 "Then please!”

Gabil stopped worrying and understood the situation.

So he wanted to consult Benimaru, sent a communication, and Benimaru immediately replied.

"The situation on your side has been observed through the Argos. Don't be careless, Gladim is pondering something, watch out for the soldiers at the bottom!”

Benimaru's instructions were straightforward and didn't specify who to fight who, only conveyed the main points.

Instead, however, Gabil was happy.

To feel trusted and relied upon.

"Then I’ll let Sir Carrion deal with the enemy's general.”

"Hey, hey, you're a good man. That guy was a disgrace to the beastman race and I originally thought that he had stormed the wilderness long ago, not expecting him to be alive. Let me finish him off myself.”

That's what Carrion was going to do at first.

The Gabil accepted the instructions with gusto.

"So, my opponent is the harpy, right?”

If you want to say so, Frey is also a harpy—although Gabil thought so in his heart, he wasn't so stupid that he wasn't sure what the consequences would be if he said it.

He was also worried about his sister Souka, and Frey’s proposal was exactly what he wanted.

"Mmm. Can you please?"

Gabil asked solemnly.

"Yes. So, I'm over it.”

Frey glanced at the Two Wings.

"It's all yours after that.”

"Good luck, Lady Frey!"

Frey nodded and flew over.

Naturally, Frey's target is Najim "The Vermilion Sparrow.”

Najim, who was playing with Souka, also sensed that someone had suddenly broken in.

“Frey…! The real queen, is me. Today, let me forget all the regrets I have accumulated for years!”

 Unbeknownst to Frey herself, Najim was her own twin sister. Najim is a mutated species born with great power, but unfortunately had no reproductive capacity. For the feminine race with wings, it is impossible to identify with a queen who cannot bear children.

Najim herself, through no fault of her own, could not qualify to become queen. Because of this, the then Queen judged that she was likely to be the bane of the future and ordered Najim's exile.

Gladim picks up Najim who is wandering aimlessly, and unknowingly, Najim has built up anger and hatred for her fellow people in her heart.

And now Frey, the symbol of her fellow people, is at hand.

Joy and loathing surged through her heart, and with this incredible emotion, Najim rushed forward to meet Frey's unfurled wings.

Carrion looked over at the two of them, full of concern.

"Well, let's start here too.”

Gladim, on the other hand, was gritting his teeth with hate.

"Don't underestimate people, you son of a bitch.”

"It seems that Frey is also related to her rival. That's karma. If we didn’t come as reinforcements, we wouldn't have had such an opportunity.”

“Opportunity?"

"Yeah. I’ll kill you to prove that I am the strongest of the beastmen.”

"Bullshit, that's my line!"

Carrion and Gladim, both of whom have similar personalities and intonations. He has a fierce temperament and cannot afford two tigers in one mountain.

As Carrion says, it's a battle of karma.

"Take it.”

"Come on. I'll show you what a gap is.”

Carrion unleashed his unique skill "Hundred Beasts" and transformed into a true "Lion King.” Fully armed at the outset, make the most of it.

Relative Gladim also made use of the White Tiger power that hadn't been used in the battle with Gabil.

The Lone White Tiger, dressed in military uniform, fought against the King of the Hundred Beasts.

On the battlefield, two fronts were formed.

Powerful forces clash with each other, creating a force field.

Gabil, on the other hand, watched the battle.

Those who came as reinforcements to help, acted on Benimaru's instructions.

 It's nothing. Similarly, the Kurenai and the Flying Dragons are under the command of Dorf, Commander of the Order of the Sky.

Benimaru gave appropriate instructions to each of the key locations, but the specific instructions were left to the people on the ground to execute.

Gabil also agreed with Benimaru's approach. As he himself could imagine, Benimaru was also fighting the enemy's subordinate.

Benimaru is doing it right.

Despite the high combat power of the Imperial 'Warcraft Legion' alone, it was not praiseworthy in terms of group actions. Thus, the numerically disadvantaged Union Army maintained the line through clever cooperation.

Still, there is no denying the disadvantage.

The reinforcements came at just the right time, and the Union army was ready to raise the wolf smoke of the counterattack.

"Well, that seems to be going well. Souka has recovered well. I have to work harder.”

"It's easy to look around when my opponent is looking around.”

As Gabil cast his eyes to the battlefield, sharp gunfire met him head on.

The opponent is Barago.

Gladim and Carrion were far away, but the battle between this side and Barago continued.

"Hohohoho! I'm the commander-in-chief, I can't just focus on you.”

"I'm really underestimated.”

"You're the ones who despise people, aren't you? If that man named Gladim had shown his true talent in the first place, I might not have been able to survive.”

"Huh! How could a great beast lord get real with a little man like you?"

Hearing this, Gabil shook his head helplessly.

"It's called taking things lightly. As the saying goes, "When a lion beats a rabbit, he also uses all his strength.” In this world of the weak and the strong, no matter what kind of opponent you face, it's only etiquette to do your best.”

Gabil replied dutifully.

In fact, Gabil couldn't help but think of his companion as he said this.

So much for people who don't do their best in the face of the enemy—accidentally, remembering this.

One of the most even is Diablo.

 Gabil occasionally provokes mock battles, but it feels like Diablo has knocked himself out with a rather underrated approach.

 That demon is an exception. In the end, if I had shown my true ability, the battle would have been over in an instant, so I can't complain…Although we are on the same page, there is a world of difference in strength between Diablo and me. It hurts, but that's the reality.

With Rimuru's approval, he was awarded the highest honor, as one of the “Twelve Patrons.” Gabil is proud of this, but at the same time more aware of his own standards.

He became stronger through awakening and perceived how powerful Diablo is.

Even the trio of demonesses who didn't evolve at the celebration feast were far superior to Gabil. In this way, Diablo, who was even better than them and had successfully evolved, had become a monster beyond Gabil's imagination.

You can't win a fight. One can only admit that this is not an option, but if one gives up on it, it's all over.

It doesn't matter if you can't win now as long as you don't give up and stick to chasing Diablo's footsteps.

Gabil thought this way, often with an upward spirit.

It was because of this that Gabil knew what was truly powerful. Though it was a concept imagined out of thin air, the strong were by no means the unassuming characters of Gladim and Barago, and Gabil understood this through instinct.

"Therefore, I will never lose!”

"You're full of shit! Anyway, your defeat is a foregone conclusion. You should be glad that you can die before you see the future hell, so thank me for my mercy!”

Barago's attacks are getting sharper by the second.

Gabil, on the other hand, unloads the strike cautiously.

"Mm-hmm. Is this talking about the change in you soldiers? Can you tell me what you've done?”

As Gabil pointed this out, Barago's movements slowed.

Then, with a flicker, stared at Gabil.

“Heh…did you notice?”

"That's for sure. After all, we have a very good commander."

"Even so, it's too late. The order has been given. All you can do is wait to die in despair!"

Barago pointed to the evidence.

It was Goseline who had fully recovered.

 "Hmph, it is indeed a very good restorative power, as a strong man, it is just that this level of ability is not taken for granted.”

Gabil found out that Goseline was okay.

But it's not worth the surprise.

However, Barago smiled fearlessly.

"Nope. It's not Goseline, it's her surroundings.”

“Hmm?"

At this moment, a fierce cold ran up Gabil's back.

There were corpses of imperial soldiers all over the place.

To point out the death of a companion to the enemy in a heroic manner is to be unable to guess the intentions of Barago.

However, before that…

 Speaking of which, when did this group die?

The number of enemies was too large to be noticed, but the number of deaths was also too abnormal.

On closer inspection, more and more of the enemy broke away from the air battle lines and landed.

While observing their whereabouts, some of them were found to have vomited blood and died on the spot.

“What?"

"Did you find it?”

"I don't think it's because I died…"

"That's right, Lord Gladim makes a decision. We are facing a great trial now!"

After saying that, Barago roared with laughter.

With a maniacal laughter that spread throughout the battlefield, the people who heard it were scared to death.

Gabil looked at him like this and felt horror as well.

It was an epiphany.

Something terrible is about to happen.

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