Intermission: Melancholy

Seeing the scene reflected in the big picture in front of him, the Dwarf King Gazel lost his voice.

"This is…”

"My lord, you have a look of panic on your face. That's a panic. It's just that you're not good enough.”

"Don't say that, Jane. The common sense on the battlefield was so disrupted that even I didn't know how to react.”

Spat upon by the court wizard, the old woman Jane, the one who answered was not Gazel, but Pan, the supreme commander of the military, with an ugly expression.

He can't be blamed for that either.

The Rimuru side provided the technology, so they prepared a big screen with a live broadcast of the war. Even the Dwarf Hero Gazel looked at it and thought the situation was unusual.

"It seems that common sense in war has been completely overturned."

After saying this, Dorf, the commander of the Knights of the Heavenly Flying Order, tiredly picked up the words.

"That weapon called a magic tank, even if you use Legion magic to create a 'shield', it can't resist. If we were to face off against these weapons without knowing anything about them, we would surely lose the battle, right? But—even if the power is fearsome, if it is dealt with in the way it is heard beforehand, it seems to be counteracted by the construction of trenches and walls…”

The group agreed with him.

There is no way to defend against it by just the earthen walls, but if several layers of barriers are put in place, that will reduce the power of the shells, the above is the conclusion they came to.

This is the correspondence derived through the knowledge of Rimuru. In fact, it was too late to use it, but after further calculations based on the power projected from the images, they came to another conclusion, and that was that this weapon did not have an overwhelming power that left people completely helpless.

"A look at the Empire's equipment will reveal that their main forces are placed at medium to long range compared to close combat. It looks like none of the soldiers are heavily armed, most of them are lightly armed, right?”

"I've tried to investigate that, too. I heard that the Empire had prepared a new type of weapon, the

"Magic Gun", which even the most advanced soldiers could easily master magic. In addition to that, it seems that some of the troops are equipped with otherworldly weapons such as 'guns', and it seems that the other side thinks that close combat is out of date.”

"The age of the sword is over, and it's only natural that the Empire would think so.”

Dorf nodded deeply.

Guns are said to penetrate iron armor easily. Facing a large army of magic tanks makes one feel like even the walls are unbearable. Those weapons were like a mockery of the weapons and defenses that had been used as a major industry by the Dwarven Kingdom and had fallen out of step with the times.

Having said that…

"This is not a foreign world. Even if some kind of tactical theory is combined over there, it won't work here without a clever integration of the concept of magic—that’s what it means.”

"That's it. Although the "Magic Gun" is also a threat, it has run into opponents who are opposed to each other. His Majesty Rimuru possessed a large amount of scaly shields from Charybdis. He's given us some too, and with all this stuff, most of the magic doesn't work, right?”

“Yes."

Using the concept of magic, it is possible to fight against a variety of modern weapons. And the enemy's magic would be paralyzed by their own equipment.

Although it would have turned out that way because one thing happened to grind one thing, it would have been a disaster for the Imperial Army.

Their overemphasis on medium to long range results in an even greater emphasis on how vulnerable they are after being approached by the enemy. That's a huge oversight in terms of tactics.

"No matter what you're facing, the point is to see how the person in question is planning. We cannot follow in their footsteps and must use the intelligence gained in this war effectively,”

He came to such a conclusion, but in fact he thought, "These are all secondary".

There's more to it than tactics and weaponry. Yet he did not speak.

That is the strength of each individual magical creature.

Naturally, Gobta, Ranga, and Gabil didn't need to say much, and it looked like the monsters underneath them had grown considerably.

Coupled with the use of recovery potions at no cost, they also take a rather dangerous approach to combat on the one hand. Unlike before, because of their success in mass-producing Hipokute herbs, they were able to supply a large supply of recovery potions.

This move also subverts common sense on the battlefield.

But, compared to that…

"King Gazel, may I give you a word of advice?"

"Don't say it. I understand everything."

"Maybe so. But the words must be spoken."

“……”

Jane’s words were heavy.

That piece of advice everyone must listen to.

Knowing Gazel acquiescence, Jane spoke.

"Those female demons are extraordinary. The ritual magic that burned the airship to the ground was the great spell 'Flame of Destruction'. Even I have a hard time exercising alone. And the tricks the white-haired lady used were even more problematic. It was the 'death blessing’—said to be unmanageable with the human body. It's a forbidden spell…"

Everyone was silent as they listened to Jane.

The reason why those female demons were unusual was understandable just by spending a few days with them.

The head of the secret service, Anrietta, had investigated them.

The girls were newly hired members of the Jura Tempest Federation and were said to have been brought in by Diablo, the devotee of Rimuru, from nowhere. Their true identity is that of the demon race, and according to the rumor, they are friends that Diablo knew long ago.

It is said that Rimuru appointed them as intelligence officers, and they were also sent to observe the various regiments. Gazel had originally suspected that things weren't so innocent, and it turned out as if he had guessed it.

"Actually, I was thinking—could they be…”

"So His Majesty has guessed the true identity of those girls?”

“Well…but it's better not to know the truth.”

"What are you talking about? I've already seen such exaggerated combat, I feel uneasy not knowing.”

Jane was right, what was most frightening was the fighting ability of those demons. Even Gazel almost said, "Are you kidding me?" after seeing those images. .

“…and we're all mentally prepared for it. Even you, King Gazel, are dumbfounded, and there is something written on your face that makes us guess.”

When Jane finished these words, the other companions nodded along with him.

Dorf, Pan, and Anrietta were among them.

Looking around at the faces of these reliable comrades, Gazel made up his mind.

"It actually happened on that night of the festival.”

"Is that the ritual you're talking about? The time you were invited to the Jura Tempest Federation?”

"So, His Majesty Gazel was once invited alone to a secret meeting or something. We were all in the next room on standby too, so what happened then?”

"Mmm. It's actually the secretary of Rimuru—the butler, I should say. You've met him, haven't you?"

"Oh, he's Sir Diablo, isn't he? A very gentlemanly man.”

"That guy doesn't feel easy. What's wrong with him?”

Those who went to the Tempest Founding Festival have also seen Diablo. Anrietta had also been guarding Gazel in the shadows, so she knew what the subordinates under the Rimuru looked like and what they were called.

Only Jane, who hadn't followed, didn't know, and then Gazel dropped a shock bomb.

"According to Elmesia, Diablo seems to be the ‘primordial'."

“……….”

"Wait, wait, wait. What did you say? King Gazel, what did you just say?”

Jane's face was suddenly pale, and she prayed that she had misheard herself, and asked for Gazel. Yet the reality is harsh.

"I heard he was a primordial. Which brings me to the Black Primordial. Because only that 'Black Primordial' is not bound by the dominion realm and can come and go as he pleases, there are people all over the world who claim to have seen him.”

King Gazel seemed to be out of it, and he stated it calmly. Good at posturing, indeed, but no way to fool Jane.

"Wait, wait a minute! King Gazel, wait!”

"What's wrong?”

“You're asking what's wrong!? Could it be that the Primordial, the Black Primordial, has become a servant of the Demon Lord Rimuru?”

“Exactly."

"Well, that's a serious problem! Why did you keep it a secret before?”

Jane let out a scream.

There are others to follow.

"Could it be that…Miss Testarossa and Miss Ultima are also…?"

"Hey, hey, that's too much……I guess it's that one anyway. They are Diablo's subordinates, older individuals…?"

The more optimistic inferences made by Dorf and Pan are disproved by the subsequent statements made by Anrietta.

"In addition to those two, I have heard that there are many other talents that His Excellency Diablo has somehow scrounged up. From a standpoint, those men all seem to be under Sir Diablo's command, but the diplomat-at-arms, Testarossa, the attorney-general, Ultima, and the president of the inquisition, Carrera, all three of whom seem to have had a relationship with him from a long time ago…seem to be on an equal footing in their correspondence."

"Oi oi oi, no way.”

"His Highness Rimuru is a bit arbitrary…”

"You're saying there are three people of the same status as the primordial? How can that be? But two of them now look almost like…"

People are tempted to deny it. But when you take into account what has happened before you, the truth will come out.

At least Testarossa and Ultima felt too powerful to deduce even when Jane looked at them.

"So it's better if you don't know, as I just said.”

“……”

"Anyway, it may be bad for me not to tell you about Diablo, but so what if I do? It would be a different story if the guy did something bad, but Rimuru has promised to really prevent him from losing control. I have also personally decided to believe my junior brother's words. I just didn't think he'd find more primordials, which even I couldn't see through!”

‘The point of this isn't whether you see through it or not’—that’s what everyone thinks in their hearts.

At the same time, they feel that even they I listen to them, they can't do anything about them.

"In fact, the moment I decided to believe in the Rimuru, I was ready to realize it. He has even the Storm Dragon on his side, so it's too late now. Be aware of it, too.”

It's not that simple, but what Gazel says isn't unreasonable.

"Well, I've always trusted you. If you trust each other, then I have no problem with that.”

"That's true. I have also met His Majesty Rimuru with my own eyes. That man is trustworthy, that's what His Majesty Gazel and I think.”

"I am His Majesty's shadow, and His Majesty's wishes shall be obeyed.”

"Really. I also trust His Majesty. Although it was before he became the demon lord, I did once pay a visit to His Majesty Rimuru. What is most frightening is that the overwhelming force of the battle is particularly concentrated on one side…but it is true that it is all too late. And… there's nothing we can do about it, so it's futile to think about it.”

Hearing Jane say that, everyone felt the same way.

It would be a different matter if one were to think about it and come to a conclusion, but the question is not answered.

Believe it or not, one can only choose between the two.

"Keep it inside for now."

With a word from Gazel, the question was put to rest.

It is not quite true that the war will end on this side.

Although the forces that had forced the central part of the Dwarven Kingdom had been wiped out, the eastern side was still fighting the Imperial Army. And the smell of danger still wafted around the capital of the Jura Tempest Federation, Rimuru.

That guy is really scary.

"No, maybe that's not what His Majesty Rimuru meant either. Perhaps the Army has not found itself defeated and has not broken off its aggression…"

"Mmm. That's a pretty high probability.”

Dorf’s words made Gazel nod his head in response.

If the Imperial Army found out that they had lost this time, it was likely that the battle plan would be interrupted.

"And so, King Gazel. Presumably, the Imperial Army is also integrating their forces through magic. But the battle changed all at once. It is hard to believe, even with their own eyes, that the defeat has come to such an extent…Even if they suddenly received a report that everyone had been killed, they would suspect that it was the enemy who had been deceiving them with false news.”

"Even I wouldn't believe it if I only heard the report. The Empire's Grand Admiral Calgurio is not incompetent, but I don't think he has the means to decide whether to retreat or not at this juncture.

Because if you don't get it right, you could be considered a coward. They won't understand if they ask those fools in the Empire to retreat and not let them lose once.”

Jane’s comments are well taken and Pan's judgment is sound.

Gazel was no exception, and if he had been on the Imperial side, he would have made the same judgment, so he could have experienced it.

The poorer ones were the soldiers of the imperial generals who were forced to cooperate—but the onus was on the aggressors.

Gazel was also a famous neutral ruler, but the Empire was currently hostile to them, and he didn't want to take responsibility for the Empire in passing. And there's no such obligation. All he had to do was carry a cold heart and predict future movements.

"The imperial army that attacked the great forest of Jura was ninety-four thousand, of whom two hundred and forty thousand (\*\*\*idk why these numbers don’t make sense, so the 94,000 might be a translation error) had been wiped out. In that case, it's almost certain that Rimuru will win.”

"Sort of. It would be kind of cute to take it lightly—but His Majesty Rimuru is not one of those.”

Hearing the words coming out of Gazel's mouth, Pan responded sympathetically.

In the end, how much will the Imperial Army sacrifice…?

"We need to really document this battle as a lesson. It must be truly kept in mind, knowing that humans must never take on the Demon Lord.”

“Yes!"

The common sense of war was completely shattered, and the strength of those monstrous creatures were originally only a deduction, now it was really certain that their strength had come to the Heavenly Calamity level. Rimuru's goal was not to dominate the world, but to coexist and prosper with mankind, and mankind was lucky.

The empire is making a fool of itself.

In order not to let their sacrifice go to waste, Gazel intends to see this battle through to the end.

Then one must plan for the worst case scenario.

If the future is hostile to Rimuru…

One side of him prayed that this wouldn't happen and the other side wondered what to do if it did.

Although he bragged to his companions that he believed in Rimuru, that was only his personal opinion at best. As the guide of the country, he must do his best to think of countermeasures so as not to cause harm to the people.

You can't stop thinking because you can't get an answer.

That being said, it would be foolish to go against the Primordials, and it would be impossible to win a fight with Veldora. I’d seriously have to throw up my hands in surrender…

Faced with difficult questions for which answers were simply impossible, Gazel was troubled.