The Beast King Gladim gave a command.

That's the most important classified order.

 "All hands on deck! As reported by Samuel, our Emperor is in crisis. Moreover, the enemy has vilely summoned the evil demons. The battle power of the demons is still unknown, and presumably, that battle power is beyond your means. If this goes on, there will be serious damage, so this lord is going to use the last resort to counter it. Give your courage and loyalty, and unleash the killer weapon that I have given you, so that you may gain the power to defeat even the demons!”

After conveying the orders to the three generals, the orders were also given to the soldiers.

As a fortified killer, the tablets were distributed to individual soldiers. However, the pill could not be taken without the order of Army Chief Gladim.

And that restriction was lifted by Gladim's secret summons.

 Ha! With success comes great power. And if it goes well, there will be some side effects at best. If you're going to hate me, you might as well hate yourself for not being able to adapt!

Now that's it, Gladim really means it.

Downright self-centered, this is the man named Gladim.

Gladim calmly ordered the soldiers of his own army to "go to hell". As cold and ruthless as his judgement was, it was also true that just going on like this, there was a good chance that he would be ravaged by the demons. It can also be said that it is reasonable to judge a person as a person who has died in exchange for power.

The soldiers quickly carried out their orders.

It is precisely because one knows nothing about the content that one can execute orders without hesitation.

In other words, the soldiers voluntarily unleashed the forbidden special cast and ability, “Demon Beast Fusion".

The effects of the abilities slowly eroded the Warcraft Legion soldiers' bodies.

Because both were in the middle of a battle, the change in the soldiers was ignored at first. However, the results of the changes also became apparent over time.

The ground was strewn with bodies.

The bodies Gabil saw were them.

There were also many who stormed into the enemy lines.

The "Kurenai" and the "Flying Dragons" and the "Heavenly Flying congregation" of the Beast King's Order were in a bitter battle.

In the battlefield, there are also those who wonder about their changes.

These men are the true warriors that Gladim pursues.

There were 10,000 dead.

5,500 fully demonized people.

 5,000 people who went berserk after the demonization.

5,000 who kept human form, partially beastialized and went berserk away.

4,000 beast demon warriors who had housed the Beast Power.

And 400 who awakened to become Chimera Knights.

The odds of success or failure are fixed, and the results are more or less a fluke than expected. Because the experimental parameters were so few, it's no surprise that the results were even more disastrous.

Judging from the results, the number of Demon Beast Legion, which originally had 30,000 people, had been drastically reduced. However, the Legion has grown in strength by leaps and bounds.

The mob will be crushed on the spot.

Although there is still value in using it as bait, it cannot be restored if it becomes that way. So Gladim also did not spare, and did well to shed their consciousness.

Of the 20,000 remaining, roughly half still maintain a rational fight. This information, was a little more than Gladim had expected.

Half of them were unable to recover as adults, but the moment is also an important battleground.

Gladim should also be happy with the result.

What's more, 400 Chimera Knights were born.

That way, neither opponent will lose. Thinking so, Gladim nodded in satisfaction.

However, it's not time to let out a sigh of relief.

It took some time to achieve this result, and the next step was the integration of these battle forces.

Despite Gladim's desire to command the formation himself, it was a pity that there was now Carrion in the way. In that case, only three generals could be relied upon.

Barago "The Blue Dragon,” fighting Gabil.

"Vermilion Sparrow,” Najim, is also fighting with Frey.

That leaves “Black Tortoise" Goseline.

"Goseline, get the troops together!

“Kihihihihi. The results are better than we thought. It's a joy to behold.”

"Hmm. Then please!”

The instructions were given through a simple 'chanting'.

The current need is to regroup before the 10,000 marching soldiers run out. Thankfully, Goseline was okay, and Gladim was relieved for the moment.

 Even the self-centered Gladim relies on the people with whom he identifies.

"Well, I'm a good match for you, aren't I?”

"Of course. I'm a military leader, not like a beast somewhere.”

"Sacrificing your own men and calling yourself a military commander? No more jokes.”

"Stupid, this is war. It's precisely because you can't even judge this that you can't. It's pathetic enough to hear that you've been kicked off the throne by a newly installed demon king, following the minions of the incompetent!”

"Shut up!”

Carrion slashed at Gladim in exasperation, his anxiety evident in the attack.

Incredibly, Gladim became stronger than expected.

"Oi oi, the attack is so weak, it's as slow as it's stopped.”

Without forgetting to sneer, Gladim came around behind Carrion, who was equipped with a huge claw on his right hand.

The tiger claws that glittered with silvery glory—the white tiger claws. The White Tiger Claw was also the alias of the Three Beastketeer Suphia, and this claw, which possessed the name White Tiger, was exactly the mythical-grade armament given by the Emperor, which Gladim had transformed into his own exclusive weapon.

Mythical equipment that can be decapitated no matter what the opponent is. It can also slaughter spiritual beings, and with Gladim's godlike pace, the effect is remarkable.

With hammered pace, Gladim plays with Carrion. Even though Carrion was dressed in legendary level equipment, he was like scrap metal in front of White Tiger Claw.

"What's wrong, what's wrong? I thought you were going to kill me, but it was just talk.”

"Annoying. Geez, I thought I'd be able to take you out more easily…The math went wrong…"

Carrion had also become stronger through Milim's cultivation so that he was not fatally wounded and was able to continue fighting.

Even more surprised about this was Gladim. The battle power gap was directly tied to weapon performance, and Gladim had originally thought he could end the battle more quickly.

It is also evident from this that both men are kindred spirits.

The strength is similar, the potential is higher for Carrion and the weapon is favorable for Gladim.

Overall, it's still Gladim who has the advantage.

Gladim is also aware of this, keeping his guard up and charging at Carrion. It was at this point that something unexpected happened to Gladim.

"What? The power…the power is coming?”

 This is the precursor to evolution, the beginning of evolution into a demon lord.

But—awakening at this time is like stepping into deaths door for Gladim.

“What—what, this sleepiness is…?”

Gladim wobbled on his feet, and Carrion could not have misplaced this break, out of the crisis repositioning posture.

"What's the matter, tired of chopping?”

Carrion observes while stirring up Gladim.

What happened.

This play, is it foul, or auspicious?

Whoever it was could tell that Gladim's power was beginning to swell. The magicules gathered, overflowing with a huge magical aura.

Gladim himself, however, was a lycanthropic figure who couldn't even stand up, staggering.

 What's going on? Is this supposed to be, like, an awakening?

What he had heard recently came to mind in Carrion's mind.

The ritual of evolution was performed at a celebration held at Rimuru. According to reports, some subordinates fell into an irresistible slumber and withdrew at that time.

 Does it take sleep to become a true demon lord? If so, then is this guy in the midst of an awakening moment!?

Carrion is no fool, but neither is he observant. But Carrion, facing a life crisis, thinks calmly and plays with excellent insight.

 According to Frey's speculation, evolution requires “souls…”

Yes, the conditions are met.

All it takes to evolve into a true demon lord is abhorrent "souls". Of course, not all evolution requires this, and enduring the hateful feelings of those who have been killed by oneself is one of the necessary trials of awakening.

Gladim became defenseless in a situation as critical as 'in battle'.

This, too, is karma.

Those minions who had relied on Gladim must have felt betrayed. These "souls" are filled with abomination and reach out to the source of that abomination, Gladim.

Nor was Carrion right to see through everything, only to judge that now was both the greatest crisis and the best opportunity.

"God help me, too.”

 "Wait, wait, wait! Give me a minute."

"You've lived as long as you want, haven't you? Now it's time for you to pay back.”

"Calm down and think about it. Only the one who had defeated the state of perfection, me, could be called the strongest. You don't want a showdown in such an unkind way either!”

Gladim beat his heart out.

The time is right for us to be killed, but this is the time when we can't help but sleep. As things were completely beyond expectation, no countermeasures could be expected for a moment.

Sweeping a circle of the minions that depended on it, Barago and Najim were in the middle of a heated battle. Goseline was busy integrating the Chimera Knights, and couldn't spare a hand to cover Gladim now due to the onslaught of Rimuru's Army.

At least, now, this moment, no one can come back to save Gladim.

Gladim's knees momentarily braced against the ground.

How can that be, damn it!? It's been so hard to get this far, one step away from getting the most power!

It is true that he feels the power that is overflowing within him.

But the more powerful it is, the more powerful the incoming sleepiness will be unable to resist.

As soon as the Awakening was achieved, even Velgrynd was not in question. Gladim was so convinced, but the reality was harsh.

There was no reason why Gladim could endure the trials that even Rimuru could not resist.

Gladim's face, with the distorted by unwilling tears, one could not see the original face.

"You're kidding!? You gotta be kidding me, motherfucker…!"

Gladim tore into a slumber after a final shout.

Those who cannot cross the trial—there is only death.

"Wouldn't it be nice to die in your sleep? So, goodbye! Beast Particles Roar!”

Carrion is not a man who would pity his enemies at a time like this.

Carrion, who was the most confident when he was the demon lord, is now the general in charge of an army. Being in the position of reinforcements, it stands to reason that victory is a higher priority than one's own honor.

The man, true to his ambition and one step away from achieving greater heights, was beaten down by Carrion.

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 Not anticipating the defeat of the army chief, the three remaining generals panicked.

 The three will be companions who are intoxicated with Gladim, chasing the same dream.

Their roars and laments were quite intense and even affected the battle.

The initial action was Barago.

No longer tangled with Gabil, he turned back and rushed to Gladim's side.

"Lord Gladim…!"

All of Gladim's head below was blasted away by the Demon Beast Particle Roar. Only the head with a remorseful expression was left, and in that state it was no longer possible to come back from the dead.

"Ahhh, what a…what a cruel thing to do. Our long-cherished wish was still a little bit away from being fulfilled…”

Chasing the lamenting Barago, Gabil also rushed over. Without a care in the world, he stabbed the Lizardman Clan's secret treasure, the Water Vortex Spear, at Barago.

Gabil, his eyes still focused on Barago, said.

"Sir Carrion, a wonderful victory! I admire the majesty of the Lion King!”

To Carrion, who had crushed the enemy general, Gabil's words of praise were genuine. The power of Gladim, who holds mythical equipment, surpasses that of Gabil even though he is a demon lord.

Despite the coincidence and good fortune, praise for the Carrion who knocked him out is also par for the course.

However, the complimented Carrion's face did not look good.

"Oi oi oi, it can't be, it can't be…”

Seemingly flawless to answer Gabil, was thinking about something.

"Hmm? What's wrong?”

Isn't it physically uncomfortable? Faced with Gabil's questioning, Carrion reluctantly threw his gaze over.

Then the appalling truth was told.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm sorry, I'm sorry”

"Are you hurt?”

"No, it's the awakening. It seems that the souls, which were originally owned by Gladim, are coming towards me. To fall defenseless at a time like this, I can't laugh at Gladim anymore…”

“What?"

Carrion couldn't help but laugh at himself.

 Sensing the situation, Gabil produced a shake.

"I'm sorry, I'm going to sleep here. Protect me if you have the strength left."

"Of course! Rest in peace!"

To reassure Carrion, Gabil laughed.

Carrion returned a smile, then collapsed back onto his back, and with a final word of hopefully waking up well, fell asleep.

The seemingly daring and fearless Carrion couldn't resist the sleepiness of evolution either.

Barago was annoyed by this. If the situation changed slightly, it would be time to switch sides with Gabil. Relatively speaking, it should also be Gladim, not Carrion, who falls into the sleep of evolution.

“Uh-oh-oh! I’ll never forgive you. I'll never agree with you if you've done nothing to make a profit!”

Barago excitedly shot his abhorrent gaze at Gabil and Carrion.

In his hands he held the relics of the radiant Gladim.

The White Tiger Claw is a mythical weapon that, when the owner is identified, becomes a realistic weapon with the owner's consciousness.

"White Tiger Claw, lend me your strength. Let me avenge Lord Gladim's death!”

As if echoing Barago's voice, the white tiger claws radiated an even more intense glow.

The light retracted and turned into a spear.

“Oooooohhhhh…identify with me as your master!”

Barago said happily.

In his hand was the Blue Dragon Spear, which had transformed from the White Tiger Claw.

“You're called Gabil, right? I'm going to kill you and kill the thief who slept there!”

"Bullshit! I have made a pact between men that I will never let you interfere with the sleeping Sir Carrion!”

Gabil yelled back.

Then, the two males fought again.

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 While fighting at high speed in the airborne battle, Frey also grasped the situation in every corner of the ground through her unique skill 'Sky Sphere Eye'. Everything within the specific range coordinates of this double clairvoyant lock can be seen at a glance.

“…so that's what evolution is all about.”

 Frey had a clear mind and was able to understand what was going on on the ground.

Fighting Najim on the one hand, Frey simultaneously unraveled the correct answer.

“How? Lord Gladim was…”

"Luck is also part of strength, it's true.”

"You bastard! How dare you fool Lord Gladim when you can't do anything about me—!"

"You say that. I'm just stating the facts, not trying to fool him. Besides, I'm not helpless, I just haven't struck yet. I hope you're not mistaken.”

Even though Frey seldom did it herself, her strength as an old demon lord was not a pose. Although Najim the Vermilion Sparrow has a much higher amount of mana than herself, she is also able to move around with speed and skill.

"He's a fugitive. He's a liar.”

"You're not making a big deal out of it. We'll decide after the fight.”

Quarrels don't lose out to Najim.

There are people in the world who are good at making others feel bad about themselves. Frey was exactly this type of person, and even the Demon Lord Milim couldn't lift her head in front of Frey.

And Frey wasn't just running away.

Observe your opponent while looking for their weaknesses.

Can't win on strength.

The speed on Frey had the advantage, but the opponent's staying power was even better.

This will only lead to a gradual decline, but there are always opportunities to win in unexpected places.

"Aren't you, like, anxious?"

"Huh? What are you…"

"I can finally see the souls, too. Thanks to these eyes, it's convenient to be able to see."

Frey snickered. Because she sensed that the performance of the unique skill ''Celestial Sphere Eye' had increased, the battle had become a situation in her favor.

And, she was sure that the information now obtained would be the key to victory.

"What did you say you could see?”

Najim said in disgust, and then the claws finally caught Frey's wrists.

A cold laugh followed. The Winged Clan's claws have the effect of 'magic blocking', which can seal the ability of an opponent who is caught.

 "Ahahahaha! What a fool you are. Just talking and accidentally getting caught by me, right?”

Najim seemed convinced of her victory, and he tone became clearer, and this change of attitude was a good indication that Najim was indeed in a hurry just now.

Despite the crisis in which Frey was in, she remained calm.

The observation continued, blandly acknowledging those instances.

"Take it! Magic Electric Shockwave!”

What followed seemed to be a one-sided ravage as Najim began the onslaught.

Frey's clothes were cracking from the shockwave, but her expression was not the slightest bitter, and she was still watching Najim as if she was indifferent.

Najim didn't feel right about the way Frey looked, but she thought it was just a bluff.

Despite the reluctance to agree, the identical twin, Frey, was more intelligent. Comparing combat power alone is that Najim is stronger, but opponents who can play tricks are tough.

 This is meant to trick me into taking the opportunity to get away from the claws, right? Nope—the woman must have been waiting for a split second to break and attempt a reversal.

Deciding that it was only right to continue the attack, Najim tortured Frey even more intensely.

However, Frey remained unchanged.

"Not even close, huh?”

Frey just muttered, and Najim couldn't ignore the words. So one can't help but ask rhetorically, "What's so close?”

"You're starting to wake up, aren't you? Compared to when the battle first started, the amount of mana was gradually increasing. It seems like you’ll sleep just like Gladim did, I'll just have to wait for the opportunity.

Frey spoke up, revealing a devilish smile.

Najim was blue in the face.

She herself was more or less self-conscious that symptoms of awakening did appear in her body.

And that's exactly why Najim was anxious. Since the time Frey saw through that, Najim had basically been played for mercy by Frey.

"So what! I’ll just kill you right now and hide somewhere safe!”

While what Frey said was merely validating the truth, Najim fell even more wolfishly.

Before the sleep of evolution arrives, Frey must be killed off. Najim so concluded, coming out even more fiercely to increase the power of the attack with full force.

And that's what Frey is all about, Najim has no way of finding out.

 "Magic shockwave…!"

It was already unknown how many times it was the first attack, the intense electric shock scorched Frey. However, Frey didn't even have any burns on her body, at most she was just leaning back from the shockwave and was actually unharmed.

 Too weird? Why is this guy, who can do nothing, like this?

When it is too late to perceive this.

"It's incredible. However, from your reaction, I am also convinced that as a mother of a former queen, I want you to be happy away from racial strife.”

"What did you say?”

"If the Queen's secret is known, she will only be killed. So without telling you anything, I banished you.”

"You've got to be kidding me! Can a fledgling live when it's abandoned at birth!? That was a clear attempt to kill me!”

Najim shouted impassionedly.

However, Frey calmly contradicted her.

"But you survived. This fact proves that someone was quietly taking care of you. Mother is also naive.”

"What the…?"

This is the point that Frey points out, and the one that Najim has long held in question.

It's amazing how one can survive the early childhood years before one's self is born.

So she gave herself the excuse that because she was a mutant, she probably survived by instinct.

However, hearing what Frey had said, the doubts that had come to mind in the first place came to mind.

But Najim, overcome with hatred, can't change her mind now.

“A bluff! Yeah, I see. You're trying to trick me, so wait for a reversal. It would have been nice to beg for mercy, but as an original demon lord, you can't allow yourself to end up like that, right?”

Najim was convinced that it was the desperate Frey playing up the strategy.

That makes all the sense. Najim, who forcefully justified herself, further increased the power of the electric shock in order to firm herself up inside and not fall for the deception.

"Go to hell! Maximum Magic Electric Shockwave—!"

The full force of the purple lightning struck through Frey. And that's exactly the moment that Frey was waiting for.

"It's pathetic. I let you get away, and you came back here to die.”

 “Huh?"

"There can only be one queen. In order to get the throne, I killed Lord Mother. Of course, if you're not abandoned, you'll have to kill each other with me.”

"Then I could have killed you!”

As a rare combat type, Najim was absolutely confident in her fighting abilities.

Although the flight speed is not as fast as Frey's, other than that it is better than Frey's. Even the battle was not lost, and now it was, and victory was near.

All Najim wanted to do was laugh at Frey, and the last words before she died didn't even count as hard words. But hearing Frey's next words, her face changed.

"Winged queens are in need of all sorts of abilities. And it is those who are born with these abilities that will be recognized as the next queen. You're also unlucky to be born as the other half of my twin.”

"You've been talking smugly since just now…"

"Then I'll get right to the point. For an attack of the same race, the queen is going to be at an absolute advantage. In other words, harpy attacks won't work against me.”

"Stop lying! How can something so ridiculous be!?”

If that was the case…the thought flashed through Najim's mind for a moment, but she vetoed it in a flash. If that's true, it would be a contradiction to killing the former queen.

"You're trying to make up a story to get me into a mess, so make up a convincing story!"

"It's sad that you can't believe me, but it's true. Incidentally, the old and new queens didn't have to fight each other. Originally, it was the sisters with the same ability who should have won the battle, and the one who could take the opponent's ability for himself or herself would be the queen.”

At the same time, it is also true that it will become a "demon lord species.”

"What the...?"

"Because you were born with a flaw, it was up to me to kill your mother. And inexcusably, you trampled on your mother's desire to keep you alive. I don't know if you're a sister, but I wish you could hide in some corner and live.”

"You're kidding! Think you've won? As your sister, I also have the ability to fight outside of the Harpy Clan. Just use that power…"

"It's too late, enough energy has been saved. I don't want to put you in pain. I'll kill you.”

"What, what, what?”

By this time, Najim finally sensed that Frey's wings were dyed purple and scattered with gold powder, and the beautiful pure white wings were discolored due to the purple electricity.

Najim's mind grew fearful as she realized what this meant and her body stiffened.

 The shockwaves that I released, all piled up! And how powerful is it—?

Najim panicked and tried to escape, but the claws that held Frey's wrists couldn't be pulled out for a moment, and Frey's slender hands also hit Najim's wrists.

Perhaps the outcome would have been different if Najim had awakened before she met Frey. But unfortunately, that too is just a hypothetical.

"Farewell, sister. Reflexes!”

“Wait…?"

Frey didn't hesitate; kinship was shed long ago when she became queen.

The accumulated purple electricity was released in one breath.

This is the ability that Frey has acquired—the unique skill of the Two-Knocker, which allows Frey to return the attacks she takes to her opponent.

It was actually a bad skill to use, since she was also wounded, but this time it was an attack from the same clan, and the strong enemy, who should have been invincible, became a one-trick pony for Frey.

Najim ate the accumulated electric shock head-on, burned to black in an instant, and died on the spot.

"It doesn't matter if it's an older sister or a younger sister, it's mother's naiveté that's so troublesome.

Still, one thing is quite enviable, sister. At least, you were really loved by your mother…"

Towards the fallen Najim, Frey bid farewell.

But Najim had lost hearing of Frey's goodbye.

The winged sisters failed to understand each other, and their second encounter came to an end.

—It would be nice if that was the end of it.

"What the…? The "soul" of Najim is coming towards me!”

A sudden sharp drowsiness assaulted Frey.

"Is this, then, the sleep of evolution? So, with Najim gone, the soul's remorse has been unleashed on me…”

It wasn't that Frey didn't want to awaken as a true demon lord, but there was also timing and occasion to consider.

Looking at Carrion's stupidity, I wanted to wait for him to wake up and taunt him, but Frey could only laugh bitterly in her heart, don't joke with me.

But complaining doesn't help.

"Lucretia, Clea! Guard me to the end. Protect Carrion, too, by the way.”

"As you wish, Lady Frey!"

 “We’ll do as you command!”

The twins responded immediately.

Upon seeing the twins, Frey flew to Carrion's side.

‘It's better for two people to get together for protection than separate. Also, with the Three Beastketeer’s Suphia guarding Carrion, working with the Two Wings will increase the chances of survival.’—Frey thought so.

That said.

 That's really enough. It's obviously reinforcements, now it's all a burden. I didn't think I'd behave like this.

Frey was embarrassed with shame inside.

The only thing that was unexpected about Frey.

Also unsure if she would be able to wake up, Frey reluctantly fell asleep.

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