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Prologue: Doubts

Gadra felt troubled.

It was mainly for two things.

The first thing that needed no elaboration was the identity of the person attempting to kill him.

I'm surprised that I can't even detect his breath, there are very few opponents like this. Though in my heart...

‘...I dare not admit it,’ thought Gadra.

This was because, if he had guessed correctly, it meant that all of his and Yuuki's shenanigans were now in the hands of Emperor Rudra.

—No, it's possible. After all, His Majesty Rudra has lived longer than me and possesses wisdom and power beyond reason. Even if I had foreseen things coming to this and prepared for it decades ago, it would not be a surprise. However, in this way...

Now that he had left the Empire it was a different matter, but it was assumed that Yuuki would be in danger. That's what Gadra believed.

So, what's next? Should I warn Yuuki? Or just leave it alone? That's the problem.

The two of them weren't completely unfriendly with one another, and he was personally quite fond of Yuuki. But even if Gadra felt that way, he was now on Rimuru's side. That could not be taken lightly.

Instead of worrying about that here, there was another option, and that was to explain everything to Rimuru and go to him first. However, if he revealed such uncertainties and he was wrong about everything, Rimuru's trust in him might fall apart.

After all, Gadra had betrayed the Empire. If his credibility continued to decline, it would affect Gadra's position in the future.

Part of that was taken into consideration here, and that's why Gadra still hadn't put it into action.

Furthermore...

There was a second doubt that messed with Gadra's thoughts.

That face, that domineering air—it was certainly true, just like His Majesty Rudra. However, seeing how he didn't falter in the slightest, and how he really seemed to know nothing about it...It didn't feel like he was pretending to be him, but...

Under normal circumstances, Emperor Rudra could not have been in that location.

Whichever way one looked at it, no other correct answer could be found—this was the conclusion that Gadra drew.

In that case, that person was really just someone else who looked a lot like Rudra.

If that man was His Majesty Rudra—no, that's a stupid thing to say. What's more important now is that the person who assassinated me is definitely 'that guy.' If that's the case, Yuuki is in danger. If I didn't give a little warning, I would probably have a bad conscience. In that case, I'll report to Lord Rimuru as well.

As a result, Gadra decided to put friendship at the forefront.

Other people's opinions of him might falter, but that wouldn't hurt.

In this country, strength is everything. For Gadra, the weak are the strongest.

He came to that conclusion and put it into practice immediately.

“It's me, Yuuki. A word of advice to you. Actually...”

It didn't matter if it was now convenient for the other side, Gadra unilaterally made his point.

“Hey, hey, hey, this is so sudden.”

“No way. Just put yourself in my shoes, too. Lord Rimuru may be suspicious of this matter, so I don't have time to discuss it with you here. I will work in my own way, so you too must be careful not to be taken advantage of in secret.” (***Gadra seems to have a habit of referring to himself as “this old man” but I just switched to the word “I” because it didn't flow well in english)

After that, Gadra ended his "magic communication" with Yuuki. Then he went forward and reported to Rimuru.

The reporting, liaising and negotiating were now done.

After such a decisive movements, Gadra deserved to be called an expert in training ministries

“So the old man is safe and sound. And the situation is so good that he seems to have run off to join Mr. Rimuru's side.”

Yuuki looked out the window and smiled bitterly.

It had been raining today, and it was foggy outside the windows. However, Yuuki's eyes still accurately caught the suspicious figure that used the rain to hide his tracks.

That move looked well trained and must have been monitoring Yuuki's movements. Despite discovering it, Yuuki only had a smile on his face.

Seeing Yuuki like this, the other figure in the room, Kagali, responded.

“Are you talking about Gadra? That's for sure. Even I, a former Demon Lord, looked at him and thought that the old man was too cunning to take lightly. So it's better for us to just help each other.”

Yuuki echoed Kagali's statement.

“Yeah. It is thanks to that old man that we have this status. And he also seems to have brought us quite the favorable information this time.”

If it was Gadra, he would have brought favorable intelligence from the Jura Tempest Federation. Yuuki calculated as such.

There is a fake "hero" named Chronoa. It is not yet known whether the man is alive or dead. Since Rimuru was safe and sound, the other party must have been knocked down...

If Rimuru absorbed this tyrannical force, word would have surely spread somewhere. Yet nothing was heard at all about this.

There is also no mention in Gadra's report, which suggested that the other party may be dead. So Yuuki thought about it for a moment, thinking that perhaps he was worrying too much.

The immediate issue that must be confronted was the urgent message from Gadra.

“Oh, yeah. So what did Gadra tell you?”

“He says Masayuki looks exactly like the Emperor Rudra...”

“What?”

Kagali unintentionally asked back in an unpolished tone as soon as she heard, which made Yuuki show a bitter smile. This was because he thought he probably had the same reaction himself when he suddenly heard something like this.

“It's a mystery, isn't it? On the one hand I felt like the old man was saying something silly, but on the other hand it didn't feel like a joke at all. However, the emperor pretending to be Masayuki—it's hard to deny that completely...”

The smile on Yuuki's face disappeared as he thought about his encounter with Masayuki.

In retrospect, Masayuki was not called to this world. He had told him, *‘As soon as I looked over, I was here.’* Yuuki originally thought he might be an "otherworldly visitor" who came to this world by chance... *I can't find any evidence that Masayuki is "from the other world". If magic or skills work...*

He was about to think in a different direction when Yuuki's thoughts suddenly stopped. He began to think of something else, and the next thing he knew, he was speaking out.

“—Forget it. It's more important now to keep an eye on our gang.”

“Geez, it's been a long time since we've had such an interesting conversation. Still, what you said is true. I'm always being watched, and I'm a little out of breath.”

“Right? This would put a damper on our plans, and until then it seems necessary to abandon everything else.”

“How can you say that?”

“I mean it literally. If what gramps says is true, then we can say that we are in a crisis.”

If Gadra's words were true, it would not be good to send out the hybrid legions that were being laid out against the Dwarven Kingdom. How that will play out in the future—no, before that they'd have to decide who was friend and who was foe. Maybe they'd have to go back and start all over.

That's what Yuuki was forced to think.

“...so it is. In that case, there's really no time to think about that kid right now.”

Kagali didn't doubt Yuuki's words.

If Yuuki thought there was danger, then there was no doubt about it.

“Gadra wanted to see the emperor, but I heard he was assassinated from behind in that place.”

“Wasn't it Kondo?”

The person who asked this was Kagali, who then went on to deny it herself.

“No. Who else but Kondo could have killed Gadra, but if it was the ‘Double 0 number’ that never shows up, it wouldn't be surprising if there was an unknown genius among them.”

That said, if Tatsuya Kondo really did it, then it would be only natural that Yuuki wouldn't be surprised.

“I think so, too. But there were other reasons why I was surprised. It was Gadra who said that he probably guessed who the prisoner was.”

The room fell silent at once.

Kagali exhaled and stared into Yuuki's eyes, questioning him.

“...does it mean that the other person is someone we also know well?”

Kagali gestured with her eyes to stop Yuuki from talking about him.

Still with a bitter smile, Yuuki nodded lightly.

“It's unbelievable, but it is what it is. Of course, it's also possible that the old man thought wrong. But it's not something that can be brought up simply by admitting the wrong person.”

Kagali opened her eyes wide.

"Does that mean that the other side is important among partners?"

The smile on her face disappeared completely.

“Exactly.”

Yuuki nodded.

In contrast to Kagali, Yuuki's smile deepened as she replied.

“So the name of the traitor is...”

Chapter 1: Shake and Consciousness

A month has passed since the gathered executives had met.

Today, I was also in the Control Room monitoring the movements of the Empire.

Since this was the staging ground for all of our intelligence, Benimaru and I could practically say we moved in here.

We really only left to our homes at night.

If left unattended, this would likely turn into a secret base for Veldora and Ramiris. It was a place I had been building for a long time, and had put to good use.

Benimaru also cleaned up after himself, so I think he had all but actually returned to his room. I don't even need to worry about such things, but with the battle coming up, it would be bad if the Great General fell.

The "control room" was usually manned by staff. When we were at war we would work round-the-clock shifts, taking three shifts.

This was to prevent everyone from sticking their heads up too hard.

It is important to manage your own health, and this was the only thing that needed to be thoroughly implemented. Still, the one person I didn't even need to worry about with that kind of thing was our ally, Veldora-kun.

And then there was Ramiris.

Those two would rest and relax without me needing to say anything. Rather, it should be said that they would also go AWOL.

At first they were excited that the war was about to start, but when it turned out that there was no movement after a month, they looked as if they were completely tired of everything. By now they had returned to their research and were saying capricious things, telling us to just wait for something to happen before notifying them.

It's just as well. If they were here they would only cause trouble, so I decided to just go along with them.

So that's the situation. The only group of people here at the moment were me, Benimaru, and Souei. Then, there were my secretaries, Shion and Diablo.

I also can't forget the other number one, Geld, who was there too. However, it kept some other projects at a standstill, which made me sad. I'd really like to get the war over with before Miss Frey gets mad.

But in the end, it's up to the opponent to make the first move.

In this war, the side that attacks first takes the reins. If the other side doesn't fight, even if they want to fight with the other side, they can't fight.

It was originally thought that the Imperial Magic Tank Force would attack in almost twenty days or so, but the invasion turned out to be slower than expected. It should be said that they were deliberately slowing down and making a deliberate show of their majesty when they entered.

I was always watching them with my own Argos, but some of them haven't even seen a magic tank, so they looked like evil demons.

Monsters would also fear those huge and vicious opponents. Even the sub-A level monsters that lived in the forest fled from their marching range because they were afraid of the Imperial Army.

As for where the Imperial Army was currently, they had just crossed the border.

Forced entry into our borders—a matter that was totally incompatible with international law as laid down by the Western Council, but the enemy empire did not take rules seriously. Nowadays, the most important thing was how to apply them and make them strategically valuable.

We could actually use this as a reason for us to launch a surprise attack...but I still felt that we should at least consult with each other.

It also seemed likely that the Imperial side would persuade us to surrender and hold off on attacking for the time being until that moment comes.

“I think the other side is naive, but we're not ready for that either. It should be a showdown afterwards anyway, so there's no need for us to sneak around.”

In this way, Benimaru also expressed his approval with a leisurely attitude.

I was relieved that preparations for war against the Empire could indeed be made.

Immediately following, the days that we had been waiting were finally coming to an end.

The Imperial side had stopped and started to lay out their formations.

The Imperial Army was not stupid either. It seems that they had no intention of fighting us squarely from the beginning. Other than the magic tank units, the other infantry squads were marching towards the forest one after another.

The total number was about 70% of the entire strength of the Empire—up to 700,000.

Although we already knew this, I would review once more.

“Looks like this is their main force.”

‘Should be. While using the Magic Tank Force as a front, the real purpose is actually to suppress the Dwarven Legion, right?’

“So it seems. Is it to avoid being pinned from behind in an attack on our country? It is clear that such a large army is well prepared, but they are still very careful in their actions.”

The reason why the magic tank forces seemed to be moving so slowly was really not just to demonstrate their majesty. There was another, more important purpose, and until their main forces, the infantry, was assembled, they seemed to want to attract our attention by using the magic tank force.

“It's just that the other side's attempts have already reached us. With intelligence, we can accumulate so many advantages.”

While saying that, Benimaru smiled wryly.

“Kufufufufu. It's true, Lord Rimuru. Everything is under your control—that's how it is!”

Diablo came over to us and was about to do that whole ‘*Lord Rimuru is the best*’ thing. I'd gotten used to it, so I just nodded and said ‘I guess.’

With the right know-hows, it's actually easy to deal with Diablo.

“As for that group of Imperial infantry, we seem to underestimate each other's threatening nature a bit. It seems that all of them are quite skilled, and none of them could keep up with the others and went to gather at a place thirty kilometers away from the capital ‘Rimuru’. They camped there, and set up command posts.”

Souei said this in order to get more attention and to explain the current situation to us. Plus, there was Moss to bring us information with impeccable accuracy. I also used my “Argos” for reinforcement, and even the enemy's strength was visible.

“It's unnatural, isn't it, that we don't react when we're all close to each other's throats?”

“No, not necessarily. Those guys believe that they are better than us and believe that their actions have gone completely unnoticed by us. They've underestimated us and must be preparing to act immediately after persuading us to surrender.”

“Kufufufufu. I think so too. I would like to add to Mr. Benimaru's comment that this thirty kilometers is a wonderful distance. If it is monitored by magic, the farther away the accuracy decreases. Combined with the magic used to unleash interference through Legion magic, that area would be completely turned into a safe zone. The other side should believe that they can do that. But the funny thing is, I think that's all those guys can do.”

It seems my worries are just unfounded.

There must be some kind of trap behind this lack of action on our part—that was what the Imperial Army thought while pushing in this direction, so even now, the enemy thinks we must not be able to see through them.

In that case, all that was left to worry about was how strong the enemy's army actually was.

“By the way, Souei, how strong are the enemy soldiers?”

Souei deliberately emphasized that the other party was extremely threatening, that should mean only the strong ones. Depending on his answer, it might be necessary to revisit the operational plan.

“From an average evaluation, any grade that translates into human terms is equivalent to a B grade. There is no shortage of people in the upper echelons who are above A, and those in the lower echelons who are not below C+. Even when compared to the Knights of the Western countries, they seem to be very good.”

The opponent's fighting power was beyond imagination.

In this world, however, it's more about quality than quantity when it comes to combat, and a B-grade is pretty good, but sometimes an A-grade person alone can be more dangerous.

While this is true, but the power of the group as a whole still cannot be underestimated.

“And there are absolutely no casual drafters among them, all of them are professional soldiers?”

“Yes. They are well trained and considered the quality of their weapons and defenses, coupled with their tactics, each of which seemed to surpass the Order of the Western Powers. Even with Benimaru and his 'Black Flame Jail,' it might still be difficult to penetrate those guys' magic defense.”

According to Souei, the enemy army unleashed legion magic from time to time. The level of the standard can only be described as very high, the combined combat power of each team is equivalent to rank A.

The hobgoblins were the same way, tacit troops are tricky. It's not just adding up everyone's strength, sometimes it even has a multiplier effect.

If every twenty was equivalent to an A-grade, that's 35,000 A-grade opponents to deal with simply by calculation. Seriously, that is not to be underestimated. They are very dangerous opponents.

“But it should be fine. That's the reason for using the maze.”

“Kufufufufu. Just let them spread out within the maze and easily break through before the enemy could fully muster their strength. Everything is as Lord Rimuru has predicted, that's how it is.”

Actually, it's not.

But in the end, it was the right choice to launch an attack inside the labyrinth, but depending on the enemy's strength... Huh, wait?

Thinking about this side of the story made me realize something.

No matter how strong the opponent comes at us, this meet-and-greet battle will come in handy. By coming to the maze, we are able to spread the other's war power and keep our own war power concentrated.

So the truth of the matter is that if they really want to go through the maze, they can only rely on a few elite challengers.

I thought this to myself, not to be outdone by Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom.

“I'm glad to see them on our side.” *(***Not positive, but I think he is referring to Ramiris who created the labyrinth)*

I couldn't help but murmur, and Benimaru was quite sympathetic.

“It will prevent the town from suffering, and will also make it easier for the war to move in our favor. Standing in the position of commanding an army, the last thing I want is to make an enemy of her.”

It's only because Ramiris isn't here now that I can compliment her from the bottom of my heart. If it was a compliment to her face, she'd get carried away for a while and show it off, which would be annoying.

These things aside for now...

“We shouldn't have any problems on our side, but we don't know what's going on with Gobta and the others.”

There were several big screens in the control room, and my magic was shining through them. And of course there was a broadcast of the scene near the Dwarven Kingdom above.

There were two thousand magic tanks lined up neatly.

The layout here was no exception, which translated into a distance of about thirty kilometers from the central metropolis of Dwargon (St. Doran). This unbiased location is what we had anticipated.

What matters is the performance of the magic tank. Its muzzle is facing the front door, which I had visited several times.

The Imperial-developed Magic Guided Tank seems to be a step up in performance compared to the magic tanks I know of. Maybe the range of the magic tank is better than my native world military tank.

At such a distance, there should be no way for the shells to hit...

In the square just inside that gate there were people like Gobta and Gabil standing by.

Gobta and Gabil led their respective legions in their mission. The occasional battle with the enemy was not frequent, and the people who stayed in the hotel town took refuge.

We also went as planned and sent reinforcements to rendezvous with the Dwarven Kingdom.

“The two army chiefs, Gobta and Gabil, have entered the Dwarven kingdom. Either way, it's a matter of fighting with each other, and the other side is not taking away our command.”

Gazel had already promised this, so I wasn't worried, and it looked like the military units of the Dwarven Kingdom had indeed kept their word.

“That should make it all right.”

“Although there is still some unease about us joining forces with the Dwarven Army.....but as long as we let Tempest attack and ask the Dwarven Army to take over the defensive duties thoroughly, there should be no problem.”

Confusion in the chain of command is a problem in military operations. In order for legions of different nationalities to join forces to fight, as they did this time, it must first be decided which side of the order will take precedence.

If it was Benimaru, he could interfere forcibly by using his unique skill, "Generalissimo". Even if he was in a difficult position to distinguish between the enemy and himself on the battlefield, as long as he had this skill, everyone else would not have to worry about their own people fighting amongst themselves.

Adding in the Dwarven Legion in this case, there was the potential for chaos. That's why we came to the conclusion that it was more efficient to share the responsibility for offense and defense.

“Just to be on the safe side, maybe it's better to talk to Gazel again.”

“That's true. Now that the empire has been laid out, it won't be long before the war begins. It's almost time for us to get on the battlefield, so we'd better get in touch with King Gazel and make a final confirmation.”

It looks like Benimaru agreed with me.

With that in mind, I hurriedly reached for the newly set “contact device”.

The so-called “contact device” was a magical communication machine successfully developed by Vesta.

The great thing was that not only audio information, but also visual information could be transmitted.

The “contact device” had the shape of a computer. It looked like a screen plus a mouse and a keyboard. And it wasn't a mouse, it was actually a palm-sized crystal ball that could be activated by touching it. Then, you could specify your options with the engravings on the keyboard to contact someone.

The construction was simple and everyone could use it.

But there were also inconveniences.

I just said that it was visual information, but it was actually ‘mind power’ replayed in the brain. When you activated something like this by holding the “contact device”, what you think will be conveyed to the other person.

The principle is the same as that of “Communication Network”. I'm so used to it that I can remove distractions, but people who aren't used to it might shed unnecessary intelligence.

If one was thinking of something evil in one's mind, they may accidentally convey it to the other side, which was one of the risks.

There must be no evil intent. I can't help but think that I really don't recommend using this machine to chase girls.

For the average person with no mental training, it's better to just use the talk function.

In short, this component is expected to improve in the future.

“Hello, Hello, I'm Rimuru. Is His Majesty Gazel here?”

I also take it for granted in this world that I say "hello hello". This has become habitual and natural, so I do it up without a doubt (****Rimuru is saying 'moshi moshi' which is a japanese phone greeting that roughly translates to 'hello hello'.*)

What's interesting is that this evolved into the new rule when using the “contact device”.

“Hello, Hello, this is for His Majesty Gazel. Could you please wait on the line for a moment?”

“Okay.”

One could sense that someone on the other side of the “contact device” was fumbling with his hands. The other party seemed to be trained to be in charge, but fell into a panic upon hearing my name.

If the head of the company we do business with called out of the blue, then perhaps even I would be alarmed. I should be more considerate of the other person.

“It's rude to ask Lord Rimuru to wait!”

Shion said this statement with an exasperated look. I think that was supposed to be the secretary's job, but what Shion said was to not touch the “contact device”.

The reason couldn't be simpler, it was because she didn't know how to use it.

It seems a little wrong to say she doesn't know how to use it. No matter how many times I taught her how to use it, it would cause more damage due to Shion's overpowering 'Numinous Power'.

After that, Shion used the “contact device” like a hot potato. She didn't even have the qualifications to complain.

“Personally, I don't think I need to rely on this kind of thing. I just need to meet directly through 'space transfer'. Why don't you bring King Gazel here?”

Diablo was also there to make his own outrageous remarks, which were not even negotiable. The other party also had his own schedule and should make an appointment with the other party first to not be rude.

This time it was me who sought out Gazel without an appointment, and it was me who was to blame. The other side just wanted me to wait for a reasonable moment, how can I get angry because of this?

“It's hard not to panic when Rimuru-sama is suddenly talking to them. I sympathize with the person in charge.”

Hearing Geld say that, I wished Shion and Diablo could emulate him.

Waiting less than three minutes, Gazel responded.

“I've kept you waiting. I was thinking that it was about time to contact you, too.”

Gazel's voice came from the microphone attached to the screen.

There was no image. I personally had the King of Wisdom, Master Raphael, to help manage and can pick the images that want to be shown. But Gazel doesn't seem to be used to it yet, so I guess the only way is to use the call function. It's a smart choice.

“That's great. I'm looking for you to make a final confirmation of the sharing of tasks in a joint fight.”

“Hmm. It's also important, but before that, let me tell you one thing. Our gate to the east of the city of Dwargon (Isthmus) has been blocked by the Imperial Army.”

It was just like Gadra said.

This was the legion led by Yuuki.

“I have captured the image. I'll pass it on to you.”

I aimed the Argos at the Empire's territory. In addition to the distance, there was also the magical obstruction caused by the "barrier", and those images were not very distinct. Even so it was possible to see a certain group blocking off the street that stretched out from East.

“Just like you said. When I heard that the enemy would rebel, I suspected that it was a trap, so it seemed more or less credible.”

“No, not necessarily. Gadra may have been disillusioned with the Empire, but we still couldn't trust the guy one hundred percent. And sometimes he can be taken advantage of without realizing it, so it's best not to take it lightly.”

“Well, that's a good one! Just because you can see that, that's a big deal.”

Gazel said and smiled happily.

It seems like he's testing me to see if I was taking things lightly, but really, he was still the same as usual, trying to play up his ‘senior brother’ status.

“That's right, Rimuru. We have sent emissaries to the Empire, but they seem to be talking him out of it. We in Dwargon, by law, use preemptive attacks as a last resort. As detrimental as that was, as long as it was still a day of dwarven pride, we would have to wait for the Empire to strike. And you don't have to go along with this. What are your plans?”

Gazel collected his smile and said this with a look of unsuspecting intent.

What would he do if he could tell what was going on behind his back?

I looked over to Benimaru. Immediately afterwards, Benimaru also smiled and looked back at me with those eyes.

Communicating without words, we already understood what the other meant.

I sighed and said, ‘Got it,’ then sat back down and faced the screen again. Looking at the empty image, I informed in a serious tone.

“The Imperial Army has invaded our territory without our consent. This must not sit idly by, and my country even intends to resort to military means and consider a strong response. That's why I wanted to check with our allies, your country, beforehand, to see if you'd like to follow suit.”

That's about all there is to say.

Benimaru looked satisfied.

Shion nodded her head.

Geld shivered with excitement, and Diablo was all gleeful, jotting down some notes in his hand.

I wasn't sure what was being recorded, or what he was going to do with those, but it was certainly not a big deal. I decided to dispose of those later, while waiting for Gazel to respond.

“Well, you're starting to look like a king. That's good. You've been trying to meet them there since the beginning, haven't you?”

“Of course. Considering the damage that would be done to the town, we could actually fight on the edge of our borders as well. In this way, however, the opponent may later claim that this is a legitimate defense against monster aggression. By being on our territory, it would prevent them from making such statements and would also create a sense of crisis in the West. Besides, the inhabitants have taken refuge without incident, and the enemy has penetrated so deeply into our country that we can be justified in going all out.”

“Hahahahaha! It's good to know how to use what you have, but you'll lose points for saying it.”

Gazel smiled and said those words.

'You're the one who started it, so why are you talking so hard?' I didn't realize his words had a followup.

“Having said that, a King does not like to beat about the bush. The military, in particular, is prone to trouble if misunderstandings arise. So I'll be clear with you. The work of negotiating with the Empire was left to the “Jura Tempest Federation.” After that, if you decide to go to war, we, the “Armed Powers of Dwargon”, will take part in the war as the Tempest allies. To avoid chaos in the chain of command during combat, we at Deva Heights will only be in charge of defense from beginning to end, no problem?”

Wow, the answer was clearer than I thought.

The Dwarven kingdom must remain absolutely neutral, so I imagine that if others are not encroaching on their territory, they will most likely not be able to do so casually. Benimaru and I had long thought that things might turn out this way, so I wasn't surprised and accepted the offer.

“Thank you. Having you say that makes me feel more confident.”

“Come now. You knew from the beginning that it was going to go in that direction. In short, it was the most feasible tactic, and with the Allies in crisis, it was enough in that name. If you have any problems, you don't have to come to me.”

Oops, really good and reliable.

“We're backed up by a thousand years of undefeated Deva Heights. If the defeat is not such that there is nowhere to run, then this alone will give us peace of mind to fight.”

“In that case, we will send the messenger according to the plan.”

“In order to defend the center and the east, our country must divide our army in two ways. It is also more appropriate for our position to be thoroughly defensive. By the way, you guys be more careful. Regarding the new type of weapon you call a "magic tank", its combat power is unknown. Looking at the Imperial Army equipment one would think that the era of using swords might be coming to an end. We are tantamount to putting a dangerous task on you, so forgive us.”

Gazel was probably worried about us and said this to me.

Indeed, that is hardly reassuring. As Gazel said, the performance of the Magic Tank is unknown.

So, while I don't think it's necessary, it's important to warn Gazel first.

“As far as I know, the world I used to live in also had weapons called tanks. It was to make the gunpowder explode, and by this force the shells were sent flying. The principle is simple, but the construction is complex. The power of the shell, the range, the accuracy of the hit, whatever it was, seemed to be impressive. As for the Magic Tank developed by the Empire, if its construction is similar to that of this type of military tank. It is likely to be impossible to deal with the current tactics.”

Gazel was right, the age of using the sword was probably coming to an end.

That is likely to lead to an even more gruesome battlefield.

What if the projectiles were fired not by gunpowder but by magic power?

I once had Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, run simulations against this part, and the results were terrible. Depending on the type of magic, it seems to be able to produce high-powered magic cannonballs, which are even better than the military tanks that had been the result of modern science.

And it was still a mass weapon...

“So the "defensive barrier" against magic will be useless?”

“That's what it's all about. It's not just the "defensive barrier", it's probably also the "magic barrier". Not only that, but we have envisioned those things to be incredibly powerful, so to merge the use of 'earth wall generation' or 'tectonic strengthening', it is best to form a double or triple defense through trenches or earth walls.”

“It's true. Is everyone thinking the same thing? In order to cope with the new era, we are also working on the development of "Magic Armor". While getting jumped on by others, complaining isn't the way to go here. So what are our chances?”

It's a hard question to answer.

So that's all I can say.

“Don't worry about winning, we have to win! That's all I can say.”

It wasn't just Gazel, this statement seemed to satisfy my partner as well.

“Heheheheheh! You're a reliable guy. I wish you a successful start.”

“Okay, I'll take care of it!”

Finally we finished this conversation and my call with Gazel ended.

In terms of final confirmation, that was a pretty good result.

“Shouldn't that be enough to make sure?”

“That's good enough. It means he has promised to let us go ahead and do it.”

After hearing Benimaru's response, I nodded.

The time had come.

Now, we don't have to wait for the Empire to come out. We're ready for it too, so let's make this war official.

We were on the side of justice.

Within my monster territory—deep within the great forest of Jura—the footsteps of the Imperial Army's invasion have set foot here. This was already a fact that could not be denied.

Next, we would be careful not to let the other party that we have seen through everything, and pretend that we are in a panic to formulate a countermeasure while dealing with them.

So now it's about who to send over.

Gobta and Gabil lacked a few things, and above all they were unfit to deal with people.

Especially Gabil...thinking back to the moment I first met him, it felt unfit to send him as a messenger.

And so, there was only one person left.

I decided to send Testarossa.

Well, if it was her, even if the Empire attacked indiscriminately, there was no need to worry that she would die.

Even though it was all staged, it was time to negotiate a deal with the other party.

It was also possible to preemptively say nothing, but a Demon Lord is also big on theatrics.

Thinking about this, in order to give the key order, I launched the ‘Communication Network,’

It was at the time when Rimuru spoke to Gazel through the “contact device”.

Gathered inside the gates of the Dwarven Kingdom were about fifteen thousand soldiers, the First Legion led by Gobta (about twelve thousand), and the Third Legion led by Gabil (about three thousand). Instead of going inside the cave, they camped in the plaza at the outer edge.

The inhabitants of the hotel town had all gone to shelter without incident and were currently watching the movements of the Empire.

The Empire had not yet sent emissaries to visit, nor had they induced surrender. However, those gathered at the scene were vaguely aware of the impending war between the two sides.

The Dwarven legions were also quick to prepare for the war.

The Dwarf Palace Knights had seven units, two of which were working units and magic support units, and the generals on the team were reinforcing themselves against the gates, as well as building temporary defensive walls.

That earthen wall was built with earthen magic, and with the addition of fire magic, it would gain more strength than brickwork in a blink of an eye. It is then further strengthened to create a defensive wall like a brass and iron wall.

These operations flew and went well, and when a triple defensive wall was constructed on the outside of the gate, the heavily armed strike force came out at this time.

The generals of the heavily-armed strike force had magical equipment all over their bodies, but were very different from their appearance, forming a whole formation with sharp movements.

Presumably things had taken a turn for the worse.

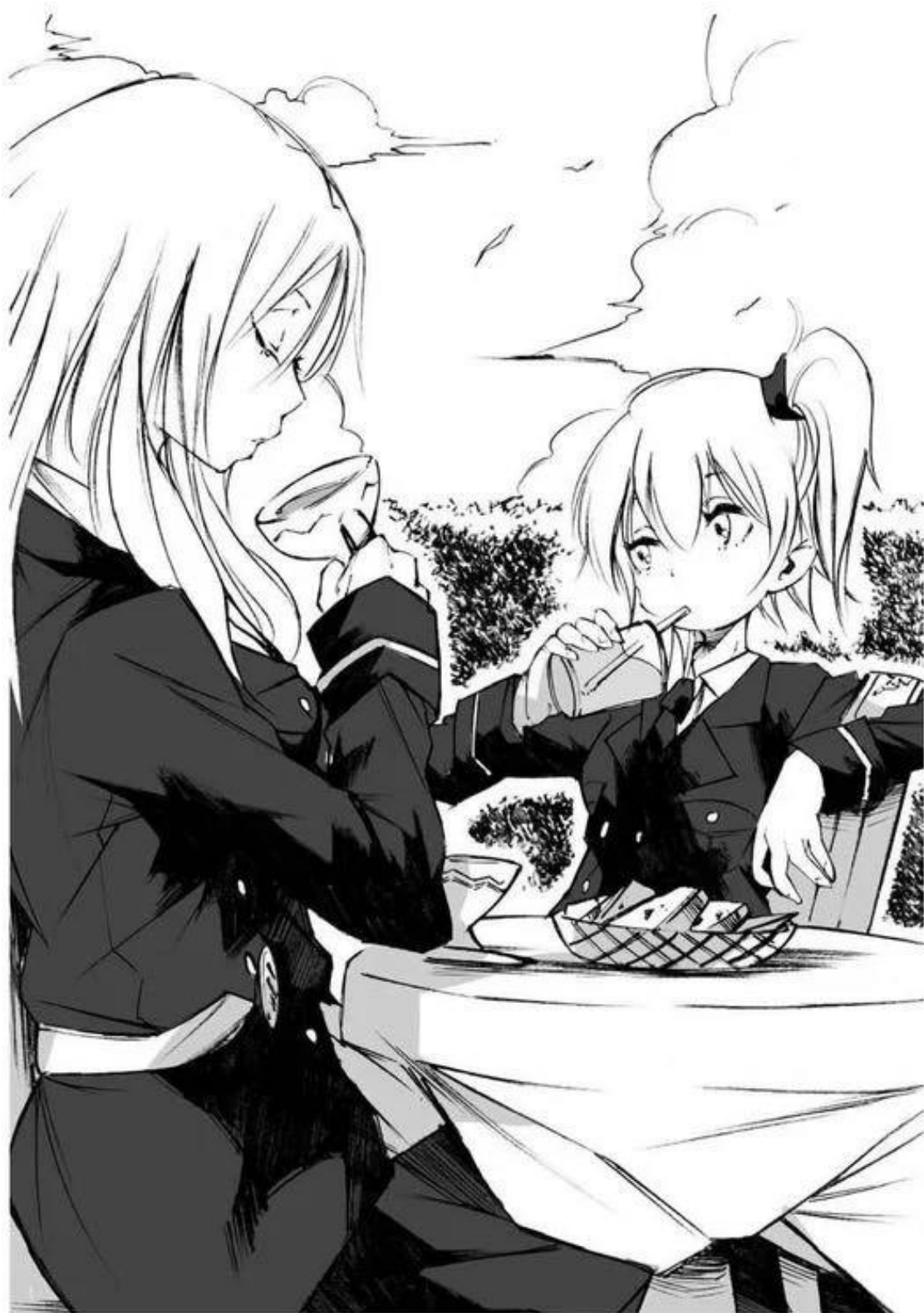
Yet Gobta and the rest didn't care.

Not bothering with the busy dwarves, the members of the First and Third Legions rested individually.

As for Gobta and Gabil, they were about to sit down nicely on the ground to eat.

A set of tables and chairs were somehow prepared next to it, even a luxurious parasol. Sitting in those pristine white chairs were none other than Testarossa and Ultima.

They were drinking tea.



The man who served them looked like a butler, and this man was Veyron. Externally, he looked to be an old man with a straight back and a very nice posture, standing up straight like a statue.

“This is so good! What lovely cuisine. I personally love it!”

“Mmm! I am also content. The taste is fantastic, the more you chew it, the more flavor it has, the better it is!”

That said, Gobta and the others were eating a meal prepared by Zonda, an attendant of Ultima. Taking the boned meat whole and grilling it, then seasoning it only with salt paste and herbs. It wasn't a meal, it was a dish that Zonda had made by going on a hunt and bringing back the prey.

“It’s a great blessing for us cooks to hear the two army chiefs say so. I'm particularly good at making palace cuisine, but not at cooking this kind of food for camping. Please forgive me if I'm rude.”

With a graceful bow when Zonda finished, he returned to Ultima's side to stand by.

The chef's outfit he wore was a two-piece style, a special cloth from Shuna. A silk weave from the Hell Moth is processed and then dyed with a mauve that is the same color as Zonda's hair.

The people here wear armor and military uniforms, so Zonda is particularly conspicuous.

Even Testarossa and Ultima wore specially made military uniforms. Testarossa wore trousers and Ultima wore a skirt, and although there was a difference, it was undoubtedly a military uniform. Zonda was, of course, particularly conspicuous.

Zonda's demeanor was so calm and introverted that it didn't match the battlefield, and even gave the impression that he was a gentleman, however, he was an indispensable figure. His instruction in cooking on the battlefield had grabbed everyone's stomach.

On top of that, he was an attendant of Ultima, which was one of the reasons Zonda was free to act.

Ultima herself had a free-spirited personality, and as a consultative subject of the Gabil's army chief, she uses that authority to the fullest. Such a dignified attitude did not take the bitterness spewed out by other magical creatures seriously at all.

In the Jura Tempest Federation, Ultima was already a celebrity. Few would dare to question her.

“This is not to my liking. There are also very few items, I wish there was more variety.”

“I agree. Either it is simply grilled or cooked into a fondue pot, which seems a bit lazy. It's been a long time since I've met Ms. Shuna and Mr. Yoshida. I hope you hone your craft more so that it will be more beneficial to me.”

Unlike the raving Gobta and Gabil, Testarossa and Ultima gave negative reviews.

“I apologize.”

Zonda immediately gave thanks. But Gabil said to Zonda.

“No, no, no, Mr. Zonda. I think Miss Ultima recognizes Mr. Zonda's handiwork, too! It's not really the taste that's the problem.”

Gabil suddenly uttered such a sentence and the eyes of all present became fixed on him.

Testarossa showed a look of interest.

His words were denied and Ultima was displeased.

Zonda was in a panic, afraid he would displease his master.

Veyron looked bland and did not reveal his emotions.

It was at this point that Gobta, who did not know how to read the atmosphere, asked a question.

“What does that mean?”

“Good question, Mr. Gobta! It's actually nothing. Even I was often scolded by my sister. She wants me to look at things more in a female mood.”

“So what exactly does that mean?”

Gobta gorged on the meat while asking questions.

“That's what it means, Mr. Gobta. If it's us, we can dine like this without looking at the others. But Miss Testarossa and Miss Ultima can't be like us, can they?”

Hearing this side, Zonda understood the meaning of Gabil's words and at the same time dawned on him.

Since they didn't need to eat at all when they hadn't acquired flesh before, something so basic had been overlooked by him, which made sense.

The discovery of so-called cuisine does not mean that taste is everything.

“Oh, it's not like Mr. Gabil to have such a great opinion!”

“Thank you, I've been working on it too. That being said, this is actually sold from Lord Rimuru's side...”

Speaking of this side, Gabil began to talk about what had happened not long ago when he went to consult with Rimuru...

“I also want to be as popular with women as Lord Rimuru...what should I do?”

“Asking me something like that? I'm also... no, nothing. Gabil, let me teach you a trick or two. If you want to be popular with women, you have to know how to compare your heart to her heart. In this way, I think the other person will naturally feel good about it.”

Gabil proudly said he once had such a conversation with Rimuru.

“Then I remembered what that Souka said. What Lord Rimuru was trying to say was, *‘Don't do things that would make the other person hate you’*—that’s when I realized that it turned out to be so basic!”

Listening to Gabil's headline, everyone felt a sense of admiration.

They thought to themselves, ‘You're worthy of the name Rimuru.’

If he had heard this conversation himself, he would have blanched, but fortunately, Rimuru was not there. So no one was going to stop Gabil from making a big deal out of it alone.

“I'm sorry, Lady Ultima, and Lady Testarossa. We'll definitely work harder next time and serve the dishes you expect.”

With a beautiful gesture of a bow, Zonda came in front of Ultima and Testarossa and next knelt down to say the words.

"Oh, what a good servant you have. By comparison, my servants are...”

“What are you talking about? As far as I'm concerned, Moss seems pretty handy too. And Cien, being able to hand over the job of agent means he's good at paperwork, right? The servants under me are better at physical labor, and I envy having servants who can take care of those chores.”

“That's true, perhaps you are right. It's futile to ask for something that you don't have.”

As if not seeing Zonda, who was kneeling on the ground, out of sight, Testarossa and Ultima continued to talk. That attitude looked cold in the eyes of Gobta and others, but in fact it was just the opposite.

They were the pinnacle of all demons, and it seems to them that it is rare for them to praise others, or even to care about them. Knowing this, Veyron and Zonda, who became the subject of the chat, were very nervous.

At the same time, realizing that the masters were giving recognition, the mood became so intense that even their souls seemed to be burning.

Yet there were still those who could not detect such an atmosphere.

That man was Gobta.

“It's always a problem for girls. That's what it means, simply to be able to cut it into bite sized pieces and serve it better when you serve it. And I understand what Mr. Gabil is saying, but seriously, that's a pain in the ass!”

“Mr. Gobta, even if you have that thought, you can't say it. This is the first step to becoming a gentleman. I learned this from Lord Rimuru's words.”

“Geez, I know that. But this is a battlefield. Eat when you can, and don't be too extravagant about it. That's the right attitude to have at a time like this, and that's what I thought when I was in charge by being the army chief!”

‘As long as there's something to eat, there's nothing to worry about’—or so Gobta thought. This was a battlefield, and when he heard such capricious words, he was tempted to say, ‘there's something wrong with that.’

As a result of accepting the assignment to become a military chief, Gobta also began to develop a sense of responsibility. In addition to that, he had another layer of thought, which was that he wanted to show his handsome appearance to the people present, and that was why he spoke the words just now.

Gobta was right on the money.

But in this world, it didn't help to reason with certain people. Perhaps Gobta should have thought more carefully about this.

“What fun Gobta boy! I'm starting to get excited.”

“Yes, indeed. Fortunately, he was the one responsible for corresponding with me.”

Testarossa and Ultima responded with a smile.

But there was no smile in their eyes at all.

‘Ah, this is bad’—everyone but Gobta thought so.

“First, wait a minute, Gobta-kun... Chief of the Gobta Army? Let's get this here first. I think several of the intelligence marshals should have understood...”

Someone rushed to intervene to stop it, and it was one of Gobta's adjutants, named Gobchi.

Gobchi knew that Gobta meant no harm, he was just being frank about his feelings, and it was because the two had known each other for a long time and knew that Gobta was not wrong in what he said.

But in this world, life on earth could not be about right and wrong. These correct statements didn't work for some people.

The hobgoblins knew how to read an atmosphere and knew that there were dangerous people who should not be provoked. It was not an unusual role for someone to be able to enjoy an afternoon tea on the battlefield.

Gobta-kun, it's not good to preach to such people!

That's the state of mind that Gobchi was currently in.

He had guessed correctly that Gobta was in a very dangerous position at the moment.

Testarossa and Ultima were not angry with Gobta at all, simply treating him as a fun toy.

But they were still demon primordials, and being treated as toys by them meant that...

The fate of Gobta was like a candle in the wind.

But just at this time, a miracle happened.

“Oh, Testarossa? Can you talk now?”

It was too late to tell, and Rimuru reached out to Testarossa through the ‘Communication Network.’

Thus Gobta was saved.

“No problem at all. So, Lord Rimuru, what can I do for you?”

Testarossa fell to her knees on the spot and responded.

Upon seeing this, the others around them realized that Rimuru had used the ‘Communication Network’ to contact Testarossa.

It didn't take long before everyone was on their knees.

Rimuru was completely oblivious.

“Ah, yes. Hold on a second.”

He said this leisurely, and then this time also contacted Gobta and Gabil using the “Communication Network”.

“Is there a connection?”

“Yes!”

“I'm okay with that too!”

Feeling a nod from Rimuru after hearing that. What Rimuru said afterwards startled Testarossa and others.

“I have just discussed this with King Gazel. To take on the Empire, the vanguard goes to us, Tempest, but until then, we have to deal with the Empire first.”

In fact, he was tempted to attack first, but still expected to go and talk the other side down once before that.

Next Rimuru began to state what he had said to Gazel about the good things. Testarossa and neither of them interjected and listened through the instructions.

And after that...

“Then, Lord Rimuru. Can I take care of this negotiation?”

The discerning Testarossa asked so rhetorically.

It sounded like an acknowledgement to someone, but it was actually already a matter of decision in her mind. The question is how to strike a balance with what the other person meant.

“Yes, that's it. You should also continue to serve as a diplomatic officer on this side, giving you full authority to represent me. You may consult me at any time—granting you permission to contact me

through the 'communication network' and maintaining your equal status with the army commander, in the hopes that you will work together with Gobta and Gabil to make things work.”

“I'll do as you say.”

At the moment she, like Ultima, had been sent as an ombudsman, but Testarossa was on the other hand the chief of the Western army. That legion didn't have a chance to appear this time, but its power was the largest in the Monster Kingdom.

On the same level as Gobta and Gabil, she was the right man to send as an emissary to the Empire.

“Uh, good. By the way, it should be dangerous to travel to the Empire as an emissary, is that okay?”

In this way, Rimuru asked in a worried tone, and the subject, Testarossa, seemed to happily oblige.

“There is no problem. I will definitely show those who don't know the height of the empire how powerful Lord Rimuru is.”

“That is...Hopefully a war can be avoided if it can, but I don't think that should be possible. So after that...”

“—Think of the Empire as an enemy, and just wipe them out.”

“Hey! No, well, that's right...”

“Just leave it to your servant. If those people are foolish enough to ignore Lord Rimuru's merciful ultimatum, it is not worth letting them live in this world at all. I will destroy them all.”

Testarossa was full of killing intent.

Gabil, who felt this, was scared to death and thought to himself, ‘I'm a little afraid to compliment such a terrible girl.’ Conversely, Gobta was as dumb as ever.

“Lord Rimuru, please be assured. Testarossa had a lot of energy and said some very imposing things the first time she went to war. I'll be right beside her. Don't worry.”

In this way, the Gobta, who did not know how to read the situation, spoke towards Rimuru.

“Hey, you???”

“Of course it's me. I am at least a military chief, and I should take responsibility for my position. It is also my duty to guard the tender women.”

Facing the astonished Rimuru, Gobta finished and straightened his chest.

Even Testarossa smiled darkly when she heard it.

This kid...he's stupid, but I don't hate it.

To be able to misunderstand herself so much, even Testarossa was surprised.

While Testarossa clearly did not intend to hide her cruel nature, Gobta was completely unaware of it, making her feel that the man had quite a lot of nerves.

“I-I know. Then I'll send Ranga over as well, and you'll go over with Ranga as Testarossa's escort. If the Empire responds to our demands, so be it. If you don't respond, there will be a war on the spot. You must be careful not to die!”

“Leave it to us. I'm the best at running away!”

“Is that so? Then I'll leave it to you!”

After saying this, Rimuru cut off the “communication network”.

Just like that, the monster army decided to strike.

Everyone was quiet, watching the situation...

“It's finally our turn! Everyone, get your stuff together, we're going on a march!”

The sound of Gobta's loud voice rang out from the scene.

Immediately afterwards, the army of monsters moved out simultaneously.

Well—although it's a little different than I thought—that's how I felt after they communicated the order to Testarossa.

To pretend that we're in a panic—the atmosphere just made it impossible to say that.

No, and rightly so, when you think about it. It's not natural at all to pretend to be panicked in order to show everyone how good the Demon Lord is. I think that's the right way to respond.

That being said, Testarossa is so reliable.

She seems to be able to show the Empire my majesty in a highbrow way.

Did Testarossa mean what she just said about wiping out the Imperial Army?

No, how is that possible...but, Testarossa is just like Diablo. Which means she's definitely a problem child, most likely serious?

It seemed so horrible that it was better to stop her...well, something had come up. This is a war, and it's not too late to wait until we've won the war before coming to observe a moment of silence for our enemies.

There were also unexpected takeaways.

That is, Gobta has grown.

Probably thanks to the responsibility I let him take on, he carried out his duties with great care.

He's become very responsible.

Now that Gobta has grown, I'm also going to be a little easier. Hopefully he'll be able to work at this pace, but on the one hand he's afraid he'll step on a big landmine at any moment.

I've been watching from the sidelines because it's funny, but it's better to bottom out with Gobta too, while Testarossa isn't really angry yet.

With that in my head, I opened my mouth.

"Is Ranga here?"

"Yes!"

Ranga burrowed out of my shadow.

The tail wagging around is so cute. So much so that I wanted to lie down and snooze in that ball of hair, but I tried hard to hold back.

"Ranga, you stay with Gobta and protect him if anything happens."

Ranga's tail came to a sudden halt.

After a brief silence, he replied in a tone of great disappointment.

"...Yes, master. So what's the best time to leave?"

It always felt like this reaction was like a little kid who didn't want to get past it.

For a moment just now he seemed to notice what I was thinking, but my orders would not change.

Since the fighting power of the Empire was unknown, it was disturbing to rely on Gobta alone.

"Please go right now."

"Then I'll be on my way..."

A droopy-headed Ranga was about to leave.

You want to part with me that much...?

"Please. It's true that Gobta has become more reliable, but it's reassuring if you're with him!"

Although feeling a little sorry for him, this time please cheer him up. Thinking that way I said that to Ranga.

And then, right then and there...

"Put it on me, master!"

So responsive was Ranga, full of energy and glowing all over.

The lack of domineering footsteps became heroic because of my words. In addition to this, Ranga will also use Space Shift. He should catch up before Gobta and the others set off.

It's a relief for the time being.

"First of all, regarding the deal with the Empire, Most of them will break up. At that point we will declare war and expect it to start immediately. What should we do to get everyone in formation then..."

There is no doubt that there will be a war with the other side, according to the words and reactions of Testarossa. Honestly, I'd like to avoid fighting the other side, but that's just not possible. Since they have sent their troops so far into our country, I don't think they will come back empty-handed.

At least once against them, to show them the power of our country.

But the other side's fighting ability is unknown - they're a magic tank unit. We are also very likely to suffer significant harm if we accidentally adopt the wrong strategy. Operational plans must be decided carefully.

It's certainly a time to bring out Benimaru.

"If Testarossa decides to go to war after dealing with the other side, the city will be immediately isolated inside the labyrinth."

"In that case, I think it would be better if you called on Ramiris first."

"Right. Things have come to this point where we are about to go to war and she shouldn't be bored."

It always feels wrong to think of war as a form of entertainment. In places like this, monsters think very differently than humans.

"And after that?"

At this stage, we will be defending the best defense facility in the Maze, as planned. That's on our turf, and I'm sure I can take the reins.

The problem is with the green legion.

"As a matter of common sense, the battle is too great. But also the ability to treat the enemy as a giant object and the thing called a magic tank as a magic creature. That would be to our advantage."

As for the accompanying supply force, it was nothing to write home about—Benimaru's confident attitude had shown that.

I do think it should not be, however Benimaru's words are also very telling. Anyway, I decided to hear what the follow-up said first.

"However, if troops are deployed on a large scale, they may become the victims of the magic tank artillery. Already trying to calculate the power of the magic tank cannon based on the images known to Lord Rimuru, the Green Legion should not be able to hold out. Therefore, the first one to be sent to confront the Imperial Army could only choose the Wolf Rider Troops."

Huh? Wouldn't that be too much of a strain?

"Should I challenge myself on a hundred horses?"

"Yeah. I was going to arrange it this way at first and see what happens. If the enemy's magic tanks are as I expected, all our forces will be able to overcome them, and if they exceed expectations, then the battle plan must be redrawn. So that being said, whatever the outcome, it's important to hit it off with the other side first. It's not fun to add victims in this situation."

With that, Benimaru blandly explained.

The implication of this is that he intends to take Gobta and test them. I'm afraid that one careless mistake will turn all the wolf-rider troops under Gobta into dead soldiers.

But Benimaru was unfazed.

He thought it was the most efficient thing to do and made a cold judgment.

"Worst case scenario, what will happen to them, and Gobta?"

"I have already told them that they should judge for themselves and run away with the 'shadow movement'."

So that's it.....is that the basis for keeping the Green Legion in place?

Benimaru predicted the performance of the magic tank, that is from my memory, with knowledge as the basis. But all this knowledge comes from television and doesn't feel very accurate.

Having said that...

I have the formidable companion of the King of Wisdom, Master Raphael, and although those memories are ambiguous, I think the Master should be able to calculate the specifications very correctly.

Other than that as seen so far, the shape of the Empire's magic tank has been learned.

Also mastered were the caliber and full length of the magic tank gun, as well as the machine gun that looked like a secondary weapon. These are all based on the knowledge of "otherworldly visitors", and the way they are used is similar to that kind of magic tank. While the power and performance are unknown, I think it's all the same in terms of the few points that should be alerted.

Benimaru's predictions and Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, had turned out to be only slightly wrong, and this part of the battle plan was sure to go according to Benimaru's view.

At least it would be more appropriate than what I, a layman, had in mind.

Benimaru's plan is as follows.

First, while the war was going on, the hundred cavalry would come together to launch a surprise attack. Use the high speed maneuver feature, irregular action does not give the magic tank gun a chance to aim. So that they don't suffer straight blows.

Since it was a minority unit, it could respond to any situation it faced. If you're lucky, you'll also be able to fight and run to catch the enemy.

Listening to the instructions made me realize that it made a lot of sense, too.

If you're afraid, you lose—that's what Benimaru seemed to say to the green legion.

Of course, no one knows what will happen on the battlefield.

It is also possible that the enemy may not play his cards right and may miss the point. Although it is possible to guard against a direct hit without losing one's life, such a thing can not be determined until the moment of the final showdown.

So I want all of them to abide completely by one thing, and that is to withdraw immediately if anything happens.

"However, escape is a last resort. Let the majesty of Lord Rimuru be stained—I must not let that happen."

Compared to the Empire, the Benimaru was even scarier.

"Don't force them."

"It's impossible. It is the proper etiquette that one must exert in oneself in order to achieve victory."

Only to see Benimaru respond in such a way, showing a bright smile.

He didn't have the slightest confusion on his face and felt handsome, but I was in a complicated mood. On the one hand, I can understand the meaning of Benimaru's words, but on the other hand, I feel like I'm saying, 'There's no reason to sacrifice some people for this.'

Actually, my prestige really doesn't matter at all. If you have the talent to protect the majesty of your country, but you have to sacrifice to protect that majesty, isn't that putting the cart before the horse?

Whichever partner it is, I don't want them to get hurt...

Just be prepared for the worst and be ready to "teleport" the Third Legion at any time and let them be reinforcements.

If it was me going into battle myself, there would have been no such fear—I began to feel uneasy in my heart.

Lt. General Geist, the head of the Mecha Legion and the beloved Lieutenant General of Calgurio, is in charge of the Magic Tank Division on this expedition.

He was a muscular man of about thirty-five years of age.

He stood proudly at the head of a state-of-the-art instructional vehicle configured in the rear, enjoying the atmosphere on the battlefield. The situation in the large forest around them was unchanged, and no

one stood in their way. Geist, who was already used to this situation, began to think that this war was probably going to make him famous again.

The invincible kingdom of the Dwarves for a thousand years—the armed kingdom of Dwargon is ruled by the heroic King Gazel, and will be brought down by my own hand. You can't find anything more painful than that in the sky!

Geist will be applauded by the nations this time.

A new hero will be born, and he will go down in history. Just going and dreaming about it makes Geist's heart ache.

The man who defeated the heroic king Gazel—the title will be his. This will happen in the near future and is bound to come. After all, the Magic Guided Tank Division led by Lieutenant General Geist had the corresponding combat power that made him so sure.

Two thousand Magic Guided Tanks were neatly arranged.

There was a plain at the foot of the mountain, and there were twenty magic tanks in the horizontal and vertical lines.

Such a magnificent sight pleased Geist greatly. Yet this is just like the opponent's strategy.

Each magic tank measures about ten meters in length and three and a half meters in width, and if there are two thousand magic tanks stretched out, you have to choose a place to display them all. Geist laid out his troops in accordance with the findings of the prior investigation, which turned out to be exactly where they expected it to be on Rimuru.

Such a thing Geist hadn't even thought about, but the man was an excellent soldier. Fit to serve as a Lieutenant General, with excellent personal fighting ability.

Geist thought to himself that he wasn't going to lose to the Close Knights.

The reason I didn't make the cut was simply because I didn't get a chance to compete in the ranking battle. Since I've been assigned to this division, it means I'm on a military operation at all times.

Such and such, he thought unpleasantly.

Of course it will be a very high post. In the empire, it is a choice between one of ten thousand, or the upper class, whose status is equal to that of a high class nobleman.

It would not be too much to say he was a distant existence in the eyes of the common man, but that did not satisfy Geist.

One day he was going to replace Calgurio and make himself the army chief. And to be a hero afterwards, Geist has big ambitions.

What he wanted was not money, but fame. So he didn't want to go through the maze, but to fight with the heroic King Gazel.

And Geist is strong enough to embrace such ambitions.

He has a unique technique called "Player", which is the ability to control the sound and analyze the situation by listening to a variety of sounds.

He is also able to use special fluctuations to launch specific instructions, so that even in the midst of chaos, he can command his own army.

This is the force best suited to command the legions, but it's not the only thing worth mentioning.

The unique skill of the "player" also conceals a vicious attack.

It is possible to manipulate the sound waves to irradiate the subject—using the sonic cannon for cellular destruction—and Geist is capable of such brutal tricks at will.

Even within the Empire, Geist was certainly among the masters of the awesome.

Ha! I'll admit that the near guards were strong. But that was because they had the legendary-grade equipment given by His Majesty the Emperor's imperial court! Obviously I'm the only one who deserves those things...

With the legendary equipment, he can also earn the highest honor of "single digits"—the confidence of a Gestalt.

Despite thinking about this all the time, Geist didn't take the combat operation lightly.

Huh? The smell of the forest has changed...?

The surrounding voices suddenly broke off. Finding this out, Geist ordered to the whole army.

"Interrupt camping preparations and go on alert immediately!"

After giving the order, Geist focused even more, turning his attention to the patch of forest to his left.

The sounds of birds and animals are gone, and there are no bug calls.

There was always a sense of tension.

And not only that—there was the sound of tiny footsteps. On top of that there was the sound of leaves scraping closer and closer.

The distance is long, but it's fast.

Is the other side planning to attack by surprise? It's not a bad move, but it's a shame your opponent isn't that easy.

Geist secretly snickered.

Analyzing the sounds heard, the number of people approaching here was about a hundred. I heard that the Demon Lord's army was gathering in the inn town from which they had marched.

This proves that Geist's plan is going well. The demon lord's army had been stationed in the inn town, and they missed the main body of the Imperial Army.

As the army of up to seven hundred thousand approached, one wondered how panicked those monsters would be. Imagining the situation made Geist laugh wickedly.

The sound was approaching a distance of ten kilometers.

We're about to enter the effective range of the "Magic Guided Cannon". Its maximum range is up to thirty kilometers, but at this distance, the hit accuracy is not very good. The mere fact that it can attack that far is actually an effective range of about three kilometers. That said, you don't have to worry about the accuracy of your hits as long as you use special shells that explode.

The enemy was few in number and had gathered in a small area, approaching here. As long as they don't come into the open, they think it's okay to take trees as shields...

Too naive. Let's give them a greeting.

The special shells are still in the trial stage and can only be prepared for two rounds, but the blast range is tens of meters. Explosive power is not explosive magic that can be compared to it. There would be tens of thousands of degrees of heat and storms that would deform even the entire topographic landscape.

Only the command vehicles in which Geist travels are equipped with this special product, but Geist does not shy away from it.

He didn't hesitate to fill the cannon and keep the muzzle pointed at the forest.

Instructions were then given to the battle group.

This is just in case, if the enemy is still alive, they will meet it immediately.

"Left squad, turn counterclockwise!"

The soldiers were originally preparing tents for camping, however they were about thirty kilometers from the Dwarven Kingdom and were on guard at all times.

As soon as they heard Geist's order, they got to work unhurriedly packing up their things and putting them into the wagon being towed by the magic tank. It wasn't long before everyone had finished preparing for battle.

In time to catch Geist's order, the left column—up to five hundred vehicles—all floated into the air and headed for the forest.

And just like that, Geist they were ready to go.

As if always waiting for this moment.

A magical creature appeared in the depths of the dense forest.

With two horns on their heads, they are monstrous creatures with the appearance of wolves.

That huge body made people stare blankly. At five meters tall, even with a magic tank, it was no less impressive.

I remember in the report given by the intelligence agency there was a mention of this magical creature called "Ranga". Seems to be teased as the demon lord's pet, but his strength is equivalent to A+...

That's a lot to take in.

"There's only one? What exactly is the plan...no, it turns out."

Geist wondered what their purpose was.

Since it came alone, it was not to fight. The purpose is to warn us, I'm afraid. That's right, in order to protect their position as monster lords, they cannot lose to their enemies in their aura. Heh heh, that's stupid.

You are going to send a master like Ranga to oppress your enemies and suppress your opponent's fighting spirit—that's how Geist interpreted it.

"It seems that Demon Lord Rimuru's pride is high. Do you want to preserve the prestige of the Demon Lord even if you give up the advantage of a sneak attack?"

Speaking of which, Geist laughed aloud.

The other generals laughed along with it, and the soldiers thus ceased to be nervous and only remained appropriately nervous.

Ranga came nearby.

He's got a leisurely pace and doesn't look like he's going to fight.

It looked like Geist was right in guessing that the other side was aiming to deal with them.

Coming to a place a stone's throw away from Geist and the others, about ten meters away, Ranga finally stopped in his tracks.

A woman sat sideways with her body on his back and then jumped gracefully.

Not a sound, not a whisper.

Then walked unthinkingly ahead of Geist and the others.

Seeing that beauty unlike all human women, a chill ran down Geist's back, like being held against an ice knife.

How could...? This woman's voice is not quite right...

It's a heartbeat sound, but the melody is eerie.

There was also the sound of blood flowing. Yet compared to the human voice, it sounded quieter and faster.

No, it's too fast.

If the blood flowed at this rate, the human body could not bear it at all...

Ranga was long gone from Geist's eyes.

He kept looking at the woman.

Pure white long hair flowed down beautifully, adding to that beauty.

But the other part was wearing serious military uniforms that didn't match that beauty. The lower half of the body was worn like riding pants, with a rounded, slow swelling curve in the thigh area.

There was another man riding on Ranga's back, and Geist didn't bother to notice him. That was because the woman exuded enough eerie scent to make Geist put all his attention on it.

What is she...? The intelligence agency gave the information without this figure. This woman is more dangerous than Ranga who is a main subordinate, right?

Geist really wants to rebuke the intelligence services.

But the person who wanted to complain to him wasn't there.

At the moment, the appearance of the Demon Lord's close attendant was more important than that.

In order to hide the fact that his aura had been overpowered, he spoke to the woman in a tone full of majesty.

"You are a messenger from the Demon Lord Rimuru, are you not? The timing of the contact was sooner than expected, but the Demon Lord's minions were pretty good. So, what's the matter with coming here?" Seeing Geist ask such a question, the woman responded with a voluptuous smile.

"Greetings everyone, my 'name' is Testarossa. This land is governed by the Great Demon Lord Rimuru, of whom I am a confidant. So, as to what you're here for today..." When that was said, the smile on the woman's lips, Testarossa, deepened.

It was a very wicked smile.

"If you leave like this, I'll leave you alone. But I am not at liberty to continue the invasion. I have come this time to deliver these words from our lord."

Those eyes, redder than blood, glittered, and Testarossa declared so.

Geist held his breath for it.

What the hell was that? Even if she meant it, Testarossa's movements were quick.

She just waved her hand and things happened in a flash.

A wall of flame appeared one meter in front of the frontmost battle group.

The wall of flames disappeared in a flash, and the molten scorch marks on the ground became crystalline, drawing a straight line.

"I think I've made it very clear. Once you cross that line, you are dead. Don't come in without being fairly aware. Well, take care, everyone."

After bowing extremely gracefully, Testarossa said so. The next thing you know, you look like you've lost interest, and you turn your head and leave without looking back.

Testarossa walked away.

This means that the bargaining is over.

Ranga also looked like he took it for granted, tail wagging from side to side.

It was just the short figure sitting on his back who kept looking over at Geist their side, but none of that mattered to Geist at all.

I can't believe you don't think of me! What do you think I am!? And in the face of such a large army, it would be too arrogant to bluff like that!

Geist was furious. It's as if his beliefs so far have been smashed to pieces and lost their cool in a flash.

Unilaterally saying what they want to say on their own is not at all going to listen to what the likes of Geist have to say. This was supposed to be the attitude the Empire took towards its enemies.

How dare you...

The messenger's attitude had set Geist on fire, and the fear that had just been embraced in his heart disappeared.

Geist thus made an error of judgment.

It's five meters from Testarossa. It's right in the middle ground between Ranga and Geist and the rest.

How can you just go back unscathed?

He had made up his mind.

It was not at all important to the empire to treat the messenger with the courtesy that was due.

If only the other side would surrender, otherwise they would be completely ravaged.

By analogy, Testarossa's attitude was an insult to the Empire, and Geist considered it enough to justify war.

"Can you hear me?"

"Yes! Communications are good."

"Shoot that arrogant woman through her head. Afterwards the reverse direction was reversed, allowing twenty magic tanks to come to the front and fire their shells together. Let the monsters that lurk in the forest see the power of our empire...!"

Geist ordered quietly through his "player".

Snipers dedicated to the command vehicle took the lead in responding. They immediately raised their sniper rifles to lock on to Testarossa.

Then the silent bullets were fired through the "magic gun", which was specially designed for long range.

The Magic Gun was originally a small magical weapon, but its long-range counterpart has an improved range of up to two kilometers. It's not even 10 meters away, so I'm sure I can hit it and kill someone.

The bullet is wrapped in the elemental magic "Great Flaming Sphere", but what happens to those if they are launched inside?

It doesn't take much thinking to know that the subject matter will burn out from the inside out and eventually explode and burn up.

Even for magical creatures that are highly resistant to magic, the inside of the body is usually defenseless. There was no way to escape the vicious supersonic shells, and Testarossa was going to die — Geist was convinced of it.

The moment the bullet is fired and passes over the border.

Testarossa turned her head.

That face was very wicked and very beautiful.

Next, Geist widened his eyes in surprise.

The vicious bullet, which was supposed to run through Testarossa, was blocked by her slender index finger.

This magic-bearing bullet has come to three times the speed of sound at its initial velocity.

The magic contained in it was gently grabbed and thrown away before it was time to be liberated.

It was like treating it as a boring toy in general...

"That's your answer, isn't it? Very good. This answer is great. Then let's go head-to-head."

Leaving this to go and rendezvous with Ranga, Testarossa never looked back.

Immediately afterwards, she left the scene as if nothing had just happened.

Geist almost went into a panic mode, but he pressed on by sheer force of will. Fear and humiliation are put on the scale to be measured, and in the end it is humiliation that wins the day.

The average soldier has no idea what just happened. Only Geist himself and the sniper had noticed what had just happened.

In that case, we will proceed directly according to the plan and sweep with the strongest weapons and magic tank guns. In this way, we can also preserve our dignity as a soldier of the Empire.

"Lieutenant General Geist, what should we do, what should we do?"

"Don't panic! Don't let that illusion fool you! We are the glorious Imperial Army. To win the victory for His Majesty the Emperor! Let's go ahead with the plan and start firing the shells...!"

In conjunction with Geist's loud orders, the battle group listed on the left simultaneously moved in.

They didn't take the warning seriously at all.

In order to keep a proper distance from the vehicles in front, the magic tank units began to advance as they crossed the state line.

The war had begun.

It started more easily than one might think.

Testarossa drew the final warning line that the Imperial Army did not hesitate to cross.

It was at this moment that the Eastern Empire began to enter a state of war with us.

"Looks like it's already started."

"Yeah. It all starts now."

The look was high and mighty.

Sitting up on the slightly raised chair on her toes, Ramiris conversed with Veldora.

I let out a sigh.

It's not like we're playing a game, it's war as if it were.

I wish their nerves would tighten a bit and correspond with a more serious attitude.

"Don't worry about those first. Let's get the town to take refuge."

"I know! It's all on me, Master Ramiris!"

"Listen to me, please," responded Ramiris, refreshed.

The next second, the capital 'Rimuru' had silently isolated itself to the interior of the maze.

It was all for the sake of acting so as not to be discovered by the enemy, which is why we delayed the town quarantine and implemented it at the nick of time. But we don't need any more acting.

When they disregarded Testarossa's advice, we used it ungraciously.

"By the way, Treyni has something she wants me to pass on."

After isolating the town in three or two strokes, suddenly, Ramiris remembered the incident and said so out of her mouth.

"Hmm?"

"It seems to mean that she sensed the presence of a suspicious person and went to say hello."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"I don't know. I'm not sure."

I would ask her to count me stupid.

It would be useless to ask for a detailed report from Ramiris.

That being said, I'm not in a position to complain when she's not under my command. And with her involvement in our country's wars, the mere willingness to help us is appreciated.

Besides, the other one was Miss Treyni... Well, come to think of it, that person wasn't careful enough at some point.

"Souei, is there any way to deal with the intruder?"

I was a little worried, so I confirmed it with Souei.

"That part's okay. The next thing you need to do is to run according to the plan, and to guard the gate on the ground."

It looks like I'm overthinking it, which is a relief for now.

There seemed to be a few spies invading, but the "blue dark congregation" below Souei would take care of that. There should be no need to worry too much.

Again, about the individual floors.

The ninety-first floor to ninety-five floors all move to ninety-six to one hundred.

The towns on the ground have all moved to the lowest level of the maze—the temporary one hundred and first floor.

If you want to get to this side, you'd have to beat Veldora. By common sense, we would have been defeated by that point.

As for the critical final defense, we intend to put it on the 95th level. The ninety-one to ninety-four floors were all dragon rooms, and after breaking through these levels you would come to the large room where Veldora sat.

There's also the "control room" in the back where we're staying. If Veldora is defeated, we will buy time there.

Take this time to get the town back on the ground and let Geld's troops step up to the defense and help the residents escape. Seriously it's reluctant, so hopefully this time the floor guardians can cheer.

At least the interior of the maze was defensively sound.

It should be said that even if one wanted to fight to the 95th floor, it would be impossible for an ordinary army.

Because of the battle against people, service inside the maze is naturally suspended altogether. Of course, no "resurrection bracelets" will be given out, and you can't stay in a hotel to go to the bathroom, etc.

In such cases, things like food must be prepared by the adventurers themselves. The water feeds that occur every five floors are also expected to be closed, making them relatively more difficult.

If you want to seriously tackle the maze, let alone for days, I think it could be months. It's not that more people are better; more people are more likely to get in the way.

According to the information given by them in Gadra, Imperial soldiers seem to have been modified. Even if you can move around without eating or drinking for a week, it shouldn't be easy to get around the maze.

We ran simulations with several knights from Western countries and found that it was impossible to successfully navigate the maze. Even if the Imperial Army was better than them, they still couldn't break through easily.

It's probably just me being paranoid. It's better not to be too worried.

It is also possible for them to skim the maze directly, so we can only match the moves of the enemy.

That's pretty much it, our side is ready.

We have also informed the surrounding countries of the Empire's actions, and presumably they are now praying for a victory for our country. In order to cope with the worst case scenario, the West is equipped with military units that are ready to stand by, and afterwards they are expected to adapt to the situation at hand.

That's what happened, and I pulled my attention back to the battlefield.

Testarossa went to rendezvous with Gobta and retreated on Ranga.

As if in pursuit of her, the Imperial magic tank force was laying out.

The magic tank guns kept moving and looked like they would soon be firing in force.

"Will it be all right?"

"It should be dangerous to get hit, but I don't think it will be a problem,"

This arrogant response comes from Benimaru.

Next, he directly instructed the First and Third Corps using his unique skill, "Generalissimo".

Tempest's side was about to swarm into action.

The Green Legion began to advance cautiously toward the enemy's rear. They looked like they were about to enter the forest, using those trees as shields, careful not to be seen by their enemies. Launch a surprise attack when there's a chance of winning, retreat first if the opponent is having a hard time dealing with it, they're not going to make much of a move until they see that.

As for the guerrilla flying regiment led by Gabil, one hundred "flying dragon congregations" and three hundred flying dragon troops selected from the Blue Regiment flew into the air. They were going to attack the slow moving magic tanks from the air. That's a good judgement, but the enemy is also warlike in the air. Once they're out in force, the showdown will be played for real by then.

Then look at the green legion and others who are closest to the enemy army.

It is unclear how powerful the magic tank guns are, and getting into enemy range is an act of suicide. There is still some distance for the two forces to engage, but the effective range of the other is not clear and vigilance must be maintained.

Other than that, I don't think the other side has seen the Wolf Rider troops yet, but they seem intent on firing their magic tank guns.

Maybe there's a new type of weapon that Gadra doesn't know about.

<<WARNING. Calculations have been made according to the direction and angle of the magic tank guns, and they have correctly aimed, and seem to have correctly grasped the position of the wolf-rider troops hidden behind the trees.>>

Huh?

That wouldn't be so bad.

"Benimaru, the enemy seems to have somehow mastered Gobta's position!"

"Understood. It was with this possibility in mind that only the green legion were given the role of vanguard force."

I was the only one who felt anxious, and Benimaru was still as old as ever. It looked like this was in his expectation.

I decided to trust Benimaru first this time and watch the situation from the sidelines.

There are 2,000 units in total. Five hundred of them had already turned around and were on alert towards Gobta on their side.

As for the top twenty, the one that is currently firing its main gun.

The difference between the original world's magic tanks and the this world's magic tanks is that the guns on this side are shorter, right?

Even if they came by the foothills, some places should be overgrown with grass. Even then it is not a problem because the gun is relatively short and does not pose a hindrance when rotated.

It's just that it's possible to cut down trees with brute force.

That said, rotating up is more conducive to taking dense formations. The guns of each other do not pose an obstacle and are able to rotate quickly.

While it's not certain that such a gun length would ensure hit accuracy and range, these are not things we should worry about. It's because the other party has overcome this problem that it's used in practice.

Next, let's talk about Gobta and the others

Gobta has rejoined the troops. There wasn't much blood on his face, so presumably he didn't see the magic tank troops in fear.

I guess it was discovering the true nature of Testarossa that made me realize I was in a very dangerous position.

And this Testarossa was sitting sideways on Ranga's back, elegantly combing her hair. Now that the bargaining is over, she seems to think she has done her duty.

Indeed, it was a credit to her that she came home unscathed. It would actually be possible to give her a break, but the current situation would not allow it.

Just thinking about that, the magic tank guns have fired.

Twenty-one shells came flying.

It was hard to tell by the "Argos" alone, but the one that came out of the command vehicle looked different from the other shells.

What the hell is that...?

"Gobta, use the Shadow movement."

"All are in the shadow!"

Putting my doubts aside, Benimaru quickly ordered.

Gobta responded to this.

Without a moment's pause, the Wolf Rider troops disappeared from the scene by "shadow movement". Immediately afterwards, a rain of shells poured down on the spot.

Twenty-one rounds of rainstorm with destructive force.

The mere imagination is horrible as hell.

<<Answer. The calibre of the magic tank gun was 120 mm and the mass of the shell was presumed to be 21 kg. Based on the distance to the point of impact and the time of arrival, the velocity should be a little over six times the speed of sound. The kinetic energy is equal to the mass of the artillery shell multiplied by two squares of the flight speed. Based on the conversion of these conditions, muzzle strength and penetration capacity can be calculated. The deceleration is inversely proportional to the cross-sectional load and simulates the surrounding environment, with air resistance, and these values are multiplied by the magic coefficient of the artillery shell, which translates to trinitrotoluene explosives approximately...>>

You seem to be having a good time, sorry to bother you...

I don't know how powerful trinitrotoluene explosives are, even if you convert them, I don't understand them.

<<...Understood. That's a little more specific. If hit head-on, even the gates of the Dwarven Kingdom would shatter. Even an A-rated dragon can't take it. In addition, anyone within five meters of the impact site will suffer significant damage, and anyone below level C may not survive.>>

That's right. If you'd said that in the first place.....hey, hey, hey, hey!

That's not two words for horrible anymore.

And there's a mystery shell mixed in, so I'm worried about Gobta's safety.

But after all, my worries were unwarranted.

The shells blew the ground apart as soon as they hit. And it blew up twenty rounds in a row, and the terrain all changed with it.

The last shot hit the target, and the place where Gobta had just stayed was immediately surrounded by karma fire. The wind pressure from the explosion blew wildly, and small-scale storms blew the perimeter to pieces. The damage reached tens of meters, and one can imagine how powerful it was.

That's the effect of that mystery shell, right? Such a dangerous shell was even enough to rival nuclear strike magic, thanks to their ability to develop it.

The reason one can feel admiration like that is because they are safe and sound in Gobta. They immediately reacted to Benimaru's command to disengage from the scene through the "shadow movement".

"It's really good that they're okay."

"What's okay!? The shockwave has even hit this shadow space."

"Is anyone hurt?"

"No, our group is fine. Thanks to Benimaru-san, everyone is safe."

Gobta replied with a Yuanqi (?) voice. Although it hurts to complain about it in your mouth, I think it's okay.

By the way, does Testarossa know how to use "shadow movement" —well, she seems to be fine, so there's no point in worrying about that.

The bigger question today than that is what to do next.

I organize a network through the Communication Network.

Joining them were Benimaru, Gobta, and Testarossa.

In order to extend the somatic time, I also start "thought acceleration". This makes for a meaningful meeting, even if it's a short one.

"So what's next?"

It's times like these that I want to hear from Benimaru.

"At the moment, Gabil's forces are launching a surprise attack on the enemy's tank forces. I want the green legion to come out and pigeonhole them."

Oh.

"Isn't this dangerous?"

"Danger is danger, but it will make Gabil's troops do fakes. Gobta and the rest took the opportunity to attack again. The magic tank is beyond destructive, but maneuverability is to be expected. We have a good chance of winning."

Benimaru sends out a proud message.

Looking at the flurry of attacks just now, one could tell that Gabil's men were flying at a higher speed than the rotating speed of the magic tank guns. Had they concentrated on evading, they would not have been hit by the magic tank guns.

It must be very difficult to target them—although Benimaru said so, it was the members of the assault force who would be feared. But don't look like Gabil, who is actually very brave and doesn't seem to care about any of that.

Indeed, as long as one can fly through the air, the light escapes from the rays of the shell without suffering damage. Hopefully, Gabil will be able to get over this hurdle with gusto.

Let's look at the green legion again.

"Me, us too?"

"You are the main characters. But you can rest assured. Once infiltrated into the heart of the opponent, the enemy they will be afraid to hit one of their own and the movements should become sluggish. So as soon as Gabil and the others start attacking each other, you're going to rush in with all your might."

In this way, Benimaru gave orders to Gobta like an evil spirit. No, he is indeed a monster.

"I mean, you're moving in the shadow, right?"

Hearing Gobta ask that, Benimaru shook his head.

"That's dangerous. I think the enemy would have prepared all sorts of defenses, such as magical detection object or defense against the barrier. There are probably countermeasures against skills, so it's best not to play around with them."

I share the same view on this point.

The magic tanks are their killers, can't be unguarded, and I think should be thoroughly guarded. There are some boundaries dedicated to skills, and it would be bad if the other side used that. It's probably safer and safer to break through positively at times like this.

"There is also something called an interface boundary in Legion magic. This magic is specifically designed to protect against surprise attacks from space, so that we risk being blocked from action. Benimaru-san is right, a positive break should be the safest."

The meaning I wanted to express is perfectly summed up by Testarossa.

On that point, Gobta seems to be okay with it.

"I-I know. I'm fine with that, even if Miss Testarossa says so."

The Gobta guy is scared.

That's right. After all, the opponent was several times better than he was, and he'd made a big deal about an opponent like that.

Would be afraid of course.

I'm looking forward to it, to—correction, pleasure in it—and it's not wrong to say, by the way, that it resonates involuntarily with this situation. So I want to send Gobta these words.

"Gobta-kun. People are not to be profiled. Once again, you have to keep that in mind and not repeat it!"

Although that phrase could also be applied to me just fine.

I hadn't even noticed it until no one told me about Testarossa and them...

"Good. I will reflect on it..."

Hmmm. That's good!

"What are you talking about?"

"It's no secret that Gobta would be wrong."

"I see. Is it something to do with Testarossa? The most important part of it didn't grow. It's nice to give him a hard time once in a while."

It seems that Benimaru also found out and revealed a dark smile for my explanation.

"By the way, who are those people Diablo brought back? Especially those three girls, who feel like unusual people?"

Because these people were approved by me, Benimaru didn't have any complaints and just accepted it. Still, he did care about the women's true identities.

That being said...they are terrible Primordial Demons...I think it's better he doesn't know these things. But there's no way to keep it hidden forever.

Even the subordinates hid it from me, and I felt bad about it. I think Shion didn't care even if she didn't know, but maybe she could tell the truth to Benimaru.

"Well, I'll explain that to you later."

When I so responded, Benimaru shrugged.

"Well, that's right. One shouldn't care too much about such topics when fighting a war."

It seemed like he was able to take it, so I turned my attention elsewhere as well.

"That's the way it is, Gobta, we're at war with the people. It's important to reflect, but that's when you come back alive."

"It's a must!"

"Is there anything you don't understand about the battle summary?"

"No problem, Mr. Benimaru. We'll move to the edge of the forest first and rush in when Gabil starts attacking."

"That's it. You've got to do your best!"

"Got it!"

Gobta is no longer afraid.

That way he can focus on the fight.

In that case, we will discuss it through the "Communication Network".

Immediately following, a few minutes later.

The Third Corps, led by Gabil, launched a strong surprise attack on the magic tank units.

"Gah, gah, gah, gah! Let's see what I can do! You guys move so slowly, you're no match for us!"

He's just as smug as ever, talking out of turn.

It's a little unsettling, but that's what makes it Gabil.

In fact, there was no immediate response from the magic tank units.

Benimaru had expected correctly, the magic tank cannon's movements couldn't keep up with Gabil's.

Gabil also takes credit for this. Because he commanded well, the members of the regiment cooperated well.

It took a fair amount of training to get to this point. It seems to acquire an air combat capability that makes the eyes glaze over.

Even the three hundred Flying Dragons performed well. They still seem to be cultivating alternate riders, and as long as the number of flying dragons increases, it should turn into a very reliable fighting force.

Gabil had been responsible for shifting the focus of the enemy, but he was not entirely without an attack. On the one hand, they wanted to dazzle the enemy and also make the flying dragon spit fireballs.

Are those really the B+ equivalent of magic? The power is comparable to the elemental magic "Great Flame Sphere" which is manipulated by ordinary wizards.

It wasn't enough to break through the magical defenses of the magic tank, but it was effective enough for the infantry. Attacking the ground from the air gives a glimpse of what Gabil can do.

Didn't put up much of a fight, but he did it beautifully at the tactical level.

And so does Gobta.

Looks like he's adjusted to the mood.

Without a trace of confusion, he took command, was straightforward and meticulous in his movements, and launched a surprise attack on the battle group.

A total of five hundred stations were confronting the green legion, and a thousand and five hundred more were lined up in front of them, all aimed at the Dwarven Kingdom. Now that we are so deep, the enemy cannot move lightly.

Progressing to this point has been a great victory for us, but the Imperial Army is not that incompetent. They'll be desperately trying to get in our way, and then we'll have to rely on our strength and speed to win.

Gobta seemed to understand this as well, and while following Benimaru's instructions, he used that electric speed to rush towards the magic tank unit.

There was no fear of even looking at the muzzle of the gun aimed at them, no color on their faces.

About a hundred meters remained from the front of the magic tank unit.

Changed to a wolf-rider troop, it took less than six seconds to run.

Several rounds of shelling sounded on the spot, and yet the green legionnaires were not at all afraid and did not reduce their speed, and just kept running.

In fact the shells seemed to be threatening, hitting in a different direction than we had expected.

This is evidence that the Imperial Army is shaken.

The wolf rider troops did not act in any way, and did dispose of the obstacles that stood in their way.

The infantry unit currently in charge of protecting the magic tanks also tried to block their way, but were bitten off by the wolves.

There's not a bit of distance left.

In this way, we succeeded in approaching our first target, the magic tank unit.

Ranga ran at the forefront, the hobgoblin sitting on his back in all his glory.

Running in second place was Gobchi, and Gobta gestured to him with a wink. Gobchi looked away and nodded. Immediately following, the next second, the hobgoblin threw some "little thing" at the magic tank's turret.

It was a jewel that glowed red.

It is the Element Core, or the Magic Pearl for short.

I asked Kurobee to prepare a large pile of empty magic pearls, and then asked Charys to seal in the magic of the flame.

It's not meant to be used on a magic sword, but a substitute for a bomb.

The name is "Flaming Jade".

Will it work or not...?

The weakness of the magic tank is in the interior, so we set off a big explosion of firepower inside. If that does not work, we intend to terminate this operational plan immediately.

"No problem?"

"Rimuru, don't worry. Have faith in my friend Charys!"

"Rest assured, Lord Rimuru. Since the infused magic was almost on the verge of bursting, I thought to myself that I would be able to easily make that piece of iron unable to move again."

I also think it should be fine, but this is the first time I've done an experiment. Don't worry about me - the magic tank exploded.

"You see, it's just like I said, right? My battle plan is indeed correct!"

This idea was started by me.

So I feel more uneasy about it...but when it works out in the end, it makes me want to show it off.

"This guy's a cheapskate..."

"It's so Rimuru-esque!"

"You two have no right to talk about me!"

A few of us were bickering over there.

Charys had a proud face.

Benimaru and Beretta, on the other hand, were smiling bitterly.

Shion and Diablo grinned.

The second phase of the battle plan was successful, so the atmosphere became somewhat cheerful.

It's an outpost battle on this side.

The next step is to dive into the midsection of the enemy. Leave the magic tank units that are killing each other with the green legion and strike at the center.

The opponent had infantry units deployed to defend the dead ends of the turrets, and Gobta gave blows on one side and Testarossa on the other.

It rushes across the battlefield like a giant monster.

A series of actions show the beauty of the wash, all reflected on the big screen.

"That guy Gobta, did well. That way they won't get locked out by the magic tank gun."

"No, not yet. Depending on how the other side's commanders will arrange it, it is possible that they will not take the damage done to their own people seriously and will attack directly."

How can this be?—as much as one thinks it, this is war.

Let's also assume that this might happen.

"Besides, the enemy has air power on their side. It's too early to rest assured."

That's right, I followed and turned my head to look at the other big screen.

Seeing the shadow of the enemy machine reflected above, one can see that the speed has increased. It looks like the Empire also got its soldiers to work better with each other by some means.

Once the enemy's air warfare arrived, Gabil would be busy. In that way, Gobta risked their isolation on the battlefield.

It's a race against time.

I want to play the key battle while I can.

As if to respond to this expectation of mine, people on the battlefield continued to fly in.

Gobta and Gabil.

The pair made the most of their training results, hitting the ground running in their first live battle. But it's impossible for everything to go so smoothly.

Like Benimaru said, it's too early to rest assured...

Geist stared angrily at the incoming green legion and others.

Those brats are so arrogant!

He was filled with indignation and vowed in his heart to take advantage of the monsters that had forced their way into his eyes.

Just a moment ago, the full head of white hair falling out of Testarossa struck fear into his heart. Geist was reluctant to admit it, intending to dismantle the green legion and regain his confidence in this way.

The monsters would only mess with the scene, and no matter how fast they moved they couldn't hurt the magic tank—so Geist thought.

However, a loud explosion from the battlefield shattered that thought.

How could that be!?

Geist almost screamed out and hit the brakes urgently at the last minute.

How can a commander act like he's panicking on the battlefield. He was, at least, an excellent man, not so bad as to lose his normal sense of judgment.

"General, what's next?"

"Don't panic. Take a close look at the enemy's actions. They only sabotaged one magic tank, after which there was no follow up. That proves that's one of the few killer weapons they have on hand."

"So it is. That's true, to hear you say it. Otherwise those lizards flying in the air should be spilling everywhere too."

Geist "hmmm'ed" and nodded.

He thought to himself that he was making a very calm judgment, but it was actually a miscarriage of justice.

In fact, the total number of flaming jades prepared by Rimuru was as high as three thousand. Each of Gobta's wolf-rider troops held ten, and the lizards flying in the air—Gabil and the Flying Dragons—all had ten in advance.

The reason why they didn't use the Flaming Jades was to focus on distracting the enemy. In addition to that, they also knew that they couldn't use the Flaming Jade's true abilities without using it in a confined space.

If the explosives are allowed to explode in a confined space, their power will increase several times.

The same principle applies to Flaming Jade.

Benimaru focused on destroying the magic tank and didn't give a second thought to the surrounding infantry. That's why they weren't allowed to waste Flaming Jades.

The focus is on whether or not the battle plan will work, rather than on the immediate results.

Not only Gobta and Gabil, but even the magical creatures underneath them knew this all too well.

Geist didn't know anything about it, and what he had just said to himself made him feel better.

The generous use of new weaponry is commendable. It's just a shame it's me who's going to win!

Geist misjudges Gobta about their assassination, yet he correctly sees through his opponent's true purpose.

The reason for not looking at the big left team is because the opponent's goal is to take down this team, right? That being the case, there are many ways to deal with you!

Gabil and the others' attacks were fierce, but these were blocked out by the magic-generated 'barriers'. The only ones that should be guarded are the new weapons, in that case, just stay away from them with Gobta.

"We'll take an intensive air battle formation."

Geist's order took the adjutant by surprise.

"General, that's too dangerous! Some men are fighting the enemy now, for fear of hurting their own...!"

"So what? If they pull back, why don't they just use a magic tank gun to smash them to pieces? That said, incompetent enough to rip one's own legs off, the glorious Imperial Army doesn't need them!"
"What...?"

The other side was so asserted that there was nothing the adjutant could do to stop Geist.

Several magic tanks, along with most of the infantry, would have been affected and actually won the battle—as the adjutant well knew.

Do not be afraid to sacrifice a few, that way you can win in war. Without such macro and awareness, how can one be a commander?

"Will there be any problems with the regulations?"

"No, sir. There's nothing wrong with that."

The staff officer echoed Geist's comments.

And just like that, Geist's recital began.

"Left column, take a heavy air battle formation!"

Without going through the ministry, Geist ordered directly with skill. This allowed the left brigade to regroup at a faster pace than before.

Ignoring the soldiers who had been chased by the green legion, they blocked the road with the remaining vehicles and then let the magic tank guns spin, linking the vehicles back and forth.

That formation even subverts the common sense of modern warfare.

"What!? What a mess...!"

It was only natural that Gobta would shout in surprise.

Using that massive body, the magic tank began to gather densely, as if to fill in all the gaps. Yet doing such a thing would make even themselves immobile, but it's effective. In this way Gobta and the others had no way to run between the cracks.

And what's even more surprising is that it comes later.

The left brigade spread into a circle and a wall was erected to surround Gobta and them. As if echoing this wall, half of the magic tanks belonging to the Central Division were out in full force. They floated back into the air and began landing on the back of the frontmost magic tank. Immediately afterwards, a barricade was formed that blocked Gobta's way to them.

Nearly a thousand magic tanks were connected to each other and turned into a huge fortress. That way, it's not just about destroying the main force.

"I've heard about them being able to do this kind of thing, but I never thought they'd actually make this move..."

Even Gobta's adjutant Gobchi opened his mouth at the sight in front of him, and he began to mutter to himself.

"Use the machine gun to create a bullet screen to stop the enemy!"

A three-dimensional wall of machine-gun fire ensued. With bullet screens on all sides, Gobta couldn't exercise the high speed movement they were good at.

Gobta was surrounded by magic tanks that were supposed to be enemy partners, plus infantry units that followed the magic tanks, yet the enemy didn't care about that.

"This is bad. There's no way to implement a combat plan like this, is there?"

Discovering a flaw in Benimaru's battle plan, Gobta was alarmed.

Seeing that the Imperial soldiers were about to be attacked by their own people, even Gobta couldn't help but feel anxious.

"Gobbledygook, I'm sorry. I'd love to go over there and help you, but I can't separate myself right now."

Gabil and the rest were also subjected to aerial artillery fire.

Even if the magic tank cannon couldn't hit them, the magic tank was equipped with a machine gun. That's why they're being held back by Gabil.

Now that Geist, in command, has regained his composure, the difference in numbers will form a critical advantage. And things always get worse.

"Long time no see, Mr. Geist!"

The "Air Combat Air Corps" led by Major General Faraga is here today.

The number of airships is 100.

Gabil and his team were busy dealing with these blimps, making the situation of Gobta and the others even more precarious.

"Faraga, you're finally here. This is a win for us. This stage is perfect for testing the secret weapon, right?"

"Yes, are you ready, Lord Geist? Then hurry up and let's join in."

"I'm giving you a chance to win. Don't be careless."

"Got it. Well, I wish you good fortune in your martial arts!"

Talking over a special line, Geist and Faraga made an appointment to fight hand in hand.

Geist is trying to solidify his gameplan.

Faraga wants to warm up before the big showdown. There is also the purpose of showing them to the outside world that they can also be useful in real combat.

Although the "Air Combat Flying Corps" has the killer weapon of blimps, its status is the lowest among the three units as it has to have a record of war.

In this way, the situation became even more unfavorable for Tempest as Faraga and the others entered the war.

It is the green legion who are the most able to understand the change in circumstances.

"What shall we do, Commander Gobta?"

"This won't do. We have to take refuge!"

"That would be good. Now that the situation has changed, there's no need to hold on."

Gobta's judgment is correct.

Don't force the battle plan, and temporarily retreat if something unexpected happens. This is the guideline for being thorough with them in advance.

Benimaru, who had been watching the battle from the sidelines, had already given instructions for them to retreat, and now even the soldiers at the bottom understood the situation.

Even if we have to run, we have to act together. There was no lag and everyone turned around.

And then tried to use the "shadow moment" to retreat...

"Gobta, the enemy is not a light to save fuel. It seems that they have started to do magic obstruction so that people on our side can't use the Shadow Movement."

Ranga sensed that something wasn't quite right and his warning was given a little late. By this time Gobta and his team had been affected by the Empire's 'widespread magic hindrance'.

Ranga was a different story, and the other dependents could not break through such obstacles. The way things had evolved, they had to run and flee.

"Run for the forest with all your might!"

The pale Gobta shouted, and the wolf-rider army followed his orders.

It's not even 200 meters from the forest.

Run past in just a dozen seconds. Yet now being sniped from behind, that distance feels so far away as to make you despair.

This battle of retreat is full of suffering...

Seeing Gobta as they fled, a cruel smile appeared on Geist's face.

He immediately gave orders to his men to prepare magic tank guns.

You trash, you think it's that easy to escape!

He was going to use a special shell with only one round left.

Following Geist's orders, the magic tank guns were ready to fire without delay.

Special artillery shells hit the forest in front of Gobta and the others. Those karmic fires scattered all over the place.

The purpose is to hinder the enemy's advance. The green legion dodged the flying shells by superintuition, but the forest was burning and there was nothing they could do.

"This is bad...is there any way I can get back alive?"

"Gobta-kun, please don't say such things even when you're joking. But with me here, everyone can go back alive."

"Gobta is so confident inexplicably. I feel like an idiot to hear such baseless words and to be bothered there."

"Captain Gobta—no, the army commander has his moments of trouble, too?"

"What are you talking about? Must be talking about what's for dinner today or something anyway. Or is it that you were caught hanging out with His Majesty Rimuru and were wondering how to apologize to Mr. Rigur?"

Even Gobchi and Gobte added to the mix, and the members of the Wolf Rider Soldier unit all laughed out loud.

Despite the desperate situation, Gobta did not lose their usual pace.

And this conversation between them, Gobta, was overheard by Geist, who was eavesdropping.

...how dare you belittle us. Now completely surrounded by us, your fate is in my hands!

An agitated Geist was full of restlessness.

In front of his eyes was the white-haired beauty—Testarossa.

She was exposed to the storm of hot air breeding, but her face was blank. Those shots didn't seem to pose any threat to her.

You too. How dare you fool me? I'll never let you go! To make that beautiful face of yours turn into a wailing face because of fear!

Geist didn't notice the dark desire that appeared in him.

Compelled by Testarossa, she did not even notice that she was making too extreme a judgment.

That face twisted wickedly, and Geist issued an order.

"Order to all remaining vehicles! Fire your magic tank guns at the enemy!"

The residual fighting force on the left is holding Gobta to them. Although that order completely disregarded the security of the unit, no one disputed it.

While the magic tank force that had become the fortress was holding Gobta back on their movements, the thousand magic tanks that remained made the turrets spin.

Adjusting the angle and preparing the defenses to absorb the impact so that they can fire from close range—these muzzles are bound to kill people and are now intended to fire at the same time.

Fierce fighting also began to appear in the sky.

The airship fires many enhanced spells.

Gabil and the others were fooled by these things.

Nothing is more problematic than the disruption of the magic element movement. The Magic Disturbing Radiation was a classified weapon, and not only Gobta and his team, but even people on Gabil's side would be affected.

"Coo-hoo-hoo, that's tough. Just get near that blimp and our bodies get good and heavy."

"Lord Gabil, what shall we do?"

"I'd love to save Mr. Gobta and the others, but I don't have the strength to do so right now."

If they relied on the Flying Dragons alone, they might be able to think of something, but there are still Flying Dragons on this side who lack real-world combat experience. If they acted rashly here, not only Gobta and the others, but also those on Gabil's side would suffer.

"Oops, no way! Let's shoot those boats down first. In terms of numbers we are better off. Let us all turn our attention to the enemy in front of us!"

"Yes, General."

"But they're bigger, right? Just in terms of numbers..."

"Stupid, shut up! Lord Gabil noticed it too, but he could only give such orders!"

Certain people are still out there saying less than sturdy things, which is a common occurrence. In contrast to those conversations, Gabil and the others actually ran off to fight the pile of blimps.

Someone looked at such Gabil and them with a cold look.

He is Major General Faraga, who is in charge of the killer "Air Combat Flying Corps" that commands the Mecha Corps.

He was a capable man and had a desire for glory to match it, a desire to rise to the top without losing to other generals.

Such a Faraga is particularly hard-working, thoroughly helping other colleagues so that they do not become hostile to themselves.

There is certainly a reason for this.

Since he was in the "Magic Legion" before, he had experienced the end of that Legion firsthand.

The Legion of Magic, which held great power long ago, has disintegrated and is now a relic of the past. Maybe times change that way, but the biggest reason is that people think that legion is too inefficient in war.

People tend to think that fighting with magic is flashy, but it's actually very unassuming work.

To analyze the magic of the enemy, and to carry out obstruction. Then to take the opportunity to unleash magic and strike the enemy army. Then just keep doing it over and over again, with no way to come up with much.

This was because the knights were several times stronger than the magical legions in actual combat after being strengthened through magic.

For example, the most powerful magic known was Nuclear Strike Magic, and to use this move you had to send out a dozen spellcasters. This is not a spell that can be cast by an individual. The spell must be constructed, that is, it requires chanting time.

If you are a heroic figure, you can control the nuclear strike magic by yourself... but your power can only explode within a hundred meters in diameter at most.

If it was a direct hit it would be quite powerful, however when the opponent was an army, they would use Legion Magic to build the barrier used against magic. If one wanted to have enough power to break through, one could only rely on a group of people exercising ritual magic.

In other words, a single wizard is less likely to be active on the battlefield.

Other than that, it's certainly more beneficial to have more wizards, but not the more the better. The amount of mana floating around the battlefield was limited, and if it was depleted, the wizard would not be able to display his long talent in one go.

A wizard's existence, though indispensable, cannot produce magnificent results.

Faraga is also an excellent magical teacher and is one of Master Gadra's disciples.

He had great respect for his teacher Gadra, followed his teachings and refined them from time to time.

However, he discovered one thing.

That is, Gadra, who was a teacher, stepped in to assist and did a modern treatment of the Mecha Legion, resulting in them never having an active stage again.

This age is beginning to see no need for hard-drilling wizards.

As long as there are "magic guns", even ordinary people can manipulate magic.

Faraga hates Gadra.

He once made the observation that teachers were stifling them by such behavior. Yet these were dismissed by Gadra.

The result was the wiping out of the Legion of Magic...

That's why I betrayed my teacher and declared my allegiance to Lord Calgurio.

Later he gained the status he has today.

Accepting the former minions—the capable wizards—and giving them a stage to show their skills. One day we will get what we want, and we will make the Air Combat Air Corps the best it can be.

Until then, they have to bribe their colleagues so that the Flying Corps don't come out on top. Because of this idea, Faraga was always strict.

After that, he finally waited for the perfect opportunity.

That is, to go out and crush Veldora. The "Air Combat Air Corps" was selected and became a key unit.

The mission is roughly to seal off the Veldora by disrupting the radioactivity of the magicules.

The rest of the job is to supplement the other troops.

Serving as a resupply force was their original mission, but they didn't need to do that this time. It should be said that out of the four hundred blimps, three hundred had to go on other missions, and the remaining hundred had to carry elite wizards within the carrying limit.

Designed entirely for combat, it's conceivable how much importance Calgurio places on this combat plan.

The battle plan had to work no matter what—and Faraga was well aware of that.

I'll take advantage of this time to make a big splash and prove we are useful. And then I'm going to start a new era!

Faraga secretly snickered.

In this way, there was no need to look at the other generals' faces. The stance will be reversed and no one can ignore Faraga's comments.

That was the gesture he was supposed to have, and Faraga was convinced of it.

I'll use them as a bit of a warm-up before beating Veldora, and just make do with it. I'll take those lizards flying in the air and dogs crawling on the ground and use them as practice objects for new weapons.

Faraga fought the reckoning.

"Say what's mine to take credit for. I'm the one who sold you a favor, Lord Geist!"

He raised the glass of wine he was holding in his hand and shouted.

"Guys! So far we've been patient, and those will all come to a halt today! Let's show them what we're really made of!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah!"

The people who took the blimp all responded.

These people were originally elite wizards who had been living in seclusion in a reality filled with heartache. From this day forward they will enjoy the glory and the humiliation will be nothing.

All of them on the same page.

With this tacit agreement, a hundred blimps stepped up their offensive...

The airship's biggest feature is the magic--disrupting radiation device, and it is also equipped with other state-of-the-art weaponry.

And it is the wizards who are well versed in "elemental magic" and "summoning magic" who are in charge.

The construction of the airship is broadly divided into three parts.

There is an operational sector, a defense sector and an attack sector.

Each department is assigned one hundred men each, the remaining one being used as a reserve or for liaison and medical work.

The Operations Department, which naturally needs no explanation, is in charge of the blimps. In fact, the ship can fly with a minimum of fifty people, if you want to use the fleet completely, even a hundred people is not enough.

The defense sector is responsible for applying a "defensive barrier" to airships.

It is used to respond to a variety of attacks such as physics, magic, and attributes.

In order to keep the blimp light, the outer walls of the blimp are not thick. If one is negligent in defending through fortified magic, one will be shot down in three or two strokes. So there must be no weak points in this department.

Then there's the final attack department, which sort of plays the role of the soul character.

The weaponry prepared on the hovercraft also contained magic-enhanced cannons.

On the one hand being able to make it easier for the wizards to work together.

There are magic balls placed on the base, and several wizards will pour magic into them at the same time, then chant magic at the same time, making it easier to manipulate big magic.

There is one on the front and two pairs on the side.

There are five Magic Enhancement Cannons in total, each with a maximum of ten wizards. The back seat has the person in charge of the shift on standby so that the magic can be unleashed continuously.

In particular, it is worth mentioning that the magic enhancement cannon is proportional to the number of users, and its power will increase along with it.

If two people use it, the power becomes four times as powerful.

If the maximum number of people was ten, the power would be twenty times greater.

This is enough to pose a threat.

Even ordinary fireball techniques would override the Great Flame Demon Sphere in terms of power. What a powerful thing this is, I'm sure it doesn't need much explanation.

The airship is well guarded.

The fireball that the flying dragon spat out was nothing at all, and even if it was rushed with its body, it would still have a barrier to resist.

A half-assed strike doesn't work, much to Faraga's satisfaction.

And the offensive performance is no less impressive.

"Blimps are the strongest. Almost time to show them the real power. Use all your strength and shoot down all the lizards that are in the way!"

Faraga sounded the call.

Just now, there were only two or three wizards performing magic chants respectively. However, they've tested enough and now it's time to play for real.

They use very pure magic stones to make spells that are about fifty centimeters in diameter to control the treasure beads. Pouring the magic into it will activate the Magic Enhancement Cannon.

Even the wizards who had been waiting and watching just now also moved, so that all ten of them would be able to unleash massive magic.

It was twenty times more powerful than normal, with thunder and ice, flames and vacuum knives, and all kinds of terrifying magic sweeping through the sky—these mad attacks were closing in on Gabil and his team.

I had been watching the battle intently, but I couldn't help but get up from my chair when I saw it halfway.

Blasted by magic tank fire, Gobta's men were knocked out.

Exposed to the massive magic, Gabil's men were beaten down one by one.

The fighting intensified and casualties began to emerge.

No, we had expected casualties. It's been expected, but perhaps I've been optimistic.

Thinking we're going to win no matter what.

Benimaru is so confident, and Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, doesn't say much, so I don't think there will be any problem with thinking too good of everything.

Yet reality is at variance.

It's no wonder. After all, we are at war.

How can one take victory for granted when there are absolutely no casualties on our side.

Knowing that I'm thinking too much, I'm now furious and anxious at the same time.

At this point, Benimaru spoke to me with a bland expression.

"Please, sit down, Lord Rimuru. These are all to be expected, no questions asked."

Hearing that, something inside me seemed to explode.

"I say, there's already a victim! Wouldn't it be better for me to cover them with Megiddo as well...?"

No, the conclusion has been drawn on that.

The "Megiddo" does work, but the conclusion is that even that would be pointless.

Benimaru is so doubtful about its effectiveness that even Diablo denies it.

There seem to be several reasons.

First of all, having begun to leap onto the stage as a nation, one cannot always look to their demon lord that is, me, for support.

The demon king must protect the magical creatures underneath, but it was the duty of those ministers to guard the country, so asserted Benimaru.

If one does not have the self-awareness to treat the Jura Tempest Federation as one's own country, and does not possess the will of his motherland to be protected by one's own hands, then one is not qualified to live in this country—the other subordinates think so too.

"Lord Rimuru cannot be left to carry everything alone."

Shuna once said so.

It made sense to me to hear it too, and I was amused at the time.

The above is the first reason.

The second reason is the weakness of the "Megiddo" pointed out by Diablo.

"This 'Megiddo' is a very beautiful magic. No need to expend too much energy in exchange for high power. It is very versatile and easy to use. But once you've seen it, you'll be able to figure out how to respond to it.

Diablo said as above.

If you stay in the control room, you'll be able to use that trick, and if you use it this time, it'll work great. But once it's seen, it won't work next time.

Hinata seems to have said the same thing, she said that by lifting the wind to roll up the sand, this alone would make the accuracy and power fall straight down.

He was also able to get advice from Hinata's side, and Diablo's intelligence-gathering ability was really not something to write home about. But let's ignore that for now.

Last time I killed all my enemies.

The survivors—now only two men, Edmalis and Razen, remain—have been silenced, and there is no need to fear that information will leak out. It's just that there's no way to make it work this time.

The Imperial generals and soldiers added up to a total of several hundred thousand people, how could it be possible to silence everyone.

"A great move should be kept hidden."

Even Benimaru said so.

Such magic should not be used haphazardly. Diablo and Benimaru's opinion is as above.

It makes sense to me to hear them explain it like that.

The true face of the so-called "Megiddo" is actually a super-hot concentrated beam formed by shrinking sunlight, and it is almost impossible to avoid the light just by seeing it with the naked eye. That said, magic used specifically against people must be used at critical times to make sense.

Plus this time the opponent was not flesh and blood, but a magic tank formed of iron. Megiddo shouldn't be completely useless, but the effect is probably weak. The calculations of Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, also indicated that it would take some time to destroy the magic tank.

The power must be increased, which means that the focus temperature of the hotline must be focused to tens of thousands of degrees or it will not penetrate the magic tank. Other than that, the power of the magic tank should not be oil, and there is probably no way to break out into a fire.

If you can't stop the magic tanks from moving just by using the beam, you'll have to beat the magic tanks into a thousand holes until they can't move. Instead of doing something so tedious, it's easier to blow up with nuclear strike magic.

In such a case, you would have to break the "magic barrier" that had been cast several layers first, and then you would have to clean up the magician who was the spellcaster first, and in the end, it would start a magic war that would be mired in a quagmire.....then it would be meaningless to fight.

There was no way things were going smoothly.

That being the case, both handed over the command to Benimaru, and my job was left to silently watch.

It was supposed to be like this...

"I did go to war together..."

My words were interrupted halfway through.

"That won't do."

As the general in charge of everything, he could not expose me to danger. After all, the words of 'hero' Chloe made people care.

"In another time, someone killed Lord Rimuru. Knowing this dangerous man, letting Lord Rimuru fight in battle—such a thing will not be tolerated."

All the subordinates were aware of the presence of dangerous people on the enemy's side. This is because I have talked to people and told them that this could happen in the future.

How did you all feel when you find out?

As for the answer, just look at Benimaru's expression right now and it's clear at a glance.

"The current threat is posed by the chiefs of the three legions and the hundred men who belong to the Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard. There may be other hidden strongmen present that are still being investigated. I beg your pardon for our incompetence."

The words were spoken by Souei.

Souei and his group were currently desperately gathering information.

All of this is for me.

To rule out the threat that would arise against me.

"It's not clear how the enemy's battle strength can bring Lord Rimuru, who is the king, to the front line. The battle plan is going well, so please have faith in me, in Gobta and in Gabil."

The words made me slump helplessly in my chair.

The displeasure of not being able to tell whether it was chagrin or agitation did not go away. Although it didn't go away, the words of Benimaru were just too valid.

That's right.

Calm down and think about it, from the very beginning, Benimaru was thinking of me in order to implement such a combat plan.

It wasn't just Benimaru, it was also Shion who stayed behind me, and Souei who stood next to me.

Diablo didn't need to say much more, even Shuna looked at me with a worried look, which only made me realize that everyone was mentally prepared, knowing that those who went forward to fight might be sacrificed.

It is not just those who are here—I am afraid even those who are fighting on the front lines think so.

To use themselves as bait, they go into battle ready to face unknown threats, ready to be bait to lure each other in.

Other than that, there is the same reason why Veldora, who normally always does what he wants, stays in the "control room". That is, if anything, he will protect my personal safety.

All for the sake of me as the King of my own country.

The only person who has not made an enlightenment is me...

At this very moment...

'Because of this, I must become invulnerable...'

Vaguely it seemed that a sound was coming from somewhere.

Even you're worried about me?

However, it's been okay.

I feel sad that it is offensive to those who make the consciousness.

That being the case, I must also be aware.

"Sorry, I'm losing my cool..."

When I apologized to Benimaru, he nodded.

"Please don't worry. The victory must belong to Lord Rimuru."

With a proud smile on his face, Benimaru hung reassurance with me.

That's the serious look that only a major general who carries the life of a general's soldier can get.

Hearing that, it felt like the negative emotions like annoyance and entanglement in my mind were gradually disappearing.

There has been a long time of awareness of the fact that you will die and that you must kill your enemies. Yet there will be those who will die for themselves, and I deliberately do not think about that.

I have to bear those.

I would do it not just for me personally, but for their families, for the country that protects those families—the symbol of all of this is my being.

Therefore, I must bear their thoughts.

They deserve to be repaid for what they have given, and we must not lose the war.

Since it's a symbol, it has to look the way it should, so it has to go with the show. Thinking about this side, in order to look like there was such a thing, I leisurely responded to Benimaru's words. "That's for sure. Pass on my words. Is that okay?"

“—as you command!

With Benimaru's approval and help, I communicated my "will" to all my minions. My words are conveyed intact through my unique technique, "Generalissimo".

"Listen up, everybody! Do your best to crush the enemy. No need to hold back. And certainly no mercy is needed. Use all your strength to get rid of the enemy as quickly as you can!"

Pouring all of my thoughts into it, I gave the order.

Benimaru nodded after hearing my words.

Smiles also appeared on the faces of other subordinates.

This order represents one thing.

No more suppressing your strength, you can do it...

Interpreting the meaning of my words correctly, the magical creatures are once again active.

And the result...

...would create a major turn in the entire war.

Chapter 2: The Ravaged Beginning

Those words of Lord Rimuru penetrated into the souls of all the magical creatures on the battlefield.

Those words came from their King whom all their loyalty and trust was offered.

Immediately after, they heard an order.

"The camouflaged combat plan is terminated. Those fools upset Lord Rimuru, beat them to a pulp!"

In this way, the things that bound those magical creatures were gone.

The monsters were full of joy, following the urge to free their magic.

In order to live in the town, their aura had been suppressed so as not to affect the environment, and the full liberation had allowed the concentration of the surrounding magical elements to rise one level higher.

They are no longer fearless.

The inner impulse that drives them all to the battlefield...

In the midst of the gunfire, Gobta also heard the order.

"Finally? Still, we don't seem to have reached our goal, is that okay?"

He muttered to himself there.

Someone responds, and it's his adjutant Gobchi.

"That's not so bad, actually. Although the original plan was for us to continue to pester our opponent to play the trump card, we would be the first to go first. If they didn't scare each other a little, the powerful ones wouldn't have come forward, would they?"

"Is that so?"

"That's it."

Gobta and Gobchi were still talking about the numerous shells that were pounding the battlefield as the blast wave raged. They were able to hear each other, and those who saw this scene were impressed.

As far as this old godlike attitude goes, no one feels anything wrong with it.

"If it's our side, the powerful ones will be the first to jump out."

"So, isn't the leader of the Gobta army one of the Four Heavenly Kings?"

"Wait! Although it is said that I am the Four Heavenly Kings, I am the weakest one on the inside. Please give me a break..."

While saying some yes and no there, not only Gobta and Gobchi, but even the members of the Wolf Rider Soldier Unit were even more emotionally high than just now.

This is because they have been waiting to see when Gobta will give the order.

The rain of shells falls every now and then.

This is deliberate and unbiased in its accuracy, and it is launched to attack the entire face. From the very beginning, it was not to strike directly, but to annihilate the opponent with a shockwave.

The green legion had seen through this a long time ago and had been looking for a safe place to move. Once hit head-on you die on the spot, but the flip side is that you live if you don't get hit.

The men in this place are masters, with strength equal to that of a centurion—they all have the rank of A-. No matter how much damage is done, they can be healed by restorative medicine.

That's why Benimaru asked them to engage in 'pretend to fight and lose big battles'.

And they don't really have to lose to the other side, but just pretend to be in crisis. Then take the time to let the rest of the men block the Imperial Army, leaving them with no way to retreat, and fight back with the next breath.

When the magic tank's shells run out, the enemy's side should send out the best men to kill you—ust like that, Benimaru used to make extremely simple instructions.

In Gobta's opinion, he really wants to complain.

But a command is a command and cannot be disobeyed. Compared to the Imperial Army, Benimaru was even more terrifying.

No, Benimaru-san is normally very nice...but he doesn't show any mercy in the military. Plus, this time it was Lord Rimuru's safety at stake. How can I have a way to counter that?

Gobta began to think back to the moment he heard the battle plan.

It was tiring to go and convince the players and finally lift the big name of Rimuru and everyone stopped complaining.

Again, all it takes is a landslide victory in the initial engagement, but things don't seem that easy. When the enemy thwarted Gobta's breakthrough three or two times, they turned to the role they were meant to play—as bait.

But this role also ended.

Because Rimuru said those words.

And Benimaru followed suit to give the new order.

They don't have to be polite to the enemy.

Finally all the power in their bodies can be liberated.

"We are now free to attack. The Green Legion side has been handed over to Hakurou, no problem with this part, then this team will be handed over to Gobchi."

Gobta changed his expression and informed all the team members through the "Communication Network". His tone was as usual, but with an irrepressible verve.

"Got it. So what's the green legion army chief's plan?"

When Gobchi asked helplessly, a troubled smile also appeared on Gobta's face, followed by a response.

"I don't have time to play there now either. It didn't matter what the Four Heavenly Kings were, after all, it was an order from Lord Rimuru. Lord Rimuru is watching, so don't be too bad! That's why, I'm going to be serious from now on!"

Gobchi and the rest of the team knew he meant it when they saw Gobta's eyes.

It's rare to see their supervisor so serious.

"Hmph, use all your strength that I recognize, without reservation."

"What makes you so arrogant?"

"Can you hear me?"

"Forget about it, and do your best!"

"Well, you can say that."

Gobta, who had taken his cluelessness, let out a sigh.

Gobta was one of the early players and the two have known each other for a long time. Although he was excellent, he had absorbed all kinds of extra knowledge from the Rimuru side, so he now inexplicably liked to play handsome.

What started out as a copycat has evolved into his own unique style. He wore a long black version of his jacket and carried two long swords. The two swords were used, even though they were clearly not used properly.

Does that look make people worry that it's really okay? But with Gobchi by his side, he should be able to work something out. Gobta made the conclusion look away and turned his attention to the opponent who should be paying the most attention.

The one sitting behind the green legion, it was known without saying it, was Testarossa.

"That's the way it is, Miss Testarossa. I'd like to ask you to split up with us next, okay?"

Only to see Testarossa smile and nod.

Even staying in the midst of the bursts of flames and blasts, her movements were as graceful as ever and her military uniform as clean as ever. Presumably, coal and sand dust wouldn't have been able to get Testarossa dirty either.

"Yes, of course. I feel the same way you do." She then ceased to act as an ombudsman and instead acted as a minister under Lord Rimuru. "Everyone should do their best."

Testarossa finished and got off of Ranga.

"So take care of yourselves"—leaving those words, and Testarossa walks off at a leisurely pace.

Rimuru had ordered Testarossa to stay with Gobta as inspector, now that her mission was over. The dangerous demon began to strike.

This one is really my type.....

Even Gobta was wrongly stunned, but he didn't say anything. He's grown up, at least, and wouldn't do such a stupid thing.

And so, after seeing Testarossa leave, Gobta was like saying it's our turn to play...

"Then let's get started!"

"Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah!"

He gave the order to all the players, and the response of the players satisfied him.

Gobta also wants to show Rimuru how cool he is.

He was very fond of Rimuru.

Although capricious and a bit bad-hearted, he has a good and reliable heart. Gobta also had visions of such a Rimuru.

What was once a tiny goblin has now grown into a warrior with a name. Now it is time for him to repay his kindness.

"Gobchi, you do the rest!"

After shouting this, Gobta gave a coded signal to Ranga.

"It's our turn, Mr. Ranga! The Demon Wolf in One...!"

Some people have responded to this statement with the same Ranga who has so far repeatedly endured.

"I've been waiting a long time, Gobta. Let our leader, Lord Rimuru, see the power we have!"

Gobta synced with Ranga's consciousness on both of them, liberating the magic within. The next moment, a black mist surrounded Gobta.

"Come on, let's make a scene!"

"Mmm. No need to show mercy. It's been a long time since I've shown any real skill!"

The black haze disappeared without a trace, looking as if it had been sucked in by the green legion. Immediately after, the Goblin warrior who had merged with the Black Wolf showed up.

Two dangerous horns grew on his head, turning him into a black wolf with a humanoid stance.

This is what Gobta and Ranga looked like after they were "assimilated" and indeed possessed enough strength to be called Four Heavenly Kings.

As soon as they saw that posture, the members of the Wolf Rider Soldiers underneath Gobchi rushed out in unison.

"Don't mess with him! The head of the Gobta army is serious!"

The hobgoblins shouted desperately, seeing how dangerous they were now to the green legion.

The evidence is...

Even though the magic tank was firing shells, it was still knocked down by the Monster Wolf's fist. Not only that, even if the magic tank attacked from the front, the hardened black fur could still leave the demon wolf unharmed.

Those mass bombs were more than six times the speed of sound and contained powerful destructive energy, but Gobta now had the extra armor that Ranga had turned into, and they couldn't hurt him at all.

This was due to the defensive effect provided by Ranga's 'multiple barriers', but the Imperials didn't know about it and it was like a nightmare to them.

"So, what's that? Am I dreaming...?"

"No, no! That's the monster. There are monsters under the Demon Lord!"

Those subordinate soldiers began to panic.

And on top of that, the members of the Magic Tank Force, who are so intertwined that they can't move a muscle, are even more scared.

As Gobta-Ranga let out a loud roar, "Black Lightning" came down over the magic tank force. Nearly a thousand magic tanks were turned into fortresses, which happened to be the subject of the "Black Lightning".

The black lightning would interfere with the defensive enclosure cast on the magic tank, emitting a dazzling glow. Although the magic tank can withstand it for a while, the "electrical resistance" cannot be said to be perfect.



The men seated inside seemed to have ensured their personal safety, but the infantry unit, which had posed with the magic tanks as a barrier, had suffered a great deal of damage.

Not only that, but the threat of "black lightning" is more than just current.

Essentially more terrifying than nature's thunderbolts.

"It's hot! This, this is—significant damage to the defensive structure of the vehicle...!"

“Ev-Everyone retreat! Get away from the magic tank now!”

While there are ways to prevent the electrocution effects of a lightning strike, there seems to be no way to withstand that heat. Immediately afterwards, even if the other party appeared broken, things didn't end here.

Black Lightning, as if a self-conscious snake, began to nibble at the lifeless magic tanks. It then causes significant wear and tear on the precision mechanical parts.

The magic tanks erupted and burst into flames before they were evened.

The thunder rumbled and the magic tank units were no longer able to move smoothly.

In this way, the magic tanks that join together to become fortresses only become stumbling blocks. All of the general soldiers desperately fled from the magic tank, falling apart in order not to be caught in the lightning wave.

It has long since become a scattered mass of defeated soldiers.

It doesn't look like much.

Watching the enemy's movements on the one hand, Gobta laughed out loud.

Their power works very well against enemy armies.

Besides, even the first target to be targeted, the enemy's own team, was not to be feared in his current wolf form, Gobta thought.

He looked to the magic tank barrier that towered over the front.

The barrier, which had been blocking their way, was hit by Ranga's thunder until black smoke rose.

Gobta didn't hesitate to let out a growl.

That sound, the sonic cannon, shattered the barrier formed by the magic tanks.

On the opposite side of the barrier appeared a line of tanks that were aiming their cannons at this side.

"I've had enough of being bait. It's time for us to go for it!"

"That's right. I'm sure Lord Rimuru is looking forward to seeing us do well too.”

Gobta and Ranga nodded happily at each other.

“Then let's get started.”

Without a moment's hesitation, Gobta burrowed into the barrier formed by the magic tank.

Even in the face of the strong enemy waiting ahead, he didn't have the slightest fear.

Make the best of Testarossa on the battlefield.

That speed instantly surpassed the speed of sound, and it was no longer possible for the Imperial General's soldiers to catch his movements with the naked eye.

"Let you see the results of my special training with Mr. Ranga! Let's see how far you can go with this. Blizzard Wolf Dance...!"

A black blast of wind ran across the battlefield.

At the same time, the destruction from the supersonic shockwave hit the Imperial Magic Tank Force.

This shockwave also has the magic effect of "breaking the storm" attached to it, eventually growing into a tornado. The carefully calculated actions are effective in wiping out enemy forces and evolving into a "tornado of destruction".

Fearfully, Gobta's special skill for wiping out armies is the Blizzard Wolf Dance.

A corner of the battlefield collapses in on this.

As the Gobta began to drive them to the ground, changes also appeared overhead.

That was the Third Corps, led by Gabil.

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Following Benimaru's orders, the Gabil group was responsible for covering Gobta and the others. Even though this task was starting to get difficult, they didn't go into a panic and immediately executed their next battle plan.

That was "pretending to lose" like the green legion.

Pretend that you're about to lose, so that you can stay glued and let the enemy perform a big trick. Although this battle plan was very messy, Benimaru ordered it without changing his colors. Not only that, but Gobta and Gabil also accepted it with an unchanged face.

If there was real danger, they were allowed to retreat. And that, of course, had to come first to help Gobta get away.

But Gabil thought such concerns were superfluous. This was because although Gobta complained from his mouth, he kept a smile on his face.

Gabil would love to emulate the neurotic man he has become in this regard, but in fact the two of them may have unexpected similarities. If the situation allowed, he would even want to shoot down the blimp in that case.

If the glue can be maintained without being forced, Gabil believes it should be able to give his opponent more or less some damage.

Based on this idea only to take to air combat, but the enemy is stronger than expected.

Gabil and the others' magic didn't work, and the fireball attacks of the flying dragon troops were blocked. Now that they have lost the advantage of attacking one-sidedly from the air, Gabil can be said to be at the disadvantage.

Our job is to get the attention of these blimps and not think about what comes after. If one fights with all one's might, it's not impossible to fight down...

Using Gabil and everyone's "flying dragon congregation"'s killer weapon, it might be possible to break through the airship's defenses. But once that was done, there was no way for them to continue with the operational plan. So Gabil thought it was time to be quiet for the moment.

Obedying Benimaru's orders, willingly taking the attack unilaterally.

That's when a problem is encountered, and that's the under-persistent Flying Dragon Force.

Although the elite people inside were all selected from the Blue Corps, they had not evolved into the Dragon Race like Gabil and the others had. Endurance against magic is very low, and if they are attacked by mass magic, the light will be shot down.

So Gabil wanted the Flying Dragon troops to retreat.

"Miss Ultima, I have a favor to ask of you."

"What is it?"

"We'll continue to 'pretend to lose' and then we'll do our best to act."

"Acting?"

"Exactly. Even if we continue to flee, the enemy won't let his guard down. Therefore, we, the Flying Dragons, will deliberately bear the magic of the enemy."

Gabil informed the other side of these.

"Oh...that's interesting what you said. So what's the real purpose?"

"Mmm. That's what I thought, and now this situation is just the thing to get resistance to. Even if we get hit head-on, we probably won't die. There's a lot of restorative medicine here, and I'm going to do an endurance experiment to make it look like we lost."

The above is what Gabil said.

Ultima laughed after hearing that, and the players began to express their displeasure.

"Wait, General, are you serious?"

"Lord Gabil can be an idiot sometimes."

"I really want to say...is that necessary now?"

Watching the players clamor, Gabil pretended not to hear when they were all air.

"Well, yes! Seems like fun. Permission to execute?"

"I'm grateful. Then, hopefully, you can retreat from the scene."

Gabil asked Ultima, who was the Inspector, to lead the Flying Dragon forces in retreat.

All that was left was Gabil and the others to attack the airship force.

"If I die, I'll hate you...!"

"I wish you hadn't thought of this experiment."

"I'm sure you'll be scolded for doing this later."

The crew looked off into the distance, having said that, they had known Gabil for a long time. Despite the lip-smacking, they looked happy and dry.

In this way, they decided to implement magic endurance training for the Flying Dragon congregation.

In passing...

Rimuru was worried to see it all, and almost fainted when he later learned the truth that the Gabil group was stigmatized, and that several people had seen it coming. Even so, they were put into practice, and it seems that they were assimilated by General Gabil.

All in all, because of the exposure to the magic released by the blimp, Gabil and the others were badly injured.

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Time comes to now.

Gabil heard the 'voice' from Rimuru.

"Listen up, everybody! The training is all over. And I'm going to go into dragon mode next...!"

Totally unaware that their training had left Rimuru in a state of unease. Gabil declared aloud.

The players rejoiced at this.

Gabil happily continued.

"Fortunately, the rookies are retreating with Miss Ultima. It's just us, even if it's a little messy!"

Seeing Gabil like this, the players started joking with him.

"Since it's going to be a mess, I think it's better to use my real skills in combat than the endurance training I just did!"

"That's right. That's right. It's not like Lord Gabil's messing around didn't just start now."

Hearing this, Gabil shouted red-faced.

"Shut up, all of you! Don't say anything, get moving! Follow me to the best of your ability!"

Seeing Gabil try to hide his shyness in this way, bitter smiles came to the faces of the players.

"There's nothing I can do about him. Stop joking around and follow orders."

"All right, all right. You can't disobey a great general."

"Yes! Lord Gabil, please give the order again!"

Hearing those words, Gabil nodded with satisfaction. Then stared at the Imperial "Air Combat Flying Corps" that was confronting them, and pulled up the volume to ask.

"I ask you, who is the overlord of the skies?"

"It's us, the Flying Dragons!"

The aura on Gabil changed, and the minions responded in earnest.

"Exactly. Those who dare to defile our skies must be cleaned up. That's what Lord Rimuru meant! The holy decree under Lord Rimuru. Everyone, give it your all! With all your might, you don't need to think much about what happens afterwards!"

"Yes...!"

Gabil's order has special significance for the Flying Dragon congregation.

That's...

"Be careful not to let your sense of self be consumed, okay? All of you, Dragon Warriors..."

Gabil's order made the Flying Dragon congregation's blood boil.

The Dragon Warriorization is the last trump card they have hidden.

Combat power gains an overwhelming rise, becomes more ferocious, and is not easy to control. If selfconsciousness is devoured, they will become raging monsters.

It will not suppress the urge to destroy, so this skill has been sealed so far.

Gabil brought in Midday as an instructor to train with his partners to learn control. But as things stand, the success rate is not high.

Even so they still used it.

For Rimuru had given the order—that they should go all out.

They had no reason to hesitate.

"Dragon mode...!"

Together, the Flying Dragons unleashed the power they deserved.

The muscles began to swell and the purple scales that covered the surface of the body turned black. The thickness is increased, and the softness and hardness are several times greater.

The body size also doubled. Absorbing the magical elements around them and constructing a new body.

Both volume and mass have increased dramatically, and attack and defense have improved by leaps and bounds. Needless to say, those values were not comparable before the transformation.

As for the most important self-awareness...

If this makes them unconscious, they are simply a collection of forces. However, each member of the Flying Dragon congregation has successfully maintained his or her self-awareness.

The Dragon Warriors—that was the strongest force in Tempest, and their true fighting prowess blossomed in this instant.

"Everyone's going to hit the next one. Is there a way?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Good! So, let's go..."

Gabil gave the order for the "Flying Dragon" to move out en masse.

Who is the king of this sky?

In the face of this question, the answer will now be revealed.

The Mecha Legion, one of the three legions that made the Empire proud. Their killer "Air Combat Flying Corps" is now a poor lamb for the slaughter.

This is because the Dragon Warriorization, an inherent skill of the Draconians, has now been unleashed with special effects, and magic does not work on them.

Gabil and his group have turned into dragonized warriors, and even the 'divine Wrath' that belonged to the natural effect didn't work on them. That's because they automatically generate barriers that correspond to all physical attacks and invalidate magical attacks and natural effects—"multiple barriers" and "natural effects".

The airships' means of attack were all magic-based, and the machine guns were only auxiliary weapons, with no way to penetrate Gabil's scales. The Flying Dragons had already possessed a combat

power equivalent to A-, and now it had been strengthened several times, and now their strength had casually surpassed the A-rank wall.

The ability to regenerate close to "overdrive" is also available during the transformation.

The strength even surpassed that of high-ranking demons...

The blimps' means of attack could no longer hurt them, and now the blimps were out of gas.

As if to prove the point, Gabil shouted.

"I'm going in! Take it, and watch me do it..."

Gabil was originally a powerful individual, with an excellent ranking of Extra-A. Although not as strong as Shion and Benimaru, he was a strong one alongside Souei and Geld.

Such a Gabil transformed the Dragon Warriorization into his own power and spawned powerful warriors.

That power even went right to the former demon lords Carrion and Frey...

"Whirlpool water strike!"

The blow that Gabil struck broke up one of the blimps and sank it.

The air currents curl into a vortex, coalescing the moisture in the atmosphere at a certain point, forming a maelstrom of magical power. This majestic force was released from that lance in Gabil's hand, running through one of the aircrafts.

Even the "defensive frontier" from a hundred members of the defense services was defenseless and was crushed in this way.

It really does sink in a flash.

The other Dragonized Warriors followed close behind. Although they couldn't release the magical spear like Gabil, they still launched a surprise attack on the airship with his enhanced body functions.

The magic didn't work on them, so the hovercraft's barrier didn't do anything to stop them. In the blink of an eye, the barrier was breached, allowing them to invade the interior of the ship.

A small party of five men took on a ship that took a few minutes to sink one by one.

As things turned out, the "Air Combat Air Corps" would all die sooner or later.

This made Gabil shout in triumph.

"Gah, gah, gah, gah! Come on, everybody, take it up. If someone can't even bring down a ship, you'll see what happens later!"

Hearing these words, the members of the Flying Dragon congregation, who were moving relatively slowly, turned green in the face.

There are only a hundred blimps. Today Gabil continues to attack and the number of remaining ships is gradually decreasing.

This has turned into a competition.

"That will not do, Lord Gabil!"

"Lord Gabil is easily swayed by the mood of the moment. It seems to be hitting the right way now, maybe not leaving prey for us."

"It is possible that the Grand Admiral did so..."

How well everyone teamed up to fight down the airship was going to be defined, it all depended on the mood of Gabil. Knowing how things might turn out, the players rushed to join the attack one after another.

The position of the hunter and the prey reversed and the situation in the sky was decided.

A little time passed.

The supply troops belonging to the Imperial Army's "Magic Tank Division" were about to face trials.

"Gentlemen, I'm glad you've followed me to this point. But everyone needs to be prepared, and then comes the heavy lifting!"

The person who said this was Hakurou, who had been assigned to the Green Legion.

He also did not breathe a sigh of relief, a look of indifference, but the 12,000 regiment members who heard this, all of them were panting.

This was because they were now staying further back in the Imperial Magic Tank Force. In order to get around from the Dwarven Kingdom, they meandered for over forty kilometers.

Still in a state of wearing heavy equipment...

It was thanks to Hakurou, the 'teacher', that all this came true.

Hakurou thoroughly exercised the members of the regiment and made them learn the "qi fighting method". As a result, members of the team are able to use a variety of techniques, such as the instantaneous movement method, which allows for instantaneous movement, and the invisibility method, which makes opponents invisible.

The Green Legion marched out at the same time as Gobta and others, running to get there so the enemy wouldn't find out.

"You are to be commended for your flexibility in using the 'qi fighting method' taught by me."

Hakurou said as he put on a Buddha-like and kind face.

The members of the regiment were all sitting on the ground, holding their breath as they listened, and instead had an ominous feeling in their hearts.

They've all known Hakurou for a long time. And this unflinching "teacher" treats his enemies more harshly than he treats his own people. Such an old looking man giving orders after complimenting his own people—just imagining it could be terrifying. The people knew that the person who was going to carry out the order was themselves, and without awareness they could not listen to what was coming.

"Our mission is to cut off the enemy supply line here. Although it is not very meaningful, but if we can defeat the enemy's supply troops in the rear, we can more or less thwart the enemy's fighting spirit. There is no need to do needless killing in the face of the enemy, but there is no need to show mercy to the enemy either. Besides..."

Speaking this way, Hakurou glanced towards the battlefield, then revealed a smile, then continued to say the following words.

"Gobta has also changed. When the bait is right, it's right. You can't lose to the army chief either, but you have to play well!"

Not losing to the sound of explosions coming from afar, Hakurou's voice was resounding. Some people who had no real-world experience in combat were sedated by such a Hakurou and began to feel nervous.

"Listen up, don't think of anything superfluous while you're fighting. Be aware that the one who does not hack the enemy to death is himself. If you let the enemy escape, your partner will die as a result. It's an iron law on the battlefield."

Just now, everyone was still panting, but they all unconsciously held their breath and listened to Hakurou speak.

This is hitting everyone's hearts.

Let those who are well aware not be confused on the battlefield.

"The value of life is not created equal. Compared to the lives of those we cherish, other strangers become indifferent. And the enemy is still the aggressor. These fools have no value in keeping us alive. Don't think about it. Kill them all!"

Then Hakurou pressed everyone through such fierce words, minimizing their guilt.

This Hakurou was being considerate of everyone.

"If it is you who have been exercised by the Master, even those pieces of iron can be cut off. What the enemy shoots is nothing more than gadgets that look like standing still to you, don't they? In that case, there is no need to be afraid. There is no opponent before our blade!"

It doesn't look like it's standing still at all—that's something no one can say.

How can it be said? If you say something like that, you'll get a "lack of cultivation" and you'll be treated even worse than you were on the battlefield.

Some people have "this discontent" in their hearts, but everyone has no complaints against Hakurou.

What he couldn't do on his own, Hakurou would never take his word for it. Although Hakurou's words were too radical, it was hoped that the members of the group would come to the same pinnacle, and that such words and deeds would appear to contain the heart of the instructor.

And just like that, the Green Legion has been waiting in the wings.

They were waiting for Hakurou's instructions—to order a surprise attack.

The army chiefs who led them were on a more dangerous mission—to be the decoy. Fight beautifully without disgracing the name of the Four Heavenly Kings.

The figure was clearly seen by Hakurou's additional skill, "Heaven's Eye", and was then seen by everyone, even the most extreme legionnaire, through the "Communication Network".

They are going to be scared. But beyond the fear, the regiment members were all taken from their gaze by the wolf-rider army led by Gobta.

Everyone had already made up their minds, thinking that this time it would be their turn to work hard. Seeing the members of such a regiment, the uneasiness in Hakurou's heart somewhat subsided.

In order to be able to cope with various situations, he thoroughly trained the members of the regiment, but there are still victims of the first battle.

Trying to exercise them a little more—despite such regrets, there's no way around it. The enemy is not waiting for them.

According to Benimaru's battle plan, the Gobta group is going to fight tooth and nail to maintain the glue. This will surely make the enemy feel anxious.

The magic tank's shells were not infinite, and there was always a moment when that shower of gunfire stopped. At this point, it was Hakurou's turn to make their appearance.

To strike the enemy's supply forces and seize their supplies. This would also easily paralyze enemy magic tanks.

There is another purpose, which is to force out the hidden masters...to wait for the opponent to show up for a win or loss.

I hope it's in front of me.

Hakurou expected so, but it also depended on timing.

It was their first time on the battlefield and they would have died if they had been consumed by fear. Though hopefully they'll more or less alleviate their fears, then the next...

All we can do now is pray that the battle will be successful—and that everyone will be safe. Hakurou thought so in his heart, but those worries were ultimately unwarranted.

“—Listen up, everybody!”

Suddenly, through Benimaru's skill, Rimuru used his mind to talk to everyone. Just by hearing those words, the uneasiness in the hearts of the monsters disappeared. Immediately after, unspeakable excitement began to well up and the flesh gradually became hot as if it were burning.

"Get rid of the enemy as quickly as possible."

Rimuru said so—no, he gave the order.

This made Hakurou smile darkly.

"Looks like I'm overdoing it. You all heard me, right?"

"Yes!"

"Well, go ahead, everyone! There is no need to hold back any longer. Go to the battlefield and make the most of your strength."

Long before the old man said those words...

The legion of monsters then rushed out like a wave of fury.

After that, ten minutes passed.

Some of the infantry, who were originally guarding the Empire's supply forces, fought against the horizontally lined up army of monstrous creatures.

The sudden surprise attack by the opponent almost had them in disarray, but these were the elite men of the Empire. They immediately reorganized their posture to find order.

Take the armored vehicles for transport as shields, and some troops for sniping magical creatures. The Army was outnumbered and at first glance the battle situation seemed to be in their favor.

Yet the Green Legion was not half afraid.

Even when exposed to gunfire, the scaled shields set in the front row are still useful.

Unlike bows and arrows, small guns shoot without forming parabolas. The purpose is to suppress the enemy at close range, and that suppression cannot be exercised if the enemy at the front of the line is not shot down.

Currently, the world is still dominated by swords and magic.

If a weapon like a pistol is to be refurbished tactically, it must first exert too good a killing power.

There is magic in this world. There is no way to paralyze the enemy with just one shot. The gunshot attack focuses on one point, with swords and axes hitting out with stronger longitudinal attacks.

The epoch-making revolution—the new weapons of which the empire is proud are not enough to usher in a new era.

That being the case, another new type of weapon will be used. Once the commander had made up his mind, he then gave follow-up orders.

"Damn it! Everyone switched from small guns to "magic guns". The whole squad just needs to get the important supplies and meet up with this team!"

Small pistols—based on knowledge brought from another world to recreate the weapon, there was not much use against magic. No, there was some success in the experimental phase, but at best it was used against magical creatures that were not armed with anything.

Then they switch to magic. The average soldier can also use this "magic gun" with the magic of the Great Flame Magic Gun carved into it.

Using this would cut through most of the magic and let them burn—or so the commander thought.

Yet sadly, it must be said that the idea is too naive.

The Green Legion is equipped with the latest special-grade defense. It was a scaly shield that Garm had processed from Charybdis' scales. A lead bullet can bounce off at any time, and it has a special effect...

"No, no! Magic is useless against enemy forces!"

Highly resistant to magic—that's where the scaled shield really comes in.

There was another nightmare coming at the Imperial Army in the back.

The Flying Dragons flew in from the air—these were the elite of the Blue Corps led by Ultima.

"Spill blood all you want!"

After this lovely shout, the entire ground exploded and burst into flames.

This was a large scale attack with the Flaming Jades. Although not very powerful, it was already quite lethal when used on the infantry of the Empire.

And the roar was enough to bring chaos to the battlefield.

Support soldiers who are not accustomed to combat—for example, the reserves or the medics—are simply too late to react to sudden changes in the situation. As a result, there was no way to follow orders to rendezvous with our team, resulting in more and more unnecessary casualties.

Seeing that the battle situation was more favorable to our side than what he had just worried about, Hakurou was somewhat relieved.

"Hi, Mr. Hakurou. Can you hand them over to me for now?"

"So it's Miss Ultima. It doesn't matter if I do it for a while..."

Seeing Ultima jump off the flying dragon's back, Hakurou was like an amiable old grandfather, responding with composure.

It's a far cry from the way he treated the group.

"Yeah? Then I'll leave it to you!"

Ultima also looked cute begging like a granddaughter who was pandering to her grandfather. Veyron and Zonda must have looked dumbfounded, thinking they were dreaming.

After all, how could Ultima talk like that...

"That's fine, but..."

"Well, what is it?"

"It's nothing really. Just a question, is Ultima-sama close to Carrera-sama?"

"Well... That's a bit of a concern, but since it's Mr. Hakurou, I'll let it go. The answer is simple, we're on super bad terms!"

Ultima replied with a narrow smile.

The expression on her face was as cute as ever, and the vibe on her body was starting to get a little intimidating.

Actually, Ultima is very good at pretending to be a good baby. Cruel and cold by nature, her emotional ups and downs are so great that one suspects she has a dual personality.

Even so, there is still respect for her predecessors, so few people can detect her nature.

"Well, that's a shame."

"Why do you ask?"

"It's nothing—just a little interest. Lady Carrera has a subordinate named Agera who I want to ask if you know anything about him or not..."

Hakurou stammered.

This demon in Agera resembles someone Hakurou knew—or he should say it's exactly the same.

This person was Araki Byakuya, the grandfather and master of Hakurou.

That's why Hakurou was interested in Agera. Yet Agera, the party in question, looked as if he did not recognize Hakurou.

Is it because you've gotten older and changed your appearance? Hakurou once thought so, but...

"Um... sorry. I'm not interested so it's not clear."

Ultima said this indifferently.

And she added...

"If you care so much, why don't you just ask him yourself?"

That statement is beside the point.

Hakurou nodded as he listened, thinking that it was right to say so.

"That's true. I'm sorry, I seem to have too many worries."

"Well, well, it's not good to think too much and worry too much. Still, that one's for later. What's more important now is combat. Otherwise, even Mr. Hakurou would have been scolded by Lord Rimuru!"

"Then the rest is up to you"—leaving those words with a smile, Ultima flew into the sky again.

He watched her leave, and then Hakurou changed his expression to one of enlightenment.

"Oh, my goodness. It seems that it was myself who was not cultivating enough. I'll have to make up for that as soon as possible."

Immediately afterwards, Hakurou drew his sword.

He turns into a swordsman and is ready to dominate the battlefield.

The sight before his eyes stunned Major General Faraga.

By managing the plural "defensive borders" with elite wizards, you can create an air fortress with a proud and all-around defense. Such a hovercraft was shot down by a magical creature.

According to Imperial Intelligence, it appears to be a rare race called the Dragon People. He had heard that the other side had what was called a human-type dragon's battle strength, but what he saw in front of him was simply worlds apart.

"Is that guy a monster? I'm not getting any information from the intelligence agency!"

To get rid of his own self, who is a magical mentor and wizard, so give him false information? Faraga almost thought in that direction, but he thought it shouldn't be.

No, not right. Those guys were transforming before my eyes. Could this be a change in the type of magical creature that Master had once written about in his book...?

It is said that certain races among the magical creatures are free to change into two postures, one suitable for general life and the other specifically for combat.

The Dragon People who had just fought them were magical creatures that had evolved from the Lizard People. They have wings capable of flying through the air and the stunt is to be able to spit out various attributes of attacks. The danger level is B among magical creatures, which is not to be underestimated, but it is certainly not a particularly threatening opponent.

"What's going on?"

Faraga originated to question the adjutant.

The discrepancy between the facts and information at hand also seemed to baffle the adjutant in question.

"I'm so, so sorry."

The person in charge of detecting the energy value of the enemy's magical creatures returned, saying that as soon as the other party's appearance changed, the values increased dramatically. The value was found to be several times higher than the benchmark classified as A rank.

"You mean...several times higher than an A rank? And completely resistant to magic, is that what it means!?"

Faraga shouted, but that thought was actually wrong. Gabil and the others are not "magically ineffective" despite their high level of "magical resistance". It was just that the magic attacks released by the blimps weren't powerful enough to break the 'multiple barriers' that guarded them.

"I don't want to admit it, but I can only speculate in this direction based on the current situation. Our magic attack was useless at all, but the attack from the enemy magical creatures brought down our proud airship..."

That kind of thing to see and know—Faraga was tempted to complain. But he stiffly suppressed the urge and managed to cope calmly.

It was only about a hundred Draconians, nothing to be afraid of. No matter how great the gear they wore, they were no match for the Empire's newest weapon - he had always thought so.

When as many as three hundred flying dragons escaped, he was sure they would win—no, not right. In fact, at this time Faraga felt uneasy. Perhaps he had long experience of fighting in the battlefield, and an unspeakable feeling of foreboding rose in his mind.

Am I guessing? But now we have to think about countermeasures.

Thinking about this side, Faraga once again looked to the battlefield.

"Is the reason why it's said several times more is because each one is equivalent to a high-ranking wizard? A catastrophe—no, maybe it's as good as a catastrophe class, is that right?"

"Yes! That's what the analysts' side said."

"That's tricky. If the magic is useful, even an A-grade magical creature can be disposed of. And what rank are the individuals leading the team?"

"This, this..."

"What's wrong? Answer quickly."

"Yes! Then I'll tell you."

The adjutant faltered as he looked at the report, but re-reported under Faraga's glare. And its contents shocked Faraga.

"Ten times more, you say? Is this true?"

"It's true. It's not that the detector is malfunctioning, that's for sure, I've heard that one particular individual has ten times more mana than the others."

“What...”

Faraga lost his voice dumbfounded.

Faraga's master Gadra reincarnated repeatedly and gained power, even he didn't have such exaggerated magical powers. Such a value is not even close to the Demon Lord.

"There's no information about the monster, not even the information given by the Intelligence Bureau. And he didn't participate in the martial arts tournament organized by the demon creature, so his fighting strength is unknown."

"The spy lurking over there said he seemed to have given a conference on herbs. I've heard that the content was interesting at the time, but in retrospect, the aim was actually to hide the equivalent of a catastrophe-level combat power."

It was only after listening to the subordinate officers expressing their opinions that Faraga came to his senses.

A phenomenon like that just now is definitely a "transformation".

To hide your fighting strength and let the enemy fall off guard. Later on, he learned that the airship was armed only with magic, so he revealed his true nature.

Underestimated by them, thought Faraga.

"Calm down, everyone. The enemy is magic. In that case, we win. No matter what opponent you face, it's fine as long as you do unleash the Magicule Disrupting Radiation and seal their movements!"

The Dragon People are a very rare race. There are even rarer, but not completely invincible, opponents who can "transform" among them.

The airships were secret weapons developed by the Empire to be used against Veldora. Even the dragon's dependents were no match as long as the real value of the magic element, which disrupted the radiation, was played out.

They're also now unleashing the mana-disturbing radiation. Even the surface can be netted with a wide range of influence. But that's like testing the waters and waiting until you're up against Veldora to apply it centrally.

If the mana element is disturbed, the magical movements of the body made up of magicule elements will become dull. Just focus on letting the disturbance wave shine, and no matter what kind of magic creature it is, the action will be blocked.

"Start moving now!"

Ignoring the adjutants who had rushed to get started, Faraga struggled to get a grip on the battle. With the exception of the individual responsible for taking the lead, the others were all five acting together. There are currently twenty in the fray. Fewer than ten blimps were shot down.

In the face of such casualties and losses, there is still a great chance of redemption.

"Major General Faraga, the irradiation is ready. But if this goes on, our personnel will be affected..."

"So what?"

"No, it's okay."

"In that case, let's get on with it."

"Yes!"

The airship was able to float with the power of magic, so what would happen if it was irradiated with magical disruption?

This, of course, goes without saying. After losing the magic effect, the hovercraft will fall in obedience to the laws of physics. Of course the people above would not have survived.

Faraga is a fellow wizard who once stayed in the "Magic Legion," which means that those wizards who look up to him will die.

Still, Faraga didn't even raise an eyebrow and gave the order in this regard.

"Mana disrupting the radiation—start irradiation!"

Around the engaged hovercraft and gobbler, the remaining ships began to lay out. Then one by one, the magicule-disturbing radiation was irradiated from the bow of the ship.

As a result, the blimps fell one after another. Along with the Draconians who were fighting them...
Sorry about that. It's all a necessary sacrifice.

Faraga opened his eyes and prayed silently.

The fallen blimp hit the ground hard and burst into flames. The people sitting inside, not to mention the magical creatures will not be safe and sound.

"Looks like it's all gone. Then it's just that special individual."

"Even if magic doesn't work, there's no way they can survive the shock and the heat."

"Although the sacrifice was great, being able to pack a hundred high-ranking monsters, such a price is already quite cheap."

The adjutants were relieved.

But Faraga threw a cold shower of water at them with a scolding.

"Don't be careless. It was a sacrifice for a companion, nothing to be proud of in a battle like this! And we haven't packed that individual away yet!"

Hearing this, several adjutants tensed their nerves along with it.

Even that special individual that was equivalent to a demon lord level was blocked from moving. But his wings were still there, still lingering in the air.

Now that twenty hovercraft had been sacrificed, how could just one kill this enemy.

"If only Gobta, the Four Heavenly Kings, who cannot fly in the air, were left, we wouldn't have to work so hard"

"Mmm. If allied with Lord Geist's charioteer force, no amount of tenacious defending could break it down."

"However, he's been so dislodged by the weapon that he can't move. As long as you keep irradiating at this pace, it won't be long before the flesh falls apart."

"No, I don't think so. The analyst class is observing, and they say the rate of reduction in magicule values for particular individuals is minimal."

Hearing what the adjutants were talking about, Faraga instantly had a chill to the bone.

There are already so many of them, more than seventy hovercrafts together releasing magicule disrupting radiation, but only barely sealing the operation? Then wouldn't the effect of weakening the magical creature be of no use to that guy at all....?

While thinking, 'How could there be such a thing?' Faraga simultaneously thought to himself that he had to rearrange his battle plans.

This is when he realized that the enemy's strength was on a different level than theirs.

Letting all the magical vein disrupt the radioconcentration only barely seals its action. Taking some time might have made it weaker, and it was surprising that there could even such a monster...except for Veldora.

Doesn't that mean this guy's tougher than Gobta of "The Four Heavenly Kings"—no, is that it?

It was at this moment that a certain thought suddenly flashed through Faraga's mind.

In fact, this particular individual must be their target, "Veldora".

Faraga couldn't help but agree with himself.

"So that's it, this guy is Veldora. This would explain why his mana values were abnormally high."

When he looked back, his mouth had taken the liberty of muttering those words.

All sorts of reactions emerged from the adjutants as they listened.

"I see...because his seal has just been lifted, he has become weak, so weak that he cannot maintain his dragon form."

"Weak? He's so powerful, but he's still weakening. Even those followers are comparable to dragons, so maybe they can find someone comparable to the high ranking dragon clan."

Faced with such adjutants, Faraga opened his mouth.

"Exactly. That's what's scary about Veldora. Once upon a time, the Imperial Army was defeated by Veldora. My master, Gadra, also told me about the situation at that time. It's been sealed for 300 years and the guy is still so strong. It's hard to imagine how strong he was before being sealed, right?" After listening to Faraga's explanation, the adjutants nodded in sympathy.

"Indeed, with such great power, it is no wonder that the Farmus army was exterminated."

"Major General Faraga has a point. That guy must be Veldora."

Most agreed like this, but some of them were skeptical.

"Excuse me, Major General Faraga. But the name of the head of the Dragon People is 'Gabil'...?"

Even when questioned in this way, Faraga laughed.

"I'm telling you, that's a fake name. It was heard that Veldora was sealed and his strength declined along with it. I think it's to try to hide it as much as possible until his original combat power is restored." Now that the other side was so asserted, the adjutant could only compromise.

"It's unheard of for a magical creature to use a pseudonym...No, that's more like a Veldora move."

While there is still much to foxhole, he interprets it himself in this way.

Immediately afterwards, when everyone decided that the particular individual in front of them was Veldora, the adjutants began to have a look of joy on their faces.

"Although our ace blimp showed less damage, it was understandable that the opponent was Veldora!"

"It's better to say lucky. Attention must be paid to the widespread attack that wiped out the Farmus' army. It's a correct choice to use the magic vein to disrupt the radiation to seal his movements as soon as possible."

'Exactly'—thought Faraga.

Veldora is trapped by the mana-disturbing radiation and the whole person can't move. As long as it continues to drain his strength at this pace, it will be easier to solve it afterwards.

A quick glance back reveals that they got the biggest battle result of the campaign so far.

Faraga has to savor this good fortune.

"Is the output of the magicule disrupted radiation okay?"

"No problem. The output is down at 80 percent, which is pretty steady."

"How long will it take to get up to maximum output?"

"Not for an hour. The current state alone was a struggle to seal the action, but Veldora's flesh had begun to gradually crumble. The effect should be well worth the wait."

"Mmm. Does that mean that Veldora has only an hour to live if he comes back? Until then, Lord Geist can also complete the ground suppression."

These adjutants are excellent.

As far as he could see his intentions without saying anything, he started a discussion with the analysis class. Then revisited the combat plan and filtered out the problem.

The conclusion was that after one hour, the Four Heavenly King Gobta would also be finished with his crusade. The hobgoblin that was merged with the Demon Wolf was also a powerful individual, but still not as good as Veldora. As long as Geist's charioteer units got serious, it wouldn't be that hard to crush such an opponent.

"Magic doesn't work, and that's because the opponent is Veldora and his dependents, which is something that can't be done. But the Goddess of Victory is smiling down on us! As long as we wait slowly like this, the Empire's long-cherished wish will come true!"

Faraga was so convinced and inspired their soldiers and generals.



An atmosphere of imminent triumph permeated the bridge.

"I'll have the bar set up."

"Good idea. Please be prepared to set aside the 400-year-old wine from your collection."

"It's a dreamy escape to celebrate the empire's shame. If it had been an hour, the sediment in the wine would have sunk."

"Well, leave that to me."

—"Give me one too."

A beautiful girl with long dark purple hair tied back into a single ponytail had unknowingly taken her seat next to Faraga as an adjutant.

When exactly did she start sitting here? No, rather...

The other party was wearing a military uniform, a dress that didn't match her age. However, the seemingly serious military uniforms can contrast with the vulnerable aura of a young girl.

Faraga cringed at his own carelessness.

He was negligent in confirming that he would win. It's not just Faraga, it can be applied to all the soldier generals present.

It was only when these soldiers and their generals were not on guard that the girl was able to invade.

"Who are you?"

Where did she invade from?

And what is the purpose of the maiden?

To say whether she was an enemy or one of her own would certainly qualify her as such.

Faraga didn't think the maiden would answer honestly.

"Huh, no? Then it's okay to give me tea. I've been visiting on the side and feel thirsty."

Hearing Faraga ask who was coming, the men on the bridge turned their heads. Next, they found the maiden and were surprised to find her eyes wide open.

Not only the ships, but also the inside of the ships are also arranged with "barriers".

However, no abnormality was detected.

The maiden took it for granted and just stayed there.

"I'm asking what you are."

Faraga slowly stood up and came face to face with the maiden. Then draws his gun and asks the same thing again.

Even so, the maiden continued to laugh.

Even when a gun was pointed at her, she still didn't consider it a threat.

After all, this maiden's real face is...

"Who am I, you ask? My name is Ultima. It is a very important and precious name given to me by Lord Rimuru!"

Because she is one of the strongest forces in this world—the Purple Primordial.

Faraga calmly observes Ultima, looking to get a good look at his opponent. In order to achieve this, he believes that the most effective means of gathering information is through dialogue.

"Your name is Ultima? Haven't even heard of it."

"Yeah? You are so ignorant. I've come to ask a lot of questions today, and it doesn't look like it's worth expecting."

"What did you say?"

"Because you're going to die soon, right? So until then, I hope you can reveal all sorts of information to me!"

With an innocent smile, Ultima said so.

Seeing Ultima pose in such an attitude, Faraga had an unspeakable feeling in his heart.

It was similar—that's right.

It was like facing those high ranking members of the Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard, who absolutely existed, and maybe this girl's sense of oppression was even stronger.

Hard to believe...I lost to the other side in terms of stamina? I'm so afraid of such a young girl!

Faraga began to doubt his instincts.

However, the reality of the matter came to light, and the young girl sitting in front of him—Ultima, who had invaded the ship alone, was simply extraordinary. This definitely needs to be classified as an emergency.

Faraga speculated on Ultima's purpose, and next found out that her purpose was actually quite obvious.

Outside the window was the trapped Veldora. Such a sight symbolized the imminent victory of the empire, and it must have been desperate to see in the eyes of those demonic creatures. It was to save him that the magical creature underneath Veldora acted, right?

Her name is Ultima? Even I shuddered at the sight of such a magical creature, and I didn't expect the Intelligence Bureau to fail to grasp this figure. She's an ace, I'm afraid. It must be a high-level magical creature that belongs directly to Veldora.

That must be right. She was a subordinate that had only recently been named. Although the appearance was close to human, the demonic aura was unnerving and evil to the point of being indescribable. It was still unclear who the other party really was, but fortunately, Faraga knew where the demonic spirit with such a demonic aura was.

For Gadra, the master of the Faraga, was once keenly studied for a time.

Pointing the gun at Ultima, Faraga opened his mouth to question.

“I get it. You're from the demon race, aren't you?”

"Wow, that's awesome. That's the right answer.”

As if to say "that's par for the course", Faraga snorted.

To be able to exude such a strong evil aura must be a high-ranking demon general. And it's still a monster that gets a name for flesh.

The question is what class Ultima is.

She's definitely an aristocrat. That's okay if it's below the Middle Ages, but if it's an older species, it might be a struggle to deal with? No, in this case, we have a way to seal the demon's stunt. Demons who can't use magic are nothing to fear!

Thinking about this side, Faraga secretly gave instructions to the ministry.

He wanted his men to launch a magic vein disruption radiation on the inside of the warship. In that case, the magic enhancement cannon cannot be used. And no "magic guns" can be used either, the wizards on the ship will be useless, right?

But that's what Faraga wants.

Zone magical creatures, the magical element is not a threat when sealed. The same goes for demons. As long as the mana was sealed, the demons could not use the magic they used as weapons.

The opponent is a high-ranking demon general, and minions who will use magic are useless no matter how many come. Instead of that, it's better to put the demon at an irreversible disadvantage so that the odds of winning also increase.

Glancing at the gun in his hand, he sneaked his hand up to the sword hanging from his waist. Then to distract Ultima, continue the conversation with her.

"It's surprising that Veldora has a demon like you as a subordinate.”

“Huh? Lord Veldora’s subordinate?”

"Heh, you don't have to hide it. In that case, there's no other reason than to come to the rescue of the master!"

"No! I am a loyal servant of Lord Rimuru!"

She's under the Demon Lord Rimuru? No, her goal must have been to save Veldora.

It is true that there is no mention in the report that Veldora had a subordinate on this matter. But it didn't matter if the Demon Lord's men were still Veldora's men.

"That's rude. So, you're here to save Veldora, right?"

"What have you been saying since just now? I just said I was coming to ask about something, don't you people listen to people?"

It seems the two sides are talking about the same thing.

Is that a bluff? I don't think there's any need to hide it, but what's this guy's purpose?

Faraga worried if he had gotten something wrong, an unspeakable uneasiness rose in his mind, a feeling that had disturbed him.

He felt like he was making a big mistake...

"...So, what do you want to ask?"

Hearing these words, Ultima, as if she had been waiting for this moment, smiled and then spoke with a smile on her face.

"The construction of this ship and the way it is used is a major focus. Also exploring the remaining war power in the Empire in passing. And how many strong men there are on your side, as far as you know, just admit it."

To pose such an innocent attitude is simply to rag on a small view.

You underestimate us, so just so. I'll admit she's a little tricky, but what can the other person do when they're alone?

As unsettling as it was, these were Faraga's genuine thoughts.

It won't be long before it's ready to be completed.

He also has killer weapons that he uses against demons.

The afterglow in the corner of his eye caught the coded signal his own men had played, indicating readiness.

This will definitely be able to beat the other side. Faraga looks to regain some leeway.

"Heh, you think we're gonna tell the truth?"

"I don't think so, but it doesn't matter. Let's forget about that. Is the tea ready yet? I've been waiting."

"Forget the tea, I'll serve you something better!"

Seeming to have shaken off all the confusion, Faraga pulled the trigger.

Bullets were fired, and that became the signal for war to begin.

The place was also affected by the magicule-disturbing radiation.

The pistol Faraga holds is not a "magic gun".

The M1911, a military automatic pistol developed by the American Colt Manufacturing Company, is an antique brought to us by "otherworldly visitors", carefully maintained daily, and is a favorite pistol of Faraga.

It holds seven plus one rounds. The power of the large caliber bullets made especially for a large sum of money is worthy of the nickname of the handheld cannon.

But that's a fake move at best. The demon races were all spiritual beings and ordinary weapons were simply useless to them. If it was a demon possessing flesh, perhaps it would sense some pain, but that's about it at best.

Faraga disarmed the insurance with a skilled move, knocking all the bullets out. He wasn't optimistic enough to think he was lucky enough to accidentally take down his opponent. Only those who dared to underestimate a high-ranking demon general and want to commit suicide would do such a thing.

When the voices stopped, things went exactly as Faraga had expected.

Ultima sat in her chair as if indifferently. She opened her left hand and let eight rounds fall with a clatter.

Not knowing how she did it without using magic, the bullet lost its physical energy and Ultima's hand was unharmed.

"That's a funny toy. But I prefer what Lord Rimuru has in his hands."

"Yeah? I'd like to see that."

The results were less positive than expected, but Faraga wasn't surprised. He put his gun away and drew the sword that hung around his waist.

The "Imperial Style Magic Sword" won't expire even if it's affected by the mana-disturbing radiation. By using his own magic power to circulate the magical elements, Faraga is able to achieve the same effect as a magic sword, and is more powerful than the skill 'Fighting Qi Sword'."

If it was a magic sword, it would also work against the demon race. As long as they can destroy each other's flesh, there is no way for the other party to tolerate magicule-disrupting radiation.

That's what Faraga thought.

Hurry up and drive her back to the demon world!

In addition to being a magical instructor, Faraga's swordplay was also highly skilled. It was just that he didn't deliberately boast about it, he thought to himself that he wouldn't lose to a famous swordsman.

It was because Faraga had this ability that he could stay calmly in this environment where magic was sealed.

Ultima was no exception, and even with the effects of the mana-disturbing radiation, she was still as unhurried as ever.

Faraga thinks the other side is just holding out hard. Not to be fooled by his opponent's acting, he calmly makes his judgments.

"What's it like to be sealed by someone who's good at magic?"

“?”

Putting on a misguided expression, Ultima crooked her head.

"Heh, are you in a hurry? The time for chatting is over, motherfucking demon!"

The aura on Faraga's body changed abruptly, a tension that was invisible to the naked eye permeating between him and Ultima.

“Oh...you want to fight me?”

"You don't have to say that. Would anyone be stupid enough to respond to a deal with the devil?"

"Stupid? I say, is this supposed to be about...me?"

"Stupid. Don't you even understand that? Then I'll tell you something. It's the strong ones you want to explore, and I'm one of them!"

While Ultima was talking, Faraga stabbed his sword through in a single breath.

This is an expert grade spike. The stab at Ultima's heart, even if the opponent was a demon, it couldn't avoid it, it was a sure-fire blow.

However, the sky is the limit.

“I'll kill you last.”

A voice came from behind Faraga.

Faraga's sure-fire strike couldn't even touch Ultima, who was originally sitting on a chair, only poking a hole in the chair. Surprisingly, something like this could happen, just now Ultima was still sitting in front of his eyes, and when Faraga found out, the other party had come behind him.

This is incredibly realistic for Faraga.

"Since you don't want to talk to me, that's okay. But when I ask a question, you have to give me the answer. Rest assured. Even if you don't tell me, I can take knowledge at will.”

With an innocent smile, Ultima looked around at the general soldiers watching, then announced in a voice that was unnervingly frightening.

"Then we'll start with you."

"Huh?"

Faraga turned his head in a panic as some sort of circular object flew past him.

Pop-chop, that thing hit the wall and made a puddle on it. That thing is a human head to be exact.

One of the adjutants lost everything from the neck up, and then, as if suddenly remembering that he had lost his head, he fell to the ground with a jerk.

"How could...!?"

"Looks like he doesn't know much information. Hurry up and find the next one."

Once that was said, Ultima casually twisted the head of the enemy soldier general, played for a few seconds and then dropped it, starting to repeat the matter over and over.

One by one, the fallen appear. The bridge was suddenly hell, filled with shrieks and fear.

'Pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop, pop...'

"Make contact with the other ships and focus around our command ship!"

The wizards went into a state of panic from fear and immediately came to their senses upon hearing Faraga say so.

Everyone hurry and follow the order.

"This Mana disruptor is your new weapon, isn't it? Theoretically, to hinder magic by firing a jumbled number of commands at the magic element? It does have an effect on magical things, but do you guys think it will work for me?"

Lovingly tilting her head, Ultima mumbled out her doubts.

Like in response to her, Faraga shouted.

"A bluff! Don't think you can bluff your way through!"

"Well, I guess you don't understand. If the flesh is made up of monstrous beasts and so on, one can expect to play to great effect. But don't you think there's no point in doing that when you've already acquired flesh like me?"

"What did you say...?"

"Also, if it's a lower-order demon, it doesn't mean anything to a higher-order demon, does it? Just as you would naturally breathe, we can naturally generate magic as soon as we are aware of it. Just like this."

Ultima disappeared without a trace as soon as the words were spoken.

At the same time the head communicator sitting in the last position flew out with it. This is what Ultima made by moving in a flash.

"See? Just now I just moved and this man's head flew off. It's beyond the speed of sound, but it doesn't send out shock waves or anything, right? Because I move like this by magic. And then there's..."

Ultima flicked her wrist. The front of the fingertips seemed to blur for an instant.

Immediately followed by a "bang" —and with that impact, the adjutant standing beside Faraga lost his head.

"It's easy to follow the laws of physics like this and send out shock waves.

Ultima spoke innocently while not changing her face to commit this cruel act. It doesn't look guilty at all.

"How could..."

The pale Faraga began muttering to himself.

Then Ultima's words finally made their way into Faraga's head. To comprehend them, the common sense that Faraga has cultivated so far would instead constitute a hindrance.

It was as if someone from afar was speaking a foreign language, and there was something incredible about it. His instincts refused to understand.

High-ranking demons...is she really?

It is only now that Faraga thinks deeply about who Ultima really is.

According to Faraga's strength, he could be equal to a high-ranking magician.

If it's a newborn individual, he can win on his own. Although there was no way to defeat the Ancient Race and above, facing the Viscount Class below the Middle Age Race, even if they couldn't defeat their opponent in the end, they could still fight beautifully.

So, what is the status quo?

It was not at all useful to have the Mana Disrupting Radiation that even Veldora could seal.

This high-ranking demon general who called herself Ultima had acquired flesh, but her strength was extraordinary.

Even subverting common sense in Faraga's mind...

He found no chance of beating Ultima no matter how much he struggled. So it was decided not to keep it any longer and to use the slayers used specifically to deal with demons.

"Don't get cocky, you damned demon! The spirit summons the Flaming Giant - Come, Flaming High Spirit of the Origin!"

Only heroic characters can use this most powerful summoning magic. There was no way for Faraga alone to perform such secret magic, but this blimp had magic-enhanced cannons on board, along with fifty wizards, making the impossible possible.

And for the spirits, the effects of magicule-disrupting radiation are minimal. Thus he succeeded in summoning.

Destroying the bridge, the Flaming Giant descended upon it. If it was a high-ranking spirit with an advantage relative to a demon, even an opponent who was a high-ranking demon general could defeat it. Sure of being able to do so, Faraga yelled at Ultima.

"I admit you're a monster. But we've been doing research on demons! So we also have a foolproof response. It's a pity that even you're going down!"

Even after hearing Faraga's high voice, Ultima still had a smile on her face.

A smile—He didn't think it was such a terrible thing to experience for the first time in Faraga's life.

No way. That's not possible. There's no way she can defeat the Flaming Giant we summoned—!

The Flame Giant summoned by Lager was being infused with power by fifty wizards through magic enhancement cannons. Of course, the Flame Giant's strength will be several times higher than that of ordinary high-ranking spirits, regardless of whether they are facing ancient or prehistoric species, even if they encounter high-ranking demons, they will not lose.

Yet the fear in Faraga's heart is hard to erase.

"It is only to summon such scum, not to get carried away. While I'm at it with a kind smile on my face, you'd better be honest with yourselves. Otherwise you will taste the despair."

Ah, this is the end—Faraga understood.

It's a gut feeling.

And his instincts were right.

The next second, right in front of Faraga's eyes, the Flame Giant, the embodiment of absolute power, froze to pieces.

As if in a breath-change, Ultima unleashed the elemental magic "Frozen Hell" without chanting through it.

"Ah, ah..."

"Ee, ee, ee! It's a monster...!"

"That's nothing, that's nothing...!"

It was about time to go down the Yellow Springs road, and the stupid people started crying and screaming.

Complete panic.

It is understandable that there would be such a reaction. For the incarnation of death stood before them.

"Then I'll move on to the questions."

Ultima, who could be said to have a very cheerful voice, became the last words those poor people heard.

In a few minutes...

The smiling Ultima nodded.

She was very happy to have all the information she wanted to know. Although there was no way to seize all the knowledge, sensing human brainwaves for intelligence was easy for Ultima.

Ultima was an intelligence marshal, and bringing intelligence back was part of the mission. If the results were satisfactory, she was sure their master, Rimuru, would be pleased too.

She'd be happy if he could compliment her, thought Ultima.

Then she looked to the one who was still alive.

That man is Faraga.

In the midst of this desperation, Ultima had no choice but to spare Faraga.

The reason is certainly not of the compassionate kind.

"You called me a fool, so I'm going to take the greatest fear and give it to you as a gift. If you try, maybe you'll survive, try to struggle."

Ultima thus proclaimed was like a whisper, while unleashing a spell.

A fist-sized pitch-black karma flame appeared in her left hand.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah..."

Faraga knew such things.

Abyss Core—this uncontrollable hellfire occurs when some kind of magic is unleashed.

It is said to be uncontrollable by humans and is a kind of extreme magic.

No, it's just that Faraga doesn't know that someone is actually in control. If it was the "Seven Celestial Sages" who had once been human heroes, it was possible to control the three of them together.

However, the black flame core emitted by Ultima now was more than twice as large as that emitted by the Seven Celestial Sages. Faraga knew nothing about it, but even he could see that it was a strategic level 'threat'...

Ultima threw something like that out with ease.

"Then take care of yourself. Goodbye!"

With these words, Ultima left the bridge.

Faraga, who had been thrown down, stood there dumbfounded.

What exactly is Ultima's true identity—that question is no longer important to the present Faraga.

As he suffered the Black Flame Core Baptism, Faraga knew that his life was coming to an end at this time.

There was absolutely no way he could control the Black Flame Core, and instinct made him understand that.

He was right to understand it that way.

It doesn't make sense to make a full effort with respect to the algorithm.

As if mocking Faraga's efforts were worthless, the fires of karma that were out of Ultima's control just swelled, multiplied, and spread.

Then after waiting for Ultima to fly away, the black fireball immediately devoured the command ship.

That fireball expanded massively and then exploded.

Turning into the ultimate destruction magic—Nuclear Flame.

And Faraga, who was forced to stay...

"It's beautiful...this is, this is magic at its best..."

A trance-like expression came over his face, the black flames burning his body.

The body evaporates and the "soul" tastes the pain of being burned by karma fire.

I don't know if Master Gadra ever experienced this miracle?

No, that's not possible—so asserts Faraga.

The magical hindrance created by the magical radiation of the mana-disturbing radiation would be deactivated by simply dominating it with a stronger thought wave, Faraga understood this. The proof is this beautiful destructive magic perfection given to Faraga despair.

Faraga—while savouring the despair of being surrounded by extreme magic, and the good fortune that comes with that, comes to the end of his career.

The "Air Combat Flying Corps" he led was completely destroyed by the Flame of Destruction, leaving not even a trace.

The first wave of damage is the super-hot flame and the second wave of damage is the shockwave from the explosion.

The command ship evaporated in a superheat beyond belief.

The surrounding ships erupted and scattered, their hulls turning into cannonballs. The ship's debris flew apart at supersonic speeds, and this alone caused a great deal of damage.

This big bang determines the trends on the battlefield.

The only ships that remain intact are those that fall to the ground in the first place. The ships that remained in the air were all victimized by chain explosions and were sunk in an instant.

So, before the original imperial assassins, the Air Combat Flying Corps, had even fought with Veldora, all the ships were destroyed in the blink of an eye, defeated and left with a discredited record.

As Ultima flew away from the ship, her interest in Faraga completely disappeared.

Watching the ball of fire that swelled into a larger and upward spiral, she nodded with seeming satisfaction.

Thinking that Rimuru was asking everyone to give it their all, she thought that she should increase her power a bit more, but then she thought that doing such a thing would kill all the "flying dragon congregation" on the ground, which made her think that what she had done earlier was just right.

Although something terrible had happened in the air, the damage to the Flying Dragon congregation was calculated as zero.

No, it didn't actually meet the standard, and someone was indirectly victimized afterwards...but Ultima doesn't care that much.

More than that, Ultima cared about Gabil's actions.

"What has Mr. Gabil been up to since just now...?"

Gabil was hit with concentrated fire from the magicule disturbance radiation. It looked as if he had been mistaken for Veldora for some reason, but Ultima didn't bother with that.

At this rate, Gabil would be swallowed up by the Flame of Destruction, and she hoped he retreated quickly for refuge.

Troubled but unable to do anything about it, Ultima had to fly to Gabil's side.

"I say, Mr. Gabil, what have you been up to since just now?"

"Oh, oh, it's Miss Ultima! In fact, I've got a new grip."

Somehow Gabil had a look of pride as he answered Ultima's question.

Ultima was originally still curious about what was going on, but it occurred to her that she would have to retreat first now.

She wouldn't be killed by her own magic, but Gabil probably couldn't afford it. Maybe he'll survive, but the odds of winning such a bet are too low.

She didn't want to carry the notoriety of killing one of her own, so Ultima took Gabil with her by force.

She came to the ground to meet the Flying Dragon.

It was at this point that Ultima could finally start questioning.

"So what the hell just happened?"

Ultima questioned Gabil's tone of voice with a firmness.

In addition to holding the position of intelligence marshal, Ultima is also the inspector general, who is to monitor Gabil's movements. Not just assisting him, but advising him so he doesn't take the wrong action.

A Gabil failure is the same as an Ultima failure, so of course she will be harsh.

But Gabil does not know how to read words and say such things.

"Gah, gah, gah, gah! Actually, it was, being hit by a special light released by the enemy, I thought of something. I saw on the spot that the property of the thing was that it would have an effect on the magic element, so I thought I'd experiment and see how far I could take it!"

Gabil, the stinking lizard, had better be scolded by Lord Rimuru, thought Ultima. But she relented and pursued the question next.

"So what's this new feel you're talking about?"

"Whoo-hoo, that's the point! Listen up, you guys. With regard to our inherent skill, Dragon Warriorization, Mr. Middray once said that skillfulness can prolong use. Now I'm in a state of 'transformation', right?"

Turning his head and looking around at all his companions, Gabil spoke triumphantly.

Hearing this, the Flying Dragon congregation looked at him and back, showing a surprised expression towards each other. The average amount of time they could transform was only about ten minutes, and everyone had long since recovered.

"I thought it was the Gabil who could do it, as a matter of course, but it seems not."

"So if we know the mystery of it, we can extend our time too?"

In this way, Gabil's men began to clamor one after another.

Watching Gabil they began to clamor, Ultima showed an unbearable look.

I sincerely hope that these lizards will kick the can down the road and suffer.

She has no mercy on her enemies, even in the face of her men. But strictly speaking, Gabil and his men were not her minions.

If they took the liberty of doing so, it would be Ultima who would be scolded by Rimuru.

It was only okay to be scolded.....to think that Rimuru was so angry when his men were injured, then he would probably be punished even more horribly. They might even get kicked out.

Ultima didn't want that to happen. The relief of your own stress and possible punishment are measured on the scale, and in the end the heart is unwilling to choose to be patient.

Gabil spoke up to such an Ultima.

"It is thanks to Miss Ultima that I have discovered the secret behind this power. You bought me time because you believed I had other ideas."

"Huh?"

"Oh, don't play dumb, I've seen it all. Your willingness to give immature us the opportunity to grow is really appreciated!"

It didn't bother Ultima to be told that. She regained her composure and her opinion of Gabil rose a little.

"Let's take it as it is. By the way, what's new with Mr. Gabil? Everyone seems to be wondering." Ultima decided not to correct Gabil's misunderstanding. Because she thought it was more important to clean up the mess now than that.

Currently the fighting is only taking place in localized areas.

There was Hakurou in charge of the rear, and there was the central area where Gobta and Ranga were fighting like crazy. And then there was the enemy stronghold to which Testarossa was heading, three places in all.

The aerial battle force that Gabil and the rest were responsible for holding off had been expelled and had to go to other battlefields for support. No time for a leisurely chat here.

"This matter is expected to be reported to Lord Rimuru, but I will briefly explain it first. It should also help boost combat power, and you all need to listen carefully."

Taking these words as an opening, Gabil proceeded to paraphrase with a serious expression.

The content is related to the complete control of "Dragon Warriorization".

Dragon Warriorization, an inherent skill of the Dragon People, is a special skill that strengthens itself by letting the mana get out of control.

The out-of-control mana will absorb the surrounding material and strengthen the user's flesh. By increasing the quality in this area to improve the defense, even if injured, it will recover immediately.

They will not be able to use magic because the mana will get out of control, but there is nothing wrong with using skills like spitting breath. It is a great power if it retains self-awareness, and mere reinforcement will only be effective.

"Then, the enemy attack seemed to have the property of disrupting the movement of the mana. It feels like my power seems to be further strengthened."

"Huh, so...it will be stronger than this current stance?"

Even Ultima was surprised that the magical vein disturbance radiation had such an unexpected effect.

The amount of mana Gabil possesses today is not dissimilar to the amount of mana Clayman had when he awakened before his death. It's surprisingly reinforced and looks to have a listening value.

The mere act of letting the monster element get out of control could increase the power, and Ultima was naturally surprised to hear that it could surpass an Awakened Demon King—a True Demon Lord—on a numerical level.

After all, where in the world is such a good thing.

"No, no, no, it's not that. Despite the increase in power, I couldn't control it smoothly. So I concentrated my consciousness and felt the mana that was out of control within me..."

It turned out to be just like that, the body couldn't move.

Even if it didn't hurt, Gabil couldn't move. But Gabil could be said to have learned how to sense mana right about that time as he got more and more frustrated.

"Mr. Middray once said, 'The realm without me', right? To look squarely at the universe within you and listen to those voices. This way..."

"It's too long. Keep it simple and clear!"

At this time, Ultima spat viciously, and Gabil's men nodded in agreement.

Temperamentally seeming to lose to everyone, Gabil nodded and said, "Ah, yes."

"To put it simply, it's a matter of sensing the out-of-control mana first, and then casting the Numinous Power. This way the unthinkable can happen and the power can be controlled."

Upon hearing this, Gabil's men began to clamor, saying outright, "It's too messy."

Instead, it was Ultima who gave an 'oh' in her heart.

It was easier than breathing for herself, but it seemed very difficult for Gabil and the others, and watching Gabil and the others react, Ultima found out about it.

At the same time Ultima began to take an interest.

Oh? Meaning that Mr. Gabil's men might get stronger if I exercise them?

That would certainly help Rimuru.

Rimuru would most likely compliment her.

"I see what Mr. Gabil means. But these will be negotiated later. Now to go first and help the little hobgoblins."

Ultima said this as if to announce that the break was over.

Originally intending to return the favor by saying that Gabil was slacking off, Gabil brought such meaningful information that Ultima was a little impressed with him. So she did some favors.

Containing the actions of Gabil, she decided to turn a blind eye this time.

"Well, that's right! Then let's go over there and provide support too."

Gabil also cheerfully agreed.

The man was still in a state of utterly wrong-headedness, but Ultima didn't think that would matter. It was actually a bit less complicated for her, so she didn't say anything and just left it at that.

"If someone doesn't live up to the standard, they'll be educated again later, so be aware of that!"

"Mmmmmm, then I'll help too!"

'That's a great idea'—Ultima smiled sweetly as she thought about it.

Gabil and the others did not spot Ultima's attempt and returned to the battlefield again.



"No way, how can this be!?"

In the main camp, far from the battlefield, Lieutenant General Geist shouted with an iron grimace.
The tragedy of the impossible is presented.

His proud division of Magic Guided Tanks was being tricked by a monster wolf who turned into a humanoid.

The sight was like a nightmare. It is now certain that the damaged body has taken up the majority.

It was immediately certain that he was about to be defeated, but the battle was progressing much faster than expected, causing him to miss the opportunity to retreat.

There is also no way to report on the situation to Calgurio, the Mecha Corps chief and commander-in-chief.

I must report to that Calgurio guy quickly to get permission to evacuate ...

Geist's rational dimension speaks thus.

...but—

Even if it's reported, the other side won't allow it.

This team, led by Calgurio, is already in action, and if Geist retreats at this juncture, it will be isolated this time.

In front of the base of the Demon Lord Rimuru, the main force of the "Mecha Regiment" is supporting them. Each of them was a warrior who had undergone reconstructive surgery and made the Empire proud, and was full of an overwhelming army of seven hundred thousand. Even if it was the main force that would win by 100%, it would inevitably be panicked if it was known that the rear force was retreating.

The armies of the Dwarven Kingdom will also be out in force. That way, they would pigeonhole the enemy along with the forces of the Demon Lord Rimuru.

This means that the supply line will be cut.

Even if you don't sleep or eat, the "mech-modified corps" can still be active for about a week. But that's the limit. As long as they still had human bodies, supplies were indispensable.

My mission is to suppress the Dwarven kingdom...to retreat from this battlefield would be to abandon them with Calgurio. Even if there's no way to win, at least keep it together ...

But it's difficult to implement.

What Geist saw before his eyes was the defeat of their army.

The rear is also in a state of disarray, with the chain of command even more disrupted.

One's own people even started killing each other. Even if the battle continues, it's only a matter of time before it's all over.

"Lieutenant General Geist! No matter what we do, it's all over!"

"Please, please, please order a retreat!"

Without having to listen to the advice of these ministers, Geist held the same view as them. Yet once this order is given, he takes all the blame for the defeat.

That said, Lieutenant General Geist, a man of impeccable personal bravery, was also highly regarded within the army. He had never encountered such a setback before, and therefore was not used to the situation he was experiencing at the moment.

How can I retreat? If so, His Majesty will certainly dispose of me. How could this be allowed to happen! I am the man who is going to be a hero in the future. But here is where my road to greatness is going to be ruined. At the very least, there has to be a justification that doesn't hold me accountable alone...

Now the battle bets on the prestige of the Empire and will end with his failure—an idea that reveals Geist's true nature.

He only wanted to preserve himself, and didn't care about sacrificing his men. Geist is such a minor character.

"Lieutenant General, it will be difficult to revive the troops at this rate. This team has not turned into a scattered mess at the moment, we should let them get rid of the enemy in the rear!"

"There is no shame in withdrawing for a while. If the fighting continues, we will only suffer more!"

Upon receiving such a suggestion, Geist finally began to use his brain.

If he loses the troops assigned to him from above, he will not be punished in any case. Don't say it's relegation, maybe it's going to cost you your life without a referee.

"Damn it. I'm the man who's going to be a hero. How dare you let this happen...you're all incompetent and will only rip my legs off!"

Fully revealing his ugly nature, Geist scandalized.

Just at this time the sound of the big bang boomed, almost drowning out his voice.

The other side is also shaken by this.

"What happened?"

"The enemy, the enemy attacks through magic!"

"Magic? Could it be, could it be nuclear strike magic!?"

"It's not certain yet, but it should be right in terms of scale. But that..."

"What is it!? Say it!"

"Yes! As for the enemy's attack magic, the one that seems to be able to easily break through the legion's magic that our army uses exclusively for defense..."

"What!? What about the level of casualties?"

"The explosion was overhead. We've lost contact with friendly airships...!"

"This, this is not possible! You mean the blimps—the Empire's proud 'Air Combat Flying Corps'—are all gone...?"

One by one, they clarified the situation.

One thing this makes clear to everyone is that the damage is worse than imagined.

The blimps that could not be contacted included not just one, but all of them.

This could only be explained by the fact that the magic just now had wiped out all the airships.

The airship is carrying a new type of weapon, the Mana Disruptor Radiation, and yet it has been defeated by magic, which is incredible.

"We're retreating—no, we should retreat somewhere else and regroup!"

Rather than speaking to the soldier generals, he was speaking to himself, Geist so ordered.

Faced with this overly unfavorable situation, Geist finally made a judgment call for everyone to retreat. But this judgment was made too late to have a critical impact.

A brisk voice rang out across the battlefield.

"Oops? You're not going to say it's over here, are you? I should have said that already. If you invade, we will show no mercy."

Geist hurriedly turned his head in the direction of the sound, a beautiful face of extreme whiteness reflected before his eyes.

The other party wore a full smile.

It's Testarossa.

"Don't look at me like that, I'm a woman of my word. After all, when I used to come to this world to play, I had indeed fulfilled the desire of my lord. Please be assured. And I will repay you well.

Geist's heart was occupied with fear.

Not the fear of inferiority in wanting to know how to preserve oneself, but the never ending fear that erodes instinct and threatens the root of life.

“You—you're a...!”

"Oops? Maybe you forgot. How rude.”

As if looking at a headache-stricken child, Testarossa gave a motherly look and her mouth responded.

How could Geist forget.

On the one hand, not much time had passed since they parted, and yet the beautiful white hair and red eyes that were so full of charm were absolutely impossible to forget, no matter how many years passed.

But it's more about fear.

Testarossa's beautiful face gave Geist the creeps.

Forcing down this fear, Geist intended to order his men to attack.

Yet no one responded.

"I don't know what you want to do, but your men are resting. They seem to be very tired. Because, they don't seem to be able to stand up anymore.”

As if in a whisper, the voice of Testarossa informed rang in Geist. They had been talking face to face until just now, and when they came back, they were standing behind each other.

Geist didn't take her lightly and definitely didn't take his eyes off of her, but Testarossa moved without anyone seeing.

Moved too fast.

Even more frightening was the absence of any sound at all.

Geist has a unique technique called "Player" that can sense the movement of the opponent through the sound. No matter how skilled, no one can control that tiny sound-not just the beating of the heart, but even the sound of blood flowing through the veins can be captured.

But there was no semblance of a voice in Testarossa.

And by this time Geist had discovered another horrible fact, and that was that the fallen men made no more noise.

They're all dead.

“You.....killed all these men!”

One side stomped a shaky pace and fled away from Testarossa, while Geist asked.

To this, Testarossa replied without guilt.

"Oops? Since I was a little hungry, I ate a little.”

"You said you ate some? What is it to eat?”

"Well, I ate a little bit of soul."

Hearing the other side talk like it was nothing, Geist was outraged. Anger overrode fear and his body found strength again.

"Go to hell, evil demon! Mind Requiem!"

Geist took advantage of the opportunity to make the strongest aura he possessed. A murderous sound wave was released into the surrounding space that left people with no place to run.

This murderous sound wave will have a spiritual effect on intelligent lifeforms, and its special effect will cause these lifeforms to die. It also works on these spiritual beings, spirits or demons, and is Geist's ace move.

But only in exchange for a graceful smile from Testarossa.

"Ahhh, the sound is so refreshing. What a waste to let humans have such a beautiful tone. It's a pity. You're such a great musician, and I have to kill you."

A look of sorrow overshadowed the drunkenness, and Testarossa murmured.

Seeing Testarossa like this, Geist knew his attack wouldn't work. Then he felt despair.

Although always bewitched by her beauty, Testarossa is certainly not human and is an over-the-top formidable character. That's when Geist finally realized it.

Probably more so than the humanoid demon wolf who's been messing around...

No, she's definitely dangerous.

Are these monsters everywhere in this country? If that's the case, then we may have adopted the wrong strategy from the start...

It was only now that Geist knew regret.

He also anticipated the failure of this imperial military battle plan.

And there's also the "natural disaster level" threat of Veldora on the Jura Tempest Federation's side. The odds of defeat are so high that the probability of winning is almost zero.

Because of this, Geist yelled desperately.

"Wait a minute, I want to make a deal!"

"Geez, what kind of deal is that?"

"I, myself, am a high-ranking officer in the Empire, and I am well versed in military combat and have classified information. I promise it will work for you. So please leave me alone!"

Not afraid of disgrace and not caring what outsiders thought, Geist began to beg for mercy. However, his eyes were still alert and he was still cautiously spying on the movements of Testarossa.

He had thought there was nothing more he could do at this point, but his proud "ears" caught the sound of several approaching footsteps.

Geist knew who the people close to this side were. That kind of running would have been silent if he hadn't noticed it at all. Just hearing the footsteps alone, he intuited that these people were from the Imperial Intelligence Service.

If it was Imperial Intelligence, it wouldn't be surprising to release intelligence officers to monitor the battlefield.

I'm sure Tatsuya Kondo, the rumored "intelligence-feeding eccentric" and director of the Imperial Intelligence Bureau, will do whatever it takes.

It will be saved—Geist was so convinced.

No matter how embarrassing it is, just buy time and you'll get your life back.

The reason he thought so was because he knew of a rumor that had something to do with the intelligence agency.

Among the staff working in the Intelligence Service, some are so-called intelligence officers. These intelligence officers have been trained to be active in a variety of environments and have the best fighting skills in the world.

The reason these masters' names are not known is because they did not participate in the row battle. After being attached to the Army Intelligence Service, there was no more movement.

These intelligence officers are all obeying the orders of Tatsuya Kondo, an enigmatic "otherworldly visitor" who is isolated from the world.

But those are just hearsay.

While there's no credibility to be had, Geist can only believe the rumors.

If the person coming over is simply a soldier, then he is finished.

However, if it is really intelligence officers...

With Geist's help, they're sure they'll be able to win even if they have to face Testarossa. So now whether it's begging for mercy or doing something, he intends to buy time.

In the end, Geist won in this bet.

"This smell, you're a demon...no, a high ranking demon general!"

One side shouted and several soldiers jumped in front of Geist.

Geist thanked himself for his good fortune.

Hearing that the other party was a high-ranking demon general, he understood. Physical attacks don't work also because the opponent is a spiritual lifeform.

And high ranking demons would be the highest ranking among demons. It is the presence of a hazard equivalent to a catastrophe.

The only people who can deal with them single-handedly are heroes. It's not as if Geist is without a chance to win, but it's going to be a fight to the death.

"Oh, you guys are?"

There were three men who came over here.

Seeing that they had come, Geist regained his remaining strength, but he still deliberately inquired. "Yes! I'm with the Intelligence Service..."

As Geist had expected, the other party seemed to be from the intelligence services.

One of them was about to declare his name when a man who looked like the leading man of the center stepped in to stop him.

"Hey, wait! Now is not the time to introduce yourself."

Being so slighted, the man also looked at Testarossa with a stony expression.

"You're not just a high-ranking demon general, are you?"

"Looks like this one has acquired flesh. Tsk, no wonder the breath is faint."

"Lord Geist, I'll introduce myself later. Let's join forces now to crush this evil demon first!"

"Well, sure."

Hearing the leader say so, Geist could only agree. The fact that the mastery was in someone else's hands displeased him, but the immediate priority was to stay alive.

The men from the intelligence service worked together well to surround Testarossa. Then take out the chains woven into the magical hair crafted to seal the movement of Testarossa from three directions.

Unbeknownst to Geist, the move was called the Imperial Sealing Array. The Trinity, which can kill even high-ranking magical creatures—that's right, even high-ranking demon generals—it is the most superior form of the must-kill formation circulating in the Empire.

The secret lies in these chains.

Inside were hairs woven into magical creatures, forged with holy silver, which were secret treasures of the legendary level.

The men who could serve as ambassadors were definitely more than just ordinary soldiers, these men were the Empire's highest fighting force—affiliated to the Imperial Emperor's Order of Near Guard Knights, a disguised posture for those Near Guard Knights.

The 11th-ranked Tibbs, respectively.

Balder, ranked 38th.

Gordon, who is ranked 64th.

Basically the near-guard knights move in threes when infiltrating. There were also rows in the Imperial Emperor's Order of Near Guard, and it was customary for the person in the front of the row to be the leader.

As for intensity, it is said that the difference between before and after rank thirty is like heaven and earth.

All those who were before the 30th rank surpassed the human race and came to the rank of "Immortal", and their strength was close to that of the "Sage" who was above them.

Such an over-the-top presence has one of its own to be present.

This man had been at the helm of the Lakeshore Dyed in Scarlet affair—he was Tibbs.

Tibbs' squad had sealed the nightmare-like White Primordial, and they took to the field when Geist was desperate.

And as for having anything to do with the White Primordial...

Seeing the "knights" of the Trinity sealing Testarossa, Geist applauded in his heart and thought 'well done.'

If it continued to be eroded by its own spiritual death funeral, even spiritual lifeforms should perish.

The target of the attack just now included even creatures, but this time there was an adjustment that would only have an effect on the spirit. In this way, no matter how powerful a high-ranking demon general was, it would be impossible to maintain form.

Geist thought so.

But he thought too much.

The prerequisite for the implementation of such a combat plan is that the opponent has not yet acquired flesh. Testarossa had acquired the flesh, and even if it was only for spiritual effects, it meant little.

Geist's hopes were bound to be crushed.

More importantly...

"Oops, oops oops. This is nostalgic. You're the ones who once beat me, right?"

"What?"

"I'm so happy. I was hindered at that time, so I didn't get enough to eat. It was a rare occasion when I cooked so well that I was about to feast on it. I'll always remember the regret I felt at that time."

Testarossa spoke out, with an evil will in her. She was being sealed, and her voice sounded unmoved.

"This wickedness can't be...!"

"That face is—! Are you the White Primordial...?"

"You're kidding! It took so much effort to seal her, but she came back to life so quickly!"

Seeing the three men in a panic, Testarossa flashed a dismissive smile.

The look was very wicked, very beautiful.

"Ufufufu. That's a nice look. There is fear, there is anxiety, and there is unfounded confidence. I'm not even running away from, even though I'm bluffing. You guys really like to make extra effort."

"Shut up, you demon!"

"I didn't think you'd come back to life, but did you forget? We once sealed you. Wait until you beat us and then show off!"

"Mr. Tibbs is right. I'll kill your soul this time!"

Those words seemed really funny to Testarossa.

"Oops, oops, that's funny. Is it okay to be so confident? Do you think the same trick as back then would still work for me?"

Caught in the Imperial Sealing Formation, Testarossa asked gracefully.

"It's so unconvincing. No one will listen to the demon's nonsense."

"Gordon was right. This is not the place for you to be. If we don't understand it once, we can bury you a million times!"

"All right, Mr. Geist. We'll take care of it here. Please order a retreat as soon as you can!"

Tibbs is calm whenever he is. Although they did not expect the White Primordial to appear, they did not forget their original purpose.

Tibbs had intended to defeat the Monster Wolf—Gobta and Ranga. In order for that to happen it had to be done in such a way as to keep people from discovering who they really were, which is why Geist asked the army to retreat.

Even Tibbs had no right to order Geist, who was of a higher class. The worst-case scenario was even expected to get rid of Geist, but the White Primordial debut left him without that leeway now.

If one were to take on the White Primordial, it would be impossible to win without hiding one's true identity. More importantly, if the whole army is not withdrawn soon, everyone could be affected by their fighting.

Not finding Tibbs in such a mood, Geist, who had turned back to his senses, was planning to act.

The current situation left Geist momentarily unresponsive.

White Primordial? What are you talking about? Could it be "the" big demon? No, there's no time to think about that right now. Instead of looking into these guys, it's better to find a way to stay alive first.

Desperately trying to get the idle head to work, Geist exported the most action he should be taking right now.

Then he hastened to order the entire army to retreat through his unique technique, "The Player".

However, it was too late.

All hope was dashed when they met Testarossa in the present moment.

The trio of Tibbs, Balder, and Gordon were previously unsung heroes who had once defeated the powerful demon.

At that time, there was what the world called the "Lakeshore Dyed in Scarlet Incident."

The White Primordial is the demon that dominated the East and is feared, and the other party came into the world just short of acquiring flesh.

From that day on, the vigilance against demons changed from the previous. All cities have demon countermeasure rooms, and spells such as demon summoning are forbidden by law.

After all, once a high-ranking demon would gain flesh, it couldn't be solved without sending out an army. It may also bring about the demise of the entire city and cause an irreversible catastrophe.

Plus the opponent is still a Primordial.

Among the high-ranking demon generals, the power is not calculated by the amount of mana alone, it is the feared demon.

They were lucky to have beaten the White Primordial when that happened—or so Tibbs thought. But at the same time, he was confident that no matter how many times he fought the opponent, it was impossible to lose.

After all, Tibbs is ranked 11th.

Even those heroes who enjoyed the strongest reputation in the surface world were no match for the truly strong ones who had lived for more than a thousand years in the world below the surface.

For example, the Great Power of Farmus' guardian, the mage Razen.

King Gazel, the hero of the armed power of Dwargon.

There are also the "otherworldly visitors" of Yuuki Kagarazaka and Hinata Sakaguchi, the powerful men of the Magical Order of the Sorcerer Dynasty of Sarion and the Paladins of the Holy Kingdom of Ruberios.

No matter how powerful the battle force was, the Imperial Emperor's Knights of the Near Guard would look out of place when encountering them.

And in the strongest group of such, "single digits" symbolizes special meaning. And in charge of aiding them was the eleventh ranked Tibbs.

His Majesty has granted me the strongest equipment. Coupled with this power, how could I possibly lose to a demon!

So much so that Tibbs is confident.

After urging Geist to retreat, Tibbs shouted at his companions.

"You guys hurry up and open the door. The White Primordial seems to have gotten flesh, but it shouldn't have accumulated too much mana yet. We're going to do everything in our power to beat her here!"

"Got it!"

"Yes!"

Only to see Gordon nod, and Balder flash a wild smile.

As soon as the answer was given, the alchemical pendant that the three hung around their necks began to glow. This ray of light turned into a rushing current that enveloped the three of them.

Then the warriors, fully clothed in gold armor, appeared.

These are legendary equipment, given only to the chosen ones. Although there are individual differences between the weapons, the armor is all the same shape. This is the highest grade equipment that has been handed down from ancient times.

Nowadays, wearing this armor, Tibbs and the others would be able to fight with all their might.

"You're out of luck, White Primordial! It seems you've had a hard time gaining flesh, but it's naive. Running into us here means your luck has come to an end too..."

The hand that Tibbs had been holding on to the chains, intending to send Testarossa to the west, was about to exert itself, but at that moment the force of the chains fell on it.

He didn't expect her to get away with it as if it was nothing.

"I said, you think I'll forgive you for doing this?"

Hearing the sound that made even one's body freeze, Tibbs turned his head. And in front of his line of sight, Testarossa reached out and grabbed Geist by the neck.

A muffled "Gack!" sounded, and the next thing you know, Geist goes limp.

There was nothing he could do about it, and he was killed like that by Testrossa.

"How is this possible...?"

And so it was, Tibbs muttered, disoriented.

While Geist the man is a bit overly narcissistic, he is not weak. His strength is worthy of a high rank.

Even being strong enough to be selected for the Knights of the Near Guard is not surprising.

Of course, he could only be ranked in the latter class, and even then that man wouldn't be killed so simply.

Tibbs looked at his hands, trembling.

The weave of hairs and chains forged with holy silver, a rare weapon of the legendary level, were added to the magical creature, and now it seems as if everything is in vain.

It wasn't just Tibbs, but also Balder and Gordon's faces appeared agitated and confused. There was no way to see how Testarossa broke the chains and at what point she moved.

After that there was greater suffering to find them.

"Did I keep you waiting? I'm sorry if that's the case. Because this man was trying to escape, I lectured a little. After all, not to do so would be to disobey Lord Rimuru's orders. It can't be helped."

Testarossa stared at Tibbs as they spoke, a voluptuous smile on her face. And then, as if suddenly thinking of something, add the following.

"That's right. That's right. It's been a concern since then. Can you please stop calling me White Primordial?"

"What...?"

"Because, yes, I already have the name 'Testarossa'. I would be unhappy if you didn't call me that."

She made a proclamation that only two words could describe despair to the Tibbs.

"Wait...you...you just said your name?"

"Not only did she gain flesh, but she even had a name..."

This has never been done before.

Now they must admit that the battle is against them.

"We must retreat. We must report to His Majesty that there is a crisis."

"Okay. Then let me trip her up."

"Then I'll use elemental magic to move the stronghold..."

The reason the Trinity was taken was to respond to such moments. They quickly decided who should do what, and next Gordon began chanting teleportation magic.

Immediately after, Testarossa flashed an evil smile.

She smiled miserably and beautifully, looking ominous.

"What's so funny!?"

After shouting this, Balder picked up his lance and launched a surprise attack on Testarossa.

However, the figure of Testarossa had long since disappeared. Balder simply couldn't keep up with the speed of her actions.

"Damn it, where'd she go?"

"Here I am."

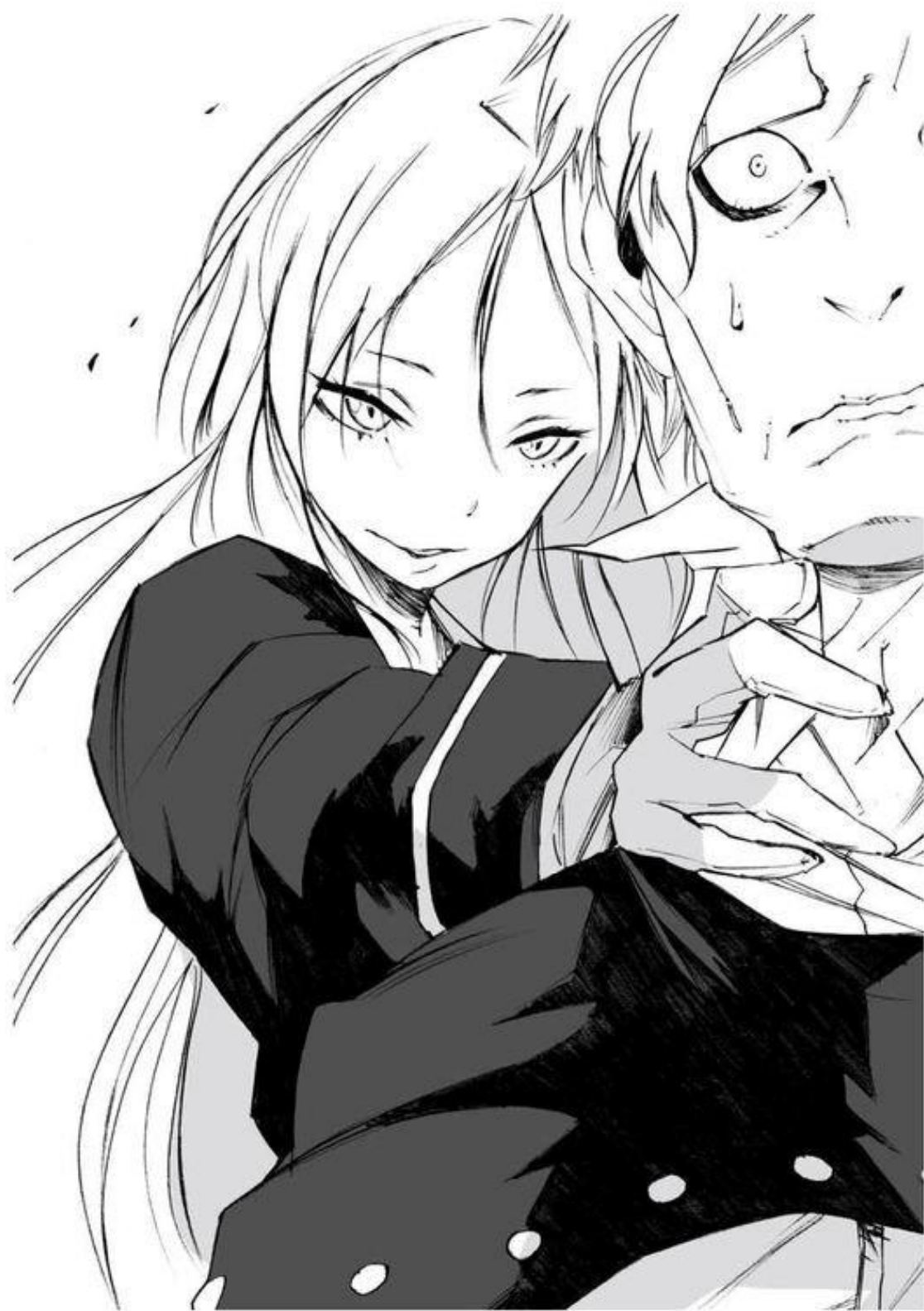
Someone exhaled into Balder's ear, the sweet aroma taking over the nasal cavity. It took no looking back to know that the other person was Testarossa.

Balder felt it, the slender female hand that was cold enough to freeze his soul was touching his neck.

ahhh, ahhh, ahhh...!

The image of Geist being killed just now came to his mind.

"I hate people who don't think for themselves."



It is also not known if Balder heard this last remark from Testarossa.

Gack!

A magnificent look of fear came over his face and Balder fell.

Balder, who was ranked thirty-eighth, was thus killed by Testarossa.

Tibbs watched in a state of thoughtful confusion, not having been so restless in centuries.

"Hurry up, Gordon! Balder was killed. That one is too dangerous!"

The cry was no longer controlled by Tibbs' will, and was tinged with fear.

Seemingly in tune with him, Gordon nodded silently as well. After that, the teleportation magic was complete and the magic array that floated on the ground glowed.

"Good, let's retreat!"

Tibbs also rushed into the magic formation and gave this order...

But the teleportation magic didn't kick in.

"H-How? Why!?"

As if mocking a panicked Gordon, Testarossa gently answered for him.

"What's so strange? After all, there's nothing wrong with the use of magical vein to disrupt radiation."

Even if the other said so, Tibbs and Gordon couldn't hear it for a moment.

"What did you say? Mana disrupts radiation...?"

"Is it possible that you used magic to recreate..."

Looking at the two of them like this, Testarossa sighed with a headache.

Testarossa can share information with Ultima and Carrera in a "communication network". The information obtained also includes information that the airship is equipped with magic-disturbing radiation.

Reproducing that technique based on the information obtained and then applying it would be like child's play for Testarossa. But such things are so far beyond the reach of human common sense that it is impossible for Tibbs and Gordon to understand them.

Only, Tibbs and Gordon are still aware that...

"Who—who are you? Even if it is the Primordial, a high-ranking demon general wouldn't have such a powerful power—!"

Like trying to manage to cover his fears, Tibbs let out a loud scream.

"No, that's right. You weren't this good in the war before! What did you do to evolve like this—evolve?"

At this point, Tibbs and Gordon looked at each other face to face.

Hearing himself shout, Gordon was able to correctly ascertain the current state of Testarossa.

He didn't bother to figure it out.

The same goes for Tibbs.

Not only did she acquire flesh, but she was also named—and the result is unknown as to what realm the White Primordial evolved to...

Testarossa looked at the two men's faces pleasantly.

To answer their questions, she opened her mouth leisurely.

"Gee, that's clever. Correct answer. I became a more powerful being than a high-ranking demon general after gaining a name. Do you know about the Demon Archdukes? It's very different from the 'rank' of a high-ranking demon general. It's sad that you can't understand without saying it through your own mouth."

This answer deepened the despair of the two men.

"Evil, evil archduke..."

"The second Guy Crimson..."

Tibbs and Gordon had by this time finally discovered that things were serious.

Now, instead of appearing in the world for a little fun, the Primordial has a clear will to settle in this world.

"As a matter of fact, you shouldn't be interested in this world again after you lost that princess' flesh..."

"Not so. By the time you came over, my deed with the girl was done. So that's where I went from there, although I'm a little sorry."

"Murphy..."

"Oops, sorry about that. Could it be that you've been mistaken for me? How could there be such a thing, it's silly."

There was such a thing as this in the sky—and Tibbs felt his self-confidence completely shattered.

"How dare you disturb my dinner at that time."

"....."

"Hey, hey, Tibbs..."

Ever since being stared at by the bright red eyes of Testarossa, Tibbs and Gordon had been unable to move.

It was as if a frog was being watched by a snake.

“...you said dinner?”

All Tibbs can do is buy time through dialogue.

Then use the precious time earned to desperately explain what is happening. To take revenge on Testarossa, who was so proud and sure of her victory.

"That's right, I was eating. Even after being bathed in so much blood, so much that the beautiful lake water was dyed bright red, I still didn't get enough to eat."

"Thousands of innocent people died."

"This is what the covenant is about. And to eat the most important main course before you run to mess with it. That is a rare opportunity, and I want you to atone for that time."

"You bastard...!"

Testarossa was responsible for the tragic "Lakeshore Dyed in Scarlet Incident". Yet this demon says that the tragedy was just a meal.

Not only that, but also saying there wasn't enough to eat...!

The strong anger made Tibbs' heart burn.

And this fire of righteousness burned out the fear in his heart.

One should never let something so evil out in the open, Tibbs thought to himself.

"Evil things like you..."

With the glowing sword raised high in his hand, Tibbs struggled to escape the spell of Testarossa. The struggle paid off, the physical strength came back, but...this was only the beginning of Tibbs' desperation.

"Testarossa, you haven't killed them yet? Seeing that you're busy, you didn't bother, but it's almost time to finish."

Cute voices that didn't match the battlefield came through the air. She was the maiden who had tied her long dark purple hair into a single ponytail—Ultima.

Even the eleventh-ranked Tibbs could detect a strange scent on her when she looked over.

The tone of her voice seemed to be very familiar with Testarossa, which meant that both of them were of equal status, or very close in rank.

"Oops, isn't this Ultima? I made you wait so long?"

"Well, I was muddling along with Mr. Gabil and the others, so I'm not in a position to say anything about anyone else, but Lord Rimuru wants us to do our best, and we'll be scolded if we don't finish this soon!"

"That's bad."

"Right?"

"It's rare to meet old acquaintances, so I couldn't stop talking. Still, so to speak. Let's get this over with before Lord Rimuru gets angry."

The conversation that unfolded before his eyes was incomprehensible to Tibbs.

No, it's not that he can't understand, it's that he doesn't want to understand.

No way, no way, no way, no way!

Testarossa and Ultima.

There is no doubt that they must be "of the same rank".

There are two primordial demons...

Just dealing with one of them would be a struggle, and this reinforcements came deadly. The fire of righteousness in the heart of Tibbs was still burning, but it was unconsciously consumed by darkness.

It's all out of fear.

The glory of being ranked eleventh became meaningless in front of the two demons.

If it was just a high-ranking demon general, Tibbs could still pack up alone, but the reality before his eyes was that two Primordial Demons had appeared, and even he was in a state of near disillusionment.

He can't be blamed for that either.

In fact Gordon was already crouched down and sobbing. He had been a quiet and reliable man, but now he was like a child.

That's when Tibbs suddenly began to envy Balder, who had died first just now. After taking the initiative to fight the other side without discovering her true identity, his companion died. How lucky is that...

"Mm-hmm. That's right!"

"Then I'll say goodbye to you, even if I'm a little bit wary. By the way, if you've met someone you've never met before, let's show you the magic that suits your heart's desire."

Faced with a bewildered Tibbs, Testarossa happily recounted.

In a dazed state, Tibbs knew his death was not far away.

Black flames were summoned from the deep darkness.

The black flame condensed to the size of a fist and glowed in the palm of Testarossa's hand.

The Black Flame Core—this uncontrollable hellish karmic fire that Testarossa could crush with ease.

She flashed a dismissive smile and whispered as if in song.

"Death Streak..."

Tibbs' eyes widened at once.

He didn't know what kind of magic it was.

Unintelligible.

He doesn't get it at all.

But one thing is for sure...

That is this magic is very evil.

"That little brother over there knows Guy Crimson too, right? In that case, you would know what this magic is, right? This magic was released when Guy became a demon lord..."

Sadly, Tibbs's awareness is interrupted here.

He was consumed with deeper despair and thought to himself within he never knew.

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The black flaming core that had been crushed by Testarossa turned into a black glow that illuminated all around.

This light has the property that it can penetrate almost all matter. It is a light of darkness that does not arise naturally.

While not physically destructive, it has certain characteristics.

That is, penetrating an organism affects its genetic sequencing.

Forced gene replacement is capable of the forced extinction of almost all living things.

It's extremely evil death magic.

Yet legend has it that this magic has another purpose.

Those who could withstand such magic were either spiritual beings or those who had the power of memory in their souls. Even if the flesh was completely destroyed, they could still be resurrected from that origin, and only they could escape this magic.

The special particle that makes up the magic element, the reiko, emits a special fluctuation, the Dark Light, which is difficult to defend even with magic, and has no physical defense means.

The "reiko" can only be fought with the "reiko", and likewise, the Dark Light can only be fought with the Dark Light, there is no way to defend it in the usual way.

Once exposed to this light, the chance of death is ninety-nine point ninety-nine percent.

But, occasionally, someone still survives.

The odds are one in a million that the body will transform into a magical creature and gain new life—that is, the magic is actually a blessing magic, and on the one hand, it can also screen out people who are suitable to be magical creatures.

This kind of magic is the most evil of forbidden spells.

Instead of the physical destructive power of Disintegration, it can only actually penetrate the Information Body—in other words, the nuclear strike magic "Death Blessing" is the ultimate forbidden magic that can even destroy the "soul".

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In this way, Tibbs, who was eleventh in the Empire, and Gordon, who was sixty-fourth, became the first casualties of the "blessing of death" launched by Testarossa.

Immediately after, within a limited radius of five hundred meters, a ferocious death storm was raging.

This kind of magic didn't distinguish between enemies and allies, and would wipe out all the creatures within that range. So Testarossa first confirmed through Magical Sense that there was no one from Tempest's side of the range before making that move.

If they didn't pass the limit, all life forms within a radius of several kilometers would be extinct.

The "death blessing" is also effective for spiritual beings. This time, however, Testarossa launched cautiously so as not to harm the "soul" and so was harmless to Testarossa and Ultima.

Testarossa and Ultima breezed over to confirm the results.

"Looks like there are no survivors around here. That being said, Testarossa did a beautiful job."

"Gee, what are you talking about?"

"I'm talking about this toy called a magic tank. Because you beautifully retained its original form, we were able to bring back unharmed ready-made goods to investigate the intelligence."

"That's for sure. That's why only humans were eliminated."

"Perhaps I should also use the Blessing of Death without mercy. That way, the toys floating in the sky won't break."

"Yeah, your magic is too flashy. However, it would be sufficient to recover the first sample that was knocked out and use it as information."

“...and right. Seriously, that toy was so fragile that it did more damage than imagined. I was only going to break one, but I ended up breaking a bunch.”

"No way. Because Lord Rimuru named us, we are stronger than ever. It's going to take a lot of attention, Ultima.”

"Mmm. I have also been reflecting. But perhaps Carrera was worrying more than I was. I don't know if she knows how to "hold the force", but she likes the gorgeous magic...”

"That's why you're here. Lord Rimuru saw through even that, and I'm impressed.”

"Ah, so it is! Then I'm relieved!”

And so it was that the two continued to talk.

Although the content of some of the words seemed to misunderstand Rimuru, no one anywhere near the scene could be found who could correct them.

"Then again, Benimaru-san is also overly worried. The people who are worried about hurting Lord Rimuru are on the Empire's side, and they want us to be merciful in order to force out such talents.”

"That's a bit of a problem. If it's simply a matter of getting a victory, just send us over from the beginning. That way, the things that bothered Lord Rimuru are gone.”

"These are the policies of Lord Rimuru, right? He wants us to stay out of the fight. I guess Lord Rimuru is trying to make Gobta Junior and Mr. Gabil grow. In the case of Lord Rimuru, it was easy to make them evolve, but combat experience had to be honed and accumulated on its own. A brat like that, who thinks he's good for nothing, is just a piece of shit to us.”

"It's nice to think that way, and I understand...but it's a shame.”

"At least there was still a chance to make an appearance, so that's good.”

Testarossa and Ultima chatted like this, but even when they were having fun, they didn't forget to carefully collect the spirits of the dead.

In fact, there is a secret behind the forbidden spell of "death blessing".

That is, there has been no successful case of demonizing humans through this magic.

To turn a person into a magical creature through this magic is limited to "there is still a soul left". If the souls were taken away, as they were this time, there would be no chance of survival.

The devil uses deception to give a glimmer of hope—most of the time, the truth remains unknown.

Of course Testarossa and Ultima knew this well. So when there were no more survivors on this battlefield, they assumed the battle was over.

Seeing those who had their good deeds go to the end of the road didn't bother Testarossa's heart either. Not the slightest bit of emotion, as if treating the rest of the world as it were.

These things were originally out of sight, so it's fair to say that this outcome would have occurred.

And just like that, the battle of Testarossa and others was over.

Of the Imperial Mecha Legion currently in combat, the Magic Tank Division and the Air Combat Flying Corps have been completely defeated.

The death of Lieutenant General Geist disables the headquarters, the soldiers at the end of the general can't grasp the situation and begin to flee in defeat, the situation on the battlefield changes and becomes a battle of annihilation.

There were 200,000 men in the Magic Guided Tank Division led by Lieutenant General Geist.

The "Air Combat Air Corps" led by Major General Faraga had a total of 40,000 troops.

The Army had fewer commanders and fewer means to apply for an armistice. And most of the Imperial General's soldiers were on the battlefield.

Just at this moment, the Jura Tempest Federation was certain that it had won the battle.

But that doesn't mean the war is over.

That was because of the fact that these Imperial forces had been defeated, and the head of the Imperial "Mecha Legion" army, Grand Admiral Calgurio, was still unaware of it at this time.

Now the main force of the Imperial Mecha Legion, the Mecha Modification Corps, is advancing towards Rimuru, the capital of the Jura Tempest Federation.

Intermission: Melancholy

Seeing the scene reflected in the big picture in front of him, the Dwarf King Gazel lost his voice.

"This is..."

"My lord, you have a look of panic on your face. That's a panic. It's just that you're not good enough."

"Don't say that, Jane. The common sense on the battlefield was so disrupted that even I didn't know how to react."

Spat upon by the court wizard, the old woman Jane, the one who answered was not Gazel, but Pan, the supreme commander of the military, with an ugly expression.

He can't be blamed for that either.

The Rimuru side provided the technology, so they prepared a big screen with a live broadcast of the war. Even the Dwarf Hero Gazel looked at it and thought the situation was unusual.

"It seems that common sense in war has been completely overturned."

After saying this, Dorf, the commander of the Knights of the Heavenly Flying Order, tiredly picked up the words.

"That weapon called a magic tank, even if you use Legion magic to create a 'shield', it can't resist. If we were to face off against these weapons without knowing anything about them, we would surely lose the battle, right? But—even if the power is fearsome, if it is dealt with in the way it is heard beforehand, it seems to be counteracted by the construction of trenches and walls..."

The group agreed with him.

There is no way to defend against it by just the earthen walls, but if several layers of barriers are put in place, that will reduce the power of the shells, the above is the conclusion they came to.

This is the correspondence derived through the knowledge of Rimuru. In fact, it was too late to use it, but after further calculations based on the power projected from the images, they came to another conclusion, and that was that this weapon did not have an overwhelming power that left people completely helpless.

"A look at the Empire's equipment will reveal that their main forces are placed at medium to long range compared to close combat. It looks like none of the soldiers are heavily armed, most of them are lightly armed, right?"

"I've tried to investigate that, too. I heard that the Empire had prepared a new type of weapon, the "Magic Gun", which even the most advanced soldiers could easily master magic. In addition to that, it seems that some of the troops are equipped with otherworldly weapons such as 'guns', and it seems that the other side thinks that close combat is out of date."

"The age of the sword is over, and it's only natural that the Empire would think so."

Dorf nodded deeply.

Guns are said to penetrate iron armor easily. Facing a large army of magic tanks makes one feel like even the walls are unbearable. Those weapons were like a mockery of the weapons and defenses that had been used as a major industry by the Dwarven Kingdom and had fallen out of step with the times.

Having said that...

"This is not a foreign world. Even if some kind of tactical theory is combined over there, it won't work here without a clever integration of the concept of magic—that's what it means."

"That's it. Although the "Magic Gun" is also a threat, it has run into opponents who are opposed to each other. His Majesty Rimuru possessed a large amount of scaly shields from Charybdis. He's given us some too, and with all this stuff, most of the magic doesn't work, right?"

"Yes."

Using the concept of magic, it is possible to fight against a variety of modern weapons. And the enemy's magic would be paralyzed by their own equipment.

Although it would have turned out that way because one thing happened to grind one thing, it would have been a disaster for the Imperial Army.

Their overemphasis on medium to long range results in an even greater emphasis on how vulnerable they are after being approached by the enemy. That's a huge oversight in terms of tactics.

"No matter what you're facing, the point is to see how the person in question is planning. We cannot follow in their footsteps and must use the intelligence gained in this war effectively,"

He came to such a conclusion, but in fact he thought, "These are all secondary".

There's more to it than tactics and weaponry. Yet he did not speak.

That is the strength of each individual magical creature.

Naturally, Gobta, Ranga, and Gabil didn't need to say much, and it looked like the monsters underneath them had grown considerably.

Coupled with the use of recovery potions at no cost, they also take a rather dangerous approach to combat on the one hand. Unlike before, because of their success in mass-producing Hipokute herbs, they were able to supply a large supply of recovery potions.

This move also subverts common sense on the battlefield.

But, compared to that...

"King Gazel, may I give you a word of advice?"

"Don't say it. I understand everything."

"Maybe so. But the words must be spoken."

"....."

Jane's words were heavy.

That piece of advice everyone must listen to.

Knowing Gazel acquiescence, Jane spoke.

"Those female demons are extraordinary. The ritual magic that burned the airship to the ground was the great spell 'Flame of Destruction'. Even I have a hard time exercising alone. And the tricks the whitehaired lady used were even more problematic. It was the 'death blessing'—said to be unmanageable with the human body. It's a forbidden spell..."

Everyone was silent as they listened to Jane.

The reason why those female demons were unusual was understandable just by spending a few days with them.

The head of the secret service, Anrietta, had investigated them.

The girls were newly hired members of the Jura Tempest Federation and were said to have been brought in by Diablo, the devotee of Rimuru, from nowhere. Their true identity is that of the demon race, and according to the rumor, they are friends that Diablo knew long ago.

It is said that Rimuru appointed them as intelligence officers, and they were also sent to observe the various regiments. Gazel had originally suspected that things weren't so innocent, and it turned out as if he had guessed it.

"Actually, I was thinking—could they be..."

"So His Majesty has guessed the true identity of those girls?"

"Well...but it's better not to know the truth."

"What are you talking about? I've already seen such exaggerated combat, I feel uneasy not knowing."

Jane was right, what was most frightening was the fighting ability of those demons. Even Gazel almost said, "Are you kidding me?" after seeing those images. .

"...and we're all mentally prepared for it. Even you, King Gazel, are dumbfounded, and there is something written on your face that makes us guess."

When Jane finished these words, the other companions nodded along with him.

Dorf, Pan, and Anrietta were among them.

Looking around at the faces of these reliable comrades, Gazel made up his mind.

"It actually happened on that night of the festival."

"Is that the ritual you're talking about? The time you were invited to the Jura Tempest Federation?"

"So, His Majesty Gazel was once invited alone to a secret meeting or something. We were all in the next room on standby too, so what happened then?"

"Mmm. It's actually the secretary of Rimuru—the butler, I should say. You've met him, haven't you?"

"Oh, he's Sir Diablo, isn't he? A very gentlemanly man."

"That guy doesn't feel easy. What's wrong with him?"

Those who went to the Tempest Founding Festival have also seen Diablo. Anrietta had also been guarding Gazel in the shadows, so she knew what the subordinates under the Rimuru looked like and what they were called.

Only Jane, who hadn't followed, didn't know, and then Gazel dropped a shock bomb.

"According to Elmesia, Diablo seems to be the 'primordial'."

"....."

"Wait, wait, wait. What did you say? King Gazel, what did you just say?"

Jane's face was suddenly pale, and she prayed that she had misheard herself, and asked for Gazel. Yet the reality is harsh.

"I heard he was a primordial. Which brings me to the Black Primordial. Because only that 'Black Primordial' is not bound by the dominion realm and can come and go as he pleases, there are people all over the world who claim to have seen him."

King Gazel seemed to be out of it, and he stated it calmly. Good at posturing, indeed, but no way to fool Jane.

"Wait, wait a minute! King Gazel, wait!"

"What's wrong?"

"You're asking what's wrong!? Could it be that the Primordial, the Black Primordial, has become a servant of the Demon Lord Rimuru?"

"Exactly."

"Well, that's a serious problem! Why did you keep it a secret before?"

Jane let out a scream.

There are others to follow.

"Could it be that...Miss Testarossa and Miss Ultima are also...?"

"Hey, hey, that's too much.....I guess it's that one anyway. They are Diablo's subordinates, older individuals...?"

The more optimistic inferences made by Dorf and Pan are disproved by the subsequent statements made by Anrietta.

"In addition to those two, I have heard that there are many other talents that His Excellency Diablo has somehow scrounged up. From a standpoint, those men all seem to be under Sir Diablo's command, but the diplomat-at-arms, Testarossa, the attorney-general, Ultima, and the president of the inquisition, Carrera, all three of whom seem to have had a relationship with him from a long time ago...seem to be on an equal footing in their correspondence."

"Oi oi oi, no way."

"His Highness Rimuru is a bit arbitrary..."

"You're saying there are three people of the same status as the primordial? How can that be? But two of them now look almost like..."

People are tempted to deny it. But when you take into account what has happened before you, the truth will come out.

At least Testarossa and Ultima felt too powerful to deduce even when Jane looked at them.

"So it's better if you don't know, as I just said."

"....."

"Anyway, it may be bad for me not to tell you about Diablo, but so what if I do? It would be a different story if the guy did something bad, but Rimuru has promised to really prevent him from losing control. I have also personally decided to believe my junior brother's words. I just didn't think he'd find more primordials, which even I couldn't see through!"

'The point of this isn't whether you see through it or not'—that's what everyone thinks in their hearts. At the same time, they feel that even they I listen to them, they can't do anything about them.

"In fact, the moment I decided to believe in the Rimuru, I was ready to realize it. He has even the Storm Dragon on his side, so it's too late now. Be aware of it, too."

It's not that simple, but what Gazel says isn't unreasonable.

"Well, I've always trusted you. If you trust each other, then I have no problem with that."

"That's true. I have also met His Majesty Rimuru with my own eyes. That man is trustworthy, that's what His Majesty Gazel and I think."

"I am His Majesty's shadow, and His Majesty's wishes shall be obeyed."

"Really. I also trust His Majesty. Although it was before he became the demon lord, I did once pay a visit to His Majesty Rimuru. What is most frightening is that the overwhelming force of the battle is particularly concentrated on one side...but it is true that it is all too late. And... there's nothing we can do about it, so it's futile to think about it."

Hearing Jane say that, everyone felt the same way.

It would be a different matter if one were to think about it and come to a conclusion, but the question is not answered.

Believe it or not, one can only choose between the two.

"Keep it inside for now."

With a word from Gazel, the question was put to rest.

It is not quite true that the war will end on this side.

Although the forces that had forced the central part of the Dwarven Kingdom had been wiped out, the eastern side was still fighting the Imperial Army. And the smell of danger still wafted around the capital of the Jura Tempest Federation, Rimuru.

That guy is really scary.

"No, maybe that's not what His Majesty Rimuru meant either. Perhaps the Army has not found itself defeated and has not broken off its aggression..."

"Mmm. That's a pretty high probability."

Dorf's words made Gazel nod his head in response.

If the Imperial Army found out that they had lost this time, it was likely that the battle plan would be interrupted.

"And so, King Gazel. Presumably, the Imperial Army is also integrating their forces through magic. But the battle changed all at once. It is hard to believe, even with their own eyes, that the defeat has come to such an extent... Even if they suddenly received a report that everyone had been killed, they would suspect that it was the enemy who had been deceiving them with false news."

"Even I wouldn't believe it if I only heard the report. The Empire's Grand Admiral Calgurio is not incompetent, but I don't think he has the means to decide whether to retreat or not at this juncture. Because if you don't get it right, you could be considered a coward. They won't understand if they ask those fools in the Empire to retreat and not let them lose once."

Jane's comments are well taken and Pan's judgment is sound.

Gazel was no exception, and if he had been on the Imperial side, he would have made the same judgment, so he could have experienced it.

The poorer ones were the soldiers of the imperial generals who were forced to cooperate—but the onus was on the aggressors.

Gazel was also a famous neutral ruler, but the Empire was currently hostile to them, and he didn't want to take responsibility for the Empire in passing. And there's no such obligation. All he had to do was carry a cold heart and predict future movements.

"The imperial army that attacked the great forest of Jura was ninety-four thousand, of whom two hundred and forty thousand *(***idk why these numbers don't make sense, so the 94,000 might be a translation error)* had been wiped out. In that case, it's almost certain that Rimuru will win."
"Sort of. It would be kind of cute to take it lightly—but His Majesty Rimuru is not one of those."

Hearing the words coming out of Gazel's mouth, Pan responded sympathetically.

In the end, how much will the Imperial Army sacrifice...?

"We need to really document this battle as a lesson. It must be truly kept in mind, knowing that humans must never take on the Demon Lord."

"Yes!"

The common sense of war was completely shattered, and the strength of those monstrous creatures were originally only a deduction, now it was really certain that their strength had come to the Heavenly Calamity level. Rimuru's goal was not to dominate the world, but to coexist and prosper with mankind, and mankind was lucky.

The empire is making a fool of itself.

In order not to let their sacrifice go to waste, Gazel intends to see this battle through to the end.

Then one must plan for the worst case scenario.

If the future is hostile to Rimuru...

One side of him prayed that this wouldn't happen and the other side wondered what to do if it did.

Although he bragged to his companions that he believed in Rimuru, that was only his personal opinion at best. As the guide of the country, he must do his best to think of countermeasures so as not to cause harm to the people.

You can't stop thinking because you can't get an answer.

That being said, it would be foolish to go against the Primordials, and it would be impossible to win a fight with Veldora. I'd seriously have to throw up my hands in surrender...

Faced with difficult questions for which answers were simply impossible, Gazel was troubled.

Chapter 3: Maze Offensive and Defensive Warfare

“Everybody, give it your all”—I seem to have said that.

No problem, I shouldn't be old enough to have Alzheimer's.

Only about three years have passed since my reincarnation.

No need to worry about that.

That being said...

Seeing the scene reflected on the big screen, I began to wonder: *Did I really say that?*

That's because the big screen has already shown our army's complete victory.

It's all right over here.

That part was fine, but the content was brutal.

It was a one-sided ravaging battle that even had me watching in awe.

Gobta was so cool that he didn't look like himself at all, running wildly across the battlefield, beating the magic tanks to a pulp. Since he had been 'assimilated' with Ranga, he was worthy of the title of the Four Heavenly Kings in terms of appearance and strength.

Gabil also had his own doorway, transforming into what looked to be a very powerful dragon monster, and also appearing to have an unusually high power mana attack that smashed the enemy's warship in one fell swoop.

It wasn't just Gabil, all the members of the Flying Dragon congregation were transformed, and that was no joke.

Although I discovered that the secret behind it was "Dragon Warriorization", I didn't know when they started using it so easily...

It's time to forget about the effect of "Dragon Warriorization" before throwing it aside, I didn't expect it to be so powerful.

That seems to have a time limit, and in fact can only be active for about ten minutes with that state... but the reinforcement is just too big, big enough to make up for that.

If used in the wrong place, it can become an act of suicide, but there is nothing wrong with using it as a great trick.

However, the large explosions in the air made the fortified Gabil look pale in comparison.

I don't know what's going on, but the enemy's command battleship suddenly had a thermonuclear reaction and exploded, which also affected the Empire's airship forces, and finally caused a big explosion.

Even I was shocked to see it.

As far as results were concerned, the aerial warfare on the Empire's side had been destroyed by this time. One fell to the ground without being left behind.

This became the beginning, and the Tempest Army began to attack heavily. Gobta rendezvoused with the rest with Gabil, and whoever watched would have known that the battle was in our favor.

Even in the midst of modern warfare, helicopters would have an overwhelming advantage over fighting vehicles. By analogy, the Gabil group also launched their breath attacks mainly from the air, unilaterally inflicting damage on the ground forces of the Imperial Army.

Because the target is small, the magic tank gun cannot pose a threat.

Simply put, if you can't hit them, you can't succeed.

It wasn't like the Empire just got pinned down and tried to fight back on several occasions. But it was only then that the counterattack began and was completely destroyed.

It was Ultima's men, Veyron and Zonda, who struck.

These two were worthy of the ancient demons, and seemed to have enough vision to see who was the expert, not to distinguish between captains or ordinary soldiers, purely choosing only the strong ones for blood sacrifice.

They wore the butler's clothes and cook's clothes that stood out on the battlefield. Yet these became symbols of fear for the soldiers of the imperial generals.

Hakurou was responsible for dealing with the enemy's supply chain.

No mercy at all, one cut, two cuts.

Among them are others who are planning to put in their names...

"Damn it! I'm number 97..."

Even without letting his opponent finish speaking, Hakurou's white blade flashed by and his opponent followed with a splash of blood.

And said to those who were cut down by him, "Forgive me. Lord Rimuru is watching this battle. Since he has ordered us to 'do our best,' I cannot be merciful."

I didn't say those things from a point of view other than that it was a big deal.

Having said that...

I don't think there's any way to revoke the order at this point.

If I had interjected at will, the battlefield would have been a mess.

Finally I looked away and decided to watch the battlefield from the sidelines.

No plug is the right thing to do.

Seriously, the Imperial soldiers that Veyron, Zonda, and Hakurou packed away were already on par with the Paladins in terms of fighting ability, or had been. And they were tricky to arm, with a higher performance than the "Spirit Armor" worn by the Paladins—the equivalent of legendary levels.

Taken together, you'll find these people are stronger. Even I was surprised to hear the parsing results of Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom.

How did the Empire manage to get such strong equipment—it's useless to think about it when the facts are already in front of you.

As for the people who got the equipment, could their true identities be the rumored Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard?

There was some information from Gadra's side, and I heard that there were also "otherworldly visitors" in it, and that the members of the organization were selected from among the Imperial masters.

The members are said to number around a hundred or so...they also have rankings, which proves the rumors are true.

Had these masters played to their strengths, perhaps the battlefield would have become more chaotic. It was right to go over and clean them up without waiting for the other person to be ready, like Hakurou did.

Veyron and Zonda did the same, secretly starting to finish up before these guys could even get their act together.

With a few strokes, you can see through your opponent's strength, and being able to distinguish between the eyes of the strong is the most frightening.

It shouldn't be so easy to deal with the enemy if they're all assembled. But on this point, the wrong people are the ones who are careless on the battlefield. If they had a complaint, they should have given it their all from the start.

The words apply to us as well.

If one casually sympathizes with the enemy, there is a good chance that they will take advantage of the situation. In this way, there is a great deal of damage to be done.

Such a foolish act of causing injury to us in order to save the enemy soldiers is never allowed. While it's close to sympathizing with them, it's the same thing as underestimating your opponent if you win all the way.

We are at war. It's time to chill out and please try to hang in there until the end.

There is one more point to consider, and that is whether the enemy has expressed surrender to us...

While I was watching Hakurou and their combat situation and saw as if he was enthralled, the Imperial Army's Combat Operations Command appeared in an abnormal state.

<<Notice. A mass annihilation magic "death blessing" has been confirmed. The user is the individual named "Testarossa.">>

Hearing Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, report this to me, I hurried to get the scene conditions projected on the big screen. The next thing you know, Testarossa and Ultima are standing there with a smile on their faces.

There are no other survivors.

The remaining strength—nearly a thousand vehicles—also ceased operations, and all the infantry that had been deployed around them fell.

The number is probably in the tens of thousands.

There was a talk about "death blessing", which shows that it is very dangerous magic.

<<Answer. The "Death Blessing" is a nuclear strike magic that emits a magical death ray that causes creatures to become extinct. There are additional effects...>>

Although Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, is happy to analyze and explain, how can such dangerous magic be used!? I almost called it out, but it's human nature.

It is said that the nuclear explosion used by Ultima is called the "Flame of Destruction", but the danger of death blessing is higher.

Testarossa should not be fighting them...

When this magic is unleashed, victory and defeat are decided in an instant.

There were absolutely no survivors on the enemy command's side.

It was only a matter of time before those remaining troops were eliminated.

In this way, the battle between the Dwarf Kingdom and the Imperial Army ended in a complete victory for us. ***

The imperial army that had been sent as bait to deceive was all but dead.

As it literally means—all gone. I'm afraid there's no other military explanation for this either.

We've all been too messy.

I didn't think I'd cause this by just asking people to give it their all.

And Benimaru had looked terrifying from just now.

"I say, if this turns out to be the case, doesn't my battle plan mean nothing? What is this, what are those intelligence officers up to!? I've heard that they're under Lord Rimuru's direct command...may I ask you to clarify that?"

I just hid it a little in every way, but Benimaru turned to me with a very big smile and said so.

This one, that one...?

It's impossible to have a plan of war that's all-encompassing.

But then again, Benimaru, you're not the only one who wants someone to give you an answer.

I just want you to give me an account. But

how can such a heartfelt voice be spoken...

For help, I sneak a look at Veldora.

He averted his eyes in a flash.

I know that Veldora is particularly unreliable at times like these. So is Ramiris, who didn't look like she was going to help me.

"It's nothing really, I told you that before. Those are the new companions Diablo poached."

"I know those are Diablo's men."

It looks like there's no way to keep lying.

There's nothing I can do.

I'm going to be honest and give a full account of what happened.

Normally, if it was Benimaru and Geld, even knowing their true identity and danger, knowing that they were in fact the Primordials, those two would have accepted with a smile. And I'm going to hold Diablo responsible for all of it, so if anything goes wrong after that, we'll see what happens then.

I armed myself with these theories and decided to get the truth out.

"Actually, that's right. Do you know about the Primordials?"

"You mean the Original demons?"

It looked like Benimaru didn't know, and Shuna, who was making coffee, interjected to pick up the conversation.

"You're talking about the seven kings, the seven monarchs, who are the origins of evil, right? Hearing everyone's previous conversation, I was curious and ran to investigate. I was surprised to learn that Mr. Diablo was one of them."

The definition of a primordial is an original demon, and I didn't know there was such an exaggerated appellation in the original.

Saying that, Shuna told the important secret, but she had a peaceful smile on her face.

The aroma of coffee wafted through the control room, easing the tense air.

"Meaning...?"

Benimaru started muttering, looking puzzled.

"Geez, you don't know that, do you, brother? Not only Mr. Diablo, but even Miss Testarossa, Miss Carrera, and Sister Ultima seem to be primordials."

"Is that...is that so?"

"Yes."

Shuna's smile was so dazzling.

Faced with a smile like that, Benimaru couldn't seem to ask any more questions either.

Squinting my eyes at the silent Benimaru, I began to think in my mind.

Shuna is actually a big deal.

I had already tensed my nerves when I was about to reveal a frightening secret, but it turned out to be so easy to reveal that I got nervous for nothing. But thanks to her outburst, I went along with it a little easier.

"Diablo, I'll let you speak for yourself."

"Yes, Lord Rimuru. Mr. Benimaru, I am actually one of the primordials, just as I was introduced..."

As I listened to Diablo's explanation, I started to drink my coffee.

Hmm.

The black tea was good, but the coffee was also delicious.

"So it is, I have understood. That's why they're so awesome, right? In that case, I wish you would have told me from the beginning."

"No, no, no, I was afraid you'd be scared when you found out. If it was me or Veldora it would be a different story, but I really don't want you Benimaru to mess with anyone else's extra heart."

I deliberately only emphasized this point because I was worried about my partner.

As for the good things I do—giving them fleshly names—it's not appropriate at this point, so please don't go into it.

"I'm not scared either!"

Even Ramiris had said so, and I hope everyone didn't have any superfluous fears.

"Anyway, that's a lot of worry. As long as it's someone approved by Lord Rimuru, I will accept it as a partner."

"Well, Mr. Benimaru is right. Our partners do not treat us differently because of our appearance or strength."

Benimaru wore a dark smile on his face, while Geld took it for granted. Just like that, it blew my worries away.

Shuna didn't seem to have a problem with Diablo either. The proof is that she still treats them as she always does in a very general manner.

"That's good. It seems I'm the one who took the unnecessary heart."

"Hahaha, you should trust us more."

"That's it. It's too late for us to be thankful when we say that Lord Rimuru was worried about us accepting Miss Carrera and a few of them into our army."

It was a little sheepish, but it was great that Benimaru and Geld were willing to take them in.

One wonders what Gabil and Gobta will think of them.

As things stand, they seem to be getting along just fine. One should expect to have peace in the future as well.

"All in all, Diablo and I get along just fine. It should be all right!"

Shion jumped out to hang the reassurance, but I wasn't worried about how you were from the start?

"What does that mean, Shion?"

"It means literally, Diablo."

First Secretary Shion and Second Secretary Diablo began to glare at each other. I've heard that the other side is the Primordial and thought it was serious, but it turned out to be okay.

I felt relieved again, thinking that I was really over worrying myself.

Now that the story has been told, it is time for a reflection session.

"I think it would be bad if the enemy's army had demon lord level experts, that's why I arranged for Testarossa and the others to go there, but they seemed to be trying too hard."

Although the reason for this is my one sentence. I didn't expect people to make such a big deal out of it.

Should we say they're messing around too much, or are they overdoing it?

These guys are too cold.

For they did not hesitate at all in annihilating the enemy.

"Kufufufufu. The effort was surprisingly overdone, and it looked a bit overwhelming. I'll come back later to educate them."

Seeing Diablo chuckle and say such things, I didn't forget to tell him to "stop in moderation! .

Anyway, I'll leave the rest to Diablo.

I am sure he will educate people well so that they will not overdo it in the future.

Next comes the confirmation of our damage.

Less than two hours had passed since the battle had begun, and it had come to a full end.

It seems that a lot of people have been injured, and it is not known what the victimization is...

"As for the current situation, all the injured are said to have recovered!"

A bright voice sounded in the control room.

For those of us who go out to fight, we all distribute our own high-grade recovery medicine.

Everyone gets ten each. Thanks to these medicines, most injuries seem to heal immediately.

And also the ones I thought were dead at first.

In fact, they just faked their deaths, and even the missing limbs were completely healed with the full restoration of the potion's potency.

It can be said that under Benimaru's command, they play the bait beautifully.

"Didn't you just say that? Don't worry about it."

"That's true. I certainly do believe you and everyone else."

Everything is going according to Benimaru's plan. Surprisingly, it seems that only Testarossa and the girls are active.

Although many recovery potions were used in terms of results, the number of casualties was zero.

We got the big, unexpected win.

But not entirely free of damage.

Just look and see Gabil and the "flying dragon crowd" under him.

Because the use of the special skill "Dragon Warriorization" seems to do a lot of damage to the flesh.

Originally, I wanted to say that the effect of this move was so powerful, but as it turned out, the bad thing was not just the time limit. As soon as the battle was over, barely a physical reaction appeared, and it was heard that the whole body would be as if paralyzed, and the whole person could not move.

Because it wasn't an injury, even the recovery medication didn't work.

Since they were absorbing the surrounding magical elements to build strong flesh, the reaction of repelling foreign objects was only possible.

This time, Gabil's arrogance was too much, and not only him, but all the members of the Flying Dragon congregation suffered the repercussions.

It's the only thing that's good enough—I hope they do some soul-searching.

By the way, it was added that this state would last for about twenty-four hours or so, and it was later concluded that the move could only be launched once in two days at most.

This time, they won after giving it their all, but if they use it in the wrong place, they might get themselves killed. That force is equivalent to a double-edged blade, so I want them to be more careful.

Let's change the subject and talk about what's going on over there in the Empire.

Lieutenant General Geist's Division of Magic Guided Tanks had 200,000 men under his command.

There were 40,000 people in the "Air Combat Flying Corps" led by Major General Faraga.

Regarding the war power the Empire possesses in this regard, we have also confirmed it with Master Gadra.

<<Answer. No captives were taken. Because everyone was killed in action.>>

That adds up to about 240,000 people...

It was a massacre.

How could I not be heartbroke?

But when I became the demon lord before, I had already killed 20,000 people with my own hands. I don't want to argue about it now.

Not to mention that after killing about 240,000 Imperial Army soldiers, many souls seem to have entered my body. It wasn't long after the war started that I felt the "souls" build up like crazy.

This feeling is that the ministry is collecting souls for me. Thanks to this feeling, I seemed to be able to correctly grasp the number of enemy soldiers who were beaten down.

That being said, there are so many human "souls" that have been acquired—

To evolve from a demon lord seed to a "true demon lord", 10,000 offerings are required to satisfy.

So what happens when you come to about 240,000 souls?

The answer is no change!

That means that I've reached my evolutionary limit by awakening as the "True Demon Lord", right?

So to speak.

If it wasn't for that, Guy would have been killing humans so wildly that they would perish by now, so let's take souls this way.

Because intuition told him he would never evolve again, he didn't engage in needless killing.

Didn't expect to receive unexpected news at this point.

<<Notice. The number of "souls" acquired has exceeded the required number. At present, it is possible to awaken others who are connected through the "Soul Corridor". The subordinates are...>>

And so it was that Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, uttered the unbearable words.

It seems that if one quantifies the "soul" of those who are qualified, they may be able to awaken. I thought it would be meaningless to get so many "souls", but even if it doesn't affect my own evolution, it can still be used for my subordinates to evolve.

According to Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, there are several people who seem to have met the conditions for awakening. By giving me the acquired souls, they will be able to awaken—with a power as powerful as the true demon lords.

The necessary number of souls is one hundred thousand.

In order to awaken his subordinates, I never thought I would need up to ten times as many souls...

So far, no one should know about this.

While it is possible that Guy had knowledge...God only knows.

Even if you know it, it shouldn't be that easy to implement. Might as well pull in the people who have become true demon lord seeds and guide them to awaken, faster that way.

That's why Guy held a party of masters like the Walpurgis and wanted to choose someone worthy of being a partner.

More than that, there may be other reasons.

But it's also possible that I'm thinking too much of him, when in fact he doesn't even know.

Needing at least 100,000 "souls" is a big battle. It's like killing everyone in a metropolis, there's no easy way to do that.

In a word...

Currently, I have an accumulation of extra souls in my body, about a quarter of a million or so. Using all that up should awaken two people.

The subordinates who can be awakened are—Ranga, Benimaru, Shion, Gabil, Geld, Diablo, Testarossa, Ultima, Carrera, Kumara, Zegion, and Adalman—twelve of the above.

<<Notice. Do you want to create "soul corridors" for your subordinates to evolve? YES/NO>>

According to this passage from Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, it can be learned that even the other party can make it evolve even if it is far away.

Just like Veldora, simply connect using the "Soul Corridor" so that it is not limited by time and space. It's certainly a good thing that my ties with my partners have gotten stronger for this benefit.

So what's next?

I personally am becoming stronger than I was before the awakening, so much stronger that I can't say the same.

The unique skill "Great Sage" has also evolved into the ultimate skill "Raphael the King of Wisdom".

If Benimaru and the others can evolve too, then what's there to hesitate about?

It's just that...

The phrase "the genealogy of the soul" is a cause for concern. I'm afraid it's the "naming" that connects the soul.

Just naming a monster will allow it to evolve. Although I didn't even think much of it and messed with it, I now know that comes with a high degree of danger. It was because Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, analyzed the security for me that I could safely name them.

If the naming fails, there is a good chance that all of my power will be taken away and I will die as a result. Even if I didn't fall this far, there was a chance that I wouldn't be able to regain my strength and the whole person would become weak.

Personally, I have a convenient skill, such as the "stomach bag" of Beelzebub, the king of gluttony, to keep the excess mana created.

If it's not enough it seems like it's all on loan from Veldora, then it's all in the hands of Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom.

Simply put it's actually a foul play.

Generally speaking, one has to use one's own magic element, and no one can simply "name" creatures, which is a matter of course.

Even if it's Guy, it's the same.

So few people have subordinates where souls are connected to each other.

Those partners are irreplaceable to me.

If it was me, I wouldn't want to use my partner as an experiment.

But Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, recommended it all so that there should be no danger. No, it's the direction I want to think in.

Yet there was a sense of overly dangerous foreboding.

And I'm also struggling with who to choose.

There are a bunch of other issues that exist.

If the benchmark was the amount of mana, then Souei should also be qualified. However, he was not chosen, so I had my doubts about the conditions of awakening.

One wonders what the reason for this is.

To evolve into a demon lord requires a dormancy to evolve. I'm not sure that's going to happen this time either, so I think it's best to be prepared to do it all over again.

The most important thing is that the war is not over.

The Empire's own army, which amounts to 700,000 troops, is invading our capital.

It's best not to take any chances in such a crunch.

So be it, my answer is NO.

Let's put this matter aside for now, when the dust of the war has settled.

I ordered the green legion to stay on site and do recovery work.

Ask them to recover the undamaged magic tanks, plus the wreckage of the blimps.

Gabil and his group all seem to be out of action, so I'm going to have the Flying Dragon troops drive them to the Dwarven Kingdom and let them tune up slowly.

Instead, I want the Blue Corps to meet up with the green legion.

It was too late to come back in time for the showdown, so Benimaru gave instructions and told them, "It's okay to come back in no hurry."

Incidentally, Gazel asked if we needed reinforcements, but I told him no problem.

Gazel and the rest are also still fighting. Even though the battle in the central part was over, there was still an Imperial army deployed on the side of Isthmus, which was adjacent to the Empire.

The total number of troops is 60,000.

According to Gadra, this is all a fake move by Yuuki's forces...it's unclear how the situation will play out and definitely not to be taken lightly.

It would be nice to remind Gazel that they should be careful here—even if I didn't, they would be careful.

We'll be responsible for a showdown with the Imperial Army.

By the time we get to this side, there is a consensus.

In the meantime...

Although we won a big victory in the outpost battle, there is still a huge battle force on the enemy's side that cannot be taken lightly.

It is an overwhelming disadvantage in terms of numbers.

Although not to our advantage, the subordinates were highly motivated.

Shion looked energetic and even said to my chagrin, "Those monsters, they only let themselves get the spotlight! I have to go out there and show everyone what it means to be really strong!"

'What the hell are you fighting against?'—I can't help but want to spout off like that.

"Aren't you my bodyguard?"

As soon as I pointed out the problem, she panicked and searched for her senses. It is also doubtful that it is too much to fight—I thought at the moment.

The energetic people are not the only ones.

"My Lord! Ultima came to show off. I heard you won in your first fight, right? Ahhh, I'd like to get a chance to make an appearance soon. I think it's okay to go over there and say hello now, right?"

Carrera rushed into the control room, red-faced and shouted out the words.

I've ordered her to stay with the Second Legion, so it turns out that she's been in touch with Ultima and the others on the Communication Network.

"I can't seem to hold myself back anymore after hearing my colleagues brag to her about their great exploits...but I'm troubled by the fact that I'd be acting without permission."

"Go say hello?"

The person who asked this back was Benimaru.

Even knowing that Carrera's true identity was the Primordial, his attitude remained unchanged. It looks like I really was overly worried.

"Yeah, that's it. Trying to say a little nuclear strike magic as a gift to them."

I can't believe she's saying something so ridiculous with such a cute smile.

It's the Yellow Primordial, it's a jump of ideas.

“No!”

Benimaru replied with a dumbfounded look.

"Miss Carrera. I want to ask you one thing, and that is to please wait for the order from above. It only makes sense to act and do those things when it counts.”

Carrera looked rather grumpy, but she didn't seem intent on disobeying Benimaru's orders. Geld also stepped in to reprimand, and she nodded reluctantly.

"Got it. I would love to show you my active performance, but I need to wait for the 'moment' when I can make the most of it. I'll be good and wait for the right time.”

It's great that she can understand.

Still seemingly willing to listen to Geld's advice, the two might turn out to be a more tacit partner than they thought.

"Hahahaha, Carrera, it's not the only way to make a big show of yourself. To be the sword of the lord, so that we can glow!”

"I know that, Miss Shion. I also seem to be a little too pushy. I'll let my mind cool down a bit and calm myself down.”

You're saying things like that of all people? I'm thinking in my mind.

The words sounded good, but the thought that it was Shion who said them made it hard to accept.

I mean, you, up until just now, were the one who wanted to mess around the most, weren't you?

Although I almost got that complaint out, I held back at this point. It took a long time for everyone to reach a consensus, and it would be a bad idea to let it get stuck in a stalemate again.

While watching the departing Carrera, I gave Shion white eyes.

However, it's enough to see the fighting spirit.

Our side also includes the Labyrinth Force and the Second Legion, which is always in reserve. It wasn't just the subordinates, it felt like even the soldiers at the very end of the line were very energetic.

Probably hearing what I said, everyone was in high spirits and about to give it their all.

Relatively speaking, there are 700,000 people on the Imperial side.

It seems impossible to fight them in terms of numbers, but the point is—quality is more important than quantity.

The other side should also have a master lurking, but we still have the ace of the maze on our side.

"The key to winning or losing is in the maze. Please, Veldora and Ramiris!”

“No problem. Just leave it to us!”

"Just say it. With us, you won't have to worry about fighting anyone!"



Hearing such a powerful response made me feel like I was in the right place.

The most important thing is how to avoid casualties.

To do so, luring the enemy's army into the maze was the best course of action.

If we were in a maze, there would be no attrition in our army.

Not only that, but the magical creatures within the maze can also join the battle and can make up the unfavorable gap in numbers in one fell swoop.

If even the lower-order magical creatures were counted together, the total number should reach hundreds of thousands.

"Next we'll see how much the empire believes in Yuuki's rhetoric, isn't that right?"

"I think it's the other way around. It's precisely because this guy isn't trustworthy that he was able to successfully induce and make the Empire suspect him, isn't it?"

"I see. It does make sense!"

Presumably, it's like Benimaru said.

If Yuuki is treated as an enemy, he is a very tricky opponent.

For the time being we are only joining forces with him, but to treat this man as one of our own is really not to be trusted.

Maybe the Empire side thinks so too.

"It would be more reassuring to have them lurking among the enemy than to have those suspicious elements join us in the fight."

Shion unexpectedly hit it.

"This way you don't have to worry about being betrayed, and you don't have to spare your mind to deal with it."

As such, Benimaru agreed.

"In this regard, the empire must not have fully regarded Yuuki as one of its own. There should be vigilance and suspicion of what he says. By analogy, there are 60,000 troops deployed in front of the eastern metropolis of Isthmus in Dwargon, and there is no telling how they will act. It is likely that the empire will send troops there to clean up the mess, and also to speak to Gazel and tell them to be on the alert."

"If it is King Gazel, there is no need to worry about him in this regard. But nothing is more problematic than our untrustworthy personnel. If it was me, I would have gone over and disposed of them first."

I also told King Gazel about Yuuki. As Benimaru said, I don't need to worry about it, so I'm sure the other party will take every measure.

We should be worried about the Imperial Army.

They are currently on the offensive, intending to surround us from all sides. There was only a huge door left on the ground, and while that made it unnecessary to panic, I couldn't help but feel nervous.

There was nothing more worrying than the fear that they would overtake the Jura Tempest Federation and attack the new kingdom that Youm had established—Farmenas.

Although there were two major forces over there, Razen and Grucius, that country didn't have any spare energy for a major war. Even if we are providing assistance, there are reforms under way, and it is hoped now that we can avoid turning the place into a battlefield.

Of course, if that happens, we will also send additional reinforcements, but the battle will become more complicated.

Although it has not turned out that way for the time being, you can rest assured that it will not be taken lightly.

If the Empire didn't believe Yuuki's words and went directly through this land towards that direction of the Blumund Kingdom...then Geld and the rest would attack from behind the Imperial Army.

Even if it is possible to send the entire Second Legion through my 'teleportation'...there will still be fighting on the ground at that time. There would be far fewer reinforcements from the labyrinth, and it was conceivably going to be a harsh battle.

If one went inside the labyrinth to collect volunteers, one should be able to recruit a considerable number of people. If you say so, we can't bring out all the magical creatures that don't have a will, and the number of reinforcements will be small.

That said, if we were to fight on the ground, there would be no way to cover us on the other side of the maze, and we would have to be prepared to suffer a lot of damage. The ideal development is for the enemy to put the target on the maze.

The same is true of the battle plan proposed by Benimaru, the one with the highest success rate and security is the "Maze Offensive and Defensive Battle".

If it evolves into a ground war, the vantage point that only exists within the maze is gone. We must go head-to-head and fight on even terms.

In fact, this is a matter of course, how you can build a situation in our favor in wartime is the key to winning or losing.

Although using a maze even I find despicable, as long as I can beat it.

So if you can, hopefully the maze will become the main battlefield.

Even when switching to ground combat, the basic approach is the same.

The primary goal is to find out who is the master buried on the enemy's side. Just as the previous battle had sent the green legion as bait, that job would go to Geld's legion this time.

Benimaru's battle plan was based on a certain objective.

All for the sake of protecting me as the King...

I cherish those partners, the same—or even more so—and I always feel that Benimaru puts me first.

I hope they don't force themselves, but Benimaru has more detailed insight on this part than I do, who knows nothing about tactics. Even in the fight just now, looking at the results alone would reveal that the damage suffered was minimal.

Since everything is in Benimaru's hands, all I have to do is wait patiently.

In addition to that, I want to continue to work quietly in order to make everyone feel more at ease and more willing to rely on me.

To facilitate the Imperial invasion, we prepared a gate on the ground, but that was perhaps a little too deliberate. I was a little worried about whether the other person would suspect that it was a trap, and I ended up worrying too much.

I don't know if my wish was granted, but as far as the conclusion is concerned, the subsequent developments were as I had hoped.

"The enemy has deployed in front of the gates on the ground!"

The communications officer came to report to us.

The large screen shows the neatly arranged Imperial General soldiers.

It's information is obtained through the Argos, so I don't think there's any mistake, and Souei's men are also watching, so there's no need to worry about being deceived by illusions or other tricks. It looks like the Imperial Army has really taken the bait.

The other side does not seem to want to continue to hide, and all 700,000 troops have shown up. I guess on the one hand they are trying to scare us, but it means nothing to us.

We have no intention of surrendering at all. While there is the possibility of escape, there is absolutely no submission to the Empire.

Plus everything is in ideal condition.

"It's a win."

I couldn't help but mutter.

"Right. We will win."

Benimaru replied with morale.

In fact by this time it was already certain that tactically we had won.

Enter the maze and we will be unscathed, and with some more time we will surely win. Then, as long as there is no overpowering person above the demon lord, there will be no flip-flop to take advantage of.

"It's a good thing some greedy fool was drawn to the maze."

"Indeed. Originally I was going to say that the bait spilled by Lord Rimuru was too obvious, and it was great to smoothly get the opponent on the hook."

"Yeah. It looks like Gadra has got things in order."

For the moment the enemy has given us a glimpse of them.

Once the battle power is dispersed, the rest of the unease is not knowing where the master is hiding.

Spreading the war effort was basically a foolish act, but this time the other side all came together and kind of helped. It seemed like they were going to invade the maze in order, so the question would only be how much combat power the other side would actually stay on the ground...

"In any case, it would be strategically unwise for the Empire to pass through our doors. If they just blocked the door on the ground like that and went straight to the west, there would be trouble."

"That's true. A hundred thousand of the seven hundred thousand would be enough to surround."

Moreover, if the remaining armies were to march on the Western countries, they would be able to cut off their worries.

By the way, if that's the case, we'll be able to get in and out from other locations. However, places that are blocked off by techniques such as fixed space-type "boundaries" cannot open the entrance or exit, so they can only open the door to places where they have been to some extent.

Realistically, if we can unseal the entrance and exit to the Spirit Realm, which is Ramiris' lair, we can get in and out from there.

Only in this way, we're locked in a maze. He would have to watch the Western countries being ravaged, and he would have to send troops even if he barely could.

The result is to go to ground combat.

In the end, you'll have to face off against your opponent, but until then, cut the enemy's battle strength as much as possible.

"Don't you have to warn those people on the ground?"

"If it's to incite them to anger, they'll probably be outraged to go to war, won't they?"

At this point, Veldora and Ramiris made this observation.

"These comments are worth listening to, but with no warning."

"Oh? What's the reason?"

"You know that, don't you? There are 'words' above the door."

"Ah! To hear you put it that way it does."

In fact, there is an engraved message at the gate on the ground.

The weak have no right to pass through this door...

I wonder how the enemy will react?

"I wonder how my opponent will act when I see that."

"I think I'd feel the heat and rush in. It's just that they'll let the men go first."

Benimaru might actually do that. He's the kind of guy who still rushes in knowing there's a trap.

"I wouldn't care. Because I'm strong!"

Yes yes yes, again, not asking Veldora.

"My words would be like this. If Beretta had said he wanted to go anyway, I probably would have thought there was nothing I could do with him and gone along."

Ramiris...don't force it if you're afraid. Beretta, who was named by me, is laughing bitterly.

"Lord Rimuru is merciful, and there can be no complaint about someone being stupid enough to ignore your warning, no matter what happens in the end."

I'm tempted to ask "why are you so happy?" but like Diablo said, I would write those words on the one hand and warn them on the other.

"So if anyone is too cowardly to walk through the door, he is not qualified to go to war. We will destroy them without mercy, and must show them how foolish it is to be hostile to Lord Rimuru!"

Miss Shion, if you say something like that, won't you end up in a fight? Even Geld was smiling darkly, wishing she had thought a little before speaking.

Despite saying so, the other subordinates actually thought very similarly to her.

People were really energetic and looked energetic as they talked to me about giving me a bigger victory.

Testarossa and the others' "soul" collection was dedicated to me, and for some reason, others who had learned of it were planning to paint gourds as well.

Testarossa—supposedly of the demon race—seems to enjoy the emotional residue that attaches itself to the soul. I've heard that there are all kinds of ways to eat, but her favorite is to see the look on a face when they're cramping up from fear—that's what Testarossa said.

That smiley face was a little scary at the time.

If it was before I was reincarnated, I might have been scared, but now I just think, "That's how it is."

The demon race didn't matter, what were the other demons doing that for?

Even if it's okay to collect "souls" and not know what can be done. It should be said that even I was just learning about it for the first time and it even made me wonder why they were racing like this. It's probably a trophy or something, but I don't really want it...

That's 700,000 people.

If I did get all these people's souls, I could awaken seven other people—horrible to think of myself as naturally emerging from this.

No, no, no.

In order to avoid turning my mind into a demon, I'll have to get in a good mood to deal with it.

After renewing my resolve, I turned my eyes to the big screen.

"Looks like they're out in force."

There, the Imperial soldiers are reflected in full gear.

They didn't look frightened at all and began to barge in the door as if nothing had happened.

"Everything is going according to plan. If more than half the people break in, it will be much easier for us after that..."

When I muttered these words, Benimaru smiled arrogantly.

"We will not spare a single soldier. Depending on the situation, I will also strike."

Geld nodded as he listened.

"My Second Corps can actually send out about 17,000 men. We are at a disadvantage in terms of numbers alone, but we are not at a loss. Let's change the terrain and seal off the enemy's army."

"So reliable. If the inside is completely burned with my flame again, then only the strong ones worth fighting will remain."

"On that note, I suppose Ms. Carrera will help as well. She seemed eager to make a scene from a moment ago, and would have been happy to play to her strengths." "The power of the Primordials is unquestionable. But I won't lose to her." Ouch ouch ouch?

This conversation sounded very different from what I expected to hear.

Benimaru and Geld both talk with a win in mind. Personally, I'm a little worried too, they're really hoity-toity.

It was only natural to count Carrera among the warriors, and to feel no fear or politeness towards the Primordials.

"Benimaru, you're too cunning. Since we're going to fight a war of annihilation, we should put me on the field!"

In the end, even Shion followed suit and volunteered.

It looks like she forgot she was my bodyguard again, but the control room is in the safest place. The selling point of this unit is the resistance to beatings. It would be a pity to leave them to cool off on the side, if we had to fight on the ground, which I intended to do.

If Shion had that intention, I could have given the order to attack...

"Calm down, Shion. Be the first to see how the enemy will act. Depending on the situation, it may also be possible to ask you to go out."

Anyway, let's placate her with these words for now.

"Kufufufufu. Speaking of Lord Rimuru's bodyguard, having me alone will suffice."

Even Diablo had said so, if anything happened, just call Testarossa and the girls back. They can "teleport" and come in an instant.

"Since Lord Rimuru has said so, all right. I'll ask you to strike at that time too, Shion."

"Mmm! Benimaru, just leave it to me."

With a full smile on her face, Shion thanked Benimaru.

Why is this girl so into combat? It's a little hard for me to understand. But since she was so happy in person, let's do that.

"That follows. Rimuru, I'm going to get ready!"

"I'm coming too! To show them the horrors of the maze!"

"Mmm. You can rest easy with me as your last line of defense."

"Then if you'll excuse me, Lord Rimuru."

Looking combative and full of energy, Veldora and Ramiris leave the control room. Beretta followed suit and the control room returned to silence.

In Veldora's opinion, this was his first job as a labyrinth master. It's not sure if he's actually going to make an appearance, but that look feels so reliable just looking at it.

"Then let's go and see what the enemy is capable of."

Watching everyone walk through the door one by one, I said something very Demon Lord-esque.

The group nodded.

As such, we are about to face off against a total of 700,000 Imperial troops.

When the leader of the Mecha Legion, Calgurio, saw that the situation was developing as expected, he secretly snickered.

He looked at his army with great confidence.

A number of elite men were passing through the gate one by one.

Ahead lies the labyrinth that will bring great wealth to Calgurio.

I guess the monsters are now in a panic because of the unexpected presence of an army.

They were able to do so thanks to their careful planning and the strength of the soldiers and generals who could match.

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He had consulted with those staff officers several times about the invasion route, deliberately allowing the Magic Tank Division to attack from the front so as to be conspicuous.

In addition to that, if the evil dragon Veldora shows up to repel him, they also send a hundred blimps of the killer Air Combat Air Corps.

It was also the job of the Air Combat Flying Corps to transport the Legion of Warcraft led by Gladim to the West. Yet they would fly over the sea and the journey was bound to be safe.

He didn't think the blimp needed the war effort, so Calgurio had to ask for resupply support. It was his intention to put an end to the duties of the blimps by having all three hundred of them go out while carrying military supplies.

So the battle was all focused on fighting against Veldora. As for the hundreds of airships sent to the Great Forest of Jura, they were all fully prepared and carried the most powerful magicians.

It was a sure thing that even if they had to take cover, Calgurio thought that these forces alone could completely suppress the whole West.

If Gladim and the others had attacked the capital of Ingracia, they would have put an end to this war in one fell swoop.

By waging war on two fronts at once like this, Calgurio's mech legions were responsible for a great deal in comparison. This means a lucrative campaign once successful.

In this way, his power within the empire will rise even higher. Thinking about this side, Calgurio laughed until his mouth was full.

As for the outline of the battle plan, it's...

He will let the Magic Tank Division invade in a conspicuous way, and once the enemy takes the bait, this time the team led by Calgurio will appear in full force. Followed by an attack on the base of the Demon Lord Rimuru.

According to the intelligence obtained beforehand, the metropolis ruled by the demon lord seemed to have been isolated into the maze. He had originally wondered how that was possible, but it was all true.

What remained on the ground was a single door to the maze.

That being the case, all they had to do was surround this door and let the enemy stick their wings in it.

If you disrupt the space around you, you will be sealed with the teleportation magic. This will allow for a complete blockade.

The problem of the combat power of the armed power, Dwargon, is greater.

The heroic king Gazel is not to be underestimated, and the dwarven soldiers are notoriously tough. It's not a lie that the Millennium Undeclared would die a horrible death if they were underestimated.

However!

We can't lose. There are up to 2,000 magic tanks here, so if they sacrifice the antiques of the old days, they are no match for us at all.

The armed power of Dwargon remains neutral, but this is not at all important in the eyes of the Empire. I've only let them go because I thought it was tricky, but since I knew my own army would win, I didn't have to.

Magic and Science.

The fusion of the two creates the strongest legion, with a whole new way of fighting as a foundation.

That's the mecha legion led by Calgurio.

Gazel is indeed a hero, but he alone can't do anything. Of course, it's common sense that the quality of the force is more likely to change the battlefield than the number of men. Calgurio knew how destructive the magic tank cannon could be, and fighting with swords and magic was just an outdated way of fighting in his eyes.

Those dwarves would just have to prepare old equipment that couldn't keep up with the times and certainly couldn't imagine how capable the legions of the new era were. By the time they know, it will be too late. The dwarves were just waiting to be unilaterally ravaged.

But these ideas are fundamentally wrong, except that at this point the Calgurio has no way of knowing. Lucky along the way, Calgurio was sure he would be victorious, and could not have imagined what eventuality would defeat him to the enemy—

Then came the report that had been awaited from the very beginning.

The enemy sent an emissary to visit, and bargaining broke down. They will go straight to belligerence.

Upon receiving this report, the Calgurio's marched in according to the intended plan and have now suppressed the land that looked like the base of the demon lord Rimuru.

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Calgurio waited there leisurely and began to think about the ministry.

It might be a bit of a shame to let Geist get Gazel's head, but the minions won't come after me until they give me something sweet to eat. There's no way around that.

That said, Lieutenant General Geist and Major General Faraga, who were among the best under Calgurio's men, were among the best. Sure to echo his expectations, Calgurio was convinced.

Although both Geist and Faraga were now dead, it was too much for Calgurio to detect.

"By the way, hasn't Geist contacted us yet?"

"Yes! Ever since Lieutenant General Geist returned they had begun to engage the enemy and had been unable to make contact since!"

"Mmm. I think it's about time we got a look at the situation. After all, it's impossible for them to get into a bitter fight and not contact us, isn't that too lazy?"

"Yes, I'm not sure..."

"Forget it. So, what's going on over at Faraga?"

It seems like Geist was too excited to go to war for so long. Calgurio thought he saw a big victory coming, so he focused all his attention on the battlefield.

That being the case, let's ask Faraga about it. If it was him, he would currently be looking gracefully at the battle from the air. In other words, he should bring the right information.

However, the liaison officer in charge of liaising with Faraga was not quite right. He was sweating furiously and was desperately trying to make contact with the other man.

"What's going on?"

The good mood was doused with cold water, and Calgurio stood up in displeasure. The tone of the words was a bit harsh.

Perhaps anxious about the relationship, the intelligence general replied in a panic.

"Report from Major General Faraga that he's encountered a suspected Veldora! We'll report back when it's confirmed, but..."

There was no further contact after that.

No further contact at all after the first report.

According to the Communication Magic Instructor underneath them, the magic element of the Jura Great Forest was very strong, and under normal circumstances, it could easily obstruct the Communication Numinous Wave.

Hearing him say that, Calgurio realized that the magical element seemed to be really thick, and knew why that was. After all, this forest was created by the nemesis, Veldora.

And this is the land of the Demon Lord. Let's just say that explanation makes sense.

Calgurio didn't think it would be useful to worry about it, so he didn't intend to go into detail.

There should be no time to report if one is fighting the other. And as the Communication Magic Instructor said, the surrounding magical concentration will have an effect, and there's a good chance that the "magic communication" won't get through.

And nowadays, if that Veldora was actually on the battlefield...it would be impossible to communicate through magic.

After a rational explanation in this direction, Calgurio immediately changed the direction of his thinking.

"Huh! Then just wait for them to bring good news. If they did run into Veldora, Geist and Faraga certainly couldn't contact us. That being the case, we can't afford to lose. Come on down to the maze!"

Geist and side had given a huge battle force, and this sense of reassurance did not make Calgurio feel that they would lose the battle. He believed that such a thing as defeat could never happen and had long ago eliminated that possibility.

Not only that, but it even felt right to his advantage.

Now that Faraga met Veldora, all that's left in the maze is the Demon Lord. He heard that the Four Heavenly Kings under him are also tricky, but it's not enough to watch against the elite of the "Mechatronics Transformation Corps".

Without the slightest confusion, Calgurio decided to set his mind on the maze before him.

The spot where Calgurio was staying was a large open field.

Big enough to stuff an entire metropolis. There was a gate towering over the central area, which was the junction to the maze.

Magic probing also revealed no harmful substances such as traps. There was only one door there, just waiting for Calgurio and the others to come and challenge them.

There was a phrase written on the gate—The weak have no right to pass through it—and Calgurio thought it proved he had thought it right.

Hide everything for fear of being plundered by us. It's obviously magic and a little clever, isn't it?

Whichever country it is, it is rightfully afraid of looting operations in the name of "dispatching supplies on the spot".

Seriously, not being able to get food is a major annoyance. The Empire had a huge army, which was undoubtedly a big pain in the ass for them. He admits it's also a tactically effective means to an end.

But you guys are so naive!

Calgurio was laughing at the shallow intelligence of the demon creature.

The soldiers underwent intensive surgery from otherworldly science and magic, and were able to do their best even if they didn't eat or drink for a week.

The food they carry focuses on energy balance, and one will supply the energy needed to be active throughout the day. Each person carries twenty of each, and the consumption so far is being calculated.

They had already distributed enough for them to consume, and they could continue to fight even without robbing the city of its food, which was foolproof.

Small, lightweight carrying food, but also made as simple as possible for the supply station, even the most problematic drinking water can be made by magic.

That way everything will be fine. According to their calculations, those elite soldiers would be able to move within the maze for twenty-seven days.

One of the greatest weaknesses in the conduct of military operations by the great armies was the interruption of the sources of supplies, on which the other side seemed to be pinning its hopes, but Calgurio must say they were naive.

"Think you can win by cutting off our supplies? It's stupid."

Calgurio acted like he was laughing at their stupidity, and one of the staff officers followed suit. The man was of noble birth and wanted to follow Calgurio for oil.

"Hahahaha, Lord Calgurio. Don't make them sound so sad. That demon lord Rimuru made a mistake right from the start. Our proud "mech-modified regiment" sends its strongest assassin, the evil dragon Veldora, to take on the bait. By the time they found out, they were already surrounded by so many heroes."

Other staff officers jumped in to echo the sentiment.

"But there's no reason to think so. It's bait, but it's a big army."

"Exactly. I can understand that."

After listening to these staff officers' conversations, Calgurio's mood became good.

"Huh! You think you're a demon lord, but that's not all! You must be shrinking into a ball in the depths of the maze right now!"

Besides mocking the Demon Lord's short sightedness, Calgurio was sure that their expedition would be successful.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa! That's how it is. The next thing we need to do is drag the demon lord to Lord Calgurio and cut off his head. That way, Lord Calgurio will become a hero for killing the demon lord!"

Staff officers of noble birth began to tout Calgurio.

That wouldn't be so bad, thought Calgurio.

The first step is to attack this maze and establish roots here.

Military positions were then constructed, and the West was taken advantage of.

If they didn't act fast, Gladim, who led the Warcraft Legion, would ravage the Western nations from the north. Seriously, Calgurio would love to get through the Great Forest of Jura before then.

But he used it without panic.

It is true that the number of feats they could have erected would have been reduced, but that would have been a mere ninety cents.

The Empire's long-held wish—to crush the "Storm Dragon", Veldora. If such a great feat is achieved, the other feats are not worth mentioning at all.

On top of that, if one could also hand over the head of the Demon Lord Rimuru, Calgurio would surely be chosen as the one who would take the most credit.

Like Calgurio, the staffers seemed convinced that they would win.

After all, they had an army of 700,000.

Seeing such a majestic sight, no one could have imagined that they would be defeated in battle.

"Let's start the 'border' on this land and make it a camp. Then send troops there in order. Everyone, get up and tackle the maze!"

"Leave it to us."

"Then proceed as planned."

No objections were raised. After all, the situation is not urgent, oppose it without deliberately risking upsetting the other party.

As for the glory to be gained by marching into the West, let it be given to Gladim. Everyone in the room had that consensus.

It's more about something else these days.

Most were able to get substantial gold and silver treasures within the labyrinth, which heightened their interest.

The lust in the hearts of these people wins.

All in all, they were going to flood this maze with manned tactics and then plunder it all, a pure and simple battle plan. The fact that no one has objected to this battle plan proves that they have all been blinded by the interests at hand.

It is because they are sure they will win that Calgurio and others openly accept their desires. They were convinced that their share of the treasure in the labyrinth would make them a fortune.

With that, Operation Maze Raid began.

Immediately following...

The poor people who knew nothing about it walked happily down the ladder that they never would have a chance to climb again.

The labyrinth is a maze of people...

Even if the opponent doesn't follow the rules.

It's just that...

The safety locks have been disengaged.

The real posture of the labyrinth, which no one has ever experienced, awaits them just ahead—it is hell on earth.

The current location is one of the deepest rooms of the maze.

There was a secret conference room there that even Rimuru didn't know about.

The masters within the labyrinth then gathered in this vast hall.

On weekdays, the members who appear here do not gather. And they'll be there in full force like this, so imagine how important this discussion topic is.

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The leader is Beretta, the labyrinth coordinator, who is the adjutant and agent of Ramiris.

There are four Dragon Kings of all kinds.

There was the Flame Dragon King, the Ice and Snow Dragon King, the Gale Dragon King, and the Earth Shattering Dragon King, each occupying four corners of the hall.

And in the middle of the hall, in front of the ebony round table, sat those who were...

The floor guardian of the ninetieth floor, the "Nine-Tailed Beast" Kumara.

The floor guardian of the 80th floor, the "Bug Emperor" Zegion.

Apito, the "Bug Queen", the 79th level of the Domain Guardian.

The floor guardian of the 70th floor, Adalman, the "Immortal King".

The vanguard of the 70th level, Albert "Paladin of the Dead".

They are what people call the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth (Labyrinth Ten).

There were also three other people who looked abrupt.

Next to Adalman was an old man with a keen eye—he was Gadra.

To accompany the end seat were the floor guardians of the fiftieth floor, Gozu and Mezu, knowing that they looked out of place among these strongmen, so they didn't dare to be too high-profile when they came to participate.

That being said, the two of them always feel like they can win no matter what kind of opponent they meet. However, after actually witnessing people standing on top of each other, they realized the difference between them.

That's why they're sitting on pins and needles.

There was another reason why they didn't dare to be too unbridled, and that was that those present and gathered often argued about who was the strongest.

Nowadays, they were also in a dark tide with each other, making one feel as if the space was distorted by an unusual pressure.

Even though Gadra was new to the scene, he was still not looking good in this battle. Seeing this scene, Gozu and Mezu realized how much they weighed.

Those guys are the real rabble-rousers, there's no way they can beat these guys.

Being able to make people like Gozu, who had been fighting for a hundred years, think like that, Gadra was not too simple either.

Although Beretta and those Dragon Kings didn't join the scramble, they weren't going to stop it either. The attitude from beginning to end says "let them be".

While this is not the reason, the debate over who is the strongest among the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth is arguably growing stronger.

The fact that Adalman was praised to Rimuru's face and elevated to the next floor is still fresh in his mind.

After that, everyone's spirits were high.

Each person believes that he or she can be of greater help. And the idea is reinforced by the fact that none of the floor guardians below the comparison have a chance to make an appearance. They want a chance to make a difference.

As for newcomer Gadra, he is full of blood and wants to help his friend Adalman. If there was a waking good showing here, he thought to himself that would really solidify his position.

Adalman is now more eager to fight for the Rimuru he believes in than he was before, and wants to improve his status if he can. Thus the other floor guardians are an eyesore. Although not the enemy, they felt in the way.

Albert followed Adalman, in addition to secretly having ambitions to enhance his feats and make a name for himself. I didn't expect him to be very intentional.

Apito is the same female as Kumara, and their relationship is very sinister.

Especially the Nine-Tailed Kumara, who was responsible for guarding the deep 90th floor. Thus the chances of appearances are almost equal to zero.

Apito had a good showing against those Paladins, and Kumara was jealous of her and therefore particularly easy to work against, all out of a heart that wanted to work against the other.

Apito, on the other hand, was very unconvinced and was completely unwilling to give up half a step in the face of Kumara. So these two are at each other's throats all day long.

Zegion always looks like he's staying out of the way, but he's actually the top guy in the maze. Everyone was jealous of him. He hoped, or didn't hope, that he would be caught up in the dispute.

And just like that, the masters within the maze have a nasty relationship.

But to say whether they hate each other to the core, they really don't.

In fact, they're just trying to prove they're the best, and not trying to fight their opponents off.

Respect each other despite being jealous.

Just because they will fight doesn't mean they hate their opponent.

Both consider each other to be good opponents for each other's cutting.

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Such a gathering of them together, but quiet to the point of surprise at the moment. Everyone's eyes were fixed on the still-empty main seat of the round table.

Look at the seat that belonged to the king of the labyrinth, Veldora, and to the great Ramiris who created it.

Two hours had passed since they had been summoned.

It was all still noisy just now, and Beretta's presence silenced everyone.

"In a short time, Lord Veldora and Lady Ramiris will be visiting. Everyone has to wait quietly."

With that said, Beretta sat down in his seat.

"Chief, may I ask a question?"

Beretta nodded when he heard Nine-Tailed Kumara ask that.

"This time we'll be here because..."

"You should all have guessed that. Some fools have invaded this maze, and the purpose of this time is to consult with everyone to see how to defeat them." Upon hearing this, everyone shut up.

They've all heard about the current situation, too.

Although they hadn't heard the purpose of the meeting that brought everyone together, they could almost guess the main points. Therefore, although the big moves had held each other back before, now, when they heard that the Imperial Army had invaded the labyrinth, they were more in the same mood than a competitive heart.

What would it mean to make an enemy of the labyrinth? To make sure those people understand that, let's all work together—that was their mindeset.

The scene is filled with breathless tension, followed by...

"Yah-ho-ho-ho!"

"Everyone, welcome to the party!"

The atmosphere in the hall heated up in one breath because of the relationship between Ramiris and Veldora's debut.

Seeing such an atmosphere, Ramiris was happy and addressed the group in a serious tone that she wouldn't normally have.

"We haven't had a crisis of this magnitude since the opening of this maze! That's why I want to hear from everyone!"

As soon as this was said, everyone started meeting.

The first person to react was the Nine-Tailed Kumara.

"Gee, that goes without saying."

It seemed that she had been waiting for this moment for a long time, and was about to say what she thought when Apito snatched up the conversation.

"Just shoot to kill."

Kumara began to glare at Apito with each other.

"You've got a chance to appear on my floor this time, haven't you? Apito and those Paladins should be playing satisfied these days, right?"

"What's that supposed to mean? If it's Hinata-sama, it's not bad, a Paladin is too weak to be an opponent, but it makes me feel even more bored!"

There was another wave of tension in the venue.

I didn't think it would be Veldora who came out to play roundup.

"Kuahahaha! Everyone, stop arguing. And everyone can rest assured. This time there's a chance to prepare everyone for the battle on the field. According to what I've heard, the guys seem to think the maze is only 60 levels at most. Despite our outward propaganda that the maze has a hundred layers, they don't believe it. Do people think it's okay to be so stupid?"

Everyone was like, "No!"

Veldora also 'hmmm'ed and nodded.

"It's fun to make a scene with them...but it's a pain in the ass."

"Yes, that's it! Just like Master had just said, waiting for them to attack to the fiftieth level was really troublesome. Not only is it troublesome for us, but for each other as well."

"Mmm. There are about 700,000 people crowded out there right now. Rimuru wants us to lure as many people as possible into the labyrinth—"

"If they're all crammed in by the entrance, it'll take time, won't it? The sheer number of enemies is also a problem. So we intend to distribute the enemy forces separately from the beginning, sending a thousand men to each floor!"

Fortunately, the Empire's general soldiers were disciplined and everyone lined up for action. Smoothly entering the maze, the ranks were not messed up, but that still took time, of course.

If the man in front starts fighting the man, that line of movement will be broken. In this way, one has no idea how long it would take to get everyone into the maze.

"If you're lucky enough to draw straws, you might be able to run into some serious enemies!"

"Ho ho ho! Maybe there was someone inside who would threaten Rimuru's life, the same guy Benimaru was looking for! But that might be his over worrying, but then again, just finding out who this person is would be a big help."

Everyone's eyes changed when they heard Ramiris say that to Veldora.

To be one of the Four Heavenly Kings under Rimuru, that was a vision for the men in charge of the maze. One of them, Benimaru, is also Rimuru's right-hand man and is his best friend. People want to go up against him one day and see.

'No, his best friend is me'—that's what Veldora would think. But everyone didn't let that out of their mouths, and the live conversation went smoothly.

"That means...everyone has a chance, right?"

"If that's the case, I'm fine with that."

As soon as he heard this, Apito and Kumara instantly showed signs of reconciliation.

Others have their own ambitions in mind, and everyone is full of fighting spirit.

"So if someone comes into their own dominion, we can all do as we please?"

Hearing Adalman ask that, Ramiris nodded sharply and said, "That's it! This became the key message, and the members of the maze became more serious again.

Ramiris went on to explain.

"They're also invading one by one at the moment, so all in all we'll put them in order starting with the fortieth floor. Whenever the number reaches a thousand, drop down a floor and follow this pace! Gozu and the others will assign other tasks and explain later."

The jealous eyes of everyone on the scene were focused on Gozu and Mezu, causing those two to tremble with nervousness. Their bodies shrank even more than just now, desperately trying to pass.

Instead of falling into this situation, it would be better to fight the foolish invaders, which would be a thousand times better—the mood of both men.

Also not bothering with such a Gozu and the others, Ramiris continued to illustrate.

"That's about it, we're going to skillfully disperse the enemy on all floors. The last forty to fifty tiers would be 100,000 people. The fifty-first to sixtieth floor is also 100,000 people. Sixty-one to seventy layers of 100,000. Seventy-one floors to eighty floors and 100,000 Eighty-one levels to ninety— 100,000. And then probably let each Dragon King deal with 10,000 people? If someone still keeps breaking in, it will divide them up to the upper floors!"

The maximum number of people accepted at one time was targeted at 540,000. Ramiris said she wanted a minimum of 350,000 as well. Finally she would address the most important matters.

"One more thing not to be forgotten, and only this time, we are going to change the rules inside the maze. Each room with dragons will expand to ten times the normal size, and we'll also let the floors swap and fall into the room with dragons as soon as we break through the ninetieth floor. But that's not the point. The real point is that the conditions for breaking the barrier change!"

Ramiris flapped her wings and flew around, one side for emphasis.

So what exactly were the conditions changed to?

First of all, once you get through the door this time, you can't get out if you don't break it. To break through would mean having to defeat Veldora, and that would really be a showdown with the whole army out in force.

On top of that, the challenge to Veldora was conditional on collecting the ten keys that the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth had dropped.

That is, even if some people started off from the eighty floors, they still had to go back to the upper floors to beat down Ten Lords of the Labyrinth.

Hearing this, a satisfied expression appeared on all ten of their faces.

The Dragon Kings in the four corners of the hall chattered in small voices.

"If so, it seems an equal opportunity."

"That sounds about right. There can also be more prey than whoever hunts it."

Sparks began to flare up among the group.

"Huh. I hope I have a match to make me swing my sword seriously."

"Can't be too arrogant, Albert. We just have to figure out how to annihilate the enemies of god."

There is a fight between the master and servant that begins to burn.

There are also people who have been meditating quietly.

The group seemed to be full of energy in the face of the upcoming battle.

Faced with such a labyrinth of ten masters, the chief—Beretta, identified as the chief of the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth, opened his mouth.

"By the way, Lord Ramiris. It's been a matter of asking you before..."

"Oh, oh, that's what I'm talking about. Hmmmmm, Rimuru allowed it too, let's observe it this time."

"Thank you. So..."

After conferring with Ramiris over something, Beretta stood up and looked around the Labyrinth Lords.

"Ladies and gentlemen, Lord Ramiris has assigned me the role of labyrinth coordinator. I'm also a Labyrinth Lord, but..."

Beretta personally felt that becoming Chief of the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth was just a side hustle. It takes ten people to put together a good sounding name, so Beretta joined the ten just to put together the numbers.

And the title also reflects the casual nature of the things that Ramiris does, changing again and again. It's not like he's willing to do it.

As for his colleague, Treyni, though in the same position as himself, Ramiris held her in high regard. The reasoning was that she wouldn't scold Ramiris just yet...but Beretta felt it was too much to take.

That being said, Treyni still does what he does. She seems to have gotten the promise of Ramiris to go somewhere without Beretta's knowledge.

It was so disturbing, Beretta sighed quietly at the thought of it.

All in all, he was currently forced to rank among the Maze's Ten Lords of the Labyrinth in order to make up his numbers. Beretta himself didn't want that, so he was keen to cede the position of the Labyrinth Ten Chief to someone else.

Now the opportunity he had been waiting for had finally come.

"I want to cede my place to the man who made the war."

The Labyrinth Lords' eyes seemed to light up for a moment, and all their eyes changed.

Even Gozu and Mezu were no exception, and began to hold ambitions that were not commensurate with their status, thinking that perhaps they could join the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth. Only that ambition went up in smoke with Beretta's next words.

"As for my share in this war as a Labyrinth Lord, I will leave it to His Excellency Gadra over there for the time being. He has been recommended by Lord Adalman as having considerable strength, and his knowledge is recognized not only by me but also by Lady Ramiris."

Gadra, who was suddenly named, was surprised but unfazed. He hadn't lived this long and was used to such scenes.

Here we go...! The time of this old man has come. If I had taken advantage of this opportunity to make a splash, I wouldn't be a temporary replacement!

Gadra is always positive. How else can there be a way to quickly get a head start and navigate between countries?

And Gadra was also well aware of his own abilities, relying on his accurate vision to see through the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth. Some of them were not as good as themselves, or not on a par with him, and there were even some masters among the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth who were not comparable to him.

There was absolutely no way he could ignore these over-the-top strongmen and think of himself as the first. Because he was well aware of this, Gadra's goal was limited to joining the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth.

"Well, then, I'll take that as a compliment!"

"Will you take it? That does me a favor, Sir Gadra."

Just at this moment, Gadra and Beretta agreed on what was at stake.

So much so that, though only temporarily, on the eve of the upcoming battle with the Empire, they had a personnel change. Beretta emerges from the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth, and Gadra joins to become one of them.

"Mmmmm! Gadra was willing to accept, and I was happy. Ask Gadra to take charge of the sixty floors. You will do well to enslave the Colossus, the Floor Guardian Colossus!"

Things were quickly finalized.

In this regard too, Ramiris had talked to Rimuru, and they had long since decided to try Gadra.

Gadra was usually there to assist in the research work of Ramiris, so he agreed without a second word.

The other party was willing to send him the floor guardian statue, which was a great request from his point of view.

"Mmm! In that case, let's get a nickname for Gadra, too."

"Ah, that's right, Gadra. Do you have a nickname you want?"

Suddenly being asked so, Gadra was at a loss for a moment as to how to react.

"This, this..."

Gadra personally doesn't think that's very important.

The Imperial Army had also invaded, and now it was best to start defending quickly. He also thought that even if he didn't say it, everyone knew it by heart.

But that doesn't seem like much of an issue to the top people, and even at times like this the attitude is as usual.

Frustrating. His majesty Rudra was already very good, and these people were no match for him. No, no, no, since the other party is a "Storm Dragon" and a "Labyrinth Fairy", that's a natural reaction too...

Gadra was impressed.

Gadra, a man with no connection to loyalty, could nevertheless be said to harbor a sense of awe for both Veldora and Ramiris—plus Rimuru, who could use both of them deftly.

"Should we name him 'The Magic Guide'?"

"Master, I think that sounds cool!"

"Right? I'm cool when I'm supposed to be cool. Kuahahaha!"

How could Gadra herself dare to have an opinion.

That's the way it is.

Thought it was all largely explained, he didn't realize that it seemed like there was something else Ramiris had to say.

"That's right, that's right, I remember! Gozu and Mezu also have important missions!"

Hearing that, being nervous about not knowing what kind of task they would be assigned, Gozu the whole of them jumped up.

"So, then, what are we responsible for?"

"What's the best thing to do?"

The two men inquired tremulously. Not taking such a reaction to heart, Ramiris ordered it.

"Go to the 30th floor and stand by so that you can summon the monsters of the passers-by over there. If anyone escapes, get rid of them. The location of the resurrection with the bracelet is also arranged on the 30th floor, so it's okay to accidentally kill the wrong person! You've got to work hard!"

She sounded like she could do it as if it was a matter of course.

Gozu and Mezu too could only accept it.

It's not that they don't want to do it, it's that the unease in their hearts is greater.

Worried if they didn't get it right this time, they would be cut off. If they play hard, they'll probably be cut from this honor-filled post. To avoid that kind of thing, they had to cheer well, and Gozu and Mezu looked at each other and nodded.

The 30th level of the maze, the floor guardian, is a B+ level Ogre King and five of his men. They will obey the orders of the A-ranked Gozu and Mezu and are now considered reliable partners.

And even the newcomer Gadra agreed to take over the Labyrinth Ten post without changing his face. As predecessors, they could not afford to miss out on this battle.

One other point. The two of them also discovered one more thing.

Even if someone broke away from the thirty levels, there was nowhere for the Imperial Army to run. Even if those people ran to the first level, which was located at the top, they would still have to be forced to turn back from there.

In that light, the responsibility they have taken on in this mission is actually very light. And they find that the more people they lose to themselves, the more people they can kill.

"Look at us. We're the floor guardians, for better or worse. If this battle is recognized, our 'status' will be enhanced!"

"That's right, that's it, buddy. This time, don't talk about the petty family business there, talk about taking turns and all that. We'll do everything we can to crush the enemy!"

"If any of the Imperials escape, we will expel them all!"

"That's it! I won't let Lady Ramiris down!"

Since there was no way back, they had to move forward.

The uneasiness in their hearts vanished in an instant, and the two men's energy rose with them.

And just like that, the task for each person to take on was set.

"Rimuru asked us to bring as many Imperial soldiers into the maze as possible! In order for that to happen, we have to give our opponents some sort of sweet treat!"

The group listened and nodded forcefully, indicating that they understood. Everyone is clear about their responsibilities. At least on the first day they planned to quietly watch the enemy's movements.

Ramiris originally looked at everyone with satisfaction, but she finally dropped a shock bomb.

"Very good very good. Then everyone, come on! By the way, Rimuru said he would be watching the battle as well. Not only is this a way to judge who should be Labyrinth Chief, it's also a chance for him to see how you all behave!"

The moment those words came out of Ramiris' mouth, everyone's expression suddenly turned serious, serious to the point of being full of killing aura.

"You say Lord Rimuru will watch us?"

Zegion had originally been silent, and now even he spoke up.

This surprised Apito.

The "Worm Emperor" Zegion is a quiet man who rarely speaks.

Aside from his allegiance to the Demon Lord Rimuru, the only thing that interests him is to become stronger—Zegion is one such person.

"Well, umm, umm, Rimuru said he'd watch it too!"

Stammering in response, Ramiris was caught off guard by her opponent's airs.

After all, even Ramiris didn't get much of a chance to watch Zegion speak, and would be surprised quite normally.

"Oh Zegion, what Ramiris said is true. Rimuru was also intrigued by the strength of the Maze members. That's why I chose to trust you and decided to let you take on the heavy responsibility of this battle."

Like looking for the steps down for the astonished Ramiris, Veldora so stated.

For Veldora, Zegion was an excellent apprentice to the combat training he had implemented since before.

He's also a great player who has a long history of friendship with Veldora. Not only that, but depending on the conditions, he even grew to the point where he could fight Veldora to the point of being above even odds.

Zegion was too powerful.

To ask if there was anyone in the Maze who could be Zegion's opponent, there was no one else but Veldora.

Just because Zegion was such a master, this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity was all the more exciting for him.

"Yeah? Lord Rimuru will be watching to see how we and others fare...it really gets my blood pumping. Let the adults see how much I've grown, and I'll show it all."

"Hey, hey, that's a must! He says he's looking forward to it, so people are going to surprise him!"

With a smile of innocence, Ramiris ended with these words.

Despite her innocence and kindness, Ramiris is inherently without mercy. She was the one who had become a demon lord and had no objection to the absolute law of the weak and the strong.

When entering the maze, everyone will see the rules. Even the general soldiers from the Empire are no exception, and while confirming 'their own will to enter the labyrinth,' they are also asking their instincts, 'If they can't come out without meeting the conditions, can they still accept this?'

Will people take this as a threat or a warning? Everyone fantasizes about what riches can be gained in the maze, and like the colony of ants drawn past by sugar, all get sucked into the maze.

From this point on, Ramiris stopped being merciful.

So she would no longer be polite and would greet these enemies.

Next, the soldiers of the Empire's generals will understand.

They will witness the true gesture of this maze.

Taste the fear...

"We are going to win. Dedicate the victory to Lord Rimuru."

Zegion read the words and rose from his seat.

It became a signal that everyone was out in force.

In order to get to the venue that had become hell, they'll wait for the guests to arrive.



At the entrance of the underground maze, soldiers from the Imperial Army were drawn in one after another.

They were in neat rows, their movements were not in the least bit strained, and they were all well behaved.

Each person is equipped with a seat belt around their waist that links them together, spacing them back and forth for a total of three meters.

There were other squads in charge of the fight, and these men were not connected by ropes and could move freely. When there was no combat going on, they held the life-saving ropes that bound those soldiers.

In the face of such a large army pressing down on the territory, the maze was nothing. They were prepared beforehand, they were coming to challenge the maze, no one would get lost.

In addition to being satisfied with their elaborate arrangement, Calgurio began to think of the wealth he would receive.

This maze is basically some kind of trickery for kids. The problem is the magical creatures that inhabit it...

It's not just how strong those magical creatures are, it's also a question of how much time fighting can consume. According to the research they've done beforehand, the 60th floor is the bottom floor, but that's not necessarily true.

It was said that the labyrinth had so many layers of a hundred, but he didn't think it made sense.

Calgurio always thought it was bluffing.

The deeper you go, the more valuable treasures you can acquire, and most importantly, the higher the purity of the "magic crystals" you can recover. This is fascinating to hear that it increases in proportion to the strength of the magical creatures that inhabit it, etc. But Calgurio had been bitter and found that tricky.

In any case, if you can identify the type of magic creature, you will be able to find the proper way to dispose of it. It would be more efficient to hunt that way too.

Stroking his proud beard, Calgurio came to this conclusion.

Looking at the well-trained general soldiers, the Maze is not even a threat. Their majestic looks are proof—proof that they have untouchable power.

They've imagined what battles might occur within the maze and have done training.

Able hands using spirit magic will confirm the way forward and a special work team will disarm the traps. The combat team will be responsible for expelling the magical creatures, and the team responsible for handling them will disintegrate those magical creatures and harvest the "magic crystals". This sequence of moves will have the top of each column executing.

And the acquired treasures will be transmitted to the rear through the linked soldiers. Then it was just passed to the front of the entrance for those waiting over there to move back to Operations Command.

Linking soldiers together allows for a change in circumstances. If something happened, they would immediately send back information that had been rigorously trained on these soldiers.

Calgurio's response started out well. Over time, however, abnormal changes began to appear. When about a thousand or so soldiers entered the maze, communication between the two sides was suddenly broken.

"My lord, how can this be?"

What happened to those soldiers?

It is not yet clear. Watching the ropes being neatly cut, one can imagine that space has twisted.

Information obtained in advance mentions this, saying that sometimes the structure of the maze can change. But I've heard it only happens every twenty-four hours...

Calgurio agonized over it, but had no intention of preventing the soldiers from parading in. He intended to keep the soldiers rushing in for the time being.

As it turned out, he discovered one thing—for every thousand or more people who entered, the structure of the maze changed.

No, that's not right. By this time Calgurio was alert.

"I get it. The enemy seemed happy to see us in, too."

"What the...? What does that say?"

"It's obvious. If the labyrinth is overcrowded, they probably won't do well. Going down that staircase doesn't lead to the second basement level, I'm afraid it connects to another level."

"What!? How could such a thing happen...?"

Looking at the surprised staff officer with a foolish look, Calgurio snorted.

"Of course it's possible. The opponent is at least a demon lord. If they couldn't do even that little thing in their own territory, they would have been destroyed long ago."

Calgurio accurately predicted what would happen in the maze.

Based on conversations before the soldiers broke off contact, it didn't seem like there was anything unusual going on. But that doesn't mean that something suddenly happened to them.

"Also, when it was just over a thousand people, contact was suddenly broken. What do you think that means?"

"I see... Your Excellency is aware of this, I am afraid."

"Hmmm—" with a nod, Calgurio began to think of a course.

Several treasures have been shipped over. It's all amazing equipment, or "magic steel" made weapons.

Everything is top-notch. Moreover, the "magic crystal" received just now is of excellent quality and has an impeccable energy conversion rate.

If the invasion was interrupted at this time, the 2,000 soldiers who had gone in would have lost their lives. Instead of doing that, it would be more effective to stick to the original plan and use that kind of manned sea tactics.

Calgurio so judged.

"This is a threat to us. To get us to abandon the Maze, they intend to buy time. That way they'll have a chance to wait for reinforcements from Deva Heights."

"Ridiculous. Even that Dwargon today..."

"Exactly. To interrupt the operation here would be to call the enemy's will!"

"Yes! Then let's get back to the maze battle!"

Seeing through the enemy's tricks, Calgurio was satisfied. Then weighing the benefits that could be gained against the lives of the soldiers on the scales, he decided to ignore the slightly unnerving elements.

It was at this moment that the fate of the Imperial Army was sealed.

A full day had passed since they had started invading the maze.

They pushed on day and night, and about three hundred and fifty thousand soldiers and generals invaded the maze without incident.

As usual, for every thousand people sent, the route of aggression they take changes.

It seemed that only those who ran to a particular floor could barely get a part of their body to appear outside, and the kinds of treasures acquired there would change along with it. There are almost no lowquality objects, which also contain weapons with holes.

Those weapons look like a new type of enemy weapon.

From this one can infer how panicked the enemy was.

If there was time, they would have taken it back. Failure to do so proves that the enemy doesn't have that leeway now.

Blame them for trying to suck up customers with a maze, only to have one head and two tails in a sudden situation. They are too stupid.

The idea of using the labyrinth to attract people from the surrounding countries—an idea that Calgurio found interesting. Yet they couldn't pick up the pieces at the crucial moment, and can only say that they did things too roughly.

In this way, at first, Calgurio thought that the Demon Lord Rimuru's gang were all fools, but after a whole day, they decided to watch the situation for the time being.

Soldiers at the command headquarters would take turns resting. It would have been fine to continue the invasion plan in this manner, but Calgurio suddenly felt uneasy.

"The total number of people who have broken into the maze is 350,000, right?"

"Yes! Half of our army has invaded the maze."

Although almost every full thousand people were disconnected, that was as Calgurio had predicted. After a while, someone reported that they had found the soldiers who had entered the maze earlier.

The Imperial Army's morale was instantly boosted. Originally, everyone was very upset and relieved to know that our soldiers and horses were fine.

To get into a panic over a little thing is a disgrace to the Imperial Army.

All the soldiers thought so, forcing down the restlessness in their hearts to act. So this good news breathes life into them. There was nothing to be afraid of this time, and the pace of aggression increased with it.

As a result, half of the General's soldiers entered the labyrinth right now, but...

"So many people were sent, and it still wasn't enough to fill the maze..."

"I didn't realize it was so vast."

"That's what I heard. Thought we'd be able to suppress the whole maze in a little while..."

By what they expected to think, the Imperial Army should have taken control of the entire maze long ago. However, this was not actually the case, and when they temporarily kept the soldiers out of the maze, they cut off contact with the people inside.

If the troops who had gone in first were found, they would be able to move out a great deal of treasure. But now that the movement into the labyrinth has been interrupted, those gains have been temporarily halted.

No one has come out yet, have they?

"Yes, yes. It seems that in order to get out of there, we have to break through the maze first..."

"Then I've heard. I've heard that during the invasion, someone in every soldier's head was asking questions of them, right?"

"Exactly. However, although the conditions are clear...it seems that before defeating the Labyrinth King, the Guardians of the Ten Keys need to be crushed first..."

"So that's it, then we haven't crushed them yet?"

The answer is in sight.

But that's not what Calgurio wants to know.

The King of the Labyrinth is probably referring to the Demon Lord Rimuru. If the goal was to succeed in crushing him, it would have been a great one for them.

As a matter of fact it should be.

Yet in fact they were interrupted for a time, didn't continue to send troops in, and currently couldn't even get in touch with the soldiers inside the maze.

"Do you think it's possible to defeat Demon Lord Rimuru with 350,000 soldiers?"

The staff officers are at a loss for words when asked. But they answered immediately and with aplomb.

"The reason the Kingdom of Farmus had failed is because they met Veldora, I believe. If it's just Demon Lord Rimuru, it should be more than enough to defeat him."

"I think so, too. There's no shortage of people who've taken part in this Raider Operation, so we just have to wait for them to bring back good news."

Seemingly reassured to see someone agreeing with them, the staff officers began to shout one after another that they would definitely win. Yet Calgurio could not erase the uneasiness in his heart no matter what.

"The first thing is to get in touch with the people in the labyrinth. Also send liaison troops over and try to communicate by various means of communication."

Receiving orders from Calgurio, they tried various methods to get in touch, but all failed. They also tried the Thought Communication or the Communication Network, but none of the people inside the maze responded.

Things have evolved to such an extent that it's hard for the staff members to fool themselves anymore.

The loot from the labyrinth had excited them, but in the face of the present, with no future in sight, they began to look demoralized.

The reason for all this is the inability to get in touch with the people inside the maze. Without clarity, the function of those staff officers cannot be fulfilled.

"Then we'll continue to organize the troops and let them enter the maze once more."

At this point Calgurio "hmmm'd" and nodded.

Either way, they had to send soldiers in to confirm the situation. Even if they continued to stay on the ground, they couldn't confirm what was going on inside the maze.

The entrance to the labyrinth—that door had not been closed, but was still wide open. Nothing has changed since the beginning, as if nothing has happened.

Even so, as long as the person who entered next was slightly late, they immediately couldn't sense the scent of the people in front of them.

This action was also interrupted by the fact that the gold and silver treasures had been transported smoothly from inside the labyrinth. On the one hand, perhaps because of this, a heavy breath began to pervade the Combat Command.

Then—two more days passed.

"Why doesn't anyone return the favor after that?"

"Since every thousand people are put in different places, there's no way to find the forces that invade the depths of the maze again."

"What, the maze is this big!?"

"I don't think..."

"What?"

"It's not all gone..."

"You fools, are you afraid!?"

"Everybody calm down. I'm afraid these are all tactics of the Demon Lord Rimuru. His purpose is to make us suspicious and give up on the maze."

The practice is different now than it was in the beginning, sending out only a thousand people per hour to enter discreetly. But in that case, it would be difficult to bring back the information, not to mention the treasure.

On the first day alone, three hundred and fifty thousand people entered the maze.

An additional 150,000 people were added the next day.

There were only 30,000 people on the third day.

As for the Imperial General soldiers who remained on the ground, it had been reduced to the remaining 170,000.

"Wouldn't it be wise to hold on to your strength now?"

"We also send supply troops into the labyrinth to extend the activity limits of the general's soldiers. Shouldn't it take at least 20 days to observe the situation...?"

"That's so negative!"

"But we still can't reach Lieutenant General Geist or Major General Faraga. Are they still tangling with the enemy, or are they..."

They have sent out spy troops several times, but none have returned. There has been no contact with reliable friendly forces.

"That's because of the high concentration of magicules. There could be no other reason."

Calgurio so asserted.

It would be bad if morale continued to be low, based on that judgment, he would say that.

But it's still hard to erase the uneasy atmosphere that pervades the scene. In an unspeakably eerie silence, the soldiers of the Imperial Army General had an ominous feeling of foreboding.

Even the speaker, Calgurio, was no exception.

There were 170,000 more Generalissimo soldiers on the scene. The converse can also be said of only 170,000.

Maybe I made a big mistake...

The thought suddenly flashed through Calgurio's mind.

The gate was towering. Nowadays it seems that the door was very eerie and fueled the unease in Calgurio's mind.

What will be the fate of the labyrinth's challengers in this door...

It wouldn't be long before Calgurio would know where they were headed.

Forty-first through forty-eighth floors...

Those Imperial General soldiers who entered the labyrinth, because of the different floors they entered, had fates that were vastly different from each other.

One who is put on the forty-first to forty-eighth floor can be said to be lucky. Although the magical creatures that appear are very strong, they are only B-grade at best. The soldiers were fortified, the magic creatures were not their opponents, and the Raider operation went off without a hitch.

These empire's generals and soldiers were very powerful.

When converted to an adventurer's rank, everyone comes to C+ as a minimum. It's a first-class skill.

This way, they could handle it without any trouble even if they came across a magical creature.

They march in neat rows, at this pace.

Slightly behind the front row, the combat team took guard action on one side.

A stronghold was set up at each corner, followed by the clearing of the entire road. Act according to what they've been trained to do, and gradually take care of the entire floor.

Neither had passed the day yet, and the upward steps and the downward steps had been found by them both.

Their current combat goal became to crush the demon lord with all their war power once they met.

The task of capturing the treasures of the upper floors is left to the other troops, or they can wait until it's over. They used the stairs as a stronghold to suppress the entire floor. Then moved on to the strategy.

There was a locked room with a door near the stairs. The bulletin board above that door says "Lounge". Just like the results of their prior investigation, the only thing that was different was that the door would not open.

"The door is really not open. They deliberately made us unusable."

"Think so. There's no way to destroy it?"

"Yes! Using firearms or magic had no effect. Just like the road inside the maze, it should be difficult to destroy!"

After hearing the soldier's report, the captain nodded.

It's nothing to be surprised that there will be such an outcome for granted.

If the magic tank guns are brought in or massive magic is unleashed, perhaps the destruction is possible. However, this would not guarantee the safety of their own troops in the labyrinth. I don't know how many casualties there would be if they planned to launch nuclear strike magic and so on.

So the captain decided to challenge the maze head-on, as originally planned. That is, the use of human sea tactics.

Now that he heard that even the lounge could not be used, he was not only annoyed, but also took it for granted.

"Report it up. Then tell them the operation is going well."

"Yes, sir!"

He had faltered in the beginning when only a thousand of them were left. But to panic like this would be a disgrace to the Imperial Army.

The department captain decided to continue with the strategy. That decision was the right one. It wasn't long before they rendezvoused with the other troops.

Although the floor was larger than expected, there were spirit emissaries working hand in hand with the surveyors, and the Raiding Operation went smoothly. And defeat, magical creatures will drop "magic crystals" of good quality, and from the treasure chests they found, great gold and silver treasures will be opened.

The man who came down the stairs returned to him, saying that the forty-two floors were almost complete. There was a great cheer, and everyone said that the Imperial Army would not be defeated.

The next day they also explored all the rooms on the fortieth floor. Step into the forty-second floor at this rate and meet the troops who are staying there. They pounded straight into the forty-third floor with the momentum of a bamboozle, approaching the forty-eighth floor in less than three days.

The results have exceeded expectations.

But the forty-ninth layer doesn't start out that easy.

Forty-nine to fifty levels of the maze...

"Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh..."

"It's going down, my...my feet are melting off..."

"Help me! I can't get my hand out..."

It's a living hell.

Drop it and you run into Slimes.

There's a bunch of Slimes everywhere.

Slimes, Slimes, Slimes, Slimes, Slimes...

Halfway through the break, Slimes fell from the ceiling.

As soon as the corner was turned, the squad was cut off and wiped out.

The walls are made of Slime, and the floor is Slime.

Weapons and defenses were destroyed and the soldiers' physical strength was taken from them.

"What the hell, still no way to break through!?"

"Yes! The entire floor smelled of magical creatures, there was no way to sense through magic. And they seem to have a high level of resistance to physical attacks, half-assed attacks are useless!"

"And the enemy is multiplying at an abnormal rate! They don't seem to feel pain either and don't seem to be afraid of our attacks at all!"

If it was an average Slime, only one would be nothing to be afraid of, but becoming so massive, it would take a lot of effort to burn the Slime out and turned into a tougher opponent than expected.

Every few hours reinforcements would come in to help, so the damage they suffered was not so great that they had to retreat. But it's just a matter of time consuming and delaying to come up with the desired results.

It turned out that all the floors were not explored until the third day was almost over. This time, they could finally rendezvous with the troops from the upper floors, and they were able to survive with the human sea tactics.

And coming to the fiftieth floor, they saw hordes of the wounded.

The road is like a dark, damp cave. The sound of battle echoes here.

"Damn it, these monsters are back!"

Someone shouted in feverishness.

He was looking at the giant snake that stood in front of him and wouldn't let anyone pass, moving stupidly like the incarnation of darkness.

It's a Tempest Snake.

The scales were like armor, half-dangling magic and gunfire could not do the trick.

Even if you want to get close enough to cut it with your sword, the Tempest Snake's "poisonous spray" can spray up to seven meters away. The swords are bathed in death spray before they even touch.

"Damn it! This narrow passage is equivalent to being their world!"

"If we can still get around the wide area, there's nothing we can do."

"Are the heavy magic cannons ready?"

"It's not working. It's been used just now, and it will be another two hours before the energy is replenished."

The so-called "Heavy Magic Cannon" is a new type of magic-guided weapon that is capable of exerting the greatest power among portable weapons. Unlike "magic guns" that use magic stones as an energy source, they collect magical elements from the atmosphere and are filled with magical elements.

It's filled with magic, the elemental magic of the "Air Breaking Cannon", which is a high-powered magic that explodes continuously after compressing air. It doesn't catch fire and can be fired in a specific direction. So this kind of magic is also useful in confined spaces like buildings.

Just by being able to manipulate this kind of magic, you will be judged as an A grade, which is a high level magic.

But the problem is that the energy consumption is too great. This is why the surrounding mana is used to fill the maze, but even in a maze with a high concentration of mana, it would take three hours to fill it up. That kind of speed is fast enough under normal circumstances, but it was still too slow to use on this one.

"Oi oi oi, are you kidding me? What does that mean? Does that mean those monsters come back to life faster?"

The Tempest Snakes are clearly unusual individuals. Wearing a collar around its neck, it felt set apart from the other magical creatures.

The most important thing is that no matter how many times it is knocked down, after three hours it will come back to life. In other words, no matter how many times they are knocked down, they have to fight again as soon as a certain amount of time passes.

The tricky part is that there is no so-called safe zone on this floor.

And...

"Tweets, tweets, tweets..."

The sounds of fighting began to come from other roads as well.

Yes, there's more than one Tempest Snake.

There were ten of them found alone. A group of high-risk magical creatures with ranks coming to A-are using their characteristics to dominate this area.

This is the lair of the black snakes.

The Tempest Snake was originally a floor guardian of the forty floors, and now even the spare ones were put together on this floor.

The soldiers later managed to rendezvous with reinforcements from the upper floors and had a chance to rearm. This time, they finally had enough heavy magic cannons to defeat the Tempest Snake. It was late in the night on the third day that the Tempest Snake was finally successfully exterminated.

"Everyone, while maintaining this floor, beware of monster resurrection. Let the injured and sick take refuge on the upper floor."

"Yes!"

With that, the Imperial Army reorganized its forces here. The next thing you know, they're in an even worse hell.

Fifty to sixtieth floors of the maze...

The fifty-first floor has a large area of modern access.

The Imperials seemed to have mastered this one floor, and soldiers could be seen around every corner. The scene can be seen to leave traces of fierce fighting, and one can imagine that this floor is also tricky.

One of the troopers tried to make contact with the people on the scene.

"How's it going?"

To avoid waking the soldiers who were resting, he quietly questioned the station staff.

"The situation is dire. We have underestimated the Demon Lord."

"What do you mean?"

"There are a lot of traps on this floor. We are standing in the right channel. The others should never go. I think most of the traps should have been destroyed by us, but maybe some haven't lost their function.

"Got it. That said, those are..."

In order to report to his superior officer, the unit chief asked for further details.

The soldier then told him about the various chemical weapons that seemed to be not in use in the Empire either.

There is colorless and odorless gas that can poison the eyes and throat.

It is also sprayed with neurotoxins as well as melting solution.

Those vicious traps maimed quite a few people. The Imperial Army originally thought that this knowledge was exclusive to them, and therefore felt it was all the more threatening.

"There will be no magical creatures on this floor for the time being. Instead, some of the puppets that used Mana as a power source are hovering there. The tricky part is that they seem to be self-healing, and it takes some work to completely destroy them."

"That's a lot of work."

The department captain originally wanted to say that he and the others had also suffered a lot, but he still swallowed those words back and asked the other party to continue to reveal the subsequent situation.

"Yeah. The weary and the injured went to the fifty-fifth level to rest. It should be safe to go over there and have a meal."

"Thank you. What about the situation on the front line now?"

"The front line.....According to the information I just received, they seem to have arrived at the 60th floor. They also say some pretty bullshit things, and if they were to present this information upwards, the people above them would surely think they were crazy. I think it would be tiresome to hear, and even then do you still want to hear it?"

Watching the soldier who answered begin to sigh, the troop leader could only nod in agreement.

"Yes, please."

"So. Then I told you, I heard there are huge human weapons sitting on the 60th floor! About the strength of that guy..."

The more you listen, the more you feel. Makes you want to say that because the other side is so strong it's a mess.

It is said that even if the A-ranked fighters team up to challenge, they still can't find the knack to beat their opponents. The opponent's body is made of "magic steel" and physical attacks like swords and guns don't work at all. Moreover, the opponent is always protected by a "barrier", and it is said that even the "heavy magic cannon" can't hurt him in the slightest.

There's nothing to be done—that's what's happening right now.

"And then there was the sound that came out of that huge magic doll, and it turned out to be surprising that the sound was similar to that Master Gadra. Even I find it hard to believe, but it has to be reported upwards, right? It teaches one how to do it, really..."

The soldier's complaint came this way.

The head of the department decided to report what he had just said directly to his superiors for their instructions.

“We can only go forward now. You guys go to the fifty-fifth floor first, go there and talk about what to do in the future.”

"Yes, sir."

At such times, one can only do as one pleases the superior officer. There is no alternative on the side of the chief of the department, how can one oppose the superior officer's approach.

But that just puts the question on the back burner first and the answer must be found out soon after. In any case, the Imperial Army could not retreat.

"You're leaving? Well, think about it too. Good luck to you all, but before that I almost forgot to give you a piece of advice. Five special magical creatures have been found to be present, so you should be more careful."

"You mean special creatures?"

"Right. There have been no reports of successful crusades, that must be exceptional individuals. Very tricky, and several companions have been taken out by them."

There's the Red Slime, the Golden Skeleton Swordsman, the Ghost of Death, the Monster-Moving Armor that looks like a heavily armored knight, and the small, powerful Dragon Wraith.

Those dreaded monsters seemed to be lurking in this area of the floor. They are an extraordinary presence mixed in with the magic puppets.

The soldier concluded by saying, "You might die in the first place."

The survivors from the upper floors took this advice to heart and moved on. What exactly lies ahead awaits them will be known shortly...

The general soldiers of the Imperial Army gradually went down. Not knowing that going any further was their demise, the whole team pushed forward without interruption, continuously.

The maze at the 61st to 70th floors...

"Not yet? We haven't won yet?"

"I'm sorry! It seems that this operation has also failed..."

Hearing this in return, the soldiers of the General were in despair.

There is a gate on the seventy level.

It leads to the city of the dead, the border between the world and the living.

.....

....

Advancing amidst a mass of demons, the soldiers of the Imperial Army strutted through the maze.

It all went well at first.

Right. Only in the beginning...

The magical creatures that appear are all Necromancers. Just getting used to the stench of rotting flesh, and judging by the strength of the Imperial General's soldiers, those enemies won't let them get into a bitter fight.

The first 1,000 people to enter were responsible for establishing the position. After confirming that the men behind follow, the battle will continue.

Losing contact with the troops on the ground is a major defeat, but they are not completely alone. It only took a little time to wait for the rear troops to arrive, so they didn't think there would be any problems.

The Imperial Army suppressed the entire layer with a wave of fury. On the first day they explored almost all of the sixtieth to sixty-ninth floors.

The problem is on the 70th floor.

For some reason, the seventy layers were a large, dry, hilly area of grass and trees.

The look is hair-raising, a remnant of a battlefield that drifts with the scent of death.

A huge gate loomed ahead, about the size of the one on the ground.

The gate, made of skeletons, was used to guard the fortress city, which was located in the middle of the moat that protected the town.

Why would such a thing be in a labyrinth—the question came to everyone's mind.

There are no other entrances to the city but the main gate. Drainage facilities, universal gates, and other amenities essential to life are not available in this city.

That's no wonder.

None of the people who live in this metropolis are alive.

It's all Necromancy.

At first day, the door was still closed.

Even with the attempted destruction, the walls are just too thick. Not that the deceased would have been running out to make repairs, hence the delayed progress of the damage.

Even if one wanted to get close, there were skeletal archers with bows on the outer wall.

The imperial superiors felt that relying on a few men to attack was too much of a stretch, so they had to wait for reinforcements to arrive.

Immediately following the time came the next morning.

The Imperial Army has increased in numbers to over 10,000.

They began to attack the gate, which opened soundlessly before them.

Then the horrifying-looking King of the Dead appears.

To say that he was a skeleton is not an appropriate description.

This rather genteel white bone spoke in fluent human language to the general soldiers of the Imperial Army.

"Welcome to my land of the dead. My name is Adalman, the Immortal King. The party is all set. Let's just have a good time. So, here we go!"

As soon as the king, Adalman, had declared his name, there was a sudden sense of oppression in the whole space.

Following this king are a group of Necromancers, as well as the dead but still brave Necromancer dragon. This dragon of death let out an evil roar that felt like it was going to overwhelm the entire space.

The next moment the Necromancer descended from the sky and came to the door. It was the most ferocious dragon at the pinnacle of the Necromorphic System, and in this instant, it bared its fangs at the Imperial Army.

Not only that.

The gates had been opened, and legions of the undead had emerged from them one after another. The Necromancers led by the Necromancer Chief climbed out one after another.

The Imperial Army had been lined up in front of the door, but the sudden battle had caused them to be in a state of confusion.

The Dragon of the Dead is a Class A magical creature, which is so powerful that it is frightening to be attacked.

Its attribute is "Immortality"—there is no other means of elimination than a direct attack on the "soul".

The soldiers of the Empire had a high level of combat ability that they prided themselves on, but their attacks simply couldn't hurt each other, and nothing could be done in the face of such an opponent.

"Fall back, fall back! This is not an opponent you can beat with one blow—poof!"

"Damn it, if you burn it all with fire..."

"It's not working! That guy's regenerating faster than he's burning!"

"Get out of this place! Otherwise, the spirit will be destroyed by the guy's miasma!"

The Imperial Army is in chaos.

As if in mockery of these soldiers, the dragon's jaws opened considerably.

"Shit! That's... ah-uh!!"

"Pfft."

"The body is corroding...!"

The corrosive spray of the Death Dragon poured down from high in the air, bathing those crawling on the ground. As a result, most of them were unable to resist and ended up losing their lives.

That's not all.

Certain people suffer from spiritual pollution due to the miasma of the Necromancer, and they turn into walkers, obeying the orders of higher-order magical creatures.

The so-called high-ranking magical creature here is the King of the Dead, in other words, Adalman. The damage suffered by the Empire directly adds to the war effort for Adalman.

The tragedy of the Army is more than that.

It was hardly safe even to escape the threat of the Necromancer. That's because some Necromancers ride a Necromancer horse and start hunting down the fleeing people.

The Imperial Army's numbers plummeted in an instant, and ten thousand were wiped out in less than an hour.

These tragedies were passed on by the few survivors to the troops who followed later. Because of these things, the 70th Level Raiders Battle began to become white-hot.

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After the next day, there were several times when the Imperial Army wanted to try to rush into the seventy levels.

But every time, they lose miserably. The next two fights, the second and third, were all with the same result, and things didn't get any better at all.

As for the overwhelming threat posed by the Necromantic Dragon, even less so.

Although there are only a thousand or so Necromancers, these opponents do not fatigue nor die. And they're also the threatening equivalent of an A-, which is pretty high. It's unbearable that no matter how you kill, you'll still keep coming back alive.

As for the long Necromancer who commanded them, his strength was not even close to that of the high-ranking warriors of the Imperial Army. The quality alone is also above the Imperial Army, with enough combat range to overturn the numerical disadvantage.

In addition to this, there is one of the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth, Albert "Paladin of the Dead", under Adalman. Even the elite of the Imperial Army had no chance of winning against the army of the undead.

"But we will not repeat the mistakes of this campaign. Looking forward to your performance!"

The Imperial Army brigadier finished his speech to the soldiers of the general.

The Raiders team from the upper floors met them on the fourth day. Then they bet all their existing strength that this battle will send all the troops on this side.

Plus the Imperial Army is not incompetent.

The techniques used to deal with the Immortals are well known from ancient times to the present. Divine magic is most effective against the enemy of mankind, the undead.

Dialysis of the principles of divine magic. There has been research being done on this part, and a technique has been developed on the Imperial side that can have an effect similar to praying to God.

There are veterans of this in the Imperial Army.

They gathered these men from among the existing fighting forces and deployed them in various units. In this way, it will be able to resist the evil miasma and break through the so-called "immortality". That's what this combat plan is all about.

The Army was in full formation in the hilly terrain, bringing the total number to 70,000.

In contrast, Adalman's men were still less than 40,000, even counting the increased number of walkers over the past few days.

Just by looking at the number of people, it looked like the Imperial Army had the upper hand, and at that time, everyone thought that they would definitely win this time.

Then the showdown begins—the king takes action.

"You guys think too much. The 'Holy Reversal'"

The Immortal King Adalman's dominance extends to the end.

As for the holy attribute that was originally their weakness, when this force covered, weakness was no longer weakness. And it was this weakness that the Imperial Army relied on, their miscalculation leading to their own loss...

This defeat broke the spirits of the Imperial generals' soldiers.

The survivors were pushed to the breaking point and started running towards the upper floors.

Simply forget about the maze's breakthrough conditions. All that remains in the mind is the desire to survive, just to live.

The seventy-first to seventy-ninth levels of the maze...

Walking into this floor, the Imperials were forced to engage in a never-ending battle with an entire swarm of insects.

The insects launched a fierce attack that went on and on and on.

Fearing no death, they repeatedly attacked, a whole group showing absolutely no signs of interruption.

Maze Day 1.

The soldiers of the generals who had first begun to send in were frightened but not frightened by the onslaught of insects. They took the channel build site and processed it immediately.

The gigantic insects were dozens of times bigger than ordinary bugs, not only were they swift, but they were also very powerful. One careless glance and they'll kill and eat you in the blink of an eye.

But a calm observation will reveal that each bug is not very strong. And they are endless, which means there are many "magic crystals" to be had. Plus the quality was good, and the look on the soldiers' faces went along with it.

Well, it's not really a big deal'—the soldiers think so.

Changing to a normal contingent of adventurers will get more and more tired with no way to rest. Until finally there will be no way to put out your full strength and get knocked down by the magical creature.

But the Imperial Army has less of that layer of worry. A well-trained army comes to raid the maze, and a swarm of bugs is no match at all. No matter how many bugs there were, the numbers on the Imperial side would not lose.

Change shifts when you feel tired and can always stay in top shape. As such, they gradually increased their positions and the operation went smoothly.

While it's not possible to relax mentally, that's all that's wrong with saying it. On the flip side, their gains are not small.

Even this floor of what can be called an insect paradise, there are still hidden rooms that are indeed prepared such as tree caves or caverns, etc. There are powerful magical things there, but there are also treasure chests.

Some soldiers even laughed at the luxurious treasures.

Perhaps it was the person who opened the treasure chest and found the short sword in that room just now.

A short sword with exquisite goldsmithing on top would look expensive. The performance seems to be good too, with the glow on the blade proving that the short sword is made of "magic steel".

Only the hilt part of the scabbard was made of items that were already expensive, and the short sword was all made of "magic steel." No wonder the soldier was laughing.

Upon entering this maze, it was explained to them that items such as "magic crystals" were to be given to the military. But something as small as a short sword was likely to turn a blind eye.

Of course, after that, they are subjected to an inventory of their belongings, but considering the fact that the leader who defeated the guardian of the treasure is also a credit, then the item will definitely be given to the soldiers.

The other soldiers around seemed to be envious, and everyone was thinking in their hearts "next time it will be my turn".

Without such benefits to take, there would be no incentive to fight the bugs consistently in places like this.

The amount of "magic crystals" harvested is also considerable.

Normally high purity "magic crystals" are rare, but you can easily get them by defeating magical creatures here.

That's what I mean by making people laugh, and at this pace, there should be all kinds of added benefits.

The other floors seem to be pretty much the same as far as they've heard. The more tragic ones are the floors where many people die, right?

The opponent is a dead spirit and can get relatively little. But it was hard work to defeat the dead souls, in contrast. By comparison, this floor with bugs moving around is more profitable.

At least the treasures obtained were satisfactory, and everyone thought that they should be able to treat this battle as a fond memory when they returned, and the delusion of happiness swelled more and more.

It started to get out of hand the next day.

One soldier's eyes widened in surprise. Because the head of the partner walking next to it suddenly fell to the ground.

"When we get back, we'll have a good time..."

Looking down at his missing head on the ground, the soldier had a look of dismay on his face. The words that didn't make it came to a halt in mid-sentence, and the mouth just opened.

Blood spurted upwards. As if spraying water on the surrounding partners.

"Hey, hey...!"

There were screams from the soldiers. Still talking to the other party just now, the sudden and tragic death made people momentarily unresponsive.

However, the soldier was lucky.

It's not too late to keep thinking, he's already been chosen to be the next victim.

The head dropped with a clatter.

Like the soldier who was turned into a corpse in the beginning and could no longer speak, the man died in the moment.

The place where they died was the seventy-ninth floor.

This place is so full of flowers that everyone thought this floor was a safe zone until just now.

"Uh-huh-huh-huh. The day of waiting was worth it. Because there was a lot of prey gathered around and made a point of running over themselves. Thank you for your hard work. Just die for us and become fodder."

Those soldiers heard a clear sound.

Beautiful tones resounded throughout the floor.

The words came from the Queen.

It was the wonderful voice of Apito, the Bug Queen, the Domain Guardian responsible for guarding this floor.

Apito's voice transformed into a wave of chanting power that could be heard throughout the entire floor. This was to communicate the order indeed to her faithful servants.

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Apito was leading the "Legion Bees".

Its true identity is a killing group formed by bees about thirty centimeters in length.

They have superior super-sensory abilities and will not let go of humans who are hiding—their prey. The tiny transparent wings emit high circumferential waves that become terrifying blades that can easily achieve irregular high-speed maneuvers.

They will approach quietly at a speed beyond the speed of sound, a silent assassination bee.

If you're going to deal with Legion Bees, it's useless to just have superior dynamic vision. Without going beyond the limits of the human race, it is simply impossible to discover the existence of an opponent.

Without the additional skills of "Thinking Speed" and "Over Speed Reaction", there is no way to capture the movements of your opponent.

Just one alone is equivalent to a Class A disaster, and is a formidable magical creature.

By the way, it is common to find only one emergency alert in the West. It would be reported to the higher units of the countries immediately and the high ranking knights would form a crusading force. If feasible, the Order of the Paladins will also be invited to march and conduct a massive sweeping campaign.

They would first rely on the divine barrier to gather these bees together from all around, performing weakening magic or making them sluggish, indeed weakening before coming to pack. However, be prepared for sacrifice, as these magical creatures are classified as fearsome by the rules.

If more than one is found, the level of danger increases dramatically.

Plus, what would happen if there was a queen's rule? The answer is...

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The number of legionnaire bees that received Apito's orders casually exceeded a thousand.

What followed was a one-sided act of torture.

It's just that people who are a little more or less confident in their own hands, that level of confidence doesn't work at all. Even if you're an A-grade warrior with a certain level of strength, you'll end up like a layman.

If you're too late to react, you will surely end up dead.

The Imperial General soldiers gathered on this floor were all killed, and it took less than ten minutes to go back and forth.

Eighty-first to ninetieth floors of the maze...

It can be concluded by now.

The first day was just to give them a taste of something sweet.

All the surviving soldiers thought so.

Those comrades in arms are gone.

Everyone was killed.

The monster in front of them—a monster that is as strong as a ghost.

Yet they are not the only ones who are unfortunate.

The same tragedy is unfolding on other floors.

Everyone is fighting a desperate battle these days. Staying on their own floors, facing their own strong enemies, forced to fight battles that have no chance of winning... The eighty-first floor is a paradise for those magical beasts.

Powerful individuals walk around and lead whole groups of people.

But those are no more intelligent magical beasts. If it was a group of imperial soldiers with a hundred years of combat experience, it could be said that it would be easy to defeat them.

The strength of each one should be above a B on average. They would appear in teams of three to five, forcing the Imperial Army into an unexpectedly bitter fight.

But it wasn't enough to cause death or injury, and they managed to find the ladder.

They also rendezvoused with the 82nd floor Raiders team, which was pretty good for the first day's results.

It would take some time to proceed at this pace, but the Imperial Army thought it would be breached in a matter of days.

However, when they cheat the next day.

Because "that guy" showed up, the situation suddenly turned upside down.

On the 82nd floor, in the dense forest, appears a monkey with an IQ high enough to speak human language.

The monkey was able to control the wind and sound and could fly through the air and call out storms.

It was a pure white demon monkey—the name was White Ape.

The beautiful white hairs that adorned the supple body looked so beautiful that it even gave the illusion of dancing as it came and went rapidly across the battlefield.

He can use sticks and stones to create unique kung fu and perform aerial martial arts that can change freely.

And it also releases vacuum blades in all directions, an extremely dangerous beast—this is the White Ape.

The White Ape used monstrous arts and was even close to destroying the entire Imperial Army.

After wreaking havoc for an hour, it left like a gust of wind. Leaving a comment and saying it will come back.

For the next two days, the white apes would repeatedly come over and attack regularly.

One by one, the Imperial Army's own members fell.

He took out his pride as a soldier of the Empire and fought desperately against this beast, and finally lost the battle.

The sniper team's shots were all blocked by the storm, and even the magic that could make the opponent weaker or attach an abnormal state was not spared, those effects were all blocked by the demon magic.

The Magic Gun's attack magic was also not powerful enough to break the barrier formed by the wind. When we look at close quarters combat, the Mechs are the elite of the Imperial Army, and even their fortified soldiers are beginning to be toyed with.

It was like dealing with small children, those elite people being teased by the white apes.

Then when the time comes, the white ape will retreat.

In fact, the White Ape's reason was simple. He wanted to wait for the Imperial Army's soldiers to gather.

At first the Imperial Army was indignant, thinking the other side underestimated them, but now began to pray that the opponent would retreat.

And the number of survivors is now down to a thousand.

‘How long will I live?’ wondered a soldier.

How did things get to this point? It doesn't matter how many times you think about it or not.

The soldier's eyes caught the remnants of the white ape.

‘Where did it all go wrong?’ It's too late to think of the answer, the soldier's eyes are already dark...

Eighty-third floor—This is an expanse of open grassland.

While there are cute traps like groundholes, such things don't pose a hindrance at all.

The weather is clear. The marching soldiers were also glowing.

But...

The next night, the Imperial Army was greatly wounded.

At that time, a bright moon in the sky was about to turn from the upper lunar to the full moon.

With the moon as a backdrop, a lone rabbit floats in the air.

It's the rabbit that can manipulate gravity—the Moon Hare.

The Moon Hare's attacks were indistinguishable from each other.

It's because you don't care if one of your own is harmed that you can give it your all.

Although swayed by the moon's gains and losses, even during the new moon period, the moon hare possesses enough power to turn heaven and earth upside down. The supergravity is used to oppress and wreak havoc on the Imperial Army.

But it's not over here.

The night comes again.

And it's a full moon in three days. The night is coming when the moon hare pushes its power to the limit...

Eighty-fourth floor—a maze of streets formed by stone slabs.

The Imperial soldiers who walked on top of them all blanched.

It looks like they are wearing out more than expected.

“Give...give me water...”

"No way. There was no way to contact the supply force. You have to be patient."

"Damn it! It's only the third day, but I want to drink water...If I can't drink water, I can't even eat..."

The reinforced soldier had undergone reconstructive surgery, but he couldn't resist the thirst in his throat and said something depressing. This sight makes one look incredulous for a moment.

But he can't be blamed for that.

Because of the ability to make water by magic, everyone carries only water from a water bottle. Because they think it's more important to carry food than water.

That's a misstep on their part.

This floor seems to be so full of toxins that it would be impossible to drink them at all if only to collect moisture from the atmosphere.

It wasn't until the third day that they found out about it. Some of the soldiers' bodies began to appear, and this is when they realized that something was wrong.

And these poisons are so vicious, there's no way to detoxify them with antidote magic.

No matter how many times the toxin is detoxified, one will look back and realize that the toxin ingredients have been mixed in the water.

Thankfully, there was no problem breathing, but...even so, the soldier's injuries were about to get too big for one shot.

The soldiers in front of us all fell in pain. A look at them will reveal dark spots on the skin and a high fever.

"Here we go again! Their strength is reduced and they must be treated..."

"Oh, my God, there's no doctor here! And with healing magic?"

"No effect..."

The situation was like this, with partners falling one after another.

The soldiers of the Empire's generals were beginning to feel uneasy when they saw the situation, guessing whether it would be their turn next.

There were small magical creatures running past those soldiers' feet in intermittent bursts.

These are black rats that are less than five centimeters in length. Because they looked so overwhelmingly fragile, the Imperial soldiers didn't even take them to heart.

It's just that...

It was a huge mistake. Those rats are the culprits that make the situation what it is.

The Dark Sick Black Rat—that's the floor guardian on this floor.

They spread the Black Death and are the master of the plague. That's what a black rat is.

The Imperial soldiers would be completely wrong.

They were overly concerned with the powerful magical beasts that walked on, and thus left out the weak, black rats that seemed to die at the first step. There was absolutely no finding that it was the minions sent out by the black rats, and the individuals who allowed the spread of the pathogenic bacteria led to this result.

If one of them had a skill like Shinji's, he should be able to paralyze this floor. It's just a shame there's no such coincidence in the world, no such doctor on the team.

Healing through magic has a weak effect on disease. It would be a different story if the magic was used specifically to heal the disease, but the magic used to heal wounds is simply not effective against the disease.

At best, it will restore strength, not cure. This is because treating a wound and treating a disease, the principles of which are followed, are two entirely different things.

After all, divine magic masters who could completely cure the disease were so rare that it was uncertain whether even the countries could identify one or two people. Not to mention the fact that getting them to go to the battlefield together is not possible unless there are special circumstances.

In this way, "death" began to spread on this floor...

Eighty-fifth floor—This is a dense forest of deciduous leaves in which the Great Tiger King is walking.

While the other floors were able to make a fuss as they pleased, on this floor it was ruled by the king.

The tiger was covered with thunder and lightning—the king's name was Thunder Tiger.

Before he showed up, the Imperial Army had the upper hand, but after that, it was different. They could only defend one-sidedly and were also forced to pull the stronghold back to the front of the ladder.

The woods are full of magical creatures.

The fighting conditions were not favorable for the Imperial Army, who continued to resist...

Eighty-sixth floor—this is a sparse oasis in the desert.

Under the sun, the temperature rises.

The temperature drops after nightfall and the chill is frightening.

The temperature difference was so great that although there was no combat, the Imperial soldiers lost their strength as a result.

So those generals and soldiers thought the temperature was the biggest enemy.

This statement does not say the wrong thing, but it is not the correct answer.

The real trap out is in the oxygen concentration.

A winged snake—a pterodactyl.

Pterodactyl affects the atmosphere.

The operating ingredients zero out the oxygen concentration, which is as easy for a pterodactyl as breaking a baby's hand.

The general soldiers of the Imperial Army thought that it was the temperature difference that made them unwell, thinking that a night's rest would allow their bodies to recover, thinking too simply. They just died quietly...

The eighty-seventh layer—This is somehow a vast expanse of mountains.

The laid-back scenery reminded the soldiers of their families.

Without relaxing, they think about their happy childhood and dreams of having a date with their beloved woman.

It took less than five days for everyone to let their guard down.

The low frequency of the appearance of magic can also be a reason. Unlike the other floors, it's hard to keep the tension up all the time here.

Just by being in this state, they didn't notice.

Didn't find the shifters asleep and not up.

I didn't realize that anyone who seemed to be awake was really just a wishful thinking of their own.

The sheep that make men dream—the sleeping sheep that tempt them.

Gentle sheep love peace and deprive soldiers of their consciousness in a state where there is no bloodshed.

If seduced by the hallucinatory hypnosis of a dormant sheep, those people will fall asleep and never wake up again—

The 88th floor—This is alongside a river in a forest where firebirds live.

Incredibly, these flames do not burn into the trees. It will only react to people who are hostile, it will keep burning and it will not go away.

It was a bird with a full body of fire—the flamingos.

The floor guardian of this land is called by that name.

Flamingos and flocks of dependent birds set out to burn the Imperial Army to death...

Eighty-ninth floor—This is the maze of mirrors.

This floor is not affected by vegetation.

It's well managed and the mirrors are all polished.

The passageways are reflected on the mirrors, making the maze even more complex.

And none of these mirrors will break.

Because these are all born of a magical creature using secret magic.

The dog that can wander in the mirror—the Mirror Dog runs through it.

He was free to run around in the mirror and tease the Imperial Army.

His body is in the mirrors, and those mirrors reflect all spells on the user.

Even capturing its essence was difficult, and the Mirror Dog was such a magical creature.

Under the light of the mirror, the Mirror Dog grows infinitely, and the poor prey is bitten and killed by him...

On the various floors, the vicious floor guardians went on a rampage.

If it's a handy domain, the floor guardians will be at their best.

Even so, the Imperial Army resisted desperately.

There will be times when the opponent succeeds in taking down the opponent, and a big cheer will be raised at that time.

But...

All of these magical things will come to life.

Resurrected again and again.

This part is the scariest.

When the situation on the other floors comes back, it will be found that they are in the same situation.

Soldiers who learned of this could not help but be discouraged. They had been fighting a hopeless battle, only to find that it was all for naught.

Beyond that, who is more desperate...

It is said that monkeys, rabbits, rats, tigers, snakes, sheep, birds, and dogs, which are the demonic beasts of the animal family, are the eight tribes under the Nine-Tails. Just some cute pets.

Those demonic beasts were all illuminated by the tails of the Nine-Tailed Kumara, and their respective abilities were only from Kumara.

The gesture of the eight congregations assembled was the true face of the Nine-Tailed Kumara.

Nowadays, Kumara is no longer childlike, but rather beautiful.

The illusionary queen who leads the monstrous beasts is the floor guardian of the ninetieth floor, the Nine-Tailed Beast, Kumara.

Some foolish and pathetic sacrifices came to Kumara.

These people were nothing more than fodder to Kumara—more dead people appeared in the maze.

Immediately following...

A few days passed when the Imperial Army's fifty-three thousand soldiers stormed the maze.

The survivors in the labyrinth go to zero.

Chapter 3: Complete Victory

Seven days had passed since Operation Maze Raider began.

Maze had been silently swallowing the general soldiers as best he could.

They failed to pass the report back, leaving Calgurio to spend the restless hours.

The reason for this constant state of anxiety is to mask instinctive fear.

There is still no way to contact the other units, and contact with those inside the labyrinth has been broken.

At first glance they looked completely isolated in enemy territory. Such a situation made Calgurio uneasy.

"Still no one's coming back!"

He let out an angry roar, but no one responded.

That's actually the answer.

And it wasn't just Calgurio, those staff officers knew the situation wasn't good.

At first they sent soldiers several times, returning from inside the labyrinth with information.

Although none of the soldiers came back to the ground, they were still able to interact with the people inside at first. It is possible to consolidate the information and get a general idea of the situation.

When you enter the maze, you have to check with me at the maze.

This time the maze prompts the conditions for breaking the barrier.

The ten men in the labyrinth must be defeated and ten keys collected. That would seem to get the right to challenge the King of the Labyrinth. Defeat the King of the Labyrinth to break through...

At first they didn't think it would be that hard.

But nowadays, they have to say it was bad judgment.

According to the information gathered, the lowest floor in the labyrinth is also more than 50 floors.

Although the floors were exchanged every time they were full of a thousand people, the soldiers were still able to enter in order. Thus able to make contact with those who had gone in first, but the first time they were able to make contact, the number of people who had entered the labyrinth had long exceeded fifty thousand.

They repeatedly sent people into the maze several times, and calculated that the floor was probably over fifty-four floors.

Yuuki had once revealed to them the contents of the report that Shinji and others had brought back, hearing that the maze had sixty layers. Yet this information was not reliable, and they found this out early on.

That was because the strength of the magical creatures that appeared within the maze was simply not the same as what was heard.

That said, they said that the King of the Labyrinth was the "Immortal King," and from that point of view, the words of Shinji and others were no longer credible.

This was because someone reported upwards the next day that they had found the floor dominated by the Immortal King.

That "Immortal King" seems to be one of the so-called "Ten Lords of the Labyrinth"...

Some say the hearsay may be true.

Nowadays, no one dares to laugh at those people anymore.

"No matter how powerful the elite personnel are, they seem to be struggling..."

"Yes. The operation may fail if it goes on like this."

'How can that be'—at the thought of this, Calgurio shivered.

The phrase Raid Operation Failure was simple to say, but it represented the death of five hundred and thirty thousand Imperial General soldiers.

Emperor Rudra handed over such important general and soldiers to him, how could he abandon them in three or two times and not save them from death?

Seven days to go. There's still quite a cushion before the deadline, and the current Operation Maze Raid within the Labyrinth should be ongoing. He would just have to trust these people and wait on the sidelines.

That would have been the right judgment, but Calgurio—no, he wasn't the only one, even the other staff officers didn't think it would be good.

The reason why it makes them think that way is because of the existence of the "Labyrinth Ten".

There are currently four "keys" that they have been given. Although they seemed to come back to life no matter how many times they were defeated, they still managed to get the key from the four Dragon Kings.

However, there is not even a single sight of the other six to be crushed.

The "Immortal King" was also one of them, along with the Necromancer Paladin who looked like he was his right hand.

As well as the queen who rules the insects, plus the mistress of those beasts.

There's another attacking type of wizard, nicknamed the Undead of Gadra.

The last one he is not even sure of its true identity.

If these six were not defeated, it would have been a fool's dream to break through the maze.

Such conditions could not have been met with the current strength of the war inside the labyrinth—Calgurio thought so, and the staff members were unanimous in their judgment.

"But no matter how much you bet, it's useless."

"Yes."

"That's just a waste of money. And the guards here are disturbing, too, I suppose."

So what should be done?

There is only one answer.

Only the most primitive method of maze planning can be used—form an elite team to challenge.

In that case, however, the question is who to choose.

After a moment of annoyance, Calgurio picked out some of the cream of the crop from the legion.

He sought out a hundred men and women.

Only the cream of the crop from each unit is recruited, as well as those who are confident in their strength.

Sitting in the front row was an elegant man, looking calm and gentle. Even on the battlefield, his battered uniform is still worn straight.

The man's name is Minute. He was the first right-hand man to Calgurio's side, ranking high as a major general.

It was the commander of this battle plan that was recommended by Calgurio.

Next to him sat a cold man with a cigarette in his mouth.

His eyes seemed to be staring at his prey, and his bearded face was so decent that anyone opposite him would be afraid. And this man also possesses no less strength than his appearance.

He's Grand Marshal Kansas.

He is a hero who has made many great achievements. The most famous of these is the "Monster Country Annihilation Campaign". The man in charge at the time was Kansas.

Self-confidence may be on display in his attitude, which is rampant. Even in the face of a group of superiors, he doesn't show half a fear in the slightest.

No one else around them made a sound to warn Kansas. It's no wonder, after all, that even his immediate superior, Minute, acquiesces to this attitude.

Calgurio, personally, while having an opinion on this, is not yet so much as to speak ill of a hero who is also famous in the Empire. Everything was left in the hands of the opposing boss, Minute, so there was no way the crowd on the scene was going to pick up on Kansas' behavior.

Other celebrities include Michel and Raymond.

These two are "otherworldly visitors".

Michel has a unique skill called "Fusionist". She is good at using this power to create high firepower attacks, and is well known in the Imperial Army.

As for Raymond, he has a unique skill called "fighter". He was originally a fighter, and that seemed to turn directly into his skill. He is a top fighter who is able to use all weapons and fighting techniques, as well as techniques learned in this world, with the utmost skill.

The more prominent and famous ones are these four, but the others are also one-trick pony fighters. The lowest ranked among them have all made it to level A, which is the best among the Imperial Army.

These one hundred men alone could destroy the Knights of other nations. Calgurio decided to entrust everything in this battle plan to those heroes.

"So, everyone, you've heard all about it, right?"

Everyone nodded in silence. Although there were also men like Kansas who existed with a disdainful smile on their faces, most of them listened attentively to Calgurio.

"Our comrades are currently awaiting rescue in the labyrinth. Certain conditions had to be met in order to leave the maze, one of which was still to crush the Demon Lord. If the strongest mecha legion in our Empire is sent, I am sure this problem will be solved as well. Only pity! That would waste too much time."

This maze could not be defeated by the army waging manned naval tactics. Calgurio understood that, but he couldn't say it honestly.

Doing so would cause demoralization, so he polished the words and explained them to these ministers.

"We will crush the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth and collect the Ten Keys. That would seem to gain the right to challenge the Demon Lord Rimuru. I look forward to your being able to take on this task. I want to ask you to crush the Demon Lord!"

Calgurio makes this speech in the face of the elite of the Mecha Legion, who are no longer equalled.

"Wrap it up on us, Lord Calgurio. For us, the glorious Imperial Army, the Demon Lord is no match at all. Let's prove it next!"

Minute, the highest ranking man, replied on behalf of everyone.

He posed gracefully and was guaranteed to win.

No one in the room objected to Minute's words. Because these people were proud of their abilities, everyone was sure they would win.

So much so that they elected the brave man in charge of challenging the Demon Lord.

These people don't know the truth.

It is because of their ignorance that they get their hopes up.

Knowing nothing about it didn't reveal the hidden crisis in the maze.

This is the time when retreat is the right thing to do.

But it was all too late.

Calgurio was too slow to make the decision.

The battle inside the labyrinth was over and no one was left inside.

He had no idea that the situation had turned out this way...

The chosen brave men are ready to enter the daunting maze with aplomb.

We were all drawn to the images on the big screen, and we were able to catch our breath.

Should I say it's not surprising? The Imperials seemed to take that as a joke and ignored the warning written on the door. And the number of general soldiers sent into the labyrinth exceeded our expectations.

"That's great. The results exceeded expectations."

As I mumbled something, Benimaru nodded along with it.

"I don't think there's anyone who has to be on guard. One of the reasons should be that the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth are too strong, but it really seems like it's easier than one would think."

He said so with his mouth open and not a slouch in his eyes.

He seems to have switched thoughts, this time putting the focus on the ground.

"There seems to be another movement on the enemy's side."

"Right. This time it didn't have to be manned, the members seemed to have been selected. It's going to come in eventually anyway, they should have made their decision earlier. Then our people in the labyrinth will probably be in a bit of a fight too..."

"Hey, hey, hey, isn't that just what we want?"

"Yeah, that's right. But it's disturbing that things are going so well..."

Benimaru said the words, but one could see from his expression that he took them for granted as a result.

That's not the problem...

Since there's no chance of him making an appearance, this guy wants the Imperials to fight a little bit, right?

He seems to understand his mood, but he doesn't seem to understand...

No, no, no, if it's figured out, it means I've become a battle nut too.

I'm not like the Benimarus.

Such an outcome makes me very happy.

And one thing has been said many times, and that is that in this world, quality is greater than quantity.

The troops they selected were probably the enemy main force. These guys are likely to break the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth individually, so they can't take it as a game now.

The original purpose was to reduce the number of enemy troops.

That part is done. There are only a hundred thousand or so people left on the Imperial side, and that number alone has been reduced to the point where even the Western countries can adequately cope.

Simply put, that's it.

The same is true of the gamble, which is to give the enemy a big win in the beginning, so that they will miss the opportunity to stop it just in time.

Because the illusion of their winning is so beautiful that these people think they can make up for it even if they lose—which sums up the phenomenon.

In this case, it's hard to stop even when you know you should.

This was exactly what the Imperial Army had written about this time, they had sent troops in repeatedly, only to accidentally bet too much on battle power, so much that it was irreparable.

Personally, I think it's great that the purpose was served.

It is pleasing that the battle plan is going so well, but the other objective, to force the master out, is not yet achieved.

There seemed to be a few masters on the opposing side, but none that looked like they could beat me.

However, as Chloe mentioned earlier, I didn't seem to be a Demon Lord yet, and I don't think there's much difference in strength from when we lost to Hinata...No, I don't think there's much difference in strength from when we were tied...That said, I still don't see anyone who can pose that much threat.

To be hard to say, only the people Testrossa killed had Legendary level equipment.

If it's the eleventh-ranked Tibbs, he might be able to kill me, too.

Certainly not the current me, but the one who was still fighting Hinata at the beginning.

The result is still no one who could potentially kill me, that's the conclusion.

It's no use trying to think about that, and I decided to put that topic aside for now.

I care more about what the enemy commander thinks.

Things have gotten so miserable that it would generally be right to choose to retreat...

What on earth was the commander on the enemy's side thinking?

<<Answer. There is a lack of knowledge of the current situation because of the impediments to communication with other forces. The speculation may be to hold out hope that one should not have and not give up the chance to win.>>

Alas, Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, speaks spitefully.

Hearing it say that makes sense to me. But then again, it's not good to suppress too much in an intelligence war.

If the commander had had a real grasp of the situation, perhaps the other side would have retreated.

<<Answer. No. If you do not teach your enemies thoroughly, you will leave a legacy. There is no need to show mercy to the intruder.>>

Good snarky comments.

While it sounds logical and cold, I don't think it's the right answer either.

The Empire wouldn't have given up on ambition if it had left them with some full decent fighting power. But if they were completely crushed here, at least for the time being, they would avoid fighting the Eastern Empire.

No matter what you do, there is nothing worse than not being able to do it.

The enemy also has their family, and presumably the family that was left behind will feel sad.

But...

If one took the opportunity to let them find out how stupid they were this time, one might be able to prevent a fight afterwards.

It's definitely not righteous to do so, but at least to guard against petty strife, which I think is the right thing to do.

Anyway, it's too late to say that.

Unlike Master Raphael, the king of wisdom, I am indecisive.

If the enemy flee, let them go, and attack again, and then crush them again.

Maybe I'm still too naive to let my opponent decide what to do in the future.

I understand it myself, but that's my nature, and it's not that easy to reverse it.

Seriously, I actually don't want the other person to call me, I hate trouble.

I sighed quietly in my heart, and at this time, Ramiris got in touch with me.

"Rimuru, can I talk now?"

"Yes, yes. I'm Rimuru, no problem."

It didn't seem urgent to hear her tone, not knowing what was going on.

"I'm asking you, there'll be another hundred people coming, right?"

"It seems so. The enemy seems to be very strong this time."

"Mm-hmm. So, the Labyrinth Lords, they want to ask for something."

Ramiris told me about what they were asking for.

Request number one, sponsored by Gadra.

I didn't expect that there was someone he knew among those labyrinth intruders. The names seem to be Michel and Raymond, who are "otherworldly visitors".

He would step up and convince, begging me to let them join as partners.

Request number two, sponsored by Kumara.

She also seemed to spot familiar faces from among the intruders.

Yet unlike Gadra, not old acquaintances, but those she wants revenge from.

This man not only destroyed the Kumara's hometown of Monster Country, but also sold the young—in other words, seemingly nearly three hundred years old at the time—Kumara was sold to the demon lord Clayman. I didn't expect such a vicious bastard to be affiliated with the Imperial Army...

That's all there is to request, what should be done?

"What do you think, Benimaru?"

"Well, send a few more men against them, and it will be easier to win, but it will not be. I know you can't fight a war without knowing what you're going to do, but we can't just accept the proposal, can we? If Gadra succeeds in convincing them, it is well to say that even if it fails, there is not much to lose." Indeed, that is correct.

It's all about spreading each other's fighting power anyway, so leave those two to Gadra.

As for Kumara...

"Anyone who wants revenge doesn't want to be hindered."

The words came out through Benimaru's mouth looking a little heavy.

So to put it this way, Kumara used to be dominated by Clayman using spells. Since the man who started it was here, of course she would want revenge.

Although some people say it's not time for revenge, I think it's a good way to vent one's grievances. Instead of holding on to your anger, it would be better to take it out on the other person.

For these reasons, I have decided to approve.

"These requests are approved, Ramiris."

"Great! If it's Rimuru. It's reasonable."

"Anyway, we want to spread the other side's strength, so Gadra's side we will just let him deal with Michel and Raymond. This way..."

"Give her the bearded man! I don't know what his name is, but this man's face is nasty."

Ramiris was completely on the side of Kumara.

But I was in the same mood as them.

"Let's send that guy over there. Then send a message to Kumara to do her best!"

"OK, let her have it."

So much so that I granted their request.

As for the distribution of the remaining strength...

"That man over there looks like he's in command. Lord Rimuru, let that man be alone and leave him to Apito to clean up."

Benimaru does not change color to say horrible words.

He also said, "You can't win with more bullying, but you can't win with less," but he said that he was planning to do so easily.

But I went with his offer.

"Ramiris, that fashionable middle-aged man seems to be the commander, send this guy alone to Apito's side."

"I get it. To take away his command, so that the enemy becomes a scattered disk of sand. It's a dirty battle plan!"

Huh?

And I turn out to be the bad guy?

Throwing the surprised me aside, Ramiris came up with her own set of explanations.

"Can we give the rest of the 100 men to Adalman?"

"Understood! Although other people's Dragon King treasures were lost, others were still trying. Let's work at this pace until the end."

Ramiris seemed a little chagrined, but it didn't help.

Even if those dragon kings were better off, they were no good against the hordes that swarmed in.

Unlike the other Ten Lords of the Labyrinth, the floors with terrain effects are large. It is true that it plays an important role to find fault with the enemy, but if the enemy side shares information with each other and formulates countermeasures, the advantage will be lost.

The Dragon Kings were fighting in this situation and I think they all did their best.

Despite being robbed of four keys, there were still six Labyrinth Lords left to lose. Let's ask them to continue at this pace.

"It's up to you! But you must not be careless. There may be dangerous people in those 100 people."

"No problem, no problem! I said that Rimuru would be watching from the sidelines and everyone was in high spirits. And the king of the labyrinth is Master Veldora!"

That's saying something.

This time the maze's condition becomes "Collect ten keys and defeat the king of the maze to win". I can't imagine that Veldora would go down, I think that aspect can be taken care of.

"Right, me too. Then keep up the good work!"

"Leave it to us!"

Leaving these energetic words behind, Ramiris ended the conversation through the Communication Network.

So next, one last step to go.

To observe the final battle, my gaze pulled back to the screen once more.

Michel and Raymond sat on the steps, panting as they drank water.

According to the report, it does not appear that magical creatures will appear in the stairwell. Although it's dangerous to take it as it is, they thought it was safer here than elsewhere, so they rested here.

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They had been admonished by the great general, Calgurio, and were ordered to enter the labyrinth. For that, they have no complaints.

Just like Shinji and the rest of them, Michel and others were "otherworldly visitors" picked up by Master Gadra. They all felt that Gadra had been gracious to them, rewarding them with a bite to eat when they fell into this inexplicable world.

And this Gadra's whereabouts are unknown.

He seemed to be leading a special force on a mission to the Demon Lord Rimuru's territory.

Although Gadra had come back once, none of the other team members returned. I heard that Gadra had reported to Yuuki that all the people who had gone with him had died in battle.

Then even Gadra disappeared.

Rumors spread that he had gone to the rescue of his buddies from the previous unit.

Those who know Gadra will find it a little hard to believe, but if it is true, it cannot be ignored.

And again...

These men, who were said to have died in battle and to have travelled with Gadra, were also well known to Michel.

The three men were Shinji Tanimura, Mark Lauren, and Zhen Liu Xing.

The incident was momentarily unbelievable, but the truth was that Shinji hadn't come back for either of them. It was said that their mission was to investigate the labyrinth and that something must have happened between there and the Demon Lord Rimuru.

Shinji explained it best when the three of them challenged Demon Lord Rimuru and were killed as a result.

Among fellow countrymen, there are those who are sad because they are truly ruled out. The same is true of the Michel and many others. Because they are all from the same hometown, there is an inexplicable sense of connection.

Also, Shinji Tanimura is a man with leadership qualities and won't leave behind people who are in trouble, this man has a good heart. Although a bit retarded at times, there are people who admire such Shinji.

Gadra has been gracious to them. Plus Michel and the others also wanted to come and make sure to see if the friends who were going to be good were okay.

After talking to the pals about such ideas, the two who fought the most among them, Michel and Raymond, were pushed to join the expedition.

The two of them immediately made their wishes known to Yuuki, only to be rebuffed by the other.

"It's really dangerous to act now. The situation is a bit confusing and it's best not to act rashly. I can't tell you in detail, but I'm sure they'll be safe..."

That's roughly the case, the other side didn't actually respond to their wishes.

Since Yuuki had said it was dangerous, it should be really dangerous. But some people don't have the means to do that. Letting things go like that, those people would probably run over without permission, and instead of letting things evolve that way, it would be better to have people like Michel, who was particularly good at fighting, step in and everyone thought they had a way of handling whatever situation they were in.

For such reasons, Michel took the liberty. Raymond agrees with her, and the two launch their operation behind Yuuki's back.

They hired someone to transfer them from the Hybrid Legion to the Mecha Legion so they could carry out this battle plan.

For there is such a story behind Michel and them, and Calgurio's order is just what they want...

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"Maybe it's a big mistake to go in there."

"Probably. I didn't expect the enemy to be this strong."

The two of them were divided into fifty-nine levels.

These two were unaware of it, in fact Rimuru and the others had planned to get them directly to the sixtieth level in a single turn.

But these two are likely to hide their strength.

There was also the possibility that someone was pretending, so Rimuru and the others decided to see the situation first before they did.

By the way, this idea comes from the Rimuru—rather the "King of Wisdom Raphael," it should be said.

They hadn't expected Rimuru's mind to be so deep—both Ramiris and Gadra had explained themselves in that direction and decided to go along with it.

It was for those reasons that Michel was forced to come to the fifty-ninth floor to encounter a fierce battle.

We come across things like variable laser beam cannons, sonic cannons, or other scientific weapons of all kinds. Once the wall was down, it created passages that spewed out colorless and odorless poison gas.

At the moment, it has been moved to the 100th floor, and all the weapons produced by the 95th floor have been put to use on the 59th floor.

The most extreme representative is the magic puppet, which strengthens the human attack weapon.

In the Puppet Kingdom Gustav found the ruins of "Amrita" and Rimuru asked someone to bring back information from there. The reappearance of the defense apparatus after the study plays out best in this place.

When it comes to wiping out the Imperial Army, not even ten percent of these weapons will be used. Those are now used to test Michel and others.

Both sides got serious and fought offensive and defensive battles, and those two exposed all of their best moves.

Raymond is responsible for buying some time in the guard.

Michel uses this valuable time to unleash a must-kill strike.

Michel's "fusionist" effectiveness is as the name implies. The ability to allow substances to mix and also to extract energy from them. Depending on how it's used, it can even turn into an attack of the same level as nuclear strike magic.

It was also Gadra who discovered this and taught it to Michel. While recalling the favors the benefactor had brought to herself, Michel fought desperately.

As for the fight, those two got a landslide victory. Faced with a high destructive attack, even the Magic Puppets and Science Weapon Swarm were no match for them.

Only, the numbers are just too abusive.

Just the two of them breaking through so many traps alone was very taxing, just one day made Michel tired them half to death, inevitably this would happen.

"Hey...what to do? Want to move on?"

"Say what the hell. We'll just have to walk the next floor. With so many weapons and traps, it's dangerous to advance with no countermeasures."

"That's true. But when I say you, there's no other way, is there? Once inside the maze, they got separated from the others..."

Raymond was right. In fact, even Michel understood that, but there was really nothing they could do at the moment.

Since it's dangerous to move forward, what's the right thing to do?

Even if you don't go down and instead go up, there's no guarantee you'll necessarily leave the maze. It should be said that if one believes that the will one receives when entering the labyrinth is true, one should not be able to leave without meeting the conditions for breaking the barrier.

"There's no way this maze can be broken..."

"Also. If there is time, there may be a turnaround, but even if it takes more than a month to walk through one floor a day, it will take more than a month. It's not really that bad, but we don't have enough food."

The biggest problem is this.

Michel and Raymond did not undergo reconstructive surgery and therefore had to eat. The water part should do the trick, but the grain is only twenty days old. If they didn't have magical creatures lurking on that floor like the one just now, they wouldn't have been able to resort to eating monster flesh and blood.

They may not last even three weeks at this rate.

It's only been a day since they broke into the maze. The situation was already desperate, with a sense of unpredictability.

However, the two of them didn't give up.

After all, the two of them had one more purpose, which was to gather information about their benefactor and friend. If they give up on this side, then they should never have entered the maze in the first place.

"By the way, someone sent this to us before we came in. Do you think you can trust it?"

Pointing one side of his throat, Michel asked Raymond so. His finger pointed to a piece of jewelry that was to be carried out before the maze invasion battle that Calgurio had handed them.

I heard that it's a test piece produced by the development department, modeled after the resurrection props that Gadra brought back.

I've heard that there is this even if you die in the labyrinth, you can still come back to life, but Michel doesn't believe it.

"Of course I can't believe it. Even if it does come back to life, then where will we come back to life?"

"That's true. If we will come back to life on the spot, we will run to the magical creature that killed us. This part of the experiment hasn't even been done yet, has it?"

"Right. Seems like they're going to experiment with us. Besides, why hang it around your neck? Isn't that the bracelet I heard you brought back?"

"That means the Empire's technology isn't mature enough."

Since this is a replica of the duck that was rushed to the shelves, someone explained to them that the size became larger. Yet this made both of them even more suspicious.

"I am not even willing to accept the idea of handing over my life to an imitation, as a matter of common sense."

"It is only the chosen ones that we prepare such things for them. I'm bullish on you guys and think something like this is worth delivering to you!

In this way, Calgurio has polished the words in his explanation, which in turn means that he has not confirmed what will happen if he uses them.

Also not for the soldiers at the end, the results won't be known until it's used.

At least if there is experimental data, then they are willing to believe it, but only if they are going to be experiments themselves, idiot.

"If you die first, then I can confirm what happens when I use it."

"That joke's not funny. At least I'm not going to rely on that kind of stuff."

Raymond gave a practical response.

"After all, the original version of such a thing, the Resurrection Bracelets, came from the power of the Demon Lord, right? Don't you think a fake like this will make the other party angry?"

As Raymond continued to pick up where he left off, Michel seemed to share this, shrugging her shoulders in agreement.

The premise of the action is that there is no way to be resurrected from the dead—a conclusion that both rightly draw.

All that can be counted on is their strength. So the two stood up with bitter smiles on their faces.

"Want to go?"

"Right. Now that it's all come down to this, we can only move forward. If it doesn't work out, people will forgive us."

"Will it? Shinji would have laughed, but he..."

"Please stop. It's hard to forget."

"Yeah, sorry. He's even scarier than the maze."

"Hey, hey, how can you speak your mind just because the other person can't hear you? But I also agree that that's it."

"Right? I really admire Shinji's retardation. People are so passionate about him, but they are completely ignored."

"I agree. But that's the way it's gonna be. About that, actually, he's also—just that."

"Also. Thinking about it this way makes you think that Shinji isn't easy either. Maybe he'll survive if he doesn't do anything to save his life."

"Yeah, that's it!"

A smile appeared on the two men's faces. Even in these circumstances, there is hope and a clear sense of which way to go.

With cheerful smiles on their faces, the two men began to walk down the steps.

There was absolutely no telling who would be waiting for them ahead.

Immediately following...

"Hello, you! Michel, and Raymond. There's something I'd like to discuss with you two!"

"Right. Because this thing is really doing you guys a lot of good, it doesn't hurt to listen!"

"You're supposed to be listening."

Seeing the trio of Shinji and others who they wanted to save come out to greet themselves, Michel and Raymond were surprised to the point of stiffness.

"Well, you guys seem surprised. I'd like to ask you too. Can you hear us out first?"

There was also a huge magic doll towering in front of us, and a nostalgic sound came from inside. It must be right that the owner of the voice was the one who had been kind to Michel and them—Gadra.

"You—you're still alive?"

"Shall we say—what's going on?"

Gadra and the others are going to start docking to convince each other.

The two were in turmoil, and it only took a little more time to convince them.

It looked like Gadra had them convince each other with such ease and simplicity that it was surprising.

Shinji said they would not take part in this war, and even they ran to be lobbyists. Presumably, their efforts were not in vain, and without argument, the other just agreed.

The two, Michel and Raymond, were both disciples of Gadra and friends of Shinji. They were frantically tested for strength at the fifty-ninth level, and the scarier one was Michel.

This one's skills are foul. It looks like she flicked something with her fingers and the result was a small explosion—a nuclear explosion that could be confined to a specific area. The response was small, but powerful to the point of no return.

The unique technology of the “fusionist”—the ability to denature the substance and fuse it with other substances. The way to use it is to let the tiny shattered stones spoil and then throw them at the enemy, causing them to explode.

Even if you have to use something like a "barrier" to bullet the gravel, it will still explode when it falls to the ground. It could have been avoided if it had been a clever bounce, however the gravel used by Michel is small enough to be bounced with a fingernail, so it's not easy to actually bounce. The preconditions are such that it would be difficult to bounce it off the ground.

It's so vicious. Using such a means of attack, one accident and even she herself would suffer a wave of blows, but about that, she did a lot of research. Not sure what kind of training she did all the way through, but it all seemed to predict the route perfectly.

And then there's Raymond who teams up with Michel like that.

Raymond's fighting skills were great, as was releasing Fighting Qi to form a shield. The ability to block out all attacks from the front will be fascinating to watch.

Even the blast wave that Michel had triggered was beautifully defused by Raymond's shield. They're a great duo, and the two characters fit together nicely.

It doesn't look like anyone else has changed either, it must be them personally. There was also no sign of the spirit being manipulated, and it seemed that their purpose for coming this time was to save Gadra and Shinji.

Both seem trustworthy, and it's really great to be partners in earnest.

In order for the two who became partners to take some time to study for the time being, the intention was for them to work under Shinji and the others. While it should be used without fear of their betrayal, it's better to take precautions first.

Let's look at the situation first, and then compare them to Shinji and let these two people get promoted.

Things were going well up to the 60th floor.

Then come to the 70th floor...

It is hilly and there are about a hundred people gathered together.

At first it all seemed a bit fuzzy, but now that the day had passed, they had all calmed down. Above the hills there was a place of great visibility, where these men camped, and several scouts were sent to scout in various places.

They don't seem to be planning to act right away and feel very deliberate.

Just the commander running off to somewhere else, but it's amazing that they can still correspond so calmly.

It should be said that the warriors are outstanding in the various units.

"Thought they'd panic even more."

"No, that's the way it should be. They crafted a clear chain of command from the beginning, even if the commander wasn't there."

Unlike me, Benimaru gives commentary lightly.

If the chain of command is chaotic, how can operational operations be carried out? Someone must be found to lead.

Of course this has to be clearly laid out—I can understand that, but as a matter of course the people who are gathered here have been brought here on a temporary basis. Yet they were able to find a replacement for the commander right away, which I secretly admired despite being the enemy.

"Are we okay here?"

"Of course. Even without me, there is the green legion, and underneath green legion, there are excellent talents standing by. Tactical theory is also a must for the Kurenai, and everyone can be a commander."

Oh, you're so confident.

Even I didn't learn those, at what point did they learn them?

"That's good. What do you think their purpose is?"

The chain of command of our army was left to Benimaru and the chiefs of the various corps. I'm going to care about that won't help much, so I'm going to come back to the reality side now.

About the Imperial General's soldiers who laid out the 70th floor...

"Their purpose must have been to find out if there were any survivors on the other floors. That's on their bad luck. The rest of the floor is a different story, and this one leaves no trace."

Benimaru replied as if he was sympathizing with those enemies.

Hearing that, I also understood.

I know there are no survivors on the Imperial side, but one of their purposes is to find companions. Meeting up with survivors to increase combat power is a reasonable move from a combat standpoint.

But now that it was known that it was pointless for them to do so, there was no point in waiting for them to act.

"Shall we let Adalman attack?"

When I said so, Shion nodded vigorously along with me. It looked as if she was feeling very bored and she herself was eager to strike out.

Even so, as long as there were still enemies left in the maze, she was responsible for protecting me. Even Shion understood this, so she wanted to finish the matter sooner rather than later and go outside to fight.

"That's right. There's no way to get any great information if you keep watching."

Seeing this look on Shion's face, Benimaru said with a dark smile.

Instructions to Adalman follow.

"My god, let me behave!"

It seems that Shion wasn't the only one who was looking forward to fighting. Adalman had also been preparing his army to meet the Imperial Army early on.

Adalman and the others continued their winning streak. Seemingly intent on taking advantage of the situation to win even the final battle.

"Then go for it!"

"Yes...!"

The encouragement I gave became a signal for war.

Adalman and then rest came in force and opened the closed door and struck at it.

Then an hour passed.

A startling sight appeared before his eyes.

There were only three survivors left on the Imperial side. It's just that the only ones who have survived on our side are also Adalman, Albert and the Necromancer Dragon.

It's now a three-on-three showdown.

The other remaining nearly a hundred people were all killed along with the Necromantic Army, and these guys couldn't wait for reinforcements. Wait three hours before the army of the dead comes back to life, and when I think about it, I'll be able to determine the winner.

However...

"Kufufufufu. Interesting people have emerged."

"Mmm. I'd like to fight them too."

Rarely do Diablo and Shion give their testimonials.

Such a powerful warrior was mixed up in the enemy army, and there were three others.

One was a gentle looking male swordsman.

The opponent is fighting Albert.

The other person is the Wizard of Beauty.

In a magical showdown with Adalman.

There was also a tall warrior of stature.

The power of one man alone held the Necromancer dragon.

Seeing the opponent summon the familiar glowing armor to wear on his body, it must have been a partner who was previously killed by Testarossa and possessed legendary equipment.

The styles are uniform and definitely belong to the same organization.

"That swordsman is so strong that he's intimidating. I never thought he'd be on equal footing with Albert."

The battle between Albert and the man, both of them used a rare divine skill. Each belonged to the genre of equipping swords and shields, and their strengths were somewhere in between.

Like Benimaru said, it's true to say that those two are comparable in strength.

This guy seems to be more than the man who was beaten down by Testarossa. Maybe this guy's ranking is up front, too.

"Kufufufufu. In the face of an opponent of that level, the magic was surprisingly at the disadvantage."

"That said, Diablo. Regardless of the holy and magical attributes, that armor can resist all magic. It's no wonder it's working against Adalman."

Shion's comments hit the nail on the head. Although Adalman had the additional skill "Holy Demon Reversal", that legendary level defense was so foul that it could resist almost all magic.

If you want to break through, you can only use the strongest magic such as "Reiko Bad Destruction". Adalman would have used it, too, but the opponent wouldn't let him.

One can only hit a break with some random magic and then attack while they're at it. But they seem to be thinking the same thing about each other, and the two sides are currently deadlocked.

Don't forget that last man.

This guy can't be taken lightly either.

After all, he could deal with the Death Spirit Dragon by himself alone.

This guy gives up to win. Because the regeneration power of the Necromancer was too strong, he had already seen that it was impossible to completely defeat the Necromancer.

He believed that his partner would win and always took the pragmatic route when fighting.

In fact, without this guy's effort, the winner would have been obvious.

The Death Spirit Dragon was a monster that even Souei couldn't defeat. Facing such an opponent and being so belligerent, it was more difficult than expected.

"What do you think?"

When I finished asking, all three gave different answers.

"The strength of the theory is that Albert is better. But he is poorly equipped and should lose this battle."

"Adalman is too eager to get ahead of himself. If he had been calm, he would have won by now, and there was no way to deal a fatal blow to his opponent. If Albert is defeated at this time, they will be defeated in one fell swoop."

"They can only win! How can they be defeated!?"

Three people with three views—should I say that the answer of only Shion is strange?

Benimaru and Diablo's views are very similar. They both think that Adalman and the rest will lose.

In contrast, Shion just...thought that one's spirit could conquer all. That's not called an opinion, it's called a wish.

"So they might lose, huh? That doesn't seem good?"

"Anyway, even if Adalman and the others lose, there are still ten others on this side. And I won't lose if I'm on the field, so it should be fine."

"Of course! I will also defeat the others, so rest assured, Lord Rimuru!"

Benimaru is so confident and feels as if there is a solution to whatever problem he encounters.

Shion is still the same. As much as it was tempting to ask her what her basis was for saying something like that, she couldn't have come up with a basis, I suppose.

It's true that there is a Shion style, so let's just accept it.

"Lord Rimuru, you needn't worry. The Ten Lords of the Labyrinth also have Lord Veldora's apprentice, Zegion, at their head. As long as he sits, there's no need to even bother Lord Veldora."

One side giggled and Diablo so responded.

It's rare for Diablo to compliment someone. That should make it okay, which reassures me a bit.

While we're at it, the win-loss showdown seems to be getting better.

In time, Adalman and the rest will win. We were hoping for the same thing, but unfortunately the enemy seems to have noticed.

"It looks like you're going to stall for time to break through, but it seems too much of a stretch. Get me serious, you guys go to the other world and show off with this thing!" The Scandinavian man facing Albert, who was an enemy, shouted the words.

At this point in time, does he have a killer weapon?

"Before you guys die, let me give you a name. My name is Krishna. A Knight of the Empire—17th in the Imperial Order of the Imperial Kaiser's Guard!"

"I am Reiha, the 94th in line."

"Thirty-fifth in line, Bazan."

Ah, is it really the Imperial Emperor's Knights of the Guard?

I heard about it from Gadra's side, and it looks like the members inside are really good. The man who had been beaten down by Testarossa was ranked eleventh, and thought the one called Krishna would be ahead of him. Originally I thought strength was proportional to ranking, but it doesn't seem so.

It felt like Reiha was more strutting than Bazan again, and explaining in that direction should be right.

These aside, the point is who wins and who loses.

Seeing Krishna and the others had reported their names, Adalman and the rest also seemed to have renewed their fighting spirit. Thought that would turn the tide, unfortunately things didn't go so well.

The key to victory lies in this battle between Krishna and Albert.

Krishna's Sword slashes Albert's Grudge Sword (Curse Sword).

Whether to say slash, or crush, it's all in the difference in weapon performance.

That spirit sword was also an excellent escape crafted by Kurobee. The average person doesn't have access to it, but it's the best weapon for Albert.

Yet Krishna's sword belongs to the legendary class.

Repeated chops gradually accumulate damage to the opponent's weapon, crushing it with the last breath. That seems to be the kind of combat that Krishna is good at.

It's a good thing that light can confirm this, even though it doesn't ask about the process but only about the results.

Just like that, the loss of the weapon defeated Albert. Once the forward was lost, Adalman was momentarily at the disadvantage. Not at all like a defender, he played flashy, unexpectedly sticky, but still got pinned down for it and ended up losing the game.

The battle ended when the last three launched simultaneous attacks to wipe out the Necromancer.

If Albert's sword hadn't broken, the outcome would have been different. And in the face of someone who is good at magic, it's too much to overcome with the fighter's fists and feet, so I don't plan to hold him responsible for his defeat. Instead, I'd say that Krishna's ability to draw out the opponent's killer points makes me want to praise "well done".

As it turned out, things went exactly as Benimaru and Diablo had expected. Two keys were also snatched by people, but there was nothing that could be done about it. This is the time to praise your opponent for a good fight.

So, in the face of three people like Krishna, we suffered a bitter defeat.

Anyway, it's all over, just reflect on it afterwards.

Now to go to the next stage.

The big screen illuminates the battle situation on the 79th floor, and the battle situation on the 90th floor.

Both sides are getting better and better in terms of wins and losses.

Kumara's reaction was too intense. Since the bearded man was the one she wanted her revenge on, it was no wonder she was particularly keen.

Relatively, come and see Apito.

This side is again a surprisingly tight race.

That being said, Apito is now so strong that she is on a par with Hinata, who has no use for magic. To be able to fight a tie with such an Apito would mean that the man who looked like a commander was also very powerful. This guy also looks to be a Scandinavian man, and seems to be no slouch in terms of strength compared to that Krishna from a while ago.

I wonder who wins and who loses in the end.

We all watched nervously, our eyes firmly on the big screen.

Major General Minute wore his proud suit straight and walked leisurely through the maze.

The style is the same as that of a regular general, but the material is different. Each silk thread is specially selected and is a magically infused fad.

This set alone was enough to rival the annual salary of the sous-officer class, it was high class, and it was guaranteed to be comfortable to wear, to the satisfaction of even the Minute who loved to dress up.

Minute the man just loves grace. Because of his nature, he had a lot of complaints about this battle plan.

The so-called war should be about gathering overwhelming war power to suppress the enemy, with the goal of winning without a fight.

How can there be a sacrifice, plus the fact that it was caused by our army's own initiative, that would inevitably call into question the ability of the commander.

It was because Minute thought so that he thought this battle plan would fail before it came out.

But...

"Well, there's no way to tell the truth as a matter of course, and that's the sadness of being an official."

Even with such a grumble on his lips, Minute had a arrogant smile on his face.

The men of Kansas are usually very visible, so no one noticed him, in fact Minute himself is one of the most important warriors in the Imperial Army. He is not so weak-minded as to give up fighting in the middle of a war because he violated his own aesthetics.

"Then again, the Demon Lord Rimuru is also very evil-hearted. Although it was natural to take such a ploy, I did not expect to fly only me, the commander, to another place. In that case, the warriors who came here this time might also be broken by a few of them individually. But the Kansas kid will survive, after all..."

Not caring even if it was overheard by others, Minute began to mutter to himself. Contrary to what he had said, the look on his face was one of amusement.

It's no wonder, Minute hasn't been this excited in a long time. Falling into such a dangerous situation was the first time in one's life.

As far as his position is concerned, there are few opportunities to allow him to be pro-front.

Minute didn't climb up the ladder hard, but because he was a nobleman and belonged to the upper class. In fact, if left from the army, he could have had more outlets than Calgurio.

He also has contacts in the political world and has built his own faction.

The reason such a Minute remains in the army to this day is because he is very belligerent by nature.

Minute loved seeing the blood. This time he gets his chance and plays to his heart's content. Thinking about this side, he couldn't help but have a smile on his face.

Such a Minute was thrown to the seventy-eighth floor, one floor up in the Apito dominion. The reason is that in order to analyze Minute's strength, one has to observe first.

So Minute went to the floor below like nobody's business, fixing the bugs while he went.

"Really, I hate bugs. The mere sight of those feet moving around was sickening. We have to get the hell out of here."

After making a grand entrance like that, he flung his hand to the side. This action alone created a gust of wind that caused many of the bugs to disintegrate into dust.

This is the power of Minute.

A "suppressor" with unique skills.

The power is simple and straightforward. Up to psychological compression down to physical compression, everything Minute can see is affected by its effects. There's no way to escape, and everything goes up in smoke.

In fact, even a wave of the hand is not necessary, just a glance can damage the subject matter. Thanks to this force, Minute has not lost so far.

"So fragile. The fight was so boring, it was boring. I wish they had tried harder."

No one can stop Minute.

Although swarms of bugs above the A level would also appear on the 78th level, those were killed by Minute. Not his opponent at all, splitting the win in an instant.

It's almost unbeatable.

With this power, it's no wonder Minute is so arrogant.

Immediately following, it took him a few hours to find the stairs. I thought he was going to head for the floor below, but I didn't expect to see him start resting on his own.

The bag that hangs around the waist is a high-class travel magic guide. He took the freshly baked food out of it and enjoyed it.

It also contained a set of bedding with an exorcism effect and a roof, and later Minute went to sleep with a flourish.

His attitude was nothing short of underestimating the Maze.

Time came to the next day.

Minute entered the seventy-ninth level and ended up meeting a truly formidable enemy there.

The assassination bees came without a sound—these were legion bees, all of which Minute had swatted away in two or three strikes. No matter how dangerous a magical creature it was, the moment it came within his line of sight, it would determine victory or defeat.

"Hmph, It's no match for the magical creatures here. What the hell, it's disappointing."

Seeing Minute deliver a boast like this, someone went on a rampage.

That someone is Apito.

Regardless of the angle from which he tried to sneak in, Minute had a way of coping. From this, it is clear that Minute is able to use Magic Sense.

Then there's no point in continuing to send Legion Bees over.

Having so judged, the Queen decided to step in herself.

"How dare you say such contemptuous things, you damned human."

"Will it? You're a little too pushy, aren't you? To me, you're no different from the ants here..."

Minute said as he stomped on the body of the swarm of bees that had fallen to the ground. This behavior further angered Apito.

"I'll kill you"

"Try it if you can."

Just like that, the two great heroes began to fight fiercely.

At first Minute looked at Apito very little.

He wasn't careless, just convinced that his 'suppressor' could crush her. But he soon found it too naive to think so.

Releasing a jamming wave by sight, Minute puts heavy pressure on Apito.

The true face of that force is gravity invisible to the naked eye. Minute can have an effect on the surrounding matter, giving gravitational directionality.

Using the gravitational pull possessed by large mass objects, the planets reflect in all directions. The clever manipulation of gravitational and reaction forces can cause the subject to burst or compress.

To counter this force, one must either have a strong body that does not move like a mountain, or one that emits directional fluctuations that cancel out the disturbing waves—these are the only two ways.

Minute has not seen anyone with this ability to date. In other words, he equates to being invincible.

With such absolute confidence, Minute unleashed his ability. Yet the sight that appeared before his eyes was different from what he had expected.

"Humph, too slow!"

What Minute crushed was the remnants of Apito. Apito didn't see past the true face of Minute's power, but she had already found that it had directionality. Presumably a quick move will get you out of effect range, so pretty dodge.

"I'm sure it's what I thought. Can you catch my movements?"

Apito's movements gradually picked up speed.

This time, no matter how much Minute would use Magic Sense, it would be difficult for him to cast an effective attack on Apito.

Only this, in turn, excited Minute.

"Interesting. If it wasn't, the fight would be boring!"

He allows the ability to be fully liberated, centering himself in a force field. And parallel to that, any direction ahead would be in the way of Apito.

So much so that Apito had to back off. Although the passage of the maze was five meters long, trying to get past Minute would be trapped by the force field.

"Gee, that's tricky."

"That's my word!"

Both sides won't even take a step.

Because of the special training with Hinata, Apito's movements became more pure and sharper. Even the Paladin captain would be toyed with by her, but being unable to get close to the enemy would be useless.

On top of that, it's dangerous to stop moving. Once caught by the interference wave, even Apito couldn't get out in one piece.

Coming out this way is a big mistake. If I retired to the Queen's throne room, I would be able to fly more freely. Not sure how long this man's power will last, but one must go back if one wants to defeat him.

Apito so judged.

There is no shame in running away. The insatiable desire for nothing but victory is Apito's basic approach.

Even after seeing Apito run away like that, Minute didn't look at it as a joke. He had already seen that the retreat was based on tactical considerations, so he instead cautiously pursued it.

There's no need to rush. Rather than reluctantly do it here, it's better to keep the power for now.

Ha ha ha. Combat is all about grace. But more than losing, I enjoy watching people struggle miserably.

Minute thought Apito was beautiful.

Unlike all the other magic creatures, you can tell this opponent has aesthetic connotations.

It's a natural thing for a warrior to choose a battlefield that's good for them. Minute doesn't laugh at her, instead thanking his opponent for fighting himself and being willing to give it their all.

He didn't look down on his opponent, but rather thought about how to drive her into a desperate situation and hunt Apito down while doing so.

Next he came to a wide open place.

There was a chair on one of the high platforms.

Looks like this is the throne of Queen's King's Landing. Also, this place is perfect for me to go toe-to-toe with you.

Minute deliberately cooperated with the enemy's temptation. At the same time arrogantly thought, "So you'll have to make me happy."

"Isn't it time to end the hide-and-seek?"

"Right. I'm going to do my best to treat you right. I'll bet on the name of Apito, the Bug Queen."

"That's really something to look forward to. I am Major General Minute, the man who is going to kill you. Let's move on to round two!"

After the big blowout, Minute picked up the pace.

Those moves just now were just watching the situation, and that's how he got serious. While not to the point of overtaking Apito's speed, such a pace did not lag.

Yet Apito was unfazed. She rose high into the sky, raising her speed in preparation to play with Minute.

But all of this was to be expected from Minute.

"That's naive. Don't underestimate my power!"

By the time he finished shouting these words, a force had been released.

The ceiling of the hall takes on an egg shape, and invisible force fields capable of capturing Apito begin to appear nearby. It was Minute who was manipulating the gravitational pull to get Apito on the ceiling.

"Goo...!"

Seeing Apito show a look of pain, Minute snorted.

"Oh, it hurts, doesn't it? I'd like to run you over right away, but you're a little too tough. If it's a normal magic creature, even at this distance, it's enough for me to run it over."

Speaking from one side, Minute stepped towards Apito.

Minute's strength is proportional to distance. The closer he got, the pressure would increase along with it, and he thought to himself that even an expert like Apito was able to run over and kill, which was why he acted this way.

Plus now he had grabbed Apito and was using the power not to cast in all directions. Just focus all of your power on Apito and he will indeed win.

Although the fight was tougher than expected, she was really no match for me. Just thank you for bringing me so much pleasure, I'll let you die without pain.

Minute has no penchant for bullying his enemies. He just wanted to get high feelings by fighting, and the touch of winning.

It should have been purely out of good intentions to have mercy on Apito, but...

"Don't underestimate me, human! I've said I'm going to give it my all!"

After shouting these words, Apito, who had been suffering from the heavy pressure just now, flew into the air once more.



Her wings were broken and her hands and feet were bent and deformed, and she could be said to have become covered in wounds, but it did not affect Apito's fighting spirit in the slightest.

Apito is also hungry for a win.

"Lord Rimuru was also watching the battle. Even if I'm in a mess or something, it's my job to expose the enemy to all they can do!"

"Ho ho ho, funny. Meaning to see through my power? I'll take your life before that!"

Minute opened the force field again with himself at the center. Also possessing the power of repulsion and gravitational pull, in addition to being able to bounce people trying to get close to himself, he also manipulates the flow of power with the intention of pinning the opponent to the ground. Minute is looking to crack Apito with a death blow.

Conversely, Apito isn't going to be pinned down all the time. She flew at a speed beyond Minute's perception, keeping her distance to avoid being caught by the interference wave.

The inability to find a means of attack is certainly annoying, but the opponent's power is not endless. There should be some sort of limit to it, and Apito had been waiting for that moment.

It depends on whether Minute will come to the limit first, or whether Apito will run out of power first.

And with that, the two sides began to compete for stamina...

After a few hours, the situation progressed.

Following the teachings of Hinata, Apito continually tried all sorts of attacks.

The broken arms and legs were no longer working, and she flew desperately on her broken wings, continually testing Minute for a break. Fire the poison needle at the dead center, flapping your wings to release the blaster blade. The Legion Bees underneath were also summoned to launch an all-out raid on Minute. These are designed to detect which places are least susceptible to the intervening forces of Minute.

These actions brought the legionnaires' bees all but to an end. Although she was only a subordinate, it was Apito who called it out after all, and she couldn't help but be chagrined. Even so, Apito continued to let her men launch suicide attacks.

It turned out that Minute was hardly unharmed either.

The fancy suit he was wearing became tattered and looked wolfish. He didn't have time to care about elegance either, she could tell he was desperately dodging.

"Well, I guess you're tired already."

"...and so are you. I'm honestly amazed to be able to follow it to this point."

"I already said that, didn't I? It doesn't matter if it's embarrassing or whatever, just win."

"I agree. Only I'll be the one who wins!"

Both are good at forcing a smile.

'I'm so tired that I can barely stand.' Even in such a situation, they were reluctant to show weakness to each other.

"You guys are really powerful. This I acknowledge, but not without a hitch. I declare that the next attack will kill you!"

Apito, who was floating in the air, said so to Minute. Although her face was covered in her own blood, it was with a smile so beautiful it glowed.

Narrowing his eyes at the sight, Minute also raised the corners of his mouth in reply.

"It's exciting. Then I also promise you that the next move will set you free."

The strength of both of them, was all that was left. The reason why it was said that the next move would be life and death, was because the remaining power in their bodies was only enough for that.

And the two didn't bother about the aftermath at all, taking out all their strength to strike out.

Apito takes the operational approach of predicting the movement of the Minute jamming wave by changing the track in the first moment. She intends to use the speed beyond the speed of sound to pounce, thereby outpacing Minute's reaction time.

Minute sees that too. The question is how well Apito knows the power of Minute. When will the wave of interference, invisible to the eye, be launched, and it must be judged whether Apito sees through that correctly before changing the response strategy.

She couldn't possibly see through it—Minute was confident in himself.

The winner is decided in that moment.

The moment Minute unleashed his power, Apito changed track. Yet this point was as Minute had expected, judging by gut instinct, and she did not see the scrambled waves.

Winning—Minute laughed; I'll die—Apito laughed too.

That's right, Apito's attack was premised on death from the start.

"It's over, Queen Apito."

Minute shouted happily.

Feeling the undulations invisible to the eyes wrapped all over her body, at that moment Apito opened her mouth wide, intending to shoot her ace.

Queen of needle—Apito bets her life on releasing the strongest poison needle. It wasn't created with demonic qi, it was a part of Apito's body.

Hard enough to penetrate even "magic steel" with ease. The poisonous needle poured all the power at a very close distance to release, and Apito believed that even the force field in Minute' body could penetrate.

Minute' power compresses Apito, and Apito unleashes a poisonous needle through the force field towards Minute—the winner is about to be decided.

The result was a tie between the two sides.

While not quite winning upset Apito, she had done her part and that part was satisfying.

Death is not the end. She can be resurrected countless times in the maze.

She looked forward to the moment of resurrection and disappeared from the scene.

After determining that Apito had disappeared, Minute decided to quietly recuperate until the wound healed.

Although the attack just now crushed the heart, Minute was still alive. He won't die from this level of injury, the wound will heal after a while.

I can fight a battle like never before, Minute is content.

This showdown was pretty awesome. I would love to taste a little more. That'll prove I'm the strongest...

Immersed in the afterglow, Minute thought so. His feverish emotions were high, but he was still not satisfied. His instincts backtracked on the idea of still wanting to go up against someone stronger.

Wanting to push and go beyond your limits. He believes this makes him stronger.

Like in response to thoughts like Minute, there are anomalies going on this time of year.

A certain voice rang out.

“—This was a good fight.”

The voice exuded a kingly air of making others obey.

"My 'name' is Zegion. You are qualified to fight me. If you want to fight with me, come before me.

As if guided by this voice, Minute's closed eyes opened again.

He saw before his eyes a dark vortex that appeared at an unknown time.

This is going to make me have fun, right? That being the case, I must respond to the invitation...

The body not yet healed but not afraid, Minute stood up. And then...

Undaunted, he went to the place where the other party had invited him.

Once upon a time, there was a paradise called "Monster Country".

It was one of the secret realms that existed around the world, the paradise that people called Evergreen.

Nowadays it's gone.

It was ravaged by the Imperial Army twenty years ago and has disappeared from this world.

Thinking about that day, the Nine-Tailed Kumara was literally losing herself to anger. Because of her lack of strength, she lost her mother and partner.

The Great Mother is a monster, possessing power comparable to that of a demon lord. However, she is gentle in nature and definitely not hostile to humans, a monster with a good heart.

Indeed, the king of the monster race, who is hostile to humans, is called a "Demon King". It was a force other than the Ten Demon Lords that was a threat to humans as well, right?

But this has nothing to do with "Monster Country".

The monster tribe is the monster tribe and the demon lords are the demon lords. And the Demon King was just a demon lord whose race was not even known.

But humans—no, for the Empire, the existence of Nine-Tailed Kumara was not allowed. In order to show his country's might to the subjects of the Empire, the "Monster Country" became a victim to make an example to the others.

The location of "Monster Country" is right on the edge of Demon Lord Clayman's territory and the Eastern Empire's borders. Hidden between the foothills of the Gustav Mountains and the Imperial Forest is a junction to the Otherworld.

There are resources from the forest, mountain products, plus a stable climate. The paradise of Evergreen is not a place to live in, it is very comfortable.

Since they were on the edge of the border, they could not help but think that this side would not be attacked. A private treaty of non-aggression between the Demon Lord Clayman and the Empire.

The current state of peace has made people unconscious of the crisis.

Suddenly, armed soldiers quietly attacked the "Monster Country". The warriors guarding the village were useless even if they resisted, and all their partners were killed.

The mother, the previous generation of the Nine-tails, also died at that time.

Despite having power, the mother hates fighting. Although the opponent was human, how could she defeat a professional soldier who was particularly good at fighting?

Then, the Nine-Tailed Kumara would definitely not forget that man.

"He's called Kansas, isn't he? I remember. He was the enemy who killed mother and everyone else, how could I—"

Kumara said hatefully.

The bearded man with a disgusting smile on his face was a hateful enemy, and even killing him would not satisfy the Kumara.

In return for payment to Clayman, Kansas surrenders the youngest child of the Nine-Headed Beast, Kumara, who was captured alive. And all the treasures that the village had accumulated were used to enrich them.

They told their subjects that they had removed the threat posed by the "monster country".

And this supposed threat is really all a self-directed criminal act on their part. In order to let everyone know that "Monster Country" is dangerous, they brought in nearby residents and a few merchants so that everyone could see these people being brutally killed.

And the fearful subjects looked upon them as heroes...

It wasn't someone else who revealed these things, it was Clayman.

If the Nine-Tailed Kumara hated humans, then her power as a monster would be enhanced. As the monster aura increases, so does the "rank" of being a magical creature.

Precisely because the Nine-Headed Beast was a very valuable demonic beast, Clayman determined that the Nine-Tailed Kumara would become a warrior in the future. Fortunately, Kumara survived as a pet.

As Clayman had expected, Kumara accumulated resentment to increase in strength. And was also selected as a subordinate of the Clayman Army—the thumb of one of the five fingers.

Then it was a mistake to let Rimuru pick her up.

It was there that she remembered what happiness was, and the contact with the children healed the wounds of her heart—just as the resentful enemy was reunited with her.

"To kill you. I'm gonna tear you apart with all my might..."

The Nine-Tailed Kumara muttered, waiting for Kansas to arrive.

Relatively, come see Kansas.

Even if he was the only one who had been made to wonder where the place was, he was unmoved.

Kansas is a soldier who climbs up one step at a time. The empire practiced power-ism, and this man was like a symbol of the empire, climbing to his present position with a pair of fists.

It doesn't matter if you do something bad, this man is the embodiment of the desire to be great.

Even the matter of the "monster country" was no exception, and he believed that it was justified behavior that could strengthen his position and strength.

A little sacrifice for the peace of the majority is not worth it. What he does is a necessary evil, and he is not even guilty of it.

While greatly questionable in terms of humanity, the strength is unquestionable.

Had he entered the battle of the rankings, he would surely have been selected in the top 100. The reason why it didn't turn out that way was because Kansas had no interest in joining the Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard.

He valued his own interests more than his loyalty to Emperor Rudra. The most important thing is to have an officer that Kansas can trust from the bottom of its heart.

This officer is Major General Minute.

He and Kansas, in addition to being neck and neck in strength, were men who valued Kansas and promoted him.

'I want Minute to get to the top of the legion and hold all the power under him myself'—that's what Kansas is aiming for in life, and he dreams of that day coming and working his way through.

He therefore saw this invasion as the perfect opportunity.

Anyone can see that Calgurio's missteps were inevitable. No, Kansas conspired with Minute, intending to make arrangements privately first to get people within the Mecha Legion thinking in that direction.

Just save the general soldiers who were left in the labyrinth and give them a favor, then a new faction can be created soon.

By that time Calgurio would be useless.

"Oh, laugh at that. How could such a naive idea be allowed to emerge when one wants to climb to the top of the legion on political power alone?"

It was because it would not be overheard that Kansas laughed heartily at the chief. The next step was to look for the surviving men with no change of face.

As the day passed, even Kansas began to feel a little strange about the situation.

Let alone the fact that the labyrinth is filled with forests and deserts where not even a single figure can be seen. Not only that, but not even the magic object was in sight.

No matter which floor it was, it was quiet to the point of eerie, nothing was happening that even made one feel like an idiot for keeping a vigil.

Of course Kansas wouldn't take that little thing lightly, but his "danger foreknowledge" was completely unresponsive, which made Kansas even more uneasy.

Well, it seems the intention was not to neglect me. So that's where they've concentrated their war power somewhere, right?

Kansas' insight is daunting. He guessed right.

"Hahahaha, I didn't expect to be greeted with such a big show of joy! Then I'll make myself at home, if you'll excuse me!"

Doing things spritely enough, that's what Kansas is good for. Thinking that even if there was a trap, so what, just destroy it, he started running, wanting to head for the floor below in one breath.

The speed was so fast that even the wind couldn't keep up, Kansas ran wild all the way. You can move several meters just by stepping on the ground, only to come to the stairs in a flash.

A few hours passed...

Something appeared in front of Kansas, and it was the gate of a vast oceanarium.

The styling is luxurious, as if it would bring a sense of oppression to the visitor.

Immediately after, the door opened soundlessly, the battle began.

That beauty was so beautiful that even the most beautiful woman in the world lost face, with a warning smile on her face that made people's chills stand up straight, Nine-Tailed Kumara went to greet him.

"Welcome. You're welcome."

Hearing her say hello, Kansas responded with a smile.

"That's very polite. Your face is nostalgic. You were the little fox back then, weren't you?"

"Do you remember? That's delightful."

"How could I forget? Because your mother helped me get ahead."

Sparks shot out between the two.

This is not an illusion. The physical phenomenon was triggered by the fierce conflict between the demon qi and the fighting qi.

"I can't believe I'm saying this without flushing!"

"Hahahaha, you survived unscathed. Thanks to me selling you to Clayman, you survived. Thank me."

"I'll kill you."

The killing qi had increased even more dramatically, and Kumara roared out these words.

As if to echo the words, the white ape appeared. In order to show his opponent how powerful the Chief of the Eight Sects was, he began to attack Kansas with sticks in succession.

"Is it a monster that survived? In that case, let me show you something interesting too."

With that said, and without any preparatory action, Kansas summoned a magical creature.

It was a dark ape, a monkey with a black fur coat.

"You, you are Mother's servant...!"

That's right.

If it was true, he was one of the tail beasts owned by the Mother of Kumara.

"Yes, you do. You miss it, don't you? Let him be your opponent.

The Dark Ape is also a magical beast with a good heart. Kumara also has memories of playing with him, however...

The dark ape that brought back deep memories showed a fierce expression and bared its fangs.

"Have you forgotten your friend?"

The Dark Ape could not hear the Kumara's voice, "Kirk...!" The ground let out a sharp cry and ran towards the white ape.

"It's no use. That monkey has become my faithful servant. About you, he doesn't remember anything."

Kansas himself did not participate in the battle, he took the tobacco out of his arms and began to light a cigarette, looking at Kumara with a bad smile.

"What did you do to the dark ape?"

"Huh? That's a hurtful thing to say. Are you doubting me?"

That answer was like mocking Kumara.

Finding that Kansas didn't mean to answer seriously at all, Kumara was furious as she continued with her next move.

"Moon Rabbit, Black Rat, you come out!"

The tails of Kumara turned into a demonic beast.

That makes it three against one. Once again, Kumara's side had the upper hand.

But it was also only for a brief moment.

"Come out, mute rabbit, dark rat."

I didn't expect Kansas to cooperate with Kumara to summon the monsters.

Even Kumara was shocked by this.

"How, how...?"

"Surprised, huh? Only, I was just as surprised. I didn't expect you, a brat, to summon three tailed beasts. Looks like Clayman is pretty good at conditioning too."

Kansas said those words seemingly despising Kumara. There's a reason why that attitude is so confident. For the monster beasts that Kansas summoned were stronger than those of the eight tribes under Kumara.

"What a pain in the ass. The game is over here."

As soon as the words were said, Kansas called out more magic beasts.

"No way! Even the Dark Tiger and Dark Snake are called out!"

Only stronger than the individual strength of each one, those magical beasts under Kansas. It's no wonder. The mother of Kumara was a previous generation of Nine-Tailed Beasts, and those Monsters were her faithful guards.

There were five such powerful magical beasts. At that time, all of the calm and benevolent aura had disappeared, and the raging instincts had been liberated, blocking Kumara in front of them.

At this point, Kansas considers himself a winner. No matter how much the young fox Kumara had grown, there were only three tail beasts at most that could be manipulated, he thought so.

After all, even the mother of Kumara could only call out five tail beasts. If it was a demon fox that had lived for thousands of years, it was a different story, Kumara had only lived for a few hundred years, and Kansas didn't think she could make that much power.

That's why Kansas arrogantly put out the word.

"If it were you now, I could keep you as a pet. You will betray the Demon Lord Rimuru and come to my side. That way I can spare your life."

The tone of voice was less like a bargaining and more like an order.

It was certain that you would win before you dared to say those words. Yet there was a fatal misunderstanding in Kansas.

The Nine-Tailed Kumara was furious.

The smile on her face grew deeper and more beautiful.

"You're a funny guy. I'm sure you've come to your senses to make me so angry."

This question doesn't need to be answered.

Kumara released all of her tailed beasts, the rest of her men, the Eight Sects.

Those that appeared were Thunder Tiger, Pterodactyl, Sleeping Sheep, Flaming Bird, and Mirror Dog. All eight are hereby present.

"That's not possible! There had eight of them? You guys..."

It wasn't until this time that Kansas first showed a look of panic, but that was only for a moment. He immediately found his composure and a dismissive smile appeared on his face.

"I should be commended for growing to such an extent that it surprised me. But even so, it's still our side that's fighting better."

"Shut up!"

"It's terrible, terrible. That being the case, there's no need to go on and on about it. I'm going to twist off your arms and legs and decorate my room."

The negotiations were concluded.

Immediately following, an eight-on-five matchup ensued.

The eight sects were more advantageous in terms of numbers, but the opponents were all elite Beasts who had served the previous generation for long years.

There is a disparity in the amount of magicules accumulated. The most important thing is the difference in experience.

The white apes and others weren't weak, but those dark demonic beasts were stronger enough to flip the disadvantage in numbers.

As time passed, the eight sects began to take the lead. Yet even so, Kumara did not give up.

She observed Kansas's appearance and next thing you know, she noticed something.

Each one of the magical beasts summoned by Kansas was strong. And the only one who remains rational despite the complete loss of memory.

Faced with Kansas's instructions to react quickly, it came down to the eight sects again.

On the flip side, by beating Kansas, who was in charge of the order, Kumara had a chance to win. And there's a killer weapon on this side of Kumara. All it takes is for the eight sects to return to themselves and become the way they should be.

Kumara thought that would beat them in Kansas. Therefore, Kumara did not panic at all, but gradually analyzed the battle situation.

And then look at the Kansas side.

This side looks like it's going to be fine, but it's on the verge of breaking point.

There was certainly a reason why it was necessary to tame these dark demonic beasts. The secret lies in the power of Kansas.

The unique skill of the "Marauder"—that's what Kansas has.

There is little point in this force alone. It's a skill that doesn't have any effect.

When Kansas was small, he sensed the power. He got into an argument with someone over something trivial and killed a friend's dog in revenge. After that, he was able to summon the Dogs of Darkness.

Just that alone can more or less make a difference in combat, but the real value of that skill lies elsewhere.

One thing was discovered when Kansas joined the army to crush the border guerrillas. That is, after killing the opponent, you can summon a "dark avatar" that has the same power as the opponent.

And there's another thing Kansas has discovered. That is, creatures that can be summoned are limited to being killed by him.

In other words, the more people you kill, the stronger you become.

Still, there are limits.

Through this power, it's not that killing someone can add all the power to oneself, it's that only the maximum can be obtained.

Whoever you kill will be able to perfectly reproduce the other person's posture and skills. If you need to perform infiltration missions and so on, it is very convenient to disguise yourself and is a very versatile skill.

But there are limits anyway. That is, there is no way to summon a "dark incarnation" that exceeds Kansas's own capacity.

If there was a way to do that, it would mean that one person in Kansas could manipulate an entire army. It's not that omnipotent any more, Kansas itself has a limit of autobiographical energy.

Kumara saw through that accurately.

So even though the current situation was bad for her, she didn't panic.

"I know you've reached your limit, haven't you?"

"Yes, so what?"

"I don't know how you manipulate the dark apes, but no problem. Because just kill you and it's over."

This was the battle situation analysis made by Kumara.

The men of both sides fought evenly, but the commanders of both camps did not participate in the battle. As long as Kumara stepped in to deal with Kansas at this time, there was no way he could give orders to those Dark Beasts.

In addition, if we only compare Kumara with Kansas, we can see that the amount of magical element is much higher than Kansas.

"Don't worry. The slave will not let you die too painfully."

As soon as these words were said, Kumara immediately disappeared from the scene and came behind Kansas in a flash. Then extended a claw intending to slice Kansas's neck.

Kansas also made a counterpart.

He admitted that Kumara was right, but he still didn't change his easy-going attitude.

"So scary. If I had known you would grow to this point, I would have killed you first at that time."

"Shut up!"

"Ho ho ho, don't be so angry. Consider it a gift, I'll show you something interesting."

Kansas laughed when he finished.

Indeed, Kansas' "marauders" only has the power to call out the creatures he killed. There was also a limit to the number of people who could call out, and the strength of Kansas itself could only be strengthened to the same extent as the first strongman who had been defeated earlier.

Only, Kansas still has a hand in it.

He didn't hesitate and decided to make out at this time.

"Do you know why I sold you to Clayman? Do you know why I let you go when I knew you'd be a powerful warrior? That's..."

This was because there were simpler ways for him to have achieved greater power than taming the Kumara and raising her.

Kansas made those dark beasts disappear, summoning a huge beast in their place. This was the source of Kansas's power and the reason he didn't need Kumara.

"That, that face is...Mother...!"

There appeared a dark demon fox.

There are five thick tails and four thin tails. With a total of nine tails, she was the mistress of "Monster Country".

Only the appearance became ominous, completely invisible to the kind face of the living.

"Ha ha ha ha! That's right. This one is your mother. However, she was manipulated by me, so she was able to use all of this guy's berserk power. It's fantastic. You'd love to see that too, wouldn't you?"

Her good nature became a big taboo, holding compassion for her enemies. Therefore, even though she possessed the power comparable to the Demon King, she kept a low profile and hid herself, keeping her interactions with this world to a minimum and living peacefully.

That's what the previous generation of hostesses looked like today. Will have to wield real power through the hands of Kansas.

"You want to fool even the dead, don't you..."

"Wrong, it's called a tribute. I'm just trying to put that power to good use, and she should thank me."

The dark beast that Kansas summoned out of the city was so slaughtering at the sight of Kumara that not a hint of emotion surfaced in its eyes. Only glancing towards Kumara, that look was like looking at an enemy.

"Mother..."

"Kill her."

Following the order, the monster began to move. The next moment, the full force blow released by the Integrating Dark Tail Beast swept towards the eight tribes.

"Pterodactyl, Dog...!"

Two of them were slower, and this move left them heavily wounded and back in the tail of Kumara. There is such a powerful force. It is obvious to see that the eight sects have no chance of winning.

"Ha ha ha! How's that? Isn't that interesting? It's because of this power that I don't need you. But just looking at the number of tails, you seem to be better than your mother. It just doesn't look like you have enough experience, but I'll make it up to you. Oh, well, it was nice to let you off the hook. If even you can get your hands on it this time, then I can get even more power!"

Kansas is full of joy.

He didn't see himself losing at all.

Possessing the strongest Nine-Tailed Beast, and being strengthened herself, strong enough to rival her. Possessing such a powerful fighting power, one could not possibly lose to that little fox. Kansas is convinced of this.

Even Clayman, Kansas looked down on him.

Originally, he had planned to use the power of the beast that was comparable to the Demon King's until the fire was pure, and then come back to clean up Clayman, but he never expected to lose to the new Demon Lord Rimuru. So Kansas mentally taunted Clayman, thinking he was no big deal.

However, Kumara in front of him was able to summon eight tail beasts. Looking at individual strengths and finding them inexperienced, Kansas is not yet invincible, but growing up it's hard to imagine how strong they will become.

That's why I said I got lucky. I'm going to kill this one here and stain that body with my power!

In that case, Kansas's power would have risen dramatically along with it, right? A newcomer to the district, a demon lord with this power would be able to take care of anything.

With that in mind, Kansas began to attack Kumara.

Originally, Kumara was still standing dumbfounded, at which point her head shook and her mouth muttered something.

"If you lose your cool, you lose...I haven't forgotten what Hinata-sama taught me."

Next, she began to look at the slowly approaching men and magical beasts.

"Come back, everyone."

Reacting to this, those tail beasts all turned into light and were sucked into the tails of the Nine-Tailed Kumara. Next, her nine tails also began to radiate dazzlingly.

The man and the beast were close at hand.

However, Kumara did not panic.

The tail beasts were inexperienced, she admitted.

Only, she herself was not like that.

She had an excellent master and a partner to cut her teeth with. Stay in a great environment and hone her to be even stronger.

Claws and sharp swords closed in, and Kumara gently grabbed both with her right and left hands.

“—!”

"What, you guys!?"

"I don't think you've heard my name yet. My name is the Nine-Tailed..."

"What, there's a name...!?"

"I am the Nine-Tailed Kumara."

Claws were shattered and short knives were snapped.

Kansas hurriedly pulled away, and Kumara showed him an overwhelming smile.

"You don't have to remember. It was intended that you would savor the miserable death slowly, but that would have been too much of a burden for us. So..."

Before the words could even be said, the dark beast had already been torn apart. By the hand of Kumara, the previous generation of the Nine Tailed Beast was dismantled in pieces by her.

"How could...!?"

The incident was so shocking that it caused Kansas to let out a cry of forgetfulness.

It was the strongest pawn in his hand, and now it was disappearing before his eyes.

Kansas' 'Marauders' skill differed from the Summoning only in that they form the Dark Incarnation on an entity basis. Thus the vanished individual can no longer be called out.

At this moment, Kumara had reclaimed the mother who had been taken from her.

"You, you..."

"If I were any stronger, I'd make you suffer. It's a shame, but it's almost time to end it."

"Wait, wait...!"

That kind of stupid talk, how could Kumara listen to it.

Kansas' bitter plea simply could not reach her ears.

“Farewell."

When that was said, Kansas' life span came to an end.

The Nine-Tails Strike—with a glowing tail slashing from all sides, this left Kansas shattered and dead in a few strokes.

This is the Nine-Tailed Kumara.

Possessing an alluring beauty, coupled with the generous will of steel, even to the point of coldness.

‘I still think about what I've lost, but I don't miss it.’ She knew that death was irrevocable.

So not continuing to be taken away is the point.

Despite losing the Monster Country, the current Kumara had a home to return to. To avoid having this home taken away from her, that was the most important thing to the current Kumara.

"I also wanted to give everyone a chance for revenge, forgive me.”

In this way, Kumara successfully took revenge.

Her mother could not survive, but she had found her dignity.

This incident made Kumara's heart content and she smiled from the bottom of her heart.



One man meditated quietly.

He had a darkened exoskeleton with gold stripes on them.

Like a shining ruby, a horn protruding from the center of the forehead looked like a sword.

There were dark red compound eyes below the horns, and these eyes were not closed. They will absorb the information around him and process it continuously in the brain.

As for the exoskeleton, it was modified on a whim by his lord, Rimuru. The cells of Rimuru and "Magic Steel" replenish the lost parts.

Nowadays it is very much in tune with one another and becomes part of one's own body. Its strength surpasses that of diamond, while at the same time being as flexible as a living creature should be, it can even be called the living body magic steel, with unparalleled performance.

It was the natural armor equivalent of the legendary level.

However, it's definitely not the exoskeleton alone that makes him so strong. This "strong" nature stems from the instinct to thirst for battle and never tire of it.

To this day.

A new prey came before him.

Everything is as it should be.

He was the strongest man in the maze.

He is the strongest guardian, the "Bug Emperor" Zegion.

And then...

Zegion thought to himself.

The will of those people has been confirmed and they are qualified to fight with him.

That's why he called the other guy over.

To make them come to this dark space.

The people who were able to reach this floor were lucky.

The pride of being a strong man, of being able to satisfy the dignity of being a human being, to die in such circumstances.

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....

After walking down the steps leading to the 80th floor of the maze, there is a hut where you can rest.

To show that there are no traps inside, the house has no doors and is open to the public.

A luxurious door could be seen from the depths of this room. Behind the door is this level's floor guardian room.

After walking through the dark vortex, it was this room that Minute arrived in.

The room is slightly lit, with fruit and drinks on the table, practical necessities, and even comfortable chairs to sit on.

Several people have been first to this place. Minute's eyes widened slightly, trying to recall if these men had met themselves.

The men who had seized such a Minute and were sitting in the chairs talking stood up.

"Major General Minute, are you all right? I'm a member of the 26th Mechatronics Regiment..."

"Greetings. This maze wasn't that easy to mingle with, allowing the district's soldiers and subordinate generals to survive. I know that very well."

Raising a hand, Minute stopped the other from introducing himself. If it is a person whose identity is above that of a superior general, all the names and units of configuration he can remember. Yet Minute was unimpressed by these people in front of him.

This represents only one meaning...

It means that even those of A level or above will have to work hard to survive this maze. At least take a look at the worm-type demon Minute had knocked out just now, even if it was useless to get a big ticket to deal with her.

Some superheroes have broken through the power mark, but only a small number of them are capable of dealing with such opponents.

A strongman like that couldn't be willing to serve as a subordinate sergeant, so Minute could speculate on the true identity of the group before him.

"Yes! It is indeed as you said. I am the seventeenth ranked man in the Order of the Imperial Emperor's Near Guard—the name is Krishna."

"I'm the 35th, Bazan."

"I'm the 94th ranked, Reiha."

"Mmm. You're really all knights of the Emperor's guard, aren't you? The reason for infiltrating our army is to monitor this battle."

"Exactly."

"Even if you answer honestly like that, it's still a bit of a problem, but not this time. Let's leave that alone for now and talk about what to do next."

"We just happened to be discussing whether we should do the same."

"Mm-hmm."

As if taken for granted by his own expectations, Minute continued to let the conversation go on.

Although the fact that he was being watched made him feel bad, what mattered now was how he survived this showdown.

What is needed now is not class and position, but strength. So Minute has no desire at all to delve deeper into their position on Krishna and believes that something meaningful should be said first.

"So, what happened to everyone else?"

"Back to your word. The floor we were teleported from is mentioned in the report, there is a Necromancer over there."

On behalf of the three of them, Krishna gives the answer.

Minute urged him on by sight.

"We have only ninety-six men short of a commander to face off against the evil King of Necromancers. After the battle everyone else was..."

"It's incredible. We have gathered together a thousand warriors who can act on their own judgement even when no one gives orders. It's not as good as you guys, but they're all elite members of our army."

The purpose of this battle plan was to rescue the Imperial soldiers. It has been envisioned for various scenarios, and even the smallest of the end of the line has A-grade strength.

It was unbelievable that all those soldiers had been killed, so Minute intensified his tone of questioning.

"That guy is a terrible monster. And the Necromancer who guards that king is also a top swordsman."

"Except for the three of us, everyone else was killed on that floor. If there is criticism that we should have shown up earlier, there is nothing to be said for that. Just facing the Necromantic Dragon and the Necromantic Sword Saint, plus the Immortal King, it would be a miracle that even we survived."

Krishna talked to Minute halfway through, and Bazan interjected. He spoke with a tone of anger, on the one hand, and as if chagrined at their misuse. Anyone could tell he meant what he said.

"It's rude to speak to the Major General, Bazan."

"But Reiha-san..."

"No, it's okay. This maze is dangerous. We should not talk about identity here, but rather work together to kill a way out of this."

Minute put those words out, offering to work with each other.

Since the opponent was the Order of the Emperor's Near Guard, then the strength was impeccable. Now is not the time to be on this tit-for-tat.

"With your words, it's like a shot in the arm for us."

Krishna was also well aware of Major General Minute of the Mecha Legion. Rationally speaking, even if he was that strong and joined the Imperial Emperor's Order of Near Guard Knights, it was not surprising that he refused to cooperate.

Krishna waited for the three and Minute nodded silently at each other. As for what's planned after leaving this maze, just think about it then. It was at this moment that the four men reached a consensus.

"By the way, what did Lord Minute go through before he got here?"

"I took on a whole swarm of legionnaires."

"Legion Bee...!"

It was a representation of a dangerous monster. Because it's too dangerous to dispose of quickly once discovered, people generally don't know much about it. Once seen they are almost always killed on the spot, so the general public is less aware of such magical things.

"You were alone in the face of such a dangerous monster?"

"Since entering this labyrinth, you have met no one else but yourselves. In my case, I was summoned by a voice after beating down the Legion Bees and the Wraith Queen who was suspected of ruling them. I've come to this place in a flash.

"I see, I see..."

After hearing Minute give a straightforward answer like this, Krishna was impressed.

Once the Queen Bee turned into a monster, the strength could be said to be beyond imagination, and the strength was afraid to be comparable to that of a low-ranking demon lord. The fact that you can put that kind of opponent with her men to pack up together, do not know how powerful the body of Minute harbors, think of this side will feel that this person is worth looking up to.

Because of the constant tension, Krishna hadn't noticed that Minute was covered in injuries until just now. There was also a large hole in the chest, reminiscent of what a fierce battle had been previously experienced.

"And how are you?"

When Reiha finished asking, Minute smiled and said, "That's a long time coming."

"I've got the medicine ready to go. A little rest and some strength will be restored. Forget about that for now, which route did you take to get to this room?"

The man who holds the reins is Minute. Despite saying that they were on equal footing with each other, the Minute still had the big official posture to ask Krishna to do their bidding.

After that, the three men also shared the intelligence at hand under Minute's domination, each of them.

One thing they found out later was that the maze was twisted in its construction.

Exit reports are so far removed from reality that no benchmarks can be found. Like a blind man touching an elephant on a maze quest, the path that follows is all unknown.

"But what the hell is going on here? The opponent we're dealing with is also mentioned in the report, it's the 60th level of the barrier demon lord, right? Why doesn't Rimuru let us start from the first floor and follow the sequence?"

It will take more time for us to get up that way. If it's just going to leave us in a state of exhaustion, it should be done right, shouldn't it? Bazan spoke out the doubts in his heart.

The man who gave him the answer was really still Minute.

"It's simple. You've heard the rumors about the maze, right? Even if you go in for the challenge, just equip the bracelet and you'll be resurrected. What do you think would happen if this effect worked on all magical things?"

"Ah..."

Hearing someone say that, Bazan let out a cry of dismay, while Krishna and Reiha picked up the slack for Minute with stony expressions.

"Rather than letting us spend time on the strategy, it would be better to let us in one by one, as that would drain the Imperial Army's strength."

"And as soon as you come in, you can't get out. That would be talking about breaking us up individually."

Minute uttered a 'exactly so' and nodded.

"Of course, that's because of the confidence in the fighting power inside the maze. I have actually mentioned this to Lord Calgurio as well. But he said we'd take control of the resurrection stronghold and just wait for the monster to come back to life and kill it each time. That makes sense, so I'll just have to back off."

It was revealed after the fact that the plan had failed, and Minute said this bitterly.

In the end, the Imperial Army sent over half a million general soldiers. Sending the fighters in in batches was the most stupid thing.

The minions of the Demon Lord Rimuru were responsible for guarding this maze, and the reason for this ending was because we misjudged the strength of the other side.

"Were any survivors found?"

"This..."

That statement alone says it all.

They must assume that there are only a few of them currently surviving.

"It's not so much a reluctance to believe as it is a reluctance to believe. If anyone survives and comes back to the surface, it's imperative that everyone retreats as quickly as possible."

"I'm sure His Majesty will be angry, but there's nothing we can do about it."

No one bothered to disagree with that conclusion. While this is the approach to be taken, the next step is to grasp the status quo.

"What's this place like?"

"No poison was found in the drinks and fruit placed here. I do not intend to receive charity from the enemy, but this is clearly intended to entertain us."

"And that door. It won't open with either push or pull, but you can see the numbers on it, right? We were all talking before you came and wanted to say if that was counting down."

Behind that doorway located in the depths, there seemed to be an indescribably thick aura of monster matter wafting out. And the door that Bazan pointed out did have some numbers written on it.

That's obviously indicating time. The numbers say two hundred. It should mean that the door will be open in another three hours or so.

Coincidentally that time coincided with the time it took for Minute's physical condition to fully recover.

It didn't feel like an accident, and Minute sighed helplessly.

"It seems the enemy wants to fight us who are fully prepared. It's not exactly dangling, but at least the other side seems to be waiting for me to recover."

"And it doesn't look like we're waiting for a group of people to arrive for a separate challenge?"

"That means the opponent is confident in his own strength, right?"

"We and the Lord Minute have killed the King of the Dead, and he really underestimated us."

"But don't be polite to him at a time like this. In a little while Kansas should be coming over as well, and it would be in our interest to buy some more time."

"That's true. The more people who can fight, the better. If even Lord Kansas joins us, breaking through this maze isn't impossible, is it?"

"Exactly. That said, the keys we have now, there are currently seven of them. Did Sir Minute get something like that, too?"

Reiha said while pulling out a badge. There are ten crystals set on it, seven of which are glowing.

This badge is the key that gives the right to challenge the king of this maze.

"Of course. In order to challenge the King of the Labyrinth, the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth must be defeated. The Imperials already had four keys before we came in."

"Yes. It's not just the Necromancer, the Necromancer we defeated seems to be one of the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth as well."

"So it is. If Kansas wins and gets the keys, the minimum number of keys that can be added to a waiting opponent is nine. There was only a faint glimmer of hope, but there was always a bit of a clear path to follow."

If they could get back on the ground right away, they'd probably swear never to come in again. This maze is just so treacherous.

Yet that wish is unlikely to come true.

If the enemy had not been defeated afterwards, they could not have made it back out alive. As early as the time they entered the labyrinth, they already had this realization.

All they can do now is move forward.

So much so, that Minute and his crew did nothing but wait for Kansas to arrive, while resting on one side. In order to increase the chances of winning, physical fatigue must be removed as much as possible here.

Although there was no need to worry about poisoning, everyone did not go to eat the food prepared by the enemy.

Each person took out their own carry grain and did what may have been their last energy boost.

Take a chance on living.

When only three minutes remained, Minute stood up.

After confirming the badge he was disappointed to find that the glow had not increased.

"...maybe Kansas lost the battle."

Even as the wait continued, reinforcements seemed to show no sign of coming.

This made Minute shed naive expectations.

He judged the situation calmly and gave the correct instructions.

"It's time. It's about time we got ready, too."

The words made the Emperor's near-guards nod their heads speechlessly. Then they took out their pendants and chanted briefly in unison.

"Open!"

In a flash, a stream of light erupted and the three men were armed.

There were three Emperor Close Guards, plus Major General Minute, the strongest man in the Mecha Legion. Although there were only four people in total, the people gathered here were among the best in the Empire.

With a team like this in place, breaking through the maze is no dream either. Yes, everyone is so convinced.

And just like that, the moment of destiny came.

Time counts down and the rest goes to zero.

Meanwhile the front door opens.

Everyone is ready to wake up.

They didn't hesitate to walk through the door and throw themselves into that matchup that bet on their chances of survival.

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There was darkness in front of the door.

It's a completely dark space where not even light can shine through.

Reiha hurried to light up with the elemental magic of light 'Wide Range Lighting'.

The sight that appeared there took the crowd's breath away.

The place was a vast wilderness, with the bodies of Imperial generals and soldiers piled as high as mountains.

At the highest point there was a magical creature that was meditating.

That's Zegion.

Not sitting directly on top of the body, but floating slightly in mid-air.

Just looking at it was proof enough that Zegion possessed a high degree of magic.

"Welcome to you, warriors."

The voice was low and flooding.

Zegion just said the word and a strong sense of oppression appeared throughout the space.

This time Minute could be sure.

This monstrous creature was the one who had drawn him to this place, the Demon Lord Rimuru.

So without thinking, he asked.

"You are...the Demon Lord Rimuru, right?"

He had already read the report that said the Demon Lord Rimuru was a Slime.

But how is that?

Since it's a Slime, it's not surprising to be able to morph into various forms.

The most important thing was that this creature released a rather overwhelming "Demon Lord Qi". This proves that the creature is the Demon Lord Rimuru, or so Minute thought.

He didn't expect that statement to piss off Zegion.

"How dare you mistake me...for the great Lord Rimuru..."

"What?"

An intense rage enveloped the space.

Seeing such a violent reaction from the other side, Minute this time realized the blunder.

"My name is Zegion. Just one of the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth. You foolish men who crawl on the ground, it is not a pity to die so foolishly."

Despite the passion that burned in his heart, Zegion only blandly informed.

"There is only one way for you to live, and that is to defeat me. Burn your lives and struggle as hard as you can!"

Although he spoke arrogantly in the face of the heroes of the Empire, the tone did not sound arrogant and complacent.

It made it clear to the Minute that knowing Zegion was stating what he knew to be the truth.

Trying to get him to retract those words, as Zegion said, can only show strength.

"Guys, we're going all out."

"Yes, sir."

"Got it."

"I see."

And just like that, a truly ravaging showdown ensued.

True or false—that's what I'm saying from the heart.

That said, Benimaru and I were staring at the scene reflected on the big screen.

The image shows what was going on inside the labyrinth until not too long ago, and now it has become quiet. This means that all Imperial General soldiers on all floors were killed in action.

The battle is over.

However, the sight we just saw was too much for us to talk about.

"That guy...might be better than you?"

In the end, I finally managed to say what I really felt in my heart.

Presumably unwilling to admit it, the look on Benimaru's face was hard to watch.

"On that part, there are a few possibilities..."

The tone in which he spoke felt very chagrined.

Benimaru also muttered in a small voice 'but not to the point where the probability is zero at best.'

Just admit it.

It's time to be honest and admit it.

"Kufufufufu. I also fought against the one called Zegion. In addition to having intimidating combat credentials, he is also a worm-type demon beast, a demon nemesis, able to directly nullify even half of a man's magic. Truly an apprentice of Lord Veldora, a careless one could have defeated even me. Just not admitting defeat is not a loss."

Losing doesn't count! Just like that, although Diablo said it with a smile, it didn't seem funny to me at all.

Razul was also one of those cases where certain high-ranking members of the Worm-type Demon Beast belonged to the Demon Race's natural enemies. It looked like Zegion had also become such a being.

By the way, it looks like Testarossa and the girls have challenged Zegion as well, but I hear there is no record of winning until now. Being able to see the chagrined Testarossa, Diablo seemed very content.

But just the mere fact that it was a tie with Zegion, those three girls could be said to be exceptional.

Having seen the combat situation just now, I sincerely think so.

Then let's try to review the battle just now.

.....

....

The battle within the labyrinth ended, by and large, as predicted.

Being able to successfully convince a few enemies was a highlight, and Kumara's victory was also worth applauding.

While the Adalman group and Apito's side had regrets, it can only be described as encountering a tricky opponent.

That said, there's a guy who rounds up all these masters and even gives them time to nourish themselves.

That's all Zegion did.

Through Operation Space, Zegion forcefully called over the masters he recognized.

His five senses were really scary. He must have been watching every battle while meditating and paying attention back and forth inside the maze.

They didn't intervene until the winner was decided, only bringing in the strong ones who had survived.

That guy is really messing around.

If losing in such a case was simply idiotic, I'm sure the other Ten Lords of the Labyrinth wouldn't remain silent.

Yet everyone else was fine with it.

On the one hand because the people who lost the matchup had no business complaining, but more importantly—everyone acknowledged that Zegion was strong.

"It shouldn't be a problem to leave it to Zegion."

There's even news that Veldora has decided on the guarantee.

In my opinion and Benimaru's, I hope Zegion sets his sights on actually winning. If the enemy is defeated accidentally...

Although this layer of worry was inevitable, there were only four people left on the enemy side.

Complaining over a little thing feels very monstrous.

So I decided to stop being a pussy this time and give Zegion permission to be capricious.

Plus, they can gather combat intelligence.

It seemed like fun to see Zegion get serious this time, so I decided to just go with him.

The results show it was all a rampage.

In a phrase, it's a one-sided fight.

The first to start the action was Bazan, who had been alone against the Necromancer. In his first move, he used his full strength to kill Zegion with a sword strike that could shatter even the earth.

Zegion defuses the left hand by using it in a way that doesn't hinder his opponent's movement. As the crossbelly of the sword was pushed away slightly, Bazan lost his center of gravity so that he was unable to deliver a continuous attack.

Zegion didn't let the break go, and managed to burrow into each other's arms like that. The right foot stomped on the ground with force, and at the same time, the right fist was aimed at the enemy's armor and struck over.

Only then did he wonder how much power was contained in that punch, and then he realized that the hardness of that punch was comparable to legendary level.

The glowing armor shattered, and Bazan died as a result.

It wasn't even three seconds after the fight started that this thing happened.

The gang probably didn't react for a moment to the sudden death of their partner. The female wizard whose name was Reiha was dumbfounded. It should be clear what would happen if such behavior appeared in front of Zegion.

She's still lucky.

There was no pain or fear, just death.

The Reiha, who had been sliced in two with a hand knife, went limp.

Seeing this scene, Krishna, who had beaten Albert, let out a shout.

"Hey, hey, hey, hey...! How dare you kill Reiha! Go to hell, you monster! Dimension Cut..."

Anger escalates into fighting spirit, and Krishna shows divine skill.

The so called Demon Extinguishing Subdimension Chop can cut through all defenses and even cut through the subdimension. If I didn't have a space manipulation skill like "Space Domination", it would be impossible to fight against it. It wasn't too much to say that it was a must-kill technique, this strike was even comparable to the Holy Sword Technique.

But it didn't work on Zegion.

"Ridiculous."

After saying that, Zegion began to twist around.

Hey, isn't that one of the "Absolute Defense" moves of Covenant King Uriel—the Space Twisting Defense Field!?

Let me use it, the "absolute defense" that is admittedly going to be broken, and Zegion uses it perfectly.

Facing a stunned Krishna, Zegion said to him.

"Lord Rimuru granted me this skill, no matter what kind of attack it is, it won't work!"

I don't remember teaching him.

<<".....">>

Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, it turns out you did the right thing...

Speaking of Zegion's spatial dominance, that's beyond the scope of unique skills. It's nothing compared to what I use.

No wonder it's only about fighting, he can fight Veldora to the point where he's evenly matched.

It's no wonder Krishna's attack was blocked.

Now that I've seen it, Krishna and the others, they don't stand a chance, but...

"Listen to me, Krishna!"

The man, who seemed to take dressing very seriously, was remembered by the name Minute. Minute called out to Krishna.

"This guy's not simple. Do your best to give him the death blow while I blunt his movements!"

It looks like they haven't given up trying to win.

They may be the enemy, but I want to compliment them like that.

Minute is going to let Zegion bask in his power.

That force I have also analyzed. The battle of Apito's defeat was not in vain.

It's a unique technique called "suppressor" to manipulate gravity. Through this force, Minute let the surrounding gravitational pull focus on Zegion's side, intending to hold him in check.

It's a pity...

It didn't work on Zegion.

By distorting the space around him, he was also able to manipulate the flow of gravity and defuse it.

It turns out there's another use for it—and that surprised me.

That said, how did Zegion get so strong?

The doubt in my mind began to swell.

Is that that Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, has a way of guiding Zegion?

<<Answer. Perhaps you have forgotten that the Master gave his flesh to him. Under the influence, the "soul corridors" have been interconnected.>>

I remembered.

Having previously rescued the dying Zegion, I did mend his wounds with a part of my flesh.

But to put that into perspective, Apito had the same conditions, didn't she?

<<Answer. It is because of the difference in talent. The physical performance of the individual named "Zegion" is extraordinary and has imposed the maximum degree of hyper-optimization. The result allowed him to acquire abilities similar to those of his master.>>

Apito was good enough, but it didn't seem to be enough for Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom. It seems to be satisfied with Zegion, and I don't have a concrete idea of how good Zegion is.

That said, what the hell is hyper-optimization?

That's simply a big makeover, right?

Although that was the first time I heard it...

That is to say, the crystallization of the interest of Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, is equivalent to Zegion being right. With this layer of perception, it's no wonder it's so exaggerated when you think about it.

It's only right that Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, who is known for often going too far, should be fooling around again without my knowledge.

Possessing the ideal fighting type, this guy is particularly good at fighting. That kind of Zegion blossomed after special training with Veldora. Unusual people simply could not deal with him.

And then, as expected.

"Dimension ray!"

Only to see Zegion spread out his right hand, five fingers, and casually swing it downward. Just this action cuts the subdimension—in other words there is a spatial disconnect.

There is nothing that can be done to combat this phenomenon without space manipulation skills.

Although the two men from the Imperial Army had reacted early, there was no point in just taking a one-sided beating.

Krishna intended to use the Monster Extermination Subdivision Chop to counteract it, but couldn't defeat his opponent and was cut in half. The power gap is clear at a glance.

As for Minute's side, he was going to release interference waves around himself, knocking the spatial break off balance, but...it was a pointless struggle. In the face of spatial distortions, almost all physical phenomena are impossible to counteract.

The expression of surprise on his face was indescribable. The first defeat of a man who has never lost a battle to anyone—that look is what it looks like.

Maybe it's not too late to admit defeat and Minute is out of the way.

.....

....

And just like that, the fight began before even a minute had passed and the challenger was dead.

Presumably that was it, Zegion had been strong to the point of being a mess.

Although Kumara being so strong as to be abnormal also surprised me, Zegion's strength was not something she could match. It even made me think he might be better than me.

No way. This isn't working.

It's already beyond the limits of biology.

He's the Superman of beasts, which is even better than Hinata getting serious.

According to my calculations, even Apito is strong enough to be on a par with Carrion and Frey. But even this Apito, against Zegion, wouldn't last more than three minutes.

If Zegion fights for real, the winner will be seen in a flash.

No, that's no longer a showdown.

It is unilateral decapitation and extermination.

How could such a strong master be nesting in a maze?

What a waste, huh? That guy's a secret weapon, though.

Can't let this guy out into the world.

It's decided.

However, even so...

I originally thought that the world was full of crouching tigers and hidden dragons, and I thought that I hadn't taken it lightly, but...I didn't realize that there were such superhumans hidden in our territory.

I always thought he looked like he was strong, but didn't expect far beyond that.

There really are some other things in the world that are mind-boggling.

That said, let's put those aside.

There were other things to reflect on this time.

I find that casually leaving things in the hands of Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, can really get out of hand.

I don't have time for trouble over there right now. To see if it was doing any other good, it seemed necessary to get Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, to have a good chat about this matter later on.

Thinking on the one hand, the battle inside the maze ended without incident, giving me a temporary sigh of relief.

In this way, out of the 700,000 Imperial troops that had come from the ground, more than 530,000 had already been packed up.

While it was essentially carnage, to me it represented nothing more than obtaining half a million "souls".

That makes a total of over seven-hundred thousand people. Seven subordinates can be allowed to evolve. I'll wait until the rest of the ground combat is over before I consider who to let evolve.

As for this ground game, there's no room for carelessness just yet.

"There are less than 200,000 Imperial troops left. It's still a big army, but it feels like very little compared to when it started."

"Right. It had been two days since they had last sent troops into the labyrinth, but nothing had moved since. Nor does it appear that there is any intention of sending any more troops in. If they continue to cling to the labyrinth, then the enemy commander will be too incompetent."

Also, Benimaru is right.

The opponent's battle strength was gradually draining away, so normally, he would not continue to send troops into the maze. So that we don't have to kill out.

Now that the soldiers who had surpassed the A level were gone, the enemy's fighting power had plummeted. Despite the large numbers, we should still be able to cope.

Thinking so, or feeling worried.

"So what's next? Not only is it better than the number of soldiers, but it's also the other side that has the upper hand, right? If the Second Legion is sent directly there, there will be casualties no matter what, right?"

Can we just nest in our territory and wait for the other side to run out of food. That way our side can win unscathed.

Inside the labyrinth there was an accumulation of some grain, and we relied on those to fight for a year. There was also a certain amount of cultivation going on, and if anything went wrong, it was up to Ramiris to ask her to increase the amount of farmland.

If it is prudent, we should implement this operational plan.

"The enemy's supply line is down. In fact on a strategic level it was us who won. It's gotten to this point, and all that's left to do is follow up..."

"Hmph! As said earlier, we're not going to let those invaders go back alive, are we? It's true that Benimaru is very reliable!"

Benimaru was only halfway through his explanation when Shion interjected. After hearing her words, Benimaru revealed a dark smile.

It seemed as if she had been right.

"The empire cannot be allowed to have that kind of boring ambition again. In order for that to happen, we must kill all the invaders."

Benimaru also spoke the same words as Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom.

If you want to destroy half of the Imperial Army, Benimaru can't be satisfied, but you still have to follow the original plan to kill all the enemies in one piece.

This man really has no mercy on his enemies.

Things have come to this, and I'm not going to object.

I'm ready to come to my senses. Even if I will be resented, I will only be hated by the subjects of the empire.

It's just that, at any rate, I want to avoid even the West cursing at us...

<<Answer. There's a proposal I'd like to try to see.>>

Oh?

It seems like there's still a record on Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom's side.

Seeing that it doesn't say anything like that, it's probably not sure what the odds are.

Can that be implemented right now?

<<Answer. No. It takes preparation and some time, and hopefully can wait until the war is over.>>

I see.

That being said, there's no way to start some weird experiment while you're at war. Although I don't know what it's going to do, the person responsible for implementing it is me.

I'll talk to Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, about this later.

I pulled my attention back to the Benimaru.

He's going to burn down the whole enemy, which I accept. Then there's the very important request, which is really just to hope that there are no victims on our side. "We can't die on our side. Is there any way to do that?" "As long as we, the leaders, are out there, no one will die."

Still as confident as ever.

Hearing these words from Benimaru, not only Diablo and Shion, but even Geld, who was a gentle man, nodded along with them.

"So what exactly should we do?"

As soon as my question was thrown out, Benimaru began to illustrate.

"The guards at Lord Rimuru's side must not move."

Everyone listened and nodded. Looks like everyone agrees on that.

"As for the intruders into the labyrinth, they killed all but Michel and Raymond, right? Then there's no need to be so vigilant."

As for the two people mentioned now, they are still taken as captives. It didn't look like they would betray, so there were no restrictions on their movements.

Just to be on the safe side, we'll let them stay on the sixtieth floor first, then ask Gadra to keep an eye on them over there.

Guessing that they might get bored, Gadra asked them to look at the fighting on the various floors. We also have a record of the reaction of Michel and the others at the time, who watched the Ten Lords of the Labyrinth all dumbfounded in combat.

"Isn't that right? Just like I said, defecting to this side is the right thing to do, right?"

"Just say it. Be thankful for us."

"We're going to have three dinners to show our appreciation."

"Geez, don't give them a hard time. We've been down the same road and can appreciate how you feel."

That was probably the case, Gadra and Shinji and the others even stepped in for comfort. I guess there should be no need to worry about them.

In this way, it is important to note whether there was an invasion of the town before the war started. "Souei, is someone invading the town?"

"Don't worry. It's all taken care of."

Looks like it is.

But since Souei had answered like that, that meant it was a great relief.

<<Answer. This time the invaders of the maze were all but eliminated. It is confirmed that the individual named "Krishna" has used the "Resurrection Bracelet", but he has gone outside the maze, so it is not a problem.>>

Ah, so Krishna is still alive.

Although he was strong, hearing Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, say so, the relevant information was all in hand. That would be no problem.

"Anyway, the inside of the maze seems to be safe, so there should be no need to worry so much. Meaning people like that Kansas, Minute, and Imperial Emperor Close Guard Order, those ranks would be better than me before I became a Demon Lord. According to Chloe, it seems that I didn't evolve into a demon lord before, so it wouldn't be surprising even if I was killed."

I did not summon Diablo in that time and space, and he was not there. With Veldora not yet resurrected again, Zegion should still be in the same state he was in before he evolved.

Even in terms of combat power, it should be too weak to be compared to the present.

If the Empire attacked under such circumstances, it would not be surprising even if we had no way to defeat them and I lost my life.

<<...Impossible.>>

No, no, no, I think it's possible.

I know that the King of Wisdom, Master Raphael, hates to lose to others, but it's too much to lose to say that.

After all, it was still "The Great Sage" at that time.

<<“.....”>>



Hm, can't tell.

It's been a long time since I've talked about winning.

It's pointless to argue for a win-lose for something like this.

"Indeed, perhaps Lord Rimuru is right..."

Benimaru agreed, looking unlikely to accept it.

That said, Shion just won't admit to anything she says.

"No! How can you lose a battle!?"

No, no, no, let's just say it's possible.

As much as it's tempting to say that history will prove everything, we're now headed for a different history. Facing a person of Shion's type, it would be difficult to explain to her if the truth wasn't really in front of her.

I gave up explaining to Shion and decided to continue discussing things.

"Anyway, there's no point in talking about that now. The point is that there are masters on the Empire side too. There may be other masters left, and we should never take them lightly. People say I can't have fewer escorts, and this sentiment makes me happy, but I don't want you to get hurt because of it."

The labyrinth should be safe, so it's best to take a breath and get to know it.

I thought about it so much that I said those words, but they seemed to contain an incomparable amount of power.

"Geez, since Lord Rimuru has said that, I'll strike too, and make this war over in the blink of an eye!"

"Diablo, I won't let you run away! This is a great opportunity to introduce my secret troop to Lord Rimuru, and I'm definitely not giving this opportunity away!"

"My lord, please wait! Wouldn't it be too much for you to give Testarossa and Ultima a chance to be active and me the only one who doesn't? Trouble has ordered me to attack this time too!"

Diablo, Shion, and Carrera, who opened the door and rushed in, began to clamor and scramble to strike.

"You guys..."

This time, Benimaru also had silly eyes.

Even Geld began to laugh darkly.

"I know, I know. I will stay here and leave the final showdown to you."

As a result, in the end, even Benimaru gave Diablo permission for them to fight.

In this way, the question becomes what kind of combat plan is to be implemented.

"To confirm strength. The main force is my Red Legion of 30,000, plus Geld's Yellow Legion and Orange Legion who deployed an elite 17,000. From a qualitative point of view, they should also be able to compete with the remaining Imperial soldiers. We should be able to take tactical action according to the circumstances, and if we confine the battlefield to certain areas, we will have the upper hand most of the time. By the way, Shion, what is the approximate number of your secret troops?"

The current battle strength is 47,000? On average, it's equivalent to a B+ rating, which is more than enough combat power. However, the Imperial Army is nearly four times larger than ours, and even if it is used to our advantage, it may still be defeated...

"Ten thousand in all. By the way, only those who can survive my special training are left inside, so they can be considered as having a minimum of B+."

The Pro-Guard of Shion—commonly known as the Shion Fan Club.

Unlike the "Yomigaeri", the captains of this mysterious force are all Dagruel's sons, and it seems to be even bigger than expected.

"Are there really that many?"

Didn't think they'd add so much without paying attention, which surprised me so much.

I know Gobzo was in attendance, and there were all sorts of other people joining in as well...

"Yes! In order to make them worthy enough to serve as Lord Rimuru's pro-guard, I have secretly exercised them!"

Well—...let's say it's not mine, it's yours.

Never mind.

It's times like these that reliable partners should be happy.

"But it's still overwhelmingly negative in terms of numbers. So I want to expect the leaders to perform. First, use a big move to throw your opponent into chaos, then take advantage of this time to kill them. And of course the enemy is not silent and dry-eyed. Let's assume they're going to get in the way, so somebody's going to have to take the lead, it's just..."

Originally, this task was expected to be given to Benimaru.

At times like this, the "Black Flame Prison" is the most suitable one to use a large scale burn attack. Only it's a pity that Benimaru is staying here as my bodyguard.

So who should go?

"My lord, isn't it my turn to play?"

Well...that's right.

It felt like she was well suited for the task.

I peeked at Benimaru and ended up eye to eye with him. He nodded faintly and let me decide to assign the mission to Carrera.

"Oh, oh, oh, oh, let me this time—"

"Leave it to Carrera. You're going to use super-glam magic to destroy the Imperial Army!"

"Leave it to your men! Looking forward to it, my lord!"

Ah, Diablo just seemed to have something to say halfway through as well.

"Sorry, Diablo. What were you trying to say?"

"No, nothing. Kufufufu. Not a very important thing. Great, Carrera."

"Mmm! I'm so happy."

It always felt like there was a spark between Diablo and Carrera.

Was that guy Diablo going to recommend himself?

It would be embarrassing for him if that was the case, but would Diablo use mass magic?

It should work.

He was going to give it his all, right?

Just thinking about this side makes him feel a little pathetic.

"Sorry, Diablo. In fact, I was just going to ask you to take care of the Supreme Commander on the enemy's side!"

I jumped out of my chair, shifted from Slime into human form and stood in front of Diablo. Then put a hand on his shoulder, meaning to say.

"Huh!"

Only to see the look on Diablo's face ease up.

It looked so happy, the whole crowd was ecstatic.

That's fine.

"Maybe the enemy still has a master we haven't seen, right? That guy named Krishna seems to have come back to life just now, and tracking that guy's aura is easy for you, isn't it?"

This guy has a bit of a stalker streak and should be good at this kind of thing. It was based on this thought that I asked, and as a result he replied cheerfully, "Of course, Lord Rimuru!"

I thought to myself, 'Sure enough,' while nodding my head.

"There are likely to be intimidating masters lurking on the Imperial side. In order to force those guys out, we have to show them what we can do this time. Carrera, Diablo, please!"

"We vow to do our best, my lord!"

"Kufufufufu. What an emotionally charged order from Lord Rimuru!"

Great. With the opportunity to make an appearance, Carrera looked happy, too, and Diablo's mood changed for the better.

That way they'll be better off in Geld too.

"In order to avoid the obstruction of Carrera's magic, other troops were sent to thoroughly intimidate each other. If someone does come out to get in the way, then Shion will send her troops to deal with them."

After I finished speaking, Benimaru took over to give instructions. Looks like he'll have no problem with leaving everything else to him.

"As for the formation, Geld will be in charge of playing the lead, and the Shion side will be playing guerrilla tactics, as mentioned earlier. The pursuit looks to the Red Army for firepower, as to who will be in command—"

That person needs to be able to link to Benimaru using "Communication Network" to immediately reflect what he means. The wrong action on the battlefield can be fatal if you accidentally take the wrong action. So there is an absolute need for people who can make fine corrections.

Gobuya should be well suited for the role as well, but the burden of giving instructions to Shion or Geld might be too heavy?

"Then this time send Gob—"

"Wait a minute!"

Someone interrupted Benimaru's words, and at this time the door to the control room suddenly opened.

Someone came in, and it was Momiji, the leader of the Tengu Clan.

She is also the daughter of Hakurou and is close to us. Having said that, it's a problem to be able to easily enter the control room in the midst of such heavy guard...

"I was kindly invited here by Lady Shuna."

I see.

Shuna prepared dim sum and tea for us, and did it without any fuss. It looked like Momiji had been helping her.

Since that made it okay, I decided to come and hear what Momiji had to say.

"As for Lord Benimaru's agent, as his future wife, I think it's my responsibility!"

"What are you talking about...!?"

This battle, Benimaru's agent is not just anyone to call. It's just that switching to Momiji would be fine. Her strength was impeccable, her temperament was rigid, and she would not be overwhelmed by Shion and Geld in terms of her aura. "Wouldn't that be nice?"

I decided to accept Momiji's offer.

"If it's Miss Momiji, she's also a pretty reliable comrade in arms!"

It seemed that Shion didn't have a problem with it either. Knowing that she was Hakurou's daughter, Shion seemed to have a special fondness for her.

"I'm with you. The Red Legion is a collection of powerful demons. Instead of just relying on the Red Flame Clan for control, we should have the Tengu Clan come along and help manage it."

Even Geld said so, and the other subordinates were okay with it.

"No one seems to object, so let your wife take care of it, shall we, Benimaru?"

"No, but..."

Benimaru wants to object?

It's not certain, it's possible that one doesn't want to send one's wife to war.

"I see, you're worried about your wife."

"That's one of the reasons..." "Huh? no!"

Benimaru didn't fight himself as soon as he was in a panic to deny it. Watching Benimaru like this, someone made up an unexpected slash from the side.

"Brother!"

With a "pound", the door opened, only to see Shuna-chan standing up in large letters and shouting at Benimaru.

"Lady Momiji has been preparing my brother's meal for the past few days. I hope to make my brother eat good food and ask me to teach her how to cook. In the face of such a positive attitude, I will not trample."

"Yes, is that so?"

"Yes."

At this point, Momiji nodded.

I've actually noticed that too. That's because some places aren't quite cooked yet, compared to the dishes made by Shuna.

That's why I wanted to answer Momiji's offer.

"But that incident is not the same thing as this one..."

"Brother!"

"Ooh."

It turns out that even Benimaru can't beat his sister?

"It's my brother's indecisiveness that's to blame. Because this indirectly made Lady Momiji feel uneasy. Since you're a manly man, you should be strong and say exactly who you love!"

Ah, indeed that's right.

Albis vs. Momiji. I'm curious who Benimaru will pick, but it doesn't seem appropriate to talk about that right now.

I sympathize with Benimaru from the bottom of my heart.

After all, I wouldn't want to discuss such things in front of a crowd.

"No, Lady Shuna. I'm going to win on my own!"

This time Momiji firmly declares.

Ah, the situation was rather unfavorable for Albis this time.

Momiji's side has bought off the people they should have bought off, so it looks like it's a winner?

I was just thinking about this...

"I won't let you sneak away."

I didn't expect even Albis to show up. She lazily walked out from behind Shuna.

"Just now, I finally arrived here with reinforcements from Eurazania."

We didn't ask, and we didn't hear about it—that said, Albis brought the letter from Milim.

"Do your best!"

That's all that's written above.

The phrase is being said to whom, and depending on who the recipient is, various interpretations can actually be made.

All that aside...

How did Albis come to be in the labyrinth?

"It was all through Lady Milim's magic. Wasn't it all the Lord Rimuru's referral?"

Oh, I see.

Milim went to get permission to talk to Ramiris through the "mind talk" and sent the army straight into the maze.

As messy as it felt that way, Milim was capable of anything.

Then looking at the army led by Albis, there were 20,000 in all.

It wasn't just the Beasts, even the Winged Clan had come. It seemed that the Beast King Warrior Regiment had also sent several people from their side.

Even Benimaru put on a bitter melon face after reading this.

Since it was Milim's intention, then he couldn't refuse the reinforcements that Albis had brought, and the way things had turned out, presumably Momiji would never back down.

"I know, I know. Momiji, I'll just give you my army. You will be my agent."

"I'd love to!"

Momiji looked happy.

The next battle of woman against woman begins.

"Don't you pull my leg."

"What's that supposed to mean?"

It was as if seeing visions of sparks popping and flying apart made me a little uneasy about whether this would go wrong. ***

Although something happened, the members to be sent to fight were finally finalized.

Either way Albis and the rest have these reinforcements to look up to.

We are still numerically disadvantaged, but even so, this still creates a lot of residual power.

Geld came to the front and gave the back to Momiji.

Both sides are guerrilla forces. The right decides to configure Shion, while the left is Albis.

This is slightly relieving, but the war has to start next. I tensed my nerves and asked the legions to prepare for the attack.

Seemingly impatient for the moment, Shion and Geld set out. Momiji followed in their footsteps, and the control room suddenly became busy.

The ninety-five floors now turned to a hundred, and there became a vast expanse of empty land. It wasn't to the point where they could conduct military training, but it was okay for all of them to squeeze over there.

Thinking about this side, I told Geld's Second Legion and Benimaru's Fourth Legion members to stay near the hundredth floor.

It took about an hour to get all hands on deck, and I decided to go over there for a morale boost. Either way it would require the use of teleportation magic to transport the legions to the ground, and that kind of spell was the only one I would use.

"Lord Rimuru, may I have a moment?"

I was about to move over when this time the Souei came to speak in my ear.

"What is it?"

"That's right. Just now Moss contacted me to say that he had found a fight on the Blumund side. The investigation revealed that Miss Treyni was engaged in a battle with someone.

"Huh!?"

So, about ten days ago, Miss Treyni had not been seen. She said she was going to say hello to the suspicious person and turned out not to be back.

Have you been fighting the other side ever since?

"Souei, I'm sorry. Can you go over there and help her?"

When I asked him so, Souei hesitated for an instant. Presumably he was worried about my reduced escort, but everyone was overly worried.

I don't think people need to be so neurotic.

With Benimaru staying here, if anything, I can still call a Labyrinth Lord over. Instead, he should be more worried about Miss Treyni than I am.

After exchanging a glance with Benimaru, Souei nodded. It looked like he thought it would be okay with Benimaru on this side.

I didn't expect them to be so worried about me, I was in such a complicated mood, I felt both happy and annoyed.

But indeed, to the sound of Chloe's words, it seemed that I had been killed. But now that I've evolved into a demon lord—well, that sounds like a flag.

If something happens, Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, will inform me, and there is no point in being upset there.

"As you command. Then I will leave at once."

"Please."

As soon as my words were finished, the Souei disappeared. As usual, it's the perfect "instantaneous movement method".

If Miss Treyni had been fighting, it would mean that the other side's strength was not too far off. In this way, with the addition of the Souei, they should win.

I'm a little worried, not sure what the opponent is, but we can't take it lightly. To get this war over with first.

One hour later...

The empty space on the hundredth floor was crowded by a large group of monsters.

As soon as I showed my face, all of them stood up straight and the scene was silent and neat to the point of being a little scary.

Looks like morale is high and very motivated.

"This...guys! We will use this battle to drive out the Imperial Army. The goal is complete victory. All must come back alive, and not one less. Now go!"

Let me say this kind of thing a little bit, I'm really not good at speeches.

Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, has said that it is possible to have it written in its original form to read for me, but at times like this I have to pretend I didn't hear it.

I could only try to express it in my own way, not expecting the monsters to be receptive. Based on the follow-up reactions, it seems that not only the minions that were there before, but even the newly arrived wizards are giving positive reviews.

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! His Majesty Rimuru's speech was wonderful!"

"So I can go to death and there are no regrets!"

"You idiot! You'll be killed if you go to your death!"

Vaguely it seems that more and more people are saying this.

I know nothing of those that send silent armies to the ground with teleportation magic.

The scene became very lonely all at once.

Even Shion and Diablo struck out together, and the only people left on the scene were me and Benimaru.

"They're gonna win, right?"

"Yes, it should be fine. It looked like the Imperial Army's general soldiers were unmoved, but those heads seemed to be panicking. It was supposed to be the one called Krishna who reported to them on the inside of the maze. Had it been known that the survivors were the only ones left, I would have retreated instead. But until then, I'm not going to let the situation get to that point."

Benimaru replied with an unruly smile.

That's saying something.

If it were me, I would feel uneasy about not being able to contact my subordinates, so I would think of some countermeasures.

I honestly didn't think the enemy would completely and utterly fall for our plan.

"You can't be too greedy in anything you do."

"Yeah. War and plunder are usually tied together, but at least our military strictly forbids such behavior."

Very good.

When fighting, the side that loses its cool loses, while the other side that is stimulated by desire immediately gets hot. This time we took advantage of that habit, and as a result the plan went smoothly to the point of being daunting.

To use this case as a counter-example, be careful not to follow in the footsteps of the other party.

I was discussing this with Benimaru on my side and was about to return to the control room.

That's when a possibility popped into my head.

"If it were now, would it be just you and me?"

"Right."

"That's just a hypothetical. If there's an enemy hiding in the labyrinth, I don't think they'll let that chance go, do you?"

"How can that be? It couldn't have been done at such a good time."

"That's right."

That's right.

That's called being too suspicious.

Even Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, hangs on to reassure that the interior of the maze is safe and sound. Once you start doubting, you can't collect it, and it's best not to think about it anymore.

Thinking the same thing all the time makes you feel uneasy in your heart. But there was an ominous sense of foreboding from just now...

<<.....?>>

It's actually nothing.

Not in disbelief of Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, just always feeling concerned, thinking that he might be missing something.

<<Answer. Suspicious persons have all been identified.>>

I believe you have confirmed that.

But on the flip side, what if it's a character we know well?

Eren the the others, for example. Because I trusted a few of them so much, it would be traumatic to be betrayed.

Of course this one is hypothetical at best.

Eren and the others had no reason to betray me, and we had accumulated a lot of trust in each other along the way. Presumably it can be asserted that they must be fine.

But should other people be seen as well...

<<“.....”>>

The subordinates of the country are fine.

As for Brother Myormile, he works tirelessly for me. I have no way of doubting him.

Except for the subordinates, all the other people close to me were people who came to stay in our country after the founding celebration.

Yes, for example...

"Mr. Rimuru...!"

Some came from the "Labyrinth City" side.

It can't be them.

The person who waved at the front of the line, who I also knew very well, was Masayuki. There were two others, both of whom were in his entourage.

Warrior and Wizard, respectively, with names like Thunder and Bonnie. I rarely have conversations with them, and that's because these people have been hostile to me until now.

"That's just my guess. Maybe there's a chance that they're lucky enough to want to kill me, too?"

"No, no, no, that's a bit much to think about."

"That's true."

My concerns were overruled by Benimaru.

I don't want to doubt Masayuki either.

So, Gadra once said that Masayuki and Emperor Rudra looked exactly like each other...

No, no, no, they just happen to look the same either way you think about it.

<<Answer. Considering the history of the empire and other dimensions, the probability of the individual's name being the same person as the Emperor Rudra is zero, considering a variety of factors.>>

So to speak.

I'm relieved for the time being that a vocal response is a blessing.

"Hi, Masayuki. Did something happen?"

"You ask me what happened! You're giving me a headache by arranging for me to be a military commander without my permission! They even said they wanted the vampire clan to join them temporarily. Didn't you guys just panic and do something? As a result, people on our side started making a lot of noise and talking about what was going on with everyone..."

Because more and more people are volunteering, it's a lot of work just to straighten these people out. The legion was out in force again in this situation, so it was fortunate that there were some bloodthirsty people on their side who were dumbfounded.

His expression looked dejected, not at all like he was acting. If it were fortunate and suspicious, Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, would have warned me.

That means excluding Masayuki.

"Most people stay in their original towns, right?"

"Yes, that's right..."

The town was originally above ground and has been moved to a hundred levels below ground for shelter. People were still able to see the sun and the stars as originally, so unexpectedly they didn't find anything wrong with the situation. The war has long been fought, but it seems that some still believe that the two sides are still a long way apart from the ongoing standoff.

We asked 20,000 Legionnaires to maintain law and order in the town, and because of this, there was no chaos. Just speaking of Masayuki himself, he seems to have gone through a busy day.

The problem lies with the researchers who live in the "Labyrinth City". Normally they were all supposed to just deal with paperwork, but most of the people Ruminas sent were very powerful, the equivalent of catastrophe.

These people seem to be called "overkillers", but they have too much time. To them, this war was also like a celebration, and they even went to Masayuki to negotiate with him face to face, saying that their willingness to participate was high.

The two men, Barkas and Masayuki, who were currently dispatched from the Paladin's side, were trying to find a way to pacify their partner, Maiden Jiu. It's going to be difficult to clean up after this, so Masayuki came to me and asked me to think of something.

It is possible that they are inciting Masayuki and want to cause a stir. And then come at me again, but in that case, it would have been much earlier to act.

So this possibility should also be zero.

I sighed, feeling that I had really overthought it.

"This is amazing..."

"Right? Do something about it!"

"Don't worry. The war is almost over, so just make up some random excuse before them."

"No, no, no. You think it's easy to say things that don't concern you..."

It was fortunate to complain to me with an embarrassed expression that didn't work.

But he can't underestimate my perfunctory powers. I don't have that kind of time to run off on my own initiative to get into this kind of trouble.

It's exhausting to be there, so I want to hurry back to the control room. Then let Shuna make a cup of black tea for me and enjoy a delicious cake.

"You must be trying to escape, right?"

"Ha ha ha!"

"What are you laughing at?"

It's all crap arguments, but that's the essence of perfunctory.

I wish Masayuki could follow my example and come to the top of this realm. It is because I have this wish in my heart that I will not save Masayuki from death.

"If that's the only reason you're looking for me, then I'm going to go back first."

"Will the war really be over any time soon?"

"I want to be able to finish today."

"We didn't do anything, it sounds so unreal, since when did the war start...?"

Also true.

Don't let the general public notice, that's the way I should ideally fight.

"Right. That's it, just relax."

A smile appeared on my face and I said this to make Masayuki accept it.

That solves the problem. I'm gonna go back to the strawberry cake...

"Hey hey hey, give me a minute. It's because Mr. Masayuki is giving you the courtesy that we're silent and patient, but we're not giving up on beating you! You've forgotten about this and told us to do this and that. That's too much of a joke!"

Thought all the problems were solved, didn't expect a new one to emerge.

It seemed that it was Masayuki who was following Thunderbolt's lead, and this time started to complain.

"Oh, shit. It's all a misunderstanding. I can't believe that I'm going to use you..."

I started to make excuses, but it's a lot to say. After all, I do use them, so the trick may not work.

It is anxiously awaiting the arrival of reinforcements.

"Hey, Thunder! You're overstating it. Mr. Rimuru is now working for the people of the town, too!"

Masayuki stepped in to pacify him.

Thank you. I'll treat you to cake later!

I looked at Masayuki with a grateful look.

Thunder didn't continue to complain after being raised by Masayuki. I guess he's still upset, but he seems to have enough of a belly to be able to take it in stride.

It didn't match his looks, and I thought to myself that this man was unexpectedly mature.

All in all, that settles one thing. Originally thought so, but didn't realize it wasn't that simple.

"Thunder is right, just lucky! The demon lord and daredevil were supposed to be hostile. Don't you keep holding back, it's better to finish him off sooner rather than later!" Bonnie always steps back as a spectator, and only then does it get heated.

I was thinking about how to calm him down.

"If you're lucky enough to refuse to do it, let me do it for you!"

After saying this, Bonnie began to chant the mantra.

I secretly thought to myself, "That's enough," and the next second I changed to a serious expression.

"Holy Purification of the Frontier!"

How could I—I almost shouted the words, but finally held back.

Not only was it difficult to use this spell, but only a small number of people could cast it alone. Bonnie was indeed an 'otherworldly visitor' and had heard that he was good with magic, but hadn't expected to be able to manipulate such high order divine magic.

In other words, he's serious...

<<Notice. Confirmed intent to kill. The person named "Bonnie" is the enemy!>>

It was at this moment that it finally dawned on me.

Originally wondering how the enemy could be one of our own, thinking myself overly worried. Turns out that enemy is the immediate Bonnie.

One person acted faster than I did.

A crisp and sharp sound rang out, it was the result of Benimaru's Taizen clashing with Bonnie's saber.

"Bonnie, so you...can use a sword too?"

The one who was so surprised was Thunder.

This would have been Bonnie's first time with a sword. That means Masayuki and others are clearly Bonnie's partners, but he has been lying to them so far.

"Hmph, how could I be so stupid as to show off my true style so easily."

To strike is to win and to kill, the expression on his face was written clearly.

"Damn it! You bastard, not only did you lie to me, but to Masayuki-san as well!"

"What deceitful talk, to make it sound so unpleasant. I only used him to get close to the demon lord."

"You—you say use?"

"Exactly. It's fortunate that everything is convenient for me to do. Thanks to him, I was able to catch the perfect opportunity like this. And thank him."

While Bonnie was sparring with Benimaru with a sword, he was conversing with Thunder with aplomb. I probably shouldn't have said that when I listened to that conversation and heard that attention was drawn past him, but she seemed to be hiding a rather high level of strength.

"Benimaru, I'm going to help you now..."

"No, this person, let me handle it. Please, Lord Rimuru is in charge of policing the perimeter."

I wanted to add in help, but Benimaru stopped me. I decided to trust Benimaru this time and further raise my guard around me.

Even in this situation, Bonnie and Thunder continued their conversation.

"Are you kidding me? I can't believe I'm saying that Mr. Masayuki is doing something convenient for you...!"

"Right. Actually, you've noticed that. The man was no big deal. He was living off his bluff.

When he heard that, the expression on Masayuki's face immediately became hard to look at.

Oops, that's a poisonous thing to say—it's just a thought that comes to mind, at best, but it's a big problem for Masayuki. What Thunder said next was not what we expected.

"So what? Whether it's a bluff or some other bad move, Masayuki-san is good! Never fails to live up to our expectations!"

He really noticed.

Discovering that Masayuki wasn't just a brat who could bluff, he did see Masayuki for what he was.

This made me impressed with Thunderbolt.

Masayuki also looked at Thunder with an incredulous look.

Only to see Thunder appear such a reaction, Bonnie seemed very unpleasant.

"Tsk, I've noticed you're sticking to him all day long and respecting that loser, don't laugh."

He was unhappy to utter such flattering words.

But I'm the one who should be upset.

"There's nothing wrong with bluffing. I'm bluffing my way through life, too!"

"Mr. Rimuru..."

"Isn't that what it is? I used to be nothing more than a working man, not living in a world with demon lords and heroes. I'm trying so hard, and I don't want to be laughed at by other people who don't know anything."

Hearing me say that, Masayuki also nodded speechlessly.

"You, you..."

Even Thunder looked at me in confusion as he muttered something.

I didn't think so, and the conversation went on.

"That's normal. One must always convince themselves that they are doing the right thing, or there is no way to be king!"

Taking advantage of the yelling, I walked over to Masayuki. Avoiding irritation to Bonnie, who was opposing Benimaru's Sword Strike, the action was slow.

I've been working hard to create a world where everyone can live happily ever after, because everyone is trying their hardest to survive. It is fortunate that I am helping such a person. He's been a big help! I will never allow anyone to look at him like an idiot!

I came to stand in front of Masayuki and let out the word to Bonnie.

Hearing me say that, Thunder nodded deeply.

Immediately afterwards, even Masayuki spoke up.

"Bonnie, were you going to use me from the beginning?"

The panicked look just now seemed like a hallucination, and he asked Bonnie righteously.

"I've just told you all that."

Bonnie side kept his distance from Benimaru and didn't fall off his guard, mouth so responsive.

Benimaru also stepped in front of me and continued to stare at Bonnie. Affected by the 'Holy Purification Boundary', Benimaru couldn't bring himself to exert his full strength. It was probably because of this that he didn't just attack in one go, but planned to observe the situation continuously.

"Is that what Yuuki-san ordered you to do?"

"What? Oh, I see. Oh, it wouldn't hurt to tell you, but it wouldn't do me any good."

And just like that, Bonnie says something that feels very despicable. But he was, for better or worse, going to keep talking to us.

Was it because the Holy Purification Nexus was stable, and he was sure he had the upper hand?

<<Answer. No. There is supposed to be some purpose—some information has been detected. There was another person in the team with the individual name "Masayuki". Retrieving the man's intel revealed that the other person was not in the maze. There is also no record of going out. The other person is...>> Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, reported to me with appalling speed. Judging from the fact that the intelligence collation had not yet been completed, Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, must have considered the situation to be very urgent.

That being said, there was indeed another young girl in the company, named Jiu. I heard that she and Bacchus were working together to placate the Overkillers...

<<Confirmation completed. A massacre at the Institute on the 100th floor. Individuals named "Bacchus" and several "supercreatures" were killed. Urgent measures have been taken to protect their "souls...>>

This is going to be a big deal!

Bacchus aside, every single one of those Overkillers is a Special A monster. After parting ways with Masayuki, she killed all these people in that short period of time, and it was a bit unbelievable that something like this happened.

It would be very difficult to beat them if the Overkillers defended thoroughly. After all, they have "super-speed regeneration", and they also have all kinds of special abilities.

If it's a Benimaru with great firepower or a Zegion with abnormal evolution, it's a different story...but even the other "Ten Lords of the Labyrinth", including Kumara, can't do it.

There is a more important point.

The information can't be ignored. For all the circumstances within the labyrinth are in the hands of Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom. And yet there's no way to find her, which means that Jiu...

"Mr. Rimuru...!"

The voice resounded directly in my heart as it conveyed itself faster than the "Communication Network". It was in this moment that "thinking accelerated" made my physical time longer.

Was it myself or Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, who reacted?

Whoever it was, it saved our lives.

"Go to hell!"

A black flash of light crossed over and drove straight into my chest.

Someone—I'm afraid it was Jiu, she's perfectly invisible just to kill me. But I threw away my face and reputation, and fell straight down and rolled on the spot, only to escape the blade that would surely kill me.

Thanks to that warning.

The voice came from the petite maiden—the masked Chloe.

Although the name-calling to me has changed back to its former name, there is no time to correct it now.

That said, it's bad.

I clearly did my best to be on guard all around, and Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, was not negligent in his vigilance. It would have been possible to sneak through this network, and then only one possibility could be thought of.

In other words, this assassin had something like that.

It's an ultimate skill.

Finally, I was able to confirm who the assassin was, and that person was really Jiu. She was still as expressionless as ever, but the atmosphere on her body was very different from before.

It's not too much to say she's like a different person, with a feeling that's both cold and poignant.

"What a surprise. You've been tailing me without me noticing, haven't you?"

The assassination plan against me clearly failed, but Jiu didn't seem to panic at all. The black blade held in her hand was shifting from the pendant, and the blade was pointed at Chloe, and Jiu said so to her blandly.

"You've been fighting people like that in high profile, so I can smell you."

"You're a little bit tough."

"You don't say that, and I'm not little!"

As soon as the words were said, Chloe immediately turned into the look of an adult. Next, she drew her moonlight rapier.

That mythical level of light pointed towards Jiu, and then suddenly stopped.

The masked "hero" Chloe shows up.

"Geez, this is a great opportunity, but it's just right, and I didn't expect such a big mistake. You're out of your mind, Jiu!"

After smacking his lips, Bonnie informed disgruntledly.

"Sorry. I didn't expect to be ambushed. I didn't count on it. "

Not at all unreasonable, Jiu responded.

These two know each other. And she's a skilled assassin sent here by someone who wants to take my life.



It looks like they are on equal footing.

That means Bonnie is also likely to have ultimate skills.

He and Benimaru stared at each other.

Jiu, on the other hand, confronts Chloe with her sword.

In order to protect Masayuki and Thunder, I stepped in front of them and decided to stand guard.

"There's nothing we can do about it now. Now that their true colors have been discovered and their battle plans have failed, there's no point in hiding their strength."

"I agree with you. The enemy should be wiped out quickly."

After saying that, Bonnie and Jiu held the pendant, which was the source of the weapon's power, with great strength. Reacting to the movement, the pendant emitted a strong glow.

The light was familiar.

"I see. So you're the Imperial Knights of the Near Guard too?"

When I finished muttering, the armed Bonnie nodded with an unbearable face.

"You have indeed begun to fight against our men and horses. But don't think we're like the rest of the Near Guard Knights."

As he said, I could feel the extraordinary strength in him.

"Let's end this conversation here. Hurry up and kill her."

Jiu also wore unique armor on her body. The styles are similar, but this set is black in color, with a sheen floating above, as if the stars were floating in the dark.

That, I'm afraid, is legendary and the performance looks very close to mythical.

On that point, so does Bonnie. The color of the armor was gold, but the performance seemed to be on par with Jiu's. The strength of the wearer will most likely be reflected in that armor.

"Jiu...even you want to do this to me...?"

Masayuki questioned Jiu in a sad tone, but Jiu looked this way with a cold gaze.

"That's for sure. It's all a mission, I'm just responsible for protecting you."

She made it clear. Indicates that there is nothing further in the words. Since this is obvious, one can imagine just how injured Masayuki was.

Personally, I'd love to comfort him, but this is not the time to do that kind of thing.

"Benimaru, be careful! This person is strong. I'm sure there are some ultimate skills hidden in his body."

"Ultimate skill? Is it the ultimate of a unique technology? You're supposed to be able to fight it with effort and perseverance, right?"

"I don't think so. I honestly don't think you can win."

"Alas, it's more depressing than one might think to hear Lord Rimuru speak with such certainty."

I was told so out of cool judgment, but Benimaru smiled patronizingly and bitterly. The look on his face was subdued, maybe there was something he could have done.

To deal with ultimate skills, only ultimate skills can be used. I don't think it should be possible to subvert this absolute law, but here it is in the labyrinth. Even if there was any eventuality that it wouldn't die, I decided to leave this matter directly to Benimaru.

And Chloe.

She is truly the most courageous person in the name.

Even without her ultimate skills, she can still beat the hell out of Veldora. But it's not actually Chloe, it's Chronoa who's out of control, but the fighting ability is still very good.

Besides, she now has the ultimate skill, Jugoslavos, the King of Time, so I don't think she'll lose to Jiu.

If there's one thing that's troubling—it's her ability to control the power of Jugoslavos, the King of Time and Space.

So just to be on the safe side, I decree to Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom.

<<Understood. Now we'll start analyzing the skills the enemy has.>>

Shouldn't that be a problem?

In any case, I'm going to be in a tight position so that I can help out at any time and watch what happens after the battle.

The first person to get started was Bonnie.

He gripped the pendant and applied the force again. The next thing you know, the shape of that thing starts to change, and finally settles into the shape of a gun.

"So far it has not been revealed to you, but what I am good at is actually gunplay. I'll show it to you as a hand-me-down for your trip to the Yellow Springs."

As Bonnie loftily released his words, he lowered his body and struck a cautious combat posture. Next, without chanting, the magic was unleashed and applied to the lance.

The magic he unleashed belonged to the thunder attribute, which was the Thunder Strike Great Demonic Rain. It was supposed to be a ranged attack, but all that energy was focused on the lance.

It felt good, but the threat it posed didn't seem as great as expected.

In order to confront him, Benimaru also inflicted "Black Flame" on his lovely blade "Red Lotus". Immediately after, the red blade began to produce black flames, emitting a demonic glow.

This side is also so powerful that it even makes one think that the command ability is just an additional skill. An aura that made one feel like he was as powerful as a ghost.

The two men then launched into action simultaneously.

Originally it was always thought that Bonnie specialized in magic, to no one's surprise that he was also very good with guns. Sure enough, just like he said himself, this man was amazing. Yet it wasn't too much effort for me to keep up with his movements.

What I'm more concerned about is the "future attack prediction" not being launched. This means that...

<<Answer. The skill of the individual name "Bonnie" prevents all interference.>>

Is that really the case? The reason why the aura of Jiu is lost is also because of some kind of obstruction.

Presumably Bonnie and Jiu possess a power that is immune to all interfering abilities. The power is impressive...but what's more curious is what the other skills they possess are like.

Benimaru and Bonnie fought an evenly matched battle.

The look on Benimaru's face didn't have half an anxious tinge, enough to handle Bonnie. Conversely, come look at Bonnie, who seems to be a bit annoyed.

The strength gap is that Benimaru has the upper hand. When it comes to comparing the performance differences of the equipment, Bonnie has the advantage. So Bonnie must have felt very bad about it.

"Looks like you can do something."

"You disappoint me."

Benimaru's answer made Bonnie's face twist with a look of wonder. Presumably pride stimulated, he glared at Benimaru with a look like he was looking at a pest.

"How dare you say that for a magic creature. Then when you've eaten this, will there be any way to talk big like you just did?"

After shouting that, Bonnie spun his gun around on one side as he tried to escape from Benimaru's strike range. He was going to attack and defend on one side and pull away and hit a must-kill.

But Benimaru wasn't going to let him do that.

Seemingly completely seeing through Bonnie's actions, he leisurely approached the other.

It can only be described as awesome.

I knew Benimaru had been secretly cultivating, but I didn't expect him to grow so much...

In my opinion, the strength of the Benimaru is still above Hakurou nowadays. Albert was also a very good swordsman, but it was definitely Benimaru who was superior.

In addition to this, his control of Black Flame is also excellent. Instead of being led by the nose by that force, he used it as his own.

It seems that the unique skill "Generalissimo" can completely control even his own strength.

I honestly admire that.

I once asked Benimaru if Zegion was stronger than him, but after looking at Benimaru nowadays, I wasn't sure who was stronger. Depending on the situation, the Victory Goddess would smile at both of them.

"Good, good..."

"There is something to be said while it's happening, fighting those strong men is simply suicidal. And Mr. Rimuru is stronger than them, right? Therefore, don't impose on others in the future."

"Understood, Mr. Masayuki."

Right behind me, Thunder and Masayuki began this conversation. Those two probably couldn't see Benimaru and Bonnie, only the flashing paddles. But even so, they could still tell just how strong those people were.

I personally wanted to keep those two men from being hit by stray bullets—should I say from shockwaves, always protecting them with the "absolute defense" of Uriel, the "King of Vows". But it's conservative and hard work. Due to the influence of ultimate skills, it is possible for Bonnie's attack to penetrate the "absolute defense" if one is not careful.

It's not me that's working hard, it's Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom.

Those two in the back would just leave it alone for now, more so than them, it was time to pay attention to Benimaru's combat situation.

That being said, Bonnie's juggernaut doesn't seem to be able to mount without pulling away. He was all annoyance from a moment ago, trying hard to distance himself from Benimaru.

On the other hand, the Benimaru side is a very easygoing one. A face of indifference pressed Bonnie and began to make him gradually take some damage.

At this rate, Benimaru will win sooner or later, but it looks like I'm overthinking it.

In the face of Benimaru's fierce attack, Bonnie didn't stand still for a moment. Seizing this momentary breakthrough, Benimaru picked up the sword that was wrapped around the Black Flame and slashed it.

It was a fatal blow—as it should have been, but instead Bonnie was smiling.

"You're really no match for me!"

The look on his face lit up, as if it was all a sham to be pushed into a corner, and it sounded to him as if he'd seen it coming—no, it was all Bonnie's doing.

Exactly what is going on is clear enough.

An ultimate skill can only be fought with an ultimate skill—in the face of this absolute law, all of Benimaru's attacks are nullified.

In contrast to the smug Bonnie, Benimaru showed a look of chagrin. Even if his unique skill was useless, his sword skill should still be able to do something, which was what he originally thought.

Yet the reality is harsh.

Benimaru's swords did hurt Bonnie, but Bonnie's armor all but kept those out of the way, not to the point of fatal injury. And Bonnie also immediately uses reparative magic to heal his own wounds.

In that case, if Benimaru wanted to win, then he would have to rely on a must-kill blow to win. Benimaru is more powerful in terms of sword skills, but Bonnie has ultimate skills. It wasn't easy for Benimaru to do that in the face of a master who was even better than himself.

Now Benimaru was in a difficult situation. Later the battle was all in Bonnie's favor, with Benimaru only defending.

Just when Benimaru was in desperate straits.

Chloe also suffered an unexpected setback.

If we just compare strengths, Chloe has beaten her opponent a lot. However, Jiu is good at attacking her opponent's key points and breakthroughs, and does not intend to go head-to-head with Chloe. In addition to this, they also set up a barrier, etc., to prevent Chloe from calling us for backup, making a poisonous fog that almost blinded one's fingers and blurred the opponent's vision in an attempt to create a situation that would benefit him.

Chloe wore a mask, and those tricks didn't work on her at all. But Jiu kept running away, and even Chloe had a hard time catching her.

Jiu runs away, and Chloe chases after her.

The result was a long delay in fighting.

But unlike Benimaru, Chloe had Ultimate Skills on her. I'm still above, and I don't think it's too much of a stretch to lose to Jiu.

I thought this side could rest easy, so I didn't bother to pay attention to them, but it didn't look like it was that simple. Just as Benimaru was forced to defend with all his might, Chloe was in trouble.

"Look at you moving around. You're a good runner."

"That's for sure. Your sword is dangerous. I think most will be able to penetrate my defensive net."

Jiu was cautious.

The opponent is the enigmatic Chloe, who has been calmly coping.

Although Chloe's "Absolute Severance" is a unique skill, I don't know why it's so powerful that it's comparable to an ultimate skill. These words were said by Jiu herself, and I think on the one hand it was also in humility, but at least the fact is that legendary-grade defenses are indeed irresistible.

That's because even that Veldora was bruised by Chloe, and it's safe to say that Jiu made the right choice.

"You can't beat me if you keep running."

"I don't deny it, but it's okay. My goal is not to win, but to cover Bonnie. When Bonnie kills the ogre man, the two of us will kill you together."

But then Jiu really had to play that annoying game. Every time I tried to add in help, someone would attack Labyrinth City.

Far behind them, fortunately, was a town that had been isolated. If that side is attacked, I wonder how many casualties there will be.

And Jiu started asking Bonnie for assistance.

"Bonnie, there are unexpected people who want to come in and get in our way. This woman is more tricky than one might think. It's too dangerous to deal with her and the Demon Lord Rimuru at the same time, so we have to adopt a safety strategy. In order to avoid interference, you will support the attack on Labyrinth City."

"Understood. I will assist appropriately."

As Bonnie also stepped in to attack, it multiplied my burden.

Masayuki and Thunder have the "Resurrection Bracelet", and the result is not as bad as it could be. However, the Labyrinth City is inhabited by people who know nothing about it.

And it's kind of the safest place to be, not everyone wears a resurrection bracelet. The adventurers who are taking refuge are a different story, and the average resident wouldn't even bother with one of those.

In addition to preventing stray bullets from spreading, it is also necessary to deal with Jiu and Bonnie's troubles. Since those were all attacks of the Release System, they could be eliminated with the "Gluttony King Beelzebub", but there was no time to help Chloe.

No, seriously.

Honestly Chloe was a big help to even run to my aid. If it was just me and Benimaru on the scene, we might have lost the battle a long time ago.

After all, Benimaru alone was going to struggle to fend off Bonnie's attacks. If you're not careful, you won't be able to resist the attack, so it's hard to interfere with the enemy's attack on Labyrinth City.

Even so, Benimaru and Bonnie were still able to engage consistently, and that was because Benimaru's skills were above Bonnie's.

A mere blow to the front would have killed him, and in the face of such a fierce attack, Benimaru blandly defused it. Although the situation was reversed because of the strengths and weaknesses of the skills, it was Benimaru who deserved the credit.

That being said...

I had always thought that these guys were Masayuki's followers, but I didn't realize that they had a great strength hidden in them.

On the other hand, the fact that they were able to hide it from my eyes to this day is a good indication of the strength of these guys.

Even Ruminas ignored these guys at the celebration. It should be said that Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, did not notice it and could not blame it.

All in all, it's safe to say that the current situation sucks.

The Communication Network that they communicate with Ramiris is also hampered, and the other side is acting meticulously.

Perhaps it was the unease in my heart that conveyed to her that this time Chloe made the bet. That causes unexpected lapses to occur.

"Now that it's come to this, I'm going to use my best moves."

There's still a hand left to break, and if there is, let's hope she uses it anyway. Yet somehow, at this point I had a bad feeling.

Just then, the whole world seemed to darken for a moment.

All the movements were still, and the whole person seemed to be fixed.

Before I could figure out exactly what was going on, it occurred to me where this feeling seemed to have been experienced.

By the way, just like when Chloe and Guy used to fight...

<<WARNING. The energy of the individual's name "Chloe O'Bell" is low. Seems to have failed to control the skill.>>

It was that feeling of time standing still at the time, just remembering this, Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, had just given a warning. That's when I realized that Chloe had turned back into a child.

"Hey, Chloe!"

"No way? The power is so inefficient that the current me doesn't seem to be able to use it..."

"I told you so! It gets harder to control in time."

Although it was unknown what was going on, Chloe's stunt had definitely failed. And most tragically, the collateral damage caused Chloe's fighting ability to fall apart.

As it turns out, even Chloe couldn't fully control the power of the "King of Time and Space Jugoslavos". The last time she fought Guy, she seemed to use it with ease. But in reality, these phenomena are almost all generated by the power of Guy, and Chloe just strikes a counterpart.

Even so, it's pretty awesome. If it is impossible to act in a world where time stands still, then it would be a unilateral defeat for Guy.

However mock battles are different from actual battles.

Chloe seemed to be able to make time stand still for a moment, but that seemed to take a lot of energy. The fact that she's back to what she is is proof of that.

It is because of this risk that it is a problem to use unconfirmed skills in actual combat.

The situation might have been different if Chloe had been able to fully control the abilities of the Time Lord Jugoslavos, but how could one expect that kind of miracle to happen when even Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, hadn't even resolved it yet.

"Hey, Chloe! Are you okay?"

"The situation is a bit bleak. Although I was able to return to my original form, it seems that it will take some time for me to regain my original strength..."

I asked through the Communication Network out of concern, and the next thing I knew, I heard Chloe answer in chagrin. That being said, the situation is not so far from irreparable. Chloe is not completely incapable of combat and can rest assured for the time being.

"I don't know what you're trying to do, but it's all a pointless struggle. You can't even grasp your own power, and it seems you're doing things more haphazardly than you thought."

"Hahaha, thought so. Jiu, it's you who's over-vigilant."

Seeing the lapse in Chloe, Jiu and Bonnie begin to laugh at her.

However, at that moment, a voice rang out in my heart, which could be said to be a help from heaven.

<<Notice. The skills possessed by the enemy have been resolved.>>

That was fast!

The "King of Time and Space, Jugoslavos," owned by Chloe, has clearly not been analyzed until now. Bonnie and their polarizing skills were so simple to analyze.

It was a delightful miscarriage of justice to be able to get a rough idea of where the other person's skills fell.

So what's the content?

<<Answer. It has been confirmed that the skills possessed by the individual name "Bonnie" and the individual name "Jiu" have most in common. Presumably almost the same skill. Search for unique skills based on their uniqueness, and the ultimate skills that go beyond the limits of unique skills. Even so, the two skills are still very similar, which is to say...>>

Which means Bonnie and her power is borrowed from someone?

<<Answer. Yes. It is highly probable.>>

I see.

I actually find it a little unnatural too.

It takes a lot of work to acquire an ultimate skill. Even that Hinata could only acquire exclusive skills, and even the overkillers like Granbell and Ruminas had failed to acquire ultimate skills.

It's a little hard to say, but that power isn't so easy to take, not for something like Bonnie and Jiu.

And the ultimate skill will show the nature of the possessor in a dense manner. While they did a great job of obstructing and hiding tracks, they didn't make a stronger play.

I was on guard, afraid they were hiding something, but it didn't seem so...

<<Answer. Yes. It has an absolute advantage for magic and exclusive skills, and it can also completely hide its own abilities. These are the borrowed abilities of the individual name "Bonnie" and the individual name "Jiu". According to the energy inversion of those two, they don't have the energy left to make any more powerful moves.>>

That's all they're going to use, is that the right answer?

How things will turn out, we don't know without an end to it. Seeing Bonnie and them laughing, I couldn't help but have that thought slowly come to my mind.

"Benimaru, Chloe! I know what the secret is behind their power. A tricky opponent, but not insurmountable. In order to defeat them, I have a proposition. Would you like to hear it?

When I finished asking, the two nodded their heads without saying a word.

"Of course. If I could have cut that guy down with my Red Lotus Blade, I would have won long ago. The tricky thing is that guy's strength is especially focused on defense."

In order to avoid losing, Benimaru is ready to keep fighting his opponent all the time. Not confused by the other side's words or actions, always looking to win. Just stalling for time would be enough to wait until Diablo and Shion returned, he was trying to wait for that time to strike back.

A man worthy of the "Great General" —this man is calm and reliable at all times.

"I also believe in Mr. Rimuru. If I want to make up for a mistake, if you have a plan to win, you can say whatever it is!"

Chloe also trusted me.

Unlike Benimaru, she would have won if she hadn't had a momentary rush. Using the "absolute severance" should cut through Jiu's defensive net and make it impossible to lose one-on-one to the opponent.

But the incident was a good lesson of sorts.

Although this exposed the weakness of Chloe who was not yet used to using the ultimate skill, it would only take more improvement in the future. Looking forward to her future performance, let's focus on getting this fight over with right now.

"Then I'll tell you. I hope Benimaru can connect with me through the "Soul Corridor." That way, I can lend you some of my power."

"Just the way I want it. Although borrowing Lord Rimuru's power feels unhelpful, it was better than losing to his opponent. I promise to win."

Benimaru gladly agreed.

More than personal appearances, he valued practical benefits, much like a choice Benimaru would make.

I don't think he has to be ashamed of it. If it was a contest of strength, Benimaru would definitely be above the other.

Thinking on the one hand, I imposed an 'absolute severance' on the Red Lotus Blade of Benimaru. That's as powerful as what Chloe is using. I'm just reversing the Absolute Defense, which would be offset if compared to the Absolute Severance, but it should be sufficient against Bonnie.

That's it for this side of Benimaru.

And then there's Chloe.

"Chloe, Chronoa, you listen to me. If the fight continues to buy time, Benimaru can beat Bonnie. And then we'll put Jiu..."

This time, the exact opposite strategy was adopted.

The present-day Chloe had changed back to her adult form, but there was still a long way to go before she could return to normal. It's time to play the safety card and actually win.

All Chloe has to do is buy time before Benimaru wins. That's what I thought...

"Wait a minute! I haven't lost. If it's one on one, I'll beat the other."

"That is, Rimuru. I've just been pushed by Jugoslavos, the King of Time and Space, but I can't lose if I fight seriously."

The Chloes were full of energy.

I had expected them to say that, so wasn't surprised. I decided to make an offer.

"Then I have one condition."

"What conditions?"

"Once again, you will use the "Lord of Time and Space, Jugoslavos," to win perfectly.

"Huh?"

"If it's only for a short period of time, it's not working for Jiu because it's too short," he said.

If she hadn't been so hasty, Chloe would still seem to be in full command of her skills. It's a matter of seconds, but it's not enough time to force Jiu, who has great skills, into a desperate situation.

That's why Chloe was accidentally out of tolerance once, but should be fine next time.

"I will also help. I'll help you with the arithmetic, you try it again."

"In that case, I personally have no problem with it..."

"Rimuru is opening up the computing field, right? That should control it."

Chloe and Chronoa accepted my offer.

They seemed disturbed, but I was actually in the same mood as them.

After all this offer came from Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom.

One can't help but wonder, "Is that okay? But I decided to trust the King of Wisdom, Master Raphael.

It should have something going for it, this time don't doubt it, believe it and act on it.

Thinking about this side, Chronoa asked me a question.

"But there's not enough energy. The energy is currently enough to turn into a combat type, but not back enough to pause for time. Even if the energy efficiency is improved with the help of Rimuru, the current Chloe is not able to use it as well as it should be."

I actually noticed that too.

Next it should be expected to lend power, but is that enough?

<<Answer. Yes. No problem.>>

Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, gives a firm answer.

There's probably something to it. I'll stop pursuing this in depth.

"No problem. If it's not enough, I'll be ready."

Though the one responsible for the preparation was Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom. Anyway, those things don't lend themselves to explanation at a time like this, so let me play nice.

Hearing me answer like that, Chronoa accepted.

"Got it. Then I'm for it. Let's show that guy."

So, the battle plan is finalized.

We have to start fighting back.

Benimaru wants to change the offense. Before that, it was all by "static braking", and when I gave the effect of "absolute severance", he became "dynamic braking".

This is a sword skill that focuses on counterattacks. And putting the focus on blocking is essentially an offensive and defensive package that won't actively attack.

In contrast, the so-called "dynamic braking" is more about the offense than the defense. Attacking your opponent in one fell swoop, not letting them take the reins, and achieving a landslide victory—that's what it is.

Benimaru sent out his sword to produce a change that surprised Bonnie and began to take a guard position. Despite the reversal of position, his expression at this time was composed.

Only those moments of calm disappeared.

The reason why Bonnie showed subdued composure was because it was actually proven that Benimaru's sword couldn't hurt him, and that was what created confidence. But that's all in the past.

Faced with Benimaru's fierce attack, he was too late to respond, thus allowing Bonnie to appear broken. Benimaru then seized on the breach to deliver the fatal blow.

"How...!?"

How can he—is that what he's trying to say?

That strike sliced through Bonnie's body. Immediately after, Benimaru released another smooth strike, splitting him in two from the head. So he didn't even have time to say his last words and just died.



That being said, Benimaru is really overwhelmingly powerful.

"If you did this from the start, you would be able to win easily, too, right?"

"No, if I did, my Red Lotus Blade would break. I felt that armor was not good to deal with, and in order to avoid burdening the blade, that's why I continued to fight in an unaccustomed way."

That's not a good idea. It looks like it's a good look, but it's true that Benimaru is better suited for "dynamic braking".

That being said, the Benimaru of today, he was indeed stronger than Hakurou. Originally physically taller than Hakurou, now even his skills are equal to or even above him.

That's just the way things are, so in earnest, Benimaru is awesome. It was less than a minute from the time he started fighting back to take Bonnie down.

Chloe was no less.

"There's just not enough energy!"

Trying to unleash that force, Chronoa let out a strained yelp.

And yet right after that...

<<Answer. No problem.>>

I also felt, in addition to the calm voice, I also heard someone sadly yell "Yah-ah-ah-ah!" A sound.

No, I don't know what's going on.

I had a feeling, should I say definitely, that it was the man's miserable scream I think...

Even I felt sad after hearing it.

It's so sad.

I admit to myself that the fault is not in me, but the reason is in me.

So, it's really my fault?

I vowed in my heart to treat him to pudding next time, not only to apologize to him, but to placate him in passing.

All in all, the energy problem is solved. In the next moment, the whole world stopped...

Jiu followed the ashes.

Presumably that was it, we had Bonnie and Jiu down, but by this time Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, was reporting to me in a guilty voice.

<<WARNING. The individual named "Bonnie" and the individual named "Jiu" are confirmed to be alive. Did not account for them having "resurrection bracelets.>>

That...never mind?

It's rare that Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, would make such a lowly mistake. No, when you think about it, it rarely happens, and it's not too much to say it's the first time.

"Oh, shit. I should've destroyed Bonnie and their 'resurrection bracelets'."

"No, they weren't wearing bracelets."

"Mmm. I've seen it too, nothing of the sort."

Alas, unlike me, Benimaru and Chloe do things so discreetly.

They did remember something like a bracelet, combat side confirmed.

No, maybe I wasn't careful enough.

In this way, it can't be said that Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, is looking away, but rather Bonnie and the rest of them.

"Ah, about that..."

As we were halfway through the conversation, someone added in to interject, and it was Masayuki, who had been watching from the sidelines. When he finished, Thunder followed suit.

"Actually, a few of us have always thought of you as an enemy, and we didn't take the bracelet honestly. That being said, there's no need to do it for nothing..."

Thunder said while rolling up his pantsuit.

I didn't realize the "bracelet" was on his ankle.

"This is a bracelet..."

"Uh, we know yeah. But this is a magic prop, right? So wear it here and it will have the same effect. Bonnie once said to wear it that way as a little bit of defiance."

It seems that Bonnie had anticipated the possibility of things turning out this way before he set aside this hand.

Benimaru scratched his head and smacked his lips, while Chloe's side was exuding displeasure. I'm sure there's a big fire under that mask.

Since that is the case, one cannot expect Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, to do some precautions first.

After all, through Jiu's power, the place was isolated, and thus communication with Ramiris was hampered. Although it should be possible to communicate with Veldora through "mind talk", I don't think it's easy to explain things correctly.

And considering the amount of work of the King of Wisdom Raphael master, God knows how much information it has to be processed side by side, just to think about it feels like a headache.

The challenge is to give the Benimaru the "Absolute Severance" and to assist Chloe and Chronoa in controlling the "King of Time and Space, Jugoslavos". The rest is more to maintain my "absolute defense", plus the ability to parse Bonnie and the rest is too much to count.

In this case it's hard to predict that some idiot will put a bracelet on his foot.

"It can't be helped...it can't be helped."

"Yeah. Forget it. We've seen how much these guys are capable of, and we're sure to win the next time we play them. Although it would be worrying to send someone else besides me, one can always think of countermeasures."

In the end we came to this conclusion, and Benimaru and I decided to forget about this incident.

Just like that, we held off Bonnie and Jiu.

Not being able to finish them off was a big mistake, but we all decided to forget about it, so it doesn't count.

Although the betrayal by his peers was a blow to Masayuki, I am sure he will try to pull himself together. I was thinking about this while watching him walk around with no energy, going back to convince the others and watching him.

The war will continue. Although I'm embarrassed for Masayuki and them, I don't have time for their business right now.

I decided to leave Masayuki and them to Chloe to take care of, and returned to the control room with Benimaru.

This time we should really clean up all the enemies in the maze. The only thing left to do was to watch over the last battle, and the room already had a few guests who had come first.

"Ah, Rimuru! The sudden inability to get in touch with you scared me to death!"

"Just say it. But I'm not worried at all, and would like to complain to you about it nonetheless. Besides, Ramiris had to come over anyway. So we'll just hurry—no, we'll just come over a little bit and see what happens."

Ramiris looked worried, coupled with the towering Veldora.

‘Please don't take away my magical essence out of nowhere’—although he complains about it, he's clearly worried about me.

This guy is just such a place to be cute.

So say Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, you might as well talk to the other side first to get permission before you borrow the power of Veldora.

<<The...? It's too late to say those things, it won't matter.>>

To say that it was too late...

You've been using it without my permission, haven't you?

It always felt like Veldora was used to it too.

If that's the case, then I'm sorry for Veldora. Not only do I have to prepare a delicious snack for him, but I also have to prepare a new comic.

"I seem to have worried you. But Veldora can contact me no matter where he is, and if anything goes wrong it's up to you."

"Is that so? Master?"

"Ah! Ahem. That's why I said there's no need to worry!"

This time, Ramiris began to glare at Veldora.

Presumably trying to hide his shyness, Veldora changed the subject with a condescending attitude.

"So, since everything's fine, let's hear what they have to say, shall we?"

Hearing Veldora finish, I looked along his line of sight, only to find Miss Treyni and Souei right there, plus a suspicious man tied up in five flowers.

I've long detected the Souei of their scent, but who is the other one?

Miss Treyni looked exhausted and was drinking juice.

She seemed to have some left in her, so I left it at that.

I looked to the Souei instead and asked.

"That's right, I went straight to the place I heard about from Moss and found out that it was this man who was fighting Miss Treyni, our enemy, Laplace."

It was Laplace who was tied up in a pile of flowers.

He had been beaten to a pulp, but at least he had a breath.

"How is that guy still alive?"

Benimaru asked Souei in an icy voice.

It's a rare thing. He's a killer.

"I wanted to kill him too, but this guy kept insisting that he had to talk to Lord Rimuru."

"Must be a trap."

With one side of his mouth talking, Benimaru drew his blade.

Just then, the whole of Laplace, who seemed to have air, bounced as if he were a caterpillar.

I thought to myself how dexterous he was, and at the same time, a little funny.

"Ahahaha!"

I seem to have laughed out loud by accident.

"First, wait a minute! Don't laugh. Stop those men!"

"I don't even need to salute!"

The killing aura on Souei's body was even more intense. But that was just fine, the silent Benimaru was even going to cut Laplace to death.

I rushed to intervene, all in all, to get Benimaru to cool off first.

"You calm down. After all, we're still in a truce with that Yuuki guy, right? Now that Laplace is here, let's hear what he has to say."

Souei echoed my words.

Despite angry but still obeying the morals, Souei was really forgiving and calm.

Only then did Benimaru realize that he had been too reckless and retracted the sheath of the Tai Blade.

"So what do you have to say?"

"This is a really scary place. The eldest sister over there doesn't listen to anyone either, and she's much better than she was when we met before. That big brother over there was still relatively amiable, but there was no smile in his eyes at all. And that..."

"Hah?"

No way, Benimaru. It's time to reveal your hidden nature.

I coughed and cleared my throat, trying to change the increasingly heavy atmosphere.

"In fact, if you're like this, I've been entrusted by Yuuki to deliver a message!"

Laplace also knows how to read the occasion. He cast a grateful glance at me and began to spell out the reasoning here.

I thought to myself that I should have done this in the first place and decided to listen.

"That's the way it is. You watch out for Bonnie and Jiu!"

“.....”

“.....”

Benimaru and I remained silent and couldn't help but look at each other.

I wish he'd told us that sooner.

According to Laplace, there was a man named Damrada under the Yuuki. I heard that he is one of the leaders of the "Cerberus", a secret association under Yuuki. But Gadra gives advice, and after some discussion, they discover that it is suspected that Damrada wants to assassinate Gadra.

Of course Yuuki didn't give that order. So they began to suspect Damrada.

To say it's suspicious is actually almost certain. Yuuki has made such a judgment, and has taken this judgment as a prerequisite for correctness and re-examination of the actions taken so far. Later he seemed to find quite a few things suspicious.

This leads one to speculate that Masayuki's companions were all arranged by Damrada and that there was another purpose behind it. That's why Laplace rushed back from dropping off other assignments and was assigned to deliver the message...

As Laplace's words grew more and more, Miss Treyni's face grew harder and harder.

Why didn't you come earlier and pass on the word?—that kind of thing where you don't have to ask and know what the answer is.

"Since this is the case, make it clear that it is so!"

"That's why I told you several times that there was something very important to say! But you said, 'Only ghosts believe you! You don't listen to the troupe!'"

"Well, that's all because you're so suspicious. I've also got some unpleasant memories of you slipping away, so I've got all the energy I need to say I'm not going to make the same mistake again..."

"Don't you think you're overdoing it? You said, 'Shut up and cut the crap! I don't listen to any explanation!'"

Seeing the two arguing ugly in front of me, the answer was clear enough.

"Have you two been fighting?"

"That, that is enough..."

The indignant Laplace began to turn on himself. Sounds like it's been a fight, more than a few days, I think it's been about ten or so.

No wonder he'd be indignant.

"I'm so, so sorry!"

Miss Treyni only realized that she had made a mistake in the first place, and apologized to me with a red face.

But who among us has the means to blame Miss Treyni?

You should've trusted Laplace more—that's a tough one to say.

Because even now he's suspicious.

I don't think you can judge people by their appearance, but this guy always does weird things. I think there's something wrong with people who would trust such a dubious character, that kind of talent.

Although it was Miss Treyni's mistake this time, I can't blame her.

Benimaru was the same, he just wanted to cut Laplace down and had no position to complain. Souei also looked embarrassed, it should be said that thanks to him he had the means to endure bringing the guy over here.

"Anyway, those things are in the past. Let's not get into a bull's-eye and put these things in the water."

Now it's an afterthought and a pain in the ass to think about it.

So say, find a way to stall it now.

More so than that, the battlefield situation is now.

Not knowing what would happen until the last moment. With that in mind once again, we set off for the big screen. ***

Calgurio, who was in a state of annoyance, had been waiting for someone to report back to him.

Two days had passed since sending a hundred elites into the maze. But the constant interruption of contact with each other left him very dissatisfied.

No, it's not just that.

Outwardly feigning discontent, in fact, Calgurio was troubled inside.

He was bewitched by the gold and silver treasures and the high quality "magic crystals" before he decided to implement this maze plan. He doesn't regret doing so. In order to ensure the safety of the army's rear, the territory of the demon lord must not be ignored.

The acquired treasure was also more plentiful than expected, and looking at what had been moved out of the labyrinth, Calgurio's heart sank. In retrospect, those were all ploys of the Demon Lord Rimuru. After a dawning realization, he was annoyed at his own ignorance.

At the same time, he couldn't find a way to undo the situation, making Calgurio begin to fear that he would just lose to the Demon Lord Rimuru.

"Damn it! Really, there's no news yet!"

Today alone, Calgurio didn't know how many times to roar.

None of the staff officers answered him, but just at this time a loud noise came from the outside of the barracks.

"What's wrong? What happened?"

As if in response to this query from Calgurio, a subordinate soldier rushed in.

"Report! Just now, the Charioteer Division joined us!"

Calgurio said, 'What?' in his mind

No matter how good the Magic Guided Tank was, it was impossible not to hear half a drive before they came to rendezvous.

The messengers had never returned, and they never knew how the friendly forces were faring. This point makes the ominous foreboding in one's mind grow stronger and stronger.

The uneasiness in Calgurio's mind came true.

"I'm back..."

Someone was talking while entering the field tent where Calgurio was staying, a beautiful female noncommissioned officer who had nothing to do with the battlefield.

Her true identity is one of the heads of the secret society "Big Three", Misha, who represents "Women". Acting in accordance with Yuuki's orders, he had come to draw Calgurio, and was therefore involved in this battle plan.

Only her status as a staff officer of the Imperial Mecha Corps was as it should be. Demonstrate strength commensurate with it by serving as Calgurio's staff officer.

However, this time the unit Misha was distributed was not the main unit, but the "Magic Guide Tank Division". It was with security in mind that Calgurio arranged it that way.

Misha's purpose was to monitor Calgurio movements, and to her, this decision really upset her. But her position wasn't enough to interject herself into the matter, so she pretended to thank Calgurio for his kindness and went to report the battle to Yuuki on the one hand.

Of course, even the "Magic Tank Division" was reported to have failed miserably. After that, carefully withdraw from the battlefield so as not to be spotted by those magical creatures, come again just like that and successfully rendezvous with the main force.

"Misha, are you all right?"

"Yes, Lord Calgurio."

Misha showed a sultry smile. It was dirty, but it didn't hurt her beauty.

In addition to feeling relieved to see such a Misha, Calgurio had not forgotten his part.

"What about the others? How many men will rendezvous with the main force after that?"

He immediately pursued the question.

"Take it easy. It's useless to panic even now."

"What? What does that mean...?"

"Everybody's dead."

"Huh?"

"Not only the Magic Tank Division, which the Empire is so proud of, but also the 100 Killer Hovercrafts have all been reduced to ashes."

Her face still wore a sultry smile as Misha reported to Calgurio.

"How is that possible...what are you talking about?"

A disbelieving smile appeared on Calgurio's face, and Misha didn't even speak. Seeing this scene, Calgurio could only believe it.

"Really all dead?"

"Yes."

"So everyone here is a survivor of the Mecha Legion?"

"Exactly, Your Excellency."

Hearing Misha respond in this way, Calgurio hung his head helplessly.

It wasn't just him, the other staff officers had a dark look on their faces that followed.

The invasion battle was a complete failure. Even if the labyrinth is successfully defeated this time and a large number of general soldiers lose their lives, they will not be able to escape accountability.

Emperor Rudra would never forgive Calgurio for them, would he?

"What to do?"

The staff officers were also unable to give an answer when they heard Calgurio's words.

It was at this time that Misha spoke.

"We should be retreating."

"What?"

"I've looked a little, but Operation Maze Raider isn't very optimistic, is it? The labyrinth is for exploration. Can't send an army to attack, is that right?"

"That's what Yuuki said?"

"Yes. He said that if you want to go through the maze, you should only let the elite in."

"What a load of crap! The best men have been sent in...!"

Misha informed faintly, the emotionally charged Calgurio so shouted in response.

What Calgurio says is true.

In fact, two days ago he only sent in the strongest battle force he could think of.

In addition to that, the elite personnel of the "Mecha Modification Corps" considered themselves to be the strongest among the Imperial Army, with a total of over half a million people sent in by him.

It would be an extravagant request to send in a more powerful person.

Those elite people would definitely meet up successfully inside the maze. And I think we should keep going in for the sake of taking the maze.

Calgurio believes that is so. If he didn't believe it, his heart would have been filled with fear.

Confronted with such a Calgurio, Misha utters a cruel word.

"However, despite sending in our elite men, the labyrinth was still not taken. Indeed, it may be that the men inside are still fighting. But we can't spy on the situation, and it's hard to keep sending reinforcements, right?"

"Shut up."

"All we can do is wait for our men to come out alive, right?"

"I told you to shut up! Listen up, Misha, just relax. We have distributed jewelry with resurrection effects to those in high places. I heard that as long as you wear those jewels, you can be resurrected outside the maze even if you die. The fact that no one has come out proves that they are doing well!"

Calgurio also understands that it's too optimistic to think that way. But he was the general in charge of leading the army, and one can only say that at a time like this.

Misha didn't give up on the recovery, however. Unlike the other staff officers, Misha had made Calgurio her captive. Even if she defied him here, she was confident that she could handle whatever happened.

"But the jewelry is still a trial piece, so we haven't confirmed the resurrection effect, right? According to Yuuki-sama, it's impossible to replicate a bracelet if it's made by skill."

In the face of these words, Calgurio was speechless.

Because we are going to do an experiment, so you go and try to see how he can say something like that to his subordinates. As Misha said, he sent those comrades out without having experimented.

Jewelry is at best an extra layer of insurance, just in case.

That's something that Calgurio also knows.

Misha was right, he was the one who was wrong.

You don't get to be a military chief just by brute force. Although it's impossible to hold the position because of lack of strength, it's impossible to climb up to that position because of incompetence that you can't even grasp the current situation.

Only to come across a structure that even half a million elite people can't cheat, Calgurio said anything is unwilling to believe that is true.

That was a great military force, enough to turn several metropolises into ashes. It was originally thought that even in the worst case scenario, they could still destroy the maze and escape...

Not only that.

There are already a number of dead people at the moment. If the labyrinth's inner circle is not saved again, then Calgurio will become an incompetent man who has suffered a historic defeat and will bear the blame forever.

He had originally led an army of 940,000, but now he had less than 200,000 men left.

Tell him to just retreat like that, how could he have the means to do something so daring.

Only now did Calgurio realize that he had underestimated the Demon Lord.

Only felt that the "Storm Dragon" was a threat, thinking that Demon Lord Rimuru and his army would only be ravaged by our army. It was an opponent that was supposed to be fought, and he didn't treat the other as an enemy.

That's a fatal faux pas.

But it's too early to give up. There is one last hope for Calgurio, and that is Minute.

"You calm down. Major General Minute, my most trusted man, has invaded the maze. He was sure to bring back some kind of information. Why don't we wait for the results to come in..."

Yet this statement by Calgurio does not go far enough.

"No, we should retreat immediately, Lord Calgurio."

A man suddenly entered the tent and made such remarks without permission.

"What are you!?"

The staff officer interrogated.

Calgurio wondered what exactly the guard was doing, while looking at the man.

He looked in good spirits, but the bloodstained uniform was concerning. It's reasonable to assume that he's from another unit, a survivor, or...

"My name is Krishna. One of the hundred who entered the labyrinth two days ago, ranking seventeenth within the Imperial Emperor's Order of the Near Guard."

Hearing this, everyone present was astonished. Calgurio is no exception.

"You, you mean the Imperial Order of the Imperial Kaiser?"

"Why is the Emperor's guard here?"

Those staff officers began to falter.

But should we say that some people are really not simple? The first person to regain his composure was Calgurio.

"Now is not the time to talk about that! Your Excellency's name is Krishna, right? Can you tell us about it first?"

He let out a yell to steady the scene.

Krishna first gave a look of gratitude, then hurried to explain the situation.

"In a word, that maze is dangerous. If I tell you, you probably won't understand, even Bazan, who was ranked thirty-five, and Reiha, who was ranked ninety-four, are dead. Major General Minute was also killed before my eyes. While there is no conclusive evidence, I'm guessing that the Colonel Kansas is also dead. There were no survivors in the maze. You're right to think so!"

Everyone listened blankly to the words.

'It wasn't true'—Calgurio was tempted to shout, but Krishna's eyes were serious. His whole body was telling the truth of those words.

Plus that face he had an impression. Calgurio remembered that Krishna was indeed one of those sent out two days ago.

He's back from the dead, isn't he? In other words, he holds the "resurrection bracelet". And it's not a knockoff, it's a real bracelet. Then this guy must be the real Emperor Near Guard, right?

Contrary to the exasperated mood, Calgurio tried hard to calm down and think.

There were two "resurrection bracelets" given by Gadra.

One of them was taken to the technical bureau for analysis and used to make imitations.

The other one is dedicated to His Majesty the Emperor. It was supposed to be the Emperor who gave him that "bracelet" so that Krishna could be resurrected.

This will confirm that the "resurrection bracelet" does have a resurrection effect, but also confirm that the imitation is not effective.

Which means that the general soldiers inside the labyrinth are really all dead, that's about it.

More than half a million of the general's soldiers had been killed—the thought of that fact left Calgurio with no blood in his face.

But there's no time for that right now.

Krishna's commentary isn't over.

"And the man who killed us is not even the demon lord, not even the Four Heavenly Kings below. It's a monster who we haven't even heard of. It's like one of the 'Ten Labyrinth Lords', but that guy is very different."

That being said, the fighting abilities of the 'Ten Lords of the Labyrinth' alone were enough to rival and even surpass those of high-ranking Demon Generals. And among these monsters, the one who called himself Zegion was simply as strong as if he was from another subdivision.

And even Krishna knew he certainly couldn't beat him.

"I'll say it again this time, to retreat. There is no shame in that. In order to help the surviving generals and soldiers, please make your ruling now!"

Seeing Krishna so eager, the subordinates began to back off. He's certainly telling the truth. Everyone's gut is telling them there's no time to hesitate.

"...you said it wasn't demon lord? A monster equivalent to a high-ranking demon general moving stupidly in there? Is it that strong? If you want to say that the demon lord is new, you don't look too hard at the other party, why do you have such a strong fighting power—!?" Seemingly unable to hold back any longer, Calgurio let out a loud scream.

This call made the staff officers start to stir.

"Let's retreat now! It's not all our responsibility. Part of it is also due to the negligence of the Intelligence Bureau!"

"Exactly. We should run away with those who are currently surviving while the Demon Lord Rimuru is still out there!"

Those staff officers started expressing their opinions in one word or another. They usually get into arguments all the time, and only then do they agree. For they already instinctively perceive that a crisis of life is approaching.

Lastly, Misha speaks.

"One thing I forgot to report is that it wasn't the evil dragon Veldora who destroyed our army. Rather, it was because someone released the nuclear strike magic that caused our army to suffer the fatal blow. And still twice. This was magic that was large enough to easily defeat the legion's magic. The people who use this magic are also very threatening, but it's a different thing from what I was trying to express. That's..."

The next words don't need to be heard, everyone understands.

That is, there is still a "storm dragon" in the land where Veldora still sits.

At this point Calgurio made his decision and he gave the order.

"Gather all the soldiers! We're going to turn around. Turn around and go back to your home country!"

Either way it wasn't a retreat, it was a change of direction, and Calgurio shouting out those words was like convincing himself. He knew full well that this was sophistry, but if he hadn't thought so, unease would probably have crushed him.

Whether it's sophistry or whatever is fine, as long as one can get away with it. The staff officers thought so and immediately decided to obey this order.

But their decision was made too late.

Things have been moving forward for a long time.

It became a raging wave, a sweeping rushing current gradually approaching, to swallow up Calgurio and the others.

The fate of the imperial army—it is long gone.

A low, flooding voice resounded in the tent to nullify Calgurio's order.

"That's troublesome. The lord said he would not allow you to retreat."

A pot of cold water was thrown at the panicked commander, and a man, showed himself.

All eyes were focused on the entrance to the camp tent. There stood a man, wearing a weapon called a sword around his waist and wearing an exotic costume.

Still a few mottled blonde hairs were received at the back of the head and tied in a bunch. He had a long white beard and his face was covered in wrinkles. Yet his sharp gaze, standing up straight, gave the impression that the man didn't look old.

"Who are you?"

At this point Krishna stepped forward and questioned.

"Excuse me. This one's name is Agera. This time Lady Carrera sent me to be an emissary."

The man's real face is Agera.

Rimuru was a pacifist, and for better or worse, he decided to send messengers to persuade the enemy to surrender.

Not many expected the Imperials to take it, and many instead felt sad that they didn't get a chance to perform. But Agera was one of the few who had normal values, and he began to assert that it was the habit of martial generals, and Geld agreed. Momiji didn't object either, so he took orders to come over here and be an emissary.

But this operation was of greater significance to buy time until the Tempest Army was ready to finish. It didn't matter whether the Army was going to fight the war outright or surrender, whichever it was. But they are not allowed to escape.

Anyone who takes part in this aggression will be punished. That was the decision under Rimuru.

Agera respected him.

So there was absolutely no way he was going to let Calgurio's army go this time.

Faced with such an Agera, one of the staff officers raised his voice.

"You said you were an emissary? My lord is referring to the Demon Lord Rimuru, right?"

Hearing the other person ask that, Agera's expression instantly became sinister.

"It would be arrogant not to pay tribute to our great lord. Just go to the afterlife world and reflect hard."

When this was said, the staff officer who asked the question followed suit.

Everyone on the scene didn't feel Agera pulling the knife. Even Krishna, who was closest to him, was too late to make any response.

With this one, Agera dominates the field.

In the silence of everyone silent, only he was heard asking aloud.

"It seems you have decided to listen to me. So this one says. Disarm and surrender to us immediately. That will keep you in slavery and keep you alive. If you want to resist, so be it. Let's fight valiantly to the death. We will wait an hour for you guys. If you want to surrender, you can do it in the meantime." That was all Agera said and turned away.

At that moment Calgurio thought desperately about what was the best thing to do. Then, with a glimmer of hope, he decided to deal with Agera.

"Wait! No, no, no, no. Just a moment, please."

"What is it?"

Agera stopped in his tracks and turned his head to look at Calgurio.

"Excuse me, my name is Calgurio. I am the chief of this legion, the supreme leader of this campaign."

"Mmm. So what do you want to do?"

Agera's aim was to buy time, to spend it in no hurry to get back. Although he wasn't interested, he decided to listen to what Calgurio had to say.

Seeing Agera react in such a way, Calgurio put all hope in bargaining.

"Mr. Agera, you said earlier that if we surrender, you will accept it, right? Can you please review the terms? It is inhumane to be a slave. That condition is difficult for us to accept anyway."

The staff officers were uniformly surprised to hear Calgurio say such things out of the blue. But no one is objecting at this point. Everyone knows that the situation is unfavorable, so they all put their hopes in negotiation.

Seeing that Agera hadn't even said a word was taken as an opportunity, Calgurio unilaterally put the word down.

"Instead of forcing us to fight to the death, it would be less likely that you would suffer damage and win. Don't make us slaves. Can you let us go for a while this time? Of course we will pay compensation, promising you all that there will be no future acts of aggression. No, it's more than that! I also intend to return to my home country and ask the Emperor to make an alliance with your country! If the Empire joined forces with your country, it would be easy to dominate the world. And being able to have an advantage relative to other Demon Lords as well, I think it's not bad for His Majesty Rimuru. We will not forget this benevolence. How? May I ask you to pass it on to His Majesty the Demon Lord Rimuru?" Calgurio lobbied desperately.

Considering the current situation, both Operation Dwargon Raiders and Operation Maze Raiders have failed completely. All the soldiers who went to carry out the battle plan were killed.

The only ones who survived were those who were there—less than 200,000. This invasion is a major failure no matter who looks at it or how it looks.

Things had come to this, and Calgurio could only admit it. On top of that he wanted to at least let those who survived return to their home country safe and sound.

This matter, and only this matter, is a responsibility that Calgurio can take on.

After saying what he wanted to say, Calgurio waited for Agera to react.

He understood that saying those things was all wishful thinking on their part, but not entirely without a chance of winning.

Although the number of people is significantly reduced compared to the original, less than 200,000 is still a large army. The number of people should not be so far behind the Demon Lord's Army, and if so many people turned into dead soldiers fighting like crazy, it should not be a good thing for Demon Lord Rimuru.

The ground is not like a maze, and there is no way to rise from the dead. Thus, the proposal just made could give the other side a complete victory that he felt the other side would find worthy of review.

At least that's not what this Agera was able to do in front of his eyes in response to the lord. He had to relay it to the Demon Lord Rimuru.

If I could ask him to relay it to the Demon Lord Rimuru, then the next step would be the heavy lifting. Even if he can't let everyone go, he can still deal with the other side to let some of them go.

If you can, wish you could be let go.

Since he's going to make us slaves, that means he's not bad enough to even take our lives. Being so naive really wasn't like being a Demon Lord, but this time it might be life-saving. As for the bottom-most

general soldiers, just buy them back later. Now in any case, we must first return to our home country and report the situation to His Majesty.

Calgurio thought so.

He valued his life. But more importantly, he wanted to save as many General soldiers as possible. And the correct information must also be brought back to His Majesty the Emperor.

That's what Calgurio really thinks.

He overestimated the enemy's battle strength. That's the reason for this failure, but in a way, it's all force majeure.

Dwargon, Tempest, plus the Western nations. Even if he dealt with these three forces at the same time, this time his own army had such a huge battle force, he was still confident that he could overcome the other side.

It was the certainty that they would win that it turned out the way it did.

There were several catastrophe-grade equivalent monsters underneath the Demon Lord Rimuru, and how they could not have imagined such an exaggeration.

With this dereliction of duty, Calgurio will inevitably lose ground, but the emergence of more casualties could shake the Empire State. This time, even if we give up our dignity, we will temporarily retreat and bet everything on future reconstruction.

As greedy as Calgurio was, he was not incompetent. That is why the proposal was made.

If the Demon Lord Rimuru wants to take my life, then I have to give it up too. Someone will always take the information back to His Majesty Rudra. In that case, this defeat counts for something...

Calgurio had come to his senses, thinking that it would be all right if he had to sacrifice himself, and went to intervene.

Yet it was all too late.

"The situation is such that you think you're qualified to make a condition? From your disdain for the mercy of Lord Testarossa, your fate is decided. See to it that you resist or obey, and make your choice as you wish."

That was Agera's answer.

No one could move, and Agera left the tent at a leisurely pace.

The only words dropped at the end were "Don't try to run away".

"What to do?"

Calgurio stood bewildered, at which point Misha asked bluntly.

The brief silence lasted for a while...

“...can only fight. Our lives all belong to His Majesty the Emperor. You may live longer as a slave, but you are too humiliated to see the Emperor!”

Quietly, while full of determination, Calgurio made his decision.

"But we don't have a magical magic tank and we don't have a magicule-disturbing radiation. It might be hard to fight like that.”

"Doesn't matter. Anyway, our purpose is no longer survival, the point is to bring the information back to His Majesty the Emperor! No matter how many generals and soldiers have to be sacrificed, even if it's just you, you will flee and live.”

“—! Please, please wait!”

"So, what are your plans, Your Excellency?”

"That goes without saying. Let those monsters see the pride of being an Imperial soldier!”

In such desperate circumstances, Calgurio finally gave up his selfish desires. In the end he becomes a pure soldier, finding pride.

Seeing the breath change on Calgurio's body, the expressions of the adjutants and staff officers changed with it.

"How could you do such a shameless thing as to leave your Excellency to flee?”

"Exactly. Isn't it fun to end up struggling for nothing?”

"Not sure we're going to lose yet! Next, we're going to show off the true power of the Mecha Legion!”

Everyone's words were full of energy, and morale was getting higher and higher.

In such an atmosphere, it was only Misha who let out a sigh.

"Then let me run away. I don't have the backbone to go along with your suicidal behavior."

It's like saying let me be the character that's annoying, she said while waving her hand.

Calgurio revealed a bitter smile.

"Sorry. If it's you, that Yuuki kid should be able to handle it for you. It is difficult to convey correctly to His Majesty the Emperor how incompetent we are.”

"Understood, Your Excellency.”

Misha smiled bitterly at him as well.

And no one stopped Misha. It wasn't hard for everyone to understand that it wasn't going to be easy to get out of here.

"You need someone to protect you...”

“Let us take this mission.”

Before Calgurio's words could be uttered, silhouettes were already appearing in the camp tent. Their true faces are Bonnie and Jiu, who have just escaped from the maze.

“It's the single digits...”

"So it's Krishna, long time no see. Staying here is only a dead end. Do you want to come along?"

The words made everyone froze for a moment.

Being the strongest fighting force in the Empire, the "single digits" had already predicted their defeat and said it themselves. This event is enough to express how serious the battle that awaits them next is.

"No. I want to be with Sir Calgurio.”

"Yeah? Then I promise you that I will certainly relay your performance to Your Majesty. You will not die in vain, you will become glorious deaths of war. Be exhausted. That must make a meaningful death.”

These words of Bonnie's resounded heavily, and Jiu silently agreed.

The next thing you know, the two of them are leading Misha to a quick retreat from the scene.

Those who are left behind are prepared to die.

"Do not observe the time appointed by the Messenger. While the enemy's side isn't ready, we're going to hit them with the utmost force!"

In the blink of an eye, Calgurio's order had extended to the end. Then they were about to face a final showdown, and everyone stepped up to the plate in order to give it their all.

"Yeah? You chose a showdown.

Seeing the Imperial Army step up to the plate, Geld salutes that.

It's not certain they will win, not only that, but it's an overwhelming disadvantage in terms of numbers.

Never be careless. In the face of a tiger that is fighting a beast in distress, you cannot let your own people die.

The Second Corps, led by Geld, were in charge of the defense. To maintain the front line, protect the fire forces in the rear. That way they would naturally win.

This is the tactic that dwarves excel at. Send in troops to act as a barrier and then cast powerful magical attacks.

Simple and concise, good for Geld and the others.

The fourth legion was responsible for outputting firepower, and the commander was Momiji of the Tengu Clan.

"Go win for my husband!"

It was amusing to hear her inspire those gathered with these words.

Starting the offense from the perimeter, it felt very scheming. Unknowingly filling in the other side's moat, waiting for the other side to return to find that the wood has become a boat.

Geld thinks that Benimaru is not as strategic as Momiji, and surprisingly, Benimaru himself doesn't think it matters.

If he really didn't like it, he would have found a way to deal with it. Otherwise, the title of "Generalissimo" would have made us cry.

The problem is that there are too many women who love the Benimaru.

One of the famous ones is Albis.

Within the management, they are known to compete fiercely with Momiji. Whether or not Momiji will be able to sit on the championship throne, we won't know until the end.

This time Albis came with reinforcements too, and even Geld was confused, not knowing which side to cheer for.

At this rate, someone will eventually not get what they want. It's better not to go too deep.

Geld made very unlike the conclusion that the martial artist would have made.

Afterwards, he changed his mood and once again confirmed that he was all set.

The troops on standby in the rear are ready for full support, and there is no problem with the means of attack.

It wasn't just the main force led by Momiji, but also the other forces led by Shion and the reinforcements led by Albis.

As far as working with each other in this regard, as long as Benimaru is around, it's a relief.

As long as I do my duty, we won't lose.

Geld's defense can be described as a brick wall.

The elite of the Yellow and Orange Corps combined totaled 17,000 men. These warriors are all endowed with indestructible defenses through Geld's unique skill, "The Guardian". On top of that, coupled with the equipment of the Kurobee and Garm Forge, Geld's strength had been strengthened, and even the shells were capable of withstanding it.

Not only that, but Geld's exclusive skill "Gourmet" has stomach pockets that the entire legion can share is a big plus. In case of some damage, the support unit in the rear will use magic to heal, and will be able to use the recovery potion immediately, even if the damage is huge.

Just in case, Geld's "stomach pouch" was always stocked with plenty of recovery medicine. Not just this war, but to deal with all the situations, Rimuru took the restorative medicine they had created to Geld for storage.

This way the quality does not deteriorate and is best for preservation. This time they have been given permission to use the potions to their heart's content.

From the point of view of a supply station, such a unit is most reliable because it does not need to be moved separately and can be resupplied on the spot. The monsters will build strong walls of protection by their own flesh, so they can function on the battlefield.

‘We can't lose’—thought Geld.

The rest is...

His eyes looked to the sky.

You can see a military officer named "Carrera" who was assigned to Geld's unit.

Lord Rimuru looks forward to that power, and I'm eager to see it.

It won't be long before the showdown.

Excited to the point of shaking, Geld waited silently for the moment to come.

Ahead of Geld's line of sight, Carrera stood still in the high air.

She had been assigned to the Second Legion with two of her entourage, but was currently splitting up.

Rimuru has given her the honor of playing in the starting lineup.

As a martial arts general, Geld accepted them with open arms and said they could play as they pleased. The man was a good one, and Carrera felt he hit it off with herself.

In fact, Rimuru had secretly ordered Carrera to protect Geld. The same is true of Testarossa and Ultima. If there were subordinates on the Army's side who couldn't handle it, the real task for the girls was to buy time to deal with them.

But this time is different.

She was in charge of playing lead so that she didn't have to stay with Geld. In fact when Geld and the others take on the defensive duties thoroughly, that's when there's no room for the likes of Carrera on the field.

Now we have to figure out how to annihilate the enemy first.

Therefore, Carrera intended to release the nuclear strike magic from overhead.

"One moment, please! What are you going to do now, Lady Carrera?"

Ending his mission as an emissary, Agera had just returned and he rushed to stop Carrera.

The cold-hearted gesture shown against the Imperial Army had vanished. In front of Carrera, Agera is also just a bitter guy.

He had a bad feeling before he hurried back and seemed to guess correctly. In addition to being able to detect aura sensitively, he was also able to read Carrera's movements, and after long years of exercise, his instincts as a bitter subordinate were already keen.

"Oops? Agera, you're back, aren't you? I've done all kinds of thinking, and I always feel like I have to practice now to really get on the field and not fail!"

The person who had intended to take advantage of the situation was not there to intervene, but Carrera did not want to talk to him at all. This is clear evidence that she normally does just that.

"You mean practice?"

"Yeah, that's it. It's only going to set off a nuclear explosion overhead, which feels like a relatively large firework, right? The residual temperature will burn the floor, but don't worry about that. How? Is that all right?"

"That's great, that's perfect! It's true, Lord Carrera!"

Watching Carrera's smug face, the maiden who was standing by her side gave her a compliment. The maiden was a partner of equal status to Agera—Esprit.

She's cute looking, but has a very bad personality, and it's not an understatement to say it sucks. But she did have considerable strength, and even Agera didn't know what to do with her.

It's only right that you should have a hard time with your fellow soldiers. However, Esprit was too busy following Carrera to help at all.

Never intending to admonish Carrera, always going along with whatever she did. Agera, who had put all the hard work on Agera, was a bad character, and he himself was patronizing Carrera.

In the end creating a disgusting environment, all the drudgery fell on Agera.

But he finds that Testarossa, who maintains reason as evil, and Ultima, who pursues a more cruel realm, to be very sickening as well. That being said, the problem is not that it doesn't matter without malice.

Not minding the trouble it would bring to those around her, Carrera was always at full strength, and in Agera's view, a headache for the lord.

Even if the other person laughed and said "the damage done seems a little big", he didn't find it funny at all. There was no way to laugh with her.

On that note, fellow Esprit and Carrera are similar on an emotional level and don't seem bothered at all. It was something that Agera was very envious of.

"Where's the...!? You shut up!"

The bitter man Agera glared at the irresponsible Esprit. Turning next to Carrera, he began to elaborate as if he were talking to a child.

"Please listen to me, Lady Carrera. I went to the enemy's camp just now to be an emissary, right?"

"Well, yeah."

"That being the case, it is the rule on the battlefield not to make a move until the time is right."

"What did you say? It's practice!"

"Even with practice, what you can't do is what you can't do!"

That said, Agera's boss, Carrera, is characteristically like a runaway vehicle with fewer brakes.

It would take a lot of effort to stop her.

However, her power skills overwhelmed the group and were difficult to clean up.

Usually, she just goes around stirring up Demon Lord Leon all day long. Every day, nuclear strike magic is fired, repeatedly provoked. It was because Demon Lord Leon was mature enough that it didn't turn into a war, and if it had been another Demon Lord, the war would have started long ago. And Carrera will wreak havoc and end up back in the demon world.

Her purpose is only brief enjoyment, and she doesn't care at all about winning or losing the war. So even if you lose, Carrera will disappear while laughing.

Because she herself didn't feel like she had lost, it wouldn't do her any harm, and she wouldn't reflect on it. How to teach common sense in the face of such a Carrera, something Agera had agonized over not long ago.

But now it's different.

By far, the demon race was the strongest existence, and among them, the higher ranking ones, those who belonged to the ruling class, such as Agera, no one could command them. What's more, Carrera could even be in charge of the demons of the ruling class, and to simply express an opinion about her would be to bet her life.

It was only because Carrera likes Agera that he didn't disappear and was allowed to follow Carrera around.

Yet nowadays even such a Carrera has become a minion of the Demon Lord Rimuru.

From now on, in order to make a good impression on Demon Lord Rimuru, Agera thought he had to learn to endure. And you can't act on your gut, you have to use your head.

In order for that to happen, he had to get his boss, Carrera, to learn some common sense.

In fact, Carrera was able to actually keep the laws and regulations in mind and respond properly. That being the case, hopefully she will also think a little about things in general before acting.

This way, I won't have to work so hard.

With such a small wish in mind, Agera strove hard every day to persuade Carrera.

Therefore, Agera always preaches to Carrera on the point of the problem.

The person on the sidelines looked like a granddaughter who had been scolded by her grandfather, but the person in question didn't care and thought that now was the time, continued the explanation.

It must be easy to understand and concise in content. It's easy for Carrera to get bored of listening and not to be nagged, so it's hard to get her to listen.

Only to see Agera earnestly explain the customs of the battlefield to Carrera.

And yet at this very moment...

The Imperial Army suddenly began to move.

"I said, Agera. It'll be a long time before your appointment, right?"

"Yes, indeed..."

"That means the Imperial Army got away first while you were listening to this nonsense, right?"

A tension rose in Agera's heart. That has two dimensions.

The whole NPC erupted with anger and loss of control. Since the anger was directed at Agera, then he could not stay small.

Another layer is irritation with the Empire.

Still preaching to Carrera about the customs of the battlefield, she was unexpectedly taken down. Such unreasonable behavior on the part of the Empire was no different from betrayal, and Agera had not been so angry for a long time.

"Lady Carrera! Let's leave that old grandfather alone and let's go educate those fools who can't even keep their promises!"

At this point, Esprit uses "Thank me, you fool!" The eyes looked at Agera while pointing to the Imperials, as if to distract Carrera.

Geld and the others are laying it down.

Nearly 200,000 elite soldiers were closing in on them. Looking up, they were all soldiers of the Empire's generals, and from high above, they just looked like prey at the right time.

At this point Carrera nodded.

"Just do it! Agera, I presume you won't stop me?"

As if to say "stop me or I'll kill you", the questioning was full of killing air.

Agera's reaction, however, was unexpected by Carrera.

“Indeed...this one said he would wait for an hour, but did not say they could not attack in the meantime. The blame seems to lie with me.”

“So?”

"It's what a samurai should do to send someone who wants to die. With no mercy. Please play thoroughly and do whatever you want.”

Agera too has come to his senses.

He wasn't like a demon, a Mr. Nice Guy, but very much hated being treated like an idiot by his lord, or someone breaking a deal. The Empire stepped right on his bottom line.

"That's nice. The whole crowd was excited. That's why I like you so much.”

Agera didn't stop her anymore. Finding this out, Carrera smiled triumphantly.

"Then let's get started. Let them see what happens to us when they underestimate us!”

"Yes, sir.”

"Got it.”

And just like that, the war began.

This side of the Imperial Army doesn't know it. In fact, their actions are tantamount to granting each other the death penalty.

“Next...let's have a rain of nuclear magic, shall we?”

"That sounds good! It feels so good to blow up the ground!”

And it will be known that, once the normally warm-hearted are pissed off, the other side retaliates with considerable fierceness.

"No, that's too lukewarm. Lady Carrera, please recall what your lord has said. Didn't he say, "Scare the Imperial Army with a very flashy magic" or something?”

“Hmm?”

"Let the other side see our full strength this time, so that we can meet the Lord's expectations, right?”

This made Carrera's eyes widen in a flash of realization.

Agera was right. Nowadays Agera himself, who is always whining and trying to keep Carrera from losing control, is telling Carrera to give it her all.

Just thinking about it made Carrera sigh with emotion.

"You finally get me, Agera. As you say. I seem to have accidentally painted myself into a corner. Your words sober me up. Okay, I'll show them the grand finale this time! The big magic I didn't pull off, let's make a hot show of it this time!”

Carrera plucked up the energy.

And with a full force that has never been used so far.

Ah, crap—only then did Agera regain his composure, but it was too late. Carrera had long since focused all her attention on unleashing magic.

What to do? Esprit stared at Agera with such a look, but even Agera did not know what to do. Now that things have turned out this way, they'll just have to watch and do it.

The supervisor, Carrera, was out of control and would probably be scolded afterwards, but it would be nice to figure out what to do then. Agera looked away and decided to take advantage of the situation.

Anyway, Agera is still of the demon race.

As a result, the Imperial Army, which had only just begun its advance, was attacked from high above and eventually destroyed.

They set up multiple boundaries with legion magic, use the latest equipment to defend against magic, each with a high degree of magical resistance, and don't skimp on joining the many sacred guards. And these defenses were powerless in the face of the mass annihilation magic released by Carrera.

That magic is a type of nuclear strike magic, called 'Gravity Collapse.'

Among the various types of nuclear strike magic, the most powerful type of magic requires a large amount of mana and sophisticated magic manipulation techniques.

When the core of the magic "Black Flame Core" is released, it expands to produce the "Flame of Destruction". The so-called "gravity collapse" is the forbidden magic that is formed by compressing those.

Compression means that supergravity is created. The simple explanation is the ability to produce manmade black holes.

That disrupts the gravitational field of the planet, creating a localized supergravity field. If someone is caught in the sphere of influence of a localized hyper-compressed space, all will be crushed.

As for the Imperial Army that was exposed to this kind of magic, it was needless to say that they knew the fate was miserable.

Gravity suddenly went haywire and the force increased. Under the influence, the soldiers of the Empire's generals, who could not even bear their own weight, were gradually crushed.

Coming to the clearing was a defeat; there was no way they could escape from the eyes of the demons. More than 80% of the nearly 200,000 troops were trapped within the sphere of influence of that magic.

The soldiers of the General could not move a muscle, but this magic had to work its true essence next. At a correctly designated range, the inside scrapes a magic storm. It was a storm big enough to turn the heavens upside down that no one had ever seen.

The hyper-compressed space came to the tipping point and finally all the energy was focused on one point. Just now those energies were spinning in the opposite direction and small supernovae appeared on the ground.

A dark pillar connects the heavens and the earth—one would think the gates of hell are open, but it's the sand and dust that rolls up into the sky because of the Big Bang.

This class is no longer magic that can be used on a confusing star. If there was no limit, the Great Forest of Jura would have been scorched earth.

There was no one in the Imperial Army who was good enough to fight it.

That's for sure.

After all, this nuclear strike magic "Gravity Collapse" encompasses all magic and physical phenomena and is an all-attribute attack.

In this way, the Imperial Army didn't understand what was going on, and most of them were all dusted off.

That blow satisfied Carrera.

It is Agera, who is troubled, who regains sanity.

The one who incited Carrera to do it was himself and had no business complaining. Agera never expected to trigger such a tragic situation.

No, it should be correct to say that he had thought, "This is probably not good," but did not know that Carrera's power was so strong.

What to do, what to do, what to worry about until now, what to do, what to do, what to do?

The suffering of the bitter man Agera is only now about to begin.



Geld laughed and thought to himself, 'This is really something.'

There was a guess that Carrera was supposed to be strong, but she was surprisingly strong.

"I didn't think I could destroy so many enemies in just one fight. So we don't have a chance to show it?"

Geld complained like that on the surface, but not so much in private.

Despite the chaos of the scene, the survivors of the Imperial Army were still over 20,000. Those people were all trying to escape from the living sky and were desperately heading towards Geld their way.

While the numerical disadvantage has been turned around, it is not to be taken lightly just yet. Geld understood that very well.

The Imperial Army had seen the horror of death firsthand, and they launched their raids like mad. That pressure is not a cover.

Yet Geld was unfazed.

Presumably because the commander was calm, the men under Geld, including the soldiers at the far end, all looked calmly at the enemy.

"Raise your shields!"

There was little time left before the two armies made contact, and at this point Geld gave the order in a calm voice.

The Second Corps responded with a meticulous movement, and the next second they became a barrier that no one was allowed to cross.

Even though there was going to be a fierce confrontation, they didn't even take a step back, just blocking the Imperial Army. After that, the protective wall Geld and them had formed didn't collapse at all, and didn't take a step back at all, pushing the Imperials back just like that.

The final showdown began, and the next to take action was Shion.

"Everyone launch a raid. I will kill all of Lord Rimuru's enemies!"

Shion's pro-guard was led by the "Purple Crowd", which matched this statement with a battle cry.

Immediately afterwards, 10,000 wizards of all kinds began to act individually.

These people are exercised by Shion and call themselves fans of the Shion. Because of the leadership of the "Yomigaeri", this force seems to be scattered, but in essence it is in order.

The number of people goes without saying, and the fighting ability is noteworthy.

The additional skill "Terrible Power" has been extended to all members of the team through the "Yomigaeri". Tens of thousands of wizards disguised as horrible knights went to teach the Imperial Army a lesson.

This is the essence of the "Terror Overlord" skill. It can seal the enemy army's original strength and let its own army wreak havoc unilaterally, which is very effective.

Wearing the same dark purple armor forged by the three dwarven brothers, the eldest male Garm, the pro-guards wreaked havoc on the battlefield. The figure looked like a nightmare to the Imperial Army.

There was nothing more striking than the three giants, who released demonic qi so strong that it was in disarray.

Assimilating Shion's "terrifying overbearing aura" and the demonic aura in herself into a violent incarnation, she was making a big deal out of it.

Their true identities are, of course, the three sons of Demon Lord Dagrue.

Others are no less so.

The "Purple Crowd" is responsible for attracting the enemy's attention, and other wizards take advantage of this opportunity to finish off the enemy. In this way, no harm would be done to their own troops and the number of enemy troops could be reduced.

Gobzo is one of them.

"Ah, the head seems to itch."

Although he said such things if he didn't, there was actually an empty hole in the top of his head that had been pierced by a sword. This wound gradually heals and is a thrilling experience in the eyes of the unaccustomed.

"A true hobgoblin brother."

"Yeah. If it had been me, I would have died a long time ago."

Gobzo had also grown, and even his men were admiring.

In between this back and forth, three vortexes emerge on the battlefield, centered on Dagrue's sons. Using that as a starting point, the left side of the Imperial Army began to crumble. The pro-guards of Shion didn't let this opportunity go, and began to crush the Imperial General soldiers with a furious wave.

Even if the general soldiers of the empire went into a frenzy to fight and took out the potential that would be triggered by encountering fire, they were still no match for Shion's Pro-Guards.

If one only compares individual combat abilities, there really isn't much of a difference. However, there was a world of difference in the level of sophistication, and in terms of skill, the Pro-Guard was even better.

What kind of exercise did it take to get that way?

The members of the Pro-Guard were groomed to be particularly good at combat, to the point of surprising people.

Just as Shion was active on the right flank of its own army.

The right side of the Imperial Army also made waves.

“How...how!? How can there be—poof!”

"Yes, it's the Order of the Beast King...!"

"No, I don't want to die yet...coo!"

The Beast King Warrior Regiment came over for reinforcements, and the reinforcements included the monsters under the Beast King. Rimuru had great kindness for them, and they wanted to repay it as best they could, and were giving it their all without reservation.

"That's a real monster.”

“Indeed.”

Hearing Albis murmur like that, Zar the Elephant Beast nodded.

Great magic that had never been seen or heard of appeared before your eyes.

The terrifying pillars that connected the heavens and the earth instantly reduced over a hundred thousand Imperial General soldiers to ashes. Yet the power did not diminish and still wreaked havoc on the battlefield.

This one's a winner or loser.

The only remaining question was whether or not the Imperial Army side was hiding masters.

They had to make sure of that so that the enemy would not be allowed to flee in this battle.

Albis knew that Rimuru was normally a very generous man, and it was only fearful to see him thoroughly implement this policy. At the same time, she felt a deep sense of approval that this was how a Demon Lord should be.

"Although 20,000 troops were sent to help, it seems that they have become redundant. That way there is no way to make a big claim that it's a payback.”

"Those kindnesses were meant to be repaid.”

"Indeed. Then at least avoid making His Majesty Rimuru feel sad. We can't fight to the death. Do your best to leave everyone unharmed.”

"You've heard it all. You must remember your pride as a Beast King's servant, and you must not let up until the end.”

When Zar finished roaring these words, the Beast King Warriors all responded in one fell swoop.

In this way, those fierce beasts also began to charge towards the right side of the Imperial Army.

It was at this point that the big picture was set.

There was great magic at the back, and both the right and left were thoroughly ravaged.

This time, the Imperial Army could only wait to be surrounded and annihilated.

Momiji stared at it all with cold eyes.

She was calm in her head, but a fire was burning in her heart.

"It's time. Let a fire of mercy be put out to save the enemy from the sea of suffering."

Momiji finished softly and signaled to Gobya.

At this time, the Fourth Legion began to work together to raise their demonic aura.

Through Gobya, the order was conveyed to the Kurenai, and the network was extended to all members. Following the great reversal, the demonic qi raised by those people were all transmitted to the Kurenai, beautifully tempered.

Unifying these is Momiji's task.

"Is it really okay?"

Goby was a little uneasy when he asked, but both were dismissed with a smile by Momiji.

"I'm going to be the wife of Lord Benimaru, and if I can't do anything to that extent, then what should I do?"

An unwavering confidence can be seen in that attitude.

The integrated demon qi was even more concentrated, turning into a firepower that pounced on the enemy army. That's what Momiji's proposal is.

The way of combat was simple and quick, but if the integration of the demonic energy failed, she had to consider the possibility of an explosion. That way, Geld, who was in charge of maintaining the front line, would probably be hit by a wave. It was no wonder that Gobya was upset, but Momiji's confidence made her keep her mouth shut.

Momiji was Benimaru's agent and the army was entrusted to her. To doubt Momiji is to disbelieve Benimaru.

"Then I'll leave it to you. Shall we begin?"

"Yes. It wasn't as powerful as the evil magic that Miss Carrera had put out, but it was still enough to clean up the rest of them. Let's use this blow to win."

Immediately afterwards, Momiji displayed a once-in-a-lifetime great monster technique.

"Gently envelop the enemy and blossom the flower of the Red Lotus. Come on, let's be impressed. The Monster Heaven Red Flame—!"

Red flowers bloom in the sky.

The first purpose is to burn oxygen rapidly.

That way the oxygen from the ground would be taken away and the enemy would be incapacitated.

The second purpose is to bring down the flame of mercy.

Before the enemy could feel the pain, he would first be robbed of consciousness by the heat of that burst.

The third purpose is to force out a powerful enemy.

If they could withstand this attack, those people would be distinguished as strong. If you just want to clean up the stumbling blocks, this monster technique is most suitable.

The flowers that bloomed on the battlefield afterwards gave up.

No one survived.

"Oops? Miscalculated."

"As expected. Those who ended up invading the inside of the labyrinth were superior to the others, and I'm afraid they were the aces of the Imperial Army."

"Should be. That leaves only the Command as the enemy."

"It must be over there, too. After all..."

"Yes, indeed. If that Carrera-san's entourage comes forward, no matter what kind of opponent they meet, they can't beat them."

"I agree."

"In other words?"

"Yes. In that case, the showdown is ours to win."

Those words made the battlefield roar with laughter.

The battle of annihilation, known as the Armageddon, ended without incident.

Desperate reports were sent back to Calgurio in droves.

No, you don't have to listen to anyone.

There is already a great tragedy ahead.

The only thing they felt lucky about was that things came so fast that they died before they could even feel the fear and remorse.

On the contrary, those who survived the horrible magic were all changed in their eyes and fled back to the main camp one by one.

Even the soul felt fear, holding in its heart a sense of mistrust of the Empire, while lamenting its own folly.

There was no room for rhetoric either, and the staff cried out for a retreat.

Yet things evolved to such a point that they could not have survived the situation.

How did this happen? Should one choose to be a slave? No, should I say, when exactly did I start doing it wrong...?

Thinking was stuck in a dead end, Calgurio tried desperately to get the thinking circuit back to normal, but failed, and once again he looked out over the desperate battlefield and began to think about what other battle plans he could execute now.

It's nowhere to be found.

At this juncture, how could he have just come up with that kind of combat plan?

No, that's an afterthought...

"How is that possible...what is that? What the hell was that...!?"

Calgurio's heart was filled with fear and confusion.

It was beyond his comprehension that there was such a vicious magic.

What was it that made it like that—the hundreds of thousands of general soldiers with several layers of “Barrier” guards, the tactics used to kill them all like they were wringing a baby's hands.

Nearly 200,000 troops were destroyed by a single blow.

For the rest, it was only a matter of time before things came to this point of total annihilation.

"Hard, isn't it...?"

“What?”

"Then, that magic is still on the theoretical side, there is a kind of magic that can interfere with the gravity of the planet. Classified as nuclear strike magic, that kind of magic has the most powerful and evil power, except for the huge amount of energy required, which cannot be realized without precise control..."

“‘Gravity Collapse,’ as I heard from Gadra?”

That's right, actually Calgurio had heard of it.

But only theoretically feasible, that kind of magic is still being studied at the moment.

Not the magic that was found to have existed in the past, but the gathering of the technical essence of the Empire, the mobilization of scientific knowledge from otherworldly sources, the study of theoretical structures from the beginning, and the frustration suffered at that stage...

Let's not talk about a war, that kind of strategic-level magic can even wipe out countries. But the conclusion had been reached that that kind of magic was not possible.

The other side, the other side, unleashes that magic to perfection.

And by just one magic creature.

The Demon Lord.

The word began to enter Calgurio's mind with a sense of dread that accompanied the writing.

He suspected that his own army would not be able to strike at a target that he absolutely could not?

"Lord Calgurio is a learned man, and I admire him most."

A staff officer makes an uncomfortable remark that pulls Calgurio back to reality.

Then Calgurio began to shout, as if to vent his hatred.

"Whether it's still magic on a theoretical level or not! Gadra is still selling it, saying that once this kind of magic comes true, even Veldora can kill it!"

"Exactly. That kind of magic is just so powerful, one doesn't know the limits."

Unknowingly, the staff officers split their reactions into two.

"So, is that a monster? There's only one...only one of them, and it's a great magic that can be released..."

Some people go into a state of panic.

"Great. Ahaha, go back and write it into a paper! That way we can get that forbidden spell too!"

Some of them discussed it furiously.

One group loses their fighting spirit and the other begins to run away from reality.

Their side has lost its function as a command.

It's so bad, there's nothing we can do. Even so, however, Calgurio remained the army chief.

Still responsible for the lives of the remaining generals and soldiers.

Calgurio, he absolutely must not give up.

But the situation at hand made it impossible for them to retreat.

Including those who had escaped, only less than 2,000 general soldiers remained in the main camp. The dragons are headless, and even if they escape, they will only end up being killed.

Power, so wanting power, Calgurio prayed bitterly.

As the Empire has always revered, as long as the power is strong enough, whatever is done will be forgiven. It is because of their overwhelming power that they have the possibility to calm the world.

Yet those who do not have the power end up in a miserable situation.

Without further ado, one need only look at the current state of Calgurio's affairs to get a glimpse.

The "Three Generals" are the pinnacle of the empire, and Calgurio, who is ranked among them, boasts of being the dominant player in the world. But now he realizes that it was all just an illusion.

How powerless and weak I am. I didn't realize I was so miserable that I had to be slaughtered...

He couldn't help but lament over it.

Wealth, fame, at the moment, those things are of no value at all. It's only when there's really trouble that certain needs arise, and that's more important than anything.

"So desperate for power..."

Large teardrops fell from Calgurio's eyes.

The glory of the empire—strictly speaking, it is believed that Calgurio, who was the commander, lost nearly a million of his general's soldiers. The fact that such a thing was in front of him left Calgurio devastated and discouraged.

"Report, report! There was a huge blaze over the battlefield. Based on the heat observed, there should be little chance of survival for those on the ground—"

"It's over. Now the Empire is completely defeated..."

The adjutant could not help but murmur these words, and the staff officers fell into a silence.

Those who fled from reality seemed to wake up from a dream and froze. Trying to face the reality of what will happen afterwards and the brain refuses to accept it.

"Let's surrender. While it's possible that the other side will accept to use the bait, it's possible that it will work. Everyone will be killed if this continues. That's all that's left for us to survive, what do people think?"

Instead of dying, it's better to be a slave. It's because of thinking so much that I'm proposing it, but there's always that feeling that it's too late. That said, Calgurio decided to accept the offer.

"...and right. It may not work, but we can try to negotiate and see. At least if we can keep the enemy's attention on us, the chances of Misha and their escape will increase."

Even if they end up facing death, as long as word can be sent back to the Empire, this defeat will mean something. It is based on such thoughts that negative approval is given.

So modest and unlike Calgurio, but his heart was long broken.

Yet it was because of this, he had a way of thinking about what was best to do in this situation.

If he could allow his mind to reach this realm sooner, Calgurio would surely become a rare and famous general in the world. Abandoning so much lust and vanity, Calgurio takes back the wisdom he should have had.

But these judgments were made too late.

And Calgurio and the others have long since lost all hope.

"Kufufufufu. Surrender, right? Then there's trouble. You'll have to keep me company for a while."

It was Diablo who spoke these words, and he appeared unconsciously in the tent. Dressed in butler's clothes as usual, a smile appeared on his handsome face.

At the sight of Diablo, Calgurio immediately recognized the absolute difference in strength between the two sides. Now he has found his cool judgment and won't lay down his life for a boring sense of honor.

The first thing was to engage the other side, so he asked the guards to put down their swords. It was the right thing to do, even if the battle was lost to the opponent.

The afterglow from the corner of Calgurio's eye saw that Krishna was muttering something about "It won't work..." and the whole person crouched down. Like Calgurio, he felt the gap in strength between the two sides was too great to be filled with despair.

Calgurio, while weighing the rightness of his choice, was the first to report his name.

"My name is Calgurio, and I am the highest-ranking officer in charge of this operation. May I ask your name?"

Asked that, Diablo responded happily.

"Oops? How polite. My "name" is Diablo. I am the loyal servant of Demon Lord Rimuru."

Diablo is fond of saying his name.

Faced with such a Diablo, Calgurio began to think.

A victory over Diablo is unlikely. Even if everyone in the command went on together, there was no way they could win, right?

That magical aura was even denser than the giant dragon's. As for the overbearing aura that emanated from him, it was much stronger than the Demon Lord Clayman, who had also befriended Calgurio.

And without anyone noticing the aura, Diablo appeared. This meant that he had invaded with such a powerful overbearing aura that it had gone unnoticed until just now.

Such an untouchable strongman appeared, but Calgurio's heart appeared calm.

This is an opportunity. They did not seem to allow our troops to surrender, but responded with an engagement. If it buys time, it is equivalent to being able to keep this dangerous man.

Calgurio thought that it would also be safer for Misha and others to escape in this way.

But he thought too hard.

“You're not trying to buy time, are you?”

“What?”

“It's because someone ran away from here that you're being used as bait. The idea of sacrificing the ego in this way is great, but it's a shame it's all for nothing. Because those people were packed away long ago.”

The demon was approaching quietly and would never spare the pathetic prey.

As if to prove it, Diablo smiled.

Then out of thin air, two bodies were transformed and left to lie on the ground.

“Could it be the single digits...!?”

At this point Krishna shouted with a stunned expression.

The real identities of those bodies were those of Bonnie and Jiu.

At this point there was a tension in the command.

It wasn't just Krishna who was shocked. Those who stayed behind clearly understood what a “singledigit” defeat meant.

That is, they couldn't beat Diablo. No, more importantly...

How, how...then our death, the death of all the generals and soldiers, will not mean anything at all—!”

Deep despair assaulted Calgurio.

“Everyone, draw your swords! There's an intruder! To crush the invaders!”

At this time the adjutant let out a loud cry, and the guards followed the order.

Unlike Krishna, there was no way to see through how strong Diablo was with the strength of these escorting martial officers. So they reacted and didn't know it was too courageous or unwise.

“Kufufufufu. You're all lowlives, and you want to fight me like that?”

Diablo smiled dismissively.

However, the adjutant was not weak, and he shouted after him.

“Shut up, you demon! There are more than a thousand other warriors on guard here. No matter how good you are, what can only one person do!?”

Like trying to hide his fear with anger, the adjutant said desperately.

Calgurio couldn't move. He wanted so badly to tell the other man to stop, but couldn't even get the words out. This adjutant said what can the enemy do with only one person, and Calgurio was tempted to shout "that's not it", but...

It is only now that Calgurio understands what it means to be really strong.

Discover what Emperor Rudra expects of them.

It only takes one master to defeat a million armies.

The proof is the superb magic that the enemy has just released.

Plus there was a monster that could kill two powerful people named "single-digit", and even the Mecha Legion could disintegrate with ease.

The evidence is...

"Kufufufufu. That sentence came a little late. Those who survive are just you."

It seems the adjutant didn't understand what the other party was saying for a while. Yet what was going on outside, Calgurio knew even without looking.

He'd been paying attention since just now.

It felt too quiet outside.

At this point Diablo "snapped! He snapped his fingers.

Just then, the cover of the tent was blown open. The light outside reflected into the eyes of Calgurio and the others.

There you can see mountains of bodies.

The soldiers were all dead, as if asleep.

That's right, as if only the soul was siphoned off...

No, Calgurio found that that was exactly what happened. Before the soldiers could even resist, the souls were taken by Diablo.

Now on again. Right before our eyes, tragedy rears its head.

When Diablo snapped his fingers, Krishna and the rest fell to the ground.

Despair and sadness swept over Calgurio's chest.

"Oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh, oooh!!"

He cried out in blood and tears.

Immediately after, Calgurio's emotions saturated and exploded—



That being said, Diablo had no reason to let the enemy escape.

Receiving the order from Rimuru, Diablo headed happily to the battlefield. Explore Krishna's aura, discover the enemy's command, and later snoop into the situation.

This time he just happened to run into Bonnie and the others as they came over, and Diablo wasn't going to let anyone get away, so of course he would finish them off.

Those two were stronger than one might think.

I didn't expect that even if you practiced your unique skills to the limit, it wouldn't work. But those powers seem to have been borrowed by them from others. Should I say sensory dissonance, doesn't look like an ability awakening. That would make it possible.

Thinking about this, Diablo tidied them up with aplomb.

Misha looked at it and began to feel panicked, so she confessed that she was under Yuuki's command.

Since Rimuru and Yuuki belonged to the partnership by default, Diablo would not disobey Rimuru, so he only let Misha go.

Is that an ultimate skill? Guy bragged to me a long time ago, got people on fire, looks like there's research value in it.

He is not polite about getting stronger, and he has thrown away his reserve in a few moments. He could use anything as long as it was an effective means, and Diablo was such a demon.

In this way, Diablo began to take an interest in polarizing skills, but he did not forget his work.

He returned to the Imperial Army's camp and the invasion was successful.

He was also afraid that it would be troublesome for the other side to make a commotion, so he used "End of the world" to take his life when he saw someone.

Move quickly and pick at random.

He did not hesitate to kill all the enemy's soldiers.

Right in front of Diablo's eyes, Calgurio let out a growl.

Funny—Diablo thought with a smile.

Calgurio has pushed the limits of humanity. He would have belonged to the qualified people.

Now that he has surpassed the "Immortal" level, the energy has gradually increased.

Ah, was it desperation that awakened him? It looked like it was the guilt that was pushing him further up the ladder. That's what's worth fighting me for.

Up until recently, Diablo was not interested in becoming stronger.

Yet now he pursues power.

To be of use to the lord he served—to be a useful tool, a servant to Rimuru.

To Diablo, tools are meaningless if they can't show their ability to the lord. Tools that don't come in handy have no existence value.

This is also the reason why they do not have their own ministry.

He doesn't need incompetent minions and enjoys being a lone wolf along the way.

It is because Diablo is such a man that he has not forgotten to be aggressive and make himself competent.

To be able to fight against the strong, it was also a great opportunity for Diablo.

His own roar sounded so distant.

Immersed in such feelings, Calgurio awakened.

Strength rises, and it's still a growing strength never experienced before.

Very overwhelming—thought Calgurio.

The killing of his partner left him feeling anger, despair and fear, and that became the key to pushing his limits.

And that power is what Emperor Rudra had pinned his hopes on Calgurio, I believe.

"I look forward to your performance."

Rudra gave him these words to his face.

The events of that day are not lost on Calgurio.

To this day, he thought that the emperor wanted him to be a military chief and to do his duty for the empire. Yet this is all a misunderstanding.

I see, so it is. Your Majesty—Lord Rudra was hoping I would awaken!

With this realization, he realized that the sequence of actions was meaningful.

Nowadays, Calgurio has transcended the "Immortal" to the "Saint" realm.

Each cell is mixed, and the spirit overrides the flesh. This caused a transformation in his body, and Calgurio had a tangible insight into it.

That power was strong enough to rival the awakening demon lord. Calgurio who had awakened to this realm only realized how incompetent he had been before.

In the face of this force, the Mecha Legion is also a nullity. In other words, it was impossible for the Imperial Army to defeat Demon Lord Rimuru or Veldora.

“I-I'm so stupid...”

“Kufufufufu. That's it.”

"But that's exactly why! I vow to right my wrongs!”

As soon as Calgurio finished shouting these words, the divine armor that emitted light wrapped around his body.

This is the strongest armament handed down from mythical times.

It was the mythical-grade armor given to him by the Emperor.

Only the marshals and the three generals could wear it, a testament to the Empire's supreme war power. Today it acknowledges that Calgurio is the real master.

"I'll never forgive you, demon! I'll kill you!”

"Kufufufufu. That's the fun part.”

The two men just glared at each other and the final battle began.

Calgurio raised the strength on his body to the limit, making his best effort with his first move.

The fist is protected by armor, and that alone is a murderous weapon. It can crush almost any substance in this world, harboring the most destructive power.

The speed of the forefront of the fist surpassed the speed of sound, and even the residual shadow was not left behind, coming to the realm of myth. That shockwave is capable of breaking through the defenses possessed by matter and destroying the molecular structure. And this fist-infused chakra was able to pass through the mind's defenses and could even inflict damage on the Star Psi body.

In other words, even if the opponent is a spiritual lifeform, it can kill.

Calgurio had heard of Diablo's name.

He was one of the Four Heavenly Kings under the Demon Lord Rimuru, the true face of the evil demon race. And incredibly, the report also states that he is a "demon archduke" who exists only in legend.

Calgurio hadn't even taken the intelligence agency's findings to heart before and was now willing to believe the reports were true.

Even two "single digits" to challenge can't beat that. Even if he really was such an appalling presence, it wasn't surprising.

Yet there was no fear in Calgurio's mind.

I'll admit this guy is a terrible demon, but when it comes to me now, he's no match. With this power, "True Dragon", "Demon Lord" or "Hero" are all good, I'll take them all down!

If you count human strength as one, those who are classified as Class A have at least ten or more physical functions.

High-ranking demons were nearly a hundred.

In the case of a high-ranking magician, the record is one hundred and forty.

If it was the Demon Lord, the minimum should be three hundred as well.

The dragon species is undetectable, and I'm afraid it will break the thousand.

Now Calgurio found himself with a power that had broken a thousand.

Only awakened saints can reach this realm.

Plus, Calgurio wore mythical-grade armor that contained enough energy to rival his own.

With this power, even the opponent, the demon archduke, could be exterminated. It's no wonder that Calgurio is so convinced.

"Alas, how disappointing."

A surefire jab is lightly defused by Diablo.

"How is that possible!?"

"What's there to wonder about?"

"Why, why are you okay?"

No matter what kind of demon it was, it should have been killed by that blow just now. Even if he misses well, Calgurio thinks it's absolutely impossible to be unharmed, how could something so exaggerated be possible.

"Ask me why, for a simple reason. It's because you don't have enough fire in you to use this power well."

Only to see Diablo answer in a lighter voice.

"You say I'm not hot enough?"

"Right. I personally feel very sorry for it too. It is too early to fight. Compared to those two just now, they were still relatively strong. Although it was suspected to be a borrowed power, they already had ultimate skills on them. If your power had been awakened sooner, we would have had a more enjoyable showdown..."

The fruit is not good to eat without waiting until it is ripe. Diablo lamented over it, thinking he had picked too early.

It was an insult to Calgurio, and he couldn't take it.

"Damn it! Don't underestimate me, you demon!"

With that kind of shouting, the situation turned out to be awful.

Calgurio understood in his heart.

He knew he could not defeat this demon in front of him.

Most importantly, the power of "single digits" has secrets.

They were the strongest warriors in the Empire, and were handpicked by Emperor Rudra, who then lent his dense powers to these men.

Diablo's reference to "power being borrowed from men" proves this point.

It wasn't a power they gained on their own, and therefore didn't work against Diablo.

Without understanding the nature of power and making it one's own, it would be futile to have even the most powerful power. The same point can be applied to Calgurio.

Diablo says it's too early for the matchup. This reality is impossible to deny even if Calgurio wanted to.

“Whoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!”

Knowing he couldn't win, Calgurio still gave it his all.

At least take revenge, or everything they do will be for naught. Wanting to deny that, Calgurio would only fight recklessly.

But that can no longer be called fighting.

Diablo does see through Calgurio's power, and to him it's just a homework flow.

Even with mythical grade armor that contained great power, the current Calgurio could not draw out the performance completely. The armor had identified himself as the master, but had not come to the point of being mindful of each other.

The mythical armor has a personal will. The accumulated time is simply not enough if Calgurio is to become the true master.

Props like this make sense only if they are used until the fire is pure. Nothing is sadder than the user's inability to elicit performance props.

As a result, Calgurio, who was the last man in the Imperial Army, was defeated and didn't even get Diablo to get serious.

And then his soul was taken away...

Epilogue: What the Demon Lord Does

Feeling his body enveloped in a gentle warmth, Calgurio snapped awake.

This, here?

He hadn't been able to remember what he had been doing until a moment ago. Calgurio hurriedly looked around, only to find himself lying in a somewhat wide chamber.

It was in this very place that a young girl with blue and silver hair, about twelve or thirteen years old, with an angelic smile, was doing something.

Calgurio glanced to the side and found the opponent placing his hand on top of the one lying on his back, his hand emitting a seven-colored glow that leaned over his lying partner.

Is that Mr. Krishna? No, wait. Remember Mr. Krishna has been killed before my eyes...

The thought circuit was not yet clear, but it came to its senses in this instant. That's when Calgurio suddenly remembered that they were waging war to invade the Monster Kingdom.

He rushed to his feet and tried to yell. The next moment, however, there was silence. Unexpectedly, the supposedly dead Krishna opened his eyes slightly and locked eyes with Calgurio.

“—!”

Krishna, who had just woken up, looked just as confused by the current situation as Calgurio. Not understanding what was going on, the eyes moved with the girl's movements.

The blue-silver haired maiden didn't seem to notice that Calgurio they woke up and was repeating the same job in order.

Now before the maiden lay Bonnie and Jiu, and next door were the adjutants and staff officers of Calgurio.

What's up with that...? They should have been killed too...

Even though his consciousness was clouded, Calgurio tried to calm down and accept the truth. However, no matter what is done, it is impossible to understand what is going on.

That must be right, they're long dead.

Because none of those people's chests were rising and falling, obviously not breathing. Yet as the maiden's hand waved past, they came back to life one by one.

A dozen or so Imperial subordinates had gathered in this room, and it didn't take long for everyone to finish processing.

It was at this point that the maiden nodded in satisfaction and then turned her head to face Calgurio.



"Hey, you awake? How does it feel? Do you remember your name?"

The teenage girl spoke to Calgurio in a relaxed tone.

But not to the point of being annoying.

One of the reasons for this was the maiden's seemingly pitiful relationship, and most importantly, the aura of the maiden's body that made it impossible for Calgurio to be rebellious.

But to say whether he has the means to respond, the answer is no.

Still confused, not knowing what was going on, those people kept their mouths shut.

Even Bonnie and Jiu, who belonged to the "single digits", froze in bewilderment.

Seeing the bewildered faces of Calgurio and others, the young girl spoke softly.

"Hey, did it fail? The technique should be perfect..."

A puzzled look appeared on the young girl's face.

The words made Calgurio understand that they were under some sort of spell.

Could that spell be...

No, no way. How is that possible? It's not possible, but...

There was nothing unusual about the body.

No, actually, there is.

The power that had originally risen so much, but after Calgurio woke up, the power he had previously gained completely disappeared. All he knew was that something terrible had happened.

"...I'm sorry. Aren't we supposed to be dead?"

At this point Calgurio asked a timid question.

Hearing that, the memories of the other partners seemed to follow suit with clarity. A glow appeared in his eyes and he realized that something was not right under the circumstances.

By all accounts, they should have been killed by the demon who called himself Diablo.

The demon made no sense to keep them alive. That's why Calgurio has doubts about being alive.

"Oh, come to think of it? Do you remember your name then?"

"Well, um. My name is Calgurio."

One side answered, and Calgurio thought of some possibility.

Perhaps it was this maiden who saved Calgurio and others who were in danger.

It's impossible to save them in such a situation.

The demon was an overachiever. Even when Calgurio gained extreme strength, his opponent against him was like wringing the hands of a small baby, making it easy for him to lose.

Not only that, but even Bonnie and Jiu who are "single digits..."

To say who would be able to defeat such a demon, all Calgurio could think of was the legendary 'Hero'.

"Um, did you save us? What about the evil demon? What happened to that evil demon?"

At this point Calgurio mustered the courage to ask.

As soon as he's done asking...

"You're being rude to Lord Rimuru."

The voice rang out.

The voice was familiar, like that ominous demon.

The bigger problem lies with the name Rimuru.

That's the name of the demon lord that Calgurio and others have targeted for crusade.

The demon, Diablo, appeared to Calgurio. He couldn't help but tense his body with fear, but the maiden interjected to stop Diablo.

"Well, some of you may be mistaken, so let me make it clear that you are all dead. Your army is all gone. All the soldiers who fought in the battle were killed and I don't think there are any survivors. So it wasn't me who saved you, it was just me who brought you back to life."

"Kufufufufu. This secret technique is amazing. I will not ask you to be thankful, but at least admire Lord Rimuru for his greatness."

"Eh?"

What the other party was saying was completely unintelligible, and Calgurio couldn't help but ask back in a wrongly stunned voice. But no one on the scene laughed at him for losing his cool.

"Come on, Diablo."

"I'm sorry. These people are ignorant and foolish, and we're trying to make them understand the greatness of Lord Rimuru as best they could..."

"I told you it was nosy!"

And so on and so forth, even with this conversation playing out before our eyes, no one was able to shout.

After a moment, the maiden smiled and opened her mouth to Calgurio.

"Looks like the memory's fine too. I'm relieved to see that the spell works."

"Yes, yes..."

"Then reintroduce yourself. For the first time, I'm Rimuru. Demon Lord Rimuru, the king of this country. Please tell me more!"

Hearing his opponent say that, Calgurio blurted out.

Not just Calgurio, but everyone else on the scene of the resurrection as well.

When those words reached his mind and he understood the meaning, at the same time, Calgurio's eyes widened to the limit and he began to stare at the young girl before him.

This maiden is Rimuru.

They are seen as enemies to be hindered, to be acted out.

One of today's Eight Star Demon Lords (the Octagram), the Demon Lord Rimuru himself.

From the situation at hand, it was this maiden who brought Calgurio and others back to life.

The man in front of him was the Demon Lord Rimuru himself. That cute smile looks nothing like the posted photo, but the problem lies elsewhere.

"Please, please, I would like to confirm one thing..."

"Hmm? What is it?"

After obtaining permission, Calgurio inquired fearfully.

"Did you bring us back to life?"

"Yeah, that's it."

"Why is this?"

"Well, it's hard to explain. It's the soul..."

"No, no, no, that's not what's being said! Why should we be resurrected when we're enemies?"

"Oh, is that it?"

The maiden—no, the Demon Lord Rimuru nodded as if relieved to be asked that by Calgurio. He then replied indifferently.

"It's simple. Although the war is still going on, you have fallen into my hands, so now you are my pawns!"

That's why you were raised, he said so.

Calgurio didn't catch on for a moment, and the whole man froze.

Is it the Demon Lord Rimuru who brought people back to life?

To whom?

Is that for us?

Surprise and confusion coupled with fear fill the heart.

It's not just Calgurio, the resurrected all react the same.

It will take some time for the chaos to return to calm for now.

Leaving the muddled Calgurio and others to dry, I left the room and went outside.

That said, the people in the room are important people in this legion. He is said to be the supreme person in charge of commanding the imperial invasion campaign.

The reason for their resurrection is, as I said to Calgurio, to be used as pawns. And this is the belly case that Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, came up with.

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Resurrection of the dead...

Ever since the death of Shion, Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, has been conducting soul analysis. It seems to be going well nowadays and almost all the principles have been analyzed.

There is a quality to the soul, not just to people, but to magical creatures. That's what's called "information pieces" of matter, and by managing these, one can manipulate life and death to some degree.

Regardless of the soul mass of plants and animals, the energy is extremely small. In comparison, the human soul contains a great deal of energy.

It has been confirmed that everyone will be assigned a certain value equally.

The ability to put this soul energy to good use will make it possible for the person to discover the soul force called skill.

The information etched in the soul is the source of the exercise of power.

Is that information engraved directly on the energy?—It's not.

First there is a self with an indeterminate wavelength, and a collection of "information fragments" envelops these - the core. All the information is carved into it.

And the energy crystals that envelop the nucleus of the heart are the "soul".

The development of the "mimic soul" is used as a receptor for projecting this core.

The nucleus of the heart projected onto the "mimetic soul" has no energy, but it has an ego. Without the power of the soul, unable to use skill, yet able to act in the possession of self.

As for bringing them back to life this time, I used a substitute for the soul—the "anthropomorphic soul".

Take their souls, then weed out the nucleus of the heart, leaving only the bare minimum of energy, and transplant it into the "anthropomorphic soul".

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Not sure what the success rate is, but it's great that it worked out in the end.

Yet this resurrection was not entirely without problems.

First of all, they get weaker substantially. For all the power of the soul is taken away from me, that is for sure.

Since they have all taken their souls, there is no reason to return them specifically. Even if the other side complains, I don't think they're qualified for that.

Thus—

In the future, they won't be able to use their skills.

Even if skill information was engraved on the core of the heart, it could not be used without the power of the soul. They don't get to learn skills and use skills after that.

There is also an impact on the use of magic, but on that point, more effort should improve.

As long as one gets used to it to some extent, one can use magic even without the power of a soul. Magic is both a skill and a craft. Using the magical elements in the atmosphere to replace soul energy will be able to manipulate the law.

It was also possible to replace the fighting qi with mana so that even the techniques could be used. Even if one's flesh was aging, one could exercise again, and with more practice one would be able to retain one's skills, so long as that person wasn't just relying on skills, there would be no problem.

That means you can get stronger with more effort. It's just that the quality of the energy is different and there should still be limits present.

The "ghosts" are, to put it bluntly, just toys to make the maze more fun, and there's no point in expecting too much from them.

But no problem this time.

Bringing those men back to life is not for the good of the empire's generals and soldiers, but to prevent our windy reviews from turning bad. How the breeze is judged will sway people's opinion.

It was the other side that came and attacked us without permission, and it was their own doing to end up dead, so I was under no obligation to bring them back.

Only, it is better to resurrect them than to have dishonorable comments spread. If there is anything to be said for added value, it is that the subjects of the empire will not have an unnecessary hatred of us.

It's great that Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, has succeeded in his experiment. Now that all those people have been resurrected, we expect to hold those important people accountable.

Nowadays too, Souei does keep an eye on them.

It was a "false life," though it brought them back to life. Some degree of freedom will be guaranteed, but whatever happens, we can keep track of it.

In other words, there's no way they can escape.

That's the way it is. Let's leave these people alone for now.

I want to get my work done quickly.

I tested the spells on Calgurio and they confirmed the effect. It didn't look like a problem, so it was decided to implement it on a large scale.

Some 700,000 bodies are in front of them.

No matter what happens, you need to be able to correspond, so the location was chosen inside the maze.

The 70th level, which is the area under Adalman's jurisdiction.

We collected these remains from all over the battlefield as best we could.

Then I'll do the mass transmission and move them all over.

Gobta, Geld, and Gabil plus the Guardians of the various floors of the maze set out en masse to recover the remains.

That said, the remains placed here are those of those who may be resurrected from this sacrifice.

The troops deployed in front of the eastern metropolis of Dwargon, Isthmus, remained unmoved as usual. The two sides continued to standoff.

As for the ninety-four thousand people who invaded the great forest of Jura, all the others died in battle except Misha, Michel, and Raymond. Of these, some 240,000 remains could not be recovered.

The reason why it is impossible to use resurrection magic is because it is impossible to recreate the soul. This time it was thanks to the Testarossa and the girls that we were able to reclaim the "soul". So as long as the flesh remains there is the possibility of resurrection...

But some people have no flesh left at all.

People like those who were vaporized by Ultima with the Flame of Destruction, or those who were completely destroyed by Testarossa with the Blessing of Death, and those who were turned to dust by Carrera with Gravity Collapse.

On top of that, some people cannot be resurrected even if their flesh remains.

Those are the people who die of fear and despair. These people have lost their most important selves and can never be resurrected.

It's like Kansas being killed by Kumara. The man seemed to have had his mind destroyed by fear before he died, and there were no "pieces of information" left in his soul.

Even Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, was unable to recover the "information fragment", so there was nothing I could do.

But I wasn't originally going to resurrect a man like Kansas, so I didn't think it was a problem.

For these reasons, about 240,000 people could not be resurrected...but originally all of them died, and it can actually be said that only these numbers could not be resurrected is lucky enough.

People who can't be resurrected are miserable, but only if they are down on their luck.

It's not like I'm the Almighty God.

There's no way to create something out of nothing.

And...

Seriously, I don't regret it at all.

Although it felt like the three female demons had gone too far, this was war. It would be pointless to be lenient and cause casualties on our side.

All that matters to me is family and friends, and I would not hesitate to choose to protect my own people compared to others who have no connection.

I don't say that to be kind to the invading enemy. I don't mean to be a saintly gentleman.

People like this who are full of fancy fantasies can't be held accountable until there are real casualties.

So I used not to care about those who cannot be resurrected.

I don't care, but I still feel the same way when I lived in Japan, the land of peace, and I feel unspeakable emotions for those who have died.

It's definitely not regret, and it doesn't feel like what you did was wrong, it's just not something you're used to right now.

The hope that no one will die and that they will live happily and peacefully—that thought keeps coming to mind.

Even so, in the future, I will not show mercy to those who violate my own territory, or I'll let them taste fear thoroughly...

It would be hypocritical for me to mourn those who rest in peace.

So let's not have a moment of silent mourning for those who have passed away, but a moment of silent prayer for those who have risen.

The "Sacred Birthday".

The people who came out of the room, such as Calgurio, all had their eyes wide open in surprise.

At this rate, next thing you know, their eyes won't stay open.

Never mind, it's none of my business.

Hurry up and bring those people back to life to finish.

All of the remains were placed with a replica of the "anthropomorphic soul".

Due to the urgency of the situation, I'm making the most of the "copy". To ensure that everyone has a "mock-up soul" available.

The remains have been repaired. Thanks to the collective efforts of those good hands who used divine magic under Adalman, everyone was now intact.

Despite the fact that they were targeting enemy soldiers, everyone worked tirelessly. Thank them.

Adalman used not to rest, so he was twice as diligent as the others. He should be more tired than in combat.

He is active and I would like to give a positive review indeed.

In this way, the "created soul" was successfully transplanted into the body with a full face.

In short, it's not too much to say that this could have been done with the overwhelming arithmetic power of Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom.

The next thing I did was not to use the Secret Art of Soul Return, but to use the Secret Art of Soul Impartation.

Unlike soul regeneration, not much energy is required. The problem, on the other hand, is that it takes a lot of computing power to do this for each individual.

It was also Master Raphael, the King of Wisdom, who was responsible for achieving this.

I actually didn't do anything. Just stand while meditating and leave everything to the guru.

The genetic information of the flesh and the soul records are checked against each other, and then the person concerned can be compared in an instant.

Then I really can't learn.

Because the artifice is both complicated and strange.

But...

Calgurio and the others watched from the sidelines and seemed to think it was me who was executing everything. I don't know when they all started to kneel, how to say it, or even to worship me.

Wait, it's embarrassing for me to see you guys do this.

This is a big misunderstanding, I hope they don't. Thinking so, there's no way to complain until the spell is over.

We just fucked around all day with embarrassment and continued to exercise our secret skills. The result was a successful resurrection of about 700,000 Imperial General soldiers.

Some simple tents stood on the seventy floors, distributing food to those who had come to life.

Certain people fell into chaos after their resurrection, but are now calming down. Everyone concentrated on eating, as if they were tasting the true feeling of being alive.

A wide variety of vegetables and meats were being simmered in a large pot, the kind of food that had a unique flavor similar to a stew.

Put a lot of ingredients in it and it was very warm.

For the soldiers of the Army's generals, who have escaped the chaos and are beginning to recognize reality, this stew gives them an indescribable feeling in their writing.

Calgurio was one of such cripples.

Originally not even noticing the hunger, the tension eased. One side had a practical realization of this, and the other side slowly and repeatedly understood that they had died once before, by the men of the Demon Lord Rimuru.

But even so, they survived.

The demon lord says it is "false survival".

Don't worry. If one is to live an ordinary life, there will be no inconvenience.

You can fall in love or start a family and have children.

It's just that there are restrictions so that you can't do anything against us!

There is no way that you can be hostile to us again, with a spell inscribed in your "created soul".

I hope you can understand that...

When everyone is no longer confused, the other person informs so in front of everyone.

But there was really no need for such a “spell”—Calgurio was sure of it.

Who would ever do such a stupid act again?

Hundreds of years ago Veldora brought great disaster and there was nothing but fear when one saw such results. That said, even if an urban city is wiped out and all the people who live there disappear, it is still possible for a disaster of this magnitude to be caused by human hands.

Maybe it's because of that?

Although people were beginning to feel fear, everyone didn't feel that there was a complete lack of opportunity to defeat Veldora.

Had there been more survivors, perhaps one would have felt a deep-seated fear and asserted its inviolability, but that's about it at best.

However, it didn't go that wrong this time.

They died and were raised...

Not through the gods, but through the hand of the demon lord.

Forced to witness such a pie-in-the-sky miracle, what kind of person would try to rebel?

We—I'm so stupid...

He finally understood that it was they who were too arrogant.

No, so this is really the work of the Demon Lord?

Calgurio was dubious about that.

As for Krishna, it's only been one night and he's taken the Demon Lord Rimuru to faith. Now he's following him with adoring eyes.

But the first person to worship the demon lord was Calgurio, so he had no business complaining, nor did he intend to...

As for what demon lord calls "false survival"—there is really nothing wrong with that.

Indeed, they amount to a loss of combat power.

But life doesn't take too much effort.

That's because the current Calgurio and the others still had a way of beating down a certain level of monster.

Perhaps those battle strengths were worthless to Demon Lord Rimuru, but among the people such as Calgurio, some still retain nearly A-grade strength to this day.

There was no way to use skills, and it was hard to use magic, but they still kept their flesh after a few years of exercise.

In addition, they are allowed to live until the time when the body ages and the living creature reaches the end of its life as it should.

Calgurio thought that alone would be sufficient.

And about 700,000 generals and soldiers all thought so.

Everyone was holding an attitude of gratitude and awe, and it was simply impossible for anyone to be rebellious against the Demon Lord Rimuru.

They were defeated from the bottom of their hearts.

Everyone wants the war to end.

Nowadays the Empire's war of aggression can be described as a complete failure.

End Credits

It's been a long time.

I'm Fuze.

Because there is no postscript to Episode 12, there is a sense of time lapse. I don't use Twitter or anything either, and this feeling is more pronounced.

In fact, there is a personal page for my author at "Become a Novelist", where I report on the latest news and sometimes do some publicity, but I don't think anyone knows. Anyone interested can go over there and check it out.

Probably put some messages around the release date!

Then a little more about this piece.

As I'm writing this postscript right now, the outline for Episode 13 seems to be out in the open.

It says, "Tempest, who boasts of overwhelming force, is about to put on an earth-shattering show of torture and murder."—What the hell is going on here?

Shouldn't there generally be more focus on promoting the protagonist as being in crisis?

Then when the situation is reversed, it will be "The main character is super handsome!" Like this?

It was obvious, but it turned out to be a "torture drama".

It's not like we're talking about a crisis here, it just makes you think that the main character is going to drive Wuduan - well, pause for a moment.

Maybe it's an attempt to make a point, and then it's a crisis?

The author himself thinks that it shouldn't be, but please check with your own eyes to find out the truth.

Next up is to take this opportunity to spread the word!

Since it was released in the twelfth episode, you should know that this time, "That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime" is going to be aired in animated form on TV!

When the hobby is written, drawn into books, and animated.

As the original author, I'm really touched.

It is thanks to your support that we have come this far.

It was with the support of many people that this production came out!

If it is interesting to touch this work, it is a supreme joy for me.

I hope you'll support "That Time I Got Reincarnated as a Slime" more in the future!