“Brother!"

As if to protect Gabil, several silhouettes blocked in front of Malcolm.

It was Souka who rushed over.

And Gabil's minions.

"Lord Gabil…!”

"Don't die, Gabil!”

"Exactly. Lord Gabil is not a man who would die in a place like this!"

Although they understood that they couldn't win against Malcolm, they stood firm.

It was this courage that saved Gabil's life.

Although everyone is not as strong as the "saint" Malcolm, they are all strong people who have reached the "Special A" level, and they are not spared to use the medicine to buy time, and they are trying desperately to buy time.

However, the attack used by the Malcolm, who imitated Kondo, would damage the enemy's interior with the Condensed Fighting Qi, and the Recovery Pill would become ineffective as a result, so Souka and the others had to be prepared to die in order to be aware of it.

Another one of Gabil's men has fallen.

Then it was Souka's turn for her men, Nansou, to fall, and although the gap in combat skills was not large, the difference in basic strength was too great. Coupled with the fact that Malcolm's weapons were legendary, one after another fell in the face of this inexorable battle power gap.

Fortunately, no one has been sacrificed yet.

Gabil, who was evolved by Rimuru, also made the people under the genealogy stronger, thus increasing endurance and being barely able to avoid fatal injuries.

But because of the continuous damage caused by Malcolm, it was also true that it was impossible to return to the front line, and it was only a matter of time before everyone was killed.

Thinking about this, Gabil shouted.

"That's enough! That's enough! Run! Souka, this is an order, get everyone out of here now!”

Gabil tried desperately to lift himself up and looked at the girl. But Souka didn't look at Gabil at all, instead she replied with a fearless smile.

"I refuse, brother. I am under Lord Souei's command and have no obligation to obey my brother's orders.”

"Say what…”

 "Say it again! If we escape here, there's a real chance that someone will die! You're going to die, aren't you?”

Souka, who was normally calm, couldn't think about shouting so much now.

Gabil was speechless and confused.

“…What are you talking about? It's the commander's job to sacrifice as little as possible, isn't it your job to abandon those of us who have already been defeated and increase the number of survivors as much as possible?”

Gabil was having a hard time even trying to stand up now, looking at his fighting companions and making a sound.

And what he said was overruled by Souka.

"Then I'm right in my fight, our fellow soldiers don't have the kind of weaklings who get killed by seconds with a single blow, which is why they buy time like this.”

Even as their companions were falling, they continued to fight, relying on numbers to harass Malcolm, beware of casualties.

Look for winning opportunities in this way.

"What a stupid thing to do! The assurance that help will come is simply…"

The subordinates led by Rimuru had now gone to the imperial capital and they could not expect support at all, and even if the sleeping subordinates woke up, they could not have rushed over for support by that coincidence.

The trio of dependent demonesses, now in the midst of a battle with the formidable foe Velgrynd, were the ones in need of reinforcements, unable to seek their assistance.

Gabil understood all of this, and that's why he thought that the current situation could only lead to a retreat.

However, Gabil's minions also denied him.

"It's you, Gabil! It's you we're waiting for!”

"Yes, Lord Gabil! That's a little bit of a wound. Get up!”

"Exactly. Buy time and wait for Lord Gabil's resurrection, there's no other way for the whole crew to be saved except that!”

Hearing this, Gabil felt ashamed.

Only oneself, giving up the victory.

“Okay! You, try to hold on until I get up!”

Gabil exclaimed, knowing full well how unreasonable this order was, and the hot tears streaming down his eyes were a good indication of Gabil's mood at the moment.

 He who perseveres, the Goddess of Victory will not abandon him either.

The man who had responded to Gabil appeared.

"Oops, oops, still so messed up. Let me help you with this."

"It's my lady's order not to let the important toy, Lord Gabil, die, so I will come to the rescue.”

Ultima's men, Veyron and Zonda, had arrived at an unknown time.

I feel like it's harder to live," Zonda muttered afterwards, but it was a happy thing that Gabil didn't hear, drowning in the sounds of the battlefield.

The butler of the wind, Veyron came to Souka's side, and then set up his cane towards Malcolm.

"If I am to be this man's opponent, I will ask His Excellency Souka to assist me. The other wounded will need your protection.”

“Understood!"

"So, go!”

Hearing Souka's response, Veyron began to act. The Marquis-level demon male Veyron, whose amount of magical element was probably less than a quarter of Malcolm's, whose fighting skills were stronger than Veyron’s, had managed to force Malcolm to hurry even if he couldn't win.

"Geez, what a pain in the ass! One after the other before being killed off completely.”

"Of course, it is our mission to grasp the power of the enemy.”

"Oops, I didn't think it would be so irritating to be imitated in a field I'm good at. Get rid of you guys fast, and get that troublemaker…"

"Something's broken!”

While dealing with Veyron, Malcolm unleashed his killing intent on Gabil. This moment of breakthrough, Souka did not let up, deliberately shouting out her voice to draw the other party's attention, as a way to confuse Malcolm.

If the cast bitter nothing hits that's fine, even if it doesn't, Veyron’s sword will attack Malcolm.

Malcolm saw through the tricks and made the best choice. That is, to take the bitterness directly, rather than choosing to avoid it.

That was right, reacting to Souka would result in heavier damage from Veyron's side.

The next moment, Malcolm just continued to ignore the pale light and flicked away Veyron's cane. And then also reflecting on the fact that you shouldn't be thinking superfluous things in battle.

 Geez, just knock these guys down before you kill him. Trouble, trouble!

Gabil was definitely the most dangerous opponent, so Malcolm wanted to kill him as quickly as possible, and was too greedy to do so.

 It wasn't a major injury, but he still couldn't forgive himself for being injured in Kondo's position.

"Let's get this over with.”

"So, can you do it?"

"Sir Veyron, he's a hard-ass, isn't he?"

"Uh, yeah. I'll just finish my work in no hurry.”

Veyron and Souka team up, even at a disadvantage, to fight against Malcolm.

In the meantime, Zonda was not idle either.

"That's a really, really troublesome move. Demon Qi—no, humans are supposed to use fighting Qi. In order to continuously emit the wavelengths of scrambled mana, the energy was left inside the enemy.

What a horrible move. If it's a move like this, it might work on us spiritual beings too.”

A diagnosis like this is being given to Gabil.

This diagnosis is correct.

This is the same kind of power as Damrada's Spiral Immersion Breaking, which smashes the condensed fighting qi into the opponent's interior for destruction.

This is the ultimate meaning of the "Mizushin Life Stream", the "Qi Fighting Method", which is why it is called the Sword of Exorcism.

It is this reason that the recovery potions that heal on a mana-based basis cannot heal this damage.

Still, Zonda had a way to heal.

Deftly manipulating the demon element, adjusting the messy breath and neutralizing the fighting breath that Malcolm had fought in, allowing Gabil's body to resume normal breath flow.

And Gabil wasn't just quietly waiting to recover.

A strong desire for greater healing power.

His desire to do so was stimulating Gabil to discover new powers.

But…

The plan couldn't keep up with the changes, and Malcolm lifted the frame.

"Oops oops oops, time's up. I've received the order to return, so let's save the victory for later.”

After saying this, Malcolm left directly by 'transfer' regardless of the situation.

……….

Ben is in a bitter battle with Footman.

It's a little light to say it's a bit of a fight.

 He also has the strength of the "Immortal" class and is still confident in his own strength. But Footman's amount of mojo easily overrides Ben.

Ben's armor and battle spear were legendary, improving his combat abilities, but even that was still not enough to win.

The reason why the fight lasted was because Footman lost his sanity.

And thanks to Phobio's assistance.

“Black Leopard Fang Phobio, come and help us."

The man who had barged in so loudly was strange to Ben at first, but he immediately remembered who this man was.

 “Black Leopard Fang" is of the Three Beast Warrior of King Carrion! Is it true, Carrion has now abdicated to the Demon Lord Milim, who is also allied with His Majesty Rimuru?

Since he wasn't the enemy, Ben welcomed help.

"Thank you. I'm feeling a little overwhelmed on my own.”

"I guess so. I don't think I could do it on my own, to be honest.”

Phobio, who has re-examined his own attitude and reflected on it, is able to assess his own strength calmly, and he realizes by instinct that he cannot beat Footman even if he does his best to "beastialize"

him.

That's why Phobio shed his pride and chose to fight alongside Ben.

Footman, though strong, has become monotonous in his attacking style due to a loss of sanity. Both Ben and Phobio were covered in bruises and were just barely holding their own now.

Even if they could not expect victory, the word "retreat" did not exist in their minds.

For, the companions were engaged in a dead heat on the side.

The other clown, Tear, is dealing with Anrietta, the head of the Dark Ministry of the armed nation of Dwargon, and Gobya and the others who are participating in the war. These men intend to capture Tear with a few elites.

It's just that Tear's look was really strange.

"Really, I'm sorry? I didn't mean it either, but it's an order, so try your best not be killed, so you have to find a way to stop me!”

Quite serious when it comes to fighting, with words like that coming out of her mouth.

In fact Tear, even though she was ordered to fight by Kagali, still had her own free will, and even though the order could not be disobeyed, she could still understand that Kagali was in a state of being manipulated. In other words, she herself had no intention of fighting the current situation and did not want to.

 So Tear is trying as hard as she can not to make a real effort to participate in the battle without disobeying orders, and then also makes a request to ask her own enemy, Anrietta, to stop her.

In response to Tear's expectations, Anrietta and the others began to execute capture battles, why the power gap was difficult to fill and had failed to bear fruit until now.

"I'm sorry about that guy over there, too? I used you before, but I won't lie to you again.”

Hearing Tear's words, Phobio felt indignant.

The reason for removing Footman's sanity was to avoid hurting them—something Phobio and Ben quickly picked up on. The fact that Footman is showing the same level of aura as Phobio's esteemed Carrion, shows he is really not an opponent that Phobio can beat in a normal challenge.

Therefore, Phobio was thankful to Tear for the time being.

But…

"Shut up! Don't remind me of my dark history. Needless to say, I'm grateful for letting this guy go on a rampage!”

"Yeah! You're all weak, and if Footman had used his skills properly, you'd all be dead by now!”

In response to Phobio's retort, Tear innocently spat out a tirade.

Tear didn't mean any harm and was telling the truth, but because of that it was even more of a fire, but the most that could be done now was to complain about it a bit.

"What an arrogant brat.”

"That's enough. Don't talk! That said, can't you just make an effort to put more water in!”

Mentally remembering it for me afterwards, Ben and Phobio sighed.

The dire situation continues.

Gobya actually wanted to rush through this place well to help the rest of the battle, mainly because she thought her opponent on this side was the best to deal with.

But reality is not that simple.

Tear was not hostile, but could not disobey. It is therefore by no means wrong for Gobya to make a judgment to make a capture.

The reason why the battle could not go smoothly was simply because Tear and Footman were too strong.

Footman can break through steel with ease, the usual attacks don't work and it's very difficult to knock him out.

It took Ben and Phobio, two strongmen together, to slow him down.

On the other side, Tear, who was confident in her speed, couldn't catch up with Anrietta, and Gobya couldn't even get close enough to touch.

 This side was ready to cast the net, but nothing seemed to work out alive. It would have been smoother if Souka and the others had come to execute it, but there was no time for that right now when they were fighting with Malcolm.

All of this has led to a deteriorating war situation.

Gobya grasped the battle based on Moss' intelligence.

Veyron and Zonda seem to have gone forward to rescue Gabil, only it seems to be in a scorched state again, but out of harm's way.

The worst is Kondo.

Hakurou couldn't fight, and King Gazel was defeated.

Agera and Esprit seem to have passed, but facing Kondo, he doesn't even know if he can buy time.

"At worst, I'm the one who's going to fight.”

Moss said.

Moss's duty is to grasp the battlefield in place of Benimaru, and based on Moss' intelligence, Gobya makes a combat case.

Gobya was now giving clear instructions while responding to Tear.

It was also possible to do this because of the presence of Moss' support, and if Moss had joined the battle, the battle lines might have collapsed in one breath.

"The worst-case scenario would be to ask you to help in the end. Can you make a difference?”

“…I'll do my best."

It felt like Moss couldn't win either, and Gobya felt so melancholy.

Moss is a self-assured man and gets along with all but a specific character, led by Testarossa, with an air of arrogance. And Moss, who is full of confidence, just says that the best he can do is try with such uncertainty-filled words.

It is enough to show just how dangerous an opponent Kondo is.

It would be difficult to stop Kondo.

It will take time for Gabil to return to the front lines.

Gobya and the others are going to capture Footman and Tear for who knows how much longer.

At this rate, it would be impossible to stop Kagali's ritual.

And then there's Gedora, who is now in the middle of a war of words with Velgrynd, and if Velgrynd enters the fray, it's basically a lost battle.

  Oops. Just how much we normally depend on Lord Rimuru and Lord Benimaru is really fully understood…

Gobya is in a state of introspection, and only now does she realize that she is a bit of an afterthought.

It is for this reason that one must not give up.

 It's not over. The reason why Lord Velgrynd didn't act was because the demons were working on it. The gap in strength was clearly evident, yet it remained tenacious. Let's start with the discouragement, this kind of thing is never allowed!

Gobya thought of the trio of self-respecting, arrogant trio of demonesses.

They have never been defeated, and even though they are new to this world, they sits at the top of the hierarchy as the “Twelve Patrons". They are more powerful than Gobya could have ever imagined, yet still leave one despairing in the face of Velgrynd.

It's good enough that the fight is still going on right now.

‘Can't lose'—thought Gobya.

Cheering herself up once more, she continued the Tear capture battle.  (\*\*\*it is unclear whether Gobya is a male or female because both pronouns are being used randomly. I went with female because it seemed to be used more often).

In front of Kondo, stood a man.

Samurai-like dress for Agera.

"Kill him, Agera! I won't get in your way.”

Esprit shouted, then began to treat Gazel and Hakurou.

Agera sighed and shook her head.

Esprit has always been this way.

The benefits are always taken away from her. To put it bluntly, Esprit just saw right now that she couldn't beat Kondo and took the initiative to disengage from the fight.

Esprit is a shrewd demoness.

It was a common occurrence these days, and Agera didn't care, raising her knife towards Kondo.

After three hundred years of being defeated without a single sword, Kondo, who had defeated two swordsmen, Hakurou and Gazel, in succession, was feeling the blood in his body tumbling.

"Is your name Kondo? Your swordsmanship is fascinating. I'm a swordsman by trade, so I'll have to fight you."

You can't beat Kondo if you let go of the restrictions, Agera saw it coming.

It was because Kondo responded to the win with his sword that Hakurou managed to give that counter strike. If it wasn't for that, even if Gazel and Hakurou had launched the challenge together, it was estimated that they wouldn't have been able to inflict any damage on Kondo and would have been repelled by Kondo soon.

It was also based on this idea that Agera proposed this.

The offer was just a try, but Agera believed that Kondo would agree, on the grounds that for some reason Kondo's sword skills felt nostalgic.

"Lord Agera…is it true that Lord Agera is good at swordsmanship too?”

Before Kondo could respond, Hakurou interjected first.

"Hmm? What does that mean?”

"Well, no…Actually, Lord Agera and someone I knew always felt some resemblance…”

Facing Agera with a face of astonishment, Hakurou looked a bit hesitant.

In fact, Hakurou’s grandfather and Agera could almost be said to look exactly alike.

It's not just the look, the height and the feel, but also the unmistakable manner in which they speak and act.

"Is that so. However, it is a pity that it is someone else. I have no memory of meeting you in this world, where I was born three hundred years ago. I'm not sure if I'm good at swordsmanship, but I've learned to fight with this sword all my life.”

After saying that, Agera gave a gentle smile.

For Agera, the sword is everything.

“Yeah…oops, that's some boring stuff.”

Hakurou put away his various thoughts and retreated.

Could Agera be the reincarnation of his grandfather? There is some doubt, but no evidence. What's more, even if Agera was Araki Byakuya, it wouldn't be a reason for Kondo to take a little care of him (\*\*\*Agera seems to be the reincarnation of Araki Byakuya, and might consider himself male, but is for some reason portrayed as a female demon, hence the changing pronouns).

The grandfather, who hadn't won once, was nothing more than a human being in the end, and no matter how Agera answered, it wouldn't be the main reason to change things here.

In order to win this battle, one must be stronger than Kondo.

"Is it possible that Hakurou-san knows someone who…”

"Well, it's my grandfather.”

Gazel asked in a small voice, and Hakurou answered in a small voice.

Esprit joins in on the duo's whisper.

"By the way, did Hakurou’s grandfather pass away in 300 years?"

 “Yes."

"Then it's possible that he was reincarnated as a demon from the beginning with a sword. Moreover, the souls of the martial arts will gather around Carrera-sama, so there's nothing strange about it.”

"I see. In that case, maybe he'll know something that even Sir Hakurou doesn't know.”

"It's hard to say? I've done the best I can, and in the swordsmanship my grandfather showed me, he also said that the Eight Flower is the strongest mystery…”

Like that, a few people got chatty.

Hakurou and others have exhausted all their efforts and still lost the battle, so they looked away and became a kind of watching the victory and defeat.

Also, although a bit anachronistic, Hakurou cared a lot about Agera's origins, and Gazel was interested in Hakurou's master.

This state of affairs made Agera sigh in disbelief.

Kondo, on one side, also didn't come at all to interfere with the enemy's conversation, just leisurely observing Agera's stance.

It was Kondo's duty to exclude those who wanted to interfere with Kagali's ritual, and by the way, to identify some strongmen who could come in handy, not to cut down the enemy to death.

So, without panic, he responded Agera.

It was because it was too dangerous to let it go. If a "saint" who is evenly matched with himself learns the sword skills that Hakurou has entrusted to him, there is no guarantee that he will win, so Kondo chooses to win, which means that his priority is to finish the job.

For an opponent of Agera's apparently lower level than his own, he didn't see a problem in playing a little bit.

It would have been rare for Kondo to make such a judgement—workaholics who have always believed in rationalism are extremely annoyed by doing useless work.

Kondo's only weakness is his pride in his genre.

He’s still not mature enough to let go of the affair.

Even while doing introspection, one still can't contain one's curiosity.

‘All right, let's do a couple of things with him’—Kondo was about to talk to the other guy, but he wasn't too stupid to forget to look around.

On the edge of the line of sight, Velgrynd was spotted in action.

Kagali's Forbidden Spell: Demon Death Birthday isn't done yet, but it looks like things have changed.

Sadly it looked like the time had come and Kondo was ready to make his move.

 "I'm sorry, but I'd like to go through with you, but work comes first.”

After speaking to Agera, he stowed his saber.

It was an attitude that was completely contemptuous of Agera, only, even knowing that it was, Agera couldn't stop Kondo.

Watching Kondo's departing figure, he still felt cold and sweaty.

"Looks like you got yourself a life."

Reluctantly, he muttered.

…………

Gedora is on his own with Velgrynd as his opponent.

That being said, it's not as if they are fighting.

If that was the case, even the most advanced technology-crystallized Floor Guardian Colossus Statue would be shattered with a single blow.

Gedora knew her weight and wouldn't make such a foolish move. Just purely following his own curiosity and asking questions of Velgrynd.

"I didn't know that Her Excellency, Marshal, was Lord Veldora's sister, Lord Velgrynd, the Scorch Dragon.”

A word of courtesy first.

One side draws Velgrynd's attention while advancing the conversation.

"It's only recently that you've seen my face, so it's only natural that you didn’t know.”

Getting an answer is luck at the end of the day.

Velgrynd had thus been making Gedora talking objects.

Buying time by talking is Gedora's strategy of making the most of it.

The strategy worked and Gedora is still alive to this day.

Only, there was something in Velgrynd's mind.

"I see. That is to say, Lord Velgrynd, who has always supported His Majesty Rudra and played the role of a "marshal" for generations, I admire so much!”

"After all, it's not so hard to act when you haven't spoken for hundreds of years."

Velgrynd replied in a rather polite tone, but it looked as if she was tired, and now she was being embarrassed by Gedora's incessant questions.

That's why I couldn't resist saying something that sounded like a complaint.

 “You've got a lot of nerves, by the way. You're allowed to ask questions because Rudra likes you. I didn't expect you to keep asking so many questions.”

"I'm so flattered!"

"I'm not flattering you."

Velgrynd looked like she couldn't stand it.

To end Gedora, it was easy for Velgrynd, only now that four 'other bodies' had been divided, it was inevitable that another one would have to be divided in order to deal with Gedora.

As long as he doesn't interfere with the ritual, that's fine, so just deal with Gedora.

In contrast to Velgrynd, who was troubled by making the wrong choice, Gedora continued to ask questions with aplomb.

"On the other hand, there is one thing that is of great interest…why did Lord Damrada prevent me from communicating information to His Majesty? As long as Lord Rimuru's information on their battle strength is properly conveyed, won't the Imperial Army's casualties be reduced?”

"Who knows? As you've noticed, the Imperial Army doesn't matter to us at all, it's just a war to awaken the strong.”

"Even so, wouldn't it be better to hear from me about the situation?"

"What pestering. Maybe you're trying to say that Damrada has betrayed, but he has his own problems.”

“Hmm, it's true. What does this have to do with the kid named Masayuki?”

"I don't know. Why do I need to know what's going on in Damrada, and who is that Masayuki?”

“Huh?"

Velgrynd's reaction puzzled Gedora.

According to Gedora's preconceived notions, this Masayuki should be the key.

"Well, then, don't you know that hero is lucky?”

In the face of Gedora's scowling questioning, Velgrynd replied coldly.

"I don't know, or is that guy strong?”

To ask if it's strong or not, the answer would have to be no. Gedora didn't hate Masayuki, he rather liked him, and that was because Gedora knew he was definitely not strong.

Hearing Gedora's reply, Velgrynd grimaced.

"Kondo is only interested in people who are about to be awakened. Besides, if calling yourself a "hero"

attracts karmic circles, then the monsters will reach out and kill him anyway, right?”

'I see’—thought Gedora.

 Yuuki used Masayuki to test the reaction of Demon Lord Rimuru, and doing so was no doubt a suggestion from Damrada.

In other words, the upper echelons of the Empire should be aware of Masayuki's business.

But Velgrynd said she didn't know.

Indeed, it's not unreasonable to say that he’s ignored because he doesn't count as strong.

At least for Kondo, Masayuki should be of little use, and with the intention of budding the unstable elements, plus the fact that Masayuki looks exactly like Emperor Rudra, it's not surprising that even Kondo would want to take Masayuki out.

What Kondo's actions are well understood, but what cannot be understood is Damrada's actions.

"Hmm, but Lord Damrada sent two single-digit guards to protect the young man, Masayuki?"

"This is to infiltrate the land of the monsters, right?”

"Well, that's right but…”

Gedora was anxious in her heart, but afraid to speak too dryly.

It all sounded like it made sense, but it always felt like there was some sense of dissonance, that Gedora, who had already betrayed the Empire, was annoyed from the standpoint that something that didn't need to be annoying was annoying him.

Couldn't she listen more seriously? Gedora really wanted to yell at Velgrynd.

"You seem very upset.”

"Uh, no, no, no, no.”

Why was it that the expressions were invisible, but the moods of this side could be seen. Gedora was trying desperately to calm his shaken heart.

At this point, Gedora suddenly found out why he felt at odds with Velgrynd's words.

"Your Excellency, Damrada, is he actually a traitor?”

Gedora said offhandedly.

"Cut the crap. You're not the one who betrayed me."

You are right.

But Gedora was not discouraged.

Maximize the nerve of living up to the big strips and offer an opinion on Velgrynd.

"Let's say that's the case. The young man, fortunately, looks exactly like His Majesty Rudra. What do you think about that?”

That's right, the sense of dissonance came from the information about Masayuki.

 Be it strong or weak, the Empire does take that very seriously. However, Masayuki had a more important element than that, which was "the exact resemblance to Emperor Rudra, the ruler". If this is ignored, the conversation cannot continue.

It was possible that Kondo knew about it, but Bonnie and Jiu should have been unaware of it.

Damrada, who was a friend of Rudra, knew about it.

But why does he want to protect Masayuki?

It was this incomprehensibility that amazed Gedora.

“…what did you say?”

"That is to say, His Majesty Rudra and Masayuki the hero look exactly alike, why would this information…?"

Gedora was about to clarify when he suddenly shut his mouth with an iron face.

Seeing Velgrynd's expression, Gedora thought to himself with trepidation, ‘'Ah, this old man, I guess I'm going to die…'' and suddenly began to regret being too overwhelmed.

But Velgrynd had completely cast Gedora aside and gotten herself into thinking.

It was hard to imagine Kondo not knowing about this information, but not reporting it, leaving her somewhat upset.

The more important issue is Damrada.

Not sure what he was thinking, there was no way to take Gedora's words for granted now.

And, to what extent is it similar…

To say they look like Rudra? It is necessary to confirm once…

The total annihilation of the attacking Imperial army was somewhat wrongly predicted, but it was still assumed that everything was working as planned. By all accounts, but this supposedly insignificant piece of information made Velgrynd feel very angry.

"Gedora, thank you for the useful information. I'll let you off the hook for this information, okay? Want to try to challenge me with that toy of yours?”

Velgrynd hadn't intended to kill Gedora in the first place, and didn’t look at Gedora as she is now, as he's actually one of the few friends Rudra can trust.

Furthermore, while it is true that Gedora betrayed the Empire, there was no betrayal of Rudra, as judged by Velgrynd.

To Velgrynd, this thing called the Empire meant little, so Gedora's betrayal was still within tolerable bounds.

In this respect, Velgrynd thinks a little differently than people do, not something Gedora could have guessed, so Gedora thought that one could only accept Velgrynd's proposal.

 It's because they can't win that they choose to fight for time, and if it turns into a real fight, it's basically the same as a battle to the death. To put it bluntly, it didn't take a second for Gedora to be done.

So Gedora was also a no-brainer.

"Whahahahahaha, you're such a joker. I'm no match for you!”

The control of the attitude change was important, and Gedora chose to smile and muddle through.

This answer, which seems to be negative, neither says YES or NO, and leaves the judgment to the other party, so as not to worry about being blamed for fleeing from the Rimuru side, the perfect way to deal with the world.

Gedora has subtly gone to the extreme in this regard.

While Velgrynd understood this cunning of Gedora, she also just thought he was an interesting man.

With a sigh and a "Gedora or Gedora?", she let him go.

And…

Luckily for Gedora, the situation has changed.

The ‘other body' who fought with Veldora was starting to get serious, and it was now necessary to leave this venue.

"Oh yeah? If you change your mind, tell me about it and I’ll be your opponent. But until then, try to survive this war.”

“Hey?"

"I've got things to do now, and I'll leave that to other pawns. You seem to be hated by the military.

Work hard to become a saint.”

"What the hell is going on…?”

Ignoring the questioning Gedora, Velgrynd floated into the air. Interrupting the magic would slow down the progress of the ritual considerably, but there was nothing that could be done.

Gedora, who had been left there dazed, was looking up at Velgrynd, confused by the change in circumstances and was at a loss as to what to do.

On the battlefield, not even for a moment can one slack off, and as if to prove it, before Gedora could figure it out, Velgrynd revealed the meaning of the words— "Time, space, connection…!"

It's a completely breathless, out-of-touch glimpse of reality.

Floating in the air, Velgrynd let out a roar, space twisted dramatically, and then out of that twisted space emerged countless flying airships.

 "Is that the flying ship regiment responsible for transporting the Warcraft Legion? Difficult, could it be…connecting the spaces? No, no, no, no, no way. I don't see how far it is from there to here—no, no, it's not that!”

Gedora was confused.

That's because what's happening right in front of him is just so incredible.

The flying fleet, which was originally scheduled to launch an attack from the northern part of the Kingdom of Ingracia, had been called here in defiance of time and space. It should have taken more than three days according to Rimuru's calculations, and Gedora would have thought it impossible to summon it.

There is a great danger of transferring through magic, one messed up can kill soldiers, it takes a lot of magic to avoid that, and spells can become very complicated.

 No, Lord Rimuru's words can do it. However, pulling people with other coordinates over will increase the difficulty by several levels! This kind of thing should be impossible to do…

It's just so beyond common sense.

Gedora's insights are correct, but one cannot agree that this is reality.

Just as Gedora was in chaos, there were others who felt the same way he did…

The flying regiment that was marching towards the northern part of the Kingdom of Ingracia was enjoying its air travel with grace.

Unlike the dangerous sea route, the air is safe, though not zero, but there are few magical things that can fly over great heights.

The person most responsible for commanding the three hundred flying airships was Samuel.

Samuel's mission was to transport friendly troops to the central continent along with the thirty thousand

'Warcraft Legion' led by Grand Admiral Gladim and his partners.

It's a comfortable life because they don't have to fight.

But…

This extraordinarily luxurious flagship aboard which Samuel is aboard has a section wrapped in a different atmosphere.

Very noble men were inspecting—He heard that was the case, but who exactly was in there, Samuel, was not heard. The man inside was a surprise intruder, maybe even the Calgurio army chief didn't know.

Having said that, Samuel didn't care.

 Ha ha ha, don't know any better. Minding your own business will only shorten your life Let go completely and focus on your work.

That's why he was able to spend a relaxed period of time, but then came a sudden emergency report.

 "Excuse me!"

The general officer in charge of the order came in as if he had an urgent matter and did not give it to the soldiers, but came himself, which seemed to be a very important report.

Samuel asked with a soft smile.

"What's wrong? Is it your country?"

In fact, the report of the Calgurio army chief suffering a miserable defeat had been received, with the ground battle losing most of its strength, but it had little to do with Samuel, and the battle that had already begun was not going to stop until an abort order was given.

With more than a few days to go until the battlefield, it would be useless for Samuel to panic, but it would be better to hope that the abort order would come soon.

The soldiers didn't know about it yet, and if it leaked out it would affect morale, which would lead to a decrease in combat success, and it was indisputable that Samuel would want to regroup.

Some dismissed this as weakness, but it was something Samuel couldn't decide alone.

The friendly general, Chief of the Gladim Army, was of this type, the type that Samuel was not very good at.

So Samuel prayed that the report was an order to abort.

But the truth is completely beyond Samuel's imagination.

"Your Excellency, Marshal, is coming out!"

"What? What?”

Samuel couldn't help but yelp.

Not even realizing that he was sitting on the boat, Samuel was no ordinary surprise.

 A very noble man is His Excellency the "Marshal"! How is that possible…this battle, is it that important!?

Of course, it's important.

It's just that, with one of the three legions out, there should be no need for the Marshal to make another appearance.

No, the first thing to think about than this is how to deal with the "marshal".

"All hands, on your feet! Go forth and salute!”

Samuel immediately stood up to give the order.

The atmosphere of slack was completely blown away and a sense of tension filled the bridge.

The door opened as all stood and saluted.

 On display was a stunning beauty, Velgrynd.

The people on the bridge were stunned beyond words by the beauty of Velgrynd.

The marshal, who had never revealed his true self all this time, now stood before him. Before the head could react to that fact, it was first charmed by the beauty of Velgrynd.

Velgrynd, on the other hand, took it for granted.

"Little fools, stop fidgeting and get back to work.”

And gently pointed out.

However, one can't be careless.

Velgrynd was just being more rational, and she was well aware that the flagship could be ruined if it got ugly here.

Since Emperor Rudra was also aboard this ship, which was the result of Velgrynd's concerns, these people present should be considered lucky.

"Get back in position! All hands, back to work."

Following Samuel's instructions, the sergeants went back to work.

And just like that, the elegant ship trip was over.

What happened next was even more of a continuous surprise to Samuel.

"For the first time, Your Excellency. My name is Samuel. I hope you remember me.”

"Yeah, I'll think about it if you survive.”

"It is a great honor. I’ll remember your golden words and make every effort.”

"As much as I'd like to encourage you, there's no time for that, so get to the subject quickly.”

Velgrynd coped with Samuel's flattery and took her seat in the captain's chair.

Towards Samuel, who had stepped aside in a panic, gave the order.

"It's a pain in the ass to repeat it. Get me the Gladim Commander.”

“Yes!"

Samuel gave a look, and the sergeant who had taken his meaning contacted the ship that Gladim was aboard.

Not a moment later, Gladim appeared in the picture.

 She's more beautiful than I thought.

Gladim saw Velgrynd and felt it would be easy to subdue her, so there was some doubt in his mind.

 Why, why is it that such a woman is considered stronger than me?

Not a bit of extra fat or muscle, and a body that looks slim and soft, no matter how it looks, seems like nothing to do with being strong. There are ideas that it's the magic and fighting qi that are important, but it also takes strong flesh to get those things to circle back properly.

‘Just like me’— Gladim boasted of his flesh, and so it was even more so that Velgrynd looked weak.

It's really just muscle-brain functioning.

Velgrynd, on the other hand, doesn't think much of Gladim, the strength is real, she just wants to make full use of him as a pawn who can play.

Velgrynd simply returned the words, "No need to be polite," and then blandly began to give orders, looking at that attitude, simply not taking Gladim at all.

"From now on, ongoing combat missions are abandoned. The new mission is to go ahead and suppress the armed state of Dwargon, anything to ask?”

Samuel and Gladim thought to themselves, 'Is it finally here?' They also estimated that the country should be in a state of unprecedented chaos.

Now that the defeat has been suffered, it is necessary to immediately re-establish the battle, since the battle is being fought head-on with the three sides at the same time, so that the judgment now made takes on extra significance.

All it takes is one ring to fail and it will lead to a domain-wide collapse.

However, after a few days, the kingdom of Ingracia was so close that it received an order to abort, and it was only natural that the two would froze.

"Understood. Then return immediately at maximum speed."

"Huh! Since it was His Excellency's order, Gladim must have fought with his life to complete it. But you're too late to judge, and you'll be held responsible for the failure of the operation.”

Samuel was nervous to take orders, and Gladim was as arrogant as ever.

Gladim, aboard a different warship, could not feel the dominance of Velgrynd through the frame.

Seeing Gladim like this, Samuel had been nervous.

 Don't get me involved!

The heart prayed.

But Velgrynd was completely indifferent.

"Looks like you've got the wrong idea.”

Showing a smile spoke to the two.

"Misunderstanding, huh?”

"What misunderstanding? Are you trying to say you're not wrong?"

 Yes, Velgrynd nodded and then began to explain.

"First of all, Samuel, from here to your destination I will lead you, and after that I will continue to give you instructions, so be prepared.”

“Huh?"

"Catch, Gladim. We didn't lose the battle, it was all in line with the original plan.”

"What a stupid thing to say! It's too late to think that shirking responsibility will work.”

"What did you say, stupid?”

Velgrynd narrowed his eyes in displeasure and glared at Gladim.

Inwardly, she wondered what to do about it while thinking what a pain in the ass. Then the conclusion was reached that leave it alone.

Gladim does come on strong, but it's nothing against Velgrynd, it's easy to break him down, but to do so would be a bit too wasteful.

Most importantly, there's no time.

It is this that has been extremely fortunate for Gladim.

"Forget it. If you survive, we'll talk about it later."

"Talk about what…?”

"Listen, from now on, we're going to perform the Space-Time Connection and be ready to move immediately. After that, I’ll focus on Veldora, and the kid became more difficult to deal with than one might think, a happy miscalculation, but a bit tricky indeed. Therefore, you are going to suppress the battlefield in my place, and it has been confirmed that there are some people worth waiting for, so as to capture them alive as much as possible, do you understand?”

Ignoring Gladim, who still wanted to continue complaining, Velgrynd got straight to the point.

Velgrynd, who had finished speaking, turned her back on the duo as they prepared to walk to the outer deck of the ship, hitching his hand on the reinforced door.

"Your Excellency! Your Excellency, Marshal, what are you doing? It's dangerous. Please come back quickly!”

"What? I told you. If we don't go outside, we won't be able to use the space-time connection.”

Glancing at Samuel like a fool, he pushed open the door without hesitation, and then Velgrynd flew off into the air just like that.

 Why so capricious!? Want to reel us in!?

Samuel felt the terror.

 It is an incredibly dangerous act to open the bridge door in high altitude and high speed flight, or else everyone in the ship will be sucked out because of the air pressure difference.

The cold temperatures will rob him of his strength and the lack of oxygen will lead to death.

The same goes for the magical envoys in the ministry.

Samuel anxiously tried to hurry and close the door.

But all his worries were unfounded.

Velgrynd's use of Space Domination has long since prevented its effects on the ship.

Before Samuel could be surprised, the greatest surprise came at Samuel—no, at all the generals.

Just floating up to the sky is Velgrynd.

And then the next moment…

"Time, space, connection…!"

Ahead of Velgrynd, a huge spatial distortion appeared.

"How could…?”

"Hard, unbelievable. Acknowledgement of spatial vibration. The tremendous, due to the really overpowering shaking of the magical essence, seems to be having an effect on space-time!”

"No, didn’t…that's what Her Excellency the "Marshal" did…!"

It really is, how.

It is, after all, a phenomenon that is unimaginable and beyond human intelligence.

There's no way to understand what's going on, there's no way anyone can do something like that—

everyone’s running from reality.

However, Samuel perceived.

"The boy…? Her Excellency, "Marshal", called Veldora ‘the boy’?"

There are few conceivable existences that would call Veldora that.

 Could it be!? Could the Marshal’s true face be…

Dare not speak out, Imperial Guardian Dragon. Having always thought she was only guarding the Empire on a whim, Samuel found out that the truth was different.

As if to affirm Samuel's preconceptions, the floating Velgrynd smiled deeply.

"All right, go work for me.”

It was a voice that would not allow disobedience.

 Not only Samuel, but Gladim as well, as if invited by the sweet sound, reversed the airship and headed for the time rift.

The battlefield changed dramatically as a result of Velgrynd's actions.

And that's true for the demoness trio that continually fights.

In earnest, Velgrynd showed more than her imagination.

Completely unbroken, relying on her overwhelmingly powerful strength to play with Testarossa and others, not a single bit of her body was allowed to touch.

Not a bit careless, not a bit drained.

Even a mere blow of magic had an incredibly high power. Velgrynd brought out all her strength to carry out a sustained attack, trying to destroy the demoness trio.

Like a mad warrior who has lost her sanity.

She just didn't turn into her dragon form, but there was no doubt that Velgrynd was serious.

However, Testarossa and the others are still alive.

If it was before Rimuru gave them names, they would have lost flesh and been forced to return to the demon world. The bodies made by Rimuru were further strengthened by the magic of the Primordial.

Thanks to this, they were barely able to withstand the tyranny of Velgrynd.

"It's amazing. I thought it would end sooner than I thought. It's more resistant than I thought, and I'm used to close combat."

These are the sincere words of Velgrynd.

I didn't expect to use up so much time even though I was using my full strength.

"We will not be defeated. If we make such a disgraceful spectacle, we will be ridiculed by Diablo. That is more humiliating than death.”

"I feel the same way, that guy. He's got a dark side.”

"Oi, oi, it feels like Diablo would not want to be told that by you. But I agree about the dark side.”

They were lying on the ground, scaly and bruised, but the three’s eyes were still full of energy, not only that, but they also showed a fearless smile.

It is not defeat as long as one does not concede defeat, and that unyielding attitude is better than eloquence.

"Oops, oops, that's a lot of trouble.”

Velgrynd was just as confused, but the battle was irreversible.

The tricky Demon Lord Rimuru and his subordinates were imprisoned in the 'Fantasy Fortress', and they managed to lure Veldora out of the labyrinth.

 After that it was just a matter of dominating Veldora as planned.

Velgrynd, who had taken the demoness trio's wisecracks to heart, had her expression twisted at the words of Testarossa, who stood up.

"It took a lot of time, but I have a good grasp of your 'parallel existence.’”

Their goal was not to crush Velgrynd, but to stall Velgrynd here, which was the condition for tactical victory, only this condition could not be achieved because of Velgrynd's secret 'parallel existence'.

So it was that Testarossa was hoping to at least find the means to break this move.

"Then tell me?”

"Well, you can."

Testarossa was still smiling gracefully when she was clearly beaten up and bruised all over her body.

This reserved attitude, despite being an enemy, was so admirable to Velgrynd that she was willing to listen to what Testarossa had to say.

Testarossa points out that the 'parallel existence' of Velgrynd is by no means invincible and limited.

There is a limit to the number of “otheer bodies" that can be distributed, and if an “other body" is knocked down, there is no way to ensure that it will be harmless.

"To be precise, the physical damage is still zero, but for spiritual beings like us, the consumption of magicules is the real damage. In other words…"

"Our attack wasn't useless!”

Ultima snatched the words from Testarossa and spoke the conclusion.

Testarossa nodded with a smile, only her eyes weren't smiling, but instead were fixed on Velgrynd.

Velgrynd sighed in her heart.

 That's why I hated being a rival to “white."

Testarossa's accusations hit the bull's-eye, and in just such a short time, the results were analyzed in the midst of being ravaged by despair.

It was an astonishing insight into combat that Velgrynd had to admire.

“As expected of the primordial white—no, it's Testarossa. That's right. It's commendable.”

I'd love to take them for myself, thought Velgrynd. It would not be worth it to incur their resentment if they were to be resurrected sooner or later even killed.

Unlike some demon lord, there's really nothing more troublesome than being glued to a “primordial."

Nor did it matter what mood Velgrynd was in right now, Carrera let loose with a fearless smile.

"Kukuku, Lord Velgrynd is acting too easy, and if Lord Veldora had, he would never have fought us like this.”

 Carrera's words made Velgrynd feel a little irritated.

By the way, what Carrera calls a light fight is something where contempt for an opponent's fight =

contempt for an opponent without giving it your all. Veldora was well aware of the dangers of the demoness trio and would never let his weaknesses be exposed to them in order to preserve his majesty.

It turned out to be misunderstood in such a good direction that Carrera's words were not very interesting to Velgrynd.

How could that be interesting?

But somehow Velgrynd found herself somewhat happy, it turned out that the troubled brother, who needed discipline, was now growing up and she was feeling happy as a sister.

This could be a reason that made Velgrynd lose her will to fight.

Just in time too.

After fighting with Veldora, Velgrynd realized that Veldora's strength was not the same as before, and if she did not use her full strength, Velgrynd would suffer.

Judging by the combination, Velgrynd decided at this moment to stop fighting and let go of the demoness trio who she could take out in an instant if she took out her true skills.

"That's right. Indeed, as you say, that child has really grown a great deal. It was delightful, but messed with my inability to drain the water. Therefore, we'll leave the victory or defeat between you to another day.”

Velgrynd unilaterally proclaimed.

What to do—in front of the trio of demonesses who had reacted this way, Velgrynd's ‘other body'

disappeared, and it happened in a flash, as the three of them could only watch.

The forest is burning.

After the ‘other body' that Velgrynd had put everywhere had been cancelled and returned to a body that shone with a dazzling red light, it transformed into a dragon form that was wrapped with a true red supreme aura, and the trees burned up due to the after-effects of the red light.

Veldora also took on the stance of a dragon, his domineering aura calling out to the raging winds that ravaged the earth.

The flames wavered and flickered brightly, mirroring Veldora and Velgrynd.

The battle between the two, from now, is on…

Velgrynd turned into her original form and stared at Veldora.

As if to boast of his huge amount of mana, Veldora also showed off his huge body.

It's really been a long time since the sister and brother met again in such a way.

 The encounter with Velgrynd and Emperor Rudra was a long, long time ago. While Veldora was making a fuss all over the place, the Velgrynd of the time was already lurking in the Empire.

Not even going out for a walk, not leaving Rudra's side at all. It was because of this feeling of inconvenience that the ‘parallel existence' was created, and it was after Veldora was sealed that this skill was acquired.

The siblings last met another two thousand years ago, on a continent to the southwest.

Remembering that time, it seemed as though Velgrynd was just playfully displaying some power, and Veldora immediately ran away.

But that was all, and the impact was enormous, and the volcanic zone was born out of the energetic impact of the conflict between the "dragon races".

On that continent, volcanoes continue to be active to this day.

 Whew~ Hmm. I'm sure he hasn't been weakened by the seal, but he feels even stronger than before.

A delightful miscalculation indeed.

The growth of her younger brother was indeed pleasing, except that him not listening to Velgrynd was difficult, but it only took strength to make him obey. Even if this method doesn't work, one can still rely on the power of Rudra.

 As long as Rudra's power is at his disposal, even the Dragon Race is at his disposal, as evidenced by the fact that even I…I was…wait what was I thinking…?

Velgrynd felt as if something important was coming back to her, and suddenly her mind was full of thoughts. Only now it's more important to capture Veldora, so her mood switches over first.

While wanting to avoid relying on Rudra as much as possible, if one needs to rely on Rudra, one must also deprive Veldora of resistance before doing so.

Even just a little, to reduce Rudra's burden.

 Rudra is at his limit, so I have to get him relieved quickly.

That's what Velgrynd really meant, so hopefully, as much as possible, they don't rely on Rudra to tame Veldora.

For no other reason than that it should have been so.

Velgrynd had the odds in her mind.

The amount of mana in Veldora was huge, but there was a complete lack of mastery in using it, which is why Veldora didn't look very dangerous to her to begin with.

The offense and defense was wonderful, but it was only because of the control of the power that he became able to fight against her, and if the full power is liberated, the control cannot be won, but only the brute force attack. No matter how massive the power is, it's meaningless if it can't be used skillfully.

 When he becomes a companion, I’ll have to teach him a little.

 While keeping the status quo like this is good enough to be an ace, Velgrynd still intends to work out Veldora again if he wants to fight her. But now, there was still the point of taking advantage of the immaturity of Veldora, who relied on brute force, to decide victory or defeat in one breath.

 So the board will move in one breath.

The long-sustained game is nearing its end.

The victory of Velgrynd and Emperor Rudra was close at hand, starting with the capture of Veldora.

With Veldora's assistance, it would be a good time to win or lose, to attack in a single breath, to end this long-running game, and in that case, Veldora would be free.

With these thoughts, Velgrynd flew towards Veldora.

The fight was over-the-top from the start.

The first to take action was Velgrynd.

Nor does it prevent a backlash, releasing scorching spit.

From the dragon's mouth, a slender, super-hot hot wire with that intense power attacked Veldora at tens of times the speed of sound like a nightmare.

Veldora avoids the attack.

Normally, Veldora could make the Fire Flame attack ineffective with the ''Heat Cancellation'', but Veldora panicked and dodged the Hotline attack.

"Oh, I didn't think I'd choose to avoid it. I thought you'd end it with one move like you did before.

You've finally seen the essence of your skills.”

"Kuahahaha! Sister's exhalation has given you the effect of "accelerated destruction promotion", right?

If I get a direct hit, my magic will go into a frenzy, and if I do, my power will be reduced to suppress the frenzy.”

Veldora replied with a smile.

Indeed, Velgrynd's attack had a special attack effect, the ultimate power of 'Accelerated Destruction Promotion'.

Through this power to accelerate all phenomena, to increase the destructive effect, and not only that, but also to accelerate the life activity of objects.

Even spiritual beings could not resist this power, and even if they were spared from mere destruction, they would definitely be affected by the energy storm.

Veldora sensed this intuitively and chose to hold back.

And his actions were verified by Veldora's 'Analytical Appraisal' of the 'King of Investigation', so that Veldora could confidently answer his sister Velgrynd.

“Hey…I'm really glad that I've seen so much, I've really grown.”

 Veldora's correct answer gave Velgrynd a sense of crisis.

What is in front of her is not the foolish brother who can only fool around, but an opponent who needs a proper evaluation.

To be able to see through one's own power correctly means that Veldora has an ultimate skill.

"The True Dragon Seed's attacks are usually powerful enough to reach the ultimate skill, but with the management of the ultimate skills, the danger level will rise by many levels.”

Velgrynd was overjoyed.

Congratulations on the growth of her uninjured brother.

But at the same time, she was vigilant.

Growing up enough to threaten even her, Veldora has the potential to affect Rudra's plans.

It was a bit unexpected that she might even be defeated if he kept on like this, not to mention dominating, but growing up to this point.

Thinking about it, Velgrynd, who was faltering a bit, had her turn to pull out the trigger this time.

"Thinking about things on the battlefield, sister? It's called carelessness!”

While talking, he let out the Thundercloud Roar, a move formed by repeatedly releasing storm magic, a must-kill technique for Veldora.

The attack hit Velgrynd directly—but the power was scattered without doing much damage.

"I see. It seems that you have really acquired the ultimate skill. I commend you from the bottom of my heart, Veldora!”

"I'm still so scared that I was deliberately hit by an attack to confirm it."

"Isn't there nothing we can do about it? Because it's necessary to measure how much of a threat your power really is.”

"So, has my ultimate skill, the King of Investigation, passed?”

It seems to be the ultimate skill of the analysis system. Although it doesn't increase the power of the attack, it can correct the hit rate. Your control of magic has improved thanks to the power of the 'King of Investigation', right?”

"Kuahahaha! That's right, since I have more magicules than my sister, so there's no need to add more power, as long as I can hit it, it's enough.”

Hearing Veldora's reply, Velgrynd flashed a smile.

Then, the response goes.

"You've become smarter than I thought. You have something I don't have. That's why I want you to join me as an ace.”

 "Eh? I always feel an itch on my back when I'm praised by my sister…”

Veldora, though still playful, also sensed that Velgrynd’s aura had changed.

In other words…

"You must be rewarded for your growth. Let me show you what I can do.”

"Well, then you don't have to…"

“I’ll use the full power of the ultimate 'King of Charity' to be your opponent!”

Veldora's words did not reach Velgrynd.

It would be ridiculous to lose a battle because you can't make a move.

Even after the intense offense and defense, neither took much damage, so Velgrynd decided to go all out on Veldora.

Even doing so Veldora would not die, Velgrynd was sure.

Countless magical arrays appeared around Velgrynd, and that was magic that was unleashed simultaneously through a portion of the 'other body'.

"Eat this!"

Eleven Rays of Light—Nuclear Strike Magic: Thermal Beam Cannon Attack was used on Veldora.

After a moment's judgment, Veldora decided to neutralize it with the magic barrier, because the amount of light was a bit too much to avoid, and there was another reason why he didn't pay attention to it because he thought it was just pure magic, which caused him to be a bit late in responding.

The reason why the magic barrier was opened was because Veldora sensed the danger of the thermal beam cannon.

“Crunch!"

Veldora felt a violent pain.

Neutralizing Velgrynd's magic failed and was shot.

"Gee, you've gotten wiser. I'm a little impressed that you've only been hurt like this.”

 I didn't think that even magic had given me the power of an ultimate skill…If I'm completely trapped, even I'm not safe.

"I was going to end it with this, so you can be proud.”

"Kuahahaha, I appreciate your offer, but forgive me if I decline. I’ll be proud, and also wait until I have beaten you before being fully proud!”

As if to strike back, Veldora unleashed the storm magic: "Mists of Darkness and Destruction", and the gourd dipper also gave it the ultimate skill, successfully blowing Velgrynd away.

 "Kuahahaha! How about that, sister? When you've had it, you can just shake hands and make peace…”

"Don't be so proud! I see you've pissed me off.”

"Hey!? Uh, wait…”

Already not wanting to say more, Velgrynd was angry. Veldora's attack had inflicted damage on her, and understanding that fact the instant Veldora's reason flew away.

In order to reclaim her dignity as a sister, Velgrynd attacked again.

Giving birth to ten heads and spitting out eleven more scorching spits at Veldora, while performing a spatial shift, occupying a position above Veldora.

Avoiding the plural spitting Veldora, waiting for him to come back to find that he was already in an unfavorable situation, he looked up at Velgrynd from the bottom, forming a confrontation.

Veldora couldn't help but feel admiration for the walk and at the same time cheerful for sensing that Velgrynd was serious.

 Kuahahahaha! It’s so nice to see that someone who used to be completely incapable of being an opponent is now able to fight like this, thanks to Rimuru's cultivation.

Veldora still had the pleasure of being unhurried, pleasure is pleasure, and still had the understanding that he was in danger.

Veldora pondered how to get out of it.

Velgrynd, on the other side, was in a comfortable mood for pushing Veldora to within must-kill distance, and as long as she was within that range, she was certain that Veldora would never be able to escape.

"Let it end here, Veldora. Sure enough, you can't escape from my hands!"

After the Velgrynd proclamation, a scorching rain of vomit came down from the sky.

The scorching rain descended without a gap, forming a pillar of inflammation that connected the heavens and the earth.

Looking from the periphery, it was like a cage made of fire.

In the middle Veldora, anxiously danced back and forth.

He was by no means playing around, but was all pre-judging the direction of the attack and dodging.

It was the same old hyper-speed attack, but Veldora didn't feel like he could keep up yet, trusting his instincts and letting his massive frame fly back and forth.

As a result, despite being trapped in a flaming cage, he didn't take a single direct hit.

"Kuahahahaha! It's nothing as long as you don't hit me!”

Veldora shouted excitedly the lines he had seen in the sacred texts (manga).

 In contrast, Velgrynd smacked her tongue in displeasure.

Indeed, not even a single shot missed was a miscalculation on the part of Velgrynd, or one has to say a bit of an underestimation of Veldora.

But…

 My attack, it's only now official!

The state of absolute dominance remains.

Velgrynd is ready to strike with a jab.

"It is indeed admirable to see through my attacks to such an extent. As a bonus, I’ll send a big hug! A scorching embrace!”

There was a purpose to why Velgrynd had taken the position over Veldora.

Below was the earth, for Veldora dodged the scorching spit, and the ground had become a boiling, scorching lava.

The flying lava droplets harbored a horrible heat.

What would happen if a further attack was attached to this scorching hell?

“Wait—wait a minute, sis!"

It was too late to hurry any longer when sensing that intention, and Veldora had been caught up in Velgrynd's spell from the start.

Withstanding Velgrynd's excessive attacks caused the ground to boil and even become gas, and the ultra-high temperatures caused the gasified lava to surround Veldora.

Those were tiny droplets of Velgrynd's power, the "scorching red lava", coming from the bottom up like rain.

The "True Red Cage" that captured Veldora was completed at this moment.

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