

While looking after Guy-sama’s personal belongings, I serve as a guide for the occasional Walpurgis banquets.

A number of Demon Lords have come and gone.

Before long, the names of the ten great Demon Lords began to spread.

And then the slime came on the scene.

Demon Lord Rimuru-sama.

I first saw him in Walpurgis when Demon Lord Clayman called him in.

Even so, I kind of miss Clayman.

Even though he was weaker than me, I can admit that he had the courage to call himself a Demon Lord. Besides, he was good at coordinating and was surprisingly useful.

Convenient, wasn’t it?

If I pushed him a little, he’d take care of the troublesome work, too.

Oh dear, I wonder where he went wrong…

It was a shame at the end, but he chose the wrong person to oppose.

Mizari, who went to pick up Rimuru-sama, came back and said “Clayman’s life expectancy may be running out”.

And she was right.

I was the host of the meeting, but once I gave the floor to Rimuru-sama, it was a one-sided discussion.

It was refreshing to watch, but there was one thing that bothered me.

Yeah, it wasn’t so much related to Rimuru-sama as it was to Ramiris-sama’s servant.

“Isn’t that a black dependent?”

“Right. I felt his presence when I picked up Rimuru-sama, so I’m sure of it.”

“No way. He’s so free-spirited and selfish, how could one possibly follow someone like that?”

“Well, I don’t know, do you? I don’t know what he’s thinking, and I don’t want to know or care what he thinks, but…”

Well, that’s right.

I think it’s exactly as Mizari says.

That guy, the Black Primordial (Noir), is both weird and selfish.

He’s one of us, but honestly, I don’t want to get involved with him.

Because he tied with Guy-sama!

Even if Mizari and I challenged him together, we would have had a difficult time. That fact made me feel a sense of weakness, even though I had never fought him in person.

No, I was just showing off.

Rather than having a difficult time against him, I honestly believe that I can’t win.

Because Guy-sama and Black weren’t serious at all. The two of them just playing with each other, but the battle was in a realm we couldn’t follow.

Well, I have my pride as a primordial, so I won’t ever admit it.

If possible, I really don’t want to get into trouble with Black.

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This is the worst.

I’m going to fight with Black.

Why did I do this to myself…?

I’m wondering why when I’m such a good girl.

Maybe they found out that I stole Mizari’s treats?

No, I blamed it on my subordinate (archdemon) so I shouldn’t be suspected.

So why, I wonder, but things happen.

I decided that this was an opportunity.

Because I don’t like him.

He doesn’t have any factions, he does things on his own, and he’s willing to stand in Guy-sama’s way.

He could incarnate if he wanted to, but I’m annoyed that he wasn’t interested in it.

That being said, I was pissed off that he didn’t evolve and remained an archdemon for a long time, as if he had no interest in the world.

It’s probably Black’s doing, too, by encouraging the remaining three colors to stay in a state of equilibrium, and if he’s really a demon, he should aim for the future of evolution according to the rules!”

After all, I have to say I’m crazy here.

He’s certainly strong, but I’m strong too.

Maybe I won’t win, but ‘maybe’ is the main word.

Battles are very compatible with each other.

Black doesn’t know what I’m capable of, so I think he might let his guard down. So, if I go for it, there’s a chance.

My good point is that I’m positive.

With my theoretical armament fully armed, I was ready for the battle with Black.

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“I was feeling a passionate murderous intent, but my hands were tied. Rather, I’d prefer you call me Diablo, Blue Primordial (Bleu)—no, you’ve been given the name Rain.”

I was a little happy to hear that.

I thought he wasn’t interested in other people, but now he even remembers my name.

Huh, maybe I should rethink it a little bit.

“Yes. My name is Rain. It was given to me by the great Guy-sama, the Red Primordial (Rouge), the strongest of our primordial breeds. Not like you, who was named by some Demon Lord mutt (hybrid) of some unknown species.”

I felt a little better and tried to incite him.

I called Rimuru-sama a mutt.

Personally, I like the slime because he’s cute, and Rimuru-sama seems to be a good Demon Lord, so I thought it would be a good tactic against Bla—Diablo.

It didn’t work.

“What? Do you want to die? No, you want to disappear from the world. Kufufufufu, I’m going to give you what you want.”

His eyes seemed quite serious.

Well, Diablo doesn’t always let anyone know what he’s thinking, so I didn’t think he’d get that emotional and pissed off.

“Let’s fight, Diablo! Oh, I’m looking forward to it. I’ve been wanting to fight you ever since I’ve sensed you fighting the White Primordial in the east.”

What a relief it was that I was using the skill, ‘Mist’.

If I split up my body beforehand, I can come back even if one of me dies. Otherwise, I would never want to fight an opponent that I might not be able to beat.

By the way, it was true  that I was really interested in the battle between Diablo and the White Primordial (Blanc).

Because I had also fought the White Primordial (Blanc).

The reason is jealousy.

For some reason, Diablo had a respect for the White Primordial. I wanted to see what that power was like.

As I recall, I was able to bring the game to a draw thanks to ‘Mist’.

To put it the other way around, the game was a loss—no, it was still a tie.

I didn’t lose.

Only to Guy-sama can I admit defeat, because I’m a capable girl.

And yet the battle raged on.

Maybe I was too serious.

I used all my strength to hunt down Diablo with everything I had.

In terms of magicules, we’re evenly matched in quantity, I may even be better than him.

What a surprise.

But I’m not stupid enough to be so careless.

Diablo said that he didn’t to be serious against me.

It’s frustrating, but I think he meant what he said.

“Am I sore loser? I know you just incarnated and can’t give it your all, but that’s no excuse, okay?”

I try to tell him that, but I know what I’m really saying.

This perverted guy isn't that kind of idiot.

He’s one of the top two guys I thought were trouble. He would never make the kind of mistakes that some small fry would make.

But this was unexpected.

Before I knew it, a stacked magic circle painted with glowing spells had appeared around me.

What? Wait?

Moreover, isn’t that spell holy magic, which demons are not good at?

It’s impossible not to be surprised.

Ruminas-sama’s signature “disintegration” spell was aimed at me from all sides.

Oh, I understood at that moment that I might have lost.

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I’m sure you were worried.

Of course, I’m fine.

Didn’t I just say that I have the ‘Mist’ skill to be safe?

Girls will hate you for that kind of nitpicking.

Don’t think, but feel.

Just sympathize with them, and they’ll be happy.

Of course, so will I!

But that Diablo guy is beyond rude.

Bringing up another person in the middle of a battle.

Testarossa?

Who is that? You gotta bring them here.

I was indignant, but then I was shocked to learn that it was the White Primordial.

I mean, what?

Let’s calm down for a minute.

Huh???

Why does the White Primordial (Blanc) have a name?

I was still trying to set up Diablo, though I knew he would see through my act. I thought that would happen, because he’s been a very tricky character since he was the Black Primordial.

It pisses me off.

If it weren’t for this guy, I would have laughed at him for being a sore loser.

But for now, the Testarossa case is more important.

It seems that Guy-sama was not the only one who was hiding with me. This is very bad, indeed.

For a while now, Diablo has been proudly talking about Demon Lord Rimuru.

It was annoying with all the Rimuru-sama this and Rimuru-sama that and so on and so forth, but it’s too much of a distraction to talk about important topics. What annoys me is that he’s doing it for real.

Guy-sama seems to be annoyed, but I have to put up with it because he is my partner. I managed to get out the shocking story of how Demon Lord Rimuru has taken on other “primordials” as his subordinates.

I don’t want to believe it.

If he can make me believe it, I have strategically lost.

But unfortunately, it seems to be the truth.

It’s the worst.

The White Primordial (Blanc) is Testarossa.

The Purple Primordial (Violet) is Ultima.

The Yellow Primordial (Jaune) is Carrera.

Until now, the balance of power had been in balance for so long, but now it’s collapsing in an instant.

I hope these kinds of changes would take decades or centuries, but the reality is brutal.

Living freely without constraints. I sometimes think that’s the right way for a demon… but shouldn’t we be competing with each other?

Isn’t it wrong to be united into one force?

Then one side is too strong, and there would be no competition.

But he’s done it…isn’t that right?

Demon Lord Rimuru, I think he’s dangerous from the bottom of my heart

Until now, the Ancestor asshole and the annoying Black Primordial (Noir) Diablo have been two of the top names on my list of problems.

But today—right now—Demon Lord Rimuru has taken the top spot by a landslide.

He is the one I should be worried about at all costs.

Hostility should be avoided, even if it means rubbing smoke in it.

Unlike Guy-sama, I’m a good girl.

Besides making me angry, I’ll just go with the flow and call him “Rimuru-sama” like I really mean it.

I decided in my mind that it was good to do so.

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We pulled back, leaving things to chance.

It’s very unusual.

Because Guy-sama’s real purpose was to deal with the situation because he had detected some very serious force being activated on the spot.

“Yes. No matter what happens here, Rimuru-sama will take care of it.”

Diablo was boasting, but I can’t believe that he accepted it.

However, as a mere maid, it is out of the question for me to question Guy-sama’s decision.

In the end, I left it to Rimuru-sama, and I was relieved that it was the right decision in the end.

Because Guy-sama was worried about Ruminas-sama.

Ruminas-sama’s control of Western Nations has made Guy-sama’s job much easier. So I worry about it.

I agree with it.

There’s no way I’m going to take over.

Anyway, I’m glad to hear that it seemed to be finished safely.

It’s a shame that Mizari failed her mission, but what can you do when you’re dealing with a White Primordial (Blanc) named Testarossa.

“Was she strong?”

“I didn’t fight her, but she looked nasty. Having a name and a body made her a demon noble. She’s a lot stronger than a bad demon lord.”

I’m sure.

She was so troublesome even when I fought her, so if she’s evolved, she may be out of control.

In the first place, she didn’t care much about winning or losing. She’s willing to accept tactical defeats as long as she can get the result she wants.

That’s why that woman is unfazed by defeat.

She was number three on my top secret troublemaker list—now number four. Oh, actually, she’s still number three because the Ancestor was destroyed.

Wow, looking at it this way, the top members of the trouble list are all in Rimuru-sama forces.

Carrera is also trouble, and Ultima is a land mine if handled incorrectly.

I have a lot of respect for him, controlling those guys.

“Let’s try not to pick a fight with Rimuru-sama.”

“I’d like to say something all of a sudden, but I understand what you mean and I agree with you. Rather, that’s line I want to say to you.”

“How rude. I’m not going to cross that troublesome guy, either.”

“Really? You’re the one who wanted to challenge Guy-sama to a fight. That’s unbelievable.”

That was, well, a youthful indiscretion.

I’m growing up and I won’t make the same mistake.

And so, that’s how we came to look at Rimuru-sama.

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It’s bad! It’s bad!

Rimuru-sama, it’s seriously bad!

It’s the first time I met you, but you are dangerous!

What?

I already met him at Walpurgis?

Shut up.

What do I care about that? I’m talking about Rimuru-sama’s trouble!

It’s all I can say, but that’s what happens to everyone.

Because, listen to me.

Rimuru-sama, you evolved us as well!

I can’t believe it.

But it’s true.

I’m a good girl who tells the truth, even though I’m a demon.

However, I can be of service to Guy-sama now.

In terms of strength, I had barely been acknowledged by Guy-sama.

In fact, if we had to take on the “Octagram” crowd, there was no one we could beat.

But now that I think about it, the current Demon Lords are very good.

I could beat Ramiris-sama, but I’m not so sure. If she gains her true form, it’s us who would lose.

I want to hurt that jerk Dino, but if I do, I’ll be the one who cries. That’s why I’ll forgive him, and want him to be thankful for my generosity.

Oops, but I digress.

Let’s get back to the story of how we evolved.

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It all started when Diablo called Guy-sama.

That why we came to visit Rimuru-sama’s country, but Guy-sama was not happy because he was pushed around by Diablo.

I thought that it would be trouble and wanted to stay home, but I couldn’t afford to do so.

However, that was the correct thing to do after participating

Rimuru-sama hadn’t met Velzard-sama before and they were exchanging greetings. Afterwards, he greeted me very politely.

One could fall in love with him 45 .

I thought I should pretend to be a misunderstood girl and go for it.

Of course, I didn’t do it out of thin air, did I?

If I had done it, I am confident that it would have been over for me, so it was the right decision.

And then, the friendly tea party began.

I was observing behind Guy-sama, but Rimuru-sama somehow seems to be similar to Guy-sama. I saw that they reacted the same way and had a hard time with Diablo.

I saw that he and Guy-sama have the same reactions.

Needless to say, it made me like him a lot more.

But there were other things that bothered me, too.

First, Rimuru-sama’s servant.

He seems to be called Benimaru, but why does he seem stronger than the Demon Lords?

The other one is Shion-san.

She’s become much stronger from the last time we met!

I can somehow feel a hint of evil in her. Does she have an advantage over a demon?

What is this?

I wonder if I can win if I fight seriously?

However, for me to admit my defeat would be to lose the purpose of my existence.

Absolutely not.

So I kept a cool face.

But you know, I had to work pretty hard.

Because those two weren’t the only ones with any hint of strength.

Well, wait a minute.

That wasn’t Testarossa.

There are at least three or four other people here besides them.

Why are there so many Demon Lord class under a Demon Lord’s command?

I thought that only Guy-sama was allowed to do that, but it seems  I need to change my mind.

As I was making up my mind, the smell of tea was wafting through the air.

Is it a break?

But we’re maids, so it’s bad manners to have tea together. Unfortunately, I was thinking about seeing off, so I was led to the next room.

To our surprise, there was even a cake for us.

As expected of Rimuru-sama.

Just by looking at this attention to detail, I have to admit that he’s qualified to be a king!

And then, it was time to taste it.

Is this a strawberry shortcake?

I look like a pro at cooking. I’ve confined a head chef of a top hotel to learn his craft, so I’m proud to say that my cooking skills are as good as those guys.

In other words, what I’m trying to say is that I can’t be satisfied with a half-hearted taste.

“It’s so good!”

What!? You’re kidding me!!

This is so good!



It looks simple on the outside, but it’s a complex harmony of flavors.

Oh, so there are several layers.

There’s a different kind of cream in between.

Aren’t these the kind of things that take a lot of time and effort to make?

And the fact that the flavors are so  evenly distributed shows that all the ingredients have been carefully planned out.

“It’s amazing…”

Mizari is also impressed.

Our specialty has always been fresh fruitcakes and sugary pancakes that rely on high quality ingredients. I didn’t expect to see so much technology being used in a single cake.

“Is this technology from the other world?”

I asked unconsciously, and Shion-san answered.

“That’s right. This is a strawberry short made with three kinds of cream, developed by Mr. Yoshida and Shuna-sama. It also contains a small amount of black rice powder, which is very popular with monsters.

Yoshida-san is an otherworlder, isn’t he?

I know who Shuna-sama is. She is the person who showed us around and even served us.

Smooth, refined movements and  an unassuming demeanor. Even from my perspective, who is known as a perfect maid, she was highly praised for her excellent customer service. Moreover, her cooking skills are also quite impressive.

While enjoying the cake, I talk to that damned Diablo.

“By the way, aren’t you stronger from the last time I fought you?”

I had been wondering.

I had always wondered if he was stronger than from the last time I fought him.

I couldn’t ask him in front of Guy-sama, but now I could ask him in person. I can’t miss this opportunity.

Because ever since we evolved into demon nobles, we haven’t been able to gain any more strength.

Our experience has made us stronger.

However, that’s not what I’m talking about; I’m talking about the existence itself that could not evolve. And yet, this Diablo guy so easily…

“Kufufu, you’re still stupid, aren’t you?”

That was Diablo’s response.

I don’t know. What is this annoying feeling?

Can I hit him?

Yeah, sure—and my inner conscience is all for it.

I think I should do it.

Just as I was about to act on that thought, Diablo interrupted me by saying.

“Kufufufu. It is all thanks to my lord, Rimuru-sama. He has rewarded me for my services!”

Damn this bastard!

You’re acting like you’re just trying to trick me.

Then I’ll be the one to return the favor.

“Oh, I see. So then you’re not much better off either. I agree with you that Rimuru-sama is a great man, no doubt about it, but that’s another matter. You yourself are relying on Rimuru-sama.”

Well, I told him.

It’s only because of Rimuru-sama that you have evolved, so your skills are nothing to sneeze at!

However…

“Yes. That’s right, but is there any problem?”

This Diablo bastard just admitted it without a word.

And he’s looking at me like he’s happy to see me—like he knows what’s going on!

That’s annoying.

I look like an idiot.

“Rain, don’t do it. Even Guy-sama isn’t going to win an argument with this guy. It’s okay for you  to cry.”

Even Mizari said such a thing.

But unfortunately, that opinion seems to be correct.

I stared at Diablo in frustration.

Then something unexpected happened.

Shion-san smacked Diablo on the head, making a nice thwacking sound.

I was so happy.

Moreover, she even preached to him.

You’re being cheeky, Tea-boy! You are not to be rude to our guests.”

When I heard that, I couldn’t help but pump my fists in a pose.

Glancing to thee side, I saw Mizari smiling happily.

Of course she did.

This is just too funny!

Then, leaving us alone, Diablo and Shion-san started fighting, which continued until Shuna-sama came onto the scene.

Shuna-sama.

I have no qualms in adding the “sama” anymore.

Shion-san, who can quarrel with Diablo, is amazing, but Shuna-sama who can beat up Shion-san and Diablo together, was most wonderful in my point of view.

There’s a lot to learn from her.

By the way, the quarrel between Diablo and Shion-san really was a quarrel, which surprised both Mizari and me.

Shuna-sama came to call us, so we obeyed quietly.

She told us that she would teach us the recipe for the cake.

She told us that Guy-sama had asked her to teach us how to make the cake.

We are very grateful.

I must tell her how I feel when I am shown into the parlor where Rimuru-sama is.

“As expected of Demon Lord Rimuru-sama, the cake was wonderful.”

Oops, I was late.

I’d like to acknowledge Mizari’s omission.

“I am deeply moved that you have been so generous in teaching me your recipe.”

Then Rimuru-sama laughed and said it was no big deal.

“Thank you. If we can continue to work together, it would be desirable for me.”

He calls that cooperation when we receive it unilaterally?

That’s very generous of him.

However, my recognition was still insufficient.

“You guys, Rimuru will give you strength. You should be more grateful.”

Guy-sama suddenly told me…

Mizari and I had been given the honor of evolving into a “true demon lord”.

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Right?

It’s dangerous, right?

Really, just what is Rimuru-sama?

Looking back on it now, all I can think of is that it’s dangerous.

We will make effective use of the power he’s given us, and if he’s ever in trouble, we’ll be happy to help him.

The amount of magicules is increasing day by day, and we can be of more help to Guy-sama than ever before.

We owe it all to Rimuru-sama, and it is only natural that we should return the favor.

However, there is Testarossa in his country, so I doubt there will be any situations that require my help…

That’s all for self-deprecation.

It’s time for today’s mock battle with Mizari.

Daily special training is indispensable to get used to our own power.

Well then, to the training grounds—Oh?

It's unlikely that someone is making a joke at such a time.

“Rain! Someone just broke into the ‘Barrier.’”

“I know, I know. But this is—”

This is no longer a time for mock battles, nor is it a time for idle chatter.

That’s it for me.

I look forward to seeing you all again.