

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.

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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 enemyI. 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.

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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.