Chapter 4: Eight Gates

Diablo was the only one left after Laplace left, and everything went according to plan to his delight, and his laughter grew deeper.

While keeping watch over the beloved master at close range, he is also considering how he can use it as a reference for his future use.

What the master still lacked, how he was going to make up for it—the perfect opportunity to see that, Diablo couldn't help but secretly snigger.

 Nope, how could Lord Rimuru be lacking? The most important thing right now is to sort out what action I'm going to take next—that’s the right one.

No matter how his mind wandered, Diablo would only think about how to come in handy for Rimuru.

And the reason he hadn't entered the war was because of some other intention.

 If I had gone to war, there should have been no chance of a bitter fight except for Lord Velgrynd, but that would have been a waste.

The rare opportunity to fight against the strong should be used effectively.

In Diablo's opinion, Benimaru still had signs of growth. Even though evolution had given them a significant increase in their fighting power, if they want to be extremely powerful, fighting their enemies is the shortest way to do so.

This wasn't just for Benimaru, in fact it was a common topic that all the subordinates who had been granted power by Rimuru now had to face.

And in this battlefield, just the right opponent is preparing for battle, there is no reason not to take advantage of it, Diablo was thinking like this.

  Lord Benimaru must have read my mind, and since he's not complaining, that means he probably feels the same way I do.

Although it was hard to see on the surface, Benimaru was quite belligerent, just not to the extent of Diablo, but had a tendency to enjoy fighting the strong.

'I’m really looking forward to his growth.’—Diablo thought so.

If one could survive this battle, one would surely gain greater strength.

Having said that…

 Lord Rimuru's orders were absolute and no one would be allowed to die, meaning they had only one path to victory.

He who does not die, all survive and then shed their bones to a higher power. To this end, Diablo also did well to leave no stone unturned in his consciousness.

The mere power that is given means nothing, and it is only by gaining the ability by one's own efforts and living it to the fullest that one can truly grow and grow.

This is the stage on which the transformation will take place.

Give them the enemy and crush them. The growth that follows is what Rimuru wanted—that’s what Diablo thought.

 Kufufufu. Testarossa, for the time being, even Carrera and Ultima could imagine a rough fight based on strength alone, especially since Carrera was very problematic, and it would be a good experience to experience a hard fight here. Make sure you survive, or I'll really kill you if you don't. Kufufufufu…

Afterwards, the excitement of Diablo reached its peak after witnessing the battle between Rimuru and Velgrynd.

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 On the outer deck of the Emperor's flagship, the knights of the Near Guard were assembled.

The presence of imperial guardians like Velgrynd ignited their fighting spirit.

"If it were Lord Velgrynd, it would undoubtedly bring victory!”

"Ahhh, we can't lose either!”

"Win here, and then calm the western countries in one breath!”

"Exactly. Our empire is just around the corner!”

"Long live the Emperor!”

"Glory to the Emperor!”

Never call it a wide deck where respective thoughts collide with each other.

Then, neatly aligned, the enemy was identified.

 "Are you coming, minions of the demon lord?”

"From the moment the evil dragon Veldora was taken away, it was doomed to your defeat!”

Some let out a sneer like that, but most of the knights were silent and unsheathed.

The reason is simple and straightforward.

They see the enemy coming here as a “threat."

And they are aware of the fact that this is the battlefield and will act to meet the enemy.

Only, they don't know it yet.

Desperation, had come straight to the side.

When they realize this, it is the time of their death.

Testarossa flew gracefully through the air, a face of boredom.

The target flew aboard the ship and could see the fools who had raised their swords.

"This man is unhappy. I've seen how we're still trying to challenge you.”

Benimaru was just silent.

While wanting to recognize it, it is only natural that one would do so from the standpoint of the enemy.

That's why Benimaru didn't respond to Testarossa, just followed through with the silence.

This is also because, in this respect, Benimaru can still count as normal.

In the eyes of someone who really leaps outside of common sense, Benimaru's thinking circuit is the anomaly. And as if to prove it here, Testarossa moved.

"It is foolish to despise the strong. For they are exceedingly sorrowful. Let me bless them with mercy before they are consumed with fear.”

If it were normal, Testarossa would only make a little noise to show some strength and then go and devour the feelings that had fallen into fear.

It is just that it takes time to bring fear into the hearts of the enlightened enemy. Not only is this troublesome, it is also contrary to the purpose of this campaign.

So she chose to do it as quickly as possible and clean up the mess that was getting in the way.

Without hesitation, Testarossa unleashed the magic that enveloped the entire airship in effect.

The magic is called Nuclear Strike Magic: The Blessing of Death.

The ultimate forbidden magic that destroys the "soul" and spreads its tyranny without mercy. The result, in turn, is the dark sphere that envelops the airship and the death that descends within it.

 Bathed in the light of the demonic death that brought death to all life, the people inside the ship were nearly dead.

After ending his contact with Gladim, General Samuel, who had been running around in pre-war preparations, did the same, breaking his breath without even understanding what had happened.

He wasn't so lucky.

If Rimuru had any grace left and recalled Calgurio’s plea, perhaps he would have given the order not to spread it to Samuel.

Unfortunately, however, reality is harsh and all beings are equal in the face of death.

"What a surprise. We've ordered her to make the first move, but then we won't have a chance.”

"I'm trying a little too hard not to ask you to do it.”

"Nonsense. You're thinking 'in order not to have your prey taken away', right?”

To Benimaru's spitefulness, Testarossa returned a delightful smile.

"I can't believe I've been caught off-guard. As expected of you, Benimaru-sama."

"It's been a long time since I've had a compliment that didn't make me happy.”

There's nothing wrong with this kind of banter. For Benimaru, that was a lot of work.

There were comments about the two people who were late.

"Ahhhh! You want to stay, even for our share!”

"It's a mistake. Diablo should have left it alone. It's the right thing to do.”

Ultima and Carrera contained resentment staring at Testarossa.

Testarossa just returned a bitter smile.

"You're not even close. Look for aura and see if anyone's still alive.”

"Exactly! A weakling who can be defeated by that level of attack is not worthy of being my opponent at all. Well done, and a commendation for this screening.”

"I'm flattered, Your Eminence.”

Testarossa showed a smile with a just the right expression.

Those who can know will know that the expression is so eloquent.

Those who can bear the blessing of death can only be those who retain the suitability of magic, or spiritual beings. With any luck, an Immortal might survive.

No matter what, since there were still survivors inside the ship, it must be the strong one.

 Ultima and Carrera, though they felt disheartened, had no way to complain. Having understood this, decided to back off honestly.

Thus—

"Let's go.”

With a command from Benimaru, the raid began.

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 A line of men descending from the outer deck of the airship witnessed the corpse-ridden knights of the Imperial Near Guard, whose bodies remained as evidence that they had fought to the death.

That is, it is the end of the road for those who can also be called heroes in the great nations.

“No, don’t…I don't want to die yet…"

There were also those who reached for the void in a desperate attempt to bite the vitality.

However, that life was no longer the same as a candle in the wind, and neither the restorative potion nor the restorative magic had been able to save them from death.

From the moment of hostility with Testarossa, these men's lives were numbered.

"Really! I still think it's a waste. A man of such quality must sing a beautiful hymn.”

"Don't say anything like that. Look, someone is coming to greet us."

Forward of Testarossa's fingertips, the bow section of the flagship.

There are the people at the top of the empire.

Emperor Rudra, and Velgrynd, who was still asleep.

Kondo stands on either side of Damrada.

Behind Rudra, there are four other men and women.

There was another man with an honest face waiting by Kondo's side.

"It's an honor to be greeted by the Emperor.”

Benimaru fearlessly let the word out, and before Rudra could speak, Kondo and Damrada were about to step forward, but were stopped by Rudra with one hand.

"No harm done. It took more than 2,000 years to save up the pieces, but that's all that's left now. I'll allow you to answer as the agent of the Demon Lord, Rimuru.”

"That's very kind of you.”

"And then, what is the purpose of coming here?”

 "Nothing, it's simple. I'm not the sole agent, but I'll make the request on behalf of Rimuru-sama. From this moment on, cease all acts of combat and surrender unconditionally. We'll stop the pursuit if we swallow the terms honestly.”

"So what if I say no?"

"I have received the order to destroy you from Lord Rimuru. Until one side is all gone, let's fight.”

That being said, only because we aren’t allowed to die—Benimaru added inwardly.

The other side of this heart naturally has no way of knowing, leaving only Benimaru's arrogant attitude, the imperial side can not help but get angry because of this.

"Insolent man!”

What couldn't help but come out of his mouth was a loud yell from Malcolm.

"A maggot who doesn't know how much he's worth is so arrogant and stupid.”

One of the four knights armed with a lance whispered in contempt at Benimaru. Benimaru ignored it and stabbed straight at Rudra.

Others remained silent.

The decision was in Rudra’s hands, and since Rudra had allowed for a counter-answer, it was only disrespectful to interject themselves—or so they thought.

"It's ridiculous. How can my wish stop here?”

"Well, then, go to hell.”

The current Benimaru is finally able to be thoughtful and not expose his shallow side. But his nature is still always like a raging ogre. It is more natural to exercise one's strength than to bargain with one's patience.

And…

Rimuru had already ordered a drive to kill, and he had no reason to back down.

One touch.

There's no better word to describe the atmosphere, and someone moved. Velgrynd, who was still in a deep sleep before, suddenly opened his eyes and jumped up.

“Rudra!"

"What's wrong? What's going on here?”

With a mere glance around, Velgrynd made sense of the situation. Even so, thinking their affairs were more important, they ignored the Benimaru and began to narrate.

"My 'other body' has been locked up by the demon lord, Rimuru. It will take a few minutes to break the barrier, so I've decided to send the power back here first…”

 This is the very moment that Rimuru sealed Velgrynd with the Heat Break Prison.

Velgrynd had made this move only because she thought she had room to spare, but the fact that Benimaru and the demoness trio were all present still gave her a sense of crisis.

“That's Lord Rimuru! We can't lose either.”

A joyful Shion perked up.

"He seems to be concentrating on Lord Veldora right now, and there is no doubt that Lord Rimuru will take Lord Veldora back.”

Souei nodded.

But he had also left a "clone" behind and made sure that Rimuru was safe. This is just how the man, Souei, acts.

“He's great to be fighting with Lord Velgrynd and Lord Veldora at the same time and still have the upper hand.”

"He really is. To be honest, I didn't expect him to be this strong.”

"That is to say, my lord is unpredictable.”

The three men, who were familiar with the power of Velgrynd, also spoke with more weight. To be honest, they still find it a little hard to believe.

"If you fail, you shouldn't have been fooled by Diablo's gimmicks.”

"Yeah. That guy knew what was coming and stayed alone to watch the fight, despicable.”

To a demon, meanness can also be a word of praise. Listening to these conversations, Shion on the sidelines secretly made a decision to give Diablo some credit afterwards.

Souei, who was also watching the battle, was calm.

Benimaru, on the other hand, is quietly moving out of sight—he’s taking advantage of Moss' insightful observation of the fight.

On the other hand, the imperial power was in great disarray.

"No way! So strong!”

Emperor Rudra, who had always been calm and collected, and whose emotions were out of place, could not help but stand up and scream in shock.

He had also listened to Kondo's advice before and had given a high opinion of Rimuru, but in the end he still thought Rimuru was less threatening than Veldora and no doubt still despised his opponent.

 I didn't notice it until now, but it's just an afterthought.

Kondo also realizes his own misstep.

It is not enough to be on guard when one finds one's attacks ineffective.

  No matter what happens, I will protect His Majesty's noble body.

He was speechlessly made aware.

From the very beginning, Damrada saw Demon Lord Rimuru as a threat.

This is not out of reason.

The existence of a cunning figure like Yuuki, who has failed to make use of his poor tactics. This alone is enough to be considered an unplaced danger.

On top of that, he sensed a certain alienation in Demon Lord Rimuru.

Yuuki is the same, and so is Demon Lord Rimuru.

People with a certain kind of leadership that even Damrada would be fascinated by can make one feel some kind of incredible possibility.

Damrada and Emperor Rudra had made a pact in the past, and it was not clear whether Damrada himself would be able to keep his promise.

So Damrada had to entrust his fate to others.

And the one worthy of being entrusted with it, the one that made him think like that, was the shining duo of Yuuki and Rimuru.

It is the demon lord, Rimuru, who is now irrational in his rage.

This fact deeply disturbed Damrada.

It felt like something was going on.

As Rudra had said, the Empire's highest battle force had been assembled in the bridge. Here, without the stature of Gladim and his men, the situation was such that there were no more reinforcements to be expected.

Even so, it still didn't overwhelm Demon Lord Rimuru's minions.

The Demon Lord Rimuru was never meant to be an opponent to be taken lightly, and looking at the current situation, it was obvious.

Damrada did not dare to be careless in the slightest, straining every nerve in order to guard the Emperor in any state of affairs.

Both Malcolm and the Four Horsemen had become unable to keep their usual minds because of this state of affairs beyond what was expected.

The power of an Absolute such as Velgrynd, even a strong person like them could not peek into the fullness of their power. Such a powerful Velgrynd, yet she recognized the strength of the demon lord Rimuru, such a situation would only be difficult to make them unmoved.

At the moment, the two sides were in a state of consternation in two completely opposite senses, and Velgrynd broke that atmosphere.

 "A showdown? I'd like to take you all down and use it as a bargaining chip to bring Demon Lord Rimuru to his knees, wouldn't you?”

"Yeah. Let's prove our strength to me right here!”

"Yes, sir!”

Rudra's decision washed away the imperial knights' trembling, his voice resounding and directing the warriors' state of mind towards tranquility.

"Well, I promise you victory.”

Velgrynd gave a magnificent smile.

Behind that beautiful, yet chilling smile, you can see a little bit of the gore of the battle that will unfold next.

"You guys, you're okay with that, right?”

"Ahhhh. We have won this battle, and we will end the scourge in the future.”

"Good. Then, hopefully, there will be an enjoyable fight—”

With those words, Velgrynd opened her hands to the sky.

What followed was the "eight-door solid formation.” Eight gates appeared in the air, lined up in the middle of each side.

Before narrowing it down to a door through which only one person could pass, Velgrynd began the instructions.

"This flagship has been isolated by the otherworld I have created. If you want to leave, you have to destroy the door completely.”

The imperial forces on the field, minus Rudra, had a total of eight people. That is, it will evolve into the form of one man guarding one door.

"What if the whole crew only went through one door?

"You're a bit of a funny guy, you can try, but only the one who kills the guardian once in the gate is eligible to step into the next gate."

If what was said was true, only one person would be eligible for the challenge after all of them had swarmed into one door, and the choice was too risky to leave without breaking all the doors now, no different from gambling.

"I see. We'll have to wait for the last one, too?”

“Eloquently put. To challenge the door that I guard, it is only right to do so.”

At Benimaru's accusation, Velgrynd cast a smile.

 It was because she was confident that she would not be defeated even then, that she had prompted the conditions in the first place.

"It is only because of the conditions that have been set that this otherworld can be sustained with low consumption. As a result, you will not be able to disengage without breaking down all the doors, and you will not be able to strike at Rudra. Or would you prefer to start a direct melee here?”

It doesn't matter which way it goes, Velgrynd proclaimed so.

The "Eight Gate Solid Formation" was not good for the defenders, as long as they knew the information of the guardians inside the gate, they could formulate countermeasures to challenge it. If the two sides go straight into full force to start the melee, it could ripple into Rudra, and wanting to avoid that is what Velgrynd really means.

More importantly, Velgrynd wanted to imprison Rimuru's men in the Otherworld, so even if she had to swallow some disadvantages, she still set the battlefield in the Otherworld.

"All right. I'll take it.”

Benimaru answered without confusion.

 As long as I don't get knocked down, this otherworld will not be destroyed. In other words, our victory is unassailable.

Velgrynd had the confidence to win even against the full strength of the opponent, which is why she opted for the most secure strategy of the "Eight-Men Stand-Off".

Benimaru also took note of Velgrynd's intentions. However, even if one chooses to refuse here, it's still inevitable that one will have to fight Velgrynd, and all things considered, one decides to go with the one with the better chance of winning.

Once a consensus was reached, the showdown was set.

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 Before Benimaru's eyes, one by one, they disappeared into the door.

Next the last remaining Velgrynd, and Rudra also walked through the door after hugging each other.

At this point, the door slowly began to move, enveloping and circling Benimaru around them.

There's no way of knowing who's in there, there’s no such thing as a dumbass who'd miss it—

"It's despicable, so it's unclear who's guarding the door.”

Someone else spoke up like that, and it was Shion.

“…it's okay, I remember.”

''You idiot, you didn't even look at it properly, right?’’—Benimaru swallowed the sentence back, feeling that he was slightly able to understand Diablo's hardship.

"Hmph, what a delightful afterthought. If you can win, then the honor of fighting me will be given to you."

 Rudra, who was protected due to the laws of the otherworld, said this leisurely in his chair.

Rudra had no doubt that Velgrynd would win, and it was entirely clear from his attitude that he was simply using this fight as entertainment.

"It's hard to say? If we start a war, who will be able to figure out what will become of it, we must teach you well, there are some things we cannot back down from.”

Benimaru blurted out the lofty words.

Next, a sweep of the faces of his companions.

This is to consider clearly who should act as an opponent for whom.

However, some can't wait for Benimaru's judgment.

This person is Shion.

"I've endured and endured. That's enough.”

"Wait a minute, hello?”

"Lord Rimuru said to kill all the enemies. Don't worry, just clean them up!"

 Do you really have a problem with this guy? Even if I can't hold you back, I can't allow her to act without permission. Although Benimaru thought so, before he had a chance to stop Shion, she burrowed through the door as if she was about to kick it down.

“…let it go and leave it at that. I don't know if it was intentional or coincidental, but it's like she chose the right opponent.”

The actions of the Shion are easily linked to the best results. Even though there were problems this time, the door that matched Benimaru's idea was chosen.

That leaves seven doors left.

One of these is Velgrynd, where one must go in last.

It's time to think about who is the right answer against whom…

"May I have a word?”

The person who uttered the words was Veyron.

“What?"

Ultima whooshed and exuded a creepy scent, so asked.

"As a matter of fact, I had a battle with the figure of Malcolm that could not be won or lost. If it were me now, I'd be guaranteed victory.”

Fighting against a beaten opponent couldn't be more normal.

 Just win and you're out, so handing it to him isn't bad. After so judging, Benimaru gave permission.

"Good. I'll leave you to it."

“Um…okay. Since that's what Mr. Benimaru said, we have no objection.

Ultima's anger subsided, and Veyron’s opponent was settled.

Putting this series of conversations in perspective, the next person to open his mouth was Agera.

"In that case, I have a request.”

"Is it Agera, what's the request?”

"In fact, although I don't think it's a big deal yet, I have an opponent that I can't tell the difference between winning and losing. If I may, I'd like to use him as a rival.”

"Who's that?”

"A man named Kondo. He seems to be from the same school as the old master, and even if you consider him as a swordsman, you can't underestimate him.”

“Really?"

Agera was so karmic, Benimaru thought so.

Agera's genre makes one care a bit, and Hakurou has a hang-up on Agera. Even with that heart of wish fulfillment, there are still problems.

"Are you confident of winning?”

That's right, if Agera is going to lose then there's no use talking about it.

According to Benimaru, Lt. Kondo was a tricky man, after all, a figure that Rimuru had been guarded against could be grim for Agera.

“Well…”

Agera wanted to stop talking.

In his opinion, it was an opponent who, as a swordsman, would have no regrets even if he lost the battle. It was, however, an act against Rimuru's intentions.

Even Agera herself could understand how capricious the demands she made were.

A helping hand was extended to Agera.

"All right, Agera. It's rare for you to be as capricious as this. I'll help you out.”

This person is none other than Carrera.

She, being the lord of Agera, said so with a dignified attitude.

So Benimaru nodded.

 For Carrera, Benimaru would have stopped asking if she could win.

"Kondo, even I can't say if I can win. I won't tell you not to lose, but you mustn't die.”

Upon hearing this, Carrera laughed aloud.

"That's natural. And, by the way. How about a dry test for Agera. By the way, I think it's better to experiment with the weakest opponent.”

"Aye! Ms. Shion has already left, but it's pointless if you can't fight continuously after winning.”

"Exactly. If that was indeed the case, it would have to be for someone with the qualifications to challenge Lord Velgrynd. That being said, Lord Velgrynd is a character with a lot of self-respect, and I don't think she would lie.”

This possibility Benimaru certainly took it into account. It had been the intention to wait until Shion returned before trying, and since Agera and the others wanted to try it, there was no reason to stop them.

"What's the plan?’

"Agera as the starter and Esprit as a supporting counterpart. It's enough to figure out if killing the enemy in the door is really enough to take on the next challenge.”

"Bring Zonda along with you. He's good at replying, so he can't use a strong man as an opponent.”

Zonda definitely didn't count as an underdog, but it was still a fact that having a Saint-level figure as an opponent was still grim. So Ultima judged that there was no problem even if he couldn't continue the challenge.

Not to mention, since it was not possible to travel to the dangerous battlefield, it would not be sufficient to treat those who came out of the door here. Because of this situation, no objections were raised.

"In that case, Agera, Esprit, Zonda, you three, take this door down.”

The door that Benimaru gave instructions was the one that one of the Four Horsemen had entered.

The giant man, who carried a gun on his back, referred to Benimaru as a maggot in a very condescending tone.

As much as Benimaru wanted to burn him to charcoal with his own hands, he nevertheless ceded him to Agera and the others.

“I’ll take your orders.”

"Leave it to me, please!”

"I promise you, I will return victorious.”

The three then ran through the gate to battle.

And just like that, the two-door onslaught began.

The rest of the men didn't panic, waiting for orders on who Benimaru would attack where next.

 "Decide on your opponent before they return from Agera.”

The door, guarded by Velgrynd, was put in the back first.

Kondo's opponent is Carrera and Malcolm's opponent is Veyron, and that's decided.

There were two others left, Damrada and one of the Four Horsemen.

"In my opinion, the man who looks like the leader of the Four Horsemen is the strongest, so let me be his opponent.”

"No objection. I had the same feeling.”

"In that case, the guy named Damrada's opponent is us. How about this?”

"My opponent has already made up his mind, so I'm okay with that.”

With Damrada and the remaining Four Horsemen, there wasn't much of a difference in strength between them, so Benimaru was okay with that.”

"Souei, is that okay?”

"Yes. The rest is the Four Horsemen with double swords, I think they're pretty good with me, no problem.”

"Then, it's decided.”

After saying that, Benimaru fell into a temporary silence.

Then, with a look of difficulty, he continued.

“…even though it's all come to this, it's really troubling.”

"What's wrong?”

To Souei's question, Benimaru scratched his cheek and answered.

"I don't know what my opponent's name is because I don't have a registration number. Who guards which door is remembered and it shouldn't be a problem.”

"Indeed, a blind spot. It's all right, never mind. It's going to be a showdown anyway, and it would be good enough to know the name of the man who killed them.”

After listening to the conversation between Benimaru and Souei, everyone nodded with understanding.

The name is important to the monsters, but the opponent is just an enemy, so there is no need to care so much, or so the monsters think.

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 Agera, Esperanza, and Zonda walked through the gates in a triumvirate of fighting spirit.

In front of us was a place built like a coliseum, where a man was standing in a tight line.

 "Unpleasant, just sending a bunch of soldiers. Since I'm the opponent, I'd say of course.”

After erecting the gun on his back with his right hand, the man let out a vile laugh.

"Before you die, tell you my name. I am sequence five, a member of the Four Horsemen who protect the Imperial Emperor, Lord Garcia! You demons, taste carefully the glory of fighting this master, and then disappear in this world!”

After shouting, Garcia danced the legendary-grade gun that was infinitely close to the mythic level in his hand.

The power of this gun was so great that even spiritual beings would fall to dust just by touching it.

However, the Agera crowd had a refreshing look on their faces.

"Your name doesn't interest me.”

"What an idiot. How dare he call Benimaru a maggot.”

"If I didn't know better, I'd be so ashamed I'd faint for three days.”

Don't talk about being scared, and even go as far as to say long and short things as you like.

Garcia was enraged.

"It's just a bunch of soldiers. You’re good at pissing people off. That I don't know what I'm talking about? Then I'll show you what I'm really made of!”

After shouting, he freed the suppressed force.

Once he became a saint level, the amount of mana was enough to rival an awakened demon lord.

Although Agera and the rest have evolved, the gap is also several times.

Entwined with a dense fighting aura all over his body, Garcia took a step forward. Just that alone, the marble floor paved inside the arena had cracked open.

"Be aware, and regret what you've done to me.”

Whether it angered him or not, the action Garcia would take was the same. Everyone sensed it, but none of them spoke up.

Agera put his hands on the knife hanging from his waist and adopted the tactic of carefully observing the attitude of his opponent. If you are hit by a shot, you will inevitably be seriously injured, so you will have to concentrate on defensive measures.

Esprit, on the other hand, was using Agera as a shield, preparing for successive attacks with magic.

The more Garcia focuses on Agera, the more Esprit will be able to prepare large spells. As long as it's safe to fight, it's good to have a comfortable, restful look.

Zonda, on the other hand, has been carrying the support through to the end, not only being good at reparative magic, but also assisting Agera in various key positions.

 ‘I wanted to team up with Zonda more than I did with Esprit’—Agera was thinking about it.

Garcia, on the other hand, was starting to laugh at the demons' tactics.

With such a tactic, it was impossible for Garcia to get hurt.

So Garcia uttered many words of contempt for the enemy in succession with an attitude that felt like he had won.

"Ha! Cowardice. This kind of talk about a demon sounds very powerful, but really, it cannot be an enemy of us. As the strongest knights of all, we have subdued demons like yourselves several times! To us, it's nothing more than the same existence as ants!”

He slammed his gun into the ground while talking big, and thanks to him the marble floor was smashed out in a big pit. Of course, neither Agera nor Esprit carried out the evasion unharmed.

Agera would never impulse even if he were fooled. The battle is just a warm-up scene, and you can't forget that the best is yet to come.

Esprit was more thorough, responding to the attack with caution and hiding behind Agera, determined not to take damage. Esprit has a unique skill, the ability to observe. In fact, by using this skill, you can get in touch with each other even if you are separated by time or space.

While there are restrictions on having to be an acquaintance, the only creature that needs to use this power is Carrera, so there is no problem for Esprit. Rather, if by chance she learned of this power, it was obvious that she would be taken forcibly to spy.

For Esprit, who hates her job, only this is something that absolutely must be avoided. For this reason, Esprit simply circulated information to Carrera as usual while providing appropriate support.

Incidentally, after finishing a certain amount of support, Zonda fled to a safe area to take refuge. He knew very well that he wasn't a combat type character, and as a responder he had to be careful not to get hurt.

That's how it felt, so Garcia thought that Agera's party was just running around.

It should be in fear of one's own power, there's nothing left to do.

"Ha! So that's it? You can't beat me if you just run around with your head up your ass.

Garcia cracked his mouth while swinging his gun in succession.

While his speech was both brash and garbled, there was no doubt that he was the real deal.

The spiritual power that fills the tall body of even the "saints" is considered to be a class apart.

As a matter of course, he also had the ultimate 'power of attorney' granted by Emperor Rudra.

This power is known as the 'crusade for supremacy' and can transform the will to defeat the enemy into its own power.

This power was also mounted on his Gun, and thus transformed into an evil-busting holy gun that could purify all evil—evil spirits or spiritual beings like demons.

 Not to mention Garcia's flesh, which is constantly reinforced in the course of his constant tirades against the enemy. What protected his body was a legendary-grade armor, so he didn't have to worry at all about the repercussions of his power.

Garcia had a deep understanding of his own power.

To provoke the enemy in this way is in no way due to his carelessness.

As Garcia himself had said, the demon noble was a legendary level super demon that could rival a demon lord. They are threats of the highest order and are by no means opponents who can be underestimated.

Moreover, Agera had a disinterested look at Garcia's provocation.

Contempt for human existence was plentiful among the demon race, and if provoked they would immediately lash out. This creates a breach and thus a simple knockout, which is Garcia's rule of thumb.

This time, however, the move didn't work.

Because it was a little tricky, Garcia instead grew anxious.

"Calm down, human, the wording is too crude. As far as I'm concerned, I don't consider all humans to be inferior, but there are classes of souls. Remember, no matter what you do, you can't cover it up.”

Garcia, who was going to pretend to have a rude attitude, was outraged when he was judged to be nasty by his very nature. Instead of realizing it was Agera's provocation, the disrupted pace revealed his nature.

Agera still didn't let his knife out of his sheath, just continued to parry Garcia's attacks with minimal movement, which further fueled Garcia's pride.

Esprit, who was observing from close quarters, marveled at the height of Agera's strength.

 This guy, is obviously so good at close quarters combat, why bother being a demon. Isn't it stupid that magic doesn't work at all?

So and so, caring about the battle while thinking about something that feels both like a compliment and a disparagement.

Garcia was tempted by Agera to cry out.

"Shut up! Let me crush you all and offer your heads to the Emperor.”

"Well, that's a lot of haste to say. I'm a rather sedate type, but you're also too impatient. Still, not as good as Lord Carrera. I'm sorry to hear that you're so impatient and simple-minded.”

These words of Agera's no doubt also made their way through Esprit intact, into Carrera's ears.

Esprit's personality was bad, not telling Agera about this power of her own.

 This guy, he's gonna get yelled at afterwards, eh heh heh heh I'm already having fun like this with nothing to do with myself.

However, Garcia's next unconcerned statement caused his expression to gradually solidify.

 "I'm anxious? What idiots you are. Can't see the strength gap yet? Is the owner of you guys the maiden with the lavender hair? Or, was it the blond and arrogant one? That white-haired beauty is a celebrity, but in the end, she's just a frog in a well.”

Garcia said as he danced the gun around and followed up with an accurate stab at Agera. Then, smugly as if boasting of victory, the explosive speech continued.

"Tell the ignorant that there are real monsters in the world. When you are clear about the strength of Lord Velgrynd, Lord Marshal's true form, you should be able to understand the meaning of my words.

And Lt. Kondo is also a very intimidating character. Neither that group of ogre people, nor your group of masters, is a match for these few. After all, they're just a bunch of ants, and getting killed is what they deserve!”

It was only after hearing this that Esprit finally managed to stop passing the information to Carrera, as it took a bit of work to cut off the skill in a moment of anxiety.

However, it was too late.

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 "Hahaha, just now, I heard some interesting things through Esprit.

Carrera happily confided.

But contrary to the tone, an atmosphere of saber-rattling began to permeate.

"Huh, what's that?”

Ultima asked.

From this atmosphere, she had sensed seven or eight.

"The enemy in this door called you a brat.”

"Hm, hm, hm…”

Chop, chop, chop…and Ultima's forehead bulged with bruises.

Veyron panicked.

How nice it would have been if he'd rushed through the door himself if he'd known it was going to happen, he regretted it.

Sometimes ignorance is a blessing, and he had a deep understanding of it.

"Testa is said to be a frog at the bottom of the well."

"Thinking of me as a frog…?"

Testarossa was speechless.

Her beauty was praised from time to time, but there was never a memory of her being tainted. Being described as a frog is a first-time experience, so the unspeakable anger is raw.

 "By the way, he called us ants.”

Because of the surprise, Benimaru's eyebrows picked upwards.

“What a joke, it was maggots before, but now it's ants?”

He mumbled to himself in a not-so-funny tone.

At first glance it seemed calm, but Benimaru was already thinking that he should take care of things like this himself.

The only one who is truly calm is Souei.

"Even in the otherworld created by Lord Velgrynd, the ability to maintain communication is an interesting one.”

One side clasped its arms in silence, and one side was already fixated on Esprit's skills.

It was here that the exposure of her skill was shown to Souei, and so Esprit later received numerous commissions from Souei afterwards—but that’s another story.

Carrera continued with her report.

"They said we couldn't beat Lord Velgrynd and that guy named Kondo, but they made a fool of us and killed us.”

The reason for the calm narrative is that she has worked hard and hard at dealing with her feelings alone. Carrera loves to incite people and hates being incited by people.

"You don't know if you win or lose until you try it yourself.”

Testarossa said these words with an expressionless face.

In fact, it was true that she hadn't beaten Velgrynd, but Testarossa wasn't hard of heart to speak so.

Those bright red eyes are like words of praise.

"Then again, Carrera. Although I didn't get it, why refer to me as a cricket? That guy, he's super, super awesome?”

"Ahahaha, how can that be? And even if it were true, I would never forgive him.”

To Ultima's questioning Carrera smiled and gave a negative.

But there was no smile in her eyes at all.

Instead, there is a dangerous sheen, which is now as if it is about to explode.

"No need to be merciful to that guy.”

"It's nature, you're a human being, you can't say that.”

Ultima was enraged.

 For her part, Carrera was in agreement while holding back the desire to mess around.

"What a pity. I would have made him understand from beginning to end how much he was worth. Tell Agera not to be lenient, and we'll talk about the pardon later.”

"For sure. We must take our share of the blame for the insult.”

There was no one on the scene who could stop their conversation.

Ultima was naive and cruel.

Testarossa's sneer could send terror through the minds of those who saw it.

And Carrera is optimistic about spreading destruction and nothingness.

There is not the slightest hint of compassion.

Never giving comfort to the enemy.

For them, giving a simple death is mercy, and dying without pain is forgiveness.

Despite all the killing, it made a difference in their eyes.

Veyron listened to the conversation of the group of lords and cursed the man who was Agera and the others’ enemy.

His superiors, the "demon primordials,” are a presence that must not be angered.

But the guy was talking as if he had a hard-on.

Veyron held his head tightly in his mind.

 Stupid human, ahhhh. The cost of this folly, hopefully, will be borne by you…

He had to pray so.

The horror of Ultima is clear to Veyron. And on top of that, Carrera and Testarossa, with whom she is hostile, have horrors that cannot be exhausted without pen and ink.

The direction in which the angry spearhead is pointing may even change the fate of the world.

 At the very least, please rule out this foolish man quickly; the anger of several adults must be appeased.

Please, Agera! I can only rely on you!!!

As a great demon, Veyron could only lament his inability to do anything here, while pinning his hopes on Agera, who was a level lower.

What the demons were thinking had nothing to do with Benimaru, who continued to give orders anyway.

"Carrera, can word from our side reach the inside?”

"Well, I haven't tried, so I guess I could…”

 "In that case, send a message to them that they can't keep saying unpleasant things.”

Carrera nodded.

Thinking that it would have been better to do so earlier, she intervened forcibly in Esprit's call letter path.

"Esprit, can you hear me?”

"Hey, Carrera-sama?”

"You owe me one for this statement. More than this…"

Carrera giggled out of the corner of her eye.

Then came the resentful order.

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