

Chapter 3: The Intensified Battlefield

The thirty thousand soldiers of the ''Warcraft Legion'' led by Grand Admiral Gladim were heading towards the sky in a flying airship.

Witnessing the gallantry of Velgrynd, morale was high.

The enemy beneath the soldier makes an excellent target for their violent impulses.

"Listen up! With His Majesty the Emperor and Lord Velgrynd on board, we must perform well. There'll be no fighting, people. Come on!”

The soldiers responded to Gladim's roar with a shocking chant.

Gladim was content with that.

Inwardly snickered, this was the perfect opportunity.

 Kukuku! Even if we don't fight for the world, there's no doubt that my time has come. Calgurio loses, and that Yuuki boy is discredited, leaving me as the only great general. As long as I make a military mark here, I’ll get what I want!

 In Gladim's eyes, the Western countries were not enough to mention, and Hinata Sakaguchi seemed to have some ability to do so, but in the end, a draw with a new demon lord was half a bucket of water at best.

Gladim is both a confident man and a downright martial artist.

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The second strongest man in the Empire, the Beast Lord Gladim.

His origin was, as the rumor has it, Eurazania of the Beast Kingdom. Gladim is actually the half-brother of the "Lion King" Carrion.

The beast that resides in Gladim is the lone white tiger. In the past, it was considered unworthy to be the king of a country because it was too arbitrary.

 Bunch of bullshit! Not even one of my men is worthy to be in Carrion's service and plot a rebellion. I will definitely make a clean slate for the hate I feel in my heart.

For a long time, Gladim had held a grudge.

However, he was totally taking good intentions for bad.

Eurazania’s predecessor was not a great force, but he was able to see which of the two brothers was better suited to lead the people, and made a judgment.

Hearing the king's decision, Gladim was so impassioned that he succeeded in killing his predecessor by committing a crime and was later banished from the country by Carrion and the Three Beastketeers of the time.

The rebellion was nothing more than Gladim's own imagination; the truth was actually the complete opposite.

That such a brutal Gladim has survived to this day is also a testament to his own strength. As a heretic of the beast race, as long as one had a decent character, it was estimated that he had long since become a magnificent man that even Carrion could conquer.

But this is a past tense assumption.

Gladim continued to run and wander. In his wanderings he met three loyal minions, now known as the Three Generals.

Najiim the “Vermillion Sparrow.”

She is a winged mutant that Gladim encountered while wandering in the Harpy Kingdom of Fulbrosia.

She was growing three pairs of gray wings with purple patches on them, and a loss of reproductive capacity, relative to having outstanding fighting ability. Gladim took her beauty as a companion and began to fall in love.

Barago the “Blue Dragon.”

 After defeating the equivalent of the Upper Dragon Clan's Water Strike Dragon, Gladim handed it over to Barago to be tamed. He was a martial artist in his prime, and his strength was comparable to the middle rank of a near-guard knight.

Goseline the “Black Tortoise.”

She belonged to a rare magical creature race, a maiden who served as an envoy to the Rock Goblins, and was also a witch of a foreign race, specializing in a variety of magical spells. After Gladim beat down the Rock Goblin, Goseline began to follow him.

The three generals have their own stories, but one thing they all have in common is that they are all strong men. Najim is a demon lord level, and it's not surprising for her to awaken at any time.

The magical creatures led by Barago and Goseline were both of the Calamity class, and were also prominent among the 'Warcraft Legion'.

Gladim's defection to the Empire three hundred years ago was already after the sealing of Veldora.

He survived the Celestial Demon Wars and led violent groups in a rampage through Imperial territory.

He was defeated by a crusading army sent by the Empire, and later agreed to obey the Emperor Rudra to be pardoned.

Gladim's ambition was to overthrow the Marshal and become a hand of the Empire, then wait for the opportunity to kill Rudra and take the position of Emperor himself.

Gladim had no such lofty thoughts as gratitude for him, only condescending because his opponent was strong, ready to betray at any moment.

To conquer the world through the power of empire.

One day, he will become an emperor.

It is the ignorance of the identity of the "marshal" that gave rise to such scheming illusions.

Rudra had long since seen through Gladim's nature and had temporarily reused him because of his strength, letting him live one more day as long as he remained on command, that was all.

It is because of the coincidence of their intentions that a delicate balance of mutual exploitation has been achieved.

And now, the balance has collapsed.

 I'm surprised the Marshal is Velgrynd the Scorch Dragon, that kind of power is impossible to defeat.

The power to symbolize fear is beyond my reach.

As the saying goes, a different subdivision.

It was a lucky fluke to understand this before planning to kill the Emperor, the atheistic Gladim thanked the gods.

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Gladim reformulated his intentions.

Although it was calculated that one day Velgrynd would have to be defeated, and that would require careful preparation. Having understood this, his whole mind is now on achieving success.

 And it's just the way I want it.

Through wild instinct, Gladim realized that he was not far from awakening. Still one step closer to gaining great power, convinced by intuition.

Also, Najim, with whom he often fought together with, was the same.

Although the conditions of the Awakening are not clear, the time is coming.

This is one of the reasons why Gladim is eager for the battlefield.

Now, a swarm of baiting food had gathered in front of Gladim's eyes.

Ecstatic and dumbfounded at the situation at hand, Gladim couldn't help but lick his tongue.

Touring the battlefield, there are quite a few enemies that give the impression of being powerful. The more these strongmen were defeated, the more powerful Gladim and the others’ battle would become.

"Kukuku, the merry banquet has begun.”

As Gladim expected, no, the battlefield was tragically beyond his expectations.

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 The three generals under Gladim, obeying their master's purpose, began to act.

They scanned the battlefield, searching for the strong.

"Hey, that's King Gazel. And my reputation will go up when I take that guy down.”

"What, are you trying to sneak away? It would upset him not to leave the main course to Lord Gladim?”

King Gazel's bravery was well known, and if he were to be defeated, others would have to be defeated.

As a martial artist, it was difficult for Barago to suppress his excitement.

And Najim dissuaded him.

Knowing that King Gazel was Gladim's target, Najim gave advice to Barago and persuaded him to make concessions.

And…

 As soon as Gazel is defeated, Lord Gladim's power will no doubt grow. This excellent condition, how could one miss it?

 That's Najim's heart.

And Barago also believes that Master Gladim takes precedence over himself. Besides, Gazel was already wounded, and as a martial artist who took advantage of people's danger, one could not rule out the possibility that someone would say something about it. In this way, it is more appropriate to defeat the appropriate enemy.

"I know. I would also like to dedicate this main course, King Gazel, to Lord Gladim to make his master stronger.”

For her part, Goseline smiled and hitched up to Barago.

“Kihihihi! Don't worry, there are a lot of other powerful people, although they lack a bit of flavor, but it's okay to have a full stomach.”

As she said, there were countless strong men on the battlefield.

Indeed, with a nonchalant nod, Barago nodded.

Najim agreed with a smile.

"Woo-hoo-hoo. As Lord Gladim says, the time for awakening is near. The first one to become a demon lord will be me, Najim ‘The Sparrow!’”

"Najim-san, I think you're the one who's trying to run away.”

"All right, all right, all right, all right, all right. King Gazel will give Lord Gladim, and his concubines will indulge themselves as they please.”

A single word from Najim spoke the mind of all.

"Then I'll go and take the weak lizard. That annoying dragon race is still alive and well on the battlefield, and that lizard seems to be the leader, so to thwart the enemy's war effort, the lizard should be crushed first.”

"Then I'll use that arrogant woman as a match. I have to show her how much she's worth by stepping into my airspace without my consent.”

"Kihihihihi. Then my servant will destroy that magic doll and taste the power of the Rock Goblin!”

In order to avoid snatching prey, each person states his or her goal.

But what they think is just naive.

As envisioned by the three generals, Gladim’s target was Gazel.

As a matter of course.

It was common sense to judge whether or not to start with the strong one first based on the situation, but it was also common sense to deal with the weakened strong one first.

Gazel lost the fight to Kondo, unable to move, and now is the perfect time to do so.

 "You must be King Gazel. My name is Gladim, and I am the leader of the Empire's strongest Legion of Warcraft, General Gladim! Your head is mine!”

Whatever his vile or not, it's purely a nakedly vile nature. However, it was justified behavior for Gladim.

One can do whatever it takes to get to the end, that's Gladim's creed.

So Gladim swooped down on King Gazel, but someone stood in his way.

Gabil, of the Dragon People, who glowed with purple electric light and possessed red purple scales, was regarded as the Immortal Dragon King.

"Hohoho! My resurrection! Don't try to be rude to King Gazel.”

"Geez, you want to get in my way. Hateful Lizard.”

Watching his prey in sight but getting in the way, Gladim's mood changed for the worse. However, he soon couldn't care less about his mood and fell into a panic.

Just as he cast his gaze around, wanting to complain about what the three generals were really up to, a startling scene came into view.

Barago, the "Blue Dragon,” who was originally Gabil's opponent, was struck down by the resurrected Gabil.

Goseline, who was happily heading towards the floor guardian colossus statue, was crying because her Rock Goblin had been defeated.

The only one left is "Vermilion Sparrow" Najim, who is fighting an evenly matched battle with her perceived enemy Souka.

Even when the soldiers went up to challenge Gabil in order to protect Gladim, the gap in strength was glaringly obvious.

There was no way around it, so Gladim had to take it on himself.

Just as he was about to do so, Samuel would more or less send an urgent contact via Magic Talk.

"No, no, no, no! Reporting back on our side, Demon Lord Rimuru made an amazing move. For His Majesty's protection, we ask for urgent support!”

Although Gladim wanted to scold him for not caring so much, he managed to swallow the words with patience. Then ask what's going on across the room.

"The sky depicts a great, unbelievably large, demon summoning door…"

"So what?"

''So to speak, hundreds of upper level demons above the Greater Demon level have been summoned!

And we’ve already suffered. The monoliths are fighting above A level and are organized!”

It was also enough to perceive how serious the matter was from Samuel's exuberant voice, but Gladim was not at ease with this debriefing.

 It seems that Rimuru the Demon Lord has done something wrong, but there is Velgrynd on the Imperial side. How could one lose to a monster demon lord, it was hard to believe the threat was that serious.

For a threat, Gladim would rather focus his war effort on the guy in front of him.

"This side is busy, too. Let's ask them to take care of their own business.”

Gladim vented his displeasure in one breath, then tried to hang up the communication. However, Samuel called out to him in an anxious voice.

"But now there is a demon legion that is stronger than the Imperial Army soldiers, and this is a disaster of a great scale!”

"What are you talking about? There's not only Lord Velgrynd, but the guards are also on standby!”

Although there was only one commander's airship, it was carrying the Empire's highest battle force.

Gladim thought to himself, there's no need to look for me when it's too late, they can handle anything by themselves.

It's also normal to think that at this point, no one can blame Gladim. But this time, the opponent was too strong.

"Indeed, there were Lieutenant Kondo and all of the near guards on this side. However, the subordinates of the Demon Lord’s Army alone have no time for others.”

"You mean subordinates?"

Shouldn't it…A thought flashed through Gladim's mind.

The identity of the immediate opponent is that of a subordinate named Gabil, which is a rough guess.

Although his strength was stronger than imagined, a momentary panic struck him, but he calmly turned back to think about it and wrote the names of other subordinates on the report.

Benimaru, Shion, Diablo, Gobta.

Among the men under Demon Lord Rimuru who were known as the Four Heavenly Kings, there was no such name as Gabil. If that was the case, the Four Heavenly Kings' strength was still above Gabil's.

"Not only that! Unbelievable as it is, Demon Lord Rimuru has committed a taboo beyond our wildest dreams. It's hard to understand what tactics were used to make him evolve the demons! You hear me?

Hundreds of demons have been strengthened to the strength of a superior demon general!”

It is, indeed, a very unrealistic thing to do.

Despite Gladim's reluctance to believe it, Samuel was not the kind of man to joke around with.

It's better to be a decent, well-behaved person.

Then what he said was the truth, and could only be understood to mean that a few hundred Calamity-level monsters were liberated.

"So it seems. Samuel, I understand your concern."

 "Ooooooh, then I'll leave the reinforcements to you!”

Like a sigh of relief, Samuel hung up the call.

Gladim fell into thought.

Despite the quantitative advantage, quality over that would be meaningless. That was the rule of the battlefield, and that's why Gladim worked up his men.

If it's just the demons, there might be something to be done.

But now that two of the three generals are down, it's dangerous to remain optimistic.

At the very least, Gladim's men had to sit on their hands.

 Nonsense! Thinking that you are just a demon lord and underestimating the other party, you misjudged the situation. I and the higher echelons of the Empire will probably survive, but the soldiers at the bottom will probably be killed. In that case, simply…

By now, it was too late to regret.

Next, just do what's within his power.

Gladim, on the other hand, retains the taboo killer.

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 The Warcraft Legion is composed of elite personnel that Gladim has carefully selected and honed.

This legion was clearly talking about an active heroic bloodline handed down from ancient times, a group of innately strong men, but that was not the case. The actual is a group of heroes artificially created by combining magic and otherworldly knowledge.

Also, the magical beasts they tamed had secrets on them.

Not only do they screen out the A-grade and above, but they are also given the ability to specialize in combat by rewriting the intelligence of polymeric biomass.

The artificial life form that was created by cultivating and increasing the number of magic beasts and combining various characteristics is a weapon called an artificial synthetic beast.

And it was Gladim, who was also a beastman, who was in charge of the study. By analyzing the principle of self-mutation, it is used to strengthen the subordinates.

In this world, there is no research that is prohibited for ethical, religious, etc. reasons. It is because of this that results have been achieved at an alarming rate. Gladim uses slaves for human experimentation, creating the strongest legion he could ever hope for.

A-ranked heroes and their partners, synthetic beasts, gain unparalleled power when fused with adult demon beast. However, the true value of the man-made synthetic beast had yet to be realized…

The unity of opposites—that’s the extreme that Gladim seeks.

The special cast and ability “Demon Beast-Fusion" has been developed for this purpose.

 A special medication as a secret among secrets is also the most important item among military secrets, and only three generals, besides Grand Admiral Gladim, are aware of it.

The effect is also naturally a fusion of mastery, warcraft and soldiers.

The “Demon Beast Fusion” is based on the “Beastialization" of the Beastman race, not from their own bodies, but from the synthetic beasts of their partners. By realizing the true meaning of human-monster unity, you can gain huge power and create a super warrior that can't be compared to the one who uses magic beasts.

However, the forbidden potion is the granting of magical beast power to humans, and is accompanied by great danger. Once the drug is injected, it not only forces the ability to start, but also cannot be discharged on its own, and must be removed from the body at a hospital affiliated with the Institute.

And, there's a serious side effect that can't be ignored.

Instead, this side effect is the problem. The safety of this drug is not guaranteed.

According to current research, the mortality rate is as high as 40%.

If the match fails, there's also a 20% chance that you won't be able to go back from being a demon beast to a human, and once you do, you won't be able to go on as a human for the rest of your life.

And even more brutal than that is the berserk demon beasts. There will be people who are fully demonized and berserk, and there will be people who remain in human form and lose consciousness and no longer obey orders. Once it becomes that way, there is no more resuscitation, only punishment.

The probability of going berserk is 30%. More cruel than death, this is a drug that cannot be easily tried.

The above is an example of complete failure.

So that adds up to a 90% chance of failure. Taking the medicine was tantamount to ordering the ministry to die, and even the self-serving Gladim would hesitate to let his own men try it.

Gladim wanted to improve the quality of the medicine and increase the success rate before giving it to the ministry.

But the current situation no longer compelled him to think so.

Emperor Rudra is a more aloof man than Gladim.

In the Emperor's view, the existence value of the weak is nothing more than bait for the strong.

Then, it is only compassionate to let the ministry take the medicine now.

Also, the berserk demon beasts can be used as bait, and even if they don't turn back into humans, they still have some value as battle strength. The only thing that really matters is the 40% of the soldiers who died on the spot…

It's not yet possible to conclude, but there's no doubt that the battle will be even stronger than it is now.

Then, the drop is right.

 There are many unknowns as to the efficacy of the medicine, and perhaps there will be some physical abnormalities, but 10% of the soldiers do get stronger.

On the battlefield, quality is more important than quantity. In the eyes of those who know this common sense, to be able to strengthen 10% of the soldiers is really a charming allure.

Indeed, the odds of complete success are unclear.

The number of attempts is too small and side effects may occur due to body condition. Although it was impossible to completely discard the possibility, survivors who had successfully absorbed the magic beast's power would also appear among them.

As a result, less than 1% of the 10% success rate is complete success—less than 1% of those who are fully adapted.

These people were hailed as the Chimera Knights.

These success stories are exactly that—

"Hey, you guys, listen up. I was just contacted by Samuel and it looks like it's not time to play. Get up and kill them.”

Gladim exclaimed extremely earnestly.

“Hmm?"

Puzzlement rose to Gabil's expression as he realized the words were not addressed to himself.

However, he immediately tensed his nerves and hurriedly dodged from the spot.

A moment later, a silver light penetrated where it had just been.

"Hmph, can you avoid this light? I thought it was already a perfect sneak attack, but it was really an opponent that couldn't be taken lightly.”

"You say not to be taken lightly? That is my line. Why are you safe when you've got a big hole in your chest?”

Confronting Gabil, who had dodged some distance, was Barago, the "Blue Dragon", who should have died. The large hole in his chest was still open, not to mention the 'hyper-regeneration', not even the 'self-regeneration'.

Originally a fatal injury that regular people had long since died, this was a world full of monsters, and no matter what happened, there was nothing strange about it.

Gabil understood this as well, and it was Barago who walked away only after knocking the opponent out, confirming that his life response was gone, abnormally.

"Kukuku. I am safe and sound because of the tremendous power granted to me by Lord Gladim. I'll show you my true form!”

As if in response to Barago's call, the water-battering dragon flew.

No! That just looks like a water battering ram.

 It was actually an artificial synthetic beast that mimicked the Water Strike Dragon.

Barago was precisely one of the Chimera Knights who had awakened true power.

The main body and partner, as long as one of them is okay, cannot be killed. It was also one of the hidden powers of the Chimera Knight. And now, by unleashing the special cast and power of ‘Demon Beast Fusion', the fatal injury suffered was recovered in an instant.

In addition, Barago and the Water Strike Dragon fused together to form a single body, Barago's appearance was the same as the original, but with dragon scales growing out of his body.

The nature of the demon qi was different from before, and no doubt the strength had increased drastically.

Gabil glanced at Gladim with heart, once again seeing Barago as a rival. Then, intending to focus on the matchup with Barago…but Gladim wasn't naive enough to let the two go at it alone either.

"This lizard is stronger than I thought, and together we can kill him.”

"Yes, sir. Then I'll be the front man and ask Lord Gladim to play guerrilla.”

"All right. I'm here to help you. Don't be careless!”

Neither honor nor chivalry mattered to Gladim. It is precisely because of this recognition of Gabil's strength that the opponent is to be eliminated without any hesitation.

"Look, this is ridiculous! Even if they go together, they can't beat me!”

Gabil made a bold statement and cheered himself on.

What followed was an unfavorable fight.

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 The other one of the three generals is also an opponent not to be cared for.

Just as Barago was safe, the Rock Goblin, the originally defeated ambassador, was equally fine.

The Gedora side was in sync with the Floor Guardian Colossus Statue while monitoring the battlefield.

Thus, hearing what Gladim had said felt out of place.

 Say yes, get up? This is, and to whom it is said—

As Gedora thought so, he sensed the resurrection of Barago.

Panicking, he intended to alert Gabil, but felt a vicious chill first and turned back.

Standing there was a maiden who had changed her appearance.

No, nor is it known whether it should be called a maiden…

Despite the girlish gesture, her skin is a stark metallic black. Her body was not flesh but rock—more precisely, turned into a block of magic steel.

 Like a polished mirror, it was obvious at a glance that the look was not human.

"Are you…assimilated with a rock goblin?"

“Ki-hi-hi-hi-hi-hi, yes, His Excellency the Wise Gedora. You seem to be familiar with otherworldly knowledge as well, but my research is unique.”

"Hm, indeed. That's interesting.”

"Right, right. I'll tell you all about the results, be sure to let me hear your high opinion!"

The young girl “Black Tortoise" Goseline stirred up Gedora and a wicked smile appeared on her face.

Then took a step forward.

Gedora would prefer not to toss his old bones again.

Originally, he thought he had defeated the Rock Goblin with brute force, but that seemed to be just acting. Gedora figured it out and re-estimated Goseline's strength.

 That's really enough. It's called genetic engineering? The nature of the original magical creatures alone had numerous mysteries, and one would think that there wasn't much meaning in this magical world…quite the opposite? It's great to be able to produce such results with the goal of assimilating magical creatures.

The old, cunning Gedora also felt admiration for her.

There are a lot of different kinds of magic, and there are some varieties of them that have no genes.

There is simply not enough time to explain so many examples, and it is always thought that it is very difficult to produce results.

Because of this, research in genetic engineering has been carried out only in the medical field in the Empire. However, it seemed that there was secret research going on within the 'Warcraft Legion'.

Presumably, the research is being conducted on inhumane things that cannot be disclosed to the public.

Gedora was no great benefactor and could understand the sentiment of prioritizing intellectual curiosity over everything. He did not want to complain about such studies, but regretted that he had not been able to take part in them, and therefore did not know how far they had been reinforced.

Judging from the appearance, Goseline’s strength was higher than that of Demon Lord Clayman, and seemed to be weaker than 'Sage' Sare, but it contained an amount of mana very close to Sare's.

Judging from the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth, it was even higher than the pre-Awakened Zegion, and although the amount of mana was not equal to the strength, she was undoubtedly a dangerous opponent.

"The Dragon Kings are far behind you, too. Looks like I'm going to have to show some real talent.”

"It's an honor to be complimented by Gedora-sensei, let's have a taste of this power!"

Goseline started to move.

The forward thrust of this surge is heavier than a ten-ton truck hitting at 300 km/h.

 The Floor Guardian Colossus Statue, which was more than three meters in height and weighed more than 30 tons in total, would also be easily knocked away.

Gedora called out as she unhurriedly adjusted her stance.

"Purple light thunder!”

Technique, as its name implies, let loose a purple thunderbolt.

It was a soldier's suit mounted on the floor guardian colossus statue, capable of emitting over a million volts of electricity.

Incidentally, it's not that the higher the voltage, the more powerful the weapon, it's just that it's cool.

There's no point in scaring people except for their appearance, but it's appropriate for scaring adventurers.

Surprisingly, Goseline was also stunned.

"What? What? Isn't it magic? Can you manipulate a lightning strike without unleashing your magic—"

Compared to its prowess, Goseline froze even more out of surprise.

"Well, it's a secret weapon, after all. It was Lord Rimuru who trusted me and entrusted me with this.

Therefore, defeat must not be allowed!”

Gedora also matched up in a flourish.

By parsing Goseline’s forward stroke, it was understood that she had replaced her body structure with a magic steel component. Although it was only speculation, it should be the special ability of the Rock Goblin.

Clearly a substance heavier than steel, Goseline's movements were smooth. Moreover, with the power of a rival saint in her body, he could only admit that this transformation was a foul.

However, Gedora possessed the Floor Guardian Colossus Statue.

"Take this, the Demon's Destruction Cannon, the ultimate magic weapon!”

At this point, the strongest armor is unleashed, and the firearms control device is directly connected to Gedora's consciousness, allowing the armor to be unleashed without time difference.

And the Demon's Destruction Cannon was the strongest of the weapons.

The name of the move is also very much in the style of Gedora, a tribute to the demon race. And judging by its performance, it can be said that it is a Magic Essence Harvest Cannon.

This weapon not only uses the mana filled in the statue of the floor guardian, but also harnesses the mana in the atmosphere and releases it together, which is a perfect way to describe this weapon.

The Floor Guardian Colossus opened its chest, and through that transparent membrane, Gedora's figure could be seen. From the center of the two palms, a ray of light was released, and with this ray of light as the center, a ray of destruction that coalesced the demon element was generated.

"Geez! You're the leader of the original Magic Legion.”

 Goseline said.

It seemed that he did not choose to dodge, but rather to be on the defensive, and his expression was not able to remain calm.

"Flush it out! ‘Magic Steel Ultra Fine Vibration Wave’”

A tiny vibration was emitted from Goseline's body surface, a vibration that was unique to magic steel.

The frequency of the magic steel is unique in its ability to create fluctuations that pop off the magic element.

Being able to render magic ineffective was also this principle, and by assimilating with the rock goblins, Goseline was able to manipulate this trait freely.

The contraction of magicules and the diffusion of magicules.

The opposite properties collide with each other.

The winner is Goseline.

“What?"

"Kihihihihi! Survived. It's a victory for my servant!"

Goseline cheered loudly.

Gedora is a wizard, naturally, and his means of attack are also dependent on magic.

Relatively speaking, Goseline's body was magic steel and had an absolute advantage in the face of magic.

Both sides are familiar with this.

That's why Gedora had used the most powerful weapon. If that didn't work either, it could be argued that Gedora no longer had the means to be able to defeat Goseline.

"I've got a headache. I didn't expect to be able to defend against this…”

Gedora is also considered a strong man.

When facing an opponent with a larger amount of mana than yourself, you can also subdue them with your own strength. Even with a saint like Sare as his opponent, he overwhelmed his opponent by virtue of the skill gap.

However, there is always nothing one can do about an enemy who is not as good as oneself.

That is, facing an enemy whose attacks don't work.

If you can't beat the enemy, you can't win even without losing.

Gedora understood that the fight was against him.

He was thinking about what to do.

  Now is the critical time. This old man is no decent person, nor can it be said that Lord Rimuru has fully trusted me. If I do not demonstrate my own awareness here, he will not take me as one of his true companions no matter what the time comes Gedora was impressed by the sheer size of Rimuru's apparatus.

Although Rimuru spoke suspiciously of Gedora, who had defected from the Empire, he had accepted him and recognized his ability to take on great responsibilities.

And, the Land of the Monsters is beautifully landscaped.

Research facilities superior to those of the Empire were also prepared.

His best friend Adalman is also here.

Adalman, who is now of the “Ten Lords of the Labyrinth", is also the pride of Gedora.

Moreover—

 The study of magic could be said to be this old man’s interest, as long as those few high men were present, it should lead me to pry into the abyss. Even in response to that lord's expectations, it will come in handy here.

Gedora, wishful thinking of the monsters as masters of his own magic, recalled the masters and made good on his awareness.

However, his memories are overly embellished.

A demon had rejected Gedora without putting his eyes on him, a demon had tricked Gedora into almost using him as a test subject, and a demon had somehow drunkenly invited Gedora to practice swordplay instead of magic…but these were all aptly misunderstood by Gedora.

However, there was another demon that liked Gedora over the praise of Rimuru's magic, and that demon had praised him for it, so it wasn't as if Gedora's memory was wrong.

The demon—Diablo and Gedora made a pact.

If Gedora can find a way to gain Diablo’s approval, he’ll take Gedora in as his own dependant.

So Gedora cannot die here.

Rimuru had also ordered that there be no messing around.

But—a thought flashed through Gedora.

"I haven't lost yet! The battle's just begun, little girl!”

"Ki-hi-hi-hi-hi. Yeah, that's good. Let your flesh remember the power of your servant!”

Gedora yelled, and Goseline responded.

The two then went head-to-head again.

 Goseline, who was clearly less than half the height of the Floor Guardian Colossus Statue, did not fall behind in her efforts.

This is not normal.

The weight-dominant Floor Guardian Statue was suppressed.

Moreover, it was not unusual for Goseline to have countless tentacles growing swiftly on her back. The tip of the tentacle was sharply polished and smooth, plunging into the Floor Guardian Statue.

“Look?"

“Aha…! More, more, more! Blood, give me more blood!”

Goseline felt like she was burning out.

These tentacles are constructed of magic steel, and they sharpen iron by creating high frequency fluctuations through subtle vibrations.

This move can also be applied to cut through matter and can be called a high-frequency thousand-handed chunk, or a high-frequency thousand-handed chop.

The hands of the Floor Guardian Colossus Statue were instantly chopped away by the High Frequency Thousand Hand Chop.

“Gooh! The important body that Lord Rimuru has entrusted to me…"

"In front of my servant, it's a piece of shit. You're too old to rely on such toys.”

"I'm sick of this!”

Gedora shouted defiantly, but also only hard of mouth. In actuality, Gedora's body was penetrated by tentacles that opened several holes.

Covered in blood, it was fortunate to be in the body and not be seen in this state by Goseline, allowing him to maintain a tough attitude.

"That's tough. You don't need to be ashamed of the fact that the situation is irreversible. Even the legendary wizard could not overcome the tide of the times.”

"I haven't lost yet!”

"What an ugly struggle.”

Goseline reached out two tentacles that turned into sharp blades, then cut off the feet of the Floor Guardian Statue.

In this way, the Floor Guardian Colossus Statue lost its limbs.

"Take an oath to obey your servant. You'll be spared, won't you?”

It would be a pity if Gedora's knowledge were lost. With that in mind, Goseline offered an invitation.

But Gedora wouldn't nod yes to that either.

 "Well, I'm basically putting myself first. Therefore, only if you don't betray your love of magic, will the ghosts follow you who despise it!”

Gedora's soul explodes.

When loved ones are despised, human anger pours out of the heart.

Gedora's stamina and perseverance are now on fire. And that anger made him determined to unleash forbidden magic.

Use one’s own life force as fuel for fierce burning self-exploding magic—Elemental Magic: Life Sublimation.

 After all, I have a mystical means: reincarnation. I’m going to say goodbye to this world for now, and definitely peek into the abyss of magic next time!

This is a man named Gedora who would rather be victorious than defeated.

"Resist? Then you're useless. Go to hell!”

"You're going to be buried with me!"

Goseline's tentacles penetrated the chest of the body where Gedora was, and at that moment, a dazzling light burst from the Floor Guardian Colossus Statue.

The light that burns everything to the ground is the elemental magic that Gedora unleashed: the flame of life sublimation.

"What the…? That's what you're looking for…?”

Before Goseline could say a word, she was engulfed by the flames of life and disappeared.

After that, a flower-like flame bloomed on the ground.

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 Gabil got caught up in a bit of an unfavorable fight.

Gladim was strong, but even more tricky was Barago who had awakened the power of a Chimera Knight.

This power was similar to that of the two just now, and it could not be underestimated to the current Gabil.

Looking at the amount of mana alone, Gabil was higher. Even counting spear skills, it was Gabil who had the upper hand.

It's just that the gap isn't that big when you look at the combined strengths. Gabil could have beaten his opponent as long as he didn't fall short, but the opponent was two. Gladim, who fought guerrilla warfare, harassed on the sidelines, and Gabil had difficulty in breaking Barago.

And Gabil had another concern.

That's Souka who fought with Gladim's men.

 One of the three generals, Najim the "Vermilion Sparrow,” seems to be a strong woman who can match a demon lord, and is of the same race as the Demon Lord Frey, and Gabil speculates that her strength is similar to Frey's.

Therefore, he felt that Souka couldn't win.

Although Souka's strength had grown tremendously with Gabil's evolution, and he was now also a powerful person who could be called a superior monster, he was still only at the rank of an adjutant of a demon lord. His strength wasn't enough to fight the demon lord directly, and victory could be said to be desperate.

Souka is still alive because the sadistic Najim is simply enjoying playing with Souka. Gabil noticed this too, anxious to get over to the rescue.

However, Gladim and Barago are also strong enemies.

‘Sorry about that, sister. Just hold on’—Gabil prayed while he did so, then focused on his enemy.

And then, bad news came again.

A flash of light came from the ground, and Gedora-sensei was in the center of that flash.

"Sir Gedora!”

Gabil's 'thought communication' is not working.

This means that…

Even more troubling was the sight of a small figure standing up. Although his body was scaly and wounded, Goseline, one of the three generals, did not die.

Unable to conceal the shake, Gabil shot Barago as he bided his time.

"Hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey, hey!”

"Hohohoho! Of course, you're no match for me!”

Gabil talks tough, but doesn't really have the strength.

The situation was unfavorable, and the words 'retreat' came to Gabil's mind.

But at this point.

Gabil also rushed to the scene with reinforcements he hadn't expected.

"Well, that looks bad. I'm here to help you.”

It was unexpected, but it came from a figure familiar to Gabil.

"That's, uh, frank. I can't help it. I pestered Milim to help me move her here.”

One more person.

 The beautiful queen, the dominator of the sky.

"Sir Carrion, Lady Frey, why are you here?”

Gabil asked in surprise, and Carrion replied cheerfully.

"We'll talk about this later. Let's get these guys out of here.”

Frey agreed with Carrion's words and nodded softly.

"Now that an alliance has been formed, it's only natural to send reinforcements. We will also fight, under the command of Lord Benimaru.”

The Beast King Warrior Regiment of Carrion, though less than a hundred in number, rode at once.

The same is true of the Frey’s close guard, the "Heavenly Soaring People.” Although there are not many warrior-type winged people, their strength is guaranteed.

There was no more reliable reinforcements, if not more numerous, than they were.

