

# 転生したら スライム だった件 14

Regarding  
Reincarnated to Slime

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GC NOVELS







Prologue: The Clowns' Decision

The intelligence has not yet reached the Empire.

But it should be a happy thing for the subjects of the Empire.

The imperial soldiers, their kinsmen, who were supposed to attack the western countries through the Great Forest of Jura, became complete lambs to the slaughter.

No one thought that nearly a million Imperial Legions would be defeated.

Whoever it was, was convinced that this army would be able to fulfill the imperial ambitions of conquering the western states and establishing a unified state fully under the rule of Emperor Rudra.

The Great Forest of Jura used to be a ghost gate, now that Veldora was weakened, there was no longer anything to be feared.

It was supposed to be that way.

—Under the rule of the great emperor, the attack of the strongest imperial legions of all time has finally begun at this moment—

This was the view of the subjects in general, and no one ever thought of defeat or even of going through a bitter battle.

No one could have imagined that the Imperial Army would be crushed in the Great Forest of Jura without even touching the territories of the western countries.

In fact, the Imperial Army was really wiped out without doing anything.

The Jura Tempest Federation, whom they looked down on completely, had taught them what it meant to have someone outside of you and a sky outside of you.

It won't be long before the subjects of the Empire will know these facts.

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A stronghold of the mixed imperial legions.

In the luxurious room allotted to the army Chief, some people had gathered quietly.

The room is headed by Yuuki, the owner of the room, followed by Kagali, Laplace, Tear, Footman and others in the middle of the clown company, and one of the "Big Three," Misha.

Vega had gone off to join the Warcraft Legion in combat and wasn't here this time.

Laplace and Misha debriefed first.

Yuuki couldn't help but smile bitterly after listening.

All sorts of preconceived notions were made before, but the results are still, shall we say, beyond expectations.

Too overwhelming, too much faster than one might think. The results of the battle of Rimuru and others were so great that Yuuki had to readjust his strategy again.

What was most startling, though, was the increased power of Demon Lord Rimuru.

"I didn't expect.....for them to destroy such an army so easily. Although they were expected to win early on, it's horrifying to win with zero casualties."

"I can't believe that such a large army, even if it were to start a war with the three demon lords at the same time, it would be possible to fight all the way..."

"No, compared to the Ten Great Demon Lords, the Eight Star Demon Lords are not on the same level.

Guy alone, Ruminas and Dagrueel have been battling for supremacy all along, right? The forces of Leon are familiar to you, even Milim, who

previously had no subordinates, and now the original Demon King Carrion and Frey have become her subordinates. It's still the Light Rod Commander, just Ramiris and Dino, right?"

Kagali voiced her opinion, but after listening to Yuuki's explanation, a look of comprehension returned.

Indeed, things were different compared to when Kagali was a demon lord.

There is no need for discussion about Guy.

Milim, on the other hand, was now the ruler of the vast territory south of the Great Forest of Jura.

Ruminas and Dagrue, even after fighting with the angels, their power has not been reduced, and has always been a very large power, Leon is kind of exception even if not mentioned, those new demon lords when Kagali was still a demon lord are simply not worth mentioning.

Whether or not a slightly more subordinate Demon Lord survives is a matter of luck, as is the case with Kagali, the original "curse lord" Kazaream.

It was because of this that they had to rack their brains to establish collaborative relationships with other monsters, and they had to resort to various means in order to survive.

*The "Blood Lord" Roy Valentine is only a shadow martial artist, and the god Ruminas is the demon lord, but even Ruminas is not able to win against Dagrue in the power struggle. They're not the same class as scum like me, what an envy of those with power. Carrion and Frey are so smart, if only I could live smarter. That way, nothing that would make everyone sad would happen, and there would be no loss of Clayman...*

In retrospect, the compulsory collection of many monsters as henchmen was of little use, and even if the number was too large, the legion would be of little use in the face of strongmen who exceeded a certain level of strength.

Clayman's failure is proof enough of that.

What they really should be doing, Kagali thought, is adding companions who are able to push the envelope.

*No, these are all hindsight now. For us, who have been betrayed, it's impossible to trust anyone. If I hadn't met Yuuki, I'm afraid I would still be resenting the world even now.*

Now that it was over, Kagali felt no need to think about it and just buried the regret in her heart.

The conversation was still going on, not taking into account these things that were on Kagali's mind.

"After all, it's been hard work, Laplace."

"Yeah, that's right. This one's bad too."

Laplace nodded with a very weary look on his face.

"Ahahaha, the battle lasted ten days?"

"Yes, that big sister named Treyni has become so strong that it's exaggerated. Don't be cruel to her. The one who doesn't pay attention to our family is the one who will be killed. And it's not good for our family that the battlefield is in the forest, so we're working really hard."

Laplace let out a huff.

The suspicious appearance was of his own making, but this time there seemed to be something to think about.

Yuuki soothed him for a moment and continued.

"Anyway, did you finally get them to believe you?"

"You can't resist being tied up like this, and I'm being watched by Rimuru the demon lord's subordinates, so I don't think you can believe it."

However, Laplace deserves credit for successfully negotiating and bringing back information.

"I can't believe you're still free."

"I thought we were supposed to have a relationship with Guy Crimson, so instead of trusting the boss, we're taking advantage of the situation."

Had the hostile position been singled out, the captured Laplace would not have been released, except that in that case, Laplace would not have gone as deep into the bargaining.

Laplace grumbled in response.

Yuuki also felt a little more relieved for the time being, but he couldn't relax just yet.

"I felt the same way Lord Laplace did, this time it was really exhausting. It was my task to stir up the head of the Calgurio Army and delay the war for as long as it lasted, and I understood that it was my task, but halfway through I did offer to withdraw. When my offer was rejected, I even thought of running away even if I killed that man..."

Misha said bitterly.

But then again, by the time she suggested it, it was too late.

The reason why Misha was able to escape was because of Yuuki's co-fighting relationship with Rimuru, if not for that, she would have died at the hands of Diablo long ago.

"Lucky for you, Rimuru is the kind of person who keeps his word."

"That Slime called Rimuru is an anomaly. From what I remember, there should be a strong man in the Mecha Legion who can match the demon lord."

"Yes."



"Yes, there is. But before Demon Lord Rimuru could show his hand, he was killed by his men."

Even the terrifying demon male had become a subordinate of Rimuru, and Misha had an unbearable look on her face. Things were too unrealistic for Misha, so it was perfunctory to talk about them.

Unfettered by anyone, this supreme being of the demon race actually followed the instructions of a demon lord .

"I was struck by the fact that the "single-digit" duo was killed as easily as a mouse, and frankly, it was stupid to challenge that monster."

The sum of it all is hard for anyone to believe.

To change this heavy atmosphere, Yuuki tried to change the subject.

"The identities of Bonnie and Jiu surprised me, I didn't expect to be tricked by Damrada like this, and I'm just as upset about it."

Those are the heartfelt words of Yuuki.

Damrada is a traitor—an event that comes as a shock to Yuuki and the others.

Damrada, who had been trusted by Yuuki's heart for so many years, was a big subordinate who had penetrated deep into the heart of Yuuki's camp.

The level of trust is high enough for Yuuki to entrust him with the important task of secretly associating with the "Big Three" imperial landing site, and such a figure is a traitor, making it necessary to rethink the strategy all along.

While Masayuki, who had been treated as a pariah by Yuuki, had sent two powerful men to follow him, the incident also proved that Damrada had more vision than Yuuki.

Damrada presumably used his higher vision than Yuuki's to influence the actions of Yuuki and others, and upon sensing this, Yuuki's self-esteem really became tattered.

"Yeah, in retrospect, Clayman's rampage seems to have had Damrada involved."

A puzzled Kagali said.

In response, Yuuki nodded in agreement.

"There's no denying that our plans have failed one by one, and it's strange to think of it now. However, I don't think Damrada gets anything out of it, our power has become so large in large part because of Damrada's assistance, and if you want to take away our power, it would be better not to give it to us from the beginning."

"There are doubts here, but Damrada seems drunk on Yuuki-sama and doesn't seem to be acting and feels loyal. It was also with his help that we completed the various projects."

"As a colleague, my opinion is that honestly. Damrada is serious about working for the organization, has a good track record and should be really loyal to the boss in my opinion. However, it is also true that the man has a ruthless and cold side, and being in charge of the "money" side shows his rationalistic thinking. So the betrayal of the boss for some reason should be a no..."

‘There was no way to say it wasn't possible’—that’s what Misha said. Yuuki replied to her with a shake of his head.

"There is no doubt that Damrada has betrayed, but it is not clear whether he has done it from the heart or not."

No, it was actually a genuine betrayal, Yuuki muttered again and laughed bitterly.

"I also agree with boss. If it's all acting, it's hard to see the point of Damrada's actions."

Kagali came to the same conclusion as Yuuki, and then she began to state her opinion.

"Let me explain. According to Gedora-sensei's report, we learn of Damrada's betrayal, that the place where Gedora was killed was in Emperor Rudra's castle, and that standing in front of the teacher seems to be the man lurking in the shadows of the Empire—Lieutenant Kondo."

"The emperor's castle...so it is, Damrada's identity is enough to enter that place, isn't it?"

Misha responded. Yuuki nodded at her, then added some more information.

"Yeah, and by the way, according to the information you got back, what Damrada's true identity is is also discussed as a result. There should be very few people who can order a single digit, except for the Emperor."

Yuuki's words dawned on the crowd.

"I see. That's right. Come to think of it, it's extremely obvious."

"Yes, Damrada is not betraying us, just following the Emperor's orders."

"It may not have been his intention, but it doesn't matter now."

Maybe it was the enemy of Yuuki and others from the beginning, maybe it wasn't. But the results of the status quo only show that Damrada is a traitor.

Then there are the people like Laplace who cannot accept such treachery.

"Indeed, boss should be right. But, Damrada might have fooled Clayman, can't we just cut him some slack?"

"Yeah, yeah! Miss Ben's (???) men will go over there and kill him!"

"Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh, the House of Everything has a reputation first and will not tolerate betrayers!"

The frivolous proposal purges Laplace.

Tear and Footman agreed.

However, Yuuki stopped the three of them.

"Wait, Damrada's true identity, being the superior of the Imperial Emperor's Order of Near Guard, is undoubtedly more dangerous than the average demon lord, is it still a question whether you few can win?"

Even though it was a sneak attack, Damrada also solved Gedora-sensei with a single blow, so it can be seen that the strength is quite strong.

"That being said, but..."

"What's more, I think there's a message in Damrada's actions."

After a moment's thought, Yuuki uttered this sentence. Then, with a hypothetical in mind, one begins to state one's thoughts.

"Damrada is very careful, knows our information, and also knows the information about the Demon Lord Rimuru."

"What does that mean?"

"That is, Damrada may have sensed the resurrection of Gedora."

"But in that case...is it...?"

Wouldn't that be the same as releasing Gedora?—a possibility that had also occurred to Misha.

"The man who confronted Gedora at the end was a "weirdo who feeds on information", wasn't he? If we let Gedora live, it will fall into the hands of Lieutenant Kondo, and by that time, we will use every means possible to get information that Gedora knows."

"In that case, our purpose will all be known to each other, is that what you mean?"

"Probably, but there's still something I don't understand, and by gagging Gedora, I've avoided giving away information about Rimuru. And as a



result, the Empire has suffered great losses, and it is hard to imagine that Damrada has caused the Empire to suffer because of his love for us..."

Yuuki smiled bitterly, unable to explain this.

Hearing this, Kagali began to speak her mind again.

"It shouldn't be wrong to say that Damrada is more loyal to Emperor Rudra than Lord Yuuki. But at the same time, he is treating us as companions, no, no, is thinking that we can be used, or wants us to take on some aspect of the task, and if so, what happens?"

"Mm-hmm, go ahead."

"The defeat of the Imperial Army also follows the emperor's wishes—there may be such a possibility."

"How is that possible?"

"That's not possible, is it?"

Misha and Laplace immediately objected, while Yuuki pondered with interest.

"This possibility is deduced on the basis of which purpose of Damrada?"

"Very briefly, a great deal of death is necessary for large rituals, just as the awakening of a demon lord requires a great number of "souls", so wouldn't Damrada and Emperor Rudra treat the Imperial Army as a sacrifice?"

"It's possible. Go on."

"That being the case, there's nothing unbelievable about getting in the way of Kondo, who is determined to win. Again, this gives a slight indication of why Damrada let us go..."

Gedora had intended to ascend to the Emperor, and Damrada came out to obstruct.

If the information in Gedora's possession falls into Kondo's hands..."

The Imperial Army's casualties might not have been so great, and more to the point, the combat action taken against Rimuru would surely have taken a different form.

How could Damrada not see the stakes and therefore see that his actions were deliberate?

So, what is the purpose?

"A litmus test?"

"Well, yes."

Hearing Yuuki's reply, Kagali smiled with satisfaction.

"In order to give birth to the truly powerful, many sacrifices were made by acquiescence. And we, too, have been used as pawns in the birth of the strong, right?"

"Or it could be, trying to bribe us."

"What?"

"Clayman, he's not going to listen to anyone other than me and Kagali, right?"

"Yeah."

"Mm-hmm."

"Definitely."

"If he let Clayman storm off like that, he must have used some kind of hidden technique."

"Is it, say, brainwashing?"

Yuuki nodded in response to Kagali's accusation.

"Even if it's not that powerful, I think it's still under the influence of 'thought inducement'. It's possible that some kind of prop was used like us, and there's also the possibility that there's a dominating power like Mariabell's."

Hearing this inference, the entire crew's expressions turned rigid.

"It's a pain in the ass."

Misha's words were echoed by the crowd.

Looking around at his companions, Yuuki chuckled.

"But rest assured. This power is ineffective against me, from now on, I will touch each of you a little, is that okay?"

All members indicated no problems.

At this point, mere denial would be tantamount to admitting to being in control, and it would be impossible to reject Yuuki's proposal even to prove his innocence.

"Looks like everyone hasn't been brainwashed. However, if you're not acting alone, I think you'll be fine."

"In that case, our house is in danger."

Laplace said this after standing up and spinning around. However, Yuuki and Kagali very tacitly dismissed what he said.

"No, no, no. You're okay."

"Yeah, well, you don't have to but this kind of heart."

Hearing this, Laplace sat down again as if he were making a fuss and started to whine.

"What? You should be more worried about our family, really."

Laplace's witty manner blew away the heavy air in the room.

After the laughter, the group began to switch thoughts.

He expressed his gratitude for this, and Yuuki said as if he was going to regain his momentum.

"All right, all right, all right, all right, all right."

"Yes, I'd like to question Damrada about how much of our plan has been compromised."

"Hey, hey, now's the time to say something like that? Our family's plan was already exposed, right?"

"After all, Damrada knows all about the plan and it's no longer a matter of exposing or not exposing."

"Yes. Isn't it better to run away now?"

"I can't do that either."

Now, Yuuki's faction has shifted its stronghold to the Empire.

Although there were still some lurking in the Western States, it was a very small number. It's simply not possible to fully place there, and new hideaways are not that easy to arrange.

Most importantly, there is simply too little preparation time for all the members at the bottom to escape.

"At least, it's impossible for me to run the "Big Three" on my own, partly because of Damrada's ability and the fact that people have relied on him in the past, and partly because I don't have a good idea of what his men are like."

The other giant, Vega, has no merit other than violence and simply can't be expected to do anything about the running of the organization.

That's why Misha said what she said.



"I know. The Big Three have to take their heads off. Damrada's men could all be banished, but the problem is that here in the Hybrid Legion, it would be a shame to give up all that power—mainly to avoid losing all their strongholds."

Cutting flesh is a means to an end, but the loss this time is just too great.

If you can't find a place for 100,000 people in this world, then you have to give up your men. If this is done, those who stay will no doubt be purged.

In fact, based on speculation about Damrada's thoughts, it is estimated that he did not tell Yuuki's secret.

"While there could be several reasons for Damrada to seal Gedora's mouth, I think one of them would be to keep the information from being given to Kondo. Presumably, the emperor's near-guard is not ironclad either. Isn't the imperial coup we're planning, Damrada, hoping to succeed too?"

"Although I don't understand his intentions, if Damrada wants to hide our secrets, then that's the only purpose."

Yuuki and Kagali follow each other's thoughts and keep speaking their minds.

The others could only look at them in confusion, and Laplace seemed unable to resist, interjecting loudly just to interrupt their conversation.

"No, no, no, no, no, wait a minute." Wait a minute. Letting Gedora go on purpose is just boss'

speculation, right? In that case, isn't it highly likely that all of this is an illusion?"

Everyone thought it was a solid opinion, but Yuuki replied confidently, "That's not possible."

"Listen to me, okay? Our plan for the coup was the result of a deal with the Demon Lord Guy, and Damrada knew about it. Rather than get in the way of

our plans, it would be better to fool Guy by causing chaos within the Empire, wouldn't he think so?"

"Hmm, with that kind of thinking, there should be..."

"This girl doesn't understand."

"Ho, ho, ho, ho."

Tear and Footman can't seem to keep up with the conversation anymore, and the duo is already playing with the rag.

"There is chaos in the empire. Will the emperor's inner circle allow this to happen?"

Misha just summed up her thoughts, not being able to keep up with Yuuki and Kagali's perspective on things.

In a sense, her reaction was sort of normal.

After all, Yuuki and the others think in terms of being willing to make all kinds of sacrifices to get there, an idea that is absolutely intolerable to people who hold absolute rationality in their thinking.

What's more, Yuuki's idea of them being self-facilitating to the fullest, and even feeling full of contradictions in the perspective of others' thinking, was an extremely insane way of thinking that Misha couldn't understand.

It's an unreasonable demand to be understood.

"Misha, there's no need to think that complicated, what's important is who Damrada sees as the enemy and to look at it from that perspective. Damrada, from the beginning to the end, had never considered Yuuki-sama and Demon Lord Rimuru as enemies, and the enemy in his eyes had always been Guy Crimson. Once that is understood, it will be clear why they have acquiesced to our riots within the Imperial Capital."

"Kondo was different, he didn't just treat Guy as an enemy, anyone who was against the emperor would be treated as an enemy, looking at things from a

completely different perspective than Damrada, that's how he served the emperor.”

That's why the confrontation was possible, and Yuuki came to this conclusion. Kagali affirmed this.

"Well, now that Boss and Lord Kagali have said so, we believe so.”

Without further thought, Laplace asserted his belief.

Tear and Footman keep pace with Laplace.

As for Misha, the central question is raised.

"Then, Yuuki-sama, what's your future policy? Since it has been decided that Damrada is the enemy, it is of course impossible to trust him, no matter how sincere he may be. So, abort the coup, admit the impossibility and choose to hide? Fortunately, now that 60% of the mixed legions have gone to fight in the Dwarf Kingdom's eastern city blockade, and with the remaining battle strength in the Imperial Capital, I will provide as much support as possible, so it shouldn't be difficult to take any city as long as it is a stronghold...”

"And then unite the nations that are discontented with the empire and form a great coalition against it?"

"Uh-huh. Wouldn't this be the battle plan with the best chance of winning if you could save the most battle power?"

"It's a nice place, oppressed by the imperial nobility, if you look for it, there will be a place like that, where we can fight the banner of the liberation army.”

“So?"

"Unfortunately, the proposal is rejected."

That was why—Misha was about to ask, but couldn't.

"If we want to survive, we have to choose a coup d'état. Am I right, Damrada?"

Without waiting for Misha to ask, Yuuki spoke first.

Before Misha could understand the meaning of the phrase, the clowns present were already in a pro forma state first. Then the tightly closed door was opened and a man walked in.

"That's right, boss."

It was Damrada who came.

Still in businessman's garb as usual, but giving the impression that he is no longer hidden and is entirely military.

The air in the room suddenly became tense, and Laplace, who was about to strike, was stopped by Damrada in a calm voice.

"Stop, this building is surrounded by my men."

Yuuki, who was observing the situation, saw this sight and sank his body into the couch with the strength to relax his shoulders.

"Do you have time to talk more? If you have one, you sit too."

"Boss, there's no time for that now..."

"It's okay, it's okay. Just sit down, too."

Pacifying the disgruntled Laplace first, Yuuki looked at Damrada with a fearless smile on his face.

"So, what's your purpose?"

"Because I feel like I've been misunderstood by the boss, I'm here to explain that I have something I can't say."



He said, changing to take a seat in the seat indicated by Yuuki, the change in attitude left Laplace and the others with nothing to do but feel irritated.

Then...

Regardless of what the people around them thought, the Q&A between Yuuki and Damrada started first.

"A difficult thing to say, huh?"

"Yes, I really hope the boss' coup is successful."

"So, what about letting Gedora go?"

"Heh, heh, heh, heh. Are you sure you're all right? I just took a gamble on this one, but I thought that man was so careful, I thought he'd survive."

"To avoid information falling into Kondo's hands?"

"Exactly."

"Didn't you swear allegiance to the Emperor?"

"I did take an oath."

"You did, huh? What about now?"

"No matter how many times I say it, you probably won't believe it, but I am loyal to the boss."

"How can this be believed?"

"Yeah."

The two were laughing and exchanging words.

"By blocking the information that Gedora had, the Mecha Legion was almost wiped out. Plus right now, the Monster Beast Legion was far from the Imperial Capital, and even if the news of the Mecha Legion's defeat came back, it would take quite a while for them to rush back. Right now, the

defensive battle power within the Imperial Capital has been drastically reduced, don't you think, now is a great time to do it?"

"Yes, I even think it's too good for us to be in this situation."

"That's right, it took years to create the conditions that existed..."

"Damrada, you..."

"I, boss, live to defeat His Majesty Rudra. This is the only way to save His Majesty, and for that, the best thing to do is to let you take over the world. The idea has not changed, everything is ready, and the rest is your decision."

"Huh."

Yuuki grunted in bemusement.

All went according to Damrada's plan, making Yuuki feel unhappy in his heart.

But the refusal is something to think about, and the situation, as Damrada says, could not be better arranged.

The problem is just that one has to believe that about Damrada.

"I have a question."

"Be my guest."

"Why didn't you talk to me and let Clayman be the outcast?"

Between Yuuki and the Moderate Clown Troupe, they swore to each other that they would never betray each other, and are the rare people in the world who can trust each other.

One of them, Clayman, was also an important companion for Yuuki.

Kagali, Laplace, Tear, and Footman, all turned pale at this questioning from Yuuki, their eyes focused on Damrada, giving the impression that lying was

never allowed.

In the midst of this murderous atmosphere, Damrada still replied calmly.

"I had nothing to do with Clayman. I knew who the prisoner was, but I didn't think he would use such tactics."

The scene was greeted with a moment of silence, but Yuuki broke that silence again.

"He's talking about Tatsuya Kondo?"

“.....”

"You seem to know a lot about Kondo, and you have a lot of secrets."

To the Damrada, who had fallen into silence, Yuuki stated his claim. Damrada just listened to Yuuki with a bitter look on his face.

When Yuuki finished, Damrada replied softly.

“—Because it is forbidden, I cannot answer you all. About Kondo, I don't know how good he really is either—I can't say anything else except that. Nonetheless, I hope you will believe that in order to save His Majesty Rudra.”

The clowns' icy stares fell straight on Damrada.

Everyone had a look of disbelief on their faces.

The same goes for Yuuki.

It's just that things are not looking good for Yuuki.

Outside the building, there were not only Damrada's men, but there was also a sense that it was impossible to ignore; presumably, Damrada had also brought the superior strength of the near-guard knights with him.

It would be difficult to break through such an encircling net, even for people like Yuuki.

*It's just that I alone may have a way, and it's probably going to be harder to keep the whole crew safe, so accepting his proposal would be one of the options...*

Yuuki counted in his heart.

Suddenly, Yuuki sensed Damrada's unflinchingly determined gaze.

That look, completely unchanged from when they first met.

Yuuki closed his eyes and began to think back.

From the moment they met, Damrada has been a bold and cheeky man, willing to take on any job as long as "money" is paid. However, they will spend a lot of money for their companions, and their actions are full of contradictions.

‘I am willing to make any sacrifice for the sake of those I believe in’—as Damrada once said.

Whose figure was reflected in the eyes of Damrada at that time...?

*It's not me. Yet, those eyes are a delight to behold...*

Afterwards, he also began to call Yuuki boss and took an oath of loyalty.

That said, there are still aspects of Damrada that one is afraid to trust.

Looking back now, perhaps feeling lonely, realizing that, Yuuki opened his eyes and looked at Damrada.

"There are lies in your words. You swore loyalty to Emperor Rudra long before you were loyal to me, and it hasn't changed since, has it?"

"Oh, I can't beat you, boss."

That statement stands for affirmation.

This instead became an opportunity for Yuuki to believe in Damrada.

"Well, instead of fighting you, let's make the coup work."

No one has expressed displeasure with Yuuki's decision.

"I can't help it, since Yuuki-sama has decided, we'll just obey."

"Yes, Damrada, if you betray me, my family will settle the score with you."

"Together, Laplace!"

"Ho, ho, ho, ho, don't forget me."

The clowns made up their minds.

Because, they believe in Yuuki as boss.

They do have a bond between them that ties them together as companions.

Damrada is, likewise, included.

# Chapter 1: Rewards and Evolution

The day after the resurrection of almost 700,000 Imperial officers and soldiers.

The guys who were active in this defensive battle lined up and stood in the arena, and the auditorium was filled with soldiers from the base.

Today is the celebration.

The war with the Empire was still going on and morale needed to be kept high, so we got this event going.

The Paladins sent Bacchus and Ruminas' "supernaturals" also attended.

They had been killed by Jiu, but fortunately things happened in the labyrinth and they all came back to life intact and accepted our thanks as well.

Although they are unanimous in saying "it's us who are not mature enough", after all, this is happening in our country, and a formal apology is important.

In short, it's better that the hazards can be kept to a minimum than anything else. Delicious cuisine was arranged for the second half of the celebration, so I hope they can relax and enjoy it.

There were also guests from foreign countries at the welcome table.

Among them were Albis, who had fought as reinforcements, and Phobio, who had been one step slower, and the Two Wings, who had come with an elite contingent only.

"Lady Frey was so worried about Lord Rimuru that she sent us here."

"But it's really not necessary. In fact, we also believed that if it were Lord Rimuru, he would win."

Lucretia, the blonde, and Clea, the silver, spoke to me in a moving duet.

Milim seemed to be worried, too, but it would be a relief to just tell her about this victory. The town is also blessed with the blessings of Veldora and Ramiris and should soon return to a smooth routine.

"I'm the liaison. I was sent here as insurance because the Magic Call was not working. And—no, I'm being rude."

In case we lose, the liaison officer will go back to his country and bring reinforcements immediately.

Phobio with the fastest foot range was chosen considering the possibility that the mana force field was scrambled and unable to use magic.

Phobio seemed to have something more to say, but closed his mouth again halfway through. The fact that his eyes were turning to Albis made it a bit of a concern, but the thought of it being in the past anyway, I didn't take it seriously.

I thanked the three and led them to the VIP table.

The guests have another set.

Guests from Dwargon.

Jane, the old woman who had served as the Chief court-magician of Dwargon, came along as her escort, along with Dorf, the commander of the Knights of the Heavenly Flying Order.

This group is mainly here to complain.

It's amazing to use the forbidden spell in the Great Forest of Jura.

Plus, why did the "primordials" work for me? The other guy's eyes changed over it.

Honestly, I'm sorry about that too.

But there's nothing you can do about it.

It is a force majeure when one realizes that the raw rice is already cooked.

"It's not a matter of force majeure. I've lived so long and never experienced a state of affairs that has shocked me so much once!"

"I'm sorry."

There is no longer any other way but to apologize.

In any case, first lower your posture and try to impress the other person.

To be honest, I would have liked to see Granny Jane just go straight back, but I couldn't not discuss the future.

Let's just say, that seems to be the real purpose of the other side's visit.

Outside the eastern metropolis of Dwargon, there were still 60,000 of Yuuki's men laying out there. But I've already told Gazel that it's a tentative alliance with Yuuki, so there's no war between the two sides, it's just maintaining the tension.

However, the whole thing can't be left untouched, so I thought it would be a good idea to have a meeting with Yuuki to discuss the way forward.

Laplace, who was captured earlier, has been released back to take word to that side for me, and now we are waiting for Yuuki's contact.

Anyway, Granny Jane and Mr. Dorf were also taken to the VIP table. Inviting them to the celebration.

In this way, the celebration began in the presence of many foreign guests.

The position I'm in now is set up on the commendation stage, one level higher than the rest, and is currently sitting in the chair above that in the form of a Slime.



Rigur and Rigurd stood side by side behind me. Led by these two, the other civil officials also stood in two rows.



Underneath the stage, even the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth, who were rarely seen, had arrived. That's par for the course, after all, they are the main characters of the day.

Originally, the Labyrinth Lords were known to look bad, but today there is no such problem. To say why, it was because the townspeople and the adventurers who served as volunteers were not called in this time.

The first to appear was Shuna, who was standing next to me. She opened with my words and then began her speech of consolation to the crowd.

The presentation was excellent, but it wasn't something I came up with.

Shuna thought.

More than the first and second secretaries, Shuna is more capable as a secretary.

It was a real help to me who wasn't good at speaking.

Shion was not fit for a speech, and handing it to Diablo was unsettling—the praise alone was enough for this guy to speak in one breath until the celebration was over.

I started thinking about the next session while being grateful to have Shuna by my side.

This celebration is arranged so that awards will be given along with the publication of merits. In other words, I'm going to let my men try out that thing called Awakening.

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According to the King of Wisdom, by giving 100,000 "souls", his men can awaken and evolve, becoming stronger than the "true demon lord".

The guy has to have qualifications to be a receiver of this, but what is shocking is that there are actually twelve of such guys.

To ask who exactly, it was Ranga, Benimaru, Shion, Gabil, Geld, Diablo, Testarossa, Ultima, Carrera, Kumara, Zegion, and Adalman.

Being spiritually connected to me and being a "demon lord seed" seems to be the requirement.

The one that is more concerning is Adalman.

I didn't take give this guy a name, but why would he qualify for evolution?

<<Answer. Personal Name: Adalman's Heart of Faith Breaks a Certain Number and Now Establishes a Connection to the Master>> Ah, I taught Adalman the "mystery of faith and grace" that I had learned from Ruminas. Because of this, he and I have a connection that rivals the name.

Awesome, Adalman. To be able to qualify on one's own, this power of faith was really not an ordinary fierce one.

Though it tickles the back of one's mind to think of me as an object of faith, here's an honest compliment to him.

I understand the Adalman thing.

The next problem is being able to get a few people to evolve.

The number of "souls" I have here is about a million. The secret of this is that I have the King of Wisdom.

<<Notice. The existence of individual gaps in the resulting "soul" is confirmed. Should the equalization reconstitution process be performed? YES/NO>> Asking this question, I chose YES even though I didn't understand much, after which the number of souls swelled to over a million.

I had returned a number of energies to Imperial officers and soldiers who had come back from the dead, and had expected the number of souls to decrease slightly, but it turned out to be just the opposite.

There were awakened people like Calgurio in the Imperial Army, and there were also a considerable number of strong people amongst the guys who attacked the labyrinth, all of whom contained a much greater amount of energy than normal people. In addition, although Jiu's and Bonnie's strength was borrowed, it was at least an ultimate ability, so it had also seized a large amount of energy.

Some people, though individual, hold the energy of hundreds to tens of thousands of "souls", simply put.

For these reasons, the awakening of ten men became possible.

But there are a few things to worry about if it's really going to be implemented.

One is the issue of intelligence leaks.

Is it really okay to do something so exaggerated in front of guests like Albis and Granny Jane?

However, on this issue I decided to trust the other side. It has nothing to do with alliances, mainly because in the end it will be exposed anyway.

Trying to fool Milim was impossible, King Gazel had been trusted with that time in Diablo. As angry as Granny Jane might be, now that even the labyrinthine forces were exposed, none of this was anything.

Anyway, those who participated in the Maze Raid would definitely spread the news of how powerful the Labyrinth Lords were by then.

There is little point in hiding it from those present now.

The second is not knowing what will happen after awakening.

Since this was the first attempt at Awakening Evolution, there was the possibility of unpredictable things happening, so I had Ramiris use her powers to isolate the entire arena of this fight.

That way, no matter what happens, the hazard shouldn't spread to the outside world. Also, by doing so, one can keep secrets and kill two birds with one stone.

The last thing to worry about is the "harvest festival of evolution" that appeared when I awakened as a demon lord.

At the time, I was in a state of low activity, unconscious for three consecutive days. If the same situation were to happen this time, it would mean putting the main subordinates to sleep during the war.

In that case, there's nothing we can do in two or three days, and it's very worrying if something happens.

After some minor annoyance, I decided that this wasn't a problem either.

The Imperial Army no longer exists. According to the information from Calgurio's investigation, the Mecha Legion has no more left to fight, after all, nine hundred and forty thousand soldiers have been killed by us, so there can't be any leftover forces.

There were only the Warcraft Legion and the Hybrid Legion left on the Imperial side.

The Hybrid Legion led by Yuuki were allied with us for the time being, while the Warcraft Legion was transported elsewhere by the Air Combat Flying Corps, the ace unit of the Mecha Legion.

With my Argos (god's eye), I was able to track the movements of the aircraft—according to calculations, it would take more than three days to reach our country from where they were, even if they turned right away.

The airship's usual speed averaged about 400 km/h, and its maximum combat speed seemed to exceed the speed of sound, but the excessive consumption of magical power seemed to last only a short time.

When all is said and done, the ability to fly long distances continuously at that speed makes one wonder.

While possessing a boat or train with a speed unmatched by any other, it seems that in the air you will also encounter a threat that only exists in the air. For example, locations where the air currents fiercely turned into whirlpools, or locations where the magic element chaos couldn't unleash any magic, etc.

Even more troublesome is that there seems to be a habitat for the Empty Monster, so the hovercraft cannot travel in a straight line when sailing, but must set a safe course. The means of moving at the speed of sound is indeed a threat in this world, but it doesn't seem as beneficial as one might think.

So I don't think this side needs to be too guarded.

All that remained was the possibility of the Imperial Emperor's Order of Near Guard going out...

This time we were able to achieve a landslide victory because of the advantage of the maze. It is because of the ability to die and rise again that we can calmly respond.

I should be able to beat those near guard knights.

Regardless, Benimaru should be able to take the win.

However, what about Shion and Ranga?

Gabil and Geld are probably pretty dangerous too.

So that being said, it's important to be prepared as early as possible to cope.

At least be able to stall for time in sudden encounters with strong opponents. If we can establish a "soul corridor" between my subordinates and my soul, it seems that we can make the connection between us more solid. In that case, no matter what happens, they should be able to contact me through "Thought Communication".

When you encounter a strong enemy, you contact me and try to reinforce the enemy, and that's the basic operation.

Be prepared, so I want to help everyone awaken while I can.

Beware of a boat that sails for years.

All in all, it's arguably a very good time.

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Then I should get started as soon as I can.

The one initially named was, of course, Benimaru.

As Grand General, he did a very good job of commanding the entire army.

Although Benimaru himself seemed to show some displeasure at the active performance of the Testarossa girls, but that, well, that was an accident.

Benimaru wasn't wrong, and I'm certainly more innocent!

Nothing went wrong in the end anyway, so it's totally safe to say that Benimaru's job was well done.

After Shuna finished her speech, she called Benimaru over.

In response, Benimaru walked up and knelt down in front of me.

"Yes! Then Benimaru-kun. I'm going to reward you next..."

"Can you stop that "kun" thing? You're definitely—you're up to something again, aren't you?"

Unintelligible.

I'm obviously not doing anything yet, how is it seen through.



Actually, this awakening evolution, I'm going to make it a surprise.

Because I think that if we discuss it beforehand, we will definitely be opposed to it, so it's good to implement it quietly.

Shuna was reading out Benimaru's feats, and during this time, the whispers between me and Benimaru continued.

"Actually, I've gotten a lot of 'souls' through this war. The Testarossa girls seem to have given them all to me. And then, it seems that these things can be used to help people who are connected to me to awaken."

"Why haven't I heard?"

"Eh? Because I'm just saying it now?"

Benimaru and I stared at each other wide-eyed.

Because I feel like I'm being opposed to speaking out.

Benimaru is unexpectedly serious, always giving people the impression that they want to be strong on their own. When I evolved into the Demon Lord, he seemed to have something in mind as well.

If it was Diablo or Shion, the feeling would have been happily accepted.

"So, what do you mean by awakening?"

Great question.

At that time, I increased my amount and power of magicule levels by more than ten times, and on top of that, I was able to grant blessings to all the magical creatures connected to the Soul Tether Genealogy.

The growth rate of others after awakening is unknown, but the strength will increase dramatically, and this can't be wrong.

"Well, in short, didn't I evolve when I became Demon Lord? It's the same phenomenon. Just think of it as evolving into a demon lord."

"Huh? That is to say, not only me, but even my subordinates will be affected?"

"I think that's probably it."

How widespread the impact will be is unclear, but at least the Kurenai will be blessed.

"No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no...It's so important, how can you come up here without talking about it beforehand—"

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. Maybe you're right, but this is not the time for a Q&A. It's not clear what kind of strongmen are still among the enemy, so our battle strength must be strengthened as well, right?"

"Although that's true..."

Benimaru closed his eyes in annoyance.

After a while, he opened his eyes again and looked at me with a deep sigh.

Looks like he's come to his senses.

He might as well have just given up on rebuttal, but it wouldn't have made much difference.

"Well, I'm not the only one who needs to be awakened, am I? I think there's a danger that this will lead to a temporary decline in battle strength, have you considered this aspect?"

"There are twelve guys who are eligible for awakening, but only nine can be awakened at the moment.

I was going to let Testarossa and the girls stay as escorts. A few days of reduced battle strength should be no problem."

"I see. There's the maze, too. It's not a problem if you just stall for time."

Benimaru seemed to accept my instructions.

The rest of the question is the possibility of storming out.

"But there's one thing I care about."

"What is it?"

"You are stronger now than I was when I first evolved. Since the growth rate after awakening is unknown, it's possible for you to be even stronger than me after evolution."

In that case, I probably would have received some kind of feedback through the 'food chain' of the

'King of Gluttony' with the extreme power.

Even so, it was still possible for Benimaru to become stronger than me. That said, it always felt like Diablo was definitely going to get better than me.

I don't think Benimaru and the others would betray, but the possibility of these guys being swayed by forces that cause a rampage is hard to dismiss.

It felt like it would be okay to have this isolation space in place to prevent a rampage, but I was still uneasy about it.

"Even if we have such anxiety in our hearts, will we be awakened?"

"Something like that."

"We are loved. In order not to lose to any enemy, we must use all means at our disposal, right? Well, I'll be sure to respond in anticipation of showing it to you."

Without having to make my words very clear, Benimaru already understood my thoughts, and even made a bold promise that he would never storm out.

Really reliable.

"I trust you."

"Look at me."

That's exactly when Shuna's speech ended.

So, I gave the reward right away.

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"Benimaru! This battle command, it was brilliant! From this day forward, you can call yourself The

'Flare Lord'!"

"Yes, thank you!"

The ceremony begins.

Even though normally casual, in front of the soldiers is a big deal. Benimaru's response to this public-private distinction was perfect.

The title of "Flare Lord" was given to Benimaru because he had become a "true demon lord" but still could not claim to be a demon lord, a title that implied being a substitute.

What is called wrath is intense anger.

Benimaru, who was originally irritable, has now become able to keep his cool. Its essence, however, there remains the burning flames. Only now he'd switched to a quiet burn and has become able to control those rages.

As a monster in the form of following me, there is no more fitting title for him than this.

<<Notice. Use the prescribed amount of "100,000 souls" to help the individual named "Benimaru" to evolve? YES/NO> YES.

At the same time, a "soul corridor" was formed between me and Benimaru. Not something as thin as it used to be, but a clear and solid connection formed.

One hundred thousand souls flowed to Benimaru through this connection.

At the same time, the evolution of the Benimaru began...and it did not.

No change.

Huh, it failed?

When I thought so, Benimaru replied with a puzzled expression.

"It seems that my evolution requires another condition."

"How so?"

"Ah, no, it's not Lord Rimuru's business, it seems I'm the one who's the problem..."

For some reason, Benimaru became ambiguous.

Huh?

It always feels suspicious.

"What kind of an answer is that?"

I whispered a question to Benimaru and got a surprising answer.

"Actually, I just heard the voice of the world. It's as if I can evolve from a kijin to a demigod, but after that evolution it seems I won't be able to have any more children."

According to Benimaru, after becoming a demigod, there is no longer a limit to life expectancy, so there is no need to have children.

Well, that's right.

Monsters were already a fairly long-lived race, and if it was its superior race, there was nothing incredible about it indeed losing its life limit.

In other words, the so-called spirits and kijins are mostly a kind of spiritual beings. The demon race doesn't seem to be able to have children either, which is probably some sort of destiny for the life-limiting race.

After all, you can come back to life even when you're dead, so it's no longer relevant to population continuity or anything.

"So, what's the problem?"

Sadly, I can't have children either. But it didn't cause any inconvenience, so I didn't see it as a problem of any kind...

"—It seems that I still have a soft spot for the identity of the Great Ogre Clan. Even I forgot myself, it seems like I can't do my job as patriarch without doing it properly."

"The so-called job, is that you can't evolve without having children?"

"Well, um. It seems that it is necessary to leave children and grandchildren behind..."

Benimaru glared at me again.

The ceremony is still going on, is that a good look?

The participants thought I was congratulating Benimaru and that if I didn't figure it out soon, something was going to go wrong.

A little anxious, I took a look at Benimaru's face, and as a result, Benimaru looked around again with an embarrassed look on his face.

This kind of Benimaru is really rare, he usually always has an unruly attitude, now his appearance is even more emotionally appealing.

"Make up your mind, Benimaru."

"No, so what?"

I ignored the Benimaru that wanted to argue and raised the volume especially.

"So, as a reward, do you wish me to allow you to marry? So, who is the target?"

"Wait, Lord Rimuru!"

It's time to show your manhood—it's none of my business, I'm hanging myself up high.

With such a pavement, Benimaru couldn't make up his mind. To get the late blooming Benimaru to act, not being rough doesn't work.

The... This action, which has the potential to result in a damage blow to the owner.

Huh?

To my query, the King of Wisdom made no answer.

No, no, no, I don't mind.

I said this to myself inwardly, and at this point a loud cheer rang out from inside the fighting arena.

Everyone heard what I said and understood the meaning of the words.

"Brother, you've finally made up your mind!"

Shuna smiled brightly.

"Young master, who are you going to name?"

Hakurou put his hand on the hilt of the knife as he asked.

Before Benimaru could answer the question, Momiji and Albis from the guest gallery stood up.

"Your Majesty Rimuru! Allow me to speak!"

"Can I do the same? Like Lady Momiji, I have something to ask His Majesty!"

The two women's pressing power really isn't covered.

I can't afford to say more.

"I know, I know. So, you two can come over here, right?"

At the ceremony, it wasn't supposed to be the occasion to say such a thing, but the guys inside the arena have all turned into spectators waiting for a good show.

So no one is complaining, rather, it feels like they'd be more upset if they interrupted now.

The two came forward and I gave them permission to speak.

"Your Highness, as a reward for this, I hope you will allow me to marry Lord Benimaru."

Momiji was the first to put such an extremely bold request out of her mouth.

Moreover, Hakurou followed close behind.

"Lord Rimuru, the reward shall be that which is given. This one understands that taking the initiative to ask for a reward is not in line with the rules. But I'd like you to listen to my daughter's request."

For this request, Hakurou was willing to cede his martial arts honor to Momiji.

The way things are going, it's going to be hard for me to say no to this father-daughter pair.



Benimaru, who couldn't keep up with the situation, was still in petrification, and his high judgement had obviously always been highly regarded, but it seemed that this guy's head hadn't even been working up to now.

Then the statements that made the situation even more confusing came up.

"Your Majesty, allow me to be the second wife of Lord Benimaru."

Slowing Momiji to a beat, Albis uttered such words.

Benimaru and I couldn't help but use "Huh?" at the same time we responded to her.

Momiji and Albis' increasingly intense offense and defense around Benimaru, a situation that seems to be known as free fighting romanticism, has become a well known topic. That is, have the two already split the spoils before we know it?

"So, that means Momiji as first lady and Albis as second lady?"

"Yes!"

"Exactly."

Momiji and Albis replied with a happy face.

Benimaru had rolled his eyes.

While it is not known what happened between the two, a clear sequence seems to have been generated.

"It's unbecoming of a wife to let Lord Benimaru worry about such things. Albis and I will not ask Lord Benimaru to choose one of us, please marry both of us."

"Wait, this can't be..."

"It's okay. I've agreed with Lady Momiji—with Lord Benimaru's talent, there will be no problem, that's our conclusion."

No no no no, how on earth did you come to that conclusion!?

Benimaru looked at me with a pleading look.

Well, I'm not sure it's that easy to help...

<<Notice. According to the current rules of the Jura Tempest Federation, one of them is 'Polygamy may be permitted if it is for the purpose of leaving children and grandchildren. But only to the survivors who wish to bear children. So in this case, it's impossible to endorse the Second Lady.>>  
Oooooohhhh!

There is indeed such a thing.

Although a little concerned about why the King of Wisdom would be so active in providing assistance, this way Benimaru would be saved.

"I'm sorry, Miss Albis. In our country, only survivors who wish to have children can be second ladies.

In the future I intend to make better laws, and by then these rules may still be changed, so I can't give you permission yet—

I was ready to reject Albis' request with an apologetic tone, and Benimaru nodded with a relieved expression on his face, but we who thought this topic would stop there were mistaken.

"Don't worry. The rules for this, I looked into carefully beforehand. Actually, I just got married a little while ago—"

Hey, did you get married not too long ago?

With whom?—that said, wouldn't it be even more impossible for you to marry Benimaru?

What Albis said next, however, went far beyond my expectations.

“—and yet experienced a sad state of affairs with the death of my husband. Therefore, I have now fulfilled the conditions to become Lord Benimaru's

second wife.

Huh?

Give me a minute, that wouldn't be because of the war, would it?

If that were the case, it would be a big problem, but Albis' next sly explanation made me feel so stupid that I felt so worried about myself.

"Wait, wait, wait? So, who is that husband who married you?"

"That's Phobio over there in the guest gallery."

Albis told me with a smile.

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So, Mr. Phobio, it looks like you're still alive?

Benimaru and I looked at each other in confusion.

"What's going on?"

"I don't know if you ask me."

"And so it is..."

It didn't even take 'thoughts to convey', and the two of us were able to complete the conversation just by sight.

Phobio came to us and knelt down with a very guilty look on his face.

"I'm really, really sorry. My Albis, who speaks in such a self-righteous way."

"No, no, no. You're married? More importantly, what's the deal with death?"

"About that..."

And then the fodder began to break.

Momiji, Albis, and Phobio, after listening to these three's explanations, I finally got a general idea of Albis' plan.

In short.

After several fist fights, a certain friendship develops between Momiji and Albis. So the two changed the general direction of things from competing with each other to assisting each other.

What should we do if we want the two of us to marry Benimaru together?

The answer to this question, after much trouble, is that Albis married Phobio first. After the marriage, the two went to a duel in the labyrinth, with the condition of victory until one of them died in battle, and Albis won the title of survivor.

Since the duel took place in the labyrinth, Phobio certainly survived in the end.

"And on one condition, if I win, then really marry me. So, can I cry?"

Is that the reason Phobio was willing to join the program...?

The drooping panther looked so pathetic that even I couldn't help but begin to pity him.

So, what should we do if things turn out this way?

"Rigurd, is it okay to do this?"

"Yes! It's really a simple and straightforward theory of power. To get what is wanted, to make all wisdom and strength to pursue the results. If you ask me, it's totally fine to have it!"

I see.

To what Rigurd said, the three of them, Regurd, Rogurd, and Rugurd, also nodded in unison.

Seriously.

In the eyes of magical creatures, Albis' approach really works.

"Brother. Both Lady Momiji and Lady Albis have shown themselves to such a degree of enlightenment, please behave like a man and answer people properly!"

Shuna is also a proponent of the Albis Initiative.

No, it's not just Shuna.

"If you hate it, you hate it, and if you're troubled, you're troubled, isn't that what you're saying? What's there to worry about?"

Shion doesn't seem to have thought much about it at all, but makes a fairly correct argument. However, she didn't seem to object to Benimaru marrying both of them at the same time, and saying so was simply an attempt to urge.

Surprisingly, there were no objections.

What ethics, what impurity, seems there's no one to have such feelings.

Indeed, when you think about it, the rule of magical creatures is of the weak and the strong.

The strong can get their hands on everything, and the rules I've laid down will keep them in check at best. If I want it to be so, and no one expresses displeasure, then it doesn't matter even if I agree.

"Benimaru, how long do you want to worry? If you act so indecisive, you'll be laughed at by your father in that world."

"Souei...don't say such things. So I expect to be like my father too, what's wrong with that!?"

Was it the feeling that Souei's words were harsh, Benimaru rarely got excited.

However, the Souei remained indifferent.

"I don't want to make it sound too hard. It looks like you're doubting your love, but isn't all you really have to do is have kids? It is impossible for a man and a woman to have children if they do not care for the other. If you don't have an idea about the two of them, just say no in the first place. But if you're more or less interested in both of them, wouldn't it be just fine to have sex with them and bear fruit?"

Mr. Souei, you are also too direct.

It was hateful that the words, which were clearly shockingly sexual harassment, were uttered by Souei and yet they made people feel cool.

Monsters seem to be able to accept that as well.

I'd forgotten that couples can't have children if they do not care for each other.

What's bothering Benimaru is probably that it's dishonest to love two people at the same time or something. Also, if he chooses one himself, the other person who loses will be miserable. It was because of this that he kept dragging his answers back.

I don't hate it when you think like that.

But on this occasion now, wouldn't it be better to rely on the results to solve all the problems, as Souei had said.

"Miss Albis, let's see who will bear Lord Benimaru's child first, and let's fight it out!"

"I won't lose, Lady Momiji. My love is the real deal, and the rest is just enough to make Lord Benimaru fall in love with me!"

This was supposed to be the most troublesome part, but the girls didn't seem to be bothered by it. That being the case, it was only a matter of Benimaru's expression.

"Benimaru, it's a celebration, and it's still the part that honors your achievements. So whatever capricious statement you have I will allow you to make, just say what you mean. Which side do you choose for Momiji and Albis' courtship—accept or reject?"

If Benimaru doesn't want to, that's the end of the conversation.

But if it is not so...

"Momiji, Albis, I may not be able to stay by your side forever, as Lord Rimuru guardian. Even so, are you still willing to choose me?"

Sure enough, Benimaru was honest no matter what, he seemed to have even thought about the future situation.

After resolving this attachment of leaving a son behind, Benimaru evolves into a demigod. And when he becomes the kind of existence that has no lifespan limit, there will come a time when he will be forever separated from Momiji and Albis.

Right. Because only he evolved himself, then he must have to live longer than his two wives...

To rush an answer in such a scene is too much.

Me too, nothing real yet, but I think it would be painful if a loved one passed away before themselves.

But then again, I'm not talking about a specific person, but all of my peers.

I can understand what's bothering Benimaru. Momiji and Albis' moods may have wavered, but looking at the results shows that I'm completely paranoid.

"No problem at all! After raising my children, I'll also tried to evolve myself."

"I feel the same way. Even if you can't evolve, my children will be able to take care of your worries."

Women are so strong.

Momiji and Albis unflinchingly showed their awareness.

Hearing these responses, Benimaru revealed a valiant smile.

"Lord Rimuru! I want to marry them both. Will you allow me?"

That being said, I can't say no to that, and I didn't mean to.

Although this time it sets a precedent of using ploys to forcefully bend the rules, as long as one has to exchange permission for achievements like this one, it might instead give many people hope of becoming more diligent.

Forget it and leave it at that, I'll make that judgment.

Although Benimaru is hard-core, he is a pure lover, if you leave him alone, God knows how long he would be single, I think this is a good opportunity.

To put it mildly, "Do you really love Momiji and Albis at the same time?" That's the point...but I'm sure Benimaru will be able to get over the hump.

Add some gas for him by the way.

I jumped out of my chair and changed into human form.

Then it was announced loudly.

"Permission granted! In my name, acknowledge Benimaru and Momiji, and the Knotted Soul of Albis!"

For magical creatures, so-called marriage is something like souls joining to each other. So the statement that you can't have children without love is



indeed an unmistakable fact.

It is for this reason that the act is appropriate for the term "spirit-knot".

Hearing my proclamation, the corners of Benimaru's mouth showed a smile, his expression tinted with joy, and his face turned red...But he still raised his chest and stretched out his arms to take Momiji and Albis into his arms.

"Thank you very much. I will love both of them well and show everyone how sincere I am!"

Hearing Benimaru say so, Momiji and Albis both had tears in their eyes with happiness, a look of emotion that could not be uttered without words.



Honestly, I'm so envious of Benimaru.

Being married to a beautiful girl and a beautiful woman at the same time is a real handful.

Count, count, I'm not qualified to say anything about anyone else.

Since I don't have a gender, there's nothing I can do about it...

Benimaru's words caused a loud cheer to erupt from inside the arena.

Shuna happily sent her blessings to her brother, and for some reason, Shion kept applauding with a proud expression on her face.

Of course, there are not only blessings in the cheers, but also words like "I'm so jealous, I hate you so much," but that's a blessing.

Just like that, surrounded by the solidarity of the participants of the celebration ceremony, Momiji, Albis and Benimaru became husband and wife.

As much as it's tempting to just go ahead and celebrate them, the ceremony is still going on and I want to make it a priority to complete the evolutionary ritual. Let's get the word out now and wait until the evolutionary ceremony in the name of the celebration is over, and then make it good for a Benimaru wedding.

We were going to have a banquet today, and it would have been more fun to celebrate more.

Anyway, let's get the celebration going first.

After letting a blissful face of Benimaru retire them, I ordered Shuna to prepare.

The cheers, which continued unabated, finally subsided when I raised my hand.

What an unexpected surprise.

In the corner of the line of sight is found the weeping of others, and Phobio, who somehow goes up to comfort, but now that time is precious, let's continue to carry the ceremony forward.

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I morphed into a Slime again and sat back in my chair.

After that, the voice of Shuna's majestic voice rang out in the venue, which was still in a state of excitement.

"Three army Chiefs, move forward!"

The so-called three army Chiefs, the officers of the First, Second, and Third Corps, that is, the three of Gobta, Geld, and Gabil, all of whom are now kneeling before me.

Let's start with the Hobgoblin.

"Ahem! Gobta-kun. You, no reward!"

I let out such words to Gobta, who was looking at this side with a look of expectation.

"Hey! That's too much! So, why did you call me here fizz?"

"Good question. You don't have a reward, but in lieu of that, I think I can give you a right."

"Right?"

Even if given a "soul", Gobta would not evolve.

Although this kid can be described as a result of his talent, but there is nothing that can be done about it.

I've thought about giving him weapons or defensive gear, but I don't think Gobta would be able to use it even if he got something more powerful than

what he has now. Besides, this guy is able to play "magic wolf" with Ranga, so he doesn't need any equipment.

Given money, this kid certainly wouldn't use it for serious business.

What's more, the army Chief is supposed to be a highly paid position. Money for money translates into a good number of points per month, so life on the hobgoblin should be pretty easy.

Usually, in human countries, there are presumably territorial awards and the like, but we have no territory that can be ceded. Also, the hobgoblins are not estimated to be able to do the business of ruling the territory, so such rewards are meaningless.

That's why it occurred to me that I could reward Gobta with some sort of special privilege.

Gobta looked puzzled at my words.

Speaking of rights alone, he probably couldn't understand what was going on.

Then, I'll just tell him the answer.

"That is, your right to be with me in the same casual tone as you have always been with me!"

I flashed a bad smile at the puzzled hobgoblin and made this declaration.

Before Gobta had a chance to comprehend my words, the meeting hall erupted into a cheer that was even louder than Benimaru's at that moment just now—rather, it should have been a roar. It's all loud voices that don't hide their jealousy.

Even Shion and Shuna stared at Gobta with terrifying stares.

They seemed particularly envious.

"So, that, is it true?"

"After all, you guys can't even say a word of respect, can you? It's better to take this opportunity to acknowledge that you have the right to do so than to fail for such reasons in the future."

While one can feel the reverence, the tone of the wording doesn't work at all, that's the kind of guy Gobta is.

I usually tell people to feel free to talk to me, but it's hard for them to do so. Quite a few of them seem to complain regularly about the overly ordinary way of talking like Gobta.

Considering the external face, wanted to ask me to think of something like this.

If it's going to be a problem, just recognize it as a "right" of the hobgoblin.

The foreign guests, Phobio and Granny Jane, were also present, and at this time it was specially advertised that the Gobta problem would be solved.

Well, while there are all sorts of troublesome issues like decency and authority, we are magical creatures and don't need too rigid a system.

I have my standards of conduct.

It's not the surface that matters, it's the inside.

Gobta is a good example.

It was spoken in that tone, but his loyalty was genuine.

Just look him in the eye and you'll see.

I could see in his eyes that Gobta didn't care if he died as long as it was for me.

That's why I gave him this "right".

"Many thanks... Thank you very much.

The smiling Gobta gave me a ninety degree bow of thanks.

Very happy.

Presumably, Gobta had been adjusting his tone of voice.

But absolutely nothing works just fine.

The reward seemed better than anything to the hobgoblin, and I was happy.

It's kind of hard to prepare the right rewards.

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Well, after Gobta is Geld.

"Geld, from this day forward you will call yourself the Barrier Lord!"

"I, Geld, accept this title! I will not disrespect the name of the "Barrier Lord" and improve!"

Geld responded forcefully.

To great cheers, I secretly told Geld the behind-the-scenes details.

"Like Benimaru, I'm going to try an evolutionary ritual on you too."

"What the hell is that...?"

Since it was too much trouble to explain it again every time, I connected all the people who were going to give "souls" to them with the "thought transmission" and explained the evolution ceremony to everyone.

I didn't forget to use "Thinking Accelerator" during this time. In this way, important conversations can be completed in less than a few seconds of real time.

It was only after my note had ended that Geld opened his mouth to respond.

"Much appreciated, but I think there is someone better suited to this reward than I. In this battle, Lady Carrera, who is the Controller, gets more credit. Since she too is qualified, be sure to give this opportunity to Her Excellency Carrera, not to me—"

Uh-huh, he's trying to get away with relying on the soul power to awaken?

I didn't plan on letting Carrera evolve this time, she's undoubtedly done a great job, but she's dangerous enough now that it would bother me for her too get more power and storm out.

Because I had to watch the situation first, I chose to advance the old subordinate that I could trust with peace of mind.

Hearing this explanation from me, Geld was still a bit confused.

"But, I..."

By the way, Geld had his share of uneasiness.

After getting the power, you will not storm out.

Also, there's atonement in this, right?

Because of the stormy departure of the orc clan at that time, the Great Forest of Jura suffered quite a disaster.

As the one responsible for that event, one must be strict with oneself.

Geld looked at me with that look of strong will, full of determination.

That's why I answered him like that.

"Don't worry, Geld. Even though Geld, the orc disaster king, had stormed out, it was all for his companions, right?"

Geld is not going to storm out.



As long as there was such an enlightenment, no matter what kind of power he should be able to control.

And...

There is no longer anyone who will denigrate Geld for what he did in the past.

"Although you still hold a sense of responsibility for what happened then, I believe in such a you. If it were you, you'd be able to use your new power to protect everyone!"

If Geld had evolved, his minions would have been blessed. In other words, our country will be more solidly guarded.

Hearing this clarification from me, the glow in Geld's eyes grew stronger.

"...in that case, I will accept your kindness!"

Then promised me.

This is Geld, a man who does not exert his strength for himself but for his fellow men.

By the way, no one other than Geld has rejected evolution. Some people, though uneasy, are more expectant.

It's not good to not consult with them beforehand, but it's important that things like this go with the flow. I was also relieved to hear that everyone was willing.

I will continue with the ceremony after I have lifted the 'thought transmission'.

"You've done a great job, and as a reward, I'll give you this."

After saying that, I signaled to Shuna.

Shuna smiled and nodded, handing the pre-prepared outfit to Geld.

The armor and shield are legendary equipment seized during this battle, and are still something that was personally modified by me after discussing it with Garm.

After the equipment reacted to Geld's monster aura, it became a dedicated equipment that only he could use. The principle is the same as "armed with the Holy Spirit", a precious commodity that not even Garm can reproduce.

What's special about the Mythic and Legendary levels is the maturity of the equipment itself, that is, the existence of something of similar rank, which evolves after a long period of time.

Although the forms of evolution vary widely, depending on the material, a certain number of years must be met. But if the user is excellent, the speed of evolution also seems to go up several levels.

Geld's ability was defensive specialization, and even if it was only legendary-grade equipment, it was estimated that the defensive power could even be raised to a level that rivaled mythical-grade equipment.

Not only that, but according to the King of Wisdom, there is a high probability that Geld will be blessed with this evolution. Since this is the case, then I think that Geld must be able to reach the mythic level.

In this way, his defense must have gone up several levels.

Geld respectfully accepted the reward and then gave me a bow.

<<Notice. Use the prescribed amount of "100,000 souls" to help the individual named "Geld" to evolve? YES/NO>> YES—After reading that, I commanded Geld again.

"It's been hard on you. This is a good opportunity, just picture in your mind the posture you expect and rest well."

More than just fighting, it's going to take an active performance in urban construction in the future, but so far he's always working and rarely gets a good rest.

He's probably the hardest working one of us, isn't he?

It's a rare opportunity and I hope he gets a good rest.

"Yes! Thank you very much."

After answering, Geld showed a very happy smile.

Then, as if resisting the side effect of evolving into a demon lord, the dormancy of evolution, Geld returned to the queue with a bemused attitude.

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Good thing Geld could hold back that sleepiness. With that sentiment, I turned my attention to the next person.

Gabil.

He led the Third Corps and fought a beautiful air battle.

Hearing my words of comfort, Gabil bowed his head with a sincere face.

"Not yet. Under my generation's command, there were many injuries...I'm ashamed of my own incompetence."

—If truth be told, Gabil has done it to himself this time.

The idea of doing magic endurance training at the height of battle is too much for anyone to imitate.

Or rather, it's not that imitation doesn't come, it's that there's no way to imitate at all.

I didn't get a detailed report on the whole thing from Ultima until after the war, the level of idiocy of this guy is beyond words.

I wish I could give Mr. Gabil a punishment—Ultima has even advised me so.

When on earth did he become such an experimentalist...?

However, it was also because of those experiments that the secret of the Dragon Warriorization, an inherent skill of the Dragon People of Gabil, was unlocked. This time, let's be a little more self-respectful and not be so fierce as to reprimand him on the spot.

Besides, there are more important things now.

I switched again to "Thought Communication" and spoke to Gabil.

Scolding him in front of everyone would be counterproductive, so this is a personal line.

"I'll talk to you in detail about experimenting in the war later. And Ultima has a proposal. She seems to be willing to teach you how to control mana."

"What did you say?"

"It is said that the demon race can control mana as easily as breathing. Since she is willing to look after you, go to her and ask her for advice."

If it's up to me to give the punishment, it might just make Gabil feel happy, and for their sake, it's better to let Ultima train him hard. It's nothing. Ultima must have known to be lenient and let them suffer a little before they could reflect on themselves.

Out of that thought I handed down this ruling.

"My generation is not mature enough. I, Gabil, can't thank you enough for wanting to give such a generation the opportunity to grow further! I will do my best to respond to Lord Rimuru's expectations, so that all of us will be able to use the Dragon Warriorization freely!"

I thought Gabil would be reluctant, but he got an unexpectedly positive response.

He seemed to have come to his senses long ago.

Come to think of it, Gabil's loss to Gobta because he got carried away is already a nostalgic memory.

The once flippant character has now become much more subdued. Not only can you see the atmosphere around you, but you are also gaining the majesty of a general who has been through hundreds of battles.

As he himself had said, there were still a lot of shortcomings, but this guy was originally well qualified, and had learned what it meant to be thoughtful after suffering a painful defeat and interacting with the Orcs.

He has now become very reliable.

Through accumulated experience, Gabil has grown.

Because of this, I believe that the power can be entrusted to him.

"The power is given to you, use it to your advantage and awaken as the Dragon Lord!"

I gave the "souls" to Gabil to help him awaken to evolution.

Unlike Geld, Gabil's evolution was drastic.

The black-purple scales turned russet, as if the burning magical essence was swimming through Gabil's body.

However, Gabil brilliantly put up with it all. He maintained his consciousness by relying on his qi and controlled the storms.

It seems that his experiment was not in vain and did bear fruit.

"Oh-oh-oh-oh! It's expanding, the force is expanding! Thank you very much, Lord Rimuru! From now on, we will call ourselves the "Dragon Lords". From now on, I will use this power for Lord Rimuru and this country!"

Gabil's body radiated purple electricity that toasted his body, but then instantly began to heal itself, eventually turning into a much stronger flesh.

It seems, it seems, to have worked.

Is it because I said he could have the title of lord, Gabil's forehead grew beautiful horns.

This look was both handsome and suited him well, and would even make one think that Gabil was actually so arrogant.

But that's just fine.

It is a remarkable evolution of both majesty and power.

"And so Gabil, the Dragon Lord, was born."

That said, the evolution towards the "true demon lord" seems to be different for each individual.

While I was in an irresistible deep sleep, Geld seemed to be able to resist it, and Benimaru was required to meet certain conditions.

And Gabil didn't need sleep at all, it was all over in a flash.

"Lord Gabil, my strength has expanded!"

"Exactly!"

"So am I, Lord Gabil!"

Such a voice came from the corner of the Third Corps formation.

The voice came from a hundred "flying dragons".

The members of the Cyan Legion, the Lizardmen Clan, seemed to have received their own blessings, and all three thousand of them had actually evolved into the Dragon Clan.

The "Flying Dragons" have beautifully crossed the A-level wall and gained the fighting ability of a median monster.

It has now become normalized to unleash the 'Dragon Warriorization', so the ability itself has disappeared. The 'Dragon Scaling' skill that made the skin deteriorate into dragon scales seemed to be gone as well, but in exchange, they gained a new skill called 'Dragon Scaling Armorization'.

As for how to control the power, I'll leave it to Ultima to tune them up after that, the problem was that newly acquired skill.

Absorb the magical elements around you, covering the body with armor that can repair itself. Although the principle is the same as that of Body Armor, the latter's high defensive power is completely incomparable. Minor damage can regenerate itself, and without the need for other protective gear, 'dragon scale armorization' is really an affordable ability.

Also, the effect of this skill varies from person to person, which means that it increases the strength of the armor in proportion to the user's own strength, etc.

Like Gabil's "Dragon Scale Armorization", the defense strength actually soared to a level close to mythic level, which really surprised me.

Of course, that kind of completeness on defense is also reflected in the physical attack. Although the race was still the Dragon People, its strength had increased so much that it was not too much to say it was another species.

Although in the end it's impossible to humanize it, it's a matter of personal will, so whatever works.

And then there are a few people who can't be forgotten.

Surprisingly, even the five of them, Souka and the others, had been affected by the Gabil Evolution.

This group is the Draconians who remain humanoid. Since it's still human, the defense is a little worse, but the speed and attack power is greatly increased.

The holding skill is still 'Dragon Warrior Transformation', but the transformed look has many human elements, which is a completely different style from Gabil's.

The dragon scales and wings seem to be able to be retracted and put away freely, and the transformation into a dragon-like pose with a wizard-like appearance.

Souka and Gabil were obviously of the same race, but the Souka group seemed to have taken a completely different evolutionary path. It feels like if they continue to evolve this way, they'll probably be another race next time.

In terms of strength, the Souka Five are more powerful than the "Flying Dragons". Each of them had been strengthened to the extent that they could be called superior monsters, and Souka even harbored an amount of magical element that rivaled that of superior demon generals.

As expected, the success has strengthened the battle force considerably.

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Okay, now let the three army Chiefs retire first and call the others up.

"Ranga, Hakurou, Testarossa, Ultima, Carrera, come forward!"

One can't forget Ranga and Hakurou who served as the advisor at the mention of Gobta.

There is also the trio of demonesses that I appointed as intelligence marshals and ombudsmen.

Ranga answered the call and silently emerged from my shadow.

Hakurou also eliminated the breath that appeared.

Testarossa elegantly, Ultima breezily, and Carrera majestically, everyone came to the podium and knelt before me.



When everyone arrived, it was time to give them their rewards in order.

First, Ranga.

He assisted Gobta very hard.

"Ranga, you not only fought with Gobta, but you protected him well, and I thank you."

"What a word you are, my lord. It's all taken for granted for me!"

Hahaha, cute guy.

However, I was well aware that Ranga was happy about getting a reward from me, after all, his tail hadn't stopped wagging.

"So, from today on, you can call yourself the 'Star Lord!'"

"Yes, sir!"

Ranga responded with a growl.

During this time, a "soul corridor" was established between him and me.

Like me at the time, Ranga immediately began to evolve, and the harvest sacrifice that belonged to it seemed to have begun as well.

"Well, well, well, my Lord..."

"Do you really want to sleep? Then don't push yourself."

It's not something to hold back either.

Back in my shadow Ranga fell into sleep.

Judging from his appearance, the monster wolves under his command must have been blessed as well.

What they will look like when they evolve seems very much to be expected.

Ranga didn't storm off, just fell asleep in my shadow.

That's four completed.

It looks like there is no need to worry about it anymore, but let's tense up and carry on with the ritual.

Next up is Hakurou.

"Thank you, Hakurou, for your excellent work as Gobta's advisor."

"It's nothing. Gobta has also grown, and he may soon no longer need this one's assistance."

"No, no, there's a big difference between the presence and absence of Hakurou. So, as far as rewards are concerned—"

"Just a moment, please, Lord Rimuru. You have just fulfilled the request of Little Momiji, and that is enough for me."

Ahhhh, so you say, Hakurou said something like that just now.

However, I couldn't really just do what Hakurou said.

"Two different things. I also wish Benimaru and Momiji happiness. Besides, even Albis broke in at the end. You're in a complicated mood as a father, aren't you?"

I set up the "Thought Communication" again and talked to Hakurou. It's a valuable skill to be able to communicate your thoughts in front of a large group of people who don't even need to worry about time.

"That is a point. But this one has always believed in the Young Master and trusted Lord Benimaru.

Besides, my daughter is equally discerning. In that case, I'm satisfied."

"That's great. I'm sure Benimaru will give them happiness."

However, whether or not the two end up having children is a matter for only God to know.

“So...”

"Wait a minute. It's important to reward merit, right? Besides, the prize for you is the one I asked Kurobee to create. Even if it's just to keep Kurobee from getting busy, I want you to take this.”

That's right, I've prepared a newly built knife for Hakurou.

Kurobee's craft has been getting better and better lately. Therefore, his delightful work was really powerful, and it was a first-class item comparable to a legendary-grade weapon.

By the way, Benimaru's "Red Lotus" was also given to Kurobee to be rebuilt.

In previous battles, Benimaru was unable to make a true feat because of the poor performance of his weapon. Kurobee, who had heard about it, struggled as if he was blaming himself.

To be sure to recreate a knife of the finest quality—after so demonstrating his determination, until now he had shut himself up in the workshop to try.

Although it wasn't quite as fond as Red Lotus, Kurobee had put his heart and soul into this sword, so I'm sure he would like it.

"So, Kurobee he...In that case, I'll take it with gratitude!”

"Oh, you're welcome to take it!”

Great, great.

I was also troubled as to what to do if Hakurou refused to accept.

While humility is a virtue, I always feel like everyone is a little too polite.

All right, go ahead.

"Don't care. This is a special knife for you, so take it!"

"Indeed, Lord Rimuru must not be allowed to care in vain. Then I, Hakurou, accept this sword!"

With that, the knife was handed over smoothly to Hakurou.

Next it was the turn of the demon women's trio.

In fact, at first, it bothered me what to do with a few of them.

If only to consider the enhancement of war power, it would be the right thing to let the three demon females evolve. But as I said to Benimaru and Geld, this evolution belongs to temptation.

The lack of souls is also a reason, and more importantly, I am troubled by the question of being able to harness them well after evolution.

Since we don't know how strong these three can become, we'll keep them for now this time.

The three of them are on the same level as Diablo, so I wanted to try and get Diablo to evolve first and see what happens.

The Diablo side, in another sense, gives me great unease...forget it, it's better not to think too much about it.

According to my observation, Diablo gives the impression of being a head taller than these three women. Even as a "primordial", this guy's personality seems particularly strong.

The trio of demonesses were handed over to Diablo to manage as my immediate subordinates, in that case, it was better to let the three of them evolve after Diablo had finished evolving.

However, the souls I collected this time are not enough to help them evolve.

There seems to be some sort of check and balance formed between the three guys, so they can't be allowed to create the question of who is better or

worse.

If I had to say it, it would be too dangerous.

If the three women are not allowed to evolve simultaneously, they will clash.

It wasn't as if Geld had made the suggestion earlier, nor had he thought of letting Carrera advance alone, and the reason why he had stopped was for that reason.

Besides, just looking at the amount of mana, Carrera was already above Diablo. To give her more power in this situation, I think it was a gamble that was too dangerous.

Uncontrollable forces will destroy themselves—there is such a feeling.

For example, the nuclear strike spell that Carrera used, "Gravity Collapse," really didn't work. If that one trick had failed, even the Geldites would have been blown away.

Although Carrera is in complete control of Gravity Collapse, the fact that she doesn't hesitate to use this magic on such occasions is also a bit unsettling.

No matter what, it's important to confirm safety.

It is better to let them not evolve based on their future performance.

"Testarossa, Ultima, Carrera. All three of you have produced very good results as intelligence officers.

The "souls" that you have collected, I have put to effective use. These are clearly things you have collected and not used on you, and to do so may displease you—“

I wanted to keep quiet about the evolution, but most of the "souls" used this time were collected by the three of them.

It was so rude to say nothing that I made myself clear, but what I had to say was interrupted by a retort.

"What do you mean, Lord Rimuru!? What a grievance, how could we have that thought!"

"Yeah! Let's just say the three of us don't think it's enough to repay your kindness."

"They are both right, my lord. We are content, not only with the flesh, but even with the "name". Just that's enough, we've gotten stronger."

The trio collectively stated that they had no grievances.

Indeed, they are now overpowered.

Even just maintaining their current intensity, they were more powerful than the Awakened Gabil.

Hearing them say that, it did seem to me that that was indeed the case.

But giving or not giving rewards is a different matter.

"I am happy to hear you say so, and my heart is with you at all times. It is for this reason that I hope you will accept the reward I have for you."

"You mean, a reward?"

"But..."

"There's no way out of this. If the Lord has said so, then you can't refuse."

Right?

It would be a pain in the ass if they refused, so they had to block their way back first.

"According to your merit this time, from now on I recognize you as part of the patrons. Just keep doing your old work in the ordinary time, and in

wartime you will be given partial command. Besides, I have a title for you too.”

Testarossa, the “Killer Lord”

Ultima, the “Pain Lord”

Carrera, the “Menace Lord”

This is the title I came up with after sending a few people to do an inquiring survey. The names all sound pretty brutal, but what they reflect is what they have done in this war.

As subordinates, they specialize in war-related matters, and I think this arrangement may be unexpectedly well suited to them.

"From this day forward, you are permitted to call yourselves by these names. I look forward to your active performance in the future, just like my senior subordinates.”

"As you wish...”

Hearing my words, the three girls all bowed their heads in thanks.

They seem to like the new title.

I thought to myself how nice it was that no one protested and watched the five of them return to the queue.

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The evolutionary ritual advances with such a feeling all the way through.

Next to be called to the stage were the minions who were active in the maze.

Gozu and Mezu were awarded a new set of gear.

Gedora was officially appointed as the 60th level's class guardian, and the Floor Guardian Colossus Statue was handed over to him. From now on, Beretta stepped down from his position as Chief of the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth. In other words, Gedora has officially become one of the "Labyrinth Lords".

In addition, I also gave him permission to enter and exit the research facilities of all walks of life as a reward, and the old man will join the research team in the future anyway. Taking this as an opportunity, I began to choose to trust him.

Gedora is very happy about this, and it seems that I was right to give this reward.

If he steals research data, let's talk about it then. However, there was always the feeling that there was no need to worry about that. That old man is the type to hate and later be expected to work well for us as a companion.

All in all, it's been going well so far.

So, let's get down to business.

The four Dragon Kings, and Beretta who retired from the Ten, are not my men, they belong to Ramiris, so they will be placed first.

Ninetieth levels of floor guardians—the "Nine-Headed Beast" Nine-Tailed Kumara.

Zegion, the "Bug Emperor", the guardian of the 80th level of the hierarchy.

Apito, the "Bug Queen" of the Seventy-Nine Levels, the guardians of the realm.

Adalman, the "Immortal King", the guardian of the seventy levels of the hierarchy.

The seventy-tiered front guard—the "Paladin of the Dead" Albert.

Here come a bunch of awesome guys.



At this point in the ritual, I feel like I no longer have to worry about anyone storming out.

Still, it's better to come alone.

First up is the Nine-Tailed Kumara.

I gave her the title of "Chimeric Lord".

Was it because of the outstandingly accomplished revenge in this battle that Kumara also looked a bit more majestic?

Thinking about it, she was still an enemy when I first met her.

One never knows what kind of turnaround is hidden somewhere in the world.

Kumara was manipulated by Clayman at the time, and Colonel Kansas, the culprit behind the phenomenon, has been knocked down, and her transformation now is something I am both happy and proud of.

The reason why I put her in the labyrinth was also because Ranga told me that she was good at pioneering the forest and suggested that she be the class guardian of the 90th levels, so I gave permission.

Without that suggestion, Kumara might still be a small fox to this day. Although I knew that she was a young beast of the powerful race, I never thought that she could reach the level of being called a "Labyrinth Lord".

No, from the moment I named her, Kumara may have been destined for this fate.

I'm grateful for Ranga's offer.

Nowadays, Kumara had become the master of the eight demonic beasts.

The strength of each of these magical beasts that served as guardians of the 82nd to 89th realms was equivalent to that of the Calamity level.

They're the eight sects of the Nine-Tailed Kumara—er, actually, I have an impression of these eight guys too.

After a few days had passed since I first named Kumara, I took the opportunity to go over and check on her condition while walking. It was then that Kumara asked me to call out the names of these friends of hers.

I was introduced to a group of monsters that looked very cute and young.

I have had countless failures in "naming" magical creatures, and it is because of this that I can understand how dangerous the naming thing is.

However, that time it was just a matter of calling the name of the tail beast that the Nine-Tailed Kumara had told me once, so I easily agreed out of the idea of 'It doesn't matter, does it?'

Of course, I said yes to a request from a young girl or something—there's no such thing as an unseemly thought, and everyone understands it even if it's not explained carefully.

I didn't expect that it would turn out like this...

In retrospect, I doubt that was actually a "naming" of sorts.

After all, the eight tailed beasts introduced to me at that time were all high in fighting power to the point where they are now.

<<Answer. Yes. Strictly speaking it may be different, but a similar phenomenon to "naming" can be identified. As a result, the bond between the tail beasts and the individual named “Kumara” has been strengthened.>> Ah, yes.

Since they didn't turn into low activity, the tails didn't notice any change at the time, so I didn't realize it until I saw the sight of them fighting, and it occurred to me that that might be the case.

Those lovely magical beasts have now become the eight monsters that contain the fierce power.

What an amazing back and forth of cause and effect.

No matter who was surprised, I was the one who was the most surprised.

In fact, it's the equivalent of nine names that Kumara got from me.

Also as a result, the ties between the eight tail beasts and Kumara were strengthened. Then, when the power of the tail beast's growth after absorbing the dense monster aura returned to Kumara, it displayed that kind of powerful combined strength.

Forget it, it's no use thinking about what's done.

If it hadn't done that, there was a chance that Kumara would have lost this time, so let's take the result to mean everything.

I give the souls to Kumara.

Just after giving, Kumara had successfully evolved and awakened.

The eight beasts in the back also returned to her with a glow. Next, Kumara turned into a state of nine tails. Except for the one that was originally there, which was golden yellow, the remaining eight tails all glowed with a white-silver glow.

These furry tails are very pretty.

But even more beautiful was the beauty of Kumara herself.

And, she turns out to be a plump and seductive figure that was completely unimaginable as a young girl. I think she's taken her charm to a whole new level.

The long, teal brown hair that had hitherto been a golden yellow, looked like a tassel of rice reflecting the sunlight, shimmered with light and hung softly at the back.

Could evolution be beauty?

Alas, the amount of magicules has certainly increased considerably. The present stage alone has surpassed the Awakened Gabil.

I didn't expect her to reach this level.

The body of the Nine-Tailed Kumara alone already possessed considerable combat power. Of course, it wasn't until she and the full eight-beasts congregation merged into a synthetic beast form that she was able to exert her greatest strength.

And on the flip side, Kumara becoming stronger meant that the Eight Beasts would follow suit and become more powerful.

What's more, because of being able to connect through the name souls I give, the blessings of the Nine-Tailed Kumara will only be given to the eight beasts...

And then the most foul point was that those given powers would again be returned to Kumara to further strengthen her.

Kumara is, in a sense, exclusive to the power I gave her.

Just from that beautiful appearance alone, it's really hard to imagine such a ventriloquist and masterful calculator, and the current Kumara makes me feel that way.

No wonder she didn't have a good relationship with the somewhat awkward Apito.

But with such a drastic evolution, Kumara certainly couldn't be without any burden. As she was now, it looked like she was doing her best just to stay conscious.

If she kept going like this, she would be in danger of storming out, so she had to stop pushing herself.

"Go home and rest."

I gently ordered.

Although Kumara looked somewhat discontented, she still obeyed my order honestly.

Mostly, she would fall into a deep sleep like Ranga, taking advantage of the power that she had gained through habit.

All in all, her growth makes one look forward to it.

No, just now, she's already one of the most beautiful women in the world.

In short, Kumara exited the venue and returned to their guarded realm.

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The celebration continues.

Next up were Zegion and Apito.

Zegion lined up behind, starting with Apito.

"Apito, your earlier fight was brilliant. That man, Minute, is said to be a powerful man among the Imperial soldiers. It's true that you're strong enough to fight someone like that. You can be proud."

When all is said and done, what I'm after in Apito is not power. What I hope to get from her is honey, and as long as the honey is high enough in yield and quality, I am satisfied.

The fact that she has unwittingly become one of the "Ten Lords of the Labyrinth" as the "Bug Queen"

is, in my opinion, an incredible phenomenon.

"You're joking. I'm not even close. After losing all my compatriots, I was unable to draw with my opponent."

"No, no, nothing like that..."

I was just about to deny it, and seeing Apito's smile made me speechless again.

"I didn't get a complete victory this time. As a result, I don't think I'm eligible for the award."

"That's not what it says..."

"However, if you will allow me to make my own wish, will you please board the souls of my compatriots who died in battle once more?"

What did you say?

Just said there was no need for a reward, but then suddenly this outrageous conundrum comes up!

These guys, they definitely mistook me for the super-duper guys who can do anything. How could anything like that be...

<<Answer. It's possible.>>

Can you do it?

Not to mention me, the King of Wisdom is really superb.

"Got it. Then let the spirits board you."

Apito's compatriots are the ones who didn't get the "resurrection bracelet". While it's doubtful that these bugs can be called Ensign, that's what I'll say on such occasions.

"I am grateful."

Although Apito is not eligible for evolution, I think she should be able to receive the blessings that come with Zegion's evolution. So, I decided to ask her what she wanted anyway.

Apito looks happy now, and this should be the right thing to do.

Then came Zegion.

Zegion is the strongest, which is why I wanted to leave him behind, but it seems I'm worrying for nothing again. Just looking at this calm and collected state that Zegion was now in, it was impossible for him to have anything to do with storming off.

He deserves to be the strongest presence in the maze.

The unparalleled battle judgment that even the King of Wisdom agreed with, the amount of mana that could rival Benimaru. After taking Veldora as his teacher, he became proficient in the eccentric fighting techniques from manga.

Such a Zegion is certainly strong.

This war was also the one in which the other "Ten Lords of the Labyrinth" were locked in a bitter battle with the imperial powers, and he alone broke them all.

Also when everyone's an opponent, it's just an idiot to fight and lose. However, Zegion was able to easily crush his opponent, taking out all those strongmen in a few strokes.

That's more than enough to show how good he is.

Although it was only speculation, Zegion was more than a normal demon lord. Even I, who had awakened as the "true demon lord", might have fallen into his hands.

If Zegion awakens again...

It was estimated that even Diablo and the few of them couldn't beat this guy, and they were really a little worried.

However, that was then and this is now.

I've already created several Awakening Demons, and to worry about this kind of thing is a complete afterthought.

Now there are five guys who have gotten the "souls" and are in the middle of an evolutionary ritual.

The proof is that from just now I have felt a power passing through me constantly.

The harvest festival of those who fell into slumber was returned to me through the 'food chain'.

Although it was a very large force, my body was like a tank that was short of oil, receiving all this force without any problem.

It shouldn't be a problem.

It's important to have a good attitude at a time like this, so don't think about it in one breath.

Fear not, move forward!

That's how I feel when I put my mind in order.

It's better to think backwards for now. For example, think about how far Zegion can actually get stronger and such.

Thinking about it that way, it becomes a lot to look forward to.

Although Zegion has the possibility of surpassing even me, as long as the 'food chain' remains, my advantage will not be reversed. Having been convinced of this, I no longer had any qualms about starting the ritual again.

"You're really something. Honestly, I didn't think you'd grow this far."

"It's all good to be guided by Lord Rimuru."

No, it was Veldora who guided you, wasn't it—wait?

The King of Wisdom has also made a lot of small moves behind my back. So, Zegion may have mistook the King of Wisdom for me.



It's also a pain in the ass to correct, so just pretend I did it.

"No need to be modest. These are the results of your unrelenting efforts all along. Next, keep sharpening this power for me. Then I give you permission to call yourself "The Mist Lord" from this day forward."

"Yes, I'm awestruck, I'm glad!"

Zegion's words were still so few, but he still shuddered with emotion at my words.

Even if I'm just saying that, it's probably the same as hearing the gospel in Zegion's ear, it's like having a worship filter installed, but it's nice to be admired at this level.

I originally took Zegion out of the idea of protecting the rare insects, but now it's become a position of being guarded by him.

Zegion's growth wasn't something I deliberately cultivated; it's just that his talents are really overblown. Add to that, the fact that Zegion lived in the dense magical aura that Veldora had leaked out, and the cultivation environment where one could die and come back to life. Also, there couldn't be a more perfect cultivation opponent that was more powerful than him.

Never mind, the reasoning and all that is just a small thing.

It was enough to have this result that Zegion eventually became strong.

I give the "souls" to Zegion.

Although he shuddered for a moment, Zegion immediately suppressed the torrent of power with his spirit. Unlike Gabil, he really put up with it by sheer perseverance.

Seeing such a great performance, I feel more and more that I have no perseverance when I wake up and fall asleep easily.

Usually, it's not a problem that can be solved with courage and perseverance...but the examples of what can be done are right in front of us and it's really impossible to refute.

Zegion evolved into an extremely terrifying being.

Part of the Zegion's shell, according to Zegion's will became metamorphosable into polar metal.

Coupled with the various laws that dominated, the hardness of Zegion's exoskeleton had rivaled the mythical level.

In other words, his flesh is a murderous weapon in itself. If one looks only at the fight, Zegion is undisputedly the strongest.

Although for spiritual beings, the strength of the fighting battle did not determine the superiority or inferiority...Even so, it was undoubtedly still a very threatening strength.

Zegion is still evolving and seems to have acquired all sorts of other powers. After feeling it, I'll have to go over it to find out what he's evolved into.

The Harvest Festival undoubtedly took place despite Zegion's reliance on will to force a suppression.

As I suspected, the object of the blessing seems to be Apito alone.

The only people I've rescued with my own cells are Zegion and Apito. Because of this, for Zegion, Apito counts as his only blood relative, I guess.

Although there were other dangerous species in the insect class, they suffered near total losses in this offensive and defensive battle. The lost worm can't be resurrected and can only wait for the natural birth of a new worm again. As for Apito's dependents, they too were all killed.

The "souls" of these worms have just been transferred to Apito. At the time I wondered what she wanted this for, and now it seems to be used to strengthen herself, as evidenced by the evolution of Apito.

During the ceremony, Apito likewise did not give me a pained look. That bland attitude remained intact, maintaining the majesty of the Queen.

Like Zegion, no less a first-class character.

With admiration for these two, I told them they could return to the queue.

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After the celebration, Zegion and Apito returned to the labyrinth where their habitat had been turned into a cocoon, and then smoothly completed their evolution.

While receiving the blessing from Zegion, Apito uses the "souls" of her dependents and subordinates to keep a huge amount of energy inside her body. The result was that her flesh collapsed at once, then reborn and transformed into a body that was stronger and better suited for battle.

The newborn Apito used her unique skill, 'Queen Worship', which she acquired by her own power, to create insect-type monsters with the characteristics of plural insects, and she managed to get nine of them at once.

The unique skill "Queen Worship" can devour the ecological characteristics of an insect and create a monster with the corresponding characteristics.

In the future, swarming groups will be formed in the Insect Order, culminating with these monsters.

Then, Apito will be the true queen of the King's Landing Bug class.

Apito is both one of the "Ten Lords of the Labyrinth" and subservient to Zegion. As a result, Zegion would not be shy about pouring favor on her. In this way, an evolutionary anomaly such as this one can be explained.

It's just that the blessed Apito was able to evolve so much, and one can only imagine how much Zegion himself had evolved against the sky.

Even just looking at the strength of the flesh after the completion of the evolution, the amount of mana in Zegion's secret collection was enough to overpower the Awakened Clayman. The main problem, however, still lies in an ability that Zegion acquired through evolution.

Apito's 'Queen Cult' had a destructive performance that was close to matching that of the Great Sin skill, which was already very powerful, but Zegion's 'level' was obviously completely different.

He has acquired the real power of the ultimate skill, the ultimate skill Mephisto 'King of Illusion'.

As a disciple of Veldora, this ability was simply too good for Zegion.

Having gained this power, no one could ever again shake Zegion's position as king of the maze.

Apito created the insect paradise, and as the king and queen who ruled the paradise, Zegion and Apito established themselves as absolute in the maze.

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Well, the maze group still has Adalman left of them.

Adalman who took me for a faith, was a bit—no, rather a largely eccentric character. Take, for example, Diablo's kind of eccentric. Although it was also because of this that he was able to use 'divine magic', so it wasn't too bad...

Then again, Adalman seems to be a close friend of Gedora, and the two are said to have embarked on various studies in the past. That's also why he was able to write the special skill 'Holy Demon Reversal', which eliminates weakness attributes.

I don't particularly care about that either, maybe they're some kind of genius at it.

It's an odd situation to think about when you think about it without having a brain, a device used for calculation. But if it's a magical creature, there's nothing incredible about it.

Among magical beings, there are some races of astral bodies and spirits that have arithmetic loops that allow them to think even without physical bodies.

What's more, there are those who can think with their "mind" without a brain, and there are those who have such powers.

The Japanese word for a person with superpowers is "psychics", so he is called that.

I myself have Shion, who has acquired 'complete memory', by my side. The one she had was simply reproducing her memories, but as she continued to develop, she was able to use her "soul" and astral body to think, and became a spiritual life form free from life.

In this way, almost all physical attacks would not be able to inflict fatal injuries on Shion, and even things like regeneration after losing flesh became possible. Nothing can pose a threat to her unless a special attack or a weapon of legendary level or above is used.

However, Adalman was not able to reach that level, and although the King of the Necromancers was a monster of the spirit body type, he was still bound by the shackles of the flesh.

Because the thinking circuit is in the spirit, the life-limit has nothing to do with Adalman. Even so, he could not reach the point where he could continue to exist as long as he had a Soul and an Astral Body.

Just infinitely close to the existence of a spiritual lifeform that is not entirely immortal, that is Adalman.

The same goes for the Paladin of the Dead, Albert, and the Dragon of the Dead.

On top of that, they will also complement each other's weaknesses and fight cautiously.

Adalman excels at long-range attacks with magic; Albert, who is a forward guard, supports him and occasionally uses magic to aid him; the Necromancer Dragon makes strong attacks from above and immediately replaces Albert as a meat shield if he falls into a state of exhaustion, or if he is wounded.

This fit pattern is their must-win battle template.

It takes a special attack to beat them as a small team.

However, this time the opponent was just too bad.

There are always people outside the world, and there is a heaven outside the world.

This is also the principle of Hinata's "Spirit Armor", which makes it possible to cut down various attributes when you meet a master who can use the legendary armed weapon with ease.

Even the immortality attribute is not a problem.

That's the way it is with the Hakurou. The legendary sword that I gave him as a reward must be able to use it freely. In this way, his fighting ability was greatly enhanced.

Such a person would be reliable as a companion, but this time the legendary weapon was in the hands of the enemy.

Moreover, the user is also the strongest fighting force on the imperial side—the superiors of the Imperial Emperor's Order of Near Guard.

Although the swords of Albert were a failure of Kurobee's creation, they were also the equivalent of a quality-class masterpiece. However, the enemy's sword was legendary.

Even fighting with lesser quality weapons, it barely matched the opponent's, suggesting that Albert's fighting skills were higher than the enemy's. In the end his sword was broken by the enemy, and the whole squad was defeated for this reason, but it would have been obviously unreasonable to blame Albert for it.

Rather, I should compliment him on being so belligerent.

"The results are unfortunate, but you fought well. Especially you Albert, your swordplay can only be described by the word wonderful."

"I'm ashamed to be."

"Adalman, you too. It seems that unknowingly, all the magic I imparted to you is now available. Your spirit of excellence is something I should learn from."

I'm just as scared of trouble as everyone sees me, I'm not going to learn this and that. The idea of drilling into something other than your interests does not arise.

But by contrast, I have the King of Wisdom as my excellent partner, so Adalman's research may come in handy for me in the future.

"How can that be? A man like me is not even remotely the tip of the iceberg of Lord Rimuru's wisdom."

It's not me, it's the King of Wisdom.

Well, I'm not going to correct him either.

"Don't be so modest. Adalman, I will give you greater strength. I expect you to turn failure into strength and grow even more!"

"I, Adalman, would be willing to die for you, offering my powdered body and broken bones, if I were defeated in battle."

Adalman said gratefully.

I wish he'd stop saying unsettling words like "powdered body" and "broken bones".

In fact, he had refused to come here when I expressed my desire for Adalman to evolve.

"Lord Rimuru, I am not like the rest of you, but am in defeat."

Hearing Adalman say that, I got a general idea of what he was thinking.

It took a lot of convincing and consoling before I finally got him to accept it.

When all is said and done, I didn't expect much from Adalman in the first place.

Even when Shinji and the others reached the 60th level, I thought for a moment that Adalman and the others would lose.

And now, Adalman has long since grown far beyond my expectations.

It was just that this time the opponent Krishna was too bad for them.

So, Adalman's efforts were not too much. With that in mind, I gave him the "souls."

Although it is a significant departure from what was originally intended, the maze will be our last bastion in the future. Fortifying the defenses here is a very important thing, which is why I let Adalman evolve.

All the important research facilities are in the maze, and in some cases even the entire capital is isolated into the maze. When he first recruited Ramiris, he had no idea that the maze could be so convenient.

The maze that had been used by us as a playground had unwittingly become something like a fortress.

It was all thanks to Ramiris, and Veldora. I thanked both of them in my mind and spoke to Adalman while I did so.



"Although you are lamenting the lack of fruit of your labor, I have a very good opinion of you. Just use future work to justify my opinion!"

"Yes! I, Adalman, will live up to your expectations!"

Adalman's evolution began, looking the same as I did then, and an irresistible sleepiness assaulted him.

It's not good to let him push himself too hard, so hurry up and finish the ritual.

"Well, I believe you. So, from today onwards you can use the name "Gehenna Lord." Keep up the good work from now on and don't lose the name!"

"Yes, as you wish..."

Whew.

It's exhausting to speak with a sense of majesty.

By the way, it's hard to think about these titles, I've been thinking about them all night long without sleeping.

Granted it's just too idle because I don't need to sleep...

In short, Adalman also received the title of "lord", which symbolizes the highest position among my men. He is one of only twelve "lords" today, although there are still possibilities for more in the future.

As a strong big subordinate, Adalman's speaking power will no doubt increase as well.

The premise is that if there is a real opportunity for them to speak.

Well, it's not just Adalman who's active.

Beside Adalman, who was resisting sleep, Albert knelt. Behind them, there was the Necromancer Dragon that had shrunk its massive body into a ball.

Both were blessed and there wasn't much time for me to slow down and talk to them.

I grant Albert a new weapon to replace his broken sword.

He had already been able to use his overwhelming sword skills before, and with the right equipment, he could be a great addition to his game.

Since that's the case, then it would be fine to give him Kurobee's highest masterpiece—that's when the idea came to me.

Among the loot seized from the Imperial Army this time were several sets of legendary level equipment. Then, there was the very scarce mythical-grade equipment held by Grand Admiral Calgurio.

This mythical-grade outfit would be a waste if it was just decoration, and I would have given it to Kurobee, but Kurobee said it wasn't needed.

He wants to build a mythical weapon on his own!

Kurobee had a point, and I agreed.

The "Red Lotus" of Benimaru, re-forged by Kurobee's hand, will surely become a mythical-grade divine weapon. I had a hunch, so this mythical-grade outfit wasn't given to Kurobee.

So, who is the right answer for this one?

One look at Calgurio and one can see that Awakening alone cannot be the true master of mythical level equipment.

Mythical equipment will choose its own user.

It doesn't take detailed parsing to understand such things.

After a long period of time, the magic steel will evolve into an extreme metal and become a "god of death", I think this kind of equipment can be called mythical. To this extent, the gear would be unusable if it wasn't for people with the appropriate qualifications.

The Japanese concept of "paying the gods of mourning" is the legendary concept of monsters, which means that creatures are left unattended for years to absorb the essence of heaven and earth, accumulate grievances, or feel the Buddha's nature and spiritual power, and then their souls are transformed into monsters.

This kind of thing is just a dream for humans with limited life spans.

Becoming a spirit of the dead and enduring endless suffering, even so, Albert still maintains the sword skills of his life as a Knight of the Templar, and remains a noble soul. Now, he has evolved into the Paladin of the Dead, who has an endless life span.

Coupled with Albert's continuous study, the sword skill was enough to rival Hakurou. If it was him, wouldn't it be just right for this mythical-grade outfit?

That's what I thought.

Plus, the other subordinates had gear that they were used to. Some people and Kurobee had a deep relationship of mutual trust, and some were even reluctant to use weapons made by others other than Kurobee.

There are also guys like Diablo and the Demon Girl Trio who use their own "material creation" abilities to create their own equipment.

The performance of this equipment is directly proportional to the skill level of the holder, but at least it can reach the equivalent of legendary level performance, so they don't need any other equipment at all.

There were even those, like Shion, who were in love with their weapon and constantly pouring magic into it. Because of this, the big sword that Shion loved to use was turned into a legendary weapon called "True Gundam."

That said, didn't the weapon break?

I remember it was supposed to break in two during the fight with Razul, but now it's back in place.

That's right, just like the holder, Shion, even this love blade of hers can come back to life like an phoenix.

I'm more speechless than shocked.

Then, there was also a pang of fear.

In terms of cuisine, Shion poured more love into it...what kind of substance is that!?

The so-called love of Shion has the effect of restoring the broken blade. And those dishes made with her full commitment to love...

It feels dangerous to keep thinking about this question deeper, so let's hurry up and pull the thread back.

Now that it's been figured out that the phase of the weapon is an important element, there's no need to replace the subordinate with new gear.

These reasons are actually sufficient, but it is the advice of the King of Wisdom that is most critical.

The King of Wisdom asserted that this mythical-level outfit given to Albert was the most appropriate.

I also nodded without question, so the thing was decided to reward Albert.

Anyway, that's it, the reward for Albert is a mythical level equipment set.

A kit of long swords and kite type shields, plus full body armor.

"Albert, your sword skills are excellent. After seeing what you can do, I decided to award you this.

Keep sharpening your sword skills in the future as well, and help Adalman well!"

"Yes, sir!"

Taking advantage of the moment when I said this, Shuna pushed the whole set of equipment over on the cart. It was then handed over to Albert.

At the sight of the equipment, Albert shook straight and nervously.

"This, this is..."

Presumably taking in the performance of the equipment in front of him with a glance, Albert made a surprised sound.

It's no wonder he is.

This is an extremely rare quantity in existence, handed down from mythical times.

To be able to use the highest ranking equipment in this world is the highest honor for a knight, right?

"You should be able to use it, right?"

I won't let you say no.

Feeling the pressure of my sight, Albert's dry spirits exploded.

"Of course! I will definitely not disappoint Lord Rimuru—!"

The agitated Albert answered me thus.

Seeing his imposing look, I was also temporarily relieved.

It was only after this that, with a light touch, the mythical-grade equipment naturally wrapped itself around Albert's body, completely as if identifying with him as his master.

There was only one miscalculation on my part.

Being freed of performance by the true owner of the mythical gear was far more than I had expected.

Wearing mythic-level gear, an Albert would become the equivalent of a flesh-bearing spiritual lifeform.

The ability to allow those who hold flesh to temporarily sublimate into spiritual beings—this was the true power hidden in mythical level equipment.”

The so-called spiritual lifeforms are, in simple terms, demigod-like beings. Veldora is like that, and to say my words feel that way too.

There's nothing tangible about it, but approaching immortality is certainly not wrong.

Immortality has been established, and the nature of immortality is quite inexorable. Aside from conditions like the destruction of the core of the heart and the disappearance of the magical element, it feels like there's no way we can die.

That is, a spiritual lifeform is an existence that has no life limit, is invalid no matter what abnormal state, and can overcome death by the power of will alone.

Although it's only temporary, it makes sense that the performance of the mythical equipment would be so amazing, since it can raise the equipment to the same level as that kind of super existence.

At the same time, I understood the reasoning behind the King of Wisdom's recommendation that such a thing be used by Albert.

Benimaru intended to evolve into a spiritual lifeform on his own power, Ranga and Shion were similar...no, I should say it must have felt that way. Although Gabil and Geld are still that far off, even if I give them mythical level equipment estimates, it won't change much.

In this way, it is true that Albert is the best fit.

This is probably the case with the so-called match made in heaven.

Adalman's pet dragon can't be forgotten either.

The Necromancer is working hard, so I'm going to give it a reward too.

What to give bothered me a bit, but now the answer is there.

“A name.”

For magical creatures, getting a "name" is the most enjoyable thing they can do.

This was supposed to be accompanied by dangerous behavior, but I had the King of Wisdom to help.

The King of Wisdom must be able to keep the outflow of the magical element well within safe limits.

<<Answer. In this case, the individual named ‘Adalman’ and the Necromancer have become entangled.

Then, rather than creating a “soul corridor,” it is recommended that it be named after the consumption of spirits.">>

Huh?

The King of Wisdom has come up with an unexpected scenario, and by the way, what would be the approximate level of consumption of the "soul" if that were to happen?

<<Answer. It takes five thousand. Should it be implemented? YES/NO>>  
It's only 5,000 words, and it's much more reassuring to do so.

According to the King of Wisdom, after analyzing the soul, it is possible to transform it into mana using the "King of Gluttony".

So safety is assured.

Okay, then let's get started!

I stood in front of the Necromancer and stroked its head, as a result the Necromancer immediately became nervous. He's a pretty cute guy, despite

his scary appearance.

"You must also be rewarded. So as of today, you are Wenti the Gehennic Dragon King!"

After saying that, I named the Necromancer after the "soul" I consumed.

The dramatic change happened at this very moment.

The gigantic body of the Death Spirit Dragon, which exceeded twenty meters, kept getting smaller and smaller at a speed visible to the naked eye, and finally transformed into a beautiful woman in dark clothes.

Who are you to think so? But I still wouldn't be careless.

With magic, all things are possible.





This aspect of the experience I've experienced so far is annoying. The truth that came from such austerities would not allow me to be in a panic right now.

Without showing the slightest wavering, everything in front of me was taken for granted, and I managed to maintain that attitude.

I'm still trying really hard.

"O beautiful, I wait for the most beloved god! To give blessings to the lowly me is much appreciated!"

Ahem. She can really speak fluently.

And that's all I'm giving you is the name, the blessing is from Adalman's side.

Wenti seems to have the effects mixed up, but still, I hope she doesn't get the wrong idea.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, that's great. Drag-no, Wenti!"

"Ahhh, master. The lord has not forsaken me!"

"Yes, this is the gift of our faith, too."

"Yes!"

What a beautiful love of the Lord and Slave.

It feels like I'm being left on the sidelines, but it's still great.

And just like that, the session that awarded Adalman their reward ended peacefully.

It's really convenient to be able to use "souls" for a name.

Originally, if one wanted to name an upper level magical creature of the Dragon King's rank, one never knew how much magical essence would be

taken away in the end. No matter how much the King of Wisdom helps control, the amount of mana I have is still limited after all.

All of the magicules that had been accumulated with the 'King of Gluttony' in the past had been used up when they gave the Demon girl trio their names. Although there's also the "Please Veldora this" method, the guy seems to rather hate it. It's also hard to reassure him afterwards, so it's better as a last resort.

Naming without preparation can be a problem in case you fall into a state of low activity.

Now that the magic vein limit has increased, it's anyone's guess how long it will take for me to revert to full status.

Nowadays, it's a time of war, and no amount of negligence could make such a dangerous gamble.

But, as long as you use the done method this time, you'll be fine.

Earlier, I was agonizing over how to return the favor to Ramiris, and if it was this one move, she would have been happy, right?

That is, to give the names to the four Dragon Kings under Ramiris.

Even if the Dragon Kings don't have a link to me, it's fine as long as you use this method. A shout out to the King of Wisdom for coming up with such a proposal.

There are still more than 20,000 "souls" left, which is more than enough to name the four Dragon Kings.

In the end, I was able to get so many "souls" because of Ramiris' assistance.

But Ramiris just said, "There's no need for souls, is there?" After that, all the fruits were transferred to me.

At the time, I thought it was a little unpleasant, so the idea came at the right time.

It was enough to make Ramiris happy.

Don't forget to talk to her about it afterwards.

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And just like that, the ritual of the maze group was over.

The celebration is finally coming to a close, and now there are just two problem children left.

Needless to say, the so-called problem children refer to two people, First Secretary Shion and Second Secretary Diablo.

Following the course so far, I'm sure there's no danger of anyone storming out.

However, it is not enough to be careless.

After all, the next creatures were Shion and Diablo.

It's not an understatement to say it's the most vicious of the two.

These two would definitely create a huge hazard if they made a scene at the same time, not to mention the fact that the subordinates are still mostly in a state where they can't be relied on.

For these reasons, I'll start with Shion.

"Shion, I appoint you "War Lord." Hopefully from today onwards you'll be able to take it to the next level, and remember to act with composure."

"Of course! There is no more calm and mature woman in the world like me!"

Uh, that, who's that?

It looks like she's talking about herself, and that's overrating herself!

I thought she'd finally learned to control herself recently, but it turns out that Shion is really not that far off. Better to keep your eyes on her for the long haul.

"Let's take it as it is. Don't go on a rampage, talk to the people around you and watch over everyone."

After saying that, I awarded the "souls" to Shion.

—And then, huh?

Strangely enough, the Shion had not changed at all.

Shion also seemed to find it strange, looking straight at me.

I watched her again for a while, but there was still no sign that anything was going to change.

Dumbfounded?

At this rate, Shion was equivalent to not getting a reward, and this was super bad.

Suddenly there was a crisis.

After all, I didn't have anything else in store for her.

Just as I'm having trouble figuring out what to do about it, something unexpected happens.

Shion herself was unchanged, while the "Yomigaeri" fell asleep. Even inside the members of the Mystery Fan Club, the Shion Pro-Guard, there were scattered guys who looked like they were having a hard time. It seems that while there are individual differences, all of them seem to have been blessed in some way.

It was incredible that Shion herself didn't react at all.

There's no point in thinking too deeply. There was a reaction because they were direct subordinates of the Shion, so let's call it that.

As mentioned above, the Shion side feels it is better to leave it alone.

"Well, Shion. If you feel anything wrong with your body, you should come and tell me."

"Yes! That said, Lord Rimuru. Do I have any, special rewards like the Gobta's—"

Shion wriggled out such words.

Uh-huh, indeed. Although the evolutionary rituals are going on, on the surface I'm just giving Shion a new title. Some shouted that it was enough, and that there was no need for Shion to give her any new weapons...

Like Gobta's, eh?

"Got it. Then, let's teach you how to make special dishes!"

"Hey! In other words, you admit that I'm already ahead of Shuna-sama in terms of cooking skills..."

"Absolutely not!"

How on earth did you come to the conclusion that even this heaven and earth reversal is impossible?

Shuna next to me was also speechless at this remark, but immediately became in a super good mood again after hearing me immediately deny it. Although she looked a bit displeased, she muttered, "We'll have to expand the kitchen now," and returned to the queue with a satisfied nod.

That's a good one.

However, Shion's men, the "Yomigaeri", have evolved into something very interesting.

It was quite interesting that they had turned into some kind of spiritual beings, and that they still had a physical body unlike the demon race.

Possessing both flesh and being close to the demon race. And then most importantly, there is no mating incapacity.

That is, these guys were actually reborn for a whole new race.

If I had to say it, it would be the Dead Ogres, right?

The Ogre Factor from the Shion manifested even more strongly, and its strength increased dramatically.

Some people have also acquired the special skill of the Body Strengthening System, "Divine Power".

However, no one grew horns.

Although the amount of magic is lower than that of the Flying Dragon, it's hard to tell which is stronger when the immortality of the Yomigaeri is taken into account.

No one would believe me if I told people that these guys were originally human ogres, but the ecology of magic is incredible.

It was a bit of a surprise that Shion herself hadn't changed, and the ceremony ended with that feeling.

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Well, it's finally the last man's turn.

Problematic Diablo.

Diablo has long been with an impatient look.

'Is this the one? Is this the one?'—his smile gives off this feeling, looking at me with anticipation.

Honestly, it's more likely that Diablo will make a scene now if the ceremony is aborted than the risk of storming out after the naming.

If anyone dares to get in the way now, I can assert that the guy will never get his life back.

All right, here we go.

“Diablo.”

"Yes, Lord Rimuru!"

Aside from the unsettling foreboding, it's still unsettling foreboding.

After this evolution, Diablo would undoubtedly take the position of being the strongest in the Demon World.

Not only was he the strongest among my men, it felt like he would definitely be stronger than me.

Although Diablo himself said with his mouth that he couldn't win against Zegion, anyway, that must have meant qualifiers. The proof was that Jiu and Bonnie, who were supposed to be strong enemies, he had solved it all by himself.

As powerful as Zegion is, Diablo gives the impression of being even more superior. That is to say, even in this current state, he is the strongest one among my minions.

If Diablo shows his true talent, even now, before the ceremony, he may be even better than me. The person I was when I first awakened was simply no match for the person I am now...

It is a matter of great concern as to what such an anticlimactic Diablo would eventually evolve into.

"The title of 'demon lord' must be very appropriate for you. Then, please continue to command those demons that are my killer weapons in the future as well!"



Especially the demon female trio.

"Kufufufufu, leave it to me, Lord Rimuru!"

Please, oh, I'm serious.

I nodded, then performed the ritual on Diablo.

—And then, the devil was born...

Diablo's evolution seems to have ended in a flash.

I thought he was also dumbfounded like Shion, but no. Because all the energy was perfectly controlled by Diablo, it all went unexpressed.

Not bad for Diablo—beautifully done.

The evolved Diablo has become a being that occupies one of the strongest corners in the world.

A portion of the power was reversed back through the newly formed "Soul Corridor".

This is not good.

Diablo's power cap is as high as I can imagine it.

In the present of the evolutionary dumb fire of Benimaru and Shion, he has become the veritable strongest of my ministry.

Not good, this.

The amount of mana is already comparable to mine, and if you take into account Diablo's long experience and skills, it feels like even I'm no match for this guy.

Sure enough, the probability of an unforeseen hunch coming true is always high.

But beforehand, I thought it was going to turn out this way, so I didn't feel shaken at all.

"Excellent evolution, Diablo."

"It is a great honor to receive this compliment from you, Lord Rimuru."

That's all right, right?

His personality remains the same.

He'd have that kind of fun if he gave me the following offense now.

If that happens, I'll be able to fight him in earnest, but of course my idea is a secret.

Such a Diablo had obviously completed his evolution, but he seemed to have his sights set on acquiring some kind of new ability again.

"What are you doing?"

"It's nothing. The previous battles have made me realize the value of my extreme abilities. In the past I ignored this power because of Guy's showing off, but now I've changed my mind and think I should use everything that works.

"Hey, how about this...?"

Is this guy an idiot?

That's called being a smartass, right?

I always felt that I was surrounded by a lot of these types of guys.

"I'll have to take this opportunity to show him off next time I see him, Kufufufufufu."

"Hm, hm, hm, hm."

Hating to let Guy show off, is it okay to show off yourself...?

Never mind, one only has to look at his attitude so far to roughly imagine that Diablo has always been capricious to people other than me. Even without relying on the King of Wisdom, I can perceive this myself.

Anyway, the victim is Guy, so I don't need to be kind-hearted. As long as I don't get involved, it won't matter if I turn a blind eye to it.

Diablo still maintained his attitude so far, and looking at him like this, the fear of committing a crime against him seemed to be unfounded. Evolution is also in his complete control, and as a capable minister, let me rely on him in the future.

By the way, it was only later that a fact was figured out—

Diablo's blessing was given to his adjutant Venom, and to the hundred demons under Venom.

However, it's just my gut feeling, one suspicion is that Diablo depressed the energy used for the blessing. It's also unclear whether something like that could actually be done, but if it was Diablo, there's nothing incredible about even doing it.

To be strong is not to be given by others, but to be gained by oneself—it feels like Diablo would have had that in mind.

But then again, Venom is also a guy to watch, after all, he has evolved into a demon noble.

It's just that, let's not say for a moment that compared to the demon girl trio, even compared to Moss and Veyron, Venom lacks a sense of majesty.

There's no reason why guys who have been on top for a long time would lose to a rookie like Venom.

Even though they are also demon nobles, there are clear "hierarchical" differences between them.

"That's for sure. I'm just a newcomer who's only been around for less than a hundred years. I'm no match for those big shots."

That's what Venom himself said.

It seems that the Venom is a special individual, belonging to a modern species with less experience.

Since he was born with unique skills, he might be a reincarnationist who has experienced a strange fate.

Venom himself said that although he had no memory of a previous life, he seemed to occasionally remember languages that he had never heard before. After arriving in our country, there have been many such visions.

Well, if Venom is a "reincarnationist," it makes sense that he would be so special.

But Venom knows his place.

Even those who have evolved to the same level as the demon girl trio are not ashamed to forget, or look down on their peers. After confirming his evolved strength, he seemed instead to understand the gap in strength between each other more. For demons, it's more important than the amount of mana or experience.

I thought the kid was pretty good, and ended up hearing something inside from me again.

"Geez, actually, I've challenged Lord Diablo before, and I've been taught what a strength gap is since then!"

This guy's a fool for saying that with a face full of joy.

This tidbit of Venom becoming Diablo's beloved is presumably the reason why Diablo likes him.

Still, not bad in terms of results. After all, Venom has learned a lot from this experience and won't make the same mistake again now. And I always felt

that in case he did get carried away again, he would definitely be dealt with by Diablo.

For Diablo, even his own men, no one would show mercy to anyone who dared to disregard his power.

And Venom seems like a man who knows how to reflect, so look for him to do well in the future.

By the way, there are other blessed demons.

In fact, these guys were originally still constructing flesh in the culture tank. As a result, these one hundred demons were born to become the upper demon knights.

Although they were not as powerful as the upper demon generals, these demon knights had also gained the power to rival the upper demons, turning into fierce fighters who could kill the upper demons with a single blow.

To put it bluntly, they're a super-spec existence, however, Diablo seems completely uninterested in them and just throws it all out to Venom as his henchman.

To keep the position that belongs to me and to be able to move freely is the priority.

In this moment I was sure that this guy hadn't changed.

Even if evolution is going to overtake me, Diablo remains Diablo.

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The patrons' evolutionary rituals were completed with such feeling.

It's better than anything to be able to end peacefully.

That being said, the celebration is not over yet. I called others who were active to the stage and consoled them for their hard work.

Then, gather those who are still sober for a celebratory banquet.

The all-around banquet will have to wait for the next one.

Enjoy today's feast for now, and those will be the fun for next time.

Sadly, Granny Jane and the Two Wings have gone back first. They told me with an apologetic face that there was a sudden emergency, and as soon as the ceremony was over, they hurried on their way back.

Next time, be sure to put together a schedule they can attend at their leisure.

That said, the guys at the banquet who got really drunk were also a big deal.

“...Anyway, a person like me is not worthy of Lord Benimaru. I've known this kind of thing from the beginning!”

"Well, well, you're pretty too, Gobya. Look at me, I was even killed by the longing Lady Albis.

Monsters just love the strong, either seeking to be on the same level as themselves, or seeking a stronger opponent as a companion. If you're strong enough, you can marry a lot of them. It was supposed to be like this, but instead I...”

"Lord Phobio, aren't you already strong enough? If I had been stronger, I could have gotten in between those two as well—”

"Just call me Phobio. You're also strong enough, only the comparison is too bad. That's an opponent that even I can't beat, there's no way.

"Lord Phobio...no, Phobio. In that case, please call me Gobya.”

"Aaah, Gobya.”

“Phobio...”

Hey, hey, hey, hey, I can't watch this anymore!

I'm an adult, so I'm not angry, but this isn't the place for you guys to go on a date and get a good feeling, is it?

However, it can't be said that it's a bad thing that two people who have been dumped have come together with the same intention. There's just something so bizarre about being in love.

I'll take that as a no-brainer.

The party climaxed with such a feeling that the whole evening passed in a good way—

Thus, new "lords" were born in our country.

According to the rules, they could not call themselves Demon Lords, but in reality, our country had nine characters who could match the Awakened Demon Lords. In addition to this, there are three pillars of the "primordials" As long as nothing particularly serious happens in the future, we'll be able to handle whatever happens, right?

For the twelve men whom I had awarded the title of "Lord", I thought I could add the title of "Twelve Patrons" to the list.

"The title of "Lord", although duplicated in some people by the title of "Four Heavenly Kings" or "Ten Lords of the Labyrinth", is still given the highest priority in formal settings. In addition, these "Twelve Patrons," unlike other positions, does not replace its members.

In fact, since the "lords" have exceeded their lifespan, the Twelve Patrons are a kind of permanent subordinate. In the future, the most desirable development would be for them to be removed from day-to-day management, etc., and to perform actively only in times of war or emergency.

Rigur and Rigurd, as well as several other big subordinates like Gobta and Myourmile, all have life limits. There will be alternating generations of subordinates, and how subordinates should be treated differently from permanent ones, something that must be carefully considered. No

immediate conclusion can be drawn at this time and it feels like it will become a topic for the future.

It's the hobgoblin that keep me occupied.

This kid is a subordinate for the time being, and is also unexpectedly resourceful and strong in combat.

He and Ranga's 'Monster Wolf' were a foul play to be honest. Ranga has become stronger because of this evolution, but if it were Gobta, he would still be able to handle it.

The hobgoblins are really quite heterogeneous in their existence.

Even if the name evolves and the appearance doesn't change, my dream-like explanation that "all evolution happens in talent" may still be true.

Having taken this reward, Gobta's position was also determined. He got closer to my position than the rest of the subordinates and attracted the attention of the crowds.

Gobta may have gotten the best reward by accident.

Looking out over the companions who were enjoying the feast, I developed this feeling.

More on that by the way.

After the events of that day spread to the world, my name unknowingly became the "Demon Lord Ruler of the Monsters," Rimuru.

I also consciously did a lot of work and willingly accepted this new "nickname".

### **Intermission: Congratulatory Celebration**

Jane, who attended the celebration, witnessed the shocking spectacle.



The monsters under Demon Lord Rimuru evolved one by one before her eyes. Moreover, they have evolved into "true demon lords".

*This...this can't be! I'm not dreaming, am I?*

Jane was so surprised she couldn't even make a sound.

Although it had long been known how dangerous Demon Lord Rimuru was, the light before her was too unrealistic and incomprehensible, easily beyond the worst state of affairs Jane could imagine.

The purpose of Jane's visit was to ask Rimuru how he planned to place the "primordial".

Jane herself trusts Rimuru, but a "primordial" is not an existence that can simply be recognized.

Once liberated, they would cause the balance of world war power to collapse.

This war had proved that fact—940,000 Imperial elites, without a fight, were wiped out.

Thankfully, Rimuru is now an ally, but there is no guarantee that the relationship will continue in the future. That's why Jane came as a representative, to offer her condolences and to scout out the situation.

Rimuru's reaction when greeting her was natural, not much changed from when they met before.

So Jane tried to grumble a little at him, then tried to test out what this demon lord really thought, based on Rimuru's reaction.

The result was a flop.

In response to Jane's anger, Rimuru not only honestly shows introspection, but even honestly apologizes by saying "I'm sorry." Later, according to Rimuru's justification, it became clear that everything was the result of Diablo's own making.

"That Diablo, is he right about being the Primordial Black?"

"Uh-huh, it seems so. I don't know why he's so close to me..."

After saying that, Rimuru made a crooked head gesture that expressed disbelief.

It didn't look like a lie at all, so we could only interpret it as 'Rimuru did take in demons as his men without knowing it.'

Jane's life experience also tells her that this is not acting. Then, even if she complained to Rimuru again, there would be nothing he could do.

More importantly, Rimuru himself was not at fault.

Whether or not he had become arrogant after gaining strength, there had been such uneasiness, and now it appeared that she had simply worried too much, and Jane therefore settled down.

It's this idea that went wrong.

At that time, Jane should have admonished Rimuru more severely.

*Even if it's force majeure to be followed by the primordial, mass production of the "true demon lords"*

*will only bring out malice...!*

No, Rimuru probably really meant no harm.

Presumably, he was convinced that even if something went wrong he could handle it on his own, at least she could tell that Rimuru had no intention of giving Jane or them any trouble.

Normally, such an approach would be suspicious of demonstrating to the outside world, but Rimuru must not have the slightest intention of doing so. Maybe it's not a good idea to keep covering it up because the "primordial" thing got so hot—maybe that's how Rimuru judged it.

That is why the information was made public in good faith and on the basis of a relationship of trust. If that were the case, it would be impossible to deny that Jane was partly to blame for the state of affairs at hand, and common sense should be hammered into Rimuru's head as early as possible.

Regardless of whether that is possible or not, it is an afterthought to say that now.

*The world...the world's war power balance...*

Jane felt like she was going to faint at the thought of how it would unfold.

With the celebration going on unhindered, one by one, Rimuru's minions gained strength. And the subordinates of the ministry, in turn, can confirm that there is a systematic influx of power.

In just a few hours, the battle power of the Jura Tempest Federation had undoubtedly been greatly strengthened. Not even the threat of the Empire of the East could be compared to that, and a huge military state centered on the great forest of Jura was about to be born.

Realizing this, Jane regretted why she hadn't figured out a way to stop it sooner.

However, even if she had that thought...

*Can't do it. Last time, the conclusion was, "It's a waste of time to think, not to take countermeasures."*

*Although King Gazel had made a judgment to keep the decision first, there couldn't have been any solution strategy even if it was dragged into the future, right? That being the case...*

The war with the Empire is not yet over.

The Imperial Army was still fighting against the home country, but Rimuru had conspired with that force. The next arrangement was for both sides to join forces and attack the imperial capital.

In the end, Jane came to the Jura Tempest Federation in the name of negotiating this matter this time.

It should have been like this...

*This is the first time in my life that my head has been messed up like this. When things got to this point, there was no longer any way to control how and what the Imperial Army did. We must report the birth of the true demon lord to King Gazel as soon as possible.*

For a moment, Jane even got the idea to pretend not to notice.

Although it was an escape from reality, Jane thought it was not a bad thing.

However, it was not long ago that she had taken King Gazel to task for not confessing about the

"primordial", so Jane was now unable to exercise her right to silence in this regard.

"Dorf, I'm going home."

"Hey, why? The main purpose was to negotiate, and the reservation was for tomorrow?"

"It's decent enough with you in the country. I'll use magic to go back, no need for a send-off or escort."

"Yeah, well..."

Dorf couldn't read the flow of magic, and couldn't comprehend what was really going on before his eyes. Jane was a little envious of such a Dorf, but at the thought of what was to come, her mood sank into melancholy.

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The duo of "Two Wings"—the blonde Lucretia and the silver-haired Clea—were as expressionless as masks on the surface, but were already shaking violently on the inside.

There are many powerful monsters living in the Monster Kingdom, the Jura Tempest Federation. Both knew about this and had communicated with several monsters led by Geld.

While acknowledging that it was a threat, the Jura Tempest Federation was now an allied nation. That being the case, even though there were multiple upper level monsters here that could match their own, the two felt that they didn't need to be too vigilant.

Yes, until just now, they felt that way.

The two were given the order to master the war power of the Jura Tempest Federation. Now that a war is going on with the Nasca-Namrium-Ulmeria Eastern Unified Empire, which has the largest and strongest battle force among the human nations, Rimuru's Army should also suffer a loss. If it turns out that way, there will also be a stagnation in the construction of the Sky City that Frey has been waiting for.

It is the task of the Two Wings this time to investigate the extent of the damage and to provide information to inform future projections.

This, of course, also includes an element of reference for the purpose of organizing reinforcements.

However, it seems that none of this is necessary.

"What's the loss, zero?"

"I can't believe it, but after seeing your bright faces, that should be the truth."

As a result, such an unexpected report was heard.

After all, it was a good thing, so the two went along with the celebration afterwards, which was a miscalculation, showing in front of their eyes they were dumbfounded.

"How is that possible? Just by not seeing it for a while, a portion of the subordinates has already become rival to Lady Frey..."

"No, look over there faster than this. Rimuru the demon lord...it looks like he's about to start something."

Lucretia started to move a little when she saw the subordinates walking up to the podium, and Clea calmly pointed out from the sidelines. What then begins, is a ceremony far beyond the duo's imagination.

No, now is not the time to look dumb.

It was too much non-reality that caused the two to give up thinking somewhat, but either way, the state of affairs was too much for them to pass judgment on.

"Lady Frey must be informed as soon as possible."

"Yes, that's right. I'll be right back."

The two women who had exchanged their thoughts with "Thought Communication" made a quick judgment.

And so they went back to the country, reporting everything as it was to Frey.

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On the topmost floor of the temporarily built castle, in the corner, where no interior had yet been installed.

Frey let out a long sigh.

"What the hell was that Slime thinking?"

A man reacted to her chanting.

"Hey, hey, hey, what's up? That melancholy expression is beautiful, but a sigh is not good enough for you, huh?"

It's Carrion.

The two, who were also aiding Milim, had become confidantes.

"Don't you dare say that."

"Seriously, what's going on over there? The Imperial Army is in a bitter battle for the opponent?"

Carrion asked worriedly.

Frey replied with a depressed face.

"If only that were okay. If that's the case, I don't need to worry. Just send reinforcements there quickly."

"What was that about? What kind of plane has that Rimuru guy gotten himself into again?"

"—justified."

After a little thought, Frey uttered the answer like a summary.

Carrion was silent.

"Carrion, can I talk to you for a minute?"

"What?"

"It's not good to call Lord Rimuru, Lord Milim's best friend, by his first name."

"Hey, hey, hey, what does it matter now? By the way, didn't you just call that kid by his first name when you were with Milim, and you even called him Slime a while ago?"

"Did you hear that? You're a bad person too. I won't say that in front of the ministry, so forget what you just did."

"That's fine, but don't get sidetracked again. Tell me what's going on, too."

Frey sighed again helplessly.

The scented exhalation tickled Carrion's nostrils. However, even though he was in a good mood as a result, Carrion still stared at Frey with an expression that he wouldn't be fooled into passing.

"Got it. But don't you regret it?"

"Depends on the content."

"I said you..."

"I won't regret it. But I won't let you carry your troubles alone, so let me carry them too."

"That's not bad. That's a nice thing about you. It's very likeable."

Frey's melancholy mood seemed to relax slightly, revealing a smile. Then, part of the report received from the "two wings" was told to Carrion.

"Really?"

"It really couldn't be more true. Those kids couldn't have lied to me."

"So what? Seven Demon Lord Classes were born under Rimuru!?"

"It seems that way."

"Those guys, are they better than you and me?"

"I don't know about that. But...at least in the eyes of those two girls, they were stronger than me."



The strength of those people seemed to rival Frey's even before the evolution began. Then, when the Demon Lord Rimuru "did something," they sensed an overwhelming increase in power in them.

According to reports, a few are still evolving, but it's estimated that it won't take much for the force to stabilize.

The content of this report is unacceptable, but it's not okay to believe it.

"...are you kidding me?"

Even Carrion, after hearing the details from Frey, was speechless.

"Carrion, do I look like I'm joking?"

"Not at all."

"Right, these are the facts."

Carrion and Frey didn't give it their all in front of the minions though. But those of their closest subordinates were able to see the upper limit of their master's strength to a certain extent.

So this information, even if it's just speculation, is by no means something you can just listen to.

Not to mention that no one in Frey's ministry would ever anger their master with jokes or lies. That alone was enough to convince Carrion of what he had just heard.

*What the hell are Phobio and Albis doing...?*

Mentally grumbling a bit, but Carrion understood that Phobio wasn't originally the kind of person who could see through an opponent's strength with any degree of resourcefulness. I guess he wouldn't have noticed anything even if something unusual was happening right before his eyes.

*—No, Albis' words should be detectable. Then why didn't I get any reports from my side?*

Doubts arose in Carrion's mind, and Frey told him something again as if remembering something.

"By the way, it seems that your Chief subordinate, Albis-sama, is engaged to Benimaru-sama, the head of Rimuru-sama's subordinate. If this international marriage goes well, it should bring our two countries closer together. And it's a joy to already have the approval of Lord Rimuru."

"That guy, she's doing great!"

Albis had approached Carrion about this.

The advice given by Carrion is: 'take it by force.'

As far as results go, Albis took the prize beautifully, so to speak. It was indeed something to be happy about, and Carrion couldn't help but let out a bad smile.

"But she's only the second wife, that's all."

"Che, didn't she get first? Even so, the children they give birth to are our people."

"It's a shame."

"Don't worry, Frey. For me, you are the only woman I love."

"You're kidding me. Our side is monogamous, as opposed to you beasts, how can it go so well?"

The harpy race is basically all female, and either relies on winged males, who are born by chance, or seeks diversity from powerful wizards to maintain the race.

It is more common sense for a person like Frey, after becoming a queen, to increase the number of subordinates through unisex reproduction, while a husband is something that is not needed.

The relative beast side, on the other hand, takes it as common sense that powerful men love plural women.

Weeding out the weak and making the race stronger. The two have only this purpose in common, and in other respects it is water and fire no matter what you think.

However, Carrion and Frey both identify with each other as being powerful. That's why they've maintained a relationship as dangerous as a tightrope walk, holding the last line of defense tightly.

"Forget it, I don't seem to hear any good answers now, so let me pursue this slowly. The question is, what the hell is Rimuru boy up to?"

After congratulating Albis, Carrion pulled the conversation back to the point.

Frey agrees with this sentiment.

This country has established a friendly relationship with Rimuru and intends to continue this relationship in the future, but no one is sure what will happen in the future. Then, if you can, you should make it a goal to reach a higher level.

"The only explanation I can think of is that Clayman was on his deathbed. That guy, at the time, was a very unusual force."

"According to Rimuru, it's called an awakening."

"Can you think of a reason?"

"Huh! It doesn't look like the guy hid his strength beforehand. It's more like a moment of sudden strength."

"And how did he do it?"

"This..."

"Souls."

“Hmm?”

"Gathering the souls of men, you can awaken as a 'true demon lord'," Clayman once said. If that's true, there's no way Clayman wouldn't have collected it beforehand.”

"So it is. And then just try to use that to make yourself awaken?”

"I think so. To be honest, I haven't killed many humans, and I've never given a damn about the souls."

"Me too. Wars are fought with kinsmen or other monsters, and with angels. Our country is so rich that it has little interest in humanity.”

"Indeed. But in this way, the doubt is lifted. It appears that Lord Rimuru has acquired a great deal of

"souls" during this war. And then transferred them to the monsters under his command, causing their awakening.”

"That's an exaggeration. It's not a good idea to take in monsters like us, but it's even worse to be awakened by those guys. So, how many souls did Rimuru use this time?””

Hearing Carrion scratch his head and ask that, Frey just turned her gaze to the metropolis under construction at the moment.

“Hello?”

"By the way, I haven't told you about the outcome of this war. The loss of the Jura Tempest Federation's army was, amazingly, zero. In contrast, it seems that 940,000 people on the other side of the Empire have been killed.”

“...huh?”

"You think I'm lying?”

"No, not...”

"I also hope this report is wrong."

In other words, Demon Lord Rimuru got 940,000 "souls" this time, and then took them to help seven of his men awaken, which is very simple to think of the cause and effect relationship.

Of course, it is also possible that there are more than seven minions of the Awakening.

According to the report, it seems that the Chief Grand Admiral Benimaru didn't appear to have changed much, just entered into a marriage with the two wives of Momiji and Albis. However, it was impossible for Rimuru not to grant the "soul" to Benimaru, who was his right-hand man, so it is not difficult to guess that there was some reason for delaying Benimaru's evolution.

"Well, it's a one-sided beatdown with zero losses, so it's not a war anymore. If it were me, I would have raised the white flag a long time ago."

"Don't be ridiculous, Empire or whatever. The question is what we do with ourselves."

"Exactly. I am now surrendering to Milim's position. I've always been worried about the possibility of rebellion if I seek power, but I don't think it's really necessary."

"What do you mean?"

"Rimuru has raised his men to the same level as himself, hasn't he? Seeing him with such great measure, I realized that Milim should be that kind of person."

"Indeed. Milim is not so petty as to riot just because we're awakened."

"Right? In that case, let's just take it as it comes. It's not too late to start, although it's been a little easier. Let's aim for a higher level of strength as well."

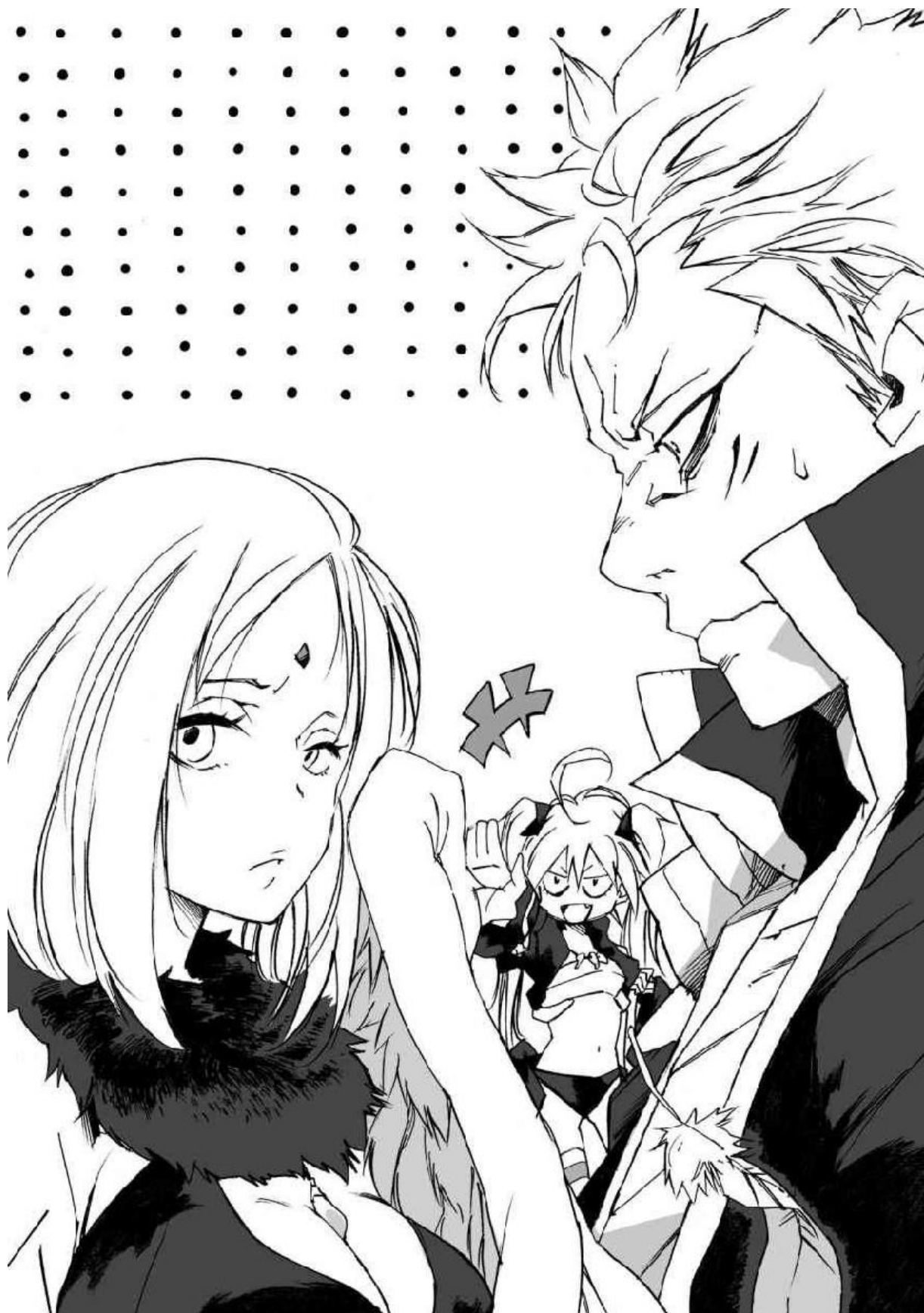
"Right. Your kind of place, it's very endearing."

Frey and Carrion stared at each other.

Just when the atmosphere had gotten a little better before the two...

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! That's a good one, you two! Although I can't help my subordinates to awaken like Rimuru, I can help you to cultivate! Don't worry about dying in the labyrinth, let's do it to the fullest!"

Milim picked a perfect time to jump out of the way.



"Che, you're in the—Ah Milim! You're in the way when we're in the mood."

"I've said it many times, don't remove your aura to sneak up on me. That said, I have no intention of accompanying you to your practice—ah, you listen to me well!"

Carrion and Frey's complaints didn't reach Milim's ears at all. Milim's ears, however, are equipped with information that they don't want to hear, so they will automatically block out such an excellent function.

"Then, please, Ramiris!"

"Wait, wait, wait, wait! I didn't ask you to come with me to practice, did I!?"

"Wait, Milim! If you don't listen to me, I have my own ideas. I'll leave all three of your meals to Lord Middray to prepare. Is that okay?"

This statement by Frey stimulated Milim's sense of crisis and eventually succeeded in stopping her.

So true to Frey—the Carrion who had witnessed the whole thing wanted to praise her so much.

"I know, I know. If you want to practice, you can always talk to me."

"That's good. By the way, did you finish your homework?"

"That, that...because I heard something that seemed interesting..."

"It's not done yet, is it?"

Frey was smiling.

"Ugh, the break is over. I'll get back to it."

"Yes, good job."



With that, Milim went back to her homework, and Frey and Carrion beautifully avoided a crisis.

However, the ambition to evolve continues to heat up in the hearts of both of them.

Will this remain ambition, or will it be achieved...?

## Chapter 2: Future Policy

Before I forget, I start by saying thank you to Veldora and Ramiris.

The gift of thanks to Veldora was clothing.

He's always topless, and I think it's more or less a bit of a bad habit. He didn't seem to care about it himself, but perhaps he just liked this style of dressing, and I took the opportunity to give him some clothes as a gift.

"Oh, oh, Rimuru! Friends of the heart! Allies! Finally, you've noticed how I feel. I've been wanting to wear something so handsome for a long time."

"No, no, if you really wanted to wear it, tell Shuna and she'll have it ready for you right away, right? In other words, if you go to a garment store and adjust the size by magic, you'll have several pieces."

"Idiot, the only thing that suits me is a custom model. I trust you to have picked the best style, right?"

Uh, I actually, have pretty bad taste...

It seems that for Veldora, I'm a bit overrated, obviously I wear what I'm told to wear.

Think of it this way, the same is true of previous lives.

I have terrible taste in casual wear, so it's basically a suit.

Then there's the jacket bar.

That's really nice.

You don't have to worry about washing it if it gets dirty, so it's the easiest thing to wear.

The jacket was chosen for that reason, but Veldora was happier than he thought.

I was also surprised.

Veldora gleefully tried on the clothes.



"Uh, well, as long as you're happy. I'm going to ask you to do the same."

"Hmmm. Leave it to me. Kuahahahaha!"

It's a super cheap payoff in terms of profitability. Well, no, it's not, although it's made of particularly luxurious materials and includes special order items, but what can I say...

Well, next time when you're free, I'll think about giving something else as a thank you gift.

On the subject of Veldora, let's just take it as a future topic for now.

Next up, Ramiris.

"Ramiris, I had your help this time too. Thank you."

"What, you're being so cynical! You've taken care of them, so that's what we call mutual help!"

Ramiris replied a little sheepishly.

Although I'm a little embarrassed about it too, it's important to show gratitude.

"Then I'd like to give you a gift of gratitude."

"What the what? Do you have to make clothes for people like Master?"

"Just say hello to Shuna. I was trying to..."

I really can't help but rely on Shuna for my taste in girls' clothes.

"So, that means you can name the cute little dragon kings?"

"Something like that."

"Who's going to be the namesake?"

"That's how it is."

"That's awesome!"

It's okay.

Although I was surprised too, it actually worked so no problem.

"At yesterday's ceremony, I named my subordinate Adalman's pet 'Wenti' and she evolved to become not only human, but also fluent in conversation. So, I thought how about naming your Dragon Kings too.

Although I was surprised to learn that they could turn into a human, but when you think about it, dragons turning into human is not a standard part of storytelling."

It's not unexpected.

So it should be possible for the four Dragon Kings under Ramiris to be as humanoid as Wenti, in which case there would be more manpower and Beretta would suffer less.

"If that's the case, then it's your turn!"

After saying that, Ramiris nodded happily.

Now that it's agreed, let's get started quickly.

"Do you have any good names?"

"Well, I'll leave it all to you."

Ramiris doesn't seem to be good at taking names.

If it's handed to me, it could easily turn into a fantasy game with a boss name...no, is that really okay?

But come to think of it, it was originally boss, so there's no need to care.

I asked Ramiris to have the Dragon Kings assemble in the Throne Hall of the Labyrinth.

Looking at the dragon kings standing side by side in front of me, it occurred to me that they had been crushed countless times and had suffered a lot, but they were still working hard to hold down the labyrinth, so I had to give them a handsome name.

After becoming a Dragon King, the amount of mana will exceed that of the upper demon general.

However, it hadn't been much time since Milim had picked up these Dragon Kings, so these Dragon Kings didn't have the corresponding strength yet.

After the evolution of the name, intelligence should also increase in one breath. That way, you should be even more intelligent and powerful than you are now.

Looking at a single Dragon King in front of him, his mind silently began to ponder their respective corresponding names.

With things like names, intuition is most important.

The Dragon King of Fire, named Zephyrus, the “Fire Hell Dragon King.”

The Dragon King of Ice, named Boreas, the "Ice Hell Dragon King.”

The Dragon King of Wind, named Notos, the “Lightning Dragon King.”

The Dragon King of Earth, named Euros, the "Tremor Dragon King."

Borrowing the name of a god from Greek mythology.

It was originally the name of the Four Wind Gods of the East, West, and North, and I thought it was just right to give these Dragon Kings.

I was the one who wanted the name, but it was Ramiris who gave the name, and it went well, so I can rest easy for now.

And just like that, a soul connection was formed between Ramiris and the Dragon Kings. Hopefully, they will continue to do so in the future as official ministers of Ramiris.

Then there's the evolutionary situation about caring more.

The Dragon Kings can really become close to a humanoid gesture.

Not fully humanoid, but with a portion of the dragon's features remaining.

"The Fire Hell Dragon King," Zephyrus turned into a red-haired beauty with reddish-brown skin wrapped in a dragon scale style gown and a tail that seemed to turn into a flaming whip.

"The Ice Hell Dragon King," Boreas who was a slender, beautiful man. Elegant and gentle looks combined with long emerald green hair can easily be mistaken for a beauty.

"Notos is a tiny little girl, cute from a distance, but up close you will find a mouthful of shark teeth and small tiger teeth, a strange woman who is completely off-shaped.

"Euros, the Dragon King of the Earth, is a big, muscular man. Characteristically, his body is covered with dragon scales and covered with thorns.

All four have the appearance of subordinates of an evil clandestine organization, the so-called "alien beauty", where terror and beauty meet.

But this form, in the end, was just a change of state, not becoming a Dragon Demon Lord like Milim, the race was still the Dragon King as before.

In the end, the Dragon Humanoid is a spiritual being with a physical body, like a mutant of the Dragon Race.

Even a powerful Dragon King, as long as he is still confined to his physical body, is far less powerful than a perfect spiritual being, the Dragon Race.



The races were unchanged, but the evolution succeeded smoothly, and they seemed to gain more powerful magic than I could have imagined.

The amount of mana has also increased several times over pre-Evolution, and feels close to that of an Awakened Clayman.

It's not quite the same as "the true demon lord," but it's an excellent evolution.

The mere fact that "naming" is so much enhanced, it would be a chill to think about it just by consuming the amount of your own magic to get a name.

If one doesn't get it right, it might cause unrecoverable damage.

Sure enough, "naming" is a horrible system, and with more than 5,000 "souls" consumed, I realized once again that there is no justification for magical creatures.

But seriously, you lose.

And just like that, the evolution of the Dragon Kings went off without a hitch as a thank you gift to Ramiris.

By the way, the amount of magic element between the "Ten Lords of the Labyrinth" can be regarded as basically the same, but there seems to be a big difference in terms of combat power that cannot be reflected by the value.

The leading man, Zegion, goes without saying.

Even compared to the other "Labyrinth Lords", the evolved Dragon Kings are still weak.

The strong flesh of magic, the means of attack to make full use of it, and the various kinds of magic, even these are absolutely vicious and powerful forces. However, these don't work when facing someone who is good at fighting in equivalent specs.

This is because there is too little combat experience and fundamentally too little combat skill.

The Dragon Kings should have been very upset that they were knocked down several times during this defensive battle. Having just evolved to be able to speak fluently, the will to want to practice is presented.

The Dragon Kings were able to learn the combat skills of human form after they acquired it. Through this, they perceived that the refinement technique was stronger compared to the way the magical creatures had fought so far.

Instead of relying on physical attacks like attribute spitting or wielding minions, find a way to understand magic and incorporate it into the battle.

And use this as a basis to learn the human form of combat and think about how it can be applied to real combat.

It's amazing the amount of growth that comes from exploring conclusions through your own thinking.

I approved the application.

"Kuahahahaha! Leave it to me!"

Veldora, who was overwhelmed by the experience of cultivating Zegion, took up the task of guiding the Dragon Kings in their cultivation.

With that, the Dragon Kings began their cultivation journey.

—After that.

Among the Dragon Kings, there were even stronger ones who were more human than dragon, and although there was a sense of putting the cart before the horse, it was indeed a reasonable result to learn the spell of changing one's claws and scales into weapon defense.

It was a long time ago when I learned about this, and the feeling that came out was that 'it's going to be that way.'

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Three days after the resurrection, Calgurio and the others finally calmed down.

It was hard to say how much the resurrection through the hand of the demon lord had impacted them, but they had finally accepted the reality.

The next question is about their position in the future.

To this day they still live in tents, and food is regularly carried by magical creatures, and no one complains even if the bearers are skeletons.

The tents were arranged in a hilly area where the grass and trees had withered away, and although the scenery was poor, the cold and warmth was pleasant and unexpectedly a suitable place to live.

The scent of death wafted through the remnants of the battlefield, and rows and rows of gravestones of the dead stood, such a view would not matter if one was used to seeing it. After all, the guys who were supposed to be lying in the tomb were out and about, and it was even stranger to be afraid now.

That is to say, in terms of life, there is no great discontent felt.

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It was said that this was the seventh level of the labyrinth, and the one in charge of the narration was the Necromancer who guarded this level, calling himself Adalman.

Some of the generals had actually fought with him, so no one doubted the veracity of this narration.

Adalman was very good at taking care of people, and Calgurio and the others were not slacked off as captives.

"Since we, the god, Lord Rimuru, have raised you, I will do the will of god, and you are not a man who has gone against your will, so take your time and think about how you should spend this second life."

Adalman said so, leaving them free for Calgurio to roam.

Run away from the class—none of them say so. Because they had come to their senses and entrusted themselves to the gods, they decided to trust in the demon lord, Rimuru.

Calgurio held the same opinion, as he was sure that even if he did run, it would only end in failure.

It was because of this that he decided to accept honestly what Adalman had said and called the subordinates to a meeting.

Nearly a hundred officers were gathered in the large tent used for military meetings.

Among them were senior officers and the Empire's premier heroes.

Only these people, nowadays, have also lost their power...

"So, guys. Let me begin by thanking you. Because of my incompetence, I am sincerely sorry that I have caused you such suffering."

Calgurio looked around at the group and lowered his head when he finished.

And to his words, there was a unanimous negative opinion.

"What are you talking about. Those of us who did not stop you are also guilty of the same sin."

The adjutant finished and the staff officers nodded together. Senior officers were also unanimous in saying that it was not the responsibility of Calgurio.

The attitude is most evident in Krishna.

"My opinion is the same as everyone else's. It is because of the folly of us, etc., that has angered the gods. And yet it is through god's great mercy that the opportunity for atonement is obtained."

Krishna regarded the matter of imperial aggression as a sin in itself.

Calgurio thought, indeed.

How foolish it was, in retrospect, to believe too much in one's own force, to despise one's enemies too much and not bother to understand them at all, Calgurio sneered to himself. Thinking that his companions were in the same mood, he smiled again as if relieved.

"Thank you. I'm more or less relieved that you can say that. I swear to god, this is a feeling I will never forget for the rest of my life."

Speaking of the divine moment, the figure of the Demon Lord Rimuru flashed in Calgurio's mind.

*Yeah, to me, the god of the moment is His Majesty Rimuru, right?*

Even back in the Empire, there would be no place for Calgurio. All that awaits him is the tragic end of being held accountable for his defeat and directly executed before he even goes to court-martial.

Although Calgurio had no intention of avoiding responsibility at all, this second life was given by Rimuru, and Calgurio was not going to waste it casually.

*Well, you can take your time about that.*

The current Calgurio was no longer the same vulgar person who had acted only for his own status and desires before, so the thoughts in his head rightfully put his own affairs on the back burner.

"Then let's get down to business. I have brought you all together today to seek your views on how we should proceed in this matter. His Excellency Adalman has graciously granted us the freedom to gather together and deliberate, and let us use this time effectively in order not to waste it."

After Calgurio brought up the topic, the people present looked at each other and after looking at the others, the discussion began.

It is inconceivable that such a state of affairs could have occurred at the original military conference, but for Calgurio, who wants a practical opinion, the present situation is welcome.

The discussion went on for some time.

Then, roughly divided into two opinions.

The one who advocates that they should just be subservient.

There is also a section of people who advocate that they should go back to the Empire.

The two opinions are tit-for-tat with no one in particular.

Both sides are understandable, and it's only natural that people with families would advocate a return to the Empire.

However, the ability to return to the homeland depended on what Demon Lord Rimuru had in mind. It is possible that permission may be given for

future dealings, but any disorderly conduct is likely to cause displeasure to the Demon Lord.

"As His Excellency Adalman said, there is no intention of executing us at will, but we should still be prepared, because it does not mean that we are spared."

Since his life had already been saved by the demon lord, then the fate was already in the demon lord's hands. While a certain amount of freedom is allowed, it is not known how far it has come.

"...no matter what, the only thing that awaits us back home is execution. Even so, I still want to send the soldiers who fought for their country back to their homeland safely. I would like to speak frankly to His Majesty Rimuru and ask for his mercy."

That said, they're about on par with hostages, so the question is whether the country will pay the compensation.

At this point, Major General Minute, who had been listening in silence to everyone's talk, slowly opened his mouth to speak.

"It's impossible. After all, we didn't even expect to lose. Because our own attitude towards the enemy has always been ruthless."

Hearing this, everyone was silent.

The Empire never accepts results other than unconditional surrender, and it is the continued winning that gives rise to imperial arrogance. But now that they are fighting with all their might, they are completely defeated, and if they are not forgiven, they are completely at their own peril.

Everyone is well aware of this fact and knows that even back in the Empire there will never be a bright future.

Even so, they want to do something for those who have families.

"Major General Minute is right, what exactly is the Emperor's holy will...?"

"I didn't want to say it, but this time it was an oversight on the part of the Intelligence Bureau. They don't even want to think about it, how many demon lord level monsters are there here!?"

One of the officers, off the cuff, said the last thing he should have said.

"Hey, you guys! Watch what you say. It doesn't matter what happens to the intelligence services nowadays. You're talking about all kinds of monsters, but you're a big man in this country."

"I'm sorry, it was my mistake..."

While free speech was welcome, there was no magic in the room. There had been no sign of His Excellency Adalman since yesterday, and Calgurio thought he presumably had gone somewhere for a meeting.

That's why it was decided to hold a military conference today, but not everything can be said.

Still captive in the end, that must not be forgotten.

"Although His Majesty Rimuru is generous and kind, he will not let others insult his subordinates, so please don't forget that before you speak."

Calgurio gave a warning about the way he spoke, and the officers agreed.

At the very least, it is enough to understand the dangers of the Demon Lord Rimuru, to be able to take those who use the great magic such as Gravity Collapse into his ministry.

Why didn't the Secret Service get a clue about such a dangerous man?

*I very much understand your desire to scold them for slacking off, because I want to scold them too...*

Calgurio thought silently.

However, someone suddenly threw a cold shower of water on Calgurio and the officers.



"Are you stupid? Listen up, the intelligence services already had a certain amount of information at that time."

Bonnie, who had been silent until now, said with a sudden smile.

"No way! Why, then, not inform His Majesty of the correct information!"

"Those guys, did they betray you?"

Everyone faltered at Bonnie words, and only Minute and Calgurio remained calm.

The first to speak was Minute.

"Your name is Bonnie, right? As I recall, you were given an infiltration mission that even we weren't told about, right?"

Calgurio said next.

"Well, as a single-digit man, it's not surprising that you have classified information that we don't know.

So, what does the intelligence community think and what exactly does it want us to do?"

As soon as this question was thrown out, everyone looked to Bonnie.

Either one wants to know the answer.

Intelligence Bureau, is absolutely loyal to His Majesty the Emperor. It was inconceivable that they would betray, that is to say, Emperor Rudra could have predicted the current situation.

Bonnie snorted, looked pityingly at the Calgurio, then dropped a bomb with little energy.

"As you may imagine, His Majesty the Emperor knows all, and even your defeat has been foreseen."

"How, how could..."

"What do you mean? His Majesty sent us when he knew he would lose!?"

"No way! How dare you insult His Majesty like that!"

The officers were in chaos.

However, some of them have also scratched the surface.

"So. In other words, are we abandoned men?"

"That's not quite right, Minute. Your Majesty's purpose, I'm afraid, is—"

"Huh! Shut up, Calgurio. The responsibility for leaking important state secrets rests with me. You're all dead people, including me. So this is not a betrayal of His Majesty."

That is, Bonnie's awakening.

Now that he has lost his power as a "single digit", even the Emperor's borrowed supreme power has been taken away, but he still wants to be the one to show the way for his subordinates as a superior.

"Bonnie..."

"I'm sorry, Jiu. I, for one, am not so loyal to His Majesty. I followed his command for one reason only, and that was that I could not beat him no matter what."

That, too, is what Bonnie meant.

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Bonnie, born in the United States of America forty-five years ago, was just an ordinary student who loved freedom. However, somehow karma came into the world and his talent was discovered by Rudra.

He was then taken in by Damrada and taught the methods of fighting.

I don't know when I started to get confident and felt that I was the number one strongman in this world and became arrogant.

The one who shattered Bonnie's confidence was the woman who served at the side of Emperor Rudra.

No, it was the draped, gaudy-looking, scary monster.

Even if the heavens and the earth were turned upside down and infinitely reincarnated, it would be an extreme realm that could never be touched. It is impossible to believe that there is such a thing in this world, but it is the bloody truth.

Its name, Velgrynd.

Absolutely non-disclosable, one of the Empire's confidential matters.

One day, Bonnie, led by Damrada, went to the emperor's residence. It was a very honorable thing to do, and at the same time fueled Bonnie's ambitions.

The freedom-loving Bonnie will never allow an emperor to dominate others at will.

So, when you get the chance, you have to do the following—to dream such foolish dreams.

The price of stupidity is horror in the extreme.

It was there that Bonnie met Velgrynd for the first time. Then felt her horror and couldn't help giving in.

And at this point, Emperor Rudra, who was behind the imperial curtain, said to Bonnie.

"You have this qualification, the qualification as a vessel. Let me lend you my strength, and be more diligent in the future."

Emperor Rudra's icy, ruthless voice, as if it had come from a distant place, had become impossible to resist the Emperor when he awoke again.

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"Your Majesty, even if all the millions of elites are wiped out, you won't care. Let's just say that total annihilation is the plan."

It is impossible for normal to understand the meaning of the phrase just by hearing it. However, Calgurio understood.

"So that's it. As long as an awakened person like me can appear, it doesn't matter if you sacrifice millions of soldiers?"

Guessing the answer based on these instructions alone surprised Bonnie somewhat. However, upon hearing him say "an awakened one like me," Bonnie reacted.

"Yeah, so you've awakened too. Then I think you understand. You're right, the Emperor's purpose is to collect the pieces of the Awakening. For that purpose, even if it caused millions of sacrifices, he thought it was worth it."

That's a fact that even senior officers don't know.

From the very beginning, Emperor Rudra had no expectations of the army. The most important thing is only how to collect talents with Awakening credentials.

"That is, more about quality than quantity? So, then, the failed crusade against Veldora three hundred years ago was too?"

Minute asked with a sharp stare at Bonnie. In response, Bonnie replied lightly.

"I don't know what happened then. But doesn't it make sense just to think about it? If it were me, one person could kill you all—no, it turns out it could be done. The gap in strength is just so obvious.”

"So that's why we say our defeat was planned, is that it? A strategy premised on sacrifice? As much as I want to praise His Majesty, this time it's really been a total loss.”

"That's how it is. To lose so badly after awakening, even His Majesty didn't expect it.”

Minute nodded understandingly.

Hearing this, Calgurio had a bitter face.

"Alas, it's my fault for not being useful."

He whispered to himself. However, Bonnie dismissed him.

"Don't worry. It's not that you're not useful, it's just that the opponent is too strong.”

"Right. That's simply not something we can beat.”

Jiu nodded in agreement.

The duo also lost to Diablo, who knocked out Calgurio. There wasn't even a monster they could beat, so in their opinion, it was not surprising that Calgurio couldn't win.

"That is to say, the strength of the battle here exceeds the intelligence agency's expectations?"

"It should be. Plans to use this place's demon lord, Rimuru, as a stepping stone to add pawns were thwarted by misjudging the opponent's battle strength.”

Bonnie laughed bitterly.

After paying many sacrifices without any reward, it was impossible to laugh, but in his heart, Bonnie still wanted to say to the Emperor that he deserved it.

"So, Bonnie-kun. Since the plan to use us as bait and have you carry out the surprise attack has also failed, what are your plans for the future?"

"Huh? I told you so. I'll take the responsibility."

"What do you mean by that?"

Minute asked calmly.

There was silence in the tent as everyone waited for Bonnie's answer.

"One thing I have to make clear, as I said earlier, is that you are dead. This is not a metaphor, but as far as His Majesty the Emperor is concerned, you are dead."

"Are you suggesting that keeping us alive is more troublesome for His Majesty?"

"It's a bit of a language problem. My point is that His Majesty does not need the kind of general whose power is taken away causing the possibility of awakening to be reduced to zero. To be of no value to His Majesty means that there is no reason to continue protecting you."

"Well, that's what it's all about."

"Considering this premise, the possibility of not accepting the return of prisoners is high. No, it's more than that. If the surviving soldiers return home, anti-war sentiment will spread, and do you think this is in line with His Majesty's thoughts?"

"I don't think so."

After saying that, Minute sighed deeply.

He understood what Bonnie was trying to say.

"That is to say, what is optional for His Majesty is in the way for the Intelligence Service?"

"Right."

"Will he wipe out those who intend to return?"

"For sure."

Then throw the pot at the Jura Tempest Federation as a way to stir up the anger and vengeance of the nation. Bonnie was convinced that the Intelligence Service would act in this way and explain it to the crowd.

"That's 700,000? How could it be done?"

"Those who have undergone transformative surgery have not lost their strength to that point. But if you fight back, it's a fight against yourself!"

Minute gestured for the restless officers to quiet down.

"Do you have an idea of who can make this happen?"

While many thought it was simply impossible, Minute was calm.

Thinking of his own awakening, Calgurio remained silent. He believes that if one does have that kind of power, it is not impossible to do it.

"If it's in single digits, can you do it?"

It would be possible if we just said we could do it, but that's just paper. Superb individual strength for the offense but not for the defense. If one relies on manned tactics, there will be loopholes that can't be held no matter what. Likewise, it is not appropriate to track escaped enemies. If people spread out and run away, there will always be fish in the net.

And this time, it takes one person to wipe it all out. Bonnie really couldn't think of anyone who could do such a thing.

However, all but one—

"I don't think anyone can do that, from a common sense point of view, can they? But yeah, there really is. In the Empire, there are monsters that can turn this assumption into reality..."

That figure surfaced in front of Bonnie's eyes, his body trembling with fear.

The beauty and horror of that can only be experienced by those who have seen it with their own eyes.

And Bonnie, who knew this well, felt a little unfortunate.

"Is it a single-digit existence that you're also afraid of? It looks like I've got something wrong."

Minute leaned deeply into his chair and sighed with his head back.

"Me too. I joined the army and dreamed of letting the Empire dominate the world. But—"

However, this was all decided long ago in a place that had absolutely nothing to do with the military. In the power game of proliferation by who-knows-who, there is no room for non-awakened people to show up from the start.

"That's silly."

"Ah. I feel silly as a clown."

Calgurio and Minute looked at each other sobbingly. It wasn't just the Calgurio, the officers present, all sighed as if they had awakened from a dream.

‘How sad’—Bonnie thought.

I don't know if the truth would be happier, but then they wouldn't accept it, would they? So Bonnie, coldly, said something rather unreasonable.



"Now you understand. Do you understand the situation? Even if you go back, all that awaits you is despair. So just stay here and be a prisoner and wait for the war to be over."

"What are you going to do about it, Sir Bonnie?"

"I'm going back to the Empire. There shouldn't be a truce like that, I think His Majesty Rimuru would want to deal with the Empire. By then, a guide must be needed, right?"

And the person who acts as a guide, presumably, will be wiped out. Bonnie, who has lost his power now, will no doubt be assassinated.

Sensing Bonnie's awakening, everyone fell silent.

Then, everyone was deeply aware that their fate had been entrusted to the Demon Lord Rimuru.

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After expressing my gratitude to Veldora and Ramiris, I headed to the seventieth level of the labyrinth.

Adalman is currently in a dormant phase because of yesterday's ritual.

The Harvest Festival had begun, but Adalman's castle was still in a state of destruction.

So it was that he was moved to the guest room on the main floor above ground to continue his slumber, and Albert and Wenti were moved to spare rooms, presumably to be awakened in a while.

More problematic were the imperial captives, who had previously been looked after by Adalman, and it wasn't good to leave them hanging so long now.

Besides, they should have calmed down by now, and I'd like to ask for information about the Empire.

I'll go check them out while I can.

Accompanying me were my two secretaries.

With these two, I can be rest assured even if anything happens.

"You don't have to go, Rimuru-sama himself..."

"Well, why don't you go for me?"

"That's right, you've got to get some information!"

"Kufufufufu we might as well go together!"

Diablo was as unflinching as ever.

Is the same true of Shion?

There is absolutely no active petition to leave.

Well, there's no way that I'm going to let Shion go alone. I thought as I was held to the chest by Shion.

But then again, these two are still so energetic after just having an evolutionary ceremony yesterday.

After a night in the Shion nothing has changed. And Diablo, perfectly back to his usual self.

"So, have you gained new abilities?"

"Kufufufufu! Thanks to Rimuru-sama, I managed to gain the ultimate skill. Finally, I don't have to put up with Guy's show-offs."

From Guy's point of view, Diablo is the one who is really annoying, right?

For some reason, I'm sure I thought that correctly.

"If you're so reluctant, you should get it yourself. I think Diablo would be able to obtain the ultimate skill himself without my help, right?"

"No, no, you can't say that. Wouldn't it be lame to get it the way Guy said, as if I were to learn from him?"

I don't get it, not talking about parody.

I'll ask for advice if I think I can use it, was I wrong about that?

"Hmph, Diablo is really small-minded. Is that how you say "without shame"? Since being taught in this way by Lord Rimuru, I have often gone to ask others for advice. His Excellency Gobuchi also taught me the essence of cooking, and now they all agree that my craft has been handed down."

Shion said with a smug expression.

But, I think.

So, it's not like the baggage was dumped by Gobuchi.

Gobuchi is also really, I really hope he doesn't add any strange confidence to Shion.

Now that you've accepted it, teach it well to the end.

"So that's why. Not long ago, Lord Gobuchi was hospitalized because his body would definitely collapse if he had to try the cuisine of Shion every time."

Haha, haha.

Then it would be bad to blame Gobuchi.

In this case, Diablo had already fallen on his face, and Shuna would never taste it.

I knew it, I had to get Benimaru.

Well, Shion's education was supposed to be Benimaru's responsibility, it would be good to stress it to him again.

That's not going to be a problem for the newlyweds. Please, don't get me wrong.

Because the topic of Shion's relationship was a bit off topic, but in the midst of small talk we had reached our destination.

After the "transfer" to the hills of the 70th class, everyone who saw me appear immediately saluted.

I don't think it's right to do such a thing to an enemy demon lord, but Diablo and Shion seem quite content, so I'd better not interject.

"His Majesty Rimuru is here! Immediately, inform Sir Calgurio!"

Everyone quickly began to move, with a tent at the center, neatly lined up on both sides of the road.

It seemed that Calgurio and the rest were having a military meeting in that tent, and Rimuru and the others were led into the tent while listening to the instructions.

Inside the tent, there were probably about a hundred or so people in high places. They all stood straight and saluted me and greeted me.

I'm a little surprised that even they are reacting this way.

I'm the king of an enemy country, and I'm still a Slime. They didn't even slight me, and it seems that Raphael's scheme was more successful than imagined.

Well, come to think of it, it's a given. Not only did he kill him, but he also brought him back to life, and in the face of such a person, complete submissiveness is the wise thing to do.

If I were you, I wouldn't have the confidence to fight back against such a dangerous person. Rimuru convinced himself and was led to the top seat.

Of course, in order to show majesty on such occasions, to take on human form.

Shion and Diablo stood behind me, respectively.

Because I was out of Shion's embrace, she still had a somewhat regretful expression on her face. If you care about such a place, you lose, so I looked around at everyone and said.

"So, guys. Just in time, the top brass have gathered."

"Yes!"

Because everyone bowed their heads together, it was troublesome so there was no way to talk properly.

I let them all take their seats and then began to explain the coming.

"All of you relax. I'm here today to talk to you guys."

I said this with a smile to everyone.

It's better for the meeting to be relaxed and gentle.

"Adalman's been up to something lately and may not be here for a while. So, I was wondering if there was anything you guys would like to mention."

"I dare not. You've treated us well enough, don't bother any more."

So stiff!

Calgurio spoke back as a representative, completely respectful.

Nope, that's the common attitude right there.

They are the defeated ones, and it's the right thing to do.

"That's good. And then, what about the way forward?"

"Yes! And on that note, we have a request!"

Request?

As long as it's not something that can't be done, let's just listen. Then, Calgurio made a startling claim.

"We would like to live in this country for the time being, and see if you can accommodate us..."

Wait.....?

I listened to the content in detail.

According to Calgurio.

It just so happens that right now, they are also discussing the way forward.

And then came to the conclusion that even back in the Empire, they would only be killed all over.

"No, no, no, you're going too far! There is no country that kills soldiers who fight for their country just because they are defeated!"

I couldn't help but gag.

"However, I think there's no doubt it will turn out that way."

Who did you think it was? It was Bonnie. I can't believe it's the same person who attacked us, he said calmly and clearly.

Nor, according to his account, it can't be completely denied that there is no such possibility.

Are you kidding me...?

"It's true."

"No, wait? If that's true, the earlier statement about suspending military aggression for fear of Veldora's seal being lifted now sounds suspicious, too. Maybe that's my mistake too, and he is actually waiting for the storm dragon to come back?"

"What Emperor Rudra was thinking is also hard for me to understand. But, in my humble opinion, His Majesty Rimuru is probably right."

This guy, is it really Bonnie?

It's like he's being a different person.

But then again, is that so?

Emperor Rudra's true purpose was not simply to win the war. Instead, the empire's soldiers were to face off against a strong opponent, so that they could select a strong man who could awaken.

It's a big move, beyond the realm of normal human thought.

<<Answer. Very interesting idea.>>

You're an idiot!

It's not funny to think of people as experimental material!

That being said, the King of Wisdom has that side too.

Zegion, for example, is a success story, and it's really kind of scary to think that maybe it's happening to me, too, that I'm being used as a test subject somewhere when I don't know.

<<No. No such instances have been found.>>

Seriously.

Well, there's still credibility in that.

Anyway, we'll talk about this later.

The question is whether or not to accept Calgurio and the others' request.

"But, ah, your food is not free either. It's an extra 700,000 people's rations, and they'll have to be bought from other countries."

Hearing that they would be killed back home, it was a bit of a hesitation to let them go. But it is also true that our country has no reason to shelter them.

All I have to answer for is my own nationals. I hope they live strong—as much as I want to say so, I can't just leave it at that.

If 700,000 professional soldiers had been admitted, the Western countries, led by the Kingdom of Blumund, would not have remained silent. One messed up and unnecessary bloodshed ensued.

That being said, it would be too ruthless to let them return. Since I saved their lives, I'll be responsible until the end.

There's no way around it, it's better to take them in.

But it's not free.

"In our country, 'he who does not work does not gain,' You can earn your own rations. Is that okay?"

Nervously holding their breath as they waited for me to answer the Calgurio and the others' faces brightened as they listened.

"That's for sure!"

"At your service!"

We haven't even said what they're going to do, but they're all looking very energetic.

That being the case, I gave them permission to stay here.



When all is said and done, it seems to me that capturing captives doesn't mean much to the Empire.

Because there was no wartime agreement done, and nothing prescribed.

And it seems to me, listening to Bonnie, that there is little use for an armistice bargaining condition. In that case, it would be better to use them as labor.

While the stays are undetermined, at least give me some good labor until the war with the Empire is over.

I don't know if it will come in handy if it's too short, but I'm still watching more. Hopefully, they'd play some better role.

And they weren't about to disobey me either, so just please give them to Geld to let them live for a while.

But then again, Geld is, at the moment, still in evolutionary slumber. It's still a while until he awakens, and they should be allowed to do something before then.

"By the way, are you good at civil engineering?"

Groups like the military, unexpectedly, have a lot of people who are good at technology.

It's still in my past life, but the samurai commanding the building of the castle is still quite famous.

Even in modern times, the Self-Defense Forces are active in various disaster relief scenes, and the news has reported active scenes of relief overseas.

By the same token, the working forces in Dwargon in this world, pride themselves on having a high level of skill. It's plain, but it actually makes a difference.

Then again, it is not too much to say that it is because of the presence of the former head of the Dwarven Work Force, Kaijin, that a solid foundation has been laid for our country.

It was that situation that created the close link between the military and civil engineering technology.

"Of course! I can confidently say that the Empire's skill level is the highest!"

Great.

In that case, let me show you first.

"Well, first job. See this destroyed city now, and restore it in its entirety. The materials will be prepared by me, but they'll be in your hands from the design stage. You can do it, right?"

Since it was broken by them, it is natural for them to fix it.

Listening to my request, Calgurio nodded.

"As you wish."

Calgurio nodded confidently, and the men who had received the instructions left quickly. That quick and unified feeling is just the kind of man who does his job.

The skeletons will also be able to return to work when Adalman awakens, and it's estimated that the rebuilding will be over shortly after.

And just like that, the Imperial Army was appointed to the job.

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The rest of the purpose, then, is simply to gather intelligence.

I felt the need to listen to the details, so I picked a few of Calgurio's men who knew the details and went to the conference room together.

The sober subordinates will gather and prepare for a countermeasures meeting.

At this moment, the Imperial side should not have sensed their defeat in Calgurio.

Although Yuuki should have received information from Misha or Laplace, there was no need to worry too much about leaking it from them.

And we, for our part, have mastered the Empire's movements.

Ruminas had been informed that three hundred airships were on the move across the ocean.

"Huh! Let's see how I fight him back!"

She boasted.

Although I don't think Ruminas will do it herself, she and I have an agreement. We made a pact that Ruminas would defend against the Imperials attacking from the north.

The divine kingdom of Ruberios, the home of the religion, has many Paladins and the ability to fight alone.

And with the vampire clan as an undercard, handing it to her would be a relief.

Even if Ruminas was in crisis, there were still a hundred and fifty thousand Western-equipped troops to go out. In order to be able to respond quickly to unexpected situations, we had been keeping Testarossa's men there.

What's more, the fact that Hinata is sending out a counterattack is a foolproof solution.

However, it is far from being careless.

I looked around at the participants and announced the start of the meeting.

The participants are the following seventeen:

Secretaries Shion and Diablo.

Chief Grand Admiral Benimaru

Those in charge of the administration—Rigurd and Kaijin.

Chiefs of Army Gabil and Gobta.

Advisor Hakurou,

Souei of the Intelligence Department.

I also called in the important reference person, Gedora.

The others were Testarossa, Ultima, and Carrera, the three demonesses.

For their part, the Imperial Army was joined by Calgurio and Minute, along with the duo of Bonnie and Jiu.

There were 18 of them, including me.

Starting with introductions, the Imperial side became speechless when they learned that Diablo and the Three Demon Maidens were the "primordials".

That sight is very stark.

I'm sorry, the fault is not with me but with Diablo.

Noticing again that there was someone who wanted to spit, I decided to continue the conversation as if nothing had happened.

Then I got started.

"So, just say what you can, huh?"

After saying that, I began to use physics magic: the Argos, revealing an image of the flying airship troops. As agreed beforehand, Calgurio began to illustrate the current state of the empire.

Looking at the image on the monitor's large screen, the Imperials faltered again. And wherein Calgurio hides his inner emotions, the calm quickly begins to illustrate.

From Gedora, I have been informed in partial detail.

Although the old man looked like he didn't care about his betrayal at all, Calgurio was a soldier. Odds are, there are also things that can't be said that need to be added from the sidelines by us.

He had already been informed of what we knew, so he was asked to add a note on that basis.

"I see. Then, let me begin to illustrate."

Calgurio was more thoughtful and articulate than I expected.

There was a unit called the "Air Combat Flying Corps" in the "Mecha Corps" led by Calgurio, which had four hundred flying airships that were called the newest air combat power. Three hundred of them were sailed by other legions to the north of the Kingdom of Ingracia.

The maximum carrying capacity of each spacecraft is four hundred people. It takes fifty men to operate an airship, so one can carry three hundred and fifty combatants.

The same as what I heard from Gedora.

The main delivery was the 30,000 'Warcraft Legion' led by the Imperial Grand Admiral named Gladim.

But in fact it seems as if they are two by two with the wizards who can call them partners, so in essence the number of combatants to be transported is 60,000.

The rest, it seems, are the support personnel who carry out rear support.

That aspect of the command was given to a Major General named Samuel, who seemed to be a non-combatant anyway, so it didn't count as combat

strength.

"It is a shame to say this, but most of the soldiers sent to Ingracia were new recruits. There's nothing wrong with flying an airship, but it's a little worse in practice. I'm supposed to be a researcher, so I'd like to ask for your mercy."

Calgurio said.

This time, the full force was devoted to war against our country, so it was only possible to lend some of the combatants to Brigadier General Gladim. There were about 30,000 auxiliaries, but none of them were even at the Magic Instructor level, most of them were at the Spellcaster level.

Then there's the technician who maintains the airship, who wants to keep them alive as long as possible without killing them.

"You bastard, there's a limit to what you can do. You want us to spare other people's countries when you feel you can't beat them?"

Shion shouted emotionally, and Calgurio apologized with an iron face upon hearing it.

I appeased Shion, but I also felt that Shion was not wrong in what she said. And Calgurio understood exactly what he had said that had gone too far and apologized for his outburst...

"It's not our job to deal with that. Depending on the circumstances, you may have to give up."

"Sure, I understand. All things being in accordance with the will of His Majesty Rimuru..."

It would be possible to consider it if it were possible, but I can't say for sure. My resurrection magic isn't all-powerful either, and depending on the circumstances, it can fail.

And, depending on how Ruminas reacts, there may be no room for me to interject.

I've heard that the "Warcraft Legion" led by Gladim is quite threatening, and also has the potential to cause significant damage to Hinata.

If that really were to happen, it wouldn't be my turn to pity them. Although, in my opinion, the defense on Ruminas' side is quite strong and will never lose. But there are no absolutes in battle, and I don't just give promises to people.

That's it, so that's the end of that thread.

Next, it's about the eastern city of Dwargon.

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I switched the Argos display scene.

An army of 60,000 men was revealed. There was no sense of tension, loosely lined up.

Looking at the tense again Imperial group, I began the instructions.

"Now, although it's not my wish, I've made an alliance with Yuuki. To confront each other like this now is really just an act,"

I finished, Minute laughed to himself.

"It's really hard to beat, we've been pried out of the army from the beginning, no wonder we can't win at all."

Calgurio nodded with a sniff.

"That's right, the moment my Legion of Mechs and Gladim's Legion of Warcraft disappeared, they pointed straight at the Imperial Capital. So, is that the General?"

A bitter look crawled across the two men's faces knowing that they had not only lost in strength, but even in strategy.

However, objections have been raised.



"That's not right. The emperor, still left to protect him. I have also said this many times, but again, the Awakened One is an army. Your Highness must have noticed that Yuuki was trying to commit a rebellion."

Although this was said by Bonnie, the impression he had as Masayuki's follower was too strong, and he was a completely different person.

"Is this what Bonnie is all about?"

"Ah, no. The time I acted with Masayuki was the time when my character had nothing to say."

In the face of my off-the-cuff doubts, Bonnie replied in a disciplined manner. He said it was now the attitude of a soldier, and that nature would be more casual...

By the way, also told me that he was originally American. Well, forty-five. What used to be an ordinary student who came to this side and was re-taught became the present Bonnie.

Although it was insignificant information to him, it made me feel more or less close to him.

"Well, that seems like a real possibility. I've also heard that the Empire seems to have characters who can kill me, and generally speaking, there's nothing unbelievable about turning this deadly situation around."

It's a pain in the ass to think that in this world, quality is more important than quantity. No matter how many battles there are, as long as one can't beat that one, one will be disastrously defeated...

Since that's how we won it too, one also really has to think about what happens when standing in the opposite position.

"Then let me go and eat them all up!"

The big Tai Sword in Shion's hand spoke boldly.

There's no guarantee that anyone will win that way, so of course it's a no.

"Kufufufu, then I will do it."

"Overruled!"

Although it is impossible to imagine the scenes in which Diablo lost, it was decidedly dismissed.

My approach is to stay on the sidelines until an absolute victory situation is created. Only this, just in case, must be kept in mind again.

In short, intelligence is important.

The number of failures due to inadequate intelligence is truly too great to count. To make sure you don't make the same mistake this time, take a good listen.

"So, you teamed up with Masayuki so as not to arouse suspicion of approaching me? To be honest, I didn't realize it at all, the attack was really dangerous at the time."

I spoke to Bonnie and Jiu.

It was presumably Damrada's order, but it was a perfect battle even if the King of Wisdom didn't notice.

As enemies, they should also be praised.

It is clear that there have been several chances to strike so far, but to be able to keep the highest battle power hidden until that decisive moment is something I don't think ordinary people can do. Although we were the better team this time, a mistake could have reversed the situation.

If that's the case, you'll be in the Emperor's heart. If the army of the Jura Tempest Federation loses me and Benimaru, it will become a scattered mass of sand to be trampled down by the Empire.

"I was too confident and careless in the matter. Convinced that the maze was safe. I will remember that in wartime, no matter what time of year, danger is always with us."

"Me too. Anyone who gets close to Lord Rimuru, I'll be more thorough in finding out about him."

Although Benimaru and Souei seemed to have been indifferent all along, it wasn't just the two of them that were responsible for this if they really wanted to say it.

They were more considerate and alert to the possibilities of the situation than I was. My sense of crisis is so weak, that's something to reflect on.

"Lord Damrada's order is to protect Masayuki. But I wasn't told the reason, so I guess it's to prevent information leakage."

"Me too. We are not receiving orders at the same time, but through different channels, in order to prevent our identity from being known. When I received the order to assassinate His Majesty Rimuru, I realized that Bonnie was in the single digits, just like me."

Bonnie and Jiu also joined the conversation, and they had the right to remain silent, so it was really nice to take the initiative to join the conversation.

However, something about what they said made me care.

"Just remembering?"

"No, it was because I had never seen a single digit other than myself that I first learned that she was one when I received the order."

"Me too. I'm afraid only the Chief and deputy Chiefs know the identity of the other single digits."

I was surprised to hear that answer.

The strongest warriors in the Empire, surprisingly, don't even know each other.

Why do they do this?

<<Answer. The presumed purpose is to prevent betrayal.>> Hmmm.

Since they don't know their identities, they don't have to worry that they will join forces to commit crimes. It's not exactly thorough, but it does illustrate that even to this extent, the Emperor's safety must be guaranteed?

"It's not that I can't understand, but it's too much trouble and inefficient. If it's a companion, how nice to help each other from the beginning."

As I finished thus, Gedora smiled bitterly and declared his opinion.

"Lord Rimuru, may I have your permission to speak disrespectfully?"

"Of course, I'm glad to hear that,"

That would be rude, Gedora said.

"While Lord Rimuru's idea is wonderful, it can also be said to be lacking in consideration. This old man was well aware of Damrada, a man of great cunning, who never trusted his own men and was extremely cautious in character."

Sure enough, as the King of Wisdom had expected, it was to prevent betrayal. I heard that he is one of the leaders of the "Big Three", a secret association, and he only believes in money, which is just like the rumors.

And who he really is, is he in the "single digits"?

"I haven't seen it, but he sounds like a dangerous guy, and from the way he's trying to assassinate Gedora, I think there's no doubt he's in the single digits. Moreover, he was able to command Bonnie and Jiu, could Damrada be the captain?"

I asked so, but Gedora denied it.

"No, Damrada must be the deputy Chief. In my opinion, the Chief is definitely, Tatsuya Kondo."

This man seems to be the Director of Imperial Intelligence, one of the men Gedora is guarding? It was a man who even Gedora himself, said not to know much. Thus, although intelligence was scarce, Gedora had some certainty about Damrada's identity as a result of the determination of his true identity.

The Imperial group had already entered the abandonment mode. Bonnie and Jiu felt that since they were both at this point then there was no hidden meaning and spoke out favorable information.

As Gedora had envisioned, Damrada was the deputy commander of the Imperial Order of the Emperor, second in the sequence. While it's not known if Kondo is the captain or not, there's no doubt that Damrada is a big man.

Good job, Gedora. I thought of it this way, and then listened while I did.

"In fact, the order to attack His Majesty Rimuru this time was not the instruction of Lord Damrada, but a secret order from the Chief."

"Me too. This order replaces the order to protect Masayuki, so it feels a little strange."

Listening to Jiu, in order to gain Masayuki's trust, a bridge segment was also deliberately arranged for Masayuki to save a village. To repay Masayuki for saving her life, with such a stance, she finally joined Masayuki's team.

"If you want to reveal your identity at the same time, it's better to help each other from the beginning."

"—I think so, too. Since it's really a great opportunity, I always thought I took advantage of Masayuki to keep you guys from getting suspicious..."

But now that I think about it there are some doubts, Bonnie concluded.

Assuming the duo didn't lie, taken together, Damrada and the Chief seem to have different intentions.

Since it was Damrada who arranged all this, it is hard to imagine that he would make the order to abandon the layout altogether.

No, it could also be argued that sacrifices were made to increase the success rate, but that alone I think there should be other good ways. It's normal for them to have doubts in Bonnie, and it makes more sense to see the matter as what else is on the inside...

"By the way, have any of you ever seen what the Emperor Rudra looked like?"

Suddenly a little concerned, so I asked.

Gedora was the only one, raising his hand.

"Are you kidding me? You don't even know what the people you serve looks like?"

Benimaru muttered in a low voice in surprise.

"My lord, there's no such thing as a dominant person. I'll be able to buy food on the street and chat easily with anyone."

"Hey, hey."

"Don't be so mean. Although he was a bit harsh compared to Lord Gazel, he also had an easygoing side. However, the average prince and aristocrat is a little bit more important. I think there are a lot of people who don't let their subordinates look directly at their faces."

"Well, that's true."

"While I also agree with Lord Kaijin, there is something I cannot understand. Isn't it a bit much to hide your face even in front of someone who is serving as an escort?"

"Well. I don't think so, either."

Hearing Kaijin's words, Rigurd commented. And Kaijin also readily agreed with what he had said.

"Sure, something weird is going on?"

"It's not so much strange as it is abnormal. Your name is Bonnie, and I have a question for you."

Hakurou finished answering the hobgoblin first, and then asked Bonnie a question.

"What's the problem?"

"You are in the position of guarding the Emperor, why don't you even know what he looks like? So how exactly is the monarch to be protected?"

Facing the sharp eyes that stabbed at him, Bonnie spoke as if he was once again puffing up his breath.

"Very simple, because only the first six in the sequence can see His Majesty's face. The head and deputy head of the regiment often stayed behind, so the remaining four were often accompanied by His Majesty."

Those four people seemed to be called the Four Horsemen, and as far as Bonnie and Jiu were concerned, they were strong men who had never been replaced even after years and years.

"That is, you are not trusted to that extent? Even your strength is no match for the Four Horsemen?"

The words that were difficult to ask came straight out.

Bonnie replied somewhat defiantly.

"It's okay if you think so. Indeed, I have a hard time beating those four. Not only that, but there was the man at His Majesty's side. That is the one thing I can never win, His Excellency the dreaded "Marshal". I don't think I can beat that one even if the "single digits" all add up."

There he is again, a very strong guy.

So far, it's Kondo, Damrada, the Four Horsemen and the Marshal.

Let's say there are nine people in the "single digits", and after removing Bonnie and Jiu, there are seven people left. Consistent numbers—no, not true. It's normal to think of "marshal" as another position if it's down to the top six in the sequence. In that case, it should be possible to think of a "single digit" on another mission.

That is, it's the eight that need to be on guard. If Kondo wasn't the Chief, it would be tricky to add another one to the alert.

Just knowing that counts as a gain, but there's another thing I want to confirm.

"In fact, I heard from Gedora over there that Masayuki and Emperor Rudra seem to look exactly alike."

Gedora nodded at my words.

Seeing Gedora's movements, the congregation became silent in their thoughts.

"Damrada's order is to protect Masayuki, right? And it also keeps you all out of each other's heads and definitely doesn't draw suspicion. To do so, and then to make an order to completely ignore the laying out of the front. Damrada and the Chief, presumably for different purposes?"

Feeling certainly right, I put my thoughts into words.

Presumably, I think Damrada is sincere in his desire to protect Masayuki. Although the reason was unknown, it must have something to do with the fact that Masayuki looked like the Emperor.

"You just said you used Masayuki, right?"

"Yes. Since it was unclear why he was to be protected, he honestly accepted the captain's orders."



"Me too. And no note was received from Damrada."

He took advantage of Masayuki in order to get to me. It would have been understandable if Damrada had ordered Bonnie and Jiu in this way. However, when the captain came out and stabbed a crossbar, there was a doubt that needed to be confirmed anyway.

"About the captain, do you think he knows what Masayuki looks like?"

"Well, that's hard to answer. If Kondo is the leader as I expected, it's better to consider him informed."

"We don't know the details, but we do know something about that man Kondo. He must not be careless in the face, I heard that he has all the information in the Empire."

"A weirdo who feeds on information" is the nickname of Lieutenant Kondo, who is the Director of the Intelligence Bureau. Our military and intelligence agencies are inseparable and have suffered a lot on his part. Although several hostilities were also organized, they all ended in failure. Just looking at that, that guy is no slouch."

Although Calgurio wanted to play dumb and get over it, Minute didn't want to hide the fact that it was all said and done at all. The fact that even the inside story was exposed was enough to show that Kondo was a dangerous man.

With even a man like Minute being at his mercy, it seemed that this Kondo was truly powerful.

"At least, not an opponent I can beat."

"Old Master Gedora, don't look at him like that, he's actually a pretty powerful man. As far as I'm concerned, one might be able to match the strength of a 'saint.'"

Although the amount of mana was not high, the magic technique was extremely high.

It seems that Kondo can be considered a "saint" if even such a Gedora asserts that he will never win.

That is to say, a strongman equal to Hinata and King Gazel.

By the way, Bonnie and Jiu had also been saints before, and Calgurio had also awakened.

Then Gedora who can't use their ultimate skills can't beat them.

Anyway, it was better to figure out that Kondo was very strong, and since he was known as the

"information eater", it was better to think that he already knew about Masayuki.

"If Kondo knew about Masayuki, then he would have had other intentions than Damrada. At that time, Bonnie's attack had no regard for Masayuki's life and death. It's contradictory to Damrada's orders."

Hearing me out, Bonnie said with some difficulty.

"...In fact, I received an order from the Chief that Masayuki was useless in getting rid of him."

From the point of view of Bonnie and Jiu, a friendship had been formed during the journey with Masayuki, and they were still hesitant to kill him. So, they scheduled to talk about Masayuki's treatment after settling me.

Just hide him. If not, use magic to erase his memory.

Anyway, it's decided for now.

"It's just that it's not safe. Though a little sorry for him, let's match him with an escort in recent times.

Souei, is it okay to leave it to you?"

"Yes, sir."

Well, that's how the shadow can be trusted.

"It can be seen that the intentions of the Damrada and the Chief are different. Wanting to protect Masayuki's people and those who want to kill him. Although the reason for this is unknown, it is indeed opposed to each other."

"Yeah. If it's organic in here, it's earned."

"It's not that optimistic. But it is good news to know that the enemy is not of one mind."

I'd say it's good news, right?

Since it is difficult to identify the enemy and me, we can only see them all as enemies. To get a better sense of that, just hear the details again.

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Already clear about Bonnie and them, next wanted to understand the factions within the Empire. That being said, it's not about the army, but at least the movement of those who are in the upper echelons, those who have extreme powers.

"So, tell me about the single digits."

When I finished, Bonnie nodded.

"Yes. We are in the "single digits", which is only nine at any given time. Something like brushing off acquaintances is also possible in order to be able to ensure that the stronger ones get into the sequence."

That is, there isn't a big difference in the strength at the end?

"So it's not unusual for the 9th and 10th places to be interchangeable?"

Hearing my question, Bonnie shook his head in denial.

"The sequence eleven is the auxiliary to the single digits, while the sequence ten is called the reserve, but this is only temporary and they take over when the single digits fall off."

There seems to be an insurmountable wall between the Nine and the Ten, presumably because of the relationship between the Infinite Power.

In other words, it is only after awakening and acquiring the ultimate skill that they are first recognized as "single digits".

Incidentally, the Bonnie sequence has seven digits and the Jiu sequence has nine. The men to be alerted are a sequence of one to six, and a sequence of eight, plus the "marshal", at least eight more.

Concerning the Damrada faction, it seems that they are not clear to Bonnie. They don't even know who the other "single digits" are, so I don't think any of this is a lie.

I'd like to know the information outside of the members, so look forward to hearing something useful.

The ten members of the sequence, who are in reserve, basically stay in their home countries and stand by in case of any emergency. Then, the sequence of knights of the near-guard under eleven is usually a trio of three in common form, responsible for solving some large events.

According to Bonnie's instructions, the tenth place in the sequence was quite strong, just that they hadn't acquired an ultimate skill, which might be able to match the Awakened demon lord.

The difference in strength between the remaining ninety near-guard knights, up to the twentieth position, and below the thirtieth position, was equally as high as a wall.

Even so, those who were able to enter the Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard had at least reached the Immortal Rank. Some of them are close to the strength of the "saints", and if the Empire of the East is out in force,

they are strong enough to wage a war against the plural demons at the same time.

"What are you talking about? With us as opponents, we won't win without a single injury."

Spit from Minute.

"That's right, it's more threatening than a million troops, or a hundred men from the Imperial Order of the Imperial Near Guard, that's the problem."

"No way. The so-called Imperial Army is nothing more than a show of strength for outsiders to see, and for those who can't understand the foolishness of what is truly powerful, there must be some violent device that can be seen with the eyes."

Bonnie finished with a sigh.

These words were presumably spoken not only to the western nations, but also to their own—and also to the subjects of the Empire.

The subjects pay taxes for their own security, and to say that the army has only a hundred men would be a source of consternation to everyone. Even knowing it would be of little use, it still made sense to put together such a large number of troops.

One more thing, you can care less about the numbers on offense, but the numbers are necessary when you play defense. The more points there are, the more people are needed.

In this respect, the imperial approach can also be said to be justified.

"In the old days, the army existed primarily for defense, relying solely on the elite to attack other nations and eliminate their will to resist from the roots, and then sending troops to bring them under the Emperor. However, I don't know when I started sending the army first, and I still have my doubts about it...I guess it was for the birth of the Awakened One..."

With a look of emotion from Gedora, it seemed that this was a rather important secret.

In this way, one could see Emperor Rudra's purpose.

"This expedition is not about winning, is it? In fact, Lord Calgurio has awakened, and there are several others that are about to awaken, and using this war to increase the number of pawns in his hands is the real purpose of Emperor Rudra."

Benimaru and I agreed, stating our opinions.

Bonnie nodded, spilling out the situation.

"This expedition, there are several with signs of awakening. It was not only Major General Calgurio, Major General Minute, Colonel Kansas, and Krishna that I received instructions to assist the Awakened in waiting for an escape. It's the first time I've seen a leader's plan deviate so drastically."

Bonnie said with a bitter laugh, but I couldn't laugh it off. If so many people had awakened, it wouldn't have been so easy to get into a hard fight.

And, now that it has been made clear that the purpose of the Empire is to create the Awakened, it means that we have been wrong in our judgments so far.

I also thought that the Empire started this war because they were sure they could defeat both us and the Western States. This included the King of Wisdom who had the same prediction as I was, and I thought I hadn't been wrong in my thinking...

<<The...The definition failed due to insufficient intelligence. To ensure completeness, adopting a redefinition.>>

I was slightly feeling the King of Wisdom seem a little ashamed. Oops, it's too much to ask to decipher to that extent, and I wouldn't mention such an outrageous request.

Don't mind this time, just learn from the experience and improve next time

<<Understood. Reassessment of intelligence to avoid omissions.>> It's up to you, really.

For future actions of the Empire, the predictions of the King of Wisdom can be used as a reference.

Now, let's get the information we have together.

"Rudra is collecting Awakened strengths, and although he doesn't want to admit it, I think that something like Bonnie and Jiu, whom he conferred ultimate abilities, should be doable. The Eight Star Demon Lords, including me, and the famous heroes of the Western States, must gather enough people to defeat them all at the same time, so that they can control the world."

What I said, Benimaru and Diablo and others agreed.

"I agree, it's really tricky. That's why there's this idea that it doesn't matter to anyone other than the Awakened, isn't it?"

"Hmm, indeed. Human beings are fragile, but with the ultimate skills, they can fight with us in pairs."

"What can I do?"

"We don't think it's funny either."

"Well, that's good. If it works, let's just do it."

"But then, fighting will become boring?"

"Kufufufu, what an ancient way of thinking, Testarossa. For those who do not have a corresponding ability, we just don't use the ability either. With this thought, I've acquired the ultimate skill."

"What did you say?"

"Isn't that a bit of a trick?"

"You can't run away."

"The jealousy of those who have not acquired power is delicious! I ignored him because I didn't want Guy to feel that way."

Diablo is really capricious.

I thought he was agreeing with me, but as a result, the topic got more and more off-kilter, and I had to hurry to stop Diablo's rampage, and the aura around Testarossa and the girls started to get restless.

"Back to the point, according to Lord Rimuru, the Empire's purpose is to select the strong, right?"

"I also agree with His Lordship. There were also strong men like King Gazel, Hinata, and Her Majesty Elmesia. It was because of the guardianship of these overlords that the world was able to maintain the balance of war power. Waiting to collect enough to break the balance before starting a formal attack is something I can understand."

Rigurd and Kaijin understood my thinking very well.

"I see...to use the strong to deal with the strong, and let those who can help gather around. In this way of thinking, the weak are completely in the way."

"It sounds like a lot, but the weak are relaxed."

"Yes, well, if the strong alone can solve the war, it will be a kind of happiness for the weak. But it is against my aesthetics to need so many sacrifices for the birth of the strong."

Seeing the reactions of Gabil and the others, Calgurio and Minute also had a bitter look on their faces.

As a party, one can better understand how cruel and inhumane this practice is.

In my opinion, Hakurou's opinion is important.



War leaves those who want to fight to fight and involves the weak in it, an act that is abhorrent to the core.

But reality isn't as simple as talking and the world is hard to predict.

"By the way, Yuuki-chan has said that the Demon Lord Guy seems to be unhappy with the increase in the Imperial battle power as well. Why is the strongest Guy so vigilant? It makes one wonder"...

Gedora suddenly remembered what it was like, to say that.

Indeed, as long as you have the ability to investigate, it's only natural that your attack will be effective against Guy, and that you will be alert.

"Guy's goal is to unify the world with the power of the Demon Lord. Positively confronting empires, the stakes can be said to be completely stacked against each other. It's just..."

"It's weird. Why, arrogant Guy, would you allow the Empire to exist?"

"Gathering the strong to fight might be more fun, but Guy was unexpectedly serious. It gives the impression that if one can act, one will immediately go out personally to wipe out the foolish ones..."

Diablo, Ultima, and Carrera spoke the doubts in their hearts.

It was Testarossa who answered these questions.

"Quite simply, there is Lord Velgrynd in that place. To strike out against the Empire would most likely provoke Lord Velgrynd. That's why I'm so honest in the Empire."

Upon hearing this, Calgurio gave a surprised look, while Minute whispered, "Is that called honesty?"

Although I don't know what Testarossa is doing with the Empire, it is none of my business after all. To avoid even blaming me for the past, these things are ignored.

What concerns me more is the name "Velgrynd".

The name is Velgrynd. Does it mean—

"What a surprise, Primordial White..." "No, Lady Testarossa, so much respect for the Scorch Dragon that dwells on the Burning Mountain of the Gods."

Testarossa was like, 'What did you say?' The smile on her face looked at Minute, and Minute hastened to change his words to say so.

This convinced me of what Velgrynd is really all about.

She's one of only four dragon races in the world, the sister of Veldora, who is in charge of the Scorch.

This is the real trump card of the Empire...

"It's not quite right to say respectfully, our relationship with the Dragon Race is a little more complicated. However, our lord Rimuru is an ally with Lord Veldora, so isn't it only natural that I should pay my respects to Veldora's sister?"

That is to say, without my relationship with Veldora, then Testarossa wouldn't have any respect for the Dragon Race?

"So that means that Testarossa was so honest because she couldn't win against Velgrynd? Even so, can't you beat Guy?"

"To say if you can win, you can't win. Not mentioning Guy, I at least can't beat the Dragon Race. It's not a question of strength or weakness, but the fact that it's an indestructible existence like the True Dragon Race."

Being spoken of as incomprehensible by the incomprehensible incarnation-like Testarossa, "the true dragon race" really...

If Veldora hears this, he will probably laugh out loud again, but never say such things in front of him.

"Yes, the True Dragon Race is not even a threat to Guy, but it's impossible to eliminate them, right?"

"Whoo-hoo, don't know? At least with magic, I don't think so."

It's not a victory as long as you can't kill completely—that seems to be common sense among demons.

If you say so, you really can't beat the Dragon Race.

Remember what Veldora said.

The "dragon seed" will come back to life even if it dies. Demons usually destroy their cores when they are destroyed, but the Dragon Race can still be resurrected, except that part of their memory and personality seems to be reset at that time...It is also possible that there are Dragon Race that keep their memories alive like the Demon Race.

As the word goes, it is the feeling of being "indestructible."

"Well, with a guy like that in the Empire, we can't attack at will."

Whatever that guy is to Guy first, she's a threat to us. I repeatedly said "tricky, tricky, tricky," and Calgurio and others looked at each other with a confused face. It was then opened by Calgurio, with Minute, Jiu and Bonnie beginning their statements.

"I'm sorry to be rude, but I have something to tell you. As far as I know, the Empire worships Lord Velgrynd as a guardian dragon, and through history, there are accounts of guarding the Empire from angelic attacks, but..."

"In the end, it was only because the Empire presented Lord Velgrynd with a tribute, begging her to grant it on a whim."

"That noble and beautiful true red dragon is the symbol of imperial prosperity. We, "single digits", with the approval of His Majesty Rudra, are bound to visit that symbolic dragon and make it remember its name and face on the spot, saying that we will never be hostile to it."

"Indeed, I was in that ceremony, too. Hostility is impossible. It's not an existence that can be earned."

There was a connection between the Empire and Velgrynd, but the Empire side couldn't seem to ask her to do anything. Also, Bonnie's reaction makes one wonder a bit.

Ah, not somewhat, being super very concerned.

"Well, you can keep quiet if you don't want to talk. Which side do you think would win if you fought Velgrynd, the marshal you were talking about?"

"Hey?"

"To put it another way, it's still a guess, but there's always a similarity between the two, have you ever felt that way?"

"How can...?"

Bonnie understood what I was saying and was about to joke, but immediately turned into a serious expression.

Beside Bonnie, Jiu paled in thought.

It doesn't feel wrong.

"The true face of the Marshal is Velgrynd, the Scorch Dragon."

It can't be wrong that's the reason why Demon Lord Guy didn't attack the Empire was because of Velgrynd's existence.

And I'm afraid that there were threats within the Empire that could rival Velgrynd's, and if that wasn't the case, there would be no reason for Guy to not act.

I turned my gaze to the big screen and sighed.

"Alas, a rash attack would irritate Velgrynd, and sending an army would most likely be annihilated in one breath. It's an extremely reckless strategy

to attack together with Yuuki.”

Sure enough, intelligence is really important.

Fortunately, the first to notice the presence of Velgrynd, collected his feet before stepping on a landmine, and as much as it was tempting to win the peace with the Empire, it would have been foolish to launch a counterattack by us.

"With Lord Veldora's sister as an opponent, none of us could have won. Shall we ask Lord Veldora to come?"

From Benimaru's presentation.

As weak as it sounds, this is the result of calm judgment.

The so-called “true dragon” is beyond the existence of the gods, and it would be a failure to see the reality if it was won by the delusion.

"Well, how shall I put it? We don't want to involve Veldora in our affairs.”

And I don't want to have Veldora fighting his own sister, so it's better not to ask him for help. In that case, it is very difficult to know what to do in the future.

"I'm going to pass this information on to Yuuki as well. The legions sent out can't just stay put.”

"Yeah. It's necessary to completely rework the strategy, and it's not okay to not contact Yuuki.”

Hmmm...my mind is racing with thoughts.

At this point, Diablo, the child in question, dropped a bomb.

"It looks like this has something to do with Guy too, so I called him in. He'll be here soon, so let's ask the guy together when the time comes!"

...Huh?

I couldn't help but have a serious expression on my face as I repeatedly stared at Diablo. Seeing his shy expression, I couldn't help but sprout some killing intent.

At a time when it is so distressing, this idiot is doing something so redundant...

“Already?”

“Yes!”

Yes.....!?!?

I'm angry, but it can't be ignored.

Anyway, I broke up the meeting to prepare for Guy's visit.

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Guy arrived with a look of displeasure.

"Yo, here I come. But then again, it was a big deal to call me over.”

You're right.

But alas, the words are still hopefully spoken not to me, but to Diablo.

Guy sat down roughly in his chair.

To keep Guy's mood from getting any worse, it might have been a bit reckless to take him to the lavish reception room in the VIP room. The reception depends on the guest, this was originally a noble hotel only used to receive princes and nobles.

It's a lot to lose if you mess around.

The furnishings in this room were selected and decorated by Myourmile, whose aesthetic abilities are recognized. There are also artworks of considerable value that have been brought in from various countries.

Most of them catered to my taste, not so much for luxury, but more for elegant furnishings, and you can tell that Myourmile has good taste in making people feel quiet and empty.

It's still a long way to go for Rigurd to reach this realm. There's very little access to art, and I don't think it's that easy to understand the good and bad of things. However, there is a saying of Rigurd that "this is a place where one can feel inner peace." In that case, it's possible that we are unexpectedly like-minded.

Let's leave it at that for now, and let's talk about it if Guy goes on a rampage.

Since there were no other suitable reception rooms, we had to hold back even a certain amount of damage. In any case, something as desperate as bringing the strongest Demon Lord Guy to an ordinary reception room is beyond my ability to do.

The chair made a small, creaking sound.

It's made of incense wood, the highest grade of wood.

Although the soft sofa is nice, it seems as if the wooden chair that withstands everything is quite comfortable to sit on.

There is a feeling of being surrounded by the forest and being at one with nature.

It would be nice to let Diablo make amends if it's bad, and to have the others dismissed in advance, I thought with relief.

Getting the Imperial forces back to the seventieth floor, Gabil took on the role of guide, with the plan being for Adalman to do the job of looking after them during his absence.

Souei was preparing for Masayuki's escort matter.

Rigurd is in charge of contacting various departments in order to make the urban part of the labyrinth where the shelter is located run more smoothly.

After consulting with Vesta, Kaijin will convey the contents of the previous meeting to King Gazel.

Since there is no intention to hide it, I will also be in contact with King Gazel afterwards.

After that, Gedora was exchanging information with Yuuki, and I felt that it was necessary to inform each other of the current situation even for the purpose of formulating a future policy.

Gobta and Hakurou, I told them to stay in the other room. Just in case, the trio of demon women stood by together.

Because there was no telling what these three would do, it was better to keep them out of Guy's presence. Keeping them elsewhere is also an insurance measure based on this consideration.

With that, there were four people heading to the reception room.

Me, the culprit Diablo, and then Benimaru and Shion.

Guy, on the other hand, led the way with three women on the stage.

Sitting next to Guy was a female with similar looks to Milim.

The lustrous, soft white hair refracted the light, like a sparkling lake. The deep blue of those eyes is as if they are going to take one's breath away, a stunning beauty, but from a different point of view it feels a bit childish, a woman who is incredible.

Judging by the way she didn't care that Guy sat down naturally, there was no up and down relationship between the two.

That is, the two are on the same level of existence, and such existence is extremely limited, right?

I'm afraid she is...



"This is the first time you've seen each other. I'll introduce you, Rimuru, this is Veldora's sister, Velzado. She's been called "White Ice Dragon" more often than not, so let's remember them both."

"Greetings, Demon Lord Rimuru, my name is Velzado. Do you know anything about Velzado, the white ice dragon? My brother seems to have been under your care, so I thought I'd stop by and say hello."

No mistake.

She is the sister of Veldora, one of the strongest of the Dragon Race.

Velzado "The White Ice Dragon".

The graceful greeting was beautiful.

Elegantly seated in a chair with a picturesque figure.

She seems to be very satisfied with the woody aroma.

But...

Although she showed a civilized smile, my back seemed to be sweating coldly.

I look at Veldora every day and think I have a deep knowledge of the Dragon Race, but this guy is not good. It's better to say it's as if the existence of the otherworld is so dangerous for women.

I think his control of demon qi is perfect, but seeing Velzado in front of him, I have to admit that he is still too naive.

The one in front of him was extremely natural, controlling her demonic Qi. From not feeling any aura at all, it was enough to glimpse her extremely high level of control.

If she hadn't made the introduction, I would never have realized that she was a "dragon." I'm afraid I'll treat her like a human being without any doubt.

However, her beauty and dominance cannot be hidden, and she will not be underestimated.

"Ah, greetings, my name is Rimuru, and I'm a monster for now. I'm the one, always being helped by your brother."

Why I, can only say such words.

And then why, is the King of Wisdom also silent this time?

One side felt irrational and the other was careful to remain conciliatory in its response.

"Geez, that's modest. Don't be so defensive of the kid."

As if pleased, Velzado giggled. As soon as she began to laugh, her calm and collected aura suddenly dissipated, turning into the image of a cute girl.

Honestly, she looks like an all-girls high school student.

Once again there is a strong recognition of her blood relationship with Milim. The heaviness eased, thanks to this smile.

The pleasantries continued, introducing each other to their respective members.

The other two, one was the Green Primordial Mizari, whom I had met, and the other was the Blue Primordial Rhein, whom I was first meeting.

Dressed as usual in a dark red maiden's outfit, she waited unmoving behind Guy.

I had heard that Diablo and her belonged to the same level of existence, but that gesture of taking a step back made it impossible to see that it was so.

Even so, there was no mistaking the fact that she was a primordial, the strongest being in the demon race, a being beyond the reach of ordinary demon masters. In order not to make a bad response, it's better to greet them carefully.

With such determination, the presentation was concluded with caution.

Benimaru, who was sitting next to me, was okay and still a bit nervous when introducing Shion. By the time we get to Diablo, it's practically the same mood as handling a bomb.

Why did I choose these few? Even now it's a hindrance to reflect on it.

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As everyone was almost seated, I asked for a guide to prepare the tea.

Shuna understood what I meant and finished her job without faltering.

No, it wasn't just Shuna, all the waiters didn't care what status the person they were serving was in, going about their business as usual.

It's all become professional.

It's all the result of Vesta's rigorous workouts.

Drinking the tea brought up by them, I took a break and began to move to the main topic.

"I didn't ask you to come here today for anything else. I have something I want to ask Guy."

"Oh?"

"It's true, we managed to repel the Imperial invasion. Then, I thought we'd take it this time, but I heard that there's Velgrynd on the Empire side—ah, your sister is there too. And, putting a lot of information together and judging by it, I don't think there's a karma or something between you and the Empire..."

"Oh, well, I'm glad you could see that."

After listening to my instructions, Guy seemed to have a happy sly smile.

There's only a bad feeling about it already.

While sincerely not wanting to go on asking, it's not possible to do so...

"You're just trying to get in the way of the empire's war power, aren't you? That's what keeping Yuuki alive is all about, right? I'm sure you mean it when you say you don't want to destroy the western countries, but it's more than that, right? You said "game" and all that. Who are you playing against?"

Although he cares, he acts like he doesn't care.

However, if there was a Velgrynd on the Imperial side, or even a hidden threat on its equal, then one could not help but ask.

If I attacked without figuring it out, there was a good chance that my companions would show up fallen.

I looked Guy straight in the eyes and asked out the words.

"Kukkukuk, well, that's a good move, so let me tell you."

Guy didn't put on any pretense and answered very candidly.

I felt that instead it was scary and listened honestly to his explanation.

"Actually, I made a bet with some asshole. The guy hangs onto ideals that are too outrageous to be true, so I told him what's realistic. We did not choose to fight outright, but to use the pieces in our respective hands to decide the winner."

In other words, is it the same thing to let someone other than yourself fight and win by knocking out all of the opponent's pieces?

"The pawn in your hand refers to...?"

Even without asking, it was vaguely noticeable.

"Well, it's you people."

That's right.

I feel the same way.

As much as it was tempting to ask Guy to stop casually using people as pawns, there was no point in ranting here. Then I'll just ask for some useful information.

"So, the man you're competing with is the emperor of the empire, right?"

Shouldn't get it wrong, but just make sure.

Since it's Velzado sitting next to Guy, then it's definitely the game's opponent sitting next to Velgrynd.

But that person wasn't necessarily the emperor either, so the right answer had to come from Guy's mouth.

"Exactly. The Emperor of the Empire, Rudra, is a rival with whom I identify."

No point in hiding it, Guy told me happily.

Since it could be said to be his own opponent, this Rudra couldn't be a strongman who could rival Guy, right?

You can't win, this one.

Few things can be more annoying than participating in a game where you can't see the winning side.

"May I speak?"

While I was hurting my brain, Benimaru, who was sitting next to me, spoke without fear.

And squarely in the presence of Guy.

"Yeah."

"Then allow me to ask, what are the winning conditions for this game? Was it necessary to defeat Emperor Rudra? Or is it just a matter of suppressing all his pieces? I hope you can help me with this."

Hmmm...that's really important.

I've always thought that the condition of victory was that one had to defeat Rudra, and if one took the pawns—that is to say, one could win by disintegrating the Empire's side of the battle.

There are a lot of tricky guys out there, but it's better to be a rival than a guy on the same level as Guy.

Kufufufufufufufufufufufufu...

"Idiot!" "You are—!"

I couldn't help but reprimand loudly, even overlapping with Guy's rant.

It's exhausting, really.

Guy and I were in the same mood, and we both nodded at each other involuntarily.

Didn't expect to be able to relate to Guy's heart in this matter, and only thanked Diablo on this point.

But this kind of statement that is likely to piss off Guy is also a big demerit item to drop the score significantly.

Anyway, I'll tell Diablo to shut up for now.

"Then, Guy. How about answering Benimaru's question?"

Although I asked Guy so, Guy didn't answer just looked at me.

The moment a smile flicked at the corner of his mouth, my sense of danger pulled the alarm full force at me.

“Rimuru-kun?”

Woohoo, super unsettling forebodings.

This is already, not a premonition grade anymore.

I seem to understand the reason for the instantly subtle expressions on the faces of Myourmile and Veldora when they added the word "kun" to their names when I called them. Because I definitely have the same look on my face now.

"Actually, I'd like to ask you something.”

"I refuse."

"Oh, listen to this.”

I'm just saying, you listen to me.

As much as it was tempting to say it, the other person was Guy. It's not a good idea to anger this brutal opponent, and from my standpoint, I can only listen honestly.

You see that Myourmile, despite his subtle expression, is still happy to respond to me. And it's my turn to say no with all my might.

"I want you to stop that bastard Rudra. I wouldn't say it's as hard as letting you take him down, you just have to figure out a way to deal with the pawns and make sure I win.”

Guy's expression couldn't have been more evil.

He got up from his chair and went around to my back, giving me a shoulder squeeze as he talked.

"You'll do it, won't you?”





The hand that rubbed my shoulder increased in strength.

A threat, right?

"What would I gain by accepting this offer?"

Since you can't say no, you have to get more out of it.

It may have been reckless to target Guy, but I did my best to negotiate anyway.

"I say, it's because of you that the balance of the world I'm running is falling apart. What do you think about that?"

"I'm sorry."

It was over in a flash.

It's true that I'm the one who took away most of the battle power from Guy's side, even though it's to build a new balance, and I'm working on it.

To put it more bluntly, it would be inappropriate to send the demon girl trio to our camp. If Guy is rejected here, even I might be treated as an enemy.

There's no way around it.

I gave up resistance and accepted Guy's offer.

\*\*\*

Guy returned to his seat just in time for the sound of a knock on the door.

The door to the room opened and Shuna entered.

The aroma of black tea filled the room, and the tension thinned. The tray was also topped with a cake, so I decided to go into break time.

Since you can't get away with it, then be aware that this is definitely not putting off the problem.

As if tea had been prepared for the next room as well, two secretaries and two maids went over there.

Expecting them to be reluctant, they went straight through it more honestly than expected.

I took a sip of the black tea made with care.

Soft texture.

The tea made by Testarossa was perfectly finished, but the black tea made by Shuna was very relaxing and had a different flavor.

"Ho-ho, isn't that pretty good?"

Guy looks content, that's better than anything.

"Ah, really. This cake is not just sweet, but the layers all have different flavors fused together for a rich and layered texture. The aroma is great, but the bitterness adds to the sweetness."

I'm relieved if Velzado-san also makes a positive comment.

"Also, the room is furnished in a style that is to my liking."

Unexpectedly, Guy also made a compliment.

Because this guy is a tyrant, I took the liberty of thinking he had nothing to do with idle elegance. It seems that one cannot make judgments about people based on preconceived notions, and this requires introspection.

Come to think of it, the likes of Oda Nobunaga and others have such interests. Since you prefer a tea room where you don't have to worry about your status, you probably value time for introspection.

Then again, although I took the liberty of misinterpreting Guy's interest, it seemed right to bring him here.

I am slightly reassured to speak in order to see the reaction that follows.

"Ah, is that so? It's great that you're the first guest to visit here to your taste. This room is a top-of-the-line parlor and only brings people here when they need to fill the doorway."

"Ahhhh? Are you trying to make a fool out of me?"

"Yeah, right. If they didn't do that, where would the Demon Lord be. If you want to give up your glory, why don't you just hide in the shadows and live happily in secret from the beginning?"

First use the jab to draw the opponent.

Demonstrate a will not to take him at his word before Guy says the commission.

Based on the response, it was necessary to change the response to Guy.

But Guy smiled at my overreaction.

"Ah ha ha. And me, prying into each other's minds? You're so funny!"

It wasn't fun at all, and I felt toyed with by Guy.

"That's very kind of you."

"Never mind, I'll let the trouble go. While this is my request, it is not unrelated to you. I want to continue the war and destroy the Empire just like that."

Speaking of which, Guy gracefully sipped the black tea.

Modestly, like a king who doesn't know where.

No, because it's a demon lord, let's call it a king.

But Guy, this guy, threw a straight ball over.

"That is, make Rudra's pawns zero without killing Rudra? I had that feeling when you stammered to answer Benimaru's question."

"That's it. There is no strict definition of victory conditions for the game, although they are. The only thing that was decided was the rule that 'players can't shoot each other directly'."

"An opponent admits defeat or death, and the inability to continue the game can be considered victory conditions, right?"

"Yeah, that's it."

With the black tea still in his mouth, Guy nodded.

That is, the emperor Rudra and Guy seem to have fought for over two thousand years.

There was a struggle, but no direct showdown. There had been several fights before that, but since the birth of Milim and the disappearance of Veldanava, the Star King Dragon, the two had become more restrained. The battle between the two had an excessive impact on the world and then unconsciously turned into not taking out full strength to fight, which was part of the reason.

The topic went a bit far, but looking at the ki in front of me I knew it wasn't scary.

The struggle continues to this day.

Guy keeps the world in balance while increasing the number of pawns in his hand. It seemed like there were a lot of long-lived magical creatures among them, and Guy was slowly waiting for them to evolve.

However, there was no one among the "Eight Star Demon Lords" who knew Guy's true heart. Even Milim had no idea about the game that Guy and Rudra were playing.

"Well, why talk to me!?"

"Ahhhh? Of course I would. You're the first one to push Rudra to this point."

Needless to say, Guy was aware of the fact that the Imperial Army was annihilated. Of course, so spectacularly big was the continuous unleashing of magic that it would be strange for Guy not to notice...

"But you, all kills are right, that Rudra boy's pieces didn't increase."

Sure enough, did Guy also know Rudra's purpose for this operation?

Heard the right facts from Guy's mouth.

Rudra's aim was fruitful, to use defeat as a trial to allow the survivors to evolve.

Making the case for making it acceptable to the subjects, training the army and then having them face the threat head on, identifying the evolved from the survivors, is that Rudra's basic tactic?

The proof is that although the last Imperial Expeditionary Force was swept away by Veldora, some of them evolved into Immortals.

Guy has adopted the same strategy.

The unawakened had no value as a pawn, and it was precisely because Guy was of that mindset that he acquiesced to the feud between the monsters.

The more people who awaken as True Demon Lords, the more beneficial they will be in the game. With this as a premise, the remaining question is the point at which the showdown will be initiated.

‘This side is more powerful than the other’—that moment of certainty is the moment of victory and defeat. It's unexpectedly hard to do that, and there are times when people get in the way, and so far there's been an ongoing fight without a winner being drawn.

Because this is the long term plan for growth, both Rudra and Guy are patient.

Causing a lot of trouble for the people who live in this world, but just passing the time for these two...

"This time too, if dozens of people had survived with Veldora as their opponent, there should be an Awakening among them."

That is, Rudra doesn't hold me in his eyes, and Guy treats me as an excellent pawn.

It's a bit disheartening, but it's the truth.

"So, I'm going to use this gap to attack the Empire?"

"Do what you want. I don't need to say it, but you know there's no point in fighting in vain."

Indeed, it goes without saying.

If a show of force to an adversary fails to pose a threat to them, it only adds to the number of victims and makes no strategic sense, and the option of sending troops should be rejected.

"If you know, I'd like to know if there are any of Rudra's men of whom we must be on guard?"

"Who knows, I just focus on my hand exercise. If I'm the strongest, then it doesn't matter how strong or weak the other hand is."

What an arrogant statement befitting a strongman's identity.

This guy, that's the type.

In a game like mahjong, do not look at the type of opponent how to round the cards themselves. Then, when it feels like you can win easily, you just blithely and a servant full.

However, if it's just luck, it's heaven and peace by luck, so you don't want to be an opponent either way.

The topic of the game made me start making strange associations, but let's get to the point.

"Either way, we and the Empire must distinguish between right and wrong. Not because of your commission, I will act on my convictions."

Since the issue could not be put aside as it went on, it was necessary to have a conversation with Emperor Rudra. Then it would be wise to wait until this side is in a favorable position before raising the conversation with the other side.

"Lord Rimuru, are you going to go there yourself?"

Benimaru seemed a little surprised, but there was no giving in here.

"It can't be helped. We should also not be able to kill Yuuki, but we should meet with him and aim for harmony under favorable conditions."

"Isn't it dangerous?"

"It's dangerous no matter what. Suppose, even if someone had made a treaty of peace in the past, would you believe it?"

I won't.

It was definitely a ploy to get me careless. When I was out for a leisurely walk, assassins would take this opportunity to assassinate me.

If that happens, I'll have to be on guard all the time, and I won't be able to achieve my goal of a leisurely life.

I don't want to be like that and have to be done with it.

"Yeah, me too. What about the guards?"

"Of course, it's you."

Benimaru smiled innocently in response to my words.

"Then I'm okay with that."

I could tell from his attitude that there was a confidence inside that he could protect me.

Sure enough, Benimaru is reliable.

Guy looked at my conversation with Benimaru and thought it was funny and laughed.

"Ah ha ha. You're fun to watch and the ministry is delightful, too. There's also an air of wonder that feels like there's room for evolution."

"That's it. Benimaru is the right-hand whom I rely on the most."

"Oh, so it wasn't Diablo?"

"Ahhh, that guy is strong, but what can I say, he's a problematic person..."

"I get it."

I felt like I was being pitied by Guy.

And there's a sense of being treated as a companion.

Watching his reaction, I understood that Guy was having a hard time too.

"So, I have one thing I want to confirm."

"What is it?"

"That Rudra, can you give ultimate skills to others?"

I asked, and then Guy narrowed his eyes in admiration.

"I'm glad you found out. As you say, Rudra has an interesting stunt of being able to lend his power to others."

Really?

"So, do you know the terms of the loan?"



This is a very important thing.

If only Guy knew what the conditions were, he could narrow down the range of characters on the Imperial side that needed to be guarded. It is now judged to be less than ten, but it's not good to be completely convinced that this is it.

"Don't worry. The guy's powers are not all-powerful. What can be borrowed is degraded and limited power. As for the receiver of the lending, by the way, they must at least be awakened and able to serve as a vessel of power. It seems there are conditions I don't know about that aren't that threatening."

Just by chance, I tried to ask, and Guy responded crisply. That way, all the information I want to know is gathered.

That's how it is.

There's no threat to holding ultimate skills—you're the only one who can say that! I really wanted to shout it out like that.

Milim could be one of Guy's kind too...

That difference in feeling might complicate matters.

Looking at Guy's delicious tasting cake, I feel a little angry just thinking about it. I was irritated by the lack of content and expressions, and even more irritated by the fact that I was handed the assignment as if it was none of my business.

Give me a minute yo, it's supposed to be talking about something pretty important right now. However, it seems that the house is already filled with the atmosphere of the end of close talks.

I was so upset that I stabbed a fork at my own cake as well.

When thinking about things, it's important to supplement with sugar.

I decided not to get carried away by Guy and calm down to compile the information.

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A time of silence.

Soft atmosphere.

But...

Things should have been over, but Guy had no intention of going back.

Shuna briefly filled Guy's empty cup with tea. This seems to be a spare teapot to prevent the remaining tea leaves from brewing.

"You're good at what you do! The nerds in my family can't do that!"

"I'm honored to receive your compliment."

Benimaru looked a little worried, but Shuna was blunt. Not being overwhelmed by Guy's aura, calmly making a counterpart.

"Can my Mizari and Rhein come to you for a while?"

"Practice?"

"Right. I want you to teach them how to make this cake."

They had eaten their dishes at the Demon Lords' banquets, and they were of a decent standard, but it was Shuna that was superior in dessert. After all, she and Yoshida had been competing for the development of new works, and the craft was getting better and better.

I thought it was commonplace, but only now do I remember that it is quite extravagant. That being said, I now have a good sense that I have been doing whatever I want so far in this world.

Things like recreating favorite things, tasting delicious food, etc.

Sometimes, even with enthusiasm and skill, you can't reproduce a recipe if you can't get the ingredients together. Even someone as talented as Yoshida succeeded in reproducing this kind of cake only after having the quality liquor produced in our country.

In this case, do not forget to have gratitude.

Put this aside beforehand, how do I reply to Guy.

At first, I thought I'd buy it if I wanted to, but there's no need to be so petty about it.

With that thought in mind, I decided to hide the part that Yoshida-san taught and just teach him the recipes we developed.

"Shuna-chan, can you teach the two next door how to make it?"

"Yes, with pleasure!"

"You have to use good ingredients to make food, so let's make a deal on that in the future."

Granulated sugar, for example, also has to be refined to reduce impurities and thus increase purity. My preoccupation with delicious food, coupled with the technical abilities of Kaijin and the others have managed to achieve a quality not inferior to that of my previous life.

Although the production is not high enough to circulate in the market, the amount left for your own enjoyment is sufficient. Just add a little more production and distribute it to Guy.

"Is that really possible?"

"Of course."

This is true. Technology aside, I don't skimp on the finished product.

I'm worried that even Guy will be in and out of the country, and the trouble will increase...But if Mizari is able to use the "transfer door," she will be

fine. Our side should not have to think about handling as long as we have the materials ready.

Then, I had other intentions.

If Guy thinks we are useful, the security of our country can be assured. The deeper the dealings with foreign countries, the more security will be assured.

If there is a mutual need, there will be no indiscriminate use of force to hinder development.

The economic circle is tantamount to a strong military alliance. That's been my consistent view.

I don't want to get into a dispute with Guy, so it's better to have more cards in hand.

After all, this was my first opponent who put his heart into it.

No, the second time since I met Veldora, right?

It doesn't matter if you can win or not, if you do fight it will create problems that can't be solved. There will undoubtedly be actual damage, so I intend to respect Guy's opinion as long as nothing major happens.

There is such a thing as a rather messy move like this one, one can only accept it in silence.

Only, there are limits to this...

Judging by the few conversations so far, Guy isn't the uncommunicative tyrant that one might think he is. He was unexpectedly a rational, reasonable man.

His manipulative side is also evident in his counterpart Diablo. I believe he has recognized our usefulness and will not make unreasonable demands.

So, it's almost time to go back, right?

My little wish, as Guy's words dissolved into nothingness.

"Wait a minute. I have one thing I want to ask you before I go back."

What? What else is going on?

"What is it?"

"Why has Diablo evolved?"

Surprise!!!

Was it still too naive to think it wasn't discovered?

That's why I hate observant guys.

"Well, this one is..."

What to do?

What's the answer to Guy to accept!?

"It's not just Diablo right? Since those people were inside Ramiris's labyrinth, it took a bit of work to scent, but why are there so many people here who have awakened as the true demon lord?"

Guy asked me with a smirk, but there was absolutely no smirk in his eyes.

This probably can't just be stonewalled...

<<Answer. This is the result of the master's experiments with the power of Beelzebub the "King of Gluttony." No problem in asserting this.>> Here comes the Voice of Heaven...!

Okay, that's it.

Not bad for a king of wisdom, and at such a reliable time.

"Actually. I made many attempts on my own strength as I wondered if I could strengthen my battle strength to battle the Empire. And then it became clear that my powers had an interesting effect."

"Ooh-oh. What is the effect?"

What is the effect?

I don't know.

Tell me about it, Teacher King of Wisdom!!!

<<Answer. If the "soul" is reduced to energy and given to a person who has the qualifications for awakening, and if this is the case, then the person named, Guy Crimson, is acceptable.>> That's just the way it is.

Indeed, the ritual of evolution is not the power of the 'King of Wisdom', but the use of the power of the

'King of Gluttony'. Thus, this account does not hide anything, but merely states the facts.

Indeed that may be the right response.

"My power of the King of Gluttony is able to restore the soul of man to energy. Then, there is also the ability to give energy to others. Just giving energy to someone who is not qualified is a pointless act..."

"Hmm. Does it mean that the person who becomes a demon lord will be able to awaken? That's awesome."

Because there was no lie, Guy accepted it before he had heard it all.

This is all due to the King of Wisdom.

"It's okay. The war in this world is more about quality than quantity, right? Improving one's abilities is par for the course."

"That's right. You've cared a lot about it since the old days, but you're not ordinary, are you?"

"Huh? I'm very ordinary."

"No, no, no, ordinary Slimes don't talk. Even if it doesn't matter, the means of Veldora or the state of the city's development, whatever it is, it's not ordinary. You're a reincarnationist, aren't you?"

"Hmm? Huh, didn't you know? I died in a world different from this one, and I was reborn as a Slime with my consciousness."

"Really?"

"Really."

Guy and I looked at each other.

It turns out he didn't know.

I thought this was already known.

I didn't make it a secret, it's well known in the West, and I thought Guy had the situation under control.

The idea that the other party knows all the information seems to be a bit of a problem too.

While that's not exactly an understatement, it's something to be aware of in the future.

It's important to be careful not to give away information in a rambling situation.

"Really?"

"Yeah, the real thing."

"Lord Rimuru doesn't lie."

Hey, hey, why are you so suspicious?

In person, and confirming something to Benimaru and Shuna...

“Ahahahahahahaha! That's awesome! I thought it was clearly a magical creature but it was so strange, so it was. It's rare to be reborn across the world, but you're unlucky to be reborn as a magical creature.”

Guy giggled.

You don't have to talk so laughingly.

"But in that case I can accept it. The nucleus of the heart, of course, is tempered by the fact that the

"soul" alone "passes through the world" and retains its ego and memory. I also understand why you're obsessed with human looks, and it's possible to evolve at an abnormal rate to gain ultimate abilities.”

To sum it up, is my heart strong?

Also, I consider myself rather cheeky.

Don't give up, don't get discouraged, Keep moving forward is my credo.

"Now you can take it, can't you?"

"Ah, I used to think you were a strange guy, but I think I can trust you now.”

How rude.

But I forgive you, because I can't beat you.

Besides, it is much better than being constantly suspected of hostility.

This is the model for looking forward.



"Now that my suspicions are cleared, and I've asked what I wanted to ask, I should probably go back..."

"I'll have another one of these."

"Okay, go ahead."

Trying to get him to hurry back, just as I was about to open my mouth, Guy interrupted and cheekily asked for a second cake.

Shuna blandly responded.

Couldn't help it, I followed suit and asked for one.

I want to be healed from the sweetness of the cake. Though I thought so, Guy wasn't about to leave me alone.

"Say, Rimuru. Let's get back to what we just talked about."

I know, it's definitely a bad thing.

"Hmm? What topic?"

"You've awakened your men. Based on the instructions I just gave, If I asked if you could give my subordinates points with your power, how about that? Is it actually feasible?"

This guy...

Do I look like me?

For example, use what you can, and use what you can.

I thought I'd been careless when I'd finished, so I was followed up with a straightforward question.

No, no, no, I'm not as outspoken as he is—like I can't assert that?

Alas, I care about that and lose.

More than that, Guy's question must be answered.

Right now...

<<Answer. It's possible.>>

Ah, without waiting for me to ask a question in my mind, the answer was given.

Always felt a little lonely.

I feel like the King of Wisdom has the intention of dealing with my troubles.

<<Answer. No such intention.>>

It seems to be slightly angry.

It's not good to keep pissing off the King of Wisdom.

I can only rely on the King of Wisdom, and it would be bad to be abandoned by the King of Wisdom.

So, seriously ask.

I don't have any contact with Guy's subordinates in the Soul Corridors, is that okay?

<Answer. Yes. Even if it is not a magical creature connected to the "genealogy of the soul", forced intervention is possible. The prerequisite is that the creature give up resistance, and that it has the qualifications for awakening to give energy that will enable it to evolve.>> Got it.

That, then, leaves the question.

I hold the number of "souls".

I don't know how many of his men he wanted to awaken, but it would be impossible to talk without the key part.

"Should be fine. I just don't know without trying it, though probably, it's no problem. However, I no longer have the energy I can part with.

To deny him in a noble manner without angering Guy.

I actually had a hundred thousand left, but Guy didn't seem to be able to confirm the amount I was holding, which he would have given up by now.

"Oh. So you can do it by giving you souls, right?"

"That..."

No sense in giving up?

"In fact, I've given Mizari about 10,000 of them. But there was no reaction, no sign of awakening, and I thought it would be useless.

Giving a "soul" directly, that's something the demon race would do.

But can't this be awakening?

<<Answer. What drives evolution is the need to transform the "soul" into a form that fits the object.

Simply by giving, the "souls" cannot be used effectively. Moreover, the efficiency of energy given by others is so low that the effective value is only about 10%.>> I see.

To get the "Demon Lord Seed" to germinate, water it in the right way. But even knowing the right way to do it, whether it can be done or not is another matter.

Would it be better, then, for the ministers to awaken autonomously?

<<Answer. No. The nature of a magical creature "named" by a higher being will change. Even if one gains a soul by himself, one cannot awaken.>>  
That is, the evolutionary path is severed from the moment it is named, is that what it is?

Just trying to qualify is hard, and there's an unexpected catch.

However, most magical creatures don't qualify and basically evolve by naming, so it's hard to say whether it's good or bad.

In short, the nature of the named magical creature will change, so you can't draw the energy that suits you from the acquired "soul". Guy didn't know that either, and the King of Wisdom's erudition was truly admirable.

The name of the teacher is true to its name.

<<“.....”>>

Oops, no no no.

I was praising it from the bottom of my heart, but it seemed like I was being hailed as a hoot. Since we already know how to answer Guy's question, let the conversation continue.

"Miss Mizari is...Have you tried anyone else, that is to say, Miss Rhein?

"I told you to call them whatever you want.”

It's not a permit, it's an order.

"I'll call her that next time. So, you're the one who "named" those two, right?”

"I can't believe you know that. Yes, I did.”

"That's why.”

“Ahhhhhh?”

"If you are named by a higher being, your nature seems to change.

“...Hmm, that's what happened. So, it means that no matter how many "souls" are given it's useless.

Then, can you match the nature of your opponent and give them the right energy?

While it was clear that I had to struggle to understand all these instructions, Guy understood them very quickly. And, it's all correct without error.

"That's about it."

"Well, I have something I want to ask you."

I just knew it would turn out this way.

Gradually, I came to understand Guy's character.

Although Guy's words sounded like a plea to me, they definitely didn't think about the possibility of my refusal.....

As much as I wanted to say no outright, it was too scary for me to do. At this point in time, I'm very fond of myself, so I have no choice but to listen to Guy's wishes.

"Let me be clear, even if you have enough "souls," you can't evolve without qualification."

"No problem, both meet the conditions for awakening. So, you, come and awaken them."

Guy made this assessment of both of them—too much scum to be of much use if that's all it is.

There seems to be something odd about Guy's standard of judgment.

As far as I know, Mizari and Rhein are supposed to be on the same level of "primordial" as the Testarossa and girls. Is it a lack of consideration to say that such a person would be useless...?

The more I think about it, the more uncomfortable it is to think that there is a fool next to me who will incite Guy.

Hey, forget it.

All that remains is the question of whether there are enough “souls.”

"The only two people to be awakened are Mizari and Rhein, right?

"Right. So, how many "souls" does it take?"

If one were to awaken oneself, it would be only ten thousand, but the number of subordinates contacted through the “soul corridor” would be ten times greater, one hundred thousand. This time it was an unrelated third party and could only be considered even less efficient.

In that case, the necessary quantity is—

<<Answer. Five Hundred Thousand.>>

Half a million? One person needs two hundred and fifty thousand of them!?!?

This is the usual times twenty-five, and the comparison with the magic creatures in the soul corridor is also two and a half times. This...

A very large number, and since the King of Wisdom said so, it must be so much.

"I think if there are half a million more, that's enough."

“Huh? Is that all right? Then I don't have to kill anymore, the amount that exists is enough.”

Surprisingly.

So, what do you want if that's not enough?

"Ah, really? That's really, really good."

I could only laugh dryly.

If it's going to come to that, I'm going to have to scramble to stop Guy. Thankfully things didn't turn out that way, but the thought of so many casualties so far makes me feel very mixed.

If the values are different then I have nothing to say...

I silently pray that no conflict of interest will arise in the future.

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Benimaru and Shuna listened very nervously to my conversation with Guy.

I don't think there is any need to hide the conversation with Guy from these two.

"That's the way it is, get the guests."

And by the way, there's Shion and Diablo.

Guy was in a happy mood, eating his cake.

This is the third one.

Seems very much in his heart.

After giving me half a million "souls," he took on the attitude as if his work was over.

Although the King of Wisdom confirmed that the conditions were in place, I felt unable to release it because I was narrow-minded?

Just as I was thinking about it, Shuna brought Mizari and Rhein back.

"It's not bad, Lord Rimuru, it's a very good cake."

"I'm very grateful for your unstinting efforts to give us the recipe."

Mizari's gushing praise and Rhein's acknowledgement.

It seemed that they had communicated well, and they kept their manners to Shuna.

Just so you can be happy, then you can not play the boring game of betting on the world.

I think the world is really full of amazing things.

These two were perfect as maids.

They don't have the devastating taste that Shion does, and they seems to learn new techniques quickly.

But until then, the ritual of evolution must be performed.

"I received your words of thanks. I hope we can work together in the future."

Work with each other, that's what's important.

I wish there was a good understanding that a one-sided act is not okay.

"Hey, it looks like Rimuru will grant you guys the power to give me a little more thanks."

You too.

I swallowed the words and flashed a smile at the two girls.

"One thing to watch out for in evolution is that it is expected to induce a kind of slumber called a harvest festival. It's hard to go back in that state, so you can stay here for a few days."

Guy and them used Mizari's "transfer door" to get outside the labyrinth. Then got permission from Ramiris to be entertained inside the maze.

After the ritual of evolution begins, it will be difficult to go back. I don't think Guy will take the two back gently, so I plan to prepare the room well.



And...

"Is this good?"

"No problem. So, you guys send Guy and Miss Velzado back first."

That's what I'm all about.

The bargaining has gone off without a hitch, and I think it's almost time for Guy to retire.

"Ahn? I'll take those two back, don't worry about giving them strength quickly."

"Hee!?"

Guy's unexpected reaction made me involuntarily let out a sound.

And it wasn't just me; Mizari and Rhein, who were the parties involved, also showed shocked expressions. This look on their faces told the history of what Guy had never done for them.

That being said, Guy had his own considerations.

Honestly, it's a pain in the ass.

I didn't want Guy to see my power and wanted him to hurry back.

Then...at this point, something occurred to me.

I used to think I had similarities to Guy, but maybe it's actually the exact same.

If it were me, I would also observe what the other person is doing and let the King of Wisdom see if a reenactment is possible. Even if it cannot be reproduced, information must be obtained to formulate countermeasures.

From this point of view, it's possible that Guy was thinking the same thing. All the more reason then for me to avoid exposing the undercard to Guy.

That said, isn't it already exposed?

<<Answer. There is no problem, only the "King of Gluttony" is revealed as ordered, the rest is hidden.>>

Truly the king of wisdom.

That is, even Guy can fool the King of Wisdom if it's handed to him.

The estimate is that there is no exposure, but it's not to be careless either.

Therefore, I hope no more information will be leaked.

"No, no, no, you're welcome. There are many more rooms, so don't worry, just stay!"

There's no backing down here.

Guy's purpose was no doubt to observe my abilities.

Can't stand to have only me expose hand cards and get Guy out of here no matter what...

Guy and I laughed and faced each other, while darkly engaging in an intense psychological battle. Just at this time, the door to the room was slammed open.

"I found you, Rimuru! I want you to come out again."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah! People are also helping to monitor what's going on in the world!"

Veldora and Ramiris looked pleased. However, there are very important conversations going on right now, and hopefully they can see the atmosphere.

Besides, that's a room used for war, not your playground, is it?

It's still during the war, but you guys are just using the big screen to investigate where to play.

There are as many things to say as there are mountains.

But, the reason is on me, and I can't complain.

‘Go play when the war is over’—I’ve said that glibly before.

After that, the two started discussing where to play.

The two had lived a long life, but unexpectedly had not traveled the world. I don't know if that's why I'm so longing to travel, being more active than I am.

So these two used my physical magic: the Argos, to happily view the sights of the world every day when they could.

Surveillance mana consumption was low, so it was kept up to power. Anyone can simply do it with a change of perspective.

It doesn't reflect all the places in the world, but it's a very wide range.

But it's certainly true that overuse of magic will make the effect disappear.

"I'll come along later, give me some quiet until then."

Seems like a good lesson to teach them not to make a scene when they have guests.

This is the responsibility of being a protector.

After all, I wanted to go along with the investigation - no, that's not true, and it's important to reprimand them for the sake of the future.

Let's leave it at that.

Now I'm busy dealing with Guy, anyway, to get Veldora out of here first, but at the moment...

"Hey, isn't this Guy? What can I do for Rimuru?"

Ramiris found Guy.

Then came Veldora.

"Looking happy, Veldora-chan."

"Yah-ah!?!? Why, why, why, why is the sister here...?"

"I thought you'd grown, but I didn't think you'd be as noisy as ever. Still, it's an amazing gesture to become human. I'm relieved that I've just unsealed myself.

"Sister, I'm very happy too..."

The previously joyous atmosphere suddenly shifted and Veldora stiffened and tensed.

Velzado looked gentle, but seemed to feel differently to Veldora.

"I haven't seen you for years. I want to talk to you slowly."

"No, don't...Sis is busy too, and I have a job too, so I don't have time so..."

"Don't mind. Guy and Lord Rimuru seem to have a long talk ahead of them, so let's, slowly, talk."

Miss Velzado deliberately emphasized "slowly," completely ignoring the part where Veldora said "there is work.

Veldora looked to me and asked for help.

So I, with a hard nod, told him.

Go on.

"Lord Rimuru, can I borrow the room next to you?"

Being requested by Miss Velzado with a bright smile, could I refuse?

No, I can't!

"Of course you can. There must be a lot to say, please take your time!"

That's all I can answer.

Farewell, Veldora.

We won't forget your bravery!

Veldora looked sad after knowing he couldn't expect my help. But his hand tightened on Ramiris with a swift grip.

"Wait, wait, Master! This has nothing to do with other people, right!?"

"Please! Don't leave me alone!"

Looking at that pitiful figure, I was convinced—Veldora and sister Velzado don't get along. It looks more like fear than it does about not getting along...

Speaking of not getting along with their sister, my former life friends seem to be too.

"That guy, he's a tyrant..."

He grumbled with the kind of eyes that looked through the red dust.

Even though they're the "dragon race", they're similar to humans.

By the way, someone took to not getting along with their sister, and the situation was fiercely fought over who was more unfortunate than me, but that was something that had nothing to do with only the brother. It feels like those of them are just half-assed.

The same aura was felt from Veldora as from them.

I suddenly remembered.

From a time when I used to talk to Veldora as if it were nothing.

While arguing over travel destinations, Veldora stubbornly opposed the option of going north.

He was talking about how it was too cold or something in there, clearly not feeling the cold, and it felt unnatural to me.

Come to think of it now, was it the knowledge that Miss Velzado was there?

Watching Veldora, who was now grasping the doorframe with a deadly expression, squirming and desperately not wanting to leave, felt more and more pathetic.

This may also be my illusion, although I was going to die to avoid getting caught in the crossfire, so I'll help him a little. If not, so be it, so I spoke up.

"Guy, you guys live further north than the kingdom of Ingracia, don't you?"

"Hmm? Ah, we live in the coldest place in the world called 'The Land of Ice.'"

"I did not inhibit my magic there and so it became uninhabitable for the creatures. Since Guy hates the weak, he doesn't want to be near them."

It wasn't just Guy, but Velzado, who stood up and put her hand on Veldora's shoulder, also turned back to me and replied.

I thought it was a good opportunity, and asked again.

"Could it be said that Miss Velzado's power is cold?"

"Cold air, that's not true, but just looking at the results makes you think that's what it is."

I see, then you can't go wrong.

It's surprising that Veldora, who is so confident and unafraid of the world, would be able to cope with something he can't.

"Veldora, you don't get along with Miss Velzado, do you?"

"S-saying something stupid! There is no such thing as something I'm not good at!"

Don't be so strong at a time like this.

It's because of you that the damage gets bigger.

"Right? After all, I've been taking care of him."

Velzado said with a smile that didn't have a hint of gloom in it.

This way, there was no question that Veldora didn't get along with her.

"When Veldora-chan made a fuss after he was born, I quickly destroyed and regenerated him. When even after the reincarnation he fooled around, I sealed his movements so that he would be honest, and then gently preached to him. Because he's a child who doesn't humanize, who disturbs, who causes too much damage. What if there's no punishment and it becomes more difficult to handle afterwards?"

Velzado spoke of past deeds with a feeling like she had done something good.

It's so hard to listen without tears.

There's no doubt that's why.

"Veldora, you have worked hard..."

"You got it, Rimuru. Do you finally understand me!?"

This, it will become impossible to get along as a matter of course.

No offense, but the substance is awful.

This misunderstanding, without discouraging Velzado's self-righteousness, would have kept Veldora alive in fear.

Also, Veldora.

It became impossible to resist Velzado because of his overweening bravado. If this pretense of strength does not stop, relationships will not develop well.

This kind of occasion is supposed to be a dragon relationship, right?

Alas, that's irrelevant.

"Miss Velzado, perhaps I'm being a little nosy, but let me just say that Veldora has an uncomfortable sense of you."

"Huh, why?"

"In a nutshell, you're overdoing it. Instead of indiscriminately forcing him to listen to you, he should be taught how it is better to do so and let him learn the relationship between good and evil on his own. Even if it's Veldora, it can be listened to if it's said well. So can we stop using violence and just say what we mean?"

‘Stay here today if you want’—I propose this to Miss Velzado.

After a brief silence, Miss Velzado sighed and nodded in affirmation.

Great, she seems to have listened carefully to my proposal.

"Ahh, Rimuru..."

"That's great, Master! So hurry up and let go."

"I see. In retrospect, I don't think I've ever heard the idea of Veldora-chan. Let's take this opportunity to talk slowly, shall we?"

Take your time and talk about that and it still hasn't changed.



“I-I get it. Please be merciful.”

Veldora also took back his composure, dead set.

If only the divide between siblings could disappear like this...

This time Veldora did not resist and also went to the next room. But he still had Ramiris in his hands, so let's take that as a no-look.

"Wait, wait, wait! This really doesn't have anything to do with other people, does it!?"

It was as if such a sound had been heard, but with the door of the room closed it was no longer audible.

I took it as an illusion and turned to face the Guy who had stayed.

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After the noisy Veldora pulled them away, the room suddenly became silent.

“So.”

Guy muttered.

I cooed and gulped, waiting for his next words.

"That guy from Velzado seems to be taking his time too, so let's stay here today.”

"Got it. In that case, I'll prepare a room for three, don't worry.”

“Ahn? Why three?”

"Uh, no, aren't you going back?”

I asked this with the hope that he would go back.

However, he easily betrayed my expectations.

"Don't say anything stupid. What do I have to do with you? I'll take care of you today."

So hurry up and let Mizari and Rhein evolve—said the eyes forcefully.

Damn it, it's going to go on like this.

"No, no, no, it's a rare opportunity, so take your time next time and enjoy the best service I have for you. So today..."

"You said there was room, right? The conditions of service are minor and I can tolerate them, as long as the room is empty anywhere. I would also like to eat the tempura mentioned before, please prepare it for me."

Lose.

Since it's all been said and done, there's no excuse for rejection.

It's better to expose a very important undercard, but it's better than rejecting it and then generating displeasure.

"Got it. Then, I'll prepare the rest of the room for you at the highest level. Dinner also answers your expectation to prepare tempura for you."

I nodded my head in affirmation, then waved a wink at Shuna.

"Got it. So, I'll go get ready."

After answering with a faint smile, Shuna left the room with a polite curtsy. In lieu, Haruna walked in and stood in the corner of the room without saying anything, waiting for instructions.

The movement of feeling her aura like air showed that she was a skilled maid. Mizari and Rhein also showed expressions of admiration, and it seemed that there was no problem with rating it first-class.

Guy looks very content with the victory against my offense and defense.

It's hard to resist, but here's where it has to give up—the moment I thought so, Diablo, who had been silent, opened his mouth.

"Kufufufu, is that so? You're gonna stay here today, Guy?"

"Ahn? That's right..."

"So it is. Well, then, time is plenty."

"You, what are you talking about...?"

"It's nothing. I just thought it would be nice."

"Right? What just happened?"

"I also have a lot of previous topics I'd like to continue to talk about, and you've been very proud of your extreme powers since a long time ago, haven't you? So today, I'd like to hear about it in detail."

Ooooh!!!

Well done, Diablo.

Instantly reversing the situation, Guy was pinned down.

This opportunity must not be missed.

"In that case, Diablo, you will take Guy to the inner parlor. Let's just take your time and talk there today!"

"Thank you very much, Lord Rimuru. I can only express my gratitude for your kindness."

Diablo put a hand on Guy's shoulder while saying so.

"Uh, wait, wait!!"

"No more waiting, let's go."

Guy is unexpectedly bad at being attacked.

He was then inexplicably taken away by Diablo.

Diablo came in handy in unexpected places.

Now that Guy is away, I can use the power with confidence.

I don't know when they'll be back, so let's get the ceremony over with.

I quickly injected my soul into Misari and Rhein, prompting them to evolve.

<<Notice. The number of [100,000 souls] that have reached the required amount, the name of the individual: "Mizari Begins to Evolve">> Huh?

Oooh oooh oooh so weird.

I got half a million of them from Guy...

<<Notice. The Individual Named 'Rhein's' Evolution...Success>> The total number of reduced souls is 200,000.

Huh?

Can a soul evolve even if it has no connection, as long as it qualifies?

No, no, no. Hey!

There were questions before this one.

Did you, with 300,000 left, say—?

<<Answer. Because mastering the trick requires less than intended.>> Yeah, well, it's not like that, is it?

There's no way to excuse the past when you've got so many "souls"!

<<Answer. Counting the amount of individual named: Testarossa, Ultima, and Carrera.>> What have you done!?

The King of Wisdom is too messy too.

It's really heaven and earth.

Wasn't that a strong-armed prank on the demon lord, Guy Crimson!?

No, wait a minute?

In that case, isn't it me who is resented when exposed!?

<<Answer. No problem.>>

No, I'm full of questions.

Now I think you're a little too scary.

Because of this, it is too scary to be afraid of heaven and earth.

<<Answer. No. It is just that the techniques for manipulating the "intelligence subs" have increased more than expected, and the rest is paid for.>> No, is that okay?

I just feel a little out of place...

That's a lot scarier than cheating a gutter hoodlum.

There's nothing to be said for being wiped out if exposed.

Although I don't sweat and the shaking doesn't show on my face, I'm cold and sweaty inside.

It's been a long time since I've felt that being a Slime is so good.

A banquet was held that evening.

Guy, though somewhat disgruntled, didn't look for me to complain.

More than that, there was even a thank you to me.

"There are various things I want to say, but I'm already tired today. Evolution also seems to have succeeded, so let me be grateful for that."

Guy really showed a very tired expression.

Why is that?

Diablo is the opposite of Guy, vibrantly alive.

It's incredible.

"Where, where, where..."

The smart thing to do is to leave it alone.

I pretended not to notice anything and didn't touch on the subject.

He seemed satisfied with his dinner and seemed to be in a better mood after the hot spring. Velzado also seemed to be in a very good mood after chatting with Veldora, and this provisionally prepared reception I think should pass.

"I'll come back."

"I'll give you my best."

"I'm looking forward to it. Because our country is very cold, this thing called hot springs really heals the mind and body."

"I'm glad you liked it and look forward to your next visit."

"Geez, what a talker. I'd love to meet Veldora-chan again too, so let me bother slowly next time."

The mentioned Veldora was now invisible.

To say why, it seems that he and Velzado fought in the labyrinth and became unable to move with his body scaly.

"Kuhaha, kuahahahahaha! Tell her I let it go a little this time, and I won't show mercy next time!"

"Are you sure you want to tell her this?"

"...I'm sorry."

It was as if I heard a very small apology, but I was gentle, so let's just pretend I didn't.

But then again, it didn't seem that Miss Velzado was serious. An injury of that magnitude would heal in a few days. On the flip side, it was the first time I had ever seen Veldora injured, and it made me realize once again how powerful the True Dragon Race is.

There is also another sister of Veldora in the Empire.

In order to think about countermeasures, the King of Wisdom will have to analyze the battle information between the dragon races later.

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Guy and the others left behind favorable intelligence and set out on the road home.

Let's include this information as a reference and discuss the way forward.

Just as I was about to do so, someone came running in a panic.

It's Myourmile.

"Oh, oh, Lord Rimuru! You're here, so I can find you."

"What's going on? What's all the panic?"

"I'll come over if I panic. The big sister is here, let me call Lord Rimuru."

"Big sister's here!"

I was taken aback and rushed to it.

The destination was a certain hotel in the first class area, where the big sister always went every time she came.

Big Sister is a code word that only me and Myourmile can understand. That's right, it was only because the person's direct name calling would create problems that she was called Big Sister.

That person is the Heavenly Emperor, Elmesia Elule Sarion, of the Sorcery Dynasty of Sarion.

Her alias is El from our "conspiracy trio."

I'm Liam.

Myourmile is Judd.

Miss Elmesia is El.

In terms of status, El was first and I was second and Judd was third, and we were all excitedly involved.

Since it was El who issued the summons, it was impossible not to rush to participate.

However, she should have known that it was now war...

"Should've told Miss El we're at war, shouldn't we?"

"Of course I've told her. I also heard from she herself that she would come back when the war was over."

In fact, Myourmile-kun spent more time with Miss Elmesia than I did. In place of me, who was very busy, he maintained various negotiating relationships with Miss Elmesia.



Both the light and the dark keep coming and going.

Obviously, it's formal diplomatic relations with the Sorcery Dynasty Sarion. In this respect I left it all to Myourmile and Rigurd.

The construction progress, logistic agreements, customs duties, and other rights relations are summarized, as well as the mutual guarantee of the safety of business travelers staying in the other country. The miscellany was repeatedly confirmed to the point of annoyance, before a mutually acceptable condition was finally reached.

They struggled to engage in the kind of engagement that would be disorienting.

In contrast, we, the "scheming trio", were secretly doing something bad that could be described as the best we could do. As bad as bad as it sounds, it's definitely not something that can be complimented on the content is also true.

What's that bad thing?

That is, to take control of the newly born giant economic circle.

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We started out as just three drinking buddies. But I don't know when we started talking about business matters, and in retrospect we were already talking about important things about state operations.

There is also my fault for being lax-mouthed, but the Myourmile-kun who didn't stop me is equally guilty. And, it wasn't just me who was ranting, Miss Elmesia had also leaked quite a few secrets.

I would have been careless and forgivable.

It's all because three people get together and drink, and drunkenness is terrible.

The relationship is, of course, top secret.

This is a secret that only three people know.

Absolutely.

No doubt people would be very angry if such a conversation was exposed.

I would then be under the pressure of everyone being speechless, and then Myourmile would presumably be blamed for the stomach perforation.

Miss Elmesia will no doubt be trolled by Elalude as well.

As a result, the unity of the three is very strong.

This is a friendship that transcends status as a "conspiracy trio."

To say when we began to build such a relationship in earnest goes back to the time when the battle with the Rosso I triumphed.

At the time of the decline of the Rosso, the underground organizations in the Western countries amounted to a state of destruction. The dragon has no head, presenting a scene of a group of masters.

Thinking this would not do, I gave the order to Testarossa to keep the peace. While there was no major disruption, the reality of the situation could not be left unattended either.

When the police, or should I say, the army, of any country is out of reach, they secretly come to the aid of others.

The question then arises as to the disposition of the offender.

By saying that the military power of countries is beyond their reach, it means that criminal organizations will retaliate. If not handled properly, it

becomes a case of local lords becoming crime bosses and committing crimes in plain sight.

Of course, crimes cannot be allowed to go unchecked, but there is a risk of civil unrest if they are forced. Fear of this has led to the inability of the State to intervene and, in most cases, to acquiesce.

I was so troubled by this state of affairs that when I met Miss Elmesia, a frequent hotel guest, I finally could not resist complaining to her.

"I wish you'd say something happier to me."

Miss Elmesia was like this at first and didn't want to talk with me. However, while listening to my narrative, I gradually became preoccupied and reached out to ask me to elaborate.

What I have stated is not only to my advantage, but to Miss Elmesia's as well. In fact, to get her interested, I said a lot of dream-like things.

The economy and crime are inextricably linked.

Too much disparity between the rich and the poor creates contradictions and can even have an impact on governing the country. Criminal organizations that absorb the poor become stronger and are likely to become the cause of national unrest.

Myourmile-kun turned out to be a member of the underworld as well. Having experienced it first hand, he understood my instructions.

It is important to prepare institutions that take in the poor.

In order for them to stay out of crime, no matter how down on their luck, the key is to be prepared for a job that anyone can do.

Usually it's the military or something.

The jobs in the army are varied and there is often a demand for talent - but even this cannot be met if the country is poor.

So, we began to back it up in secret.

"First, create a criminal organization. By absorbing the nations' defeated organizations, the embryonic form is now complete. The organizations that haven't been absorbed yet, I'll have them all in the net by then."

I tell the story of my one-liner with a bit of booze. But this success attracted the interest of Miss Elmesia.

"So it is. There is no organization in the Western countries that can counter the secret association of the

"Big Three". I guess as long as one can secure clothing, food and shelter, there will be a lot of people loyal to the organization."

To Elmesia, who had so far been uninterested, the next statement became a key hand in attracting interest.

"Right? In this way, the poor are taken care of while the rich are being taken care of."

"Oh...?"

"Now that Granbell is dead, the Rosso are bound to decline. Organizations that have strength left now will also eventually weaken. My plan is to make a move to take his place."

"Plan? Let me hear it."

"That's the thing. As previously mentioned, the Kingdom of Blumund has a program to make the function of an industrial agglomeration city. And the Lord Fitz is also making preparations, and the work of collecting people is also in progress."

I have also discussed this general idea with Myourmile, and it is important to reconcile the interests of the surrounding countries in order to develop together.

For example, industry in the Dwarven Kingdom, agriculture in the Kingdom of Farmenas, and the Sarion Dynasty is also industry, right? It was necessary to adjust for the great controversy, and then to allow industry to flow into the Kingdom of Blumund, with Blumund as the window to spread to the Western nations.

"Ahhhh, Elalude-chan reported that too. Are you really going to implement that plan?"

"Of course, right?"

"So, where does his interest in you come from?"

"Benefits and whatnot are secondary."

"Oh...?"

"I'm kidding! We are what we are. Master the core technology and then disseminate it. For example, to build a university campus city to see if it can absorb the best students from different countries. Ostensibly centered on the founding of the country by tourism, it's sneaking around behind the scenes"!

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! Patents, patents! Money floats in without working, fantastic system!"

Although the concept itself is understood, it is still difficult to make it known."

"So it is. Develop products that can't be made without using that technology and ensure intellectual property rights!"

"El, that's very perceptive! It's good to understand so quickly, but don't imitate?"

"First come, first served, right? That's a lie! I'm not imitating, but let me have a piece of it."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! If Big Sister comes to help, it will be a success!"

"Geez, Judd-chan really. While that's true, the compliment is overblown!"

The reception was thus lively.

Then the next day.

The three reflected on how much they had said and met again.

"That, about yesterday's words..."

"Well, remember. You've told me everything you can't say, haven't you?"

"Well..."

"Also, please, please keep it a secret. The words that are planned to be destroyed here..."

"Geez, don't worry about that Judd-chan. I'll keep my promise even though I'm speaking in the spirit of alcohol."

And just like that, we were united by the failure of drunken talk.

From there we began to move the program forward gradually.

It went very well because there were two heads of superpowers.

We used the amazing momentum of the Western domination under the water.

After only a few months, the criminal organization was unified, and this was the birth of the secret association the "Three Drunk Sages".

The members of the group are very worried about the origin of the name "Three Drunk Sages", but we don't care that much. It's also a bit off the mark, so let's leave it at that.

More than that, the gist is the status of how the plan is going.

The oppressed poor people of all countries joined the mysterious secret society of "Three Drunk Sages", which was established as a new force. Then, after a month-long acclimatization check, people do their best to sort.

If one is judged to be very good, one is recruited to our country for formal study.

I put this troublesome task hard on Glenda Atori. She was one of the original "Three Martial Sages"

and now works for Souei. Since she says she'll do whatever dirty work it takes, let's give me a decent role as the boss of the synagogue.

Gerard, who had been the head of the "Green Apostles" of the mercenary regiment, and Aine, an elven warlock under him, served under Glenda.

These two had been active in all Western countries and were very good at leading a group of reckless men. The popularity is high among those who are active in the shadows, so give me a hand in supporting Glenda.

Everyone seems to think that "three drunk sages" refers to these three.

It actually refers to three drunks, but they misunderstood that drunken life and death is handsome, so let the truth be buried in the heart.

That's the underground part.

Next, it's about the organizations that are active on the surface.

If given to just one organization, sooner or later it will become a hotbed of corruption. To avoid this, it is better to build confrontational organizations.

Based on this idea, two organizations were created.

The first was the fledgling organization led by Lord Myourmile.

This organization has as its axis practitioners educated in the Kingdom of Blumund, with links to the Council and commercial activities.

The official name is the "Four Nations Business Alliance".

With the Jura Tempest Federation as the head, the Kingdom of Blumund, the Kingdom of Farmenas, and the Kingdom of the Dwarves as the affiliated countries. Because the representative is Myourmile-kun, one look and you knew I was involved.

The second one was the Western Chambers of Commerce union in which Miss Elmesia had secretly intervened.

The Doran King of the kingdom financed it and carried the banner to absorb the survivors of the Rosso clan. Mainly concentrated on those who were very hostile to us, a greater force than could be imagined was born.

This organization is called "Western General Chamber of Commerce".

The representative was the son of King Doran, and seemed to be an excellent person who had inherited the blood of Rosso.

Only King Doran and his son, Prince Figaro Rosso Doran, knew of the involvement of Miss Elmesia.

Participation in our program in exchange for accepting Elmesia's asylum.

"The Rosso cannot survive without converting to a flexible way of thinking. Since the Demon Lord, who will become the world's overlord, has joined forces with the Heavenly Emperor, who has great influence in the world, it would mean our demise if we did not participate."

Upon hearing this plan, the first thing King Doran said seemed to be this.

The Rosso clan valued the covenant and could be trusted to maintain the relationship for as long as it took to fulfill it mutually.

By the way, Ms. Elmesia's and my holdings add up to 61% of the Western General Chamber of Commerce. Since the majority shareholder is Miss



Elmesia, when Figaro betrays, it means the destruction of the merchant society.

I think a good man like Figaro would not have made that stupid choice—Miss Elmesia said so. I also agree with this opinion, and so currently choose to trust Figaro and appoint him as chairman.

With that, both organizations began their activities simultaneously.

On a clear level, the two organizations are hostile.

Price competition, competition in circulation, is sound competition conducted within a legal framework without the intervention of force.

Some of them are also despicable people who try to compete using the underground, but for some reason they have been hit hard. I received such a report from the "Three Drunk Sages" that something unbelievable had happened.

We don't deliberately try to stop it, but hopefully they understand that overdoing it will cause misfortune.

As sad as it is for people who use excessive tactics, both organizations are very energetic and growing beyond my expectations.

After only a few months, the structure of the organization seems to have settled down. The division of posts was refined in the various departments, and the classes settled down.

I heard that just now, when we were attacked by the Empire, they also became rich by sending war money.

Even if the merchant spirits are flourishing, there must be a degree, but the profits they make will also return to me, which can only be described as a necessary evil.

I think the idea that just obeying regulation on everything is fine, no matter what, is wrong.

I'll think even more so this time when I can profit from it too.

Presumably, this is the feeling that control of the economic circle is gradually moving towards completion.

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The fact that Miss Elmesia had come first without a reservation undoubtedly meant that an emergency had occurred.

Is it imaginable that Prince Figaro's betrayal unfolded in this way?

Countermeasures for this situation have been discussed, but the shares that I hold need to be taken out.

If so, one can understand why Miss Elmesia came over.

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Upon arrival at the hotel, Myourmile took me directly to the other house where Miss Elmesia was.

"Long time no see. What's the matter today, Miss El?"

In short, superfluous speculation is not necessary.

Better to hear what's going on from me.

Miss Elmesia didn't seem too happy about it.

She made no secret of her melancholy and looked at me with contemptuous eyes.

"Huh, huh? Feeling bad?"

"Of course not! You—do you really understand what you've done?"

Oops, oops!?

She seems pretty pissed off, huh?

And it seems that it has nothing to do with "Three Drunk Sages"...

"How, how?"

"Sit down."

"Ah, yes."

It was not a good idea to annoy Miss Elmesia, who was staring at me, so I sat honestly on the tatami mat.

Myourmile-kun is also sitting next to me. Unlike me, he seemed to have a hard time.

"Is it true, Rimuru, that you let a few of your men evolve?"

“Why—why do you know this!?”

I immediately squinted at Myourmile-kun, taking eye contact, but he desperately shook his head to indicate he didn't know.

In that case, where did this leak come from?

"I received an urgent message from Gazel. He was troubled to say or not to say it, but in the end thought it should be communicated, what a rule that boy has."

In Miss Elmesia's opinion, Gazel the old man was just a kid too.

But so? Actually, I didn't plan to hide it, so it wasn't something that should have surprised me, but the speed with which the information was conveyed still surprised me.

"Since the Eastern Empire is more difficult than I thought, I wanted to give everyone a reinforcement.

Then, I thought it was bad to hide it, so I entertained Granny Jane."

"Really? So it's true..."

Miss Elmesia stood up and looked out the window with her back to me.

Her back drifted sadly, somehow a little bleak.

"Hey, why are you nodding like it's none of your business?"

Miss Elmesia took out a fan and slapped me on the head with lightning speed.

"No, no, no, no, I didn't mean it that way..."

I was clearly just trying to make the heavy atmosphere cheerful.

"What are you trying to do with all that power?"

"Hey, it's no big deal. Just trying to build a country where we can live happily."

"That's what I heard from Gazel. You're taking in the other primordials, too, besides Diablo?"

"Ahhh, didn't I say that? I was also shocked when I found out recently. El knows about Testarossa too, doesn't she? I think she's very good, and it turns out she's also a primordial. The other two, named Carrera and Ultima, serve as the head of the country's highest tribunal and the attorney general."

Miss Elmesia's body began to tremble as she listened to my instructions.

"Is that also true.....?"

After muttering like this, Elmesia sat down squarely in front of me and stared at me. Then, bluntly ask the question.

"Do you want to destroy the world?"

"How, how?"

"That's all people around here can think when they see this!"

Reprimanded.

I panicked and started making excuses.

Myourmile-kun also came to support, and then engaged in a thirty-minute discourse.

"That is to say, Guy and Rudra are playing a game of pawns with their own pieces in order to have a showdown?"

"That's how it is!"

"Is that right, Judd?"

"No, I'm very sorry I don't know the details, but until then, in any case, isn't that something I shouldn't be hearing?"

"It shouldn't be, but it can't be helped, can it?"

"I really want to complain if I can't finish the show without a word, it will be very hard for me..."

Yeah.

Totally caught up in it.

Really, I'm sorry?

But I am sure that with my relationship with Lord Myourmile, I will be forgiven.

"Ha, things I already understand. If you're threatened by Guy, you can't refuse..."

Yeah, that's it!

Me, threatened by Guy—let's call it what it is.

“Right? I'm having a hard time because of these reasons, too.”

The tone of my speech is all affected by Lord Myourmile, but here it's muddled through no matter what.

Miss Elmesia let out a sigh.

As if to quell the anger and retrieve the calm.

"So, what are you going to do?"

"What do you mean?"

"You're not the kind of guy who'd be willing to be a pawn of Guy, are you?"

"No, I'm willing."

“Why?"

"Geez, I've thought about that..."

Miss Elmesia couldn't seem to understand what I was thinking. So, I spoke frankly to her about what I thought.

The Empire does have a lot of strongmen of unknown strength, and choosing to avoid combat at this point is one way to do it, but I think it's just putting the issue on the back burner.

In doing so, I would have to be on constant alert for assassins from the Empire, living in hiding.

Skirmishes with assassins will also occur, and even if one is careful not to make mistakes, there will likely be casualties.

To keep things from going the way they are, this side has to take the initiative.

Originally, war was a rite of passage for the Empire to give birth to the Awakened One. Under this approach, we will always face threats from the other side. So I think that to choose to ignore it now is to give the other person time to think.

"That's my judgment. It was precisely because the numbers were meaningless that I was going to just barge in with the main force and make peace face to face. Just take care of Rudra's pawns there, and after that Guy should do something about it."

Guy is not to be relied upon, in fact I didn't expect much from him. So, the next question is who to take over.

"Lord Rimuru, is that all right?"

"Hey, hey, Mr. Myourmile. Who do you think I am? Don't look at me like that. I'm part of the Eight Star Demon Lords, too, right? Neither the Emperor nor his near guards are my match!"

"Yes! You are a goddess to me..."

"Hmm? Goddess?"

This guy...still sees me in that light?

He caught me staring at him and scrambled to change his story.

"No, it's the reliable demon lord!"

"Oh, oh, oh, oh. Well, leave it to me! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!"

We laughed out loud.

As nice as it is to say, if things get bad, run back. It is useless to be too complicated now.

“Ho... Are you trying to disintegrate Emperor Rudra's men, or are you trying to kill them, can you tell me how you feel about that?”

Asking questions premised on my victory kinda bothers me too, but about that for sure.

"Trying not to kill. Judging by the game's winning conditions, the moment that makes someone other than Rudra incapacitated is the moment that Guy wins. After that, I guess, it's not something I can interfere with."

Hearing me reply like this, Miss Elmesia nodded contentedly.

"Got it. Then don't let me down, give it your all. If there's a silver lining, I'll take care of your country, just rest assured."

Stop it! Don't say such unlucky things!

"Don't worry! I hate self-sacrifice! My motto is to live happily together, so I have no intention of dying."

Miss Elmesia smiled with great pleasure when she heard me reply like this.

"That's good. Remember, if you die, the world will come to an end. You're the only one who can tame the primordial demons, led by Diablo. The demons you prompted to be born don't always agree either. If confrontation occurs, war will inevitably arise. Got it? Don't give up on what you want to do, and don't forget it."

This is advice from the heart of Miss Elmesia.

"I know, really."

So I also swore with a serious look on my face.

The game goes to the endgame.



One more count and our victory will be determined.

But at this point, if you make one wrong move, you could lose it all.

One must be calm and deliberate.

First get in touch with Yuuki to discuss how to deal with Emperor Rudra.

So, the next day.

We embarked on a journey to the Empire.

## **Intermission 2: The Game in the Sky**

This is the record of the war.

A heavenly game that has lasted for a long time.

Betting on the hegemony of the ground, the Demon Lord and the Hero go head-to-head.

However—

For Velgrynd, the Scorch Dragon, such a game would be tasteless. With her lack of excitement, it didn't matter which side won.

There was no need to add so much to the picture, just use the battle to decide the winner—she even had that in mind.

When all is said and done, there have been many direct fights between Guy and Rudra that still haven't come to fruition. So at the beginning of this game, the only rule was "no direct matchups".

Complaining didn't help, and as far as Velgrynd was concerned she was very upset.

Originally, to speak from the heart, she thought the contest was a disadvantage.

Of the pawns available to Guy, the only one who can take down Rudra is Velzado, and conversely, just figuring out how to take Velzado down means victory.

The same is true for Guy.

Enough to take down Guy's character, none other than Velgrynd.

But instead Velgrynd thought it would be hard to defeat Guy.

The fact that Velzado exists to take down Rudra, while being no match for Guy himself, is the reason why Velgrynd sees this game as a disadvantage.

*Alas, what a pain in the ass.*

This is true.

Velgrynd, who hated the use of stratagems, was very bad at such meticulous actions that required centuries of preparation.

So she dumped it all on Rudra and simply obeyed him herself.

Even if that was the case, if Rudra was eager for victory, Velgrynd would not begrudge his assistance, intending to join the fight herself as soon as she was asked. It's going to take a lot of work to get Velzado and thus secure the victory.

Guy is undoubtedly the strongest demon lord, and her sister Velzado, the White Ice Dragon, is also very unpleasant to Velgrynd. She was an opponent like a natural enemy and it was very difficult to win head-on.

If Velzado fought Velgrynd, it would have been a good outcome, or Velgrynd would have been forced to reincarnate.

No, it's not even an optimistic speculation.

Velgrynd's attribute is heat.

By contrast, Velzado's attribute is ice.

In other words, "acceleration" and "deceleration" are diametrically opposed.

If the two sides really went all out, it would end badly.

Neither side will survive and both sides will be beaten down. That is, the likelihood of the two being wiped out together is high.

In this case, the two will reincarnate together, but the present-day self will disappear.

Even if the memory can be inherited, they will become another person.

Velgrynd cringed at this.

It didn't matter if she disappeared, but she didn't want her love for Rudra to go down the drain.

Such an insignificant affection as love, and yet so obsessed with it, Velgrynd couldn't help but laugh at herself.

The premise of the so-called complete victory is that both herself and Rudra must be safe. That's why insurance is needed, but this one is badly disposed of and hurts.

*Really, that kid is a pain in the ass. Luck seems to have lifted the seal, but why didn't you even bother to say hello?*

Not realizing that he was afraid of his own, Velgrynd, was resentful of the so-called insurance Veldora.

If it was the Veldora that Velgrynd knew well, he would have been scattering all over the world a long time ago. But now he didn't know what he was thinking and became very close to the newly promoted demon lord. Hearing that he had even attended the feast of the demon lords had made her even wonder if he had broken his brain because of the seal.

Even so, if it was Veldora, who was a keen ritualist, facing an army of millions, she didn't think he would keep quiet. So she deduced that Veldora

would definitely show up, which turned out to be unexpected. He remained hidden in the depths of the maze and did not show himself.

This was beyond what Velgrynd had expected.

*Originally, the kid was supposed to be my style, but, why not show up this time?*

As was the case on the last expedition, Veldora was disgusted that his domain had been violated. So as long as one invaded the Great Forest of Jura, one could not avoid an encounter battle with Veldora.

And that's exactly what Rudra was expecting.

What matters to Rudra is not the elite legions, but the individuals who go beyond their limits.

There were also several survivors who completed the evolution last time.

Surrounded by resentment, fear, and despair.

Only by not losing hope in the midst of such a limiting situation can the chains of being human beings be broken and reach the higher realms.

Even if a million armies were to be wiped out in the literal sense of the word, just a few Awakenings would be enough to make it worthwhile. This was Rudra's idea, and Velgrynd agreed.

It is also full of energy to make the Chiefs of the army misunderstand, without having the Intelligence Bureau disclose more detailed information.

As far as Velgrynd is concerned, the army Chiefs are hilariously confident.

It is highly unlikely that this operation will progress smoothly.

It could even be said not at all.

An army that has only been fortified by science is not going to defeat Veldora.

So this time, there must have been a mass death as well.

However, it is closely tied to hope.

*Heh heh, there will be a few people who survive and complete the awakening this time around. The more characters who are able to become recipients of Rudra's Vessel of Power, the higher the win rate.*

*I'm really looking forward to it.*

Velgrynd, who had such a thoughtful mind, was speechless when she learned of the unexpected outcome of the expedition.

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"All gone?"

"Hmph, I am shocked, are you too? It's been a long time since I've seen that look."

"Please don't joke. With not a single survivor, this kind of defeat was too unexpected by any means. In that case, this purpose of acquiring the Awakened One has also failed, hasn't it?"

Let the generals accumulate as much experience as possible, and at the very least, cultivate a strongman of the Near Guard Knight level. The birth of the Awakened from among them again is the hidden purpose of this expedition.

However, there were no survivors at all.

It's not as good as being wiped out by Veldora, a situation where you can't even say such a thing.

Experiencing the desperation of making contact with the tip of the world's most powerful force, and surviving it, makes human evolution more likely.

An expedition was organized for this purpose, and it would have been meaningless without the survivors.

Even the several near-guard knights mixed in were nowhere to be seen.

This is tantamount to simply consuming valuable pieces, which can be costly.

"Well, it's gonna be."

Rudra's response was calm as usual. Velgrynd was upset about this, but when she saw Rudra's eyes, the anger dissipated.

In his eyes there was a very strong resentment.

Rudra and herself harbored the same feelings, and Velgrynd reacted.

That's why she switched minds.

Despite the loss of a legion, it didn't matter at all to Velgrynd. It would naturally be best if an Awakened One could be born, but even that failure would not be a problem.

Only that the very existence that caused it to happen no longer justifies ignoring it.

If you can literally wipe out a million Imperial troops, you can't underestimate the power of the other side. Who is responsible for this situation must be brought to light.

"So this time it's that kid's doing too?"

After retrieving her composure, Velgrynd snapped so.

Velgrynd was completely oblivious to Veldora's fuming breath. However, there had been previous reports that Veldora had wiped out 20,000 of the Farmus Kingdom's army.

At that time, detailed intelligence was not available due to the intelligence agency's lack of access, but this time it was different.

The whole picture should be in hand and will no doubt be reported to Velgrynd, who is the "marshal".

The reason Rudra was able to know first was because of his power. So Velgrynd awaited Rudra's answer with great trust.

As predicted by Velgrynd, it's incredible that a brother who likes to make a scene would let the opportunity to get aggressive go. If a million troops attacked, she expected that Veldora would definitely show up.

At that point, it would be possible to observe the power of Veldora. Following her thoughts, this should confirm whether or not Veldora could do enough to control the demonic aura to even make himself imperceptible.

Veldora's growth has been a welcome thing for Velgrynd.

Though a foolish brother, he was also a lovable presence in the eyes of Velgrynd.

Only, again, he does get tricky.

'Can't let him join Guy's side, must make him a companion anyway.'  
Velgrynd harbored such thoughts, and from time to time intended them.

Getting to grips with how much Veldora has grown is an important thing for Velgrynd.

However, it was not to be.

"That's not true, and what's even more surprising is that I am unable to grasp the details of the situation."

Rudra told Velgrynd everything he knew.

Beginning with the great defeat of the initial battle, to the failure to return the troops who broke into the labyrinth, and the final sweep of things by great magic.

Add to that the awakening of Calgurio and the end of the war.

It's hard to imagine how the Mecha Legion was defeated, but the facts are there.

"Foolish, isn't it?"

"Yet it is true. The remaining four pillars of the Primordials are all on the side of the Demon Lord Rimuru. If those demons go on a rampage together, there will be no chance of your brother making an appearance."

"The balance of the game has been upset. In that case, Guy would be bitter too, right? Or, is it just what he wants?"

"Maybe. If that's Guy's intention, I can only admit that it puts the battle at an overwhelming disadvantage."

Rudra said with a bitter smile.

Spending long years building up war strength and preparing for the best possible time.

Don't be impatient, don't try to be strong, and fight steadily.

However, there was a figure who could gather a fighting power beyond imagination in a matter of moments.

He's a tiny being who doesn't see himself as a "rising star"—Rimuru.

‘Now, we can only agree.’ While thinking like this, Velgrynd secretly lit up the fight.

"Then again, the thing you can't grasp is what's going on inside the maze?"

"Oh, exactly. It's a great pity that the remaining power isn't enough to break Ramiris' power."

Upon hearing this answer, Velgrynd was also able to accept it.

"Labyrinth Fairy" Ramiris is an inviolable being. As a referee of the game, she's less reliable, but there's no doubt she won't come in and stir things



up.”

That's right, so far.

This time it was already full on the Demon Lord Rimuru side. It has nothing to do with the game between Guy, just defending against the empire that attacked the Great Forest of Jura.

The power of Ramiris herself was nothing major, it could almost be ignored, and Velgrynd didn't think she could make an impact on the game.

However, her power, 'Labyrinth Creation', had the effect of separating the intelligence on the outside from the inside.

The power was slightly troubling, and the urge to smack lips arose in Velgrynd's heart.

"Ramiris must have lost enough of her power to be a mediator, right?"

"Yes, it is. Thinking she wasn't a threat, she was put aside, but that guy's maze had always been the best place to hide secrets. Until now, I had been looking through the eyes of Bonnie and Jiu..."

"Suddenly you can't see?"

Rudra responded to that query with a nod.

"This is a ploy to make me careless, right?"

"So it is. It's really a lot trickier to say that than one might think..."

Velgrynd understood how profound the situation was.

That is, there is no way to understand what is going on inside the maze at the moment.

Normally one would think it was Veldora who did something, but Velgrynd didn't think so.

"The problem is that there seem to be several more powerful people lurking in the maze. Although the strongest of them is your brother, how far has he been tamed by that newcomer..."

"I don't think he's going to do what he's told, as far as the boy's character is concerned. Not to mention whether or not you can do it, something like using skill to bind him would be impossible in my opinion."

Although it was heard that he was assisting the demon lord Rimuru, Veldora was not a character to be left at the mercy of others.

Even the words of Velgrynd or another sister, Velzard, would have been defiant, so it could be assumed that there was no doubt that he would not have succumbed to strength.

In this way, does it seem that Rimuru the demon lord has prepared something that will make Veldora do what he says?

Thinking about it, Velgrynd began to try to imagine what it would be like.

However, she was clueless.

*If something like that really existed, it wouldn't have to be as laborious as it has been so far. Why don't you just ask the Demon Lord Rimuru?*

Eventually Velgrynd gave up thinking.

"We'll have to ask from my own mouth."

Hearing Velgrynd's muttered words, Rudra burst out laughing.

"Well, that's right. It's very gratifying to have come to the same conclusion as me."

The demon lord named Rimuru is no longer dispensable to the two.

Considering the means by which he had taken the Primordial, and the fact that he did not know what he was doing, it would not have been wrong to

assume that Veldora was taking him at his word. That being the case, she made the judgment that it was necessary for him to fall from Guy's side.

"Now is the perfect time to make a move. The more our ploy fails now, the more careless Guy will be.

A patient demon like Guy must have thought we'd have to wait for the next opportunity."

"Indeed it is. So far it's all been a deliberate move to never take a chance. It's not a bad thing to act here in one breath, putting aside your hesitation."

Velgrynd cheered.

Rudra is determined to take on Guy.

The period of hibernation is over.

Taking advantage of this opportunity Velgrynd will move in and control Veldora with one breath. And ride this momentum to defeat the newly-raised demon lord named Rimuru, leading to a full-scale showdown with Guy.

"Ohhhh, leave it to me. All you have to do is pick up the pieces after I've made my mark. I believe you, Rudra."

"That's natural. Whatever happens after that, as long as it takes Veldora under our wing. I also came up with an interesting strategy, something that was enough to offset this lapse.

Even the very tricky "primordial" is no match for the "true dragon" Velgrynd if she fights head-on. It would be a lot of trouble if they messed up afterwards, so if they didn't listen, they should clean up together.

*Seems like there are other things that would be a problem, but as long as I'm personally involved, it's all right.*

Velgrynd was so so full of confidence.

"As a warm-up, how about a blood ritual for those fools?"

The disobedient people of Rudra are arrogantly gathering.

Although they have been at large until now, they can only go so far.

The Emperor had no choice but to "die" for the foolish man who planned the coup.

Velgrynd uttered so while thinking so, but Rudra smiled and shook his head. Then, the unexpected answer came from his mouth.

"Don't kill these people, keep them alive."

"Huh, what a surprise. I thought if I had been as gentle as you, I would have given them a death without pain."

"No, they are a necessity in our scheme.. In order to get Guy's attention, another big fight must be started here.

"That's Kondo's style. The idea of taking advantage of a betrayer is something I would not have expected."

"Is it not to your liking? It is true, however, that Tatsuya's plan can hardly be called humane. But the reasonableness is unquestionable."

Velgrynd nodded vaguely at Rudra who had said so.

Even how cruel the plan was would not have mattered to Velgrynd at all. She was merely trying to give them a taste of Heaven's wrath with her own hands.

Velgrynd loved Rudra, but that didn't mean she liked other humans too.

It wasn't disgusting to say the least, nor was she trying to exterminate them, she just couldn't forgive people who did things like betray Rudra.

*Well, okay. Since you can come in handy for Rudra, let's spare your little lives.*

After accepting it like that, Velgrynd urged him on down the line.

"So, what's Kondo's plan?"

"It's a long story, and it's important to look at the current battle plan before you do that."

Upon hearing this, Velgrynd immediately understood Rudra's intentions.

"Well, yeah. There's no point in fighting on two fronts now."

"Exactly. So withdraw the battle first and delay the attack on Ruminas."

"As long as you and I can persuade Veldora to come to our aid, whatever happens after that. Just in case anyone messes with it, recall Gladim and them."

"Can I give it to you?"

"Well, that's natural. So let's quell the rebellion and move on to the capture of Dwargon. Just do that and you'll confuse Guy."

The conversation ended in a conspiracy between the two.

Velgrynd rose to her feet.

This was her time to get real again after thousands of years.

And so it was, the tragedy called "The Purge of Red Lotus" was brought to a close.

## Chapter 3: Imperial Capital Chaos

The darkness in Tidu was deep.

Thanks to scientific civilization, the neatly arranged streets of the Imperial City are illuminated by gas streetlights. Even so, there are still back streets that people can't see.

Even for a continuously developing imperial capital, it was still a long way to go before the darkness was completely expelled.

In the darkness of the imperial capital, Misha walked silently.

This darkness is where Misha was born and raised.

Instead of fear, there is a sense of peace of mind and comfort. That is, the female named Misha.

In the days following Yuuki's report, Misha lurked and hid while busy preparing for the coup.

Currently, the Imperial Army is on an expedition. In such a situation, it would be very dangerous for Misha to go out as an entourage member. The death penalty would be imposed if they were considered to be fleeing in advance, which in fact they are.

However, Misha appeared to be a straight face with no fear in her face.

From Misha's attitude, it could be clearly seen that she was confident that she knew the darkness of the Imperial Capital like the back of her hand.

After all, Misha was mostly engaged in behind-the-scenes work and had excellent fighting skills. While not as good as Vega and Damrada, Misha's ability to use her mind is the real deal.

Intelligence gathering is her forte, and she boasts of being able to outsmart the Dark Ministry of the Kingdom of Dwargon and the spies of Blumund. It

was because of this that Misha felt able to completely hide it from the Imperial Intelligence Agency.

In fact, surviving in the empire to this day is her tangible result. As usual, Misha walks towards her destination.

But to do so seems like a defeat.

Although Misha hadn't been careless, a man appeared to block the way.

The man's name was Tatsuya Kondo.

He is a member of the Imperial Intelligence Service and is known as the "intelligence-feeding weirdo".

Although not revealed, Damrada's true identity is feared to be the head of the Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard. At the very least, an opponent that Misha could never beat.

"Where are you going in the middle of the night?"

Kondo's icy voice rang out.

Misha inwardly smacked her lips and answered with a smile on her face.

"Aha! It's Lieutenant Kondo! Lieutenant Kondo is the only one. Are you still working this late?"

Regardless of what was inside first, Misha made an unhurried counterattack on the surface. However, the current situation is undoubtedly the worst.

*In this huge imperial capital, it's surprising to find such a remote place to stab...no wonder he's a weirdo. The fight is not won, and the guards can't even buy time.*

Kondo, who suddenly appeared in front of her, seemed to be acting alone. But even that wasn't promising, and Misha struggled to find a way to escape the occasion.

"You're a staff officer with the head of the Calgurio army, aren't you, Misha? Why return to the Imperial Capital during a combat operation?"

In an extremely serious tone, Kondo asked Misha.

"You scared me, Lieutenant Kondo! In fact, I returned to the Imperial Capital on the secret order of Sir Calgurio."

Anyway, let's just muddle through, Misha replied like this. At the same time, look around without care.

The narrow alley was silent. That's a good thing, but the problem is that the escort's breath is gone too.

*Has he been disposed of? I didn't even notice the aura of battle, what a difference in strength there is...*

Just for a moment, Misha grasped the situation.

Even without having met directly, it was impossible for Kondo not to know Misha. It wasn't clear how Kondo felt about Misha, but it would undoubtedly be difficult to break through this scene with just flowery words. Without much nonsense to dispose of the escort, it should be safe to assume that the deception is no longer working.

So judgmental was Misha, who decided to ask for help from Damrada, who was scheduled to meet.

Suddenly, a nasty thought crossed her mind.

*Why is my position exposed? Although Lord Yuuki decided to trust Damrada, but is he really trustworthy?*

The place of the appointment was designated by Damrada, and today's consultation was on the preparation of the liaison on the contents of tomorrow's confidential meeting with demon lord, Rimuru.

*Not good, this is too bad. There is a possibility of betrayal in Damrada—no, don't think that. Not to mention the judgement of Lord Yuuki, I also have a*



*kindness for Damrada.*

Misha and Damrada, had a long correspondence of over twenty years. As a fellow leader of the "Big Three", the leader of the secret society, Misha knows Damrada better than Yuuki. It was because of this that Misha was even more confused.

Damrada was a calm and sensible man, and judging by the information that came out of his mouth, one could assume that there was no reason to betray Misha and them.

It wasn't that she wanted to believe that, but rather, she listened to Yuuki's instructions before she approved. In that case, now is not the time to be confused, but to trust the companions even in the end.

Misha settled her mind and stared at Kondo.

"Thank you, Great Majesty Rudra, for allowing me the good fortune to meet you here."

"Oh?"

"Lieutenant, right? Dispose of those who are hunting me. It would be difficult for me to deal with so many opponents on my own."

"I see. You want to go on like this."

"Ara, am I under suspicion? I came back from that hell desperately in order to convey the information in my hands."

Misha continues to perform dutifully.

She flirtatiously approached Kondo and leaned into his arms.

Misha's best trick is to use her "womanly" charm to enchant men.

The specific method of implementation is to influence the other party's thinking through the use of the

"perfume spell" and the illusionary magic "charmed" at the same time, and to stimulate the other party's instincts while hindering thinking, and eventually make him a captive of Misha.

And then increase their dependence on Misha by overlapping their bodies and minds more deeply. In this way, it is tantamount to dominating the other party.

With a couple of clinches in the clinch with Calgurio, it's reached the stage where it's not even close to completing the cage.

Not only Calgurio, but many men fell for Misha's trick. For Misha, who is undefeated so far, that's the strongest ace.

Even an opponent who is far from superior in strength will fall in the face of carnal lust. So convinced, Misha wrapped her soft hands around Kondo.

Pressing her ample chest against Kondo's, showing off her charm, then peeking at Kondo's reaction.

Suddenly, Kondo's breath went slack.

Misha faintly smiled.

*Oh, great. It looks hardcore, but Kondo is a man too.*

The effect is better than expected, in which case there's always a way.

"Nah, let's go somewhere better? A quieter room than this one, huh?"

Bringing her lips close to Kondo's ear, she murmured softly. In response, Kondo's right hand moved, and Misha heard him mutter a 'Got it'.

*It seems to work. The best result is to rendezvous with Damrada at the destination. If not, find a way to make him my prisoner by the skin of my hand...*

It was the last thought in Misha's mind.

There was a crisp bang.

Misha fell limp, bright red blood spilling from the left side of her head, soaking the ground.

In Kondo's hand, he held the large Southern-style automatic pistol that he had drawn at an unknown time, and by looking at the nitrous smoke coming from the muzzle, he knew that it was the murderous weapon that pierced Misha's temple.

Kondo's expression didn't change, retracting the pistol as if nothing had happened.

The intelligence has been extracted.

With the unique skill "Reader", you can read the mind of the contacted person.

Whether it was Misha's intentions, or Yuuki's attempts, or even the end of an expedition to the Imperial Army. It doesn't take even a second to read the whole thing.

Despite reading such a significant piece of information, his expression remained unchanged.

Just bored talking to the darkness.

"Coup d'état, stupid. Are you still going to claim that you didn't betray His Majesty when you did this?"

In the darkness that should have gone unanswered, a man staggered into view. Instead of answering Kondo's questioning, he approached the fallen Misha.

It was Damrada who came.

"Kondo, there's no need to kill her, is there? This person can still be useful to His Majesty if she is trained properly."

"No, the probability is zero. This woman's strength is at most 37th in the sequence, but if she can make it to the dozenth position, it's possible that she can't be of use to His Majesty."

'I deliberately acted defenseless, but she couldn't even break through my defenses' Kondo said coldly.

Damrada sniffed and shrugged.

If Kondo had said that then it would have been correct, so he didn't retort anymore either.

It's just that, in the face of his former partner, Misha, his heart is inevitably complicated.

Damrada knelt beside Misha and covered his hand over the left side of the body's head. The soft light blocked the wounds of the remains, pressing back the eyes that had flown out of Misha's head and closing the eyelids.

Finally, wiped the stain off her face and did something to retrieve what little beauty there was.

Damrada did not have the power to resurrect the dead, but at least something could be done to put her to rest.

"No sense in it. Leave it alone and the body will be disposed of before dawn. Answer my question faster than that."

"I'm not like you. I can't be separated."

"Naive."

"You're the one who's weird. So young, but why do you want to completely stifle your feelings?"

"I have no feelings, that's all."

"How can..."

"I have seen hell, and it was His Majesty Rudra who saved me from it. If you become an enemy, I will not forgive you."

"I am His Majesty's faithful slave and can never betray."

"It's hard to say. And don't forget, you've also fallen for my trick. If you want to be trusted, prove it by your actions."

After saying that, Kondo also left without looking back.

Damrada took one look at Misha's body and left the place as well.

It's a long night in Tidu.

What should be done, is not done.

After that...

Through the hands of the Intelligence Service, Misha's body was disposed of without leaving a trace.

The darkness of Tidu was deep, burying all events without a trace.

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At Yuuki's instruction, Kagali immediately acted.

Meticulous preparation is essential for a coup d'état.

On the same day the order was issued, and in a few days important people gathered from all over the world.

Nearly thirty subordinates flocked to the mansion in the Yuuki Imperial City.

This time, it was the people who had sworn absolute allegiance to Yuuki.

Almost half of the subordinates had already gathered here, except for those like Vega who had infiltrated other legions that could not participate.

Plans for the coup have been in constant preparation since before. The people gathered here were waiting for Yuuki's speech with the feeling that it was finally this time.

The entire team is a group of people with some strength.

Relying on their own strengths, they rose to prominence in the army.

Loyalty to Emperor Rudra has been non-existent from the beginning. There are even those who are excited by the revolution they will bring to this country.

Visitors from the Otherworld.

Interracial with an alien race.

Subjects who repeatedly conduct inhumane experiments in pursuit of power.

A first-class adventurer nurtured by Yuuki.

There were also the slave warriors that Damrada had collected and the monsters that Misha had protected.

What they believe in is violence.

That is, the values of this hybrid legion.

Step up the huge duplex staircase with a large room for meetings.

Estimating the time when the whole group was seated in their chairs, Yuuki came in with Kagali.

"Ah, everybody, we're all here."

In his usual cheerful tone, Yuuki greeted with a smile.

"Tomorrow, we are scheduled to have a meeting with the demon lord, Rimuru. Already Misha has been told to call Damrada, the details will wait

until Damrada arrives.”

On hearing this statement, the room erupted.

"Aren't I the only one waiting to do it?"

"The Demon Lord Rimuru is too cunning to be careless. Can you believe it?"

"No, wait. That said, it's still war, right? As a party to the war, there is no way that Rimuru the monster king himself would have taken the time to come here.”

Various statements came from all corners of the venue.

Yuuki's smile deepened.

"The Imperial Army has been overwhelmed. It's said that Rimuru killed all the 940,000 Imperial troops that attacked?"

"How can that be!?"

"Too soon. Even counting the movement time, contact with the enemy is only a few days..."

Hearing these incredible words, the whole room erupted into a tizzy.

Yuuki smiled and gestured for everyone to be quiet.

"To overthrow an empire, combat power is necessary. So I decided to join forces with Rimuru-san.”

Hearing this, although it was difficult to accept, people who showed understanding for Yuuki began to appear. Shrewdly, they began to care about whether this information was trustworthy.

"Did you bring this information from Lady Misha?"

There are people in the venue who belong to the "Big Three", so they know about Misha traveling with the army.

"Exactly. If I hadn't become an ally beforehand, I think Misha would have been killed too."

"Misha-sama?"

"How could you do that...?"

Although Misha works behind the scenes, she is well known. The name "Big Three" is not for posturing.

It is precisely because those present are powerhouses that the companions are given due credit.

People who never valued poor strength, in this strange sense, had a deep trust in Yuuki.

"So it is. In that case, I'm in favor of an alliance. Although I'm unhappy with the concealment so far, the boss has its own considerations, right?:  
"We haven't considered it yet, but we lost to Guy and were forced to make a promise.:

"Guy? Could it be, Guy Crimson!?"

"Fighting the Dark Emperor?" "Even the boss is a mess!"

"No way. I'm glad you survived."

Although it caused a stir in another sense, Yuuki silenced everyone.

"There was a lot more to say, but there wasn't enough time. I promise I'll give a full account afterwards, so bear with me for now. Instead of that, it would be better to discuss the consultations for tomorrow's meeting and what operational action should be taken."

The official battle strength remaining in Tidu was the Intelligence Service and the New Corps.



The upper echelon of intelligence might be a threat, but the grassroots group doesn't have to count as a fighting force at all.

The new regiment, though numbering as many as 100,000, was too weak to be a threat, only slightly troublesome in numbers.

There are also 20,000 resident guards who act as police, but are not a match for the military ministry in terms of equipment. The disparity in force between the military and the police is akin to making adults the opponents of children. At best, it only serves to stall the pace.

However, the Emperor's ace, the Emperor's Knights of the Near Guard, was still the strongest battle force.

"There are guards in the Intelligence Bureau. So strictly speaking, the only people who should really be on guard are the close guards."

"Indeed. To be able to stand out in a sequence snatching battle, the up-and-comer is really strong."

"Hey, hey, boasting about it. Aren't there traitors like you among the guards?"

"Well. I only believe in power, but not in loyalty to an emperor who only shows off his power."

The man laughed as he said this.

There were people of their own among the near-guards, and by once again perceiving this fact, the congregation understood what an advantageous position they were in.

The man who created this atmosphere was slightly short in stature but had a very unruly attitude.

His name is Arios.

Although they are "otherworldly", they are not summons, they are lost.

"So, will Demon Lord Rimuru's reinforcements make it tomorrow?"

The dark-haired maiden asked to Yuuki.

The ancient city dance dress—she was also a visitor. An ordinary Japanese girl high school student summoned to this world.

The ancient city was picked up by Free Combination Chief Handsome Yuuki, who had received various assistance. Because of this layer, she trusted and looked up to Yuuki.

"Yeah. It would have taken a lot of time to bring the army over, no matter how much time it took to get there. If it comes from the air, let's say it doesn't, it doesn't really come, does it?"

As if to overshadow the ancient city's questioning, a big muscular man spoke up.

His name was Tolneod and he was originally a slave fighter. Would have been enslaved to death as a mining slave if not fetched by Damrada.

Tolneod was integrated into the army, educated, and learned about the joys of learning. As a result, he was more knowledgeable than he appeared to be and served in a staff role in the hybrid corps.

"Flying magic is extremely psychologically draining. There may be no problem with the Demon Lord, the underlying monsters may not be able to fly over."

Agreeing with Tolneod was a short, teenage girl.

The name is Aria. Both wizards and heavy warriors.

At odds with appearing to be of age, being a disciple of Gedora's teacher but having undergone transformative surgery himself is a very distinctive character.

Tolneod replied breathlessly to Aria.

"Not that. Even if there was no large army left behind, a surveillance net was spread out over the Imperial Capital. If a large army presses down from the air, it will be noticed at a distance."

Accidentally pointing out the error, Aria was blushing with shyness. Aria is a rare acute child among wizards, with a poorly considered side.

"All right, all right, all right, all right. A different perspective can be obtained by analyzing the situation through various perspectives."

Yuuki quickly interjected, pulling the issue back on track.

"I've been contacted by Rimuru-san through Gedora-sensei, and there will only be a few people coming tomorrow."

The contact with Rimuru was made in a hidden "magic call" from Gedora. Even if tapped by Imperial Intelligence, trying to decipher it is impossible because the content is encrypted.

Gedora has only conveyed a few key points, and it has yet to be decided who exactly will come.

Rimuru is sure to come, so what about the escort?

*It seems that Rimuru-san also sees no point in demonstrating against Rudra. It's still more about quality than quantity, and the ones that come will definitely only be executives.*

According to Yuuki's preconceptions, it would be about ten people at most.

"This, to underestimate the Empire? Or, are you playing with us as allies?"

Twisting her soft body, the slender beauty tossed her head crookedly in question.

This is more of a mouthful than a question. A woman of natural origin is a warrior named Olca.

Contrary to appearances, it is the xenophobe who hides several special skills.

"Olca, that's not true. As mentioned earlier, preparing a large army is a lot of work and doing anything will take up a lot of time. That's why it's better to let a few elite people act."

This time, it's Tolneod who narrates.

Yuuki smiled due to the trouble saved.

"That's what it is. Therefore, it is necessary to set our side of the line."

Rimuru only brought the elite, and the question on this side was who to deal with whom.

"Rimuru-san's thoughts, I plan to hear them at tomorrow's talks. So, it is necessary to sort out our own thoughts first. Like, what to do with Emperor Rudra and such."

Yuuki's statement was extremely arrogant, not thinking about defeat at all, but looking to the future of victory.

It is an anomaly to be negotiating the treatment of the emperor when the coup has not yet succeeded.

However, no one has pointed this out.

Even Tolneod, who had the property of spitting, put on a grinning face and waited for Yuuki to speak.

The Dwarf Kingdom is already aware of the situation, so the hybrid legions now in formation will be able to march towards the Imperial Capital without any worries. If it's just the remnants of the Imperial Capital's battle power, it's not easy to win?

"It's true, the only threat is to the guards."

"Yeah."

Yuuki always responded with a smile.

In fact, he knew the real threat was someone else.

The "Marshal" is an unknown being.

Furthermore, if you consider the significance of Guy keeping Yuuki alive...

*This time, how will Rimuru-san act? He's clearly a pacifist who hates to initiate attacks on other countries...*

Perhaps it's to spare the fallout, but in any case, it's hard to imagine that's the only reason.

Yuuki then put together the pieces of intelligence and began to organize his thoughts. Thus, he saw the figure of Guy behind Rimuru.

If that was the case, then there were monsters in the empire that could be Guy's opponents, Yuuki concluded.

"Depending on the circumstances, it may be necessary to kill the emperor, right?"

"Too much of a hurry, Arios."

"Yeah, it's not good to take exclusive credit."

The assembled people got excited and even began to have people threaten to kill the Emperor.

Yuuki thought that it was too soon to discuss the treatment of the Emperor, but he also thought that it was good that everyone was full of blood and vitality.

In fact, talk about what to do with Emperor Rudra is also to be had tomorrow.

Gedora opposed the killing, and Damrada dedicated his loyalty to Emperor Rudra. Yuuki believes that since these two are important collaborators, they

should try to avoid arousing their resentment.

Before worrying about these issues, the object of Guy's vigilance was the high probability of Emperor Rudra. If so, reckless provocation is undoubtedly suicidal.

*There's no need to force yourself to do what's in the fire, the emperor will just give it to Rimuru-san.*

Thus, Yuuki made a conclusion.

Detailed consultations will not take place until Damrada is reached, but a rough draft is already available.

The hybrid regiments are used to suppress the Imperial capital.

The near-guards, who were in the way, were met by the multitude present.

The people here who had been chosen by Yuuki were no less powerful than the knights of the near guard. Not as good as the top runners, but with a numerical advantage.

If one person is challenged by several people, this degree of poor strength can be subverted.

As for monsters like Rudra and the "Marshal", it would be better to leave it to Rimuru, who had come to the war on purpose. That's presumably what Rimuru intended and should have accepted the proposal.

Tidu's defense, no matter where it came from, would not receive reinforcements.

Of the three major legions, the Mecha Legion was destroyed by Rimuru.

The Magic Beast Legion was in the distant air, and even if they came with all their might after knowing the situation, it would all be over by then.

The last of the hybrid legions also defected.

The plan proceeds to such an extent that one can already say that the General.

No need to rush, victory is close at hand.

It should have been, but Yuuki always had a sense of unease about seeing what was missing.

What is it that you're missing...?

"I've kept you waiting."

A heavy, calm voice resounded in the atmospheric venue.

The people who heard this voice were as tight as if cold water had been poured over them.

"At last, Damrada."

The man, Damrada, arrived at the venue.

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Instead of wearing the usual merchant's clothes for disguise, Damrada wore a rare Imperial uniform.

At this moment, Yuuki felt at odds.

"Where's Misha?"

"Dead."

The venue went silent for an instant.

Anyone who had felt the strain, went into a clinical state. Those present had experienced many cultivation fields and were sensitive to this aura.

"What do you mean, Damrada?"

"Literally. Just a moment ago, Misha was killed by Kondo."

Hearing that, Yuuki felt the lump that had been lingering in his heart disappear.

Seems to be missing something, that sense of unease.

Finally came to realize its true nature.

Yuuki and Damrada's relationship, though not long, involved a lot of ground. The two of them have conspired together in countless, unspeakable evil deeds.

The Dark Mother of Darkness, who was able to bring down the underworld that ruled the Empire, was also able to do so with the assistance of Damrada. There was also the "Big Three", a secret association that was formed later, and Damrada has been very active as a subordinate.

Yuuki had thought so, but now it seemed that he had misunderstood.

All of it, all of it, is being pushed according to the Empire's ideas.

The people summoned by Damrada occupy the central organization, which is the "triumvirate" of secret associations.

The purpose is to screen the able and the incompetent. To spread intelligence networks around the world to identify and attract talented people.

Protecting the lost is also part of the equation.

This is not something that has happened recently. Long ago, the era of the Mother of Darkness began, and the same thing has been happening over and over again.

In this way, wouldn't it be possible to say that Yuuki was also one of the people who was discovered by Damrada.



Find the strong ones and pull into their own side. It was Yuuki who caught the eye of Damrada, who acted according to this purpose.

It would be too conspicuous to leave Damrada to his own devices.

Yuuki is nothing more than a sacrifice chosen to be a shield.

That is, he was going to use him, but instead he used him.

That being said, it does not mean that Damrada has betrayed.

Damrada's loyalty is real.

In order for the paranoid Yuuki to believe this, Damrada was in fact being manipulated by someone, too.

Thinking it over, Yuuki sighed heavily.

“I feel pretty cheated. When did it start?”

"What the...? What's this about?"

Damrada asked indifferently.

It was the same tone as before, but Yuuki sensed a certain decisive difference.

He was not pretending to be confused, but was sincerely unable to understand what Yuuki was saying.

This also means that Damrada has no self-consciousness of being manipulated himself.

*It's no wonder you don't notice. It's precisely because I'm not self-conscious that I won't be exposed.*

Thinking this way, while thinking back to the last time.

Damrada, at that time, asserted that he did not betray. It was possible to sense that he was speaking from the heart, in fact, it was possible that something had been done after that.

If one trusts one's instincts, then Damrada's manipulation should be the closest thing one can get.

*By the way, the person who decided to trust Damrada was exactly me. I'm not going to say much about that at this point, what's important is the purpose of the guy who sent Damrada here.*

Someone has manipulated Damrada, and Yuuki has determined this in his mind. If one thinks on the basis of this, one would infer that one is in a very serious situation today.

During the time it took to deal with Damrada here, their encircling net against Yuuki should have been complete.

Yuuki fell into contemplation.

Next to him, Kagali also began to quietly analyze the situation.

However, the bloodthirsty young people gathered at the venue were enraged by Damrada's attitude.

"Damrada, you're being rude to Lord Yuuki!"

Aria condemned.

Then Tolneod, confronted him.

"Damrada, you, what are you thinking? Are you saying that you're going to betray us?"

Damrada replied lightly.

"Betrayal? Saying strange things. My loyalty is unwavering and is dedicated to His Majesty Emperor Rudra from the beginning to the end."

"Che, that's betrayal!"

Arios said fiercely.

Damrada was known for his greed for money and was looked down upon by a section of his peers.

There are even people who talk bad behind his back and say he would do betrayals for money.

It is precisely because Damrada is such that in this case, more people are angry first than are surprised.

The first to act was Tolneod.

One hand grabbed Damrada by the neck, threateningly.

"Don't pretend! I was picked up by you. You are the one who said that instead of dying as a mine slave, one should live for the greater good. I, however, am always grateful to you. But why are you doing this— Goo!"

Tolneod's actions were actually sheltering Damrada. Get your own hands on the results before anyone else makes a move.

However, it was nosy for Damrada.

Damrada gently reversed his grip on Tolneod's wrist, manipulating the flow of power and in turn restraining Tolneod.

"Oh Tolneod, remember what I said?"

Damrada's eyes were cold, and the calmer Tolneod only felt a chill in his heart.

"What, what?"

Tolneod, who answered with a squeeze of his wrist.

"For the sake of righteousness, one must be strong. I taught you that, didn't I? You're getting power, that's all?"

All of the power coming together to one point, Tolneod's wrist crunched.

And then it was just that—crushed.”

"I, my wrist, in a flash..."

Tolneod groaned, rubbing his wrists as he closed the distance with Damrada. Remove the usual recovery medication and administer the treatment.

Damrada didn't pursue Tolneod, standing leisurely.

There is not a hint of breakage.

In a world of magical creatures where even a broken bone can be cured in a flash, you can't be careless until you've completely rendered your opponent powerless. Without such an understanding, one cannot survive in this world.

Looking at Damrada, Yuuki narrowed his eyes.

He knew that Damrada was strong.

It is not surprising that Damrada is a "single digit" superior to the people gathered in this room.

The important thing is that there is no dowsing ability.

And, also, to see how far he's been manipulated.

*In the end, it's a question of whether or not my 'ability blocking' can be lifted.*

Depending on the situation, Damrada may have to be killed.

Yuuki deliberately didn't try to stop his companions in order to see through this.

"Are you the Emperor's dog? I thought I was just a money grubber, but I was completely fooled.

However, breaking in alone and revealing your identity doesn't seem like the kind of stupidity you would do if you were a coward."

Arios shouted, and with that, the situation changed.

"That's right, Damrada yo. You have been gracious to me, so I, will kill you without feeling the pain."

Tolneod, who showed his true colors, challenged Damrada with all his might this time.

"Too slow."

Tolneod gripped the war club hanging around his waist with both hands and swung it down with all his might, but Damrada drilled through with ease.

Burrowing into Tolneod's arms in a natural motion, the palm of his hand pushed out gently.

At odds with the lightness of the movement, the heavy blows hit Tolneod.

Spiral penetration break—a technique to force the refined fighting qi into the opponent's body.

Has a directional, penetrating fighting aura that can penetrate weapons and muscles, destroying objects from within. Its power was proportional to the amount of fighting qi, and if it was a spiral penetration break refined by Damrada, it would become a sure-fire hit that surpassed the power of the tank gun.



Tolneod couldn't take it anymore.

“Goo!”

Tolneod spat blood and crouched in place.

Trying to stand up, but can't get the legs to work. That's for sure, the blow just moments ago damaged Tolneod's guts.

"How, how is it possible...you are so strong..."

"Whew, oops, oops, oops. To judge people by their appearance is a pride and arrogance unique to the strong. Does it mean that by hiring you as an escort, you mistakenly think you are stronger?"

“Hmm.”

"I told you to be strong and not look down on humans. Even if you don't rely on ability, you'll get stronger with exercise. Just like me."

Darmada speaks up and throws a spinning back kick to the back of the head.

The attacker, who was aiming at Damrada from behind, did not react at all to the kick and was killed instantly by a cracked skull.

Easily killed was Arios, one of the strongmen recognized by Yuuki.

Arios has the unique skill of "Killer", and has acquired the characteristics of "Silent Movement" and

"Presence Concealment", which are suitable for assassination, and is a special skill structure for killing, and its strength is considered to be commensurate with the 44th position of the sequence.

What was thought to be a man-to-man battle was Arios' true calling, and instead it was buried dryly by Damrada.

"It is not possible to rely on one's ability alone like this, but it is one's own body and spirit that one can rely on in critical moments. If you ask me, you are of no use at all."

Damrada's words were sharp.

People who hadn't been ridiculed by the Battle Skill Instructors immediately became angry upon hearing this. It was almost like teaching a weak tone that made anger well up in one's heart.

The whole crew's faces suddenly changed, and they unleashed their killing intent on Damrada.

In the midst of that, Yuuki continued to calmly analyze the situation.

A conclusion was then drawn.

*Sure. Damrada did not betray, was manipulated by someone. Arios is the closer guard, maybe the Emperor's man. Not killing Tolneod, but laying a dead hand on Arios is proof. That is to say, there is still a vestige of free consciousness, but the inability to do what is detrimental to the dominant, this state, right?*

To be able to manipulate Damrada must be a very powerful dominant force. But still, Damrada drilled a hole and tried to convey the status quo to Yuuki.

Based on this judgment, Yuuki came up with the best answer.

"Hey, all hands on deck! Now start the evacuation and transfer! You will be given full command to Kagali, and you will rendezvous with the Hybrid Legion."

"Boss, why run away, execute the traitor, and then rise straight up..."

"No way."

Aria's proposal was flatly rejected by Yuuki.

He smiled as usual and looked around at the whole staff with a serious look.



"Damrada's purpose is to buy time. That's why it's so long on exposition, because that's what's allowed, right?"

"Permission granted?"

Kagali asked.

Yuuki nodded his head in affirmation.

"Yes. Damrada did not betray. Rather, he's being manipulated by someone. And then that guy, he's going to kill us all here."

The crowd reacted to Yuuki's words, but the effect of allowing the companions to retrieve their cool judgment had been achieved. Suppressing his killing intent on Damrada, he focused his gaze on the adjutant, Kagali.

Kagali's judgment was the same as Yuuki's.

The instinctive alarm bells kept going off and on, and Kagali understood that she was in a crisis situation. When Yuuki gave instructions, she immediately understood what she should do.

The situation was urgent, and now was not the time to oppose Yuuki's instructions, and Kagali acted.

"Give up here and head for the Hybrid Legion field camp."

"But what about Yuuki-sama?"

"Don't mind me. I don't think Damrada will let us escape, so I have to be his opponent."

‘Go for it’—Yuuki takes his back to the full mount and clinches up with Damrada.

“Go.”

“Understood!”

Everyone is aware of what they should be doing.

Whether Damrada betrayed or not, such things no longer matter. Looking at Yuuki's back, everyone had come to this realization.

Being strong, they all understood that the thing to do now was not to argue, but to fight for survival.

Aria carried the fallen Tolneod.

The petite maiden carrying the large man on her back was comical but no one laughed at them. Users of healing magic heal Tolneod on the side and join the back row of the team together.

Then it just disappeared into the night in such an orderly fashion.

A few minutes later.

In the spacious conference room, only Yuuki and Damrada remain.

"It's too late to run away, you're always light at the last minute. Yuuki-sama underestimated the Intelligence Bureau too much."

"Maybe. But if you try to struggle, maybe you'll find a way to live?"

"Ridiculous, this is no child's play."

"Of course, I've always meant it."

"Is it a dream like conquering the world?"

"Of course! And, you do the same, don't you?"

Hearing this, Damrada smiled.

Yes, that's right, smiling like that from the bottom of your heart with satisfaction.

Yuuki Kagurazaka, a good host for Damrada.

While one can tell that he can't get rid of childish, childish thoughts, there is a cold side to it.

Very calculating, not to get bored with Damrada.

It is for this reason that Damrada believes in Yuuki.

It was only then that he noticed that his current self, was being manipulated by Kondo.

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Damrada's loyalty to Emperor Rudra is real. Although Yuuki is also recognized, it is no better than Rudra.

After all, these don't even need to be compared.

Emperor Rudra meant all to Damrada.

Damrada, on the other hand, acted as agreed with Rudra. Fulfilling the covenant is what Damrada bets his life to achieve.

Damrada has been involved with Rudra for longer than Kondo. It was therefore impossible to deny that Damrada was careless enough to assume that Kondo would not strike out at himself.

Damrada understood that he was being viewed with suspicion, and was therefore wary, but Kondo seemed to be more dangerous than Damrada had thought. Having ended his parting with Misha, Damrada's will was dictated by Kondo.

It was not understood what method he used, but Damrada could not be undone no matter what means he used. Damrada's consciousness and actions were thus fully grasped by Kondo.

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*Kondo, I didn't think you could manipulate even me. While knowing that the guy's caution was deep to the bone, I didn't expect it to go this far. Still, as expected of Lord Yuuki.*

Since it couldn't be lifted on its own, the only hope left was to rely on Yuuki. But this has to be done with attention to the situation Damrada is in, which is very difficult.

Whoever looks at it will feel that Damrada has betrayed. The attempt to gain trust in such a situation was so strong that Damrada himself almost gave up.

However, Yuuki noticed it.

Damrada was moved by this fact while saying what he had been allowed to say by Kondo.

"Lord Yuuki, let's show you the strength of the Sequence Two, the deputy commander of the Imperial Emperor's Knights of the Near Guard."

This domination is permissive and Damrada's movements are restricted. In this case, Damrada communicated as much information as possible to Yuuki.

Self-reporting is one of them.

As long as Yuuki knows all the information he can give, it will come in handy in the future. Damrada was so convinced that he intended to entrust the future to Yuuki.

*When Yuuki-sama kills me, it'll be over. The agreement with Lord Rudra, Yuuki-sama will also fulfill it, right? Too bad I can't see it for myself...*

The will of Damrada will surely be inherited by Yuuki. For in order to achieve Yuuki's ambition, it is necessary to complete Damrada's goal.

Damrada did not hold out too high expectations.

"Don't worry. There's a lot of work to be done, and I'll save you."

"Ha ha ha! Saying such naive things won't defeat me."

The pleasure that rushes up from the heart, even when manipulated, cannot be removed. Damrada does as he pleases and releases this emotion...

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More than thirty warriors ran wildly through the streets of the imperial capital.

Following Yuuki's orders, Kagali and the others attempted to escape from the Imperial Capital by night with the aim of reuniting with the Hybrid Legion.

The camping site for the mixed legions is near the Empire's border with the Kingdom of Dwargon, five hundred kilometers southwest of the Imperial capital, a distance that would take more than ten days if one were a traveling merchant.

The people of Magic High can move between designated cities in an instant by using the 'teleportation gates' that have been set up all over the Imperial Capital, a gift that comes with excellent magic technology.

However, it was not possible for a hundred people to use it at the same time, and the 'portal' was usually heavily guarded as an important facility. Even in the dead of night like this, it was easy to foresee what would happen in a fight.

Kagali doesn't hesitate to choose the path she once took.

She judged that instead of making a scene here, it was better to straighten out the war effort first.

In this group, everyone is a superhuman beyond the rank of regulars. With a few hours of non-stop running, you should reach your destination.

"Is Lady Kagali all right?"

"Well, no problem. Thank you for your concern, Tear."

Kagali thanked Tear, the masked maiden who ran beside her.

Kagali was the original Demon Lord, and after losing to Demon Lord Leon, remained in a mental body state for decades at a loss. At the time, Kagali was not a spiritual being—the Demon Lord Kazaream had done his best just to remain self-aware.

Crossing over that past, the blessing of Yuuki had finally gained artificial flesh. Then the workout went smoothly and became powerful.

Therefore, she now possessed a fighting ability that could rival that of the higher monsters. In this group of strongmen, too, they are by no means left behind.

"Yeah? That's good. At times like this, it would be nice if Laplace was around..."

"Yes, if Laplace had been there, he would have defeated Damrada.

"Oooh, oooh, oooh, boss is strong too. Sure to get the win, back to us!"

"Yes!"

"Well, that is to say."

Although Kagali replied with a smile of affirmation, she felt a growing anxiety inside. The alarm bells had been ringing since just now, and Kagali's unease was gradually increasing.

*—not good. It's not good.*

This instinct, I don't know how many lives it saved her. Therefore, even though Kagali had no basis, she began to think about what measures she should take to get out of the situation.

Then, turning their eyes to their most trusted companions, Tear and Footman.

"Call Laplace."

"Huh?"

"Tell him to come right back."

Tear and Footman might be able to have a conversation through 'chanting'. No matter how far apart, the clowns are closely connected.

"Laplace was sent as a messenger..."

"It's okay, come on!"

The alarm bells that only Kagali could hear grew louder.

That meant there was no time left, and after making that judgment, Kagali ignored Tear and gave a second order.

"All hands, split up from here on out! Act according to your own judgment, survival first...?"

With the aim of reuniting with the Hybrid Legion, the last words were not spoken, and she understood it was too late.

"That's amazing. I thought I'd completely eliminated my aura, thanks to you for noticing."

The man in military uniform said so while emerging from the darkness.

It's Lieutenant Kondo.

It wasn't just Kondo, from the rooftops of the buildings across the street, people kept jumping down wordlessly.

The number is about 50.

Yet, every one of them could feel the overwhelming breath.

"The Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard..."

"Yes. Don't be needlessly resistant, surrender. In this way, the honor of dying for His Majesty the Emperor is given to you."

"Yeah, you admit it. Lieutenant Kondo, you are the head of the Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard."

Even after being identified, Kondo was still expressionless.

Neither negative nor positive, but it was enough for Kagali.

Kagali and there rest gathered while guarding the knights who surrounded them. At this point, fighting is inevitable.

The near-guard knights were fully armed in legendary gear. Even with equal strength, the gap in equipment is still too great.

Despite being at an overwhelming disadvantage, none of Yuuki's men would give up lightly at a time like this.

"Ha, come on, come on. It's a good way to save time."

"Yes. Let's see what I can do with a close guard!"

Tolneod, who was still dying a moment ago, spoke up and Aria followed suit.

A person with extraordinary strength should look like he or she should, but he or she will not simply give up.

And among them, Kagali desperately analyzed the situation.



The odds of all surviving are infinitely close to zero. The goal of the tactical victory at this stage is to get more companions to converge with the hybrid legions.

For this, time needs to be bought.

Before Yuuki defeated Damrada.

Before Laplace rushed back to help.

Buy valuable time. Kagali realizes that this is what she is meant to do.

*Well, what would have happened if one of them had made it?*

Thinking aside, Kagali took a step towards Kondo.

"Ho-ho? Are you going to be my opponent?"

"Yeah. Let me confirm the strength of the Chief Near Guard."

Saying so, but Kagali was well aware that she was nowhere near as strong as Kondo. Kagali's purpose was to make herself the bait.

*Winning is impossible, at best, to buy time...*

Kagali concentrated and posed towards Kondo.

Kondo, on the other hand, didn't look at Kagali and looked around at the battle and sighed helplessly.

"I don't like to do useless work, and I'm not going to stall for time with you. You have to understand that you can't win a war with spiritual will."

"Well, maybe? With prayer, miracles can happen."

"Hum, ridiculous. The original Demon Lord talks in his sleep."

Hearing that, Kagali smacked her tongue.

Only a few of his companions knew that his original identity was that of a demon lord, and Kondo revealed it easily. That is, this level of intelligence was nothing more than trivial to him.

"You're really being underestimated."

"No, I don't think so. Let me tell you something, I reckon your intention is to rendezvous with the Mixed Legion, but it won't work. Just a moment ago, His Majesty the Emperor had personally organized a crusading army to march."

"What did you say?"

It was an extraordinary state of affairs for the emperor to go on an expedition.

But what Kagali cared about was the word crusade army.

"Of course, it's only the strong who matter. First of all, whether or not one swears loyalty to His Majesty Rudra, a mongrel that doesn't even have the possibility of evolution is not going to come in handy."

"What does this mean...?"

"Can't you understand? You have survived until now only because you still have the possibility of evolution, all in the plans of His Majesty Rudra."

"Nonsense! Are you trying to say that our plans have all been seen through!?"

Kagali got emotional.

Kondo said with a bored sweep of Kagali.

"Stupid question. Do you think you can fool me in the Imperial Capital?"

Inside Kagali, a dim fire of anger flared.

The name of the fire, Shame.

With her unique skill as a 'planner', Kagali has been making all kinds of plans and getting them executed successfully. Despite the successive failures of the plan because of Rimuru, it was Kagali's pride to be Yuuki's partner and to be Yuuki's strategist.

Kondo, on the other hand, scoffed at that.

"How could a human...?"

"You mean, Yuuki Kagurazaka, right?"

A strong rage washed over her, and Kagali's eyes seemed to go blank. Still, she could see that it was Kondo's ploy. If you let your anger run wild, you will lose battles that you could have won.

The evidence is that Footman, not knowing if he was provoked by Kagali's anger, lost his sanity and attacked Kondo as he had. In the Clown Troupe, Footman, who prides himself on having the highest attack power, unleashed a great magic bomb, completely unconcerned that the streets would be destroyed.

Kondo ducked out of the way easily, but an alarm went off on the street side, feeling like it was going to cause a big commotion. At this rate, not only the close guards, but also the guardsmen and the watching crowds would flock to the scene.

When this became the case, there was no need for Kagali and others to worry about it, as long as someone was in the way, it was considered an enemy to rule out. Kondo they should be well aware of these things too.

But why would Kondo allow such a thing to happen?

That was Kagali's query.

*Settle down and think calmly. This guy, just trying to piss me off...*

Since she saw through Kondo's attempt, she would just have to accompany him. Thinking so, Kagali suppressed her anger. At this point, a wave of unease came up as if she had missed something.

*Wait...? Damrada was manipulated by someone. If this is Kondo's—*

It wasn't just Footman, Tear had joined the war. A surprising amount of fighting is taking place between the surrounding Konoha and Yuuki's companions.

Kondo, on the other hand, was completely unfazed by the situation.

At unknown times, Kondo's right hand gripped a pistol and his left hand held a knife, coping with the onslaught. Facing Footman and Tear, the two majins who were able to override the Demon Lord, they still maintained a stoic attitude.

Although Kondo was predicted to be a formidable foe, the reality was beyond prediction.

Undoubtedly stronger than Damrada, Kagali reacquainted herself with the horrors of Kondo.

Kondo simply held the gun and showed no signs of wanting to shoot, using the knife alone to simultaneously oppose Footman and Tear.

That knife, in Kagali's opinion, was also a famous knife. In fact, what Kagali didn't know was that the construction of the knife was called a naval taija-type military knife, and the key blade was engraved with a beautiful blade that was so beautiful that one couldn't help but look at it. This is a family heirloom passed down from generation to generation by the Kondo family, not a bargain for the layman to hold.

Rightfully so, this knife is not a weapon that can be wielded with one hand. Kondo, on the other hand, held the hilt of the knife with his left hand and swung it with one hand. This was not some special genre, and a clear-eyed person could tell at a glance that he hadn't played up to his original strength.

*This man is dangerous. Taking those two as opponents, but not moving the real thing at all...But why?*

*It would have been more serious if the intention was to kill. So you didn't do it, did you really see any value in using us? So it's true...*

Then, Kagali came up with the answer.

Shouted.

"Be careful! Kondo may use some means to manipulate people."

"Hm, exactly."

Thought Kondo would deny it, but dryly admitted it. It gave Kagali the creeps.

*How dare this man expose himself? No, since we already doubt it, there is no point in denying it.*

*Expressing affirmation will, on the contrary, increase our vigilance. But, can't figure out why—*

Kagali sank suspiciously into a mire of thoughts.

Unable to understand Kondo's thoughts, unable to see what was right to do.

Since you can't win the fight, it's best to follow through with the initial battle of delaying time. She thought so, but couldn't figure out why Kondo would go along with this battle plan.

*—No, that's weird! This man said at the outset that he had no intention of stalling with us, and why -*

*ah! Is that so, it turns out!*

It was only at this point that Kagali finally learned the true horror of Kondo. Every line of dialogue makes sense, and Kagali understands that Kondo is completely dictating the course of events by mixing lies into the conversation.

"You're also stalling for time..."

"Did you finally notice? I'm playing this boring time-stretching trick with you."

"Gah."

"It's not easy to see through with your thinking."

Despite desperately trying to stay calm, Kondo's prodding irritated Kagali.

"Don't just say..."

"Do you know why I'm called an intelligence-feeding freak?"

"....."

"You just said that too, didn't you? I can manipulate people. Then why didn't you think it would be easy to gain the knowledge of the manipulated?"

What's this guy talking about?—Kagali marveled.

If Kondo was lying, it would be too childish and awkward. But if true, it would be tantamount to divulging important secrets. It's hard to imagine that this prudent man would act in a way that would expose the undercard.

"What a pain in the ass. Even for me, it's not like I can see through everything. The original intention was to make contact with you after leaving the outskirts of the city. It's a shame that Tidu suffered damage, but it's not easy for me to stay in a fight like this."

"Stay strong!"

"Ho, ho, ho, what an underestimation!"

Irritated by Kondo's words, Tear and Footman became agitated. And that's just winning the other side's strategy, another bad move. It was with that understanding that Kagali got anxious.

"Calm down, you two! Don't let the other person's words disturb the mood!"

Kagali shouted, trying to stop the two from storming off.

Kondo boredly skimmed Kagali, then glanced at the pistol again, not knowing what to think, and stowed it in his arms.

"What a pain in the ass. Let me deprive you of your fighting power without killing you. Come on."

The moment Kondo held the Saber in both hands, the aura changed for one.

It's a scent that's unique to high people.

"Tear, let me do it here. Take it, human!"

The two men's breaths swelled and the people fighting around them stopped fighting as if they were overwhelmed by their Qi.

Kondo took a step forward on his left foot and raised his sword to his right shoulder, posing in a hachioji stance, waiting for the enemy to attack.

Footman, on the other hand, seems to have completely abandoned the defense and adopted the stance of specializing in striking. Letting the whole body cover the fighting aura and transform itself into a giant projectile for the assault.

The chubby figure, however, showed unimaginable agility as Footman rolled agilely. Then, accelerating while taking a leap from the ground, he began bouncing around Kondo, continuing the irregular movement, gradually accelerating.





"Ho-ho, ho, ho, ho. How about, if you can, you try to see what I'm doing!"

Convinced that he had accelerated to his full strength, Forman conjured up his ultimate move to Kondo.

The true face of Footman's power is a unique skill called 'The Increaser'.

The essence of this power is that of increase.

Whether it's volatility, or quality, it can increase at its own will. Accelerating just by jumping, the weight of the self gradually increases and the weight becomes not in keeping with what it looks like. Just drive this momentum into each other and either opponent will be crushed.

"Take it" The angry outbursts fly apart...

With absolute confidence and destructive power, Footman closed in on Kondo. However, Kondo's expression didn't fluctuate and he only made one sword move.

"I'm proud of you for using this 'thunderbolt.'"

It was only after it was over that the calming voice was heard.

Footman's hands and feet were cut off at a moment's notice, a high-speed trick that no one could see. It would not have been possible to do so without an overwhelming strength gap.

Only the head was still attached to the body, and bright red blood spurted from the broken limb.

Although Footman is not yet dead from this, I'm afraid it will be difficult to continue fighting.

"Your name is Tear, right? I'll bandage the man's arms and legs and stop the bleeding on his head. It'll be a pain in the ass if he dies."

Kondo said blandly.

That right hand gripped back to the pistol, back to the position it was in at the beginning. Either way, the gesture was a sign that there was no intention of continuing to be their opponent.

"What are you, what are you thinking...?"

"Won't kill you. Especially you, Kagali—no, the original Demon Lord Kazaream. You still have use, so you can't be killed."

"Stupid, to do something like this and want me to help you?"

"Hmph, no need to ask your permission. I told you, didn't I? I can manipulate people."

What a hateful man, Kagali stared at Kondo with a hateful look.

Kondo's statement is so irritating that it's clear that he's thinking the right thing, but Kondo's approach makes himself uneasy and wonder if he's thinking the wrong thing. Kondo's every word made Kagali restless.

At this point, the gun Kondo was holding flashed a red light.

Seeing the red light, the corners of Kondo's mouth rose slightly.

That is, a very, very small and unassuming glimmer of a smile. Can this man also laugh, Kagali wondered while the biggest alarm sounded in her heart.

*Procrastination...by the way, is this real?*

It was too late to realize it until now.

Kagali was disgusted with herself for being played like this, and even so, she was still exploring the best options.

There was no doubt that Kondo had assembled his hand cards, though there was no telling what those hand cards were. There was no escape now, and it was difficult to stall for any more time.

In that case, there is only one recourse.

Kagali's only option was to remove the seedling that might endanger her companion.

That is, suicide.

Kagali is determined to prevent intelligence leaks by dying.

That being said, Kagali, as an Undead Elf Clan, would not perish in the true sense of the word.

Although this flesh will be lost, it can be boarded again with others to gain eternal life.

Footmant and Tear should have sensed Kagali's thoughts as well, they were undead elf clans like Kagali, immortal in the true sense of the word. Three men besieging Kondo at the same time should serve their purpose while keeping Kagali's thoughts from being exposed.

Even with the loss of flesh, one can avoid the worst state of affairs if one can escape completely. That's Kagali's judgment, and the trump card saved for last.

*It's a rare time for Yuuki-sama to get his hands on flesh. It's going to take a while to settle down again, but it's better than losing everything. Even though it's dragging Footman and Tear down, I'll prepare them for tougher flesh next time.*

Kagali made her decision.

After that, just trust Laplace to find a way to do something about it.

Kondo is really stronger than expected, and judging by Kagali at this stage, Kondo and Laplace are not on par. No, it's possible that Kondo is slightly stronger.

Even if they succeeded in converging here, there was no way to ensure victory, and it would be really bad strategy to still implicate Laplace in

danger under the circumstances, Kagali judged so.

The more worrying thing is how Kondo is manipulating people.

Although it was tempting to wait to see this before running away, it would be dangerous to be too greedy. Kagali shed her confusion and immediately put it into action.

"I'm so underestimated by the humans. Footman, Tear, stop playing with him and give him a taste of my true power as a demon lord!"

Kagali let the demon qi spread all over her body, making a power that went beyond the limits. This temporary flesh would not be able to endure for long, at most for a few minutes if it was messed up like this. But then there's no need to worry about being suspected of suicide.

Forman and Tear too, seeing Kagali in this state, understood the battle plan.

"Oooh, oooh, oooh, just losing my arms and legs won't stop me!"

"This girl can go on too! It's been so long since I've been able to show my stuff, my heart is pounding!"

Like matching Kagali, Footman also rounded his body and started jumping. Then Tear, like Kagali, began to liberate the monster aura.

In the center of the imperial capital, the huge demonic aura gradually expanded. If Kondo could make it look like this was a special attack with the intention of going down together, Kagali and their fight would be a success.

However.

Kondo didn't even frown in the face of this situation. Methodically, he stowed his saber and confirmed the status of the pistol.

He said, "I don't think so," as if I were throwing cold water on Kagali.

"It seems that only the spirit body can survive."

This statement is impossible to ignore.

The people who knew about Kagali's race were also only Yuuki among their companions. Ultra-secret information that even Damrada didn't know, and then again it should be something that Kondo couldn't know.

"For, why do you know this...?"

"The so-called battle is over before it begins. The total annihilation of the Mecha Legion was due to the negligence of the enemy in gathering intelligence. Doesn't it take failure for granted to storm off without even knowing the right situation? Don't you think so?"

“.....”

"That being said, your men have been a disappointment. They were clearly given the best possible time, but lost to a new Demon Lord who had been installed in the district. It's ridiculous to call it a demon lord too."

"What did you say?"

"But you guys lost just fine. I also had a basic grasp of what was going on all over there, after all a more interesting existence than Clayman was born."

"I asked you what that meant—!"

Kagali's anger erupted.

Already no longer considered calming herself down, as the hatred of Lieutenant Kondo had made her forget herself.

Kondo's statement amounted to a confession that it was he who had manipulated Clayman.

Thinking about it this way, Clayman doesn't know when it started and the behavior gradually spiraled out of control. According to Laplace's report, the tendency got bigger decades ago.

Kagali thought it was just caused by the stress of being a Demon Lord, and even thought she was overthinking it. However, if these were caused by Kondo, the situation would be different.

A self-developed battle plan that fails because of human obstruction is intolerable. What's more, the once-favored Clayman, if he also died because he was manipulated by Kondo...

*Unforgivable, absolutely unforgivable.*

Kagali's anger could no longer be restrained, and Footman, who was particularly sensitive to the emotions of anger, reacted to Kagali's anger by allowing it to increase further.

It turned out, ironically, to be exactly what Kondo had expected.

No, that's what Kondo is all about.

"How naive. In battle, get emotional. It's only because of this level of awareness that it's so easy to fall into the trap."

Kondo said so and pulled the trigger.

"Ah."

Pow!—Kagali popped spasmodically as the sound came softly.

There was no bloodshed.

Because it was a very special bullet that affected not the flesh but the spirit.

Its name is "The Curse Bomb of Domination".

It was a secret treasure bestowed by Emperor Rudra, and one of Kondo's killer weapons.

"The Domination Spell Bomb was given a portion of Rudra's powers, with the effect of dominating and manipulating others. However, one could only

dominate one person at a time, and the likelihood of resistance was high for those with strong spiritual powers.”

There is a surplus of bullets on hand, but the usefulness and timing of the bullets need to be carefully considered. Failure to do so would not only expose the hand to the enemy, but also lose a piece.

Those who want to dominate the Demon Lord class need to fire their bullets while the opponent is asleep or in an exuberant state.

After being swept away by lust, or being consumed by negative emotions such as anger or lamentation, you can finally exercise domination by shooting a "domination spell" when the other person is in this state.

"It took some effort, but it was in line with the plan. Kagali, get your companions to abort the act of fighting. After all, you're so careful, you've already carved a spell on the summoner, haven't you?"

"I see, Lord Kondo.”

"Don't call me that. Just call me Lieutenant.”

"Yes, Lieutenant Kondo. Yes, sir.”

Just like that, Kagali fell into Kondo's hands.

Then, as Kondo had expected, the spells were engraved on the souls of all of Yuuki's companions. Tear and Footman, too, were unable to disobey the words of Kagali, the commanding officer.

There are also those who do not have the "spell" engraved on them, but they understand that the situation is unfavorable and that even if their companions kill each other, they will only die for nothing, so it is better not to resist being caught.

The darkness of the Tidu restored calm.

"To hate, hate your own powerlessness. What is called justice is something that exists only in the midst of the multitude and is united by a stronger

will, as is the ideal. Your ambition has turned to morning dew in the face of His Majesty Rudra's righteousness, that's all.”

That is, the absolute law of the weak against the strong.

Kondo was well aware of this.

"However, without the awareness of being trampled upon, one is not even qualified to be ambitious.

Therefore, let me remember your remorse.”

Kondo himself was alive with a sense of consciousness, so he wouldn't look down on people like Kagali.

If it is himself who loses, he will face the same fate, which he has learned from his own experience.

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Yuuki and Damrada clinch and engage in a fierce battle.

It's not sure how many times the two have alternated offense and defense.

Facing Damrada with a straight punch to the face, Yuuki unloads with a palm strike. He then tries to reverse Damrada's wrist, but Damrada won't let him, and slashes at Yuuki.

And Yuuki, who expected the handknife, throws a double leg kick while leaning back on his upper body. Damrada, who senses Yuuki's movements, drops back down to his feet and throws a sweeping leg kick—but it seems Yuuki sees that one coming too and leaps forward with a spinning back kick to the side of Damrada's head.

But that leg kick misses.

Damrada has closed the distance and stood up.



Going beyond the human realm and strike back with a refined martial art. The offensive and defensive plays go on and on, and from the sidelines, it seems as if you're watching a well-designed action play, with every move in order.

But at a pace that the eyes of the common man cannot keep up with. Unfortunately there was no audience present, except that it would have been difficult to find a strong man who could appreciate the battle.

A fight between high level fighters based on the flesh of a thousand hammers.

Actually the fight was more than that.

Yuuki tries to communicate with Damrada, using 'chanting' rather than dialogue. Damrada also tried to respond by assisting Yuuki in action.

Several times in the fight, unnecessary physical contact was made in order to exchange information at that moment.

"Really, is it finally connected? I didn't realize that Damrada, even you have acquired an ultimate skill.

It took me so much effort to convey my "thoughts." Was it already there when you met me?"

"Just a borrowed item. Of course, when I met Lord Yuuki, I already had an ultimate skill."

'It didn't come to light because it was barely used'—Damdara rounded up thoughtfully.

And Yuuki could only smile bitterly.

Now that I've awakened my ultimate skills, I realize that there is an absolute "class difference" between those and my unique skills.

And, there is a word in Damrada's answer that cannot be ignored.

"Borrowed item? What does that mean?"

Originally, abilities were acquired by themselves.

Just because there are people with creative abilities like Yuuki doesn't mean you can create something out of nothing. Yuuki simply feeds on his own desires and gains abilities by changing the form of his "soul power". That is why it is impossible to ignore the fact that capacity can be transferred.

Damrada replied.

"As it literally is. My power is nothing but a gift from the Emperor."

"Is it possible to do such a thing?"

"I understand your doubts, but I'm the witness. You have to understand, it's possible."

That's what I'm talking about.

Since that's all said and done, Yuuki had to agree.

In this way, the next question arises.

"Is the transfer of that skill for anyone?"

How so, Damrada smiled.

"Ordinary humans, not to mention ultimate skills, can't even be a vessel for unique skills. Just accommodating the powers that be requires a huge amount of energy. Therefore, we must transform our flesh like the otherworldly man."

"I'm relieved to hear you say that. I thought the emperor was having a great sale on my powers, so I was anxious."

"Hahaha, it's not happening yet. And it is His Majesty's plan to achieve this goal."

I see, and Yuuki understood.

"Is that why we collect the strong?"

"Exactly. Humans, too, will evolve at the end of their practice. The race itself changes and becomes

"immortal". Yuuki-sama, who has reached the realm of "saints," knows this too, right?"

"Sort of."

Yuuki has also experienced that from human beings to "immortals" and then to "saints", it is impossible to achieve this with ordinary cultivation.

Even among the "Top Ten Saints" of the Western countries, the only ones who have reached the

"saints" in the true sense of the word are only Hinata and Sare.

"It is only after man has evolved into an immortal that he has been able to break away from the framework called human communication and become personally connected to the world. Those who have reached this stage will be gathered together to form the Imperial Emperor's Knights of the Near Guard, and under the screening of His Majesty Rudra, it can be said that this is the minimum passing line."

"Centaur' is the minimum pass line?"

"Well, yes. Lord Yuuki had also fought with Guy, so he should be able to understand how powerful he was, right? Even for a "saint," there is no possibility of victory."

"Well, sort of."

Guy's strength was abnormal, and Yuuki, who had actually fought, was well aware of that. A half-dragged powerhouse couldn't even do it against Demon Lord Guy Crimson, right?

"To defeat Guy, awakening an ultimate skill is the minimum requirement."

"Is this an ultimate skill?"

This is content that Yuuki can also accept.

After acquiring an ultimate skill himself, he felt it even more strongly. Only an ultimate skill can counter an ultimate skill.

"Yes, His Majesty Rudra is well aware of that. Therefore, trials are given to those who have reached the level of "immortals" to promote their further awakening, in order to train them into a vessel capable of giving them ultimate skills."

"It's a mess. But I'd do the same if I were you."

"It's a great help to understand so quickly."

Yuuki and Damrada looked at each other and smiled.

Although it was a topic that normal people couldn't understand, Yuuki saw through the method and it made sense. Once the methodology is established, it will probably be possible to raise a large number of extreme ability awakeners.

It's not a good feeling to be taken one step ahead, but Yuuki thinks it's a good idea to get recognition where it's due. More than that, the specificity of Rudra, which is integral to this approach, is the problem.

"The fact that Rudra can empower others is truly astonishing."

"This is an example of the greatness of His Majesty Rudra. Those who reach the realm of the Sage, His Majesty Rudra grants the ultimate 'skill of substitution.'"

Damrada's 'thoughts' were filled with pride, and one could feel his respect for Emperor Rudra, and Yuuki couldn't help but smile bitterly.

While Damrada still swore loyalty to Yuuki, it was still different from the loyalty dedicated to the Emperor. Even though Yuuki knew that was the case, he still felt that Damrada should hide his respect for the Emperor.

Only, the usual Damrada would never make such a mistake, and this time he did so deliberately, knowing full well.

"So did Rudra start the war to awaken his men?"

"The reasoning is this. The previous battle was thwarted by Veldora and suffered a setback, but the battle was fought that way. A few have evolved into "Immortals", with more battle power to add than to lose."

Still patient enough, Yuuki felt admiration at the same time as jealousy.

Like this, the two men exchanged 'chanting words' while fighting each other.

Then finally, Yuuki's power broke through Damrada's mental barrier.

"Oh, we did it. I've found it, the core that manipulates your power."

"That would be great. Can it be lifted?"

"Well, no problem. But will it be exposed to Kondo when it's lifted?"

"I guess we'll be exposed. It's okay."

"Then let it go in one breath."

Yuuki and Damrada are not fighting pointlessly.

Damrada knew about Yuuki's 'power blocking', and he believed that this power could lift the

'domination' imposed by Kondo. Yuuki also saw right through Damrada's thoughts, and without anyone else having to say much, had been testing out Damrada's condition.

Yuuki then used the newly awakened power to try to bring Damrada back to his former self—

Yuuki has acquired the ultimate skill "King of Greed" and specializes in seizing it. Just by making contact with the opponent, the "Life Snatching Palm" could seize energy, and even if it was just a fist fight, it could still accumulate damage on the opponent.

It can be magical or physical, and depending on the opponent, the nature of the energy that can be seized varies. But what remains constant is that the seized energy can be used for itself.

But in the face of Damrada, the "Raider's Palm" did not work.

Damrada's strength was excellent, maintaining his best form even when manipulated by Kondo. It has nothing to do with my own will, and I'm trying my best to hinder Yuuki's actions.

This was made possible by the Emperor's ultimate power to grant 'vicarious power'. From this, the protection of the soul was exerted on Damrada.

No matter what kind of mental attack is ineffective, an absolute mental barrier. No matter what kind of defense can penetrate, absolute physical destruction. Using two opposing forces as twin wings makes Damrada an undefeated presence.

Kondo was able to dominate Damrada because the Emperor had granted the "Domination Spell Bomb"

a higher level than the "Acting Power". If 'vicarious power' had not been a borrowed force, Damrada would not have been dominated.

In order to lift this troublesome 'vicarious right', Yuuki drove the 'ability blockade' to shatter Damrada's mental barrier. That's when the "dominating spell bomb" that was inserted into the "soul" of Damrada was finally discovered.

After confirming with Damrada, Yuuki concentrated his strength in one breath.

"The Palm of Life"

The bottom of Yuki's palm struck Damrada's chest.

This strike was well controlled and only shattered the bullet. It was really straightforward and Damrada was thus restored to freedom.





"That's very helpful, Yuuki-sama."

"Don't rely too much on others, I'm more worried about Kagali and the others. I'm going over there.

What are you going to do?"

"Allow me to accompany you. I'm going to show up with Demon Lord Rimuru tomorrow anyway, and it's even more dangerous to easily return to Kondo's men if I have to take advantage of the momentum to stage a coup."

"Indeed, there's no need to hide it."

Yuuki laughed, and Damrada responded with a smile.

"Let's go then."

"Yes."

Yuuki turned and walked towards the door, and Damrada nodded and followed.

But this moment...

"Why don't you clean up the strangers and just hang around, Damrada? Or, do you really want to betray Lord Rudra?"

Hearing the cold voice, Yuuki tensed and stopped moving.

The real crisis that opens here.

\*\*\*

No sound was made.

Somehow, at some point, she was already standing there.

An overwhelming strongman's breath.

The pale blue hair, stunning the beauty of a celestial being.

What should have been a first meeting, Yuuki was familiar with the beauty's scent.

That was, the breath of the man opposite the imperial curtain.

Known as the "marshal", the figure who sat beside the emperor...

"Eeh, Lord Velgrynd..."

Damrada muttered, and Yuuki listened but felt very loud.

*Velgrynd? Don't you mean...?*

At this moment, Yuuki realized that his face had become spastic.

This world is known as the strongest "dragon species"—in front of this existence, Yuuki unconsciously compared his own strength.

*Hurts my brain. It hadn't felt that way when I saw Veldora before, it wasn't a matter of winning or losing in this subdivision anymore. To go head-to-head with such an opponent would be tantamount to suicide.*

Even though Yuuki realized this, he didn't give up.

If it doesn't work on the front, then you can avoid it and play a dirty trick. He guessed that if he made good use of the cards in his hand, the possibility of victory was still high.

"I never thought that His Excellency the Marshal would be the True Dragon Race. That way, we'll know why Guy won't go out in person."

"Hey, it's rare for a human to not be intimidated in the face of me. You deserve a compliment."

"Thank you very much. By the way, it would have been nice to leave me alone."

"I don't care. Only it's not me who's looking for you. It's my dear sir."

Velgrynd finished and took a step back.

It was only then that Yuuki noticed the man's aura.

He couldn't help but widen his eyes and stare at the figure.

Standing beside Velgrynd was a man in a costume that was almost astronomical in value.

It was a familiar face.

".....Masayuki? No, it's not possible. Are you...?"

‘Exactly the same as Masayuki Honjou’—Yuuki thought to himself, but then noticed a few differences.

The most obvious is the hair color.

The man had brilliant, dazzling blond hair. By contrast, Masayuki just usually dyed his hair blonde, which was supposed to be a Japanese black-teal color.

If you look closely, the eyes are also different.

Masayuki's eyes looked as loose as if they were less rooted, while the man's gaze was as domineering as if he wanted to see through everything. To not tense one's nerves was to be swallowed up by his aura.

In the face of such verve, it is impossible to imagine that they are the same person.

*It's a different person, this one*

Convinced of this, Yuuki thought of the man's true identity.

Since Velgrynd calls him Dear Sir, there is only one identity.

"The Emperor Rudra?"

"That's right, Yuuki-sama. This is the emperor at the top of the empire, Lord Rudra."

Answering Yuuki was Damrada, who, as a gesture of no hostility towards Rudra, did not care to get his clothes dirty and knelt down in place.

Yuuki didn't accuse him.

To Damrada, Rudra's importance is above his own, and it is understood, if not stated, that the question is why Rudra is here.

"It's amazing. I didn't think that the noble majesty would come to a place like this, are you idle?"

Yuuki asked as if teasing Rudra.

And Rudra wasn't angry, just extremely natural in his reply.

"Very busy. It's not the time to play around when the win against Guy comes down to the wire."

The surprise was with Damrada.

He didn't expect Rudra to talk to an inferior, and never expected Velgrynd to tolerate it.

"Hey, then don't be lazy..."

"Don't talk too much, and become his men. Doing so will not deprive you of your will."

That's the order.

From the distant heavens, commanded the prostrate little man on the ground.

This was the kind of person Yuuki hated the most, but for some reason there was a feeling of being unable to disobey.

*Is this, "thought induction"? It's a bit like the "domination" exerted by Mariabell, but it's incomparable in strength.*

It's a hateful power, but Yuuki has 'power blocking' and can ignore any command that comes from his power.

It should have been.

*Nope! It's not that simple of an empowerment!!*

Knees couldn't help but want to bend, and Yuuki understood as he fought.

This is divinely inspired power.

*\*\*\*Note: カリスマ, one meaning divine power and the other meaning transcendent leadership charisma. But in the following, it can be seen that Rudra did not use the ability when speaking, and it can be seen that Yuuki took this innate temperament as a skill and turned it into a divinely taught ability, i.e., the misunderstanding in Yuuki's mind was directly expressed in words. This is a double entendre, so it's up to you to understand whether it's the effect of your ability or your natural temperament.*

Even the overbearing, overpowering dominion that can make all things obey.

Yuuki fought tooth and nail to resist.

"Bah, you've got some nerve. I didn't expect this kind of trick when I came up."

Yuuki exasperatedly spat out a mouthful of spit mingled with blood.

Dominating was his specialty, and being preempted made Yuuki furious.

But that's the right thing to do. Angry feelings are exactly what blocked the evidence of Rudra's domination.

Yuuki flashed a fearless smile and returned Rudra's glance.

However, Rudra looked at Yuuki with a puzzled expression.

"What's wrong? Is it so incredible that your own power doesn't work?"

"No..."

Rudra looked back at Velgrynd with a puzzled look on her face. Then, cackling, Velgrynd replied to Rudra.

"No way, Rudra. This child bathed in your dominance and mistakenly thought he had suffered a mental attack. Be more gentle with him, or he will be broken before he becomes a minister."

"Don't you think that's a good idea, too?"

"Mmm. There are few people who can talk to you as equals, and it's not because the power differential is hard to grasp."

Rudra was at a loss for words.

Velgrynd, on the other hand, revels in it.

Yuuki, on the other hand, was furious at the shame of hearing the two's conversation.

*You gotta be kidding me! Don't you see me at all? In that case, let me take away your composure.*

After a moment of regaining his composure, Yuuki spoke up.

"All right, I'll take it. Indeed, you are the rulers of this world. But with such power, I cannot conquer the world; I am impotent in my opinion."

Pick on each other as usual.

And it was Velgrynd who responded.

"How arrogant. Nah, Rudra, really kill him. Even if such a brat was included in the camp, it wouldn't make much difference in terms of coping with Qi's battle prowess. It'll just be unpleasant, won't it?"

In contrast to Velgrynd, Rudra is generous and open-minded.

"Don't say that. Even if it seems insignificant to you, cultivating it can make you a useful pawn.

Besides, isn't it nice to be defiant? Just like the kitten that refuses to get close to people, doesn't it have its cuteness. I like it a lot."

This, totally considers Yuuki a lowly little person.

Yuuki hummed boredly.

The key Rudra was unfazed and there was no point in provoking. In that case, the only way to speak is with strength.

Since Velgrynd was present, it couldn't take much time. The first move was the strongest attack, and even Velgrynd was suppressed in one fell swoop. After deciding, Yuuki set up a pose.

"I have no interest in submitting to someone weaker than myself when you said you'd become your servant. If you want me to obey, you have to show proportionality!"

Yuuki shouted and began to move.

No more crap.

The acting is also pointless.

The "King of Greed", the research pole power, will restore the original size of his own desires to power.

Yuuki took it for granted that the power he had taken from Mariabell could awaken him to his greed.

Because of this, Yuuki had no doubt that he was the strongest one who had acquired the power of the great sin system, the 'King of Greed'.

Who's it going to be?

No need to think, from the beginning there was only the single option of Rudra.

Dominate Rudra and then hold Velgrynd hostage. Cross this crisis and it will turn into a blessing.

It's this tough way of thinking that has been the driving force behind Yuuki's success so far. This time too, it will be a victory and a big step forward. That's all Yuuki could think about, and he ran at a brisk pace.

Pulling in close enough to be just a few punches away from the opponent.

In the blink of an eye, Yuuki tried to touch Rudra with his hand.

The right hand unleashes one of the powers of the 'King of Greed', 'Sucking Life', and at the same time uses the 'Power to Block'. In this way, a vicious attack could be formed across the opponent's boundaries.

This was the original use of the 'Death Snatching Palm', which was different from Damrada's time, and Yuuki attacked with an aura that didn't matter if he killed his opponent.

If Rudra is dead, then focusing on Velgrynd again is. With two strong enemies, escape is also difficult, but if there is only one, there is always a way.

If Rudra survives, then the next step is to make a real attack with your left hand.

The effect exerted on the left hand is 'worrying', stimulating the other person's feelings, a terrible power that even memory can affect.



It is a more sinister, more powerful force of domination than the "desires" of Mariabell.

With this two-stage attack continuum, Yuuki was intent on killing a way out alive. However, the idea was easily crushed.

"You won't be able to do anything to Rudra in front of me."

With a speed that even Yuuki, who had raised his physical abilities to the limit, couldn't see, Velgrynd stepped forward. Then easily pops Yuuki's right hand out of the way.

Yuuki was stunned.

While it was surprising that the right hand palm strike was defended, what was even more impactful than that was the energy flowing in from Velgrynd.

It was enough to make Yuuki vomit blood in rushing waves. The mere moment of the encounter, the huge monster element that exceeded the capacity limit, eroded Yuuki's body.

Sensing the danger in this instant, Yuuki forcefully twisted his body to pull away. If the reaction had been a little bit slower, Yuuki's body would have been completely destroyed, right?

It wasn't that Velgrynd had done anything, rather the opposite, nothing but remove Yuuki's hand.

Even so, Yuuki was wounded, but the reason was that he had exploded himself, only because he had seized a huge amount of energy that he could not fully control through the 'Life Grabbing Palm'.

With tears and nosebleeds while spitting blood, Yuuki thought so.

*How, maybe. So simple it's more than I can handle! Now my limit is enough to hold a dozen elves, and it overflows in an instant.*

As if complaining to the gods, Yuuki grumbled.

The dreaded Velgrynd.

It was obvious that so much energy had been taken away, but it didn't hurt, it didn't matter. That is, in the face of Yuuki's attack, there wasn't even a need for defense.

‘There's no way out of this’—Yuuki realized.

*Damn, the power differential is surprisingly large, and it's no wonder it doesn't put me in the eye.*

This is undoubtedly on the same level as Guy. Yuuki understands this, and only now does he know the height of the world.

It was precisely because of the awakening of ultimate skills that this desperate rank gap was understood.

To go on the offensive yourself is an act of suicide.

In that case, one can only wait and see what the enemy does.

"Don't be such a jerk. Wouldn't it be a pleasure to have me out there, answering your wish to know about my Power?"

"What a bad habit, Rudra. If you get hurt, it'll be boring. Leave it to me."

"Oh, that's not acceptable. Right?"

This is provocation.

This kind of practice, which is like taking away a good show from him, made it impossible for Yuuki to keep quiet.

"Hahahaha, you're a good man. If I had accepted reality, I would have lost. But ah, I'm not going to give up easily, don't think I'll simply surrender."

Yuuki knew that this was just a case of not giving in, but he still tried his best. Now that it is understood that no matter what you can't win against

Velgrynd, then all that can hold on to is your own reserve. Even if you die as a result, you have to carry out your own capriciousness in the end.

Yuuki glared at Rudra.

Facing the sight of Yuuki, Rudra smiled amusingly.

"Sure enough, let me be your opponent. That being said, I am the best at 'domination'. If you can bear it, you're a winner. You can go wherever you want."

Hearing this pleading offer, Yuuki narrowed his eyes.

Rudra's words were serious.

In all seriousness, it didn't matter even if Yuuki got away with it.

Yuuki didn't see through Rudra's intentions, but in fact Rudra was thinking very simply. After accumulating this experience, Yuuki will gain even more power, right? On that basis, it would be good to negotiate with Yuuki once again and bring Yuuki into the camp.

Rudra's broad-mindedness was not the same as Yuuki's.

That's why Yuuki is creeped out about Rudra and at the same time angry at being belittled.

*Good at domination? The same goes for me on this one. I'll bet everything on this power—the king of Greed.*

Rudra looked at Yuuki amusingly, inwardly rejoicing at the long overdue match.

If Yuuki is able to bear his own 'domination', it may lead to the consequences of raising tigers to cause trouble. But even with that possibility in mind, Rudra still opted for a showdown.

*If it falls short here, it means that my supremacy was only that great.*

Rudra didn't bother to think about failure.

It would also be a pleasure if Yuuki pretended to be submissive. A pawn in such a tame hand is what a ruler of the world should look like, and Rudra is full of confidence.

Velgrynd had been together with Rudra for a long time, and what the other was thinking could be understood without words.

That's how you know that admonition is useless too.

"I know. If you lose, I will avenge you."

Saying so, Velgrynd stepped back.

"No need to worry."

Rudra smiled bitterly and stepped forward.

Then, Yuuki also forcefully pulled the body that was emitting a sad cry to stand up.

"That's funny, you guys. It's also understandable why Guy judged you guys as game disrupting clowns on the board."

"...why would you know this?"

"Hey, it's called the Moderate Clown Troupe, right? A moment ago, a report was received from Tatsuya that the chairman of Clown Troupe had also fallen into my hands. I'll tell you this, too. Now that we know all your information, challenge me with this mentality."

Tatsuya, also known as Lt. Kondo. Rudra used some means to get in touch with Kondo, and by this time, reports were received that Kagali had surrendered.

Understanding that, Yuuki sighed—it was bad.

That is, even Yuuki's peculiar physique, the conversation during the fight with Guy, it all leaked.

Yuuki told someone who could be trusted that he had awakened his ultimate power. The loyal Damrada seems to have kept it a secret, but there's no point in it at this point.

Kagali was Yuuki's partner and rightfully shared the secret.

*Really, this is hurting my brain. Are my hand cards all exposed...?*

Yuuki thought in his heart that there was nothing he could do, and even had the idea of simply abandoning it all. But pride does not allow itself to be held back.

More importantly...

*Wasn't Kagali dead? Rudra seems to be the one who dominates the power of the system, and it seems that Kondo is using a power that mimics Rudra's. In that case, rather than running away, just—* Yuuki formulated the battle in a flash.

Although the success rate is very low, the mood is a little more relaxed compared to a challenge with no calculations at all.

"Thank you so much for taking care of me. But your submissiveness will be fatal!"

"It's okay. The rule of thumb is that a victory over a fully committed opponent is a complete victory. So you, too, give it your all without remorse."

After saying that, Rudra took a step further forward.

Unarmed and in a unique pose.

Rudra was originally a swordsman, as evidenced by the Taishin that hung around his waist, but only intended to exercise the power of 'domination', just as he had declared to Yuuki earlier.

Yuuki had seen right through Rudra's character.

It's not like a dominant person should have the frank personality to face a fight sincerely to the right.

It is because of this that it is easy to see through.

*Honestly, it's impossible to win decently. Even if there's a chance of getting rid of Rudra, there's still Velgrynd. Since I can't escape from here, all I can do is invalidate Rudra's 'domination', right?*

No, Rudra had expected that.

On this basis, there is an overwhelming confidence to dominate him.

In this way, all Yuuki can do is—

"Come on, Rudra!"

Yuuki bet everything on the mere possibility.

“Hegemony—unleash the power!”

With Rudra, Yuuki's movement, the distance between him and Yuuki was pulled to zero in a flash. The

"domination of the King" was then launched.

The essence of the ultimate power, the 'King of Justice', which enables anyone to submit to the power of Rudra.

Unlike the imitation loaned to Kondo, there is no limit and the power varies greatly.

Even for ultimate skills, there is a "rank" gap. It was impossible for Yuuki, who had just awakened, to defy this power.

Rudra stood from grace.

Yuuki fell in place.

The win and the loss look clear at a glance, but the outcome is unknown.

"Is it really okay not to kill him? This kind of guy just pretends to be obedient and then bites back when he's inattentive, right?"

"That's okay, that's where the fun is. If he can resist my domination, then as a reward, I'll just let him go."

Contrary to that statement, Rudra's confidence was unshaken.

Convinced of his absolute 'domination', he did not doubt victory in the slightest.

"That's good."

The winner, Rudra, smiled fearlessly.

Then, turning his gaze to Damrada, who had melted into air in the corner of the room, he spoke affectionately.

"Forgive me, Damrada. Now, don't let you get in my way yet."

"All is as His Majesty would have it..."

Just so, the two understood each other.

"When that man wakes up, you take care of him."

"Understood."

As if satisfied with Damrada's answer, Rudra left with Velgrynd.

The purge was just beginning.

Now that the Emperor has acted, it means that times are about to change.

Tidu, too, was not immune to intense unrest.

That day.

The sky was tinted bright red late at night, and scarlet rain fell incessantly, enveloping the night.

#### **Chapter 4: The Purification of Red Lotus**

The eastern metropolis of Dwargon, the armed state, is now being blockaded by 60,000 troops.

But that's just camouflage work.

Both camps have secretly forged alliances. What should be done to prevent mistakes from causing unfortunate accidents is what hurts commanders.

In this case, the atmosphere among the soldiers at the grassroots level was relaxed.

The tents of the camp were pitched and the soldiers chatted feverishly there. Only, everyone was also still moderately nervous.

Every soldier, every pawn, can remain the same, and the quality can be astonishingly high.

It's only natural that their morale is so high.

After all, their superiors were having their final combat meeting.

Down with the empire and a new state, that dream, will be decided by this conference.

All looked in the direction of the Imperial Capital with eager anticipation.

Because of this, many people are noticing at the same time.

"So red, huh?"

"Tidu, is there a fire?"



"What happened? No, is the plan compromised?"

On such an important day, something happened in the Imperial Capital.

No one would think it was just a fluke. The subordinates must have encountered something, and all present were aware of it.

"Shall we send a reconnaissance unit?"

"No, it's better to act as a team."

"Dumbass! If we do that, won't our betrayal be completely exposed!"

The absence of the person in authority means the absence of the person in charge of command. What was originally derided as a patchwork of hybrid legions would become unmanageable once it broke out.

Someone, who had previously kept his eyes closed, ended the scene with a loud cry.

His name is Zero.

He is the man who was appointed by Yuuki to the position of deputy army Chief and is the highest commander of this place today.

"Silence...! No random actions. I'll wait right here until Lord Yuuki arrives, and there will be no change in this policy."

Such an assertion by Zero has made people of different views regain their composure. Since one doesn't know what to do for the right solution, one has to follow the orders of one's superiors.

Even so, the uneasiness in people's hearts does not just go away...

Then their unease, in its worst form, became reality.

"Good evening, you fools. Even on a comfortable night like this, it's still not good to be too noisy."

Leisurely.

It was as casual as a walk.

The woman came down the street.

The beautiful woman with the blue hair was none other than Velgrynd.

"You, who are you?"

The soldiers located on the outer side of the street began to stir, interrogating Velgrynd about her identity. Those who can speak to the troops in position are no slouch.

One who did not detect the extraordinary aura of Velgrynd would not have survived in the Hybrid Legion. As the soldiers confirmed her true identity, the messenger ran toward his superior.

The soldiers sprang into action and rounded up Velgrynd.

At this point, someone who was confident in his or her abilities stepped forward.

"Hey, hey woman, I don't know who you are, but if you want to pick a fight with so many of us, stop it.

Don't look at us like this, it's also the strongest in the Empire known as the Hybrid Legion—"

"It's really funny that the weak claim to be the strongest. I've let you do this for the sake of morale, but I think it's better to forbid it in the face of legionnaires."

"What?"

The words of Velgrynd came from the Absolute Overlord.

To the army this organization, the existence of orders from distant summits. Whoever it was, it was enough to make even the most base soldiers

understand that the other side was a danger.

Of course, Zero, who was the deputy army Chief, noticed this as well.

Hearing that there was only one person on the other side, Zero rushed over in order to confirm with his own eyes the true face of the other side. As soon as it was reported, he arrived on the scene.

Then came the sight of Velgrynd in front of him.

"My Lord Marshal..."

Zero has not seen the "marshal". However, the scent on her body was undoubtedly no different from the overwhelming scent that had been emitted behind that curtain.

"Well, there are people who are a little smarter. Good, since we agreed not to kill all these people, let's have some fun before Kondo and the others come."

Using that statement as a signal, the tragedy began.

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Gazel lived each day with anxiety.

The war goes on, and it's a headache enough.

But, compared to this.

Upon hearing Jane's report, Gazel felt his stomach perforate.

*Surprisingly, even the minions have evolved into true demon lords, what on earth was Rimuru thinking!?*

He would have taught him a lesson if he'd been there—Gazel sighed heavily.

The phrase "true demon lord" is loaded with words.

The term "demon lord" is used to refer to the king of monstrous things that dominate a certain territory.

In contrast, the "true demon lord" represents the state of a magical being.

When the "True Demon Lord Seed" awakens and evolves, it will be called the "True Demon Lord". In fact, the correct criterion of strength should be less than catastrophic and at the top of the catastrophic scale.

*No, there isn't much of a catastrophe level, so what's the point of talking about the top and not the top?*

Calamity Level, the classification used to denote a demon lord. Therefore, only eight people currently meet this criteria.

That is to say, there were plural minions that were equal to the strength of such a high existence and were born under Rimuru.

Just thinking about it gives you a headache.

Anyway, Gazel complained to Elmesia first.

Can't stand to be the only one to worry about it. Thinking so, he decided to have Elmesia share in the anguish.

The conclusion obtained is to continue to keep an eye on Rimuru them until the problem occurs.

It's just pushing the issue back, but because nothing can be done about it, it's helpless. If it comes to the point where Rimuru and the others are really judged as a threat, the battle for the survival of mankind will begin, right?

"I don't want that to happen."

Gazel sighed alone.

However, to such a Gazel, another piece of bad news came.

"Oh, my gosh. The Hybrid Legion is on the move! It looks like there's a fight going on with someone."

Although the voice was calm, Gazel felt a panic from it that was disproportionate to the dark side.

Before hearing a more detailed report, he summoned Dorf and others by order.

A few minutes later.

"Can't be wrong. It's a monster. It's an opponent that humans can't help. It's a monster that even a demon lord would be compared to, a monster beyond imagination."

"Is it a dragon?"

"That's right. It's the first time I've seen it, and it's in human form, so I'm sure that woman is Velgrynd."

This is a "magic call" with the Supreme Commander of the Military Ministry, who is in the eastern city.

Through the sight that had been transmitted, Gazel they too had grasped the current situation.

The worst state of affairs always happens at unexpected moments. This, Gazel felt bitterly now.

The air was burning.

Coolly dancing beauties, and strongmen who failed to fall to the ground.

The blow was both beautiful and daunting to the eye.

However, the real horror comes later.

Velgrynd, who was reflected in the crystal ball used for surveillance magic, looked over to Gazel and them.

Just when Gazel thought it was just chance the next moment, the crystal ball broke.

"Is that guy looking at us, too?"

"Hard, unbelievable. How could this happen...?"

"Fool, right? It's a long way from here!"

"That's the truth. The other party should have sensed the magic and tracked down the caster, but I didn't think they could even affect the destination of the magic transmission. No, it's impossible to do such a thing with a human body, even for an old man."

Gazel listened without a word to his companions' remarks.

From what had just happened, it was also enough to conclude that the other party was their enemy.

But this opponent is really...

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no...

*The dragon species, eh? It's a real monster.*

Gazel now, understood the true meaning of the word strongest.

He had heard rumors of the Empire's connection to Velgrynd. Although it was impossible to figure out the truth of the rumor, he had repeatedly assumed that he would manage to defend even under his attack.

However—

Gazel now understood that this was nothing more than a fantasy.

The reason for the Empire's outpouring of Velgrynd at this juncture is unknown.

What Emperor Rudra really thought, Gazel couldn't comprehend with any more thought.

Gazel can do only one thing.

"Let's put myself in the fight."

"Your Majesty, this is too dangerous!"

"Even so, I'll have to go. Even abandoning now will not save Dwargon. Oh Dorf, be aware of this."

In the face of these words from Jane, Dorf had only silence. He had no intention of saving them from death, and he realized that no amount of persuasion would change the situation now.

"Then I'll get ready to go as soon as possible."

"It's all yours."

Gazel nodded solemnly and closed his eyes.

There is as much to do as a mountain.

It is necessary to inform the Allies of the state of affairs and to give corresponding instructions to those nationals who remain.

If Gazel and the others could win, what would they do if they lost...?

The nationals have nowhere to run.

It is estimated that there is no other means of preserving one's life other than submission to the Empire.

That would also mean the collapse of this country of Dwargon—and in order for that not to happen, Gazel they must not fail here either.

"The eastern city can't accommodate the entire army. The follow-on troops were arranged to march on the ground, and command was left to the old

men. Jane, it's up to you to convince the job.”

"Got it. So, what are you going to do, King Gazel?"

"I'll be one step ahead. After all, if it's late, it's not my turn.”

Gazel said, a fearless smile on his face.

It was all about playing a powerful king and thus easing the restlessness in the hearts of the multitudes.

And just like that, the army will finish its preparations as fast as it can.

And without waiting for the army to finish, Gazel's party had already set out with the Tenjou Knights, led by Dorf.

As he flew through the sky, Gazel suddenly thought.

*Is this the reason why Rimuru gave his men the strength to survive the war?  
If that's the case, I'd have to say he's always been so naive.*

Noticing the truth, he couldn't help but laugh bitterly.

The corners of his mouth couldn't help but smile at the thought of his mentor brother (Rimuru), who had never been able to completely let go of his naïve thoughts from beginning to end.

"What's the matter with you, O King?"

"It's nothing. It's just a bunch of boring ideas.”

"You mean?"

"Hmph, it was in this desperate situation that I thought of that Rimuru. And then, somehow, there's a sense of getting through this crisis.”

Although he himself felt that such thoughts were too optimistic, it was better than pessimistic, Gazel laughed thoughtfully.



"Yeah. Speaking of which, when that Charybdis came in, His Majesty Rimuru was also quite a mess. I was shocked to learn that I could be associated with the Demon Lord Milim."

Dorf replied with a smile.

"If I had to say that, I would like to mention how hard it is for those of us who have been responsible for surveillance. We're almost fed up with the fact that whatever is reported is being treated as a lie."

Even Anrietta, who was usually silent and only occasionally sarcastic, said so, which made it difficult for Gazel and Dorf to hide their surprise.

"Hahaha, sorry about that. I'll take care of it later."

"Lady Anrietta seems to have a lot of grievances, too."

"Then of course!"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! That being the case, Anrietta yo, you just go straight to that Rimuru guy and complain. I have a headache on my side, too, and although I trust you guys, the facts of what Rimuru did were too much for common sense. By the time I heard Jane's report, I honestly wondered if she was out of her mind."

"Haha, after all, that report was outrageous."

"I've always been in the position of reporting, so I'm finally able to enjoy it as a spectator."

At Anrietta's sarcasm, Gazel and Dorf couldn't help but smile.

Laughter echoed through the air.

"By the way, one more thing. Along with the previous grievances, it has been reported once to His Majesty Rimuru."

"Yeah?"

Gazel nodded and moved on.

The unease is gone.

Releasing a despotic aura corresponding to the hero, Gazel flew into battle.

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Time goes backwards and forwards.

The next day after drinking with Elmesia, the sun had already risen to its zenith.

"You're up early, Lord Rimuru."

"I'm sorry."

The smiling Shuna is so scary.

There is only one option for apology at this point, so I'm going to preempt it.

What's the deal with not only getting drunk but also sleeping lazily—that's what I've gotten through my efforts—and getting yelled at for it?

Shuna let out a deep sigh, then stared at me with oblique eyes.

"So, have you come to a conclusion?"

"What, what conclusion?"

"You've been having a hard time last night, haven't you? Because I don't know if you're going to do something crazy again, and I—no, not just me—everyone's worried about you."

Hearing that, I couldn't help but be moved.

It's okay. I wasn't going to mess around.

If it doesn't work, just run away, and by then complain to Guy and let him take care of it.

Just do what you can before it becomes that.

"There's always a way up the hill. This time we'll put safety first, too."

Although I replied lightly like this, Shuna still had a troubled look on her face.

Or is it that Shuna, who has a unique skill called "resolver", can't be fooled? I guess even this skill has been exposed to me.

Just as well.

Seriously, I wouldn't want to do something so dangerous.

Safety comes first, but the enemy's battle strength is still unknown. In particular, the three of them, Lieutenant Kondo, Velgrynd, and Emperor Rudra, were all strong enemies in every way.

Not only is it a matter of not being able to beat them, it's also possible to be killed on the spot. As much as I have pondered how to avoid this possibility, it is the only thing that even the King of Wisdom cannot give a good answer to.

Since you don't know the answer, go ahead and go hard on it.

You can only put in the maximum force and minimize the risk.

So.

"Actually, I was wondering who to take there. This time, only the higher-ups could get past. It's not a good idea to say so, but it's only a hindrance to those who don't have the strength to go along."

"—Yes. Brother said he must come along, and he's been working hard since the morning."

It seems my thoughts have really been exposed.

He had been drinking with Elmesia all night last night, so the conversation with Guy hadn't been conveyed to everyone yet, but Shuna was already smiling as if she knew everything.

I smiled bitterly.

To such a me, Shuna began to narrate the report with a natural attitude.

"Last night, the dubiously extreme Laplace came over. Although he said he had a message to pass on to Lord Rimuru, he told him to wait first since he hadn't applied once."

Despite the sudden change in topic, though, it doesn't seem like it's that important. If it's really an emergency, I'm sure there will be contact from Gedora's side as well.

I guess Yuuki has something to say to me, exactly what it is.

"It's gonna be a pain in the ass, but let's go get some."

"Yeah, actually I wanted to drive him back, but he's an ally for now. Then I'll take him to the reception room."

Shuna doesn't have much of a liking to Laplace either.

Barely displaying good and evil, Shuna-chan rarely treats the clowns with a revealing attitude. Sure enough, she couldn't forgive Laplace and them from the bottom of her heart for causing the destruction of the Great Ogre Village ah.

While they are now considered allies, don't forget that.

"During my conversation with Laplace, gather the waking subordinates into the conference room."

I asked Shuna to do so.

Although there are still many things to think about, these are things to be left to worry about after a win against the Empire. I put aside all confusion and decided to focus on the problem at hand first.

A total of twenty people, including me, were gathered in the conference room.

Rigurd, and the four elders under him. Rugurd, Regurd, Rogurd, and Lilina.

Then there was Kaijin and Vesta, and Myourmile.

There are seven people of the Twelve Patrons.

Benimaru, Shion, Diablo, and Gabil, plus the demoness trio of Testarossa, Ultima, and Carrera.

Lastly there was Souei, Hakurou and Gobta, with Gedora by the way.

Regarding Gedora, this time it was to ask him to lead the way within the Empire. Honestly, although I myself feel it's a bit much to do, the hardest thing about what happens is Gedora, it's just the combat setup that gives him credit.

That being said, Bonnie also offered to take responsibility for leading the way in the Empire. However, because the loss of strength would have made him a liability, I dismissed the application.

It's enough to have Gedora around.

So next.

It feels like we're always in meetings, but complaining about that doesn't help. Our country has become too big for us who want to decide everything by our own will alone.

In spite of all this talk, this time it was only to convey what I had already decided.

Jumbo dishes were served with tea as usual. After confirming that she had quietly retired, I spoke slowly.

"This time, I have called you all here to convey the decision on the final battle with the Empire. Ah, one more thing before that. Come on in."

I've already decided on the person to take over, and there's no need to hurry now.

Before that, let's introduce Laplace who came as a messenger.

What Laplace came over to say, as I expected, was something related to the common fight. They intend for the legions blockading the eastern side of Dwargon to attack the empire and want us to join them.

These were consistent with what I had heard from Guy, and I wasn't about to say no. However, my intention was not to win by army, but to have a final showdown between elites.

I didn't want casualties among civilians, so it was necessary to talk carefully with Yuuki again. Despite the suddenness of the situation, it was necessary to prepare the venue for the negotiations.

The matter has also been discussed with Yuuki through Laplace, and the time has been set for daylight tomorrow.

It is I who will illustrate for all of you who have come together.

I was going to leave it to Laplace to do it, but he was too suspicious and dismissed it.

Credit is important, and I'm realizing that again.

"Hello, everybody, this is Laplace. I'm the vice president of the "Moderate Clown Troupe," and I'm here as an emissary for our boss Yuuki."

Woohoo, this guy is super suspicious.



And why it's necessary to dance at a time like this, I can't understand at all. However, since this guy had been sent over as an emissary, it wasn't good to be too cold to him.

I'm not the only one who's annoyed, as Souei is even ready to make a dangerous move, but we'll have to hold back here.

"Lord Souei, put away the bitterness."

"Yes."

It's too much to be careless about, Souei.

Laplace always sits down honestly, but still can't be careless and hurry to end the introduction.

"This is Mr. Laplace, Yuuki's liaison."

"It doesn't matter if you just call me Laplace?"



"Oh yeah? Then I'll make myself at home."

I've said so myself, I'll accept the kindness of others. It has nothing to do with the identity of the messenger, do what I want.

"Yuuki has arranged a meeting place for tomorrow, and although things are urgent, it seems that Laplace will send us there, so there's no need to worry about moving time. The important thing is, who's coming with me."

Finally getting to the point.

"We can only send up to six people at a time. Our family and His Majesty are definitely going, who are the remaining four people who can tell me?"

Truthfully, it's about wanting to put in the maximum amount of fight.

But now, no matter what you do, you can't talk about the whole group coming together.

Ranga is still sleeping in my shadow.

Geld was also still awake.

The members of the labyrinth, such as Nine-Tailed Kumara, Zegion, and Adalman, remained shrunk in the labyrinth with no sign of waking up.

Evolutionary dormancy varies from person to person, which I understand, so now we have to confirm based on the members who can act.

"Benimaru, I want you to come with me. How's your health?"

"What, do you have a cold?"

Laplace asked with a look that didn't dare to be careless, but I wasn't going to tell him about the awakening. It will be exposed sooner or later anyway, no need to make a deliberate statement.

"No problem. Excellent condition."

Benimaru smiled fearlessly. Completely ignoring Laplace, the cool attitude didn't fall apart without a hint.

Unlike me, I really admire Benimaru's temperament.

While lamenting, taking a closer look, Benimaru didn't know when his race had changed. It seems to be going well with Momiji and Albis and he's managed to evolve.

It was only afterwards that I heard about it, and it seemed that Benimaru had spent two nights in succession with his two wives.

Should I say it's really hard work, or rather should I say it's really fucking enviable...

After abandoning the flesh, he receives it again and becomes a full spiritual being.

The racial name is "Flame Spirit Oni", a kind of the Divine Monster Spirit. Like the Dragon Race, it has both holy and magical properties, and can also be called an upper tier divine monster spirit.

The Divine Monster Spirit is a lower being compared to the Dragon Race, and has the same attributes as the Dragon Race, but is higher in the Fire.

Attributes, i.e. the laws that make up the principles of this world, are all made up of eight.

The natural properties of "earth, water, fire, wind" and "space" are known as the five major properties.

The earth is not as strong as fire, fire is not as strong as water, water is not as strong as wind, wind is not as strong as air and air is not as strong as earth.

The earth is consumed by fire, and the fire is annihilated by water, which is dissipated by the wind, which is isolated by space, and space can only rely on the earth for indicators. The five attributes form a mutually exclusive relationship in this role.

In addition to these five attributes, there are two opposite attributes, light and dark, and an unrestricted attribute, time, which is at the top of all attributes.

A spirit in the form of a giant of inflammation, like Ifrit, is bound by such physical laws. It should be said that the laws of this world are manifested in the existence of elves, which seem to have eight properties.

"Light" is more specific to "darkness" in that light sends angels and darkness sends demons. If we trace the origin of the angelic monster clan that we can now identify, it seems that it is not wrong to call them elves.

Just ask Diablo and he should tell me in detail, only even knowing that would be meaningless and not interesting to me.

It is important to note that higher than the spirits is the Divine Spirit, who also has eight kinds. The most powerful of the Divine Spirit is the Dragon Race, and only four Dragon Race can be identified at present.

Veldanava, the "Star Dragon" is, in my opinion, an attribute of space and earth based on the stars.

There may also be more attributes.

"White ice dragon" Velzado, probably watery.

The "Scorch Dragon" Velgrynd, which is also probably a fire attribute.

And our Veldora, who, apart from water and wind, can even dictate space—don't look at him like that

—is unexpectedly quite a guy.

In short, it is not wrong to think of the "true dragon seed" as the apex of the Divine Spirit. And Benimaru has evolved into something close to a "dragon species".

The "Flame Oni" is not only a spiritual life form, but also a physical body that has an impact on the material world, and its life span has no boundaries, so it is not too much to call him a Oni.

It's a special evolution.

The amount of key magicules is also dramatically increased.

From what I've observed, there are several times as many magicules, and while the max is not as good as Ruminas, it should be a good matchup between them if they fight.

In that case, they should have the upper hand against the "single digits" of the Empire.

"Yes! So the first one is sure to be Benimaru, and the second one is next..."

Gedora has decided and there are two spots left.

Shion and Diablo, I was going to take as well, that's just four people.

"Gedora will be the guide, and the rest of the places are for my secretary, Shion and Diablo.

Letting Laplace take it was, me and Gedora, then Benimaru, Shion, and Diablo.

"Leave it to me, Lord Rimuru! As long as I'm around, it'll be fine!"

Shion said with a smile on her face.

Shion, what are you talking about?

Despite the uneasiness, Shion was reliable as an escort. In the past, she had even defeated Razul, who was stronger than herself, and there was no shortage of Shion in terms of fighting.

"Kufufufufu, I don't know what Guy is up to, but it's outrageous to bother Lord Rimuru. With me on board, all troubles will be removed by me!"

Still so confident.

However, it was very reassuring to give Diablo a job well done, so let me rely on it.

It's not a good idea to say it's an elite few, but that's a relief, and the remaining people have to follow them to the Empire.

Just as I was about to say it, someone expressed their displeasure first.

"Just a moment, Lord Rimuru. If a guide is needed, I think it would be more appropriate for me to do so, please allow me to accompany you."

It's Testarossa.

I remember, Testarossa seems to have come from the Imperial side and should be familiar with the geography over there. She was active as a diplomatic marshal and good at negotiation.

And her fighting ability is impeccable—maybe even better than mine.

The good thing about taking Gedora was that he knew Yuuki better than he did, and when you think about it, it should work without him.

Gedora was pretty strong, but nowhere near as strong as Testarossa. What's more, there would be the fear of not knowing when he would defect.

But because of that, even if something happened to Gedora, we wouldn't feel bad about it, but then again, it's too pathetic for him.

I'll take Testarossa's advice here.

"Well, let's swap Gedora for Testarossa, then."

"I'm grateful."

Testarossa had a beautiful smile on her face.

No, I should say showy.

Gedora didn't seem to have a problem with it either, so it was settled.

"Looks like it's decided, so let's go get ready. Call us when we leave."

"That's fine. What's in store?"

Not knowing what else to prepare, he asked Laplace, and it turned out that Laplace had a look as if his tail had been stepped on.

"This, this is..."

"It's the hot springs, this guy. He was going back and forth between the cafeteria and the hot springs yesterday, enjoying our maintenance facilities like nobody else."

Souei's tone sounded very angry.

It's no wonder he's being watched.

"Ha ha ha, exposed? That's not very nice, Mr. Souei."

How could it not be exposed?

That's a lot of guts, Laplace.

"You paid for it, didn't you?"

"Well, you see, we're guests. We'll work in the future to thank you, so please, let's take credit for this one."

That's cheeky enough.

"I said you..."

"Well, well, well. Isn't it all the country's fault? Now this is arguably the most advanced place in the world! It's such a blissful place, whoever is here will want a relaxing break!"

Laplace is a strong advocate of the goodness of this country.

No one hates being complimented like that.

Not a bad guy, my impression of Laplace has changed a bit.

"Don't be fooled, Lord Rimuru!"

"Benimaru, don't worry. I will continue to monitor you closely, even if you're careless."

Ouch.

I tensed my nerves hearing Benimaru's words.

A coughing sound.

"It's okay to stop."

"Yes, I know! I'll see you later, and we'll be going."

After saying hello, Laplace left the conference room high and happy.

After witnessing this free guy leave, we moved on to the next topic.

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"Isn't it too dangerous to go to the enemy camp with only five men?"

"We all feel the same way. If anything happens to Lord Rimuru, no matter how victorious the battle is, it won't help."

"Exactly. I also agree that there is no point in having an army at the top of the battle, but just in case, there needs to be someone who can act as a shield for Lord Rimuru."

Souei, Gabil, and Hakurou successively expressed their opposition to the course just decided. There was silence in front of Laplace a moment ago, in fact there was no agreement inside.

"The same thing that Hakurou said. Even if it was me, I would have realized that I was to be Lord Rimuru's double at the critical moment."

"Hey, Gobta."

“Ah!”

Meat shield?

One can imagine what he was trying to say. This kind of thing seriously, I hope not.

"Hakurou, don't teach Gobta such things."

"I understand. But it is also important to teach awareness in the face of such situations, and please understand."

I also understand Hakurou's claim.

It's just that I can't accept it in my heart...

"I'm glad people are worried about me, but I value them just as much. The reason I didn't want to develop a combat plan that presupposes sacrifice is so that it doesn't happen, and that's why I'm working with everyone like this."

"Indeed, it seems I'm a bit arbitrary."

Probably, doesn't take my word for it.

On this issue, Benimaru and the others should have been on the side of Hakurou.

If the positions were exchanged, maybe I would be in the same mood.

But ah...

The mood of everyone makes me happy, but I really don't want anyone to sacrifice themselves.

I know it's capricious, but let's prioritize my feelings here.

"In any case, it's not okay to have a sacrificial war plan. With this in mind, enter the final stage of the war against the Empire."

Hearing what I said, everyone nodded.



Regardless of the mood, it should be possible to calmly formulate an operational plan.

"Lord Rimuru, I have a plan."

"What is it, Souei?"

"Now, my 'clones' have infiltrated the Empire. Although it hadn't reached the Imperial Capital yet because of the excessive interference, the vigilance net had become looser than before. I think I can rendezvous with it at the destination of Laplace's Shift through Shadow Shift. How about this?"

It turns out that's pretty reassuring.

Souei is excellent as a "secret agent", especially at a time like this.

And his fighting prowess is impeccable.

On closer inspection, the Souei also seemed to evolve without moving a muscle.

Unknowingly, the Souei had ceased to be a fair oni and had evolved into a race called the Dark Spirit Oni. It seemed to be a chain reaction caused by Benimaru's evolution, and Souei was granted a blessing.

Souei was cultivated to serve as the shadow of Benimaru when he was in the village of the Great Ogre Clan.

Benimaru is the table and the Souei is the chair. They are both up and down and equally close friends.

That being said, it feels like a pair of matching existences with Benimaru.

It was because the two of them were in this relationship that Souei was most strongly influenced by Benimaru's awakening, presumably Souei was being treated as subordinate to Benimaru.

Well, it's not a big deal that the two will get along.

"Dark spirit onis" are also dark spirit demon spirits, and like Benimaru, are spiritual beings with physical bodies.

It can probably be seen as a subordinate demigod to Benimaru.

He's not as good as the top, but he does have a medium amount of magicules. Though substantially inferior to Benimaru, it was nevertheless more than the semi-awakened state of Clayman.

The intensity is enough. The current Souei could also have a slight advantage when fighting against the original demon lords like Carrion or Frey.

Was it because of this reinforcement that he became able to infiltrate the Empire's vigilance net?

Whether it's actually true or not doesn't matter.

It's pretty reliable if done by Souei, I don't have a problem with that. But there's a problem with this, what to do with Masayuki's guards.

"So reliable. But what about Masayuki?"

"My 'clone' will continue to monitor, and even if something happens, I think it will be enough.

Souei replied confidently.

Diablo also chimed in with the offer.

"In that case, why don't you let Venom mix in with Masayuki's company? In my humble opinion, as long as the brat is kept secret, Venom can take on both the duties of escort and surveillance. It will both reduce the burden on Lord Souei and serve as an insurance policy."

Well, nice proposal.

Venom's character is less of the usual demon, does things with common sense, and has become quite strong as well. It feels like Masayuki and I can

also talk, so maybe the unexpected can get along well.

It seemed like it would be fun to hand him the words.

"In that case, there will be no one to serve as your adjutant."

"Kufufufu, no problem. Since there are still the demoness girls, my own work will not be affected."

That would be no problem.

"Does Souei think this is okay?"

"It's more solid and reliable to shoot inside than to watch in the dark. If I can arrange it this way, I will also be able to save the power that is divided among the 'clones'."

That's settled then.

"Then I'll leave it to you to follow this policy."

"Understood!"

"Leave it to me."

With that, Venom was dispatched as Masayuki's escort and rendezvoused with Souei when he arrived locally.

All that remains is whether the army is going to act...

"Is it necessary to demonstrate against the Empire at the time of the war with the Dwargon League?"

The First Corps and the Third Corps returned together after recovering the remains. In other words, the whole army is staying in the capital "Rimuru".

The Second Corps leader's Geld is still in evolutionary sleep, so the Second Corps can't move yet, in which case -

"Lord Rimuru, isn't it my turn?"

"Wait a minute. Hiss! We should go!"

Gabil put it aside for the moment, Gobta was rarely very energetic.

However, this time, unlike before, relying on quantity to fight would feel dangerous. When the opponent is a large army, it is unlikely to use a mass attack involving their own side, but this time the opponent is an elite minority and may use nuclear strike magic without any concern, most likely exposing the army to a mass attack of this type.

The magical battle against the army relies heavily on the strength of the legion's magic. Before the legion's magic was breached, elite troops were sent to each other to launch a strong attack, but when the opponent became stronger than a certain level, the soldiers at the bottom only got in the way.

"Hakurou, tell me what you think."

"Ho-ho-ho. I understand what Lord Rimuru is thinking, and there should be nothing wrong with what you think."

"That is to say, the trainee soldier must not have to think about it, and it's better not to take the subordinate soldier with you, right?"

"If you want to avoid sacrifice as much as possible, you should do it."

"In that case..."

"We'll have to let the wolves and spirits go to war?"

"Our legions will only send the Flying Dragons to the front!"

It had to be that way.

The Wolf Rider Soldier unit with its partner could reach A level in combined combat power, and it had done a good job of decoying this battle, and should not be taken down easily. Besides, it's first-class in escape, so I don't think it will be a problem.

I don't disagree with the "Flying Dragon" side either, as the Gabil's awakening has brought them all over the A level. There's still some unease about their power control, but it should be fine.

"So, that's how Gobta and Gabil prepare—no, wait?"

As I was about to make a decision, I suddenly remembered something important.

"Gobta, can you call out your partner's star wolf clan now?"

“Eh?”

"I mean, Ranga's awakening isn't over yet, so shouldn't its dependents be in sleep too?"

“Ah!”

He can't seem to call them out.

"You just stay home."

"But, but..."

"Oh Gobta, are you trying to say you can't recognize your own strength?"

"I'm sorry, Hiss."

Gobta hung his head listlessly, which was the only thing that could not be done.

The superiority of the Wolf Rider Soldier Force was due to the high machine power of the Star Wolf Clan. Even if the riders are A+ each, there's no way to take them.

"It's not your fault, so please help Rigur keep the peace."

"Got it, Hiss!

Sadly, the green legion will just have to stay here and watch their families.

In this way, the other troops who could go to war have...

"Is the Kurenai congregation all right?"

"No problem. All of them are A-ranked."

That's great.

With the excellent commander Gobya at the head, there were multiple people who had evolved into the Ogre People clan with this blessing, and it should be trustworthy to let them go to war.

"Where's the Blue Shadow congregation?"

"Scattered throughout the country to gather information and to solicit the enemy. You can call back if you have to..."

"No need, let's get on with the shadowy work."

"Understood."

There was no need to call them back hard, gathering intelligence was a very important thing, just get on with the mission.

"All that's left is the Yomigaeri..."

"Leave it to me! Be prepared for the opportunity to make a big splash at any time!"

"Well, yeah..."

There has been no noticeable change in the awakening of the Shion. However, the "Yomigaeri" have been greatly improved in their fighting abilities, and even some of them have reached the A level.

With the advantage of not being easy to die, there should be no problem to participate in the battle...

However, the "Yomigaeri" could not be of real value if it did not cooperate with Shion in the battle.

Without someone who can direct them, the action will be casual.

This time it's better to stay here and watch the family, just like the green legion.

"I see. Let's stay here and watch the house."

"What's the matter?"

"The Yomigaeri are more of an escort group than an army, and I'm more comfortable with Shion being with me."

"I see!"

Shion simply accepted what I said.

With that, the outgoing troops were settled.

One hundred members of the "Flying Dragon" and three hundred members of the "Kurenai". With four hundred people, it was an excellent combat group with all of its members above A level.

Although it is not numerically superior, its fighting ability is not.

But that's not reassuring.

"Then, Ultima, Carrera, there are tasks for you as well."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah! Do as you're told!"

"What mission, my lord?"

"Ultima continues to serve as an intelligence officer for the Gabil forces. And Carrera, this time, she's going to assist Gobya instead of Geld."

"Hey...that lizard again?"

"Leave it to me. I will help them without being conspicuous."

There's something unspeakably disturbing about these answers.

Ultima seems to have developed a sense of resistance to Gabil, and Carrera says she won't stand out or be believed.

"What, does Lady Ultima have a problem with my generation?"

"Yeah, there's a lot to be upset about! Should I say that your high is disgusting, or that our common sense can't understand your behavior?"

"Ha ha ha, don't worry! I'll take it seriously when I fight!"

"Experimenting with the enemy's attacks in battle, isn't that serious?"

"What are you talking about? In order to steer the fight towards a favorable situation, it is good to try all tactics. Experimentation is part of it, shouldn't it be done seriously?"

"No! That's something that should have been done before the fight started!!! So why do we have to do this explanation?"

This one, no wonder, sprouted a sense of resistance.

Even as I listened, I thought Ultima was right.

"I'm sorry. Can we just bear with him for a while?"

"If it's Lord Rimuru's order, we'll try! After all, some things feel like they can't be taught without him, and this is a good opportunity for me to think about it optimistically."

With a disdainful but still adorable look on her face, Ultima looked at Gabil with an appraising look as she responded.

Although the two didn't seem to have a good match, it shouldn't be a problem to leave Gabil in Ultima's care.



"And you, Carrera, don't think about being inconspicuous anyway."

"Wow?"

I don't think it's likely that it'll end up being a big deal anyway, even if you want it to be inconspicuous.

More so than that, I'm hoping that Carrera will get the timing right.

"Try to keep your own side free of casualties and make this your top priority. Then there's the matter of being able to stay in peace until the fight starts."

"It's good it's so simple!"

Really?

To ask nothing more of her is to repeatedly admonish her to absolutely abide by this and hope it works out.

"Hakurou, can you help look after the green legion too?"

"Understood."

"Take Carrera's reins and I'll leave you to it."

Hakurou smiled bitterly and nodded.

This is a temporary relief.

So the lineup for the strike was decided—just as I thought so, Gedora raised his hand to ask for the floor.

"Lord Rimuru, I'm sorry to intrude, but I have a proposal."

"What is it?"

"In my humble opinion, can we get the floor guardian colossus statue to participate in this battle?"

I see.

Getting that out of the maze was a bit of a problem, but the damage wouldn't have caused casualties.

Even if the ride is performed on it, Gedora should be able to disengage safely.

Gedora has the magic of the "resurrection bracelet" for emergency return. Being able to observe with peace of mind is a huge advantage, no matter what kind of intense battle zone one enters.

But exposing the fighting ability of that thing is a problem, right?

"Vesta, what do you think?"

Wanting to hear what Vesta had to say, then a fearless smile appeared on Vesta's face.

Pushing the glasses up, Vesta opened her mouth.

"This is arguably the best showcase stage. Although a detailed report was presented to King Gazel, applications have been received from time immemorial saying that they wanted to see it in kind. I also want to collect data on various conditions, and I'm interested in how it will perform on the actual battlefield."

Beretta is really a researcher.

The size of the power determines the value of the weapon, even for the purpose of demonstration, it is meaningless to show its power without first using it once.

Judging by that thought, the battlefield was indeed a good showcase stage, and presumably Vesta thought the same thing.

Indeed, the Floor Guardian Colossus Statue is more suited for localized warfare than for weapons of mass destruction. It can both create a sense of intimidation and strike the opponent's weakness.

Now that I've allowed the demoness trio to go out, it would be inconsistent to reject the offer again on moral grounds.

"Would it cause a technology drain if taken by the enemy?"

"I swear I'll never make such a mistake!"

Even if this happens, there is no end to the technology if you develop a better performance magic doll next time. However, in order to avoid such a problem, the Guardian Statue is equipped with a self-detonating device, so there is no need to worry about the leakage of technology.

And so on and so forth.

It was like he was saying something beautiful, but there was a word that I couldn't ignore.

"Self-detonating device?"

"Yes, it is Lord Veldora's proposal to mount it anyway. I thought it was some kind of joke at the time, it's true that Veldora-sama came up with the design in anticipation of this state of affairs!"

No, absolutely not.

I'm guessing it was Veldora, who made such a silly proposal.

The only people who can think of something like a self-exploding device are Ramiris or Veldora who read the manga.

I wish they didn't keep clinging to such meaningless things.

But it's true, it's still better to have a self-detonating device than not.

"I know, it doesn't matter if it's broken or in the hands of the enemy, just don't push yourself."

"So?"

"Yes, permission to strike. There may be no chance of Gedora you making an appearance, but be prepared to enter the game if circumstances change."

"I see. After all, I don't want to take a hard line on my past colleagues either. If a new type of weapon emerges that even I don't know about, it will be time for the Floor Guardian Colossus to appear!"

In that case, it can be handed over to him with confidence.

Gedora, who has no roots under his feet, may betray once it appears that we are about to be defeated. It was possible that the reason he wanted to come outside the labyrinth now was to be able to move easily in case our side might lose the battle. These are my thoughts, but it's a little unintelligent to pursue this issue now.

Let's be optimistic here that Gedora has no second thoughts, that is, just a landslide victory in the war against the Empire.

So Gedora joined the battle, and the men who were to go out were thus determined.

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It was dusk by the time the meeting ended.

After the dissolution, each began to prepare for tomorrow.

As for me, I plan to spend my leisure time in the cafeteria.

Tomorrow's schedule is to start the morning with a morale boost for the attacking members, followed by a "teleportation" to send them all away.

The meeting with Yuuki began at noon. Since it was Laplace who did the transmission, there was plenty of time.

It doesn't take any special preparation to go back that day. Of course, with no intention of preparing any meet and greet gift for Yuuki, one can welcome tomorrow with a light heart.

"Is it really okay to be so laid back?"

"It's okay. How about you? Is it really good not to spend time with Momiji and Albis?"

Benimaru and I came to the cafeteria together, but for obviously still newlyweds, is it not good to spend at home leisurely?

Benimaru grinned at my words.

"Today, the two of them went to learn how to cook with Shuna. They seem to have made a mutual no-running pact, so I got kicked out..."

Hey, hey, there's no such thing as a newlywed couple like that.

'Isn't that a bad idea?'—it's just that I can't get involved in other people's family matters.

"Yeah, that's right."

I responded with an exaggerated nod.

Diablo happily delivered the food.

The pose was like a real butler.

Well, I've thought about whether it's really good to let the primordial demon do such a thing, but since he's happy, I have no reason to stop him, and I'm almost used to it by now.

"Thank you very much."

"No, no, no. It's my job."

Is that right?

Never mind, if he can accept that personally, then that's fine.

"Rimuru-sama, please use this side too."

Saying so, Shion poured wine into her glass.

Of course, this wine isn't made by the Shion and can be safely drunk, it's just that the atmosphere is a little breathtaking right now.

Today's dish is just the common fried pork chops, which can be easily eaten casually without serving.

However, Diablo and Shion stood behind me, instead it was mentally exhausting.

"Why don't we sit down and eat together?"

"Thank you for this gentle advice."

"No! I'm so full, don't worry about me!"

"After all, Shion has already eaten in the kitchen."

"Diablo! You guys!"

It's a fight at the seams.

It felt a little silly to worry about them again, and the two of us, Benimaru and I, just ignored them and started enjoying our food.

"So you're going to trust Yuuki?"

"It's hard to believe from the bottom of my heart, but I guess I'll just have to believe. And, I want to believe him, too."

"Then I'll follow Rimuru-sama's idea and set up a plan on the premise of trusting Yuuki on the battlefield."

"What if it's betrayed?"

"It might be bad, but there's always a way."

"Yeah, I'm going to trouble you."

"Just what I want."

Benimaru's smile is so reliable.

Since it is in war, one can only trust the Allies. If even this is in doubt, then there is no way to be sure of success in any kind of combat operation.

If betrayed one suffers a great loss and is arguably faced with a difficult choice.

However, I chose to trust Yuuki.

Now that the decision has been made to do so, there is no point in continuing to fret.

"I've always cared. Do you have to eat?"

I asked as I looked at Benimaru, who was eating the same fried pork chops in front of me.

"If there is no need for it, there is no need for it."

"Ah, yes."

"But isn't Rimuru-sama the same? I'm relieved that my taste hasn't disappeared."

"I understand. I felt like my life was over when I couldn't even get my three major desires met. By working hard to resurrect the appetite for food and sleep, I'm now happy every day."

"Yeah. I was worried before, but now I'm just as relieved as before."

We 'hmmmm'd' and nodded.

Suddenly, I felt something was wrong.

"What? You say the same as before, but have all three desires been preserved?"

"Yes. Very fortunately, all were preserved."

"Sleep too?"

"Sleep is not necessary, but it is possible to get into a state of sleep by just meditating, and also to recover from fatigue."

What's this? I've obviously mastered sleep through effort, and this person can do it directly. And it's even better than my results?

No, what I care more about than that is...

"Sexuality too?"

I asked Benimaru in a small whisper.

Then Benimaru nodded slightly in affirmation, somewhat shyly.

"What the hell, aren't you unable to evolve because you can't have children...?"

"That's right. Momiji and Albis are also both pregnant."

"That's a congratulation—no, in that case the sex drive should be gone!"

"I also think it will disappear, but even if I can't have children now, I still have my sex drive. That way it won't break the two's hearts."

It's so enviable.

It's a perfect evolution to have a function that I don't even have.

Damn, why can't I...

"That's great."

"Well...why are you taking my food?"

"Shut up! You traitor!"



My jealousy flared up and I snatched Benimaru's fried pork chops.

It's all I've got left to eat this one for fun—and I'll take that for granted.

All in all, we had a great and lively evening.

It's daily as always.

However—

This daily routine came to an abrupt end.

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"No, it's not good! Something terrible has happened. We have to get back!"

Laplace shouted like this and ran into the canteen.

Right behind him were others.

"Something's wrong, Lord Rimuru! We have just received a communication in the name of King Gazel.

Velgrynd appeared in front of the Hybrid Legion formation, and they're requesting emergency support!!!"

Vesta exclaimed with bloodshot eyes.

The shocking content of this made me jerk to my feet.

"Call the members scheduled to attack at once!"

"Understood."

Hearing my order, Benimaru immediately acted.

This should bring people together quickly.

"Laplace, you wait a moment before you go back, and we'll come with you."

"But, but..."

The panicked look on Laplace's face made me suspect acting at first, wondering in my mind if he was up to something else, trying to trick us into a trap.

But listening to Vesta's follow-up debriefing, I learned that this is not a trap.

It was information that even Laplace could not have, that something significant was happening in the Empire.

The more you have to stay calm at times like this.

"I know something big is going on, but don't panic. We are now allies. Wouldn't it be more convenient in every way for us to go there together than for you to go back alone?"

"What's so convenient? I don't think so."

Since there were the enemy's strongest fighting force in front of the hybrid legionnaires, one could instead consider this an opportunity. Yuuki and the others seem to have been attacked by someone, and taking those guys down would make the subsequent dealings more favorable.

I asked Laplace for more detailed information.

"So, what happened?"

After a slight hesitation, Laplace answered my question.

"I've been contacted by Tear and told that the Chairman and Lady Kagali have asked us to return, and it seems Kondo has attacked us."

Lt. Kondo? That's one of the tricky ones.

It's only right to join forces with Laplace and launch an attack.

But what was worrying was that with Yuuki's battle strength, there was nothing they could do.

"What's Yuuki doing? Did he lose too?"

"This, the boss's opponent seems to be Damrada".

"Damrada? One of the "three giants" is really the deputy commander of the Imperial Emperor's Knights of the Near Guard, right? Did he really betray Yuuki?"

I thought he was Yuuki's companion, but isn't he?

After all, having not seen him in person, it was impossible to guess what he was thinking.

"I don't know, Tear and Footman go back and forth. Anyway, Damrada is fighting boss for sure."

Well, I don't get it.

What is certain, however, is that the tricky enemies are scattered.

In a nutshell, the first thing is to confirm the status. Because of time constraints I unleashed physics magic: the Argos.

The coordinates had long since been grasped clearly, directly designating where the hybrid regiment was stationed, and the walls of the canteen reflected the local situation.

"This, this is..."

I wonder who didn't hold back a whisper.

A beautiful woman with a voluptuous smile could be seen, her most notable feature being the bun of her blue hair that was coiled up above her.

The woman was dressed in a luxurious Chinese-style costume with a military uniform draped over her shoulders.

It was like walking in the no-man's-land and coming to the 60,000-strong army formation.

Nope—that's not the army, should say the people who were.

Flying overhead were presumably corpses.

The bright red pillar that connects heaven and earth, that is, the supergravity force field.

The drifting rain of blood stained the entire force field bright red.

"Gravity collapses? It's a pain in the ass to use my best play."

Carrera said as if in jest, with a very serious expression on her face.

It's no wonder this page, presumably this one from Velgrynd used this magic with even better precision than Carrera.

Perfectly specified the range, while controlling to keep it from storming off.

From the fact that there were no traces of destruction around, one can infer that there was only an effect on gravity.

"Controlling the gravity and blowing the army into the sky without affecting the ground?"

"Yes, my lord. And what's even more hateful is that not even a grain of sand was rolled in. Only the humans identified as enemies were blown up into the sky."

Can such a thing really be done?

No, it should be doable.

After all, the results were on display, and it was no use doubting them.

"Want to fight that?"

"Kufufufufu, what a sister of Lord Veldora. Funny, I want to fight her seriously for once."

Diablo was pretty tough, but to be honest it felt like an unbeatable opponent.

<<No. Challenge with all your might, and there is a chance of winning.>> It was reassuring to hear, but using your full battle strength was difficult, and there were definitely going to be sacrifices, so you could still hope to avoid the fight if you could.

In that case, it would be better to aim for Emperor Rudra.

It was supposed to be a showdown between Guy and Rudra to end the war, as there would be no needless sacrifice in doing so.

"But I don't understand. Why not finish this magic?"

"Maybe it's because they don't like destroying the natural environment like we do?"

"Shouldn't be that reason. Look, the bodies that have been drained of blood are piled up."

Testarossa points to a corner of the image.

There were indeed a lot of bodies piled up there.

I split the image, zoomed in on the part she was referring to, and then saw a male in military uniform and a female who had met.

"That's Yuuki's secretary, Kagali, right?"

"That's the man who created our house and the president of the Moderate Clown Troupe. Damn it!

Although I don't want to believe it, it actually happened. It was clear to our family when Footman and Tear delivered the 'readings', and it seems that Kondo has manipulated Kagali-sama."

"Manipulated?"

"Right. And to top it all off, neither Tear nor Footman were able to resist Lord Kagali. The fact that there has been no more 'chanting' since just now is probably due to a prohibition order."

What a worst-case scenario.

Spiritual domination, I think taking away someone else's free will is the lowest of acts.

—Compared to this.

The status quo is terrible.

"So, to what extent has Miss Kagali's domination affected her? Are you okay?"

Laplace couldn't see his expression with the mask on, but seemed to be in genuine discomfort. If Laplace, like Tear and Footman, couldn't resist Kagali's orders then that was a big problem.

"Our family is fine. Although the same was all created by Lord Kagali, only our family can disobey Lord Kagali's orders. The problem now is that most of the companions Yuuki has gathered have been carved with "spells". Of course, it's only the subordinates we're worried about, and since everyone else is in this state, there's no point in thinking about anything else now."

Indeed, Yuuki's army was no longer viable, and even if someone survived, there was no way to escape that magic.

There seemed to be people among them who had not been affected by magic, but had also lost the will to fight after witnessing a tragedy like that. Without a "spell," you've lost the battle.

It's good news that Laplace won't be affected because the situation is so bad.

"Even if you're the only one who's okay, you're okay."

"Don't worry, our family is finished."

Laplace said finally keeping a flat tone.

The words were flat and sounded like they didn't feel anything, but I didn't think so.

There was great remorse for the manipulation of his companions, and there was no doubt that it was from his heart.

I didn't say anything and patted Laplace on the shoulder.

Laplace looked at me in surprise.

I said to Laplace, as naturally as possible, in a cheerful tone.

"Isn't it too early to give up? It's not like Miss Kagali is dead. If she was manipulated by that bastard Kondo, then beating down the culprit would have restored it. Isn't Yuuki still fighting too, so hurry up and help them fight back."

It was better to comfort him a little than to confront him negatively.

In short, it is possible to despair afterwards.

What can be done now?

It's more important to consider this.

"What a strange person to say the same thing as boss. It's human beings who persecute and exile us, and it's human beings who come to our rescue...It's a match made in heaven."

Laplace whispered thus. The expression under the mask seemed to be smiling bitterly.

But don't look at me like this, I'm actually a magical creature...

But then again, even though I'm now a Slime, it turns out I'm really a human too. Isn't it a bit inappropriate to spout off the words here?

"Is it okay to ask you a question?"

"Ask what?"

"What is it that you want to do?"

That kind of thing?

Nothing I've done since the beginning has changed.

Since being reincarnated into this world, I have had only one ambition.

"Live happily ever after with everyone. To this end, they built cities and nations and established diplomatic relations with other countries. After that, it's all about getting along with people who share the same interests and hobbies, while emphasizing diversity."

"Wouldn't you like to have the world in your pocket?"

"Hey, what's that? It's too much trouble."

"Huh? Conquer the world, and everything will be as you wish!"

"So that would definitely get boring. Only when there are different kinds of thoughts can there be a wider range of possibilities, and all kinds of unexpected and powerful works can be born!"

I argued my point desperately, and Laplace listened with some bewilderment. Then a little panicked, shaking his hand and shouting "blah blah blah."

"It's strange, isn't it? What is the work saying? We're talking about what happens after we conquer the world, right?"

What an unintelligent guy.

"So you say, 'Everything is according to your own mind, and you say you want to control the mind of everyone else? Or is it mental domination like it was for Miss Kagali?"

"No, that one doesn't really want it..."

"Thought, speech, expression. I think the freedom of these three acts is to be guaranteed. That is the respect for basic human rights that inspires diversity and is the driving force for cultural development.



"Huh? That will only increase the number of people who are good at what they say, and the problems that can be solved will become unsolvable. How can you run a country like this!?"

There's some truth to that.

The greatest weakness of democracy lies in how it divides national interests and personal feelings.

But it is also a kind of diversity development.

"That's good. Those are the problems to be overcome in the future, and we all consider solutions together. I'm inherently capricious, and no amount of talking will get the country going in a direction it doesn't want."

I'll just be the long one who only speaks in a big way.

"King's Landing and not ruling."

Just take that to heart and do it as you always do.

Fortunately there are plenty of people who can serve as references.

A system of domination disguised as a religion like with Ruminas, or a system of domination at the apex of the state like with Elmesia, can serve as a reference.

But there is a long way to go and no need to make a decision now.

"So the question of national policy is put to one side. What's more important is the development of culture, ah entertainment, entertainment. Without this, the development of the country would be meaningless."

Here are the highlights of the exam to be taken.

In order to be able to have a fun and happy life, more entertainment must be born. In order to achieve this, there can be no restrictions on thoughts and actions.

Laplace looked confusedly at me who was carrying out the instructions.

"I can't understand. Our family can't understand what you're saying. That man...boss, he promised us, to conquer the world and then create the world that we could live in happily. So we took the boss, Lord Yuuki's word for it. But what's wrong with you?"

"What is it?"

"Fooling our ambition with this half-baked awareness."

"Who's fooling you? I just think conquering the world isn't as much fun as you think, and it's a lot harder than you think."

Hearing my answer, Laplace fell into a brief silence.

And muttered.

"...I've known for a long time, this kind of thing."

Then sat powerlessly on the floor.

He turned his face to the image that had been projected with magic and presented before his eyes were the piles of corpses and the Kagali that stood beside those bodies.

"You just asked what's going on there, right? Our family is here to tell you that this is the secret of secrets. You should know that we are the Undead Elf Clan, but how that clan has increased in number, our family will tell you now."

Hmmm?

Blah blah blah, this seems like a really important thing.

"You calm down. That's not something that should be said in the cafeteria, is it?"

"It doesn't matter, now is not the time to say such things. Listen, we were all created by the hand of Lady Kagali, and that's what the "Spell King" is really good at, gathering the grievances left over from the corpses to create the forbidden spell of the powerful demons, the forbidden spell: 'Monster Death and Abyss.'"

It's a canteen, but it's also a private room for subordinates. There were no ordinary people around, but Laplace was really dry and decisive.

I can't believe I'm telling the most secret things in such a place.

The only ones who remained were the group of Benimaru, Souei, Diablo, Shion, Hakurou and Demoness trio who had come over according to my instructions, and Vesta who had watched the image together after finishing the debriefing.

I don't know when Gabil returned even after giving the order to everyone.

The content is important and thankfully it's okay for people here to hear it.

"That's a really, really nostalgic spell."

"Do you know about this? Diablo."

Diablo was passionate about magic and came in handy at times like these, and he was a big help if he knew.

"This flesh, which Lord Rimuru has given me, is also the product of the monster death product. At that time, my flesh was no longer "soul," but it was just right for receiving flesh. The original purpose of this spell was to unify the power of tens of thousands of corpses and take it for himself.

It's true that inhumane evil spells can be described as taboo spells. But I can't say anything about the one who took my soul, so let's not talk about it.

"To take power for oneself means to be able to board the will of a particular being into the flesh?"

"It depends, but there's nothing wrong with that view."

"Diablo is right. Footman, Tear, and Clayman are all surviving kinsmen of Lord Kazaream. He lost his homeland, and in order to remember the humiliation of the past, he fell prey to this forbidden art."

Laplace affirmed Diablo's words.

My speculation seems to be correct.

That being the case, it would feel bad to let that spell be done.

"There are about 60,000 people in that mixed corps. With that much material, we should be able to create about ten Undead Elves that can rival Clayman."

"Oi oi..."

"And the trouble is, there are a lot of soulful guys in that legion. Unlike Footman and Tear, those guys might be able to control a more powerful force."

Asking him specifically what that meant, Laplace looked reluctant as he replied.

One of the reasons for this is this.

The devouring of Footman and Tear by powerful forces resulted in immature spirits, as the distribution of spirits and power was immature when Kazaream first created the Undead Elf Race, thus giving them too much power.

Clayman is an example of success after lessons learned.

It would be wrong to say that Footman and Tear are cases of failure. It's just that mental immaturity that causes IQ growth to be slow, but the power is strong.

In fact, the pre-evolution Clayman was no match for Footman. It can also be seen that, in terms of fighting ability alone, it can be argued that the success story of Clayman is surpassed.

In other words, if one intended to use 60,000 corpses to create the Power Specialized Undead Elf, it would probably be condensed into six or seven of them.

Those guys sacrificed millions of troops for the birth of the Awakened One. It's only 60,000 corpses, and it's estimated that it won't even bother to put it into practice directly.

"We were all just kids back then. Tear is even more childish than she is now, not to mention Footman, and the only mature ones are Clayman, who has also taken his own life for his stupid mobbing, but our family doesn't think it's your fault either. In the end, the weak are the strongest in this world, and it's only natural to try out an untrustworthy opponent, so what's the point of sacrificing others in order to expand your own power? That's what our family really means."

Clearly there was no need to say it, Laplace said it stiffly.

It makes no sense to provoke us here; it's a bad move.

Even then the reason Laplace has to say so is that—

"Don't underestimate people. I will never forgive you for instigating the destruction of the village of the Great Ogre Clan because of you. But now that Lord Rimuru has decided to join forces, there will be no opposition from us."

"Benimaru is right. The remorse of everyone in the village tears at the mere thought of it. However, even if we do it now, it won't relieve this feeling. I can only let go of this remorse if I achieve the world that Lord Rimuru hopes for that would make everyone laugh and live."

"Hmph, you think you can cut off the root of the scourge by turning everyone's hatred against you.

How naive, our anger, is not so easily erased. It's not just a matter of torturing you to get rid of our anger."

"Well, that's right. Like you said, the weak and strong are everything. It was because of the immaturity of this old man and others at that time. Don't you also look like you're crying because of your immaturity?"

Well, then you should understand our feelings."

Benimaru, Shion, Souei, and Hakurou. Bury your hatred of Laplace in your heart and face that hatred squarely while determined to fight together.

They certainly couldn't forgive Laplace and others for what they had done, but they were also determined to defeat that abomination. I thought to myself at the time I accepted Geld, what a measure of strength they are.

"Look, I don't forgive you, and I don't believe you completely, but we're allies now, and we should put aside our troubles and get on the same page."

"It's our family, please. Please, our family wants to save the boss and the chairman, help us."

Laplace bowed his head deeply. This man, who is usually so transcendent, has gone out of his way to be sincere.

If even that was acting, I wouldn't be able to trust anyone else.

Only now, I want to believe this guy.

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Faced with Laplace's request, Benimaru and the others nodded in agreement.

This act of determination is kinda handsome and makes you see God.

"Okay. Then, let's follow the original plan, all six of us sneak in and save Yuuki."

"Yeah. Even if it's so that he can apologize properly afterwards, he has to get that bastard out."

Benimaru is very much on the go.

It was Yuuki, after all, and it felt like he'd take down Damrada, and then be calm as usual.

The question is, what to do about Velgrynd. Just as I was about to give my instructions, Shion burst into a startling speech.

"That Kondo guy is shady, right? If he can manipulate Kagali, maybe Clayman was being manipulated too."

"....."

The crowd could not help but fall into silence.

"What did you say?" Laplace muttered, and Benimaru petrified in surprise.

"Kufufufu. The First Secretary really has a way with funny things."

Diablo wanted to laugh it off, but seemed to recall all the previous situations and noticed that none of the elements could negate Shion's statement.

"It's possible..."

Hakurou said the same thing.

No, it's only natural to think so.

According to Laplace, Yuuki seems to have ordered Clayman to make peace.

Regardless of the pig-headed upheaval first, Clayman's storming away after that would get him nowhere.

<<Answer. Yes. The situation was redefined based on newly arrived intelligence. A part of Clayman's actions can be seen to be incomprehensible, which would be reasonable if it interfered with Kondo's will.

The conclusion can be drawn that it is the empire that gains the most.>>  
Well, it does.

"So that's what? Is it because of that Kondo's attempts that we've gotten into so much trouble?"

"Shit."

"Talk too much, Benimaru. If you don't change it, you'll have to report it to Lady Shuna."

"Don't do that. Can't I change it yet?"

Ignoring Benimaru and Shion's duo spins first.

"Although I'm not happy about it, it seems that I can only agree with Shion's opinion. I also attempted a criminal psychoanalysis, and there were incomprehensible behaviors in Clayman's actions. At a time when more caution should have been exercised, somehow traces of his anxious use of the army could be found. I thought it was Clayman's stupidity and just let it go, and if a third party had intervened, it would have made sense."

Wow, Diablo's opinion is in line with the King of Wisdom.

In that case, there is no longer any reason to doubt.

"Although we don't know the truth, let's act on the premise that Kondo has manipulated Clayman now.

In other words, when confronting Kondo, be sure to guard yourself against the possibility of being manipulated!"

"Yes!"

It's also possible that even more care won't help, but it's better than not being on guard.

Anyway, keep an eye out for this man named Kondo. Probably even more trouble than Velgrynd.

Let everyone remember what Kondo looks like as a consensus.



Well, to recap the battle.

"Gabil and others went in response to King Gazel's request for help. But don't go head-to-head with Velgrynd. Even the subordinates would be in danger, and letting the soldiers on would be a waste of time."

"Of course that's clear. Even for my generation, I would never think of challenging the great 'true dragon race.'"

That's not a match for the other side.

Gabil and Hakurou, too, were very understanding.

The purpose of the reinforcements was to buy time.

After we rescue Yuuki, then come back as Velgrynd's opponent.

"But is the ceremony to be left alone?"

Ultima asked.

The ritual refers to the monster death plague that Kagali is performing.

"That's a relief. That spell, takes a certain amount of time to unleash, and the birth of one takes at least two hours. If the energy is to be concentrated, it's estimated to take more time."

Diablo helped tell her.

It hasn't been an hour since the ceremony began.

If we rendezvous with Yuuki, defeat Emperor Rudra, and then rush back...

"Well, that's not right. It would be just as Diablo said, but Lord Kagali can do secret magic."

"The secret art...? Is that so, and that's why Velgrynd the Grand Marshal has stepped in to assist."

Diablo seemed to understand, but we were still at a loss, except that we didn't have time to listen to him in detail.

"That is, how much time is left?"

"Kufufufufu. Worst case scenario, we can have a few undead elves in two hours."

Two hours?

With this amount of time alone, could Emperor Rudra be defeated?

No, there's no need to worry, just do it.

I looked at Laplace.

"You're the strongest, right? At least he's stronger than Clayman, and it looks like he's stronger than those two Power Specialized types."

"Well, sort of, after all, our house is special."

"In that case, let's ignore the spell that Kagali is performing."

"Hey, is this okay?"

Gabil marveled.

"Mmm. Think about it, Gabil. Laplace is also quite strong, but not against an untouchable opponent. As for the other two, you guys can win now, too, right?"

That's my judgment.

Although Laplace hides strength, it can't fool my eyes. In other words, I can sense that he has not awakened to the ultimate skill. Gabil will be hard to win, but Souei should be able to hit a tie.

In other words, if an Undead Elf is born to rival Laplace, it will be tricky, but if it can't match Laplace, there's always a way. It would be troublesome to let

those undead elves grow up, so they couldn't be left unattended. But, to judge, not a threat that must be stopped immediately.

"It's good to have Velgrynd assisting with the spell. If possible, hinder her as much as possible so that she can't concentrate on the spell. If it can't be done, then leave it at that and leave Velgrynd alone. Rather, we don't have to actively step on the tiger's tail."

Listening to what I said, Gabil nodded after exchanging a glance with Hakurou, and seemed to agree.

Then, just in case.

"If she points the finger at you or King Gazel, let Ultima and Carrera deal with it."

They are also in the strongest class among my men, so they can buy some time even against a strong opponent like Velgrynd.

No matter how Kagali's rituals turned out to be, they could be ignored, but the army was about to suffer a devastating blow once Velgrynd was out in force. The only point to be absolutely avoided, I gave the relentless order.

"Thank you for relying on us! Even to Veldora's sister, we will show no mercy!"

"Yeah, we'll see if we can win. I'm updating my undefeated record, so let me have some fun."

Ultima and Carrera responded reliably, and the defeat to Zegion was a bit of an unheard of thing.

Just when I thought the course could be decided on that.

"One moment, please. I'm sure it's not enough for Ultima and Carrera to take on Lord Velgrynd. I know it's rude of me to ask to lead the way again, but allow me to volunteer to take on Lord Velgrynd together."

This is Testarossa's proposal.

Hearing her say that made me tangle. It's true that the proposal is charming, but if you're going to break into the heart of the empire, it's only safe to challenge it with maximum combat power.

Not only are there strong enemies that Guy identifies with, but also four or more "single-digit" guards.

To deal with so many strongmen, one really didn't want to be missing Testarossa in terms of battle power.

However, it would be feasible to do so if one could buy time on the matter of dealing with Velgrynd.

In that case, I'll take Gedora...

"I'll go instead. It'll shorten the time and increase the success rate of the battle."

Souei offered his own idea, perhaps a proper proposal.

At least, it's better than taking Gedora with you.

Benimaru, Shion, Souei, and Diablo. With those four in place, no matter what the opponent feels like, they can't lose.

"Let's go with this lineup. Please, Souei."

"Yes, sir!"

Gabil and the others' main goal was to buy time. Exclude hostile forces, including Kondo, if you can.

In case anything goes wrong, let the demoness trio play, which is the best option that can be taken at this stage.

"Then it's decided. Gabil you too, don't force yourselves until we return."

"Yes!"

In this way, even though it was a bit rushed, the policy was set.

At this point, Vesta, who had been looking at the screen, shouted loudly.

"Oooh-oo! King Gazel has arrived on the scene!"

Hearing him say so, turning his gaze to the screen, it was the figure of the Knights of the Sky in the sky.

"Come on, rendezvous before Gazel's casualties and communicate the battle plan!"

"Leave it to me, please! I, Gabil, will take on this great responsibility!"

"So, let's get moving!"

I gave the order.

Then, the very long night began.

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After sending Gabil and the others away by "diversion", we were transported with Laplace to the Imperial Capital.

In order to be ready for any situation, I became a human form at first.

"Here we go. This is our secret home base...Hey, where is this?"

Despite shifting over with magic, Laplace didn't look right.

At this point, there was an extremely nasty feeling of foreboding.

Looking around, it was a spacious hall that I don't have in the country.

Carved pillars lined the sides, and the ground was covered with fine fleece blankets.

It seems to be thought that which emperor's courtesy hall, but there is a distorted sense of space that does not wear off.

“Hello.”

"No, it's not! Usually they only teleport to fixed locations, so this is the first time this has happened!"

Laplace replied anxiously, while I squinted at him. Doesn't look like a lie, but here's what's going on.

Looking around while contemplating, there was a place a few steps higher in front of fifty meters.

There's a chair that looks like a jade seat above, giving the impression of an audience hall.

There was a large, impressive-looking figure sitting in a chair, and next to it stood a pale blue-haired beauty with prominent features in a bun on her head, and it could not be mistaken for Velgrynd.

"Velgrynd! No, I was in the battlefield a while ago, I don't think it's here."

"It would be time to move, but it doesn't look like it."

Benimaru answered my query.

Souei and Shion also shared Benimaru's face with a puzzled look.

"Surrounded? Looks like a trap."

Diablo said calmly.

I sensed it too, and there were dozens of people in this hall.

And, quite a strong one at that.

"Laplace, you bastard. Is the goal really to set us up..."

Despite Benimaru's sharp geological question, Laplace's mind wasn't on it.

"How could this happen? Is that interference with our technique? It's a lie, no way..."

As the saying goes, confused as hell.

This also seems to be an unanticipated state of affairs for Laplace.

In my opinion, this is not a trap set by Laplace.

There was a man who came up to us who were reinforcing our guard.

"Yeah, well done, Laplace. I'm also very happy that I was able to fool the Demon Lord Rimuru and his party."

It's Yuuki.

Dressed in the uniform of the Empire, with a smile on his face.

"B-Boss! Wait, wait, wait. What's going on?"

"Ahahaha, no more acting. We'll win if we finish off the Demon Lord Rimuru here."

Listening to Yuuki's speech, the killing aura of the Shion and Souei rose. But, unexpectedly, Benimaru and Diablo calmly listened to Yuuki and Laplace's conversation.

Watching them, I am truly impressed.

"You believe in Laplace, too."

"Ah, no. I want to kill them when the two of them get careless," he said.

"Hey!"

"Kufufufufu, you're really worthy of your title Benimaru. Do it before you expose the killing aura.

That's the fundamentals."

Idiots, where are you mafiosos from?

No such fundamentals exists in our country!

I'm so impressed, I convinced them both to wait and see. By the way, I would also like to talk to Shion and Souei, who were letting their killing aura out.

This will, Yuuki and Laplace's arguments go into white-hot water. Laplace is desperately trying to prove his innocence to us.

"Trust us! This time it's true, we didn't do anything bad!"

The more Laplace tried desperately, the more suspicious Yuuki's methods became.

I feel a little pathetic for Laplace, let's put an end to this farce.

Tapped Laplace twice on the shoulder, said.

"Calm down. That guy can be called Yuuki, but he's not Yuuki either."

"Hey?"

"I'm sorry, but I guess Kondo was in control."

He could have been defeated and then manipulated by Damrada, or there could have been a sneak attack during a two-man showdown. Anyway, it's troublesome that the enemy has guys who can dominate hearts and minds.

If they didn't believe in each other from the bottom of their hearts, they would have immediately turned into a fratricidal situation.

"Ah, that's what's going on! It's not a good idea to cheat someone else, but it's a good idea to get cheated yourself."

Laplace's character is also really canny.

Knowing that I believed him, I got my spirits up.

However, the situation has not improved either. We are still surrounded and in crisis.



"I didn't think it would be so easy to find out. I want to make you more suspicious and kill each other."

Yuuki too, even when manipulated, has a bad personality.

That's his nature, and this is the time to show my tolerance as an adult for ignoring him.

"Your Majesty, I regret my defeat in battle."

"Boring show, but forget it. Before the battle began, I also wanted to say something."

After Yuuki had finished reporting to the figure sitting on the stage, he stood up and started walking around.

Yuuki honestly stepped aside to make way. From this, it can be judged that Yuuki is subservient to Emperor Rudra. Although the possibility of acting cannot be completely ruled out, it seems better not to have optimistic thoughts.

Velgrynd followed him like a virtuous wife of Rudra. Other than the fact that she was a beauty and appeared to be just an ordinary person, it was clear that this was hidden information.

And I can see.

Velgrynd opened a thin layer of 'barriers' and surrounded itself and the man walking ahead. By the action of the 'barrier boundary', all aura is cut off.

"An amazing sense of power. I don't think the Velgrynd in front of me is fake."

"I agree. It's amazing to have reached this level."

Benimaru echoed my words. However, there are those who react differently.

"Yeah? As it is often pulled by Lord Veldora to train, the feeling is the same in my opinion. Of course, you can't win."

Shion...still training with Veldora?

After all, by training, they mean actual combat in a maze. It's all a fight to the death, and the results are not to be underestimated.

However, there's no point in winning if you can't. There is neither arrogance nor defiance.

"It's really a great 'frontier'. But as Shion said, there isn't much of a difference compared to Lord Veldora."

Diablo's views are similar to those of Shion.

Not sure if it's a low opinion of Velgrynd or a high opinion of Veldora. I can't judge at once.

However, even the confident Diablo didn't assert that he could win.

This is important.

Diablo actually doesn't lie or say things he can't do himself. According to my own understanding, that's about it.

"I don't suppose it was in your plans. It'd be fun not to come to a summit."

Rudra said with a smirk on her face. Indeed, it's exactly like Masayuki.

The hair color is brilliant blonde and the hair is a little different. In terms of pupil color, Rudra's is blue and Masayuki's is teal. There are quite a few differences if you look closely, but the scent that both men exude somehow makes the same impression.

That being said, Masayuki also said some strange things.

"Lately, my hair seems..."

"Are you going bald?"

"Yes, yes, there's been a lot of stress lately—well, how can that be!? My hair's faded a bit. It was black, but now it seems to be teal?

"Hoo-huh. Could it be melanin loss or something?"

"Maybe? That's what I think..."

Like that, irrelevant teenage angst. It was originally thought so, but somehow now it all comes to mind.

Some care, but now is not the time for deep thought.

Rudra stepped forward to heel.

"Indeed, not in my plans. However, I do have something to say."

"That would be great. Anyway, sit down first."

Rudra waved her hand as she finished, and two chairs appeared in situ.

Magic?

I don't understand the principle at all, but I don't think I'm going to get some kind of trap or anything.

This is the kind of time to focus on atmosphere, and I sat down nonchalantly.

Benimaru stood to my right, and Diablo couldn't help but stand by to his left. Shion, on the other hand, quickly stepped up behind me, with Souei to her right.

Bewildered, Laplace rolled his eyes and slipped to the left of Shion.

After we decided on our positions, Velgrynd said something like a prank.

"Well, sit down for yourself. You've got no manners."

Etiquette?

I don't care.

I'll sit if you let me.

"Come on, Velgrynd, they didn't do anything wrong. Since this person was also in the position of a demon lord, it was the same position as the one who ruled the country. I believe in the existence of reciprocity."

It seems to be true that the emperor is speaking from the heart and has great measure.

"If you think it's okay, then I'm fine with it."

Velgrynd seemed to simply agree.

As if it really doesn't matter, then stop threatening us.

Rudra was seated squarely in the chair opposite.

Velgrynd naturally waited on his right.

A step behind, standing side by side, were four knights armed with mythical rank. It seems that these four people, are the four horsemen that Bonnie was talking about.

Finally, the man in the clear monochrome black uniform stood to Rudra's left. He doesn't look Japanese, this man should be Damrada.

Yuuki, on the other hand, stood witty next to Damrada, very clear about his position. Then, simply, treat Yuuki as an enemy.

That said, all of the high ranking people of the Empire were present except Kondo. Although our side also brought in senior subordinates, it was still overwhelmingly disadvantageous in terms of numbers.

On the Imperial side, the Order of the Imperial Emperor's Near Guard has dozens of sequential superiors, and the top "single digit" has five in it.

Add to that Velgrynd, honestly I'm doubting it can be won.

By the way, Yuuki is also in.

It is not too much to say that it is an unprecedented crisis.

Presumably from Rudra's words, it wasn't Laplace's fault for becoming this state, but rather it was set up in the first place. Is it so disturbing to let the other party's schemes succeed...

In order not to let the other person read my mind, I put on a fearless attitude and said.

"You're the one who's been killed this time, aren't you? While considering that our actions might be guessed at, I didn't expect it to turn out that way."

That's a lie.

The original purpose was to attack with a few elites, always thinking that the domination was in our hands.

"Hahaha, no need to be humble, it's unexpected for me too. I already knew that the mecha legions sent out would be defeated, but I didn't expect that not only were there zero survivors, but even the Awakened ones weren't born, which is really beyond my calculations."

It was born, but then beaten down by Diablo.

There's no need to tell each other everything, but the people who made the plan are really good. That being said, from a human perspective it is heresy.

"So, who's making this plan?"

Won't tell me anyway, just try to ask around.

But unexpectedly, Rudra was happy to tell us himself.

According to him.

It was Lt. Kondo who made the plan.

I was going to say this was expected, but the plan was even worse than I thought it would be.

-Awareness of the number of the attacking army. Afterwards, the army feigned defeat.

-Facing the pursuing army, meet it with hybrid legions. However, this legion has the potential for betrayal and can be treated as a hostile force.

-Exclude all together when betrayal is clear. The task was entrusted to the "marshal".

As a result, in the second phase, the plan went awry.

As a result, Kondo seems to have drastically changed his plans.

-To envelop the original indulgence of Yuuki and the others. Even based on the information obtained from Demon Lord Clayman alone, it was possible to judge Yuuki that they had undoubtedly betrayed.

-Beat Yuuki and the others. Confirm their attempts and then adjust the final plan.

-The assembled hybrid army is estimated at 60,000. Produce wizards in quantity by making them living sacrifices.

-When the time comes, the "marshal" will come out and put on a show to attract the attention of Guy and others.

-Gather the troublemakers together and smash them down in one breath. For this, the battle strength needs to be focused to a point.

-One of the benefits of the action is that the enemy can be misled into thinking that the imperial capital is unprepared. There are bound to be assailants, and no doubt elite ones. The Empire then crushed it with maximum force.

-Most importantly, it can be assumed that at this time, the war power of the Jura Tempest Federation will also be thin, and the "marshal" with the maximum war power to launch a challenge. When Guy's eyes are drawn elsewhere, he'll take the strongest pawn, the Storm Dragon, into his bag.

The above is the full picture of the plan.

With the information he received from the Demon Lord Clayman, it was certain that Clayman had been dominated by Kondo before. Originally it was just suspicious, now that can be made clear.

But that's not what's important.

I didn't expect the information to be made public to such an extent, so let's not worry about that.

There is a more important focus in the plan just now.

A chill ran down my back.

Hey hey, wait a minute.

There are several "marshals" in the plan—Velgrynd is on more than one scene at the same time.

Right.

It was strange just now, now that the battlefield in the eastern metropolis of the Dwarven Realm, Velgrynd should also be making a scene.

So, what exactly is this guy in front of me...?

<<The—! In the power of inquisitive abilities, and existence can create the ability to be one with itself.

That's...>>

"Parallel existence...?"

Praying in my heart not to guess, I spat out the inspection of the teacher of the King of Wisdom. But the reality is harsh.

"Wow, you know that. That's smart."

Velgrynd's smile was beautiful and terrifying at the same time. The more the heart prays, the more the bad premonitions will be fulfilled.

You can't win unless you can win. This shit!

That is, my current state of mind that I cannot hide.

No wonder, then, that Testarossa would assert that she couldn't win.

I was able to keep my composure because, according to my judgment, by calling out Veldora, the disadvantage could be turned back into an evenly matched situation. But now I understand that I am no longer allowed to say such things.

According to the King of Wisdom, 'parallel existence' seems a terrible power.

Thinking about it alone, it didn't look much different from the 'split body' that Souei was good at. The Souei could manipulate multiple Split Bodies at the same time, and it was impossible to tell which one was the main body, no matter how many Split Bodies were defeated, as long as the main body was okay, there was no problem.

As long as magic doesn't use light, it's foul to create 'split bodies' infinitely. After all, there was no difference in the physical abilities of the main body and the 'split body', which was equivalent to the simultaneous existence of several Soueis.

But, reveal it here.

The manipulation of this 'split body' requires skill. It's not a splitting of consciousness, it's just a manipulation of the time difference through 'thought transmission'. The speed of reaction is also adjusted through 'thinking acceleration', so that it seems possible to act simultaneously without any sense of disobedience.

The reason why I don't use 'body splitting' much is because it's quite a difficult technique.



In other words, the Souei is the master of the game, with extraordinary senses. But I'm a little white and can't play that well.

One more point.

Although there was no difference in physical abilities, the magic was naturally more ontological. For this reason, there is a downside to not being able to use all your skills. Souei's "Split Body" could only use those skills that consumed less magic, and that was also the reason.

So, by mastering this condition, one can discern which one is the proprioception. When the main body is knocked down, the 'split body' also disappears, and the inability to be called invincible is the characteristic of this skill.

However—

The 'parallel existence' displayed by Velgrynd can completely split the consciousness.

Think of it this way—multiple ontologies existing simultaneously.

That is to say, what is in front of us now is the Other Body, and even if it is defeated, as long as there is still an Other Body left, that Other Body can become the main body.

And, there is no need for split magic.

Because all the 'sub-bodies' are connected to the main body, they seem to be able to complement each other's magic at will.

Only, there is a limit to the maximum. How much magic is divided, how much is the maximum magic of the other 'divided bodies', including the main body, reduced.

This is the key to the strategy, but the other party is the Dragon Race, which is known for its huge amount of mana. It's faster to recover than to consume, and it doesn't make sense not to consume to a certain degree.

Honestly, I don't know what it would take to beat it.

Although I am not a Testarossa, I am now becoming tempted to assert that 'victory is impossible' and that there is nothing that can be done.

I turned my gaze towards Velgrynd and smiled arrogantly.

"Well, that's very kind of you, I have a great partner. In terms of intelligence, I don't lose. It seems that you think you have succeeded in pulling us into a trap, so let me hear what your purpose is, shall I?"

There is only bluffing at times like this.

Show that I see through your attempts. Make the other side waver and be able to be wary of us and earn it.

But it won't actually go that well.

"How arrogant. The fact that they are not honestly admitting defeat is very similar to my brother."

I think I'm referring to Veldora.

With a sister like that, it must not be easy for Veldora.

It's as if I heard someone say, "Can you understand, Rimuru!?" But Rudra spoke up and turned his attention to her.

"Purpose. Since you're confident in your intelligence, there's no need to say anything else, is there?"

Even if you say that, it hurts my brain.

If the intention was to annihilate us, the battle would have already been waged. Since there is a venue for talks like this, it means there is room for negotiation.

Isn't the answer derived from this an attempt to bribe us?

<<Answer. Yes. Thinking in that direction is right. However, it is also possible that time was being stalled, in which case the presumption was that the intention was to defeat the individual named Veldora Tempest, and adopt it as a companion.>> I'm pretty good, too. Half the answers are right.

Indeed, it was mentioned in Kondo's plan that "Marshal" Velgrynd would take Veldora into her possession. I had thought that such a thing was impossible, so I ignored it, but since there was a 'parallel existence', could it be that Velgrynd was heading to the Labyrinth now?

I couldn't let go and tried to talk to Veldora through the "soul corridor".

"Hello, how are you?"

"Idiot, this is not the time to talk about it! Something's wrong. Sister...sister she came staring at me. It's still outside the labyrinth, but it's going to be attacked at this rate!

Seems to be busy as hell.

"Can you handle it?"

"I'm the only one who can make an appearance. It's better than just taking the labyrinth down like this."

If it's Veldora, I don't think he'll lose even with Parallel Existence as his opponent. With that in mind, I gave permission for Veldora to fight at full strength.

"I'll take full responsibility. I hope you can deal with Velgrynd. Can you please?"

"Ho-ho-ho-ho? If that's the case, just leave it to me! Kuahahaha!"

"You're in charge!"

I put my mind down and ended the call.

Handing it over to Veldora would be reassuring. Then, too, grasped Rudra's attempt.

Restart negotiations.

"Your purpose is to draw us in. One more point. Stall us by talking, so that we don't get involved in the fight with Veldora, right?"

I had a smug look on my face as if to say, "Well?"

Velgrynd showed a slightly surprised expression.

Then, Rudra smiled happily.

"What a delightful guy. It's fun to have you compare wits with me, but there's no time to enjoy the aftermath right now. Now that you understand that, words are good. Becoming my servant will guarantee your territory will remain untouched and give you the status of Archduke again."

"Rudra! If you give the title of Grand Duke to someone who is not related to you by blood, it will cause other nobles to resent it."

"It's okay. If he's willing to assist me, he would be of such value."

Higher than the Duke, is the Archduke.

Generally speaking, blood relatives within a generation of the emperor do not know if they can become grand princes. And Rudra made sure to give me that status.

This is an unprecedentedly generous treatment from an imperial perspective. It has even been heard that the Empire does not accept the surrender of defeated nations and forcibly annexes in order to expand its territory.

The long years of empire that expanded its territory through wars of aggression prepared me for supremacy. Honestly, it seems the Empire thinks more highly of me than I thought.

However, however.

Sadly, my answer has long since been determined.

"I can understand that it's a very good proposal, but the answer is 'no'. Instead, I have a proposal. Why don't we shake hands and make peace here? I will not ask for compensation and hope to conclude a non-aggression treaty."

It didn't matter how many sacrifices there were among those who served themselves—Rudra was the one who would think like that and would not defect to him unless he wanted to kill himself. Don't think of yourself as the only exception, and hold such naive thoughts that there is only one big road to destruction.

So, I firmly reject Rudra's proposal.

Compare that to this.

It's a rare opportunity to make this side's claim first.

From my personal point of view, after all, there were no casualties, and no intention of making the other person apologize. If we can be assured that we will not be interfered with again, then this invasion can be left alone.

Odds are some people will have an opinion, but if it can end perfectly without further bloodshed, that's the best way to go.

I know I'm naive and understand that treaties are unreliable. Since the other party is not trustworthy, they will break the contract someday.

But the important thing is to buy time.

If reconciled here, each would have time to get to know the other. As long as there is time for further mutual understanding, there is hope for avoiding war in the future.

If the war continues in this way, there will be only one step to take. In that case, think about taking a gamble on that one possibility.

However, Rudra's reply was a sneer.

"Surely, you're not the type to dominate. I don't understand my compassion, but I'm joking."

"How arrogant. Rudra has already made the biggest concessions and doesn't appreciate them."

Clearly having lost millions of troops, they still have the tone of overwhelming high rollers. They really didn't think about defeat in their heart of hearts. The loss of a soldier due to his own orders was no loss to him.

Because of this, Rudra made me feel terrible.

"I believe that humans are creatures that can understand each other. Ultimately, they will unite into a single will to create a better world. To that end, world unity by overwhelming force is indispensable."

Rudra's words sound similar to the ideals I portray. However, there is a huge gap between the two that cannot be filled.

It made me anxious to lecture him.

The evidence lies in coming to the exact opposite conclusion from me when it is clear that the starting point is the same.

I was expecting more of an idealist, but not so. Rudra argued that only his own dictatorship was absolute justice, with a dictatorial mindset that would not allow anyone to think.

Sure enough, he and I were incompatible.

There's so much disagreement on the proposition that it's no longer possible to find compromise points through conversation.

"Man is a creature of free will. There is no eternal justice in the world, and everyone thinks differently, right? Not wanting to agree with that will only sow the seeds of strife."

"Stupid. Only the remaining thoughts are supreme and righteous. You must know that even if you cater to the whims of fools, you will not reach the ideal world."

"No matter who it is, there will be times to make mistakes!"

"I don't deny it. Even I would listen to the input of my ministers. What's more, it's impossible to want to respond to all the voices of the gullible people. If you do something like that, you'll bring turmoil to the world."

Gobbledygook, indeed perhaps as he said...

The quarrel didn't feel like it could bother him either. As much as I hate to admit it, Rudra has been a dominant for far longer than I have.

"Well, there's no point in arguing here. What is expected is your loyalty. Rimuru the demon lord, give up Guy and be our companion."

Once again, persuasion.

It looks like he's going to have a showdown with Guy.

If I defected to Rudra at this point, the scales would indeed tip. It is safe to say that it is because of this that he keeps us alive.

That being said, my answer is the same as just now.

Now that the negotiations have broken down, fighting is inevitable.

As if reading my thoughts, a cold smile emerged on Velgrynd's face and she crossed her index finger gracefully.

Gently, twice.

Then, an image emerged from the sky.

The same principle as my Argos. In the image, the current battlefield is reflected.

What's on the screen is...

Pouring out in front of Velgrynd, Testarossa, Ultima, and Carrera were the three. Surprisingly light.

The trio, also known as the highest fighting force in our country, lost to just one person.

"That's a lie!"

I couldn't help but mutter.

In the image, the demoness trio stood up again. They don't seem to have lost the will to fight, but in the face of an irreversible power gap, they are forced into a bitter battle.

I had to realize that they didn't last long.

"Even the primordial ones you were counting on are in such a state before me. Think carefully about it.

You're smart enough to understand that I'm being lenient."

Needless to say, it's a threat.

If Velgrynd had that intention, his companions, other than the demoness trio, would not be safe.

It was not known whose intention this was, but Rudra they gave the biggest concession.

After all, Gabil and the others, too, couldn't spare a hand to help the demoness trio. At some point, airships appeared over the battlefield, from which Imperial forces emerged one after another to join the battle.

On the ground, there were also Kondo's men.

In addition to Kagali, who was performing the ritual, originally Yuuki's companions were also fighting the dwarven army.



“Tear! And Footman too!”

Along with Laplace's shouts, I sensed that those tricky masked majins were among the enemy forces.

The battlefield is like a melee, and the format is not optimistic.

It's in bad shape.

I also sensed that Benimaru was worried about me.

However, I cannot give in here.

"I know your purpose. It's easy to pull in Veldora as a companion, just pull in me first and then it's easy.

That guy does as he pleases and will never obey the orders of his superiors.”

However, Veldora did listen to me a lot.

It's just that I'm always angry, and maybe they're starting to get a hard-on for me too.

Anyway, that should be the reason for pulling my strings. According to this idea, in a nutshell, he rejected Rudra's persuasions severely. On that basis, look for other compromises— "You don't have to expect negotiations. Take it or leave it. Be clear.”

Suddenly the option is thrown.

A refusal would have plunged you straight into a fight with a low success rate.

But if one agrees, one must throw oneself into the battle against one's heart.

In time, following the will of others rather than acting on one's own will will likely result in greater sacrifice.

"Unite into one will for a better world. That's what you said. Is that a world where anyone can live with a smile on their face?"

"What?"

"Even if there is no war, no hunger, but if free will is taken away, doesn't the meaning of living cease?"

What you are trying to do is an act that deprives humanity of possibilities! Have you thought about this properly?"

"You mean the possibility? This kind of stuff isn't needed. Acknowledging the freedom of mankind, it is likely to go straight to the path of destruction. This act not only detracted from my thoughts, it also went against Guy's expectations. In that case, isn't it only natural to need a manager in order to keep the world from derailing from the right path?"

"To a certain extent I can understand, and do not deny. But is that a world with laughter?"

What I want to do, in the grand scheme of things, is also to try to manage humanity. But to a certain extent, to be entrusted to the will of man.

Overprotection takes away the opportunity to grow.

People are tougher than they think and there is no need to manage from beginning to end.

"Laughter? Saying something naive and stupid. No matter how much sacrifice is made, there is nothing that can be done for lasting peace. There's no need to ask permission one by one in order to guide people who can't understand this. It takes some patience for the great happiness of the future."

It's not that he doesn't understand, but that he's not compatible with me.

Rudra was going to do something that did not focus on the individual. That, no matter how you think about it, will go against my righteousness.

"Indeed, obedience is impossible. You want to do something that I think will only spread more misfortune and I will never agree with it."

"It's stupid to refuse my offer of help."

"Stupid is stupid. I mean, why did you become king? Because it looks amazing? Or do you want to enjoy the luxury?"

"Saying something stupid, of course, it's for the people."

"Don't lie to me! I also consider myself a demon lord for everyone, and wish more people could live with a smile on their faces. Of course, sacrifice is inevitable, but I'm taking pains to reduce it. How can you think like that and be so dry!"

Trying to create a good world without sacrifice, that is not possible. That being said, there were also numerous sacrifices that appeared when I became a demon lord.

It seems to me to be the other side's own doing and not regretting it, but as far as the loved ones of the victims are concerned, they can't accept it even if I say so.

It is, I bear the sin.

Likewise, Rudra should be guilty of a sin that cannot be ignored.

Hearing my words, for only a moment, Rudra's burning gaze turned toward me. However, it seemed to regain its composure immediately, looking at me and muttering to himself, "Young and naive."

"Rudra?"

"Don't worry, Velgrynd. I really, it's been a long time since I've been so excited. I didn't succeed in convincing him, but it's a shame to eliminate him."

"It's a bad habit, Rudra. Standing there with Yuuki too, I just can't understand your collecting addiction."

‘Don't talk to us like we're toys’—I want to complain, but forget it.

Now that the negotiations have broken down, it's time to get ready to fight.

I made a wink and the entire company went into pro forma. It was also well in preparation while I was talking to Rudra.

Defeat Rudra here.

Having made up my mind so much, I was about to ask.

However.

"However, it's a shame we didn't succeed in convincing Demon Lord Rimuru. And the boy, unexpectedly strong. For not listening to me, I wanted to give him a little punishment. But if you want to maintain the 'parallel existence', you will not be able to feel the power, so let's give it our all."

"Ho? Can't be convinced?"

"Don't even listen. But it's also like his character."

I couldn't help but turn my attention to Velgrynd.

Don't worry about Veldora.

I didn't expect the invincible "Storm Dragon" to lose, but the opponent was also a monster beyond imagination. Now that nothing is incredible no matter what happens, I suddenly start to worry.

"What, are you worried about the kid? Then I hope you promise Rudra. In that case, I won't have to hurt my cute little brother."

Velgrynd, again, floated the image into the air.

The screen shows a battle with a wounded Veldora, transformed into a dragon pose.

"One thing I've been meaning to ask is, how did you tame that boy?"

“Hmm?”

"I'm asking you, how did you get Veldora to submit to you?"

No, he didn't obey me.

"I'm friends with Veldora. That's all."

"Yeah, I don't think so. It's a shame."

Seemingly genuinely sorry, Velgrynd sighed.

"In that case, I'll show no mercy. That boy, the only thing he has above me is the amount of mana."

After saying that, Velgrynd disappeared.

I was taken aback and shaken.

I have come to understand that the purpose of Rudra and the others is to stall for time in order to defeat Veldora and tame him. After knowing this, we still accompany them because we are also buying time.

Velgrynd's 'parallel existence', while close to invincible, has a drawback. That is, the depletion of the amount of magicules.

By eliminating "Parallel Existence" one by one, you can consume the split mana. Magicules don't recover right away and in general can weaken an opponent.

Splitting out the amount of mana is too little to use a big move. It is for this reason that it is considered beneficial for Veldora...

But judging from the image, facing a Velgrynd's 'parallel existence', Veldora didn't quite beat it either.

Not only that, but through the Soul Corridor, one can also feel the anxiety of Veldora.

The image floating in the air, as Testarossa their rival Velgrynd also disappeared. The Demoness trio also fought so hard for time that it ended up being for naught.

I feel that this is not good.

The power of Velgrynd exceeded my expectations.

Seeing through our thoughts and using them as if to mock us...

"Do you care? Then, after this battle is over, another chance will be given. Realize how stupid you are, and your heart will change."

Rudra's voice seemed to be far away.

I'm not willing, but I can't do anything about it now.

Velgrynd had disappeared and perhaps it was time to take down Rudra, but for some reason there was a bad feeling about it.

So, I decided to witness the battle of Veldora to the end.

In the second screen left by Velgrynd, the crimson dragon roars.

The battle of the century between the "dragon races", which intensified...

### **Epilogue: Anger**

The scene in front of us is only adequately described by the Monster Armageddon.

No, I'm not kidding.

Because it can only be described that way.

In battle, are two dragons.

Although not the same shape, both are very large.

"The Scorch Dragon" Velgrynd looks handsome and beautiful."

She's more agile than Veldora and has a better contoured line for flying through the air.

What kind of battle will it be between the two?

Although it was late at night, the sky was unusually bright.

The Great Forest of Jura was burning with roaring flames, and the curtain of night reflected the flames as if dyed with layers of red.

The capital city "Rimuru" has been hidden in the labyrinth so that it has not suffered any damage, and if it remains on the ground, it will probably be wiped out.

The destruction of the gate connecting the labyrinth to the outside world was proof enough of that. The upper levels of the labyrinth may have also been devastated.

The fight between Veldora and Velgrynd is in stasis.

For Velgrynd lifts the "parallel of existence."

Just looking at the tragic state of the forest one might not realize that both are actually in perfect control of their powers. Although the two used tremendous amounts of energy to attack each other, the combat precision was controlled with great precision.

The speeds are not comparable.

Veldora has grown at a surprising rate.

By deftly controlling his power to achieve ultra-high speed flight, he does not budge in the face of Velgrynd.

It seems to be hiding and secretly cultivating, the fruits of which are manifested in battle.

For now, it appears that Veldora has the upper hand slightly.

Veldora was stronger if only the size of the power, the amount of mana, was compared. Not only were they higher than when they were sealed, but he had even learned other fighting techniques that led to the current fighting results.

Even so, it didn't take away my unease.

Because in terms of magic operations, it's still Velgrynd that has the bigger advantage. Now that Velgrynd has focused on Veldora, it's safe to say that the real showdown is only now beginning.

Even so...

Rudra's calm demeanor was too much for me to let go.

Why was he so calm when Velgrynd, who was supposed to be an absolute defense, wasn't around?

In my place, it's because of the peace of mind that comes from being able to summon Veldora whenever I want. Regardless of the crisis, I believe that as long as Veldora is around I can get through it.

Rudra must have been no slouch as well.

After all, it was Guy who identified with it, and being able to easily dominate Yuuki at that point was quite threatening.

But I'm also capable of the ultimate skill. There is also the hidden skill of empowering others in part based on my control, just as I did with Benimaru.

Truth be told, the Imperial Emperor's Order of Near Guards is no threat to me.

Only the top five "single digits" and Yuuki are considered to be opponents to be wary of.

In particular, the man named Damrada seemed dangerous.

However, it is not an invincible opponent either.



Even if we don't count Laplace in the battle strength, the fight is one in which we have an advantage.

The above is my speculation, but it is because of this that I feel more uneasy.

Why would Rudra be so calm? That point makes me wonder.

Was it to think that even without Velgrynd, there was still an overwhelming gap of strength?

But even so, there's no point in taking a chance here.

Why on earth did Rudra have such confidence?

While speculating on Rudra's intentions, Veldora's battle situation with them also concerns me.

After Velgrynd unleashed the fiery flames to attack, Veldora blocked with the barrier. Then Veldora unleashed a storm in return for a counterattack, but Velgrynd dodged his attack.

It was a fierce battle.

It was the kind of battle that would have made even me cringe, the fabulous one.

This was the first time I had ever seen Veldora fight in earnest, beyond my wildest dreams. I didn't expect Veldora to be able to fight with Velgrynd, who had suppressed Testarossa and the others.

But it's also taken for granted when you think about it.

Veldora had already been able to use his ultimate skill 'Investigation King Faust' with great proficiency.

That's why it was possible to go up against Velgrynd.

Skill-wise, it was indeed Velgrynd who had the upper hand. However, Veldora's King of Investigation was a cheating level ability.

This is what the King of Wisdom told me about it, whose power is 'probabilistic operation.' By the way, he also has the uppermost authority in the "Truthfulness" analysis system. It was as if with this ability, one could instantly see through the power of the enemy and respond appropriately.

It's even a little confusing, what's the point of combat specialization at this point?

Truth be told, whoever can defeat Veldora, who is skilled in the use of the King of Investigation, is going to be very troubled.

That's why I firmly believe in the victory of Veldora.

Even now, there were unseen attacks shooting at Velgrynd.

It was simply unrecognizable through the image and looked as if Velgrynd had suddenly been hurt.

However, I am very clear.

What just happened was one of Veldora's self-created must-kill techniques, called the Harvest Storm Attack. He kept showing off his must-kill skills to me, and I was really impressed after actually seeing it with my own eyes.

At first glance it looks like all sorts of fluctuations are being put out in meaningless haphazardness.

Then the overlap occurs at the specified coordinates, and it is at this point that the effect is finally realized.

The discovery was a step too late.

After all, it's already hit, and dodging and defense are out of the question.

Oops, he seems to have developed a brilliant move.

Just because every fluctuation seems ineffective, it's subconsciously ignored. If you are inexperienced, you will definitely be hit, and it can be said that it is a must-kill move at first sight.

Velgrynd was also completely hit by a straight attack from the Harvest Storm. Not to be outdone by Veldora, but also to dispel the unease in my mind.

However...

Things changed rapidly the moment I was convinced of the unshakeable victory of Veldora going on like this.

And it's going in the worst possible direction...

Suddenly, a flying airship appeared in the combat airspace.

Standing in the bow of the ship was a man in a different military uniform than the others.

Lt. Kondo.

As I panicked and turned to the reflection on the other side, the Kondo group who had just been there were gone. The ritual ended when Velgrynd lifted the 'parallel existence'.

It seems I've panicked to the point where I don't even notice these situations.

<<Notice. Taboo Mantra: "The undead elf was completed about one minute ago.>> Just a minute, but only a minute.

In this minute, Kondo came to the battlefield of Veldora and Velgrynd.

Bad feeling after bad feeling after bad feeling. It was because I was unaware of the other party's intentions that my invisible heart was driven to beat violently by anxiety.

At this point, another figure appeared on the bow of the flying airship.

That person, looks exactly like the person sitting in front of me.

...Just lucky...?

No, not right!

"Parallel existence...?"

By the time I found out it was a step too late. What happened next didn't even have a chance to be stopped, it happened in a flash.

Kondo shot at Veldora with the pistol he held in his right hand.

For the strongest of them all, Veldora the Storm Dragon, bullets and all that just don't work. Yet after such a thought flashed through the mind, the bullet pierced through Veldora's skin with impossible speed.

Beyond the unit of sonic speed, the speed of sublight is reached.

The bullet fired at Veldora did not penetrate the body, but instead stayed inside him. Thus, the power of evil was liberated.

Veldora began to feel pain. A wound that should have been repaired in an instant, but this instant was fatal.

Rudra, in the image, held out his hand to Veldora.

"Let me tell you. That's called, the kingly power unleashed. It is the absolute power that can exercise dominion over all beings that possess consciousness. Even the True Dragon Seed can't escape the remaining domination."

While saying so, Rudra stood up.

Once the purpose was served, he wanted to leave the place.

"Hey, give me a minute..."

"Well, there's a deal, by the way. I'm not interested in you anymore, if you join my banner, let's show you a new world."

Rudra never put me out of my mind.

And it seems that the Rudra here, is the impostor that Velgrynd created with 'parallel existence'. While consciousness is shared, there's no point in knocking this guy down.

It seemed I was being toyed with by Rudra from start to finish.

This represents, utter defeat.

"Don't underestimate Veldora."

I realized that I was just unconvinced to say that.

Totally regardless of what was going on inside me, Rudra told me the harsh truth.

"It's the True Dragon Race, more tricky than I thought, but at last it's completely dominant."

Rudra is telling the truth.

Immediately after, I felt a pain in my chest.

Intense pain that cannot be cured even if the pain is not effective.

It's like pulling the "soul" out of my body...

<<Notice. Master and the individual Veldora's "Soul Corridor" has been destroyed. The "Storm Dragon Summoning" and "Storm Dragon Restoration" from the ultimate skill "Storm King Veldora" cannot be used.>>

I was appalled at being told the cause of the pain.

What?

To take Veldora from me?

To take the Veldora from me...?

"Don't joke around, you beast!"

I hissed, lashing out at Rudra.

God speed—as fast as I can make it right now.

However, Rudra had no intention of duking it out at all, there was no need for that.

My fists hit nothing.

Rudra lifted the 'parallel existence' and eliminated the Rudra that was no longer useful on this side.

"Is that your answer? Also. It's a shame that I wanted to take you in as my men, too. It seems that the remaining powers are not all-powerful, and it will be difficult to 'dominate' again."

“What...?”

"Since it's not boring this time, I'll give you a little more time to think. At any rate, you were trapped when you were recruited into this place known as the Fortress of Dreams. Let's just hope you'll surrender yourselves."

Leaving this sentence, Rudra disappeared.

Using his voice as a signal, Rudra's men were "diverted" away.

I didn't even have the thought of catching up, only a violent sense of loss and intense anger.

"Don't be ridiculous..."

It was all the result of my carelessness.

I wanted to attack him, but ended up falling into a trap, and although he guarded Laplace, his opponent took advantage of this and deliberately prepared a more despicable strategy.

There was no need for Rudra to remind me at all, the moment I entered the place I had discovered it.

It's a distorted, isolated space.

Just getting out was enough, but there should always be something I could do. Such thoughts have unwittingly led to my carelessness.

As cautious as possible, this time it was the opponent who had the upper hand. It's a war that can't be won every time.

This kind of thing, needless to say, I know.

"Damn it!"

While screaming like that, I punched myself in the face with my fist.

No pain. Only the heartache, which seemed to rip, was even more stark.

"Please stop, Lord Rimuru!"

Shion's words did not reach my ears.

Two, three.

And when I wanted to hit the fourth...

It was stopped by Shion, who was standing behind me.

Not only Shion, but also Benimaru, Souei, and Diablo, each of them panicked and tried to stop me.

"I'm sorry, I just got a little carried away. Impatience is a bad habit of mine, and thanks to you, I was able to regain my composure."

I lied.

My anger went up one by one.

Even then I forcefully suppressed the anger in my heart and stood up at the same time.

Even after indulging my anger and beating myself with all my might, my face was still intact.

Quicker than Shion and Benimaru they could react, the King of Wisdom activated self-defense.

Once again, I realized that everyone was watching over me.

It is because of this that I am even more unable to forgive myself. In order to be able to fill this sense of loss, the anger kept spilling out.

This anger, exactly where should it be directed...?

Ah, I remember.

It's a war that's coming.

In that case, no mercy should be shown.

So I, too, will be their opponent with all my might.

Anger?

That may indeed be the case.

But, what's wrong with that?

The Empire has angered me.

If so desired, It will be given to you.

The blessing called perdition.

Those fools have touched my reverse scale.

I allowed my anger to unleash the power I'd been holding back...

## **End Credits**

It's been a long time, I'm Fuze.

I got the flu at the end of last year, and my body was in a lot of trouble. Originally, last year's year-end was the deadline, and it turned out to be a



while overdue.

Editor helped me postpone the deadline, which is greatly appreciated. Next time I'll pay a little attention and give myself as much time as possible.

Did you hear I complaining, just a little? Consider it an illusion.

The main story this time is a bit different from the web's plot unfolding. As for what has been changed, please use your own eyes to confirm. The full picture of the Eastern Empire had been revealed.

What exactly is the identity of the cover beauty?

—But I believe that everyone is basically aware of that.

What a beauty, to cheat on Dora's sister.

This time, he gave Miha-sensei the challenge of drawing a sirenish color.

There is a famous quote from a certain comic book hero - "Tits with big white legs" is the three elements of a man's dream forever. It's not overly revealing and just right to reveal a little sexiness.

It's called hazy aestheticism - off the mark.

It is difficult to calm the high emotions after the deadline, so please forgive us a lot.

It's over this time too, and I'm thankful that Miha-sensei has been able to draw such great illustrations every time.

Also, thank you to the fans for your support. I have also received letters from all of you, which is very encouraging.

As much as I want to write back, I personally don't enjoy writing and can't find the time. After reading all the letters that come in, I will treasure them.

Finally, a big thank you to all the staff who participated in this piece!

In return for your strong support, the anime decided to make a second season.

As the original author, I deeply feel your anticipation for this work “That Time I got Reincarnated as a Slime”.

In response to everyone's high hopes, I will continue to work on better works next!

See you next time.

## 灾祸再来的预感

画 田中秀树

※以下包含剧透本篇的内容  
强烈建议待读过本篇后再看

哎呀——确实  
有关重婚的事  
制定了那样的规则

没想到竟然  
还有这种隐藏技巧……  
今后还有这种事咋办啊

这不是挺好吗  
修罗场不是很好的  
安抚下来了嘛？

话虽如此

法比欧  
有点可怜……

即便身体  
伤痊愈了

心里的伤痕  
没法痊愈啊

卡里斯

实际上现在  
也有点危险

危险？

你看我是附身  
在那个大妖的  
魔核上对吧？

那跟这有  
什么关系吗？

法比欧的感情  
还有一部分  
残留在身体里啊

如此这般

暴风大妖祸  
好像要复活！！

翻译: 蓝血中毒  
嵌字: 利姆露

# 伏瀬先生14巻 おめでとうございませう!

Web版とは  
違う展開に  
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おります!

開

みっばー先生の  
イラストも毎回  
楽しみです!

水曜日のシリウスが連載中の  
異聞 魔国暮らしの  
トリニティ  
もよろしくお願ひします!



『異聞 ～魔国暮らしのトリニティ～』戸野タエ先生より





悪魔3人娘  
サイコーです。



# 祝 14巻!!

状頼先生  
おめでとう  
ござます!

SHIBA  
園  
2019.

虫組好きです。

