

Intermission: Congratulatory Celebration

Jane, who attended the celebration, witnessed the shocking spectacle.

The monsters under Demon Lord Rimuru evolved one by one before her eyes. Moreover, they have evolved into "true demon lords".

This…this can't be! I'm not dreaming, am I?

Jane was so surprised she couldn't even make a sound.

Although it had long been known how dangerous Demon Lord Rimuru was, the light before her was too unrealistic and incomprehensible, easily beyond the worst state of affairs Jane could imagine.

The purpose of Jane's visit was to ask Rimuru how he planned to place the "primordial".

Jane herself trusts Rimuru, but a "primordial" is not an existence that can simply be recognized.

Once liberated, they would cause the balance of world war power to collapse.

This war had proved that fact—940,000 Imperial elites, without a fight, were wiped out.

Thankfully, Rimuru is now an ally, but there is no guarantee that the relationship will continue in the future. That's why Jane came as a representative, to offer her condolences and to scout out the situation.

Rimuru's reaction when greeting her was natural, not much changed from when they met before.

So Jane tried to grumble a little at him, then tried to test out what this demon lord really thought, based on Rimuru's reaction.

The result was a flop.

In response to Jane's anger, Rimuru not only honestly shows introspection, but even honestly apologizes by saying "I'm sorry." Later, according to Rimuru's justification, it became clear that everything was the result of Diablo's own making.

"That Diablo, is he right about being the Primordial Black?”

"Uh-huh, it seems so. I don't know why he's so close to me…”

After saying that, Rimuru made a crooked head gesture that expressed disbelief.

It didn't look like a lie at all, so we could only interpret it as 'Rimuru did take in demons as his men without knowing it.’

Jane's life experience also tells her that this is not acting. Then, even if she complained to Rimuru again, there would be nothing he could do.

More importantly, Rimuru himself was not at fault.

Whether or not he had become arrogant after gaining strength, there had been such uneasiness, and now it appeared that she had simply worried too much, and Jane therefore settled down.

It's this idea that went wrong.

At that time, Jane should have admonished Rimuru more severely.

Even if it's force majeure to be followed by the primordial, mass production of the "true demon lords"

will only bring out malice…!

No, Rimuru probably really meant no harm.

Presumably, he was convinced that even if something went wrong he could handle it on his own, at least she could tell that Rimuru had no intention of giving Jane or them any trouble.

Normally, such an approach would be suspicious of demonstrating to the outside world, but Rimuru must not have the slightest intention of doing so. Maybe it's not a good idea to keep covering it up because the "primordial" thing got so hot—maybe that's how Rimuru judged it.

That is why the information was made public in good faith and on the basis of a relationship of trust. If that were the case, it would be impossible to deny that Jane was partly to blame for the state of affairs at hand, and common sense should be hammered into Rimuru's head as early as possible.

Regardless of whether that is possible or not, it is an afterthought to say that now.

The world…the world's war power balance…

Jane felt like she was going to faint at the thought of how it would unfold.

With the celebration going on unhindered, one by one, Rimuru's minions gained strength. And the subordinates of the ministry, in turn, can confirm that there is a systematic influx of power.

In just a few hours, the battle power of the Jura Tempest Federation had undoubtedly been greatly strengthened. Not even the threat of the Empire of the East could be compared to that, and a huge military state centered on the great forest of Jura was about to be born.

Realizing this, Jane regretted why she hadn't figured out a way to stop it sooner.

However, even if she had that thought…

Can't do it. Last time, the conclusion was, "It's a waste of time to think, not to take countermeasures.

Although King Gazel had made a judgment to keep the decision first, there couldn't have been any solution strategy even if it was dragged into the future, right? That being the case…

The war with the Empire is not yet over.

The Imperial Army was still fighting against the home country, but Rimuru had conspired with that force. The next arrangement was for both sides to join forces and attack the imperial capital.

In the end, Jane came to the Jura Tempest Federation in the name of negotiating this matter this time.

It should have been like this…

This is the first time in my life that my head has been messed up like this. When things got to this point, there was no longer any way to control how and what the Imperial Army did. We must report the birth of the true demon lord to King Gazel as soon as possible.

For a moment, Jane even got the idea to pretend not to notice.

Although it was an escape from reality, Jane thought it was not a bad thing.

However, it was not long ago that she had taken King Gazel to task for not confessing about the

"primordial", so Jane was now unable to exercise her right to silence in this regard.

"Dorf, I'm going home.”

"Hey, why? The main purpose was to negotiate, and the reservation was for tomorrow?”

"It's decent enough with you in the country. I’ll use magic to go back, no need for a send-off or escort.”

"Yeah, well…"

Dorf couldn't read the flow of magic, and couldn't comprehend what was really going on before his eyes. Jane was a little envious of such a Dorf, but at the thought of what was to come, her mood sank into melancholy.

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The duo of "Two Wings”—the blonde Lucretia and the silver-haired Clea—were as expressionless as masks on the surface, but were already shaking violently on the inside.

There are many powerful monsters living in the Monster Kingdom, the Jura Tempest Federation. Both knew about this and had communicated with several monsters led by Geld.

While acknowledging that it was a threat, the Jura Tempest Federation was now an allied nation. That being the case, even though there were multiple upper level monsters here that could match their own, the two felt that they didn't need to be too vigilant.

Yes, until just now, they felt that way.

The two were given the order to master the war power of the Jura Tempest Federation. Now that a war is going on with the Nasca-Namrium-Ulmeria Eastern Unified Empire, which has the largest and strongest battle force among the human nations, Rimuru's Army should also suffer a loss. If it turns out that way, there will also be a stagnation in the construction of the Sky City that Frey has been waiting for.

It is the task of the Two Wings this time to investigate the extent of the damage and to provide information to inform future projections.

This, of course, also includes an element of reference for the purpose of organizing reinforcements.

However, it seems that none of this is necessary.

"What's the loss, zero?”

"I can't believe it, but after seeing your bright faces, that should be the truth.”

As a result, such an unexpected report was heard.

After all, it was a good thing, so the two went along with the celebration afterwards, which was a miscalculation, showing in front of their eyes they were dumbfounded.

"How is that possible? Just by not seeing it for a while, a portion of the subordinates has already become rival to Lady Frey…"

"No, look over there faster than this. Rimuru the demon lord…it looks like he's about to start something.”

Lucretia started to move a little when she saw the subordinates walking up to the podium, and Clea calmly pointed out from the sidelines. What then begins, is a ceremony far beyond the duo's imagination.

No, now is not the time to look dumb.

It was too much non-reality that caused the two to give up thinking somewhat, but either way, the state of affairs was too much for them to pass judgment on.

"Lady Frey must be informed as soon as possible.”

"Yes, that's right. I'll be right back.”

The two women who had exchanged their thoughts with “Thought Communication" made a quick judgment.

And so they went back to the country, reporting everything as it was to Frey.

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On the topmost floor of the temporarily built castle, in the corner, where no interior had yet been installed.

Frey let out a long sigh.

"What the hell was that Slime thinking?”

A man reacted to her chanting.

"Hey, hey, hey, what's up? That melancholy expression is beautiful, but a sigh is not good enough for you, huh?”

It's Carrion.

The two, who were also aiding Milim, had become confidantes.

"Don't you dare say that.”

"Seriously, what's going on over there? The Imperial Army is in a bitter battle for the opponent?”

Carrion asked worriedly.

Frey replied with a depressed face.

"If only that were okay. If that's the case, I don't need to worry. Just send reinforcements there quickly.”

"What was that about? What kind of plane has that Rimuru guy gotten himself into again?”

“—justified.”

After a little thought, Frey uttered the answer like a summary.

Carrion was silent.

"Carrion, can I talk to you for a minute?"

“What?"

"It's not good to call Lord Rimuru, Lord Milim's best friend, by his first name.”

"Hey, hey, hey, what does it matter now? By the way, didn't you just call that kid by his first name when you were with Milim, and you even called him Slime a while ago?”

"Did you hear that? You're a bad person too. I won't say that in front of the ministry, so forget what you just did.”

"That's fine, but don't get sidetracked again. Tell me what's going on, too.”

Frey sighed again helplessly.

The scented exhalation tickled Carrion's nostrils. However, even though he was in a good mood as a result, Carrion still stared at Frey with an expression that he wouldn't be fooled into passing.

"Got it. But don't you regret it?”

"Depends on the content.”

"I said you…"

"I won't regret it. But I won't let you carry your troubles alone, so let me carry them too.”

"That's not bad. That's a nice thing about you. It's very likeable.”

Frey’s melancholy mood seemed to relax slightly, revealing a smile. Then, part of the report received from the “two wings" was told to Carrion.

“Really?"

"It really couldn't be more true. Those kids couldn't have lied to me.”

"So what? Seven Demon Lord Classes were born under Rimuru!?”

"It seems that way.”

"Those guys, are they better than you and me?”

"I don't know about that. But…at least in the eyes of those two girls, they were stronger than me.”

The strength of those people seemed to rival Frey's even before the evolution began. Then, when the Demon Lord Rimuru "did something,” they sensed an overwhelming increase in power in them.

According to reports, a few are still evolving, but it's estimated that it won't take much for the force to stabilize.

The content of this report is unacceptable, but it's not okay to believe it.

“…are you kidding me?”

Even Carrion, after hearing the details from Frey, was speechless.

"Carrion, do I look like I'm joking?”

"Not at all.”

"Right, these are the facts.”

Carrion and Frey didn't give it their all in front of the minions though. But those of their closest subordinates were able to see the upper limit of their master's strength to a certain extent.

So this information, even if it's just speculation, is by no means something you can just listen to.

Not to mention that no one in Frey's ministry would ever anger their master with jokes or lies. That alone was enough to convince Carrion of what he had just heard.

What the hell are Phobio and Albis doing…?

Mentally grumbling a bit, but Carrion understood that Phobio wasn't originally the kind of person who could see through an opponent's strength with any degree of resourcefulness. I guess he wouldn't have noticed anything even if something unusual was happening right before his eyes.

—No, Albis' words should be detectable. Then why didn't I get any reports from my side?

Doubts arose in Carrion's mind, and Frey told him something again as if remembering something.

''By the way, it seems that your Chief subordinate, Albis-sama, is engaged to Benimaru-sama, the head of Rimuru-sama's subordinate. If this international marriage goes well, it should bring our two countries closer together. And it's a joy to already have the approval of Lord Rimuru.”

"That guy, she's doing great!”

Albis had approached Carrion about this.

The advice given by Carrion is: ‘take it by force.’

As far as results go, Albis took the prize beautifully, so to speak. It was indeed something to be happy about, and Carrion couldn't help but let out a bad smile.

"But she's only the second wife, that's all.”

"Che, didn't she get first? Even so, the children they give birth to are our people.”

"It's a shame.”

"Don't worry, Frey. For me, you are the only woman I love.”

"You're kidding me. Our side is monogamous, as opposed to you beasts, how can it go so well?”

The harpy race is basically all female, and either relies on winged males, who are born by chance, or seeks diversity from powerful wizards to maintain the race.

It is more common sense for a person like Frey, after becoming a queen, to increase the number of subordinates through unisex reproduction, while a husband is something that is not needed.

The relative beast side, on the other hand, takes it as common sense that powerful men love plural women.

Weeding out the weak and making the race stronger. The two have only this purpose in common, and in other respects it is water and fire no matter what you think.

However, Carrion and Frey both identify with each other as being powerful. That's why they've maintained a relationship as dangerous as a tightrope walk, holding the last line of defense tightly.

"Forget it, I don't seem to hear any good answers now, so let me pursue this slowly. The question is, what the hell is Rimuru boy up to?”

After congratulating Albis, Carrion pulled the conversation back to the point.

Frey agrees with this sentiment.

This country has established a friendly relationship with Rimuru and intends to continue this relationship in the future, but no one is sure what will happen in the future. Then, if you can, you should make it a goal to reach a higher level.

"The only explanation I can think of is that Clayman was on his deathbed. That guy, at the time, was a very unusual force.”

"According to Rimuru, it's called an awakening.”

"Can you think of a reason?”

"Huh! It doesn't look like the guy hid his strength beforehand. It's more like a moment of sudden strength.”

"And how did he do it?”

“This…"

"Souls."

“Hmm?"

"Gathering the souls of men, you can awaken as a 'true demon lord'," Clayman once said. If that's true, there's no way Clayman wouldn't have collected it beforehand.”

"So it is. And then just try to use that to make yourself awaken?”

"I think so. To be honest, I haven't killed many humans, and I've never given a damn about the souls."

"Me too. Wars are fought with kinsmen or other monsters, and with angels. Our country is so rich that it has little interest in humanity.”

"Indeed. But in this way, the doubt is lifted. It appears that Lord Rimuru has acquired a great deal of

"souls" during this war. And then transferred them to the monsters under his command, causing their awakening.”

"That's an exaggeration. It's not a good idea to take in monsters like us, but it's even worse to be awakened by those guys. So, how many souls did Rimuru use this time?”"

Hearing Carrion scratch his head and ask that, Frey just turned her gaze to the metropolis under construction at the moment.

“Hello?”

"By the way, I haven't told you about the outcome of this war. The loss of the Jura Tempest Federation's army was, amazingly, zero. In contrast, it seems that 940,000 people on the other side of the Empire have been killed.”

“…huh?"

"You think I'm lying?”

"No, not…"

"I also hope this report is wrong.”

In other words, Demon Lord Rimuru got 940,000 ”souls" this time, and then took them to help seven of his men awaken, which is very simple to think of the cause and effect relationship.

Of course, it is also possible that there are more than seven minions of the Awakening.

According to the report, it seems that the Chief Grand Admiral Benimaru didn't appear to have changed much, just entered into a marriage with the two wives of Momiji and Albis. However, it was impossible for Rimuru not to grant the "soul" to Benimaru, who was his right-hand man, so it is not difficult to guess that there was some reason for delaying Benimaru's evolution.

"Well, it's a one-sided beatdown with zero losses, so it's not a war anymore. If it were me, I would have raised the white flag a long time ago.”

"Don't be ridiculous, Empire or whatever. The question is what we do with ourselves.”

"Exactly. I am now surrendering to Milim's position. I've always been worried about the possibility of rebellion if I seek power, but I don't think it's really necessary.”

"What do you mean?”

"Rimuru has raised his men to the same level as himself, hasn't he? Seeing him with such great measure, I realized that Milim should be that kind of person.”

"Indeed. Milim is not so petty as to riot just because we're awakened.”

"Right? In that case, let's just take it as it comes. It's not too late to start, although it's been a little easier. Let's aim for a higher level of strength as well.”

"Right. Your kind of place, it's very endearing."

Frey and Carrion stared at each other.

Just when the atmosphere had gotten a little better before the two…

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! That's a good one, you two! Although I can't help my subordinates to awaken like Rimuru, I can help you to cultivate! Don't worry about dying in the labyrinth, let's do it to the fullest!”

Milim picked a perfect time to jump out of the way.



"Che, you're in the—Ah Milim! You're in the way when we’re in the mood.”

"I've said it many times, don't remove your aura to sneak up on me. That said, I have no intention of accompanying you to your practice—ah, you listen to me well!”

Carrion and Frey's complaints didn't reach Milim's ears at all. Milim's ears, however, are equipped with information that they don't want to hear, so they will automatically block out such an excellent function.

"Then, please, Ramiris!”

"Wait, wait, wait, wait! I didn't ask you to come with me to practice, did I!?”

"Wait, Milim! If you don't listen to me, I have my own ideas. I'll leave all three of your meals to Lord Middray to prepare. Is that okay?”

This statement by Frey stimulated Milim's sense of crisis and eventually succeeded in stopping her.

So true to Frey—the Carrion who had witnessed the whole thing wanted to praise her so much.

"I know, I know. If you want to practice, you can always talk to me.”

"That's good. By the way, did you finish your homework?”

"That, that…because I heard something that seemed interesting…”

"It's not done yet, is it?”

Frey was smiling.

"Ugh, the break is over. I'll get back to it."

"Yes, good job.”

With that, Milim went back to her homework, and Frey and Carrion beautifully avoided a crisis.

However, the ambition to evolve continues to heat up in the hearts of both of them.

Will this remain ambition, or will it be achieved…?