The two were evenly matched in strength and were not yet able to see where victory or defeat was heading.

At first glance it might be so…

"Ahahaha, how pleasant! There's no way you can go on this long of a free practice against Zegion!”

From the heart of a pleasant Ultima.

In contrast, Damrada was full of bitterness.

"You're underestimating me by treating the match with me as an exercise…"

Despite saying so, Damrada actually noticed it inside.

If this continues, it will be himself who will lose.

Ultima is still growing and Damrada is in full swing.

There was no time at all to feel the thrill of any fight, just to think about how to take down Ultima and put all of his skills to use in the duel.

In the end, the "primordial" demon was a natural magical genius, and such an existence, which could even tamper with the physical laws of the world, would not be able to do its job as an opponent if the attack was imperfect. Therefore, Damrada applies a "surrogate power" effect to all attacks to inflict damage on Ultima.

It is because it took more than two thousand years of study to be able to use the powers freely as if they were breathing, to become so familiar with them that Damrada even forgot to borrow them from Rudra.

Plus, demons were shackled and now seemingly unshackled, but the demon's mana volume boundary value was still fixed.

As a result, Damrada, a "sage", has a higher total energy than Ultima, so he can fight Ultima evenly.

 The more I attack, the more I can expose, but even using a large skill may not be effective. Couldn’t…

win, huh?

Considering the fact that Ultima was able to learn a skill that Damrada had painstakingly learned with a single glance, she thought that it would be better to make quick work of it, but to do so would likely reveal a flaw that would be self-defeating.

Now, even though it was possible to counteract all of the multiple attacks of equal power released by Ultima at the same time……Ultima not only didn't feel chagrined by this but instead showed a very pleasant expression.

"That was awesome, like a demonstration!"

Being said that, instead, Damrada became chagrined.

Damrada was driven to desperation.

 It was as if she was absorbing water from the dry sand, and it was obvious that Ultima was growing.

 Hahaha, that's just a laugh.

He couldn’t help but laugh at himself.

The "primordial" was so horrible that Damrada never thought of it before.

To an outsider, one might think the two are evenly matched. However, this equilibrium will soon collapse, and as long as one side is growing, the scales will sooner or later tilt in favor of the other.

What a grim reality.

The time has come.

"Aha! We're getting there!"

Ultima's aura suddenly changed, reserving her remaining strength up until now in order to steal Damrada's skills.

No longer preserving strength, Ultima spread six pairs behind her—twelve wings, featherless as bat wings, smooth and voluptuous with a lavender glow.

"Here we go!”

“Goo!?"

After Ultima sent out the announcement, the twelve wings moved simultaneously, changing into a variety of shapes, aiming at Damrada to release the attack.

Thin as a blade, pointed as a steel needle, gathered into fist-like chunks, flexible and changing wings, from which it is already very difficult to escape, let alone confront it…

Damrada, who wanted to avoid the fist-like wings, was blown away the moment he made contact with the fist, and the strength contained therein was unprecedented, a powerful force that Damrada could not counteract.

What was even more frightening was that the strength of Ultima's power was still gradually increasing, and without the upper limit on the amount of mana now, the momentum of growth could not be seen to slow down in the slightest, as if talking about gaining power by simply expecting it.

“Ch-che-uhh!"

"Ahahahahaha! We love this look."

"Huh! Don't underestimate people, little girl. The power is amazing, but I just won't get hit."

Damrada held his breath even more, concentrating on dodging the attack.

The mouth says it's no big deal, but the heart is filled with a sense of crisis.

You can't win at this rate.

However, Ultima was untouched.

 'Then make a break for it’—Damrada is looking to strike.

One of the wings threading the legs of Damrada, it looked like Damrada didn't get the chance to avoid it, in fact it was a tactic by Damrada.

A race that prided itself on its great power was prone to pride, and even Ultima would have been careless if she had been certain that she would win - an action that Damrada had taken with that in mind.

"Ahahahahaha, don't you keep running around? Or are you tired of running?”

With a wicked grin on her face, Ultima slowed the attack and began to tease Damrada, the wings not attacking the vital parts, but instead attempting to strike through the limbs of her opponent.

 Yes, you guys are strong. That's why they despise us and fail at critical moments.

Damrada was sure his strategy had worked.

While making a wounded fall move, a full force shot was fired at Ultima.

"Sheng Bang!”

This is the sure-fire aura of Damrada.

This is a blow that is made by refining all the fighting energy of a saint using the "power of substitution".

If hit by this move, the creature, no matter how powerful, will be destroyed, and even the primordial Ultima will only end up in a physical collapse and disappear.

Damrada, who identified himself as victorious, did not feel the aftermath of victory. The thought of stabbing a fatal blow at Ultima somehow sent a sickening chill through him.

The collapse disappeared with only a piece of wing, the one that had changed into the shape of Ultima, and Damrada failed to see it.

By the time this was noticed, it was too late.

"Deathly Poisonous Punch!”

Damrada's chest was penetrated by Ultima.

Imitating Damrada's huge magic power concentrated in her hands, she attacked in a cross-hands pose and mastered this technique perfectly by unleashing the ultimate power, "King of Poisonous Death".

Moreover, the reason why the nails of all five fingers were dyed purple was because the power of the

'King of Poisonous Death', 'Death Poison', had broken through Damrada's defenses with a power far greater than the amount of lethal force.

This is the moment that tells the difference between winning and losing.

“Oooh!"

Damrada coughed up blood and collapsed.

 "Ahahahahahaha, what a shame! Just as we expected!"

A wicked snort of laughter resounded.

Damrada tries to get back to his feet again but fails miserably.

I can't even clench my fists, not even stand.

But even so, he still looked at Ultima with all his might and anger.

"Idiot, that's not a punch, it's a slam. Just seeing it once, can it be imitated…but, the prowess is, unmistakable…really, wonderful. To sum up, it would be more appropriate to name it ‘The Red Snake Death Poisoner’…”

Damrada meets the ground facing up to the sky.

Looking up at the sky, a bitter smile of slight regret was revealed.

This time it was a complete failure.

He was defeated by the Demon Lord Rimuru before he could challenge Guy.

Maybe some of the elite will survive, but not if they want to make a comeback.

Emperor Rudra had no more left to wait for the next opportunity, and until then, the present Rudra would have been—

"Your Majesty”—Damrada whispered, looking back on his life.

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"Damrada, can you listen to me?”

"What is it? If it's a boring complaint, still go and talk to Lord Velgrynd. Or, is it against Lord Velgrynd? If so, it should be kept from me, and I should speak directly to Lord Velgrynd herself, or else it would be a pain in the ass if even I was hated.”

"You're an indifferent guy—no, not that, it's serious business.”

“…please?"

He actually didn't want to ask.

Seeing Rudra's eyes, one already realized that it was going to be a serious topic.

If one hears these words, one cannot maintain the relationship as it is now.

Damrada didn't want it to be that way.

 "It seems that every reincarnation consumes my heart. No, in Guy’s words, it's probably the "soul" of something. But it doesn't matter, what does matter is that I might not become me.”

"The reincarnation of Rudra the Hero was not achieved by magic, but by a special ritual to inherit a power that was too great.”

The cost of gaining power over the ultimate spiritual beings, the Dragon Race, in mortal form, is managed by Rudra's own power, so Damrada cannot propose a solution…

"The soul is consumed. After that, His Majesty will become no longer His Majesty…”

"Ahhh, yes.”

"That's a funny joke. But I'm not going to take you seriously enough to use that rhetoric to reduce work.

"Che, you're still serious. You're really…”

"I think it's a strength."

"Haha, indeed. I said something boring, so forget it."

"Yes, let me do that.”

How can one forget?

Damrada just evaded it.

He wanted to maintain the relationship as it was, wanted to play for Rudra all the time.

And then, time passes.

"Ahhh, sure enough, I lose something very important after every reincarnation. What's lost I don't know myself, that's the question.”

"Your Majesty…”

"I say, Damrada.”

“Yes."

"This is an edict. If I'm going to be no more, you kill me yourself.”

"Lord Rudra!”

"There's no way to ask Velgrynd for something like this, is there?”

'I couldn't do it either’—those words, Damrada pressed down with all his might.

If this was the wish of his dear friend Rudra, he could not answer in the negative.

“Geheheheh. If that happens, I promise to take care of the aftermath for Rudra-sama, so please rest assured that you'll be able to complete your administrative tasks."

 "Well, you haven't changed. I'll leave you to it.”

That was, a pact made long ago.”

And then the time went on…

"I am tired, and there is a limit to restraining my ‘Justice King Michael' from going out of control.

Absolute "righteousness" is not much different from "evil" at the root of the matter. Justice that all can identify with does not exist in this world.”

"Your Majesty…”

"Damrada, you and I made a deal, remember?”

"Of course I remember.”

Hearing this reply, Rudra said "That's good" and smiled.

Changing expressions, solemnly issuing commands.

"Damrada, this is an edict. In order to be prepared in case you miss, go find someone who can break the

'King of Justice' and kill the rest as an alternate! It's hard for me to do such a thing…but you have to be ready for everything in my time."

Faced with this as if it were an order to obliterate Rudra himself, Damrada could only nod.

"Your orders, I understand.”

Hearing Damrada's reply, Rudra muttered, "I'm sorry.”

Rudra looked off into the distance as if talking to himself.

"In retrospect, this 'King of Justice' that my friend entrusted to me was probably too powerful for me.

Win or lose, the next matchup with Guy will probably be the last. I wants to fully master this skill…If there is a sign of going berserk, there is no need to worry and you must stop my actions.”

“I’ll do as I’m told.”

“Please."

After saying that, Rudra closed his eyes.

Thinking about the vows he had exchanged with the Star Dragon, Veldanava, he was filled with resentment that he had not kept his promise to the end.

A small whisper escaped Rudra's mouth, "If you can't make a deal, go to that world and make amends.”

Damrada pretended not to hear the words and quietly withdrew from the room.

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 Choking on the blood from his own mouth, Damrada's consciousness was pulled back to reality. In less than a few seconds, consciousness flew into the distance.

 —Your Majesty, yes or no…. I failed…to complete, by your edict…

In the consciousness that was about to dissipate, Damrada wanted to utter this remorse, but was no longer able to do so and spat out another mouthful of blood.

Regret.

However, there was a sense of relief.

The search for the one who can kill his beloved master—this edict is only painful for Damrada.

Long hours of agonizing over it.

Absolutely.

For Damrada, Emperor Rudra was always a shining hero as always.

 Will you…will you kill something like that…how could I possibly do that!? Why should I do it? Can't we just let someone else do it? If you no longer exist in this world, I have no attachment to this world. I'd like to go with you…

This is what Damrada wants from his heart.

Neither Guy nor Rudra's matchup seemed to matter to Damrada. What matters is what Rudra thinks, and the world that can reflect his thoughts.

Guy Crimson, though an arrogant demon king, is not an unreasonable tyrant. His domination is unshakeable, he will make his own proper rules and stubbornly follow them.

Guy and Rudra's ideals, while different, are not absolutely incompatible, and in Damrada's view, the two are perfectly capable of compromise.

Guy shouldn't be able to act on his own.

It was because of this certainty that Rudra issued an edict to Damrada, right?

Why cling to victory and defeat when it's clear that there is mutual recognition?

Damrada is really puzzled.

But again, there was no way to do something against Rudra's will, and as a result, he had to follow his orders and operate around the world.

After leaving the Emperor's banner for a long time, someone was found who could serve as an alternative.

This boy, Yuuki Kagurazaka, has a super-powerful physique called "Ability Blocking".

 This physique could even invalidate an ultimate skill, and Damrada was happy to think that he was able to fight against the 'King of Justice', but he still ended up losing badly, and Yuuki also fell into Rudra's hands, which was no longer useful.

The killer was lost, but that's when a question suddenly arose in Damrada's mind.

“…why, Your Majesty, should you dominate Yuuki?”

"Huh, what?”

To this whisper that contained no intention, Ultima asked rhetorically.

Without giving an explanation, Damrada continued to ponder.

It was undoubtedly Rudra who had ordered the search for the man who could kill him, and he should not have interfered with the matter.

No, it's not.

It's just that Damrada doesn't want to believe it yet.

The signs have been there since the beginning.

“—Indeed, it is so…His Majesty, Lord Rudra, has…”

Like Damrada, delirious from fever, muttered.

"What the hell are you talking about!?”

Feeling anxious, Ultima shouted out questions that didn't reach Damrada's ears.

Damrada was, for the moment, single-mindedly sinking into his own thoughts.

Perhaps it should be said that the dying flash of an apparition made Damrada's thinking very sharp.

Thus, the search for the truth.

Rudra is passionate about his ideals.

To dream of a united world and permanent peace.

No more strife and poverty, and humanity can focus on development.

If the unification of all mankind becomes peaceful, then all can live equally. Rudra, who believes in this, has set the goal of "building a united nation.”

Human beings are mutually intelligible creatures, capable of uniting their wills one day and working together to create a better world, Rudra believes this from the bottom of his heart.

He became a "hero" for the sake of the people, carrying great pain and hardship. To make life happy for more people, Rudra kept running for this desire.

Damrada loves Rudra like this.

But—

 Rudra's ideals came to an end when they were still at the dream stage.

Before the ideal is realized, Rudra himself has gone rogue.

 The ideals we were striving for turned out to be broken a long time ago…

Damrada identified with this and was overwhelmed with sadness in his heart.

"Are you crying?”

“…ahhhh…"

"For fear of death?

“…no, because of the agreement—"

“Agreement?"

“…ahhhh…"

Unable to avoid death, clinging to Damrada without letting go.

It was something that could not be helped, and he could put up with it, but the inability to keep the covenant with Rudra was unbearable for Damrada.

Rudra's consciousness had dissipated, and who was Rudra now, exactly?

There's only one answer to this kind of thing.

It was undoubtedly Veldanava, the Star Dragon, the friend of Rudra, who gave him the ultimate skill, the ultimate skill of the King of Justice.

Before Rudra's mental breakdown, Damrada still had edicts that had to be fulfilled.

But…he seems to be about to die without being able to achieve the mission.

Damrada, who wanted to berate himself for his incompetence, turned around and realized that the situation had not yet reached its worst moment.

No matter what, the 'King of Justice' has to be stopped from going berserk, and if Damrada fails, it will be necessary to find someone worthy of entrusting this task.

This is the edict of Rudra, the pact that Damrada should keep.

In addition to Yuuki, there was one other person who had a clue.

The dreaded demon lord, Rimuru.

He is both the greatest enemy and the place of hope.

"May I ask you to kill His Majesty…Lord Rudra…?”

"Huh? Why us?”

 "It doesn't have to be you.”

"No, no, no. Let's just leave it to us. We were going to kill that Rudra guy anyway, not that we couldn't accept your request.”

Ultima's character does as she pleases.

While not going to respond frankly, actually kinda like Damrada.

The battles lasted a short time, but for Ultima, who had an infinite lifespan, it was the quality of the battle that was valued more. To be able to experience such a fierce battle that coalesces in a short period of time, it feels like no matter what is said, it is allowed.

"—Then, there is one more thing…”

“What?"

“That…the boy named Masayuki…please protect him…”

Damrada was convinced.

It's just that…

"Yes, I can. But it come at a cost, right?”

Demons don't fight for nothing.

While this is not an absolute rule, there are all sorts of ways to circumvent it.

But this time, it was Ultima's capriciousness, wanting to see Damrada troubled, that made the question.

However, hearing Ultima's question, Damrada was relieved. He felt like he had been liberated, and then he replied calmly.

"The reward is, all of me. Everything about my soul…all the technology I have…I entrust it all to you…"

“Accepted."

Looking at Ultima, who gave a reluctant reply, Damrada smiled.

And then…

“—Your Majesty Rudra…now, I will go to your side…”

These are the last words that Damrada left behind.

Stopped breathing like he was asleep.

Former Chancellor of the Nasca Kingdom and a close friend of the unified Emperor Rudra Nam Ul Nasca.

The curtain has come down on the long career of "The Saint" Damrada.

 In the midst of the circular brawling arena of Iso-space, Ultima stood alone.

"Ah-ah, what a bore. The core of his heart disappeared and it was still intended for Lord Rimuru…”

As a somewhat lonely Ultima muttered, she wrapped the remains of Damrada gently in twelve wings.

According to the agreement, taking the whole of Damrada for her own possession.

That's it, the end.

The end of Damrada and Ultima's matchup.

—The job of the “fist saint" came to an end, and a new "demon of the fist" was born…”

Damrada gave one of the most vicious demons the most ferocious power in his final moments.

Would he be unbearably ashamed if he knew about it?

Or perhaps be happy with the inheritance of their skills?

Damrada is dead and there is no way to know about it.

Those who survive can only ponder this question in their hearts.

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 "Come, I'll be your opponent.”

In the middle of the round fight arena, Agera makes an announcement to Kondo.

Kondo frowned and without a word raised the hand that held the saber, not responding to Agera, and just looked at Carrera.

"Don't worry, I'm only here as a witness.”

"Ridiculous. How can you believe what you say?”

Kondo, who finally spoke, was quite sharp in his words. It's like saying, since it's the enemy, let the two go together.

However, Carrera made no move.

"True enough, I don't think two-on-one is a despicable act, and I'm not going to take it out on you. But this time, it was because of the wishes of Agera over there. Don't worry about me, just enjoy the fight."

Not only did she say so, but she also sat directly on the stone wall to show that it had nothing to do with her.

Kondo shrugged.

"What a farce. But I'll just take the spirit.”

Then came the drawn saber and confronted Agera.

 "Thank you very much. Then, just for goodness sake…"

A crisp voice rang out, interrupting his words. Agera covered his chest and collapsed on the field.

“You!"

Carrera momentarily drew a short distance and broke between Kondo and Agera, blocking the sword that Kondo was about to cut off Agera's head with.

"Hmph, can you catch up to this speed?”

Kondo, who held a large southern-style automatic pistol with smoke coming from the muzzle in his right hand and wielded a saber in his left, said so in the direction of Carrera.

"You knew I could make it, didn't you? If you were serious, Agera would have been wiped out by now, wouldn't she?”

Kondo didn't say anything about accepting the invitation to the Agera showdown, so it was a lapse on Agera's part to not confirm beforehand.

And she wasn't really going to make a killing blow, and Carrera, who had blocked her opponent's sword, knew it best.

A strongman like Kondo should not lose even a head-to-head fight with Agera. If it's just a sword fight, maybe a nice showdown at some point. But even so, the outcome of Kondo's victory probably won't falter.

Even so, the surprise attack was made because Carrera was on the sidelines.

It is pie in the sky to believe the words of the enemy, let alone the words of the devil, and it is the foolishness of those who really believe.

The exclusion of uncertain elements is the iron rule of combat.

"I don't know what you're talking about. I don't have time for this farce.”

Kondo turned to face Carrera, sneering at the uncharitable state of affairs.

"Well, if you think so, then I'll be your opponent.”

"With this sword?”

Carrera's sword had cracked from the blow just delivered, no doubt it would break from a few more blows, and Carrera couldn't have failed to notice it.

"No way, there are alternatives, only I have a better sword. Agera, you understand."

“…of course. It's a pity that I didn't get to fight with the last generation of my school, but I can't complain if I think that it's because I'm following your teachings. The discontent is only the contempt for my old master, which only deprives me of my fighting power.”

Saying so, Agera stood up.

 The wound in his chest had been closed, and the bullet Kondo fired was called an "annihilation bullet", which, according to the magical power of the load, caused an equal amount of energy to disappear. If it was a "spellbomb", it would be very difficult for Agera to stand up again.

As Carrera and Agera had noticed, it was clear that Kondo wasn't attacking with all his might.

But, because of this, Agera was able to keep fighting.

"￢Knife Change￢”

Agera became a knife, and the one holding the knife was undoubtedly Carrera.

Carrera's magic filled the void in Agera, and the lost energy came back again. The result was that the blade shone brightly and Agera's qi became full.

"That's stupid. It took a comrade living as a sword to let you off the hook…”

"My dependents love to fight. That's a lot of concern.”

"Is that so. There is no point in talking about it now. He has dared to impersonate the founder of the sect, and his crime is unforgivable.”

In Kondo's view, Carrera, who held the sword that Agera had changed into in her hands, was also guilty of the same thing.

Showing unabashedly clear hostility, Kondo struck a serious pose.

The battle began in less than half a quarter of an hour.

Carrera fell to her knees.

Incredibly, Kondo was powerful to the point of terror.

As the saying goes, Damn.

Even in Carrera's opinion, he was a monster beyond belief.

Carrera knew she was strong.

But at the same time, understood that there are people of all people.

In fact, one would have thought that even if one couldn't beat Diablo, one probably wouldn't lose to anyone else. However, it would be met with ease by Zegion.

This battle was also, facing Velgrynd didn't take much advantage.

So even though she was at Kondo's mercy now, Carrera wasn't shocked. Not only that, but euphoria even ran high.

Carrera rolls lightly on the ground to close the distance from Kondo. Stand up smoothly and adjust again to the posture of pointing the tip of the knife at the opponent's eyes.

"Very good! My swordsmanship is praised even by Agera, but it still seems inferior to yours.”

 "Shut up. I'm just trying to use my own power to beat my opponent, and I'm so angry that I'm saying that."

Kondo himself was creeped out by Carrera's fighting instincts, and since this wasn't the time to be able to have fun, he struck out with full force from the start. Not only swordsmanship, but also the power of the extreme ability 'King of Execution' is being used unstintingly.

However, it didn't quite beat Carrera.

That alone was already worthy of awe, and Kondo's heart couldn't help but warble over it.

It seems that this is not an opponent that can be solved easily, with mutual awareness of this.

As a result, the fighting intensified.

With brute force, Carrera struck at Kondo with her sword, impeding his movement. Kondo lightly opens Carrera's attack with a knife rack and snaps Carrera with a right handed shot.

The power placed in this round is to disarm the magic.

This bullet is called a "spell-breaker".

Kondo chose this bullet because of the anticipation of Carrera's next move.

No need to chant a mantra, the gravitational force field is instantly formed. Kondo points out that Carrera, who only knows how to use her power, is not only not reflecting, but also relying on her own power, trying to unleash magic that does not affect her and hinder Kondo's actions.

Seeing this, Kondo chose the "spell-breaker".

The extremely high generalization of this ability is the powerful secret of Kondo.

There are roughly four effects of the research pole ability "King of Execution", and Kondo will adapt them to the situation.

A "boundary breaker" can break the defensive boundary of an creature.

The Spellbreaker can remove magic effects.

The Spellbusters are capable of destroying the magical circuits of creatures.

The "annihilation bomb" is a high-density magic bomb that can expend energy by seeing through the nature of the creature.

The most powerful bullet that can do all of the above at the same time is the "Godspeed Bullet".

Before that, Carrera had been deliberately chanting spells for magical attacks.

It was all in preparation for this matchup, but all the magic was unspellable the moment it was unleashed, and Kondo's predictions were accurate, always making the right choices.

And, there are all sorts of bullets being shot through the cracks.

 Failure to see through its nature and react to it will leave Carrera with serious injuries. If there is any hesitation, it is estimated that the winner will be decided in an instant.

Kondo was really calm when he analyzed the battle situation.

Unhurried, bordering on mechanical.

See through the enemy's weaknesses and the flow of magic to make appropriate responses.

That's all.

It was faithfulness to a steady foundation that established Kondo's position as the strongest in the Imperial Army.

Significantly different from Carrera, who acts on her emotions, the two are somewhat oddly similar.

Kondo asked in a cordial tone as she shook her head.

"That's tricky. How did you know I was going to use magic?”

Kondo also replied to Carrera while regaining his breath.

"Well, that's easy. Because I think that's what I would do if I were you.”

"I see. It's really easy to understand.”

Once again, Carrera developed a fondness for this Kondo, along with a strong realization that she had never seen the same type of formidable enemy so far.

 You can't say that by observing the flow of magic when it's activated.

‘I'd do that, or something—if I were you, you'd be looking for a reason.’ Carrera thought unpleasantly, but couldn't help the pleasant expression that crossed her face.

Having an opponent that you can fight with all your might is enough to be enjoyable alone.

Rhein the primordial was a strong one identified by Guy and should have had a satisfying sparring session with her, but Carrera's provocation never succeeded.

This kind of regrettable incident made Carrera upset and angry…but with Kondo as an opponent, it felt like she could fight enough for her heart's content.

For Carrera, it's the process of going head-to-head that matters more than winning or losing.

"That's great. That's really great. It's Kondo, right? You're the best enemy!”

Kondo snorted back at Carrera's heartfelt praise.

Without words, state your opinion by the sword.

Sharp chopping blows stabbed at Carrera in succession.

Dancing the sword with only the left hand, but the path of the sword without any deviation, was even more beautiful than the martial arts that fascinated the people.

 Carrera faced Kondo's successive chopping blows, relying on Agera's skill and her own instincts to judge and dodge.

In a brief interlude of sword blades, Carrera discovered a little habit of Kondo's.

Knife in left hand, gun in right.

Although it was just Kondo's fighting form, the momentary sight of him firing would move along with his fingertips, as if he was watching the line of fire of a bullet.

No one would have been able to notice this little habit if it weren't for Carrera, but it was enough of a fatal flaw to determine victory or defeat.

 This is it!

Carrera swung the sword away at the perfect time.

Unable to respond, Kondo, who was ready to shoot, raised his gun stiffly and took down Carrera's sword.

The reaction speed is simply amazing, but Carrera won't just stop there.

"Don't underestimate me! That takes away one of your trump cards!"

Twisting his body hard to adjust his posture to receive the attack, causing Kondo to be unable to counter the powerful force of Carrera. So, Kondo unstintingly let go of the gun in his hand.

The large Southern-style automatic pistol grunted and rolled to the ground.

Having avenged Kondo's death, Carrera was rejoicing.

However—

There was a creepy scent, and feeling it for an instant, Carrera followed her instinct and quickly ducked away.

Immediately after, Kondo's sword slashed through the air.

"Geez, didn't you get it?”

What landed on the ground with a flutter was Carrera's severed left hand, the skeleton of the kamikaze not paying the slightest attention, cut off by Kondo's sword.

“You!"

Emotionally charged Carrera.

But inwardly, calmly, though shaken by the humiliation, she accepted this reality.

There's no way to beat Kondo at this rate.

The proof was that Kondo was now wielding a military knife with both hands.

 A perfect form over time, completely different from his style so far.

Kondo hadn't intended to rely on the gun in his hand from the beginning, but instead had deliberately revealed a crack to lure Carrera into the bait, with no other explanation than that.

But if that was the case, it meant that Carrera was despised by Kondo.

The sword alone is enough to gain the upper hand, but it's still a little tricky…

 It's a strategy to kill me easily…It's inexcusable that such a powerful master would not show his strength and do such a despicable thing…

Aware of this, Carrera roared.

"How dare you underestimate me, a human!"

Carrera wanted to go along with the rage and shatter Kondo into pieces, ready to step forward.

And yet, just then.

“One moment, please, Lord Carrera.”

Agera, transformed into a knife, hitchhiked over.

Carrera and Agera were now in a state of near-unity, and naturally also connected through ‘thought communication', and were able to have a conversation in their hearts.

And so, in a million times extended sphere of consciousness under the power of Carrera, the two began a conversation.

"What do you want to say, Agera? I'm so busy right now, I'll kill you if you interfere.”

"Please calm down, Lord Carrera. If you lose your cool, you'll be in Kondo's clutches.”

"Of course I know that. But that guy fooled me, as a king? It's absolutely intolerable, isn't it?”

Lately, Agera has basically taken on the duty of stopping Carrera, but Agera has also never seen a Carrera as raging as today. If she wasn't stopped, Carrera would surely be defeated.

Agera continues to be persuasive, trying to convince Carrera.

"Listen to me, Kondo didn't rely on the sword alone in the first place because he despised Carrera-sama.”

"Why, you're underestimating me, no matter what you think!"

"No, it's not. It's just the opposite."

“Huh?"

''It is precisely because of the importance attached to the threat from Lord Carrera that Kondo hides his true abilities. Not anyone is as strong as Lord Carrera, who was very strong from birth. Take the fight against the strongest enemy seriously, that's something you'll do as a warrior!”

 "So what? Are you trying to say that he approved of me?”

“Exactly!"

Agera seized the opportunity to articulate his views with great force.

That stance of Kondo's had been said to be in a state of completion, but its essence was still that of a swordsman who had inherited Agera's school. There is no doubt that the other person is serious, and it is for this reason that it is not revealed at the outset, but rather that a shift is made at the crucial moment.

It is precisely because of the fact that he sees Carrera as his strongest enemy that he is able to use such a small trick.

If not, there's no need to craft a fake move like that to increase risk.

“…I see…that’s true, if you say so…"

Agera's persuasion played a role, and Carrera calmed down and accepted the statement.

Agera breathed a sigh of relief.

“I've worried you, Agera. Thanks to you, I've come to my senses.”

"That's great.”

"I won't let you worry anymore, I promise you.”

Signaling the end of the conversation with this declaration, Carrera turned to face Kondo again, and then, slowly, landed a rippling punch to her face.

Such a serious blow that one wonders if Carrera's head will explode.

However, Carrera was calm and flashed a smile at Kondo.

"Oh, I didn't scare you, did I? I'm sorry, slightly lost my cool and thought you were insulting me.

However, human beings are so powerful that they will use all sorts of tricks to win. It's an idea we wouldn't have had, slightly surprised."

Though laughing like this, Carrera also stopped her contempt for her enemy.

It was no accident, but if it hadn't been for Agera, Kondo would have been caught in the act.

The Carrera of the present is different from the Carrera of the past, who can do whatever she wants.

As a loyal servant of the Demon Lord Rimuru, she acts in accordance with the orders of her lord.

It's just that it's not okay to be defeated and die in battle, which is absolutely forbidden.

Carrera warned herself in her mind.

This punch was for that purpose, and to show one's own awareness.

Carrera acknowledged Kondo.

 Acknowledge that he is on the same level of existence as her.

The casual Carrera is like a changed person, thinking seriously.

"What a surprise. “

The pride of being the strongest race always made her unconsciously fail to use her full strength in fighting with others. However, it was mistakenly assumed that Kondo wasn't giving it his all and she had to leave it to Agera to correct her.

Realizing her lapse, Carrera finally got serious.

Kondo looked at the grin that was showing on Carrera's face, who was in a miserable situation, and felt that it was beautiful.

"Is the demon going to give it her all? As a fragile human being, there's no way to welcome it.”

For the first time, a change of expression occurred, seeing Carrera as the enemy.

"Then I, too, must be your opponent.”

Kondo, who made this declaration, put on the "armor" for the first time.

No longer a uniform that relied on the Force of Will to materialize, but a pure white spirit suit made from the mythical level changes given by Rudra.

That is, a spirit dress made in imitation of an old Imperial Navy garment.

The appearance doesn't seem to have changed much, but the aura on display seems to have changed to a different person.

For Kondo, this garment from the naval era was also the one that meant death. As a lieutenant, he swore to bear the guilt of letting his men die tragically. In order to be able to keep this realization in mind, I fought in these garments.

Carrera looked at Kondo, liberating a deep and massive magic.

Next, give your name.

"I am the loyal servant of Lord Rimuru, one of the Twelve Patrons, Carrera, the Menace Lord. Bet on my glory and I'll kill you."

Kondo responded.

"Heh, Lieutenant of the Imperial Navy, Tatsuya Kondo. I am now the head of the Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard, and I accept your challenge.”

The two confronted each other, quietly building up their strength.

From there, the real battle began.

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 Carrera picked up the left arm that had fallen to one side and gently brought the sections back together, and just like that, it was restored as if nothing had happened.

"That doesn't make sense.”

"Don't say that, after all, it's a precious body given by Lord Rimuru, so I can’t leave any scars on it.”

The conversation sounded light-hearted, but both sides were peering into each other for a break.

The reason Kondo didn't make a move while Carrera healed her arm was because Kondo had certain thoughts.

Without a gun in his hand, Kondo could only fight with a sword, which was of course the original gesture of "Mizushin Lifestream", but on the flip side, it also meant that he didn't have any reserve backhand.

Kondo is now in full swing.

In other words, Kondo bet his whole self.

With two swords in hand now, Kondo had the confidence to not lose to any enemy.

Kondo grasps the movements of Carrera through his unique skill of "interpreting", and the movements of his muscles are readable by the flow of magic throughout his body and the breath of his magic.

When this power is combined with the ultimate power, 'King of Execution', it can perform far beyond the unique power field. Therefore, he did not see an abnormal increase in the omitted power of Carrera.

That vast energy is a symbol of Carrera's tyrannical style, but in spite of that, I wonder if there is a clear will to unify and the flow of energy is unclogged.

The energy that would normally have produced an explosive torrent was perfectly incorporated into Carrera's domination.

 What a monster—Kondo thought to himself.

The wrist wound that was so hard to cut off is now invisible, and even the clothes have been repaired, what a joke.

What gathered that fierce power was Agera's demon blade that had changed into a single heart, and was able to make a complete circle of power because it had transformed into a single heart with Carrera.

This was not good for Kondo, who sensed something even more tricky than that. Incredibly, a strong crystallization of power was forming in the center of Carrera's magic.

Kondo had a clue as to what that was.

It is something that can only be seen when the form of the heart becomes solid.

Acknowledging this, Kondo took action.

No matter how powerful the enemy is, it must be eliminated as quickly as possible. It was because of this judgment that he wore these clothes, which symbolizes his full commitment.

 That is to say, defeat is not allowed and victory must be achieved no matter what means are used.

It is the winning side that is righteous.

While examining Carrera, Kondo finished his preparations.

The only remaining weapon was a sword, pouring its full force into Carrera's beheading.

"That's good, that's good! That look of no confusion, that's exciting!”

Ignoring Carrera's excited shouts, Kondo waved the sword in his hand.

Although Carrera's demon sword caught this blow, Kondo's military sword was indeed incomparably powerful, and if that demon sword hadn't boarded Agera's will, it might have been shattered by this blow.

Kondo furthermore continues to apply the standup.

"You guys!?”

The sharp, heavy chopping blow caused Carrera to not help but let out a groan.

The secret of its power lay in the will that was injected into the saber.

Kondo's ultimate skill, the 'King of Execution', is not only able to attachpower to bullets, but also by placing Kondo's will, or even his 'soul', in the saber, which is both Kondo's killer weapon and his true gesture when he's serious.

Under the ensuing onslaught from Kondo, Carrera can only defend with one touch.

Kondo intends to fight before Carrera awakens to the ultimate skill, using all sorts of tricks to pursue Carrera.

Even though Carrera controlled her violence and exerted great power, Kondo remained unchanged and flicked away the entire attack.

In terms of combat skills, Kondo is a step above Carrera.

The barely sustained sparring was the result of a combination of Carrera's massive amount of mana and Agera's strength.

If it wasn't for that, Carrera would have been wiped out long ago.

Now, too, the chop that contains the power of the "Exterminating Bullet" cuts open the left side of Carrera's belly.

With limbs wounded several times by the chopping blows of the boarding "spellbomb" effect, Carrera's magic circuits have gone into a frenzy, and as a result, even Carrera's and Agera's assimilation has begun to take a toll.

“You…"

Carrera groaned and glared at Kondo with a grimace.

Miscalculation.

  I knew that Kondo was strong, but I thought that I could always deal with it by using my real skills.

But Kondo is not that good of an opponent.

Even in the face of Carrera, who had borrowed Agera's power, Kondo was still the superman above it.

 Humans……human! Even though awakened as a "saint", I can't believe that a human could drive me to such a state…

Contemplating her own ineptitude, Carrera covered her right hand over the left side of her belly that kept leaking magic after being chopped open.

Even if one wanted to reply, the effect would be minimal as the magic loop went into a frenzy.

Originally, an injury of this magnitude would have repaired itself without any attention, but now, even with deliberate treatment, it still looks like this.

No matter how bashful and rude Carrera was, she could recognize that the current state of affairs was very bad indeed.

Whether the will is strong or not, can sway the power.

What's more, Kondo is a character who has gained extreme power through his own power, while Carrera spends her days at will because she has an infinite lifespan, and Kondo is simply incomparable.

Only now, along with the pain of torturing herself, did Carrera finally understand.

There is no point in being given skills.

The ability to truly live up to its essence can only be acquired through one's own desire.

The rank of the race, the strength of the physical abilities, and the life force, all of which were overwhelmingly powerful for Carrera to occupy.

In terms of skill, thanks to Agera, there was a battle of attrition.

Still, it was not possible to win.

Not only that, but they were on the verge of defeat.

 If this goes on, are we going to lose?…Which means to be wiped out—dead? The strongest me— I of one of the primordials of the demons!?

This, absolutely cannot be agreed upon.

The glory of Carrera could not allow it.

Not to mention, it would go against the orders of Carrera's favorite lord, the Demon Lord Rimuru.

If it turned out that way, it would be a big mistake that could not be redeemed by killing herself a million times, and Carrera felt the fear.

 The inability to comply with Rimuru's orders had terrified Carrera, who had never before known what fear was.

"It's the only thing I absolutely disagree with!”

Carrera hissed loudly, looking angrily at Kondo with blood-filled eyes.

Forcibly regenerate the wound and posture it.

Carrera prayed even more deeply and intensely.

Praying for victory over this man in front of you.

So far, Carrera had fought by her own pure demonic power.

But that alone will not do.

It is absolutely impossible to reach people who are at the ultimate skill level.

Diablo, for example, and Kondo, for example, in front of he.

In the face of people who have awakened to the ultimate skill, she can not win, and the top of the Guy Crimson is not even compared to.

Thinking only about adding strength is not going to work.

If that's all, struggling no matter what, it's just bait for the strong.

Being pressed so hard, it finally dawned on Carrera.

Those who want to fight the really strong must understand themselves more deeply.

What is necessary for this is an unparalleled strong will.

As a spiritual being, Carrera sought this moment of the will power of the essence.

<<Well, let me help a little.>>

She seemed to hear such a sound.

In the next moment, the "something" that was so moving deep inside of Carrera, felt a clear shape forming.

Carrera searched her consciousness toward that.

The one that gradually took shape by Carrera's determination, by her prayers.

So far, it's all been a rampaging power within herself, always used again only through repressive control, but Carrera sees this power as her own.

Then, liberation opens up.

This ability, is in need of a name.

 —O my "power" this is your name. In order to complete the task given to me by Lord Rimuru, become my power and liberate the power to go further. Your name is Abaddon, the King of Death!

Abaddon, having the meaning of destroyer.

Also, the King of Death.

The power couldn't have been more appropriate for king of destruction Carrera.

Carrera finally got it.

The absolute "power" that can destroy everything.

—‘King of Death’…

This is the figurative of Carrera's desire.

Once liberated, it is able to bring about definite destruction, fearful empowerment for the adversary.

For the first time, because of her encounter with a strong enemy, Carrera became hungry for power.

Thus, the time had come for the battle between Carrera and Kondo to be decided.

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