possibly lose to a demon!

So much so that Tibbs is confident.

After urging Geist to retreat, Tibbs shouted at his companions.

"You guys hurry up and open the door. The White Primordial seems to have gotten flesh, but it shouldn't have accumulated too much mana yet. We're going to do everything in our power to beat her here!”

"Got it!”

“Yes!'

Only to see Gordon nod, and Balder flash a wild smile.

As soon as the answer was given, the alchemical pendant that the three hung around their necks began to glow. This ray of light turned into a rushing current that enveloped the three of them.

Then the warriors, fully clothed in gold armor, appeared.

These are legendary equipment, given only to the chosen ones. Although there are individual differences between the weapons, the armor is all the same shape. This is the highest grade equipment that has been handed down from ancient times.

Nowadays, wearing this armor, Tibbs and the others would be able to fight with all their might.

"You're out of luck, White Primordial! It seems you've had a hard time gaining flesh, but it's naive.

Running into us here means your luck has come to an end too…"

The hand that Tibbs had been holding on to the chains, intending to send Testarossa to the west, was about to exert itself, but at that moment the force of the chains fell on it.

He didn't expect her to get away with it as if it was nothing.

"I said, you think I'll forgive you for doing this?”

Hearing the sound that made even one's body freeze, Tibbs turned his head. And in front of his line of sight, Testarossa reached out and grabbed Geist by the neck.

A muffled “Gack!" sounded, and the next thing you know, Geist goes limp.

There was nothing he could do about it, and he was killed like that by Testrossa.

"How is this possible…?”

And so it was, Tibbs muttered, disoriented.

While Geist the man is a bit overly narcissistic, he is not weak. His strength is worthy of a high rank.

Even being strong enough to be selected for the Knights of the Near Guard is not surprising.

Of course, he could only be ranked in the latter class, and even then that man wouldn't be killed so simply.

Tibbs looked at his hands, trembling.

The weave of hairs and chains forged with holy silver, a rare weapon of the legendary level, were added to the magical creature, and now it seems as if everything is in vain.

It wasn't just Tibbs, but also Balder and Gordon's faces appeared agitated and confused. There was no way to see how Testarossa broke the chains and at what point she moved.

After that there was greater suffering to find them.

"Did I keep you waiting? I'm sorry if that's the case. Because this man was trying to escape, I lectured a little. After all, not to do so would be to disobey Lord Rimuru's orders. It can't be helped.”

Testarossa stared at Tibbs as they spoke, a voluptuous smile on her face. And then, as if suddenly thinking of something, add the following.

"That's right. That's right. It’s been a concern since then. Can you please stop calling me White Primordial?”

“What…?"

"Because, yes, I already have the name 'Testarossa'. I would be unhappy if you didn't call me that.”

She made a proclamation that only two words could describe despair to the Tibbs.

“Wait…you…you just said your name?”

"Not only did she gain flesh, but she even had a name…

This has never been done before.

Now they must admit that the battle is against them.

"We must retreat. We must report to His Majesty that there is a crisis."

"Okay. Then let me trip her up.”

"Then I'll use elemental magic to move the stronghold…"

The reason the Trinity was taken was to respond to such moments. They quickly decided who should do what, and next Gordon began chanting teleportation magic.

Immediately after, Testarossa flashed an evil smile.

She smiled miserably and beautifully, looking ominous.

"What's so funny!?”

After shouting this, Balder picked up his lance and launched a surprise attack on Testarossa.

However, the figure of Testarossa had long since disappeared. Balder simply couldn't keep up with the speed of her actions.

"Damn it, where'd she go?"

"Here I am."

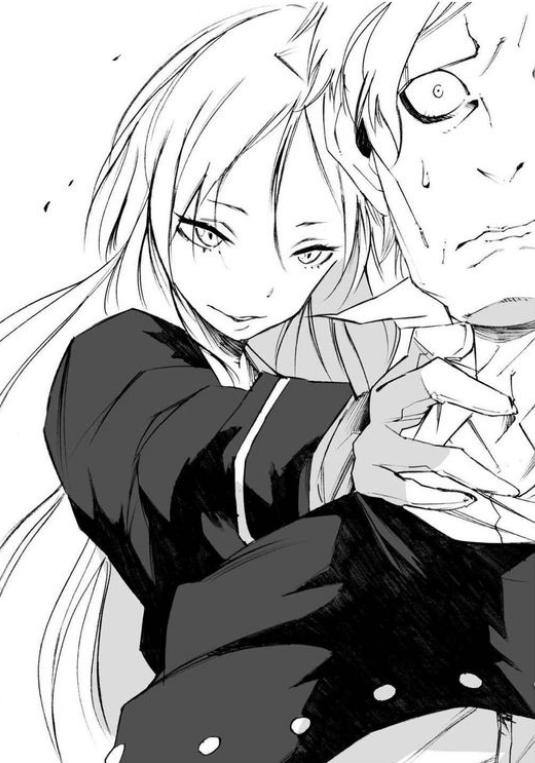
Someone exhaled into Balder's ear, the sweet aroma taking over the nasal cavity. It took no looking back to know that the other person was Testarossa.

Balder felt it, the slender female hand that was cold enough to freeze his soul was touching his neck.

ahhh, ahhh, ahhh…!

The image of Geist being killed just now came to his mind.

"I hate people who don't think for themselves.”



It is also not known if Balder heard this last remark from Testarossa.

Gack!

A magnificent look of fear came over his face and Balder fell.

Balder, who was ranked thirty-eighth, was thus killed by Testarossa.

Tibbs watched in a state of thoughtful confusion, not having been so restless in centuries.

"Hurry up, Gordon! Balder was killed. That one is too dangerous!”

The cry was no longer controlled by Tibbs' will, and was tinged with fear.

Seemingly in tune with him, Gordon nodded silently as well. After that, the teleportation magic was complete and the magic array that floated on the ground glowed.

"Good, let's retreat!"

Tibbs also rushed into the magic formation and gave this order…

But the teleportation magic didn't kick in.

“H-How? Why!?”

As if mocking a panicked Gordon, Testarossa gently answered for him.

"What's so strange? After all, there's nothing wrong with the use of magical vein to disrupt radiation.”

Even if the other said so, Tibbs and Gordon couldn't hear it for a moment.

"What did you say? Mana disrupts radiation…?”

"Is it possible that you used magic to recreate…”

Looking at the two of them like this, Testarossa sighed with a headache.

Testarossa can share information with Ultima and Carrera in a "communication network". The information obtained also includes information that the airship is equipped with magic-disturbing radiation.

Reproducing that technique based on the information obtained and then applying it would be like child's play for Testarossa. But such things are so far beyond the reach of human common sense that it is impossible for Tibbs and Gordon to understand them.

Only, Tibbs and Gordon are still aware that…

“Who—who are you? Even if it is the Primordial, a high-ranking demon general wouldn't have such a powerful power—!"

Like trying to manage to cover his fears, Tibbs let out a loud scream.

"No, that's right. You weren't this good in the war before! What did you do to evolve like this—

evolve?”

At this point, Tibbs and Gordon looked at each other face to face.

Hearing himself shout, Gordon was able to correctly ascertain the current state of Testarossa.

He didn't bother to figure it out.

The same goes for Tibbs.

Not only did she acquire flesh, but she was also named—and the result is unknown as to what realm the White Primordial evolved to…

Testarossa looked at the two men's faces pleasantly.

To answer their questions, she opened her mouth leisurely.

"Gee, that's clever. Correct answer. I became a more powerful being than a high-ranking demon general after gaining a name. Do you know about the Demon Archdukes? It's very different from the 'rank' of a high-ranking demon general. It's sad that you can't understand without saying it through your own mouth.”

This answer deepened the despair of the two men.

"Evil, evil archduke…”

"The second Guy Crimson…”

Tibbs and Gordon had by this time finally discovered that things were serious.

Now, instead of appearing in the world for a little fun, the Primordial has a clear will to settle in this world.

"As a matter of fact, you shouldn’t be interested in this world again after you lost that princess' flesh…”

"Not so. By the time you came over, my deed with the girl was done. So that's where I went from there, although I'm a little sorry.”

“Murphy..."

"Oops, sorry about that. Could it be that you've been mistaken for me? How could there be such a thing, it's silly.”

There was such a thing as this in the sky—and Tibbs felt his self-confidence completely shattered.

"How dare you disturb my dinner at that time.”

“……”

"Hey, hey, Tibbs…”

Ever since being stared at by the bright red eyes of Testarossa, Tibbs and Gordon had been unable to move.

It was as if a frog was being watched by a snake.

“…you said dinner?”

All Tibbs can do is buy time through dialogue.

Then use the precious time earned to desperately explain what is happening. To take revenge on Testarossa, who was so proud and sure of her victory.

"That's right, I was eating. Even after being bathed in so much blood, so much that the beautiful lake water was dyed bright red, I still didn't get enough to eat.”

"Thousands of innocent people died.”

"This is what the covenant is about. And to eat the most important main course before you run to mess with it. That is a rare opportunity, and I want you to atone for that time.”

"You bastard…!"

Testarossa was responsible for the tragic “Lakeshore Dyed in Scarlet Incident". Yet this demon says that the tragedy was just a meal.

Not only that, but also saying there wasn't enough to eat…!

The strong anger made Tibbs' heart burn.

And this fire of righteousness burned out the fear in his heart.

One should never let something so evil out in the open, Tibbs thought to himself.

"Evil things like you…”

With the glowing sword raised high in his hand, Tibbs struggled to escape the spell of Testarossa. The struggle paid off, the physical strength came back, but…this was only the beginning of Tibbs' desperation.

"Testarossa, you haven't killed them yet? Seeing that you're busy, you didn't bother, but it's almost time to finish.”

Cute voices that didn't match the battlefield came through the air. She was the maiden who had tied her long dark purple hair into a single ponytail—Ultima.

Even the eleventh-ranked Tibbs could detect a strange scent on her when she looked over.

The tone of her voice seemed to be very familiar with Testarossa, which meant that both of them were of equal status, or very close in rank.

"Oops, isn't this Ultima? I made you wait so long?”

"Well, I was muddling along with Mr. Gabil and the others, so I'm not in a position to say anything about anyone else, but Lord Rimuru wants us to do our best, and we'll be scolded if we don't finish this soon!”

"That's bad.”

“Right?"

"It's rare to meet old acquaintances, so I couldn't stop talking. Still, so to speak. Let's get this over with before Lord Rimuru gets angry.”

The conversation that unfolded before his eyes was incomprehensible to Tibbs.

No, it's not that he can't understand, it's that he doesn't want to understand.

No way, no way, no way, no way!

Testarossa and Ultima.

There is no doubt that they must be "of the same rank".

There are two primordial demons…

Just dealing with one of them would be a struggle, and this reinforcements came deadly. The fire of righteousness in the heart of Tibbs was still burning, but it was unconsciously consumed by darkness.

It's all out of fear.

The glory of being ranked eleventh became meaningless in front of the two demons.

If it was just a high-ranking demon general, Tibbs could still pack up alone, but the reality before his eyes was that two Primordial Demons had appeared, and even he was in a state of near disillusionment.

He can't be blamed for that either.

In fact Gordon was already crouched down and sobbing. He had been a quiet and reliable man, but now he was like a child.

That's when Tibbs suddenly began to envy Balder, who had died first just now. After taking the initiative to fight the other side without discovering her true identity, his companion died. How lucky is that…

"Mm-hmm. That's right!”

"Then I'll say goodbye to you, even if I'm a little bit wary. By the way, if you've met someone you've never met before, let's show you the magic that suits your heart's desire.”

Faced with a bewildered Tibbs, Testarossa happily recounted.

In a dazed state, Tibbs knew his death was not far away.

Black flames were summoned from the deep darkness.

The black flame condensed to the size of a fist and glowed in the palm of Testarossa's hand.

The Black Flame Core—this uncontrollable hellish karmic fire that Testarossa could crush with ease.

She flashed a dismissive smile and whispered as if in song.

"Death Streak…”

Tibbs' eyes widened at once.

He didn't know what kind of magic it was.

Unintelligible.

He doesn’t get it at all.

But one thing is for sure…

That is this magic is very evil.

"That little brother over there knows Guy Crimson too, right? In that case, you would know what this magic is, right? This magic was released when Guy became a demon lord…"

Sadly, Tibbs's awareness is interrupted here.

He was consumed with deeper despair and thought to himself within he never knew.

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The black flaming core that had been crushed by Testarossa turned into a black glow that illuminated all around.

This light has the property that it can penetrate almost all matter. It is a light of darkness that does not arise naturally.

While not physically destructive, it has certain characteristics.

That is, penetrating an organism affects its genetic sequencing.

Forced gene replacement is capable of the forced extinction of almost all living things.

It's extremely evil death magic.

Yet legend has it that this magic has another purpose.

Those who could withstand such magic were either spiritual beings or those who had the power of memory in their souls. Even if the flesh was completely destroyed, they could still be resurrected from that origin, and only they could escape this magic.

The special particle that makes up the magic element, the reiko, emits a special fluctuation, the Dark Light, which is difficult to defend even with magic, and has no physical defense means.

The "reiko" can only be fought with the "reiko", and likewise, the Dark Light can only be fought with the Dark Light, there is no way to defend it in the usual way.

Once exposed to this light, the chance of death is ninety-nine point ninety-nine percent.

But, occasionally, someone still survives.

The odds are one in a million that the body will transform into a magical creature and gain new life—

that is, the magic is actually a blessing magic, and on the one hand, it can also screen out people who are suitable to be magical creatures.

This kind of magic is the most evil of forbidden spells.

Instead of the physical destructive power of Disintegration, it can only actually penetrate the Information Body—in other words, the nuclear strike magic "Death Blessing" is the ultimate forbidden magic that can even destroy the “soul".

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In this way, Tibbs, who was eleventh in the Empire, and Gordon, who was sixty-fourth, became the first casualties of the "blessing of death" launched by Testarossa.

Immediately after, within a limited radius of five hundred meters, a ferocious death storm was raging.

This kind of magic didn't distinguish between enemies and allies, and would wipe out all the creatures within that range. So Testarossa first confirmed through Magical Sense that there was no one from Tempest’s side of the range before making that move.

If they didn't pass the limit, all life forms within a radius of several kilometers would be extinct.

The "death blessing" is also effective for spiritual beings. This time, however, Testarossa launched cautiously so as not to harm the "soul" and so was harmless to Testarossa and Ultima.

Testarossa and Ultima breezed over to confirm the results.

"Looks like there are no survivors around here. That being said, Testarossa did a beautiful job.”

"Gee, what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about this toy called a magic tank. Because you beautifully retained its original form, we were able to bring back unharmed ready-made goods to investigate the intelligence.”

"That's for sure. That's why only humans were eliminated."

"Perhaps I should also use the Blessing of Death without mercy. That way, the toys floating in the sky won't break.”

"Yeah, your magic is too flashy. However, it would be sufficient to recover the first sample that was knocked out and use it as information.”

“…and right. Seriously, that toy was so fragile that it did more damage than imagined. I was only going to break one, but I ended up breaking a bunch.”

"No way. Because Lord Rimuru named us, we are stronger than ever. It's going to take a lot of attention, Ultima.”

"Mmm. I have also been reflecting. But perhaps Carrera was worrying more than I was. I don't know if she knows how to "hold the force", but she likes the gorgeous magic…”

"That's why you're here. Lord Rimuru saw through even that, and I'm impressed.”

"Ah, so it is! Then I'm relieved!”

And so it was that the two continued to talk.

Although the content of some of the words seemed to misunderstand Rimuru, no one anywhere near the scene could be found who could correct them.

"Then again, Benimaru-san is also overly worried. The people who are worried about hurting Lord Rimuru are on the Empire's side, and they want us to be merciful in order to force out such talents.”

"That's a bit of a problem. If it's simply a matter of getting a victory, just send us over from the beginning. That way, the things that bothered Lord Rimuru are gone.”

"These are the policies of Lord Rimuru, right? He wants us to stay out of the fight. I guess Lord Rimuru is trying to make Gobta Junior and Mr. Gabil grow. In the case of Lord Rimuru, it was easy to make them evolve, but combat experience had to be honed and accumulated on its own. A brat like that, who thinks he's good for nothing, is just a piece of shit to us.”

"It's nice to think that way, and I understand…but it's a shame.”

"At least there was still a chance to make an appearance, so that's good.”

Testarossa and Ultima chatted like this, but even when they were having fun, they didn't forget to carefully collect the spirits of the dead.

In fact, there is a secret behind the forbidden spell of "death blessing".

That is, there has been no successful case of demonizing humans through this magic.

To turn a person into a magical creature through this magic is limited to "there is still a soul left". If the souls were taken away, as they were this time, there would be no chance of survival.

The devil uses deception to give a glimmer of hope—most of the time, the truth remains unknown.

Of course Testarossa and Ultima knew this well. So when there were no more survivors on this battlefield, they assumed the battle was over.

Seeing those who had their good deeds go to the end of the road didn't bother Testarossa's heart either.

Not the slightest bit of emotion, as if treating the rest of the world as it were.

These things were originally out of sight, so it's fair to say that this outcome would have occurred.

And just like that, the battle of Testarossa and others was over.

Of the Imperial Mecha Legion currently in combat, the Magic Tank Division and the Air Combat Flying Corps have been completely defeated.

The death of Lieutenant General Geist disables the headquarters, the soldiers at the end of the general can't grasp the situation and begin to flee in defeat, the situation on the battlefield changes and becomes a battle of annihilation.

There were 200,000 men in the Magic Guided Tank Division led by Lieutenant General Geist.

The "Air Combat Air Corps" led by Major General Faraga had a total of 40,000 troops.

The Army had fewer commanders and fewer means to apply for an armistice. And most of the Imperial General's soldiers were on the battlefield.

Just at this moment, the Jura Tempest Federation was certain that it had won the battle.

But that doesn't mean the war is over.

That was because of the fact that these Imperial forces had been defeated, and the head of the Imperial

"Mecha Legion" army, Grand Admiral Calgurio, was still unaware of it at this time.

Now the main force of the Imperial Mecha Legion, the Mecha Modification Corps, is advancing towards Rimuru, the capital of the Jura Tempest Federation.