

Epilogue - It seems to be Someone's Monologue

A flash burning one's eyes, and a thunderous roar rupturing one's ears, followed by a red flame, seemingly covering all of the sky. A single ray passing through the crimson sheen, plunging onwards while cutting through everything and everything.

A single dragon dancing through the sky. Keeping its huge body aloft by powerfully flapping its wings, its appearance as it calmly flies through all this is a sight as you'd find it on panoramic paintings. You could truly describe the dragon as a symbol of absolute power in this world.

"Fu-Fueautiful..."

Taking a run-up, I deliver a drop kick at full power against the back of the archangel's head who's leaked such a voice with her knees on the ground, obviously overcome by weird emotions. Through my soles I feel how the mighty barrier, usually protecting her body with multiple layers, breaks apart like candy, and I see how she turns my way with her face dyed in surprise and horror, apparently having noticed what I've done through the impact of her barrier being destroyed.

The soles of my feet, which have been neatly put together, directly drive into her face.

"Hebuuuh!?"

Having faintly bent my knees before hitting her face, I boost the power of my blow by stretching my legs the instant my feet touch her face. What reaches my ears as I jump to the back, using the recoil of my kick, is a scream resembling a bizarre groan. After pulling off a somersault so as to show off the agility of my body, I land splendidly, thrust my left hand out to the front, and clench my right fist.

Adopting a martial arts posture, I see in front of my eyes how the figure of the archangel is blown away while repeatedly bouncing off the ground, just like a stone skipping across a lake's surface, while her twintails are funnily thrown around as she hasn't been able to put up so much as a defense after having been taken completely by surprise. It's a much more magnificent flying style than I had expected.

Contrary to people, angels have a broader contact area thanks to the wings on their back. I had wondered whether that wouldn't be just perfect for a nice stone skipping performance, but in the first place, the ground over here doesn't consist of water, and neither is it soil.

Now, if you were to ask just what it is then, I'd be troubled to give a precise answer.

It's not that I don't know it to such an extent that I can't describe it, but rather, I don't know how to explain it best so that you'd be able to understand what it is. For the time being, it's not all that wrong for someone with a limited, petty lifetime to think of it as a fantastic god field. Well, then again, it's not like such a being would be able to take a step onto this ground.

I take a breath, and release my posture while staying alert.

The body of the archangel has eventually stopped with both knees, both hands, and her forehead on

the ground after bouncing 256 times, and then tumbling for 1024 times. In the eyes of a human, it's an outcome that would justify death.

However, as might be expected of an archangel, I don't think this much would be enough to kill her since she's apparently frantically healed herself over and over again in the midst of bouncing and tumbling. Probably.

Still, I'm surprised. Not about the way the archangel flew just now. No, wait, I'm slightly surprised about that part as well, but it's not like that's anything extraordinary either.

What surprised me is how that wall got destroyed without Renya-san joining in. That wall has been created by using the power stocked up by that idiot...err, the former supervisor of the demons. If you put it into layman terms, it's a wall formed through divine power. That's definitely nothing that's easily breakable with the strength possessed by normal people.

Well, of course, it'd be impossible for me to break it with one blow as well. Although only when using a human body as an intermediary, like in this case.

That was a divine art called <God's Domain>, and it's actually nothing that can be shot so readily. It's the kind of spell where it's originally unclear whether the caster will be barely able to fire it in exchange for their life, and it's an area of effect divine art that has the potential to annihilate a country in the worst case, if it's fired by several people coordinating their efforts.

Even if the lack of information about it has become extreme as result of hearsay being passed on over many, many years, notes stating that this was a dangerous art should still remain. Having carefreely unleashed such an art because 'she felt like giving it a shot' makes me convinced that the big-boobed, blond priestess must miss several dozens of screws in her head.

But, given that it's also an issue on the archangel's side for responding so readily to her overly short chant, which moreover lacked any kind of ceremony or offerings, it'd be wrong to one-sidedly blame that big-boobed priestess. Still, it has some parts that are a major pain for me, the general administrator.

Nevertheless, because even that one shot used her human body as intermediary, the spell didn't have the firepower that would allow it to break through that barrier. Even the two attacks launched against the barrier beforehand were at a level that you could call them crazy for an elf, and quite well done for the human, even if they also lacked the power to break the barrier. As for the dragon's breath, you can only describe it as average.

The problem lies with the last attack. What was used there was a mere <Lightning>, and a mana enhancement skill added on top of it. You can also look at it as a blow to make doubly sure.

Certainly, the four attacks before it had probably lowered the barrier's strength, but there's definitely no mistake in the slash having cut apart the root of the power forming the barrier. I feel like asking, "Hey, are you really human?" when I should get the opportunity to do so.

If I remember correctly, one side was taken care of by a silky. But usually a being like that should be in the range of measurement error, or be slightly inferior to humans.

To be brutally honest here, this result is a lot more fucked up than the barrier being cut apart by Renya-san's special katana. These circumstances were something that should even excuse me kicking the head of the archangel in front of my nose on reflex with all my power.

But then again, you could say that this is a rather reasonable outcome since it was done by the two people closest to Renya-san who has been holding a huge amount of resources, the underlying energy of all creation, scattering them left and right.

It might be indispensable to reconsider various matters once the whole situation has been fully resolved. From the point of view that it'd be for the sake of Renya-san and his party, as well as the inhabitants of that world.

There's actually one more matter I ought to reconsider...

"Masteer..."

My thoughts are interrupted by a somewhat tattered, filthy, and disheveled archangel. For an instant I've completely forgotten who this archangel is supposed to be, but then I recall that she's called Giliel.

"Would it be alright for me to inquire as to the reason why I had been kicked by you?"

"Because your head was just then in front of my eyes."

Upon my careless, instant reply, Giliel becomes speechless.

In the first place, I wonder, why do archangels have a head attached to their body? I mean, I feel like they don't need one in the first place since the angels, my personal terminals, only move according to my orders anyway. Wouldn't it be enough for them to simply possess ears to hear my orders and eyes to look at things?

However, just when I start thinking that this might be a good idea, I immediately discard it. It's because 'that', which I had clearly imagined down to the details within my mind while using my imaginative power as a goddess, couldn't be regarded as anything but a creature, a so-called abomination, rather than an angel. Conclusion: Angels need a head as well. Well, mainly when considering it from the visual impact otherwise.

"What have you been thinking about, master?" Giliel asks me as I've been silently brooding.

Given that it's plain obvious that she believes that I'm probably thinking about something stupid again, I ponder whether I should drive another kick into her face, but since she's right, I make an effort to endure.

Resorting to violence a second time wouldn't be smart as it'd likely expose that she's hit bull's mark with her assumption. Therefore, let's talk about the other matter of concern.

"About the time when the barrier broke just now."

"That was truly amazing, wasn't it? It might have been the first time for me to witness something so

awesome in my long life as an angel."

Although she calls it long, it's at most a few thousand years. Events like this during my lifetime, which is on a totally different scale...might not have happened overly often. No, wait, that's not what I want to talk about.

I slap Giliel's head. As I've apparently put a bit too much strength into it, Giliel's head hits the ground like a basketball, and returns to its former position after bouncing off once.

"Master...somehow I get the feeling that I'll be destroyed by you, sooner or later."

"It's because you make me digress from the topic, okay?"

"Haah...so what kind of matter is worrying you, master?"

Going by the way she's asking, Giliel apparently hasn't noticed anything. Though I can't tell whether that's due to her lacking ability, because she's simply slow-witted, or her having been so spellbound by the spectacle that she didn't pay attention to anything else. I feel like all of it is correct, and then again not. Though, maybe all of them are really correct.

"There was a space fluctuation...when the barrier broke."

"Figures. If they go all out like they did, it's only natural for a fluctuation to occur."

"Ah...that's not what I mean. I'm saying that it felt like a hole to some other world opened up, blended into the fluctuation as the barrier was broken."

"...Huh?"

While suppressing the urge to tightly wring Giliel's neck because of her exceedingly dumb reaction, I decide to explain things to her from scratch. Though it's something I do since I suspect that it's kinda impossible to simply tell her to guess it.

"Somehow it looks like something was summoned from another world, using the space fluctuation as a cover. I had thought that this barrier was merely a wall to protect the demon territory from being invaded, but that might have been a camouflage for its true purpose."

Maybe he wanted to perform a summoning without being noticed, but the idea of it slipping my eyes is way too unreasonable. Since Giliel's eyes are knotholes, she easily missed it with her eyes, though. While at it, he might have also aimed for the additional effect of the demon territory's space becoming unstable due to Renya's party trying to take down the barrier.

Once space becomes unstable, it's easy to open a hole to another world, resulting in it being possible to do a summoning with little effort.

"Just who would do something like that? And for what reason?"

"Let's see...if it's about the question of the one responsible, someone like a former supervisor would be likely capable of pulling off something like that, right?"

Actually, it's hard to imagine that it's been someone else. The hero summoning ritual might have been handed down on the human continent, but the demons haven't called upon heroes in the first place.

"That means, the problem would be what has been summoned."

This is something even I don't really know. Even if I can sense the existence of an open dimensional hole in a world, the power I can currently exert on that world isn't enough to know what might have passed through that hole. Of course there's no way I'd fail to notice a being at the level of a different world's god passing through this hole, but it'd be far too difficult for me to sense a far smaller animal or human.

"If it's a being so small that you can't sense it, it won't pose much of a danger, will it master?"

"I don't think you can say so with certainty. And even if I'm wrong, that former supervisor is suspected to have embezzled a huge amount of resources from me. If he boosted whatever passed through that hole, it might grow into a considerable threat, no?"

The assumptions of the former human supervisor have reached my ears as well. Putting aside whether they're true, it'd be a worst-case scenario. It's quite possible that the former demon supervisor possesses significantly more resources than the resources retained by Renya-san at the moment.

"But, Renya-san and the others have already invaded the demon territory, right?"

"I'm sure he'll be able to one way or another handle the time issue. If he accelerates the experience time by drawing out only the soul from its body, he can easily nurture someone in a month or two, even if it's an acceleration that won't alter the soul."

"What am I supposed to do then?" Giliel asks for instructions about her future course of action.

Just as I thought, these guys really might not need a head. That thought rears its head in my mind once more.

"You don't have any choice but to keep monitoring, do you?"

"It's going to be a front-row seat, so I'm going to prepare popcorn and cola!"

I headbutt Giliel, who has leaned over with her eyes sparkling, between her eyebrows. With a voice as chilly as possible, I tell Giliel, who's started to writhe in pain without even being able to scream, "You're the support for Renya-san and his party, aren't you...? But, if you've forgotten, I've got no problem reinitializing you, and carving it into your brain anew, you know?"

"N-...No, I remember. I remember properly!"

"Then hurry up, and go!" Once I lift my chin a bit, flashing an insincere smile, and obviously looking down on Giliel who panics while holding the part I had headbutted, the color of Giliel's face quickly changes, and she scurries away from here at full speed.

Given that I'm tracking her anyway, I will draw her to my side and scold her properly if she doesn't return to her workplace straight away.

"Good grief, just who does she take after...?"

I acutely sense the surrounding angels thinking, "You, right?", but decide to stubbornly ignore them. Sure, I've been the one who has set all the parameters of Giliel, but since I haven't tampered with her personality in particular, she should have the usual settings... I want to clearly say that it's not my fault. I really want to. But, all angels have been created by me. If I'm told that their personalities and actions have traces of my personality, I won't be able to deny it.

Considering it like that, it means that you can also consider the actions of that former demon supervisor to be partly because of me.

"...I sure want to think that it's not so, though..."

It's a pain that I can't fully deny this.

Given that I've lived for an infinitely long time, there are some aspects of myself I can't confidently state to fully understand.

"I sure want to think that it's not so, though"

Even when I try repeating myself, it's not like there's anyone who would give me an answer. Since it's inevitable for an existence, who understands me better than I do myself, to not exist anywhere, no matter how much I look for them, only at such times I somewhat feel like becoming envious of humans and similar, who have people among them who understand others.