Epilogue

To the Promised Land

That night, we just exchanged a bit of information with each other. We decided to discuss the details after we had settled down later.

Leon told me about his relationship with Chloe. They were childhood friends that grew up like siblings. He didn’t reveal more information. Chloe probably had forgotten about it too, so it remained a mystery.

Although I wouldn’t consider it to be that big of one.

Leon was always calm, cool, and collected, except when he was with Chloe. The extent to which Leon spoiled Chloe could rival how much Treyni-san spoiled Ramiris. His dedication was on a dangerous level. He might as well have declared, with a straight face, in front of Chloe something like: Let me take a vow and pledge my loyalty to you.

That being said, Chloe would probably smile and reject him.

On that note, Chloe seemed able to turn herself into an adult. Chronoa’s consciousness remained healthy inside her in a relationship similar to Wisdom King Raphael and me. That’s why they could switch control of their body. When engaging in serious combat, I heard that she could merge consciousnesses with Chronoa, and in doing so, she could restore her original appearance.

She also mentioned that suddenly turning into her adult form would probably cause a panic among the other children. So, she wanted to continue life in her current form.

I found that safer too and told Chloe to do as she wished.

Luminas told me about Granbell.

“Gran likely went mad after his wife’s death. Following that, Mariabell was that man’s last hope, her death has plunged him into insanity yet again. I suspect that he recovered later on as well.”

So serious yet so clumsy.

That’s perhaps the best way to describe Granbell Rosso as a person. The death of his wife Maria made him feel guilty that he was unable to protect the one he loved.

When this Granbell found his new hope—Mariabell, she too suffered defeat after challenging me. Even though I had no evidence, my guess was that Yuuki had killed her.

Yet to Granbell, any explanation was meaningless. Mariabell’s death had a significant impact on him. Perhaps it was the loneliness he felt after losing her that cleared up Granbell’s mind in the end.

There’s nothing more ironic than that.

After his mind returned to normal, Granbell devised a plan to awaken the ‘True Hero.’ Had he failed, the world would have been devastated in a crisis. Yet Granbell had made his decision. His resolve was unmatched. That alone, was the only undeniable fact.

A Hero didn’t have to be someone of lofty virtue. Everyone has their biases, or their madness in his case.

Granbell’s love for humanity was great. Therefore, when he had succumbed to insanity, the consequences afterward were probably greater than if it was anyone else.

Even I could not deny that I was not susceptible to this. What if I were to lose my loved ones? I recalled the time when I had almost lost my companions. The loss almost tore my heart out.

“‘How foolish’—I seriously can’t say this about him in good conscience.”

I could relate to Granbell’s feelings on some level.

The next day:

Under the vast blue sky, with the ruins of the Grand Cathedral as the backdrop, our musical exchange concert took place as planned.

In front of the band was a neatly seated crowd as the audience.

The beautiful yet melancholic music resounded through the skies. It was the song to bid farewell to those who had placed their hope in the future—a requiem.

I had a dream. A very strange dream. In that dream, I became a very selfish little girl.

Maria smiled as she woke up to the sight of Gran.

“Was it a good dream?”

“Yes, it was very sweet.”

The two smiled at each other.

“How incredible, why didn’t I believe that slime?”

“Umm—that’s a hard question. Because it was a dream—An answer like this sounds a bit unromantic.”

“Ehhh, can’t you answer it seriously?”

“Hahaha, sorry. Just like you said, Maria, things wouldn’t have escalated to this extent had we been able to accept everything and trust each other. But humanity is cowardly. They fear the people who live by rules different from their own and are wary that they might betray them. More problematically, he who does not doubt others is a man of beautiful heart but by no means qualified as a politician. Since being more careful than anyone else is the quality that is required of those who lead…”

Hearing this, Maria bulged her cheeks, seemingly discontent.

“Seriously! Then humans would never really understand each other from their hearts! I don’t like that, don’t like that at all! That’s why I’ve decided to trust him next time.”

“You are talking about what happened in the dream, right?”

“Yes, I am. That is, if I ever have the same dream next time, I will definitely believe in that slime-san. I’m sure we will become very good friends by that time!”

“Is that so? I’m sure you will,” Gran agreed gently.

“By the way, Gran, what dream did you have?” Maria asked Gran innocently.

“Me? I…”

Gran had a very long and sorrowful dream.

But in the end, he got to see a ray of hope.

“It was a good dream. Really good.”

“Ahh, that’s great! If you are happy, I am happy!”

“Me too. As long as you are happy, I will be able to overcome whatever hardship I meet.”

“We can spend every day together peacefully. That thought alone brings me joy.”

“Indeed.”

“When our child is born, we will have more family, and we’ll be even happier!”

“Yes, you are absolutely right.” As he finished, Gran gently hugged Maria.

They heard beautiful music playing. It was the music telling them to set forth on their journey.

“It’d be improper to keep Razul waiting. It’s about time for us to get going.”

“Umm, right. Did you forget anything? We probably won’t get a chance to return here, no?”

“Well, no worries. As long as I have you by my side, I don’t need anything else.”

And so, the two held each other’s hands and started walking.

To the promised land far far away, where everyone was waiting.