

Chapter 3

The Turbulent Days

My name is Calgurio.

I was the captain of the Armored Corps, the most powerful force in the Eastern Empire.

I was just plain stupid at the time.

I said I was doing this for Rudra, but all I had cared about was my own personal glory.

Now I understand what a career is worth.

That’s right…forty years ago, a commander in chief of a corps from a lowly nobleman’s family—that’s a big promotion. The baron of a married family was a trivial thing from the corps commander's point of view, but I think it’s understandable that I’ve grown up, although it is still no excuse.

Of course, I’m still reflecting on it now.

I was kicked out of my married house.

I was born a knight and was chosen to be the son-in-law of a baron’s daughter, who was of the main family at the time.

Well, I was happy.

I was happy, until she left me after she cheated on me.

My wife—well, my ex-wife, was an irreplaceable existence to me at the time. I thought she was the most beautiful woman in the world, and I thought I was the luckiest man in the empire.

I thought she felt the same way, and that’s why she chose me, but I was wrong. It was my own selfishness.

A year later, when my father-in-law died, she left me.

I still remember that.

Sometimes I have nightmares, but I’ll never forget the look on her face and the lines she said.

“Didn’t you have a good dream? You were a poor knight, and now you were able to imitate a nobleman. But that’s over. I was forced to marry you at your father’s behest, and now I’m free too. But it’s your fault. Because you won’t have offspring.”

I was so desperate I wanted to scream.

I didn’t know what she was talking about when she told me, but then I saw the bottle she was holding, like she was trying to show me, and it hit me.

She must have drugged me.

I could have complained and taken her to court. But the Baron family was an enemy.

It’s bad enough that my ex-wife had a merchant lover who had money. The Baron’s servants had already been bought off.

The merchant was an aristocrat.

The ex-wife was able to live in the lap of luxury.

My father-in-law always told me to be frugal and proud of my aristocratic ways…

I guess she didn’t like that either.

Well, it’s a little late for that.

At that time, I had no idea that I would ever complain to the main family who took care of me as a close relative. Besides, my parents had died in an accident when I was a kid, so there was no one to argue with.

So, well, I had no choice but to leave the baronial family and be driven out.

Looking back, that was the impetus.

Betrayed by someone I loved, and the anger and hatred that drove me on.

I was going to move up and show them all off someday.

I was young, just in my 20s. I used the resentment as energy, and I worked my ass off.

I went through deadlines and took great pride in my work.

I wasn’t afraid to get dirty, and I got really good at subterfuge.

I got to know some merchants and helped them as much as I could with my authority. I accepted back taxes and turned them over to the nobility to make connections.

I worked my way up to the rank of colonel by my mid-20s.

I had graduated from knight’s school, so I started out as an adjutant. In other words, I was on track to be promoted within a year or two.

That was pretty fast, but it worked because power was everything in the Empire.

By then, I had taken control of the military and started forming my own faction.

That’s when I met Minits.

Minits was an aristocrat, but he was a freak who loved to fight. He was better than me back home and yet he dared to go to war.

But there was no doubt he was capable, so I took advantage of him. I wasn’t expecting him to like me or respect me, so I had him ask for money without batting an eye.

Minits was a funny guy, so he took it upon himself to obey orders. Well, he was a guy who probably also took advantage of me, so it was mutual.

It was only a consensus of interests, but it was also clear that I trusted him. As long as I was fighting for my career, I’d always be looking for the battlefield. I knew that if Minits used me like that, I would follow any order.

Because wherever I die, I would die with no family, so I was able to do it without fear.

And so Minits and I formed a strange bond of trust.

And then Kansas joined in.

A man who was known to be a problem for the military, but for me, it was only a matter of time before he was available for use.

He passed.

And apparently it was the same for Kansas.

Kansas liked me because I was willing to go along with any plan. Although he was a devastating force at the time, he had a low reputation in the military.

He often violated orders and ran amok on the battlefield. I think he was transferred to me because he was too difficult to deal with, but he was good to me.

Not only did I know how to use Minits, I knew how to use Kansas as well.

I was able to plan and execute strategies that ordinary people would have hesitated to do.

And by doing so, I gained a position where no one could complain about me.

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I worked my way up to general by my early 30s.

By then, I was out on the front lines less and less.

The poisoning I’d gotten as a young man had blinded me in my left eye.

That didn’t diminish my powers, though. With the newfound power of science at that time, it was easy to make an elaborate prosthetic eye.

However, to throw the opponents off guard, I covered my left eye with an eye patch.

I thought my powers would fade with age, but I became more and more energetic. I looked like I was suitable for my age, but inside I was bubbling with energy.

I was always in my prime and that’s why I wasn’t afraid of anything.

I was interested in fighting the pecking order, but I preferred to control the military.

The generals’ position was within reach. I thought that would give me more power than becoming an Imperial Knight of His Majesty.

I was adding to my own faction.

I used Master Gadra to help bolster the Armored Corps’ war effort. I got my merchants to provide money for modernization efforts.

I was steadily making preparations and building up my resume, and at the age of just over thirty I was appointed as one of the three great generals of the Empire.

The springtime of my life was just around the corner.

So perhaps that’s why I was reminded of it during breaks in my work.

I wondered what the people who kicked me out were doing.

When I had people look into it, I found that I was behind on the ropes for nothing.

I didn’t have to wonder why… but I had an answer.

At the time, I had the power to destroy them. And it was too much.

It was well known that they had kicked me out, so my men did what they had to do even though I didn’t do anything.

They didn’t do anything directly.

They just quietly talked to their clients about the situation.

I wondered if they were still associating with the people who did that to me.

That being said, the purveyors would have had no choice but to discover. I was blasting my way up the ladder at a breakneck pace.

To begin with, unlike the west, the empire’s economic system did not allow for a free economy.

Officially, only the nobility and the military were allowed to do business.

The nobles have the right to have their merchants do business on their behalf. These hired traders were hired to do business for them and get paid from the profits.

That’s why the man who took my wife away from me wanted a position of nobility.

He worked for a high lord and allowed his sons and daughters to join him. This way he could legitimately acquire the rights to do business the old-fashioned way.

Well, it’s a good thing I became a baron, but I guess I made a miscalculation in my rise to power.

The man who was laughed at and dismissed, was indeed, a general.

There’s a huge budget allocated to the military, so they can buy and sell goods. And the generals have the right to let the merchants operate it.

Generals are in charge of one of the three major legions, as one should know. But this power was even greater than that of the earl.

There’s no reason to compete with a barony, and business was slowing down as clients were turning their backs on him.

I remember feeling hollow when I heard that.

I wanted to avenge him myself, but without my knowledge, it was already being accomplished.

But I knew that was not the way to go about it.

I’d been betrayed once. Showing a sweet response here will draw in more people to come after me.

One of the reasons I had risen to the rank of general is that I had no offspring.

When you advance in the army, you get a noble title when you leave. The position rises according to the rank.

And I don’t have children, and I never will.

No matter how high they give, it’s only for one generation. It’s no threat to other noblemen.

Aristocrats hate it when military men have wealth, just as the military hates it when noblemen have private armies.

Gold for the aristocrats, armed forces for the military.

This division of labor is what matters.

It was taboo for them to interfere in each other’s domain.

That’s why many of the senior military personnel are unmarried.

There was also the reason that those who do not have a family can stand on the battlefield, but the struggle for power with the nobility was more important.

Thinking about that, it occurred to me.

Those who betrayed me were destitute but not destroyed, weren’t they?

And then I had an epiphany.

I still had some work to do.

They could live on because they were noblemen.

Although they are low-ranking nobles, they have the status of a baron, and can live off of a salary.

Then, I must seize that position and destroy it once and for all.

And there are others who must be purged as well.

That man’s father and the count who had his father working for him.

If it weren’t for these men, I wouldn’t be in this misery.

I have to destroy my enemies, or I’ll get hurt.

But if I was to destroy the count, I would have needed to grow stronger.

From that moment on…

I wanted to aim higher…to gain the power to surpass any person.

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“And then I was just so selfless from then on. It was like I didn’t understand but couldn’t see how low and dirty the means of what I was doing was.”

“Well, yeah. You weren’t exactly pleasant to watch back then.”

“Then you should have abandoned me. If you had, you would have been the generals.”

“It wasn’t my thing. And I didn’t hate you. Like Kansas, I just wanted to hang out with guys I liked, good guys or bad, you know?”

“Hmm! You’re a strange guy.”

“I’m aware of that, but I don’t want to be told that by you.”

With that said, the men were laughing at each other.

A scrawny soldier in his forties and a man in a nice suit—Calgurio and Minits.

They are talking in the labyrinth at the “elf’s shop” which is reserved for special members only. They are having a private meeting there while enjoying a variety of drinks.

The shop was originally only open to a select clientele. They could only enter it on their own or after a background check and payment of the required fee.

It wasn’t open to two people, but since the summit meeting, it had been open to the Imperial leadership.

It was Rimuru’s intention to put the war behind them and build a better relationship for the future.

Of course, they both understood that.

That’s why they were taking advantage of him like this without reservation.

“Well, then, as you know, I took control of the army and planned to take over the world. And then we were defeated by this country, and here we are.”

“‘Defeated’ is a mild way of putting it. ‘Not even being a match’ is a more accurate description.”

“Huh, no doubt.”

“I’m happy, too. Because I’ve seen firsthand that there are other unimaginably powerful people in this world besides His Majesty Rudra and Marshal—Velgrynd-sama.”

“I don’t understand the hobby, but I suppose it would have been nice if you were satisfied. So, are you going to make peace with your younger brother?”

Calgurio asked, and Minits smiled grimly and nodded.

“I’ll have to. He’s the marquis that unites the nobility. As long as Masayuki-sama is crowned as the new emperor, it’s our job to support him to the best of our ability.”

Minits was from a marquis family.

He joined the army because he wanted to compete on his own resourcefulness alone, and he has risen to his current position. But there is no doubt that at the level of the Marquis family, their influence was tremendous and they were heavily favored.

Nevertheless, Minits was capable, and no one ever made fun of him. Anyone who did would have seen the foolishness with their own eyes.

Minits’ family is the current Marquis, succeeded by his younger brother. His brother has a lot of resentment towards him for the trouble he’s caused.

Calgurio was relieved to hear that the two sides would reconcile.

Well, in my case, reconciliation is out of the question.

Calgurio thinks that it is better than his own situation.

Minits is fortunate in that he is able to use the family’s financial resources as he pleases. He’s been overlooked because he’s good enough to deserve it, but if he’s incompetent then the prodigal brother is also a good place.

In fact, Calgurio and others don’t like that all that much…

They heard that he was complaining about his brother being a cheat—but all they could come up with was that anyone would think so.

It is probably a man like Minits who is allowed to do that.

That’s why Calgurio also nails this irresponsible man.

“Right. It will be a pleasure to work with you, new Prime Minister.”

Although Minutes escaped from his duties as an aristocrat, he was appointed to the position of the Prime Minister, who has the highest authority in the empire. It was under the new system with Masayuki as the emperor.

“We were in a meeting before, and I said that for the sake of air… but after thinking it over, it’s impossible for me to be an Emperor! I’ve never studied politics or anything like that—no, I learned about it in a high school class, but I only did a little research on the scope of the test for that!”

“Hahaha, you can’t take it back now, okay?”

“After all!?”

“Of course! I’m getting by myself, so you can do it too!”

“You’re too optimistic, Rimuru-san! I’m not joking, don’t be so irresponsible!”

“Hahaha, it’s okay. Everyone will help you too.”

“Those eyes say that it’s definitely someone else's affair, right? I mean, you’re looking happy to have more friends!”

“That’s not true. Besides, you have a partner that you can rely on. Like that Minits-san over there. I think he’s pretty reliable.”

This was the conversation between Masayuki and Rimuru.

Minits was also there and his eyes met with Rimuru’s, which was a mistake.

It was a probably whim of Rimuru’s, but it was not good to stand out in the meeting. It seems that Rimuru was perceived as a capable man, and he was appointed as a consultant to Masayuki.

And the result was the prime minister position.

Minits can’t help but laugh at that.

It was a consultation that he couldn't say that he didn't like as Masayuki had asked him to assist properly.

It was partly because of the fear of Velgrynd’s gaze, and partly because Minits had grown to like Masayuki, after all.

The problem here is the current Prime Minister, and Minits thinks that he will be his assistant. Since only the Emperor has the right to appoint the Prime Minister, it would be unreasonable for the current Prime Minister to complain.

He might complain, but that was of no concern to Minits. It was enough to say that he knew of a scarier being, so he just needed to convince him first.

So, well, there’s something to be said for that.

He had more than enough education as a nobleman and heir to the marquis family. Although he wasn’t aware of it, his grades were not bad either.

He might struggle a bit, but it was Minits’ self-assessment that he was good enough to be able to practice.

So Minits turns around and asks Calgurio.

“Don’t make me laugh, Minister of Military Affairs. You’re the only one left of the three major corps leaders, so your responsibility is heavy.

Under Emperor Masayuki’s new regime, the military was going to be significantly reformed.

If Minutes becomes the Prime Minister, the current one will be the Deputy Prime Minister.

Side by side with him would be the minister of the military.

The military should be led by a politician, according to Masayuki’s superficial knowledge. He put it into words and reflected it in the new system.

However, Masayuki only asked, “Does the minister control the army?”

He did not mean to suggest that they should do so, and he did not advocate civilian control to more accurately select ministers from the civilian population to control the military.

Thus, it was perceived as a misguided system in which ministers of the military were chosen from amongst the military personnel.

In other words, Calgurio was to serve as both a military general and minister of the military.

Calgurio laughs and replies to Minits’ question.

“You don’t need to worry about that. We won’t be going to war for a while, and to begin with, as long as I’m at the head of the army, I won’t be carrying a sword pointed at a foreign country.”

It was an honest feeling, mixed with some resignation.

In fact, given the geography of the empire, from now on, there would be no neighboring countries where war could be waged.

The Jura-Tempest Federation and the realm controlled by Demon Lord Milim were out of the question, but the Armed Nation of Dwargon was also impossible. If they are to have their support, they must build a friendly relationship with them from now on.

An invasion of the Western Nations by airship would be possible, but it was unlikely that Demon Lord Rimuru would allow it.

In other words, there was nowhere to turn.

There was still a chance that a great nobleman who controlled the local military could rebel without knowing what to do with himself.

“We’ve already sent word to the country. It’s about time for the nobles to react, but what’s the word from Krishna-dono?”

“So far, nothing significant has happened. Your younger brother’s faction has pledged their loyalty to the new Emperor. Perhaps that’s why the others haven’t been able to get around.”

“We’re talking about a move, though. But at least I don’t think the former sons of His Majesty the Emperor and the families with blood relatives are going to remain silent.”

“Well. Since you’re going to advertise that His Majesty Rudra has fallen, some will think it’s your turn. And for that, we need Velgrynd-sama’s approval…”

“I would argue that there is no point in saying that the corpse of the Emperor's room is meaningless. The fools will not even realize making that statement is to make an enemy of Velgrynd-sama.”

Calgurio thinks that Minits is right, too.

Honestly, they weren’t afraid of the aristocrats being hostile.

There is no doubt that Calgurio and his men would win, but the problem would be the decline in national power.

Emperor Rudra’s impostor, or rather Calgurio’s real one since he had been in service with him for so long, was planning to bring chaos to the world with invading races called Aggressors.

In fact, it is precisely because Calgurio and the others who have opposed the entity that calls itself Cornu that they understand this threat so well. It was a good thing that Velgrynd had come, or else they would have been wiped out.

The being who was Emperor Rudra wanted to become a god himself. The possibility that the emperor’s subjects would be used as pawns in his quest could not be ruled out.

However, no one knew the Emperor’s face, so if someone claimed he was Emperor Rudra, they could just stab him in the back.

Perhaps the enemy would not do such a thing. This is because the Emperor Rudra that Calgurio knew was a hard-hearted man who would not tolerate discussion.

“We don’t have time for quarrels amongst ourselves, though.”

“You’re right. Well, I’ll be rooting around.”

“Please do. I’ll gather the surviving Imperial Knights on my end and reorganize the Imperial Guardians as soon as possible.”

This will be Calgurio’s first job as Minister of Military Affairs, but it would be harder than he expected.

After all, he has to start by finding out how many survivors there still are.

To begin with, Calgurio doesn’t know about the missions of all the Imperial Knights. He doesn’t know where they are, so he needs to start by contacting them.

Besides, some will even try to leave the army.

In fact, Krishna was one of them.

He worships Demon Lord Rimuru like a god and was willing to say that he was retiring and moving to the monster country.

Calgurio had asked him to stay until the situation was settled, but he was reluctant to do so. It was Adalman whom Calgurio consulted for advice, and he said to Krishna, “Never leave a stone unturned. If the empire remains in turmoil, Rimuru-sama will be saddened.” With that, he convinced him.

Hearing this, Krishna said, “As you wish! You are right, Adalman-sama, what a wonderful speech. I only wanted to be saved. I have to deliver Rimuru-sama’s compassion to the innocent subjects of the empire too!” He was saying something different from what Caliglio thought, but it was good to know that it worked.

They say if you care too much, you will lose.

Krishna wasn’t the only one who had expressed a desire to change sides. Some of the Imperial Guard have begun to say they want to stay here in Tempest.

He could understand why they wanted to stay, so he didn’t want to impose on them. But that would mean a decline in their forces, and that’s why he had to figure out what to do.

Many of their men died in this battle.

This was not a matter to be rehashed, since they had it coming, but there was also no reason not to think about how to deal with it.

There were only two survivors of the ‘Single Digits,’ Bonnie and Jiu.

From now on, however, they would be under the control of Masayuki, acting as his bodyguards. It is more than enough to have Velgrynd, but they would be useful for consulting and for other small tasks, which was why they were able to fulfill Masayuki’s request.

Calgurio intended to take this opportunity to reform the Emperor’s Imperial Guard Knights.

It would depend on how many survivors there are, but he would not settle for a hundred. He was going to abolish the hierarchy and stop giving meaning to numbers.

A certain amount of strength and loyalty to Emperor are two prerequisites, but Calgurio plans to widen the door a bit in the future.

He was going to send them in groups of three to various provincial cities to fortify the Empire’s defense.

With three men, even if they couldn’t compete with the top Aggressors, they could buy some time. Ideally, they should be able to respond flexibly, such as by rushing to their aid.

There are more than a hundred cities in the empire, so their numbers are not sufficient at this point in time. There are still some provincial armies left intact, so they’d get by for the time being by coordinating with others.

At any rate…he was prepared to focus on those who had reached the Sage class…

“It’s tough on us both…”

“Yeah. But it’s been strangely rewarding.”

When Minits muttered this to himself as he popped his drink, Calgurio nodded his head in agreement. And so, the words spilled out, but they were surprisingly Calgurio’s true feelings.

The feeling of working for the Empire had brought Calgurio more fulfilling days than when he had only thought about move up in the military.

“Besides, now that we have heard of His Majesty Rimuru’s plans, it is imperative to restore security and political stability to the Empire. If we don’t get on board, we will be left behind in the future world.”

With Rimuru and Masayuki’s approval, construction of the railroad begins. Perhaps in less than a few years, they could see a future in which the transportation network would be completed in the empire.

The stories he’d been told at the meeting alone were shuddering, but there was more to the story.

“And that thing. Plans to control the skies of the world, right? That man is outrageous. I know he said it over drinks, but I’m told he doesn’t get drunk. So that means he meant what he said.”

“Hmm. Zamud seemed to have been inspired by it, too, since he volunteered to help. Well, he’s more of an engineer than a soldier, so that’s what he’s really all about.”

“Is it possible to connect countries with a “Magic Train” on the ground and mass-produce airspace in the sky to stabilize the sales channels? It’s a frightening idea, but it will be realized. After all, the only thing they asked for in compensation for this defeat was ‘airspace rights.’ And rather than not needing anything else, he even provided us support. How can we refuse them?”

“It doesn’t matter, since His Majesty Masayuki approved. What’s important is the future.”

With that said, Calgurio thinks.

This country is weird 36 .

The remarks of Demon Lord Rimuru, who says that he has an idea, would be put into a feasible plan the very next day, if not within the same day.

The plan to mass-produce the airships had been planned from the moment he learned that the Empire owned it, but it was still unusual for them to prepare a development base for it so easily.

A floor in the labyrinth has now become a place to improve the airships.

Zamud works there happily, and he says every day that this is where heaven was found because he can get as much material as he wants without worrying about the budget.

The excitement of being back from the dead seems to have added to that.

Calgurio envies Zamud for being so obedient to his own desires, but he can only wish Zamud good luck in maintaining the friendship between Tempest and the Empire.

Aside from Zamud, the important things is the future.

In Demon Lord Rimuru’s vision, it seemed that he would be willing to help with maintenance within the Empire as well. Now that the Empire’s power has declined, there was no choice but to take advantage of this.

The Empire could provide the labor as well, so he doesn’t intend to make it a relationship where they can only rely on them. In that regard, Calgurio thinks very differently from the Western Nations.

He is an intelligent man capable of making calm judgment as long as he is not blinded by lust.

And so, he came to the conclusion that domestic stabilization was the priority when considering what was needed.

The empire is not in shambles at present.

However, the details of the defeat would undoubtedly unsettle the subjects.

A fallen family would see Demon Lord Rimuru as an enemy to be reckoned with. Krishna and others are taking steps to prevent this from happening, but Calgurio must also take action.

Also, as Minits is wary of, the movements of the higher nobles are a cause for concern.

If they are to grow, they must welcome the Tempest forces into the empire to ensure that they don’t run into the wrong people.

There are a lot of problems.

“That’s a big responsibility.”

“Yeah. But Calgurio…”

“What?”

Don’t you think it’s His Majesty Rimuru who has it harder than we do?”

“Hmm?”

‘That’s true,’ Calgurio thought.

When asked about their plans for future development, they had desperately started to move accordingly.

But that’s only natural.

Restoring their country’s security and developing it is not a job that they have been ordered to do. It is a job that they should work hard at every day while wishing for the betterment of their own country.

A conflict with Aggressors are inevitable in the near future. And yet, they have realized that they feel little concern about it.

It’s all because they had been given so much to do.

Buried in them, the anxiety was dispersed.

“I see. He just didn’t want us to worry…”

“I suppose so, but maybe that’s not all there is to it. Maybe His Majesty Rimuru intends to take care of the Aggressors on his own. Or maybe he doesn’t think of them as much of a problem, but…”

It was bound to be a big deal.

And yet Lord Rimuru spoke more about future developments than the aforementioned subject.

Calgurio and the Minits were impressed by his noble imposing attitude.

Perhaps it was the same with King Gazel as well.

To Demon Lord Rimuru, Aggressors were nothing more than a trivial matter.

Was that vanity or genuineness?

Minits thinks it’s Rimuru’s way of saying he doesn’t want Calgurio and the others to be worried.

But Calgurio can’t help but think the same way as Minits.

If we really want to deal with the Aggressors on our own, then we should find something we can do to help. At the very least, we must stop anyone from causing a civil war and dragging us down.

Calgurio is ready to go.

Calgurio and Minits left the restaurant after drinking for about an hour.

The next day, they left for home after setting up Masayuki as a portable shrine.

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Back in the Imperial Capital, Calgurio has a busy day ahead of him.

There are some damaged areas around the capital, but there was no need to do anything right now to rebuild. That’s because it was going to be done by collaboration with Rimuru and his team.

So, the first priority was to reorganize the military.

The generals who survived—those who all came back to life—are all back home, and have been given a new mission.

In any case, the first priority was to keep the peace, and taking into account the report from Krishna, he sent his troops to the unsettled provinces to warn them.

Fortunately, the 700,000 soldiers were loyal to Calgurio.

Even those who wanted to settle in the monster country were cooperative this time. That was because Demon Lord Rimuru had promised to hire them after the turmoil was over.

“Well, you can think it over instead of just deciding right away.”

He gathered the soldiers in the arena and gave a speech.

After Rigurd had explained the detailed conditions of settlement, Rimuru had told them himself.

By the way, Rimuru didn’t try to persuade anyone, but he did leave it up to the individual’s will, and about 200,000 people who heard his speech were motivated to move on.

“Aggressor races, huh? I’m going to beat them to a pulp!”

And, well, the fighting spirit was growing.

Although they lost their ‘soul’ power, their bodies were still altered. Even now, some of them can rival A-ranked players and are a force to be reckoned with.

This is how Calgurio wants to somehow stabilize the imperial capital. But here, an even bigger problem arose.

The real trouble was the nobles.

There was no end to the number of nobles seeking to meet with them, and this was putting a strain on Calgurio’s work.

Even if he wanted to decline, there were some big names that might be useful in the future.

Minits’ lobbying and Krishna’s persuasion helped, and no major disruptions occurred, but it was certainly a drain on their spirits.

Then Demon Lord Rimuru dispatched a helping hand.

It was Testarossa, the beautiful white (Blanc) demon.

The first thing Testarossa did was deliver a speech to control the people.

Completely ignoring the nobles, she appeased the subjects who had not yet come to terms with the shock of defeat.

It seemed like a task unsuitable for these fear-mongering demons. However, it wasn’t surprising. Demons feed on emotions, so they were perfect for relieving the fear and anxiety of the subjects.

“I’m surprised. I never thought that the White Primordial (Blanc)—Testarossa-dono, who once tormented the empire, would care so much about the people.”

“Of course. It is my job that I have been given by our king, Rimuru-sama.”

“That’s true, but it’s more, pardon me, rough, because I didn’t expect such measures to be adopted.”

Calgurio gives his thoughts as he sheds greasy sweat.

He regretted it right after he said it, thinking it was too straightforward, but Testarossa let it slide without a second thought.

“We can’t let bad publicity get in the way of Rimuru-sama, in any unlikely event. We can be cautious, but that wouldn’t be as effective. And it’s hard to adjust? Eating up all the emotions can have a detrimental effect on you.”

Calgurio paled in thought, but Testarossa would never make such a mistake. She told Moss to control her subordinates, and success was guaranteed.

But her words were also true.

It is difficult to control people’s emotions with moderate methods alone.

The deaths of their relatives and the transfer of the throne from Rudra to Masayuki confused the subjects. Not all the sorrow of the subjects has disappeared, and there are still seeds of anxiety and dissatisfaction.

In that regard, Calgurio’s deployment of security forces in various locations had prevented riots and skirmishes from occurring.

“If you don’t like it, it’s easier to kill everyone in your family if you want.”

“Ha, ha, ha, ha. You’ve got to be kidding me.”

‘It’s not a joke,’ Calgurio thought.

He knew that the White Primordial (Blanc) was trouble. This strengthened his respect for Rimuru who can control Testarossa.

The subjects have calmed down to some extent, and fortunately no one was foolish enough to rise up in arms.

Relieved at this point, Testarossa had the next move in mind.

They decided to unveil the new Emperor Masayuki as the quickest and most effective way to provide mental care for the people.

The point is, it was a coronation ceremony for him.

Testarossa thought that if Masayuki gave a speech on the occasion, his subjects would feel that a new era had arrived.

“What, me!?”

“Is there a problem?”

“No…nothing…”

He was willing to accept it.

There were tears in his eyes, but they were worthless in front of Testarossa’s smile.

“Oh my, how dare you make Masayuki cry?”

Velgrynd interrupted.

To which Testarossa replied flatly.

“I’m sorry, but I have no taste for such things.”

Two beautiful women looking at each other with smiles on their faces.

Their gazes clash, and a terrible pressure was being exerted. 37

It is mainly Masayuki and Calgurio who suffer the damage.

Praying to go back home, Masayuki passes it by.

Calgurio overcame the crisis by emptying his mind.

Anyway, Masayuki’s coronation became a reality.

Countless subjects filled the square in front of the Imperial Castle.

Looking down on them, Masayuki stood on a balcony in the upper part of the castle.

He came to the empire with Velgrynd’s ‘Transfer,’ so this is practically his first appearance as the Emperor.

With his appearance as an Emperor, he may seem dignified if he doesn’t say anything.

At the appointed time, Calgurio delivers a speech.

Then Minits, as the new Prime Minister, gives an explanation.

The war was a great defeat.

As a result, Rudra, the former emperor, had died.

The ‘Chosen Hero’ Masayuki was crowned as the new Emperor.

Masayuki’s intercession has established peace with the monster kingdom, and he would seek to improve the relationship between the two sides in the future.

Along with this, diplomatic relations have been established with the Dwarven Kingdom.

And so on.

In order to shut down Michael’s ‘Castle Guard,’ they needed to convince the subjects that Rudra was the source of all evil. Pretend he was dead, and the number of people who believe in Rudra would be reduced.

Then he introduced Masayuki as the new emperor, but many people were confused as to how that could be possible without any blood relation. To convince them, Velgrynd steps forward.

“Calm yourselves, fools. My name is Velgrynd, the “Scorch Dragon.”

The subjects were upset when they were told the same name as the Empire’s guardian dragon.

‘No way’—was what was going through everyone’s minds.

“In accordance with the Imperial Code of Ethics, I hereby appoint Chosen Hero Masayuki as the new Emperor!”

With that declaration, Velgrynd visibly unleashed her overwhelming supremacy. A divine crimson cardinal aura is visible to all.

In addition, she held out her hand in a certain direction and called out to the subjects.

“Behold. A salute to the new Emperor!”

As she finished, the Flaming God Mountain erupted into flames. This massive eruption was clearly visible from the Imperial Capital.

What would be too horrific to even call a cannonball was no less than a joke to Velgrynd. But the astonishment of the subjects who saw it was beyond words.

No one doubted it.

One might say it was a premeditated situation and triggered to erupt with magic or bombs—but the volcano was god’s mountain. One had no idea what kind of anger they might incur if they did so without asking permission from the mountain’s resident Scorch Dragon.

No one in the Imperial City would dare to act so recklessly.

That’s not all.

Several volcanic bombs had landed on the imperial city, but they were all flung off by an invisible barrier.

That was truly the true nature of the guardian dragon!

“A-a god…”

“It’s real! The real dragon god—!”

“The guardian dragon of the empire has appeared in front of us!”

They were very excited.

Over time, they also began to understand the gravity of the situation.

Velgrynd confirmed it. The subjects finally understand that Chosen Hero Masayuki has truly become an emperor.

At the same time…

Masayuki was well known in the Eastern Empire, though not as well-known in the Western Nations.

“Oh my gosh, really!?”

“Don’t tell me it’s ‘Shining Masayuki!”

“Isn’t he the greatest Chosen Hero in the world? Of course, even Demon Lord Rimuru can’t resist!”

The impression that was heard somewhere flies around, as if members of a theater company were spreading it.

That is the quality of Masayuki. He is famous everywhere.

And this time, Masayuki’s power has been enhanced. The effect was far-reaching and had a huge impact on those who knew him.

As a result, there was the usual cheers.

“Ma-sa-yu-ki! Ma-sa-yu-ki—!!”

The cheers were so harmonious that it seemed as if the voices of the subjects were united.

Velgrynd and others said, “Fools. It’s so impolite to call the Emperor by his name” they thought, but Masayuki himself was not angry, so he acquiesced.

It was Testarossa who was the most upset.

The empire's subjects misunderstood that Demon Lord Rimuru couldn't resist Masayuki, and she had the feeling that she would boil over if this continued, but this was a plan drawn by Testarossa herself. There was no one to complain about, so she had to put up with it.

And so, it was very easy for Masayuki to be accepted by his subjects in the Empire.

And on that day, he was proclaimed to the nations of the world as “Emperor” of the Eastern Empire, the Nasca Namrium Ulmeria United Eastern Empire.

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The subjects of the Imperial City have been revitalized by the newfound hope.

The grief of those who have lost their loved ones would not heal quickly, but they have begun to move forward.

Their daily lives are returning to normal.

Calgurio knew it was all the more gratifying.

However, the days of true rest were far from over.

A troublesome opponent, the nobility, was on the move now that the new Emperor had been officially appointed.

With Minits in charge, he’d like to leave the highborn to their own devices, but it was for Calgurio’s convenience, and the nobles don’t care who is in charge of the new emperor.

That’s why the requests for visits are always coming in.

When he looked at Testarossa for help, she said without a care in the world,

“These are the noblemen of this country, but I’m sure most of them won’t be a problem.”

Calgurio had no idea what that meant, but he understood that Testarossa was behind it.

Since Minits was working on his job, Calgurio decided to focus on what he could do.

Then, within days, the requests for visits began to dwindle.

“Excuse me sir, but Testarossa-dono, but, well…”

Calgurio wondered if she had threatened them, but he couldn’t say it out loud.

The lady sipping her tea elegantly in front of him was the White Primordial (Blanc), long feared by the Empire. It’s hard to believe even if told, but it’s an undeniable fact.

That’s why it was no surprise that she was using some terrifying method.

“Oh, excuse me. Why do you look at me with such terror? I’ve never done anything wrong.”

That’s what all bad people think.

But saying it was different.

It was impossible for Calgurio, who felt so cramped in his own office, to tell the queen-like Testarossa what he really thought of her, “it’s unavoidable.”

“No, hahahaha, I’m not doubting you. I’m grateful every day that you’ve been such a great help. And so, I’m just wondering how you managed to keep the noblemen quiet.”

“I wish you wouldn’t have to worry about that and just go about your business.”

Testarossa sipped her tea.

Then she let out one elegant sigh.

“Well, all right. I’ll feel awkward taking credit for it, so I’ll let you know. As I told you before, the nobles weren’t much of a problem.”

“So, why is that?”

“First of all, the nobles of this empire were divided into three major factions. Of course, you knew that, didn’t you?”

“Yes. The warlord aristocracy, led by the Marquis family, Minits’ family, was the central figure of the Emperor faction. The rest are the local nobility.”

The military, a powerful organization, was the cornerstone of the empire. There were many nobles who joined its steadfast authority, and the warlord nobles boasted great power. The marquis, the second highest-ranking nobleman, was the head of this faction, which meant that few high-ranking nobles participated in it.

In contrast, the aristocracy was dominated by those with ties to the Emperor. This faction symbolizes the authority of the aristocracy in that they must be at least an earl or higher to have a say in the matter.

The provincial aristocracy is the least coherent faction. They are made up of nobles who individually have no voice in the opinions that suit them. It could be said that they are only one faction because their interests are aligned.

At Calgurio’s explanation, Testarossa nodded lightly.

“That’s right. The warlord aristocracy first, but this was like the Minits were in control of it, wasn’t it?”

“No, no, Minits and his younger brother don’t get along…”

“No. Yhat thing was, you know, just sulking.”

“What?”

“You were almost overwhelmed by the sense of responsibility when your respected brother gave the marquis house. So, by rebelling and showing it, he was telling himself that he could protect his physical appearance while still being able to convince himself.” 38

‘Well, that sounds like a weak human story’—and Testarossa replied with a laugh.

“Is that true? I mean, how did you find out that it was…?”

“Se-cr-et. You’ve heard the saying, “The less you know, the happier you are, 39 ” haven’t you?”

That fact was investigated by Moss overnight.

Moss is overworked by Testarossa and has no time to rest.

Perhaps the worst victim in Tempest is Moss, the demon noble known as the “King of Ashes.” However, he can’t complain about that and is quietly working his way through the dark enviroment.

Moss sneaked into the Marquis’ house and read the diary hidden in the master’s office. He reported this secret to Testarossa.



Even with the strict security of the marquis’ house, there was no way to pull one over Moss. He also found out other information that would improve relations and casually told Minits about it.

It would normally be a crime, but…For those who were unaware that they had done something wrong, this was nothing bad.

“Hahaha, that’s right. Of course, I believe in Testarossa-dono. It’s a wild thing to ask any more questions.”

Calgurio ran away.

It was a very wise decision.

Despite the odds, the relationship between Minits and his brother were on the mend. Then, if it was all good, he decided to just let the results speak for themselves.

“I’m convinced about the warlord nobility, but how are the other factions doing?”

“Well, the provincial aristocrats have expressed their willingness to return.”

“What? When did it happen?”

“They were the first to fall. Because the most important thing to those guys was that the people of the territory didn’t go hungry. The stabilization of the countryside had been accomplished, so the rest of them were still worried about future politics.”

“Hah…”

“By the way, do you know what the local noblemen’s financial resources are?”

“It’s mainly from the crops that are harvested in each fiefdom. They pay taxes after they get enough to meet their needs. The surplus is then sold to their merchants. Those sales are what I understand to be the source of income for the local lords.”

“Well, you’re generally right, but you’re partly wrong.”

Calgurio felt strange.

How was he, at the pinnacle of the Imperial Army, being lectured on economics by the demon that had once afflicted the Empire? He couldn’t figure it out, and was perplexed.

How can a demon know so much about human economic activities? I’m from a lowly provincial aristocracy so I knew, but I don’t think that even your average high ranking soldier knows that…

Moreover, his answer is not a perfect score.

There are other local crafts and specialties that can be done by hand, but he doesn’t think that’s the right answer. Calgurio doesn’t think she’s the kind of person to make such a fuss, and praises Testarossa.

“What is the right answer, then?”

“It’s black-market trade.”

“What?”

Calgurio answers unintentionally.

There is no such thing as a black market in this empire. Just believing that, he was astonished by the imposing answer.

“Oh, is it strange?”

“Of course it is! The Empire, under the authority of His Majesty, stands for equality for all. Noblemen, of course, are exempt, but even commoners have a chance at promotion in the military.”

“I know. I’m not talking about the surface of it, but the practical side of it. The black market is essential. Do you know why?”

Even if you say it’s mandatory, he knows that Testarossa is serious. But Calgurio couldn’t help but be disbelieving.

If the traitorousness of the Emperor’s black market is so widespread, the Imperial Intelligence could not have been ignorant of it. It would not have gone unnoticed by the late Lieutenant Kondou, for that matter.

He was even called an “intelligence monster,” a man who was feared. And he couldn’t help but feel that the injustice therein had been left unchecked.

“Unbelievable. Kondou-dono missed the wrongdoing?”

He muttered to himself, and Testarossa looked at Calgurio in dismay.

“You’re so stiff. You missed it because it wasn’t a bad thing.”

“Well, what’s that supposed to mean?”

“It sounds nice to be a nobleman’s maid, but power relationship is determined by the rank of the employer. Do you think a merchant of a lower class can compete with a merchant of a higher class?”

“Ah…”

“The answer is, it’s impossible. When you’re powerful, you have to do as you’re told. That’s where the black market comes in. The reason ‘Echidna’ and its successor, ‘Cerberus,’ the Imperial underworld societies, existed, is because there was a need for them.”

“…”

It was an eye-opener for Calgurio.

‘A merchant must be free,’ Testarossa says. A fixed salary is not enough to really pursue profit.

To bind them by force would only provoke a rebellion, and that would get the people into trouble before that. It is because he understood that that Kondou did not seriously interfere in the underworld.

So was human trafficking, which is officially banned.

When famine or other famine-hit villages are unable to eat, they must be reduced in size. Legally, it’s considered evil, but if they don’t do it, many will die. In such cases, selling to the black market was more likely to increase the chances of survival than killing.

That’s an extreme example, but it’s a fact that this had been done several times in the history of the Empire. There were many other inconvenient realities that had been overlooked as open secrets.

Some of the larger issues include foreign trade.

As long as the empire does not tolerate the existence of other countries, trade and the like are publicly forbidden. But that’s the problem with the economy.

That is why “Cerberus” and the like had their roots in the Western Nations.

Testarossa explains these facts matter-of-factly. Hearing this, Calgurio wonders how the demon knows so much, and also feels sad because he feels like an idiot.

“Thank you for the detailed explanation. It helped.”

“Good. Well, that’s why the local nobles were so easy. When I explained to them that free trade would be allowed from now on, they agreed with me in an assortment of ways. Besides, if Rimuru-sama’s project proceeds, there will be railroads between the provincial cities as well. They promised me that they would support Emperor Masayuki to the fullest because the wealth will be distributed to the regions instead of being centralized.”

Testarossa concluded.

Calgurio is understandably convinced.

The empire is also a highly developed scientific civilization, but it does not have the luxury of connecting all the urban areas. The reason for this is obvious—most of the budget is used for development and military spending.

The transportation of food and supplies is also important, but it can only be provided in the cities around the capital. Goods were brought in from distant regions by magic and airships.

Even those regions that were on the back burner would be included in the development plan. If they had been told, it would have been easy to make the local lords happy.

The negotiations were based on the premise of enormous financial and labor forces, but it was Demon Lord Rimuru and Testarossa who made it possible.

Investigate the other party's circumstances and make negotiations advantageous. Although it was faithful to the basics, Calgurio was deeply impressed with how amazing it was when thoroughly implemented.

He vowed to rethink the way he had been doing things.

“Then, the only factions left are the nobles famlies.”

“That’s right.”

“And since it’s Testarossa-dono, I assume you already know what they’re up to?”

At this point, Calgurio has full confidence in Testarossa. He doesn’t know what kind of plan they have up their sleeves, but if it’s Testarossa, then there won’t be a problem.

“Pardon me. To begin with, there weren’t any fools in the Empire these days who were doing bad things. The stagnant air has been swept away in the last few decades, but it turns out it was Kondou’s doing.”

In other words, the real villains have already been purged.

Testarossa has been with the Empire for a long time, but lately Calgurio feels that the people are more stable than ever before. Now he sees why.

The spiteful evil-doers were gone. The only ones left now were the secret societies that were considered a necessary evil and the petty villains that could be left alone.

“Then, how do you suggest them to persuade the nobles?”

“There is a meeting this afternoon. That’s how we’re going to settle this, so I hope you’ll join us.”

It was definitely an order.

Originally, he was supposed to be a collaborator, but Calgurio had no complaints.

He nodded at Testarossa’s words in the face of a clear difference in ability.

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Only four people meet in the reception room.

The host, Prime Minister Minits.

Calgurio, the Minister of Military Affairs.

A diplomatic officer and future ally from the monster kingdom, Testarossa, will be present.

And the last of these is the negotiator, Duke Mithra Hillmenard with his faction of noblemen.

He was still young in his early 30s, and one might think he would be too young to be the head of a faction.

But that doesn’t apply to Mithra.

He is a person who has everything.

Mithra’s mother was once the emperor’s queen. She was, in fact, Rudra’s birth mother.

The imperial family has a special system in place that does not have an empress who is to be called the emperor’s wife. That position was reserved for Velgrynd alone.

Instead, some women vied for supremacy in the palace’s back rooms as empresses. These were daughters voluntarily given by the nobility, whose bloodline was unmistakably noble.

Whoever carries the Emperor’s child will be crowned the victor and will be named Queen. After all, the child is sure to become the next Emperor.

Incidentally, as a digression, there were also several queens in Rudra’s palace, but Rudra does not recognize them. It was the arbitrary decision of the noblemen who wanted their daughters to be queen, and this time it was dissolved. There was an idea that the new Emperor would take over it, but it was judged to be unnecessary for Masayuki. Who made that decision will forever remain a mystery…

Back to the topic at hand.

Mithra’s mother was the winner. She had fulfilled the great task of giving birth to Rudra and had achieved great fame.

As a reward, she was given two choices.

She could remain in the palace and allow Rudra to grow into a man of her own choosing, or she could marry into a family of her choice with an enormous sum of money.

The Emperor’s treatment of his birth mother is of the highest order. She had a great deal of say in the matter and would not be despised even if she had left the palace. So she did not hesitate to leave the palace and marry the former Duke Hillmenard.

And the one who was born between them was Mithra Hillmenard.

He is the half-brother of Emperor Rudra. His unwavering authority alone was enough to bring all around him to their knees.

A mask of cruelty intimidates all who see it. With no eyebrows and a horrifying gaze that would have been frightening to anyone who saw it, any desire to rebel was diminished.

He is neither fat nor thin. He’s not tall, but his intimidation is impressive.

This guy must be doing bad things behind the scenes.

‘Not good.’ ‘He’s one we should not cross…’

…And so on. Many of the higher nobles felt that way.

That’s exactly why he was the right man to be the head of the nobles.

A man with a dignity no one could resist, that was Duke Mithra Hillmenard.

If it was only strength alone, Calgurio would win without a doubt. There was no doubt about that, even before he awakened.

But the world does not live by strength alone. If there is no one to provide food, clothing, and shelter, there can be no comfort. If one defied Mithra, they were bound to lose it.

He’s an extremely troublesome opponent. I wanted to be at the top of the army, too, but when it comes right down to it, it’s a hard thing to live with. I’m going to have to bargain with this monster.

He thought to himself, without saying it out loud.

Maybe with Minits there, he could work something out, but he wouldn’t have been able to negotiate one-on-one.

But this time, he has a reliable helper.

Testarossa-dono is a fearsome being, but she’s encouraging as an ally. Knowing that she’s the fearsome White Primordial, makes me feel that we can’t lose.

Mithra was scary in front of Calgurio, but Testarossa was even scarier. With that in mind, he was able to regain his composure.

Calgurio regained his composure and remembered the words of Testarossa.

Wait? Testarossa-dono had said that most of the nobles wouldn’t be a problem. So was Mithra-dono the problematic aristocrat? No, that’s a strange story too…Kondou would not have tolerated the Emperor’s half-brother. Could it be that Mithra-dono has done nothing wrong?

No way. That’s a bit of a stretch.

‘It’s not likely,’ says Calgurio, denying his own beliefs.

Mithra is feared by all because he is untouchable and evil. A man who makes one think they are a nuisance cannot be an ordinary person.

Then the hands of the clock struck the hour.

A loud ringing of the bell sounded.

It was the signal for the meeting to begin.

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“The rogues who seek to usurp the throne. Shall I ask you why you have summoned me?”

That magnificent question belongs to Mithra.

Minits takes it softly.

“Please wait, my lord. That’s a misunderstanding.”

“What is this misunderstanding. Isn’t it true?”

“We have followed the official procedure according to the Imperial Code of Ethics. Therefore, I would ask you to withdraw the word ‘usurpation.’”

“I will vomit. Don’t let it go to your head just because you’ve got Velgrynd-sama on your side!”

“No way!”

Minits denied it out loud.

Even the calm Minits couldn’t help but be overlooked.

Yes, it’s really outrageous, and even Calgurio is upset.

Certainly, to an outsider, it would seem that Velgrynd has sided with them.

But that’s a big misunderstanding.

Rather, it’s the opposite.

He is only keeping the peace by currying favor with Velgrynd.

Words and deeds can get one killed, but that’s no longer the case with Velgrynd.

This country might really disappear.

It’s not an exaggeration or anything, but it really could disappear from the world.

It all depended on Masayuki’s mood.

It’s a good thing that Masayuki was a kind person, but he shuddered to think of what he would have done if he had been a selfish person.

“Mithra-dono, Minits is correct. Although Velgrynd-Sama is an ally of His Majesty, she is not an ally of the Empire. If it is His Majesty’s wish, she would have no hesitation in destroying the Empire.”

“That’s right. That one actually said that if it would be a burden His Majesty Masayuki, then she’d let the country be burnt to the ground. We must never offend her!”

“You expect me to believe that?”

“No, it’s no wonder you can’t believe it, so we would like to hear your opinion.”

“Kekeke, are you ruling over the Empire, or are you hostile?”

“That’s wrong.”

“What?”

Mithra asks irreverently, and Minits denies it immediately.

Then he goes on to say what he really thinks.

“Okay? I don’t want this to come out, but I want you to know what I’m really thinking, sir. That’s why I’m telling you.”

“You’re going around in circles. If you want my opinion, then just tell me.”

“Then, let’s start with the question first. Mithra, my lord, do you want to rule the Empire? Or do you want to work hand in hand with us?”

“…What?”

The question from Minits was unexpected, even for Mithra. Just as he had been bracing himself for the kind of negotiations that were about to unfold, it sounded as if they were willing to surrender control of the Empire to Mithra.

In fact, that perception was correct.

Minits himself had been forced to accept the position of Prime Minister by chance. If Mithra wishes it here, he was willing to give it up.

His first priority was to stabilize the empire. And now that this was largely accomplished, it was Minits’ opinion that there was still room for change in terms of how the political system would be structured in the future.

Calgurio is also aware of Minits’ thought process.

Indeed, he is willing to help unite the Imperial nobility. If I turned it over to Mithra-dono here, he would not have made a mistake, but that would be unfair, wouldn’t it, Minits?

‘That’s why his younger brother will resent him,’ Calgurio thought to himself, gritting his teeth.

“You’d even give up your position as Prime Minister to me?”

“Thank you for being so quick to understand. Now may I tell you what I think?”

“……I’m listening.”

Mithra, perhaps sensing a lack of information, reluctantly nodded his head.

In response, Minits began to speak.

The basic premise is that Masayuki himself did not want the position of Emperor.

But if he left the empire unattended here, political unrest could cause a great deal of confusion.

There was also an unknown enemy and leaving that unattended would put everyone in trouble. Therefore, the Monster Kingdom and the Dwarven Kingdom welcomed Masayuki to become the Emperor.

Velgrynd only obeys the will of Masayuki. It means that if Masayuki does not become Emperor, she will easily abandon the Empire.

Even without Velgrynd’s help, the loss of the dragon guardian’s blessing is a big problem. If that was the case, then it was in the best interest of the people of the Empire to have Masayuki on the throne at all costs.

“As I said before, His Majesty Masayuki himself feels that the imperial throne is a burden. I’m sure he wouldn’t mind having someone else to do the honors for him, rather he would be welcome to it.”

Minits concluded.

‘I see’… and Mithra was convinced.

He understood that all that mattered was Velgrynd’s mood.

If he does not keep Masayuki on the throne, even Velgrynd will leave the Empire.

If so, it certainly doesn't matter who is in politics.

Rather, it is in the Empire’s best interest to not bind Masayuki.

“It is Demon Lord Rimuru-sama’s intention to build a good relationship with Masayuki-sama. If Masayuki-sama is to be Emperor, he will provide as much support as possible. So, I hope you understands that saying ‘usurpation of the throne’ is out of line.”

With a bewitching smile, Testarossa also joined in.

Of course, this information was already known to Mithra.

It is also known that Demon Lord Rimuru did not demand great reparations from the empire that was defeated in the war.

Demon Lord Rimuru’s goal is also to ensure future friendship. If so, Mithra himself thought that there was no room for doubt in Testarossa’s statement.

Then what was the right thing to do?

There were two options. But he doesn’t necessarily have to choose one or the other. If there’s another way, he’s free to choose it.

However— Mithra seems to have given up halfway, thinking that it would be difficult to win…