

# 転生したら スライム

That Time I Got  
Reincarnated as a SLIME

6

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Regarding Reincarnated to Slime

GC NOVELS



# That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime

## Volume 6

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# Octagram Rising

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*That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime*

# Prologue

## Majins' Conspiracy

“I-I’m dying here, seriously...”

As Laplace speaks, he emerges before another man in the room.

As mentioned just now, his body is heavily wounded.

“You’ve taken quite a beating now, haven’t you?”

The owner of the room, a black-haired young man, responds rather coldly.

This reaction provokes Laplace, prompting him to start complaining in a rude tone.

“Hold on a second here, wasn’t this supposed to be some simple walk-in-the-park task?

The infiltration was hard—much harder than anticipated but escaping from there was even more difficult. No ordinary man can get through that even with multiple lives...”

“That’s because I have faith in you. That, and you can’t be killed anyways.”

“I see you’re still as cruel as ever.”

Laplace begins fake crying, but the young man continues without displaying any emotions.

“So, what did you learn from investigating the Western Holy Church?”

“—About that... I really don’t wanna say this but... I seriously can’t find anything.”

The young man remains impassive as he listens to Laplace’s report.

His reaction, or lack thereof, towards this report makes it feel almost as if he expected to hear it; he lets out a grin and replies:

“Oi—why are you doing this again, why can’t you ever just be honest? You’ve probably already discovered something by now, haven’t you?”

Laplace shrugs and sighs upon hearing the young man’s reply.

“Ya got me there. These pieces of information were all really difficult to obtain, and I was planning to sell them at a high price. Yet you’ve seen through me like it was nothing. I’ll accept this defeat.”

“Hehehe, it makes me happy to hear your praises like this. But still, don’t expect a bonus, okay?”

Hearing this, Laplace sighs: “What a mean character.”

“Hey now, don’t say that. I did say I’d give you the payment as agreed upon. Anyway, the

consciousness of “that thing” has already been settled. I’ve transferred the demon lord inside me into the body of a homunculus.”

The young man smiles gleefully at this declaration. He then rings a bell and summons the secretary that seemed to have been waiting outside of the room.

“Did you summon me?”

She looks elegant and dignified—a model secretary through and through.

Her beauty is decorated by pure, white skin which perfectly accentuates her braided blonde hair.

Her eyes are bright blue in color as if shining with mysterious lazurite.

However, while the light in her eyes looks entralling somehow, it does not seem to bear ill will.

“Huh? Eh, could you be...?”

Laplace becomes suspicious of the woman’s appearance, yet in her eyes, Laplace finds a familiar presence. He then seems to recognize her true identity, and the realization quells his inner confusion. He bursts into laughter.

“Why are ya dressing like this? Has your highness undergone a sex change? I’d say it hardly suits you to dress like this. It’s completely different from what you used to look like.”

“Shut up. It took me ten years to obtain a body that I can move around freely in. These types of inconveniences are more than tolerable.”

The woman replies rudely, not willing to let Laplace berate her.

Her model secretary like behavior disappears as she intimately pats Laplace on the shoulder and lets out ruffian laughter without a care. Then she sits down on a chair.

“So, you let me meet this guy means I can put down the act now, right?”

“No, I hope you can still keep up the act at least on the outside. But since we’re all familiar with each other here, it would be unnecessary.”

“Oh? I suppose I’ll just do as the boss says then. But for what reason exactly?”

“About that, it’s because currently you are still too weak, Kazalim. You’ve yet to recover your full power, right? Until you’ve regained your full strength as the ‘Cursed Lord,’ you should just sit back and observe Clayman.”

Kazalim, the woman who looks like a secretary, sighed with discontent at his reply.

Kazalim.

That is the name of an ancient demon lord. There once was a human named Leon who proclaimed himself a demon lord near the border of Kazalim’s domain. Kazalim had then attempted to punish Leon for such bold declarations but was unsuccessful in the end.

And this former Demon Lord Kazalim is the being that both Demon Lord Clayman and Laplace wish to revive, and who also happens to be the president of the Moderate Jester Troupes.

Yet nowadays, Kazalim is no longer in possession of such power and thus assumes the body of a fragile woman.

While near death, Kazalim was able to possess the flesh of this young man in a fateful encounter and thus cheated death. A few days earlier the former demon lord’s Astral Body was

finally successfully transferred to the physical body of this homunculus.

Right now, his power is much weaker than it was during the days of his prime. As a result, Kazalim decided to recognize the young man as his master and to serve as his subordinate. This was the agreement between Kazalim and the young man, which is why he made no objections.

Having spent his time with the young man for ten years, Kazalim fully recognized him as his master.

“That’s right. My power has yet to fully recover. I was defeated by that Demon Lord Leon so badly that I even lost my physical body. Sure my soul is able to settle in this homunculus, but this body is too fragile. If I am to fully release my magicules within it, it would completely destroy this body. That wouldn’t be a revival at all...”

“Is that so, now I see. So even the president is calling you boss. In that case, I too shall accept you as my boss. You are no longer just another client. I guess there’s no reason to hide anything from you anymore.”

“Seriously? You are one stubborn idiot. We’ve been collaborating for so long, and I even helped you revive your most precious president. Yet you still wouldn’t believe me till now...”

“Hahaha, that’s a totally different matter. Speaking of which, the president taking on the appearance of a super model is absolutely hilarious!”

“—Is that so? I don’t really care about my appearance.”

“No no no, the contrast between how ya look and how ya talk is just too much; it’s absolutely hilarious.”

“Whatev—No, I understand now. If I must keep up this act, I need to talk more like a woman.”

“No no no, that isn’t the problem here, is it? Anyhow, it kinda suits ya better... But, how should I put this... WHAHAAHAHA!”

Laplace bursts into laughter, unable to continue.

“Oh now, please shut your trap. It’s not like I wanted to end up like this. This body is a Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion’s specially modified homunculus that boss has prepared just for me.”

“Yeah. It’s quite expensive. If we didn’t prepare the container devoid of a soul, it may have contaminated the transferred soul, resulting in a failed transfer. Speaking of which, if Kazalim hadn’t escaped into my body, it might have already been mixed up with impurities and would have made it impossible to separate. In other words, I can’t really help with how it looks.”

“I really appreciate that, Boss.”

But there was no joy in the voice of this young man and Kazalim expresses gratitude towards him. Even so, he still seems rather irritated and was only able to bring his good mood back after Laplace joined in expressing thanks.

“I guess I’ll let it go this time. I get that you two must be experiencing a lot of feelings right now, reuniting after such a long time, but I want to talk business now. Let’s hear the results of your investigations, Laplace.”

With that, Kazalim loses his smile and turns towards Laplace. Laplace also nods back, changing his attitude, and starts talking in a more serious manner:

“Since you kept your part of this bargain and granted my wish, I would like to show you my sincerity as well. I’ve infiltrated the Western Holy Church, wishing to discover its secrets. Yet I was unable to discover any deeper truths.”

Laplace says as he begins to describe his investigation in detail.

Laplace’s mission this time was to investigate the secrets hidden within the organization called the ‘Western Holy Church.’

This organization in particular is based in the Holy Empire of Lubelius and claims to be an independent religious organization.

They portray themselves as “The Just Protectors of The Weak” and have significant influence over the western states. To the young man, this organization stands as an obstacle between him and his goals. This is why he hired Laplace, a member of the Moderate Jester Troupe jack of all trades, to help find any exploitable weaknesses.

The young man believes that there’s a hidden dark side to the Western Holy Church.

If they are indeed agents of justice as they’re meant to be, he will have to resort to damaging their reputation by any means possible. But that would be his last draw.

Now is not the time to strike yet.

This is because the Western Holy Church also happens to have the strongest of the Saints, the Commander of the Holy Imperial Guards, Hinata Sakaguchi.

However, Laplace isn’t finished yet.

“And then, since Hinata was absent, I got to infiltrate the church, but I didn’t find anything suspicious. So I decided to go to the Holy City of Lubelius and check out the holy ‘Inner Sanctum’ at the top of the Spirit Mountain.”

As he becomes more and more excited with his explanation, Laplace begins to gesticulate with his hands and feet.

There, he witnessed something with his own eyes. A fearsome truth that he laid eyes upon.  
“I was really surprised, you know. The holy land was filled with a holy aura.”

“Isn’t that only natural? It’s a holy land after all.”

“Did ya hit your head or what? Have you become dumber since I last saw you?”

“No way, I definitely did not! By the way, president, your old tone is back again.”

“Again with the same shit—My business is irrelevant. Please proceed.”

Skeptical about the treatment he’s receiving, Laplace continues to report everything he saw.

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After sneaking past the Western Holy Church headquarters, Laplace found himself before the Temple of Gods. This is the hall of the Pope, who acts as the Agent of God, but it is also the place where politics are managed.

As he entered the Temple of Gods, he started to feel something is amiss with the surroundings. He sensed a weak flow of magic that would affect one’s psyche.

Laplace possesses the Unique Skill ‘Deceiver’ and because of its defense mechanism, he

was able to detect the existence of such intricate magic.

*That's a surprise. I didn't anticipate there to be mental magic on par with my own here...*

From there on, Laplace became more cautious and proceeded towards the Holy Church carefully.

Laplace had some knowledge about the enemy organization. However, he had little to no idea about the connection between this Western Holy Church and the Holy Empire of Lubelius.

The Western Holy Church worships the monotheistic god Luminas as their deity. It's the same case for Holy Empire of Lubelius, and it can be said that both are disciples in the religion of Luminism.

But in terms of power, the Western Holy Church far outranks Lubelius.

The reason being Hinata.

The reasons why the Western Holy Church have grown to become such an elite organization are all thanks to the achievements of Hinata Sakaguchi, who dispatched knights to branches of the church in western states, organized group efforts to protect the weak, and more.

The Western Holy Church was once an organization that spread the teachings of their Goddess Luminas under the protection of the Holy Empire of Lubelius. Nowadays they've suddenly become "The Just Protector of The Weak" and lost their ties as a serving organization under the Holy Empire of Lubelius.

The reason of this transformation is the Holy Knight Order, which Hinata personally trained. They are the real issue.

They are the strongest human knights—and the Holy Knight Order consists of many of these holy knights.

Even Laplace considers them to be difficult to deal with. The Holy Knight Order does not follow the Holy Empire of Lubelius but instead follows their one true Goddess, Luminas—In other words, they follow Hinata's every command, as she herself is a disciple of Luminas.

This is the reason why the Western Holy Church was able to cut its ties with the Holy Empire of Lubelius, thus becoming a force of its own.

But there was another problem.

The Holy Empire of Lubelius' military is not exclusively made up of the Holy Knight Order.

There is also the regular army of the Holy Empire of Lubelius, namely the Imperial Guards which serve under the Pope's direct command. This regiment serving the Pope is another difficult organization to deal with.

They preach the saying "in God's name, all men are born equal," which allowed them to garner a variety of talents to serve in the Order.

The conditions for joining are very straight forward: be a faithful follower of Luminas and have combat capability above rank A.

The conditions seem simple on paper but are more difficult to achieve in practice, which is why the number of knights in the regiment is so small. However, they are all exceptional fighters or mages who are allowed to recruit their own subordinates. This is why the Imperial Guards are not a force to be trifled with.

Even within such a powerful organization, Hinata is still said to be head and shoulders above everyone else as the top knight. Moreover, the archon (leader/highest ranking officer) of the Pope's ministry, Nicolaus Speltus is an admirer of Hinata. With all that in consideration, it can be said that half of the Western Holy Church is firmly under Hinata's control.

The biggest player in both organizations around the Pope, Hinata, refuses to pledge herself to said Pope. Due to people such as Hinata, the relationship between the Western Holy Church and the Holy Empire of Lubelius appears severely twisted nowadays.

*What a difficult woman to deal with...*

Having summarized all that information, Laplace sighs with disdain.

The holy church is filled with the power of spirits, calling forth the grand holy-element spirits.

Such a strong aura of holiness greatly affected the majin Laplace. His senses seemed to have become reduced, and he felt the desire to retreat as soon as possible.

Laplace tried to encourage himself to move on while thinking over his next move.

He decided to head over to the top of the Spirit Mountain. It holds the "Inner Sanctum" which seems to be the place used for communicating with the Goddess.

While infiltrating the holy church, Laplace's instincts told him that there were some secrets hidden there.

"All right, what should I do next..."

Laplace considered what he should do for a moment and then headed towards the "Inner sanctum" across the holy church.

Laplace had been concerned about the amount of time spent investigating, since Hinata would be returning at any moment. But since she wasn't there yet, he needed to seize the opportunity to have a sneak peek at the teachings of the Western Church—The identity of their deity.

*I'll just take a look.*

He made up his mind and began to climb up the mountain roads.

However, that was a mistake.

Well, in terms of results it was the right decision as it provided incredibly valuable information, but at the same time, it put his life in jeopardy and gave him an unnecessary arduous task.

Using the narrow stone steps that led up the mountain, Laplace was able to reach the sanctum at its summit.

The sanctum was rather small compared to the Holy Church, yet the two were similar in terms of aesthetics. This small sanctum must have been the real residence of the God.

The surroundings were devoid of any sound.

The holy aura there was much more intense, and it pressed against Laplace's body and heart.

Yet there was a rather familiar magical aura he sensed in such a holy environment.

*—How could this be, Isn't this a holy land?! Why is there a presence of magicules? This is strange, it's really giving me the chills...*

The biggest obstacle, Hinata, was indeed not there.

And if there were any other people around (though he would not take them lightly either way) they would not be dangerous enough to pose a threat—Laplace reached such a conclusion.

But, was it really the right judgement?

With how things were developing, unease wormed its way into Laplace's heart as he doubted his decision.

*I'm overthinking it. I could just go in with full stealth and run away against any overbearing opponents.*

Laplace thought so to encourage himself and decided to give it a go.

He carefully enabled his “Deception Technique” and was about to go sneaking into the sanctum.

Yet in an instant—

He “seems” to have witnessed a light shining through his body. Immediately, the panicked Laplace made his rushed escape to the outside of the sanctum.

“Useless fool. A trash like you dares to profane the residence of ‘God.’”

An incredibly powerful person emerged from the sanctum.

Under his dashing clothes, Laplace could vaguely see a strong, muscular body.

The short, energetic blonde hair on his head displayed his temperament.

The style of a king.

The two canine teeth that jutted out of his mouth were the most eye-catching.

“How could this...A Vampire!”

“Silence, trash. I shall punish you myself. You should feel honored to be killed by my hands!”

What followed right after were strafes of red beams, all aimed at Laplace.

With nowhere to run and no plans of escape, Laplace was beaten to a pulp.



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Laplace shivers as he recounts his experience.

“That guy sure was strong. I really thought I would die there.”

“Or rather...why haven’t you died yet?”

The young man teases upon hearing Laplace’s mumbling.

Kazalim jests, astonished: “Meh, you probably can’t kill this guy even if you wanted to.”

“It’s really annoying; shouldn’t ensuring an escape route and one’s own safety be common sense? But I feel as though I’ve been getting beat-downs all the time lately. So it’s about time for me to act cool for once and show off what I am made of a little.”

“Yeah, yeah. But your role is to be a spy, so I’d advise you to not try anything crazy.”

“Yeah, Laplace. The goal is the important thing, playing cool is irrelevant, no?”

“Sure, you are both right. I’ll just allow them to beat me more. I may even become a masochist one day.”

“Why does that matter? It makes no difference if you lose.”

“Yeah, just to live on and win at the last moment is enough. Speaking of which—”

Kazalim’s expression becomes serious upon reaching this point in the conversation.

Laplace also nods in response:

“Yes, yes, the more important issue is that he was able to beat the crap out of me, meaning that guy is definitely strong. The question here is, who really is this guy? Logically, the question is how could such a strong majin appear in a holy place like that? That’s definitely the breaking point. Could this revelation develop into an issue to shake the foundation of the Western Holy Church?”

“Majin... The Western Holy Church has connections with even majin, and on top of that, a high-ranking Vampire...”

Laplace, as if in sync with the other’s thoughts, pushes towards the core issue.

The young man nods in agreement. However, he is unable to hide the shock on his face at such an unexpected turn of events.

“Now this may be an issue. The man who beat Laplace, according to my available knowledge, can’t be just a simple majin.”

“Indeed. I agree.”

“Hmm, how so?”

The young man responds dubiously, despite what Kazalim and Laplace believe.

“I’m not trying to brag here, but I am strong. For instance, against that Dryad back then, had I fought her earnestly, she wouldn’t have stood a chance. I just thought it was disadvantageous to fight in the forest, plus it would get real annoying real fast if she called for backup. That’s why I decided to run. There wasn’t really any point in fighting her. However, that guy was different. His strength could rival a demon lord. That’s why running away was my only option.”

In the forest, the Dryads are particularly powerful. Due to their racial attributes, they can

teleport to anywhere within the forest instantaneously through the touch of any vegetation within their domain. Not only that, they are able to “share” all their information among members of their own race. That’s why under such circumstances, their companions would surely come to her aid.

Dryads are a difficult race to deal with, and it’s for this Laplace had decided to flee. If it were only one Dryad, Laplace would be confident in his victory.

However, it’s different this time.

“That guy was a monster. Definitely stronger than me.”

Laplace asserts with confidence.

The air in the room suddenly grows heavier.

“I see, a Demon Lord... Kazalim, what do you think?”

Kazalim sighs.

“As I said—we may be in trouble. To my knowledge, there’s only one person that fits the description.”

“Oh? And who would that be?”

The young man asks upon seeing that Kazalim is beating around the bush.

“—Demon Lord Valentine. One of the ancient demon lords whose strength rivaled mine when I was in my prime.”

“Yeah, no wonder. If he can fight the president on even footing, fleeing was definitely the right call. I’m glad I followed my instincts.”

Laplace shrugs as he responds.

He went through all the trouble of infiltrating the Church when Hinata was away yet encountering a demon lord?—His expression tells the whole story.

“...Hmm—The demon lord resides within the Western Holy Church. Could it be—that the Pope is in fact Demon Lord Valentine?”

“Who knows? It’s strange that a demon lord would seek help from the humans. President, what is this Valentine guy like?”

Upon receiving the attention of both the young man and Laplace, Kazalim begins to recall the past.

He begins to knock his temple elegantly with his slim fingers, closing his eyes as he looks back on a series of events in the past.

“Despite how I look right now, I’ve survived three of the great wars that have plagued the lands every five hundred years. This certified me as one of the ancient demon lords. However, when I formally became a demon lord, there were already six others—”

Starting with that, Kazalim begins to tell the story.

Demon Lord Valentine himself has far more experience as a demon lord compared to Kazalim. With immense amounts of power, the title of King of the Undead Vampires is not a title just for show.

The Demon Lord Valentine, who himself is the symbol of the undead, has always alarmed Kazalim who had evolved from the long-living elven race to the undead race.

“—As a matter of fact, I’ve fought against Valentine several times. But never did it amount to anything. When beings like us start fighting, even if we ourselves remain unharmed, our surroundings sustain heavy damages. That’s why we began sitting down and talking things over—this later developed into a system which decides on issues based on majority of votes—the Walpurgis Banquet. And the reason why any decision would be passed with three votes is a tradition inherited from the time where there were only seven demon lords.”

Or perhaps it’s because everyone was too lazy to change it—Kazalim laughs elegantly. Kazalim’s voice fluctuates between masculine and feminine, and while it is creepy, the owner of said voice doesn’t seem to notice.

Kazalim’s smile gives way to a stern look as the story continues:

“I’d say, as someone who has fought against Valentine, he only ever sees humans and demi-humans as tools. There is absolutely no way that man would go and become a guardian of humanity.”

Laplace nods in agreement.

The young man also begins to mull over Kazalim’s words.

“Right, then should we make a deal with him?”

“Come on Laplace. Remember, a deal is something that all parties involved have to agree to.”

“Oh yeah...”

Knowing that he is not equal to the other party, Laplace immediately banishes that thought.

“In addition, someone as stubborn as Hinata would never collaborate with a demon lord. Which means the Vampire Laplace encountered must have just been some insignificant majin instead of the real demon lord, right?”

The young man claims, seemingly in agreement with Laplace. However, Kazalim disagrees.

“No, I’m sure that was Valentine. I’ve heard of the swaths of red beams attack before, and there’s no mistaking it. Valentine’s title was ‘Overlord of Fresh Blood,’ and he’s specialized in the ability ‘Blood Flash Shockwave,’ which turns blood into beams of magical particles.”

It is said that the “Blood Flash Shockwave” is a diffusing particle beam.

It turns one’s blood into magical particles and thrusts it out as a violent barrage—The only person who has the magicule reserves to pull this off is, without a doubt, Demon Lord Valentine, concludes Kazalim.

If that’s the case...

“In other words, the Vampire who Laplace fought is most definitely Demon Lord Valentine. However, he would never collaborate with humans. If that’s true, the only conclusion we can draw is that the Pope must be Demon Lord Valentine, right?”

“It’s possible...and the most logical conclusion to make. But it’s still confusing as to how he’s able to keep Hinata in the dark about all this.”

Seeing the other two hum in agreement, Kazalim also expresses his own agreement.

“Indeed, that would be the most reasonable explanation. Although I still have my doubts, there are things that just don’t add up... But right now our focus should be the location that

Valentine resides, where only the Pope could enter.”

He says as he lists out the facts obtained so far.

“Let me confirm this again, he is a real demon lord, right?”

“Most likely. His appearance is rather identical to my recollection. On top of that, Demon Lord Valentine’s pride would never allow him to work for anyone but himself...”

“That’s right, there aren’t many majin who are stronger than I am. If that kind of monster exists in that place, any investigations in the future may very well be in jeopardy.”

Since Kazalim and Laplace hold the same view, the young man also begins to accept the hypothesis that the Pope could very well be Demon Lord Valentine.

“Anyhow, this information is highly valuable. You’ve outdone yourself this time, Laplace.”

The young man is definitely elated to have obtained such a trump card to bring down the Western Holy Church. He shows no sign of concern despite learning that the enemy is backed by a powerful demon lord.

Based on the newly obtained information, the young man now begins to plan out his next move. As such, he enjoys the scheming of the coming events...



“My report ends there. By the way, how are things progressing on Clayman’s side?”

Laplace asks as he suddenly recalls that upon finishing his report.

The young man shows an annoyed expression of displeasure at the question. He brushes up his shining dark hair and replies with a complaining tone.

“Well about that...he messed up.”

“Did he fail?”

“Yeah. It was all smooth sailing until we had Hinata duel that slime you mentioned. However, things somehow didn’t go according to plan afterwards...”

The young man says as he begins to briefly explain the turn of events.

At the start, Clayman was successful in bringing Demon Lord Milim to his side thanks to the secret jewelry the young man gifted him—all thanks to the dominating orb’s magic.

In order to examine its effectiveness, he’d have to confirm the extent of influence the orb had on Milim.

“And so we decided to have Milim fight an appropriately powerful individual to test out her strength. Demon lords are all cunning and unfathomably powerful beings, so we decided to use the least intelligent-looking Karion as the test subject.”

Kazalim also joins the explanation after the young man.

“And to top it off, the capital of Eurazania could be taken down in the process. There are many ex-human slaves that reside there, and their souls could be used to awaken Clayman as a

true demon lord.”

As they say so, the young man and Kazalim looks at each other and sigh simultaneously.

“To use them for Clayman’s awakening...talk about killing two birds with one stone.”

“But then Milim went out of control and decided to give a war declaration by herself.”

In the end, Karion and his men got an extra week to prepare themselves, which allowed the people residing within the capital to seek refuge elsewhere.

“As expected, manipulating demon lords with magic items is no simple task. We need to make sure to give more detailed commands next time before we try anything else.”

“You gotta have a bit of faith in me. I’m exceptionally good with mind manipulation magic, you know! My title ‘Cursed King’ isn’t just for show. I made that domination orb myself; it is an incredible piece of magical equipment. The only reason our plan got messed up is because of that incompetent bastard Clayman.”

“It’s all water under the bridge at this point now. Anyway, the soul collection plan at Beast Kingdom failed so we set our sights on the Kingdom of Farmus.”

“The Kingdom of Farmus?”

“Yeah, that country where they performed the summoning rituals in-house and gathered a number of Otherworlders. And because of that, I thought it was about time to reduce their influence a bit. I secretly found someone to leak some information regarding the Monster Kingdom and caught the interest of that greedy king and his subordinates.”

“And given how greedy they are, they took the bait really hard.”

The original plan of creating a new demon lord out of the Orc Lord failed spectacularly, so based on Laplace’s report they decided on another plan—Instigate the Kingdom of Farmus to invade the Jura-Tempest Federation.

That Kingdom has several high level majin and we get to have them kill each other against those Otherworlders from Farmus.

It just so perfectly happens that Rimuru, the leader of that nation, was acting alone outside his country when Clayman’s subordinate infiltrated it.

Rimuru was the ideal bait to draw Hinata out for a fight; the plan is truly killing two birds with one stone. However—

“But to our surprise, that slime named Rimuru was able to escape from Hinata! This is one slime that we absolutely cannot afford to overlook, just like you.”

“That’s a rather sharp jab...”

“There’s even worse things to come—”

“In my opinion, Farmus’s victory was all but guaranteed. However, once the leader of the monsters gets involved, the situation may very well be turned. But honestly, it makes little difference as to who wins. We would just have to negotiate with the side that wins. The real objective is to cause enough casualties—and gather souls. And I had thought we’d use those souls to help awaken our cute little Clayman, but...”

It was a complete failure.

The grand army of Farmus was completely decimated by a single slime.

“Unbelievable right, but it’s the truth.”

“It’s the first time for me to have my plans derailed like this, even with my Unique Skill ‘Planner.’”

The young man is very disappointed and Kazalim looks quite upset about it as well.

“H-hold on! Taken out by a single monster, how is that even possible? Did Farmus really underestimate the Monster Kingdom that much?!”

Laplace shouts in surprise upon hearing such preposterous claims, to which Kazalim made the following response.

“As I mentioned, the Kingdom of Farmus was rather interested. It prepared a huge army of twenty-thousand soldiers consisting of knights and mages. Yet the entire legion was eliminated. As I said, there were no survivors.”

“Ehhhh! That’s just madness...”

Laplace was completely baffled to discover this series of bizarre events. However, more surprising new information awaits.

“What’s more, according to Clayman’s post-war reconnaissance of the battlefield, he claims that all the corpses have disappeared. It means that someone has used those corpses as a sacrifice to summon, or create some sort of monster...”

“If I could use all those corpses to create a magic golem, god knows how powerful of a monster could be created? On top of that, those aren’t your run of the mill normal corpses; they’re all highly trained soldiers. The negative emotions on the battlefield have also created the perfect environment for casting this type of magic. With all of these conditions combined, one can expect to summon monsters that can at least rival a demon lord.”

“Is it even possible? The way I see it, it’s our loss that we couldn’t retrieve the souls. According to Clayman, he couldn’t even acquire a single soul at the scene, so his awakening plan is once again in shambles.”

Says the young man as he lets out a sigh.

The young man laments his losses and reflects that the reason for all of this failure was because he has been operating on too many fronts.

Over-emphasizing efficiency and neglecting each individual strategy, that’s why they’ve been failing at every step along the way.

Perhaps I am being too greedy—thought the young man.

“Could it be that the slime named Rimuru was the one that harvested all those souls?”

“What nonsense are you suggesting, Laplace? That’s a feat beyond even a demon lord, so how could a single majin manage that?”

Kazalim is right.

The collection of 20000 souls as well controlling them would be a difficult task even for someone skilled in the art of magic. If one is to proceed without considering their own limitations, it will no doubt result in losing control of the souls.

Besides, if someone did pull that off successfully—

“Hahaha, yeah right, Laplace. If this guy takes twenty-thousand souls in one sitting then

he's probably evolved into a monster by now, right?"

The young man smirks at the possibility.

"I suppose you're correct. I might be overthinking this a bit too much, having so many bad thoughts running around in my head."

Laplace's doubts are ridiculed by the other two believing it to be an unfathomable idea.

The conditions necessary to awaken as a True demon lord—That's something even Kazalim doesn't know in its entirety. If anything, it would probably require an insane number of souls.

In order to confirm such a hypothesis, they'd decided to use Clayman as a lab rat. Clayman also attempted to experiment using the Orc Lord. However, all of these plans have since, to their annoyance, failed.

Under such circumstances, even someone as calculated as Kazalim could not have expected a slime of all things to out of nowhere evolve into a "True Demon Lord."

But Laplace's guess has been right all along, it's just that the three have yet to discover it.

"Speaking of which, what's Clayman been up to lately...?"

Having infiltrated the Western Church and almost dying in the process, Laplace thought that Clayman would probably understand his hardship. His eyes drift off as he asked dubiously.

"He's currently on standby. As it stands right now, it's better to be acting cautiously. But thanks to Milim doing what she said she would, the Beast Kingdom has now been turned to dust. For now, we'll slow down our pace and reassess our future strategies."

"Oh? So not all of our plans have ended in complete failure?"

"Oi oi, are you mocking me, Laplace? Even with most of my power lost, strategizing is still my specialty."

"That's right. I'll be really angry if all my plans just went awry like this! Despite the many setbacks to our plans, we are, at least, still successful in weakening the Farmus Kingdom. Consequently, the Western Nations will be more unified from now on, making it easier for us to control."

"And the Jura Forest can act as a defense against invasions from the Eastern Empire."

"I see. So president, if we are going to negotiate with the winning forces, then there's no need to destroy the Monster Kingdom."

Laplace fully agrees with the two.

Plans that change according to the circumstances to ensure that they are always profitable—These are the abilities possessed by Kazalim's Unique Skill 'Planner.' Laplace recalls this and praises it in heart "He sure has his way."

"Milim defeated Karion, which proves the domination orb is indeed effective. Our display of power should stop here, and we should wait to see how the other demon lords react."

"Right. That's why we've ordered Clayman to be on standby. The Eastern Empire is going to take action anyways, so there will be more chances for him to collect souls."

"Additionally, the Western Holy Church is also onto the Monster Kingdom, so keeping that country around should make things more convenient for us."

So that's why you two are saying there's no need to rush... Laplace realizes.

“Which means, our enemy at the moment is just the Western Holy Church?”

“That would be it for the time being.”

“However, things aren’t as simple as that. We must assume the enemy forces consist of both saints and demon lords, so it would be too dangerous to act without exercising caution.”

They don’t want to have a direct confrontation with the Church as they want to avoid disputes with the various other forces. Laplace asks if that is the current plan, to which the young man nods in agreement.

The Monster Kingdom will no doubt become an obstacle after they seize control of the Western Nations.

Apart from that, there is another reason.

They must reflect and take to heart the reasons of their continued failure. Next time, they must carefully assess their enemies and avoid taking a double-front approach.

The Western Holy Church and the Holy Empire of Lubelius behind it. These are the high priority enemies that they need to strike down first. This time, they need to be cautious and avoid leaving traces...

This is why it’s rather convenient to have the Monster Kingdom around for the time being. By exploiting the Western Holy Church’s doctrines, they can have the attention of people such as Hinata since she will focus on the monsters.

“The Church definitely won’t ignore a majin like Rimuru. After the defeat of the Kingdom of Farmus , it’s unlikely that they could convince the rest of the Western Nations to wage a holy crusade. But in order to avoid the loss of faith, they will definitely need to make a move.”

“Indeed. If we are able to intervene somehow and instigate the two parties, they may kill each other off. We just need to wait for both sides’ strength to decline.”

Says the young man with an evil grin.

That majin alone annihilated 20,000 trained soldiers by himself. No one could deal with him except for Hinata. The young man must have concocted many plans waiting for this moment.

The arrangement of plans seems to be done. There is not a single sound of hesitation in the young man’s voice as he explains them to Laplace.

“But the things you reported are beyond our planning, Laplace.”

“Yeah. I can’t believe that the Demon Lord Valentine came to mess things up. Could they actually be collaborating? Knowing Hinata’s personality, she would never collaborate with a demon lord.”

Both the young man and Kazalim note with a hint of anger. The tone itself is almost like saying that it would be much easier to deal with the Western Church if Demon Lord Valentine were never involved.

*It’s not like it’s my fault.* Laplace feels rather embarrassed as he tries to find an excuse for himself:

“I know. How about we draw out the demon lord to remove him from obstructing our investigation?”

“Hmm? What do you mean, Laplace?”

“Think about it, we only need to mention it to Clayman and tell him to convene the Banquet. Right now the Demon Lord Frey is on his side and so is Milim. Three demon lords should be enough to initiate a meeting.”

The Walpurgis Banquet—As long as the meeting is being held, all the demon lords will be drawn to show up.

“—I see. In this way we’ll be able to draw Demon Lord Valentine out of Lubelius.”

The young man nodded with a smile, having accepted Laplace’s proposal.

“Oh, it’s rather rare for Laplace to act smart for once. Trying to find an opportunity to lure Hinata out of the holy lands again so your investigation can proceed.”

“Huh?! Why me again?”

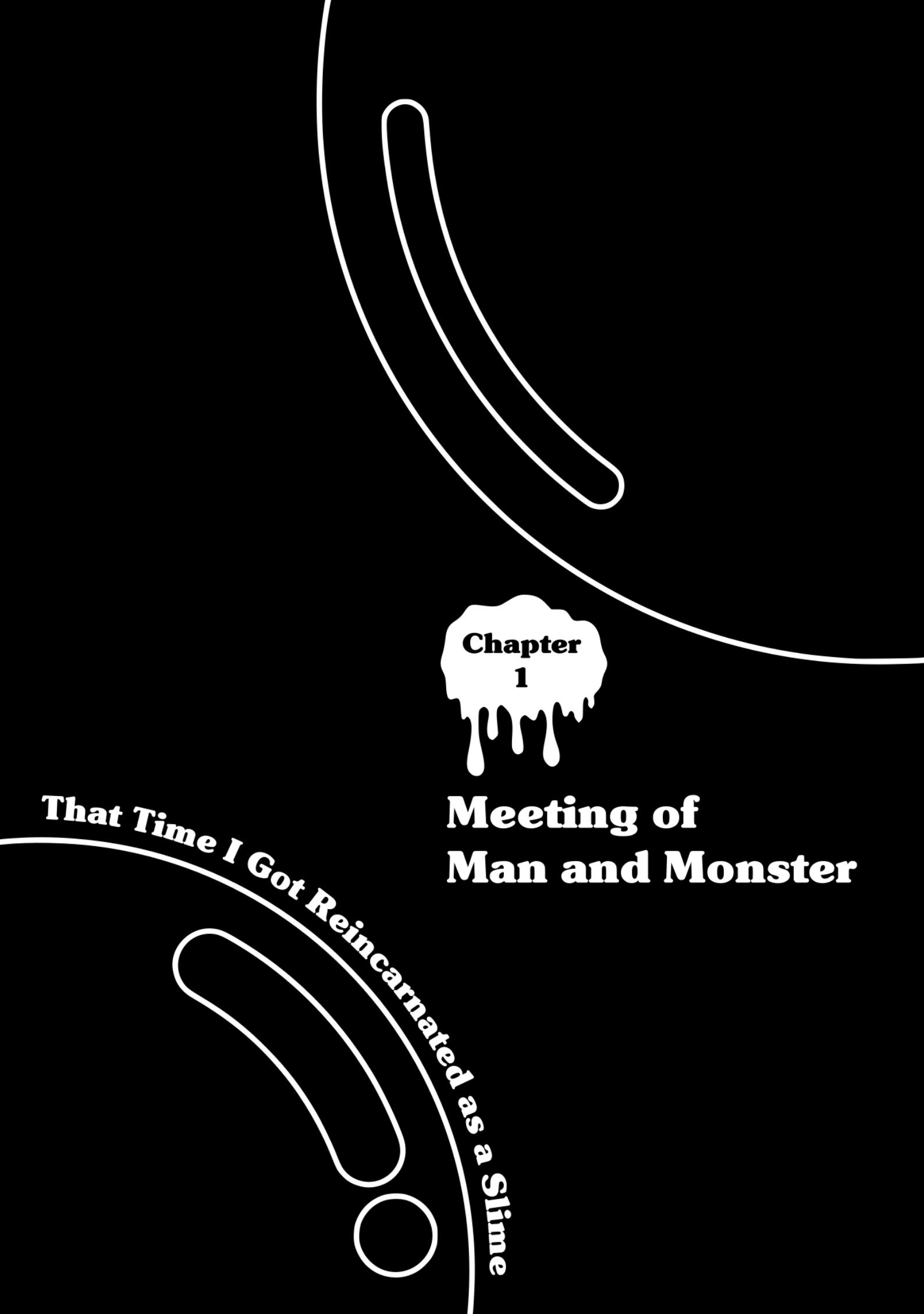
“It’s only natural.”

“You don’t say?”

*Come on, seriously?* Laplace thought to himself.

But neither the young man nor Kazalim seem to care.

As such, without Laplace’s consensus, the majins begin to draft a new plan.



Chapter  
1

# Meeting of Man and Monster

*That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime*

# Chapter 1

## Meeting of Man and Monster

Clayman didn't overestimate his power.

He had taken over all the land owned by Demon Lord Kazalim.

After the defeat of Kazalim at the hands of Demon Lord Leon, all of Kazalim's previous subordinates went to submit themselves to Clayman's reign.

Clayman took over Kazalim's domain.

The other demon lords did not object to it and the merging process afterwards proceeded smoothly. Everything was unfolding according to Demon Lord Kazalim's precautionary plan which he devised for times like this.

Clayman gradually expanded his territory and became a force to be reckoned with as a new demon lord.

Among all the Demon Lords, Clayman holds the greatest amount of wealth.

To be more specific, Clayman is the only one who knows how to exploit financial situations.

He's been secretly trading with the Eastern Empire and has established a healthy trade relationship with Dwargon. Through these trading channels, he was able to import the latest models of weapons and armor from the major players in both the east and the west.

Clayman is able to use his predecessor's legacy and magic to improve the combat capabilities of his subordinates, as well as recruit majins who crave power. Clayman excels at luring majins by using great wealth and then manipulating them.

Not only that, but he's been scheming behind the scenes with all the profits gained through his relentless spending. This helped Clayman form a web of connections between different countries while simultaneously keeping them all in the dark.

Everything was going according to Clayman's plans, and he had all the information he needed to maintain the control. Thus, his plan of world domination was already halfway complete...

All he lacks now is power, and Clayman is very aware of that.

Victory in a war is determined by the number of combatants.

Clayman holds such a view, and for that reason, he never puts himself on a pedestal.

He knows all too well that no matter how much power one can accumulate before a war, there's still a possibility that one could suffer a complete defeat.

He thought that Kazalim underestimated his opponent too much. And thus, the defeat of that demon lord raised a giant red flag.

That's why Clayman stood firmly in the center of all major powers and cautiously planned his expansion.

Nowadays, Clayman has finally gained a trump card in terms of strength.

Demon Lord Milim—Her ferocious techniques are second to none, and she is able to surpass many of her peers within the Ten Great Demon Lords.

She went to destroy an entire country on her own without a single care, even though Demon Lord Karion is more powerful than Clayman.

Clayman is very delighted now that he has obtained the strength he always lacked.

He wishes full-heartedly to eliminate Demon Lord Leon and believes that he would have his wish granted soon enough.

But before that could happen...

*Hehehe, "That Lord" is truly something. He reached the same conclusion as I did. To have the annoying Saints' Church fend off the majin Rimuru. This is the most efficient way to reduce the strength of both parties.*

He won't have to worry once the enemies begin to kill each other—This was Clayman's plot.

*In order to execute the mission of investigating the hidden truths within the Western Holy Church, and to confirm their ties with Demon Lord Valentine... All I need to do is to coordinate with Laplace to give him an opening to sneak in once more during the Walpurgis Banquet, when their defense would definitely be slacking. What a perfect plan!*

Clayman sips his wine with great joy, savoring the taste.

The taste of the hundred-year wine is definitely worthy of someone of his stature. It's as if he's tasting the amount of work and hardship put into the wine to make it that way.

It has been strictly maintained as the classiest merchandise, kept in great care until the day someone opens and tastes it—It has been cared for that much, just for Clayman alone to drink it.

This is only natural to Clayman.

He is a really graceful king. Thus, only the top-quality goods are worthy of him. Clayman has no doubt about that.

"Now then, what should be the subject of discussion for the Walpurgis banquet—"

Clayman thinks as he continues to taste the wine.

The time would be set for the evening one week from now.

It would be the day of a new moon, when vampires have the least amount of power.

Just to be extra cautious, he has particularly chosen the day when Demon Lord Valentine has the least strength.

The question now is, under what name should he summon the demon lords?

Clayman squints and tilts his head up, whispering:

“—I should take the chance and attack. Now would be a good time to take all of Karion’s territory.”

“But Clayman, didn’t boss tell ya to stay put?”

Suddenly, the echoing sound questioning him fills up the empty room.

But Clayman didn’t seem to panic at all, he merely puts on a smile.

“So you are here, Laplace? You are as cunning as always.”

“No way you didn’t realize that. Have ya been thinking too hard lately?”

“Hohoho, that can’t be helped. I’ve had two chances to awaken, yet I’ve missed them both due to my miscalculations.”

“Don’t be so harsh on yourself. The president has already made a prediction that the Eastern Empire would make a move soon!”

“Perhaps. But Laplace, I’ve come up with a good idea. Now that their capital is destroyed, there are many weak races remaining around the territory of the Beast Kingdom. I want to take over Karion’s land before any other demon lords gather all the survivors, and then kill them. This way, I’ll get to awaken at long last. So, wouldn’t you agree that this is a great plan?”

Despite how Clayman phrased that, Laplace doesn’t think highly of it.

“That sounds rather inappropriate; isn’t it a bit too cruel? Wouldn’t you be overdoing it if you just kill all those weaklings without even knowing the conditions of awakening?”

Clayman isn’t pleased with Laplace’s disagreement and directs a stern glare towards him.

“Laplace, that doesn’t sound like you at all. Are you sympathizing with them? We follow the rule of survival of the fittest, so aren’t they lucky that they would die for me?”

“But you remember that time you killed thousands of human slaves and it did not change a thing, right? What did that amount to? You can’t turn back time once you’ve done it, so you’d better think things over now and act cautiously.”

Laplace is right. Clayman once bought and massacred thousands of slaves, yet he failed to evolve into a “True Demon Lord.”

However, Clayman is still not convinced even with Laplace pointing out the flaws.

“You are overthinking it, Laplace. I do whatever I please with my bought goods. If killing a thousand won’t do, I’ll just have to kill ten thousand. Since I already know it is necessary to have human souls for the awakening, there is no need to show mercy to the weak!”

Clayman expresses his arrogant point of view. And, attempting to sway Laplace’s opinion, he continued:

“Besides, this type of mission is also beneficial for “That Lord.” ‘A new force has risen in the Great Forest of Jura. In addition, the Lord there dares to proclaim himself a demon lord.’ I’ve decided to use that as a reason to invoke the Walpurgis Banquet.”

“Right, that should work as an excuse. But this proposal doesn’t constitute any reason to invade the Beast Kingdom still, right?”

“Of course, Laplace. ‘During my investigation, my subordinate Myuran was murdered by that guy. That’s how we discovered that Demon Lord Karion has betrayed us’—That’s the

testimony I'd like to give. I've lost my subordinate, and in the process of collecting evidence I take over Karion's territory. That would be my justification and I bet no one will complain about it."

Laplace begins to assess Clayman's claim.

Milim's domain is bordering the Beast Kingdom Eurazania, so no one would jump out and bring out any evidence against them. The fact that Milim has beaten Karion would be the best justification for Clayman to back up his action.

Apart from that, Clayman also demanded Milim to assist him in the investigation.

By the time he marches his army through Milim's territory to the Beast Kingdom, neither side will object.

With all of these, the fabrication of evidence would not be an issue.

The plan is almost perfect, yet Laplace still thinks Clayman shouldn't take action just yet.

*Aren't you rushing too much, Clayman?*

Although he thinks so, it would be difficult to change Clayman's mind.

Suddenly however, Laplace realizes in shock that he has ignored something important.

"That's true, it would make sense if you do all these... Wait, hold on a sec! Myuran was killed?!"

He asks in panic.

Laplace still believes Myuran was a reliable majin even though he knows Clayman has never treated her well. Among Clayman's subordinates, she's also an important lieutenant among the ranks of the "Five Fingers."

That majin isn't great at fighting, but she's a conjurer who thinks and acts fast. She acts as a perfect support role in her line of work. Apart from that, she always looked as if she's unwilling to do her job, which is why Laplace and the others often talk to her in order to encourage her.

The most important part is that she has a normal set of values despite serving someone like Clayman. Simply for that reason alone, Laplace commemorates her highly.

However, Clayman's expression remains unchanged as he answers Laplace.

"Yeah, I don't know what you are lamenting over, but Myuran has been killed."

"Really? I can't believe she's dead. Are you sure about your source?"

"Huh? I inserted 'Dominating Heart' inside her and that thing is long gone by now. The live heart I kept with me has turned into dust, so I'm sure about it. She did just happen to complete her mission before she died, so it was good timing."

"Come on now Clayman. You just lost such a capable subordinate. At least try to mourn her for a second, okay?"

Laplace is rather sad seeing Clayman's cold reaction and decided to try and persuade him.

*This guy wasn't so terrible before. His personality seems to have been twisted ever since he became a demon lord.*

Not only Clayman...

All of Laplace's companions within the Moderate Clown Troupe began to develop twisted personalities.

Laplace is the same, so he can't really lecture Clayman about it. Although Laplace is aware of that, he still believes that Clayman has changed a lot compared to before.

"Hahaha, you are such a nice person Laplace. Teare once told me as well that you should cherish your tools. Didn't you teach her that, Laplace? That's precisely the issue. My tool is broken, so I must punish the one who broke it. Wouldn't that comfort the spirit of my tool in heaven?"

Laplace decides to give up on the issue after seeing Clayman's evil smile.

"...You're right. At least don't let her die in vain."

"Right? I know you would do that."

Clayman grins after saying that.

*That's not what I meant...*

Laplace has rather mixed feelings seeing that laughing face, but he decides to change his mood and instead examine the potential flaws Clayman's plan.

"By the way, Clayman, about the Walpurgis Banquet, would anyone object to the meeting?"

Laplace expresses his doubts, while Clayman's smile also fades away.

"It's possible that there will likely be voices of objection. But right now, I can manipulate Milim however I wish. I'll send her to play with whoever dares to object."

Clayman's expression twists with confidence and greed as he says so.

Hearing this, Laplace pales.

"Whoa hold on a sec, that idea is way too dangerous! That guy also mentioned that Milim may act out of control anytime. Even though the president made that magical orb himself, you should not be so careless, shouldn't you?"

"It's fine, Laplace. Milim is already following my every order."

"I've heard of it, but didn't she act on her own and declare a war by herself? Manipulating the ancient demon lords is not an easy feat; their resistance against mental control is probably very strong. It will be suicidal if you are going to completely rely on Demon Lord Milim!"

Laplace tries his hardest to give Clayman some advice, but his words fall on deaf ears.

"Are you jealous now that Milim is in my palm, Laplace?"

"Not at all! But you should save your trump card for the end game, no?"

"Shut up. I don't need you to worry for me. "That Lord" wishes to awaken me to become a true demon lord. That's why I'll destroy the Beast Kingdom. I'll take care of anyone who dares to stop me!"

"Wait a second! Didn't that guy order the president already to have you stay put? You just need to figure out how to make it through the Banquet now!"

Laplace again tries his hardest to convince Clayman, yet all of Laplace's words blew through his mind like the wind.

"Trust me, Laplace. If I only follow Kazalim-sama's plan, I won't complete "that Lord's" wishes. Now is the time to strike."

Clayman declares his final stance and ends the discussion.

In the end, Laplace couldn't stop Clayman.

Clayman's views do hold some truth, and they don't deviate much from the orders from above. However, Laplace still finds something wrong with Clayman's plan.

So he proceeds with:

"Eh, Clayman. I'll ask you one more question. About this operation, were you really the one that decided on it?"

"What do you mean by that, Laplace? The only ones that can give me orders are Kazalim-sama and "that Lord." You should know that better than anyone, shouldn't you?"

He's right.

Since Clayman reassures there is no problem, Laplace won't intervene any further.

After all, he still has a lot of work to do on his own, such as the second attempt at infiltrating the Western Holy Church.

"Fine, that will do. I'm leaving. But be careful Clayman! Don't act all reckless without thinking, and you'd better not get careless."

After giving that advice, Laplace parts ways with Clayman.

As for Clayman—

*Did he think I was under anyone's influence? What a stupid thought. No, could it be...that I've seized control over Milim's power; and he's afraid that I would take his reward? But being jealous isn't really Laplace's thing...*

Clayman hasn't been over-confident with his ability.

Right now, he's gained another thing to boost his ego having controlled Demon Lord Milim.

That's why he said those words to his most trusted friend, Laplace. That's also why Clayman thought Laplace was jealous of himself.

While feeling somewhat disappointed towards his friend, Clayman took another sip of his red wine. It tastes bitter and lacks the crisp sweetness from just before.

*Annoying!*

He suddenly hurled the glass in his hand towards the wall. Due to a feeling he himself can't describe; he just wishes to vent his anger using whatever objects that happen to be near him.

The classy wine bottle that was placed on the table is shattered into pieces now. Even so, Clayman doesn't really mind. He decides to take something out of his pocket in order to calm himself down.

A piece of a mask.

A mask with a smiling face engraved on it.

"Don't worry, Laplace. I'll awaken successfully. Then, I will dominate this world. No, Laplace. I won't lose anything else! This time, we will be together. We will live our life together—"

—In the solitude of an empty room, Clayman mumbles his deepest desires buried within his heart.

He gently caresses the mask as if it were a priceless treasure...



We need to defeat Demon Lord Clayman.

That objective is now settled.

That bastard is still hiding somewhere in the dark We've got to take care of him sooner or later.

If I am to become a demon lord, it would be unavoidable to involve other demon lords in that process. With that being the case, Clayman would be the best candidate for my flesh sacrifice.

Right now I've got no idea why Milim provoked Karion, and there doesn't seem to be a way to persuade her. I guess I'll brag about my power in order to avoid future grievances.

Besides, Clayman has crossed the line this time.

Karma will bite back—*I'll make him pay for his evil deeds.*

About our future plans:

Youm has gained massive popularity in the Kingdom of Farmus with the title of the champion. I've decided to exploit that and release our captive, the Farmus King, to engage in post-war negotiations. This would facilitate us in gaining control of Farmus.

We also need to respond to the Western Holy Church and declare our nation's stance to every country we've encountered.

That would be a lot of business to discuss.

It'll likely be a rather busy meeting after this.

But let's hear Souei's report first.

It looks like Clayman has been on the move lately, so I need to listen to it in detail again and hold a post-war conference. That's why I've brought my subordinates from the Tempest Federation alongside the three Beastketeers to the big conference room. However...

My "Universal Perception" has detected a party of around fifty people approaching our town.

Hmm... That would probably be the head of the Blumund branch of the Freedom Association, Fuze.

It didn't take long before the guards escorted him here. He was quite dramatic in trying to break through the soldiers' defense line to talk to me about something.

"Long time no see, Rimuru-san. I'm glad I made it in time. According to the security pacts between the Kingdom of Blumund and the Tempest Federation, I've come to your aid. I was terrified that we would arrive too late."

Fuze smiles as he finishes.

However, he seems rather nervous, and the soldiers following him seem to be nervous as well. Everyone's eyes glinted with a resolve of self-sacrifice.

I can tell that they're prepared for war seeing how they all are armed to the teeth.

"What's wrong? The head of the Freedom Association branch comes to meet me himself, what do you guys plan to d—"

"Haha, now now. I've left the duties to Higis. And about the merchants—especially Myour-miles — have informed me about the situation in the town. I heard you guys have been fighting against the Kingdom of Farmus so..."

*Hmm? Hmmhmmhmm?*

Now that I think about it, it's been ten days since I sent back the guests from Blumund.

So did the head of the Branch hear the report and decide to come assist us in battle?

If that's the case I appreciate it, but...

"—Even if it's too late to start deploying the defense line, we should deploy soldiers around the town to fortify our defenses. It seems that the main force of the Farmus Military has yet to arrive. We also have no idea when the advanced forces will arrive. After all, we've long exceeded the deadline they declared—"

Fuze tries his hardest to explain.

Finally, with what I suspect is the firm look of someone that is ready to embrace death, he finishes his words in one go.

There's no suspicion anymore. He really has made up his mind. And he mentioned that he has left all his duties to Higis. It seems that he truly wishes to defend this town.

But, about that—

*The war is already over.*

With Fuze's expressing his views all enthusiastically, I couldn't really drop the bomb on his face right now.

"Do you intend to breach through their frontline? That would be hard though. According to our intel, the enemy has roughly twenty thousand soldiers. You definitely can't win by going head to head with them. However, I contacted some of my old friends and arranged to have three hundred adventurers on hold. These men may be small in number, but we will fight with everything we've got. We've prepared to fight a protracted war and will even conduct guerrilla warfare using the forest's landscape—"

Is it really all right to come and assist us like this? That would be unnecessary to ask considering how much Fuze indeed cares for us.

"...And being able to fight alongside the beastmen has really reassured me."

Fuze continues to throw out his art of war by himself. Now I am in a difficult spot.

All of my subordinates wear expressions of shock whereas the Beastketeers have no idea how to respond.

That can't be helped though, since everyone here knows the war is over.

I mean, I honestly didn't think he would come to our aid.

Even though we've made a pact that aimed to avoid military aid, he still came as fast as he could with as many soldiers he could gather.

That does please me a little bit.

Even so, we'll put that aside for now—

“—This town is amazing. The street looks beautiful and is accompanied by well-constructed houses. You've got stone-paved roads and though I don't want to admit, this is much more majestic than Blumund. I know you don't want to lead it into a battlefield, but right now we must endure and wait for the reinforcements! The Blumund King has already decided to dispatch the Knight order, so all we need is a little more time to prepare—”

“AH—Fuze-kun. Let's pause right there.”

I decided to interrupt him.

I'm really sorry for these circumstances, but I won't be able to improve the situation if I don't interrupt him.

“What's wrong Rimuru-san? Have you come up with a battle plan?”

“Ah, hmm. N-not really a battle plan...”

“Do you mind sharing it with us? In your defense, I know it's normal for you to suspect us, but right now I really hope you can trust—”

“NO, NOT LIKE THAT, FUZE-KUN! I'm glad you are worried, but the war has already ended!”

“EH? Ended? Wha? W-What do you mean?”

“Hmm—how should I put it... In summary, I just eliminated them all.”

“—EHHHH? What did you eliminate? Eliminate— W-What do you mean by that?”

Fuze couldn't process what he just heard and begins to question me back.

I can't really blame him for having this sort of reaction.

“No, I mean—I mean the army of Farmus. I've defeated them all!”

“Huh... EHHHHH?!”

He shrieks out a weird noise and freezes on the spot.

Youm begins to pat Fuze's shoulder while Kabal comes forth to comfort him.

Elen and Kido who stood by them start to tell him something along the lines of “This whole thing is indeed quite unbelievable,” “It's really exaggerating.”

That's right.

It's been less than two weeks since the enemy has declared war on us.

His prediction was—It will take roughly a week for the main force to arrive, so they will spend two to three days to clear out the enemies in the surrounding area of the battlefield to buy time and then deploy a defense perimeter around the city and brace for the worst.

In his view the war has already broken out, and our lack of defense seems to have confused Fuze.

Now that he ran into everyone all gathered in the same place, he thought we were going to launch an attack altogether.

To think that the battle has already ended instead of the Farmus army arriving late—Having been told something like that, anyone would have a hard time accepting it.

“I've sent my humble son Rigur as messenger to Blumund a few days ago. It would seem you have missed him. It's just as what Rimuru-sama said, the war is over.”

Rigurd comes forth to clarify with Kabal and Elen supplementing the details. Then Fuze finally accepted the fact.

Although he still continues to mumble “How is that possible...,” it would take some time for him to digest the information.

The fifty soldiers who came along with him are also dumbfounded, so I told my guards to have them rest at our inn since they all seem extremely tired to the point where they could faint any second now.

After all, they must have relaxed having just been told the war is already over.

In order to avoid the army of Farmus, they chose to march through the forests instead of the main roads. Marching with a full set of armor and gear in the forest is surely no easy task.

The soldiers expressed their gratitude and my guards escorted them away.

The only one left is Fuze, who now has a rather tired expression on his face.

“Fuze, how about you go get some rest as well?”

“Yeah... You’re right. I’m still confused at the moment. I should probably get some rest...”

Fuze nods in response and decides to head towards the inn... Yet the timing was unfortunate as some new visitors just arrived.

“Ah, more visitors, and they are—”

“More visitors? What about them?”

Fuze stops out of curiosity at my words.

It is due to him stopping that he’s lost his chance to rest.

It was the Dwarf King himself.

Gazel Dwargo.



I just discovered something. My skill “Magic Perception” has evolved to “Universal Perception.” The radius of my detection has largely increased, and it has boosted the accuracy as well.

I was able to detect the Legion of Pegasi that’s still quite some distance away from the town.

«Announcement. Thirty pegasus knights have been detected closing in on the perimeter. Confirmed Leading individual: Gazel Dwargo. »

My Ultimate Skil ‘Wisdom King Raphael’ nonchalantly reports.

It would seem that due to the boost it received in accuracy, it can identify individuals I encountered in the past.

That’s a convenient skill indeed.

But with that being said...

There is a bit too much information apart from the activities within the town.

Honestly—I was going to complain about it.

For that reason, I hope you could simplify the content of the report, “Great Sage”… No, I should call it Raphael-san.

To be more specific, you can report whoever intends to approach me in a harmful way.

«…Understood—»

It seems to want to say something. But it’s fine. I just need to pass on all the trouble to it.

I have faith in it. That’s how Raphael-san works.

I compressed my skill to minimum capacity and waited quietly for the guests to arrive.

Since my skill already identified them, whoever has arrived can’t be imposters. They must be the real deal.

I didn’t have time to inform Fuze before the Pegasus knights landed before us. Immediately after, Gazel got off the back of his pegasus and greets me with a laugh:

“Long time no see, Rimuru. I heard rumors that you’ve become a demon lord. Am I right?”

No wonder why the king himself came here. Of course he’s here to talk about that.

“I suppose, Gazel. A lot happened, so I decided to become a demon lord. It is quite complicated, but I’ll be drafting a series of plans.”

I greet him so, giving him a wry smile and informing him of our meeting.

“Perfect timing. Then I’ll join the conference too.”

Gazel proclaims rather naturally.

Fuze still looks all battered up, but his expression suddenly changes as he closes in on me.

“D-demon lord…????? What in the world is going on????”

He just happened to be around to hear our conversation. He probably thought this type of thing just can’t be ignored and questioned me.

Oh yeah, I forgot to mention that to him…

Right now it would only make things messier. But if I remain silent now, Fuze won’t give up.

“Rimuru-san, I can’t just unhear what you just said! I did hear you say something about how you’ve become a demon lord, riiight…?”

Fuze shivers as he says so.

Is he holding his pee? Go ahead and do it, don’t be so polite with me.

“Do you need to use the restroom? If so, our town’s public toilet is—”

“NO! Who said that I want to go to the toilet?! It’s not about that, it’s about you becoming a demon lord… What in the world is going on!”

I intended to use the toilet as an excuse but failed to get it through to Fuze.

Fuze also is no longer acting all respectful and is showing his true colors.

“Hmm. Oh, you mean the thing about the demon lord? I am one, yeah,” I answer casually, pretending it’s no big deal.

It’s clear he won’t let me off the hook so easily though.

“Hahaha, that’s such a bad joke. I do hope you can answer this seriously.”

Eh… *How annoying.*

Does he wish me to tell him from the start? Do we have to do it from the start? Well, King

Gazel also seems intrigued to learn about it...

But talking while standing isn't really convenient, so I should just make an explanation real quick.

I roughly recite the story to them. As a result, Fuze starts to talk to the air. It seems he's trying to escape reality by going catatonic.

Oh well, At least it's better than having him chanting doubts about my story all day.

I decide to leave Fuze to his own devices and talk to King Gazel again.

"By the way, Gazel, is it really all right if a king of a nation just departs like this?"

That actually does concern me.

I am equally guilty of the same crime, but King Gazel seems way too liberal with how he visits other countries.

The Dwarven Kingdom—The Armed Nation of Dwargon — is a powerful nation. Its national savings alone would be dozen times more than my country's.

Would it really be okay if the King just moved out like this?

"Huh, no problem. I've got a body double!"

Huh? You seem to be using your body double in the wrong place...

No, or is it?

Something doesn't feel right, but I suppose that's how it is.

The Pegasus commander Dolph-san as well as the other companions of the hero king have all arrived. That's one strong group of people to bring.

"That's not important, Rimuru. Is what Vesta reported to me three days ago true?"

Gazel switches his eyes to back to those unique to a nation's ruler and questions me.

"It's true, those twenty thousand—"

"Hold on a second, Rimuru. I've heard that the Farmus army has vanished for no reason. Do you know anything about this?"

"Hmm, vanished?"

Hmm? What is this now?

"Vesta reported to me that the army of twenty thousand men closing in on this town suddenly disappeared. What actually happened?"

Gazel says slowly.

A pair of eyes have been boring into Vesta in the corner, exerting an unseen pressure.

I look towards Vesta and see him shaking his head in panic.

"Vesta, I was there during your report as well. You did mention that the Farmus army suddenly vanished. We were curious and thus decided to come investigate. Did you find the reason for that?"

Pan is the highest commander in chief of the Dwargon army as well as King Gazel's close ally. He also questions Vesta in a pressing tone.

Ah, I get what's going on.

Gazel is trying to cover up the fact that I massacred the twenty-thousand-man army.

"Well, about that, we couldn't get to the bottom of it..."

Vesta also seems to understand what they mean and answered carefully. He's been looking at Gazel and the rest's expressions and cleverly coordinated the conversation alongside them.

I suppose that's how smart people do things. Vesta's reactions are super-fast. Now the mess I left has been successfully covered up.

Gazel instead lowers his voice and whispers to me: "Idiot! If you tell the truth now, you are making yourself an enemy of the humans!" and similarly: "Don't bother yourself to make an enemy with the humans even though they will definitely fear you."

It does make sense when I think about it.

Someone powerful enough to single-handedly wipe out an army of more than ten-thousand people. That's more deadly and terrifying than nuclear weapons.

The less people who know the truth, the better. There really isn't any need for unrelated countries and citizens to be informed about this.

The army of the Kingdom of Farmus attempted to invade the Monster Kingdom, yet encountered an unknown accident, leading to their disappearance as a whole—We will package this as the truth and inform the rest of the countries of it.

Now I see that Sasuga-King Gazel possesses the ability to deal with crises, a skill that I lack.

So the only problem remaining is just what I've said.

It would be too late to hide it from the people in the town. But the truth doesn't really matter to them. Everyone probably knows about it, but no one would go around and run their mouth about the news.

Fuze happens to be the center of my concern.

I glance towards him. He has regained consciousness and our eyes happen to meet.

"Ah, ah—Fuze-kun."

"Rimuru-san..."

Right, what should I do now?

Just now I broke the breaking news to him that the entire Farmus army has been killed by my hands.

Should I tell him that all of this is just nonsense?

While I was still worrying, Fuze takes a breath and sighs.

Then he raises both of his hands and respond:

"I didn't hear anything. Of course, my men are all resting at the inn now, and they definitely won't remember when they wake up tomorrow morning. We are so tired that they probably hallucinated and forgot everything."

It would seem he decided to pretend he hasn't heard anything.

Fuze seems to have suddenly aged a lot, to the point that his entire body seems to be devoid of strength. There is a certain tragedy to this.

After all, he was being so nice to have resorted to this in order to resolve the issue.

"Gufufufufu, if that's the case, just to be cautious, allow me to confirm it."

The man who's interrupted suddenly out of nowhere is Diablo, who now stands behind me.

This Diablo is an amazing guy, too. He's like Doraemon,<sup>1</sup> and answers to your every need. He also seems interested in doing chores.

I also recall hearing him whisper that he's "good at rewriting memory." I'll pretend I never heard that.

Fuze still seems troubled, but he gave in at last. He won't intervene as long as his subordinates are kept safe and uninformed of the knowledge. He must have also agreed to King Gazel's view that the less people who know this, the better.

As soon as national interest is involved, he may dispose of whoever leaks out the information in the worst-case scenario. That's why he believes it is better to just let things slide this time with an eye closed.

However—

"I won't look further in about your subordinate but do include me in the meeting."

Fuze also suggests his own view and says there's no negotiation with his term.

He probably thinks whatever is in the meeting cannot be simply ignored. You can tell from the determination in his eyes.

"All right then. But I hope you all will trust me as well. I don't have any intention to antagonize humanity. So I won't stop you from attending the meeting."

I shrug after finishing the sentence and agreed to let Fuze join the meeting.



Rigurd escorts Fuze to the lounge.

Since Gazel's party also wishes to join the meeting, we have to tide up the meeting hall. Because of that, I want to have Fuze rest for now as much as possible.

Seeing all this, Gazel questions me.

"Huh, are you sure that man is trustworthy, Rimuru?"

"He is, it's all good here."

Fuze is indeed a trustworthy man. I answer with confidence.

"Hmm. If that's the case, those people would be the only issue now."

With that being said, Gazel gazes menacingly behind us.

Eh, are there people there?

I turn my back in surprise and discover a group of strangers in front of me.

A gentleman in expensive clothing who is quite handsome. He must have been really popular in his prime.

The man has a rather unique pair of long and narrow eyes.

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<sup>1</sup>Closest reference to the source

There are five other people who look like highly ranked military general that stand by the two sides of this gentleman.

You can tell they have received good trainings.

But I didn't even notice with them being so close...

How could this be, my "Universal Perception" didn't react at all!

I'm rather panicked when this thought raises over me.

«Answer. There is no hostility detected from this group of people.»

Raphael-sama rather unpleasantly informs me.

Ah, right, I see.

...Ugh, this one is really on me. Just now I was complaining about receiving too much information.

In other words, my rather vague request of letting Raphael distinguish those who wish harm on me was quite unreasonable.

I can't blame 'Wisdom King Raphael' for being mad.

Sorry! In the future I hope you'll just report everything as it is—I apologize from the bottom of my heart.

It is rather embarrassing to apologize to my own skill, but it is the intent that matters.

Not noticing what I've been doing, Gazel continued to converse with the mysterious group.

"Where did you all come from?"

"What a coincidence! Aren't you the king that likes to hide and live underground? What a surprise. I never expected chicken like you would come in aid of a 'Demon Lord'..."

That man is rather at ease with his attitude even with Gazel's imposing haki.

He's clearly trying to provoke Gazel, and the generals around him also look quite irritating as if they are saying "I really can't stand this."

"The coward would be you. You idiot elven offspring who likes to stay on high ground. Have you finally decided to visit the mortal realm from the City of God tree?"

Gazel seems to have seen through the act and hence disarmed his alert. Instead, he laughed smugly and teased the man back.

From the looks of it, Gazel and the man knew each other.

So Raphael's reaction was right in that he holds no hostility. Maybe it's just that Gazel and the man can't get along with each other. However, that may be too much considering the two just seem like friends who love bad-mouthing each other.

"Rimuru-sama, they seem to be the messengers from Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion."

The one who reported to me is Souei's subordinate Souka.

I heard he is responsible for leading these guests here. After that guy found out Gazel was present here too, he then decided to come and spice things up.

"You just never change, Elalude."

The two both give one another an awkward look and greet each other.

That seems to be their special way of greeting.

"Right, so who is this young lady—"

“Ah, nice to meet you, I am the leader of this forest, Rimuru. I look forward to our future encounter.”

This narrow eye man—Elalude has laid his eyes on me, so I decided to greet him a bit.

I should have welcomed him in a more proper ceremonial way considering he’s a messenger from Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion. Despite that, I’ve got no clue about the customs and elegancy of the such a ceremony.

Even though I’ve become a demon lord, I still can’t find experts in that field.

I guess it’s fine, I’ll just have to find an expert to enlighten me another time.

As I greet him, Elalude suddenly became fidgety.

He started to shout with his eyes opened wide.

“So it is you! You are the demon lord that kidnapped my daughter! I hope you’ve prepared yourself for what’s coming!”

As soon as he finished, he began to conjure a Greater Explosive Flame spell and starts the chanting.

Oi oi, could you be any less reckless, mister?!

According to my knowledge, Special Greater Explosive Flame spell is one of the most difficult type of magic to conjure.

Fire is one of elemental-based magic and its spells range from Fireball all the way to Giant Magic Fireball. It becomes more difficult to control as the spell becomes more powerful. There are then more powerful spells such as Giant Magic Flame Barrier or Giant Magic Flame Storm that are very difficult to conjure. All in all, the difficulty of casting increases naturally with the power and scale of the spell.

So, let’s just analyze the name of spell casted by this Mister Elalude...

Special Greater Explosive Flame spell, to put it simply, is a synthesized magic spell.

It contains Fire spell that can burn and the Explosive spell that could blow away the target—By combining the two branches of spell, one can sublimate the two into a higher level of Explosive Flame Magic.

Speaking of that, it happens to be the type of magic wielded by Shizu-san.

The difference is that Shizu-san relied also on the power of Ifrit. It’s quite difficult to control a spirit if you aren’t a conjuring expert such as Shizu-san. But, as long as you establish a trusting relationship with the spirit, it will help out in times of need and hence help control the power.

So in contrast, when we talk about Special Greater Explosive Flame—

It is a very dangerous spell when one relies on himself to control the magic.

Even so, this type of magic is not limited by the magic system itself, so there is a lot of freedom in its usage.

The casting speed, accuracy, power, scale, area of effect, duration of effect; one can freely distribute the spell’s magnitude in all of these major elements. If he chooses to pursue purely power, it would be a piece of cake for him to cause havoc on the town.

But of course, this also increases the risks.

Conjuring spells require magicules, as well as sufficient concentration of mental abilities in

order to gather the required amount. If the conjurer is incapable of doing that, the magic would not be cast. In addition, once the casting failed, the remained magicules could go out of control and turn the nearby area to a wasteland.

So it makes sense that why very few people actively practice such dangerous spells. Usually, only those who's obtained a rank higher than a magician could use these high-level spells for military purpose.

And you *definitely* shouldn't cast it in a town like this.

Yet that's exactly what Elalude is planning to do.

What the hell is he doing. Acting like this out of nowhere.

He accused me of kidnapping his daughter, but what in the world is that supposed to mean?

Although I still haven't been able to react, there isn't much need to be nervous.

There is a loud tearing sound that goes *Siiiii*—on the scene.

What came at the same time was Elen's shouts.

“Waiiiit, Dad! What are you doing here?!”

She came here angrily and realized the situation immediately. She then gave Elalude a chop on the head without saying a thing to him.

Elen's arrival finally got Elalude's senses back.

So, it would seem this Elalude is actually Elen's father. He is finally settling down after he got scolded by an angry Elen.

These types of people sure are troublesome for having such short temper. The image of a reasonable gentleman he built when he was talking to Gazel was completely toppled with his later actions.

“Ehh—Ahaha. Sorry, someone told me my daughter has been kidnapped by a demon lord. So I kinda panicked just now.”

He says so while laughing out delightfully.

But you can't just cast a Special Greater Explosive Flame spell on the town just like that! You are one daddy-gone-berserk.

“No, sir. I've told you the facts as they are. It was your own misunderstanding.”

“Of course! It's all dad's fault!”

A secretary-looking person corrects Elalude calmly and Elen thus continues to blame him harshly, causing him look horrible.

He does look rather pitiful like that, but I can't sympathize with him. It's his own doing. I hope Elen will blame him more so he can reflect a little bit.

“—You still spoil your daughter like always, Elalude.”

Gazel comments at Elalude as the situation got slightly calmer.

But Elalude doesn't seem to have any regrets and argues back:

“I'm not spoiling her. It's all because Elen-chan is too cute and I can't help myself...”

“That is the dictionary definition of spoiling...Never mind, it won't help even if I say anything.”

Gazel is dumbfounded. It seems that's how Elalude acted before.

There's probably no cure for him.

Seeing that Gazel and Elalude have finished their conversation, Elen decided to slip in and greet Gazel.

"Long time no see, King Gazel."

Elen said as such. She seems to give off the attitude of a noble despite her adventurer outfit.

"Is it really Elen-chan? I didn't recognize you at first. Hope you are doing fine. It's really been a long time, you've become prettier."

Gazel greeted back, then Elalude starts to get all noisy and complains: "Are you a pedophile? You better watch your back, Gazel!" Thankfully, Elen immediately gave him a savage chop on the head, accompanied by the secretary-looking guy shutting his mouth up with hand in order to prevent him from further bad mouthing.

Gazel seemed rather used to it and simply shrugged it off without any comment.

This guy seems to get very heated in the head whenever the topic was related to Elen. He usually acts gentle and cultured but has a large dichotomy at times. I'll note that for precaution.

"Rimuru-san, this here is my father, Duke of Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion, Elalude Grimwald."

"Leader of Jura Great Forest, ruler of monster, my daughter Elen has introduced us. My name is Elalude Grimwald. Please call me Elalude."

After that, Elen introduced her father Elalude to me.

I didn't expect this man to be the head of the Sarion Duke's family. It seems the messenger from Sarion is not an insignificant man. I've heard rumors that he is a relative of the Emperor, and is in fact, the emperor's uncle. No wonder he got to chat with Gazel so casually, since he is indeed qualified.

To be perfectly clear, he is one of the top three most powerful persons in the Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion.

That gave me quite the shock.

If that's the case—

T-then Elen would be a super prominent daughter of a noble.

I've heard of her noble origin, but such prominent origin is really something else...

It won't be too much to address her as Mademoiselle<sup>2</sup>. A noble with such prominence deciding to become an adventurer...she may have been too liberal.

I shouldn't be the only one thinking so, but she doesn't seem to mind at all.

Perhaps there are people secretly protecting her. She seemed to already know when she told me about the demon lord awakening that her leaking that information would have been exposed.

Kabal and Kido, these two followers must have a hard time accompanying her. I have to find a chance to compensate them...

But, right now—

"So, did you come here just for Elen-san?"

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<sup>2</sup>Japanese word is お嬢様 (Ojousama), the daughter of a rich/influential individual/family. The address is often used by servants to said individual.

It's probably not that simple.

I thought to myself and looked towards Elalude.

"Hehehe, of course not. I came here to discuss diplomatic relations with your country, as well as to confirm things with my own eyes. To check out who the mythical Slime really is and why my daughter took such a liking to you. It's quite unbelievable to witness your menacing aura as a leader despite the fact that you are actually a slime. But still, I wanted to test your ability."

Elalude gives off an evil smile after saying so.

That's why he casted that spell, to intentionally test us as it would seem.

Benimaru, Shuna and Shion are all on hold next to me. My officers all did not fringe while facing off the danger. But that is only natural as they've all predicted that he won't cast the spell. They've grown a lot since they would likely have lost their temper if it was the old them.

"I've analyzed the spell you were going to cast, but it was obvious that your magicule count did not meet the basic requirement."

Shuna says so.

It seems his bluff has been seen through, Elalude also throws a wry smile to tease.

"My my, now I've been exposed of my incompetency."

"No, it's really something how you've controlled the speed of your casting to mislead others in believing the magic is going to be casted. It's very admirable how you are able to utilize that homunculus body of yours so thoroughly."

Seeing Elalude mocking himself, Shuna responds gently.

"Oh? That's surprising. Have you found out that this body is artificial?"

"Yes. It would seem you've inserted your astral body into it. The famous technology of the Sorcerer Dynasty Sarion surely lives up to its fame as the nation with endeavor of magic. Very impressive."

Hearing Shuna's words, I also try to run an "Appraisal." Indeed, out of the entire group, only Elalude is using a homunculus body. It would seem that it is part of the effort to protect such a famous noble.

That's why I thought he didn't bring enough guards when he came to meet someone who claims to be demon lord. If I think that way, dwarf king Gazel is the exception.

But anyway, the homunculus is so skillfully crafted that it looks realistic enough to be indistinguishable from real people.

Once we've settled our business here, I need to ask him to teach me the techniques.

Elalude mentioned that his intent is to assess the diplomacy between our countries. But that doesn't seem to be the only thing on his mind. I suppose we will figure out later, there's no need to rush out for an answer.

Perhaps I should invite Elalude to the meeting as well for him to make further judgements.

I also wish to hear what's his opinion on the future policies our country may adapt, it will be a great opportunity. But it depends on the result of the meeting. It is possible that even Sarion may become hostile to us. However, if things really go down that path, I'll have to deal with it

then.

Gobta came to inform us that the preparations for the meeting are completed.

I was planning to discuss things with my own subordinates, but I don't seem to have the opportunity right now.

Not only so, we are heading straight to the official meeting.

I was planning to prepare information on the countries beforehand to better inquire them. That's how a diplomat would often do to engage first, observe each other's interests and conflicts so as to reach a common ground.

Since we've not done any rehearsal beforehand, everyone will just have to express their genuine views.

Our future would be dependent on this meeting. If we fail to reach an agreement, it is no exaggeration that it will lead to war.

I boost my own spirit and head towards the meeting room.

As such, the essential meeting that would decide the future of the Jura-Tempest Federation now begins.

—This meeting would be bestowed with a legendary status, and historically known as the Meeting between Human and Monster.



I enter the meeting room and see everyone standing, awaiting my arrival.

There are the three Beastketeers, Fuze, King Gazel and Duke Elalude. The VIPs of each country are directed to their special seats and are seated.

After they sat, I walked towards the most inner seat while everyone sat down rather unanimously.

The meeting is commenced in a solemn environment.

First off, we need to introduce all the participants of the meeting. After all, there are many members here who came from strong nations.

Some of us know them, but in order to avoid any disrespect, it's best to introduce everyone. As such, we begin to introduce the guests.

"Well then, we shall introduce the guests."

Following my look, Shuna understood my order and begins to announce the names.

Beast Kingdom Eurazania.

The spokespersons consisted of the three Beastketeers who represent the Beast King's army.

Thinking about it, Phobio and Suphia are rather—let's just say—single-minded. So we should probably prioritize Alvis's opinions.

Dwarven Kingdom—The Armed Nation of Dwargon.

Spokesperson is the King himself—Gazel Dwargo.  
He was just trying to hide the fact that I wiped out a twenty thousand-men sized army.  
He may be planning something else though. So I'd better factor that in to accommodate his op.

He's may be doing me a lot of favor this time as well.

Kingdom of Blumund.

Unfortunately, this nation did not send an official representative.

Since Fuze is the head of the Freedom Association Branch in Blumund, plus he's closely related to Baron Bayette who is a minister of the Kingdom of Blumund, he should have the same rank of authority to him.

He's undoubtedly the best representative they can choose. I should really listen to his precious opinions.

The next one is Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion.

They suddenly came to participate, yet the head of the group is the famous noble Duke Elalude.

Elalude is the dumb father who spoils his daughter, but who nonetheless possesses the cruel outlook of a noble.

The goal of their trip is to assess my country. He probably wouldn't make any misjudgment and do anything stupid due to the love he has for his daughter.

That guy is something else, and I definitely can't overlook him.

Apart from that...

Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion has the national power to stand against the council states by itself, and it's a superpower rivalling the Armed Nation of Dwargon.

If everything goes smoothly, we may even get to forge an alliance with them.

One shouldn't be too greedy, that's how the saying goes. That's why I need to treat it carefully.

Glancing at the surrounding guests, everyone is a prominent character.

If it is only me that is holding the meeting, I may not be able to think sufficiently objectively. Considering that point, it is truly lucky for me to have the human members participating in the meeting.

What follows is the introduction of the members of the Monster Nation.

These are some familiar figures, but I should still do an introduction for the officers.

I look at Rigurd and the Goblin elders. Nowadays, they all look the part with luxurious clothing that can compete against any other nations' representative.

They even look more imposed than me, it makes me feel like I'm able to depend on them.

The ministers of different departments greet everyone. The moderator of the forest, Dryad Treyni-san, also came to greet them.

Elalude looks rather surprised at the presence of the highest-ranking species to show up here, but he still pretends to be calm and greets back.

Gazel's initial reaction to the scene was also interesting, they were all quite surprised by

that before. Anyway, I shouldn't be going around and exposing them like this.

At last I introduce the relevant personnel from the the Kingdom of Farmus.

Especially Youm's party, alongside Myuran and Grucius.

I was planning to let these people to build up a new nation there.

However, I don't know whether they will accept if I raise the proposals during the meeting...

This proposal may be the determining factor to the success of the meeting.

I nod to notify Shion and Diablo who were waiting for orders behind me. Thus, I was able to roughly conclude the round of self-introduction from our side.

Oh, right, I almost forgot.

"Shuna, what's the progress on Veldora's clothes?"

"Yes, Veldora-sama is—"

Shuna couldn't even finish before the delightful laughter of "GA—HAHAHA" arrives. I was worried that his original outfit would seem unfit for such occasion, so I requested Shuna to help him make a random set of clothes. It would seem I was able to catch up.

As the meeting room door is opened, Veldora enters the meeting room as if he's visiting a tourist place. I rise up to introduce Veldora and direct him to rest of the participants.

I hope this one can go smoothly; I pray to myself—

"Allow me to introduce him to my fellow guests. Some of you may have heard of his name, so please remain calm—"

I decide to make a forecast.

My subordinates are all now aware of his identity, and they all look nervous while gulping in tension. The legendary evil dragon is right before them, and even they are afraid.

I found that the atmosphere has changed, there was a sudden silence at the scene.

And next—

"This is my ally Veldora."

"I'm Veldora! Some people seem to call me "Storm Dragon." Hmm, not a lot of people get to talk to me in equal term so count yourselves lucky. And you should feel honored!"

As soon as I called his name, Veldora immediately proceeded with this introduction. He's still arrogant as always, but it does suit him.

I thought I told him to stay quietly during the meeting... He probably got bored immediately and came to stir things up...

"I hope you can act as the consultant of our meeting today. I'll be happy if you just stand aside and play nice. So could you leave now?"

"Gahahaha, Rimuru, you are so ruthless! Stop bullying me."

"Listen now, we are talking business here, so could you stop causing a scene here, okay?"

"Trust me! How could I cause a scene now?"

Veldora gave me his word, so I'll have to comply... If that doesn't work, I'll then give him his bible (manga). I must prevent him from giving me any trouble.

Up until now, the room is completely silent.

Everyone is frozen.

And...Eh?!

“Pong-dong”! Fuze, Elen and a couple few others just fainted on the spot while Gazel starts shouting: “Pause, pause! I need to talk to you NOW, Rimuru!”

Rigurd and the rest decide to start kneeling and bowing their heads like last time—The situation has gone wild beyond repair.

You could figure out why the meeting has been interrupted with your knees.

...Or rather, the meeting hasn't even started yet. But it's no use saying that now...



The meeting room is in a mess.

The chaos was greater than I expected. It's Armageddon in here.

Veldora sure is a mean character.

People are truly afraid of this “Storm Dragon.”

Well, that is to be expected.

The sudden appearance of the Catastrophe rank monster would undoubtedly cause such a commotion. To the world, he is more horrifying than demon lords.

Thankfully, not everyone thinks that way.

Since there will inevitably be chaos, it's best if I just introduce him to everyone first.

It would seem I need to take Veldora into consideration for my future planning.

The guests from each nation looks ill with their strength all gone.

Even though Veldora has already suppressed his aura, it may still have affected the crowds.

My companions such as Benimaru or Shion would usually contain their aura, while the weaker monster and humans who visit this town have also gotten used to it.

The new addition to the crew, Diablo, has the ability to suppress his aura even better than me. He is very talented in that aspect and should be considered as a model for everyone.

The issue lies with Veldora, who is supposed to have special training session with me to learn about the techniques to control his aura.

But he said in all confidence that this was nothing. I think it's likely due to his evolved Ultimate Skil “Investigation King Faust.”

So I thought everything would be fine...was I being too naive?

After all, his aura was still leaking out even with the seal applied, preventing monster below Rank B from approaching.

To be safe, I tried to use “Appraisal” to determine the magicules in the room, but I found nothing out of place.

If that's the case, the reason would be—

“Rimuru, I've got something to talk to you about. Let's pause the meeting and so I can

borrow some of your time.”

Gazel pats my shoulder and proposes, with a charming smile on his face.

He was just shouting...he must be really serious. My instinct tells me to not resist him.

I tell everyone that the meeting would be put on hold for a moment and start to move out from my seat.

No one seems to object.

It's no wonder, since someone has already fainted.

After leaving the rest of the matters to the others, we head towards the reception room.

I followed Gazel's order to get Veldora away from the rest of the meeting so that shouldn't be an issue any longer.

Including the three Beastketeers, a lot of people wish to learn about Veldora's current status. That may buy us some time.

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The ones entered in the room are Gazel and Elalude.

I requested that Shuna go make tea for the rest of the people at the meeting and told Benimaru and Shion to take care of the meeting room.

“Just to be clear, her majesty the Emperor has granted me full authority on this issue. So I will speak of my stance in the name of the Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion. Now that you are informed of that, please explain the situation.”

Elalude is the first to talk.

He is no longer a dumb father at the moment, but a politician, the prominent nobleman of Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion.

He is very imposing.

Does Sarion want to sit and watch quietly how this event unfolds?

They don’t seem to hold any hostility, and by what he proposed, they would be observing my every move before determining their relationship with our country.

But Elalude would probably still need to clean up the mess that Elen did...

At least I know they are not enemies, so it shouldn’t be a problem to look to them for help.

“I understand. Then I’ll swear to tell you the whole truth.”

Since the other side has laid out their cards, I also need to be more serious about the issue.

With our agreement made, a secret meeting is thus unfolded.

Let’s hear what Gazel has to say first.

“All right, what do you wish to talk about?”

“Spare me the act. What the hell is it with the revival of the ‘Storm Dragon’?”

Even man like Gazel couldn’t conceal his surprise. His shout sounds rather agitated.

It’s a rare sight for someone as calm as Gazel. He must have really been shocked.

I could have figured out a way to play dumb, but it would be meaningless.

So I decide to roughly explain the entire story.

With that being said however, I only mentioned about meeting Veldora in the cave and assisting him in breaking the seal.

As soon as I finished the short account, Gazel begins to have headache and starts to groan.

“I could not have anticipated things to turn out like this. It’s already a mess now that you’ve become a demon lord, but you’ve made an even bigger mess...”

*Ehh, no need to praise me like that*—I wanted to say that to ease the mood but chose not to. It may be my misjudgment, but I think it would piss Gazel off.

“So, Rimuru-dono. That lord is really—”

Since Elalude asked, I nod towards him.

Veldora could actually properly conceal his aura like that, which is rather hard for him to believe in such short time.

“—I suppose it’s true, it must have been the real deal. No man or monster would be stupid enough to try and fool people with the name of that evil dragon.”

It actually makes a lot of sense with how he phrases it.

That’s probably why Elen and Fuze believed the case immediately after hearing it.

Not only monster, who are aware of the importance of names, but even humans know they stand to gain no benefit by pretending to be the evil dragon.

Essentially, Gazel has not doubted his identity from the start. I asked him why afterward and only got the response that “I couldn’t see him through..” In other words, Gazel has indirectly admitted that he can read minds. That’s really impressive! But that really isn’t the focus of the issue.

“But, what should we do...”

“Right, I’m already in a terrible spot trying to clean up the mess left by my daughter...”

Gazel and Elalude look at each other.

The two seem to be unable to get along, but they are probably very close friends.

“The real issue would be whether to go public with this, or to conceal it.”

“It should be fine to do so in the western nations. As for Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion, I’ll just tell the Emperor what I’ve heard. The problem is—”

“It’s Western Holy Church, right? You can never fool them. Among all the ‘True Dragons:,’ the Church hates the ‘Storm Dragon’ the most. They would definitely be on to him as soon as he had been revived.”

“If we are to hide the truth, we have to act together as if we have no clue. But that likely won’t work and render us all ‘Nemesis of God.’”

Just like that, the two exchanged their opinions and attempted to figure a solution for my situation.

What about me? My job is simple. I just need to nod and say “Hmm hmm” to them.

“Are you even listening, Rimuru?”

“Yeah, your problem is causing us two headaches. If you don’t take it seriously, we would really be troubled!”

Eh, I got scolded.

I suppose I should give in and reflect, and then talk about my own views.

“Since there is no way we can keep hiding about Veldora, I’ve planned to make it public. There’s no way around Western Holy Church but whatever, so we would eventually need find a solution.”

“Hmm, since you’ve decided, I have no objection.”

Gazel agreed without any argument.

“An alliance between demon lord and True Dragon is no joking matter. Honestly, the problem at hand is surprisingly difficult to deal with. But on second thought, I’m lucky to be here. Since right now I get to participate in this meeting and was fortunate enough to gain such useful information to determine my nation’s stance—”

Elalude smirks and expresses his view from a powerful nation’s point of view. That is—if both the Disaster-class demon lord and the Catastrophe-class True Dragon somehow coexists in the same nation, it would be foolish to try and mess with them. Gazel agrees to his view as he nods heavily.

In terms of scale, Tempest Federation is far from more powerful nations such as Dwargon and Sarion. But if it’s only in terms of military, not only would these two nations be on the same playfield as ours, they may even be unable to surpass us. They say so because this has been acknowledged by both Gazel and Elalude in private.

“If according to your words, you will both stand on the same frontline with us if we become an enemy with the Western Holy Church, am I on the right track?”

As soon as I ask, Gazel replies dismally:

“Do you have to ask this? Rimuru, you’ve got to practice on how to maintain your composure—”

Then he shows an annoyed look and says, “Thank god this is a private meeting...” and begins to explain to me in details.

They both have no need to antagonize my nation but at the same time, they can’t let their own nations be in danger. Plus, they won’t be responsible for dealing with the Western Holy Church.

Gazel promises that he will maintain a neutral relationship while forging a diplomatic tie.

As such, there’s only Elalude left...

We basically don’t even have any diplomatic tie with Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion. Even under such condition, this man still decide to greatly back us up.

“I’ll be reassured with Gazel’s help. And speaking of which, Elalude-san—sama, why have you been so proactive...?”

As I ask, Elalude responds with an annoyed look and answers:

“—There’s no need for “san” or “sama” when you talk to me. But Rimuru-dono, please remember to refer to others with their appropriate titles and occupations in public. You are, after all, a king, so you shouldn’t act all groveling towards foreign guests in public. If you wished to be vassalized (bring into a condition of subordination), that would be a different matter. Anyhow, allow me to answer your question—”

He gave me a special instruction in fear of me embarrassing myself, I suppose he has an empathetic side too.

This thought made me express my appreciation, before I find Elalude is staring at me with long sighs. Then he switches up his mood and explain his reasons.

It all started with his daughter Elen.

It was rumored that Elen has been held responsible due to her sharing of the demon lord awakening information to me.

In other words, she was an accomplice in catalyzing the birth of a new demon lord. That's why there is no way the nation would leave it like this.

But, Grand Duke Elalude was able to show his ways during this time.

He was able to cover up the inquisition and made it so that the emperor was the only one aware of the situations.

Afterward he spent the time predicting his future moves and wait for the right opportunity to strike.

Magical surveillance seems to be a difficult task to execute, yet through it, Elalude was able to find out about my evolution to demon lord.

He can just pretend he knows nothing had I not become one, but there would be no way around but to intervene if the transformation was successful. When he came to visit me, he has already planned for the worst and recognized there may even be a need to dispatch invasive forces.

"Based on all these reasons, I went out myself in hope of less people finding out about this." Elalude concludes like that.

In other words, if he was to confirms I am an evil individual, he would destroy everything as soon as possible to cover up the truth.

"Then, what would be your judgement?"

"As I've said, I don't plan to become your enemy, rather we should build up a friendly relationship."

I see, he has accepted me. I'm quite happy that I've been judged as someone who's not evil.

"Hmm, that would be the natural choice."

"Of course. Our country practices freedom of religion, which includes more than just the Luminas sect. Rather dying for one religion, I'd put our national interests in the priority."

"Huh. I thought that I couldn't see you eye to eye, but somehow, we've reached some common ground now. Elalude, my nation is also not in line with the ideology of Western Holy Church. I've planned to support building ties with the Tempest Federation from the start."

Upon saying so, Gazel and Elalude smiles at each other.

"No, there are still too many questions left. Regarding the Farmus army eliminated by Rimuru-dono, even if we spread out the claim that they've all died from the war, the death count is still too high. And with just that point, my daughter has suggested—"

Elalude looks rather confused while saying so.

Could this be his real intent?

It wasn't the focus whether I am evil or not, he is afraid of the real casualty numbers of the war being spread in the Western Nations.

There is no way anyone would think otherwise that a demon lord who murdered twenty-thousand people is not evil. The Western Holy Church definitely would have a more justified testimony, and I would be treated as a "Nemesis of God."

Right, having diplomatic tie with such an evil person—me, would indeed implicate badly on these nations.

What to do then? Ehh—I began to worry.

Just as I was thinking, Gazel gives off a grin and says:

"Don't worry, I've got a solution."

Ah, no way!

If according to what Gazel just said, the king of Farmus suddenly vanished from the world!

"All of the corpses have disappeared without trace. Wouldn't they suspect that there was no survivor?"

"If that's the case, then you get to alter the story however you want"—Gazel smiles and respond.

—The truth matters very little to the people and the other countries. As long as the story is pleasant to the ear, it would suffice the crowds.

"Oh—That is a wonderful idea. Gazel, surely you would want me to co-write the script with you, right?"

Elalude also switches to his politician eyes.

They probably arrange narrative in their interests to maintain their innocence. For Elalude it is probably for both national interest and for Elen...

Then I should make my resolve as well.

After all, I decided to save everyone at the cost of massacring twenty-thousand people. My faith won't shake even if I had to bear more sin than that.

"It seems you've decided to walk the grey area, Rimuru. That's right, that's how it should be. It's not easy being a king."

There's no use regretting things now.

It is a necessary process.

"I've long made up my mind. Then, how do you plan to explain to the world, Gazel?"

"Hehe, let's see now."

Gazel's gaze became a bit gentler.

Afterward we spent an hour to discuss and layout the plan carefully.

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When we returned to the meeting room, peace has been restored.

They were finally able to get back to the peaceful atmosphere before and took care of the ones fainted.

The unexpected reaction plunged the meeting in chaos, but it really couldn't be helped.

Let's just let the past stay in the past and focus on dealing with the future. Thankfully I was able to discuss a solution with Gazel and Elalude. Now that I think back carefully that period of time was really precious.

Fuze, Elen and some others are still exhausted and collapsed in the chair.

"Are you guys all right? How do you feel now?"

I ask out of care. But instead they all look at me with resentment.

"...Even I've not heard of it. Such an IMPORTANT THING—"

"Are you kidding me, you big meanie! You even kept me out of the scene... His name is Veldora...-san? And he is your good friend?! Have you even mentioned that to me?"

And all sorts of complaint flew straight at me.

Would it really help by complaining about it to me?

He's been swallowed by me into my "Stomach"—How could I even say something like that. Plus, would anyone even believe that?

"Ehh? I didn't mention? Did I now...? Never mind, let's just forget about the past, pretty please? There're more important things to do, so let's have a meeting now!"

I responded with a delightful smile, but it obviously didn't work.

" " "DON'T PLAY DUMB!!" " "

They all shouted at me.

"Ha...hahaha. Yes-yes..."

I try to calm everyone day with a laugh.

It's really because these people are too carefree. After all, they didn't change their attitudes at all, even after I became a demon lord...

I don't mind them being so casual to me, and I'm even happy for that...But I do hope they can be more polite—

"Are you even listening? Gosh, I hope you would genuinely reflect yourself!"

"Please stop doing this, master."

"That's right, I'm getting heart failure from it..."

But they don't seem to follow basic courtesy.

But that's how Elen and her party act.

Fuze is also the same.

"Ah, but—I need to report this to my superior... Eh, but I am the head of the branch!"

That's how he acts, always so carefree. He has accepted the reality of the situation.

His reaction before of fearing Veldora seems to be fake. But if I hadn't told him to visit the restroom, he would probably have already pissed himself.

Nice save! I pat his shoulder and got stared at instead.

"You now, don't act like it's none of your business...I'm gonna have to report this to my superior first. I'll come back later to take the compensation for my mental damage."

My advice saved him, and I'd expected him to thank me. But somehow, he argued back and scolded me.

Never mind, I will be the bigger man here. I was joking with him anyway. And Fuze got back on his normal feet quick enough.

—That's how everyone accepted Veldora.

It is an hour later by the time the meeting restart.



Now the meeting can be officially commenced.

We will discuss Clayman's declaration of war later.

Souei has briefed me on this and he hasn't been able to find their base yet. I, on the other hand, was more concerned about whether Clayman was on the move. So I had Souei keep an eye on that as well.

Since you can't exactly rush this, I've decided to finish the meeting with the heads of each nation.

Although it's rather troublesome, let us revisit the story once more.

There were many things that took place in between, so I decided to spare everyone the details. In order to get everyone on the same page, I started to explain the situation.

It started from my encounter with Veldora.

I also told them my identity as a otherworlder.

Since there's no need to keeping hiding it.

Since all of my subordinates know of my story, it would make little difference to inform Gazel and Elalude.

So, what that a demon lord was once a otherworlder? Demon Lord Leon was also a otherworlder...

I also briefly explained my battle against the Orc Lord as well the construction of the town here.

It is very important to share the information with others.

Given their interpretation from a different point of view, they may have a different reaction than mine.

There were more things that happened after the construction of the town... And I proceeded to talk about my journey to the Kingdom of Ingracia to fulfill Shizu-san's will.

I did skip the details of the life at the town and Yuuki's request, but I also mentioned about my duel with Hinata.

She was really strong.

If her opponent wouldn't've been me, they would have been killed already.

Not even Benimaru plus Souei would survive that.

She may have been as strong as Hakuro, perhaps even stronger. She was also able to cast

many unknown magics.

Especially “Holy Purification Barrier,” that one is extremely dangerous.

There may even be a mini-scale one for battle against single enemy. I share my memories and knowledge to everyone using “Telepathy Net.”

Although I’m unsure whether we would be able to deal with it, we are better off knowing our opponents’ abilities when we encounter them.

I need to try my best to let everyone realize how terrifying Hinata really is.

At least it will give them a better chance to escape.

“Hinata Sakaguchi, right? That woman does look very cruel and gives off the impression of a ruthless murderer. But according to our intel, the reality does not check out. For instance, she will give aid to whoever seek help from her as well as those who are willing to accept her aid. But if the people are not willing to listen to her, she would just stop helping. A very rational woman—”

Does Fuze secretly know Hinata? He’s been defending her all the time during my explanation.

I don’t want to be hostile against Hinata either, but she simply won’t listen to me...

It does sound like something she would do to exclude those who refuses to listen to her from the aid list.

After all there are probably a lot of people seeking refuge, you can’t blame her for letting go of those idiots.

A true rationalist.

Yuuki did mention that Hinata is a realist, so Fuze’s report was not wrong.

With that said, Fuze’s source is surprisingly accurate.

Gazel also nods along as my thought continues to this point.

“Hmm, as expected of the Blumund branch head, you are good at manipulating the information network. The precision of the intelligences you’ve collected can match up against those obtained by our nation’s secret service. I can vouch for the accuracy of the intelligences.”

Gazel speaks as if he’s playing along with Fuze.

But Hinata won’t even hear my explanation...

“But that woman won’t even give me a chance to explain.”

Indeed, she has treated me as an eyesore from the start. But it seemed that she had been fed with the wrong information, but the part of not listening to reason is just...

“Well, that may be because of the doctrine of Luminas sect “No negotiation with monsters.””

Elalude surprisingly answered my confusion. Hinata seems to be rather famous even in Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion. You can tell then her reputation is widely spread, which surprises me.

—No, perhaps it is the natural things from a nation’s perspective to gather intelligence on the strongest knight in the Western Holy Church.

Maybe she became a celebrity because of her beauty—Such a though flew over me a couple of times, but I should probably not say it out loud.

After hearing the explanation by Fuze and the rest, I now begin to understand who Hinata really is.

She is known for her cruelty in actions and words, and it's said to have never broken the doctrines of her religion.

She is the most ideal model for the Knights.

In other words, Hinata is the guardian of law and order.

But if that's the case, why hasn't she stopped the summoning ritual by all the nations?

It's a simple summoning ritual and would usually summon children. No matter how you look at it, these all seem to be reckless actions of individual countries.

"Regarding that, there is no way we could know whether she has interfered with the summoning ritual of the nations, right?"

Fuze speaks up.

I suppose that's right as well...

"The summoning magic that would bring otherworlder are not knowledge to the public and are secret techniques strictly prohibited by the laws of the Western Council States. So, these nations won't easily admit their actions. No investigation can be led as long as they insist they've not used the summoning magic. The Western Holy Church may have access to a wide range of authorities, but they can't interfere with domestic policies."

For instance, the Kingdom of Farmus has been using otherworlder as weapons. They would probably argue that these are just otherworlder they discovered and took in by chance in order to avoid regulations.

In this way, there's indeed no definitive evidence to support any claims. The Western Holy Church wouldn't be able to intervene.

If that's true, it would be unfair to blame Hinata for not being more proactive on the issue.

Right, Yuuki also said something else about her.

—He said, "I can't figure her out."

Perhaps Hinata has acted in her own way in order to stop the summoning rituals.

Even if it is, it won't solve anything by worrying myself with this any longer.

"Anyway, Hinata is probably gonna be hard to deal with. If she is willing to listen, I may find a chance to talk to her and resolve our misunderstanding..."

But if the Western Holy Church consider us the "Nemesis of God," our confrontation with Hinata would then be inevitable.

I wouldn't want to fight her if possible, but we'll see how things develop.

"Kufufufufu. Should I personally set out to end her life for you? Shouldn't we get rid of the dangerous individuals to prevent further grievances?"

Hearing my own mumblings, Diablo, who's been waiting for order behind me, makes such proposal.

This guy is surprisingly confident. He's a newbie, so he seems to be very eager towards every possible opportunity.

"Oi oi, even I lost to Hinata—no, even I fought to a draw with her! How could you be so

confident in handling her?”

“Seriously, please go through your brain before you speak, okay?

“That’s right, Diablo. Instead of sending cheap shot like you, I shall go kill that woman. So Rimuru-sama, please give me the order now!”

You see. Now Diablo’s nonsense has drawn out Shion as well!

“Ho ho, so it’s Shion-san. I am grateful that you’ve taught me the techniques of being a secretary, so I’ll put it lightly… It’s a shame that you are no match for Hinata.”

“Oh? So according to what you just said, do you think you are stronger than me? Interesting, how about we find out about that right here right now—”

“SILENCE!”

I shout out to stop the sudden confrontation between Diablo and Shion.



I didn't expect him to be so aggressive despite his calm look. He's so polite to me yet has no respect for his seniors. How arrogant is he for a newbie?

Getting into conflict by provoking the opponent without themselves noticing, these types of people have such a straightforward personality like Shion...

"Gahahahaha! Does that mean you wish to send me out? Very well, I shall return triumph in no time—"

"You don't have to go! Unless they decide to take the initiative in offense, we don't have to be the aggressor. I'll say this again, I don't want to antagonize the Western Holy Church."

Having been excited by the two, Veldora who's been sitting next to me suddenly decides to stand up. I give off a long sigh after stopping him immediately after.

Horrible, these three are all maladjusted children.

No no no, everyone still has space to grow. I just have to focus on educating them in the future.

Now that I think about it carefully, Benimaru and Souei are a lot more composed. Geld is still very trustworthy since he's always been sensible. Gabil could get cocky at times, but he has learned to watch the mood, so it's a lot of weight off my shoulders.

Ranga instead is still staying quietly as a listener in my shadow, and he's more lovable than the rest of the crew.

The problem lies on these three, Shion, Diablo and Veldora.

The situation is always dangerous with these three around. I feel like I'm getting more and more mental stress.

I've got to be more cautious dealing with them.

"Anyhow, the topic regarding Hinata and the Western Holy Church ends here. We'll see how they react, and act based on that. Since this may lead to a war, we will have to observe carefully every step."

I proclaim so and concluded the whole thing.

However, there's one more thing I shouldn't forget. There are people secretly maneuvering behind the scene.

Hinata knew of me.

She said someone snitched to her, but luckily, I can count on two hands the people who knew about me killing Shizu-san.

It won't be easy to find the culprit, but the ones who know me are the most suspicious.

There is the trio of Kabal, Elen and Kido, alongside Fuze and a couple more people from the Kingdom of Blumund. Then it is Yuuki. The rest would be my own people from the town.

If that's the case...

'Wisdom King Raphael' has filtered out the list of the suspects.

Yeah, this is about right.

But with that being said, it may have also been to the involvement of unknown parties...

I don't want to act on a single instinct or suspect other people without evidence.

I'll just have to remember to keep reminding myself to be extra cautious.

Why would the person want me to confront Hinata?

Does he wish me to take out Hinata?

To prevent me from returning home perhaps?

Or perhaps to draw out Hinata?

«—Perhaps all of the above.»

No way, that's way too greedy.

I have no idea of the opponent's intent. But I've got to endure even though it feels bad getting manipulated like this.

Anyway, I'll stand by on this matter.

I continue to recount the events.

I told them that I discovered that our town has been attacked after I returned to the nation from the fight against Hinata.

They were otherworlder sent by the Kingdom of Farmus.

In order to save those who sacrificed themselves during this invasion, I decided to walk the path of demon lord.

But before I could inform them of what followed, Elen decide to break some news herself.

“Shouldn't daddy know about that already? Aren't you here because of that?”

She looks up to Elalude and asks.

Honestly, doing this kind of thing is just cheating. Too cute.

With that, her poor dumb dad Elalude would probably be charmed instantly.

“Elen...It's all right if I know about it, but you don't need to tell that to the rest of the country representatives...”

Elalude sighs helplessly.

I understand how you feel completely.

Elen does not care for the overall situation and that's her fault. But luckily, Elalude seemed to have predicted how things would be.

“My daughter Elen would definitely announce that she taught other people to become demon lords. I'll have to force her to come back home. But if I do so, just to have her dislike me in the end, it would be the worst strategy.”

As such, he said a bunch of things that makes one question whether he is a genius or an idiot.

As it turns out his prediction was on point, so I suppose he's a genius then...

I have been feeling something to be amiss, so I exchange looks with Gazel.

I found him nodding in agreement, so we decide to move on according to the plan we just settled.

“—And that's how it was. I used the army of Farmus as sacrifice and became a demon lord.”

Just like that, I proclaim the truth of my evolution to demon lord to everyone.



All right, so that concluded the explanation.

Now we will get to the main topic.

“That’s it. Everything I just said was true, but we will have to modify its narrative when we go public with it.”

My words baffled everyone.

Going public means we would be telling the story to the outside world—To majins, who consider power to be everything, such an act seems to be meaningless. No wonder why everyone seems confused.

But deception and disguise are important elements in politics.

“Then, what reasons would you find and how would you modify it?”

Benimaru asks for the crowds. I condensed the content of our secret meeting into simple terms before explaining to everyone.

I would proclaim to have become demon lord but will hide the fact that I’ve awakened.

This is based on the fact that the nations are oblivious of the full story.

Because none of them sent anyone to investigate.

Since all the witnesses have been killed, the only who know the truth are us the and the remaining three survivors.

The Farmus King is known to be a greedy man in nature, so our defense would be justified.

That’s because to the people, the saying that the army lost in a war is more acceptable than the army has been wiped out by a single demon lord.

Furthermore, the large number of corpses also unlocked the most evil seal.

Indeed, the large amount of flesh blood sunken into this land and awakened the slumbering evil dragon—It led to the revival of “Storm Dragon” Veldora.

The champion Youm and the leader of Jura Great Forest (me), who wanted to become a demon lord, came to aid and convinced Veldora through the sacrifice of many monsters. In this way we were able to quench the anger of Veldora and starts to worship him as a guardian.

If we are to alter the truth like this, my ascension to demon lord would make sense. Not only that, we are able to be justified as the victims while blaming everything else on the Kingdom of Farmus.

“Everyone think about it. Humans always fear that which they don’t understand, and they are often too ignorant to admit it. When someone who can single-handedly wipe out an army of twenty thousand men emerges, even if he shows signs of peace, the humans would still not believe him.”

These words come from Gazel.

Fuze and Youm ponder out loud and expressed their agreements.

Since even the ones close to me have made such reaction, I am sure that those who don't know me would just make the same reaction described by Gazel. If I don't handle it well, I may become an enemy of the western nations.

"However, if we blame the disappearance of the army onto the 'Storm Dragon,' people would be much likely to accept it. Since the 'Storm Dragon' has already been deemed as a 'Catastrophe.'"

Everyone understands once Gazel made such conclusion.

Except for Veldora who seemed to have got the wrong idea, he begins to say delightfully: "Gahahaha, this man has good eyes to have called me a genius."<sup>3</sup>

"I agree to that change too. My daughter slipped off and said that she helped Rimuru-sama become a demon lord. Rather than suffer the hatred and fear of men, we should change it so Rimuru-sama became a demon lord to create an opportunity to negotiate with the 'Storm Dragon' and allow the people to celebrate the emergence of a new power."

There is no need to balance that now, is there? Elalude finishes his words with a small smile. He stares down viciously at the surrounding crowd to see if anyone dares to oppose the proposition.

This man would do anything for his daughter Elen.

"Daddy... As expected from the sly and cunning nobleman, so cunning..."

Elen expresses her opinions that seem to be both praise and criticism... Anyhow, I feel pity for Elalude.

The room fell quiet again before we continue our explanation:

"Additionally, it would benefit me in other ways as well. It is, of course, important to avoid causing panic among the humans, but it may also mislead the demon lords who have been on guard against me that the only threat here is Veldora."

In that way, my operations would no longer be restrained.

When I achieved complete victory against Farmus, Demon Lord Clayman must have raised high alert against me. Once I've released the news that states all of those things were works of Veldora, Clayman's guard against me would definitely lower.

Gazel also hopes to build the image of my nation as a friendly kingdom.

I, on the other hand, wish to give a good impression to the Western Nations. In addition, I hope to lower the guard of whoever stands to antagonize us by letting them underestimate our abilities.

Right now our conclusion is to have others, rather than raise their guard, it's better to make them look down on me. It will only work in our favor.

"Moreover, once we've released the rumor that we've established ties with Veldora, the number of counties who would dare mess with us would also decrease. Even if the Western Holy Church came out to say something about it, the other countries would unlikely to follow through their order."

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<sup>3</sup>The joke here is that the Japanese pronunciation for Catastrophe (天災) and Genius (天才) are the same (Tensai), that's why Veldora thought Gazel was praising him.

That is probably the biggest benefit.

If I don't accept Gazel's proposal now, there will eventually be a day that we make public of Veldora's existence. Since it's going to happen one way or the other, we'd rather go public with it at the best timing possible.

We plan to deal with Clayman next, so we wouldn't be stupid enough to actively make an enemy of the Western Holy Church.

It would also distract our own attention if we split our forces into two, so we must avoid it.

We have to try to lower outsiders' guard against me as low as possible while having them raise it high against the Tempest Federation itself.

This is the perfect draft of plan made by 'Wisdom King Raphael' on the basis of Gazel's rough sketch.

Gazel, Elalude and me.

This is a situation that unite us three with common interests and that which can be utilized in the future.

Sasuga 'Wisdom King Raphael' sama, its strategizing skill also seems to have improved after evolving to an Ultimate Skil.

"I see. That would mean you found a reasonable explanation for taking care of me."

Veldora looks all satisfied while nodding his head towards me.

Oi oi, this guy only seems to interpret things in terms of benefiting himself...

—I don't exactly mean that, but never mind.

After all, he's assisting us in this act.

Putting Veldora aside, my subordinates also give some positive responses.

"That makes a lot of sense. In that way, we may continue to communicate with others just like before."

Rigurd nods hard and speaks as if he's reassured. He's very worried about the economy of the country being affected in the future, and now he looks relieved. It would seem he would be focusing on development of economy for the future of the Tempest Federation.

"Sasuga Rimuru-sama! That is such a unique way of thinking!"

"No, it was King Gazel who started it. I only contributed some ideas."

I took Shion's praise lightly and responded. As long as they are willing to accept my proposal, I would be satisfied.

"Thanks for the help, King Gazel. If we do things in that direction, we can start operating soon using Rimuru-sama's reinforcements."

Sophia gives off her brave smile and gives her thanks to Gazel.

Phobio and Alvis also agree. It seems the three Beastketeers have approved the proposal.

"Hehehe, I see. That means we would be able to focus everything we've got on Clayman. If I still can't win, even with all this, it would be because of my incompetence."

Benimaru laughs, the future military confrontation with Clayman is supplying him with a lot of fighting spirit.

What a reliable lad, hopefully he will get his stage on the battlefield soon.

Souei and Geld also express the same sentiments of wanting to begin the attack right now.

I hope they could wait just a little longer. As soon as we finish the meeting, you guys can go ahead and ravage the place.

I respond in my heart while looking at my subordinates with an ardent look.



The statements for going public has been approved.

Now we will plan on the future policies based on the second trade meeting.

First, I mention that both the King of Farmus and the Archbishop of the Western Holy Church are in our hand. We'll discuss about what to do about them in the future, as well as initiating our plan to support Youm as the new king and found a new kingdom.

Fuze begins to ponder after hearing my plan.

He remains silent. He is compiling his thoughts in his heart.

Gazel is also not making a sound and he has his eyes closed. His companions, however, are in midst of an intense argument regarding the topic. But they are in a stalemate, with no one having reached a conclusion.

Elalude won't say a thing either. He's probably calmly calculating what's best for Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion.

I glance around to see everyone's reaction as I continue explaining.

First, we will release the current king to have him to compensate for the invasion of our nation.

But that is only in name, our real goal is to lead Farmus into civil war through the issue of compensation.

If the King attempts to reunite the nobles to rebel, we can take his life then. After all, he's the king of that country and I don't intend to let him go free.

If he decides to pay the reparations obediently, we won't have to support Youm in getting the throne. However, 'Wisdom King Raphael' doesn't think he would go for the compensation.

It will still be very difficult to execute even if he wishes to compensate.

The Kingdom of Farmus has lost twenty thousand men's worth of labor. In order to restore his nation's power, money would be a necessity. That would require taxation from the nobles, whose greedy nobility would never give it up without a fight.

He would probably find a bunch of excuses to try to sneak his way through the issue of reparations. By that time, Youm would start the protest and lead an armed revolution.

The King may also force the nobles to give in, but once he does that, there most definitely will be civil unrest.

Whoever survives a failed war would naturally be held responsible. By the time the sur-

viving King decides that he won't carry out his responsibilities and forces the nobles to give in...

The King would lose his reputation completely.

The issue of reparations is the key.

That way, the relationship between King and Nobles would break down.

One the King loses his influence, his factions would most definitely split as well. I've heard that all of King's heirs are underage, which makes it easy to imagine them being manipulated by the nobles. By that time, there will be a struggle for the throne.

Youm could try to rise up during their in-fight, and the people who are tired of the politics would definitely stand by the champion's side.

—At the end of the day, the demise of the Kingdom of Farmus is inevitable.

Naturally, the Tempest Federation would support the Champion Youm, who has been on good terms with Tempest for some time.

If Youm announces the founding of a new kingdom, we would send forth our acknowledgement and form an official diplomatic tie with them.

The nobles, who would then become the power holders, would probably unite and vote against this new rising regime. But we've predicted that as well.

We'll retain the people who supported us from the start and exile the rest. If they intend to continue their disruption, unfortunately, we will have to "assist" them in disappearing.

We will be the force that contains the nobles' influence in order to prevent a direct confrontation between the two parties. During this process, we will determine who is friend, or foe.

The plan is as followed—It will take some time before passing of policies that are trusted by the citizens, so Youm's party should attempt to take down the opposition when their popularity is still high.

It will be impossible to restore the nation in such a short term.

At least two to three years are needed to buffer it out of the effects past events.

The only difference being that Youm would get to shine earlier if the King decides to take the wrong move.

The outline of our plan is as such.

The time to support Youm to the crown would have to depend on the situation. But he's most likely gonna become the next king.

"I don't plan to torture the people of Farmus. But since they've let their rulers do whatever they've desired, I don't exactly see them as innocent either. So I will weaken them to a certain extent before restoring their nation."

I finish the explanation for my plan with these words.

Everyone's been silently pondering, while King Gazel is the first to respond.

"Pretty good. I don't object this plan. But Rimuru, it's another thing to have this man—Youm—crowned."

Gazel stands up as he finishes and begins to observe Youm more closely.

What an overwhelming pressure! I could even sense that at some distance. I've taken that skill head-on before, so I understand how Youm may feel.

“—Wuuuu!”

Youm bites his teeth hard and groans, but he continues to look back at Gazel.

“Huh, he’s got quite the spine. But what about his nature? Does he love his people, and has he prepared himself with the resolve to carry his people’s burdens?”

That line made the room quiet.

“Hmph, how the hell should I know? It’s not as if I wanted to become king. But, since I’ve been given a task from someone I trust, I won’t be worthy to be called a man if I just turn it down!”

“Ho?”

“I just don’t want to come to the conclusion that I think I’m incompetent and want to give up before even trying. Also, I’ve got to play cool before the woman I love, so I have to give it everything I’ve got.”

Youm replies without any hesitation. It sounds pretty moronic but it’s surprisingly convincing.

“—Baka...”

Myuran made a noise.

“That sure sounds like Youm. Dwarf King, I would personally vouch for him. This guy may be an idiot, but he’s not an irresponsible idiot. He will see his job to the end once he takes it. I, Grucius, swear to look over him well.”

Beastman Grucius responds with a wry smile. Myuran also nods to him after hearing and stands by Youm. The three stand shoulder to shoulder while facing Gazel.

“—Is that so? All right then. If you run into anything bad, just come find me for help.”

Gazel then begins to nod his head dramatically and takes back his imposing attitude.

It seems Youm has passed Gazel’s trial and now they’ve got the powerful Armed Nation of Dwargon to back them up.

And after that—

Gazel laughs and says: “Now I’ve encountered another interesting man”; “He wants to be King for his woman, hahaha—“ Elalude laughs on his stomach. What followed was “You’ve got some balls Grucius! You dare to say those things before us? Are you betraying Karion-sama?” as teased by Phobio to Grucius.

It’s a rather entertaining commotion.

After some laugh, Gazel begins to tell Youm in a serious tone:

“Youm, I hope your country would produce more agricultural products. I won’t talk too much before this turns into an interference to your national policies but hear me out. Countries like Farmus gets plenty of profit from just importing goods from Dwargon, but it has been proven to be unsustainable—”

Indeed, Farmus has very high tariffs for imported goods before retailing in order to rip off

the middleman countries. These are not the ideal types of customers for Dwargon.<sup>4</sup>

Nowadays there are people innovating and forming new trade routes, making Farmus less advantageous in their exploits.

If things turn out like this, the country must develop new types of specialized industries in order to survive. They should avoid competing with other countries' trade industry and instead explore the undeveloped lands near its domain in order to better coexist with other nations.

I've heard that there is an issue with the low supply of food in Dwargon, so I understand his intent. We are in fact in the same situation, we hope to not rely on the goods from the forest, but instead import more grain from other venues.

Gazel's proposal seems logical.

"I want to request that as well. Importing grain should be an important subject of discussion."

I didn't forget to push my luck as well to get a cut out of it for myself.

"Master, you sure are impressive... Please leave it to me! Farmus has been developing its agriculture, so hopefully we can meet the demands from both of you."

Now Gazel and I have a common interest. Youm also promises us both that he will be assisting us in terms of agriculture by the time he becomes the king.

Shuna begins to serve tea and dessert to everyone for a change of pace.

We switch up the mood and continue the meeting.

Youm is recognized and everyone has approved the plan to establishing a new nation.

That was the biggest challenge of the meeting, now we can address the rest of the meeting more casually.

"Then, I shall speak while representing the Kingdom of Blumund. After hearing Gazel-sama and Rimuru-san's proposals, I think we may be able to assist the plan. Farmus nobles Marquis Müller and Earl Hermann have very close ties to our nation. If we were to negotiate and convince them in joining us, won't it bring much convenience? When Youm-san revolts, I plan to have them to back up the revolution."

Fuze expresses his opinion.

But isn't he just a head of the Branch? Does he really have that much authority? Fuze gives off a wry smile, seemingly sensing my doubts and explain:

"As I've said, I am the representative of the Kingdom of Blumund. So please consider me as an appointed personnel by the nation. Those speech I just made was not delivered as the head of the Freedom Association branch, but as a civil servant of Blumund."

After getting to know more, I found out that the Kingdom of Blumund has already left a seat in the intelligences department for Fuze. Not just as a simple intelligence personnel, but an assistant to the allocation and deployment of all the intelligence units.

But even if that's the case, the important decision you just casually made...

I was going to speak up my mind, but instead Fuze explained some unexpected facts.

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<sup>4</sup>This can be observed from the map of Slime world. Farmus was the trade hub between Dwargon and the rest of Western Nations before Rimuru came and took over Jura Forest.

When we were doing the secret meeting, he has already reported back directly to the King of Blumund and requested a letter of appointment with complete authority over the issue. Smaller countries are able to issue those fast, and Fuze is a trustworthy guy to many.

According to himself, he knows several secrets that would ruin the Kingdom of Blumund if leaked.

How about I just threaten this guy and take these intelligence... I'd better not mention the thought that just popped into my head.

Fuze seems to be able to actively utilize his circumstances and collect all sorts of information.

He has extracted all possible information before we had announced any of our plans.

This man is very smart and extremely capable.

As for having Marquis Müller and Earl Hermann, they seem to be backed by the King of Blumund.

Marquis Müller is a prominent noble from Farmus, and while he seems distant from the King of Blumund, the two are very close in terms of their private friendship. In fact, he is the distant relative of the King of Blumund. The two have very good relationship. Earl Hermann is in great debt to Marquis Müller, so it is unlikely for Earl Hermann to betray him.

“Oi oi, is it okay to break this type of news?”

“Hahah, no problem. Even if I don’t, Gazel-tonosama already knows as well. The secret service of the Armed Nation of Dwargon could easily rival the Blumund Ministry of Intelligences.”

At least they would be able to keep track of intelligences from neighboring countries—That’s what Fuze said.

Gazel didn’t give much reaction, but he did give off a wink, however. The one reacting is not Gazel, but the beauty behind him.

She’s the head of the secret service Anrietta. She’s a powerhouse that even Souei would approve of, so she’s indeed got a few tricks up her sleeve.

“Hehehe, you are being too modest. The Kingdom of Blumund is very good in intelligence collection. Your country specializes in the trade of intelligences, and as a vital constituent, the Ministry of Intelligences must have more capable men than us.”

But no matter how it seems, that doesn’t look at what her face is trying to say.

Anrietta is being polite.

“Haha, that’s sharp. Our combat capabilities are far from your secret agents. But we are no small fries if we are talking about intelligence gathering alone.”

Fuze wouldn’t back down easily either.

Since Blumund is a small nation, it tries its best to collect intelligence on all the nations. These are the most favorable weapons to protect their own nation.

Since according to what Fuze said, the intelligence can’t be fake. We shall pull those two guys into our camp.

“Youm, did you catch all that?”

“Yep, leave the rest to me.”

Youm’s packaging plan is thus complete.

He would put on a magnificent show as a champion returning home with glory.

The details of the matter couldn’t be decided within the time of the meeting, so I’ll leave the rest of the matter to Youm.

Moving on to the next topic.



“Right! So, we will do that with hero Youm’s kingdom occupation plan.”

With that said, everyone nods in agreement. Youm alone is trying to hide his face in embarrassment, but I’ll just pretend to have seen nothing.

With that being settled, the next topic would be—

When we are just about to enter the next topic of discussion, Elalude who’s been listening to our conversation begins to laugh hysterically.

“Fu-FUHAHAHAHA! Interesting! You guys are so straightforward. All these people with their national interests on the line gather around here, yet they speak so openly, without any suspicion… It would seem that I’ve been looking like a fool for having kept my guards up all the way through.”

He laughed and says, “How stupid am I?,” yet his eyes are giving off sharp glows.

That’s not the dumb dad Elalude, but the real-deal nobleman. The one that can’t speak his heart in front of others, Grand Duke of Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion.

He suddenly changes his attitudes and caused immense stress to the crowds.

Switching his mood like flipping pages of a book and it caused everyone to quiet down.

Elalude seems to want to say something, and everyone also eagerly awaits his words.

—The wide meeting room fell in silent with only the noise of pages turning from Veldora reading his manga.

Eh, Oi! What are you doing, mister? I didn’t give it to you, so where did you get it from…?

…Never mind.

I thought that he wouldn’t comply in the first place.

As long as he agrees to remain quiet, I’m fine with it.

Veldora helped me to relieve some of my nervousness, so now I just need to wait for Elalude’s speech with a more relaxed mood.

Elalude clears his throat to get everyone’s attention back onto him and begins to speak very seriously. This man sure becomes braver the more frustrated he gets.

“—I’m going to ask a question. You there, Fuze right? Rimuru is a monster, do you really trust him?”

“What...do you mean?”

“What’s with this whole ordeal of monsters founding a country by themselves, shouldn’t they at least get an official recognition? Besides, shouldn’t you refrain from forming diplomatic ties with them? Considering your position, you should have been much more careful.”

“Ehhh, about that...”

Elalude’s intent isn’t to point out his flaws, but it’s simply asking questions. In that way, Fuze became speechless, not knowing how to answer.

“In other words, my dear friend here, if I am you, I would only trade with them, meanwhile observe the reaction from the Western Holy Church. I’ll also inform the church secretly to supply them with full authority to run an investigation on the nature of this country. I would enjoy the benefits of it and try to avoid future conflicts. Never would I stand up for them. Isn’t that how a small country should operate diplomatically?”

Elalude’s words are sharper than swords, and it hit home with Fuze.

Apart from that, not only Elalude, Fuze finds that everyone else is staring at him too.

“Damnit, why do you have to pick me—”

He mumbled to himself.

Afterward—

“All right, I get it! If that’s the case, I’ll just be open with you!”

With some resolve, Fuze scratches his head and shouts.

He’s become the usual arrogant Fuze. He’s not even speaking like a politician even if the opponent is Grand Duke Elalude.

“Duke Elalude, I hold the same view as you. I’ve also tried to persuade my superiors, as well as the nobles I know, but they all rejected that—”

With that, he begins to explain his exchange with his superiors.

That’s what Fuze said.

It sounds like what he told his superior is about the same as what Elalude just said, but the other side responded: “What would happen if there is a war between the Kingdom of Blumund and Tempest Federation?,” then rejected his opinion.

This happened before I visited Blumund, around the time we finished the battle against Charybdis.

With several greater majins’ aid, our country was able to defeat the Orc Lord and Charybdis. The superior believed that if they were to fight a country like this, their demise would be imminent.

The Kingdom of Blumund doesn’t believe in the Luminas sect, so the Western Holy Church won’t possibly come in the aid of them. In other words, if the relationship is not handled carefully, their country may be destroyed.

In conclusion, there is no use trying to resist us.

All right, then what’s next?

“We must obtain the trust of the monsters. We need build up a trusting relationship and have common interests and merits. That’s why we’ll do whatever we can to assist them—this was

the conclusion of my nation's higher-ups. Since both your country and Dwargon are powerful nations, there is no room for choice... If my country is to make one misstep, it may be our end. We gambled our future by not begging for help from the Western Holy Church since we have faith in the Monster leader. That is how it is in general."

Fuze sighs while saying so.

The man is really pitiful, having his inner thoughts being exposed by others. It is like saying Blumund is such a weak country that it doesn't have the right to choose in circumstance such as this.

But that is a reality to be honest...

Whether it is good or bad, right or wrong—

It doesn't matter. They made their grand gambit to bet on everything by choosing to trust me.

—No, that's not right.

Blumund came to this conclusion, and there is no other way to go once they miscalculated and caused their kingdom's destruction.

Upon pondering on it, it's only natural that I'm considered a threat by people since I took care of a large army just by myself.

It's better off allying with me than to antagonize me.

Perfectly reasonable.

The small nation holds information and lives under the shadow of big nations. That is the strategy they use.

That's why they believed it was the right choice and went on with all they had.

It's really reckless, but it might be an effective policy.

Very effective to me at least.

Because I now believe that Blumund can be trusted.

Elalude seemed to have reached the same conclusion as me.

“—By the way, your resolve is indeed quite firm. Just another thing, you seemed to have come here in Rimuru's aid. Is that also your superior's command?”

“You are right. He ordered me to follow through the promise of the security pact. But, even if my nation decides to break the promise one-sidedly, I would still come anyway. That's because I am also a member of the Freedom Association. As part of the Association, I do not belong to any country, yet I ended up becoming the head of branch at such a place. It's honestly quite funny. Anyway, the Kingdom of Blumund has left its seat in the intelligence department for me, so I guess my luck is running out...”

*Why did I take on this mess*—Fuze starts to complain.

You are way too honest, but that reminder is too late.

The King of Blumund seems to be more reasonable than I expected. He even followed through with the pact to stand with us against Farmus...

I thought that the pact has no benefit for us, but it's quite an honor to have witnessed such generosity from them.

Carrying out the promise of a pact should be common knowledge for socializing, and it should be the same for countries breaking of promise—Just like how people who can't follow through with a promise cannot be trusted.

This event happens to prove that Blumund is worthy of trust.

They seemed to have believed in our side's victory and betted the nation's prospect on us. But they probably didn't expect I would eliminate all the enemies single-handedly.

"What a gambler, could the superior you mentioned be referring to this person?"

"Indeed. It is the King, his majesty of our nation."

I asked while Fuze nodded in response, looking rather awkward.

As a matter of fact, their king may seem like a yes man, but he's instead a tough guy in his heart, through and through. Those are the decisions you have to force yourself to make as a king of a nation.

"That is roughly how the story went, we did make the right choice. We didn't expect Rimuru-sama to have wiped out the Farmus army alone. In addition, with the revival of 'Storm Dragon,' our confidence in you is no longer relevant. Because of that, the speed of approval from my superior for my letter of appointment has broken the record—"

Fuze says so looking exhausted. After all, he's been forced to decide on the fate of his nation, so I suppose we'll let him complain a bit.

"...I see, so that's how things went. I apologize, Fuze-san. But thanks to you, I got to get in the mind of the King of Blumund."

Elalude took a step back and apologize to Fuze with his head lowered while saying so.

Seeing Elalude doing so, Gazel speaks up.

"You are still as cunning as ever, Elalude. You don't have to go to that extent to probe other nations. Shouldn't you be all right knowing that I alone have faith in Rimuru?"

"You are right, but Gazel, it's no easy decision to make when it comes to creating diplomatic ties with a country full of monsters. But now, I've had a lot of respect for the King of Blumund."

"Huh, drop the act. You guys have already made the decision before they sent you out, right? So, what's your conclusion, Duke Elalude?"

Gazel's comeback is rather imposing, but Elalude simply went through it.

It's not due to Elalude having no concern for personal safety for his homunculus body, but because Elalude is bold enough.

"I suppose. But I've also come to my own conclusion. Before I would answer, could I ask another question?"

This time Elalude directed the question to me—

"Come on, Dad! Stop beating around the bush and answer!"

"Hold on, missy! You shouldn't say that!"

"That's right! Duke-sama wants to play cool before his daughter. He's trying you know!"

Now the nervous atmosphere is completely thrown out of the window by the Elen trio.

"The image of the wise counselor is completely decimated..."

That's how Gazel describes it.

I feel a bit pity for Elalude, so I decide to be a little more serious.

Meaning—Releasing my “Demon Lord Haki”<sup>5</sup>.

“—Go ahead and ask, Elalude.”

My subordinates started a commotion seeing this with sounds like “OHOH!”

Gazel and his companions instead are surprised at the sight and begin to groan with sounds like “Wuu!” Moreover, Youm’s party, Fuze and even the three Beastketeers begin to have cold sweat, surprised at the scene.

I’ve suppressed its intensity to the lowest level, yet it is still surprisingly effective.

That’s because “Demon Lord Haki” has many other skills woven in it, such as “Menace” and “Magic Aura.” It can be used as an attack, so misusing would lead to public hazards.

With that being said, I believe my acting skill as a king has improved.

Remaining emotionless while talking is my secret technique.

Hiding my emotion and talking lightly alone would intimidate my opponent.

In addition with Shizu-san’s beautiful appearance and my shining cells of slime, I give off a rather mysterious aura.

And along with “Demon Lord Haki,” it is almost perfect.

No need to show anymore. In fact, as soon as I show any emotions from my real self, the mysterious style would be downgraded.

It is probably a standard for me who was once human to uphold such a manner in doing things.

Just like that, Elalude also got tricked by me.

“—Ehh, impressive. So—Demon Lord Rimuru, I shall ask you. As a demon lord, how do you plan to use your power?”

Eh, so it is about this after all.

Simple question.

I wish to create a new world according to my heart and allow everyone to have a meaningful life.

If I could, I wish to create a prosperous world where people’s days are filled with joyful laughter.

I truly hope so.

I express my true feeling to Elalude without hesitation.

“—That’s about it. But no way things would always be so smooth-sailing, facing failure would be inevitable.”

“Th—that type of spectacle utopia, do you really wish to make it a reality?”

Oh, he really got spooked by it.

A prominent nobleman who doesn’t show emotion, now I’ve got him panicked, “Yeah, this power is gained for that purpose. There is no use talking about ideals when you don’t have power, and won’t you feel empty to only have power but no ideal? I’m a rather greedy individual, but

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<sup>5</sup>A type of intimidating aura similar to menace. Can cause fear (or death, if the target is weak enough). A skill gained from being a Demon Lord

I'm not interested in something along the line of a one-way pursuit of power.”

I tried to paraphrase some quotes I remembered before and used them as my message.

But, shouldn't it be natural to think this way?

You work hard when you have a goal.

That's human nature, to my understanding.

“Ha, hahaha, HAHAHAHA! Nice, very nice, Demon Lord Rimuru! What a greedy demon lord! Now I finally understand why you've awakened!”

Elalude begins to laugh out loud. I waited until he finished.

After he finishes laughing, Elalude kneels before me as a messenger.

“Many apologies if I offended you. Demon Lord Rimuru, I, as the messenger of Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion, wish to form a diplomatic tie with your nation—the Jura-Tempest Federation. Do grant me the honor—”

The scene falls silent once more.

Except for noise of book flipping.

I'll lose if I care. If I turn my head around now it may ruin the atmosphere.

Certain loser of a man (Veldora) is lying down on the resting bench, drinking some iced black tea that god know when he requested while reading his bible (manga). It will only ruin my pace to have him in my sight.

“—I wish to build a friendly relation with you as well. Do form a diplomatic tie with us.”

WOOHOO! There is a lot celebration at the scene.

Everyone gets up from their seat to celebrate this newfound relationship.

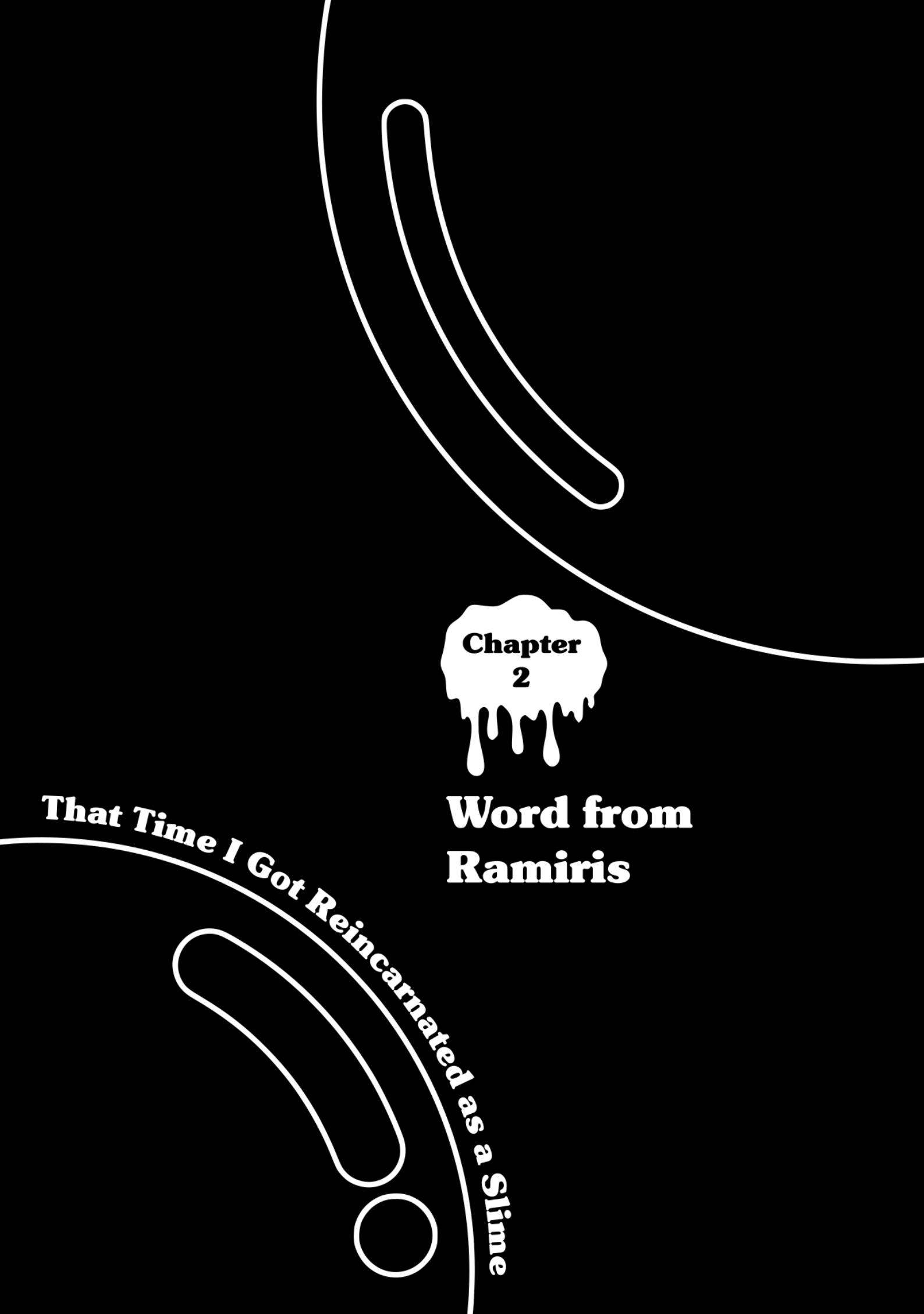
Now, there is a new nation that is willing to accept us.

The third human country—Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion, has formed an official diplomatic tie with us.

The fall of Farmus kingdom is imminent, and new a new country shall rise under Youm's leadership.

The map of this continent shall be reprinted.

But things would escalate sooner than I expected.



**Chapter  
2**

**Word from  
Ramiris**

***That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime***

## Chapter 2

### Word from Ramiris

Near the end of the meeting, I was about to wrap everything up.

When suddenly, there was a “PONG!” sound.

The door was flung open by an intruder.

—Afterwards—

“Heed my words! This country is going to perish!” proclaimed the intruder.



That someone is a tiny little fairy.

Her appearance may be deceiving, but she is in fact one of the Ten Great Demon Lords, “Fairy of the Labyrinth” Ramiris.

It’s one thing that she suddenly flew in here, and now she’s spilling this nonsense.

*W-what did you just say! How I respond to this?*

Ramiris flies straight towards me.

The door is wide open and Beretta, who followed her, carefully closes it on the way in.

I feel like he must have a lot on his mind.

No, it’s probably very tiring for him. I could almost see the way he gets toyed around by Ramiris.

Just in front of Ramiris, a person wearing a classy butler suit stops her. It’s Diablo.

He’s been quietly observing the conference and awaiting orders behind me. Looks like he won’t allow the intruder to just do whatever she wants.

How should I put it, Ramiris is immediately apprehended.

Like a dragonfly being squeezed by someone’s hand.

She struggles while flapping her wings and shouts: “Wa-wait a second? What are you doing!”

What an interesting fairy. It’s very funny seeing her prestige as a demon lord being completely tarnished.

“Rimuru-sama, I’ve caught the suspicious intruder. What should I do with her? She’s been spouting nonsense about the destruction of our town, what do you wish for me to do with her?”

Diablo returns before me and inquires with much respect.

I instead look at Ramiris.

She’s struggling frantically trying to escape from Diablo’s grip.

“EHHH! Why? I can’t escape with even all of my magic? A-are you some big shot as well? AHH, why are you doing this?! I didn’t do anything wrong!”

This fairy is still as noisy as ever.

But to be honest, Diablo does possess magicles rivaling those of Ramiris, so escaping his grip should be pretty hard for her.

Yet she is somehow still a demon lord.

If anyone thinks that demon lords are not all that strong then it would all be entirely thanks to this fairy.

“Rimuru-sama, do you know this fairy?”

Fuze asks me.

Ah, the meeting got interrupted.

The only thing left for us to do is to confirm the procedures (of the previous plan)... I really wish this bugger could have just arrived a little later...

But that’d be equally as stupid.

“Well, she’s a fairy called Ramiris and an old friend. Despite her appearance, she’s still actually a demon lord!”

“Oi! What’s with that attitude? Don’t judge me based on my appearance, I am known as the most terrifying and one of the strongest among the Ten Great Demon Lords!”

Ramiris still puffs out her chest proudly despite Diablo’s restraint, and with a smug look too. She hasn’t realized herself that there is no prestige to how she looks at all right now.

“Eh? Demon lord...?”

“Hah! This thing is what now?”

And words along those lines could be heard from the surrounding members of the meeting. The participants don’t seem to be surprised about it.

“—Hmm? Eheheh—? Why? You guys should act more surprised! I am a demon lord you know! I am ‘Fairy of the Labyrinth,’ you know? Why is everyone so calm?”

No no no, even though you claim to be a demon lord, you are currently being restrained.

But I guess, everyone is probably baffled right now.

I considered them kind for not voicing such thoughts.

“No actually...Since Rimuru-sama is a demon lord as well, it’s reasonable to expect him to know other demon lords...”

“Or perhaps I’ve gotten over the shock of the ‘Storm Dragon’s revival, so I’m kinda numb to these things now...”

People started talking and nodding to each other.

I see, it makes more sense with the way they said it.

And looking back to Ramiris, she seems rather annoyed by everyone’s reaction.

“Huh? ‘Storm Dragon’... You mean, has Veldora revived? Ha, you’ve all been tricked! I’ve blown away Veldora with one punch! That guy isn’t even worth mentioning. Anyway, his reign should have ended already. So if you’re all afraid of him, you should start worshipping me from now on!”

She begins to laugh loudly as she went on a tangent.

Please stop making a fool of yourself.

I, taking Ramiris from Diablo, bought her over to Veldora.

“Sorry, Veldora, could you spend some time with this kid? She’s a demon lord after all, so maybe the two of you could be friends?”

“Huh? I’m busy solving a big mystery here.”

Veldora doesn’t want the be troubled and planned to turn me down. But I won’t compromise like that.

“Oh, about that, the criminal is XXXX.<sup>6</sup> All right, mystery solved? I’ll leave the rest to you.”

I ruthlessly revealed the criminal’s identity and go back to my seat.

Veldora opens his eyes wide like he’s been deeply traumatized. His eyes seemed to carry the message “Ehhhhh? Spoiler alert??.” It’s a bit mean of me to do that, but we are in a meeting here. Also I meant that for him to reflect on himself, so I couldn’t let the opportunity go.

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<sup>6</sup>Please do not condone this behavior and do not spoil people

As far as Ramiris goes, she has since fainted upon seeing Veldora.

As such, the two maladjusted children have settled down, so I used the chance to restart the meeting.



First, I need to confirm some unattended business.

“Benimaru, the enemy is Clayman. We will crush him!”

“I’ve been waiting for that order!”

Benimaru shows an unrestrained smile and gives off a devious glow from his eyes.

Not only the kijins, all of my subordinates look very delighted. Unknowingly, everyone has become warmongers.

Speaking of which, everyone currently in attendance was all part of this whole mess (Farmus battle) last time...

Never mind, high morale is a good thing.

“Then Regarding the Beastketeers and the Beastmen soldiers—”

“No need to continue. We will obey every order by Rimuru-sama.”

Same here—Alvis also flashes a devious and charming smile.

Same for Phobio and Suphia, so there’s no need for more words.

“Rimuru, do you stand a winning chance with just these people?”

“We are gonna win this. That guy has really pissed me off.”

“Right, I’ll trust you then.”

Gazel flashes a worried smile as he muttered with a lowered voice: “You are supposed to be my junior, yet you’ve grown so fast....” I don’t think anyone besides me heard that.

“But this Clayman, he’s no demon lord you can afford to underestimate! It’s said that he has many majins under his rule, and it’s rumored that he even has connections with the Eastern Empire...”

Elalude cautiously adds, however—

“Don’t worry. War is not about quantity, but quality.”

I proudly express my (unexpected) opinion and shut him up.

“Ah, I think I can hear the sound of my common sense collapsing in my head...”

Even though Elalude responds in shock, he still looks rather interested in our power.

Even I feel my statement’s rather illogical but I’m definitely right.

Generally in war, the larger the size of the army, the more of an advantage said army will have, but this does not work in this world. The battle against the Orc Lord would be a good example. As soon as we took down the enemy generals, the battle was essentially concluded.

Additionally, our numbers are looking quite compelling this time around.

Souei has gone to investigate Clayman's movements. And since the meeting will be going on for some time, I decide to hear his report first.

He's still investigating their specific number currently. As of right now they are known to be staying in Milim's territory.

Souei's "Clone" should be returning anytime now, so I'll be able to make a judgement about that soon.

There's still more to discuss regarding our war tactics. But first I need to confirm our plans for the Kingdom of Farmus.

After releasing the King, we would be looking for Marquis Müller and Earl Hermann to hold the king responsible.

We'll see how they react and then eventually have Youm start the revolution, however...

"Then, the issue with the war is our problem. So I hope you all can have faith in us to handle this matter. I hope everyone would be willing to lend a helping hand by the time Youm becomes the King of the new age."

With that being said, the guests all nod in agreement.

I'd rather have them handle the issues with human society, that would probably eliminate a lot of mistakes.

I do hope that they will help us with it.

"First off, Fuze-kun, please help us contact Marquis Müller and Earl Hermann in secret."

"All right, leave it to me."

Fuze confidently accepted my request.

We'll discuss more about the moderation of the plan on another day, but right now we've finished outlining the plan.

We'll pretend that Youm has rescued the King and have Marquis Müller take the King in under his protection so he can act as Youm's back-up. We will release the three prisoners at a later point in time, which means...

"Right, Shion, are the interrogations of the three captives going well? Have they revealed any useful information?"

Since she can do whatever she wants to these people, I've sorta forgotten about them after leaving them in Shion's care.

"Hehehe, of course, Rimuru-sama!"

Oh ho, Shion's quite confident.

I've got an itchy dangerous feeling from her.

Youm and Myuran also accompanied the investigation, I shifted my gaze towards them both, but they seem like they are avoiding my eyes out of embarrassment.

Still averting my gaze, they begin their report.

"—About that, Master. Investigation? Interrogation? Basically, the captives did reveal some information."

"Yeah, they did... But that wasn't really an investigation, and calling it an interrogation is even further from the truth..."

You guys can stop here now. I really don't want to hear the rest of it.

Shion must have outdone herself. But since it was me who appointed her to the job, I shouldn't and don't plan on being the one complaining about it.

Either way, they wouldn't have any way of stopping the deranged Shion anyway. Since I was in the cave that whole time, it didn't seem like they'd be able to contact me either.

If someone were to be held responsible, I should be the one as I failed to find the right person for the job. In other words, let's pretend I never found out about this.

Sorry, my friends from Farmus, but after all, it's you guys who are at fault for making the first move.

I hope you will all understand that just surviving in and of itself is quite lucky.

That's why I took the three captives alive.

After Shion's interrogation—I mean investigation (torture), they've revealed plenty of information.

"First off, we have Ed...Ednew? Eddie?"

"—Isn't it King Edmalis?"

Seeing Shion's struggle, Shuna whispers into Shion's ear and gave her the answer she was struggling to come up with. How reliable.

Conversely, is Shion really okay? it seems like she's incapable of even remembering the name of a King... Well, his name is pretty weird so, whatever.

"It would seem that some Merchants had approached King Edmalis in the past and presented the silk product from our country. That led the King to act on his greed. Apart from that, they were afraid that our nation would become an important trading hub in the future, which is what led to the incident this time—"

Shion continues to explain her findings which are all inline my prediction. If we have to get specific here, I would have suspected that this merchant instigated Edmalis into committing these treacheries.

"Did you find out the identity of this merchant? Could he be an appointed merchant?"

"About that... I'm very sorry."

Shion looks dejected like a leaking balloon. I immediately began to comfort her. That was just a question I happen to think up, so it's not really that important to me honestly.

"That doesn't really matter, what about the Church?"

I decided to pursue a different topic; let's see what type of information Archbishop Rayhiem has.

"Yes! I've obtained information about the mastermind. His name is—"

She has forgotten again...

"—The mastermind was Nicolaus Speltus."

Upon receiving Shion's desperate gaze, Myuran announces the name in her stead.

Shion's interrogation was going rather well at first, yet it got derailed near the end. She's not very good at memorizing jargon. Next time I should avoid having her doing these types of jobs.

Thankfully Myuran is here to save the day. Not even Youm is as reliable as her. What a truly competent assistant.

Apparently, our nation is an enemy to their god, hence they plan on deploying their army—It is said that this was Nicolaus' stance.

Plan on deploying their army—That means they are still in the planning phase.

“I see. So Archbishop Rayhiem decided to preemptively attack the enemy of god in order to take the glory and receive commemoration from their headquarters.”

Fuze mumbles his realization, and everyone seems to agree with his conclusion as well.

“Anyhow, there's still some room for diplomacy. The Western Holy Church hasn't made its final decision yet. If that's the case, we may be able to avoid the confrontation.”

“Then, allow me to negotiate.”

Fuze decides to volunteer.

He wants to drag the Council States down into this as well with the goal of prompting the Council States to announce the Jura-Tempest Federation as a nation and advocate that they should stand together against the Western Holy Church.

Through promotion of the Western Council States, Tempest Federation would begin to gain recognition around the world and become a new hub for trading.

The only problem is that all of the residents are monsters. However, they are able to speak the human language and treat everyone kindly. With that alone we should be able to blend in with the humans. In fact that has already been proven here.

Or rather, their evolutions are very unexpected. To be frank, the goal is to have the humans treat our monsters as demi-human like they do with Dwarves or Elves who are similar to humans.

In order to support Fuze's plan, King Gazel would also take action.

He would actively increase the trading activities with our nation to raise the reputation of Tempest Federation.

The doctrines of the Western Holy Church strictly state that monsters are the enemies of humans, so they would likely find it hard to accept us. However, both the Armed Nation of Dwargon and the Kingdom of Blumund have already formed diplomatic ties with the Tempest Federation.

Even if the Western Holy Church executed on their authority, it can't wipe away these layered relationships. Furthermore, a kingdom of monsters having a friendly relationship with human countries would most definitely draw the interest of other countries.

And during this time, the Sorcery Dynasty of Sarion suddenly announces formal diplomatic ties with Tempest Federation.

We will use this to continue our pursuit for success.

“It's rather disrespectful for me to say this but forming ties with Tempest Federation is a double-edged sword. As such those who do should act cautiously if they don't want to be bitten back.”

There is no doubt that this is uttered by Fuze. He is right, Blumund kingdom has the most difficult stance among them.

The Armed Nation of Dwargon and Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion both are uninfluenced by the Western Holy Church and have the power to potentially rival the Western Nations by themselves. In comparison, the Kingdom of Blumund is a small kingdom that can be greatly swayed by the pressures exerted by its neighboring countries.

—But those are topics for another day.

"Hehe, you are Fuze right? Don't worry, through Tempest Federation, your country can communicate with us, Dwargon. As long as we back up your nation's stance, the Council States won't underestimate you."

Gazel is right.

The Armed Nation of Dwargon and Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion both have very different cultural backgrounds and technologies. The addition of trade with Tempest would spur this town towards quicker development.

A new era of culture would soon be upon us.

Moreover, the Magic-fueled Science Sarion is so proud of and the Spirit Industrialization developed by Dwargon are two different branches of technology. Combining the two will no doubt create a fantasy like industrial revolution.

And Blumund gets to taste the cherry on top.

The potential profit compared to the losses definitely won't be small.

As for the changes of the Kingdom of Farmus to come at Youm's hands, it can become an agricultural nation. We can satisfy our region's hunger and inspire a new food culture.

In order to prevent competition with each nations' specialties, we must share our opportunities for profits properly—In regard to that I've been planning something behind the scene.

Ultimate Skil 'Wisdom King Raphael' has the processing power to easily outperform a quantum computer. It is more economical and precise than the supercomputer "World Simulator"<sup>7</sup>, so it's a piece of cake to compute complex calculations with precision.

I feel like a member of the Illuminati, manipulating the events of the world... But it's okay since I am a demon lord after all.

But I also understand where Fuze's worry is coming from.

Blumund is small and is afraid of being exploited by bigger countries.

To break off from the States' Council which recognizes the rights of smaller counties is a difficult decision. This is the source of Fuze's concern.

No wonder why he would feel anxious about the plan.

In fact, there may even be short-term benefits in continuing their interactions with the Council. If all of the intelligence forces from Blumund are utilized, it may not even be a problem to catalyze a total war between the Western Holy Church and us.

If I had caused them to contact the Church from the moment we met, we might have already suffered a crusade.

But the people of Blumund didn't choose that path.

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<sup>7</sup>Japanese Earth Simulator (Chikyu Shimyureta): [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Earth\\_Simulator](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Earth_Simulator)

They instead chose to believe me and fight alongside us.

This so-called result was the product of their free will after all.

The Kingdom of Blumund has chosen to align with us, so it wouldn't be wrong of me to give them some advice in return.

—After all, coexistence is my dream.

“Fuze, could you help me convey a message to the King of Blumund. I have something that requires his assistance.”

“Assistance? Is it something troublesome again?”

“Rude much! It would take too long to explain it now, in addition it's something hard to comprehend, so I plan on explaining it directly to him myself next time I visit.”

“Aren't you the rude one Rimuru-sama! Are you suggesting that my head isn't good enough?”

“No, I didn't mean that. Do you happen to be an expert of economics?”

“Ehhhhh... All right. I'll deliver the message to the King and arrange for your meeting.”

Yeah, I responded with a nod, ending the conversation.

The mission of Blumund is to grasp the quantity of transactions in trades. To investigate the exports and imports of each country and deliver the right goods to the right place. In short, they will become the first trading company to be established in this world.

If this operation is successful, the small country would no longer be small. It would gather immense influence and give birth to the concept of international industries.

I hope it would one day become a trading hub given its geographical location.

But the details will have to wait for before our attack plan is settled.

We need to take down Clayman.

And Youm needs to build up a new kingdom.

As for Fuze and the Kingdom of Blumund, they will utilize their expertise in intelligence gathering and manipulation to stall the advances of the Western Council and the Western Holy Church, at least 'til our side has achieved victory in the upcoming war.'

To us, the Western Holy Church is a huge threat.

Even though they may not take any immediate action, stalling them is still necessary.

The Western Holy Church will not recognize a kingdom of monsters, and neither will the Holy Empire of Lubelius.

I want to try my best in reducing and delaying possible conflicts and prove to the outside world that we are able to help everyone and coexist with humans.

If it ever comes to a war, I hope I would be able to settle things peacefully, but...judging from Hinata's reaction, it won't be easy...

None of the problems have a simple solution.

Everything will depend on our actions from here on out.

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And the next thing on our list, let's have the three captives—Hmm?

We have King Edmalis, Archbishop Rayhiem, and who's the other guy?

Oh yeah! It's the one I didn't beat to death.

Is it really okay to let these kinds of people walk free again?

“Shion, aren't there three captives in total? The one who survived my attack, has he been a nuisance to you?”

“Eh? Ah, yes. You mean the man who's still in shock, right?”

Still in shock? I see he's barely surviving as well. So he wasn't a big deal then.

“Oh, you are talking about that man who survived. It sounds like Knight Commander Folgen. Is he?”

Gazel seems to have heard of this guy, does that mean he's considered a strong general?

Hmm—if that's the case, wouldn't it be dangerous to release him like this?

I turn to Diablo and ask:

“What do you think of him? Shouldn't he be quite strong? Is it okay to let him go?”

And Diablo responds with a carefree smile still on his face no less.

“No, Rimuru-sama. He's just a nobody (to me). However, in terms of human standards, he seems to be quite talented in conjuring magic.”

A mage? If that's the case, it can't be the Knight Commander named Folgen.

“Shion, do you know his name?”

Shion responds naturally as I ask.

“Yes! His name is Ramen!”

Oh, so he's called Ramen. Eh, speaking of which, I haven't eaten ramen for years.

The instant ramen I ate during night shifts tasted really good.

The nostalgia—I should try recreating it next time.

I begin to recall things from my previous life...

“Ramen? Is there someone called that in Farmus?”

“Doesn't ring a bell. And a magician? Magic? Speaking of magic, there's a majin called Razen from Farmus...”

“The Hero Razen? That man is quite the character.”

Fuze, Elalude, and Gazel claim so.

It's not only them though.

“Hero Razen... I've heard of him. His name is known even to the Beast Kingdom. That man is the guardian of the great Kingdom of Farmus, so called ‘The Wise Mage.’”

“I've heard about it too. He is a human, but his magical ability could easily surpass any mage. I've wanted to have a fight with him.”

“But we will probably have the upper hand in close quarter combat. Nonetheless, this human cannot be underestimated.”

It’s a surprise that even the Beastketeers know him.

I can’t imagine someone like that would stay in Farmus...

The man called Ramen isn’t important, but instead we should be cautious about this Razen guy.

“Shion, are you sure that guy is called Ramen?”

“Yes, lemme think, probably yeah... But, he’s super young! He’s one of the people who attacked the town, and definitely not the magician everyone is talking about!”

She did not sound sure about the first part but seems very certain about the second half.

Eh, but isn’t this a bit strange?

Diablo also mentioned that he’s a mage...

It got me kind of worried, so I decide to inquire from not only Diablo and Shion, but everyone else.

The one in captivity is a young man who once attacked this town. There is no doubt he is an “Otherworld Traveler.” It would seem it also matches up to everyone’s testimony.

“Diablo, could it be that you are lying to get praises from Rimuru-sama?”

Shion tries to provoke him.

“What a surprising proposition. He’s just some cheap shot that got beaten by me. Only an idiot would hold him in such high regard. I was simply completing my task in order to have Rimuru-sama grant me the rights to serve him.”

Oh yeah, Diablo did once say he wanted to serve me. But he didn’t mention that his opponent was that strong, and he doesn’t seem that bothered about it at all.

This would mean...

“—Speaking of which, about that ‘Otherworld Traveler.’ When Geld and I cornered him to a desperate spot, there was a quite powerful mage who intervened. That man is indeed called Razen. It would seem that he has come prepared with Nuclear Strike magic ready to be unleashed at any time. I thought it would have caused much damage to our side, so I decided to let him go—”

Hakurou recalls and reports to me.

So it’s not Ramen, but Razen?

«Report. By casting a secret technique under the Spirit Magic series, one can replace one’s body. »

Ah, so that is what it is.

“If that’s the case, could it be that this mage called Razen has transferred his consciousness into the young man?”

“Ehh!”

Shion begins to panic once I point out that possibility.

My guess is probably right that she was uncertain about the captives’ names.

“Kufufufufu. Whatever his name is, we should be able to find out soon.”

Diablo cuts Shion off, causing tears to accumulate around her eyes.

In the end, that man is indeed Razen.

There is no Ramen guy, get it? So you can stop blaming Shion now. It can't be helped after all, Shion is Shion. Basically, it would be a mistake to assign any task involving brain work to Shion.

Apart from that—

“—But, to be able to beat the crap out of that Razen!”

“I really can't believe it; he's been the Hero that Farmus relied on for hundreds of years...”

“His power as a mage could even rival mine, and may perhaps even surpass mine, such a rare prodigy has been—”

Everyone is astonished at this revelation.

The source of their astonishment is Diablo.

Thinking back on it, Diablo is indeed a mysterious individual.

Why does he want to serve me? Although since he doesn't mind providing free service, I don't have any reason to refuse.

But he talks so lightly of the man that everyone thinks we should be extra cautious towards. It would seem he is really strong indeed, and that's before I named him.

And now he's even showing off his strength in front of Shion. But it's due to her own actions. That's why she can only gnash her teeth regretfully.

Anyway, all is well. There shouldn't be any problems moving forward as long as Shion hasn't considered Diablo to be her arch nemesis. Old butler vs Elite butler, this type of relationship is probably the breeding ground for jealousy.

Right, I've decided!

“Youm, about the mission that initially involved you bringing the three captives, bring Diablo along too.”

With that being said, it's Diablo this time who's looking at me in panic.

Although I can see Shion's smirk, I didn't give that order for her.

This is the decision I made after much thought.

We are waging war against Clayman soon.

Veldora will be assigned the duty of protecting this town, and I happen to be worried about who to put in place to assist Youm's party.

This individual must have a clear head and the ability to adapt to various situations. In addition, this person needs to be able to travel fast.

Souei is the most suitable candidate, but I wish to see how he performs on the battlefield.

Benimaru is the leading general of the army.

Shion is a no go.

Hakurou can't use “Shadow Step” and “Dimension Transportation,” making transportation more time-consuming.

As for Geld and Gabil, their appearances are too eye-catching in human society. And considering their personalities, they definitely aren't the most qualified strategists here.

In lieu of all this, Diablo is the only person able to fulfill all these conditions. He once said he is willing to take down Farmus himself, so he shouldn't be objecting to it.

And I also want someone to watch over that troubling guy Razen, surely Diablo should be able to handle it.

“I’ll be counting on you, Diablo!”

“Yes, I understand, Rimuru-sama!”

Diablo gives out a joy-filled smile upon accepting my request.

Something’s amiss about this, but since he’s agreed to it, it’s no problem. I can picture Diablo right now as the strongest here after Veldora and me. He should be able to act accordingly no matter what happens.

“It might take a few years, so you’ve got to keep your composure. Whatever happens, you can contact me whenever you wish using “Telepathy Net.””

“No problem. It won’t take that long; I will quickly resolve the issue.”

Such a confident response, we’re talking about eliminating an entire country here. But it is precisely because of that, I am able to confidently task him with this mission.

Now that we have one less problem to deal with. We can now fully focus on waging total war against the Demon Lord Clayman.

As such, our time for making confirmations for the arrangements has come to an end. So the meeting with the heads of nations is concluded for now.

At the very end I want to confirm whether there is any other issue anyone wishes to address. And it turns out someone did raise their hand.

It’s Elalude. He looks at me as if wanting to say something.

“What’s wrong?”

Hearing this, Elalude begins to speak up without hesitation.

“My nation Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion is also quite a ways off from here—That is the Tempest Federation. There are very annoying forests and mountains in between our nations. If there were a direct path between our nations, it would greatly reduce the time spent in traveling. If we are able to open a road between us, it would be highly convenient for our exchanges—”

He winks at me as he finishes.

Hmm huh—I know where he is getting at.

Since we’ve established ties with the Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion, it would be much more convenient to have a direct road constructed between each other. Of course our country would undertake such construction.

The benefit is being able to directly transport goods instead of taking the previously longer detour, that is why I’ve considered it as part of my plan from the start.

But the construction would require a mass-reform of the land, for instance, deforestation, digging of tunnels, as well as paving operations on the roads. It will expend a massive national budget in order to execute all of the above operations.

The Sorcerer’s Dynasty Sarion may be strong, but that doesn’t mean it can easily provide a budget on the scale of this.

Elalude, by his careful consideration from the standpoint of a Duke, would likely push all the work on to us.

“Elalude, you are being really scummy here. How could Rimuru agree so easily to such a substantial request.”

Gazel decides to defend me.

But hold on a second, didn’t we take responsibility for the entire project of constructing the direct roads to Dwargon?!

“Surely you jest, Gazel! It’s perfectly reasonable for Rimuru-dono to reject me, you of all people should know that you don’t have a say in this!”

Ah, so Elalude knows about that as well.

Could we have avoided this had we rejected Gazel’s request?

To be honest, it’s all right if we are to take full responsibility. Constructing roads is just a small investment compared to having more human recognition.

But with that being said, if I just agree to it like this, it may encourage other countries to take advantage of us in our future diplomatic relationships. Just like how I was taken advantage of during my trip by Blumund. Humans are truly cunning creatures.

So I’ve got to knock him down from his high horse.

“I understand what Duke Elalude meant. I believe is fine for us to handle the construction of the road, however—”

“However?”

Elalude gulps as he looks towards me.

Don’t be so nervous, I don’t plan on doing anything outrageous.

“However, we would also be the ones responsible for the security and hotel business on the road. And of course, the cost of construction would eventually be transferred to the road users via a carefully considered toll.”

I add.

In simpler terms, we will create a charging mechanism like those on highways. Travelers will be charged a certain fee per distance away from an alarm outpost. This will turn into long-term profits. Despite how it seems to be unprofitable in the short term, it would gradually transition to profitability as time goes on. This is the so called conscienceless national income.

Additionally, we get to do another country a favor by taking the job of constructing a road.

“—I understand now, that’s a great idea. And it sounds very reasonable. But, regarding the toll you mentioned. I hope we get to renegotiate it every couple of years.”

Oh? Elalude is not so simple-minded after all. I see that he has guessed my thoughts immediately.

No problem, we will have to build this type of thing on the basis of consensus. There is no point in pricing the toll too high, hence I will accept his suggestion.

“Okay, we should do just that!”

“So casual!”

Fuze blurts out in surprise, but I don’t really mind.

Diplomacy is all about judgement.

“Geld! You’ve got more work to schedule!”

“Understood! Much Obliged. We’ve learnt much about labor coordination from all the projects we undertook so far, and some even gained the skill of supply and earth manipulation from transporting resources. Whatever work Rimuru-sama give us will be the best field for military training!”

EH! Ah, so...

That’s how they feel about their work.

And I thought Geld was a sensible man, but as it turns out, he’s quite the aggressive war-monger too. What a surprise. It left me speechless for a moment.

“Ah-Okay then. If that’s the case, we’ve got to end the battle quickly and start working early.”

“Indeed. Do come around to check on the results of our daily training!”

Geld seems very motivated.

He would definitely be very active during the battle against Clayman.

No other person seems to have much else to say.

After all the twists and turns, our meeting has finally concluded.

All the nations involved in the meeting have their own agendas. They exchange their views in an effort to create a world where Humans and monsters can coexist.

This meeting that took place without prior scheduling—The future generations call it the Meeting of Man and Monster—it’s considered a significant historical turning point.

—A big step forward again towards our ideal.



Now that the meeting with the national leaders has concluded for some time now, we can finally conduct the military meeting regarding the war against Clayman.

I’ve had everyone be ready in the hopes that they would all listen to Souei’s report together with me.

I feel as though I’ve forgotten about something... With that thought I realize...

Right, Ramiris.

What was that annoying fairy actually trying to say?

Come to think of it, is she still passed out?

I am starting to worry about her, so I decide to see Veldora and check up on her condition...

I can’t believe this is happening.

Ramiris is over there intently focused on reading manga.

And here I thought I would make her cry if I don’t go spend some time with her. That

concern is clearly unnecessary.

“—Oi, you there, what in the world are you doing?”

I had to ask.

“Hush! I’m just getting to the good part, talk to you later.”

Ramiris won’t even raise her head, and instead makes this comment to try and sneak out of the conversation.

What is she doing here anyway?

Currently she’s got all her attention on manga, but didn’t she have something important to say?

Perhaps it went down like this—Ramiris who awakened from her coma was about to cause a scene but discovered the scattered manga on the bench. Then she was drawn to the manga so much that she immersed herself in its world, not even realizing that the meeting has ended.

She seems awfully similar to Veldora. It’s almost as if her fainting was an act. The two now are so close that both are requesting services from Beretta.

I’m speechless.

I shift my gaze towards Beretta.

“I should congratulate you for your evolution to demon lord. I’ve wanted to express my gratitude since I’ve also evolved thanks to your evolution. With your blessing, I have evolved from ‘Arch Doll’ to ‘Chaos Doll.’”

As he finishes, he bows to me respectfully.

Beretta seems to have evolved into a Chaos Doll, which possess the opposing elements of Holy and Demonic at the same time.

It may have resulted because of his Unique Skill ‘Reverser.’

This skill would automatically obtain the opposite attributes for whatever attributes Beretta gains. In other words, take Beretta for instance, his birthright as Demon race can be reversed to give him powers of the Angel race as well.

The new “Spirit Core” generated in Beretta’s body combined with the old “Demonic Core” ended up giving birth to “Chaos Core.” It is said that when he utilizes the power of this Chaos Core, Beretta could even mitigate his past weakness, the Holy elements.

That’s just way too crafty—I believe I am not the only one with that thought.

With his body built from tight magisteel, most physical and magical attacks won’t be able to harm him. And on top of that, even his weakness got patched up. This is definitely one of the strongest evolutions.

Him learning the Unique Skill ‘Reverser’ also seems to be related to me.

I think it’s probably my anxiety back then that granted him said abilities.

When I was trapped by the “Holy Purification Barrier,” my magicules were sealed and I felt as though I were nothing. Perhaps that sensation led him to obtain such power.

“Arch Doll” operates on magicules and he knew that if he were in the same place, he would be rendered unable to move. That’s why his evolution is a solution to that concern.

Whether it is the Unique Skill ‘Reverser’ or his “Chaos Core,” these are all very intriguing

research materials for me.

«Report. Unique Skill ‘Reverser’ has been compiled by Ultimate Skil “Covenant King Uriel.” This skill can now be replicated through the all-attribute-viable skill “Law Manipulation.” In addition, the production of “Chaos Core” would require the presence of the following ingredients under the conditions of—»

What!

‘Wisdom King Raphael’ begins its report as if it’s nothing again. What a genius!

Oh yeah, I have “Food Chain”!

The skill “Food Chain” is part of my Ultimate Skil “Gluttonous King Beelzebuth” that allows me to acquire the prototype of skills from my subordinates.

Beretta seems to be part of that as well.

Afterward, I had a little chat with Beretta.

He seems rather happy, not many complaints so far.

And he was conducting all sorts of experiments in the labyrinth. He only discovered my evolution after he himself evolved during the incident.

“Anyway, it’s reassuring to hear that you’ve been doing well. Let’s talk more when the business at hand is resolved.”

“Haha, thank you for your care. I will be looking forward to that.”

“Hmm, it’s great that you’ve got the ability to accommodate Ramiris’s whims now. Anyway, just follow her orders unless it’s something unreasonable and things should turn out fine.”

“Leave it to me. I will definitely meet your expectations!”

“Hmm, good luck. By the way, why did you guys come here?”

I ask Beretta and steal a glance towards Ramiris who’s still buried in her manga.

“A-about that...”

Beretta seems to recall the intent of their journey and begins approaching Ramiris in an attempt to persuade her.

“Ramiris-sama, now is not the time for this. You should tell Rimuru-sama about that thing fast—”

“You’re super annoying! I’m busy right now!”

“Please state the intention of your visit.”

“I-HAVE-TOLD-YOU! This is my destined encounter! In this great reading material called manga, which boy would the heroine choose—”

Ramiris speaks as if she’s justified.

Beretta sure has it hard.

Beretta seems too pitiful like this, but it can’t be helped.

I have a vague idea of the type of manga she is reading. With a sigh, I went over to threaten her. If I don’t, I may have to wait until she finishes.

—By the way, that manga is a forty-volume long mega piece. Even if everyone says I am as kind and tolerant as a Buddha, there are things that even I can’t stand.

“Oi, Ramiris. If you don’t want me to spoil who the heroine will fall in love with, state your

business here immediately!"

My prediction that my intimidation would work was spot on.

"YES!"

She springs up with both hands while trying to recall the intention of her visit.

Seeing how casual she looks, surely, she has some mundane news to report. It must have only been her own exaggerations before.

The other guests from different nations who were chatting and packing up in preparation to return home also seem to recall that there is this Ramiris here. They all paused their actions and probably also want to hear what she has to say before leaving.

Ramiris seems rather pleased with the situation and puffs out her flat chest. She crosses her arms and begins nodding as if she has something on her mind.

Then—

"I will say this one more time! This country is going to perish!"

That line came right out of her mouth.

"W-what did you say!"

I respond flatly.

Then Ramiris begins to follow up insatiably, as if she has granted me a great favor.

"Huh huh! Eh, I didn't want to see that happening either, that's why I came to inform you, so be thankful!"

It would probably take too long for me to deal with her seriously, so I'd just have to casually respond.

"So, why will our country perish?"

"About that, before I could tell you the reason—"

Ramiris pauses and switches to a more serious expression. First, she glances around at all the important individuals from each country, and with a slight consideration she continues with a nod.

"All right, this may still be relevant to humans. Very well, you guys should hear it too. Demon Lord Clayman has proposed to initiate the Walpurgis Banquet!"

"Walpurgis Banquet?"

"Yes, Walpurgis Banquet. The special meeting where demon lords across the world sit under one roof."

What in the world, when she said "initiated," I thought it was some sort of grand magic. Wouldn't it be worrying if he took the initiative in attacking when we are in the midst of planning an attack ourselves?

After further inquiry with Ramiris, I discover that Walpurgis Banquet seems to mean having all the demon lord gathered at one place.

In order to initiate the Walpurgis Banquet, it requires approval from at least three demon lords. Once initiated, all demon lords have a high level of obligation to attend. It is one of the few agreements among the demon lords to force demon lords, who are acting as they desire, into order.

It is said also that some of the more casual individuals wouldn't attend the meeting themselves, but instead they would appoint their subordinates to attend in their stead.

“—If that's the case, there are records which states that there will be a great war after each meeting among demon lords. That's why the Western Holy Church decided to name that day the Walpurgis Banquet.”

According to Elalude, it is a document from about a thousand years ago that recorded the event. It is said that the Great War has led to great catastrophe with heavy casualties.

Due to the Western Holy Church naming the event Walpurgis Banquet, the people all think it means “The Demon Lords' feast that will destroy world and plunge it into chaos.”

The so-called great war is probably referring to the great world war that has happened countless times.

Or is it really true that when the demon lords gather, there will be a great war? Or could it be that they were preparing to provide support to someone for a great war?

“Does that mean that the great war was caused by the demon lords?”

“No way! I don't have that kind of free time, isn't waging war super complicated? No one wants to do that!”

Ramiris instantly dismissed my doubts.

No matter how you look at her, she looks like she's got all the spare time in the world... No, never mind.

Now that I think about it, she is one of the demon lords too. And she seems to have lived for quite a long time, so it wouldn't be strange if she had attended the meeting a thousand years ago.

Then, Elalude nods to Ramiris and proceeds to say:

“Demon Lord Ramiris' words are probably true. The great war has the official name ‘Tenma Great War’ (Great War between Angels and Demons), where all major forces are competing for control. With that being said—”

According to Elalude, the great war takes place every five hundred years.

The reason for that: it is said that the angelic force from heaven would attack the earth.

The army from heaven—meaning the angel race.

The angels are like the monster's natural nemesis, but they attack indiscriminately.

Or rather, for some reason, they always pick the most advanced cities to attack first. The reason is unknown, but that is just a rumor.

“That's the reason why we've stayed underground and refuse to come out.”

Says Gazel.

The development of Dwargon is going well and is surely going to be eye-catching, so this decision is most definitely the right one.

It's the same case for the Sorcerer's Dynasty Sarion which has its cities built inside the giant caverns of the God Tree. I recall Gazel mentioning the “City embraced by the God Tree” to Elalude. It must have been a reference to this fact.

The two powerful nations both took the necessary precautions involving national defense.

On the other hand, the Western Nations—

The Council—It was made up of Western Nations in order to defend against the monsters. And the other reason is to survive the Great War.

The countries in the council pledge to help each other out, while Dwargon and Sarion are both able to hold their own ground. The enemy here is the angel race alone—But it's not the entire story.

When the angel race attacks, the monsters also become more active. The monsters in question are ones that possess intelligence, aka the majins.

Some demon lords would take advantage of the great war to invade human nations. It was the case a thousand years ago and tales depict it to be a brutal scene.

Even so, the humans themselves aren't enemies to be underestimated either.

The current hypothetical enemy, the Eastern Empire—Sovereign Alliance of the Nasca Namrium Ulmeria Empire, could be onto something.

The hegemonism<sup>8</sup> of the Eastern Empire doesn't care for time or location. They could very well march against the Western Nations as soon as they discover their weakness.

In conclusion, this is the great war mixed with angels, monsters and Humans—so called "Tenma Great War."

If that's the case, it would be a false accusation to blame the demon lords as the cause of the Great War.

I myself also wouldn't want to start a war either.

Speaking of which, if the angels attack the more advanced nations first...

I was hoping to develop this town and outrank other cities in prosperity. But this can wait I suppose.

It would be wise to at least hold off on that for now and we prioritize the development and fortification of essential infrastructure for defense.

But that would come later, I need to make a mental note of that.

First, we have to deal with the Walpurgis Banquet.

"If that's the case, what is the point of the Walpurgis Banquet? Why are all the demon lords gathering?"

If it's not related to the great war, there must be other goals...

Ah, could that be it? Milim did said that the demon lords would judge individuals who self-proclaim to be a demon lord. Could they be holding a meeting to decide on sending someone to deal with me?

"About that—First off, you seem to have misunderstood, so allow me to explain."

Right after which, Ramiris speaks of something that's the furthest from what I could imagination.

"We actually hold the Banquet quite often. It only needs three or more demon lords' approval to initiate, so it's not hard. In it's past, it's the equivalent of me, Guy, and Milim having

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<sup>8</sup>Hegemony is the political, economic, or military predominance or control of one state over others.

a little tea party—”

Ramiris tells us and continues:

“In other words, the Walpurgis Banquet is just the demon lords gathering together to update each other on each other’s status while discussing trending topics. It’s just that the humans certainly wouldn’t know about that, but it’s really nothing dramatic.”

She breaks the huge news.

I always thought that this fairy is too simple minded and probably has a horrifyingly large gap in perception compared to the rest of the demon lords. So I can’t exactly take her words seriously, or it may really lead to something tragic.

I’ve got to scold her for it.

“Idiot! If it’s just a small tea party, why would you say our nation is doomed?”

She’s really done it this time getting someone as gentle as me angry.

This annoying brat sure is stupid.

“Ah, no! The problem isn’t the Banquet itself, it’s the subject-matter!”

Ramiris corrects herself.

The subject-matter? So, the demon lords have indeed gathered to exterminate me...?

According to what Ramiris just said, there are two other people supporting Clayman’s initiation.

They are Demon Lord Frey and Milim.

Due to the three demon lords’ motion, including that of Clayman, the proposal is approved.

Apart from that, the subject of discussion is—“The rise of the new force in the Great Jura Forest and the Leader of the Forest Alliance dares to proclaim himself as a demon lord.”

It must be talking about me.

“I mean did you... Did you proclaim yourself a demon lord?”

“Yeah, and I don’t regret it, nor do I intend to reflect on it!”

I replied honestly since Ramiris asked.

“Hmm—I am not surprised it’s you. You should be fine as long as you stay tenacious, even though there may be a lot of trouble on the way.”

Says Ramiris sounding quite relaxed and delighted, as if it’s none of her business. No, it’s indeed none of her business.

Anyhow, I’ve already prepared myself mentally, so anything goes.

“So, are they going to punish me?”

They’ve indeed planned on punishing me—Or so I thought, but things seem different from what I hear from Ramiris soon.

“That is the case in name, but whether you get punished is not the point, it’s simply an unwritten rule in our industry. Clayman initiated the Banquet because he claimed Demon Lord Karion has betrayed everyone. Not only that, Clayman is also going to press the issue that his subordinate Myuran was murdered.”

Is being demon lord considered a job? What industry are you talking about? I teased her but got ignored.

It seems that Clayman is claiming someone has murdered Myuran and would probably say the criminal is “The new-comer named Rimuru who dares to proclaim himself as a demon lord.” His goal is likely—

«Report. Presumably he is planning to take over the territory of Demon Lord Karion and subjugate the Great Jura Forest.»

—Probably. I think so as well.

Is that why Clayman’s army has taken action? Clayman wants to take the initiative before we could act.

Demon Lord Clayman is better than expected—

“You! How come you are so calm in the face of such an important issue! According to my source, Karion seems to have been beaten by Milim. The majins under Clayman also seemed to have commenced military operation. In other words, you are no longer being judged, this is already war ! Clayman has found the excuse to attack you all out!”

Even under these circumstances, Ramiris, looking surprisingly serious, went on a tangent. Her words caused the crowd to panic.

To even some bigger nations, it’s a tremendous deal when a demon lord is getting attacked. That’s to be expected. After all, it may upset the balance of power between the demon lords.

I was expecting it myself, but it was a very big surprise for the rest of the guests. This seems to be a serious topic for discussion.

Also—

“How dare you say that Karion-sama is a traitor! How rude!”

“Clayman cannot be forgiven. Nice idea of his, but I’ll crush his ambitions.”

“Even without Karion-sama, our army is still around. We won’t allow Clayman’s subordinates to just do what they want!”

The ones who reacted the most are no doubt the three Beastketeers.

That is to be expected. Since Clayman has by himself declared their master a traitor.

And according to what Ramiris said, Clayman also seems interested in taking over Karion’s territory.

We are a step behind. I can’t believe he’s taking action so fast...

But you can’t expect him to be acting with good intentions, so we have to clean this mess up soon.

“Calm down, Ramiris. I did proclaim myself to be a demon lord, but I didn’t kill Myuran.”

“What do you mean by that?”

“Nothing in particular, those are lies by Clayman. I expected that he would come looking to punish me by accusing me of killing Myuran.”

Besides—

“H-hold on a second? Do you have a single fact to back that up?”

Well about that—

“—Pardon me, Demon Lord Ramiris-sama. Please allow me to speak. The one who is rumored to be dead (Myuran who’s Clayman’s majin subordinate) is actually me...”

I plan on thoroughly destroying Clayman.

I intended to have him misjudge the situation of Myuran's death, hence why I've expected Clayman to make a move.

It's not me who got baited, instead it's Clayman fell for my trap.

This has nothing to do with the other demon lords.

Ramiris is astonished upon hearing Myuran's name, but she regained her composure shortly after.

"Ah? Eh? That would mean... I get it! The real criminal is Demon Lord Clayman!"

I think anyone can see that.

Ramiris begins to brag about her deduction.

But sadly, it is an easy deduction anyone could make.

"Oh, I agree with your view, but I've got something to ask too."

I kinda pity here, so I played along a little.

Additionally, I have some concerns with regards to some of her claims, so I decided to ask.

"Oh, what's the matter? Why don't you just ask me, the famed detective Ramiris?"

Ah crap, I was just playing along and now she's gotten all cocky.

And where did this famed detective come from?

Could it be that she also had a sneak peek at Veldora's manga too? No, that's not my concern right now.

I need to ask my questions.

"What would the other demon lords do in circumstances such as this?"

I don't have many expectations for her, but I'll ask anyway.

After all, she's probably a good reference source since she's been a demon lord for such a long time. I asked this question based on all these considerations...

The assembly quiets down awaiting Ramiris' answer. The others are also interested in finding out the answer to my question.

Ramiris however doesn't seem to care.

"Uhh? How am I supposed to know? I've only been told about the Banquet initiation and was told to participate!"

She answered without a care.

Of course, it's a waste expecting anything from her.

She's a little kid after all. I'm lucky enough that she even bothered to come and report this to me.

Next question, "Then Ramiris, let me ask you, when will the Walpurgis Banquet be held? Do you know a specific date?"

In order to create a plan to defeat Clayman, I need to take that into consideration.

"Hmm, didn't I tell you? Lemme think, I think it's three days from now, the night of the new moon."

Three days from today, it seems earlier than I expected.

It would be pretty difficult to try and take down Clayman in three days.

Hmm—How about this...

We will make a final stand with him after the Walpurgis Banquet?

Now I've got to discuss this with everyone.

As such, I've asked Ramiris all the things I wanted.

Considering that seems to be the only thing Ramiris came here to do, I won't be able to get more information out of her.

And suddenly another thought hit me, so I decided to ask another question.

“Right, so why did you come here to inform us?”

“Hmm? Well, honestly, if you got killed, I don't know what would happen to my Beretta. That's why I decided to make the trip to help you. That's all it is. It's why I also plan to build an entrance to the labyrinth here. It's fine right?”

“You'd better be! Eh, how did we end up on that topic? And an entrance to the labyrinth, what the hell are you trying to build here?”

I'm glad that you came to inform me, but this seems to be a completely different matter.

“Eheh! It's really nothing, so don't mind this type of small favor now!”

She's not even listening to me. That attitude seems to suggest the deal is already settled.

Seriously, this fairy sure is laid back.

“I mind it a lot, and you'd better be cautious with your words! Also, please stop treating Beretta like some personal object you own!”

You'd better not try and make any decision on your own—I'll reject it without any hesitation. If you create an entrance to your labyrinth here, it will definitely lead to more trouble. And about the issue regarding Beretta, it's not just about me. Beretta's opinions matter in this too, so how could you “decide” just like that.

The concerns that I had just sent the conversation on a pretty unexpected path.

We got into a heated debate that amounted to nothing. I can't really stand that.

In any case, we parted on the spot.

I'm currently quite busy too, so I have no time to spare hanging around with Ramiris.

She went back to reading her manga since she completed her mission.

I've also made promises with the guests from the other nations to check back with them on other information. They've also accepted. Afterward, the participants of the meeting left.

Fuze decides to stay in the inn for the night before returning.

“Now that your nation has caught the ire of the demon lords, do prepare yourself. Demon lords are dangerous existence. Even though I know, Rimuru-san, that you're pretty powerful as well...”

Says Fuze out of his worries for me.

I understand him.

In the worst-case scenario, I might make foes out of several demon lords.

Within the Ten Great Demon Lords right now, who can we expect to become our enemies?

Demon Lord Karion is still missing.

Ramiris seems to suggest she would be on my side, so she can be excluded.

As for Milim... I'm worrying about her the most. She must have been tricked by someone, so I've got to plan for the worst.

If we end up in a stalemate for real, I may end up becoming enemies with the eight other demon lords. Despite that, even if we are to become enemies with just Milim, we'd better run as far as we can.

"Don't worry, when there's a will, there's a way."

I said trying to reassure Fuze.

Elalude is also being scummy and wants to stay here for a few days, saying that he hasn't had the chance to chat with Elen for far too long, we didn't take him to an inn but, instead, to our luxury hotel. This facility is the pride of our nation and if we want to impress him, we will definitely have our hotel welcome the Grand Duke.

Speaking of Elalude, his professional and private personas are so different to see. He's so attached to his daughter while Elen instead only wishes to stay away from him. I do pray that he won't further anger Elen.

Gazel also decides to spend the night so we arranged for him to stay at the hotel where Elalude is staying. I could tell from their conversation that they've known each other for a long time. It is rumored that they've even fought alongside each other once, and Elalude also seems to be a very powerful mage.

It is quite surprising for sure, but since they would also be communicating with our nation in the future as well, it's a good thing to have their friendship strengthened.

By the way, the guests at the meeting are all important figures.

In the future, these heads of nations would make an incredible impact on the way of life in the human nations. In retrospect, we are already equal in status.

Even though our meeting turned into a clown fiesta after that stubborn fairy showed up, it was still a fruitful meeting.

As such, the meeting was dismissed.



We didn't get a chance to rest afterwards.

We still have to draft our plans in case we incur the ire of the other demon lords.

After we all had a chance to have our meals, we gather at the meeting room once again.

This time the only guests are the Beastketeers and Myuran.

Youm and Grucius are preparing for their journey to come. Grucius wanted to participate too but got rejected by the Beastketeers. The two of them hold a lot of responsibility with their coming mission, so Phobio hopes they could try their best.

We were planning to have Myuran prepare for it as well, but she's the only one here who's

familiar with Clayman. So we decided to let her assist us and attend the meeting.

The strange thing is that even Diablo decided to join.

“Kufufufufu, I don’t need to do any preparations.”

Since he’s so adamant, I kind of have to accept his proposition. But his participation won’t matter too much even if he joins so I’ll just let him be.

Ramiris, for some reason, also joined in the meeting.

“Ah, it’s you! What’s this all about? What is going on?”

As soon as I entered the meeting room, Ramiris flew up to me and complains.

“What’s what now?”

I ask, as she begins to complain with a blush on her face.

Here’s what she had to say.

During the break time, she was brought to the canteen.

I completely forgot about her, but there were people who came to spend time with her.

Indeed, those people were the Dryads such as Treyni-san.

They all once served under Ramiris when she was the Queen of Spirits and recognized Ramiris instantly. Ramiris received a warm welcome from them.

“That sounds great.”

“Yeah! It’s superb! That’s why I’m staying here too, Rimuru!”

It seems Ramiris has taken a liking to this town. This demon lord who’s been alone and without subordinates gets all cocky once she receives some admiration.

Anyway, Ramiris was touring the town accompanied by others.

She was mesmerized by all the sights and decided to stay here from now on.

“I told you to not make any wild decisions on your own! Besides, Treyni-san and the other Dryads are the moderators of the Great Jura Forest. They live in a different place than us, so they can’t spend their everyday accompanying you.”

The three Dryads sisters were looking really delighted while waiting behind Ramiris during the conversation. I sneak a glance towards them and continue to lecture Ramiris.

But Ramiris won’t listen.

“You meanie! Isn’t it great, no matter what happens, you get to enjoy my assistance! The strongest, world dominating, Ramiris-sama!”

If I ever need your help, it would probably—No, I shouldn’t say it.

If I tell her my honest opinion it would probably make Ramiris cry.

“Rimuru-sama, we will take care of Ramiris-sama, please view it in a positive light.”

“ “ “Please consider it!” ” ”

Not only Ramiris, even Treyni-san and her sisters begin asking me for this favor.

But, no matter how you look at it, all she seems to be is a troublemaker. If Ramiris ends up just casually running around here while we get more communication with humans in the future, she will definitely become an eyesore.

Hmm—I’ll need to think on this request some more.

“I understand, I’ll take it into consideration...”

“Really! Sasuga Rimuru, such a doll!”

I’ll figure out what type of situations we may run into when Ramiris comes to this town later.

Right now I’ve got other issues to deal with.

With Ramiris quieting down, we can finally commence our military meeting.

“Well then, I know everyone must be exhausted from the long meetings, but I hope you will all endure it for a just a bit more. Right now we have two subjects to discuss. First being the ‘Battle against Clayman’ and the other is the ‘Walpurgis Banquet.’ Thanks to the information provided by Ramiris-chan here, I know we’ve been targeted. Let’s first hear Souei’s report and draft an attack plan. Souei, please tell us about Clayman’s army.”

“Yes sir!”

After my opening speech, Souei begins the report.

Just as we were having the meeting, Clayman’s army seemed to be on the move.

They’ve been resting in Milim’s territory and entering combat formation. Apart from that—

“The one leading the army doesn’t seem to be Clayman himself. The commander has brought several majins with an unusual amount of magicules, but they are about the same level as the Beastketeers. It is too weak to be Demon Lord Clayman.”

Souei concludes.

But that guy sure is arrogant...

“If we are talking about Clayman’s subordinates that can rival the Beastketeers, there are three that come to my mind—”

So many! I see no matter how despicable he is, he is still a demon lord.

They are: “Middle Finger” Yamza, “Index finger” Adalmann, and “The thumb” The Nine-headed Beast.

These three seem to be the members of Clayman’s proud organization known as the “Five-Fingers.”

Myuran apparently was the “Ring Finger.”

Additionally, there is the “Pinkie Finger” Viola. That guy seems to rarely show up given his role as an intelligence collector.

I’m more concerned about the Moderate Jester Association, but Myuran claims to know nothing about them.

“Clayman is the type of demon lord that won’t even trust his subordinates. I won’t be surprised if he has ordered someone else to overlook the operation.”

Is he like the audience watching a puppet show?

It may end up like the Orc Lord incident where people are operating even without the knowledge of Clayman’s subordinates’ involvement. We need to be cautious.

“About that, Myuran, who is the commander?”

Souei saw a slim majin and reported that he’s the commanding general. “Telepathy Net” sure is convenient for sharing information with everyone.

“He is Yamza. The Magic Frost Swordsman Yamza. He is a despicable and cruel scumbag,

but nonetheless a powerful individual. I didn't get along well with him given the fact that he voluntarily pledged his loyalty towards Clayman."

So, the commander is Yamza.

From Myuran's description, he seems to be the strongest majin within the Five-Fingers.

Clayman gave him a priceless magic sword possessing the power of freezing, and the infamous title of Magic Frost Swordsman which has spread across the land.

In other words, his capabilities are still unknown.

As for Clayman's army, it consists of thirty thousand majins led by Yamza.

Each and every one of which possesses a different ability.

From Souei's observation, eighty percent of them are of Rank B. The remaining ones are almost all A-minus. Some of the higher ranked officers may even reach Rank A or are on par with Gel mud in terms of power.

Although they are a lot more powerful in comparison to the Farmus Army I eliminated, there is still little to fear.

The problem lies with the commander Yamza or rather, it disappoints me.

"Aren't they a little too weak?"

On our side, there are more than twenty thousand people who have taken refuge here from the Beast Kingdom Eurazania. Half of them are capable of combat, making up roughly ten thousand people. They are already Rank B under normal circumstances, and they would even evolve to A-minus after their beastilization, which makes them an incredible force to be reckoned with.

Even the Knight Order from the Kingdom of Farmus averaged out to Rank B with their magic fortification. It just goes to show how strong the Beast Kingdom warriors are.

Not to mention the huge gap between the basic abilities of Humans and Beastmen.

Just these people alone can form a huge combat force. In addition, there are other available combatants spread around. After they retreated from the capital, they reunited with Beastmen members from the nearby tribes scattered over the land. The veterans from the Beast King Army took command of these individuals and rearranged them into a capable force hiding near the area. With these forces combined, there will be an additional ten thousand soldiers.

That makes around twenty-thousand Ranked A-minus warriors. That indeed is an impressive amount of combat prowess. As expected from a demon lord who dominates his land.

"This is indeed strange. No matter how strong this majin Yamza is, us Beastketeers will not lose to him. And even if we have less men in our army compared to them, we still have an overwhelming advantage in terms of the combat abilities of our warriors."

"Right. We are quite confident in leading soldiers to the war!"

"Do they think they can look down on us because Karion-sama has passed away? No way, Clayman isn't that stupid..."

Alvis agrees with my views.

Phobio and Suphia also followed up to express their opinions, believing that Clayman's army won't be much of a threat.

*If that's the case—*

A mumble escapes Benimaru's lips:

"Wait a second? Could it be that Clayman never intended to target this town?"

Yeah, we may have been misled.

This town has constantly been a target, and with Ramiris telling us that we've become a target of Clayman's, we might have been misled into believing that this town is his target.

I was planning on initiating a pincer-attack on Clayman's army when he passes through Eurazania in order to beat him...

But things aren't as simple as I expected.

"Does he want to attack the Beast Kingdom? There are only refugees plus the ten thousand warriors in the area. Even with a higher quality of warriors, they would not be able to overcome the vast gulf in numbers."

It does make sense.

According to Souei, his army is residing in Milim's territory for now. However, his army has already begun reorganization. Tomorrow, if not the day after, he would likely march on the Beast Kingdom Eurazania.

It is unlikely they would take any action tonight, but I have to consider that as a possibility as well.

"This might mean that Clayman doesn't know about us given we've been extra cautious of him—"

Geld calmly states, but I won't put too much expectation on it. We must plan for the worst-case scenario in order to remain adaptable to various situations.

"If he is indeed heading to this town, Clayman won't ignore the many dangers lying behind him. So he would likely only commence that operation after getting rid of all the threats."

Myuran concludes.

Indeed, that's exactly how I would go about it.

Is that the case, eh, getting rid of threats?

"Oi, do you mean then...that Clayman plans to kill all of the remaining Beast Kingdom warriors?"

It may be passable if he's only killing the warriors but—

«Answer. Prediction towards Demon Lord Clayman has updated. The chances of his goal being to awaken as a "True Demon Lord" is one hundred percent. Prediction: He would not include this town in his plan. While his method is sloppy with incorrect deductions, it is most certain that he would decimate all life forces within the borders of the Beast Kingdom Eurazania—»

Is that so? Of course he is planning on killing everyone without mercy.

I may sound rather hypocritical saying this, but his ruthless methods really appall me.

Clayman is very cautious with his actions. He may even have his eyes on this town as part of his extended road map. In other words, he would most likely discover any reinforcements I send.

And even without considering that—

“Clayman has very strong intelligence gathering capabilities. That’s why he must have already known that the Beastketeers and Karion’s army have evacuated to this town. Besides, it will take at least two days to move from here to the Beast Kingdom...”

We are at a complete disadvantage here.

As Alvis said, Clayman has seen through everything.

We won’t make it in time even if we deploy the Rank B equivalent warriors’ regiments and move out without any sleep or rest.

I want to have all of my subordinates take part in this fight, but by the time we arrive at the battlefield, the people from the Beast Kingdom would likely have already been slaughtered...

Would Clayman awaken if everyone is massacred?

«Answer. Despite the lack of efficiency, it will grant him a large amount of souls. Clayman’s rate of success in awakening—Seventy-eight percent. Additionally, his chances of success would increase if he has obtained the required amount of souls within a shorter time-span.»

This is becoming a really difficult situation; I must stop him.

It’s not even for the citizens of the Beast Kingdom whom I’ve never met, but for myself.

I’ve never met those citizens, yet they were willing to forge a friendship between our nations.

Trust is more valuable than gold, and kindness should be repaid with kindness. That’s why I won’t go easy on my interventions here.

“Benimaru, go and stop them.”

I assigned him an extremely challenging task, yet he only responds with a smile.

“Aye, I’ll do just that—No, it would be my pleasure to carry out your orders!”

Benimaru. He is pretty obedient by heart.

He often goes back to his original tone whenever he gets excited.

But he believes that there is a difference between his professional and private life, so he is always very respectful to me in front of others...but you don’t have to treat our current meeting as that important.

It’s indeed unpleasant to be looked down upon, and I understand you are doing so to prevent that from happening, but... In this country, I doubt there is anyone who looks down on me.

It’s like, performing better than your senior would probably result in an awkward relationship.

People realize this type of thing when they enter society.

That’s why I decided to steel my heart and give Benimaru the order as his superior.

“Hmm. As such, the defense battle of the Beast Kingdom Eurazania is officially commencing. Let’s talk about how to win the battle with Benimaru acting as the key player.”

“ “ “Understood!” ” ”

Everyone bows.

Even the three Beastketeers joined in. It seems I did sound quite imposing.

This Clayman is far more cunning than I expected.

Perhaps the Walpurgis Banquet three days later is also part of his plan.

He is probably planning to slaughter the people of the Beast Kingdom before any other

demon lords intervene and report it afterward.

It will take some time to unite the local combatants, and if things continue as it is, the warrior groups would be defeated one by one even with only a futile resistance.

And what would follow would likely be the massacre of the residents who are incapable of fighting back...

Since we've decided to stop this, everyone was eager to voice their opinions.

Everyone wants to gather forces and head out immediately, but no one spoke up.

Everyone here knows the importance of information gathering.

The reason why I've announced my intentions of taking down Clayman but took no immediate action is because I've been waiting for Souei to report back. In addition, our soldiers are currently switching gears and gathering resources at the town plaza.

Kaijin, Garm and Dold are using their craftsmanship to help create new weapons and armor for them in preparation for war.

So there is no need to rush.

We need to know where our enemies are, the structure of their army, their number, as well as their intent.

We won't make much of anything by simply marching in blindly without any knowledge on these matters.

Our discussion will soon be concluded for a while.

"We've confirmed their forces to be there. We will definitely win if we are to make it in time. But the problem lies in how we're going to get there. We have to buy some time, or we won't make it as things stand right now."

"How about we first send in the Goblin Riders and Gabil's forces to distract them for a while?"

"No, it would be pointless. I've sent men to investigate the geography of the Beast Kingdom. It mostly consists of plains and small hills. It's not a great place for ambush tactics. It may be more effective to make an aerial assault, but a mere hundred soldier assault would amount to nothing."

Benimaru regained his calm demeanor.

If we are to lay an ambush, the orchards near the bank of the big river would be a good place. But the many hills there that are beneficial for water drainage make it too eye-catching, so the geography is also unsuitable for having our troops perform an ambush attack.

Hakurou's suggestion got rejected. So far Benimaru is making the correct calls. I heard Suphia whisper: "What in the world, when did he investigate our nation's geography..." I'm curious about that as well.

It's likely that he sent someone to do the investigation when he was acting as the head of the diplomatic team. Should I see this as him being overly cautious or reliable in work...

Suphia doesn't seem to be holding a grudge against it, so I'll just pretend I didn't hear that.

"There are only four hundred Beastmen troops that are specialized in speed. There are less than a hundred of the rare Bird-beast type soldiers. They would be sacrificed in vain if we are

to send them first.”

Alvis is also worried.

It also doesn’t mean that they won’t be tired from flying. And even with Gabil’s troops, there are barely two hundred of them. Sending them first really won’t do much to help.

The location has a clear field of view, so there is no use sending smaller units.

As a result, we went in circles with our attack plan.

We have to give it our all.

We can have the soldiers all over the location find the residents and help take them refuge.

Once they enter the Tempest Federation, Treyni-san and her companions can act as a support to raise their chances of survival. Then, we will have the speed-oriented units engage in guerilla warfare to facilitate their escape.

We will then have the slower ground troops to both accept the refugees and fend off Clayman’s army.

That is about it.

It’s a race against time with much luck involved, but we can’t think of any better ideas.

That’s why, in order to prevent things from escalating in the wrong direction, we (Tempest) will engage with the enemy too.

The fellow executives—Benimaru, Shuna, Souei, Shion, Geld and Ranga—they’ve all learned the Extra Skill ‘Spatial Movement’ and can manipulate the “Teleportation Door” that connects two different spatial coordinates.

Diablo seems to be also capable of this, but he’s moving out with Youm’s party, so there is no chance for him to show off this time. If the situation worsens, I would call him back. But I wish to resolve this situation with the seven people in total including myself.

Even though I could take on the army by myself, showing off in battle is a big taboo.

Especially since Shuna is not good at face-to-face combat. I’ve sent Hakuro and Gabil to protect her.

“It can’t be helped; this is what we have to do. As long as we are able to buy more time, we can prevent casualties. Wouldn’t it be great if I can just somehow use teleportation magic to transport them there—”

I mumbled to myself as a joke.

If we can use magic to teleport our troops there, it would resolve the issue immediately. But even with my “Dimension Manipulation,” it is impossible to transport a thousand-man army.

However—

«Answer. Teleportation magic can transport goods at relatively low cost. It can directly connect different dimensions to the coordinates of the teleportation location. This would induce a large amount of magicules to surround the area, unsuitable for transportation of organic matter. However, by using ‘Barrier’ to protect their bodies, it will mitigate the effects during teleportation. This is the principle of teleportation magic—»

Hmmm...

So that’s the difference between teleportation and transference...The key difference is to

have additional magical protection applied to the objects being teleported, so it uses more magicules.

Ehh? That would mean...

«—In other words, for majins or monsters who possess resistance towards magicules or if they are able to cast “Barrier” on their own, teleportation would become feasible for them. Alternatively, one can also cast the complete teleportation technique that invokes protection on the target»

That would mean as long as the target possess strength to withstand a large amount of magicule exposure, it can then pass through the special transportation dimension. This seems to be the same principle as the Extra Skill ‘Spatial Movement.’ I’ve got to keep an eye on this matter.

To be clearer, it would be possible to even teleport people if the subjects being teleported are completely protected beforehand. No no no, that would be the actual way to use transportation magic, but even if that’s the case, wouldn’t it still cost a lot of magicules? Plus there isn’t enough time for me to modify it to the point of being able to accommodate an army of over ten-thousand of soldiers.

«Answer: The magic has been developed. Additionally, with the combined use of ‘Spatial Manipulation,’ its magicule cost has been successfully reduced.»

Wow, this is really impressive!

What’s with this sudden growth of Raphael-sama?

It has already developed magic and skills for me even before I requested them.

Speaking of which, after I awakened as a demon lord, my skills have all evolved dramatically and I’ve not been able to familiarize myself with them at all. If it were not for ‘Wisdom King Raphael,’ I would have been wasting away the potential of those skills.

Raphael was able to develop magic likely due to the effect of “Ability Change.” Regardless, it is more than desirable to me. It has even prepared the magic I’ve been dreaming of. Simply perfect.

“Rimuru-sama, using teleportation magic to transport an army would be too risky—”

Shuna tries to persuade me as she also seems to be aware of its dangers.

But that part has been resolved just now.

“Indeed, Shuna is right. But just now, I’ve developed a new magic!”

I’m beginning to sympathize with Clayman.

Had I not evolved, you likely would have emerged as the victor.

“Oh...!”

“W-what?!”

“...Developed what now?”

Surprise is written on everyone’s faces and they all look towards me with respect.

I nod in response, and ask them:

“It all depends on your resolves now. I could use this magic and transport the entire army to their destination in one go. However, it would be my first time casting such magic, so no there’s

guarantee of your personal safety, nor do I have any time for experimentation. If that's the case, would you still be willing to trust me?"

I have faith in 'Wisdom King Raphael.'

If Raphael says it's fine, then it won't be a problem.

But I don't know what everyone else thinks.

Are they willing to believe me like this and entrust their lives to me?

"You don't have to worry. I've sworn loyalty to you. Since I am a servant under Rimuru-sama, I shall sacrifice myself even if that's your desire. Your orders will never trouble us, and we are all aware of that."

Benimaru responded with a feral smile.

The veterans all agree with his point of view. Even the new-comer Diablo nods with a bizarre, monstrous smile.

Apart from that, the Beastketeers also followed suit—

"We believe in you. We've come to seek your help so there's no way we'll doubt you Rimuru-sama—"

"Indeed. I've been saved by you once already. My subordinates are all aware of that, and they certainly won't complain."

"Ara ara, it seems like I can't disagree with this. My troop happens to be the slowest, and I do hope Rimuru-sama would give us a helping hand."

Suphia came to that conclusion without hesitation.

Phobio has had faith in me from the start, and Alvis, who initially was doubtful and hesitant, but nonetheless chose to believe in me in the end.

I nodded.

"Then your lives have, here and now, been entrusted to me! This way we can surprise Clayman. The rest of it will be up to you, you must achieve victory!"

" " "Yes sir!" " "

Brave smiles begin to emerge on everyone's face.

If our troops move now, their victory would be guaranteed. No matter how tightly Clayman has been surveilling the town, he won't be able to discover the movements of our army now.

We've got victory in our grip.

Naturally, everyone rediscovers their calmness now.

I give the task of redesigning the attack plan to Benimaru.

Meanwhile, Souei has brought some updates to his report.

He says that about a hundred of the Dragon Worshipers have joined Clayman's army.

"A hundred? If that's the only people joining, it shouldn't be a problem..."

Does Benimaru know of the background of these Dragon Worshipers?

"Oh yeah, Souei, who are these Dragon Worshipers?"

I'm not sure about it so I decide to ask directly.

"To your question, they worship dragon, that is the Dragon Princess Milim-sama."

Oh, I see, so they are subordinates of Milim. Wait, but Milim said she doesn't have any

subordinates. They may actually be worshiping her on their own volition.

This organization don't seem to have a name for their nation, yet they have a total population of around hundred thousand. They probably have been in peaceful co-existence with nature and leading a quiet life.

Clayman seems to also be watching over them by crossing their domain and having them accompanying the army.

Souei wasn't able to dig any deeper, so the Dragon Worshipers are temporarily listed as part of the individuals under observation.

I order Souei to resume the surveillance over Clayman's army and find an appropriate location for the deployment of our army.

As such, the subject of "Battle against Clayman" has concluded.



All right, now for the next topic in line.

In regard to the "Walpurgis Banquet" reported by Ramiris.

The Beastketeers left the meeting room first, having to inform their subordinates about our decision. They trust me and agreed to using the teleportation magic. So they probably went to inform their soldiers.

Myuran also followed close after, since the issue at hand now is our problem and doesn't require her input any longer.

Her job is to assist Youm.

Now that there are only my close companions left in the room, I got to relax a fair bit.

Given the circumstances, the atmosphere of the meeting has changed drastically, I've decided to just chat about what we think without any restraint.

"If I could locate Clayman's location, I could just use 'Spatial Movement' to hop over and give him a round or two of beating to finish things up."

With his army on the move, there can't be that much left at his base. So I won't have to worry about the attack. I only need to move with my subordinates, and we may be able to put an end to him.

On the flip side, if I am to attack some place, we need to make sure we don't let down the defense of this town.

I need to spend more time thinking about this.

"Apologies. There emerged multiple areas that possessed a high magicle concentration. We deemed it dangerous, so we didn't pass through."

Souei started to apologize to me as he reports, but it's all right. After all even with his "Clone" active, he still had to act cautiously. It will be bad if the enemy got hold of our movement

if we just end up moving into a trap.

The enemy's base of operations may be hidden behind this fog bank, so knowing this is enough.

"How about we send out a few people to investigate their base using the weak points in enemy force?"

"But, wouldn't Clayman be attending Walpurgis Banquet? There's a chance we might miss him."

Benimaru expresses his view though Shuna rejects it calmly.

Benimaru made an awkward expression in response.

"It makes sense. In addition, if we underestimate the enemy force, our vanguard would get overwhelmed instead resulting in their pull back. This would render our efforts rather meaningless. I think Benimaru-sama should focus on leading the army instead."

Hakurou delivered the final blow and ended the conversation.

"Are there any other ideas?"

Anyhow, let's hear about everyone else's ideas.

Yes! Shion begins to raise her hand energetically while looking at me...

And I gave her permission to speak up.

"How about we attack the site of Walpurgis Banquet directly and kill off not only Clayman, but any other demon lords who dare to disagree with us?"

She says with sparkling eyes.

It's my fault for asking for advice from an idiot.

The annoyance is almost causing veins to emerge on my temple, but I've endured it. This seemed to have happened before.

"Shion, how are you going to do that? I mean, can't you provide some more practical ideas?"

Killing Clayman alone is tough enough as it is, how are we supposed to fight all the other demon lords together?

At the very least we should take them down individually—I scolded Shion strictly.

With that being said, she loses all her spirit and looks very down.

There's really no helping with her, guess I'll play along a little.

So I went on a tangent (to praise her), after all I still adore Shion a fair bit.

"But, maybe rushing in may actually be a good suggestion."

Shion then raises her face with excitement written all over her face.

What a realist approach.

"I'm just asking, Ramiris, but is it possible for me to participate?"

I asked Ramiris who's more experienced with it.

"Eh? Do you want to participate, Rimuru?"

"No, it's just for reference. Since Clayman is going to participate in the meeting, so if I take the initiative, it might make things more interesting."

Since I've already been targeted, striking first may actually be a good idea.

Preemptively striking is tactically basic, but Clayman most definitely would be surprised with me showing up to where he would least expect me.

It might not be a good idea to use violence in a meeting, but I'd like to try it first.

"Hmm—It should be fine. However, you can only bring at most two people as companions!"

Bringing a bunch of subordinates would only cause unnecessary trouble, so I can't take too many of them with me.

I've heard story of some newly enrolled demon lord that tried to be imposing and brought hundreds of his close subordinates to the meeting.

This action uncannily enraged a demon lord who's been mad at (her) territory having been wiped out at the time.<sup>9</sup>

That demon lord's anger probably could have been vented on anyone. And so he ended up killed.

After that incident, the meeting forbids majins with insufficient strength to participate. And among the demon lords, they may only take two companions along.

But this would also mean that there has been that type of disputes in the past. So it should be fine for me to go as someone looking for trouble.

Barging in and accusing Clayman directly, I should seriously consider this idea.

"What do you think? Wouldn't my participation in it be very interesting?"

"Kufufufufu, this proposal is wonderful. Would you allow me to accompany you—"

"Bastard, Diablo! I will be the one to accompany Rimuru-Sama. I won't let you have him!"

And the two of them begin to argue again. (Diablo and Shion)

It would be suicide bringing these two along, but I wasn't planning to have the two of them in the same place.

And just as this idea was raised—

"—Since we will eventually fight against all the demon lords anyways, let's just kill them all. After all, shouldn't it be enough to just have Rimuru-sama as the only demon lord?"

And even Diablo begins to spout out nonsense.

Shion agrees completely and begins to nod her head excitedly.

"That's right! And here I thought you are an idiot. That's some very profound views from a newbie! I didn't expect you to give voice to all my thoughts!"

Should I see them as sharing a tacit relationship or being on bad term?

If I have to pick someone, I think Shion is more brain dead, but...both of them seem equally bent on beating up the other demon lords.

How did things end up like this?

Looking around, I find several people at the scene agreeing with their views.

Some people are being cautious, while some are highly ecstatic, even giving off a killing intent.

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<sup>9</sup>Luminas after Veldora wiped out her kingdom.

For some reason, the number of warmongers among us has only increased.

And that method is way too reckless. So I have to interjected quickly to bring the discussion back on track.

“Wait a second, don’t get ahead yourselves now. We haven’t settled on things yet. And as for Diablo, I’ve assigned you on the mission concerning the Kingdom of Farmus. So there’s no way I can bring you with me.”

“I-indeed. Understood.”

It seems Diablo thinks the mission regarding the Kingdom of Farmus is rather simple. He seems confident enough, but I hope he won’t suffer a Waterloo if he underestimates his enemies.

With some regrets and a mix of joy in being assigned a mission by me, Diablo made a mixed expression.

“But, wouldn’t it be too dangerous still?”

Shuna’s tone gives off a sense of worry.

Indeed, these are the opinion we hold.

“That’s right. Moreover, wouldn’t it be more efficient to try to attack Clayman’s base when he’s not there? Hence there’s no reason to attend the Walpurgis.”

Geld speaks up cautiously, seemingly agreeing with Shuna’s views.

It seems to be the more viable tactic, avoiding risk and fight winnable battle.

Geld is also quite eager to fight, but he is not as reckless. It’s very delightful to hear so many opinions under much consideration.

But there are other reasons as to why I’m considering attending the Walpurgis Banquet.

Something is concerning me.

“No, Rimuru-sama is worrying about the intent of Demon Lord Milim-sama. It is unthinkable that Milim-sama would betray us, so she’s most likely being manipulated by Clayman. Or she has some plan of her own, but at the very least she did in fact attack Demon Lord Karion-sama. So attending the Walpurgis Banquet to find out the truth behind it wouldn’t be such a bad idea.”

“Indeed. Milim-sama being one of people who initiated the Banquet is also concerning. Hence there must be some sort of conspiracy behind it, right?”

Surprisingly, Benimaru’s comment aligns perfectly with my thoughts while Souei also points out my concerns.

Sasuga Benimaru and Souei. They have the same views as me.

“Yeah, Milim following Clayman’s every orders, there’s no way that that would have happened in this world. Because Milim is way too stubborn!”

Do you have any right to criticize her, Ramiris? That thought popped into my head, but she and I shared the same view.

“Milim-sama would never betray Rimuru-sama. Even though this is just my hunch, but I still pretty sure that I’m right.”

Shion asserts.

Right, we don’t have any proof either...

But I also don't think that she'll betray us.

'Wisdom King Raphael' also reached the same conclusion even though it couldn't be hundred-percent sure without sufficient information to back up this claim, there's no way such a thing would happen without a drastic change in situation. I decided to have faith in Milim.

But even if that's the case, I can't just leave it this way.

"I also agree with all of your points and I don't think Milim would betray me. Therefore, something must have happened. As Ramiris said, let's assume Clayman isn't the culprit here, but I still think it is highly likely that he has been the puppet master behind all of these events thus far. So I'll take Benimaru's advice and participate in the Walpurgis Banquet to investigate how things were there..."

Something would definitely happen in between the session.

In the worst-case scenario, Milim may attack us by the end of Walpurgis Banquet.

That is what concerns me the most, and the reason why I think it's still dangerous even if we just leave it as it is.

Fighting Clayman alone won't really be a problem, however, the goal is to avoid engagement with Milim in any form of confrontation as much as possible.

"See? I told you I'm right! Indeed, indeed, everything has been expected by the famed detective Ramiris. If that's the case, we just have to go and beat the crap out of Clayman!"

And I thought I was successful in leading the topic and concluded the most dangerous conversation—yet now Ramiris begins shouting some bizarre nonsense.

"Also, what even is the deal here? Why are there so many powerful majins just running around here? You should just let Beretta be my servant since you have so many strong subordinates already!"

And she then dared to say that.

Ramiris sure is being quite outrageous. She's only gotten bolder after discovering the strength of my companions.

But I didn't plan on giving Beretta up.

But more importantly, we need to consider what Beretta wants in this situation, not just what Ramiris wants.

Moreover, some of my subordinates seem to share the same sentiments with Ramiris.

"I see, that sounds reasonable. Very well, I shall go kill him. I shall return shortly—"

"Eh, hold on hold on, calm down now Shion. Let's prepare first before going, you too, Benimaru and Souei!"

Seriously, the situation turned into something of a mess like this as soon as I decided to participate in the Walpurgis Banquet.

Benimaru have to engage with Clayman's army, same goes for Souei.

As the military meeting continues, I need to assess cautiously about the candidates as to who will be my two companions to the Banquet.

So, the candidates I'm looking for are...

I suddenly felt the pressure from a sharp stare coming from behind my back.

You can figure it out with your joint that it's Shion.

She would probably go crazy if I didn't take her with me. It seems that it's becoming increasingly hard for Benimaru to keep her in check, so I guess I'd have to take care of this mess.

What's more, Shion almost died by Clayman's ploy—or should I say that she was literally killed over it—hence, this may be a great chance for revenge, that's why I wish to bring her along.

Just like that, Shion has been selected.

The other one is rather hard to choose, but Ranga seems like a good candidate.

I was planning to have him hide in my shadow, but it will be problematic if the location has some special barrier similar to "Holy Purification Barrier."

I found out that Ranga has been listening in all this time anticipating to join, so I suppose I should take Ranga too.

He is a competent bodyguard after all.

Just like that, I made my decision to bring Shion and Ranga with me. Both of whom have the ability of "Spatial Movement" which is one of my reason for bringing them since they can easily escape with me if anything happens.

As long as they've experienced the newly made barrier inspired by "Holy Purification Barrier," they should have a good chance of escaping even in the worst-case scenario.

The three of us should move out together and head straight to the Walpurgis Banquet.

If Milim is indeed being unfortunately controlled, the next thing being destroyed would most likely be this town. That is a possibility that I need to prevent no matter the cost.

I will not let this town suffer once again.

"Let's participate then. I'll bring Shion and Ranga along. Ramiris, could you help convey the message that I wish to participate?"

"Hmm, I understand!"

Ramiris answers without hesitation.

And then she seems to have initiated a certain demon lord special communication line to inform the rest of the demon lords about my participation.

It seems like some sort of high-level skill that could communicate through the interference of space.

I observe her looking impressed for a while, and at the moment, someone walks towards me while laughing loudly.

It's Veldora. It seems that he's finished with his manga and has been listening to our conversation.

"Gahahahaha! Yes, you are finally taking things seriously! Although you're not being a good friend, Rimuru, bring me along as well! You don't have to worry about those demon lords at all with my company!"

He makes such proud statement in full confidence.

Speaking of that, I've completely forgotten about the fact that he's here.

But I don't plan to bring Veldora along.

"Oh well, don't get ahead of yourself now, Veldora. I hope you can stay in the town and focus on defense."

"Nani! Wasn't I supposed to be going along too? Take my words, I won't lose to those demon lords at all!"

With my words, Veldora received a huge surprise, probably not expecting that I would say this.

Defending this town is also an important mission, perhaps the most important task.

We are marching all of our forces to take a final stand against Clayman. There will only be the police force led by Rigur present back here, whose numbers are pretty small, as well as Shion's subordinates.

The strategy is based on the precondition that Veldora remained here to defend the town.

If the Western Holy Church is to send out invasion force, Veldora alone should be able to handle them.

"—That's how it is, so I hope you can stay back for the defense."

"Uhh..."

He seems unable to accept it.

It can't be helped, I guess I'll tell him the real reason—I was just about to speak up before Ramiris, who finished the communication, begins to shout.

"Hey, Rimuru! They've approved your participation, but aren't you being too mean here? It will be okay if I have master to participate as my companion (underling). It's safer for me as well!"

Well, with that being said it does sound reasonable.

But from my perspective, Ramiris' intention is crystal clear. She's trying to bring Veldora and Beretta there to brag.

I think Veldora has also seen through her—

"...Huh, no? I don't want to go as your bodyguard at all."

He rejects without hesitation.

"AWH REALLY! EHHHH how could this... You are so cruel, master!"

I mean, what's with this master thing about Veldora...

Ramiris and Veldora seemed to have grown a friendship because of manga.

It's certain that the two have good relationship, but in terms of their power, it seems Ramiris is one-sidedly trying to get on good term with Veldora.

Doesn't matter, it's a good thing anyway.

Our focus should be us participating in the Banquet.

For some of the demon lords, they may find it more troublesome to go around human towns. But that's just to my advantage.

"Veldora, we've been intentionally releasing fake news about you. You should know about that from the meeting we just finished."

It could have been a way to have him follow Ramiris as a servant. But honestly, I think it

would lower the guards of the other demon lords to make them think that Veldora didn't follow along.

"Hmm, Hmmhmm, of course I know."

Ah, it seems he doesn't know.

And he is pretending that he paid attention to the meeting. He must have gotten addicted to reading manga.

However, it's then much easier now to make up stories for him.

"Besides, Clayman must be thinking that the majin Rimuru is a bluffing scum who relies on Veldora's name—"

"What! That bastard Clayman, we'll see about it!"

"He...this ignorant bug, I shall go myself to personally take him out."

"Ahhh, calm down you guys. Rimuru-sama is just giving an example."

I was halfway through my sentence before Shion and Diablo started acting all angry in my stead.

You guys really can't keep your cool now, can you?

Benimaru was a bit mad for a moment, but since the other two spoke first, he got to regain his composure.

"Don't get riled up now, Benimaru's right, that was just an example. Anyway, if we bring Veldora to the meeting and cause them to be on alert, wouldn't it be pointless?"

"Oh, so it's like that."

"I understand now, sasuga Rimuru-sama!"

"Gufufufufu, anyone who dares to insult Rimuru-sama is unforgivable. I wanted to exterminate him by my own hands, but perhaps I shall allow Shion senpai perform the act instead."

"So you want to lead the opponent into lowering their guard in order to drive the negotiation in our favor, right?"

Veldora who realizes my point nod and says so while Shion praises without using her brain.

Diablo is again making some dangerous statement, but he does think the best candidate to take down Clayman in this case is Shion.

Benimaru looks quite happy having read my thought.

"But, shouldn't we try to avoid danger?"

Shuna asks me.

Her comment seems to have resonated with others as Geld and Gabil nods in agreement.

"Even if you are considered by the enemies as an individual to be cautious of, should you not perhaps focus on your personal safety?"

Says Hakurou to me with Souei agreeing.

Indeed, I can see where everyone's worries are coming from.

With that being said, I've also assessed that part.

"It's all right. I can use my skill 'Storm Dragon Summon' to call out Veldora at any time. That wouldn't count as a companion to the meeting, right? That's why, since I can seek help at any point I wish, I hope you will defend the town quietly before that happens."

I said so proudly with a face as if saying “How about that?”

My companions all seemed very impressed.

“GA-HAHHAHA! So I am actually the Hero for the finale.”

Veldora is feeling good about himself again.

As long as you don’t object, I won’t say a thing.

“That’s so cunning...”

Ramiris pouts by herself.

“Baka, Ramiris. You should praise me for being so smart.”

Ramiris is still upset while Veldora whispers to himself “So that’s the case.”

I take the chance to bring up one more thing.

“Besides, now you’ve got an extra spot for a companion.”

Upon hearing this, the Ramiris’ eyes along with the rest of my companions begin to glow.

“You know me too well, Rimuru! Very well, who are you sending in as my servant?”

Ramiris seems satisfied with her servant number increased to two. Given how she looks now, she’s really just trying to show off to other demon lords.

Anyhow, it’s all right as long as she accepts.

One more spot...

I realize that everyone who hasn’t been selected has been looking at me nervously, however, this servant must be strong enough.

If I am being honest, Benimaru is the best choice, but the war can’t be fought while I am not present, so Benimaru has to make up for it. Thus I have to select someone else.

—Which would mean—

“Sorry to keep everyone waiting, I choose Haku—”

“Please hold on a second!”

Someone interrupted me as I was halfway through nominating Hakurou. It was the woman standing behind Ramiris—Treyni-san.

“Rimuru-sama, please allow me to take this mission no matter what!”

“Treyni, what a stubborn child!”

Ramiris also looks delighted with her eyes soaking in tears.

It can’t be helped then, I’ll choose her.

“Fine. Then we will go on with Treyni-san’s aid.”

I announce so, agreeing to the participation of Treyni-san.

As such, the members participating the Walpurgis Banquet are settled.

My companions are Shion and Ranga.

While Ramiris’ companions are Beretta and Treyni-san.

And our trump card is summoning Veldora.

It’s my luck that the demon lords have approved my participation.

I may even meet Leon Cromwell, one of the demon lords whom I have grudges against.

But this time I’ll first be checking out just what kind of a person he really is.

I still carry and am unable to deal with Shizu-san’s dying wish and I cannot just leave it like

that, but this time my target is Clayman.

The riot caused by Orc Lord is still fresh in my memory.

As well as the ordeal with Myuran.

Most importantly, I am worried about Milim.

If we aren't careful, we would end up fighting Milim. I've long made up my mind to take a final stand against Clayman, but if it's Milim, there is no way we can win...

I must utilize the opportunity well and have Clayman duel me. It would be even better if I can take care of him through the Walpurgis Banquet directly.

If things don't go as planned, we will see about it later.

Clayman, you've treated me like an enemy.

I am no kind-hearted soul to let people who antagonize me to walk free. If you wish to kill, you must also be prepared to die.<sup>10</sup>

You dared to harm my companions, and I'll have you pay the same price.

Ah—I feel like I've been infected by Shion's impulsiveness.

I let out a sigh because of that, but there is also a sense of joy that I feel.

That's because—

I am finally freed from all the annoyances and am able to go and face my responsibilities head on.

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<sup>10</sup>Rimuru and Naofumi sure watches the same stuff. Seems like Rimuru has also seen Code Geass

**ROUGH SKETCHES**



**Chapter  
3**

**The Eve  
of Battle**

*That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime*

# Chapter 3

## The Eve of Battle

Clayman was the one who initiated the Walpurgis Banquet, but it was surprisingly simple why the rest of the demon lords accepted it.

Mainly because he'd found the most justified reason: "The betrayal of the Demon Lord Karion."

His crime was the violation of the non-aggression pact within the Great Jura Forest, Karion was then trialed and executed by Demon Lord Milim—At least, that's what he explained to the other demon lords.

Although it was obvious that those were just excuses, the rest of the demon lords did not object. Perhaps they had all planned to clarify the matter during the Banquet.

But by that time, the dust will already be settled.

Clayman has already planned everything.

He intends to buy some time before the Walpurgis Banquet to awaken as a "True Demon Lord" and receive its immense power.

Right now Milim is in his hand.

If the rest of the demon lords see him controlling Milim, they won't dare to say a thing about Clayman.

That's how he sees it.

That's why failure is not an outcome in this operation.

He needs to finish it quickly before the other demon lords decide to intervene.

Clayman has also prepared another argument, just in case.

It is to expose the cause of this military operation overall—that is, the violation of the pact by Demon Lord Karion.

He has taken actions to collect evidence to support his case.

With all of these preparations, Clayman decides to play his cards.

He will send the army out through Milim's domain to invade Beast Kingdom Eurazania.

The role of commanding officer is given to Clayman's loyal servant Yamza.

He knows of Clayman's true intent.

To achieve the goal of slaying more than ten thousand souls before the Walpurgis Banquet. For that cause Yamza marches with thirty thousand majins under his command.



“Heh, what an annoying bunch. What did they mean by “Let’s cooperate”? Don’t underestimate us!”

A bold, strong man shouts angrily.

This is the city for people who worship the dragon<sup>11</sup>. This man is the high priest of the temple in the city.

His name is Midley. He is the leader of those who worship Milim.

“But Midley-sama, if we don’t follow orders now, we’ll really suffer. Didn’t that commander named Yamza had a written order from Milim-sama herself?”

A servant hissing with a smile says to him.

His name is Hermes.

He is the close servant and assistant to high priest Midley, being a member of the priest group.

He’s always rather carefree and casual, so he may get easily categorized as the pretentious type of person.

Midley shouts out furiously in response, seemingly pissed off by Hermes’ attitude.

“Shut up Hermes. I don’t need you to tell me what I already know too well!”

Hermes, being scolded harshly and seeing Midley so worked up, feels internally rather helpless in return.

That being said, he can relate to why Midley has become so enraged.

The reason is that the majin group that was loitering within their borders since yesterday suddenly invaded this place—the City of the Forgotten Dragon—and somehow built a camp here as if it is their own home.

They appear to be working for Demon Lord Clayman and are marching towards Demon Lord Karion’s territory to investigate his violation of the pact.

They couldn’t have said no, even if they wanted to.

Even though Midley is still furious, they genuinely can’t do anything about their situation.

And there is also a reason for that.

It also happens that the person who decimated the Beast Kingdom Eurazania of Demon Lord Karion is also the one they worship, Demon Lord Milim.

Since it’s related to their master, naturally they had to facilitate the gathering of evidence by

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<sup>11</sup>Das: I will refer them as Worshippers of Dragons from here on

Clayman's men. Or rather, if they couldn't find any evidence, it would only cause disadvantages for Milim.

But Milim probably won't give a damn about it. It has however caused a big headache for people such as Hermes.

"For real though, Milim-sama sure is troubling..."

Her stubbornness is truly something else. They deeply hope that Milim-sama can change a bit—*even if it's really just a little*—to at least think for them. Hermes thinks to himself.

"That would be most disrespectful, Hermes! You cannot doubt Milim-sama's actions."

"No, you are right but..."

*It's all because you spoiled her so much that I'm getting more and more work every day.* Hermes thinks to himself. But he can't say that since it will only enrage Midley more.

*But we are in some serious trouble this time.*

He complains to himself and starts recalling the suffering they have been through.

Even though they are aware that the army would be requesting to pass through the land, their attitudes are decidedly arrogant in a way that really leaves a bad taste in the residents' mouths.

The army didn't pay any recognition to the Dragon Worshipers at all and simply felt that their assistance is only natural at the time.

Their request is no different from orders.

The City of the Forgotten Dragon where the Dragon Worshipers reside has a population of less than a hundred thousand.

It does not contain any functions of a nation. The citizens help each other out and live together.

They were able to live peacefully under the protection of Demon Lord Milim without much military power.

At least that's what those who are aware of this country usually think.

However, this understanding is only 50 percent correct.

Indeed, they don't possess much political clout.

To be specific, everyone contributes their earnings to the central temple for the high priest to redistribute equally.

Normally, one would think there will be lazy people that will undermine the system, but in reality, it's different. The hard-working and the lazy get basic financial compensation. But apart from that, the hard-working people get to enjoy an additional bonus.

If we compare it to modern-day Japan, it will be the system where everyone has the basic welfare to ensure one's living.

The issue with this system lies mainly on those who decide on the amount of compensation the people are given. However... Milim has allowed Midley to handle everything in the area.

This is why he holds such authority that may even determine life or death. However, Midley has never abused it.

The reason for this is also simple: the assistant priest of Midley has the rights to abolish him.

If he ever becomes tyrannical and exploits his authority for his own desires, he will lose all of his status. Midley knows this very well and that's why he never became a tyrant.

But in truth, Milim has already taken the seat of a legitimate tyrant, so no one dares to imitate her.

Due to the reasons above, the thousands of worshippers are surprisingly united.

Besides that, there is another reason.

The belief held by the outside world that these people lack combat abilities...is a complete misunderstanding.

For some reason, the worshippers of Dragon are all individually equipped with strong physical capabilities.

Apart from their unity and discipline, an adult worshipper's power is close to Rank C.

The fact that they are all pacifistic is not nearly as remarkable when acknowledging that they are, in fact, a difficult organization to handle that favors martial strength.

The priests possess even greater power than the rest. The evidence is that there's only around a hundred party members.

Every member is an elite and a force to be reckoned with.

Every day they pray to Milim—in forms of combat training—As a result, their combat capabilities are extraordinary.

Among them, Midley and Hermes can even request Milim as their sparring partner—that is how strong they both are. But even so, Clayman's subordinates still looked down to them all, which genuinely pissed them off.

Moreover, there's a bigger secret that they've kept.

Which is—

The day after that, Clayman's subordinates took the worshippers' food from their warehouse without permission.

Midley's face is gradually bursting with his veins due to his anger, but he endured.

"By the way, why hasn't Milim-sama returned?"

Midley asks, mainly in order to distract himself from his fury.

"Only god would know, but why did you ask—?"

Hermes makes a random response. They've repeated this Q&A over a dozen times and the longer it goes, the more annoyed Hermes feels.

"We've prepared a great feast just for her... Could Milim-sama be suffering of hunger at some place?"

"N-No way."

Hermes asserts.

He's quite certain about the. Since the "great feast" Midley refers to is a large vegetable dish named "The Platter of Nature's Gifts." It's raw by the way.

Hermes secretly observed Milim's expression when he'd dined with her when eating it.

She had no expression on her face, nor any emotional response. All she did was chewing.



*No way was that a great feast. She didn't appear to enjoy it one bit; or rather she looked as if she was trying her hardest to endure.*

Hermes is certain of it.

When they'd served the roast meat, Milim had looked quite happy eating it, that was rather obvious.

But then when Hermes proposed this to Midley "We should serve her cooked meal before the vegetables. Milim-sama would be very happy to have it!"

He got turned down with his suggestion.

Midley believes the direct ingestion of the rich products of nature would be the best serving—And so, Hermes was unable to change Midley's mind.

*This is why Milim-sama seldomly comes here.*

Hermes really wants to speak his mind, but he's in a disadvantageous position right now.

He has traveled through different countries and experienced delicious cuisines. In comparison, no other priests have had this kind of experience. Everyone believes the best food is always the natural ones. They will reject his proposal so long as they maintain this mindset. That's why Hermes decided to give up on this matter.

"Is that so? That would be good then. But how dare that Clayman act all presumptuous and force Milim-sama to write an order..."

The handwriting is terrible—Correction, the handwriting on the order is uniquely intriguing, it's definitely Milim's writing.

That's why they're forced to follow the order. But still, there's a bottom line.

"Yeah, we had to comply because of Milim-sama's order...but now the third granary has also been emptied. That leaves seven left, we are gonna have a hard time until the next harvest..."

"Damnit!"

Midley's veins bursts on his bald head like a hami melon. You can tell with one look just how much fury he holds.

Hermes, who happens across this scene, finds it quite funny. He can only note that Midley is somewhat mentally unstable.

And in that instant, the source of their anger enters their sights—Clayman army's commander walking towards them.

"Hermes, we need to endure for now."

"Understood."

That's my line—Hermes thinks as he answers.

He hopes that guy will just pass them by, but unfortunately the man makes a beeline towards Hermes and the rest.

Both of them stop talking to wait for the man, Yamza, to approach them.

Yamza is the commanding officer of Clayman's army and it wouldn't be a lie to say that he is Clayman's right hand man.

He looks rather light for his medium build and is the type of fighter who focuses on speed.

Or rather, a swordsman. He is a top swordsman with swiftness beyond the wind.

He is equipped with the specially crafted Magic Frost Sword, gifted by Clayman. It can cast the elemental-based magic “Great Storm of Ice and Water” without chanting.

The Magic Swordsman of Frost, Yamza, the A-plus majin who wields both a sword and magic.

“Hehe, how are you, Midley-dono? Thank you for your support with rations; it really helped a lot. After all, I have thirty-thousand people to take care of here. No small amount of food could suffice.”

Yamza hangs a caring smile, yet such joyful expression is absent in his eyes. Instead, they are observing Midley’s reaction carefully.

He didn’t even bother to acknowledge Hermes’ presence with a glance. This is the usual attitudes for majins who look down on human.

This truly makes him feel uncomfortable. But Hermes has to endure under Midley’s order. There is no pointing arguing with Yamza anyway, so he will endure for now.

“Ha-ha-ha. What an honor for us to assist you. However, we really aren’t able to continue this favor. If our people are to suffer famine, Milim-sama would be very sad.”

“What nonsense is this! That Demon Lord Milim acted on her and now my army has to clean up her mess. Besides, isn’t it only natural for you to maintain the friendship between our masters?”

Yamza became furious with just two lines of response from Midley. No, his anger is an act. He’s trying to see Midley’s response to his pretended fury.

If Midley is to lose his temper and argues back, Yamza would exploit this matter and burn down the city. It is quite obvious.

“Ah ah, my apology. I accidentally had some selfish thoughts. We’ll help you with everything we’ve got, so please don’t be generous with us and speak up your mind.”

In order to quench Yamza’s anger, Midley bows his body and bow to him.

Hermes feels immense respect towards Midley having witnessed this. After all, Yamza has already revealed his true intent yet Midley did not even show a sign of anger on his face.

He simply smiled and replied.

*Impressive, sasuga Midley-sama. Now his head doesn’t look like a homi melon at all. If it’s me I’d lose my temper already.*

Hermes thinks to himself, but then...

“Is that so? But I was expecting that. But since there is no issue for us to wipe out the Beast Kingdom alone, we want to gift you with the opportunity to assist us. Would it pose any problem if you are to handle the transportation of our resources?”

Yamza gives off an evil smirk after finishing his words and caused Hermes to argue back unconsciously.

“W-wait a second! It’s enough that you rob our food, now you want to take out labor as well—”

He didn’t intend to resist. He simply slipped his thought out.

Immediately after, Hermes feels tremendous pain flowing from his left hand.

“AHHHHH!”

“Shut your mouth, human trash!”

Yamza squeezes his eyes ruthlessly. His cold eyes meet with Hermes’ for the first time.

Hermes bites his teeth hard and stares back at Yamza while holding onto his severed hand.

“—Ho, aren’t you the rebel? Looks like you are begging me to finish you off.”

Yamza gives off a cruel smile and points his blood-stained sword towards Hermes.

*You bastard, don’t get ahead of yourself—*

Hermes wants to shout with fury, yet he was hit by a strong impact force as if he’s been crashed by a beast.

It was from a kick.

Midley initiated a powerful kick against Hermes’ abdomen.

“Haha, we are truly sorry for the continuous offense, Yamza-sama. I’ll scold this idiot myself and educate him better in the future. Please forgive him for my sake.”

Midley bows and pleads towards Yamza.

“Huh. It’s so hard to look after moronic subordinates. I’ll let you off the hook this time. We are setting off tomorrow morning. All of you priest should go and prepare yourselves!”

Thanks to Midley’s intervention was the situation salvaged and Yamza sheathed his sword. However, it came at a heavy price. The leaders that are the priest of the Worshippers of Dragons has been forced into conscription.

Yamza left with the line and walked away without a care.

They weren’t planning to conscript the worshippers to war, but only the priests who are capable of restoration magic. And because Hermes couldn’t restrain himself, it went the way Yamza wanted.

When Yamza left, Midley begins to heal Hermes while sighing.

“You idiot, didn’t I just tell you to stay quiet?”

“Sorry, I couldn’t help myself and...”

Hermes holds tight onto his severed hand as Midley applies treatment.

With the effect of holy magic “Healing Sickness,” Hermes’ hand is restored to its original shape. But he’s not feeling quite well after losing too much blood. But since Hermes would later apply “Stamina Regeneration” on himself, it won’t be an issue.

“It’s all right. At least the people won’t have to suffer for now at the cost of the Priest group. Speaking of which, that man—”

The suppressed anger of his now write all over Midley’s face as he stares viciously towards the direction Yamza left.

“—He dares to harm the properties of Milim-sama.”

He’s talking about Yamza cutting off Hermes’ hand.

Midley expresses his anger towards such unforgivable violent acts, yet he’s acting oblivious towards kicking Hermes just now.

*Hold on a second, your iron kick was quite deadly too...*

But all in all, Hermes knew Midley didn't mean any harm, so he won't complain about it. After all, Midley is Milim's follower, he's just as simple-minded.

In fact, not only Midley, it's what the entire nation is like...

"Huh, that's right, can I kill him?"

"Idiot, you are no match for him."

The proposal is instantly rejected, but Midley has a point.

As Midley just said, Hermes has no chance against Yamza.

"You're right I suppose. That sword is rather difficult to deal with, and the man seems to have concealed other secrets as well."

"Hmm, no wonder that asshole is Clayman's right hand man. He won't show his strength if not required. But a man should fight justly..."

No, that sounds really stupid you know—Hermes thinks to himself. But his thought is not mainstream in this country at all.

He is forced to agree, then returned to finish his work. The sudden change of plan to set off tomorrow leaves a lot of business to pile up for him to deal with.

The morning of the other day soon follows—

The Walpurgis Banquet will be held two days later, Clayman's army is again, commencing its invasion operation.



The meeting is over and it's the next day's morning.

I didn't get much sleep last night, so I'm feeling the drowsiness.

But that's just mental tiredness, I'm in fact more lively than ever.

I don't have to sleep, which makes things convenient for me during time like this.

Souei contacted me after yesterday's meeting.

His real self came for the meeting but his clones made from "Shadow Clone" have been traveling in the border of the Beast Kingdom to help him collect intel.

Souei's five subordinates including Souka have been quite active as well, helping us collecting many intelligences.

Clayman's army that we've been on guard against has not made a move yet.

They've been looking for appropriate locations to deploy our army. A question arose, however.

The Beast Kingdom residents seeking refuge have been spread across the place. In order to rescue them, we seem to run short on time whichever direction we decide to march towards. The attacking route taken by Clayman has put us in disadvantage.

«Suggestion. Transport the refugees to a specific location altogether. This would improve

the efficiency.»

Oh, I see.

Hmm, indeed it's right.

Is not as if the army is the only viable subjects of teleportation.

I could utilize "Dimension Domination" to teleport wherever I want, so I can instantly teleport towards the locations of Souei's clones, Souka and the rest. There I can open a new "Teleportation" to transport and gather the refugees to a specific location.

That's how it is, now I've got more work to do after the meeting.

I need to send Geld's troop first to build up camp for the refugees.

The destination of the teleportation is the capital of Beast Kingdom, which has been wiped out by Milim.

The location has become a wide plain of wasteland which makes it extra eye-catching. However, it's perfectly suitable to accommodate a huge army.

After I've inspected the gatherings and transport the refugees.

I've finished transporting everyone last night, which is why I'm worn out at the moment.

—With that being said, it's still just tiredness in the mental level.

Luckily, I had Phobio by my side so the refugees weren't resisting.

And Phobio was worn out by it as well.

Upon departing he even said: "Why do you seem so carefree with all these continuous teleportations...? And these types of massive scale teleportation magic... This is just too much—"and he looked at me like some sort of monster, what a rude guy.

Of course I am tired as well.

In this way, Geld has built the marching tents for the war. The exhausted Phobio is now resting in one of them.

Oh, yeah, Phobio is not the point of discussion here.

Our army needs to get prepared as well. I've got to send them off with glory.

I move to the plaza that has yet to be completed.

That was prepared by Rigurd overnight.

Although he worked all night like me, he's still running around with livelihood.

I should call Rigurd back and let him go assist Geld.

And speaking of work, I still have to send the people here to the camp at Beast Kingdom.

When all of these are settled, I'll need to think through the details in preparations for the Walpurgis Banquet the day after tomorrow.

After arriving at the plaza, I see the soldiers have been waiting there already in order.

These are the ten-thousand Beastmen army led by the Beastketeers—Suphia and Alvis. The units don't really have standard issued equipment, but it can't really be helped. Since their equipment are spares ones from us that have been abandoned due to their repair.

And most of the beastmen are also capable of "Beastilization," so it is much more convenient than having them wear a full set of armor.

My subordinates are listed along with them to travel as reinforcement.

As compared to our battle against Charybdis, their scale and combat abilities have all increased greatly.

Benimaru discovered that I've arrived and came standing next to me.

It seems he has caught the chance to explain to me about everyone's evolution condition.

Following my evolution, everyone also experienced changes.

"Voice Of the world" mentioned that it will gift blessings to monsters with connections to my soul and those monsters that are named by me seem to fall under that category.

According to the survey around the town, they seem to have experienced significant changes.

Here is what Benimaru said:

"After the survey with the town folks we got the following results, the male constituents have gained more stamina and strength while the female constituents' skins became smoother, plus their appearance become more beautiful. I don't really care about that point—no actually, this may sound pretty weird, but their vitality seems to have increased—"

Benimaru was able to update me on the condition of the residents as everyone else is moving in formation. Some people seem to have transform younger in appearance. Everyone is very grateful about it.

But they are all non-combatants. So they only need to watch over the town this time instead of the joining the march.

So, let's talk about the main combat forces.

Some combatants have gained skills, and since every corp has their unique features, the skills they gained seem range all over the place as they were assigned them based on the features of their combat unit.

I'm really looking forward to seeing them in action.

And now let's check on the veteran forces.

The Goblin riders unit is under the leadership of Captain Gobta.

They are Hobgoblins who ride the star wolf race which requires a certain set of conditions to trigger the evolution.

Are they really Hobgoblins?

Their race is indeed Hobgoblin, but their nature doesn't seem to fit under the race.

These guys seemed to have gained a rare skill, Extra Skill 'Unification.'

This skill is not just a simple metaphor for the rider and its ride, but it's in fact a real merger skill. In order words, once the skill "Unification" is activated, they would become powerful fighter that runs at high speed on four legs.

Their combined strength after unification is approximately Rank A.

The ability is specialized in battling a single enemy, that's why its combat rank does not reach Rank A. But with that being said, its combat ability is still outstanding. If several groups of its users fight together, they may stand a chance against a Rank A majin.

Since the goblin riders are good at teamwork.

They are most reliable in high speed communication and on top of that, have endured much

harsh training. After all, they've been personally trained (fucked) by Hakuro.

One can imagine the horrifying sight of such a corp being mobilized in group of hundreds.

They are likely very different from the combat rank assigned by the humans, so I'm very much looking forward to the performance of these fighters.

And up next are Benimaru's subordinates.

Since I've become the leader of Jura Forest, the combat capabilities of these monsters have increased drastically.

Especially the Ogre race that have around three hundred personals.

The ones with impressive fighting capabilities among them are all young lads who were born from the village that sought help from me initially. They seem to have been blessed with evolution due to their admiration for Benimaru and the others.

It's really quite surprising.

Some of them joined in voluntarily, among them joined as named fighter already. Their strength can rival that of lesser majin, which make them quite reliable fighters.

The wild, unintelligent ogre has already reached Rank B before they joined. And now they are all equipped well and have learnt skills.

No way they aren't strong.

These people formed Benimaru's personal bodyguards, named "Kurenai"<sup>12</sup>.

This is a combat group with individual strength up to Rank A-minus.

And now let's see the constituents of the vanguards led by Benimaru.

There are roughly four thousand hobgoblins who have all undergone intriguing evolution.

They've gained "Flame Control" and "Heat Change Resistance," therefore turning into elemental fire.

A rather surprising change.

Their individual rank is B, the same as the special attack force that focuses on strong attack power.

And since all of these hobgoblins have green skins, all of their names are related to green.

I can't imagine anyone to name them with these names, I really hope he'd had a better vision for the future.

«Answer. Master was the one who named them.»

I know already!

I can't believe someone would tease me. So annoying!

It's really because I didn't think that much in the past.

The evolution of monster is truly amazing.

And since the members are all named after the color green, the corp's name is also named the Green Corps.

Life is all about being simplistic.

Since it was Benimaru's subordinates, I wanted to use red as their's but green is profound in

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<sup>12</sup>Red Flame Group

its own way. The members all have fire attacks unlike the color of their skins. It should create a surprise for the opponents, so it would do just fine.

I need to dye their equipment green as well and give them chances to display their strength.

And further down I saw Geld's troops that have formed two lines of wall with the Green Corps.

The orcs' evolution also came in group.

Everyone obtained Extra Skill 'Superhuman Strength' and "Iron Wall" which serve to fortify their bodies. The captains additionally the Extra Skill 'Earth Manipulation' that enables them to manipulate soil at will.

These are the new skills Geld mentioned before. They seem to be very useful in the mass-production of trenches.

And everyone also gained Extra Skill 'Full-Body Fortification' that makes the corp structure to focus on defense capabilities.

Furthermore, they've inherited most of my resistance. Besides "Physical Attack Resistance," they also gained "Pain/Corrosion/Electricity/Paralysis Resistance."

The complete version of the shield that I gifted to Kabal once, the Charybdis Scale Shield has been crafted to achieve unique-grade in terms of quality and possess defense capability against Magic.

In other words, they can now resist both physical and magical attacks.

I also genuinely considered helping them gain poison resistance with Shion's cooking... But I should probably give up that though...

Sigh, if only could I get another batch of Charybdis scales. Garm has finished processing the final product so Kurobe could replicate them in large quantities. I really appreciate these professional craftsmen.

Now we are able to turn them into a strong corp with individual rank reaching B. If all of its members can unique-grade equipment, they would easily surpass the standards of a normal army.

They can be said to be an overpowered corp of defensive force.

It has five thousand members in total.

And with more and more volunteers joining, the number continues to grow.

They would handle construction projects in daily lives and turn into a strong legion if encounter any emergency.

Who are capable of resisting all sorts of attack that can be said to be the legion of Iron Wall.

—The Yellow Corps, would be the official name of this legion.

Behind them are the some hundred dragonoids led by Gabil.

The Dragonoids already possesses very high racial attributes. And it is natural that they are up to Rank A.

With my blessings, the blood of dragon has been awakened more thoroughly. They've gained the intrinsic skill of "Dragon Warrior Conversion."

They also get to choose either "Black Flame Fog" or "Black Lightning Fog," and thus gained

an additional range attack ability.

Gabil is able to use both skills, very impressive!

And so I'm only not sure about what "Dragon Warrior Conversion" is.

«Answer. Intrinsic Skill 'Dragon Warrior Conversion' is—»

Ah, no need to explain.

I already know I can't use that skill, so there's no use hearing the explanation.

I just hope that they would be able to use this skill well. But I trust Gabil and the rest would work hard on their own to figure out the skills themselves. There's no point in gaining power without hard work. Or at least that's how I see it.

Eh, so what about me?

I have the Ultimate Skill 'Wisdom King Raphael.' I'll be fine against any challenge with the aid of Raphael.

Raphael is my power, so in some sense, it is the equivalent of me working very hard. That's why it's perfectly reasonable to say I've not slacked one bit in terms of effort.

And that would be it. I hope Gabil-kun and his partners could learn to use that skill well before the next crisis strike! Even though it's a bit irresponsible on my part, I still hope they would work hard on it.

Just saying, but what a waste it is for these subordinates to serve Gabil.

They are all able to fly, making their fog attack from the sky hard to defend against.

Their racial attributes granted them many innate resistances.

They were born with hardened scale that's hard as steel and equips chest piece crafted with magical steel.

Weaker attack, whether with sword or magic won't be able to pierce through it.

They have an overwhelming advantage already given their flying capability and now they also get the body of defense.

They are the assault squad possessing the trinity of speed, attack and defense.

So I've officially named them "Hiryuu"<sup>13</sup>.

They only have around hundred members, yet they are the strongest troop in our nation.

The ones standing in the last row are the newly appointed troops.

These troops are my personal bodyguards.

And the one leading them is Shion.

Structurally, it consists around a hundred members who were all previously resurrected.

Some of them used to be children and they were able to age quickly to their adolescence. There's no doubt that their regrets of not being able to fight back during the riot has prompted them to evolve... They gained the following skills, Extra Skill 'Perfect Memory' and "Automatic Regeneration."

The two skills accommodate each other well.

Since they have "Perfect Memory," even if their head gets blown off, their memory would

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<sup>13</sup>Kanji translates to "Flying Dragon Group"

still remain intact in their astral body. And as long as they activate “Automatic Regeneration” during this period, they would be able to save themselves with the possibility of getting revived.

To be honest, they’ve gained the impressive regenerative ability that was also displayed by the Orc Disaster.

Now if they somehow evolved “Automatic Regeneration” to “Super Regeneration,” they would almost have an unkillable body.

There are in total a hundred of them. But it’s honestly rather repulsive.

Apart from that, they’ve become quite arrogant having obtained fierce speed of regeneration and are able to survive Shion’s hellish special training at ease.

By the way, someone even said “What’s to worry about it since we won’t die!.” It came from a little girl who was just a kid recently… I’m really speechless towards that.

I’m not sure if I should scold her or encourage her.

Right now, they are only around Rank C, but I have a feeling that they would become the strongest unit in our nation.

The troops’ name is “Yomigaeri”<sup>14</sup>, which has the meaning of overcoming death; it will be a good match to them.

And that’s about it, the above is all of the report.

With the changes brought by my evolution as well as their own efforts afterward, they have achieved fruitful results and made a magnificent display of their strength.

At first, I thought they’ve only gained some combat capabilities.

Yet now this army with less than ten thousand soldiers can easily take down those standard army.

They are greatly outnumbered by the Farmus army I eliminated, yet their abilities are far above them.

Ehh, what a surprising result from the report.

Their only weakness is their small number, I’d have to slowly increase after assessing our national power carefully. But ten thousand should be sufficient for a standing army.

Besides, there are still reserved forces in the town that are responsible for defense.

It is a troop assembled by the residents of the Jura Great Forest.

The difference is still too large, so I didn’t allow them to join in the battle. But it’s possible to turn them into a combat force after more trainings in the future.

That matter would have to wait for another day.

This concludes the report brought by Benimaru.

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<sup>14</sup>The words has a similar pronunciation to the Japanese word for resurrection.

By the way, it's quite a majestic sight when all ten thousand subordinates are lined up.

There are also ten thousand Beastmen warriors.

The two armies with a total of twenty thousand personnel quietly await their moment to march.

Shion's "Shikokushu" are acting now as my personal bodyguards, so I've told to stay out of the army for now. Instead they would be watching over their base this time, so it would only lead to nuisances if they line up along the rest.

"Rimuru-sama, everything is ready."

Rigurd arrives and reports to me.

I really need to thank him for ordering all these without rest.

And Rigurd would respond "That's too kind of you—" and gives a satisfied smile.

All right, the preparation is done. It's time for some "Teleportation."

"Ah, Alvis-san—"

"You can call me Alvis, Rimuru-sama."

Alvis responded to me like that.

And I was hoping to act more politely, but it did the opposite effect and caused her to panic. I suppose I would be more straight-forward then.

"I see, Alvis. We've gathered all of your companions in the other side, please inform them of the results of our meeting. I'd bet Phobio is formatting the troops there, so I'll leave the rest to you!"

"Understood. We will never forget your kindness."

Alvis bows deeply to me, followed by Suphia as well as the rest of the Beastmen.

I got the sudden pressure of having forced others into submission. But I endured my feelings, after all, these are gestures of their gratitude.

"Rimuru-sama has helped us so much. Now we can be relieved of our concerns and beat the crap out of Clayman's people. Please allow us to resolve your grievances with Clayman in your place!"

Suphia says so and laughs.

What a beauty indeed, but her expression is quite scary.

Alvis seems to agree to her along those words and also shows a scary expression with killing aura all over the place. The two seem to be saying that they are all hyped up for the havoc they are going to cause.

There are twenty thousand Beastmen in total, perhaps they don't really need reinforcement... Actually, the more the people the better.

If we consider their army alone, they would still lose to Clayman's army in terms of number.

With the addition of my reinforcement, the united army reaches thirty thousand men like Clayman's army.

We have the same number of soldiers and the advantage of higher quality of soldiers.

The problem is however...

"Right Benimaru, is there any problem with the attack plan?"

I've run around for the entire yesterday to gather all the Beastmen and had Benimaru showed them the attack plan again. There were no major changes, but if I take out the part concerning the refugee groups that were distracting the enemies, some modifications to the details must be made.

"Hmm, there is no problem. Since Clayman's target is the citizens of the Beast Kingdom, active retreats would definitely be effective, right?"

Benimaru responds so with a smile that bears cunningness.

Hmm, I also think it's a good method. There is no need for them to clash head on and results in casualty.

"Yes. I've discussed with Benimaru-san. Right now we still have time to switch battlefield, so we may commence our attack later—"

Alvis follows through as well while playing her golden khakkhara<sup>15</sup> and begins to discuss the attack plan delightfully.

Everything seems all right.

If Clayman couldn't get what he wanted before the Walpurgis Banquet, he would definitely take it out on his subordinate.

And if the commander gets desperate and begins to act recklessly in fear of Clayman's fury, we would really gain more advantage through it.

"—The troops would be allocated near the entrance of Jura Great Forest. That wasteland was once my hometown. Today it is the site of the fallen orc kingdom Obic, where my brethren are buried."

Geld says so almost with a hidden sentiment of hatred.

That kingdom was destroyed due to Clayman's conspiracy, and now it will be the location of the final battle.

The writing was on the wall all these times, could this be karma in work?

The attack plan is very simple.

We will have the refugees pretending to escape into the Jura Great Forest and have our forces confront the pursuing enemies face-on.

That's it.

'Wisdom King Raphael' has assisted me to perfectly simulate the battle scenario in my head. With the input of the information and descriptions given by Souei's party, I am able to create a sketch, that is very similar to the reality, of the blueprints of future events.

And through my "Telepathy Net," I was able to transfer this information to everyone for their convenience in grasping the situation.

We initially planned to bait the enemies while protecting the refugees to retreat, and then surround and eliminate them. And with the modification of the plan, the faster moving crowds will now act as baits. This has lowered the risks of individual party getting defeated. It is natural then that it will significantly increases the chances of success of the plan.

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<sup>15</sup>A khakkhara is a Buddhist ringed staff used primarily in prayer or as a weapon that originates from India.

The key is to lure the enemies deep into the forest to eliminate.

I wasn't planning to kill them all, but to let some escape. But it would be troublesome if they regroup and fight back.

I suppose I'll do this one through and through.

"Benimaru, you know what to do, right?"

"Of course. I'll show them living hell so they'll never dare to have the thought of opposing us."

Benimaru answers with a delightful smile.

Ah, that is the expression of no mercy for enemies.

"Kill them all, Benimaru!"

"Kufufufufu. If you don't take out the trash early, it may stink in the future."

Shion and Diablo encourages Benimaru loud.

Encouragement—The word seems mildly inappropriate here, but I digress.

Those two also want to join the battle. They sure are war fanatic, but unfortunately, it's not happening this time.

Shion would stay along my side to prepare for the Walpurgis Banquet.

Diablo would set out later to conquer Farmus.

This is why they won't be able to take part in this battle.

I'll leave the rest to Benimaru and wait for the good news.

"All right, report to me immediately if anything happens. I'll send you guys in now; you must achieve victory!"

" " "YES SIR! WE SHALL ACHIEVE VICTORY FOR YOU!" " "

Several lines of sights were laid on me.

I glance through the crowds with my golden eyes and initiated the magic circle.

I've practiced this several times last night and grown quite familiar with it.

A giant magic circle appears on the ground where the twenty-thousand men army stands, and it begins to stack from bottom to top.

There are several layers of geometric patterns within the square that appeared, I can understand none of it.

It truly causes a lot of magicules and concentration trying to teleport twenty thousand men at the same time. My magicules are depleting gradually, but it seems sufficient when I count it.

But with that being said, I've stored up too much magicules.

Around five minutes passed since.

Everyone has been standing still for the teleportation magic circle to be completed.

Afterward, as the square travels above everyone's head, in an instant—A blinding bright light appears and the army disappears entirely.

The teleportation has ended. It seems I've successfully sent everyone away.

By the way, I got super scared initiating this for the first time last night.

After all, it shone such a bright light at midnight. It got me all spooked worrying it might have been spotted by Clayman's army.

After which I used smoke screening magic to cover up the light of the magic circle.

Everything has a chance to fail, so I should never get careless.

This time there is no need to hide the light, so I get to witness the spectacle.

“Sasuga Rimuru-sama, what a beautiful spell!”

“Indeed, its sight alone had me mesmerized!”

Diablo begins to praise me with Shion, unwilling to miss out, starting to flatter me.

Diablo seems to like magic a lot.

Perhaps we will discuss more about magic after the dust is settled with the issue at hand.

He may know some magic I've never heard of.

And Shion, I need to be careful about her getting jealous of people around me.

It will be really troublesome if she tries to mess with others.

I think so while nodding to the two, then proceed to leave the location.

After everyone has left, Veldora who seems to be bored come strolling to me.

After which he starts to make some idiot talks.

“Rimuru, why don't you let me go beat the crap out of them?”

Of course this guy didn't hear a thing I said.

“Didn't I tell you already! You need to keep your thing a secret before the Walpurgis Banquet! If you go on a rampage there, you will be exposing us right there!”

“GA—HAHA, oh yeah, there's that. I happened to forget about it.”

You'd better be!

Mister Give me headache.

Would it work if I give him a bunch of more mangas beforehand?

I'm still concerned that he may mess something up.

I gotta find someone to keep an eye on him.

Later this noon, Youm and his party also went on their journey.

I've told them to chat a lot about the resurrection of Veldora on their way to Farmus. And also have them spread the news in all the villages to let the rumor spread out.

The reason behind is very obvious, to let Clayman get hold of it.

I really hope this news reach him soon, I thought so as I sent them out.

Diablo told me: “Don't worry, I'll be right back.” How low are you looking down on the Kingdom of Farmus? That actually caused me to worry about him. But I'll leave it to him.

Everyone would encounter failure at some point, it won't be late to consider things when it happens.

After that, Gazel also returned to Dwargon. His ministers seem to have been furious so he went back in panic...Something must have gone wrong with his body double.

You could imagine that.

I swear not to follow his footstep. So I need to plan everything perfectly.

With that thought circling in my mind, I saw Gazel off.

Another day passed.

According to the message sent by Benimaru, they were successfully teleported to their des-

tination.

However, this doesn't mean everything would be smooth-sailing onward.

The thirty-thousand men army as well as the refugee were very restricted in terms of movement. Even if they are all strong beastmen unlike humans and the arrival time to the destination won't be prolonged for long, still...

No need to worry, I've already planned out solutions.

"Just like that, I've prepared the area for reception, so we can teleport the non-combatants back to the town in Tempest Federation."

I pat on Benimaru's shoulder as I finish my sentence.

"Oh yeah... You can do that..."

Benimaru gives a look that says, "Why didn't I realize that earlier" and sighs.

No no no, this type of teleportation spell would consume a lot of my magicules. And the more people there are the more magicules it costs.

I didn't have much strength left after teleporting the twenty thousand people yesterday. I can't spam the spell too much, so it hasn't been a waste of time.

Besides, this spell has some brand-new elements that may topple common senses. I would definitely come up with ways to actively exploit this in the battlefield. Furthermore considering that there are probably very few people who can cast this type of large scale magic, we thus will turn the table around and have the advantage.

Anyhow, after sending everyone off yesterday, Rigurd has since finished preparing the location for the refugee to spend the night. So I only intend to teleport them back.

That's how it is, to teleport everyone back as soon as possible.

They are also coping quite well. Those who are teleported back got used to it very quickly. No one showed any sign of distress, that's impressive.

I told Rigurd to lead everyone here.

And I can continue to work on a certain something left over from yesterday.

I hope I could get this done on time with the Walpurgis Banquet and pray there wouldn't be any emergency.



Everything has been smooth-sailing since and the day of Walpurgis Banquet has finally arrived.

I finished the work at hand before lunch and enter the final stage after noon.

I finally got a breath as I seem to have caught up in time.

"Rimuru, this is..."

"How about it, isn't it amazing?"

"You are a genius!"

Who are you by the way...to put my question aside, I don't have time with her.  
I need to rest myself well for the night.  
That's why, Ramiris, I'm gonna ignore your silly talk.  
As such, I finished my lunch and entered the final stage of work.  
I put the finalized product in my "Stomach" and head to the Dryad residence where Treyni-san lives.

Veldora also wanted to follow, but I told him to endure it for now. Although it's unlikely, I left him there in case the town goes under attack.

Right now, the town of Tempest Federation is under the protection of Veldora's "Barrier." It can also prevent Clayman's eavesdrop, but it will be problematic if the barrier is removed.

I told him to bring him out next time, and I, Ramiris and Treyni-san set out.  
I feel kind of sorry for him, however, I did tell Beretta to stay with Veldora.  
He definitely would be handled like a servant, so I also feel sorry for Beretta. I've got to compensate him next time.

Like that, we activated "Dimension Manipulation" and changed location.  
As I arrive at the residence, I see the insect monster Apito and Zegion.  
When I first rescued Apito, it was around fifty centimeters long. Now it has grown healthily to fifty centimeters. It makes me happy seeing it is able to grow up healthily.

The other one, Zegion, has grown to around seventy centimeters. It seems to have grown quite strong now that the lower monster won't even dare to mess with it.

It seems that no monster around here could beat Zegion, its strength is rather mysterious. I once told it to not be stubborn in battle, so he shouldn't have fought any uncertain battle.

Zegion is aware of his limitation unlike Gobta or Gabil who gets cocky every time they improve. Zegion is a very reliable individual.

Apito happily approached us after discovering me and gifted me some hone.  
Thanks, this is an amazing medicine! Knowing so, I gotta take a bite fast.  
Honey is the perfect solution to smooth tiredness.  
As expected of the super rare and effective medicine that would cure anything illness.

"R-Rimuru, wait up—no, Rimuru-san? I have something to ask you..."  
Ramiris starts to ask me with an anxious tone.  
"What's wrong?"  
"T-that insect, wouldn't it be a legion bee...right?"  
"No idea, I don't know."  
"No idea... I mean, are you seriously!"  
Ramiris is greatly shocked by it, so what if it is a legion bee?  
"Rimuru-sama, as that sama has mentioned, I am the highest ranked breed among the Legion Bees, the Queen Bee. If you so desire, shall I summon my subordinates?"

Oh oh, that sounds cool. But there's no need for that right now.  
"You can summon them when this residence is in danger. If you want to find your more of your companions, you can discuss that with Treyni-san and then summon."

“There is no need. Then I won’t summon them now.”

Apito flaps its wing and left happily with a “Buzzzzz” sound.

That buzz sound sounds both beautiful and cruel and seem to be able to cut people in half with just its sound. Could it be that the Legion Bees are some type of dangerous monster?

—N-no way, right? Apito has been collecting honey for me, how can it be dangerous?

Besides there is Zegion.

Zegion bows to me in silence and follows Apito away.

It really has some celebrity like style, resembling a lot to an insect king.

It may even grow stronger and evolve. I’ll invite him to be my subordinate by that time.

I turn back to see Ramiris all speechless with Treyni-san comforting her.

“You were right, it says it’s a Legion bee. And it seems to be a queen as well!”

I try to talk to Ramiris.

“I heard it too! Seriously, you...Uhh, never mind. Your ability seems to have no bound.

Speaking of that, the other one also seems...no, there’s no way...”

Etc, she begins to say some bizarre things.

It’s annoying trying to get in her head, plus there’s no time, so I won’t put this on my mind.

Whatever Ramiris says is probably not important, probably.

We’ve reached our destination.

Below the core of Treyni-san—The Giant Spirit Tree.

I take out the completed work from my “Stomach.”

As for what it is, it’s actually a dark orb.

There is no light reflecting on it nor is there any shining from it. However, this object carries certain power.

Its usage would be...

Treyni-san—to be more accurate, Dryads, are the offspring of fairies. They are spiritual life form that gained their bodies by merging with trees. This created their physical bodies that are made up of magicule, which allows their astral body to possess and leave at will.

But no matter how they do it, their core remains within the forest, that is the Great Spirit Tree.

It would seem that the location of Walpurgis Banquet is set in a special dimension where Treyni-san may be rejected from entering. Considering that, I decided to operate a big surgery to free her core from its restraint.

Unlike Beretta, who doesn’t possess a body in the physical world, Treyni-san has one. That’s why in order for her to possess onto a new body, I need to transfer the core of her current body to the new one.

With a new core that is, I’ve got that part covered.

I am able to produce “Holy Magic Core”<sup>16</sup> under special conditions and with the necessary ingredients. The orb I just took out is the vessel for the “Holy Magic Core.”

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<sup>16</sup>The name here is “Holy Demonic Core,” so basically mixing properties of both elements of holy and demonic

To explain these, it is like extracting the magicule stone from a monster and getting rid of the magicules in it. It is very hard to turn it into one without any attribute, I failed several times before success. And I spent the day before collecting the necessary ingredients for creating this vessel.

In order to create “Holy Magic Core,” I need to balance the holy aura and monster aura within the vessel.

If it’s for Beretta, you only need to take the same amount of both before reversing their properties. But it won’t work on Treyni-san.

That’s why, apart from the holy aura inserted to the vessel by Treyni-san, I need to control and release the same amount of monster aura into it.

Come on, ‘Wisdom King Raphael.’ It’s time for your operation.

Once it begins, Treyni-san, without hesitation, transfers her holy aura into the vessel. Meanwhile, I insert the monster aura.

This is a delicate operation that we are both following through.

The Great Spirit Tree begins to gradually wither as it loses its life force. It is this moment that the orb starts to glow and distinguish in a cycle.

It is just like heart-beats.

Light and shadow interweave.

Afterward—

The orb begins to give off a hazy green glow.

It is the ignition of the fire of life.

«Announcement. Mixed in individual name: Treyni’s Attributes, “Holy Magic Core” creation successful.»

As predicted.

“We did it. From now on this orb would be Treyni-san’s core.”

“Thank you, Rimuru-sama!”

“Thanks, Rimuru! Now we can bring Treyni along without a problem!”

“Yeah, we should. But, speaking of that...”

Now she won’t get cut off from communicating with her core, now would she be missing when we enter a different dimension. But I still think there’s something missing.

“Treyni-san, since this tree was your core, do you mind if I take it?”

“Of course, please use it as you wish.”

I express my thanks and begin to execute the idea I just came up with.

“What are you doing?”

“Hehe, just sit and watch!”

I begin to cut down the woods and process it into shape.

These are parts of a highly simulated humanoid doll.

“Ohoh, OHOHOHOH! Could it be that you want to!!”

Ramiris has seen my process of producing Beretta and seems to have realized my intent.

That’s right, I’m utilizing the Great Spirit Tree that was affected by Treyni-san’s magic to

create a temporary body for her.

Like that, three hours passed.

I finally finish making the doll since afternoon.

I've strengthened it with "Magical Steel" in the inside and polished the wood that it's its appearance. It is surprisingly comfortable on the hand and it's very much near completion.

"Ohoh, could this be..."

Treyni-san who seldom shows surprise looks rather shocked.

"Right, isn't it a fine job? If you don't mind, you can use this as your body."

There's no need to ask for an answer.

Ramiris is overjoyed and started to hurry Treyni to try it on—

Treyni-san is also very grateful and possesses the new body while thanking me.

From that moment onward, this doll would become Treyni-san's core body.

Just like that, a completely independent Dryad is born.

Once the "Holy Magic Core," which is often compared to as the heart of monster, is possessed onto the doll, the burst of magic begins to spread throughout the surface of the wood. What follows was the surprisingly damping of the white wood grain that makes it as smooth and polished as human skin.

No, it has surpassed the human skin to become a beauty beyond the human realm.

Unlike Beretta, whose face was made up of his skull, the wood used is carved such that its head has a simple sketch of Treyni-san's face. But as soon as she possesses into it, it begins to show a gentle look that is resembles closely of real humans.

Even though it is wood carving, it is able to open its mouth and blink.

The rationales are all mysteries. The only explanation is that she is a monster.

Perhaps it was because the wood was once her core, the two coexists very well. Anyhow, the operation turns out to be successfully due to my flash of idea.

For some reason, even her power was increased.

Before I inserted my monster aura, 'Wisdom King Raphael' extracted the perfect amount and formed the "Holy Magic Core" that is perfectly in sync with Treyni-san's holy aura. In other words, her magicule count is doubled as a result.

Apart from obtaining both holy and monster attributes, she seems to have picked up new skills as well. Shion's magicule storage has always been the highest within my companions, yet her presence now feels stronger.

This is definitely stronger than Orc Disaster.

But it still couldn't reach the same level as Demon Lord Karion. They both are, nonetheless, very strong in their own way.

She seems to be equal to Disaster Rank S.

She's not Calamity-equivalent Special A Rank, which is what applies to a demon lord...

The rank system made by the freedom association probably couldn't find the equivalent of this type of special majin. I personally think she's close to demon lord level, it is probably the correct guess.

Dryad Humanoid Fairy—A wise monster that can rival demon lord. Now that Treyni-san has undergone this transition, she has become a powerful majin that follows Ramiris.

Raphael must also be surprised too.

«Answer. It's all within my prediction.»

See, isn't it surprised!

I know, it's being sour for losing.

«...»

Raphael has no comment.

After achieving the small triumph mentally, I went to state farewell to Treyni-san's sisters.

Treyni-san's sister Trya and Delis witnessed the whole operation. They both looked quite jealous. Speaking of them, shouldn't I reward the hardworking moderators that's been watching over Jura Great Forest, running a surgery or two with them won't matter much... But that would need to be on hold for now.

We'll discuss more when I return safely from the Walpurgis Banquet.

If they all decide to follow and serve Ramiris, it would be a headache when Jura Great Forest no longer has moderators.

I return to the town having all these thoughts processed.

The preparations are complete.

I raise my head unconsciously and find no trace of the moon but the beautiful stars shining across the galaxy.

Oh yeah, tonight is the night of the new moon.

Under such beautiful night sky, the bell of war has rung.

At this very moment—

Covered by the shining light of stars under the night sky, I walk towards my battlefield.

**Interlude**

# The Demon Lords

**That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime**

## Interlude

### The Demon Lords

Demon Lord Clayman holds his glass of wine in one hand and awaits the arrival of that moment quietly.

Tonight is the night of Walpurgis Banquet.

He looks both happy and irritated while analyzing several intel in his mind.

First, the bad news.

He has ignored his friend Laplace's advice and ordered the attack on Beast Kingdom Euzazania. But it turned out there wasn't a single citizen there, and it was a waste of his time.

He went on a raging storm after receiving a report from the commanding officer Yamza. But he can't give out order hastily without knowing the circumstances. That's why Clayman temporarily assembled the army to conduct a thorough search within the area.

As a result, they discovered a group of escapees.

Upon receiving the report, Clayman decided to order a pursuit without even thinking and dispatched reconnaissance around the area to spot out the hidden survivors.

And as it turned out, several hundred residents were hiding in the area, Clayman thus ordered his generals to take care of all of them.

However, the survivors went on escape as soon as the order is delivered.

Clayman was also bewildered by this and ordered an investigation out of confusion. That was the moment he discovered that there were thousands of refugees around the area that has gathered and escaped to the Jura Forests.

The hidden survivors were distractions to facilitate the escape of the main population.

*Cheeky bastards!*

Until that point did Clayman realize why the residents of the Beast Kingdom were nowhere to be seen. They have already mass migrated to seek refugee from Rimuru.

And those escapees have noticed the movements of Clayman's army. Thus they've released baits to help the rest to escape—This is how Clayman analyzes the situation.

His plan to hunt down some souls before the Walpurgis Banquet has now failed. This unforeseen occurrence greatly displeases Clayman.

“Yamza, the Banquet is starting soon. Before I return, move out all of our force. Do not let anyone escape. Kill them all and bring me the survivors.”

“Your wish is my command!”

Clayman nods in responding to his subordinate. It has become an unarguable fact that it is too late for him to awake.

Clayman ends the magical communication; having much anger still remained in his heart. But on the other hand, there are also good news.

Clayman can collect intelligence through the landscape—electric signal and earth magnetism. No one knows about his talents, which is why Clayman was able to obtain immense amount of information.

This is the origin of Clayman’s title “Marionette Master.”

When he first obtained this skill, he could only interfere with individuals within his line of sights. Nowadays, this power has grown because of Clayman’s continuous efforts developing it and has become the trump card that backs him up.

The power, namely the Unique Skill ‘Manipulator’— allows him to transform intel into coded transmission so as to monitor within a large radius. He is able to dispatch and monitor his subordinates, thus gain intelligence through their points of view.

He gained the intelligence regarding the revival of “Storm Dragon” Veldora through it.

It wasn’t anything of interest to him, by chance he overheard some conversations worth investigating made by the group of humans who appeared to have been kept alive even after communicating with the storm dragon. The information Clayman got through eavesdropping the men dressed like adventurers who were leaving the monster town turns out to be a huge surprise to him.

This was how it went.

The self-proclaimed leader of the Jura Forest Rimuru in fact, did not eliminate the Farmus army. That was due to the revival of Storm dragon which led to the disappearance of that entire army even to this day. And it is rumored that the dragon has lost more than half of its magicule after its recent revival.

That would prove why the vast Jura forest has not shown much magical reaction and why the adventurers were lucky enough to survive to retell these stories and reveal the fact to Clayman. If the “Storm Dragon” Veldora has been revived, Clayman, a demon lord, could not have missed it out. It is most likely true as the rumor goes the battle against the Farmus army has likely depleted most of his power.

These two pieces of intelligence gave Clayman headache.

*Why not we go wage war against the evil dragon now and defeat it at ease. On top of that, it may probably even be of use to me—*

Yes, Clayman has ambition as well.

It would seem that the evil dragon has made its base at the town built by the monsters, which would make intelligence gathering harder around the area, but... He thinks it’s nothing to be rushed as of the moment. That evil dragon won’t be able to restore its strength in two or

three days, so he can take care of it after the Walpurgis Banquet.

*If the situation remains against our favor, I'll just send Milim to deal with it. Compared to that, I should—*

Upon thinking so, Clayman decides to focus on dealing with the Banquet.

Perhaps he shouldn't have put that much faith in Milim's power—

Clayman must have realized as well, that there are many suspicious points.

The enemy has suffered no casualty by now and it doesn't make much sense. Besides, the survivors who are supposed to be scattered all over the region are now gathering up.

This intelligence are too important for the cautious Clayman to overlook.

But right now, the man in charge of the operation at the scene is Yamza, not Clayman.

Apart from that, Clayman's head has been preoccupied with the incoming Walpurgis Banquet. It holds a significant purpose.

The renowned autist (shut-in) Demon Lord Ramiris suddenly demanded to add on a proposal and requested to have the person in question, Rimuru to attend the Banquet.

Even Clayman could not have anticipated this turn of event, letting him unable to make a judgement for the time.

When he was concerning, everyone else just decided to accept the proposal. Now there is no room to rebut.

But at this point, the crisis may have turned into an opportunity.

*No, this is perfect in fact. In the end, Rimuru would show his true color. I almost got fooled around by him about him taking on the entire Farmus army alone and triumphed. You can't conceal a lie like that.*

Clayman gives off a cunning grin as he thinks so.

Since Rimuru wishes to join the Banquet, why not I welcome his participation.

Clayman just has to show the difference in strength between Rimuru and himself in front of the rest of the demon lords.

*A lowly slime tries to act all mighty with the aid of an evil dragon! You should feel honored to be defeated by my hands.*

Clayman thinks over about his glorious future.

—However, he has overlooked something.

Overlooked the slight lack of balance in the battlefield.

—Be careful Clayman! Don't act recklessly without thinking, and you'd better not get careless.

The words of his friend cross his mind for a second.

Clayman feels a sudden sense of unease.

It is almost as if it's telling him that he has missed out certain piece of the jigsaw.

But Clayman instead, decides to laugh it off.

*Don't worry, Laplace. I will win—*

As if he's trying to shake off the unease, Clayman downs the rest of the wine in a go.



Frey, with a worrying heart, prepares for the upcoming Walpurgis Banquet.

The situation has changed completely within a short period of time that it has completely deviated from the initial plan.

Now with everything developing out of her expectation, she has no idea what the outcome would be.

But Frey is not nervous about it.

She knows herself well that she will conduct everything calmly.

That is how “The Harpy Queen” Frey should behave.

It’s definitely a good thing to have an ideal outcome, but if things continue to develop towards the wrong direction...

She has made up her mind to be personally involved if that time arrives.

Since she has made a deal with someone from that day onward.

In order to defeat Charybdis, she accepted a proposal from Clayman. Its cost being for Frey to agree to a request of Clayman.

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A few months ago, Milim came to visit Frey.

*Pang!* With that sound, she opened the door rudely and entered the room.

This happens too often, so Frey was somewhat accustomed to it.

Besides, if any such immense and unconcealed magical aura ever approaches, it’s anyone guesses that it would be Milim.

Milim walked in to greet her immediately.

“Hey, Frey! Nice weather today!”

With smiles on her face, she didn’t care whether Frey was available to receive her.

She also intentionally used her hand to brush through her beautiful cherry-gold hair.

There is some strange-looking object equipped on her fingers.

It’s not a ring.

The young girl seems to have equipped a rough-edged knuckle used to protect four of her fingers.

But it seems rather fitting to Milim.

This skillfully crafted item is engraved with dragon patterns that possess strong magicule.

It doesn’t look strange at all being held in her tiny hands.

“Hmm—Isn’t it quite hot here?”

She said so while using her palm as a fan.

Milim has never been mindful of temperature before, so her motive is quite clear.

“Ara, Milim. Long time no see, you seem to be in a good mood today. Did something good happen to you?”

Frey asked as she played along with her. If she did not ask, Milim would continue to keep up the act with her till the ends of time.

“Hmm-hmm, can you tell? It’s actually like this, check it out!”

Milim said so while showing off the dragon patterned knuckles on her hands.

And she shows off while saying “hehehe.”

Frey didn’t know what to do with her and could only sigh in her heart.

“Well indeed that’s true! I think it suits you very well. How did you come across it?”

She guessed that Milim would want her to ask more, so she did.

Milim, on the other, hand starts to beat around the bush: “Do you want to know? Now what should I do—I guess I can tell you... Hmm—what to do, what to do—”

Annoying. Such an act is even irritating to Frey who’s been used to her actions for all these years of interactions.

“Ah, Milim. Aren’t we “Friends”? So it should be fine to tell me, right?”

Milim’s eyes shines hearing Frey’s words.

“That’s right! Indeed, indeed. We are friends! All right, I’ll tell you! As a matter of fact—”

She seemed happy hearing Frey’s words. Milim then started to tell Frey all about the monster town happily.

Frey kept on listening to her unstopping bragging and was forced to admire different outfits of hers.

Frey couldn’t hide her confusion since she has never seen Milim been in such a happy state.

But with that being said, Frey determined it was time to carry out her promise with Clayman.

“Right, Milim. As a “Friend,” I would like to gift you something. Are you willing to take it?”

After which, Frey signaled her maid.

The maid brought an object to them.

It was a beautiful shining pendant with a purple fabric as a base.

The pendant has a beautiful orb engraved onto it. It’s most certainly top-ranked goods, the type that even outsiders could tell it costs a fortune.

“Hmm? Isn’t this a pendant? Can I take it? But I won’t give you my knuckles even if I take this from you!”

Frey responded with a wry smile.

“No problem, Milim. This thing shall symbolize our friendship. Since it’s a gift from ‘Friend,’ you don’t have to be courteous with me. I’d be happy if you are willing to wear it.”

Frey hurries her with a kind smile, and Milim nods while smiling.

“Then just wait and see!”

After which, Milim puts it on her with a smile on her face.

«Forbidden curse “Demon Lord Domination”... Conjured successfully.»

At that moment, the expression on Milim’s face faded instantly.

There was nothing else in her eyes, the light within them that symbolizes consciousness has faded away.

The pendant has released its magic and the forbidden curse has corrupted Milim.

This pendant was the secret jewel given to Frey by Clayman—The orb of domination. As for why she let Milim put on the pendant, it was because this was the deal, she made with Clayman.

*All right, I’ve done my part of the bargain. Then my duty is now done, what would happen to Milim—*

Frey begins to observe Milim.

She looks like a human doll with masquerade on, just standing there without any emotion.

For a moment, there were weak signs of struggle. Frey seemed to have crossed her eyes with Milim’s blue eyes.

For that instant, Frey senses something was amiss.

Could it be—

*Right, that means... That’s what it was, right, Milim—*

The dragon knuckles slipped through Milim’s joints and fell.

Frey loosened her breath seeing this.

“It’s done Clayman. Will this do?”

There was nothing in the shades of the room. Frey talked naturally towards a specific place.

There on the spot emerged a shadow, it was Clayman.

“Hohoho. Thanks for the trouble, Frey. Looks like now I’ve gained the strongest puppet! Gohahahaha! This is what happens when you look down on me as some newbie demon lord. How embarrassing you look now, Milim!”

Clayman lets out his laughter and begins to hit Milim hard with his hands.

Milim’s tender cheek begins to swell and her lips are split.

Without the multiple “Barrier” to defend herself, even Milim would be injured.

This plus the opponent being Clayman, a demon lord.

Of course she would bleed.

Clayman, with a light smile on his face, decides to continue his attack, however Frey responded coldly: “I’d suggest you refrain yourself.”

This is no comfortable scene to look at, besides—

“Huh! Don’t you think that this curse is some cheap shot that would be deactivated with a couple of hits. This is a forbidden curse with a massive amount of my magic inserted. Aren’t you annoyed too that she’s always acting all smug? That’s why you assisted me in the first place, right?”

“No. I did it to simply carry out our promise.”

“Don’t act all high and mighty now. You are welcome. This guy is just a puppet now, a very endurable one, as long as I repair it before breaking it completely.”

Clayman's eyes showed signs of madness as he gives Milim a kick to send her flying away. Frey looks at Clayman's actions with cold eyes.

*What an ugly man. So this is your nature—*

As such, Frey has seen through this man named Clayman. From now on, she decides to trust her instinct and take actions on her own.

"I mean, Clayman. You may not be aware but Milim has a self-defense mechanism. I once heard it from Milim that it is called 'Frenzy Berserk.' It would lead her to an uncontrolled state. You can go ahead and get yourself killed by it, just leave me out of it."

With Frey's reminder, Clayman finally regained calmness.

He smacks his lip with discontent.

"Tch, what's wrong with this demon lord... Anyway, if I play her right, I'll get more of a voice during my speech. Frey, you are my accomplice. So you'd better work for me like a doll."

"Are? Aren't we supposed to be on equal term?"

"You idiot! I made this plan. You are already my pawn. Or perhaps, you want to take a brawl with Milim?"

"—Are you threatening me?"

"Gohahahah! Whichever way you like to see it. If you don't want to die, you'd better stay on my good side."

To impose someone with both threats and compassion<sup>17</sup>, that would be an appropriate phrase to describe Clayman's arrogant speech.

Indeed, the plan was made by Clayman, plus information from unknown sources. After all Milim can't quite resist the word "Friend."

Frey is merely following her deal.

But the reason why she committed to it was because she has faith in certain things—

"...I understand."

"That's right. Don't even think about betraying me. If you'd like to hear my request, I'll allow you to continue as 'Ruler of the sky.'"

She is at the point of no return.

As such, Frey has fallen as Clayman's accomplice—or his puppet in reality.

—These are the events that took place several weeks before the day of destruction.

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Having withdrawn from the memory of that time, Frey sighs quietly.

Clayman has full control over Milim. With such violent power to back himself up, he's able to put high pressure on Frey as well.

Right now, Frey follows Clayman's order and is forced to be his accomplice.

This must have been her own doing—She mocks herself.

<sup>17</sup>This is a Japanese idiom, 恩威並行 or 恩威並び行われる

She was stupid enough to have trusted Clayman.  
But, on the other hand.  
Clayman is a cunning demon lord that can't be underestimated. He has too much confidence in his own strength.

—This is why it has colluded Clayman from seeing the nature of things.

But luckily, Frey possesses the insights to see the nature of things.

It is no skill, but simply the result of her interactions with other people.

Clayman only sees others as tools, thus he may never see the truth of things.

Frey decides to trust her own instinct and make a gamble.

No matter what the result is—

*Clayman, you won't live for any longer.*

Frey confirms the sequence of actions planned by her in heart.

Then she recalls the “Promise,” and a smile crawls up her cheek without her noticing.



In the frozen land where the freezing breezes of icy wind blows.

The surrounding of this land consists of ice plains with permanently frozen soil. The temperature is below a hundred and twenty Celsius, which very few living beings could survive under.

A castle stands tall in the central area.

A castle of beauty and fantasy.

A demon fortress projected to the physical realm through the use of unimaginable amount of magicule.

Its name is “Palace of White Ice.”

It is the residence of Demon Lord Guy Crimson.

Someone is stroking casually on the hallway of the castle.

The person has long blonde hair, below which his long and narrow blue eyes as well as his handsome appearance display a heavenly sight.

Those plus his smooth, white tender skin.

This is a handsome man with incredibly beautiful appearance that would make other question his gender.

He is Demon Lord Leon Cromwell, the so called “Platinum Demon” or “Platinum Saber.”

He's treating the castle as if it's his home and stroking around the hallway without a care.

A giant door lies in front of him, along it are beautiful sculptures. This door leads to the main hall where the ruler of the castle awaits.

Leon came to look for the ruler Guy Crimson.

He stood before the door and waited for the two strong demons to come forth and open the door.

Afterward—

“Demon Lord Leon Cromwell-sama has arrived!”

A beautiful demon with female form stood in the inner side of the door and announces.

The powerful greater demons split into two rows and await by the two sides of the door.

They are all named demons with flesh. Their strength has already surpassed greater demon, and could even easily outrank greater majins.

They are all equipped with magical equipment and all seem to have evolved.

In total, there are around two hundred of them.

There are even ones that may rival Special A Calamity.

However, even though these demons are considered top-notch in strength...

Deep into the meeting hall, the demon lord Guy Crimson sits in his throne at the center.

Right now there are six great demon lords awaiting his order. The rest of the demons seem far inferior when compared to the prestige displayed by the six.



All six demons are named Greater Demon General.

They all possess combat abilities to crash many among the rank of Calamity. It is likely that they may even have power to rival demon lords.

—But, even these six Great Demon Generals are not allowed to speak without permission here. This is due to the uncrossable gap in authority—

Just now it was a green-hair demon that informed the hall of Leon's visit and a blue-hair demon that tended to him.

Their beautiful appearances are like human desire manifested.

Both of whose fit bodies are covered by dark red maid suits.

The green-hair demon is named Mizeri, the Blue-hair demon's is Raine.

They speak for their king.

These two great demons are the left and right hands of the absolute ruler Guy Crimson.

Their rank “Demon Noble,” make them the strongest among the Calamity class.

Their power is sufficient to rival demon lords.

Leon walks down the central path and stops below the throne.

Mizeri and Raine bow to him and proceed to stand beside Guy on each side.

Meanwhile, the king stands up from his throne.

The only two persons who are permitted to move in the room are now only the two demon lords.

“Long time no see, my friend Leon. How have you been? I'm glad you've responded to my invitation. I should thank you for that.”

That is a wonderfully alluring voice.

His crimson red eyes have sparkled gold stars within; His slightly curly hair looks scarlet red like burning flame, its redness is thicker than the color of blood.

He's about the same height as Leon.

As opposed to Leon's feminine beauty, Guy's beauty comes from a place of pride and loneliness.

Such eerily bizarre beauty exudes the aura of an overlord.

He speaks to Leon and starts to move down from his high throne to Leon's face. His hands gradually wrapped around Leon's chest and hugs him close tightly.

His hands continue to move and fondle along Leon's face, and without hesitation, kisses him.

Leon's face frowns with disgust and pushes Guy away. He starts to complain as usual:

“Stop it. I'm not interested in men. Haven't I told you this several times already?”

His face looks confused as it stares at Guy angrily.

“Ahahaha. You are such a cold man as always. But if that's what you want, I'm fine with being a woman. But let's put that aside and change a place to talk.”

Guy sounds rather pleased this time and starts to move before hearing Leon's response.

This scene plays out every time.

In this frozen land, Guy wears a truly unique outfit.

The outfit he wears have many openings, exposing his skin.  
But even so, as a demon, Guy doesn't mind coldness. To him it does not even tickle him.  
A sudden bewitching smile emerges on Guy's beautiful face as he recalls the taste of Leon's lip.

He licks his bloody lips with his snake-like tongue... It's a rather intriguing scenery that bears a devilish charm.

Guy could switch his gender at will, and both men and women can invoke his lust.

That is him—her—This is the Demon Lord Guy Crimson.

The owner of this castle, the strongest, most ancient demon lord—The overlord of this forever frozen continent, who rules in the name of "Lord of Darkness."

Guy didn't tend to Leon and walk in front by himself.

Leon naturally follows behind him.

Before the two could exit the hall, no one present dares to make a single noise.

Since that is not permitted.

Everyone bows their heads low and await quietly before their master and the guest to leave.

After confirming Leon has left, Mizeri and Raine raise up.

They thus say:

"Dismiss."

Raine herself also gives order to several subordinates.

Mizeri and Raine thus leave to prepare tea for the guest.

They have the highest position among the demons in the castle, and their role, however, happen to be taking care of their master, Demon Lord Guy Crimson's daily chores.

There's not any work more important than theirs in this castle.

—Before their master loses his temper, they'd better hurry up with their work.

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Leon followed Guy to the top of the frost balcony.

Although the location is open to outside, not a single flake of snow is allowed to enter.

It has been made into a comfortable space after accommodation.

Guy isn't affected by the environment at all. However, the air-conditioning mechanism is specially made for Leon.

Guy is arrogant and prideful, but he's very caring towards those who he recognizes and his friends.

Guy's still the same way. Leon thinks to himself while he sits down with Guy's invitation.

The chair is made of ice, yet the there is no sense of chilliness felt from it.

Leon though isn't surprised at all. He instead inquires:

"So, why did you call me here?"

He falls back to his chair as the ice chair catches him gently.

The same as usual.

Somehow an ice table appears out of nowhere, and Raine begins to serve tea to them. Mizeri quietly awaits outside of the balcony entrance.

They won't at all interfere with the conversation between their master and his guest. Not a single word is permitted to be spoken.

There is no equal relationship here. Before they receive their order, they can't even express any emotion.

If they are to do anything without Guy's order, they would be gifted with death on the spot.

It matters little that they are "Demon Noble" with immense power. They are nothing but tools in front of demon lord such as Guy.

That's how strong Guy is.

This is why even if Leon launches an attack on Guy, they will not intervene on their own.

Guy is the absolute ruler and it would be a great disrespect to even worry about Guy's safety.

That's why they are being treated like air. And the conversation continued.

"Hmm. As you can see, the Walpurgis Banquet is about to start. But I mean to take you there even by force this time."

"Ho? Forcing me to participate? That's unusual."

"Yeah. Consider doing me a favor, but I'm getting you to attend regardless!"

"—Why is that?"

"Ha, you're still the same way, always so careful. Very well, perhaps I'll fill you in then—"

Guy shows a joyful smile and said so, thus begins his explanation.

"—The one proposing the meeting this time is Clayman, no one special. But the strange thing is Milim was listed as seconder. Milim is one of the most ancient demon lord like me, how could she be playing along some scum like Clayman? It can only mean—"

"There's something strange about Karion's death. Is that where you are trying to get?"

"Ehh, so you do know about it."

Guy's mood got a lot worse having been guessed what he's trying to say. But Leon didn't seem to care and continues with his words:

"Clayman really went above the line this time. He's always been causing trouble for me without leaving any trace, but this time I can't just sit and take it. Apart from the whereabouts of Karion, it'll be trouble if Milim moves out."

He says so.

Hearing so, Guy nods happily.

"Hmm, that's exactly my thought. It may be a game to Milim just like before, but if the balance among demon lords are to be broken, it won't be child's play anymore. I'll certainly have to do more work."

Guy regained his good mood, followed by Leon who asks the most pressing question:

"By the way, Guy. Do you think Milim have been manipulated by Clayman?"

The question is asked, but Guy's response shows his lack of care towards the issue.

"It won't matter much to worry over Milim's business. Smart people like me will never understand what an idiot is thinking. That is one of my few weaknesses."

He shrugs as he finishes and throws a smile him a smile. Then he turns the topic back on the original question.

“Look how concerned you look now. Leon, does this mean you are interested in taking part in the Banquet, right?”

There is no use trying to probe the thoughts of one another, so Leon decides to reply honestly:

“Yeah, I was planning to. Although I hate to spend time around others, I guess I’ll have to participate this time.”

“Oh? That’s great. And I was planning to spend the night with you (on bottom) then—”

“I told you I don’t do it with man. And even if it’s a woman, I won’t do it with ones I don’t like. Plus I don’t get stand to gain anything sleeping with you...”

“Ehhh, don’t be so hasty now. If you really mean it, I can turn myself into a woman...”

As soon as Leon finishes, Guy begins to harass Leon all seductive looking. But Leon has expected that and gave him a perfect counter.

The two often play this game of offense and defense.

“Right, Leon. Ramiris seldom expresses her opinion, so how much do you know about the person called “Rimuru”?”

Since Leon won’t bite, Guy changes to another topic.

This is also related to the topic at hand. There has been new demon lord after Leon, and the rest of the demon lords seem to be interested in this topic as well.

“From Clayman’s testimony, he seemed to have crowned himself the title Demon Lord without our approval. I personally think that this Rimuru guy can be a demon lord if he is powerful enough.”

“Oh, so you think he’s qualified. Ramiris also came to stir the pot. I’m rather intrigued by this whole ordeal since it was sufficient to get her interest. I definitely can have some fun with this Rimuru.”

Clayman was the one initiating the Banquet, and with Ramiris’ request, the person involved Rimuru would also join.

So they can safely deduce that Ramiris has a say to Clayman’s action this time.

“—Ramiris, well. I’m no good against that elf. Every time we meet, she makes fun of me. I kinda want to strangle her to death for a few times...”

But even so, since Ramiris has already spoken, Leon could only nod in agreement. He still feels some moral responsibility towards her, so he has to comply.

“Ahahaha. Come on now. If you kill Ramiris, I’ll become your enemy then.”

“I thought as much. But it’s me saying. Plus I stand no chance against you anyway.”

That’s true.

Leon only dislikes Ramiris for making fun of him, he doesn’t really mean any harm to her.

Besides, Leon stands no chance winning against Guy. That part is true too. Despite both of them are all demon lords, their difference in power is heaven and earth.

Guy’s power is almost from a different dimension compared to people like Leon and Mizeri.

“Hmm? How could that be? If it is you, you still have a one in a million chance to kill me, you know?”

“No way. I only fight battles that I can win.”

“Come on, don’t be so modest. Basically, there’re very few people who can hurt me. I may actually die in your hand, since you are a powerful guy, Leon.”

“Heh, you don’t say. It’s because you are Milim are way too strong. Speaking of being unreasonably strong—”

Leon recalls something while saying so.

—He heard that “Storm Dragon” Veldora has awakened.

That would be a first that Leon has surprised Guy.

Suddenly, a voice cold as ice interrupts the two’s conversation.

“Ara ara, now that is intriguing.”

The owner of the voice is a beautiful female.

One with snow white skin like porcelain.

Her eyes that emits cold light is seductive and they are blue like the deep sea.

Her pearl-white hair droops down along her cheek and her light red lips look extremely eye-catching.

The woman walked forward and spoke without Guy’s permission.

She possesses a beautiful aura around her more shining than jewels. People call her “Ice Empress.”

Or perhaps—

She has a better-known name, “Frost Dragon” Velzard.

She is the one of the four remaining “True Dragon,” a friend—and partner to the Demon Lord Guy Crimson.

In other words, she gets to sit on equal ground to Guy like Leon.

“Oh, It’s Velzard. That being said, I almost forgot that there is a ‘True Dragon’ here too.”

Leon plays dumb and says.

“Ayy? Aren’t you cold as always? But, I’m pretty happy you decided to show up.”

“Is that so? I also get to have a eyes’ full of you.”

Leon and Velzard exchanges some polite greets.

Both’ are pretenses.

“Huh. You two are always like this, just can’t get along with each other.”

Guy’s rather irritated while saying so.

With that being said though, Guy doesn’t plan to help mitigate their relation at all.

If it’s usual, they would continue to exchange those fake-sounding courtesy, but—

“...Right, so as you were saying...”

This time, Velzard took the initiative in changing the topic.

“Leon-sama, did you just say that my “younger brother” has awaken?”

Her blue eyes shine as she asks, meaning to see if Leon’s shocking news is true or not.

“Is that true, Leon?”

“His presence disappears around two years ago, and I thought he was gone for good.”

If Veldora is revived, the overwhelming magicule outburst will most certainly cause drastic change to climate of the land for them to notice. However, there was no sign of such a thing.

That’s why both Guy and Velzard are surprised.

“There’s no way around it. The source came from the spies I sent to the western states.”

“Oh...? If that’s true, why have that evil dragon been so quiet? Has he weakened so much that he can’t even resupply his own magicule on his own?”

“On top of that, who could have broken the seal on that child? I thought he doesn’t possess the power to break it by himself—”

Veldora was sealed by a Chosen Hero<sup>18</sup>.

In Veldora’s view, it was the appropriate punishment for her reckless brother. So she has intentionally left the seal as it was.

If he reflects himself well and finally decides to be a doll. Velzard would have given him a helping hand before he gets completely eliminated.

When Veldora first disappeared from the world, she was rather confused. Since the time of his destruction seems too early compared to the time Velzard has predicted.

“From the report of the spy, Clayman’s conspiracy seems to have been the main cause. He forced the western state to take actions, the great kingdom of Farmus to be particular. He found people to instigate them to invade and eliminate the Jura Forest Alliance built by Rimuru. As it turns out, the Farmus army was completely decimated. And now Rimuru comes out and calls himself a demon lord.”

“You know your stuff well, Leon.”

“Of course. Unlike you, I used to be human. Apart from that, I confirmed that Veldora was indeed resting near the frontline of the battle. It is rumored that the truth of the matter is that Veldora, almost near his demise was able to awake after absorbing the large amount of blood tainted on the battlefield.”

Rimuru was able to escape from danger after Farmus army was involved in this whole ordeal and was eliminated completely. Leon adds on top of his explanation.

“So that was the case. Then was the breaking of seal just a coincidence?”

“Don’t know. I wasn’t informed on that matter.”

That’s true too, Velzard nods in response.

Leon’s correct, there’s no way to judge that simply from espionage.

The Chosen Hero’s Unique Skill ‘Infinite Prison’ was able to lock the targeted object into an imaginary space. It isn’t weak enough to have it revoked from the affected individual trapped inside. But even if that’s the case, the presence of Veldora has yet to influence the world.

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<sup>18</sup>Differentiate Chosen Hero (勇者) and Hero (英雄). In English, this two words are interchangeable and would be justified to use “hero” for both in most cases. However, in the Slime series, “Chosen Hero” is a title like “Demon Lord,” entailing the owner of the title to be the protector of mankind. A hero on the other hand can be anyone with remarkable achievements such as “Hero Youm.” There are only handful of Chosen Heroes in slime so I’ll use this to differentiate them from other “Hero.”

“Perhaps there’s some flaws with Chosen Hero’s seal...”

That would make more sense.

Velzard thinks so, yet Leon expresses something unexpected to her.

“That’s possible. But allow me to propose a theory. What if someone created a subspace that absorbed both Veldora and the seal?”

The theory interests with Guy as well.

“Interesting! If that’s the case, this unknown individual could then unlock the Chosen Hero’s seal. That seal seems to have a special tie with the Chosen Hero and cannot be undone using normal skills. It may be solvable if we are the one dealing with it, in other words, this mysterious person has power to rival us.”

Guy says so with great pleasure.

“But regardless, it’s just a possibility.”

“So you think that mysterious individual is “Rimuru,” right, Leon?”

“—That’s right.”

“I see. If that’s the case, I do need to meet him.”

And Guy thought Leon’s difference in attitude in attending the meeting is a rare sight of a lifetime. But if this is the case, that would certainly make more sense. Guy finally realizes.

Clayman is being reckless.

Milim has been acting weird.

And Rimuru proclaims himself demon lord alongside with Veldora losing his seal.

If we assume all of these events are all connected...

This Walpurgis Banquet has indeed become very interesting. An intoxicating smile emerges on Guy’s face as he thinks so.

But suddenly something came up on his mind that concerns him, Guy starts to mumble:

“But speaking of that, why has Veldora become so quiet?”

Velzard makes the following response.

“—He seems to have become weak. The reaction is extremely weak, hardly as powerful as before.”

Velzard is also a “True Dragon,” so Veldora’s presence hasn’t been so weak that she can’t find with some efforts.

It would make the most sense if it due to him becoming weaker...

“But, it’s rather disappointing that he hasn’t gone on a rampage by now. If it’s that child’s personality, chaos is his way of life.”

Velzard also doesn’t get why that was the case.

“Anyhow, it doesn’t matter. I’m not really interested in Veldora. If you guys want to get him on board, then be my guest.”

Leon says so without a care and decides to stand up from his seat.

Unlike Velzard who are the same race as Veldora, or Guy who is worrying about what to about him, this is all none of Leon’s business. As long as Veldora stays away from Leon’s territory, he won’t actively care about what Veldora does.

That is how difficult it is to deal with the evil dragon Veldora.

“Are you leaving already?”

“Yeah, didn’t you call me for these?”

“Ehh, just wait a little longer, don’t be in such a rush? Right, have you got any closer to your “specific summoning”?”

In order to prevent Leon from leaving, Guy asks him about the result of his experiments.

It is after all; experiments Leon spent all his life investing. So Guy is also quite interested in the result.

“…Well, about that, I haven’t made much progress. I’ve changed my method to random summoning, but it always ended up in failure. It’s also attracting too much attention. I had intentionally theorized “incomplete summoning” and leaked the news to the western states. But then the Freedom Association began to intervene. The current method is hardly efficient considering the probabilities, and since there may be more people come and try to intervene. I am considering trying an alternative in the future.”

Honestly, Leon has little interest for the Walpurgis Banquet or the new demon lord.

He simply wants to eliminate any possible threat that may intervene his research early. That is all he cared.

“You said intervention?”

“Yeah. They saved a bunch of kids who were going to die anyway—before I could receive them.”

“I see. So they were taken away by force before you got the results. Then, these rescuers would likely intervene in the future too.”

“That’s probably the case. That guy seems to be also annoyed by the summoning of children around the countries, so he may even pressure these countries. Given the circumstance, I won’t continue my experiment. If I am to continue, I may get exposed of being behind the scene one day.”

“Hmm, why don’t you just eliminate the nuisance?”

It should be a chore if it’s you right? Guy sends the signal through his eyes.

But Leon instead sighs to Guy’s words.

“The nuisance individual happens to be the “Rimuru” I just mentioned.”

“Nani? Could this really be just coincidence?”

“Isn’t that interesting? That’s why I wish to see him as well.”

Leon nods looking all serious.

With that being said, had Ramiris not come and stir the pot, he may have overlooked the issue…

“Is that so, now I’m even more interested in him. Perhaps Milim thought the same way like me. That girl may be silly, but her instinct is quite keen.”

“Perhaps. Anyway, there’s gonna be hell of a show during tonight’s Banquet.”

“Hehe, that’s right.”

Upon saying so, the two smiles at each other.

Velzard observes the two on the side with a gentle look in her blue eyes.

After that they continued to chat with joy for a while before Guy changed the subject:

“Speaking of which, I’ve been curious about something. Who is the supplier of your intelligences all this time?”

“He apparently came from the Eastern Empire. I’ve got no clue about the detail. He’s a self-proclaimed merchant.”

In order to summon otherworlder, it requires a large amount of magicule, specific conditions and rituals. There are many complicated factors involved.

The more sufficient one prepares with these factors in mind, the longer interval it will be for one to prepare a second summoning.

That is why Leon has made a deal with that merchant to have him conduct the summoning in his place.

“So, is this merchant trust-worthy?”

“Trust? I have no use for that, I’m simply manipulating him for now.”

“Is that so? Do what you like, I’ve got no objection. But don’t get careless with it! I won’t allow you to die without my permission.”

“Hehehe, are you worrying about me? How rare, Guy. Don’t worry. I won’t just die without achieving my goal.”

“Here we go again… Is that thing really this important?”

“Yeah it is. To me, it’s the most important thing in the world.”

“Is that so? That makes me jealous.”

“Spare the sweet talk. I’ll keep your advice in mind. Then, I’ll see you tonight.”

With that being said, Leon leaves the castle.

This time Guy did not try to stop him.

There are crystals of light<sup>19</sup> left at the scene as Leon exits with “Spatial Movement.”

Two pairs of eyes observe as he departed.

“He’s always in such a rush. Well, that’s Leon for you…”

Guy gives off a wry smile while saying so.

“But Leon has always been cautious. Yet this time his plans are flawed with exploits. He doesn’t seem to know the identity of his assistor. Should we help him to find it out?”

Velzard asks in a cold tone.

“No need for that. If we trespass his business too much, Leon would be upset. I don’t wish to be disliked by my friend.”

Guy answers, without a shred of worry. To Guy, his friend Leon is a trustworthy man. He said so knowing Leon’s personality. He knows it better than anymore that Leon is a hardworking guy. If Leon never sought to uncover the identity of his assistors, it simply means that it’s not necessary for him.

“I’ll help him out when he does come to seek help from me.”

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<sup>19</sup>Not sure what this is exactly, apparently it refers the remains of some beams of light as Leon leaves.

“I understand.”

After which, the two ended the discussion.

Now, the list of attendees of tonight’s Walpurgis Banquet has been settled.

The proposers are Clayman, Frey and Milim.

And of course Ramiris who requested an amendment of participant.

The shut-in Leon has also decided to join.

There’s another person who hates to show up in public. That demon lord’s whereabouts has been unknown. But Guy has forced the person out using demon lords’ special communication channel.

Additionally, there are Guy’s old friend Dagruel and a certain other... He won’t need to worry about him since Dagruel has agreed to bring him along.

Lastly, it’s Guy himself.

Apart from Karion, who has been missing for some time. The Ten Great Demon Lords are finally reuniting after some time.

“This seems to be fun. Do you want to come along?”

“About that... No, I’ll pass. But it will be a different case if I see my brother there, otherwise I’m not interested in demon lords.”

“Is that so? It matters not. Then you can look after the house for me.”

“Sure, leave it to me. You should go get ready too now.”

Velzard leaves her seat after saying so.

Now only Guy remains. He looks far away to what seems to be the polar light spread on this frozen land and has his mind fixed on the Walpurgis Banquet.

Demon lords who only plays tricks and sabotages behind everyone’s back.

Someone supposedly is a new demon lord yet got destroyed so easily.<sup>20</sup>

His shut-in friend also got a move-on, which makes him reminiscent of the past.

And the birth of a new demon lord.

Interesting.

His mood hasn’t been so hyped up for several hundred years.

It’s time for some major reforms.

After all, the demon lords are never companions, but competing opponents.

At first, the number of demon lords are not limited to ten persons. In fact, there was once a time that there were more than dozens of demon lords.

It matters very little whether is it ten or a hundred.

If you can’t do your part, you will get eliminated through the “Great War Between Angels and Demons”(Tenma Daisen) commenced every five hundred years.

There are always new power rising through the great war. But gradually the cap of members was fixed to ten persons. To the people who are aware of this, they thus call them the Ten Great Demon Lords.

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<sup>20</sup>Still have no clue what this means after referring to JP source. But I think it’s referring to Karion.

But that's not approved by Guy.

To humans, it would be in their best interests to have the dangerous demon lords continued to fight against each other's rule and reduce in number through the process. But somehow, the Ten Great Demon Lords become an unspoken rule.

But this rule is about to be struck off.

The weak does not deserve the title "Demon Lord."

It's about time for the real deal to dominate the world again.

—That is Guy's opinion.

Guy was the first demon lord.

As one of the Seven Primordial Demons, he was summoned to earth as a Greater Demon General.

—The unnamed Primordial Red (Rouge) was unleashed to the world that day.

He granted the wishes of the humans without power to decimate what was suspected to their hostile nations in war against. He later also destroyed the human kingdom that summoned him.

As his reward, he gained this name.

The desperate sighs of humans that he heard sounded similar to the word "Guy." It became his name.

After obtaining a name, Guy discovered that he has awakened to be a true demon lord. Although to Guy, who had already believed deeply that he is the strongest being, the power was unnecessary.

Due to Guy's evolution, it also affected the Primordial Green (Vert) and Primordial Blue (Bleu) who were summoned to do his chores.

The two, who were called the shadow of Primordial Red, gained body like Guy and became "Demon Noble."

Guy, intrigued at the time, allowed them to follow him and granted them names.

Primordial Green was named according the painful expression displayed on the humans, "Mizeri."

Primordial Blue was named according to the red rain due to the bloodshed, "Raine."

From that day onward, he granted both permission to stay around him.

Sometime after Guy awaked to become a demon lord, it didn't take long before someone else awaked to become a true demon lord.

That someone was Milim. The ancestors of the four "True Dragons" emerged to the physical world and bred with humans.

What incredible thing was that the "True Dragon" who reproduced with humans were deprived of most of its power by their offspring. From then on, the breeding of True Dragon and Human became a taboo.

The true dragon who lost its power exploded into pieces. But it was successful in obtaining flesh on the ground world. It became the ancestors of dragon race.

The future generation would instead call the "Holy Will of Nature" as the "True Dragon."

Nowadays, the dragon race is able to prosper on this land and its origin can all be traced to

this one ancestor dragon.

That was the “True Dragon”—“Star King Dragon” Veldanava.

The “Star King Dragon” Veldanava gifted his his reincarnated self—a small dragon to her daughter as a pet.

That small dragon was killed in a certain kingdom.

Those fools enraged the tyrant Milim.

Her fury tore through the sky and earth as she destroyed the country.

And later Milim was awakened to be a true demon lord.

—As Milim, who has lost her reasoning, continued on to rain destruction on the world.

The one that came forth and stopped her was Guy.

They fought seven days and nights.

They fought until the world turned dark, rendering the prosper land of the west a land of death.

But in the end, neither were able to come to a conclusion of victory.

Due to Milim regaining her senses, the battle got to be ended.

The one that restored her reasoning was Ramiris. She came down to the earth as the Queen of Elves and utilized all of power to neutralize the hatred within Milim.

But the price was nonetheless high.

Ramiris’ power gradually dissipate due to the tainting of both the evil spirit of both Dragon and Demon. In the end she fell from grace and ended up where she is today. A fairy who is in perpetual reincarnations.

Although the price was so high, she was successful in stopping Milim from continuing her rampage.

To prevent world destruction, both Guy and Milim accepted a truce.

These three were the original demon lords.

Three persons pursued three different goals.

One pursued absolute power.

One wanted to live life freely.

One hoped for world peace.

But those would suffice.

The three got to know each other precisely for their difference in end goals.

After that, the Titan guarding the gateway to the sky and the ancient Vampire also become demon lord. The Fallen angel then took the sixth seat.

These are the second generation.

They are far from the ancient demon lords, but nonetheless, the pinnacle of the strong who may rule the world.

The Titan, due to the holy element he inherently possesses, has yet to show any unique character of a demon lord. But he is also a rather intriguing individual who possesses extraordinary power.

The ancient vampire is cunning and loves to come up with deviant ideas.

But the current generation of it doesn't seem as powerful as before, but perhaps—

The sixth seat is a special case.

He has undeniable strength, but he seems to have very little interest in the current life.

That's why he enjoys sloth. He has everything to become a king, yet he still leads a lifestyle of sloth.

There are in total six persons including Guy, apart from the Titan and the fairy, the remaining four all have awakened.

They are all survivors of several Tenma Great War; their abilities have undergone countless trials and prevailed.

Just like Guy and Milim, it shouldn't be any surprise if they have obtained some Ultimate Skills.

Apart from that, there's also Guy's friend Leon.

Leon was originally a human and a "Chosen Hero."

Due to encountering some special circumstances, he obtained his Ultimate Skill.

He's a strong man even recognized by Guy.

As such, there are seven persons in total.

*I wonder, how many people would be able to be an equal to all seven of them during this Walpurgis Banquet.* Guy smiles joyfully having stumbled on the thought.

—Clayman.

This fool tried to control Milim.

What an absolute joke, it's hard enough for one to even try to hide from laughing at it.

His goal is nothing but a lunatic's raving.

Mere Clayman couldn't possibly be able to achieve something even Guy can't do.

Those who possess Ultimate Skills cannot be affected by low level skills.

In this world's rule, only those who've obtained "Unique Skills" could resist against the strong control of magic.

They should still be subjected to elemental attacks that could target their weakness. But speaking of that, there's no way mind control would ever work. Whoever's mind is so fragile that can be manipulated with such skill could never obtain Ultimate Skills.

Ultimate Skills, as they're called, are devices to grant access to the ultimate principles of this world.

That is why, in order to combat against an Ultimate Skill, one must employ Ultimate Skill as well.

That is simply how this world works.

Clayman can't even touch Milim.

That would mean, everything has been under Milim's control.

*What an absolute fool—*

Guy shows a small smile and decide to observe how things go in silent.

The time when the weak can pose as demon lords is finally over.

The imposters shall be eliminated while the real demon lords assume rule.

Guy gives off a big pretty smile as he believes the arrival of the day is imminent.

—Afterward, the Walpurgis Banquet filled with climaxes unveils itself.

**Chapter  
4**

**In the Place  
of Destiny**

*That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime*

# Chapter 4

## In the Place of Destiny

Since we've prepared ourselves, I give orders to Veldora while waiting for people to take us to the venue.

I am following Ramiris since I don't know the location of the Banquet.

Speaking of that, Ramiris seems to be unaware of its location as well.

When I asked her why she doesn't know, she simply answered "Because I'm escorted to the place every time!." That's quite a telling answer.

Since she always gets lost, so it became an unwritten rule to have someone to lead her every time.

There is no use forcing someone who's not willing to memorize directions to memorize one.

They will likely send someone with a spatial transportation ability here, so I've decided to wait for their arrival as well.

It soon reached eleven o'clock in the evening, but no one came to pick us up. Instead, I got contacted by Benimaru.

"What's wrong? Is there a problem?"

I responded immediately and Benimaru begins to make a request in a calm tone.

This is what he said.

Our army has engaged the enemies and they've now been informed of the enemy forces' composition—

Due to my blessing, Benimaru has evolved to Youki<sup>21</sup>, a spiritual life form similar to a Dryad.

In other words, Benimaru's power level could already rival the likes of Treyni-san.

Shuna, Souei and Hakurou also became Youki and can be considered to be very high-level species as well.

This is great, but the problem lies with the new skill Benimaru gained.

Unique Skill 'Generalissimo'— A very suitable skill for Benimaru's aggressive style. It is a skill specialized in controlling one's power output.

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<sup>21</sup>妖鬼 or Fair Oni

His power will not go out of control no matter how much strength he puts into it.

The secret lies within “Prediction Analysis,” an ability which can completely analyze the flow of one’s strength and remove inefficiencies from it.

Not only is it a great skill for personal combat, it is also useful in leading army.

By treating the army’s movements as a flow of power, it can act as something similar to a predicting skill to determine the outcome of a situation. As soon as our army is in disadvantage, he can motion the army to alter the attack plan.

It’s literally cheating.

The accuracy of communicated information is of the utmost importance on the battlefield, and yet Benimaru can effortlessly communicate with and command the entire army in the most optimum way.

Right now there are, along with the soldiers of the Beast Kingdom, a total of thirty thousand men in the united army under Benimaru’s command. Benimaru can command the soldiers with the same precision as if they are his hands or arms, and lead the army of thirty-thousand units. It’s normal that they seem to be behaving abnormally (with his command)<sup>22</sup>.

Additionally, Unique Skill ‘Generalissimo’ also possesses the ability “Morale Boost.”

After the massive enhancement in the precision of army commanding, each soldier’s individual ability seems to have also been raised by around thirty percent. The overall strength of the army, consequently, is also increased by about thirty percent. The army is on par with the enemies in terms of number, and with the addition of superior soldiers, there is no reason why we would lose. With the adjustment of other skills, our chance of victory is even higher than before.

—All because Benimaru is in possession of such a powerful ability now.

It would seem that our army has secured the victory as soon as the battle starts.

That’s why he came up with a new attack plan.

“—It’s just like this, we want to directly invade the enemy base. Souei is also tempted to try it out. Since we’re all here, we should take down the suspected Clayman’s castle in the fog bank as well.”

Benimaru sure lives up to his reputation, what great confidence it is coming from him.

“But wouldn’t that be too dangerous? The fight has just begun, and victory is still not guaranteed...”

“No problem. I’ve got it covered. Besides, the one in charge of attacking their base would be Souei and Hakurou—”

“Please wait a moment, Onii-sama!”

Someone hacked into my “Telepathy Net” I was using to communicate with Benimaru—It’s Shuna who was serving me some tea.

By the way, I didn’t open this line to the public. And yet she broke in with such ease...

“Eh, ohoh! What’s wrong, Shuna?”

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<sup>22</sup>Take this with a grain of salt cuz I’m not very sure what this last sentence mean.

Just like me, we both got a bit spooked. Benimaru's voice seemed to jump a couple of pitches up for a split second.

"How dare you say what's wrong with me, Onii-san! Doesn't that Demon Lord Clayman possess dangerous power to manipulate people? What if Souei and Hakurou fall under his control—"

"No, they will be fine—"

"No way! If you really insist on sending them, I want to participate in the battle as well!"

Oi oi oi! I thought that Shuna is the well-behaved, quiet type, so why is she making these kinds of demands now?

But my surprise was ignored as Benimaru continued to argue with Shuna.

Brothers can never win in an argument against their sisters—That is what a friend from my last life once told me.

Benimaru is not as confident sounding as before, he can't win the argument and got pinned down by Shuna with her arguments.

Then—

"That's how it is, Rimuru-sama, please grant me permission to participate in the battle!"

Shuna proposes with smile all over her face.

Hmm—even if you say so...

I don't want to send Shuna to such a dangerous place either, but she does have a point. It would indeed be problematic if Souei and the rest got manipulated.

If that's the case, then should we not be trying to attack like this in the first place? However, it will certainly be the best opportunity to take the castle and prevent the enemy army from retreating back to their base. Indeed, the time that Clayman is absent for Walpurgis Banquet is our fated one and only chance.

But it should be okay as long as I prevent Clayman from escaping. I don't intend to kill all the majins under Clayman's rule.

"—Rimuru-sama, please do not worry. I'll protect Shuna-sama."

"I will also be there, so it shouldn't be an issue exploring the enemy's base. But we do need to investigate whether Karion-sama is locked up in there."

Souei and Hakurou also joined our "Telepathy Net" to try and convince me. It seems Shuna have called them to play along with her.

Shuna is surprisingly stubborn and I really want to agree with her. Moreover, it is truly a concern whether Karion has been brought to Clayman's castle or not.

"Rimuru-sama, I am angry as well. I can't subdue my emotion to ever forgive what Clayman has done!"

Ah... I totally get how you feel. Not only me, everyone has a grudge against him.

I indeed understand how Shuna feels as she no longer wants to stay and wait in the town.

"Then we should have Shuna join the battle. But, Souei and Hakurou, you two must put Shuna's safety as the number one priority. Additionally, if the enemies' combat abilities overpower yours beyond expectation, you must prioritize your personal safety first and bring back

such information. If you find Demon Lord Karion, do not engage unless it is safe. Do you all understand?”

“Shuna is just so stubborn. But it would truly be a great help with your permission.”

“I have the teleportation skill, so it won’t be a problem even in cases of emergency.”

“Indeed. I am in fact much slower in terms of speed if we are to attempt an escape.”

Even though Hakurou doesn’t plan to escape, he still said that to help to smooth things out.

“We all have psyche attack resistance, so it should be sufficient to prevent us from falling into others’ control. Especially with Shuna-sama accompanying us, we would be further reassured in terms of that concern. As for Karion-sama, we will decide our plan if and when we actually find him.”

Souei also interjects and adds, hoping to reassure me.

Indeed, with Shuna’s Unique Skill ‘Analyst,’ they can analyze any attack against the psyche. Shuna can also use “Spatial Movement,” so I may have been worrying too much. Despite Shuna’s low magicule pool, her skills are all outstanding.

And just as Souei said regarding Karion.

It’s possible that he may not be detained there anyway, so it’s no use worrying over it now.

“I’ve approved then, but you all must make sure to be vigilant of the situation and have your eyes wide open. For an extra layer of safety precautions, the time to commence this operation should be set after the start of the Walpurgis Banquet, that is after twelve o’clock, midnight.”

“ “ “Understood!” ” ”

As such, Shuna, Souei and Hakurou will be exploring Clayman’s base soon.



It’s almost twelve o’clock midnight soon, I begin to ask Veldora about the demon lords.

“I’m not interested in those nobodies.”

Although he said that, Veldora still shared his knowledge on the subject.

Leon is the only one who became a demon lord after Veldora was sealed. This means I can collect information regarding the rest of the demon lords.

Many demon lords seemed to have fought against Veldora due to him causing havoc around the world.

Around two thousand years ago, he once destroyed the city of vampire. He was pursued by the pissed off vampires. And its story seems to be quite interesting... It seems that one of them was a slim and beautiful female vampire whose power is far beyond the rest of her race. These vampires later disappear without a trace, and even Veldora doesn’t seem to know of their whereabouts.

“What’s her name now...was it Ru...Lulus? No, or it should be Milus, right?<sup>23</sup> Anyhow, though I didn’t give it my all, she’s still not some simpleton to have been able to play a round with me, so you’ve got to be careful!”

Veldora says that vampire doesn’t have a sense of humor, but, he’s probably the one at fault.

Of course she would get pissed seeing her own country getting destroyed and burning to ashes.

Anyone would get pissed by it, even I would have lashed out.

But that’s a long time ago, so I’m not sure about that now.

“Oh, about that, now a man called Valentine has become the demon lord!”

Ramiris shouts, who has been listening to Veldora recalling ancient tales.

It seems the exchange of power took place around fifteen thousand years ago. Hopefully the hatred against Veldora held by the vampire race has died off.

The Titan race demon lord also seemed to be a strong opponent against Veldora.

They’ve fought several times without a definitive winner.

No wonder why Veldora has his name memorized, he sounds like a super duper extrememo bananaz fighter<sup>24</sup>. If he was able to fight against Veldora, it means he already possessed power to rival a “True Dragon.”

That is very high leveled even for demon lord standards.

Lastly, it’s the Demon race.

He seems to have beaten up the demons several times. But even with their bodies destroyed, they would resurrect after a period of time. They seem to be a group of very interesting opponents.

And they even grew stronger over time, which gave Veldora a fun plaything.

However, he didn’t seem to have fought against the king of the demon race.

His castle is rumored to be located on the permanently frozen land of the northern continent. The place is too cold to habitable, which is why Veldora never visited.

Veldora glossed over this part saying: “Anyhow, that type of wasteland is not worth my visit! Gahahahaha!” as he laughs.

Something must have happened, but no matter how I inquire, he just won’t tell me.

But there really isn’t a need to go out of your way to visit that kind of place, so I won’t follow it up.

“That’s right, because Guy is very strong. Guy, Milim and I are all ancient demon lords!”

As soon as Ramiris said that, I begin to feel that there is nothing great about them. Unbelievable.

Anyway, that won’t matter for now.

Hmm, so that’s about it.

How many demon lords are left?

I’ve encountered—Milim, Ramiris and Karion.

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<sup>23</sup>The name is still wrong btw

<sup>24</sup>Anymore adjective, Gavin?

I've just heard about Valentine, Dagruel and Guy.

According to Phobio, there is also Frey who backstabbed Karion.

Putting Leon aside first, the enemy this time is Clayman.

So is there still one more person?

"Ehhh—I'm not sure."

The self-proclaimed knowledgeable Veldora sure is unreliable.

"Ah, you mean Dino. The demon lord who's lazier than me!"

So Ramiris seems to have a comrade.

"Not comrade at all!"

I ignore her angry shout. That makes up ten in total.

Veldora has provoked some demon lords in the past, so I have to be careful in how I interact with them.

By the way, the demon lords seem to be more powerful than I imagined.

It's not fair to use a brat like Ramiris as a standard.

It's probably more appropriate to have Milim as the standard.

Even with my evolution now, I still wouldn't have much chance against Milim in battle.

I've spared against her several times by now, but in none of our matches did Milim show her true power.

Insufficient information.

I can stand a chance if Milim is participating in a training with me, but I'd better not get over myself not knowing how she is when she gets serious.

But it is still unbelievable that Milim would agree to wage a crusade on me.

There must be someone behind this...

Milim shouldn't be so naive as to allow herself to be manipulated like this. She wasn't communicating with that many people in the first place, moreover, her personality doesn't seem like the kind to betray others.

All I can think of it's that Milim has done this because of some unknown reason.

But it's no use thinking about this now.

I'll decide after I meet her.

As we continued to chat, I sudden feel a distortion in the space dimension before me.

It would seem our guide arrived.

A bizarre door appears before my eyes.

The door looks extremely extravagant as if someone is trying to show off intentionally. I could probably learn this given I could manipulate space directly. I think if I come up with a design like this, I could open the portal faster and proceed with "Transportation."

A green-hair beauty in dark red maid suit walked through as the door is open.

Then she bows towards Ramiris.

"I've come to escort you Ramiris-sama. Is this the one you've mentioned about? If you don't mind, please come along with us too."

As she finishes, she steps back to stand near the door and lowers her eyes.

She seems to have killed her sense of self and behaves like a professional with thorough education and training.

But there is one thing I had on my mind.

This maid gives off an oppressive feeling similar to Diablo.

She is a Demon, and a highly ranked one among the race.

Normally Demons have an upper limit at the rank of Greater Demon General no matter how long they've lived. In order to evolve further, certain things are necessary... In the case of Diablo, it is me giving him a "Name."

With name acquired, Diablo was able to break through the limit of Demon race and evolved from a Greater Demon General to a Demon Noble.

"Kufufufufu. I'm not interested in becoming stronger. But right now that I am aware that there are people stronger than me. I should give it some effort in the future then."

He is not interested in becoming stronger but is instead interested in fighting.

Combat is simply meaningless if I get too strong, that's why I've enjoyed my evolution cap—That's how he put it.

Was he joking?

If that's true, then he sure is horrifying.

And right now the Demon maid that stands in front of me is the same as Diablo—That is, a Demon Noble.

Rather than a maid, she is more like a messenger from hell<sup>25</sup>.

According to knowledge (anime that I've watched) from my past life, maid is also a battle-oriented class.

Also, allow me to re-emphasize, she is a Demon Noble.

This woman is obviously a dangerous opponent.

"Oh, it's Mizeri. Long time no see! How's Guy?"

Ramiris doesn't seem to mind despite the other side being a dangerous Demoness.

In some way, this fella is not some simpleton as well.

"—How would someone as humble as me dare to worry about my master..."

"Oh, yeah. You are still the same. Never mind."

With that being said, Ramiris flaps her wings and flies to the door.

We followed as well. If we are to be left here, we won't know where the exact location of the Banquet is.

If we are to hesitate now after solidifying our resolve, I would be too embarrassed to see Benimaru and the rest.

And about this maid—Mizeri, she seems to be Demon Lord Guy's subordinate.

I recall that he is the king of the Demons, and one of the ancient demon lords.

If he's able to tame even Demon Noble, he is guaranteed to be strong. I'd better not antagonize him.

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<sup>25</sup>In Japanese, maid (メイド Meido) and hell or in a more literate sense, land of hell (冥土 Meido) have the same pronunciation.

—But it will still depend.

And speaking of which, Mizeri who's already overpowered is supposed to lead way for other...

It would seem that Guy is quite the arrogant man.

And I here thought that the only ones who I should be vigilant against are the demon lords, I think I was being too naive.

If I had known this, maybe I would have brought Diablo. But if I did, there may be a solid chance of him rampaging with Shion...

Those two are on bad terms and it's no use thinking about it now.

It's time to show my resolve.

The dominators of this world are waiting ahead.

But I am not afraid.

That is because—I have become one of those people who are the strongest in this world.

I made up my mind and walk past the door.



Benimaru smiles looking at the situation on the battlefield.

Everything is going according to his plan.

The enemies have been baited into the traps set by Geld.

But that is only natural. Since the enemies were totally underestimating them during combat.

“Sasuga Rimuru-sama, your plan is so perfect that our defeat here seems impossible.”

Benimaru said to himself while pitying the enemies. Benimaru doesn't think it's anything since he's only able to execute on the strategy because he is able to control the army to his will.

Just like Benimaru said, Clayman's army seem to firmly believe that they have the advantage because of their numbers, which led them to underestimate us and fell into the traps. The fast-moving Beastmen soldiers who were disguising themselves as refugees being pursued lured them near the traps.

“The victory is within our grasp. As it stands now, it's impossible for the enemies pull a reversal.”

Benimaru is observing the battle while floating in midair when Alvis suddenly flew up next to him.

She tapped the wings on his back and giving it extra thought as to not break Benimaru's concentration.

“I see it is Alvis-san, sorry if you've heard me boasting without victory, how embarrassing.”

“Please just call me Alvis, Benimaru-sama—”

Upon hearing this, Benimaru turn his scarlet red eyes towards Alvis.  
“You are not my subordinate,” Benimaru refuses coldly.  
“Indeed, you have a point. But, right now you are the commander giving orders of us Beastmen.”

Benimaru said with a nod.

“Very well, then for this battle only, I shall appoint you as adjutant.”

“I accept your order, Benimaru-sama.”

The authority to command the united army belongs to Benimaru. And as of this moment, the person in charge of leading the army of Beast Kingdom Eurazania, Alvis, proclaims her allegiance to Benimaru, which makes Benimaru the Generalissimo of this united army.

The words of the Generalissimo cannot be doubted.

The pursuit of the strong, that is the rule of the monsters.

“—I’ve appointed you as adjutant, but right now there is not much work to do. I won’t get careless, but all these operations are to ensure our victory.”

“Indeed, I think so too. However, there are still several strong opponents left on the battlefield.”

“Hmm, once we have the situation under control, I’ll send in Geld and the rest.”

Benimaru answers without hesitation.

“Please hold on. We also want to help in regard to that mission!”

“Indeed. I hope you won’t take away our glory, Generalissimo. This is after all the kingdom of the beastmen. Karion-sama would scold us if we just leave everything to you guys.”

“Yes! Since you all have even taken on the task of confirming Karion-sama’s whereabouts, I hope we will at least get to fight this battle.”

Sephia and Phobio interrupt, become increasingly more excited. Alvis gives off a wry smile seeing how this is and says:

“Benimaru-sama, we will leave the task of commanding the army to you, but please order us to take the heads of enemy generals!”

Upon saying so, the Beastketeers bows with respect.

Benimaru smacks his lip with a “Ze” sound.

“So you guys made me the Generalissimo because of this, right?!”

“Ara, what do you mean by that?”

Seeing Benimaru is losing his temper, Alvis begins to persuade him.

At last Benimaru’s willing to compromise.

“All right. I was planning to have you guys join in the fight anyway, so no problem. But you must retreat immediately if you feel uncertain about your victory. Some very dangerous individuals seem to be lurking in the enemies’ troop.”

He speaks permitting the actions of Alvis and the rest.

As a matter of fact, the combat abilities of several enemies are still unknown. There may be difficult fights once they encounter these individuals.

However—

*It won't matter since I'm here. As long as I can sense if someone is in a tough fight, we won't lose.*

Benimaru smiles fearlessly.

The Beastketeers also begin to select their prey. They are sharpening their claws with their proud animal instinct in order to eliminate the barbaric intruders.

The traps would be activated in just a few minutes.

Alvis waits patiently for the moment to arrive. Suddenly she thought of a question and asks:

“—There is one thing I need ask. What do we do with those who run into the traps?”

“We kill them all, is what I wish to say—”

Benimaru got stuck there and gave it an extra thought.

“But we will leave the decision of killing or not to you Beastmen.”

“And what do you mean by that?”

“We will capture those who don't plan on resisting. Although Rimuru may look it based on how he acts but he is in fact a kindhearted person who doesn't like to kill off other people. But with that being said, if there are casualties in our side, he would most definitely slaughter the enemies.”

“...I see. Then we will discuss the fate of the captives later.”

“Right, that would be fine. If it's Rimuru-sama, he may let those people serve time as sweat-shop workers.”

“...Eh?”

“Aren't you guys going to rebuild the Beastmen cities? The more labor the better.”

“To be able to think that far ahead!”

Benimaru's random conclusion shocked Alvis.

Not only her, Phobio and Suphia are also very surprised.

They all thought that it is only natural for Rimuru's army to win, but the fact that he also made considerations for the aftermath truly surprised them.

*He is so confident! Even when the enemies are all veterans under the cunning Demon Lord Clayman...*

The more surprising fact is that his attack plan has taken the precautions to bring the enemies into captivity.

Given how war works in this world, it is much simpler to kill the enemies rather than pursuing and capturing them. The commander won't care for any surrenders when he can just use a large radius magical attack to wipe them all out.

The captives are not captured because they happen to survive, instead they are captured as forced labor. This idea has never been seen in practice before. However, Benimaru and the rest seem to think this to be common sense and put it into practice.

This makes the Beastketeers feel extremely fearful.

It would mean—majins under Rimuru don't think they would be defeated at all.

They must have entered the battlefield with the confidence that their army would win no matter what.

“However, it would be based on the condition that everything goes smoothly according to our attack plan.”

Benimaru smiles and answers while the Beastketeers both respects and fear him.

And soon, the fight broke out.

“Souei, engage according to the plan.”

“Understood, Benimaru-sama.”

Soon after this brief conversation, the first casualty appeared within Clayman’s army.

It seems to be a named majin who’s leading several hundred other majins. His died instantly at the scene as his magical core was pierced by Souka who suddenly emerged.

The other four subordinates of Souei also simultaneously took the heads of the other captains under Clayman’s army. Following Benimaru’s instructions, they’ve only assassinated opponents that they are confident enough to win against.

They followed through on Benimaru’s instructed actions and achieved a one hundred percent precision.

Since the command chains of Clayman’s army is now shattered to pieces, the officers’ order won’t be able to reach the soldiers.

As such—

“It’s a trap! We’ve been surrounded by the Beastmen!”

“No way, how could this—”

“Retreat! We have to retreat for now to reorganize our troop!”

But they discovered it too late.

Unlike human army, the monster army often relies on personal performance, which is why a captain is needed. Now without the captions, Clayman’s army has plunged into chaos.

“Geld, you may begin.”

“Understood!”

With Benimaru’s order, Geld begins to dispatch his commands.

“Prepare to engage!”

“ “ “Yes sir!” ” ”

The next instant, the ground suddenly collapses onto itself, burying many soldiers from Clayman’s army. This is because of the activation of earth manipulating skills. The seemingly natural and flat plain is in fact a temporary ground that was set up using skills with many traps hidden within.

The only ones who successfully escaped are the flying monsters. However these individuals with flying abilities couldn’t escape either as they are soon taken down by the Bird-Type Beastmen troops and the Hiryyu led by Gabil.

Now let’s check on the ones who triggered the traps.

Rimuru’s army has prepared large cave with quicksand<sup>26</sup> like soil at the bottom. This is non-lethal but would render anyone sunken into it unable to move below their waist. But with

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<sup>26</sup>This is not exactly quicksand, the term here is “liquefied soil,” a phenomenon where the soil loses strength and stiffness, often seen during earthquake.

that being said, this is an army of monsters after all. Some people managed to escape using magic and other special abilities.

As they struggle the strong kick aside the weak making them fall down to the bottom. The remainder now gather around the edges of the cave.

However, this is an important part of the plan.

Rimuru's army has intentionally allowed them up to make examples of them.

When the stronger ones in the army are killed without being able to defend themselves, reality of the situation would lay out the in front of the others. The weaker majins would witness this and lose their morale. The survivors would understand the difference in power between the enemy and themselves, losing their last bit of strength to struggle.

The nature of these traps are a stage set-up in order to successfully capture captives.

Ten minutes passed after the fight began and the situation is one-sided. The enemy is unable to reverse the situation.

“T-to have gone to this extent...”

Below them, Clayman's army with more than ten-thousand people are split off to chunks with countless fallen into traps. The Yellow Corps led by Geld are responsible for fortifying the edges of the caves. The members of the corp spread out in evenly around the traps to take care of any majin that attempted climbed up.

The ones who are cut off can't fight against the many enemies above. Although the difference in power may be compensated by number and equipment.

But the more powerful majins have been taken out one by one at the hands of the Beastmen warriors and members of the Kurenai.

It is even more unfortunate that most of Clayman's army has attacked the plain with an open view. Even the remaining troops with around a thousand men awaiting order (cannot participate) won't be sufficient to reverse the situation.

“We are guaranteed to win.”

“S-sasuga...”

Benimaru says naturally while Alvis expresses praise from her heart.

“Heh, of course we will win. But we can't get careless now. I'll take care of the business at hand. Alvis and the Beastketeers, I permit you to roam freely and hunt down the enemy general!”

“I've been waiting for that order, Generalissimo! Then we shall be on our way!”

“We can finally put on a show. I've caught scent of someone who once plotted against me so I'm going after him.”

“Then, I shall set out too. I'll leave the rest to you, Benimaru-sama.”

Benimaru doesn't even return a look and directly addressed the Beastketeers.

“Go on!”

“ “ “Yes sir!” ” ”

As such, the Beastketeers begin to mobilize.



Suphia crosses the skyline at incredible speed, so fast that it has already surpassed conventional flying methods.

Her skill “Shuttled Flight” could be only be wielded by very few competent monsters, yet Suphia, as a Beastman, is able to use it effortlessly.

Her target is the furthest line of the enemy force. That is where the non-military organization that has little to do with the frontline of the battlefield is located.

They are the Worshiper of Dragons—The Priest Warrior Order led by the High Priest Midley.

Suphia hasn’t discovered their true power, but her wild instinct told herself that these people are the strongest among the remaining forces.

At the same time, the leader of the flying soldiers greets Suphia.

It’s Gabil.

Gabil, who is leading the hundred members of Hiryyu, decided to follow Suphia.

“Gahahaha! I’ve come at your aid, Suphia-san!”

“Oh, it’s Gabil-san. Sorry, but I may have made a horrible decision choosing to pick a fight with these guys.”

Suphia responds, her bold smile only adds to her beautiful face.

“WHAHA, it doesn’t matter. We’ve cleared out all the enemies in the sky. Some Beastmen are capable of flying, so it would be rude if we continue to rob them of their duty. Moreover, since we are winning, aren’t the enemies all fleeing?”

“Ha! Our army is indeed winning. But just to be cautious to prevent the situation from being reversed, we’ve got to suppress the forces on the back.”

“I see, understood! You guys, be cautious!”

“Yes, boss!”

“We’d say the same to Boss, don’t get tilted.”

Seeing his subordinates’ teasing faces, Gabil shouts at them in anger. This scene often plays out in life.

Suphia smiles upon seeing such a scene. Her fighting spirits gradually grow high as she faces towards the enemy in front.

Midley has positioned his force in the safe zone behind the back.

They aren’t exactly a military force, but instead they became part of the support team at the back. It would be more accurate to call them the medical squad that is operating away from the battlefield.

They didn’t volunteer to enter the battlefield, but the notion of being looked down by others

would make Midley too ashamed to see Milim again.

*If that's the case, even Milim-sama would be looked down upon.*

Midley felt anxious about it and propose that they join the frontline as well. Yet Yamza rejected his proposal.

It's obvious that he does not care for Midley and his party, instead, he simply doesn't wish to share his victory with anyone.

Surely the conquest this time would be successful.

The enemy is only one third of Yamza's army, a band of loose troops at that. There is no way they can launch a counter-attack while trying to protect the retreating refugees.

*It doesn't feel honorable to be fighting this type of opponents...*

Midley changed his mind these few days went by.

However, the situation has took an unexpected turn.

"Midley-sama, this is really bad... If we are to continue fighting, do we even have a chance to win?"

"Welp...hmmm. Too weak, they are just too weak. So Demon Lord Clayman's subordinates are that weak..."

"No no no, it's not like that! The enemies have outsmarted us with tactics!"

"What! You idiot, if the enemy resorted to tactics, all we have to do it's to beat them with our true power! The only reason why you are saying these weak things is because you are still too inexperienced, Hermes!"

"I've said already! It's a different case if we are talking about a duel, but when it is a wide-scale battle with armies, the tactics will determine the outcome of the battle! This include how to trick and outsmart the enemies. Our opponents have won this time. They've been hiding their strength until key moments and have prepared traps."

"Huh, no one needs you to explain that, anyone who's seen the battle would know!"

Midley replies so while giving a snort of contempt.

He is no good with brainwork. While in contrast, Hermes a little clever, that's why he often says things Midley finds hard to understand. Midley is quite upset about it.

But, consider how things have developed—

He is on no grounds to argue back. Even Midley knows Hermes is right.

The sight in front of them is the best proof of that.

"More importantly, Midley-sama—"

"I know. Those people are closing in on us and they are strong. Even though I don't want to fight, we are on the battlefield after all. Since the enemies are heading for us, we will keep them occupied till the end."

"So it really does turn out like this in the end. Understood..."

Midley's spirit burns high as he glances at Hermes, who unwillingly accepted the reality.

As such—

At the corner of the battlefield, the back of Clayman's army.

The most intense fights of the battle are about to begin.



Phobio lands on the ground and silently sprints through the field. He soon discovers the people hidden some distance away from the battlefield. Then he jumps in front of them.

They are the man with the angry jester mask and the girl with the tearing jester mask.

This bizarre duo is—"Angry Clown (Angry Pierrot)" Footman, "Tearing Clown (Teardrop)" Teare.

They are members of the Moderate Jester Association who are surveilling the battlefield at Clayman's request.

"Hey, thanks for taking care me before."

Phobio suppresses his anger and speaks up calmly.

"What's this? Isn't this Phobio-sama!"

Behind the angry jester masks, a pair of evil eyes are glowing.

"It's Demon-Lord-wannabe Phobio-sama, lost-to-Milim Phobio-sama! Thanks for your help back then!"

The girl wearing tearing jester mask mocks at Phobio, looking down on him hard while greeting him while spinning and singing.

"Hey, it's great that you both remember me. It would be really sad if you don't even know why you'll die at my hands!"

"Eheheh? What are you angry at?"

"How strange. What is this baka angry at? That angry emotion smells very tasty, but it isn't enough reason to kill us."

"Right, right!"

"Cut the nonsense! I may be an idiot for being tricked by others, but an idiot has an idiot's way. I don't need a reason to get my revenge!"

It's a matter of dignity. Phobio unleashes his sharp claws.

Those claws are so dark as to shine and are also sharp and ferocious like wolfs' teeth.

However, Teare and Footman didn't seem to react even seeing his claws.

"Oh, do you want to fight us? But you are so weak, better not get ahead of yourself!"

"He-hehehe. I'm dying here, Teare. Phobio-sama come here specially to joke around, trying make us laugh."

The two goes on with their chat, but that didn't lead Phobio to lose his cool.

He failed once because he was too easily angered. He's done more self-reflection on the matter more than anyone and with much regrets.

So he begins his action at once as if announcing that greeting time is over.

He breaks into a run and closes in on the enemies at high speed.

“Oh!”

“Tch!”

Footman and Teare changes their attitudes now knowing words won't irritate him.

Besides, there has been an intervention.

As the space begins to warp, a man shaped like a pig walks in from mid-air.

“Long time no see, Footman. Do you remember me?”

“Oh? Oh my? What an honor it is to have the orc general arrive here. Wow, you've really grown handsome!”

Footman speaks with mockery, yet his expression is not as relaxed as his words.

In contrast to how he looks, Footman is good at mind games.

But Geld has seen through his true personality.

When his troops destroyed Benimaru and his companions' hometown, the Ogre village, the one who accompanied them was Footman. Geld knew then already that he is not to be underestimated.

Footman is unlike any other normal majin, Geld thinks.

Plus that Teare is also present as well.

She's around Footman's level. Since her true strength is unknown, this opponent cannot be underestimated.

Even if the Beastketeer from Beast King Warrior Army, “Black Panther Tooth” Phobio, has very strong ability, he would still have a hard time dealing with both Footman and Teare alone.

*Hehe, as expected of Benimaru-san, these people are worthy of being my prey.*

As he thinks that, Geld is also extremely eager.

Benimaru learnt of the situation from above and ordered him to assist Phobio. Geld was originally frowning since the order required him to give up his commanding post on the battlefield, but only now did he realize how accurate Benimaru's prediction was.

The outcome on that battlefield is already settled, even Geld's adjutant could handle things there. But in order to take on the duo from Moderating Jester Association, it would be a challenging task that only the veterans under Rimuru could handle.

“Allow me to assist you, Phobio-dono.”

“Oh oh, Geld-san. Thanks for the help!”

Phobio has also calmly judged the difference in strength between him and his opponents, that is likely why he didn't refuse Geld's proposition. He'd rather put down his ego knowing what his limits are and choose the easiest path to win against his opponents.

As such, in the dark side of the small hill next to the battlefield, the two parties would soon engage in their battle—



Upon receiving reports coming from the battlefields, Yamza has lost his footing. The absolute advantage that his army possessed so far has all been an illusion created for the enemies' trap.

Yamza couldn't even imagine the prospect of his army being defeated.

Clayman would definitely loses his nerve, Yamza must find a way to turn things around and win.

But it is an idiot's dream considering the what remains of his forces.

Yamza hasn't lost his ability reason yet, so he can at least realize that.

He begins to think about what remaining force he can utilize.

Yamza the "Middle Finger" is the top lieutenant within Demon Lord Clayman's vanguards "Five Fingers" as well as the strongest majin within Clayman's army. If anyone is to rival him, it would only be "Index Finger" Adalmann and "Thumb" Nine-Head Beast.

Adalmann is in charge of the defense force of Clayman's nation. He was an undead from the Great Jura Forest.

He seems to be a prominent clergyman when he's still alive, but it matters little in the afterlife. After being baptized with Clayman's curses and becoming a monster, he received a significant increase in power and became an Undead King that commands many undead creatures.

His Holy power prior to his death has been turned into foul magic that curses the living...

However, Adalmann has a weakness. His powerful body is accompanied by limited intelligence. That's why he would only follow Clayman's order—Killing invaders. It is the reason why he did not join the battle.

The other one, Nine-Head Beast, is an extremely rare and high-level monster "Youko"<sup>27</sup>. She's only three-hundred years old, relatively young for its race, and has only grown three tails. Yet her magicule reserves is far larger than Yamza, even rivalling Clayman.

Right now she is acting as Clayman's guard to attend the Walpurgis Banquet along his side. So she can't assist us.

*—Alas, I have to ask Adalmann for help then.*

But the problem is—How is he supposed to get Adalmann here.

No, no. There is no way I can bring him here. If that's the case, I should lead the remaining soldiers and flee back to Demon Lord Milim's territory.

After that I'll call Adalmann and rendezvous with him, then we will fight our way back—That may be the best solution, Yamza thinks to himself.

<sup>27</sup>Youko (ようこ) is spirit fox from Japanese and Chinese folktale. It has been translated to Fox Demon in WN tl. It is the species that nine tail fox fall into.

A Walpurgis Banquet may last for a month at times, it's a long time. And if he handles the situation well, he might even be able to resolve it before Clayman returns.

It's not gonna be easy trying to order Adalmann around, but he's got to take the first step even if it's hard.

No matter what, Yamza can't allow the situation to continue on and suffer a defeat, he would most definitely be punished if that's the case.

*Clayman-sama is really scary and he would even go as far to get rid of me... I'd be lucky to survive, but I don't want to be mentally destroyed and manipulated as a puppet.*

*Even though I don't want to admit it, but I've lost this battle. However, I'll be the one that stands triumphant in the end.*

With his plan settled, Yamza looks towards the battlefield.

There he witnesses a surprising sight.

A beauty with black and golden hair is on the front, her face, beautiful and flirtatious.

She is approaching rather casually with golden khakkara in her hands as if she is entering a no man zone.



The top warriors of the Beast Kingdom surrounded her.

They are the Beast King Warrior Group—A group consisting of only several dozen people, yet the strength of the group is guaranteed.

They are warriors capable of fending off thousand by themselves.

Including the Elephant Beastman Zar, Bear Beastman Talos and more, they are not as strong as the Beastketeers, yet they are nonetheless powerful lieutenants who are worthy subordinates of the King of Beasts.

Apart from these Beastmen, there is also a red-clothes group following them. They are casting powerful and deadly fire magic and has burnt the reserved forces awaiting at the back to a crisp.

These people are not worthy opponents to Yamza, but they are certainly better than his subordinates—much stronger than those majins.

Things just turn horrible.

“Impossible... What are the Beastketeers doing here? Did these people leave their army to assist here by themselves? But, even if that’s the case...”

Yamza begins to panic upon seeing the appearance of these unexpected people.

“Why are the enemy sending their strongest force into our camp—? What the hell have the sentinels been up to!”

The angry shouts of some of Yamza’s lieutenants can be heard.

Yamza is not the only one feeling overwhelmed by the situation, many high-level majins at the scene also began to panic.

“Sorry to intrude but! We are unable to contact the sentinels; we suspect they’ve been killed!”

“What did you say!!”

Yamza’s lieutenants shout while Yamza remains speechless.

The enemy is moving too to respond to. By the time they realize the situation they’ve fallen far behind the opposition almost to a fatal degree.

Yamza completely loses his composure upon realizing this fact. Forget reorganizing and mounting a comeback, right now, just surviving and escaping challenging enough.

*Not good, not good, not good, not good at all! At this rate, I would be lucky just to escape here alive!*

Yamza becomes anxious.

It’s a one thing to have a duel, but Yamza is not delusional and narcissistic enough to fight against that army and expect himself to emerge triumphant.

“Buy me some time! I’ll return to our country and bring Adalmann. He would be able to summon the undead here and help our army regroup.”

These are all excuses. Yamza knows he’ll lose, so he has made his decision to escape with all his might. Luckily Yamza pledged his loyalty to Clayman voluntarily, so he won’t end up killed by contract (curse) unlike the rest of the Five Finger.

Continuing to follow Clayman is no difference from suicide. Yamza made that decision and

drew his line of loyalty.

“Yes sir!”

“We will try our best to hold out for three more hours!”

His lieutenants replied one by one with resolve written on their faces. Yet Yamza’s decision remains unchanged.

He only has only one thought—These people are all idiots.

Yamza decides to directly initiate teleportation magic—But as soon as he tries to cast the magic, he discovers something is wrong.

“—Unable to activate? Is this... ‘Spatial Lock-down’?”

Indeed, it’s all too late now.

Yamza and his men notices Alvis, who’s also looking back at them.

It is through Alvis’s Skill ‘Snake Eyes.’

It may only be an Extra Skill, but it is able to induce all types of negative status on enemies—paralysis, poison, madness etc.—It also has a horrifyingly wide area of effect, and one would be affected by the skill as soon as Alvis spots them. No one can escape it unless they could resist or endure the effects. It is an extraordinary Skill.

Moreover, Alvis holds another trump card.

That is, her Unique Skill ‘Suppressor.’

It is a dimensional skill with the effect of “Thought Acceleration,” “Spatial Manipulation,” “Spatial Movement.” It can pose as an obstacle to the enemies’ movements in order to create situations that favors of her allies.

Once seen by Alvis, the regular soldiers under Yamza are all paralyzed.

The weaker willed ones will go mad instantly.

Even ones with some capabilities couldn’t escape it either, they either have their bodies paralyzed or are poisoned to death.

Some even got petrified.

There are only less than a hundred men who escaped the fate. Alvis didn’t give a fighting chance to the unworthy opponents before the actual fight even began.

Yamza’s magic was neutralized with Alvis’s “Spatial Manipulation,” It is not a disruption to the magic he casted, but instead, she locked down the coordinates of the space around Yamza so as to prevent him from altering his nearby space using magic.

That’s why no one could escape through magic in this surrounding area. The so called “surrounding area” refers to the area within Alvis’s eyesight. All of the surrounding battlefield is now under Alvis’s control.

This is what the Beastketeer—“Golden Snake Horn” Alvis is capable of.

Unable to escape, Yamza grinds his teeth hard as he realizes his situation.

But he has kept a trick up his sleeve.

However, that is a forbidden technique that Yamza wishes to avoid using.

In other words, he must engage the enemy in order to survive.

“—It can’t be helped. I guess I’ll get serious with you.”

“Oh oh, Yamza-sama!”

“If Yamza-sama is to get serious, even the three Beastketeers won’t stand a chance against him!”

“We’ll fight to the end! Now it’s our time to shine and carry out Clayman-sama’s will!”

The subordinates regained some morale.

What a bunch of idiots, Yamza ponders to himself.

Demon Lord Clayman only wants to profit from their victory.

To suffer so many losses on top of losing the war, Clayman surely will not let Yamza and his men walk free.

*That man only believes in power...*

No matter how loyal is Yamza, Clayman would never recognize him.

He would only treat him as a useful pawn and a competent subordinate to adore.

It is even the case with the Special Frost Magic Sword that Clayman gifted to Yamza. His intent is to make Yamza stronger.

In other words, Clayman does everything for himself.

But even so, Yamza still respects Clayman. His sharing of wealth with Yamza benefits him too as they both stand to profit.

However, Yamza doesn’t intend to sacrifice his life for Clayman.

*...It’s about time. I will survive and rise up again someday!*

He would go into hiding after meeting his Waterloo.

With that being said given his strength as a Special A ranked greater majin, other demon lords would definitely be willing to take him in—Yamza thinks so to himself.

“Interesting. Alvis, majin of the Beast King, fierce Beastketeer, do you wish to fight me one on one me?”

He fires off a strong force of will towards Alvis.

He makes his bet.

He will defeat the strongest opponent Alvis to sink the enemies’ morale. He may even be able to reverse the situation by doing so. But even if that doesn’t pan out, he could still create the opportunity he needs to escape himself.

“Sure, no problem. Strongest fighter of Demon Lord Clayman’s “Five Fingers,” Yamza-dono. Let’s find out our difference in strength!”

This can also illustrate the difference in character between Clayman and Karion-sama—That’s the other reason why Alvis accepted his invitation.

She uses “Spatial Movement” to move towards Yamza. The surviving Clayman’s soldiers thrust towards her.

This is not even worthy of being called a tactic.

Beastmen are simple creatures, once provoked they would fight to the death. Yamza tried to exploit such nature and planned out this despicable trickery.

As long as they try to exhaust Alvis’s stamina, Yamza would have an easier time winning. His subordinates launched their attack based on that.

“Fool, there’s no use in using such dirty tricks on me!”

Alvis shouts in response and activates her “Snake Eyes.”

But for Yamza, that was all he needed.

The moment Alvis activates her skill was also the chance of winning that Yamza’s been waiting for.

“—Diiie!”

He suddenly moves towards his enemy and swings his sword towards Alvis’s back, where she neglected to defend.

As the sword swings closer and closer to Alvis’s back—

“Nice thinking! You don’t deserve to be a man by using such despicable trickery!”

The man who shouted that jumps out of Alvis’s shadow and deflected Yamza’s sword.

“Heh, who are you?”

“I am Gobta! I’ve been hiding inside (the shadow) in case of emergency.”

As Gobta was explaining, more people gradually jump out of the shadow.

It is obvious now that they are the Goblin Rider units who now moved on all fours after “Union.” By utilizing their high mobility, they scattered to engage the several majins around who are still able to move.

“Ara, you’ve even kept me in the dark. No wonder I’ve been feeling something weird this whole time.”

Despite Alvis saying that, she has in reality noticed them long ago. That’s why she reassuringly walked into the enemies alone, knowing someone got her back.

“Heh heh, we’ve been sent by Benimaru-sama.”

Gobta casually replies to Alvis while secretly pointing and activating his sheath railgun at Yamza. He has realized the difference in power between the him and Yamza, and that he is no match for Yamza when he deflected Yamza’s sword, That’s why he determined that this is a great opportunity to strike when Yamza is still keeping his distance and weary of his kodachi.

Even Gobta has the phrase “Fair and Just” in his dictionary, but his understanding is a bit different than what common sense would dictate in that it is something to demand from the opponent but not something he would give.

Gobta fires his sneak attack but was deflected by Yamza’s sword.

“Trash! Get out of my way!”

Yamza points the tip of his sword at Gobta and casts his magic.

Yamza launches the Great Magic Water Ice Canon at Gobta, while Gobta launches the same thing back at him using his kodachi.

Gobta did not launch the attack as a counter but rather as a follow up to his initial sneak attack. But the magic saved Gobta’s life as the two canon beam collides with each other mid-air and fizzles out.

“—Huh, how could that be as powerful as my magic sword? And even without chanting? How can a lowly trash be so arrogant...”

From that point onward, Yamza begins to treat Gobta as an enemy.

But Gobta is out of tricks.

*Oh no, his reaction was so fast I didn't even catch up with it. I was saved because he happened to launch that magic too. If I was stabbed, I would be dead by now. I guess it's time for my escape!*

These are his real thoughts.

Thankfully the Goblin Rider units have made some progress, that's retreating now won't net him a bad reputation.

Hence Gobta decides to retreat.

"Then let's retreat—"

Just as he was just about to give out the order, Yamza's sword was thrusted above Gobta nose tip.

"KYAAAA!"

But lady luck has smiled on him once more, as Gobta narrowly avoided death once again due to him having an unstable and tilted posture.

But this made Yamza's more wary of Gobta.

*Did he seriously just dodge three of my attacks?*

It can't be a coincidence if he can do it three times in a roll. Yamza concludes. After all, his super-sonic attack has indicated this sigh—The Hobgoblin in front him is no ordinary monster.

"Hehehe, it seems that the Beastketeer has also fallen so low to be sneaking in reinforcement in a duel."

Yamza shouts out with bloodshot eyes.

This is also one of his tricks. Now not only the Beastketeer, some unknown individual has come to interfere, he thinks it would be too dangerous to deal with them both.

Gobta on the other hand is thrilled at the situation.

*This is great! Now I don't need to fight this dangerous majin anymore!*

He hides his joy and takes action swiftly.

"Then I shall be the referee of this duel."

Gobta proclaims.

Now he's just a referee.

It's better off this way as he would just be a hindrance out there.

Rimuru allows them to fail but dying in battle is strictly forbidden. But Gobta is not that dumb, not dumb enough to become the first one to die for such a dishonorable cause.

"Ara, I ok with leaving him for you to fight!"

Alvis intentionally teased, but Gobta rejects it with ease.

"How could you let others have your prey, that would tarnish the good name of the Beastmen! So I won't fight over him with you, please do what you wish! Sorry for the interrupting."

The luckiest thing of all is, Gobta's bizarre responses actually worked.

Yamza is able to avoid the unknown danger.

Alvis wasn't planning on giving up on her prey anyway.

As for Gobta—

*AHH—YEAH! Now my mission is complete!*

He got to escape from having to fight the super strong opponent not to mention that it's a fight he had no chance of winning.



At the back of the enemy force, the end of the battlefield.

The Priests Warriors led by High Priest Midley are engaging in an intense battle against the Hiryyu led by Gabil.

With that being said however, there are only a few people who remain standing on the battlefield.

The two hundred people from both side in total are almost all lying on the ground now.

Among them, Midley didn't receive a single scratch.

Even his white tidily worn vestment is without a single dirt stain. He also claims to be extremely lively.

“WAH-HAHHAHA! You guys really are something. As expected from the children of dragon!”

Midley laughs delightfully.

He was focusing his eyes on the people lying on the ground while ignoring the Suphia panting heavily in front of him.

“Don't just treat me like air!”

Suphia activated “Transformation”(Beastilization) and entered a state of half human half beast. Her improved bodily function now rivals Midley. However, her intention has been seen through by Midley as he begins to dodge sideways to keep his distant.

Suphia missed her chance to strike and left herself exposed with openings all over her body, giving Midley the perfect chance to strike.

“Eat this!”

He grabs her sharp clawed hands that was coming for him while tripping her feet and carries Suphia over his shoulder—then with a quick and hard throw, thrusted her towards the ground.

It's a lot like a Judo throw, it is the unique throwing technique passed down by generations within the Worshippers of Dragon.

“I wasn't treating you like air. After all, I don't get much chances to use this technique on monster, so I'm quite fond of it as well. I have not met a worthy opponent like you to throw for a long time.”

Midley says so with joy, but Suphia, who just got thrown by other couldn't bear her anger.

“Woo, damniit! H-How dare you do this to me...”

Her opponent is clearly treating her like a plaything. Suphia's face reddened out of the

humiliation.

But she has to admit.

The man standing in front of her named Midley is strong beyond her imagination.

And the party in question Midley begins to ignore Suphia again and starts to glance around. He's waiting for Suphia to get back on her feet.

*Damnit, he's totally ignoring me! And my "Automatic Regeneration" for some reason is not activating...*

Indeed, Suphia has not sustained any damage to her body, that's why the healing skill is not activated. The reason why she feels exhausted is simply the draining of her stamina.

One's body would feel exhausted by the impact force after being thrown on the ground by others. There is no damage to the outside, yet it would traumatize the body's interior.

But Suphia stands up again.

She is the Beastketeer—"White Tiger Fang" Suphia, and she won't allow her enemy to give her a one-sided beatdown.

"I can't believe someone like you serve under Clayman. I thought Yamza was the strongest, and my instinct is always quite on point."

"Yamza... You mean Yamza-dono. That man is quite good himself, but not enough to be toyed by me. I may look the way I look, but I have Milim-sama as my sparring opponent!"

"Milim...Demon Lord Milim? That would mean, you guys are the Dragon Worshipers!"

No wonder they are so strong, Suphia thinks to herself.

These people would seem too out of place if they are indeed Clayman's subordinates.

They took great joy in battle and won't hesitate at all in killing. But most importantly, their power is much higher than the other majins.

"Oh? That Dragonoid has beaten Hermes! WHAHAAHAHA, that's really something!"

Midley laughs out delightfully as usual.

Hermes' opponent is Gabil, and just now, he got beaten the crap out of him by Gabil's spear.

"Eh, Midley-sama. Stop laughing, give me a hand already!"

"Idiot! You are the one who has lost. You better reflect yourself while staying there."

Hermes is lying on the ground while trying to beg Midley for help. Midley instead laughed it off.

He probably has seen through that Hermes was holding back and that Gabil didn't plan to kill Hermes.

"Very well, now there are only three of us in total including me. You've proven the skills of your soldiers by fighting to a draw with my warriors. It means that they have thoroughly trained their bodies and souls instead of relying on their skills."

"I should be the delighted one bearing your compliments. I am Gabil. And you are Milim-sama's...?"

"Hmm! I am the Worshiper of Dragon, Midley."

"I am Suphia. Beastketeer Suphia! I won't bother giving my name to Clayman's subordinate. But it's a different case of Milim-sama's subordinate."

“Hmm, Suphia-san, right? I’ll remember that. Now then, what to do, what to do? Should I take on both of you now?”

As he says so, Midley crosses his hands casually.

His actions say much about his confidence that he won’t lose even against them both.

“Could I ask a question before we fight?”

“Huh, what’s wrong?”

“Nothing in particular, but how could a mere human be so strong? Or should I say, are Dragon Worshipers really human? There’s definitely something strange about this.”

Having been asked by Suphia, Midley also nods intriguingly in response.

And then he makes his response:

“The human you say—That is the issue. If you are raising a question regarding our race, then the answer is very simple. We are the same as Gabil-san over there. We are all Dragonoids.”

Midley proclaims as if it’s nothing of significance.

“What?! You mean just like us?”

“Hmm, indeed. The difference is we didn’t evolve from lizard man. We are the offspring born through the merging of “Humanoid” Dragon and Humans. That’s probably our difference.”

But we are the same in nature—Midley finishes his sentence with a smile.

“So that’s why...speaking of that, my sister Souka also evolved to look like human.”

“No wonder, you guys are way too strong in terms of human standard...”

“That being the case, there are very few people left who can revert to our ancient appearance. None of my subordinates lying over there have gained any of those skills, such as ‘Dragonization’ or ‘Dragon Warrior Transformation.’ Nowadays, we are about the same as humans.”

Midley looks at Suphia as he says so.

“However, with this power inherited, we worship dragons to remind ourselves to not forget of the blood that runs in our body. Is that what you wish to know, Suphia-san?”

“Yes. It doesn’t matter if you are human or monster. I just want to know whether that toughness was trained and obtained by the weak humans, that’s all. I should pay much respect to your efforts now that you mentioned you are no difference from humans.”

“WHAHAHAHA, I hold the same thoughts. The so-called strength is divided into innate and trained. A majin is weak if he relies too much on his own innate strength and measuring the strength of others based on their magicule possession. Real strength cannot be seen with eyes. The difference in skillfulness is the only correct criteria.”

I see—Suphia resonates such sentiment a lot.

Suphia was born strong. Even without any effort, her combat abilities are stronger than most monsters.

Most majin would stay away seeing her huge amount of magicules and the Youki surrounding her.

Through her agility in battle, she utilized her strength to the fullest in order to get to where she is today.

Now with Midley’s words, she realized that she hasn’t been practicing her skills for all these

times.

“In other word, I can become stronger.”

“WHAHAHAHA, indeed. The best way to get stronger is through actual combats. Go ahead, I’ll be your opponent.”

Midley stands looking calm as ever and says so while having his hands crossed.

“Should I join Suphia-san? Also, aren’t you a bit narcissistic?”

Midley gives off a smile as Gabil says so, he then responses:

“Huh! Young man, then I shall take down my hands and play with you two for a while!”

Since their opponent has come to this point, Gabil would not stay silent.

“Suphia-san—”

“Right, let’s go. But I assure you, this guy is strong!”

Just like that, Gabil and Suphia challenge Midley.



The fight between Alvis and Yamza becomes more and more intensifies, and the moment to determine the outcome has finally arrived.

With the two in a stalemate, Yamza decides to use his trump card.

“Hahaha, as expected of the Beastketeer! It’s no easy feat to fight me to a draw. However, victory is mine with this!”

“What are you talking about?”

“Hehe, did you really think this magic sword is my only trump card? You are good, and I’ll admit that you are on par with me. But! What would happen when there are two me to fight you?”

As he finishes his sentence, Yamza releases the magic of his left wrist ring.

This wrist ring is the “Clone Wrist Ring.” It possesses the magic to spawn an exact replica of the user, it is a reputable and valuable treasure of a magical item.

Including gears, even the skills of the clone would be exactly the same as the summoner. In other words, Alvis must confront two Yamza at the same time.

Since the clone could rival the summoner, the situation is highly disadvantageous for Alvis. However—

“How about it? I would consider sparing you if you surrender now—”

“So what?”

“—What?”

“Do you think you can beat me with such dirty trick? I see that the majin serving Clayman is indeed just this low, what a crude ace.”

Alvis doesn’t seem to be moved and even mocks at Yamza.

“Prepare to die then!”

Yet Yamza couldn’t finish his shout as Alvis reveals shows her trump card.

Her upper body resembles a beautiful female while her lower body is that of a dark serpent. That is Alvis’s real appearance. “Beastilization” has revealed Alvis’s natural appearance and granted her immense strength.

A lot of people think unlike Phobio or Suphia who are good at close-quarter combat, Alvis is the long-range mage-type fighter skilled in casting magic attack from a distance. But it is the furthest from reality. She lives up to her name as the subordinate of Beast King and is most talented in close-quarter combat, a natural warrior.

With that being said, her fighting style differs a lot with the other two.

Alvis raises her golden khakkha above her head. The khakkha disappears instantly as Golden horns appear on Alvis’s forehead.

Her suppressed Youki bursts out to the surrounding, indicating her immense growth in strength.

A double stage “Transformation”— That is Alvis’s trump card.

With dragon scale armor covered all over her, Alvis stands before Yamza.

The space around the surrounding is now under Alvis’s complete control, her overflowing Youki begins to appear as purple lightning.

“Eh!”

Gobta shouts in fear.

Right now Alvis doesn’t seem to be differentiating friends and foes, so he feels he’s in a life-threatening situation.

“You are Gobta, right? I’ll grant you the permission to leave here at once.”

“I’ll run even without your permission.”

Everyone retreats! Gobta orders everyone and begins to flee with the Goblin Slayer units.

“Idiot, do you want to take on us alone?”

“She’s looking down on us!”

The surviving greater majins begins to shout and surround Alvis.

But Alvis, who has revealed her true self, doesn’t seem to give a single care.

“AHAHAHAHAHA! Then die, you fools!”

It was too late when Yamza comes back to his senses.

Some majins have collapse with blood pouring out of their mouths.

Some majins are petrified entirely and breaking into pieces.

The rest of the majins’ bodies begin to corrode and were turned into dust on the spot.

The difference in power is simply too large. Yamza’s subordinates are all being consumed by negative effects, dying off one by one. Yamza couldn’t do a thing to stop this.

“B-bastard!”

Combating in close quarter with her special method, that’s Alvis’s most skilled fighting style.

“Golden Snake Horn”— Alvis’s Golden horns symbolize death. No living beings within

this area could survive.

Yamza finally realizes he has been completely defeated.

“Surrender now. I’ll have you as captive and allow you to live if you surrender.”

Alvis proposes. He may only survive by accepting her conditions. That’s because, his “Clone Wrist Ring” has been broken the moment Alvis’s “Snake Eyes” laid on it.

It seems to also be able to destroy equipment, and Yamza’s clone vanishes before the fight even started.

*—My hands and feet are also paralyzed. If this is to continue, I’ll even have trouble fighting... How in the world is the Beastketeer this strong?*

Yamza was unlucky, since Alvis is the strongest Beastketeer among the three.

He has picked the wrong opponent. But he’s not aware of it.

Alvis is often entrusted the role as commander, so she rarely utilizes her power. That’s why to the outside world, even though she is the head of the Beastketeers, she’s still often underestimated.

Yamza is one of them, looking down on Alvis from his heart.

The outcome has been determined. However, it is not over yet.

Clayman is a cunning demon lord that will never allow his subordinates to betray...

I just need to accept her proposition. Yamza makes up his mind—

—How would I ever allow you to do that?

Clayman’s voice begins to echo in Yamza’s heart.

“Eh?”

Yamza exclaims out of surprise.

His body begins to act on its own without his control.

“S-stop! Please don’t do this, Clayman-sama!”

Yamza takes out an ominous dark purple orb and bring it to his mouth.

“Wu-Gu!”

He grinds his teeth tight, trying to avoid getting near that object, but...These are futile resistances.

Clayman has inserted Skill ‘Manipulator’ in him, so Yamza’s body is not following his command.

“—What are you doing?”

Alvis is confused as Yamza is being forced to swallow that object.

To swallow the dark purple orb—Fragment of Charybdis.

“Ha? Ha-pu, wugugu... GWHAAAAAAA!”

“What is going on?”

The confused Alvis has her nerve tightened.

In front of her, Yamza—his tentacles begin to reach out towards the corpses surrounding him as his body begins to expand into something abominable.

Having been affected by the dimensions filled with magicules under Alvis’s control, Yamza’s magicule storage begins to expand.

There begins a blizzard of ice snows.  
As it consumes and expands, and explodes in the end.  
It is a consuming-type monster that lacks the “Core” of a monster and would disappear after its rampage.

Even though it could only last for a while, its power is compatible to the one it originates from. That’s likely the most challenging part that it’s this character. Its appetite to consume is endless just like its originator (Yamza).

That is the forbidden technique Yamza didn’t want to use, a clever trap set by Clayman.



Charybdis is reborn to this land.

Alvis’s nerves are extremely tense as she attacks Charybdis with all she can.  
Yet she couldn’t harm it. Charybdis continues to expand, and her normal attacks won’t even leave a scratch on it.

The most challenging part is no more than “Super Regeneration.” It would absorb the corpses around it to regenerate temporary flesh.

“Ehhh, you monster!”

Alvis shouts with hatred, as her proud skill “Snake Eyes” won’t work on it and her purple lightning has a weak effect.

Regarding that, this monster is already Calamity-class, a monster with many levels higher than herself. Even if Alvis is the strongest among the three Beastketeers, she won’t be able to take on it by herself.

Thankfully there is still quite the distance from where she is and the battlefield. Alvis wants to buy some time, so it won’t affect her companions.

But that is at most until Charybdis completes creating its body.

Its horrifying collective body in the form of desperation now rampages this land.

Moreover, this monster isn’t satisfied with consuming Yamza, it even swallowed the Magic Frost Sword in order to search for its “Core.” It is thus drawing in heat from the surrounding and causing a temperature drop.

The monster is turning its Youki into a Giant Water Ice Storm and causing a havoc there.

The way the Ice Storm swallows and harms the surrounding people and objects indeed is horrifying to watch.

More severely, what concerns Alvis is what would happen the moment it releases all the heat it absorbed.

*It’s fine for those who can escape with teleportation skill, but as for those without it...*

Everyone would die.

“Damnit! That bastard Clayman!”

Alvis shows her true character as she shouts and continuously launches attack on the enemy without interval.

She launched it so frequently to the point of not sparing a single breath.

However—

All of these efforts have been futile.

Charybdis has only sustained some flesh wound, the damage to its core is less than significant.

No, it's because it is regenerating too fast.

“Blasted! I'll have to let those who can run retreat first—”

In time of desperate, Alvis tries to come up with a best solution to her situation. She was going to request Benimaru to issue the order for fast retreat.

In terms of result, the order was not issued.

That's because—there is no such need.

“You've disobeyed me, Alvis. Didn't I tell you to retreat if you can't win?”

With that said, Generalissimo Benimaru suddenly appears before Alvis.

“—Benimaru-sama!”

“Oh, Charybdis. I couldn't harm it last time, but what about this time?”

Benimaru shows an arrogant smile.

“Benimaru-sama, this monster is too—”

“I know. It's quite impressive, now I could use it to test out my strength.”

As he says so, Benimaru raises his right hand.

Then, he gains control of everything.

He has analyzed thoroughly between the capability of Charybdis and himself.

This battle could now end in the blink of an eye.

Benimaru holds his footing tight and unsheathes his tachi covered in black flame to slash against Charybdis. However, his strength wasn't enough to cut through the Giant body that Charybdis has built so far.

But there is one big difference from before.

Unlike Alvis's attack, its wound did not regenerate.

Charybdis has taken the burning damage of “Black Flame” from the knife and it seems to be burning it to ashes.

“Ze, I'm still not good enough it seems. No time to toy with you then, I'll send you straight to hell.”

Benimaru says so as she walks in front of Alvis.

With his tachi carried on his shoulder, he isn't even considering Charybdis as a threat.

“My apologies, I was playing to have some fun with you when you complete your body...”

It hasn't flown to the sky, yet its gigantic body is almost forty meters long. Yet right now this gigantic being is being covered up by a black hemisphere.

“Begone.”

Benimaru whispers.

In an instant—with a “BOOM!” sound—its noise spread across the surrounding.

It’s the large area burning attack—“Black Flame Hell.”

Its power cannot be compared to that of the past.

In addition to Benimaru’s “Fire Manipulation,” his magicule movement is completely within his control. Even with Charybdis’ innate skill “Magic Interference,” its body is still burnt to ashes.

Thus it shows how much stronger has Benimaru’s control of magicule is compared to the Charybdis.

“There’s no way!”

Alvis is justified be so surprised.

Benimaru’s attack is able to harm Charybdis, which indicates his magicule possession is superior than it.

That means—

Benimaru is already able to rival the master of Alvis and her companions, that is Demon Lord Karion, Rank Calamity.

“Alvis, I still have something to do. Right now, I order you to command the army as an adjutant.”

“—Understood, Benimaru-sama.”

Alvis deactivates her “Transformation” and receives her order while kneeling.

She has a lot of questions on her mind, but it is the wrong time to ask. She has hidden her inner shocks to take on the order with pleasure.

The calamity Charybdis that appeared on this land—was taken care of before it could destroy a thing.



“He, hehehe... What a surprise. I know Yamza would betray, but I can’t believe Charybdis was handled that easily but someone...”

“Right. Talk about everything having its own vanquisher, even us won’t be able to kill it.”

“Clayman’s army has been routed. The mission is a failure and he’s suffered heavy losses this time. He should have listened to that lord and stay put as he’s ordered.”

“Right. Even Laplace went to persuade him, it’s all Clayman’s fault this time.”

Footman and Teare exchanges looks and chit chats with each other.

Phobio, who’s been devastated in the fight, is still waiting in front of the two alongside Geld who’s come to protect him.

“We’ve got to report to that lord now, playtime is over.”

Footman didn't get a scratch while Teare sustained some injuries that wouldn't have affected combat either way.

If in terms of damages they sustained, Geld and Phobio is on the losing side.

"Don't try to escape. I know you guys are good. But I just need stall you until Alvis and Suphia arrive. As well as with Benimaru-san, you guys are dead meat."

Phobio raises his body while shaking, announcing these to them. His wounds just now have all been healed.

It is the level of regenerative power akin to "Super Regeneration" that can easily outrank the "Automatic Regeneration" unique to the Beastmen. After all, Phobio was once consumed by Charybdis, he has inherited some of its power.

"You are really annoying, little black kitty!"

Teare shouts as she sends Phobio flying in a hit. But it was not lethal, and Phobio was able to regenerate and stands back up instantly.

Teare has the upper hand in terms of speed, but she's unable to deliver a fatal blow to Phobio. On the other hand, despite Phobio is covered in wounds, none of which are severe.

This duel seems to look as though Phobio has lost, but with each minute passing, there may be a very different result in the end.

As for Footman and Geld, Footman would squeeze himself into a giant meatball and smash towards Geld with high spinning speed. Geld would then fend himself with his giant shield and launch an intense counterattack in between the interval. However, all of these attacks have been stopped by Footman's meat armor and thus not sufficient to cause any lethal wounds.

The two sides continue this cycle of attack and defense, both seem on par with the opponent. That is how their duels are going.

However, that is because Footman is not treating it seriously.

Just now Charybdis was just defeated, and Footman has lost his interest because of that.

"Woo!"

Seeing he has gotten serious; Geld immediately shows up before Phobio to defend him.

"What's wrong, Geld-san?"

He couldn't answer Phobio's question before Footman attacks towards Geld and him.

It's a Giant Magic Missile.

It was a solid hit that didn't have much change to its shape, yet its power was enough to change the terrain of the surrounding.

Geld's giant shield is destroyed by the missile. Not only so, his full body armors are also broken into pieces.

Phobio, even with Geld's shielding sustained some damage. He got to survive thanks to "Super Regeneration."

"He—Hehehe. Taking care of you guys aren't part of my contract, so I'll let you walk this time."

"Be grateful! You guys would be dead long ago if we got serious!"

Geld and Phobio have sustained heavy injuries that they are unable to stand. These are the

words heard by them.

As the dust of the explosion dissipates, there is no sign of Footman and Teare.

“—That was a terrible loss. Even though I’ve gained new power through it, there is still many that are stronger than me.”

“No, had Geld-san not come, I would have long been dead. Sorry, I’ve dragged you back...”

“There is no such thing. We’ve lost indeed, but we are still alive. Let’s just win our next fight.”

Geld encourages Phobio like that.

“Indeed, you are right!”

Phobio is no amateur.

It’s just that Footman and Teare are too strong. With that power, it won’t be strange if people call them demon lords.

From magicule possession alone, it would seem that Geld is superior. But the cunningness of the opponents has greatly masked the difference between their skill.

When Geld fought Footman, he has taken a defense stance all along. With that being said, he knew that he won’t be able to win even with all he’s got put into the fight.

However, the result is exactly as he intended.

“Benimaru-san, the clowns have escaped.”

Geld reports to Benimaru using “Telepathy Net.”

“Hmm, I saw. And they thought they’ve had mercy on us, how naive.”

Geld received order from Benimaru to find out what the opponents are capable of.

In addition he needed to protect Phobio.

*I was just here to observe the situation—Even though I can’t say it was that easy. But it is their biggest failure that they’ve not killed me. Benimaru-sama would also keep a record of my fights. In other words, we can give it to Rimuru-sama for analysis. Then their powers and secrets would be exposed to everyone.*

This is why their defeat was not meaningless.

He has accomplished his goals. There is no need to worry about winning at the moment, he can always train himself in the future to reduce their gap in strength.

Geld wanted to use his own men to fight to the death at this place of destiny, but unfortunately, he is not strong enough.

*But I will win next time!*

He makes such resolve in heart.

“Then, I’ll return to command the army.”

“Go ahead, there is still one more troublesome guy. I’ll have him companied.”

It ain’t easy being a Generalissimo. Geld thinks to himself after the report.

There are several hidden opponents that are really challenging.

They couldn’t fight these individuals simultaneously, so they had to take the harder route in tactic in order to distract and spread these people.

From the situation now, Benimaru would prioritize the sequence of aiding, but it may put

others in danger if his judgements are wrong.

But with that being said, Benimaru has fulfilled his duty perfectly.

He was planning to go straight for Footman's head, but he's put aside his personal grudge to consider the victory of the whole army.

*This Generalissimo doesn't seem so reckless in his decision-making. As compared to our initial battle with each other, he's grown a lot...*

Geld feels much more respect and trust towards Benimaru.



—The time rewinds a bit and we are again at the end of the battlefield.

The two parties have only fought for a few minutes.

This, however, has been like forever to Gabil and Suphia.

But this period has suddenly come to an end.

“Hmm?”

“This is...!”

“Hu—hu—W-What is... Is happening—?”

Suphia has learnt how to buffer herself after being thrown the second and third times, her tired body is also smoothed.

On the other hand, Gabil is not used to the attack. He has been tricked all over the place and exhausted as he swings around his spear.

Midley has been the two's opponents all this time. He doesn't seem tired at all, rather he looks very energetic. These two are a piece of cake compared to sparring with Milim.

And Midley is also the first to notice the situation.

“Everyone, I approve you all of using healing magic! Get up! Come on, get everyone up right now!”

He no longer looks as calm as he shouts out furiously.

“This is bad Midley-sama! From the reaction it seems to be quite the monstrosity.”

“I know! That is probably the Charybdis that Milim-sama just defeated recently. No, or is it its remains?”

“It looks like so... But it doesn't seem quite stable, even without our interference, it will probably disappear in about a day...”

“No, this is the battlefield. It may have some unforeseen development if we are not cautious. We'd better not feed anything to a monster like that.”

Midley and Hermes who's been suddenly healed have entered their own worlds and converses all over the place.

Right now, the priests on the ground begin to cast healing magic, not only on themselves,

but also helping to heal Gabil's subordinates from Hirayuu.

"Do you mean Charybdis? That monster that possessed baka Phobio! Didn't Demon Lord Milim destroy it already?"

"Indeed, Charybdis has already been eliminated by Milim-sama..."

Suphia and Gabil also join the discussion. They don't think it's the right time to be stubborn about winning or losing.

"Calm down everyone. That isn't the real deal, more like the fragments of its power. And it seems to have used Yamza as substitute for its 'Core'..."

Midley activates his "Dragon Eye" and begins to analyze the nature of the thing to explain to everyone. It is not as effective as Milim's "Dragon Eye," but it is still a great skill with the abilities of "Vision" and 'Analyze and Assess.'

Hermes is not just sitting around either, he's guarding the surrounding in case of emergency.

"That should be it. I was planning to kill that bastard Yamza, but his soul has been eaten clean. With how things have developed, all we can do is try to reduce casualty and wait for it to die out by itself."

He concludes calmly.

"Have you guys heard what I said? I permit everyone to gear up to prepare for battle. But don't get greedy. We are just buying time to come up with a solution against it."

"Let us help as well. We are much more skilled in high speed flying compared to last time. We won't get injured as long as we watch the scale attack."

Midley and Gabil are like old friends. The two decides to collaborate with much tacit bonds. The mad Charybdis has one habit of chasing things that move. Gabil's party can fly and is the best bait for it.

Suphia is also contemplating, her brain is running much faster than usual. She decides to do whatever she can and immediately takes actions.

"All right, in order to prevent it from consuming any ground troops, I'll assist everyone to retreat—"

But she couldn't finish her sentence before things took a quick turn.

It is when Benimaru happened to incinerate Charybdis.

"Wh...What...! That guy didn't even flinch while carrying out such spectacle!"

"—What the hell? Is that a demon lord? It would make sense if it's Milim-sama, but how can a single majin be capable of that? What a monster..."

Only two people saw it first-hand, Midley and Hermes.

Suphia, Gabil also noticed the difference, but they are aware of the situation. All they knew was that the evil aura of the Charybdis dissipated instantly.

"OI, what happened? Could you tell me as well?!"

"Hmm. I was hoping you two would help explain to us."

"About that, I want to do it as well..."

"But it seems unnecessary."

Hermes and Midley couldn't begin to explain before the space before Suphia and Gabil

begin to twist and till. A majin with red hair, akin to burning fire appears before them.

It's Benimaru with his tachi on his shoulder.

Benimaru has come here to deal with the last dangerous individual on the battlefield—Midley.

“Hey, it seems our men have been taken under your care.”

Benimaru arrives to stare intensely at Midley, but he soon realizes things were amiss. There are traces of fights at the scene, yet there are no injured. The tension that was just about to break out now ceases to exist.

“Wait a second, Benimaru-sama! These people are Milim-sama’s subordinates. The Priest Warrior from the Worshippers of Dragon.”

“What, Milim-sama’s subordinates? That means—”

“Our wounds are healed by their healing magic too!”

“...I see. I suppose I’ve thought too much. You’ve really raised my alert high since you are the toughest opponent to deal with on this battlefield.”

“WHAHAHAHA, you weren’t thinking it wrong. Our troop did fight yours. And it’s also true that we’ve healed your wounds, but that is for the coming battle against the bigger trouble. Right now there is no longer this necessity.”

“—I see. Then what should we do next? Do you wish to fight us?”

“About that, what to do now...”

“We don’t actually want to fight Milim-sama’s subordinates either.”

“Hmm, that’s right. Even though I want to have a spar with you, but it’s not to antagonize you. But instead to see who’s stronger in terms of strength.”

“So that’s how it is, I understand your sentiments.”

Midley and Benimaru both smiles as they finish their words.

“Eh, HOLD ON! This isn’t appropriate!”

“Right, Benimaru-sama! If you harmed Milim-sama’s subordinates, there is no guarantee how much hell she would rain on us!”

“That’s right, Midley-sama! Rimuru-sama and Milim-sama are friends, it would lead to a catastrophe!”

Hermes and Gabil moves out to stop the two, while Suphia who was trying to interject has to shut up.

“I know. Besides, if we really get serious in the fight, I’ll most likely lose.”

Benimaru decides to step up with the addition of “I don’t plan to fight without the chance to win.”

“WHAHAHAHA, nice saying. But if you are able to kill that Charybdis, even someone as strong as me wouldn’t be absolutely sure in defending against your attack.”

Midley follows it up with his laughter, with those words said, he seems confident in preventing Benimaru from using the skills he used to win against Charybdis. It would definitely render the fight into a life-or-death brawl rather than a relaxing spar.

It would be too strange to spar on this battlefield, and besides, the incentive to fight against

each other has long gone.

On top of that, none of the side has the intention of doing the fight.

Just like that, at this location—The battle that took place at the ruins of the Orc Kingdom Obic concludes with the overwhelming victory of the united army.

Apart from this, there is another battlefield out there, there also—



The time is midnight twelve o'clock. Shuna, Souei and Hakuroou begin their operation.

Across the wetland masked by thick fog, there lies the Clayman's headquarter ahead. They intend to go there as they secretly intrude the wetland.

There are many suspicious swamps in the wetland with sound of biogas popping off. This biogas seems to be the cause of the fogs, adding a sense of creepiness to its surrounding.

As soon as they intrude into the wetland, a thick layer of mist begins to emerge in front their eyes.

“This is not good. My ‘Magic Perception’ has been affected by the fog.”

“Indeed. This is the reason why I’ve given up my investigation. My visions here are greatly limited and I could only rely on my five senses to collect intel. On the contrary, the enemies seem to be collecting intelligence using the fog.”

“So that’s how it is, in other words, the situation is highly against us.”

“Yes. Hakuroou-sama should be fine and I could also use skill ‘Stealth’ to conceal my presence. However, Shuna-sama would—”

As Souei said, Hakuroou could use his esoteric invisibility technique “Haziness” to completely hide his presence. Souei can also achieve perfect stealth that causing one unable to detect him even if he’s right next to them.

“I’ll be fine as well.”

Shuna is faced with the biggest challenge, but Souei’s concerns seem to be unwarranted. Shuna also erases her traces and conceals her perfectly.

“Oh, so it works just like my ‘Haziness.’ It seems to be a combined skill of ‘Illusion Magic’ and ‘Witchery.’ As expected of Shuna-sama.”

Hakuroou is correct, that is the Unique Skill invented by Shuna.

Although unable to rival Rimuru, Shuna can create unique magic through her Unique Skill ‘Creator.’

“It seems that the issue has been resolved. But do still be cautious, as you can’t use ‘Telepathy Net’ as long as you remain in the sea of fog. The vision is not clear, and communication

is difficult, so you guys must be careful with every step you take<sup>28</sup>. Also, here's something for you."

In this sea of fog, even with Souei's "Clone" to connect them, they can't communicate through "Telepathy Net." So Souei wants Hakurou and Shuna to hold on to "Sticky Steel Web" as method of emergency contact.

Through the vibration of the web, they can make some bare communication with each other. However, once the web is broken, they will lose the method to contact, so they must be cautious with its usage. Shuna and Hakurou nod and carefully wrap the web around their wrists.

That concludes the preparation work.

"Let's head out."

Shuna launches the journey as the three begin to move out.



"—This is bad, we seem to have walked into a trap."

With only a few minutes set out, Shuna stops to say.

"A trap?"

"I've also getting a mixed feel from the surrounding, almost as if there are presences of enemies—What's that!"

Souei couldn't finish his sentence when he senses an unknown and overwhelming aura suddenly surrounds him.

"I can't believe this... They've got many people, how could I have not sensed it, where have they been hiding?"

"No, Hakurou! The enemies have not shown, but we have been lured to this location!"

"Is that so, it must be this fog. Not only did this fog caused us to lose direction, it also hid our enemies' presence and lured us into the center of this encirclement of trap..."

"So that is how it was, this is the reason why I've been feeling strange from the start."

"Indeed, Souei, Hakurou. This fog has triggered 'Spatial Interference.' No matter where the enemies attack us from, it will always lead them back to a certain location—"

Halfway through Shuna's explanation, someone has already rushed out.

Souei and Hakurou are maintaining their guards against the concealed monsters near their surrounding and at the same time, displays a battle posture against the person that suddenly appeared.

Shuna also remains silent as she looks at the person.

A skeleton wearing white clergy coat—

That is the person who appeared before Shuna's party.

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<sup>28</sup>This is an idiom 一步一歩をかためて進む

“Such strong mana...”

Shuna whispers with cold sweat on her.

She thought and panicked for a moment thinking that it was Clayman himself, but he quickly rejected that idea.

It's already past midnight twelve o'clock, Clayman has long set out for the Walpurgis Banquet. If that's the case, the logical deduction would be that this is one of the members of Clayman's close lieutenants, a member of the “Five Fingers.”

Right now, this individual not only can rival the strength of the Beastketeers, his power is closing in on that of demon lord. That is how much magicules this majin possesses.

What's also unbelievable to Shuna is why such a person would want to work under others.

And Shuna then recalls a thing that Myuran mentioned to her. The member of Clayman's “Five Fingers” who is responsible for defending the castle is—

“—I see, you must be Adalmann. The ruler of this land—The Undead King who leads many undead monsters.”

Hakurou, through his “Eyes of Heaven”<sup>29</sup> also reached the same conclusion just as Shuna described.

Adalmann's immense and ominous power is far greater than what Myuran described. This is the Undead King who can rival a demon lord, he is the protector of this land.

Souei wouldn't doubt Shuna and Hakurou's, reaching the intended conclusion as it is meant to be reached. He concentrates his killing intent quietly.

Whoever this foe is, I'll kill him—That's the logic of Souei's action.

At that moment, Souei prepares for action.

“Indeed, I am Adalmann. Guardian of this land and servant to the order of the great Demon Lord Clayman-sama. Lowly intruders, prepare to die. If you follow my order, I shall grant you all a painless death.”

Undead King—Adalmann proclaims.

That is an order from a king. Those words indicate that he is not considering enemies such as Shuna as an equal to him. But it is reasonable to be terrified at the high possession of magicules Adalmann holds.

It would seem that due to the presence of his seemingly infinite magicules, tens of thousands of undead monsters begin to emerge from the surrounding.

Godagodagodagoda, giligiligidili (spooky skeleton sounds) they begin to make sharp noises as they surround Shuna's party.

“So it's true, we've been completely surrounded by the enemies. This fog is combined with ‘Coordination Barrier,’ we can't use ‘Spatial Movement’ to escape. All means of communication have been interfered, we can only break out of the encirclement by defeating Adalmann.”

Shuna informs them without hesitation.

Basically, Hakurou and Souei would never just take Adalmann's suggestion without a fight.

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<sup>29</sup>This is more akin to “Eyes of Sky,” the heaven here has no religious sense.

Hearing Shuna's suggestion, the two strike out together without a discussion.

"No time to waste, let's take down the enemy general."

"I agree. One it is struck by my techniques, even the dead can't escape their fate."

The two make such response as they close in on Adalmann.

Seeing the two striking towards him, Adalmann gives off a disdaining smile.

"Hehehe, a bunch of arrogant fools. How silly of me to have wished to offer you my mercy. Since you won't even be grateful to my proposition, I shall let you taste the consequences and regret your decision."

Adalmann swings his giant hand as if he still has much strength to spare.

Immediately afterward, something astounding occurs. Hakurou's knife closing in on the enemy was stopped by a knight in front of Adalmann.

Hakurou deeply believed that that strike would have taken his enemy's life. He backs off while being shocked.

That knight is a Rank A-minus monster, Undead Knight.

However, that strike has had Hakurou discovered something amiss. Even if it's a powerful monster, a single Undead Knight won't be able to stop Hakurou's knife.

"You are no common foe. Very well, I shall use my real skills to spar with you."

Hakurou was right.

He has realized the strength of this Undead Knight.

It is not skills derived from the bodily strength of monster, but from human skills gained through the hardship of training.

Then, it won't be the simple type to be seen through by "Eyes of Heaven." That's why Hakurou has devoted himself to duel his Undead Knight.

"..."

The Undead Knight remains silent. He can't talk with his temporary body made up of dead corpse.

However, you can see the blue white flame shaking in its hollow eye sacks.

That is undoubtedly the light of will. They symbolize he has accepted Hakurou's invitation to duel in the name of honor as a human.

Even though he is no longer a human, the heart of that Undead Knight still belongs to an honorable knight.

Both sides have rivaling magicule stores as well as similar bodily strength.

With sparks from the clashes of techniques trained for years, the battle between two master swordsmen begin.

Apart from that, Souei has also encountered an opponent.

He was sneaking near Adalmann before a giant shadow emerged before him to stop his attack.

"Ze!"

Souei smacks his lip while staring at the gigantic shadow.

“Could this be a Zombie Dragon<sup>30</sup>—?”

“No, Souei! The enemy is not that simple! His magicule level alone is greater than you. It would be the strongest undead monster here—Undead Dragon!”

The fog has blocked Shuna’s vision making her hard to do an accurate analysis of the enemies’ real identities.

After hearing so, Souei gives off an upset look. He could handle it if he’s on his own, but right now the situation is highly disadvantageous as he is also trying to protect Shuna during his fight.

The more dependable Hakurou is focusing on fighting the Undead Knight as well.

Souei must defeat the Undead Dragon as soon as possible. If not the tens of thousands of undead monsters from all around would devour them all, even Shuna would not be able to survive.

From Souei’s point of view, he doesn’t need to hold back under such circumstances.

“Time to die! Web slash of ten thousand monsters<sup>31</sup>!”

He decides on the spot to give off all he has to attack.

His Unique Skill ‘Secret Inspector’ grants him the effect of ‘Insta-Kill’ by using tens of thousands of “Viscous Steel Web” to chop his enemies into pieces—This is the ultimate killing move of Souei, like looking through sceneries of a kaleidoscope, where the flowers of fresh blood blooms.

It won’t matter even if the enemies are half spiritual life form such as undead. His technique can cut through and kill spiritual beings, so it should be the case that they are already dead.

“How could this be, it is regenerating!”

Souei begins to feel anxious.

The twenty-something feet tall giant body has now been chopped into chunks, so his victory should have been guaranteed. Yet, the Undead Dragon revived itself as if it was nothing and restored its body.

That’s even faster than “Super Regeneration,” the power of so called “Undead.”

“If that’s the case, I’ll destroy you along with your soul—”

Souei makes up his resolve, yet Shuna’s calm voice raises beside him.

“Calm down, Souei. Some as calm and analytic as you should know that you can’t defeat the Undead Dragon, right?”

“But—”

“And the soul of that dragon seems to be in the body of that majin Adalmann. Don’t worry about me, just focus on distracting the dragon. I’ll take down Adalmann.”

Shuna says so calmly to Souei.

“This is too dangerous!”

“No, Souei. Right now I am angry.”

<sup>30</sup>Zombie Dragon or Dragon of Rotten Flesh

<sup>31</sup>This could use a better term, the skill he shouted here is “操丝万妖斬,” which translate directly to “the web manipulation to slash ten thousand monster.”

A cold smile hangs on Shuna's face as she expresses her dismissal of Souei's concern.

Her eyes begin to glow brighter, showing her aggressive side. Seeing this, Souei lost his words.

Shuna was once the female Miko responsible to rectify the Ogre tribes. Her words held a certain power that can cause others to follow her every order. Right now, her power has long surpassed the Unique Skill 'Kyogenshi'<sup>32</sup> (Speaker of mad words) of otherworlder Kirara Mizutani.

Besides, Shuna is not the type of person who needs protection.

Souei is well aware of that.

Then there could only be one answer.

"Understood. I wish you emerge victorious, Shuna-sama."

"The same goes for you, Souei. The dragon is all yours."

Shuna smiles as she says so.

Souei nods towards her and returns his focus on the Undead Dragon. Since he's taken the task, he won't hesitate anyone. Souei is confident in Shuna and dives into his own battlefield.



Shuna is alone now, but she's not anxious nor panicked as she confronts Adalmann directly.

Adalmann seems to look down on her.

"Oh? What do you plan to do, young lady? What can you do without your guards? And how do you plan to take on this ten-thousand strong troop?"

Adalmann's voice reflects a level of unbelieving accompanied by a sense of joy.

In fact, Adalmann is enjoying himself.

The order of Demon Lord Clayman cannot be disobeyed, but Adelman's own will still remains, only his actions are restrained.

Eliminating invaders—That's the only thing Adalmann can do.

All powerful but with an empty head—That's how Clayman's subordinates always mock him. This is only so because Adalmann has been bonded by the land and unable to move freely.

Clayman won't even give him a chance to argue back, it's no wonder why everyone does not know about this.

It's not accurate to call Adalmann a majin, he is more akin to a weapon.

He is the defense mechanism bonded to this land to protect the castle.

His soul however is not restrained, but his actions are all scripted orders that would automatically be executed.

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<sup>32</sup>Kyogenshi (狂言师), or performer of Kyogen, is a performer of a traditional Japanese theater play Kyogen.

Although he claims to pledge his loyalty to Clayman, but it's all but an act. This mechanism has long been designed to express respect towards its master. And Adalmann has long desired to get rid out of such chain.

That's why Adalmann is enjoying his time talking to Shuna.

He would always automatically carry out the mission to protect the castle regardless of the situation. However, Adalmann is not restrained from talking to the invaders, which is one of his sources of joy.

It is perhaps a twisted form of mercy from the craftsman of this mechanism—Demon Lord Kazalim.

Perhaps that is not the truth, however, Adalmann has decided to explain it in that direction. After all, with this tip bit of mercy, Adalmann was able to remain sane and endure for thousands of years.

*I do appreciate him for crafting this mechanism in order to prolong its durability.*

Adalmann believes so deep down his heart.

It is for this reason he is able to give everything he has to defeat the invaders when he's body is no longer retrained.

Upon imagining the scene of more than ten thousand undead monsters plunging at Shuna, he prays to himself that she won't suffer too much pain in her death—

“You don't have to worry about that. ‘Anti-Monster-Attribute Barrier’!”

Shuna's firm voice echoes.

At that instant, the circle with one-hundred-feet long radius centered around Shuna suddenly becomes a holy ground that would prevent the invasion of any evil monsters.

This is a barrier that will respond to magicule matters. She “Analyze” and “Fuse” her “Magic Nullified Domain” and “Holy Purification Barrier.” With previous experience of their usage, Shuna developed this original spell by herself.

This time he has barricaded against all magicule. It also has very powerful Magical defense that could choose one of the four elements such as fire and wind to defend against.

“Now then, we won't have any other people to interfere. If I can beat you, I would be able to destroy the defense mechanism that is using you as its core.”

“—Oh, impressive. You've discovered my secret. Little girl, what is your name?”

Indeed, just as what Shuna said.

Once Adalmann is eliminated, the defense mechanics of the castle would also be destroyed. The key point of the mechanics lies on the fact that Adalmann's soul has been bonded to the terrain, which has enabled the perpetuation of powerful magicule energy.

Of course, then the Undead Dragon who admires Adalmann, his close ally and friend Undead Knight would also be able to break free from this cursed bond.

Shuna has seen through the truth in one glance and Adalmann is impressed from the bottom of his heart. He also holds a shred of hope that his opponent may be able to assist them in escaping their suffering.

“My name is Shuna.”

“Shuna, Shuna-san then. Let’s have our battle. If you could beat me, I shall respect your will.”

“That’s quite the generous offer. However, we only want to destroy Demon Lord Clayman. If you stay out of my way, I can spare you your life. You can also continue to stick around here if you want!”

“Heheh, but shouldn’t you know that is simply impossible?”

“Is that so? By the magnitude of your strength, you should be able to win against that cursed bond by yourself, but I may have been mistaken. It can’t be helped then. I’ll go according to the plan to defeat you.”

Shuna says so without hesitation.

*If I could conquer this cursed bond, I would have done so long ago. Demon Lord Kazalim is a horrifying man who few could stand against him. His title “Curse King” did not come in vain. Yet you describe it like such an easy chore...*

That is how Adalmann sees it, but even so, his mood did not get worse.

“Then this would be the end of our conversation. Now, fight with everything you’ve got!”

The battle ignites.

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Adalmann was once a prince.

His hometown was one of the many province states under the rule of Holy Empire of Lubelius.

These countries had no army. They relied on the Templar Knight Order sent out by the central Saints Church to protect their lands.

It was at the cost of having to uphold the Luminas sect as their national religion and supply the knight order with both talented labor and monetary fund.

At the time, the Western Holy Church were not as influential as it is now, and the Holy Knight Order has yet to be formed. The ones excelled in the field would be rewarded the honorable knight title of the Templar Knight. It was a title that cannot be passed on in generation.

Under such circumstance at the time, Adalmann was one of these talented individuals that was elected.

His brother inherited the throne and gave birth to the new heir. Due to such condition, Adalmann became more diligent in promoting the Luminas sect.

He started his new career by joining the Western Holy Church that promote Luminas sect.

Adalmann was charmed by the deity and believed Luminas with all his heart.

Luminas is the great god, and Adalmann never once held doubt against his god.

That is why he obtained the archbishop skill “Miracle” and became one of the few masters of “Holy Magic.”

He was able to climb to the highest position within the Western Saint Church and became a Cardinal Deacon, yet his position within the Holy Empire of Lubelius was still not very high.

Adalmann continued to work even harder.

In order to get to a higher place of power, he didn't limit himself to "Holy Magic," he even began to learn other magics. He often discussed, practiced magic with his friend then, Gadra<sup>33</sup>, in hopes of becoming stronger.

His hard work was finally rewarded, as Adalmann was able to become a "Sage"<sup>34</sup>.

Sage refers to the spiritual life form that pushes human body to a similar state as the astral body of a greater spirit. These people are seen as humanity's guardian with much greater strength than ordinary humans.

With this power in hand, Adalmann was able to move up the ladder of power to assume the role of Cardinal Priest.<sup>35</sup>

Time passed by fast.

Adalmann devoted himself into studying magic and was one more step before reaching peak human performance and becoming "Saint."

Yet Adalmann encountered a joyful surprise then. Someone finally summoned him to the "Inner sanctum" on the Spirit Mountain.

He was really happy.

*Now I can finally meet Luminas-sama!*

Indeed, Adalmann really did believe in the existence of the god Luminas. After all, it is reasonable for him to think so given such fantasy is part of his faith.

That was the beginning of the end. The uninformed Adalmann headed towards the Holy Land with great joy.

Yet unknowing to him, his ardent heart had been betrayed—

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The intense magical battle entered a stalemate.

"Melt them down, corrode all matters—Corrosive Acid Magic Missile!"

Adalmann chant and cast elemental-based magic "Corrosive Acid Magic Missile."

Many water balls begin to flow in midair and pour towards them the magic missiles that could corrode even bones. These water balls begin to shoot out Magic Acid Missiles at Shuna like a storm of rain.

Yet Shuna does not seem panic at all.

"Magic Flame Wall."

The flame wall stopped all of the acid missiles and evaporated them.

<sup>33</sup>Remember this name, he'd be back in 6 volumes kek

<sup>34</sup>Sennin (仙人) are normally refers to people who has transcended humanity after prolonged meditation or self training. In slime, it's tied in to the system describing the level of power human can achieve in the realm of holy magic/non-monster skills. (vis-a-vis human can also become majin with magicule development) - **Revised to "Sage"**

<sup>35</sup>For those interested, the cardinals' order of rank (top to low) in catholic church is Cardinal Bishop, Cardinal Priest, Cardinal Deacon. These members are the closest to popeship.

Her thinking speed has been accelerated to a thousand times more alongside his highly accurate ‘Analyze and Assess,’ and she is also capable of alter reality using her “Casting Rejection” and “Law Manipulation.”

“Very good, but how about this one! Oh cursed spirits, I grant thee thy live sacrifice—Cursed Bond!”

Undead magic—A branch of spiritual magic, utilizes negative emotions of Demons and the Dead to activate. Among these magic, Cursed Bond is the most wicked. The magic would summon the dead to possess onto human, magic or any living beings to absorb their vitality.

However, this didn’t work either.

“Holy Blessing.”

Adalmann heard Shuna’s calm voice, and immediately after, he heard the familiar ring of the holy bell.

It alone could purify and grant salvation to the cursed dead.



“—Impossible! What is this, how can a monster use “Holy Magic”?”

Adalmann’s eyes are open wide as he witnessed this miracle. The beautiful way Shuna displays when casting reminds Adalmann of his hard-working self as a youth.

Moreover, these Holy Magics are casted by a monster girl. He’s shocked to the point of shouting out his thoughts in front of such incredibly unbelievable reality.

Shuna instead laughs in response. She is not obligated to answer, yet she still gives a detailed explanation to Adalmann’s doubt.

“Is that really strange? You are too rigid in your thinking. ‘Holy Magic’ is not a magic unique to humans. If you heart pray for the miracle with enough faith, it will become a reality!”

Most people believe that in order cast “Holy Magic” one must bond with the holy spirit.

Such view is correct in some level, but when viewed on a different spectrum, it would no longer be the case.

Some majins can use healing magic too—This means apart from bonding with holy spirit, one has other channels to access “Holy Magic.”

Yet most humans and monsters don’t know about this.

The power of faith—in truth is the heart to believe in miracle is the key to learning “Holy Magic.”

No matter the character of the wielder, one’s firm faith would be transferred into power.

That is the secret truth behind this magic.

By the way, the Dragon Worshipers could use “Holy Magic” because of their faith in Milim.

Shuna explains calmly and told him everything she knew.

Adalmann is shocked upon hearing this.

*I—have I been mistaken? I’ve been betrayed into losing faith in the god Luminas. That’s why I couldn’t use “Holy Magic” anymore...*

Adalmann was betrayed by Luminas. To be more precise, he was played by the higher-ups of the Luminas sect.

He never knew the reason, not even until now. Perhaps they did it in fear of Adalmann would climb to a position too high or based on some other reason.

But the one thing he was sure is that the god Luminas did not give him a helping hand.

*It’s quite funny when I think about it. I was deceived by the “Seven Luminary Clerics” to contaminate the massive wave of undead causing calamity for the people... And it turned out to be a trap. I accepted Gadra’s magic experiment then to have been revived in this twisted form.*

Not knowing the other side intends to push him to the abyss of death, Adalmann went to the edge of Great Jura Forest without any concern, the location where he resides today. There, massive number of undead monsters and their Zombie Dragon leader awaited Adalmann.

Adalmann’s close ally and friend—Holy Templar Knight Albert fought with him alongside four other knights and an expedition army who all admired Adalmann. Yet in the end they exhausted themselves in battle and died on this land.

Adalmann died once. But at the time, his other friend Gadra casted the secret technique of “Reincarnation” on him to successfully revive him. However, the foul spirits of the land

corrupted him, and the curse of the dead bonded him. The reincarnated Adalmann did not turn into human, instead he became an undead that looks like a skeleton.

Demon Lord Kazalim saw the talent of Adalmann the undead, which is why he fell to where he is today.

“That is why I believe you are not my opponent as long as you can’t use ‘Holy Magic.’”

Shuna asserts herself with these words, Adalmann thus realizes he’s still in midst of battle.

“H-how? How do you know I can use ‘Holy Magic’?”

Adalmann asks Shuna out of curiosity.

But Shuna responded coldly.

“Because the way you look. You wear white holy rope that only a high position priest could wear. You are a high-level mage qualified to wear it, yet you aren’t even able to break this level of cursed bonds. Instead you complain it to your safe and act so soft of a man. You only wear this outfit out of your nostalgia for ‘Holy Magic.’ I don’t need to be cautious against opponent like you.”

Her words were filled with disdain as if saying “Why do you still act all high and mighty at this point.”

“—Ehh... How dare you say this nonsense when I remain silent.”

Adalmann becomes furious.

However, he’s not angry at Shuna but himself. His fury originates from his shock that someone suddenly pointed out his real thoughts that reflected how useless he has been.

On the other hand, his dismay that lasted for thousands of years have finally been cleared up. He feels much joy and smooth within his body.

“I pray to lord thy god. Grant me thy holy power and listen to my wishes—”

With the outburst of emotion, Adalmann begins to chant.

*Indeed. It is because my resolve is not thorough enough. My companions who admire me were turned into undead monsters and I couldn’t just leave them behind... It was I who was naive. “Undead Magic” and “Elemental-based Magic” couldn’t purify undead monsters. But if I continue to pray in hope of casting “Holy Magic,” it may actually...*

If anything, the reason why Adalmann was trapped and bonded by this land was due to his companions.

They died on this land and became the cursed dead. Adalmann couldn’t let him behind. This thought alone has bonded him with this terrain.

Now Adalmann finally realizes how wrong he was.

He raises his two skeleton hands and draws out complicated spell patterns while reciting prayer to god.

These are curse spells, the proof being the complicated geometric shapes that emerged before Adalmann.

*Shuna, right? I don’t hate you. Moreover, you’ve helped me to clear up my mind. I very much appreciate that. However, I can’t just commit suicide. So I’m sorry that you’ll have to come along with me to death—*

Adalmann apologizes to Shuna in his heart.

There are still many levels of highly imposing forces of Demon Lord Kazalim that bonds Adalmann. That's why even suicide is not allowed. But with that being said, it's a different case to be killed by the remaining shock wave of the attack launched at the enemies.

He plans to kill Shuna as well as himself. In this way, his companions that have been affected by him could finally be set free...

As of now, many layers of magical circles gradually unfold around Shuna and Adalmann.

“—I call forth the destruction of all beings! ‘Disintegration’!”

“I was waiting for that! ‘Overdrive’!”

As soon as Adalmann cast his spell, Shuna utilized her Unique Skill ‘Analyzer’ to carry out “Law Manipulation.”

It resulted in the spiritrone gathered by Adalmann to no longer be in his grasp and begins to go out of control.

“W-What? Your magicule possession is less than one tenth of me, yet you could overwrite my magic!!”

Magicule and Spiritual particles all operate based on magic. In terms of overdrive magic, there is no other explanation but that Shuna’s magic ability is above that of Adalmann.

In Adalmann’s view, Shuna has not been a worthy opponent at all. Now he realizes again that he has misjudged.

“Very impressive. To reward you, I shall sever you cursed bond with this land!”

Shuna didn’t listen to him till the end as overflowing light begins to consume Adalmann.

Shuna has exploited Adalmann’s magic.

When confronted with Adalmann who is a competent user of Holy Magic than her, he holds sufficient power to purify this entire land. Shuna didn’t expect him to release the most powerful Holy Magic spell, but thankfully she knew the origin of that magic and overwrite it with ease.

On this land, where that shine of light is omnipresent, it consumed all undead monsters including Adalmann and purifies them...



Hakuro and Souei come before Shuna.

“Oh well, I was trying to get a result early, but that Undead Knight is surprisingly skillful. Shuna-sama has saved my life.”

Adalmann was defeated and the land was purified. The Undead Knight devolved to a skeleton swordsman and was rendered incapable of moving. It would seem that the Undead Knight is under the order of Adalmann to cease combating.

Upon seeing his look, Hakuro knew that his duel has concluded.

It is a shame that he wasn't able to come to a result against an opponent, long awaited by him, who would require Hakurou to fight with his real abilities. But right now protecting Shuna is the more important thing. Hakurou knew the priority of things and immediately went back before Shuna.

"No, I'm lucky that Hakurou is here. If it's me, I won't be able to defeat the Undead Knight. Souei as well, your opponent was an Undead Dragon yet you were able to win some time. Had that dragon been causing rampaged all over the place, we would not have been able to win this battle."

"No, I couldn't strike it down. I am deeply ashamed."

Just as Souei said, the Undead Dragon was a strong enemy. Its wounds would recover immediately if they are not deep enough. Once you come in contact with its Youki, your mind would also be contaminated.

Souei was only able to retreat with several "Clones" operated at the same time. He should be praised however that he was able to stall the Undead Dragon that he has no way of beating.

That Undead Dragon was also defeated after Adalmann's fall. It maintained its shape through Adalmann's magicule and was no longer able to maintain its body afterward.

Souei personally couldn't accept the result, but surviving alone is a victory.

With the being said...

The three look at each other awkwardly and sigh together.

"Speaking of which, if that Adalmann fought us seriously from the start, we would have been killed. I was so mad that I may have overdone things."

In fact, Adalmann didn't intentionally hold back or play any dirty tricks. If he truly intended to Kill Shuna and the rest, there must be other available methods.

Shuna saw through it and began he self-reflection.

"That's right, we may have become boastful after gaining power."

"Indeed. Rimuru-sama's worries were warranted as he said that the situation of the battlefield may alter in an instant. I should have collected more intelligences."

The three speak up and reflect for their arrogance.

But regardless, they were able to triumph.

Clayman's headquarter has lost its key defending members.

But things are not done yet. Shuna and the rest still have work to do.

They must take down Clayman's castle and completely paralyze it.

The majority of people remaining in the castle are non-combatants who aren't loyal to Clayman. These are sensible people who were hired by money and they don't intend to resist.

The rest are mainly forced into bonds with Clayman due to all sorts of reasons. Shuna not only persuaded them, she also helped to release them for their curses. Only a while later were they able to take over the castle.

The majins within the castle no longer posts a threat, Shuna's party then begin to explore.

They've confirmed that Demon Lord Karion was not detained here. But the rest still wish to find evidence to get their hands on Clayman's weakness.

As they are halfway through—

Shuna and the rest were exploring around as someone approaches to speak with them.

“Please hold your step.”

“Hmm? How is he still alive? Should we finish him?”

“Hold up, Hakuroou. This person no longer wishes to fight us.”

The one came to talk was Adalmann.

Hakuroou, who doesn’t dare to let down his guard was unsheathing his knife as Shuna stopped him calmly.

“Shuna-sama—Please allow us to call you so. Thanks to your magic, we were able to leave this land, receive purification and survive. I believe this is fate in working, so we have one request to as of you.”

With a skeleton swordsman, Adalmann, now an undead who has lost more than half of his power and kneeled and says.

“...What is it?”

Shuna asks out of suspicion. It seems they have run into trouble again.

“Yes, much appreciated. In fact I want to see the one who Shuna-sama has place her faith in. I’ve lost my faith and my power will never reverse back to that of my prime. I no longer believe in the god Luminas. That’s why I now look for a new god to serve.”

“ “ “...” ” ”

Shuna and the rest were shocked and speechless.

“Sh-should I call him god? I respect Rimuru-sama, but not to the point of serving as a god!”

Shuna makes her bare response, but Adalmann doesn’t mind. It won’t pose a problem to him, so he continues to recommend himself.

“His name is Rimuru-sama, is it? What a splendid name, perfect for my new god. We may be fragile Undead monsters, but we’ll still be of use in some way. Shuna-sama, could you introduce and recommend us to Rimuru-sama.”

Unconditional, undoubting faith seems very different from respect for someone—Shuna was going to explain towards that end but gave up the thought seeing it may turn too troublesome.

*It’s all right. When he sees Rimuru-sama’s true identity, he may quit at the sight of the challenge.*

Upon recalling how Rimuru’s cute and soft look he usually displays, Shuna comes to that conclusion and decides to let things flow as it goes.

Adalmann also seems very stubborn about his opinion. So persuading him would take too much time, it’d be better to just let him do what he wants.

As such, Adalmann and the thousands of survivors that are the undead monsters under his rule—if anything, have all been dead—are now under Shuman’s command. The conquering of Clayman’s castle thus concludes here.

**Chapter  
5**



**Walpurgis**

*That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime*

# Chapter 5

## Walpurgis

There is a luxurious door in front of us.

Once through, we arrive at the meeting.

There is a huge roundtable in there with twelve chairs spaced out with equal intervals.

There is a total of ten demon lords with only Karion missing at the moment. That means there will be two more chairs even if I take one.

Mizeri leads me to my seat.

It seems that we will be seated according to the chronological order of becoming a demon lord. So I will sit on the furthest side, namely the back seat.

I make no objection and decide to check out my surroundings as it is a rare opportunity for me to observe all the demon lords.

Speaking of which, there are only two people present at the moment.

One of which is Ramiris.

She appears to have the most seniority and gets to sit in the top seat. She has been swinging her feet happily for some time.

It's no different from a kid, so I'll ignore her for now.

From my point of view, on Ramiris' right sits a seductive red-haired man who is on the opposite side of me—He is indeed a man, yet, his appearance is eerily charming. The handsome specimen just sits there casually.

Both of his eyes are closed but he probably isn't asleep.

You can easily tell that this guy is far from simple.

I activate 'Analyze and Assess' yet his stats don't seem to be out of place. But my instinct tells me that this person is abnormal.

He has similar magicule count as Karion, just on a different wavelength.

In other words, you could mistake him to really be green and can't even know control his aura with that amount of magicules.

But he can't fool my eyes.

I guess, if it is the analysis skill of "Great Sage" that is put into this situation would probably

be deceived all over the place. That is how he has cleverly disguised his information.

He is misleading opponents to misjudge his strength by showing them false information. This is a contest even before the actual fight breaks out.

Now that I recall, I've got a mind-reading skill just like Dwarf King Gazel.

My "Great Sage" is probably just like those skills, that other people would not be able to know its true capability without I actively lay out my cards and inform them of the skill. It would be a different case if the opponent has "Mind Reading" ability that can read one's deep subconscious. One would probably only come to the realization of such skill after being manipulated and exploited. But unless one fails to resist, it shouldn't have an effect at all.

That's why it is important to conceal skills at times.

It may act as a bluff when the opponents learn about your skill.

If you really have it yet intentionally try to hide it, it will raise people's suspicion anyway.

That's what this handsome (beautiful) man is doing right now.

He has deceived others' 'Analyze and Assess' to raises their suspicion.

I personally believe there is a necessity to hide my power. That means to completely suppress my aura in order to prevent giving any information to the enemies, I think that would be the meaningful move.

On the contrary, what this guy is doing, he can instead read the analyzer's power.

To filter his opponents.

First, he would see if the opponent has the ability to extract intel. To put aside those incapable of the skill, once he encounters someone who is capable of doing so, he can observe the opponents' reaction just like that.

If the opponent would even fear of his illusive disguise, he won't even put the opponent on his mind.

If he encounters someone who realizes he is faking, he will send the message that his power is so immeasurable that his opponents won't dare antagonize him.

And putting that aside for a moment, even with the false message he sends out, he displays a similar magicule possession as Karion.

His real power is completely incalculable. Since now I understand what he's playing, I'd better stay away from any trouble with him.

The person clearly on a different level with me—The man known as "Guy."

Soon after my observation of Guy, another powerful man walks into the meeting.

He is alone without any company.

His presence by itself is imposing enough. That man must be the Demon Lord Dagruel the Titan.

He takes the seat one chair next to the right of Guy without hesitation, lowering down to his seat with much majesty.

In other words, does that empty seat (in between) belong to Milim?

I look towards Dagruel.

Although Guy is already very tall himself, Dagruel somehow seems even much bigger than

him. Unexpectedly, his luxurious chair is able to adjust according to the man's size and is able to fit for Dagruel. It would seem everything in this room is some type of extravagant magical device.

This demon lord was once the archrival of Veldora.

His imposing looks are truly impressive, enough to admit that he is a worthy opponent of a "True Dragon."

Speaking of this Demon Lord Dagruel, his magicule level is through the roof.

It's unknown when comparing him to Veldora, that who would have the edge in terms of strength.

I can tell he has almost immeasurable amount of magicules, but I won't be able to give it an accurate reading unless seeing him in combat.

However, quality is more important than quantity.

No need to get so scared just because he has a bit more magicules.

It's more important when it comes to how you utilize your strength most effectively. Combat depends on the quality of one's skill.

This Demon Lord Dagruel seems quite skillful, so I should be on guard with him anyhow...

After observing Dagruel, another demon lord shows up.

It's a handsome, fit man in sumptuous clothes.

Although he's not as tall as Dagruel, he's still above average. His facial features are stern and delicate.

His short curly blonde hair has a wild quality to it that reflects his energetic and aggressive personality.

To make a more straightforward metaphor, this man with his dazzling appearance looks a bit like a movie star.

Somehow, I get the impression that he must be good at charming people.

The two fangs sticking out of his mouth are most eye-catching.

He must be a Vampire—meaning, this man is the Demon Lord Valentine.

Valentine sits down on Ramiris' left.

Judging by the sequencing seats, this demon lord probably has the same level of seniority as Dagruel, both being ancient demon lords. It is said that the Vampire Demon Lord has been replaced before, it may just be that he has taken the place of his predecessor after that.

Never mind, there's no use keeping my mind on the order of seats.

Compared to that, something else has caught my eyes.

That is Valentine's servants.

The first one looks like an elderly male butler.

He must be some sort of master as he is not making a single movement like a statue.

He has a similar logic to me as to surpass all of his Youki in order to prevent being revealed of his true strength.

The second one is even more interesting.

A very attractive and beautiful young girl with shining long silver hair.

Her skin is pure and shining while her gold-silver pupils give off a devilish glow of blue and red. She has a kind of seductive beauty, as if she's halted her growth the very moment, she was transiting from a girl to a woman has immortalized it forever.

She wears a dress similar to a maid outfit. Maids are all combat classes—By that theory, it quite likely that the girl is very strong...

That's why I'm surprised that such powerful individuals are merely subordinates to another.

Another point worth mentioning is that this beautiful girl's Youki is so immense that it is almost spilling out, which she's actively allowing it.

Hmm, wait a second?

As I cross eyes with that girl, something feels strange, yet I can't describe it.

Perhaps I am worrying too much, considering that the Youki leaking from her just randomly changes attributes.

«Answer. ‘Analyze and Assess’ result as following, Target’s magicule storage is much higher than Demon Lord Valentine.»

Ah, of course.

I have no way to assess the total magicules of this girl, but only know that she's got more than her master Demon Lord Valentine.

Her method of concealment is extremely clever and people unlike me, who don't have an Ultimate Skil would not be able to see through.

Even with that being said, she has no intention of hiding it as well. Like Guy, she probably wants to see whether the rest would notice.

—If that's the case, could this girl be the demon lord herself?

It's possible that she is the retired ex-demon lord.

Her true identity would be the female vampire “Milus” that even Veldora recognizes.

It is rumored that the last change in leadership was one thousand, five hundred years ago and the demon lords who know the details are less than a few. Did they acquiesce the act or did they really not notice?

Or perhaps—They may simply be uninterested.

Anyhow, I've got to be cautious with her.

The current Demon Lord Valentine is no weakling either. His power is unquestionable, given how his Haki feels even stronger than an untransformed Karion.

He's also accompanied by the seductive and beautiful maid.

If she is the demon lord whose kingdom was burnt to ashes, she has good reason to hate Veldora.

Why in the world would you go provoke this type of people! I want to shout out but hold back.

Could this be the legendary syndrome of “My head hurts already and it's getting intensified send help”?

If I am to seek salvation in mind, should I perhaps think in line of “My life is complete by enraging and getting killed by this type of beauty”?

—No, I don't want that type of salvation after all.

I hope my relationship with Veldora won't get exposed.

If it does happen to be exposed, I hope I won't be cleaning up his mess<sup>36</sup> for him.

I pray to myself.

Afterward, some time has passed since I got into this situation before the fifth person enters.

He enters alone with drowsy, sleepy eyes.

There are two swords sheathed at his belt and that's all his equipment. How convenient.

Then, he opens his eyes to momentarily reveal their beautiful light blue color. His dark purple hair looks dark in the room, with silver strands mixed within.

He looks rather young, almost like a high school student. He is quite handsome, but his sleepy eyes and lazy gestures reduce the appeal of his pretty face.

That guy wanders towards Ramiris and stops to greet her with his hand slightly raised.

“Morning—you are still tiny as ever.”

“Do you want to pick a fight? How cocky have you got, Dino the noob?”

The fifth one is Dino. I recall him to be the same kind of person as Ramiris.

They aren't really arguing, but more like a routine quarrel.

“Silly, you know I'll win anyway, why would I look for you to fight.”

“Oh—I see you've gotten tired of living. Today I'm feeling super good you know!”

“No way. You look like you've shrunk. Have you grown smaller since the last time we met?”

“I can't help it! I've been reincarnating lately!”

Ramiris once said that it would take a couple hundred years before she could grow up. After asking for details, I was informed that she was only reincarnated about fifty years ago.

With her saying that, Dino seems to realize.

“Oh, that's why you look like this. Sounds pretty convenient. But, will the memories be carried over?”

“Of course it will. But my spirit will devolve because of my body. But it doesn't matter since I'm the strongest. That's why I need to let loose at times like this!”

“Guy, Ramiris seems to want to say something.”

“Baka! Are you an idiot! I know what to say to the right person! I've never even thought of beating down Guy in one punch!”

Seeing Dino trying to talk to the red-haired man, Ramiris immediately stops him. She begins to find excuses with her voice lowered to mumble her complaint.

She's only good at words and is super quick to change her stance.

And that red-hair dude, sounds like he is indeed Guy.

He must be dangerous given how panicked Ramiris looks.

Secretly, I take note that “Guy is dangerous.” I once avoided danger with this type of minuscule diligence, so I can't underestimate its usage.

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<sup>36</sup>“wiping his ass” is the original sentence.

In order to avoid provoking Guy, Ramiris and the rest only dare to whisper their conversation.

The content seems to be related to Ramiris' servants—Beretta and Treyni-san.

Ramiris is showing off big time.

“Ehh? Why didn’t you come by yourself, how come you brought servants this time? Won’t I look uncool coming alone ?”

“Huh huh, yep. Now I can get back from those demon lords who call me a shrimp and say I’m all alone without any love! Especially you! I’ll let you know how useless you are against these two!”

“Right then, wanna try to let them fight against me? Would it be all right if I break them?”

“Ah? You’d better not! If you break them, I’ll go tell Guy and let him punish you with his iron fists!”

Part of that line sounds like a bluff.

Ramiris is just going to call for help without any shame.

“—I mean these two, they probably can put up a good fight, right? They look really strong now that I look more closely!”

With Dino’s remark, Beretta and Treyni-san both nod quietly in agreement.

*Sigh* what a waste to give these subordinates to Ramiris.

“Right? Right! That’s true, that means I speak with greater authority now.”

Dino’s words greatly please her as Ramiris shows her dominance by raising her flat chat.

But it was me who helped making them two. Never mind.

Beretta and Treyni-san remain silent.

They are both very competent servants.

Similarly, behind me, Shion is silent too—and sleeping. I hope she would learn something from those two.

Dino goes on to his own seat after the greeting, face slacked. His seat is next to Valentine. He seems like an ancient demon lord.

He ignores Valentine beside him and more surprisingly, starts to sleep on the table right away.

Valentine probably finds him extremely rude, but greetings between demon lords may be the actual anomaly here. Although Dino was running his mouth to tease Ramiris, his greeting to her may indeed be just an exception.

Dino seems very unmotivated.

It gives off the vibe of “Simply coming is enough.”

He doesn’t care about the atmosphere of the meeting, simply playing the part of a sloth. In a sense he is a contrarian of his own.

His disregard for everything in turn, reflects his potent strength that enables such actions.

...I’ll just consider that to be the case.

This guy also seems to have a blockade against analysis, his real power remains unknown.

I want to analyze him but instead he stares back with his eyes slightly lifted. He is indeed

keeping his guard up.

His interaction with Ramiris just before reflected his arrogant personality, so this guy can't be underestimated after all.

But Dino did seem like he's treating Ramiris well. If possible, I don't want to antagonize him.

Next, the Harpy Queen enters the meeting room.

Milim once mentioned her to me, she must be Demon Lord Frey.

Her aura (sex appeal) is overflowing.

Her pair of breasts seem to have quite the air resistance, won't she feel inconvenient during flights?

Oh no, I accidentally went astray. I'm just a bit moved by how impactful her entry is.

Speaking of Frey, she looks towards me from Milim's empty seat, and her eyes fall on me.

The way she squints at people is also so sexy...

Ahhhhh, this is truly...

As she passes by me, her body fragrance also smells so good.

These thoughts keep swirling through my head; however, I sense a dangerous aura at my back. Obviously Shion is getting pissed.

She's found out that I was almost seduced, as expected of Shion.

It would be a bad idea to make Shion get any angrier. I switch back to normal observation mode immediately.

Her magicules are nothing special. If I have to be honest, it's even smaller than that of Shion and Benimaru.

On that note, Shion's magicule count is catching up to Valentine, so her magicules aren't little at all. But its quality is the key. It would be too superficial to judge by its quantity.

The qualities of the two are hard to be distinguish by their breast sizes—Eh, that doesn't seem to be relevant.

I suppose she must have a lot of hidden skills. She has a certain dangerous aura surrounding her, so it's not too far-fetched.

That's about all the information I can extract from Frey, but there's one point worth pointing out.

That is the servants around her.

One of whom is a busty beauty who can rival Frey.

She still seems somewhat childish, but her figure is still top notch.

The other person is a tough guy possessing similar magicule levels to Frey. It is likely a male Harpy given the giant eagle wings on his back.

He's quite small compared to Dagruel, but he is just as fit as Valentine.

His face is covered by a lion mask, rendering me unable to analyze him. But...

Lion?

«Answer. According to the deduction of 'Analyze and Assess'—»

There's no way.

This person is on a completely different wavelength than Karion. There's no way that's him.

Even if 'Wisdom King Raphael' won't tell me, I can deduce this easily.

«...»

If he is indeed the missing Karion, he definitely wouldn't resort to such a disguise full of flaws to the Walpurgis Banquet. He would have been more careful and cautious.

Someone once said that there will be three people in the world who looks similar to oneself<sup>37</sup>. Frey's servant must be someone else.

After observing Frey's group, I suddenly have the illusion that freezing wind is blowing into the room.

I look towards that direction and witness the entry of a blonde beauty.

It is a beauty blessed with endorsement of gods.

Such a beauty walks straight towards me.

“—Are you Rimuru?”

“That's right—”

That's right, and who are you—I intend to ask back.

I don't know this type of gorgeous beauty. But upon thinking so, I suddenly figure out his true identity.

There are four more demon lords. With one of them being the missing Karion, we only have Clayman and Milim.

Then it is Leon.

I remember Leon has blonde hair—so called “Platinum Demon,” the beautiful blonde demon lord...

“—So, are you Leon? Why would you want to have a word with me?”

“Yes, I am Leon. I didn't come to you for anything in particular. It is just that I feel a sense of nostalgia seeing your face.”

He is indeed Leon.

What a beautiful man, it may mislead people easily to think that he's a beautiful woman.

If it's me from the past, I would definitely shout in heart “WHAT THE HELL! (IT'S A TRAP!)”<sup>38</sup>

He used to be human, yet he gives off an imposing aura.

He indeed has the presence of a demon lord.

Speaking of which, did Leon say he feels nostalgic?

I look the exact same as when Shizue-san was young. In other words, Leon—

“Leon, Shizue-san has already passed away.”

He didn't come to me for anything in particular, simply being reminiscent of Shizue-san.

<sup>37</sup>This is a Japanese saying “世の中、自分に似た人間が三人居る” (In this world, there are three persons who're similar to you). It's akin to an urban legend.

<sup>38</sup>The actual line here is somewhere along the line of “go explode.” Consider this the Japanese equivalent of “go commit death, there's no way.”

“I know. Of course she would die. Simply because she refused to accept Ifrit and didn’t want to become a majin.”

Leon says it lighted-heartedly as if it was only natural.

“She once asked me to punch you in the face. Please allow me.”

The line slips out of my mouth without my thinking. I wasn’t trying to look for trouble, but Leon’s attitude is irritating.

I say it clear and straight. But Leon is not moved by it at all.

“I refuse. I’ve given Shizue a chance to choose for her own life. She didn’t want to become a majin and wanted to live as a human. I even gifted her Ifrit when we parted, so there’s no reason for you to punch me.”

That’s surprising.

And I would have thought he’d get mad and call me rude. Yet he responds to me calmly.

Besides from that—

“—However, I’m also a little bit interested in you. If you want to complain to me, my treat. Or you can refuse if you think it’s a trap. But it doesn’t matter either way.”

He says so himself.

It feels as though he’s saying, “Don’t come if you are scared,” so I could only accept.

“All right, I’ll accept. Remember to send an invitation.”

I go silent after my response.

Leon nods his head slightly but with an annoyed twitch at how troublesome he thinks it would be.

“Right, I’ll do just that. But first, you have to return in one piece.”

He wraps up coldly and takes the seat on my left.

He’s not going to talk to me anymore. That’s probably the end of that conversation.

It would be enough progress on the matter for now.

I’ve relayed Shizue-san’s words and I now know one more thing: Leon is not trying to make me an enemy. If he has considered me an enemy, why would he agree to send an invitation?

The problem lies on what happens after that. Anyhow, I need to focus on dealing the enemy that is Clayman.



It’s been an hour since the time I first entered the meeting.

Time passed on just like that.

The order of leading the demon lords into the meeting room seems to be based on their experience. I was a guest, so I happened to have the privilege to travel with Ramiris.

However, there’s also someone like Leon who came in by his own strength, that doesn’t

seem to be a written rule.

Now all there is left are Clayman and Milim.

Just when the Banquet was about to start, a thought flashed through my mind—

“Rimuru-sama, is it convenient for me to borrow some time of yours to report our progress?”

It’s Benimaru, he’s communicating through “Telepathy Net.”

The meeting seems to be in a different dimension, so how did “Telepathy Net” come through—

«Answer. You’ve established connection with monsters under your rule with “Soul Corridor.” You can communicate through it.»

—So that’s how it worked.

It seems that during my blessing, “Soul Corridor” was connected as well. It feels weaker than the one I use to contact Veldora, but it seems to work fine with communication.

I begin to listen to Benimaru’s report.

It’s been less than an hour since the war started, yet it’s already over. It sounds like it has been going exactly as planned.

Our army has many injured but zero casualties. As for Clayman’s army, there is more than a thousand deaths. There are over three thousand injured as well.

It’s a surprisingly low death toll, but in this world, as long as one is alive, there is a chance of restoring them to their original state. So it’s reasonable many weren’t killed.

In any case, we achieved complete victory.

And we caught prisoners, hooray!

The commanding officer of the enemies seems to have turned into Charybdis somehow, but was incinerated by Benimaru.

I am a bit out of loop with what he’s saying.

Since I can’t understand, I’ll just skip it.

Although it is best that I skip it, but... How did he kill Charybdis when it has “Magic Interference”?

«Answer. His Unique Skill ‘Great General’ can compile multiple techniques and skills to perfectly control “Black Flame Prison.”»

So that’s the case.

In short, his manipulation technique was superior than “Magic Interference” and was able to directly input massive amounts of heat. It may sound easy, but it requires quite the level of skill.

Benimaru seems to have grown stronger than I’ve anticipated. Very impressive!

What we didn’t anticipate however, was the Dragon Worshipers.

They are worthy as Milim’s believers and seems to be an absurdly powerful battle group. They didn’t engage with us seriously this time and thus allowed us to prevent casualties.

I should be the one to reflect.

It turns out I was wrong when I thought they would be no problem due to their only being one hundred in number.

I should have known better that war in this world depends on personal strength rather than the power of a group. I seem to have carelessly forgotten such common sense.

It's most fortunate that we didn't get beaten to a pulp.

We must be more careful next time.

According to Benimaru's report, I have an overall idea of what Clayman will claim.

It is said that Clayman's army, alongside Midley's group under Yamza's rule, is famously marching to investigate Karion's betrayal.

That is in order to collect evidence about Karion's betrayal of the demon lords and murder of Clayman's subordinate and my accomplice.

No, that's not true.

It's not 'collecting,' it's 'fabricating.'

Now his plan has been disrupted due to our victory.

I wonder if he will find some other reasons later, but I doubt the other demon lords would agree with that.

Anyhow, we will take down Clayman in the end, one way or another. If any demon lord gets in our way, we will just have to eliminate them as well, in order to prevent similar incidents from occurring in the future, we have to work hard now to make life easier for us.

Raphael-sama, I look forward to your performance!

«...»

'Wisdom King Raphael' seems very motivated as well.

Now I can be relieved for a moment.

Oh, Souei is also reporting in.

He seems to have taken Clayman's base.

Souei is really badass. I heard he also had Hakuro to back him up.

But the most active member must have been Shuna.

It seems some drama has occurred and for some reason, she has gained some undead monster as companions.

I am rather confused but Souei said "We will have Shuna-sama brief you on the specifics—". And that's equally baffling to me.

The important thing is that Demon Lord Karion was not detained in Clayman's castle.

And there's something else.

"—We've discovered a secret vault. We've contacted Geld to conduct the transfer. There is also evidence of Clayman's association with the Moderate Clown Troupe. Please use them to your desire."

They seem to have robbed all of Clayman's treasures he's collected.

Is it considered thievery?

No, I shouldn't care about that. Clayman has brought us trouble, so I'll take his compensation with gratitude.

He seems to have hidden many treasures in his time, so now our financial gain has gone over the roof.

In comparison, the more important evidence has been collected.  
Benimaru and Souei have both mentioned it to me.  
All of the evidence has been transmitted to my “Stomach.” With it, I can topple all of Clayman’s claims and sources.

It’s important to keep my reputation.

Like that, we’ve decimated Clayman’s forces at a much faster pace than I expected. Now we’ll see how he reacts. We’ll use all of our information to its fullest to put the favor on our side.

Soon afterward—

As I finish listening to the report, Clayman’s party finally shows up.



He is surprisingly a handsome man, but at the same time, he looks somewhat psychotic—This man is Clayman.

He wears classy clothing that seems very fashionable.

This demon lord is indeed something else. He has unique-grade equipment all over his body. These alone seem to be able to form a strong combat force.

What concerns me more is the fox he is holding. Its monstrous power is extremely powerful, as well as its astonishing amount of magicules. Its power may reach that of a demon lord.

It is one of the servants—correction, it is. But since Clayman is a Demon Lord after all, his subordinates are pretty good as well.

Besides...

My ‘Analyze and Assess’ of Clayman has revealed something rather concerning. Although we’ve taken his base, we still can’t underestimate him, especially while wrapping up the end of our operation.

Following just after is Milim; so now all of the demon lords are present.

Everyone here is a monster not to be underestimated.

I tried to run ‘Analyze and Assess’ for Leon as well yet was unable to analyze his power. How interesting, ‘Wisdom King Raphael’ also says it can’t be analyzed.

In other words, he has a similar skill to me—Ultimate Skil.

Moreover, abruptly I realize something.

Guy is leaking fake intel to others—Is it to counter Ultimate Skils?

If one is unable to be analyzed through Ultimate Skil, it means the opponent possesses an Ultimate Skil as well.

It’s quite possible that he has released simply false information.

I am only able to realize this because ‘Wisdom King Raphael’ is very strong. Had I discov-

ered this, I would have also been deceived.

With that logic, Guy naturally has an Ultimate Skil as well.

Milus? Highly suspicious, and the same can be said about Leon.

Ultimate Skills all possess special yet incomparable functions. There are several important conditions in acquiring them, such as the user's ability, luck and timing. It is rumored that a rare skill isn't guaranteed even when someone becomes a True demon lord. Such power is indeed the ace up users' sleeve.

That's why I need to act more cautiously.

Moreover, I need to assume Guy has also realized that I have an Ultimate Skil.

It was a grave miscalculation on my part.

It's all because of my lack of experience. My opponents are all cunning demon lords. I need to be much more careful in keeping my guard up.

No use crying over spilled milk; it is not a major misstep for now. How I would deal with it in the future is more important.

It is also difficult to grasp my true ability, just like Dwarf King Gazel and his mind reading ability. It would also mean that my opponents won't be able to tell the specifics of my abilities, so I don't need to worry myself over it.

I'd rather try to mislead him using this and pretend that I'm oblivious on the matter.

To be more specific, I need to hide 'Wisdom King Raphael.' It won't hurt if others see my other Ultimate Skills then, if I always have Raphael as my trump card.

If I do so, won't I have a trump card that will never be discovered?

That is what I can do with possession of four different Ultimate Skills, a rather bold way to hide my skills.

I could show them off during my battle against Clayman later, when it comes to it, then I'll—

«Proposal. "Gluttonous King Beelzebuth" is very hard to conceal.»

Oh yeah, that's right.

It can consume and dissipate dispersed attacks, a skill both capable of attack and defense. My combat abilities are mostly based of "Prey," so it would be a good idea to show "Gluttonous King Beelzebuth" to the public.

In future battles I'll focus on using "Gluttonous King Beelzebuth" while hiding other skills. I'll adapt this tactic into all my fights.

I should be happy today that I got to come up with this new tactic.

It would be meaningless if I'm not willing to use my skills and end up dead because of it. If I can leave this place safely, I'll reconsider a new tactic after that.

Just as I finish my reflection, I suddenly see something astounding.

"Move faster, you retard!"

Clayman spits as he suddenly hits Milim violently.

Hitting Milim—

"Too damn slow, go and sit down right now."

He even poses all high and mighty after hitting and giving Milim orders.  
I'm on the edge of becoming furious, but I push it back.  
It's not time yet, I just need to endure a little bit more.  
Before he moves on to start speaking according to the rules of Banquet, I have to hold on to my anger...

Speaking of which, what in the world happened to Milim?  
Milim being bullied like that.  
If the two were to switch places and have Clayman being the one hit, it would be a normal and a typical sight to see.

Ah, what a poor guy, and that would be it.  
However...  
He was violent towards Milim and beating her, yet he was not punished for it at all.  
Milim didn't resist, not even having a word of complaint.  
She remains obedient and sits in her seat without a word.  
How strange.  
Could Milim really be under Clayman's control?  
It seems that I need to consider the worst-case scenario.  
Besides I am not the only one surprised at it, other demon lords such as Dagruel and Dino also exchange confused looks.

Guy's expression didn't change at all, there is no way to know what he is thinking.  
Clayman on the other hand looks all superior and smug.  
Seeing his face, my fury is again ignited.  
—Don't you think you will get a quick death Clayman. I'll make you pay for hitting my friend, Milim.

I promise in my heart.  
Clayman is dead meat.  
I won't let him walk away, no matter what reason he has.  
But I can't rush it just yet.  
The Banquet is about to begin.  
The participants of the Walpurgis Banquet are as following:

Ten Great Demon Lords, minus Karion, nine demon lords in total.

Demon — "Lord of Darkness" Guy Crimson.  
Dragonoid — "Destroyer" Milim Nava.  
Fairy — "Fairy of Labyrinth" Ramiris.  
Titan — "Continent's Wrath" Dagruel.  
Vampire — "Bloody Lord" Roy Valentine.  
Fallen Angel — "Sleeping Ruler" Dino.  
Harpy — "Sky Queen" Frey.  
Undead Elf — "Marionette Master" Clayman.

Ex-Human — “Platinum Saber” Leon Cromwell.

And one other person.

The protagonist of this Banquet’s subject-matter, the one who dares to proclaim to be a new demon lord—Me.

One of Guy’s maids named Raine begins to introduce everyone with a cold tone.

I’m most interested in Leon.

Fuse once told me that Demon Lord Leon has the nickname “Platinum Demon,” but now it is changed into a cooler title of “Platinum Saber.”

He does give off the look of it, but who on earth came up with these titles?

Could it be himself—No... I shouldn’t say that. I’m not qualified to judge other people. Let’s try to avoid this type of topic.

That’s about it as the introduction comes to a conclusion, when Clayman stands up.

“Well then, I much appreciate everyone to have answered the invitation to the Banquet today. We shall now begin our feast! I hereby announce the official unveiling of the Walpurgis Banquet!”

He announces the start of the meeting as the meeting holder.

Just like that, with the foreshadowing feeling of imminent storm, Walpurgis Banquet is officially convened.



Clayman leaves his seat and in a swoop as transforming the meeting room into his personal stage, he begins his speech.

He looks rather satisfied, glancing around at all the demon lords, including me.

His eyes seem to have stopped at Demon Lord Valentine, but that might have just been a trick of the light. It’s none of my business either way, I may have just thought too much.

Leon is sitting to my left, while the seat on my right is empty.

One seat over my right would be Clayman’s seat. On his right is an empty seat that belongs to Karion who has gone missing.

Clayman starts explaining the cause of this whole ordeal rather smugly.

His words are prolix and lengthy, but I still decide to listen to them seriously.

Here’s what he has to say:

One, Demon Lord Karion has instigated me to proclaim myself a demon lord. The evidence for this is that Karion’s army stationed in our town.

Two, Rimuru instigated the Kingdom of Farmus to attack the Great Jura Forest. This also served as an excuse for Rimuru to attack the humans.

Three, I (Rimuru) defeated the Kingdom of Farmus and proclaimed myself demon lord with Karion secretly backing me up.

He thinks Karion's actions were violations to the rules among the demon lords.

Clayman's claims has completely overlooked the actual chronology of events. They are all excuses but are hard to prove otherwise. His accusation is much more discreet than I expected.

Moreover, his accusations of our actions happen to be after the demon lords' non-aggression pact of Jura Great Forest was withdrawn. So the evidence of crime is all clear.



But what the hell does any of them have to do with me?

Clayman adds on even more.

“—Through this, I stand by my testimony. However, my subordinate Myuran who reported me all this have been murdered by that donkey named Rimuru. That’s why I’ve decided to avenge her.”

What an act! Clayman’s so good at acting that my praise almost slipped out.

I’m almost moved to tears by his performance—like hell I am. Myuran is still alive!

“This Rimuru has planned with Karion to kill me. Myuran was able to inform me of it with her last bit of strength through ‘Magic Communication.’”

Upon saying so, Clayman looks rather emotional. It could almost be a piece of art, with how handsome he looks, but I’m still pissed with how fond he is of acting.

Did Clayman say that I want to kill him and take his seat as demon lord?

And that the one behind this scheme was Karion? What a story he has come up with. Karion has the integrity of a samurai (warrior), so people who know him would probably burst into laughter hearing this story. All of these are just sophistry...

Then Clayman finishes his speech with a tangent, focusing on Karion’s betrayal.

And because of that, Milim losing her nerve, went to destroy the Beast Kingdom Eurazania, killing Kairon in the process—These are his claims.

Karion was killed? It’s very suspicious how he hasn’t mentioned that Karion has gone missing. It doesn’t seem right, so I’ll see what Clayman has to say about it.

Milim was doing all of this for Clayman’s sake, but Clayman scolded her later about how it was inappropriate without evidence. After the incident, Milim began admiring Clayman and asked for his help a lot...

In order to get his hands on evidence of the collusion between me and Karion after his subordinate was killed, Clayman decided to march. Such is his narrative of the events.

He also mentioned that I was going to kill him and claim to be a demon lord afterward, which he couldn’t tolerate and thus decided to lure me out and execute me through the verdict of the Banquet.

It is truly impressive how he can make up such a story that puts so much favor on his side.

But with that being said, his explanation is too lengthy.

I was going to listen to Clayman’s arguments and come up with my own points to argue back in hopes of proving my innocence and defeating Clayman reasonably.

That was the only reason why I’ve listened to him so patiently for all this time, but now I can’t tolerate it anymore.

Is it not time to strike?

After hearing Clayman’s words, I discover the fatal flaw in his argument.

There is no evidence.

Apart from testimony, Clayman’s claims are not backed up by any other evidence. And upon inspecting this testimony, they are mostly from Clayman’s loyal servant—Ring Finger Myuran.

What a joke.

Myuran is still alive, so his testimony has little to no credibility.

It would seem that he didn't have time to fabricate evidence. Now I can finally prove my innocence.

We have already prepared key evidence.

“—As such, I am done. Now that everyone has learnt about the story from start to finish, this Rimuru here is a despicable majin and an idiot for daring to proclaim himself as a demon lord. It is best if we eliminate him—”

Clayman says so as he was concluding for his explanation looking all high and mighty.

The demon lords are quite patient, having willingly listened to his boring and lengthy story. But someone did fall asleep among them, but he won't pose trouble so it's understandable.

The rules seem to say that everyone has to listen to the speaker finish explaining without a word.

It is at this point when the demon lords apparently may express their opinions freely. However, this time they have me as both the guest and the person in question.

Raine seems to be appointed as host, as the maid looks towards me.

“Now then, allow me to explain to everyone.”

It's finally my turn.

I've endured till now. Now to stop dancing with this clown.

“You are Clayman, right? I mean, you are just a giant liar.”

“What?”

“I'm gonna be honest with you; I don't care whether or not I become a demon lord. The thing you said about Karion-san's instigation was all nonsense. And the Kingdom of Farmus attacked due to their greed. The two incidents have no connection whatsoever.”

I say so as Clayman throws an annoyed glare at me.

“Huh! Who would believe such excuses? My subordinate also got killed!”

He adds, which plays right into my court.

“Is she called Myuran? I didn't kill her, she's still alive, you know?”

“Ha! And I thought you were—”

“Anyway, listen up now. All of your claims have been mere hearsay and your personal deduction. It may work for more gullible people, but I won't buy it. Your witness Myuran is now under my protection. I won't allow you to do a thing to her, and your testimony has zero credibility.”

Upon saying so, even Clayman's expression changed drastically. But he seems to only disagree with my statements.

“Hehe, how despicable of you to do such a thing. You must have done something to Myuran's corpse and allowed an evil spirit to possess her.”

He immediately questions my claim.

Indeed, there is magic in this world that can even hide ambiguity of life and death. What a headache to deal with.

It thus means that the testimony doesn't anything.

"It would seem that you've decided to deny everything. That's why I was being clear with you, but I've changed my mind. Before the Banquet started, my companions assisted me in collecting evidence."

I say so with much disdain in my eyes towards Clayman as I smile slightly.

Clayman is enraged by the sight. This guy seems simpler than I expected.

"What do you mean by that? If you wish to die so badly then—"

"Don't get ahead of yourself now, Clayman. I told you that I have evidence."

I interrupt Clayman and take out a couple of crystal balls from my pocket.

The crystal ball is then transferred to the center of the round table and activates its magical effect one by one.

Every crystal ball carries a video recording.

There is footage of the fights between my subordinates and Orc Lord through Gelmud's point of view. These are all discovered by Shuna from the ancient castle at Clayman's base.

On the other hand, there are also crystal balls recording the battle that just concluded.

They are from Benimaru as he'd recorded every bit of the battle under his watch and from his memory.

There are some interesting scenes in them.

"S-stop! Please don't do this, Clayman-sama!"

That's Clayman's subordinate screaming as his body turns into an incomplete version of Charybdis.

"—What a surprise, but I knew Yamza would betray—"

"—Clayman's army is routed. The mission is a failure. We've suffered a lot of loss—"

"—Even Laplace went to persuade him, it's all Clayman's fault this time—"

"We have to report to that Lord—"

And so on.

In front of Geld and Phobio, the suspicious clowns conversed.

They are the members of Moderate Clown Troupe, Footman and Teare. It must be since they also mentioned Laplace.

And "That Lord."

I originally thought that Clayman was behind the scenes all this times but as it turns out someone else was behind Clayman.

Could it be—

«Answer. These series of events are all related to him.»

—Of course.

This mysterious man who has been pulling the strings in the dark, setting me against Hinata and manipulating Clayman.

That's why the timings were so precise.

As I was battling the Western Holy Church, Clayman had the chance to instigate Farmus and that led to the tragedy.

I could understand simply seeing me as an eye-sore.

But you've crossed the line this time.

That's why I will take all of you down.

Don't blame me. After all, this is the jungle for the survival of the fittest.

"That's called proof, Clayman."

I say with a victorious smile.

To be honest, it's much easier to do things with evidence. But there are still plenty of ways to resolve things without it.

After all, we could just beat the crap out of him in a fair fight and then find some reason to get ourselves by the blames just like what Clayman is trying to do.

It's not about right or wrong, but about our image.

And now with real evidence presented, he won't have any comeback.

"S-stop it! What nonsense is this?! How dare you try to bluff your way out with forged, fake footage made by magic. Don't try such dirty tricks, you slime!"

"Bluffing? That's not bluffing at all, fool. We decimated your army. And you are next."

Clayman looks at me angrily.

"E-everyone don't get fooled by him! This slime called Rimuru is really good at bluffing. He unlocked the seal of Veldora and eliminated the Farmus army with him. Then he claims that it was his own power to show off, what a scumbag! No real demon lord would be fooled by this guy!"

Clayman throws everything he has to continue his act.

How dare you try finding someone to back yourself up now, aren't you the real scum of the earth?

It would be really impressive if you do is just act all of this out.

"Oi, Clayman. Didn't you just say that this Rimuru provoked the Kingdom of Farmus? If it's true that Veldora has been revived, why would he bother to trouble himself by doing all this?"

"T-that's because..."

The question came from an unexpected place.

Dagrue speaks up and questions Clayman with much majesty.

Clayman is troubled for a while and decides to go all out with his response.

"All right, then allow me to explain."

Then Clayman begins to explain, exaggerating and overstating it once more, using body language to convey it.

If one is to collect human souls, one will awake to become a True Demon Lord—

He seems to have hidden this matter in hope of preventing the other demon lords to get the benefits of it first. Now that Dagrue has asked, he has to open up and state things clearly.

"—This reckless, lowly slime was lucky enough to evolve to a Demon Lord Seed. Then he went over the line to have human society investigate the truth. After which he presumptuously caused a war between human and monster. And orchestrated a massacre using Veldora who

has been sealed and allowed it to rampage out in the world. Our reputation as demon lord will plummet as a result. That's why I think we must eliminate him, what do you all think?"

With his emphasized body language, Clayman attempts to persuade the other demon lords of his case.

But—

"So what, you would need evidence for that. Can you even give us that? You're daydreaming if you think that would work. No one here would approve what you are proposing."

Clayman stares at me with hatred, but he can stare all he wants.

I'm tired of his nonsense.

"Ehh... Don't you look down on me, you slime, bluffing just because you have the power of the evil dragon! Likes of you could never become a demon lord."

"It's irrelevant whether or not I am a slime. Besides Veldora is my friend. But I have not come here to listen to your nonsense. You should just give up and just admit that those clowns followed *your* instructions in reviving the Charybdis. The majin called Phobio in those footages can testify that he's been encouraged by that clown "Footman"! Moreover, your subordinate just caused a havoc after transforming into Charybdis. This is all clear evidence. Call me a bluff if you want, but you can go to hell, thinking that."

I kick off the chair next to me to get up and contend against Clayman.

I put forward my hand casually put it where my hand is about to touch at the round table. The gigantic round table disappears instantly.

There is nothing surprising about it.

It's simply consumed by my "Gluttonous King Beelzebuth."

Now I've cleared out a large space.

The kicked chair flew on behind Clayman and collides against the wall loudly.

The demon lords don't seem to be moved by it.

The only one scared is Clayman.

"Everyone, how can you tolerate such violent behavior from this guy?! He's even ignoring our authority. We should punish him together!"

Together he says.

As expected, this guy is real scum.

I stand up entirely and move towards the center of the empty round space surrounded by chairs.

"Right, I've mentioned before, I don't care whether I become demon lord or not. I just want to create a country satisfactory for myself. I need human help in that aspect, that's why I've decided to protect the humans. If anyone dares to intrude, whether they be humans, demon lords or the Saints Church, they are all my enemies. For instance, you, Clayman."

I take an even more avid approach compared to Clayman and announce my ideal in front of the demon lords.

"WHAT!!"

"As for violent behavior, you said, did you plan to attend the Walpurgis Banquet while

trying to mind control others?"

I fix my eyes on Clayman and ask.

He must think I didn't notice. He was quite arrogant, thinking he could cast a psychic attack on me halfway through his speech.

He probably wanted to control me.

However, it won't work.

Simply because 'Wisdom King Raphael' is always protecting me. Attacks like that will always be nullified instantly.

But with that being said, I now have a justified approach.

I could argue that, in a sense, Clayman was the one who struck first.

If any other demon lords dare to confront me on this, I'll see what to do with them.

I make up my mind to resort to violence.

But after I said so with much resolve. Unexpectedly, it is not Clayman who responds, but the top seat and the dominator of the meeting.

"No. Here, everyone is equal, and everyone can express his opinion of others."

The red-haired Demon Lord Guy says.

He looks rather intrigued, giving off a small smile.

"But Guy, this guy is insulting the demon lords—"

"Cut the crap. You don't see me eye to eye, so shouldn't it be a problem between us?"

"That's right, Clayman. You are a demon lord as well. Then go and defeat this majin by yourself. And you—"

Guy tells Clayman to shut up and looks towards me while saying:

"Do you want to be a demon lord?"

"Yes. Since I've already taken the position as the leader of the Jura Great Forest Alliance. The humans have seen me as a demon lord for a long time now."

They won't care about the story; all they will care about is that I've collaborated with the evil dragon in taking over the forest. That's why I won't deny even if people call me a demon lord.

"Very well, everyone here shall be the witness. If you can beat Clayman here and now, we'll approve your becoming a demon lord."

Guy announces to me.

If I can defeat Clayman, we can settle everything nicely.

That's just what I want.



Clayman quickly regains his composure and begins to laugh.

“Gogogo, my goodness. I plotted all this, so I won’t get my hands dirty, yet things got even more complicated than I expected. How unwise I was.”

Clayman says so while laughing.

Is he accepting the reality?

Clayman he laughs at me coldly.

Then—

“It’s time for you to shine, Milim.”

He says so calmly.

The atmosphere immediately becomes much, much more tense; even the demon lords become nervous along with it.

Although some of them retain their same, casual expression and posture.

My eyes also fall on Milim.

He has kept shown his hand—Milim is under his control. It seems that this has made Clayman quite confident.

Up to this point, Clayman would exploit her without hesitation.

Milim is indeed being manipulated...

“You are truly amazing at running your mouth. With all these said, how could you still rely on other people in the end? Now you dare to involve Milim. I’ll beat some sense into you then.”

I attempt to provoke Clayman with these words, but... Clayman is no fool, not foolish enough to fall for it anyway.

“How boring. It goes without saying that I will fight as well. Guy, do you have an objection?”

“Not at all, Clayman. If Milim is willingly helping you, then I won’t interfere.”

This is no good.

Clayman alone is fine, but Milim is very strong.

Guy agrees without thinking, it would seem that I have to confront Milim.

If my opponent is Milim, I won’t be able to beat her with my current power level.

Besides I want to find a way to save her.

No, I must save her!

Right now, Milim, who seems to be frozen, seems to be holding her fist tight, looking no difference from a doll and raises her hands to do a victory pose...

—No, that was just an instant, maybe I’ve been mistaken.

Seriously, what a poor thing.

I’m gonna save you soon, Milim.

I swear to myself in heart.

“Right then. I was planning to save Milim anyway, I’ll break your brainwashing technique if it takes everything I have.”

“Surely you jest! And you will die trying.”

“You are the one who’s going to die, Clayman. If it were against you alone, my subordinates will suffice. It would be bullying for me to fight you myself.”

Clayman's expression seems frozen by my words.  
He's probably mad as he begins to dissipate black Youki.  
As expected from a demon lord. There is plenty of pressure in the air.  
But it feels pretty average.  
If that's the case, Clayman will probably show some openings because of his anger and anxiety.

Shion is going to fight in my place, she's good at exploiting those traits.  
I signal with my eyes towards Shion and she takes action immediately. In a blink of an eye she closes in on her opponent and strikes towards Clayman.

She infuses her Youki into her fists and launches thirty something punches.  
Then she turns back, looking delighted, and asks me: "Is this okay?"  
...  
Oi, shouldn't you ask that before beating other people?  
And I only glanced at you once.  
—Did you get it? Clayman has been provoked by my words, now take your chance!—  
I sent out such signal to her, but I didn't tell her to beat the enemy to a pulp in an instant.  
Then what's the point of me exposing enemies' openings...?  
*Sigh*, but what can you do when the man is already beaten.

Clayman was launched flying due to the impact of the hits and fell in front of me. That is the middle ground of the empty round space.

"B-bastard, you bastard!"  
Clayman begins to shout out loud as he gets up from the ground. He is surprisingly durable.  
The thick black Youki that wrapped around him suddenly thickens and heals all of his wounds instantly.  
That's much stronger regenerative ability compared to Orc Lord. But he is a demon lord, so abilities such as this should be normal.

Clayman seems to be targeting Shion as enemy.  
All right, things are going according to plan.  
"As you wish, I'll kill you all."  
By Clayman's order, the fox that ran to his feet begins to grow bigger.  
«Warning. This is deduced to be the Nine-Head Beast Myuran mentioned.»  
Oh yeah, with that reminder, I do recall her mentioning this to me.  
This fox indeed is no pet, but a powerful servant of his.  
And another one of them emerges from the shadow of Clayman's black cape.  
It would seem both of these are his servants.  
Back on our side, Shion is also preparing for battle.  
Ranga also begins to enlarge and prepares, falling into a battle stance.  
Eh? Milim is also joining, we seem to be losing in terms of numbers...  
No no no, it's no time to panic yet.  
Right now Beretta could—Ah!

We have all stepped into the circle that used to be the round table. This is a battle stage: once you've stepped in, a barrier near the edge will completely cut you off from the outside. The space within also begins to expand, and the chairs outside of the circle now seem very far away.

In order to prevent the interference of other demon lords, a strong bound of barrier also seems to have been set up.

Never mind, I was expecting this when I cleaned up the space for a stage.

My helper Beretta has yet to enter.

Oh no, I've been tricked—As soon as the thought flashes, Clayman shouts loud.

"Milim, kill that guy!"

He roars.

Milim begins to move.

She begins to throw her iron fists at me.

The power of which are lethal.

However, my perception has been increased a million times by "Thought Acceleration."

With it I still have a chance to dodge.

Yes, I have a chance, nothing more than that.

The burning hard block scratches my face cheek.

The speed is incredibly fast.

Even with 'Wisdom King Raphael' fully in use, I still can't dodge them perfectly.

If I attempt to counter, I will show openings and suffer a fatal blow. If that's the case, I can only try my best at keeping her occupied while trying to help her escape her brainwashed state.

On the other hand, I'm using "Magic Perception" to show the situation around before me.

Multitasking Rimuru is terrifying.

Now it's no time for joke.

Shion is still fighting against Clayman.

However, she's also fighting the black cape servant. It's hard to maintain an advantage while fighting two alone.

Ranga is battling the Nine-Head Beast.

And I thought we had the upper hand, yet I see the Youko's three tails suddenly turn into two majins.

Now it suddenly changed into a three on one. It's disadvantageous to Ranga.

And lastly there's me, who needs to deal with Milim.

I've run out of options here.

I could only pray that I will survive long enough that my 'Analyze and Assess' on Milim can be completed.

I'm relying on them about what is coming after that!

With such feeling, our fight breaks out with us being in disadvantage.



Beretta takes action immediately.

He ardently begged Ramiris to join the battle.

Ramiris didn't refuse and ran to bother Guy.

"Eh, Guy! I'm on Rimuru's side and want to let my Beretta join the fight!"

Ramiris begins to demand Guy not knowing her place, but Guy's response is very cold.

"No."

He is not buying it at all.

"Why?"

"Huh? This is a battle between demon lords. How could you let a mere servant join the fight.

Besides, isn't it a fight between that slime and Clayman? Why is that any of your business?"

"Don't be so mean! Milim has also joined the battle."

"Yeah, but that is fine."

"What is that supposed to mean? Why won't you allow me then?"

Annoying as hell—Guy thinks to himself.

Ramiris was always an annoying fairy, and once she decides to be noisy she just won't stop.

To this day Ramiris has never brought servants to the meeting. That's why Guy thought there must be some hidden motives why Ramiris has brought servants this time.

Milim also seems to be planning something, it will only make things more chaotic if Ramiris decides to join the battle. In order to prevent this from happening, Guy has intentionally separated the battle zone.

"Aren't you annoying, Milim is probably planning something on her own."

"You say it as if I've not come up with any genius plan!"

"Is it not that the case? Moreover—"

As he says so, Guy looks towards one of Ramiris' servants, Beretta.

"—Who's your servant loyal to? The other one's protecting you with all her heart, but this one really isn't. He's loyal to you on the surface, but is he completely loyal to you? Are you really fine with dealing with this type of unknown retainer?"

Guy can tell.

Beretta is loyal to someone else besides Ramiris.

Ramiris is an important friend of Guy's. That's why he can't tolerate that her servant isn't completely loyal to his master.

"You are indeed right; I am comparing my master to someone else."

Beretta is not troubled hearing Guy's words.

His summoner is Rimuru.

And his creator is Rimuru.

Yet he also has another master, which is Ramiris.

This demon lord is very optimistic, reckless everywhere she goes, curious like an infant and extremely timid. Beretta has grown a liking towards her and her personality.

That's why he doesn't feel worn out by his job of being toyed around by her all day.

Rimuru wants him to protect Ramiris. He is also glad that he himself is able to serve Ramiris. So he doesn't feel conflicted.

But there is one point.

Beretta still wishes to repay Rimuru's kindness.

It is Rimuru who introduced him to Ramiris.

He was once of the Demon race. Rimuru was able to give him a new life and new duty—He wants to repay such kindness.

Apart from that—

“Similar to my wish, Ramiris-sama also wants to save that Lord—”

Beretta asserts without restraint towards Guy.

“Oh? You are not afraid of me and dare to talk straight to me. Interesting. Ramiris, is this guy speaking the truth?”

Guy asks, but he realizes it's unnecessary as soon as he sees her expression.

“Hmm! Of course it's true! That's why Beretta, go in my place and save Rimuru!”

“Ehh—So this guy will carry out your wish. You've recruited quite the servant, Ramiris.”

“No, I didn't recruit him, I am his companion. Beretta, Treyni and Rimuru, too! And many, many, many more!”

Ramiris says so with a joyful smile.

“Never mind, I'll allow this.”

Guy doesn't know what Ramiris is trying to get out of this, but as long as she's happy it's fine. He does not object.

He puts forward his hand looking impatiently and opens a hole in the barrier.

“—Many thanks, Primordial Red (Rouge).”

“Hmm. Spare me the title. I'll allow you to call me Guy. But from now on, you can only recognize Ramiris as your master, do you understand?”

Allowing him to call his name—To Guy, this means he has recognized Beretta's strength.

And right now, Guy wants Beretta to choose a master. If he doesn't, Guy plans to end him right there.

But Beretta agrees without hesitation.

“Then, Guy. I shall pledge my loyalty towards Ramiris. For that reason, please allow me help Rimuru-sama out this once.”

Guy is a bit surprised.

To the Demon race, their master must be strong enough. Yet Beretta doesn't seem to be interested in strength.

What an odd ideal. In other words, he is an outcast.

“Is that all?”

“Yes. Rimuru-sama has servants stronger than me to serve him.”

So that’s the case, Guy thinks.

But he also begins to doubt. Beretta has openly admitted that someone is stronger than him.

“Besides, I really enjoy research. Everyday spent with Ramiris-sama researching is like a dream—Oh, apologies. Rimuru-sama also wishes for me to serve Ramiris-sama. There is no need for you to worry.”

Hearing Beretta, Guy suddenly recalls a certain Demon.

To pursue things that one desires and those only, that is the alternative definition for outcasts.

From his type alone, it won’t be anything strange to have given birth to a Demon with the personality similar to Beretta—But everyone knows that particular Demon do not create vessels often.

No, very few people know about him.

“I have a question. Which branch (faction) are you from—?”

Beretta turns his face up behind his mask, and a smile becomes visible.

“—I am just a humble nobody, a Greater Demon. But, Demons from the same branch as mine are very rare.”

Rare system—Then it can be confirmed.

Now Beretta’s hair color has faded to silver, but its original color was probably...

“I see. That’s why you are not afraid of me. Your kind of Demon always do what your heart desires and put your personal feelings first. Does that mean you admit someone is stronger than you?”

Guy glances towards the battling Shion and Ranga and turns back to look at Beretta.

Shion and Ranga are indeed strong. But Beretta is definitely not weaker.

“I feel much honor receiving your praise, but my abilities are nothing to be mentioned. With that Lord serving Rimuru-sama, I won’t have another chance to show my skills.”

“Hmm, I see. I understand how you feel. Go on.”

The hole on the barrier is large enough for one person to pass.

“Then excuse me for my leaving.”

Beretta bows elegantly before proceeding without hesitation.

Guy smiles as he sees him off.

He has sensed what’s weird.

He knows the one Beretta is talking about.

—*Is that so? You are on the move too, Primordial Black (Noir)!*

His old friend that parted way with him eons ago.

This newcomer has even recruited character like that. This slime battling Milim has suddenly become very intriguing.

The outcast serves the outcast.

*His name seems to be Rimuru. I’ll remember it.*

With such thoughts, Guy observes the fight with delight. The result of which seems very

obvious to him.



This is bad.

If you ask me which part of this is bad, it would be Milim.

Combating her is really strenuous, to the point that I've even had to let go of my anger towards Clayman.

She hasn't applied any combat style that Phobio hasn't seen yet (referring to vol 3 event), so she probably hasn't gone all out yet... But she is so overpowered to the point of unreasonable. I've already been giving all I have.

'Wisdom King Raphael' was able to display its power.

To be honest, I would be dead long ago if not because of the skill.

That's about how I feel as I was busy fighting Milim.

At the same time, my subordinates are also fighting hard.

I originally thought that our number is down in this fight, however...

Ranga has summoned two commander level vessels of Tempest Star Wolf, changing the three on one to three against three.

It would seem that he could only summon three simultaneously. One of which has been summoned by Gobta so now he can't call for more reinforcements.

But that should be sufficient.

Nine-Head Beast has incredibly high amount of magicule storage, but it seems to be lacking in combat experience.

Ranga still have the upper hand when fighting it.

With that being said, the two monsters summoned by Nine-Head Beast are surprisingly difficult to deal with.

They are White Ape and Moon Rabbit<sup>39</sup> according to results of my 'Analyze and Assess.'

The two are capable of conducting collaborated counter-attack with plenty high intelligence. It's very challenging to deal with. The Moon Rabbit is able to manipulate gravity to pressure the battle zone while the White Ape is flying all over the place while hitting down hard. The Nine-Head Beast on the other hand is responsible for delivering the fatal blow to enemies.

This combat strategy is almost invincible.

But Ranga has seen through their tactic and disrupted the cooperative approach employed by the enemies.

He could have used a more powerful attack to achieve victory, but he's afraid to affect Shion in that way.

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<sup>39</sup>Both animals are commonly seen in myths and classic literature in Japanese and Chinese cultures.

He is with the upper hand indeed, but he is able to deliver the final blow.

As for Shion—

She is holding up with brute force.

The black-cape is a delicate magic doll.

And honestly, it looks stronger than Clayman.

“Hehehehahahaha, how do you like my finest work Viola? Isn’t it dazzling?”

Clayman is extremely confident, but not without his reason.

The doll is undoubtedly powerful.

However, if you ask me whether it looks dazzling or not, the answer it’s no.

Because it is equipped with weapons all over its body.

Every item is a unique-grade weapon as well as its armor. Yet with too many of them stuck onto it, there isn’t any sense of aesthetic at all.

Fire, lightning, ice, heavy weight, resonance, as well as other attacks seem to be constantly poured out by it without an end.

But Shion doesn’t seem to mind these attacks.

Any enemy she encounters would have to deal with the troubling skill of “Super Regeneration.” Thanks to this skill, she can restore herself instantly no matter what type of attack she encounters to resolve the crisis.

Right now, due to the combined attack by Clayman and Viola, she is unable to launch any attack. However, Shion’s rage meter is also building up.

It would be horrifying if all of her rage explodes.

As I thought so, someone entered to assist Shion.

“Kept you waiting huh. Rimuru-sama, allow me to assist you all.”

Oh oh, it’s Beretta!

I don’t know how he got in, but Beretta was successful in entering this separated battle zone.

“I’ve been expecting you, Beretta!”

“Yes sir!”

“How dare you interrupt our business... I’m the one who’s gonna use these fools for blood sacrifice!”

Shion is just being afraid of losing, they are just words.

“Be my guest. Beat the carp out of them!”

“ “ “Yes sir!” ” ”

Just like that, the situation is proceeding as original plan.

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Our victory is imminent.

Although there were some unexpected interludes, but as how things have developed so far, we will definitely be the winner.

If any problem...

It's that Milim has yet to show any her true color so far.

As soon as we rescue Milim, we would secure the win.

Now I have no more worries and can focus myself entirely on Milim.

The noises of my surrounding gradually disappear.

My concentration is clear with Milim fixed in my eyes.

The trajectory of her fists seems clearer now.

I continue to concentrate my mind.

All of the cells in my body are running at maximum proficiency to do the calculation.

It would all be a waste if I lose.

I must find a way to remove the curse spell Clayman used to manipulate Milim.

Come on, Raphael-san. Run ‘Analyze and Assess’ at its full power!

You guys would probably say it's hypocritical that I just mocked other people for relying on others while I myself is relying on ‘Wisdom King Raphael.’ You must have been mistaken; Raphael-san is my power after all.

I am super reassured!

That's why, I'm relying on you.

«Answer. ‘Analyze and Assess’ result is... No data.»

Huh? What now?

Ehhhh, what does that supposed to mean?

Does it mean that it didn't see through Clayman's curse?

«No curse spell was discovered. This—»

Oi oi oi, that's no casual matter that you can just get away with me calling you useless!

And I thought I was unable to analyze because of my lack of focus, but then with all I have put into work now, I still can't break through it. Not only that, it didn't find any curse spell.

Raphael-san, you are surprisingly useless in this type of situation.

This is bad, if this continues, I'll suffer a horrible death.

My chances of victory against Milim in a toe-to-toe fight is truly low.

If that's the case, then I don't have any other option. I have to keep Milim trapped with me before Shion and the rest beat Clayman.

I've made up my mind to continue my confrontation with Milim.

By the way, my own ability has also improved greatly. Even though she has been manipulated and is not fighting with her true abilities, I still can put up a fight with her.

If it's me in the past, I would have been beaten to the ground in less than a minute.

Yet I've been able to hold up the battle with all I have for dozens of minutes.

Would it be possible for me to beat her out of her brainwash?

That thought cross my mind, but beating Milim is really against my personal principle.

«Proposal. Suggest to activate “Gluttonous King Beelzebuth” and attack by absorbing mag-

icule.»

Oh? Oh oh? I totally forgot that I could do that!

No time to lose then, let's try it out.

I'll be the one to take damage from a frontal impact, so I need to use dissolving techniques in my offense. I'll use my force from the side to change trajectory of Milim's fists and kicks.

Then I'll used the interval for "Gluttonous King Beelzebuth" to absorb magicule. This seems to be very effective as Milim draws distance from me with annoyance.

The damage caused was minimum, but it would suffice.

Since Milim's attacks are all protected by her Dragon Aura, that's why the more I engage and absorb her dragon aura, the more stamina I can drain from Milim as it goes.

Let's hope Shion would defeat Clayman soon.

But it's another issue whether I could win or not with this continues to repeat.



If I truly wishes to win, I won't be able to reserve any of my power. But I may still lose even to this extent. And even if I win, I'd be exposed of my powers in front of the other demon lords.

By that time, in terms of the overall situation, I would be the loser.

Right considering my status, I can only continue on causing damage and wait for the cursed bond of Milim is removed.

I hope Shion would finish Clayman sooner.

There is no way of knowing how much longer the attacks and defense on both sides would last.

Or rather, I've been in defense all these times.

I would be taken out if I has a miss. Under such serious circumstance, I was able to continuously dodge most of Milim's attacks.

Milim's fist slashes over my right cheek with a low growl.

My mind is not concentrated enough, and dodging has become impossible.

If she hits me head on, my body would shatter.

I possess regenerative skill "Infinite Regeneration" that surpasses "Super Regeneration," but using it too much would drain my magicule. I would still be able to revive after being shattering by her. But with repetition of this process, I'll be the first one to exhaust my stamina.

I must concentrate and concentrate more.

I predict Milim's movement.

The shape of her right fist suddenly changes.

It is a skill called "Dragon Tooth" that has been disguised as her fist.

She threw it over my cheek just like before but unleashes her claw to slash my neck.

It is worthy of the name Dragon Tooth, my head would definitely be severed from my body. That's why you can't dodge this attack, but instead stop it from the side.

Milim releases her Dragon Tooth while I move my left hand towards the outside to take the hit. I feel the burning sensation on my left hand. The intense energy exploded and my left hand which took on the attack has been gravely injured.

That's what happens when I try to stop her attack alone.

Only a madman would try to launch offense against her directly.

The so-called power of an overlord is the ability to suppress opponents with just some power applied and form an instant kill skill. That is exactly what I've been experiencing.

However, if I don't sacrifice my left hand, I would have suffered a fatal blow afterward. That's why it's fine as it is. But Milim's reckless behavior is beginning to make me complain.

Perhaps my complaint has been answered as a heavenly opportunity appears.

At that moment, Milim loses balance and throws out her iron fist with her left hand that has been at rest.

Good chance!

«Warning. It could be a trap—»

By the time I made a sound of realization "AHH!" in my heart, it's all too late.

The calm analysis from ‘Wisdom King Raphael’ has been thrown behind my head as my attack has already been launched.

I was planning to grab onto her left hand and throw her out. Since Milim has lost balance, I thought I could pull an over-shoulder throw on her.

But if that was a trap set by Milim...

Milim’s left hand suddenly paused as a smirk emerges on her face.

That’s the expression when you succeed in pulling a trick.

OHHHHHHHH NOOOOOOO!

Right now I am in a state of turning in Milim’s view with both of my hands reaching out, trying to grab Milim’s left hand.

I can watch my own actions through third-person view by “Magic Perception,” what a posture full of openings.

I’m done. GAME OVER.

As Milim swings out her iron fist and is about to score a direct hit on my head—before she could hit, someone barged in between me and Milim.

DONG!

I hear a sound of low blow.

“Awoo! How can you suddenly hit people? Isn’t that over the line?”

A brown-skin blond man appears.

He kinda looks like me... Eh, isn’t this Veldora?

Veldora is squatting down with his hands wrapped around his head.

It looks pretty painful. But he seems to only be slightly injured by the direct hit of Milim’s iron fist, there isn’t much to be worried.

“Eh, Veldora, why are you here?”

I took the chance and reposition myself and ask Veldora while being on guard against Milim.

“Wooo, that was super embarrassing.”

“That doesn’t matter, did something happen to the town?”

“Not really. It’s because that Diablo guy has returned so the defense network has become stronger.”

What the hell? Did you say that Diablo have come back?

There is no way the plan to take over Farmus is concluded that quickly...

Never mind, right now the focus is on Veldora.

“Why did you come here for? You can screw off if you just came here to watch a show. Go back at this instant!”

“Rimuru, now you are just being mean... Don’t worry, I was going to do some real business!”

Veldora hands out something seemingly with a sound effect of “Chang!.” It’s the manga I prepared for him beforehand.

Veldora is holding the last volume.

“What is this for?”

I didn't understand. As a result Veldora becomes indignant and begins to complain to me.  
“Don’t you play dumb now! The content doesn’t match up with the cover! Are you trying to troll me by tantalizing me at such crucial (plot) point?”

Ah, AH! I recall.

I was trying to prank him all right.

If he acts nice then I’ll give him the sequel. That’s the prank with manga I wanted to try lecture him with.

And I accidentally left the entire manga series to him.

So did Veldora come all the way here to get the sequel...

All the way to this separated battlefield.

With the addition of my Ultimate Skil “Storm King Veldora,” I would be able to summon him from “Infinity Prison”... But even without my call, Veldora came regardless.

This is another lesson for me today, but right now it matters not whether I’ve learnt anything from it or not.

The town is guarded by Diablo now, since Veldora has come, I’ll just use him to my advantage.

“All right, before I give you the sequel, there is a request I want to make from you.”

“Hmm? What is that?”

“You go ahead and have some fun with Milim over there. But you must refrain from hurting her.”

“Milim? Oh, that’s my brother’s only daughter. It’s my first time meeting her. I see she’s still a child. Fine, I’ll handle it!”

Veldora agrees with alacrity.

Does he want to read the sequel? Or does he have interest in Milim? Either is fine.

“My brother’s only daughter”—That line is somewhat discerning, but I’ll include it in the meeting after this.

Milim’s eyes are carefully navigating our side, she also seems interested in Veldora.

Her eyes are glowing, so it should be fine now if I walk away.

Milim vs Veldora, I wonder who is stronger. That’s indeed intriguing, but at least Veldora is stronger than me, so he must be able to buy some time.

I can’t waste a good opportunity like this.

Now that I am free, I’ve got to hurry and finish Clayman to end this fight once and for all.



Now then—How did the situation develop when I was focused on dealing with Milim?

I have very little worry for Veldora and Milim, and turned my eyes to Ranga.

Since he seems to have encountered the most challenge.

“Ranga, are you all right?”

“Oh oh, Rimuru-sama. I am fine, just a bit troubled.”

So there is indeed a situation.

I was wondering why he seems to be restrained during his fight, it would seem that he has difficulty in using his skills.

“What’s the problem—?”

I was about to ask Ranga when I discover the reason.

—Help. Help me. Help me please!

It’s the weeping sounds of children. They are transmitted in forms of “Thought” from the Nine-Head Beast.

White Ape and Moon Rabbit were only trying to protect their scared master.

I see, I will rescue you now.

“Ranga, you focus on distracting the White Ape and the Moon Rabbit. Don’t let them interfere with me.”

“Understood.”

Ranga then focuses on pinning down the White Ape while the other two Tempest Wolves distract the Moon Rabbit.

I instead move towards the Nine-Head Beast who’s been demonstrating menace to me.

I approach the poor cub that’s been controlled by Clayman.

«Report. ‘Analyze and Assess’ result shows... manipulation cursed spell. Remove spell?  
YES/NO»

This time the curse spell is detected with ease and is successfully removed.

It would be great if this was the same with the analysis on Milim.

It doesn’t matter. As soon as I release the cursed bond, Nine-Head beast falls asleep out of exhaustion after a joyful howl.

It’s quite adorable with how much it resembles a smol animal.

It has three tails with blonde hair, the rest of its body resembles a cute little fox.

Ranga on the side seems to spark a sense of competition upon seeing the scene. I mean, you also have cool and cute characters of your own.

“Protect this child.”

“Understood, master.”

I pat Ranga and hand over the little fox to him.

Now that settles with Ranga’s opponent.

I then turn to Beretta.

He has already finished his battle.

Beretta seems delighted as he lies out all the unique-grade weapons and armors in a line to polish them.

“Oi oi oi! What are you doing?”

“Ahh, Rimuru-sama is here. It’s a shame that you didn’t see me in action, but I’ve prepared

all these trophies for you.”

Beretta bows to me with respect while saying so.

The trophies you mean...

The so-called finest work of Clayman, Viola has been dismembered to the extent of miserable to look at. There also seem to be equipment that are gifts for Ramiris.

I have always guessed that Beretta is strong, but I didn't expect him to beat that arsenal looking majin without a scratch...

And more importantly—

“Oi, Beretta. This may sound pretty harsh, but you seem to have only picked up bad habits from Ramiris!”

“—Woo!”

Beretta looks at me in shock, probably. His face is masked but I could tell from his aura.

I have to give advice here. Or else Beretta will forever be tainted by Ramiris' horrible habits.

“It may just be me thinking too much, but how do you plan to deal with all these trophies?”

“A-about that... I want to offer them to Rimuru-sama... I was wondering if by offering these things, you can then provide residence for me and Ramiris-sama.”

Hmm? Providing residence...?

Ramiris has indeed mentioned about wanting to move to our town, why is Beretta supporting her?

“Why are you supporting the idea?”

“—It's because...”

The content of Beretta's explanation is dumbfounding.

Just now he wanted to help us and was forced to pledge his loyalty to one master only by Guy.

Beretta mentioned then that he would be serving Ramiris full-heartedly after assisting me this time. But Beretta was still once a cunning Demon, so he has already come up with a backup plan.

If Ramiris move to our town, he could then move along as well. If that's the case, he could then help us indirectly through Ramiris.

These words are almost sophistry, yet he says it sounding very justified. His proud and smug look while saying so really resembles the style of a Demon.

“You... Never mind, you truly are more and more like Ramiris!”

“That doesn't sound like a compliment, but I am still honored.”

That's not compliment at all!

Seriously, it's only been a while since we last met yet he's become so much cheekier now. But, that's quite the interesting growth style.

“Anyway, I'll discuss about this later. It won't be that easy to prepare a residence alone, I'll have to consider it more.”

“Yes sir, I understand.”

And Beretta accepted my proposition happily, so that concludes it for now.  
I'll consider Beretta's proposition later. I turn around to look at the last person, Shion.  
Right there, the result is about to be revealed.



Clayman is breathing heavily as he stares at Shion hatefully.

It would seem he has learnt how strong Shion is.

It would be an understatement to say Clayman seems to have been getting draws from fighting Shion. That's because Shion has the incredible trump card of "Super Regeneration."

Their powers are on par yet Shion has the upper hand in terms of endurance.

The exchanges between the two seem to be equally matched, but Clayman already seemed tired as I was battling Milim.

Shion would probably win even without my help.

Right now Clayman must be anxious seeing Shion has the advantage.

"Is that all you got? Aren't you too weak to call yourself a demon lord?"

Shion sure is ruthless.

She's totaling despising Clayman.

"B-bastard, unforgivable! Go, Dancing Mannequin!"

As he finishes, Clayman releases five mannequins. They immediately turn into majins and throw themselves towards Shion.

Every one of them is a greater majin.

Clayman has infused the souls of majins he has collected with the mannequins in preparation of their immediate manipulation. They are his hidden combat forces.

It's no time for him to reserve his forces, so he pulls out all his aces in a go.

These forces are more than enough to defeat normal majin.

However—

Shion pulls out her beloved odachi and slashes the five majins in one hit.

"How boring. You've really got nothing interesting."

She says so towards Clayman looking chilled as ever.

She sustained the battle without a scratch.

Shion actually has more style of a demon lord.

On the contrary, Clayman begins to shiver and shouts with the expression of having been greatly shamed:

"Q-quit joking around, you bastard! It's too early for you to get cocky! My Dancing Mannequins will restore themselves soon and attack you. Now we are doing things seriously!"

He is not being sour about losing, but there is really that kind of effect in play.

Shion waits for it without a care, yet the Mannequins have no sign of getting up.

There is of course a reason for it.

“H-how can this... Why aren’t they revived?”

Clayman mumbles to himself with anxiety in his eyes.

His proud combat force has not gotten back to their feet, causing him to be confused.

Since that’s the case, I shall explain things for him.

“Uhh—how troublesome, but I’ll tell you. Shion’s odachi can consume souls. Did you forget to apply defensive spells for the physical and spiritual resistance of your mannequins? If you are that crude in craftsmanship, of course they would get trashed in one slash.”

There’s no point in hiding at this point.

I was planning to eat Clayman anyway, so I’ll tell what he wants to know.

“T-this knife possesses spiritual attack!”

“That’s nothing rare, even the humans are using them.”

“I-impossible! That’s a rare power even among unique-grade equipment!”

“Yeah—right. They are knives made by my people anyway.”

I’ve improved Shion’s odachi greatly on basis of Hinata’s sword. Now it can attack spiritual body.

It isn’t really consuming souls, but the knife is able to cause damage to spiritual life form.

Depending on the power applied in her attack, those without resistive power would instantly die, nor does it have the limitation of seven hits. That’s why there is no way to confirm whether the enemies are killed or not, but it won’t be much of an issue considering Shion doesn’t know how to hold back.

Besides, it is a combined heavy attack causing both physical and spiritual damages, so you won’t even need seven hits to ensure the kill.

“Oh, is that so? Then it would be ‘Hercules Ex’!”

You didn’t know...

Didn’t I clarified when briefing with you? Never mind.

Shion really is too lazy to memorize such difficult mechanisms, so it was the right call to have improved its function.

“Go, gogogo, is that so? You are using the power of that knife to fight me. Then I should claim that annoying knife as well into my collection! Consume it, Superb Demon Lord Domination!”

Clayman seems to have misunderstood something.

Creepy beams of black light begin to shoot out of Clayman’s hands, and they wrap around Shion’s body from bottom to top.

Shion is doing nothing in response.

Ehh, you could have dodged that and then finish him off... Fine then, it doesn’t seem necessary.

Clayman might have thought that Shion was too slow to react. He looks rather pleased at this sight.

“Gogogogogo. You should be happy; this is the ultimate curse spell that can even control demon lords! It is quite the waste to use it against majin like you, but it doesn’t matter. I’ll have to reorganize the Five Fingers anyway. Come be my subordinate and be of use to me.”

He is completely mistaken judging by his words.

How pathetic, Clayman.

Shion is not rendered unable to move, it’s simply that she doesn’t want to move.

Clayman has boasted this skill to the roof yet it has had no effect. But perhaps you guys (readers) don’t know why that’s the case either.

Shion has obtained the skill “Perfect Memory” that can store her memory in her astral body—In simpler terms, it is a special skill that can save memory even when the brain is damaged.

As long as one retains his conscious soul and memory, he can be revived even when his body is completely damaged. She has become a special species. It won’t be too much to call her a semi-spiritual life form.

In other words, she can think with her soul.

That means she has complete immunity against all mind control effects.

Opponents against Shion have can’t do anything with domination spells.

“Oi, what are you trying to do with this? I don’t even feel a thing, do I have to wait a little longer?”

Shion asks impatiently as she has been wrapped around like a cocoon by the black silk.

I’ve had this thought long ago... You should really change your pro-wrestler mindset.

Why would you intentionally fall into enemies’ trap in real battles...

Whether it is Shion, or Suphia or even Milim, I can’t understand this mindset of a battle frenzy. Stop it, get some help.

‘Wisdom King Raphael’ explains that Shion is not affected by the skill, so it is unnecessary to be cautious against Clayman’s secret technique.

“H-how could this be... Why is my Superb Demon Lord Denomination not working? Impossible, there is no such thing! That is the ultimate curse spell that can control even Demon lords!”

It is the spell that controlled the Nine-Head Beast. Indeed, it seems to be able to easily dominate Calamity-class beings, but shouldn’t it be useless against Disaster-class demon lords?

This Clayman is too overconfident with his power.

Shion then, probably bored of waiting, blows away the black cocoon in an instant with her Youki.

“How very boring. You don’t deserve to be a demon lord when relying on such petit trickery.”

Shion says so with much disdain in her tone.

Seeing this, Clayman falls into panic. He freezes on the spot.

—No, that’s not true.

Shion’s words seem to have touch Clayman’s nerve.

“Gogogo, Gohahahaha! How dare you say I don’t deserve to be demon lord? Unforgivable, trash! I’ll make you regret this; regret having forced me to use my real power.”

He begins to shake his shoulder and laughs out without any care. His laughter sounds desolate.

He then begins to take off all his classy clothes, exposing his upper body. Clayman has secretly carried many gadgets and items, but he doesn’t seem interested in using them and scattered them all over the place.

Just as I thought that things are about to end, it turns out Clayman has kept a hand (four actually) up his sleeve.

After exposing his upper body, two pairs of hands grow out of his back. Those hands look slim and long and are wrapped in black exoskeletons.

That’s who he truly is—It is a completely different figure from his previous disguise, one that reeks an aura of insanity.

“Yes, of course. Yes, demon lord. I am a demon lord. That’s why I care about how I fight. I send my enemies to their graves with elegance and grace. But that’s enough. Enough. This feeling, I’ve forgotten for too long… I’ll crash you with my hands!”

He roars with rage and reveals his true nature.

Clayman is holding something, something precious looking.

It is a mask, a clown mask with the carving of a smile.

He puts it on without hesitation.

“Oh? Now you seem a bit more intrigued. You are beginning to impress me. I am Demon Lord Rimuru-sama’s personal secretary Shion. Allow me to be your opponent!”

Shion looks delighted and announces her name to Clayman.

Clayman also—

“Demon Lord—No, I am ‘The Laughing Clown (Crazy Pierrot)<sup>40</sup>’ Clayman. I’ll kill you, majin Shion!”

He responds by announcing his title.

That’s how they begin their fight at the same time.



Clayman with his true self revealed is very strong.

As expected from a demon lord, he is approaching Shion with a strong mana.

His natural pair of hands are controlling those ominous black silk beams.

The upper pair of hands on his back hold an axe and a mace while the lower half holds a sword and a shield.

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<sup>40</sup>The original title “喜狂の道化” translate more to “Ecstatic Clown”

He is trying to give Shion a hard time with manipulation of both magical and physical attacks.

However, Shion is stronger.

She waves her odachi named “Hercules Ex” to deflect Clayman’s sword and smash through his shield.

Her straight swing from up to down also destroyed the defending axe and mace.

All of this wild strength originates from Shion’s Unique Skill ‘Demonification.’

As for her almost cheating effect of weapon destruction, it is probably due to “Guaranteed Outcome” and “Optimal Action” from (her skill) “Cook.”

In other words, Clayman is no match against Shion.

Even with his true strength, Clayman is still beaten to a pulp by Shion.

The two pairs of iron wrists crossed behind his back are defending against Shion’s fists, yet those four hands have been broken. Shion was also able to score a punch right on Clayman’s stomach.

“WOOOOOOOHHHHHHH...”

Clayman seems to be in great pain as he begins to foam from his mouth.

The result is set.

I may sound like I’m favoring my subordinate, but Shion has become super strong. She came back from death and obtained far greater strength than before.

“GAPUUUUUUUUU!”

Shion gives Clayman another kick. He begins to spin on the ground with a depressed expression.

His mask is broken to reveal his bloodshot eyes.

“...Im...Impo...ssible...I-I don’t believe. I...me...Demon Lord Clayman is...!”

He finally realizes the difference in strength with his opponent and couldn’t accept such reality. Clayman seems out of his mind.

“Rimuru-sama, can I take his life?”

Shion asks me now.

About that, though I still have some questions to ask, but I’ve guessed about most of his answers. The only thing left is the identity of the man behind the scene, would he answer honestly though?

“D-damnit! Milim, what the hell is Milim doing? That type of trash, go ahead and defeat—”

Clayman seems to know his death is imminent and shout in panic.

However, the Milim in his words has been suppressed by Veldora. Suspecting at this point, Clayman looks at Veldora with eyes of witnessing unbelieving scenery...

“W-who are you...? W-What is this? What is with the incredible power!!”

It seems that he has discovered that Veldora is no ordinary majin.

“Although he may look human, he is actually Veldora. Didn’t I just say we are friends?”

Clayman is speechless.

He seems to be denying, but upon seeing how the opponent was able to put up a fight against

Milim, he is forced to accept reality.

Veldora has been fighting Milim until now with elegant fighting styles. In between there seem to be shouts of familiar technique names. Milim seems to be reacting quite surprisingly to them.

It's making me question—whether she is really being manipulated?

«...»

I have some doubts regarding Milim's reaction, but never mind, I'll leave her alone.

Veldora seems to be having fun fighting in human form for the first time.

It is right then, Clayman gave up seeking help from Milim. In the midst of Chaos, he changes his plan to flee to the edge of the battle zone and begins to shout to the outside.

"F-Frey! Frey, what are you doing? We are on the same boat here, come and help me!"

Clayman begs for help with he can yet Frey's reaction is extremely cold.

"Ara, pardon me now, Clayman. I can't enter this 'Barrier' without Guy's permission. What a shame."

Just like that, she gives such fake response.

Clayman smacks his lip unpleasantly and turns his head towards Milim again.

His eyes twitch frequently as the last bit of sanity within him ceases to exist—he has gone completely mad. It would seem Clayman has come up with some bad idea again. With a crazy smile on his face, his eyes fall on Milim once more.

"Goha-GOHAHAHAHA! Milim, oh Milim! Hear my command and activate 'Frenzy Berserk' ! Go and kill all of these people!"

He spills out such frantic words.

Clayman is no longer caring about his image, he only wishes to live.

Oh shit, now we are done.

I can't just sit around and watch anymore. I need to join the battle.

Yet it is then I heard some unbelievable words coming into my ears.

"Why would I do that? Rimuru and them are all my friends!"

I turn back in shock and see Milim smirking and chilling there.

"Milim! Wait, aren't you being controlled...?"

"WHA—HAHAHA! You seem to have been fooled all this time, Rimuru! How could I be controlled by Clayman?"

N-NANI?

«...»

For some reason, 'Wisdom King Raphael' started to sound quite angry from just now.

But I'll ignore it for now, Milim is the focus here.

"So, are you not controlled by Clayman?"

Eh—What in the world is going on? I unconsciously tried to double check.

But, Milim only gives me a proud smile.

I am not the only person who's confused.

One of the demon lords also said in surprise: "Eh? Wasn't she just hit, why didn't she react

at all?"

The person most surprised is no more than Clayman himself.

"R-right. "That Lord" gave me the 'Dominating Orb.' It should make you listen to my every order...did you not kill Karion according to my order?"

Ah—nice one Clayman.

He is too shocked to the point of not realizing what he is saying.

Now the credibility of my evidence footage has also increased.

Because not only did Clayman just confess to his crime accidentally, he also exposed that there is someone behind all these.

Milim responds to him with the following:

"Yeah, that's it! I wanted to ask about it. Answer me, Clayman. Who exactly is "That Lord"?"

She questions sharply without a care. She also completely ignores Clayman's question, that seems like what Milim would do.

If this is the case, it would mean that Milim was never controlled in the first place, and instead has been suspicious towards Clayman from the start.

But, why?

Before my question could have been answered, another voice arrives to interrupt.

"Oi oi oi, who did you say has died?"

On the opposite side of the isolated battle zone, a low and charming voice raises its volume.

It is from Demon Lord Frey's servant, the man with the giant eagle wings.

Hold on a second, could this be...

He really did wear such flawed disguise!

Now wouldn't that make me the one who didn't realize about it...

«...»

Oh no.

'Wisdom King Raphael' seems dumbfounded.

Speaking of that. Back then 'Wisdom King Raphael' seems to want to say something...

No, I must be thinking too much. Yeah, I'm definitely thinking too much.

Let's forget about this.

And I need to be more perceptive in the future.

That's how I would do it.

That man—Karion slowly takes off his mask.

His incredible aura instantly leaks out in its full.

Karion activates his aura and restore his original appearance in an instant.

Beast Master Karion — The real deal, there is no way around it.

"Glad to have you back safe and well, Karion-san."

"Hey, Rimuru. I'm not exactly safe and well, but that doesn't matter. Thanks for taking care of my subordinates."

"You are welcome."

Karion expresses thanks to me and gives off a smile to Clayman.

Now I can confirm that Milim was never controlled.

“What, how could this... It would mean, did you really...? But Frey said... Oh, so Frey was in it too. Even you betrayed me!”

Now that he has cleared up the story, Clayman stares his eyes at Frey like a madman.

But Frey doesn’t seem to care one bit.



Considering the situation, rather to say she's betrayed Clayman, it's more like she...

"Ara? Have you been mistaken all these time about me being your partner?"

Frey says so coldly.

Ah, indeed. Women are horrifying.

Yes indeed, Frey has been lying to Clayman from start to end.

"Q-quit...joking around! Y-you people... Unforgivable, I won't let you walk free!"

As such, the howling of the sad clown echoes around the room—

"Shion, do it."

"Leave it to me!"

I give the order and Shion takes action.

She has been like a starving hound under the order of "Freeze!." Now she has grasped her knife tight to swing it at Clayman with all her strength.

She is going to execute him with the slash of her odachi.

Clayman applies all his defense, yet all three pairs of his hands are severed. He has sustained grave injuries after being slashed open sideway.

Shion's odachi can even destroy one's spirit. That slash put Clayman down to the ground without a sound afterward.



Right, now Clayman is out of the scene.

Karion is still alive, so my testimonies are all set.

Now I won't be treated as enemy by the demon lords.

Clayman is on the verge of dying.

He isn't posing any threat and is impossible to come up with any plan to reverse his situation.

The evidences to his crime are all confirmed, now he can't walk free with excuses.

Because he has openly confessed in front of the demon lords.

With the demon lords witnessing all these, they will judge for themselves, yet Clayman has lost all credibility. Now there won't be any demon lord trying to defend him.

The "Barrier" separating the battle zone has been deactivated. Frey walks towards us and then turns straight towards Milim.

"I trusted that you won't be manipulated, but I was still quite nervous, Milim. But you have followed through our "promise," thank you."

"WHAHAHA! Of course I will since we are friends. Right, Frey, have you kept good care of that thing and brought it here?"

"I did, are you referring to this? Speaking of which, you are even immune towards the dominating orb, you are truly strong..."

The two continued to exchange as Frey takes out something from her pocket to hand to Milim.

It's the Dragon Knuckle I gifted her.

Milim seems delighted and takes the thing as she couldn't wait to put them on.

And a smile blooms on her face.

Milim and Frey's interactions have all been observed by the demon lords. After seeing all these, they've finally been brought updated to the situation.

"So that was all an act."

"I-I saw through it from the start!"

"That's how I guessed things should be."

"So that's how it was..."

As such, I overheard many conversations.

I shouldn't be the only one who was fooled by Milim, yet in the end everyone acts as if they've known long ago.

Just then, I heard a moan in pain near my foot.

"—F-from when? How long have you deceived me...?"

It's Clayman.

It would seem he's still struggling to grasp his last breath. He couldn't believe this. It was unacceptable to him.

Milim reveals the cruel truth to Clayman on the ground.

"Hmm, I worked really hard! I made a "promise" with Frey to pretend being tricked. And I put on the wristband to mislead you into thinking you've controlled me."

"...Q-quit joking around... That was the Dominating Orb infused with all of my mana...highest level...most powerful domination curse spell...! And how could you—"

"Hmm! I could resist most of those magics. I deactivated most of my barriers and force myself with my own will to give up resisting... I know you are cautious enough to not believe the curse spell has worked until you see it with your eyes. I was able to make it through in that way!"

"W-What did you...say? You...you let others intentionally cast a curse on you. And even with my highest-level magic item...my ultimate technique that can even dominate demon lords..."

"Is that so? But it would be impossible to dominate me!"

Milim raises her chest and brags looking all proud.

"Seriously, you made me really worried. By the way, your acting was so poor with how you held your fist in the victory pose with smile on your face."

"You can't blame me for that. I was really happy seeing Rimuru being angry for me."

Frey shrugs seeing Milim like this. Then she recalls something and says:

"Yeah, I was so nervous when Clayman beat Milim initially. If Milim had not endured, my home would definitely be destroyed. Your forbearance skill is top notch. That is commendable."

She exposes this regarding the whole incident.

So Clayman has beaten Milim more than once. He has hit her more before.

I can't believe such person even exist, is he trying to commit suicide?

"Hmm! Because I am already an adult. An adult who knows how to tolerate!"

She emphasizes on the word adult, but she's still just a kid.

"No way. Never mind, I won't go after you for it. Besides, did you really endure it just for our agreement? What was your real intention?"

"Hmm? Nothing really. I just recalled the weird things Clayman said before. He wanted to make Rimuru into an enemy of the humans and plan a war between human and monster. It won't be fun to let him succeed, that's why I had to interfere!"

"Oh, I didn't expect that you would stand out like this for once..."

"WHAHAHAHA! That's right! I am already an adult!"

"Right right right. I'll take your words for it."

So that's how it was...

Milim's sharp instinct has made her notice the people behind that manipulates Clayman. Did she pretend to be manipulated in order to find out the real identity of that person?

She seems to also have made some sort of a deal with Frey; I suppose I'll let the whole deal of fooling me pass.

From this I can conclude that Milim has never once been brainwashed.

Not that the effect has been deactivated midway through, it has never worked in the first place.

All of these have been an act. It's all because Milim was too good at her performance, we can crown her the best actress.

And she even went to the extent of secretly eating pepper in private to maintain her emotionless expression. She has fooled everyone with her natural expression while enduring the horrible taste (of pepper).

Veldora has seen through her with one glance and played along Milim. He says that he wanted to get familiar with his new body, so he had some fun fighting with Milim.

Veldora seems to have surprisingly high adaptability.

Have you not noticed all these this whole time, Raphael-san?

«...»

Ah, yes.

Now that I think about it, it's been trying to say something all this time.

Raphael-san said that there was no result, now that I think about it, it makes perfect sense.

Since she was never under the control of any spell.

I misunderstood.

I need to listen more carefully to other people's explanation in the future. I'd better form another habit of listening other people's words till they finish.

I reflect secretly on the incident.

Then Karion comes and stands before Milim.

"Right, Milim, is it all right for me to ask you something?"

“Hmm? Sure, ask away!”

Milim answers with a smile.

She is in a good mood with her Dragon Knuckles back.

“It’s not a big deal but I want to confirm something… Were you really not controlled? Does that mean that you were having fun trolling me as well?”

Karion is putting up a smile as veins pop on his forehead.

Hmm, of course he would mind that.

“Woo! A-about that…”

“Ahh, don’t be so nervous. It’s okay. It was because I was too weak. But you did trash my country, was that your idea as well?”

Karion didn’t even try to hide his anger and asks Milim.

For an instant, Milim panicked, but—

“Huh! Karion, does such insignificant business really matter?”

She got mad at him instead.

Seeing this, you know for sure it is Milim.

“Insignificant my ass! Seriously, if you had slipped your hands, I would have died!”

“Heh, annoying, you are so annoying! That’s because I was acting too—no, because I was acting so hard to trick Clayman ? That’s why it was all Clayman’s fault!”

“Oi oi oi, don’t push all the blame to Clayman now… Enough. You won’t listen anyway if I complain to you….”

I feel much sympathy for Karion.

Seeing Karion’s manly face now shed with tears, I have the impulse to go comfort him.

I was tricked too, so I can understand how he feels.

“Don’t be sad, Karion-san. The Beastketeers and the rest are all fine and was able to avenge you. They all worked very hard this time. So things are not all bad.”

“Oh oh, Rimuru. Sorry I had to trouble you to comfort me.”

“Oh, don’t worry. Besides, you can always rebuild your castle. In order to rebuild it, I’ve taken captives of Clayman’s subordinates and will let those majins do the work for you guys.”

“Ah? Oi oi oi, is it true…?”

“Of course it is. We also won’t hold back any of our technical support. And assistance is only natural. That’s why, let us work together to build a more prestigious, more comfortable kingdom!”

We have time on our side. I’ve also got a bunch of money from Clayman. I was thinking to use it for future trading, right now it would be a good strategy to give out a few favors.

I was also thinking to build a good relationship through this operation with our neighboring Beastmen. Allow me to use this opportunity well.

“WHA—HAHAHA! That’s wonderful, Karion. I have also contributed to it!”

How did Milim contribute to it at all?

If anything, her contribution is to have wiped out the entire place clean without bricks and stone so the construction work could be conducted more easily.

“My apologies for the trouble, but we are saved! Rimuru—I should call you Rimuru-san. I swear that us Beast Kingdom will maintain a friendly relationship with your country forever, and we will provide you with any assistance!”

Karion was surprised and spoke with gratitude on his face. Then he turns back to Milim and warned her along: “I hope you could reflect about all this.” Milim seems to sense that things have been resolved smoothly and has turned back to her old self.

Should I call her a realist? Never mind, that’s more like Milim anyway.

Anyhow, Karion has regained his spirit, so I’ll let things slide.

Besides, it would seem there are more people who are surprised by my words. The demon lords surrounding us are also surprised at my speech.

“I can’t believe there is something like this in life. You let those majins live, aren’t you just too naive… But it’s an interesting thought, nonetheless. No wonder Noir decided to serve you.”

Red-Haired Guy says so delightfully.

Noir<sup>41</sup>? What the hell is that?

Never mind that, I would put aside it to check on Clayman.

“Neh, Clayman. You have been arrogant against the weak and those who can’t resist. I don’t think you are qualified as a demon lord. I didn’t interfere because Milim has endured this whole time… But even I am a little pissed.”

Frey lashes out at him coldly and says so. It means she doesn’t plan on saving Clayman, the equivalent of giving him the death sentence.

“That’s right. Even though this is the natural rule of the survival of the fittest, but Clayman, you really crossed the line this time. I’ve got a lot of complaints now that my country has been destroyed.”

Karion as well, he is angry at the fact that his country has been bombarded. Even though the one who did it was Milim, he seems to be pushing the responsibility onto Clayman. He doesn’t plan to forgive him.

Guy is only watching the show from the side.

The rest of the demon lords as well, they aren’t objecting the punishment towards Clayman. It would seem none of the demon lords are in favor of Clayman.

Then the whole thing is now settled.

What follows it’s the “Clean up job.”

Clayman’s death is near.



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<sup>41</sup>This may actually be “Primordial Black,” but I ship Guy and Diablo so Noir sounds more intimate.

Clayman knows he won't live for long and is troubled by thoughts of regret that have filled his heart.

Then he recalls his comrades' words.

Those words swing around his heart like trotting lamps<sup>42</sup>.

—You've got to be careful—

*Ah ah... Laplace, you were right...*

He thought he was cautious enough already, yet he has been blinded by power all these times.

He has mistaken Milim's incredible power that he witnessed as something of his own. This has led to the situation now.

*Just as you thought, from the result now, I've been played in Milim's palm this whole time. I thought I took every step with caution... Yet I was played by Milim. You guys gave me the seat of demon lord because of trust, yet I could only make it to today...*

When he ignored his friends' advice, he was already destined to end up in this fate.

Such thoughts keep revolving in Clayman's head.

—Clayman, you are not as strong as us, don't you go act all stubborn on your own!

—He—Hehehe. Teare is right. Come and find us if you need help.

*Ah ah, Teare. Ah ah, Footman. Yeah. I forgot to...*

He has always placed his dignity with too much importance and never wanted to rely on his companions.

No, he has always relied on his companions, yet he threw that idea behind his head at such crucial point of time. That was really uncalled for.

*I wanted to become strong just like you guys. Shouldn't it be natural to be stubborn and strike for it? Because I am a member of the Moderate Clown Troupe after all...*

Indeed.

Clayman hopes to receive recognition from his companions.

He hopes they would recognize his power, that's why he didn't involve the Moderate Clown Troupe to his schemes. It was truly Clayman's miscalculation.

But it is all too late...

—He recalls the first time he met "That Lord."

"Hey, are you Clayman?"

"Who are you? How dare you call my name like that; do you have a death wish?"

"Oi oi oi, you don't have to raise your guard like that. I got here because of someone's recommendation."

"Recommendation?"

"Yeah. The one recommending was your boss, Demon Lord Kazalim."

"What did you say?"

Clayman was planning to kill this young man, yet he has called out a memorable name—

<sup>42</sup>Original word “走馬燈（そうまとう）” refers to a traditional Chinese toy that utilizes the technique of shadow puppetry by projecting shadows of articulated figures to put on plays.

Kazalim. That's when Clayman began to have interest in hearing the young man to speak.

Then he learnt something.

He learnt his ambition and his abilities.

“—That's how it is. I must control this world. Come and assist me in doing so, Clayman?”

“He-hehahahaha. Interesting, is this perhaps a request?”

“Yes. A request for the ‘Moderate Clown Troupe.’”

“And the reward?”

“To revive Demon Lord Kazalim, how about it?”

This reward is more than he could ask for, so there was no reason to turn it down.

He knew what the young man is capable of and recognized the plan to be feasible. There was nothing to doubt.

Clayman made up his mind then to take on the contract.

“I know you will take it. Let us collaborate in taking this world into our pocket. When the time comes, we can all live in this world happily ever after!”

Seeing “That Lord” wishing to turn the world into a game to enjoy its fun, Clayman believes such idea may come true one day.

They must overcome layers of obstacles. But it is precisely because of that this task seemed so fun.

He thought so originally, yet now his misstep has costed the entire plan to foil.

It was rare already that the reward has been paid—Demon Lord Kazalim was successfully revived...

*My carelessness has led things to this point today. Then, I won't even have ground to excuse myself...*

Kazalim went through all the trouble to be revived, yet Clayman couldn't even find a chance to congratulate him now.

This is all his own doing.

He was ordered to stay put, yet Clayman has acted on his own and ignored the order.

At last, he thought of that man's words.

The wise words from Clayman's respected and beloved Demon Lord Kazalim.

—Clayman. You and I are a lot like each other, so it's fine to set me as your model, but never ever inherit my shortcomings as well.

He should have thought about that long ago. That was the motto he deemed as truth.

*Ah ah... Kazalim-sama... I'm sorry. I've forgotten your advice and made the fatal misstep...*

Indeed, Clayman has taken the wrong move and made the worst choices.

Just like Demon Lord Kazalim, he has lost to a new demon lord, inherited his trait of doing stupid things.

That is karma.

It is the miscalculation that Clayman hated the most.

*I couldn't even save the army you lent me, I've lost them because of my miscalculation... I can't die, not just yet. I won't forgive myself to die without any legacy like this...*

As things have progressed, he at least needs to spread out the intelligences he gathered from his enemies. This has prompted an idea to rise in the heart of the desperate and almost given up Clayman.

—You the Undead Elf created through my body, but I've done the most work on your head. Unlike Footman and Teare, you are not suitable for combat. However, you are the only one who would take the role of strategizing and commanding the army. That's why Clayman, you should be the demon lord—

He has let down Demon Lord Kazalim's expectation.

If he didn't have enough power, he would only need to acquire it. Then, he would be on the same ground with Footman and Teare. No, he would surpass them in strength.

Once Clayman who's quick in the head acquires power, he would excel more than them.

*Right, that's it. It doesn't matter if I can't awake to become True Demon Lord. That's why, please grant me power. Grant me power... Grant me the invincible poweeeer!*

«Confirmed. Transforming souls to magicule...Successful. Beginning decomposition to produce vessel of flesh, reconstructing—»

Clayman didn't expect his wish to come true. Yet the "Voice of the World" has answered to Clayman's request.

Under such desperate circumstance, Clayman's wishes came true.

*God (Veldanava kek) has not forsaken me!*

If that's the case—

Clayman has already answered himself in heart.

*—Go-gogogo... These people have always looked down on me, I'll have them pay for it. But, right now no matter how I need to get out...*

Even though Clayman has weakened to the point of not capable of making sounds, his spirit still possesses a fighting will.

That is the bright flame that is the fire of life.

But even so—

Opposite to how he thinks, Clayman has remained calm and decided to retreat from the location first.

There are several ancient demon lords here, and among them Guy, Milim and Dagruel are the most difficult to deal with. He won't be able to best them after just awakening, so it's more important for him to act cautiously now.

To report to "That Lord"—That's his priority.

He has previously underestimated the power of the Slime, and his majin subordinate alone was stronger than Clayman. Not only so, he has also forged a friendship with the revived Veldora. This along cannot be overlooked.

It couldn't have been a coincidence that he was able to survive the duel with that Hinata.

He must throw away his own opinions and analyze calmly.

That's why Clayman has decided to retreat with this information.

He has drafted his plan with the condition of retrieving this intel.

He would use all his power to launch a Giant Magic Missile and flee during the chaotic situation created by the magic missile.

*Must be careful about Guy, but...*

Guy is not interested in the weak, that's why Clayman thinks he won't care about himself.

*—It's all right, I can make it out of here.*

Clayman makes such judgement.

He would even benefit more if the missile is to affect the surrounding crowds...

With these thoughts, Clayman climbs up.



Under the gazes of all the demon lords, I was probably the first one to notice his movement.

Since I have been keeping my guard and staring at Clayman.

“Get away from there now, Shion!”

She immediately reacts to my order and backs up to my side. Quickly afterward, the location Shion stood on was affected as a giant magicule storm begins to swirl around Clayman.

The storm has been absorbing more magicule from the surrounding towards Clayman. Had I given the order a little later, Shion would have suffered its damage.

“Look like he's getting serious now.”

“Rimuru-sama? What is going on...?”

Shion asks me immediately, but she seems reassured seeing I am composed.

There is nothing to be panicked about, but even though I won't panic...

“Clayman has awakened. Just as I predicted.”

“It is really just as you have predicted, then I am reassured!”

Shion completely trusts me, but I still feel somewhat uneased.

Everything is moving according to the plan of ‘Wisdom King Raphael.’

Is it really okay? It would be embarrassing if I lose at this point...

When I initially saw Clayman, I saw a group of evil objects chasing behind his soul.

Those things may be called the spirits of resentment. Clayman has killed many people to this day, those are the remains of their souls.

They have not merged with Clayman. They won't ascend to heaven nor will they dissipate into the atmosphere. Even with Clayman killed, they would only disappear along with him.

I was thinking about how to utilize them when ‘Wisdom King Raphael’ proposed an attack plan.

That is to push Clayman into a desperate spot and catalyze his awakening.

«Proposal. Utilize “Gluttonous King Beelzebuth” to “Prey” on Clayman’s awaken power. This can make up for the consumed magicule.»

‘Wisdom King Raphael’ said it as if it’s so easy, yet there are many problems hindering it.

It’s uncertain whether Clayman would indeed awaken or not. But he would definitely become stronger after awakening.

Ah, about that? Would Clayman fall asleep as he begins to evolve into demon lord?

«Answer. Clayman’s evolution was not achieved through proper procedures, he is able to achieve complete evolution. Thus, predict he will not enter a state of dormancy.»

It would seem that its prediction of Clayman’s increase in strength would be limited. But regardless I would need to beat the awakened Clayman anyway.

According to the prediction of ‘Wisdom King Raphael,’ no matter how strong is Clayman becomes, I would still easily defeat him.

The strength of the body, acquired power, and possible acquired skills—With all of these taken into the simulation to produce prediction and with his threat level set to the highest, ‘Wisdom King Raphael’ still arrives at the result that I would be the winner.

There’s no use worrying, I have to confront him.

—Besides, it is true as well that my magicle is about to drain.

The reload speed of my speed is super-fast as well and I can instantly replenish myself after a large-scale magic spell. But honestly, it’s still a long way from filling my mana full.

Even so I’ve still got more mana than that before my awakening, yet without my notice I’ve been using up the fuel tank provided by Veldora. Of course then I would want to replenish my magicle.

On the other hand, I want to demonstrate to the demon lords.

I am the newcomer; I have to win the throne of demon lord with my own strength.

I can only gain the approval of the demon lords by demonstrating my power like this, so there may be less trouble in the future. In order to prevent any other demon lords to mess with me, it is best to have them be on guard against me.

In order to prevent further trouble in the future, I’ll use the awakened Clayman to demonstrate my strength.

With my power—Ultimate Skil “Gluttonous King Beelzebuth.”

“Oi, Rimuru! Did you say Clayman has awakened? Although it’s unbelievable, but that power is truly incredible. Let me to assist you now—”

“No, Karion-san. I’ll deal with this guy. I’ve claimed myself to be a demon lord, I want to get my position with my own strength. I’m going to eliminate this guy to gain the approval of everyone.”

With my words, Karion has to step back.

“Don’t lose to him.”

He cheers for me.

I won’t lose.

My only motivation now is to take down my enemy.

After all, I am the angriest person here.

Come on, Clayman. Let us see who’s stronger.

As such, Clayman climbs up as I walk in front him myself.  
The other demon lords seem to decide to continue to observe.  
Everyone seems fine with me fighting alone.  
Right, they must have made no objection hoping to see my true strength.  
Milim laughs delightfully while Ramiris doesn't seem to care about the situation. Both probably thinks I won't lose.

I'll consider them to be confident in me.  
“Shion, Ranga, step back.”  
“But...!”  
“Leave it to me.”  
“Understood!”  
“Then I wish you emerge victorious in your conquest, Rimuru-sama.”

The demon lords take a step back along with Shion and the rest. Now this won't affect the others.

Seeing that there is only me left, Clayman shows a small smile.  
“Hehehe-HEHAHAHAHAHA! See, I've got the power! How dare you be so cocky you trash! Now, it's my turn. I'm gonna crash you!”

His laughter turns into guffaw as he looks at me with disdain.  
But he's only putting on an act.

The sad thing is, Clayman's actions have all been predicted by ‘Wisdom King Raphael.’  
‘Wisdom King Raphael’ mentioned, it has predicted the two possible actions Clayman may take.

He would either charge at me to kill me without the fear of death, or he can pretend to look down on me with the hope of distracting me and escape.

This is clearly the latter.  
That's why Clayman would probably take the actions of—  
His words are full of frivolousness, yet his eyes show cautiousness.  
Clayman is trying to find any of my opening.  
That's why I've decided to play along with him as his ploy.

“Didn't I just say? You have nowhere to run. I am stronger than you. Give up your struggle and tell me the identity of the person giving the command behind you.”

This is me acting, but my truthful words.  
Perhaps because of my sincerity, Clayman took the bait without a doubt.  
“Hehehe, how arrogant of you indeed. Let me show you my power—”  
Clayman continues his act smoothly and suddenly decides to take action.  
Believing that I've let down my guard, he launches a Giant Magic Missile.

He must have accumulated that during our conversation. He has infused all of his power

after awakening and fire the incredibly powerful Giant Magic Missile at me.

Clayman predicts that I would dodge it. He may even have made other predictions, believing I would use my attack to counter the magic missile, but he probably thinks that it is impossible

to stop a magic missile that's suddenly launched.

If I dodge the attack, he would then activate the explosive missile mid-air. If I come up with a way to counter it, he would also be able to escape during the explosion of the magic missile—That's likely how Clayman has planned his great scheme.

What a shame.

"I told you that you are done. This type of attack is useless. Projectile attack won't hurt me."

I activate "Gluttonous King Beelzeebuth" and "Prey" at Clayman's Gigantic Magic Missile alongside the surrounding space.

Now that it won't even affect the surrounding. Clayman's plan has been completely destroyed by me.

"—Nani!"

He is both shocked and confused.

And with the interval I snap my finger to produce a clear sound.

In an instant, a wall of "Barrier" emerges to separate me and Clayman.

This is now an isolated battle zone. I borrowed it from Guy's construction spell to recreate one.



“How dare he steal my technique, what a shameless guy.”

Guy mumbles so while looking intrigued, it’s great that he doesn’t seem mad about it.

Now I can eat Clayman with much reassurance.

My conscience would probably feel bad having such idea. With these ideas, I seem to be adapting a mindset more and more akin to the bad guy.

Is it because I am a monster that I’m not against eating Clayman?

Or could it be because I’ve become a demon lord?

Never mind, anything goes.

“W-What is this? What is happening...?”

Clayman cannot hide his shock in mind.

The attack he prides on vanished in an instant, his mind probably couldn’t even process that in time.

But I’ve told you several times, you are done.

When you tried to fight against me with your level of strength, the result has already been set.

How much power do I have and how much does my opponent have, it is very important for one to recognize that.

“Oi, if you want to show your true power then be quick about it. I’ll wait. Or perhaps, are you planning to fool around and flee away with that attack just now?”

I ask despite knowing the answer myself.

Humans are horrible. But since I’m slime and not human, so it won’t matter.

Compared to that, Clayman is still underestimating me.

He has kept guard against me, but it’s not enough.

Just as ‘Wisdom King Raphael’ predicted, Clayman’s awakening is not that good.

His magicule has increased by a lot, but that’s about it.

He hasn’t mastered the mana to control the magicule nor did he acquire any applicable skill.

Even though he seems to have awakened, his condition compared to me is still earth and heaven.

I can accelerate my perception speed a million times more with “Thought Acceleration” and the time seems to have frozen. I could also build my spell under this condition so any magic would be activated right after the thought of it.

Although it would be very inefficient to be applied for Magic Missile that requires the gathering of Youki around me, that’s why I won’t utilize it under such circumstance.

It’s unlike the construction of spell that relies on consciousness—that is information. The gathering of Youki would cost some time, but it is only natural.

However, that’s because I have “Chant Exemption” and “All of Creation”<sup>43</sup>.

No matter how long the magic would take to launch, the million-time extended body sen-

<sup>43</sup>The skill here is “森羅万象,””All of Creation” is a very crude translation. The actual word means a phenomenon or an object that includes all of the universe, signifying an inclusiveness of the largest extent. I’m open to suggestion on the term.

sation of time would always help cast the magic instantly. After all, a second under the skill is equal to two hundred and seventy-seven hours.

No matter how large the scale is the spell, it would not cost more than a day, so any spell I cast wouldn't cost more than zero point one second to come in effect.

As for normal magic, it would be a piece of cake to cast several spells at the same time.

That's why, if I am Clayman, I would have cast several different magics to cause chaos at the scene before utilizing the chance to escape.

Clayman did not resort to this reflects that his power is insufficient.

He didn't even notice that I've set up the isolated battle zone.

Now that Clayman's escape route has been cut by me, he will have to defeat me before he could escape.

I'm not sure if he has sensed the bad situation he is in, but his aura begins to alter.

"He-HEHEHE, a miserable slime, how arrogant. You are indeed strong, I'll admit it. But this is not all my power!"

He charges towards me without a care—a change of plan to walk the other path we predicted.

He has given up escaping and decided to showcase his own abilities in front of the other demon lords. It's a gamble with a low rate of win. To the demon lords "Power is everything.", it would be possible for them to forgive his crime if he is strong enough.

But first, he needs to defeat me.

"You seem quite confident in your control of Youki, but will you be able to take this? Eat this, my strongest ultimate! Dragon Pulse Death Canon!"

Clayman has spoken a lot to distract me while trying to manipulate the pulse of earth<sup>44</sup> and surrounded network around me and release them all.

The Youki gathered around the ground with the addition of his own magicule allows the pulse of earth to be transformed into beams of disturbance effect to attack the enemy—This is the principle of Dragon Pulse Death Canon.

Whoever affected by the skill would have their sequence of magicule disturbed and cause internal damages. It is immune to physical defense and it may even shoot through and destroy "Barrier" that is formed by magicule.

It is a surge of power that can be called the monster Buster, truly something worthy of the style of demon lord.

However—

But it won't work on me at all.

"I shall consume them all, 'Gluttonous King Beelzebuth'—"

Beams projected from Dragon Pulse Death Canon rises from the ground like a flying dragon. However, now these dragons seem to be howling in dismay before their death as they are being absorbed into a twisted space before they could even reach me.

Impossible to escape.

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<sup>44</sup>This is actually a mythical thing, it's an extension of Clayman's skill of controlling information

The scenery is as if they have encountered the gravitational force of a black hole that even light cannot escape.

“It’s no use, Clayman. You are weaker than me.”

I must break his psyche.

In this way, he may give out the man behind the scene.

Fear is the best weapon to break one’s mind.

“Impossible... How can this be possible! That was m-my ultimate technique!”

It’s not important whether it is your ultimate technique or not, because projectile attacks won’t work on me. If he puts in more thoughts and attacks me head-on, it may be a different case.

“Now do you know that you have no chance to win? Then I’ll ask you something. Give me all the information you have and give me the names of your helpers. If you confess honestly, I’ll give you a quicker death.”

“HEHAHAHAHA! I am an undead elf, I’ll revive even if I am killed by you today, I’ll just find another day to kill you—OUCH!”

I start to hit him with my hands.

I continuously hit him hard without a word.

At the same time, I apply “Thought Acceleration” on Clayman and accelerated his mind a million times more. My ‘Wisdom King Raphael’ not only would contribute to me, it can also affect other people.

In terms of the time in the real world, it has only been a few seconds.

But to Clayman, his sensation has lasted for dozens of days, filled with the taste of fear and pain of being continuously beaten by others.

He needs to remember this fear and pain with his soul.

A few more seconds pass on—

Clayman’s hair has fallen off due to fear, his face turns to one that resembles a ghoul.

“Clayman.”

I call him calmly. And Clayman suddenly shakes and his entire body freezes out of fear.

“I’ll ask you one more time. Who leaked the message to you? What’s his relationship with you? Tell me and I’ll give you a quick one.”

Although I’ve asked, Clayman turns out to be more tenacious than I expected.

“—D-don’t underestimate me. I won’t betray my companions, nor will I sell out my contractor. T-this is the iron law of ‘Moderate Clown Troupe.’”

Is that so? So even the villains have their principles and that is non-negotiable.

“Is that so, then don’t blame me. Yeah, I’ll let you in on this, you are not going to revive.”

I say so to Clayman as if it’s nothing.

He was shouting about getting revived, but it would be impossible.

Once you are eaten by my “Gluttonous King Beelzebuth,” you will end up in a worse fate than being trapped in the “Infinity Prison” that even Veldora can’t escape.

“W-What? What the hell are you talking about?”

Could it be that he has been so stubborn because he still has hope of being revived?

Hearing my words, Clayman panicked.

“You just said it. Didn’t you say undead elf would revive even after death. That’s why you want me to kill you so you can escape by releasing your astral body. Am I right?”

This guy is really cunning, and it’s impressive how he would resort to anything in order to achieve his goal.

Clayman’s face suddenly turns blue.

“—W-What are you saying?”

He tries his hardest to play dumb, but that simply confirms my doubt.

I don’t even need ‘Wisdom King Raphael’ to spot such a thing.

But, Raphael-san is indeed strong.

“Let’s see, you can attach your astral body with the pulse of earth to preserve your consciousness and memory, am I right? That’s why you won’t really die even with your body destroyed. That’s why you want to fake your death...”

I see, so that’s how it is.

I directly read out the explanation of ‘Wisdom King Raphael.’ Clayman begins to shiver as a result, it seems that I’ve guessed right on the spot.

“W-wait...”

Now that I know the reason behind it, it’s about time to finish this.

“All right, it seems I won’t be able to get more information by questioning him. I’m going to execute Clayman now. Is there any objection? If you want to object, I can take on you for a round!”

I ignore Clayman who wants to say something and ask the demon lords.

It would be problematic if someone objects, but there is probably none.

“Do what you wish.”

As expected, Guy spoke on behalf of everyone.

The other demon lords seem to be fine with it as well.

“Stop! Don’t do this, STOP IT!”

Clayman begins to shout like a madman.

He has realized at this point that he can’t escape.

“You’ve made a big mess for me, that pisses me off. Don’t you think you are getting a quick death now.”

With that being said, I place my hand on Clayman’s head.

If he is willing to give me the identity of the man behind all these, I was going to give him a quick one. But Clayman didn’t talk. In the long term, I need that information, but I suppose it’s fine if I don’t get it now, I’ll see to it in the future.

Perhaps Clayman has hidden some clues in his castle. I’ve heard from witness that “Moderate Clown Troupes” are not all majins, they are clearly collaborating with humans.

Right now I don’t know whether it is Eastern Empire or the Western Nations. Either side is fine. Since they know my movement, they must also have eyes in the Western Nations.

Slowly and surely, I would catch on their tail. If I get testimony that cannot be verified from Clayman, it may do the opposite effect and mess with me.

That's why, Clayman—

“—There’s still a little more time before your soul is destroyed completely. Before that, you should take you time to reflect.”

**“NO! HEY, STOP IT! DON’T DO THIS! STOP IT! H-HELP ME, FOOTMAN! HELP ME, TEAR! I CAN’T DIE YET. CAN’T DIE HEEEERE!”**

Clayman seems to still be looking for ways to escape, he looks rather embarrassing like that.

However, I won’t let him go.

No matter what he does now, I won’t be moved. Letting someone like him go would be burying seed of catastrophe.

And, thanks to you, I’m not that naive anymore. I’m not gonna lose my companion again because of my naive ideas.

**“P-PLEASE HELP ME, KAZALIM-SAMAAAAA”**

Clayman reaches towards his broken mask, hold onto it and pray—

Shua—

Clayman with his ugly shouting, his struggle and resistance suddenly disappear in front of me.

He has been consumed by my “Gluttonous King Beelzebuth” with not even his soul remaining.

He is being transformed to pure magicule in my body. In the process, Clayman would taste the suffering pain as if he is in hell.

Whether you are a filthy soul, evil soul or evil kind soul, none can avoid it.

All are equal before death.

But that moment I suddenly hear—

—Ah, Laplace. You were right. I crossed the line. I should have followed your advice and stayed put... You view was always right—

—I seem to have heard Clayman’s voice.

Is he confessing?

So even this type of man of extreme evil would also confess...

I hope Clayman would more or less reflect himself with my gift of “Death.”

Just like that, Clayman’s ambition has been destroyed. And he has become my food.

**ROUGH SKETCHES**



**Chapter  
6**



**The Octagram**

*That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime*

# Chapter 6

## The Octagram

As soon as I finish consuming Clayman, the red-haired demon lord stands up from his seat.

He then begins to speak with much majesty.

“Nicely done. I will approve you to use the title of demon lord in the future. Any objection?”

There doesn’t seem to be any objection. It looks like they’ve all recognized me as a demon lord now. Now I can be reassured.

Honestly, it would be a suicidal act to try taking the hostile stance against the rest of the demon lords around here.

However, those concerns seem to be unnecessary.

I disengaged from the battlefield and Ramiris approaches by flying to talk to me.

“I knew Rimuru could do it when he gets serious! That’s why I told you, I’ll allow you to study under me in the future.”

“Huh, I’ll pass, you can find student somewhere else.”

“Why? Why does it matter? Just be my student (underling), pretty please.”

Ramiris starts to complain.

Meanwhile, Milim responds to her proudly:

“Fufu! Rimuru is my besties. He doesn’t seem willing to get along with you now!”

“Ehh? You must be kidding, Oi! Rimuru, that isn’t true, right?”

“WHAHAHA! You’ve been elbowed out by me, Ramiris!”

“What did you just say! Then check this out!”

Milim’s deliberate provoke was successful, leading Ramiris to throw a flying kick to Milim’s face.

Milim laughs delightfully as she casually dodges the kick.

The two seem surprisingly close.

On the other hand—

Without my notice, Veldora began to chat to Demon Lord Dagruel intimately.

He seems to be showing off by discussing about his current training of surpassing aura.

He even points at me while saying “You see that, Dagruel? That’s the best example.”

looking all smug.

Dagruel replies “Indeed. It was only for a short while, but I felt it dearly. The burst of magicule is impactful. Yet he concealed it so perfectly,” as such, in agreement with Dagruel.

Veldora seemed to have acted as the live commentator for me during my battle against Clayman.

Please stop doing this and spare me the trouble. It is because I know you would have done such things that I wanted you to stay at home...

Dino seems to have lost interest once the battle was over and says dizzily:

“Oh well, that’s cool I guess.”

He simply throws out a line like that.

This demon lord is quite hard to see through and I have no idea what’s on his mind. But at least he seems to recognize me as well, that should do.

Leon on the other hand acts as if it is none of his business.

“Huh, I’m not interested in whoever becomes demon lord. You guys can do whatever you want.”

What a cold guy.

Frey and Karion don’t seem object either.

Which means, there’s only one person left...

At that moment, the previously silent Demon Lord Valentine takes a heavy step forward.

“Huh, a lowly slime wants to be demon lord. I would never agree to that—”

Valentine looks down to me with arrogance and said so to me in a glaring tone like an emperor.

It seems he’s voted against me. However, by the system of majority votes, I’m positive that most of the demon lords here have approved of me.

Then there won’t be a problem—I thought so and decide to ignore him.

“Ga—HAHAHA. Silly brat, how dare you insult my friend? Oi, Milus<sup>45</sup>, your underling is quite rude to his superior, should I teach him a lesson for you?”

Veldora said so to Valentine’s maid without hesitation.

Eh, OI! What are you doing, mister??

“What do you mean by that? I’m just a loyal maid to Demon Lord Valentine-sama.”

Her voice is cold, cold as her expression—as Milus responds to Veldora.

“Hey, you can’t do that! Valentine’s been hiding her true identity, Veldora, you shouldn’t expose other people like that!”

Eh, Milim-san? Aren’t you the one who’s exposing other people?

I was already skeptical about it before and it would seem my guess was correct.

The beautiful girl wearing maid suit, Milus, is the real demon lord.

Her sights alone now could kill. That is the type of stare Milus is giving Milim right now.

“Ahh!”

<sup>45</sup>Veldora remembers her name wrongly, it’s Luminas if you are not informed.

Milim seems to have realized and begins to awkwardly whisper, trying to muddle through.



You aren't even whispering out any sounds. Plus, it's no use for you to do something like that now. Milus doesn't seem to be the joking type, you probably can't have her forgive you after doing something like that.

Milus menacingly glares around her surroundings.

Her eyes tell that she wishes to kill everyone present to dispose of the witnesses.

She seems like the aggressive and dangerous type. But luckily Milus decides to give up the idea so as to not make her a public enemy here.

"Gee, you blasted evil dragon, ruining my<sup>46</sup> work every single time... Also, did you even forget my real name? You sure are irritating."

Milus—no, Demon Lord Valentine says so with her intimidating aura unleashed.

Veldora sure is casual, even remembering other people's name wrong. That probably have provoked Valentine even more.

"Enough. You may call me Valentine."

Valentine announces so with much displeasure.

Immediately after, she releases an immense amount of magic and changes her appearance instantly. Her maid suit disappears, and instead it was replaced with a luxurious black gothic dress.

That's magical dress change—The quick clothes change magic that Milim is also good at. And a girl with heavenly beauty appears before us.

Ah, of course. The real deal is indeed different.

The male Valentine is rather strong too, but the difference between the two is heaven and earth. The demon lord with both beauty and power thus enters the scene.

"Roy, you can go back first."

Valentine displays the style of a king and orders the current Demon Lord Valentine after her dress change. It would seem that the Demon Lord valentine here is called Roy.

"But, Valentine-sama—"

"There's no point in keep acting now after we've been exposed in front of so many people."

Valentine asserts so while staring at Veldora. Veldora is looking all awkward and mumbling "It's not my fault, none of my business..." and tries to avoid eye contact with Valentine. These are barely excuses.

And the one who started all this, Milim, has it out of her mind completely now. To Milim, that's likely just a past event. Her habit of doing whatever she wants really can't be changed.

But she probably knows better than anyone that Valentine, apart from her rage, has no intention to extend her complaints any further.

Now she's changed her mood and gave some strict orders to Roy, who now is simply an underling:

"Besides, there's something on my mind right now. That guy Clayman has laid eyes on you, and his vision was frozen for a second. This may have something to do with the pest that

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<sup>46</sup>Luminas is using “” which is how noble usually address themselves. Same for Roy Valentine

invaded our territory. Go back and inform everyone to stay on guard.”

She says so.

According to her, it would seem then Clayman has been meddling in other people’s business all this time. No wonder he is disliked so much.

Perhaps he’s just trying to find out more about the unknown domain of Valentine, what a reckless guy. Such love for information collecting is playing with fire.

“—Understood.”

After his response, Roy leaves alone to return to his country.

He didn’t disobey Valentine’s order. This means that Roy has little reluctance for the seat of demon lord and was indeed just a body-double.

This also shows the authority wielded by the real Valentine.

As such, Valentine returns to her demon lord throne once more.



Now let’s restore everything to normal.

I take out the round table from “Stomach” and place it properly.

It was the right call to absorb it to protect it from breaking. If we had broken out fighting without such preparation in the fighting area, it would definitely damage the table. It looks quite expensive, so I have no intention to compensate for breaking it.

The demon lords return to the round table while the two maids working for Guy begin to serve everyone with black tea.

Leon, slanting his eyes at the scene suddenly speaks:

“...Ah, now I recall. The name Kazalim sounds awfully familiar. It was the demon lord that I killed.”

I almost spit out the black tea I just drank.

How could Leon just suddenly say that in monotone without a single bit of emotion?!

“Do you know him, Leon?”

How come YOU don’t know about him, Milim-san?

The rest of the demon lords have a similar reaction to hers.

Who’s that supposed to be? The majority think so.

Even Ramiris has completely forgotten about him. Don’t you have any memory to those things? I want to tease her about that, but I digress out of pity.

—So where did the name Kazalim come from?

«...Answer. Clayman just called out to a number of people. One of the names was “Kazalim.”»

Oh yeah! Now I recall.

Which other name did he call out now... Just to clarify, I remember everything very clearly, please don't treat me as the likes of Milim and Ramiris.

"So what would be the relationship between this Kazalim and Clayman?"

I attempted to ask and got an answer from Karion.

"Kazalim was the 'Cursed King.' Milim, didn't you and Kazalim recommend me to become a demon lord?"

"Oh, it's that guy. I remember there was a 'Cursed King.' Right, he's the demon lord that Leon killed..."

She can't remember the name but still recalls the title. That's somewhat acceptable, I guess.

So that's the only Demon Lord Leon has beaten. But in my view, she must have forgotten because it is unimportant...

"Yeah, I remember Kazalim was an Undead Elf<sup>47</sup> just like Clayman. And it's the mutated species of elves that evolved through their own efforts. I used to have some connection with him in private and heard that Clayman took over Kazalim's territory. From that we can infer the two are connected secretly."

Karion reminiscent of the past and turns to tell me that. It seems Karion thinks Kazalim is not as bad as Clayman.

Wow, right, wait a second? I almost skipped through that, but since Kazalim is also undead elf...

"Could it be that Kazalim is still alive? Did he pretend to be killed by Leon and in reality, have hidden himself somewhere else?"

"Hmm, that guy is capable of that indeed. Kazalim, he's a much more difficult guy to deal with than Clayman. He is a smart man."

Karion agrees to my view, so I think it's likely the case.

"You say it as if I had intentionally let him slip. Unbelievable. He used to proclaim so arrogantly that he will assist me to become a demon lord one day as long as I serve under his reign. I didn't even bother to refuse and simply took his place by defeating. Whether he's dead or alive now is none of my concern."

Leon says so without any shame.

I suppose Leon just wanted to show his strength instead of actually killing Kazalim. That's why he doesn't care about his status now.

"Oi oi oi, Leon. It must be because this kind of attitude of yours that Clayman hated you so much."

"Huh, I'm not interested."

Karion decides to advise Leon but was met with a cold answer. But it probably would only trouble Leon more.

Speaking of which, I didn't know Clayman was working against Leon as well, he sure had a lot of enemies. Is he really a smart guy? I become more and more skeptical.

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<sup>47</sup> 妖死族デスマ (Death man) - Since it's explained that it's a type of undead evolved from elves I would translate it to undead elf. (more information on the race in volume 10)

But if that's the case, I seem to have a rough idea of what Kazalim and Clayman's plan is.

I heard that it's been around two hundred years since Leon became a demon lord, and apart from helping Karion and Clayman becoming demon lord, Kazalim likely wanted to have more companions within the demon lord rank.

It is probably for that reason that Clayman carried out the plan to turn orc lord into a demon lord. It is to have more people to help out and have more of a presence during the Banquet.

This type of idea of creating big group of comrade seems to be quite scummy and isn't appropriate for a demon lord.

But it is indeed an effective plan, so I could understand.

"Among Clayman's companions, there is an organization called 'The Moderate Clown Troupe.' They seem to receive assistance from humans and it's likely the revived Kazalim has possessed onto some human."

I begin to explain my theory.

Having been defeated by Leon, Kazalim's body seemed to have been destroyed. This is why in order to revive himself, it must start with his astral body.

If that was the case, he would naturally want to possess onto other living being.

Besides, if he had revived in the resident area of other demon lords, he would have been discovered immediately. Kazalim, who has yet to be discovered till this day, must have hid somewhere other than the domains of demon lord.

"Maybe that's the case. Leon's attack could even destroy spiritual body. It's rather commendable that Kazalim was even able to figure out a way to survive. Moreover, it would take several hundred years' time for even us, the Demon race, to revive from our soul form. It's definitely worse for Undead Elf. So it's unlikely that he was able to revive himself with his own strength."

Guy surprisingly agrees to my view.

Unlike spiritual life form such as Demon race, the Undead relies on flesh. This is why the revival of his astral body requires a lot of time. It's a miracle that he was even able to survive.

That is Guy's explanation summarized.

In other words, it's highly possible that someone has been assisting him.

But there isn't any reliable source of information regarding these connections behind the scene.

"Anyhow, we'll leave it like this for now. Regardless, we must assume now that Kazalim has been revived. Stay on alert. Clayman has been killed, so I would think he will probably hate me a lot."

"WHAHAHAHA! Rimuru, you are quite strong, so don't worry about it!"

"Idiot! Don't you know you will get defeated for being so careless?!"

Milim suddenly replies as I spoke.

In a way I responded so to serve as a reminder for myself.

Our grand victory today wiped out all of Clayman's forces, so I'd think the enemies won't take any action any time soon. But I can't get careless now. It's fine if they go after me alone,

but right now I have companions to take care of.

I need to put more thoughts into defense in the future and draft some response strategies.



The short break ended with the meeting once again held.

Clayman who was previously the host of meeting has now been forcefully retired. So Guy took his place and host the meeting.

“Our topic of discussion today is the betrayal of Karion and the rise of the Rimuru guy over there. And all these issues have been resolved. Karion never betrayed us and Rimuru has shown power worthy of the role of demon lord. I think the meeting is done so far. But since it’s a rather rare occasion, does anyone have any suggestion to make?”

Frey begins to speak, seemingly awaiting that line.

“Could you allow me to speak for a moment? Right now we are during the middle of our meeting, so I have a suggestion to make, or rather, a request to make, I suppose.”

“Fair enough, have at you.”

Seeing Guy has approved, Frey nods and proceeds:

“From today onward, I’ve decided to follow Milim’s rule. Based on that, I would like to give out my seat as a demon lord.”

Such it’s the big shocker she just tossed out.

“Oi oi oi, why are you saying this all of a sudden?”

“Wait, Frey! How come I never heard you mention about this?”

“Indeed, I’ve kept silent. But I’ve been thinking about it for some time now.”

Frey squeezes her eyes and drifts afar as she speaks.



Frey recalls to herself.

She was talking to Milim then. Their conversation made Frey determine to have faith in Milim.

“Let me ask you this, Frey. Would you like to be my friend?”

“—Why do you ask that?”

“Because I made a friend like Rimuru! Friends are really amazing; they help each other out all the time.”

“Well now, is that so? About that, Milim... If you are willing to help me, I would like to be your friend then.”

“Really! Then I will definitely agree to you.”

“Haha, that’s pleasing. However, I am rather cautious. So if you are willing to follow a “promise,” then I’ll trust you.”

“All right I know! Then we can be friends together!”

Frey doesn’t trust Clayman, that’s why she chose to believe Milim. She gets to keep herself safe while pretending to have accepted Clayman’s advice.

If Milim didn’t follow the promise, had she actually been manipulated...

Although she feels unease, Frey decided to gamble on Milim.

And so in the end, it was her victory.

That is the reason.

The reason why Frey decides to put her faith in Milim and follow her.

This lone and arrogant Queen has not trusted anyone before, and this is the first time she entrusts herself to any individual.



Frey seems to have recalled something and had a chuckle about it. Then, she announces with determination:

“Anyhow, there’s a lot of reasons for why. But the most important one of them is that I feel like I am too weak to be a demon lord. After witnessing that battle just now, I was further convinced. If I am to fight against Clayman, I could barely manage to make it a draw in the end. Not to add that Clayman became awakened mid-fight, so there’s no way I could have won...”

“But Frey, aren’t you good at high-speed aerial combat? Is there really a need to look down on yourself like that?”

Dagruel tries to defend her, but Frey seems already determined.

“Indeed, I’m more advantageous in aerial combat. But that’s no excuse for not being a demon lord. Moreover, I know it’s not enough to just have some advantages—”

Upon saying so, Frey peeks at me.



Then she proceeds with the words.

“—So, that’s why I decided to work under Milim. Besides, Milim can’t always act so stubborn, right? She needs to learn how to run her own territory now, shouldn’t she?”

That means Frey isn’t saying so just for her own sake.

Milim is indeed a dangerous individual that can’t be let loose on her own. There needs to be someone who can assist her and watch over her.

Frey understands her short-coming. But in my view, she’s not as weak as she describes. It can be said that she is a different type of strategist from Clayman, one whose ideas can’t be seen through. It’s quite terrifying when you think about it.

In anyhow, she is the typical type of person that let you go “women are terrifying.” I suppose that’s why I feel she’s particularly scary.

But what would really happen if that’s the case (Frey serving Milim)?

If she is no longer a demon lord but proceeds as a servant. Her combat ability is undoubtedly worthy of Milim.

There is no recognized nation under Milim’s name, but would she now possess territory once Frey becomes her subordinate?

When the time comes for me to build an alliance with Milim’s country, the engagement may be complicated with Frey’s involvement.

Or rather, it would be more interesting that way.

“So, do you accept my proposition?”

Frey looks towards Milim as she continues her speech.

“B-but I don’t give out visas...”

Milim doesn’t know what to do.

But as she attempts to reject the proposition—

“Hold your horses. I’ve got something to say about this as well.”

With such statement, Karion joins in their conversation, “I, too, has lost to Milim during a duel. I think life is all about being straightforward, so I want to surrender to her. In terms of our titles, the demon lords have the same place. It’s a different case when fighting against a Chosen Hero, but now I’ve lost to another demon lord, so I ought to step down. Which means there’s no excuse for me to keep being a demon lord. That’s why now I’ll be Milim’s subordinate from now on. Please take care of me, BOSS!”

This one just decides to straight up ignore her personal will.

I understand that power is everything to all the demon lords, but this is just...

Milim doesn’t take any subordinate and so she won’t get objection from them. But now suddenly two current demon lords fall under her reign, how does that even make any sense?

“Wait a second, Karion! The duel thing was all Clayman’s doing! I was manipulated, I’ve got nothing to do with that!”

That’s just quibble.

I don’t think excuse like that would work, Milim.

The other demon lords are also looking at her, dumbfounded.

“Hey now, stop lying. You did just say “It’s impossible to manipulate me!,” and you said it

so confidently!"

Karion's impersonation is really on point and was able to reenact Milim's words. I'm surprised he turns out to be so talented.

"Hm? T-that, that was..."

"It's okay, don't mind that idiot who's all brawn and no brain, you will take me in right, Milim?"

"Y-you are saying that hoping to trick me, right? Becoming my minister or underling, and you won't talk to me like an equal again, right? And you won't play with me or do pranks with me either."

Frey shakes her head hearing Milim's words.

"That's not true. We get to be together forever in that way. And we get to do more fun things together."

She begins to brainwash Milim with such things—Trying to instigate her.

You see, it's this type of things that makes you cautious around her.

As for Karion, he does have a strong personal style and cuts to the trace:

"Bottom line is, it's all because you've trashed my kingdom to shreds! Rimuru-san promised to help us, but you'd also have the duty to take care of us."

I don't think that type of duty exists, but Milim seems to be clueless against this type of logic.

Karion, is surprisingly witty.

Milim seems to have taken Karion's words for it and almost fainted. But then she bursts out as if she doesn't want to care about any of this anymore.

"So ANNOYING! All right, all right, whatever you guys want!"

Smoke begins to flow out from Milim's head like the eruption of a volcano. Milim.exe has stopped working.

Sasuga Milim.

She seems smart but never actually uses her brain.

"Karion, do you really wish to do that?"

"Of course. I've thought through a lot already. I don't intend to retire from being the king of the beast kingdom. I merely wish to pursue Milim and build up a new system."

Karion gave a simple and clear answer to Guy's question.

"I was rather fond of you. Perhaps you'll also awake given another couple hundred years and I was looking forward to it."

Guy sighs through his nose and says so with disappointment.

But he immediately switches to a smile and announces.

"Very well! From now on, Frey and Karion are no longer demon lords. You two can go serve Milim as you desire."

With Guy's words out, the two are officially released from the duty of demon lord.

No one present seem to object.

And of course, I'm none the wiser.

And so, I've officially been approved and inaugurated as demon lord. I eliminated another one alongside with the retirement of two other, who decided to be Milim's subordinates.

The Ten Great Demon Lords are now Eight Great Demon Lords.



And just as I thought the meeting is over, there seems to be another issue to resolve in the end.

I said it without much care and started the whole ordeal.

"Oh yeah, so it's not Ten Great Demon Lords anymore."

This quickly sparked responses from all the demon lords.

"That's quite annoying indeed. It's a matter of prestige, so we've got to come up with a new title."

Dagruel says so.

Eh? Is it really that important?

"Glad that the banquet has yet to be dismissed. Now that all the demon lords are gathered, we may come up with some good ideas."

Even Valentine who doesn't take jokes lightly begins to follow with a serious expression.

Oi oi oi, we don't need to be that cautious with something like titles.

Even if we let it slide, the humans will definitely make up names for us by themselves.

"We've gone drained our brain doing this last time. Every time we decide to change our name the number of members just keep fluctuating. And then several banquets just pass with no result—"

Ehhhh! Did you guys seriously hold the Banquet just for some boring trivia like that?

I recall Ramiris was being exaggerated when she mentioned that the banquet is a special meeting that all demon lords must attend...that doesn't seem right or is it just simply a tea party in the beginning.

I feel whatever changes would be okay.

"Yeah, like the last title 'Ten Great Demon Lords' was in the end how the humans call us. We wasted so much brain cells just trying to come up with a name. So leave me out of this one, I've got no more strength to spare—"

No no no, whether you can do it is a different thing. You are just too lazy to think at all. So stop saying that as if you've gone through much serious contemplations.

"Quiet, people. All you've been doing is complaining. There isn't anything constructive at all!"

"What do you mean by that Valentine. You sure talk the talk when you push all the work to Roy."

Valentines says so which resonates with me, yet it was countered with a single line from

Dino. Unlike Milim or Ramiris, this lazy bone here has sharp words.

But why would it cost so much time just trying to come up with a name. Or rather, they seem all so pumped up by it, could the demon lords be really bored in life?

After asking around I learnt that it took them several years to settle for a name last time. But as they were halfway through, the humans began to call them “Ten Great Demon Lords.” Thus, the demon lords in favor of naming drastically decrease. As long as they can come up with a good name, they seem to be fine with moderating the number of demon lords.

And so they decided to use the title officially, but not everyone was fine with how it sounded. That's one nonchalant info.

“You guys need to calm down now. It is time like this we need to show some comradery to sail through difficult times together, unlike how we usually behave.”

Guy was straight to the point about their lack of unity in most days.

Ramiris begins to mumble to herself hearing Guy’s word.

“Eh, but... This time is, Eight Great—”

Even though she says so, her mumbling dies down under the immense silent pressure exerted by the rest of the crowd.

She then restarted with something else: “Ah yes. What a great speech by Guy! Let’s work hard together now!”

Everyone seems to be against the title Eight Great Demon Lords.

But this is not a symbol of unity.

“WHAHAHA! I’ll leave this task to you!”

“I’m tired, time for bed.”

It didn’t take long before the unfitting bunch starts to appear one by one.

But I should have guessed that, they are indeed demon lords.

I’d say it would be an impossible mission to unite them all, and my guess was right.

However, someone suddenly appeared to break this awkward atmosphere.

This brainlet of a man now stands right behind me.

“Oh? If that’s the issue, my friend Rimuru is pretty good at it!”

It’s Veldora.

Veldora who has started to feel bored and wanted to go back soon, said this out of nowhere.

OH NOO, the demon lords’ eyes now have all fixated on me.

Why don’t you go read you damn manga instead of spilling nonsense here. But, could it be that he has finished all his manga? Even the last volume?

Milim has her eyes locked on Veldora, no, Veldora’s mangas in his hands. Those eyes are sharper than those of eagles’ when locking on prey, causing me to feel a lot of unease.

But it’s not the time to worry about that.

Someone agreeing with Veldora appears.

It’s Ramiris.

“Speaking of that, he also named my Beretta super-fast!”

Now she’s tossed me the hot potato with all that nonsense.

This girl... She's getting more and more casual with me. It vaguely reflects a sense of dependence she's growing towards me.

While I turn unconsciously, the rest of the demon lords are also looking at me with expectation.

This is bad. I've been surrounded!

The demon lords exchange looks, and Guy stands up to speak in everyone's name.

"Rimuru, the newly risen demon lord, today I shall grant you an epic special privilege."

"Ah, no thanks. I don't need that."

I attempt to cut him up as soon as possible. However, my imaginations were too naive.

Chong-dong! As I hear the loud noise, the giant round table that reflects with textures of obsidian and looks quite expensive is now severed in half with by someone.

Guy ignores my rejection with a smile and continues:

"Of course you need it, the privilege to create a new title for us. This is of great honor, you must really want to accept it, right?"

He walks towards me casually and proclaims to me and fondles my cheek.

Is this some sort of flighty display to ask for a favor?

Although he looks gentle like water, his tone sounds irrefusuable.

I am speechless. Neither could I accept, nor could I reject, so I decide to exercise my rights to remain silence, however...

Guy starts to push against my cheek hard with his fingers, while biting my ears and whispers: "By the way, aren't you the way causing our layoffs of members today? You will take responsibility and help think up a name now, won't you?"

It may seem to the rest is some lover wanting to get spoiled, but it's not the case at all.

This is a threat!

Alas, I couldn't refuse anyway considering how everything went.

I can't believe how troublesome this has become.

Never mind.

"All right, all right. Gosh. Then don't complain later that you don't like the name I make."

I took the task with much unwillingness after giving up struggling.

The demon lords are all with smiling faces as if saying "That's great, now we are reassured."

Some people even ask for more tea and decide to rest from then on. They always like to push their work to other people.

Fine then, I won't care about them either.

We are eight demon lords in total, so Eight Great Demon Lord is okay... But it seems a bit too straight forward.

Whatever Ramiris was just about to say is probably Eight Great Demon Lords, so I'd refrain from using that. After all, you could feel the immense pressure emitted from the rest of the group, telling her to stop. I definitely won't make it now if I get those threatening stares.

So "Eight Great Demon Lords" is a no go.

Then...

Speaking of which, tonight is the new moon.  
The shining stars in the night sky are very pretty—  
“Hey, how about the Octagram? You know, like an eight-pointed star?”  
It was greeted by silence, the demon lords closing their eyes and scrutinizing the word.  
Then they all reopened them in unison.  
“That would be it, it sounds very nice.”  
“We can definitely win with this name! A new age has arrived!”  
“That’s right! I know Rimuru could do it!”  
“You sure know your stuff. As expected from candidate nominated by Veldora.”  
“Oh, sounds all right. Then I shall agree with you a little.”  
“You got it in an instance! That’s pretty cool. I don’t know why we wasted so much time on this last time.”  
“...Hmm *Dino Approval Sound*.”  
There doesn’t seem to be any objection.  
That’s great. And if anyone would like to object, I’ll have him think of a name.  
Although I don’t know who Milim is trying to compete with or win. It’s a bit concerning but I won’t go after it.  
Also Dino, I want to ask you what the blaze were you all discussing before...  
Some of the people here’s reaction raises a lot of question for me, but I manage to play dumb like an adult to make it through.  
Just like that—  
From the moment onward, the demon lords introduce themselves with a new title to be respected by the world.



We were called the Octagram:

Demon — “Lord of Darkness” Guy Crimson  
Dragonoid — “Destroyer” Milim Nava  
Fairy — “Fairy of Labyrinth” Ramiris<sup>48</sup>  
Titan — “Continent’s Wrath” Dagruel<sup>49</sup>  
Vampire — “Queen of Nightmares” Valentine  
Fallen Angel — “Sleeping Ruler” Dino  
Ex-Human — “Platinum Saber” Leon Cromwell

<sup>48</sup>Katakana of title is “Labyrinth”

<sup>49</sup>Katakana of title is “Earthquake”

...and me:

Monster — “Newbie” Rimuru Tempest

—In total, eight members as mentioned above.

From today onward, the new age of demon lords has arrived.

But first, we need to divide territory.

My domain would be the entirety of Jura Great Forest.

That's a nice treatment.

But, Milim got it better.

The combined territory of Frey, Karion and Clayman is now under Milim's control.

But she only rules it in name.

The inner work of the territory would be run by Karion, Frey and the Worshippers of Dragon who follow Milim.

In addition, the previous territory belonged to Clayman now falls in the buffer zone with the territory of eastern empire. They must investigate how he has run it and built up defense line.

That seems to be a difficult and time, labor-consuming job. However, that would be Milim's worries. I'd rather prioritize my works at hand.

The rest of the demon lords' territory remain the same.

Some of which simply wanders around without territory, some of which hides their territory, or lives in a different continent. As such, no one really knows about other people's territory, and thus there's no notion of changing.

These demon lords all act according to their wishes and have their own means of communication.

The “Ring” I received as the proof of being a demon lord, not only can it identify the person itself, it is able to make “Cross-Spacetime Communication” with other demon lords.

It even has the secret call function for individuals, and also the ability to make a group call. What a convenient magical item.

With this ring—demon lord's ring, you can even make call from “Infinite Prison.”

Since it's so convenient, I would like to put it in ‘Analyze and Assess’ and mass produce it. But that would be a secret.

After Clayman's conspiracy—the series of unrest within the Jura Forest, these are all finally settled. I've gained approval and become a new demon lord.

Although Clayman's master—Kazalim does raise concern for me, the issues regarding the demon lords are at last resolved.

—As such, I've become a member of the Octagram.

ROUGH SKETCHES



**Epilogue**

# **In the Holy Land**

**That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime**

## Epilogue

### In the Holy Land

I thought I was dead for sure—bearing this in mind, Laplace tries to escape with everything he's got.

According to the plan, once the banquet begins, he would attempt to invade the holy land. He was planning to go to infiltrate the “Inner sanctum” where he last encountered the demon lord. Laplace headed towards the interior of the holy church, however...

He encountered the person he least wanted to see.

That was the strongest beauty “Head of knights of the pope’s Imperial guards” and the commander of the Holy Knight Order, Hinata Sakaguchi.

*What the hell! How did this happen, this isn’t going as he promised at all!*

Laplace complains in heart about his employer who’s not present.

After all the promise and meetings, the employer decided to take care of distracting Hinata by asking her out.

Aahaha, sorry, sorry! He seems to hear the casual apologies of his employer. This is clearly a hallucination, but Laplace is still pissed about it.

But even so, this is no time to complain.

“How dare you infiltrate such holy residence; you pests surely are annoying.”

Laplace got scared almost to death hearing Hinata spitting out that line cold-bloodedly. He escaped without hesitation and was able to save his ass.

How could he be motivated at all to explore the “Inner sanctum,” the mission was a failure.

But, it’s not Laplace’s fault.

*And just when I thought demon lord Valentine is out... I won’t stand a chance if that woman is guarding the place...*

“How the hell I am supposed to win against that type of monster—”

Laplace mumbles, he’s already given up and decided to retreat.

Speaking of which... Laplace thinks to himself—I’ve been running away a lot lately.

I am good enough to be able to escape from Hinata—he wants to praise himself that, but he still feels rather conflicted. Lately his luck has been on the downside, so he’d better not get

cocky now and thinks he'd be able to escape—

Laplace's thoughts were paused at that moment when he senses a strong shockwave of magic while seeing a distortion of space outside in the surrounding of Lubelius.

“Ehhh...no...way...”

I'm dead—Laplace wants to cry.

Whatever is causing the phenomenon is already far beyond the realm of higher majin, it's clearly a powerful individual on a different level. Moreover, Laplace is somewhat familiar with that wavelength.

“Trash, how dare you show yourself before me again!”

The rage of Demon Lord Valentine burn, his furious shouts spread all around Laplace.

“Damn it! And now we get a demon lord!”

This is the worst; Laplace wants to exclaim out loud for his misfortune. But right now, there's no time for such things. He again braces himself to escape with all he has.

“Huh! You trashes are all the same. Why are you all so fond of running away?”

—At that instant, Laplace is estranged by the words of Valentine. He stops his footstep.

“What do you mean by that?”

“Huh, it's none of your business, but I'll tell you anyway. Just now, Demon Lord Clayman is dead. That moronic, treacherous trash is just like you, running around with his tails tucked. He even cried embarrassingly in the end.”

Valentine spitted out the line, unimpressed and mockingly.

“WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY?”

“Hahaha, why are you getting so pumped up about it? This is none of your business, right?”

“Shut your mouth! Oi, you said Clayman is dead, is it true?”

“HA-HAHAAA! Trash, now you've slipped up. Of course you are all in this together. Everything is as Luminas-sama predicted!”

Laplace is frozen in shock watching Valentine laughed out loud.

Clayman is dead, he can't quite process that for the moment.

It's not exactly impossible to believe, but he's not willing to do that. To Laplace, Clayman may be a bit psycho at times, but he's still his companion who shares the same dream and ambition, more importantly, a good friend to Laplace.

“What are you laughing at, you bastard!”

“Trash, who do you think... Guwu!”

“YOU SONUVABITCH! STOP LAUGHING AT MY FRIEND!”

Beaten to death with bare hands.

That would be the words most suited to describe the scene. Laplace's fists did not stop for an instant.

“Wuu, don't get all cocky now, you trash!”

Valentine's face started to turn red due to the anger and humiliation, shouting and staring at Laplace.

The opponent it's Valentine who possesses “Ultraspeed Regeneration,” no matter how you

beat me it won't work at all. The fools must be punished and killed. Valentine thinks to himself.

He unconsciously rubs away the blood that has splashed out, no, he was turning the blood into a red mist of blood fog, spreading it to the surrounding—

“Go to hell, ‘Blood Flash Shock Wave’!”

—Being trapped in the inescapable blood barrier, the blood beam fired towards Laplace who is impossible to escape—Yet it didn't go as he wished.

“It's futile, you are already dead.”

“—Wuu!”

Valentine couldn't react in time. He, who possesses immense power is being played by such low life trash. He planned on using his strongest skill to take his life, yet strangely, his ability is not activated.

Tonight is indeed the night of new moon; it is the day when Valentine has the least amount of power. But it matters very little when you've reached a level such as demon lord.

Perhaps the weakening didn't really have an impact. Then, there is only one logical explanation.

Laplace is very strong.

That explanation is quite correct indeed.

Laplace is holding something in his hand, something that is still beating.

“—Wuu!”

“That's right, this is your heart (core) that I hold in my hand. You can't move now, can't even make a sound, right? This is all my work.”

He announces that cruelly.

Unknowingly, Valentine's body starts to tremble. Almost if...

*Is, is this fear? Am I afraid?*

“You are rather late to realize that. Yeah, I'm pretty strong.”

Color begins to fade on Valentine's face, and he begins to show a desperate expression.

What Laplace is holding is indeed my heart—Valentine realizes that in shock and realizes his defeat. Seeing the expression on his opponent, Laplace begins to laugh hysterically and smashes the heart into bits.

The victory has been settled.

Laplace won't stop laughing.

—Ah ah, Footman is gonna be pissed.

He laughs as he kills off all the guards who discovered him.

—Ah ah, Teare is definitely gonna cry.

He bears his head deep and attempts to escape.

—That's why, I'm going to laugh.

He thinks “You are one big dumbass,” this is Laplace's teasing of Clayman.

Because he thinks, that's the best way to send off “The Laughing Clown.”

He won't be angry and won't cry.

He will laugh in place of his friend who can no longer laugh.

Laplace laughs.

**ROUGH SKETCHES**

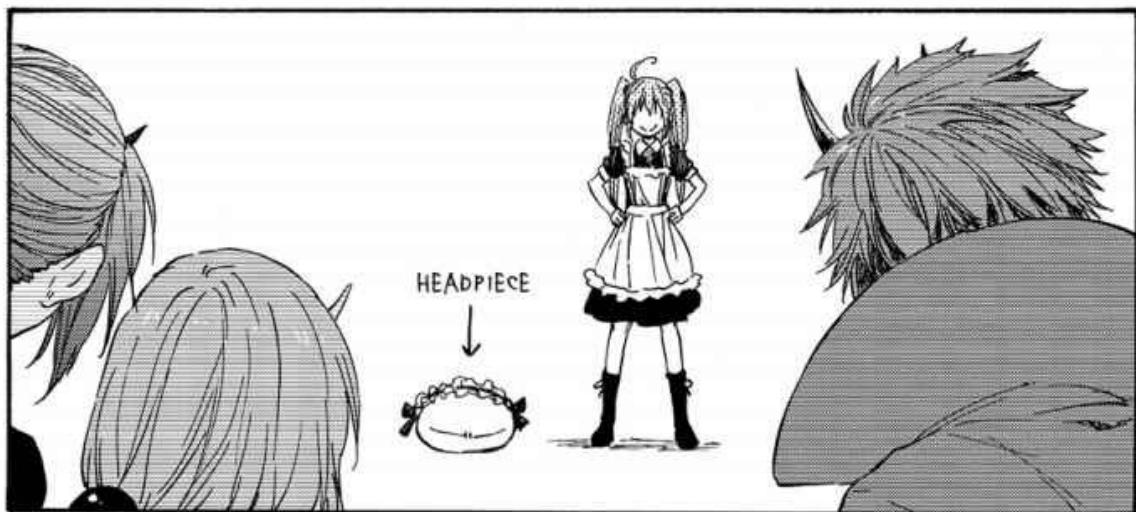


Celebratory Comic Simu-Launch  
**SPECIAL MANGA**

Art: Taiki Kawakami



BA  
(FWIP)



## Afterword

Long time no see!

It's been five months since the last volume, and here I bring you the sixth volume of *That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime*.

Now it's afterword time as usual.

This time I again confront Editor I-san and had an intense war regarding whether I should write this or not.

When I was writing the first volume, I-san was very gentle.

“If you really dislike writing the afterword, it’s okay to skip it!”

“Is that so? Thanks a lot then! I really don’t know and am not good at writing this, your words just save me!”

I recall such conversation back then.

HOW-EVER!

This time—

“I’ve tried using page number, the afterword is around eight-page long!”

“Eh? Eight pages, isn’t that too many?”

I mean, afterword has reached eight pages, isn’t that a bit much.

So of course I would have concerns about it.

“Oh well it can’t be helped. Due to binding issue with the book, if we are to cut down blank pages, the entire afterword would be lost.”

“Ah, then I should just skip it—”

“No way, what do you mean by that? You have to write the afterword.”

And we agreed during volume 1 that it’s not necessary, that kind and gentle Editor I-san is gone...

No, I am quite fond of reading afterword of my novel I like, but whenever it is my turn to write, I am in the “it’s okay to skip it” faction.

The ability to think flexibly with accordance to different points of view is one of my special talent—but it can’t work now—I tried to use this talent to convince I-san, but...

“I’ll make you write it even if we need to increase pages! What “not writing afterword,” that’s not an option for you!”

After getting a scolding from the editor, my road to not writing afterword is blocked.

I understand it won’t matter even if I struggle more, so after countless negotiations I get to

cut down some of the pages.

Oh well, however.

It's time for the cliché every time—

“This time there may be a few more pages...”

“Don't worry, just don't mind it and keep writing!”

Even with that little interjection, they still wanted me to write the afterword.

I've always concerned about the increase of pages, and as it turns out the worries were unnecessary.

The pages of the actual story have increased a lot and now the pages for afterword needs to increase as well.

Editor I-san is truly crazy.

By the way, when I hand in my first draft, here are I-san's thoughts:

“XX scene seems to have been cut, what happened there?”

“No, it's just that the pages involved are too many, so I had to cut it out!”

“No way you are serious about that?! We have to leave that scene in!”

“No, but the rest of the content is not easily cut to fit it in...”

“Seriously, don't worry over the cuts! Just write it. You can write as much of *Slime* as you want.”

This is a conversation we had.

In the end when I finished the first draft, the content has increased the most since I started with an addition of around ten thousand words.

Due to the double line typesetting, it's rumored to be the light novel with the most words from GC series. And even the page number has jumped to number one.

“Now we've made a new record!”

Editor I-san says so.

How ambitious is his?

After all this trouble, volume six is finally out.

The volume has packed with most content in Tensura series, I hope everyone would have a fun time reading it.

Now as followed I would like to do some discussion regarding the content of the volume.

As I've mentioned in volume 2, I always read afterwords when I read a book.

That's why there will be obvious spoiler, so you should prepare yourself before reading.



As I've mentioned in the afterword of volume 5, I've added a lot of content this time as well.

You can tell from the catalogue, Rimuru gets recognized in the volume and becomes a real

demon lord. It's written up to the birth of the Octagram.

Based on the fourth arc "Birth of Demon Lord" from the Web version, I present the full story in volume 5 and volume 6.

Since the content from the web version of "Birth of Demon Lord" is not enough for fill the whole of volume 5, you can imagine that most of the content was added afterward.

I've also interacted with Editor I-san and so the content is just like what I've mentioned in the afterword of volume 5.

I've worked hard on this in order to avoid being called that the effort in my work is all filler like Calpis<sup>50</sup> diluted in water.

That's about it regarding this volume...

As usual, there are many characters present this time.

It would probably be easier for web version reader to remember them, but the light novel reader may have a hard time.

Now that I think about it more carefully, this light novel has twice as many words as most standard light novel, so it shouldn't be that many characters being presented.

Everyone must want to see the illustrations, right—About that, I'll rely on Mitz Vah sensei's work!

Ten Great Demon Lords—Eh? Why are there eleven people? How strange—but the product is quite cool with everyone in the same room.

Speaking of which, Mitz Vah sensei apparently had got into a heated debate with Editor I-san regarding the breast size of female characters, I've not taken part into that part. As for whether the outcome of the debate is reflected, I'll have everyone who read the end result of the illustration be the judge.

Oh oh, I'm getting off topic.

That's how it is, now with beautiful illustrations the imagination with the characters become much easier.

And now to examine the difference from the web version, I can say perhaps only the outline is similar.

By the way, it is possible that certain character's motive has completely changed with such tweaks in setting, and there are actually many changes if we are looking at details alone.

It's quite hard to find original scene from the web version.

There will be more and more such small changes in the future that would amount to a completely different story.

But with that being said, I still intend to retain the outline of the web story. But I'll only know the result after I write.

I hope everyone would continue to support me with the final product of *That Time I got Reincarnated as a Slime* by that time.

---

<sup>50</sup>Calpis is a Japanese drink.



And now it's time for the summary of the afterword, I want to write some words of gratitude.

Thanks to Mitz Vah sensei who has been helping with the beautiful illustrations.

After reading the design draft of the characters, some of the character design even took the place of their original images in my heart.

What a great thing to embrace such thrill!

I would add more new characters in the future, I look forward to the feedback.

And also many thanks to Taiki Kawakami sensei who's been in charge of the manga art as well as mange Editor U-san.

You guys—responded to my stubborn demands, I truly appreciate it.

And this time I also asked for your guys' assistance and was responded with very straightforward agreement.

Eh, do you want me to reduce the number of pages of afterword?

What does that mean, I don't understand.

My thanks also go out to Editor I-san who discusses with me all the time.

Your opinion is truly valuable to me.

Any work that not even the editor would approve is likely not possible to resonate with the readers either.

I hope you will also be as honest as you are now with your opinion!

My thanks go out to all the members who worked on proofreading, design as well as the production of the book.

Especially the fellow coworkers working on proofreading, it must be very hard proofreading so many words.

Thanks to everyone's effort!

And lastly my thanks go out to all the readers who bought the book, I'll continue to work hard to allow everyone be able to enjoy *That Time I got Reincarnated as a Slime* in the future.

Well, see you all in the next volume!