

Velgrynd was anxious.

 This is because, her own 'other body' was eaten by Rimuru.

The dreaded Demon Lord Rimuru.

Unable to communicate with the eaten 'other body', the thoughts transmitted here are swallowed into the abyss without any response.

Even injecting energy is like throwing yourself into a bottomless swamp. Understanding that these actions made no sense, Velgrynd bit her lower lip lightly.

About half of the energy just disappeared, and there was no sign of it going back. Confident and invincible, 'Parallel Existence' had been defeated, and it was now difficult to remain calm any longer.

The Velgrynd now had only 20% of the amount of mana compared to when she was in her full state.

You can judge that you can't win against Rimuru, and you must make a decision to escape from here.

"Rudra, he must not be put in danger…”

Velgrynd thought about it and decided to give up the guard on the door. Perhaps it was lucky that no one had attacked yet and she could walk outside without hesitation. If someone comes to stop her, then by all means settle it.

Unexpectedly, several silhouettes were found in the area surrounded by the eight doors.

"Geez, what's with all the panic? Have you forgotten something, Lord Velgrynd?”

The one who asked the question was Testarossa, who was enjoying her tea as if she was the dominant one.

“…Primordial white…”

Velgrynd glared at the grinning Testarossa with a disgruntled face, and it was precisely because she was in a hurry that she became enraged by the appearance of this difficult opponent.

Testarossa smiled elegantly, in stark contrast to Velgrynd.

"I told you not to call me that, right? Or…is this a provocation?”

The skin doesn't smile.

In the face of the overwhelmingly dominant Velgrynd, Testarossa remains unrelenting in her stance.

"You still want to fight me after all the pain you've been through?”

"Well, yeah. I don't need to win, just buy time from you.”

Testarossa stood up as she answered, Velgrynd's fist looming just in time.

The tables and chairs were shattered from the shockwave, and Esprit and Zonda had long since taken refuge in order not to get caught up in it.

Testarossa moved with ease.

 With the heat that would have burned into charcoal on mere contact, and the inability to see the speed, there was no need to force a pickup of Velgrynd's onslaught.

Let's not talk about skills for a moment, there was a tenfold difference in the amount of mana between the two, and even though Velgrynd only had about 20% mana left, there was still a big difference.

Testarossa remained calm and collected.

It's hard to win because there's no means of being able to beat Velgrynd.

But if it's just about buying time, there's not a problem at all with Testarossa's strength.

"That's why I hate you people!”

"Gee, what a shame. I have the deepest respect for you, Veldora's sister.”

"Pretentious. Then don't make a scene, back off from there!”

"Please forgive me for refusing this request, don't look at me like this, I still hate to lose. So, please let me have my revenge now!”

This is, from the heart of Testarossa.

Although it was impossible to win a real fight with Velgrynd, there was still no problem in disrupting Velgrynd's mind. Even if it didn't wait to rendezvous with the rest of the subordinates, it would be a little while before Rimuru would arrive.

By then, it would be certain that it was a victory for Testarossa.

 Ahhh, what a wonderful victory for Lord Rimuru, to have the overwhelming Lord Velgrynd playing around like a child, I can't lose either.

With all the means that Velgrynd possessed, Rimuru had already forced her to exert them to the fullest, so Testarossa would definitely not let this opportunity go.

Red and white crossed.

One side fierce, one side graceful.

The red and white intertwined with each other at an alarming rate, and the two did not touch once and faced each other again.

"Yes, even I'm surprised. I tried to gain the ultimate skill, that's probably why.”

Testarossa replied with ease, as if none of this mattered.

In fact, Testarossa used the waiting time to pray for new powers. As a result, success has been achieved in making the form of one's own heart figurative.

At the time, it felt as if an incredible "voice" had been heard, but Testarossa decisively decided that it was an illusion. Relying on instinct to choose the right answer is what makes a demon Testarossa.

The power that makes people care is called the ultimate skill “Hell King Belial".

 Like Ruminas' 'King of Lust', she is in charge of 'life and death', but with a greater preference for the

'death' side, which no doubt reflects the nature of Testarossa.

For her, defeat was an absolutely unrecognizable humiliation, let alone death.

One of the conditions for the evolution of demons is "the accumulation of power up to an upper limit and over two thousand years". It means not to allow a single failure, and by failure here, it means perdition.

The phenomenon of the flesh disappearing back into hell is called failure.

Strictly speaking, a "tie" is not counted as a failure.

However, running away is another matter.

A spiritual being is a being that is swayed by its own heart, and when it admits that it can't beat the other person and stops challenging it, it's a failure.

In this world, there were strange demons like Diablo who remained undefeated in the truest sense of the word, and as far as Testarossa knew, such people could be counted on just one hand.

As long as the heart doesn't give in, that's fine.

Thus, Testarossa never stopped challenging Zegion, and as long as the challenge didn't stop before the win, it wasn't a defeat.

It's the same this time.

As long as there was no escape from Velgrynd, one day there would be victory—Testarossa had always believed so.

“Acquired an ultimate skill?"

"Yes, Diablo's show-offs were tiresome as a reason, and the previous battle had made myself deeply aware that lack of strength was the main reason. Since skills are a reflection of the mind, they are not necessary for me and others. It's always been that way in the past, but it seems to be ill-considered.”

“……”

"Maybe it's because you can face your desires and feel your power being used in a more sensitive way.”

Just because Velgrynd also possessed the ultimate skill 'King of Charity,’ she was able to understand the meaning of Testarossa's words, and therefore realized more clearly that retreating from here was becoming difficult.

"What an abomination…”

Velgrynd's uncontrollable grumbling made Testarossa laugh.

"Where's the best compliment?”

Just as Velgrynd was about to burst into a rage over this response—a massive explosion large enough to distort space occurred.

 Thus regaining his senses, Velgrynd looked back in surprise.

A door that was beautifully knocked off its feet.

Appearing there, was the blonde demon Carrera.

By the way, some of Leon’s notoriety was caused by what Carrera had done, but those things had little to do with the current side of the fight.

"Yeah, looks like it's caught up. I hate losing too, let me in too.”

"Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo, no way. Oh, Carrera, I don't mean to be hard on you, but aren't you covered in bruises?”

"That Kondo guy is too strong, but I'm satisfied. I'll give it to you today.”

The smiling Carrera staggered as she walked, and Esprit rushed to support her body, and Zonda immediately and thoughtfully prepared a chair to guide Carrera over there.

Agera followed out, but he was left alone.

"Since Carrera has chosen to be patient, we're not going to be capricious, and we're a little tired, so let's just take a tour today.”

Not knowing when Ultima had taken a seat next to Carrera, it turned out that it was Veyron who had prepared the chair with care long ago.

The demons assembled in succession.

Of course, that's not all.

Shion, Souei, and Benimaru, all emerged from their respective doors.

Seeing these faces, Velgrynd's face couldn't help but twitch, because it made her realize that the strongmen of her own camp had all been defeated.

Testarossa's tactical victory.

The aspirations of Rudra and Velgrynd were about to fall through.

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 Moving the perspective from the sky to the earth…

On the battlefield, the heat of the battle was cooling.

Among other things, Laplace with Vega is in action with Kagali as his target.

Taboo Spell: The undead spell seems long over. More accurately, because of the loss of Velgrynd's assistance, Kagali lost control.

It wasn't clear how many undead elves had been born, but it should be some time before they started to move.

 Depending on the consciousness of the undead elves that were boarding, it was possible to birth naturally powerful warriors, so it was necessary to restrain their movements earlier than anyone else.

Laplace would think so, and surely others would come to the same conclusion. Lt. Kondo, who guided the ceremony, could not have been unaware of these things.

"Geez, I'm getting a head start.”

By the time Laplace reached his destination, Imperial soldiers were transporting them into military vehicles.

"Oh, you're Laplace. I hear you're pretty strong, so a fight is inevitable?”

The man who spoke to Laplace was a civilized man in a different color uniform, Lieutenant Kondo's white gown was very conspicuous, but the man's bright red uniform also showed an unusual air.

However, he does not look very strong.

With a face that looks like it was made to look like a doll, it's an incredible person with a gender that looks like a man and a woman.

The supposedly mediocre appearance would probably not have made an impression had it not been for the bright military uniform.

No, perhaps it was precisely because the uniform was too bright that the impression of this man could not be made. Laplace watches while he responds cautiously.

"Yes, my name is Laplace. If you give that man back to our family, there's no need to fight?”

"Oh, well, that can't be done. Look, there's still a fight going on over there. I can't run away on my own.”

This man seems to be going to a fight.

No way, Laplace was ready for battle.

"Then there's nothing you can do. Who are you?”

Just ask, if you can answer, you earn it.

"Me? Also, not knowing is taken for granted. I am the tenth in the sequence, and I am the one who supports the history of the Empire—“Feldway"!

Feldway, resident in the Imperial Army, served as a reserve in case of vacancies in the "single digits.”

Laplace had also heard such rumors, but it was the first time he had seen them in person.

"Yes? You're the man who's called a backup.”

"Not a man, but not a woman either.”

"What a mess."

 Laplace peered in on his opponent while conversing, who was neither arrogant nor natural, posing as a combatant, nor trying to run away.

He’s a bit elusive.

Vega was anxious.

"Give it to me, and I'll kill this guy!”

Laplace hastened to stop Vega who was trying to come forward.

"Wait a minute, I told you not to do anything rash! Chairman, they are basically hostages, so don't take them lightly.”

Both Footman and Tear are alive and well and are now fighting a large number of enemies. If they were called, it would really be impossible to predict where the battle was headed.

Laplace cautiously tries his opponent's attitude, but is hampered by the appearance of an unexpected character.

"Vega, come help me. Laplace is the betrayer, settle him here.”

"What the…?"

Feeling a strong killing intent, Laplace chose to retreat, and the voice that came through was from the trusty Boss, Yuuki Kagurazaka.

What was spoken, however, was not what Laplace had expected.

"Boss, get back to normal! To be manipulated by someone else, that's not your style at all!”

Even the domination of Mariabell couldn’t affect Yuuki, with such spiritual power, he should be able to resist any spiritual domination.

However, Laplace's words did not work.

Yuuki charged at Laplace without any confusion.

Seeing this, the bewildered Vega gave a twisted smile of pleasure.

"Yeah, boss! Can I eat this guy after we get rid of him?”

"Ah, yes. I'd love to see you get stronger.”

"That's the boss, I see what you mean!”

Following the strong, Vega is such a person.

Lacking an ethical outlook and morality, living on instinct more than wild animals.

Thus not feeling in the slightest that his treachery was sinful, high spirits began to strike out at Laplace.

Yuuki and Vega can be dealt with by just one opponent, but even Laplace can't be dealt with by two opponents at the same time.

  Geez, this isn't good. Don't talk about saving the chairman, our family will probably be killed. There is no choice but to get out of here first…

Laplace's idea is strategically correct.

However, it didn't work out.

"There's no use trying to escape. Is your name Laplace? You sir are both cunning and cautious, and it's no good letting you get away, so let you die here.”

As the saying goes, Laplace's transfer failed.

Feldway, who had been watching from afar, had 'space domination' over this area of the battlefield.

"Damn it!”

The hard kicks from Yuuki, and the scattered energy that Vega was releasing in tandem with the unleashed, were a good thing in the sense of a fight, even though Vega's head was full of muscle.

The escape route is blocked and the chances of winning are slim. No, as long as Yuuki is here, there's no chance of winning.

 No. Is this the end of our family?

Even so, Laplace wasn't about to give up and decided to bet on the slightest possibility of Yuuki unlocking his spiritual domination and exerting the strength he had been hiding.

"Go to hell!”

"You idiot! It's you who's dead!”

Using Yuuki's attack, Vega is able to kick at the approaching Vega, who is unable to stand up for the moment.

"Hey, you're good at this?"

"Not bad, not as good as the Boss, but we're strong, too, right?”

"I know, so at least, I'll kill you myself.”

“What?"

With a small sense of defiance, Laplace, noticing this, scrambled to gaze up at Yuuki's face.

Sure enough, it's a face he’s used to seeing…

Carelessly, Laplace, who couldn't help but fall into thought, reacted somewhat delayed in the face of Yuuki's fist.

Oops—screaming inside.

And yet…there was no pain coming through.

 Because in front of Laplace's eyes, Yuuki's fist was blocked by a certain figure.

"Kufufufufu. It's all your fault if you're blamed by Lord Rimuru.”

It's Diablo.

 ‘ What do you mean?’—Laplace couldn't help but want to spit, but kept his weight up because this wasn't the time for that.

"Eh, Diablo-kun, are you here to save me?”

"Huh? Why would I……uh, yeah. Are you Laplace? I'm here to save you. So, when you report to Rimuru-sama, remember to emphasize to him that I saved your life.”

As soon as he reversed his earlier look of disgust, Diablo revealed a bright smile and said so.

 We haven't even seen such a suspicious smile in our family once.

It's remarkable that Diablo could be identified in this way by the admittedly suspicious Laplace, and of course, there's nothing flattering about it.

"Yes, I know. I've been very well cared for by Mr. Diablo, and I'll convey it to Lord Rimuru."

"Good! So, give it a try!”

In fact, Diablo had just been told by Rimuru “What are you, staying here for?” Such a rebuke.

With everyone fighting, it was only natural that he would be reprimanded when he was alone in visiting Rimuru's battle.

Although Diablo is responsible for escorting Rimuru, he is unable to say anything to Rimuru, who has forgotten all about what he ordered.

The sight of Rimuru alone, capable of commanding the whims of Diablo, is another moment of proof of this fact.

Taken together, Diablo ran out because he had been given orders to work, and afterwards, hearing Moss' report, rushed here.

Not to help Laplace, but rather just to get rid of the suspicious elements.

 Kufufu, you're lucky to be selling favors here. In that case, Lord Rimuru's opinion of me will be restored, I suppose.

So much so that Diablo is already thinking about what comes after the win.

"Then I'll leave Yuuki over there alone because of the alliance…Huh? What? Isn't this the Phantom King? I know you've been coveting this world, so it turns out that's what's going on, joining forces with Rudra, right?”

Ahead of Diablo's line of sight was the expressive, shallowly smiling Feldway. Diablo's appearance caused his smile to fade, revealing an evil ghost-like expression as he looked at Diablo.



 "Is that so? Are you the Original Black? According to Kondo's investigation, it's true that the Black Primordial has become one of Demon Lord Rimuru’s men.”

"I am now, with the name Diablo. I have nothing to do with your plans, and if you try to interfere with Lord Rimuru, do not blame me for not showing mercy. If you choose to be hostile, I advise you to be aware of it first.”

"How kind of you to say that! It's not you, you taboo demons, who keep getting in my way!”

Feldway stared at Diablo with fierce hatred, and this killing intent alone showed an aura that would kill an ordinary person.

But Diablo was unfazed, and said with a face as if provoking Feldway.

"Forget it. Even if I fight you here, my chances of winning are zero.”

"Don't worry, I don't think it's possible to win.”

After the two men briefly glared at each other, Feldway opened his mouth first.

"I will stand down for the day, and if you interfere with me next time, you will have to be aware, Diablo.”

"Hmm. For the sake of remembering my name, I'll leave you alone. That said, I will prepare the means to kill you, so please keep that in mind.”

After a few words, the two stared at each other again, and then acted as if they were done, each ignoring the other's presence.

Feldway gave the order to Kagali and Yuuki.

"I fear something may happen to His Majesty Rudra, and I must return to the flagship and make preparations."

At his words, Yuuki, who had been spying on the situation, lifted the fighting stance, and Vega, dragging his shaky body, stood up, following Yuuki back toward Kagali in their direction.

Footman and Tear were called back, relying on Feldway's 'space domination' and shifted away, including the entirety of the undead elf clan.

Diablo remained here and made contact with Moss. Now that it is known that there is a demon king among the enemies, the only one who can fight against it at the moment, according to Diablo's judgment, is himself, though reluctantly, acting again for the good.

After the retreat of Footman and Tear, the battlefield battle came to an end, and reasonable instructions were given for the treatment of the wounded after confirming that all the men had survived.

Moss was very good and connected with Benimaru as well. Thinking that the work here had come to an end, Diablo himself arrived at the flagship by transfer after they had disappeared from Feldway.

Laplace is the only one left.

"What, leaving our family alone again…?”

 Laplace muttered, slumping his shoulders listlessly.