"Cut that man to pieces, and beat him to death, and so convey it to Agera.”

Carrera's voice resounded in Esprit's mind.

"That's what Benimaru-sama is asking too, get it straight and don't fail!”

 It's over, my abilities are exposed in front of the subordinates—Esprit sighed. By the way, the communication was still in a state of forced intervention by Carrera, and there was nothing to be done about that, she had given up, and the boss's unreasonableness was not something that had just started today.

‘It's not a matter of course,’ Esprit said to Agera thinking so.

"Hey, hey Agera. Lord Carrera and the others are pretty angry, aren't they? If we don't get rid of him now, we're in for a bad time.”

"Why would Lord Carrera know about this side? Though there are questions about that—you just give up. I should be more aware than this, and since we masters have been insulted, we must pay the appropriate retribution.”

"Che, you guys, you're pretty pissed off, too.”

Noting that the normally steady Agera was also indignant, Esprit sighed.

There is no stopping it now, so let's say it's a good opportunity.

If Agera shows his true talent and observes it well, it is the right answer.

However, Garcia, who ignored the atmosphere of the scene, cried out.

"You guys, weak as shit, give up and die! Don't worry, your masters will be cleaned up sooner or later, and you'll certainly be able to serve them like this under the Nine Springs!”

This passage from Garcia, naturally, was also passed on to Carrera through Esprit.

 This time, however, Carrera is not the only one who learns about it, and it seems that the whole team is sharing it through 'Thought Communication'.

"This bastard is full of shit.”

"What the hell is Agera doing? Didn't you tell him to kill the bastard? Are you underestimating me?”

"Hey, hey, don't embarrass me.”

"It's a lucky thing that Shion isn't here. If that guy was here, our plans would be in ruins.”

"That's true. Hey, if it doesn't work, I'll do it for you. Hurry up.”

It's all said and done.

Indeed, if Shion were still around, it would surely ignore Agera's demands. But even then, Esprit wouldn't be forgiving, it would just hurt the dignity of being a demon.

That said, people's opinions of themselves are declining.

 Uh-huh, that's too bad!

These words are what Esprit really meant.

Although Garcia's rude words and actions looked like a handyman, his strength was real and unexpectedly a tricky opponent.

However, it has come to this, and it has to come to fruition.

Without taking down Garcia soon, the subordinates' anger would undoubtedly ripple through to several of them.

Agera still shows no signs of striking out, just concentrating on avoiding it.

Agera won't lose as long as they don't suffer a fatal injury, but there's no point in not winning.

Then it becomes necessary for Esprit to use magic to figure things out, but that's in less realistic terms.

After various previous attempts, it had been determined that Garcia had a high level of patience for magic.

"What's wrong? What's wrong? Only to run away!”

Garcia is very aggressive.

Even so, Agera still doesn't look like he's going to fight back.

"Hey, Agera! It's really not good. If we don't hurry, Lord Carrera will be so angry!”

Even the demons that followed them were afraid of war under the domineering authority of the master who had become serious. If the anger was directed at themselves, what else could it be but terror?

The normally elusive Esprit was now really anxious too, but Agera remained silent.

 Incidentally, Zonda stayed quite far away and began to prepare tea, as if intending to entertain the subordinates when he went out, which in Esprit's opinion was simply nonsense.

"Hey, Zonda! What are you guys doing when I'm not looking?”

"Just take a look and you'll see. Master Agera is not injured. He's really free.”

"Don't be ridiculous, asshole! Why am I the only one who has to be pressured by your lordships!?”

Esprit shouted against it.

Zonda replied with a smile on his face.

"Well, who cares?”

‘Slaughter this guy’—Esprit gritted her teeth in remorse.

Zonda was only a Viscount, yet he was not at all afraid of the Earl-level Esprit.

 Well, after all, he's serving Lord Ultima, and I'm afraid he couldn't have handled it without this nerve.

Thinking about it, Esprit didn't think any further.

Since the Zonda faction isn't going to be of any use, we'll just have to let Agera cheer properly.

Agera was no doubt very angry, he must have had a reason for not attacking, and if it was in search of an opportunity then one can only hope for that.

At this point, however, Agera said something very unpleasant.

"I'll tell you one thing, Esprit, that I understand.”

"What is it?”

"It seems that the power of old age alone is not enough to defeat this man.”

“Huh?"

You can't be serious, Esprit thought so.

The fact that she couldn't win—how could she say such a thing to her boss? Even though she usually joked about it, there was nothing she could do if she really got angry.

What's more, she was now watching the battle.

Before the anger of the superiors burns, one must ask what Agera's true intentions are.

"What's going on?”

"It's nothing, it's just a simple thing. This man wrapped aura around his entire body, and not only his attacking power, but also his defensive power was greatly increased. So I have learned one thing, no matter how many times I hit him with my sword, I can't cut him.”

 Combining the effect of the 'Crusade to Overlord', one of the powers of the 'Power of Substitute', with the defensive power of the legendary armor, Garcia's defense had reached a level comparable to that of the mythical level, and Agera, who had seen through this, realized that his sword could not do effective damage.

“…Is that why my magic didn't work, too?”

"Exactly. It's no big deal what he's doing, but it's nothing if he can't get hurt.”

To Agera's pertinent opinion, too, Esprit could only frown and nod in agreement. If they couldn't win, they would have to report to Carrera truthfully, but then the few of them would be disgraced…

Even without being enlightened by Agera, Esprit understood the fact that he was not very skilled in practical combat by observing Garcia.

Originally, Esprit's abilities were not as powerful as the dreaded power, but if they were the Dragon Race, they could break the dreaded power by simply attacking. That's because, as spiritual beings, they possess the most powerful power of will.

As for the Esprit line, although they were demon nobles and advanced spiritual beings, their strength of will was still not comparable to ultimate skills.

Without a solution to this reality, even if skill prevails, there is no way to win.

"Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha! I guess you’ve finally understood the difference in strength, so you’re giving up."

Garcia laughed aloud.

While the fact that the gun didn't hit was infuriating, even so it didn't matter that he was so considered.

It was Garcia's job, after all, to slow the enemy down here.

By the time the enemy was exhausted, victory was within reach. Even if it didn't wait until then, the companions guarding the other gates would rush to support them after they had cleaned up the enemy.

That's why Garcia was able to enjoy the fight without panicking.

Looking at Garcia like this, Esprit smacked her lips.

Next, inquire of Agera in a serious tone.

"You're still going to challenge that Kondo guy even though you know about it, right? Isn't it because there are strategies that can win?”

Hearing this, Agera smiled up.

"Naturally, there is. Your assistance is indispensable in the secret scheme of the ages.”

Having said that, Esprit has not turned down that option.

“…you tell me…"

In fact, including prompting Esprit to utter such an answer was Agera's ploy.

 The spirited Esprit actually has a cheerful side, too, and Agera would never have said yes if it had been normal to ask her.

The demoness loves Spring and loves to see the expressions of her companions crying in trouble, and Agera, who knows this well, chooses to drive Spring into desperate straits.

 That being said, if you offend Lord Carrera, I may have to be purged as well.

Agera rejoiced at having won the big bet.

Pass on that secret plan before Esprit changes her mood.

"Turning the power of will into a blade to crush the enemy is the only way.”

I'm afraid Agera is not coming to Garcia anyway. The man who had intended to aim for the gap in the armor was blocked by aura which covered his entire body.

Sublimation to mythical defenses is not illusory and can completely protect the owner.

Agera was able to overtake Garcia easily if only by the looks of his hands, but Agera still couldn't deliver an effective attack on Garcia.

That being the case, Agera would have to rise to that level as well.

Listen to the sound of the sword and become one with it. If you understand this essence and reach the top of your game…

Concentrating his whole body, Agera gripped his innate sword and listened to the sound of it. So, he came to a conclusion.

"Huh. It seems our will alone cannot penetrate that man's armor.”

"Esprit, trust this old man. Your talent is not as good as that of Carrera-sama, but you have the skills of an expert. Although you don't like swords, the base is very good, which is why I believe enough to entrust it to you.”

"Huh? What are you talking about…?”

"Put your hand on my back and I'll leave it to you.”

Unable to understand Agera's meaning, Esprit was momentarily overwhelmed, but Esprit chose to trust Agera anyway.

Agera stood straight.

Esprit obeyed Agera's instructions and put her hand on Agera's back.

Garcia called out in a magnificent voice as if mocking the demons.

"Have you finally given up?" Well, I'll let you off now. Your owner, Rimuru the Demon Lord, should almost be killed by Lord Velgrynd, too. As an inferior demonic creature of the last resort, I should be satisfied to be able to lead your master to the Yellow Springs Road.”

“Huh?”

 This statement is in no way permissible.

"How dare you despise our ruler, Lord Rimuru?”

"And you say it's almost time to be killed?”

The words, conveyed through Esprit, made the subordinates’ auras change. Only, Agera and Esprit had pushed the limits of endurance first.

"All right, you guys. I can hold back and give praise when I'm insulted, but if I continue to be rational now, stop being evil! I'll kill that guy right now!”

There was no need to wait for Carrera's order; the two had meant it.

"Esprit, try to master my power!”

"I don't know what's going on, but leave it to me, I'm going to cut that bastard to pieces!”

The two attacked in anger.

Agera pulls consciousness to its limits to communicate with the sword, thus awakening a power.

<<Let me answer your wish. Sharpening the heart, sharpening the body.>> He seemed to hear such a beautiful sound, but does not yet know it’s truth. Only, that power did belong to Agera.

"I am a blade, the immortal blade that destroys the enemy!”

As Agera shouted, a gold-colored knife appeared in Esprit's hand.

It gave the 'blade change’—the power that Agera had acquired. The effect, plain and simple, is that Agera's body transforms into a blade and attaches the skills he has mastered to the holder of the blade.

But if the owner is already strong, the effect will be immeasurable.

Esprit drew her knife in a natural, fluid motion.

The blade drawn from its golden sheath glowed with a platinum glow, the eight petals scattered by the residual image as it exited.

The name of this move is Yahwa Shining, the highest mystic of the "Mizushin Life Stream.”

"Are you dead, you piece of shit?”

"Huh? Huh?”

Garcia didn't see it, nor could he understand it.

 Just now, what happened?

The prey, which was only defensively strong, suddenly flashed and disappeared.

 Garcia saw Agera suddenly turn into a knife, but had no time to think why, as he had been decapitated before this.

Garcia is very confident in his defense.

Because in the face of an ultimate skill, all attacks would be nullified.

In order to crack this ability, one must have an ultimate skill like Garcia. And the demons in the current battle didn't make him feel that kind of power, so he was relieved to take the time to push them into a corner.

But the reality of the situation changed in an instant.

Garcia's armor was split as if it were a thin sheet of paper, and his flesh was chopped to pieces.

In a flash, he was killed without time to think.

—No, there's still time left for thinking.

Esprit has a physical "soul" in her hand, which has the appearance of a small carnelian.

"Well, this guy's red. It suits him.”

"He just doesn't know what's going on.”

Esprit let out a mutter, and Agera, who had turned back into her human form, stared at it with disgust in a spiteful tone.

"Bastard, where in the sky is there a martial artist who can remain silent when his master is insulted?

Alas, it was my task to admonish you, but I didn't expect you to become emotional because of the words of such a small person…”

Esprit's rare appeasement lifted Agera.

"Forget it, this is an insult to Lord Rimuru, I can't help it. Even Lord Carrera allowed it. You don't mind.”

"Well, let's just say that's the way it is.”

In so responding, Agera vowed in her heart to be more refined.

Esprit looked slightly enviously at the look-alike Agera.

Just now, indeed—Agera has acquired new abilities.

He thought back.

I am the one who practiced for the sake of understanding the ultimate meaning of the sword.

Although not all the memories were restored, the sword's extreme will, which was once the ultimate pursuit, was once again boarded into Agera's heart.

No, it should be said that Agera completely recreates the sword skills of the time.

 Everything contained in this supreme sword technique of exorcism, the "Mizushin Life Stream.”

Agera, who was once human, believed his soul boarded in the sword.

Maybe that's why?

The former memories were awakened by the transformation of itself into a blade.

That's when Agera understood, for the first time, why she was in a samurai costume.

For in the distant past, before this world was reincarnated as a demon, he was a samurai.

 Araki Byakuya, used to be the name of this old man. Well, now that a dead human has suddenly appeared, it only confuses everyone…

Hakurou’s figure flashed through his mind.

His disciples were well trained and inherited this new school called “Mizuru."

Agera felt that the word heart destiny did not fit with magic, and changed the name, and the memory came to mind.

 Kukuku, getting "named" by Lord Rimuru, isn't that even the heart's fate understood? That being the case, there's no chance for me to appear.

In this world, he became a family with the great ogre tribe and had a daughter, and when the daughter grew up, she gave birth to a child named Hakurou.

And in this day and age, there are many people whom Hakurou cultivated and grew up.

The most important of these existences is the lord of Agera, Rimuru, and the credit for teaching Rimuru belongs, of course, to Hakurou.

A skill painstakingly researched has been inherited—a matter that makes Agera sincerely happy, except that it would be uninteresting to come out now and steal the limelight.

Agera thought of this and switched his thoughts for a moment.

He lost interest in the garbage that had just been killed.

He turned around and headed to where the lord he now served, Carrera, is.

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 The three demons that emerged from inside the door were greeted warmly by the subordinates.

"Well done, I've got a light on my face, too!”

Carrera slapped Agera on the back.

Agera became as if she was going to die as a result, and that counted for something cute about her.

"Gentlemen, I have prepared some simple meals.”

 Zonda roundly and thoughtfully prepared the table and chairs, made the black tea and put sandwiches on it.

This was supposed to be Zonda's job, but the timing was still well received.

The introspection session followed, and Esprit handed the carnelian first to Carrera.

"This is the "soul" of that rude man, and his heart nucleus is sealed in it, and there is still self-awareness!”

"Well done, Esprit! This will allow punishment to the guy who insulted Lord Rimuru.”

"Uh-huh. So, Carrera, can we do this?”

Carrera tossed the carnelian to Ultima, who had interjected.

"If it's okay with Benimaru-san, it's okay with me."

After saying that, he waited for Benimaru's decision.

"As you wish."

There's no need to ask.

Benimaru was not interested in tossing the dead man, in fact, there was nothing he could do about the Spirit, but leave it to the demons.

Originally, tossing the opponent who had already won was a violation of his principles, but this time Garcia's statement was intolerable, and Benimaru was really in no mood to stop it. And just like that, the red jade fell into the hands of Ultima.

"Well, let's do it! ‘Curse and destroy sin!’”

This is the fierce poison refined by Ultima.

It wasn't something of a physical nature, it was something horrible that even spirit bodies could destroy and astral phantoms could infest.

The "spirit" solidified, the red jade couldn't stand it, and Garcia cried out in pain.

"Stop it, stop it…!”

However, Ultima just smiled happily.

"Well, well, well, well!”

"By the way, what is that effect?”

Testarossa asked.

Not that she wasn't aware of it, but for Garcia to hear.

 "This, ah, will continue to give pain until the power that wraps around the Soul is gone. This guy has a lot of energy and probably can enjoy it for a long time, huh? It'll be a thousand years or so, and then it'll be a pure white and beautiful soul.”

Ultima replied cheerfully.

Garcia could only choke breathlessly.

Exactly where did he choose wrong, to the point where he was starting to regret it?

"Yeah, that's a very good thing. This person has also been given the opportunity to redeem himself and will surely thank us."

Testarossa said with a smile.

‘How can that be?’' thought Benimaru, but this time he wouldn't help out and acquiesced.

Under Zonda's service, everyone took a short break.

Esprit couldn't help but wonder if there was any time for that now, but spoke up for a spot.

"Honestly, I didn't know what to do when Agera said she couldn't win.”

It was precisely because the atmosphere was now mild that she wanted to vent.

Though she had anticipated Agera's ploy, being used perfectly like this kept the matter in her mind.

"I didn’t think it was impossible to win.”

Agera said back. In fact, he wasn't sure that he could succeed in the battle, but if he did now, it would be a shame if he failed to change his blade.

"But, but, but, at least discuss it beforehand! It's okay to win, but if you lose, you can't be held responsible.”

Always hiding in the safety circle, Esprit had really spelled it out for a long time this time, which made her anger towards Agera even greater.

Ultima smiled and nodded in response.

"Yeah, well, if you lose, it's not allowed. It should be said, we won't allow it. I don't think you'll be angry even if you lose, but you can't die in battle.”

"Exactly. That's what I thought, that's why it was monitored through Esprit.”

It looked like Carrera was the laissez-faire type, but if they were about to lose, she was going to be the first to rush in.

From that point of view, what would follow would be the official start of the subordinates’ offensive, a move that might be considered too much for some, but still necessary just in case.

Speaking of which, Esprit wondered if she felt uneasy and muttered in a small voice.

"So, is Shion-sama all right? Our battles are over, but she's not out yet…”

 Esprit had thought it should be okay, but suddenly became worried.

Benimaru replied with a bland face.

"No problem. She might forget her purpose, but she doesn't feel like fighting hard."

Souei agreed.

"You're forgetting me. If repeating the same attack doesn't work, you should think of something else to attack.”

The tone sounded as if it had been seen on the spot, and Esprit was a little taken aback.

That's when Testarossa interjected.

"Isn't that right? I'll stay outside to prepare for any unexpected situation that may arise.”

Hearing that, both Carrera and Ultima spurted out tea.

“Huh?"

"Wait, wait, wait, Testarossa. So, what does that mean? Even if Esprit doesn't pass on the information, you'll still have a handle on what's going on inside?”

"Of course.”

Testarossa finished and smiled deeply at the duo.

At this point, Carrera called out as if she suddenly sensed something.

"Are you also watching Lord Rimuru's battle?”

“Ah!"

At the thought of that possibility, Ultima jumped too.

"That's cunning, Testarossa!”

"Really, this is bad! So is Diablo. Why are we all just enjoying ourselves? Shouldn't we be invited to watch it together at this time?”

Carrera and Ultima were indignant, but Testarossa had a refreshing face.

Benimaru and Souei were the same, and as people who were tasked with intelligence gathering, they both felt that this was a battle that should never be missed.

By the way, Shion was completely unaware of this and was the first to rush through the door.

If they had let Shion see Rimuru's fight, she would certainly not have moved until it was over, and it was because he knew that that Benimaru had kept it a secret from Shion.

In short, it was now necessary to placate the disgruntled demoness trio.

 Benimaru helplessly began to illustrate.

"As mentioned above, it is very convenient that Moss is in charge of surveillance, and has entered every door in order to see what is going on everywhere.”

‘It worked without a hitch,’ Benimaru concluded.

That is, Moss is also still gathering intelligence right now.

In order to keep the enemy inside unnoticed, Benimaru ordered nothing to be done and resolutely not to move.

"That's right. I've tried, but I can't touch the other doors, so I think I've defeated the enemy for Agera.”

"Of course, I can't get in there either.”

Zonda, who had done nothing, didn't mention it first, and even Esprit didn't have the right to continue the challenge.

While it's not clear how Velgrynd made her judgement, in short, those who went in to challenge, as long as they didn't directly defeat the enemy, had no way to enter the other doors.

"As expected."

"Yeah. Looks like it was the right thing to do in the first place.”

Benimaru, Souei, and Testarossa nodded at each other in greeting.

"So, if one of us is in a bitter fight, Testarossa goes to support?”

"Yes, it is. Actually, I don't think that's going to happen, and I have other things on my mind, but I'll be there if anything happens.”

"No need—as much as I'd like to say it, it's Lord Rimuru's order after all. You have to make sure you win. Don't be so brave.”

Carrera said undauntedly, and the Benimaru nodded their heads in agreement.

The next moment, Benimaru turned a pale face and admonished Carrera.

"Carrera, your opponent must not be careless.”

"That's natural, but why do you say that?"

"Only this guy Kondo sensed Moss, and one shot took him out.”

“Hey...that not so funny.”

Carrera smiled fearlessly, seemingly more intrigued than she was by fear of her opponent's might.

"I don't think you need to worry about it, but if something happens, call for help through Esprit.”

Testarossa said so, and Carrera held up one hand in response.

 Her attitude made it clear that it wasn't needed, a rather Carrera-esque move that brought a smile to Testarossa's face.

So, the subordinates continued to start attacking the various doors.

Inside one of the doors, Shion was already fighting, so there were still six doors left.

The five remaining doors were opened in unison, except for the one guarded by Velgrynd.

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 Shion is fighting alone.

There was peace outside the door, but now Shion was confronting the enemy fiercely.

The opponent is Minaza, sixth in "single digits,” one of the four knights, and a female knight.

With a violent gasp, Shion stared indignantly at Minaza.

"I can't believe you pushed me to this point. I'll give you a compliment.”

She gathered her strength and shouted loudly.

This Minaza, too, cannot be said to be unharmed.

The uniform was torn and the skin was exposed, but it was colorless.

And rightfully so.

Because Minaza has long since stopped mimicry and gone back to her original form so she can use it to the fullest.

"Shut up! I am the one who praises you—that pointless effort! It is the children who can beat me who deserve the praise, and I shall have to repay that hatred!”

At Minaza's feet were scattered countless corpses of worm-type demonic beasts, all of which had been slaughtered by Shion.

Yes, the higher being of the Worm-type Demon (Insectars)—a Worm-type Demon, that was the true face of Minaza.

"Huh! This level of assorted fish is nothing to me. We have a training ground that produces more powerful individuals in large numbers, so we're used to it.”

"What did you say?”

"Hmph, that's a shame. Don't look at me like that, I'm also an experienced woman. That is, fighting worm-type demons, it's not my first time!"

Although Shion had accumulated some fatigue, she still had quite a bit of strength left, and she said so in a condescending tone.

Then, as if remembering something, continued to ramble on.

 She also said it was in full form, I think.

Hearing this, Minaza's face changed.

"Razul? Are you trying to say that it's you, the one who defeated the Western Patron Saint!?”

Shion grunted and nodded.

"It's not a fight, but it was my fight. It was a tough one."

Hearing this, Minaza muttered, "Really?

Then dropping her head, she let out a laugh.

"Yeah, you got that guy done! That guy betrayed us. We are an invading race from the otherworld, and thanks to His Majesty Rudra accepting us, we have a good place to settle down. And yet, without showing us any respect, he continued to be a hopeless fool.”

Even though Minaza was giving instructions, Shion still didn't understand anything.

She just showed a look of ‘what is this guy talking about?’ and looked at Minaza.

Only, there was something that Shion cared about, so she took the opportunity to ask.

“I’ll ask you one thing, have you sent any of your compatriots around the world besides Razul?”

Shion cared about Zegion and Apito, who were companions.

If they were acquaintances, it might not be good to kill Minaza. With that in mind, just in case, she’d ask first.

"There are many races in the otherworld. Various invading races will attempt to invade the world through the occasionally opened "gates of the underworld", such as us, the Worm-type Demon (Insectar) races, the Phantom Beast race, the Demon race, etc. Unlike the demon race, we are semi-spiritual beings, and in this world, it only takes time to become figurative.”

Even if Minaza didn't answer, Shion didn't care, but Minaza politely responded anyway.

The "gates of the underworld", in Minaza's words, are the "gates of hell" in Diablo's words, but Shion didn't expect so much.

According to Minaza, there are three major races in the Underworld vying for supremacy. And there is a parallel world where the demon race seems to be in hell.

The Underworld is a world of extreme poverty and nothing to feed it, which is why they are staring at it with a tiger's eye.

In the distant past, they had sent their compatriots here many times with the intention of expanding their territory, and worm-like magical beasts like the Legion Bees were also one of the invading races.

"There are, however, some disobedient races that are a little troubled by this.”

The representative of this crowd is the Razul that Shion defeated.

 This showed that Minaza wasn't ironclad within their race, but Shion was thinking of something else at the moment.

Apito and Zegion were adopted by Rimuru while running from someone.

 It can be concluded without question that it's the enemy!

Although there wasn't much evidence, but Shion still judged it that way, she just trusted her intuition, and at a time like this, Shion's intuition wasn't missing, she was kinda smug.

This time, Shion's intuition was also accurate.

Not by accident.

Shion had once come back from the dead, and thus forged a deep connection with Rimuru—the skill of Ciel. Thus Ciel's arithmetic ability had an effect on Shion, who had correctly found the truth through fragmented intelligence.

"That means you're the enemy, right?”

"Hahahaha, what are you saying now? Thanks to you buying time with me, I managed to bring my lovely children back to life again!!!”

Minaza shouted, her lower body beginning to swell. Hidden unseen beneath the skirt of the military uniform, in fact Minaza's lower body was open with several mouths, from which the ominous egg was born.

"Ha ha ha ha ha! Look at you holding on strong, long since exhausted from fighting my children. You think you can still beat that amount—Waah!”

The smug Minaza suddenly stopped talking.

That's for sure.

With just one sweep of the blade, many of the Worm-type Demons were swept away and fell.

"No, that's not possible!? My children…with the support of His Majesty Rudra, should have shed their bodies to become warriors with overwhelmingly powerful power…”

The power of Minaza is similar to that of Apito's 'queen worship'.

Its unique skill called "Gluttony Rebirth" can regenerate children countless times by devouring their bodies. Moreover, the time required for the reincarnation is greatly reduced by the strengthening of the 'power of substitution' that Rudra lent him.

The many insect-type demons that were born were indeed strong enemies to the Shion, and Minaza was proud of it. One by one, their strength was comparable to that of the upper level demons, and they were even interspersed with fierce fighters that could rival the demon lord race.

However, however.

Shion had fought a hard battle before, but they had all been defeated.

That being the case, there will be no second time.

 In fact, by using the essence of the unique skill of the "Chef", "Optimal Action", the worm-type demons were defeated in an instant.

Minaza was greatly shocked.

Even if Minaza doesn't do it herself, just driving the kids can wear down the opponent. It was a tactic she was most content to excel at, and encountering an oversized presence like Shion had thrown her into turmoil.

But she was still queen after all.

No longer repeating the mistake, stood up with a face full of anger.

"Unforgivable. My children, lend your strength to the mother of the Queen in her position!”

"Funny, I accept your challenge!”

Minaza took the power of the children into his own hands and went into battle form. And Shion was happy to meet it with the "True Gorikimaru".

And so, the long battle began.

The one-in-one offensive and defensive play continues.

Minaza's attack had caused damage to Shion, but the damage was instantly healed by the unleashing of

' Overdrive Regeneration''.

And Shion's attack couldn't hurt Minaza's exoskeleton. The exoskeleton, which absorbed the legendary-grade defense and was guarded by an extreme, had reached a level where even the mythical-grade could not inflict damage.

Minaza's agility overrode Shion, but Shion was superior in strength. Defense is better with Minaza, and recovery is better with Shion.

"Damn it, this again. The worm type is so hard it's a pain in the ass.”

As long as it could cause even the slightest damage to Minaza's exoskeleton, there was always a way for Shion to use the 'Chef' next.

Minaza also desperately resisted never let Shion do it, she did not despise Shion, but Shion was much stronger than expected, honestly now she held a sense of crisis in her heart.

 I can't believe I can fight with this form of mine back and forth…

The amount of magic is as it appears, but that alone will not get you into a bitter fight. The tricky thing about Shion was that her seemingly disorganized swordsmanship was actually of a fairly high standard.

Although she wasn't quite as good as the Benimaru, she had been approved by Master Hakurou.

That is to say, with the sword skill of Shion already out of the school, coupled with Shion's stiffness, that furious action was like a nightmare to Minaza.

However, these were not actually what the Shion intended.

 She was tempted to beat Minaza quickly and advance to the next level, but Minaza was stronger than she thought.

 True to the name, the most superior warrior in the Empire, as Lord Rimuru said, is an opponent who cannot be careless I didn't think of that until now.

Shion doesn't generally think too deeply about breakthroughs until it gets to this point.

It's a temporary thing to do, but it's always good to be aware of the use of your mind at this point.

That being said, you don't get inspired just by using a little bit of your mind. Though uninspired, Shion has Ciel's help.

<<You have the power, and it took a while to pick the most suitable race out of all possibilities, and now it's decided. What's right for you>> Hearing this, Shion remembered.

As Rimuru awarded the prize, Shion seemed to be asked a lot of questions, but she didn't think deeply about it. Remember at the time the answer was all to you and nothing has changed since then.

The other companions evolved, and Shion didn't care.

Benimaru has evolved from a demon to an "Inferno Oni" and is said to have acquired the power of a demigod.

By contrast, Shion was still mortal now.

Still, she didn't care, because it was strong enough.

However, that alone cannot defeat Minaza.

Inevitably, Shion would seek power as a result, and in response to her expectations, the "Soul Corridor"

was connected.

<<I think "The Tyrant" is good. As a higher holy spirit, it is unparalleled in its material power. Next is the validation of competency…>> 'Over to you’—Shion dryly threw it all over, focusing her attention on Minaza.

Although Shion's attitude was cold, somehow she felt that voice had an air of delight. It may have been Shion's illusion, but reality did change.

"What, what, you bastard! The strong demonic aura that erupted…Are you still trying to say that you've been merciful so far—?"

The spirit overrides the flesh.

Thus, responding to the heartfelt request of the Shion promoted the awakening of the race. The possibility of evolution is managed through the hands of the Ciel, and the choice made is the most appropriate one.

 Shion evolves to the rare and powerful overlord of the Divine Monster Spirit, the "Fighting Spirit Oni".

The flesh achieves 'infinite regeneration', and as long as there is mana, it is eternal and indestructible.

The attacks emitted by its flesh can cause not only physical damage but also damage to the spiritual side.

Being a spiritual being with no weakness attribute, while having superiority over all attributes.

Shion evolved into what can be called a spiritual lifeform's heavenly enemy-like existence.

This evolution, reshaped Shion's flesh.

In order to be more specialized in combat, an optimized body was formed.

Shion basically comprehended this on instinct.

As if stretching out under a clear blue sky, the mood was soothing.

The “New Gorikimaru", a sword held in Shion’s hands, was erected.

"Did I keep you waiting? However, the time for fighting you is over.”

In a polite tone, Shion hitched a conversation with Minaza.

"Don't underestimate people! Just as you hide your strength, I will also show my true form!”

As the saying goes, Minaza's form became more alien, even cutting life spans and becoming more aggressive to confront Shion.

Then the battle began—

"Die in pain, O you who want to take our place in peace! Come out, Emergents! I will feed myself and instinctively turn my enemies…"

"The world is alive and kicking!”

—The winner is decided in a flash.

Minaza, intent on a final attack of the Evil Forbidden, was shattered by Shion's sword before she could show her full form.

In front of the beaten pieces of flesh, Shion declared.

"Not only is it annoying, but it's full of crap.”

“…What…what the hell is going on…?”

Among the shredded meat was a Minaza head that was more than half missing.

The inescapable death had closed in on Minaza, but she was shaken by her inability to accept reality.

Shion looked down coldly at Minaza and asked.

 "Do you need to make a mistake?”

For Minaza, Shion was really the worst opponent.

Before evolving into a "spirit fighter", it was only due to the presence or absence of an ultimate skill that the fighters were able to compete. From this point on, it's enough to say that Minaza won't have a chance of winning.

After the evolution of Shion, her power of will had already reached the realm of an ultimate skill. The Otachi sword used by her has also evolved to the mythical level, which should be called “Great Gorikimaru".

The situation would be different if Minaza's strength wasn't borrowed, with the current Shion as an opponent she still couldn't do it.

"Goo, ha…no, it can't be…too, too strong. But, however, my children, will you, you…”

The eyes were out of sight, but Minaza said so anyway.

However, her hopes had been shattered, and the heaven and earth of Shion had come alive, decapitating everything that was alive.

"If only it were that way.”

The words of Shion contain compassion.

“…you are too gentle. If you’re that naive…there is no way to defeat the Worm King—”

Minaza's mana was thus exhausted.

The end of life determined the victory of the Shion.

"...Worm King?”

Minaza leaves this word with a very important meaning.

However, Shion did not care at all.

"Whatever, it's none of my business!”

Just like that, the boundaries were crisply drawn and did not remain in Shion's memory.

Minaza, the invader from the otherworld, died tragically with her children.

The queen who had been granted refuge by Emperor Rudra and wanted to build a paradise for the Worm Demon Clan disappeared from the world on the eve of her ambition being achieved.

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 Among the seven Demon Nobles, Veyron was the second strongest ranking, with the rank of Duke, and had lasted undefeated for over four thousand years.

 Even so, Malcolm, who could not imitate the figure of a martial artist in front of him, could only feel the humiliation of lying on the ground.

Malcolm's unique skill, the "disguiser", mimics Kondo's stance and can correctly operate the "proxy rights". Turning Kondo's body into his own, there was not the slightest bit of waste.

Veyron is strong, but it's still Malcolm who's better. It is precisely because of Veyron’s high skill that he is able to do more than just bend the knee.

As a demon, his combat abilities were simply invincible. It was a horrible reality, but Veyron was undaunted. Not only that, but the heart is enjoying the situation as it is.

That's for sure.

Since boasting about being able to win in front of Master Ultima and the subordinates was a must for victory to be achieved.

"O demon, is the name Veyron? Your fight is commendable, but no matter how many times you try again it is futile. I've seen through you. I'm good enough for you now.”

"Maybe so. I didn't show any real talent, but my assessment is correct.”

“What?"

Malcolm tried to persuade him to surrender, showing a surprised look when he saw Veyron’s reaction.

In Malcolm's opinion, the gap of strength between himself and Veyron was like heaven and earth, and Kondo's strength was overwhelming, only now it was Malcolm's own.

It was for this reason that Veyron's statement made him angry.

As a demon noble, Veyron had less than a quarter the amount of mana, which had previously seemed a bit tricky because it wasn't one-on-one, but now it was just Veyron alone, and since there was no one in the way, it was overwhelmingly beneficial to Malcolm.

Despite this, Veyron stood up and snorted.

"You can't win with imitation, because I'm good at imitation too.”

"Huh? What do you mean?”

"A fake is not as good as the real one. Do you understand that's the truth?"

"What are you trying to say?”

Malcolm was anxious.

Veyron smiled darkly in his heart and said, it would have been better if he hadn't had a question and answer session and just killed him.

"I'll tell you what. What I think is my best work, it’s—”

Veyron shouted unleashing his newly acquired powers.

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Veyron is Ultima's butler.

He served around the clock, taking care of all matters pertaining to Ultima, and anything his master requested must be taken care of.

The specialized field of cooking was given to Zonda, but everything else was under the jurisdiction of Veyron.

What Veyron has created in this environment is the unique skill 'Imitation Master', a convenient power that can change into anyone.

By unleashing this ‘imitator,' Veyron would be able to incarnate into the figure he had seen.

It was indeed an ability similar to Malcolm's ''Disguiser'', but with much higher precision than

' Disguiser''.

However, Malcolm was strengthened by the power of Emperor Rudra. Considering that aspect, Veyron should have no chance of winning, the matter goes without saying.

The character that Veyron is trying to emulate is more powerful than the Kondo that Malcolm is emulating.

It was only that Malcolm was able to reproduce very little of Kondo's strength, and was unable to reproduce creatures that were too powerful, as would be expected from Veyron who had the same ability.

So what Veyron chose was a supernatural being that even his master was enthralled by, and he wanted to imitate Demon Lord Rimuru and turn one end of his power into his own.

At this point, however, Veyron heard voices.

<<It is impossible to give permission in this matter; in exchange, I’ll give you strength.>> It's a plausible thing with the "voice of the world".

Veyron was at first at a loss for words, but became grateful while understanding the implications.

 I, even such as I am, am guarded by that love!

Like a prayer to God, Veyron offered thoughts of thanksgiving.

And so it was that Veyron found that his skills had evolved.

Even mimicry, as long as it moves the person, becomes art, and as is the case with proving the phrase, power does move the person in power.

The voice gifted the 'True Fake Writer'—it was because of this skill that Veyron was sure to win over Malcolm.

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Appearing in front of Malcolm was the young martial artist with a sharp eye.

“…who? No, it doesn't matter who it is. I've never seen a stronger swordsman than Kondo, and it's your freedom to imitate whoever you are, and even then you still have no chance of winning.”

The young martial artist that Veyron imitated looked very similar to Agera. But that was par for the course, because that was what Araki Byakuya looked like when he was young.

This result is exactly the height of imitation that Veyron has achieved.

Veyron thought to himself.

The real fakes are writers who are able to copy the works of the artist at his peak.

It was in response to Ultima's request that Veyron exhausted all areas of artistic study, and it was for this reason that he came up with the idea.

Even if the character is not actually encountered, the ability to reproduce his peak performance by relying on the "real and fake writer" is really a power of foul play.

Even further, Veyron liberated himself.

His master, Ultima, had achieved evolution with the power given by Rimuru, and under the influence of his bounty, Veyron's power had also been enhanced, and Veyron's current amount of mana could even match that of an awakened demon lord.

"What? What!? It's like you're a different person than you were!”

Malcolm was startled.

Ignoring Malcolm's mood, Veyron solidified a sword in his hand, an ability unique to demons ''Material Creation''.

Although in the end it is only a fake copy of Agera's "Blade Change", this is already something that has the effect of giving the "real fake writer" an extra special gift, and is infinitely closer to the performance of the real thing.

Veyron glanced at Malcolm and spoke.

"Yes, Kondo is a man to be reckoned with, but…"

“…just, what are you trying to say?”

"Lord Carrera has gone off to fight, and I think his fate will soon come to an end.

"Ha ha ha, what a stupid thing to say!”

Malcolm scoffed.

 Malcolm could not have imagined Kondo's defeat at all.

The two glared at each other.

Since the two sides' claims are incompatible, it's only a matter of strength after that.

Both sides began to move at the same time.

"Plum blossoms…"

"True Fake Transcends Wonderful Technique - Yatsujirakura - Yahashimoto…"

At this moment, the fake becomes the real thing.

The eight sword flashes released by Veyron bounced off five sword paths, the remaining three sword flashes sliced off Malcolm's arms, and the last flash of the blade came to rest just above Malcolm's neck.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah…"

Because of the sharp pain brought on by both arms, Malcolm lifted the change.

Even if he wanted to stop the bleeding, there was nothing he could do about it, having already lost both arms.

"I'm not gonna kill you."

"Geh, you want to take me hostage?"

"No, how can that be?”

Veyron also lifted the change, snickering slyly.

"I'm Miss Ultima's housekeeper. I'll do anything to make her happy.”

It wasn't a reply that could be counted as an answer, and it gave Malcolm a feeling of boundless terror.

"What do you want to do to me?”

Malcolm couldn't resist asking, a reaction that no doubt indicated that he had fallen completely into Veyron's strategy.

Veyron replied.

"Missy is a very cruel person, and loves nothing more than the feelings that the adversary fills with out of pain, and usually does not kill the opponent directly, but lets his body decay little by little. I was in the position of advising you, but that's all!”

‘Don't want to hear it’—Malcolm thought to himself.

But Veyron is relentless.

"I like it best, my son, to see a strong man begging for mercy in a miserable and pathetic way, and to feel a joy unmatched by anything else!”

 So, Malcolm is the most brilliant toy of all, and Veyron's words declare it.

"Stop, stop. I surrender, or I swear I will not resist in the future, so…"

Malcolm had begun to beg, and no one could blame him for such behavior, and he, who had been at a loss as to what the defeat would be, became vulnerable when he fell into a defensive position.

Malcolm was indeed powerful, but his spirit had not been sufficiently exercised, only given borrowed ultimate strength and not by his own pursuit of the limits. The demon among demons, Veyron, is very good at inspiring fear in his enemies.

"Woo-hoo, sorry! Don't worry about it, I'll say no.”

“Why?"

"Because, the Empire's policy is the same, right? I agree with your way of thinking.”

“Hey…"

"Isn't it wonderful that as soon as a war is waged, you never approve of the surrender of the other side!

The weak, from the beginning, should be fully obeyed and wait to lose before coming to the bargaining table, it's too humiliating to do. It's a very resonant way of thinking.”

“That—that is…"

"Am I right? What you have been doing all along, how can you say no when it's your turn, so—"

Veyron sneered obscenely, a crooked expression that made his ears look like they were about to crack, precisely because he was usually a gentlemanly butler, and now this smile looked even more obnoxious, tearing at the other's heart like a sharp claw.

"Take responsibility, boy. Then, provide pleasure for Miss Ultima.”

Veyron showed his true nature.

Very much in keeping with the identity of the First Dependents of Ultima, both cruel and sadistic, unrelenting, this is Veyron.

"Help, help…help me, Lieutenant Kondo!”

Malcolm’s cries for help couldn't get through to Kondo.

"Oooh, well, that's a comforting cry, but it's likely to cause trouble for everyone else, so I'll have to quiet you down first.”

With that said, Veyron rambunctiously plucked out Malcolm's tongue.

"Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!"

Malcolm's dissonant voice echoed in this otherworldly separation from the present world.

As for the fate of Malcolm afterwards—

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Souei was in a good mood right now.

He secretly watched Rimuru's battle, and now Rimuru had secured a big victory.

I'm lucky to be able to watch a battle like this.

Rimuru, with both Veldora and Velgrynd as opponents, looks to still be at an advantage, and also completes the evolution by devouring Veldora.

On top of that, not minding the onslaught that those clones were completely unable to counter, they managed to overwhelm Velgrynd.

It's impossible to tell from the outside just how strong Rimuru has become, and even if you go through the "Soul Corridor,” Souei realizes it is still completely imperceptible.

There should be more to the curiosity in this regard than just the desire of Souei alone.

At least, Diablo had taken little action until the end, and was now undoubtedly staying by Rimuru's side.

The bastard was always sneaking away—in spite of the thought in his heart, Diablo made a claim that was again understandable and impossible to complain about publicly.

To put it mildly, there's Testarossa.

Although she blandly declared to stay, considering the implications, Souei felt mixed emotions.

Because of understanding her thoughts, Souei didn't object.

Sensing the unfavorable situation on his side, Velgrynd shifted to a guarded Rudra-dominated move from the middle of the battle with Rimuru, and the other seven gates had no guarantee they wouldn't be broken.

 It's unlikely that the cunning Testarossa didn't decipher the possibility without pointing it out, which would suggest that she thought she could do something on her own, though I don't think she could have won over Lord Velgrynd, but that's a remarkable amount of confidence.

Souei correctly read Testarossa's mind.

Testarossa guessed that she wanted to challenge Velgrynd again, she wanted to challenge an opponent that Souei couldn't beat, so Souei developed jealousy, a small thing Souei hoped the others would understand.

Souei thought.

Benimaru also understood Testarossa's thoughts and approved of her actions.

To ask why, it’s because Benimaru can't beat Velgrynd either.

Benimaru, who was good at Fire Inflammation, was basically useless when facing Velgrynd, who could be called the Fire Inflammation God, and the attack might not even be able to buy time, but it was Testarossa who was more suitable for this task.

 If Souei was to have Velgrynd as his opponent, he would not be able to survive for even a few seconds, and if he were to face Velgrynd, who was able to dominate space, all of Souei’s skills would be useless.

Knowing that, it wasn't really fun for Souei, and even if it wasn't, he had to endorse Testarossa.

Just like that, Souei, who was in a good mood because of Rimuru's victory and was discontented because of his own lack of strength, was really engaged in his work with a complicated mood.

Rimuru’s order to kill the enemy was absolute, and as for obeying that order, Souei would not be confused, originally Souei felt that it was only natural to eliminate the enemy.

 I must hurry up and get back to Lord Rimuru.

His loyalty to Rimuru became higher, and Souei obeyed his own high spirited heart and burrowed into the door.

He has captured the opponent's aura.

Without hesitation, Souei ran directly towards the enemy.

Regardless of which door it was, the interior was mimicked into a gladiatorial arena.

In the middle of that, the target object stood.

"Yoo-hoo, are you my match?”

The man there, smiling triumphantly, is Gardner in the fourth sequence of the "single digits.”

"It's rare that you're here, at least introduce yourself. My name is Gardner, and I assume the guardianship of His Majesty Rudra, which should be short-lived, so let me have a good time in the meantime.”

Gardner looked at Souei like a valuation, wondering in his mind how to torment his opponent, his hidden sadistic interest making him dumbfounded.

In contrast, Souei was speechless.

Ah no, slightly emptied of time, he sighed.

"Is it going to take all my precious time to take care of a guy like you?”

Souei spoke in displeasure, something Gardner could hear very well.

“…what did you say?”

"My name is Souei, and I will accept it if you surrender, but you don't mean it, do you?”

"Of course!”

Gardner was agitated by Souei's attitude and had fallen into Souei's trap before he could even begin to fight, before he himself was conscious.

 "Souei? I've heard that according to Kondo-san's research, you're doing something like imitating the Intelligence Bureau in the Land of Monsters, right? In other words, not actually good at direct combat!”

Of course, it wasn't because Kondo's investigation was lukewarm, but because Gardner had a certain level of knowledge of Souei’s strength, and on that basis had launched the provocation.

Originally, he thought he could win by not doing this kind of thing, but he still thought that if he could lose his cool because of it, he could still earn it.

Such a shallow tactic had lost its meaning when it was provoked by Souei.

"Imbecile, don't talk nonsense, let's get started.”

In just this short time, Souei had already seen Gardner's strength, and Gardner hadn't noticed it and was still recklessly slashing towards Souei.

Gardner's weapon was a green dragon blade held in both hands, a thicker, larger blade than a long blade, difficult to master but powerful, that smooth continuous attack was as wonderful as a dance.

Powerful and sharp, combined with Gardner's superior skills, only these attacks still didn't work against Souei.

With a grunt, Souei dived into the shadows, and Gardner's Green Dragon Blade slashed open, as the inertial body balance was a bit unstable.

Souei didn't let that go, and a shot from the shadow at Gardner's feet flew into the chest of its prey.

“Gah!?"

Spitting blood to the ground for Gardner.

Souei who emerged from the shadow after stabbing the fatal blow was holding a Walter P99 miniature pistol, a test piece that Rimuru had had Kaijin make, which Souei had surreptitiously scavenged and had practiced firing from shadow space, the result of which was a blow through Gardner's heart.

"Well, that's boring.”

No matter what kind of strongman, launching an attack in a moment of his carelessness could end his opponent with a single blow—Souei who insisted on this kind of claim still knew that in the face of some opponents, this move really wouldn't work.

But Gardner didn't seem to fall into that category, and the strategy worked when it was brilliant.

The gunshot just now added all the effects of Souei’s skills, including the unique skills of 'Super Acceleration' and 'One Hit Kill', plus poison, paralysis, and corrosion effects.

The projectile's initial velocity had reached dozens of times the speed of sound through ‘hyper-acceleration’, and it had also been given the power of a 'one-hit kill', which could be achieved even by destroying the spiritual body.

And with all kinds of anomalies attached, Gardner was bound to die, and even if it wasn't Souei, the others would surely make that judgment.

But…

 "Idiot, you're careless!”

Behind Souei who was walking towards the gate, the sound resounded, and before the sound could be heard, Souei’s had been chopped off, and now the Green Dragon Blade had drilled out from its chest.

"Well, that's a pain in the ass. It's okay to kill a trickster like that, but it's not fun enough to win in a flash.”

It was Gardner, who should have been dead, who said this.

The body still fell to the ground, but Gardner stood there with his hands and feet intact, and that was because of some special ability Gardner had been given.

The 'power of substitution’—'parallel existence’—is the power that Rudra lent to Gardner.

Unlike Velgrynd, who had a huge amount of mana, Gardner was only average as a "saint", and although he could rival an awakened demon lord, he could not separate several "other bodies" in a row.

He could only spare one, but that was enough.

No matter what kind of cunning opponent it was, as long as the one in front of them was a real body, it was impossible to see through the true and false, using this to lure the opponent into carelessness, allowing one of them to act as bait, and then the main body to make a strong attack, was what Gardner had done.

While a must-win was assured, it would have left Gardner unable to feel satisfied.

For, Gardner likes to torment opponents who beg for mercy, and fighting in a manner like this can result in the opponent being killed outright without a chance to beg for mercy.

"Hey, are you still alive? Hey, that's impossible."

Despite the grumbling, Gardner hadn't forgotten his mission to make sure he actually killed the intruder, so he had to check if Souei was actually dead.

At this time, an icy voice came from Gardner's ear.

Decapitated, the heart was pierced by Souei, and the body dissipated into a black fog and disappeared.

"Oh, no!”

Gardner let out a yelp, but it was too late.

If he hadn't lost my cool before, he might have realized that it was a "body split," but that's just an "if,"

and it's pointless to say anything afterwards.

Gardner's takedown attempt leads directly to the result.

"It's enough to be bait. The power is too much for you to waste.”

Souei's cold voice echoed.

Souei's accusation hit the spot and stung Gardner inside.

 In fact, Gardner had met Velgrynd once.

Upon becoming a "saint", he learned that the "marshal" was a beautiful woman, and he had the pleasure of challenging her, only to have Velgrynd, elegantly seated in her seat, look at his "other body" with amusement and beat him to death.

From then on, what he longed for most, what his heart longed for most, was the power of Velgrynd, the Green Dragon Blade that Gardner loved to use and that Velgrynd had given him.

Souei saw through it all.

Gardner was just dancing on the palm of Souei's hand from the beginning.

"Son of a…!"

Gardner shouted.

In such an absolute state of affairs, a shaking within arises.

If one had doubts about one's own abilities, if it was a probe power, then one would be affected to a certain extent, this kind of opportunity, it was impossible for Souei not to seize.

"Understood, then you die!”

After saying that, Souei unleashed his unique skill 'The Hidden One'.

That's when Gardner makes his final killer move.

"Uh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh! How about this, how about this? Either one is my own body, and though I will die, I will pull you along with me.”

The plurality of 'other bodies' attacked together, each one being its own body, and it was pointless to take down only one of them.

Gardner made the Parallel Existence's ultimate attack by burning life.

It was only something that could be done in a split second, so it was difficult for Souei, who was preparing to launch a fatal blow with the ''Hidden One,'' to evade.

The biggest weakness of Souei’s Split Body was the inability to unleash unique skills other than the main body, and even Souei, who could manipulate multiple Split Bodies at the same time, could not overcome this difficulty.

This is the difference between 'separate bodies' and 'other bodies'.

If you are close enough to the main body, you will think that you can activate the skill even if you have a split body, but this will create a time difference, and you will be broken if you are facing a stronger opponent than yourself.

“Geh!!!"

Souei thought carelessly.

 The moment of the last blow was the most dangerous moment, and it was common sense to stay awake and never be careless, but to understand this and still be in crisis was a disgrace to Souei.

 Forgive me, Lord Rimuru! I will live and the atonement will stay after—

Souei prepared himself for Gardner's final attack, and since death was not to be tolerated, it had to be survived.

But at this point…

<<Atone not, for I’ll give thee strength, O Souei.>>

Souei felt as if he had heard something incredible.

 This, this voice is—

It was understood in an instant.

As for the sound, absolutely no attempt should be made to track it down.

It was a dereliction of duty on the part of a person in charge of the intelligence department, but Souei made a judgment immediately.

<<So be it so, that the name of the power given to you may be…>> As if born with the power, Souei understood what this power was, and at the same time, in a million times longer consciousness, he realized that his 'clone body' had changed into an 'other body'.

This also means that Souei has also acquired 'parallel existence.’

"Ha ha ha ha ha! I'm going to die too, but this guy's finished too, he deserves it…"

"Is that the end of your last words?”

“How—how is that possible? There was no doubt that you were the one who…"

"That's right, but what's over here is my own body, so die if you understand.”

"Son of a…!"

This time, Gardner literally had nothing left.

‘A Thousand Hands.’

Souei stretched forward and became a thousand wrists that caught Gardner.

This was the effect of one of the powers of the “Shadow Moon King Tsukuyomi,” which was just given to Souei.

If you use this with "Parallel Existence,” you can use the shadow that creates the plural wrist to attack.

Gardner, his body restrained, cried out in pain.

"Go ahead, you people, you'll be killed by Lord Velgrynd and Lord Graneet anyway…"

 Words cannot be finished.

Souei ended Gardner's life with ‘One-Hit Kill.’

"Lord Velgrynd has been defeated by Lord Rimuru, and that Graneet, Benimaru who is better than me, has gone to him, I'm afraid, as I am—ah, it's no longer any of your business.”

Souei left these words, allowing Gardner to be swallowed up by the shadow and fade away.