

## Great Mage 131

### Season 1 Chapter 131: Family Extermination

Sheryl looked at Frey in shock.

In truth, anyone would have the same expression if they understood what he had just done.

'Amazing.'

Frey had just covered the entire Blake property with the magic circle for dimensional movement.

It was unbelievable.

The size of his magic circle was hundreds of times larger than the one she'd been creating. Naturally, this meant that the mana required to activate it was tens of times higher and that the entire magic circle would have had to be redesigned.

Thanks to that, the dimensional movement spell had reached a level that made it comparable to a great spell.

And after realising that, it became even harder for her to guess just how much mana Frey had.

But there was something that was even more amazing.

'The dimensional movement magic circle is covering the entire property, but it's only targeting Apep.'

It wasn't possible for Frey to accomplish such a feat if he only had an enormous amount of mana but no knowledge.

Magic computational power.

Sheryl was certain that the calculations Frey had done to create that magic circle would not have been possible even if dozens of 7 star Wizards worked together.

In fact, it was more likely that they would melt their brains if they attempted it.

Yet, he'd done it alone.

Chuk.

"Ah...!"

Frey suddenly started bleeding from his eyes, nose and mouth at the same time.

As Sheryl rushed over to assist him, Frey simply waved his hand, signifying he was fine.

This didn't mean he was in good shape. In fact, he was so dizzy that he couldn't even stand properly.

'I used a stupid method.'

He had been too hurried in using his mana, which even he didn't know the limit of.

Frey wanted to rest, but he couldn't. The fight wasn't over yet.

He looked up to the sky.

Heinz and Leita were exchanging moves, and when he narrowed his eyes, he was able to get a rough understanding of the situation.

Leita used divine power of wind, and a strong gale rampaged around her. Surprisingly, Heinz had the same power as her.

That might be the reason why he was in an iffy situation right now.

'The difference in power is too great.'

Heinz could be said to have a backwards compatibility with Leita. Since they used the same power, it was hard for him to outwit her.

If it had not been for the fact that he was occasionally mixing spells into his attacks, he would have already been overpowered long ago.

No. Perhaps the reason he could last that long was because Leita was also paying attention to the situation while fighting against him.

“...”

Frey then looked at the sky, dumbfounded. The sky was steadily brightening... they didn't have much time left.

“Sheryl, you have to help Heinz kill Leita. Before the other Demigods get here.”

“Is it possible? Her strength isn't simple.”

“I know, but you have to do it anyway. “

It was suicide to try to fight two Demigods in his current state, but that didn't mean they had to retreat right away.

They would have to at least kill Leita to make it worth all the trouble.

Most importantly, just because they wanted to retreat didn't mean that Leita would let them go.

Frey took a deep breath.

'My mana is low and my mental power is almost completely exhausted.'

His head was still swinging a bit because of the extensive calculations he had just done.

It was hard for him to use his physical strength if his mental power was exhausted.

Nevertheless, he had to continue.

Frey flew up into the night sky, and Sheryl followed suit.

"..."

Leita stopped attacking. Instead, she stared at Frey who had come to stop beside Heinz.

Why was this man standing here?

"...where is Mr. Apep?"

"I killed him."

"Don't be ridiculous."

“Check for yourself.”

Leita turned her gaze to the ground. However, the Demigod with the power of darkness was nowhere to be seen.

Her expression hardened.

“What on earth did you do?”

“I fought him, and I won. And now, it’s your turn.”

“That’s funny!”

Swoosh-

The winds around Leita began blowing fiercely.

If they relaxed for even a moment, their entire bodies would be sucked into the whirlwind and torn to pieces.

Heinz created a wall of wind in front of them while saying.

“My mother is much stronger than I expected.”

“Right, she is.”

Leita was much stronger than any Apostle Frey had encountered so far. Of course, she was still nothing when compared to the Demigods.

If Frey had been in his peak condition, it would have been no problem for him to deal with her alone. But for the worn-out Frey, she might be an even more difficult opponent than Apep.

“I can use one more 8 star spell.”

“Do you think that would be enough to end it?”

“I don’t know. But do we have a choice but to try it?”

“...true.”

Heinz nodded.

“The chanting will take a minute.”

With the current amount of mana he had left, Frey could not use chantless magic.

The stronger the spell, the more accurate and meticulous the chanting had to be to cast it. To cast it without the chant would require many times the regular amount of mana needed to cast the spell.

Nodding at Frey's words, Sheryl said.

"Heinz and I will buy you time."

"Thanks."

Frey immediately closed his eyes and began chanting while Heinz and Sheryl faced off against Leita.

The fierce winds were becoming stronger and stronger.

"I'm curious as to what kind of relationship Rounder Sheryl has with Frey."

"I think this is a bad time to ask such a question, Honor Heinz."

"It seems like a long story."



Sheryl chuckled at those words.

“Well. Don’t be impatient. If we survive, you’ll find out sooner or later. After all, we’re in the same boat.”

“Do you intend to leave the Phisfounder Armlets?”

“If he wants me to.”

“...”

Heinz fell silent.

This was because Sheryl was one of the oldest members of the Phisfounder Armlets. Even if she preferred to wander the continent instead of doing any work in the circle, that fact didn’t change.

He found it hard to believe she would leave the circle immediately at a single request from Frey.

Who was Frey exactly?

Kuaaah~

The gale intensified.

Just as Leita's fingers were about to move, her eyes met Sheryl's.

Throb.

"Kuk...!"

Then, she suddenly frowned as she felt a sharp pain in her head.

"Psychic domination... you have a very troublesome power, vampire."

"Hmph."

Sheryl snorted briefly, but she wasn't relaxed either.

The minds of Apostles were already deeply connected to their Demigods. Therefore, it was impossible to take control of them.

It was possible to break their concentrations, but she couldn't go in for the kill.

'It's fine.'

Her goal wasn't to kill Leita, it was simply to buy time.

Kwakwakwa-

Thanks to this, she was able to realise that the power of the gale was much greater than she expected.

Sheryl created shields from her bats, and Heinz tried to offset the power of Leita's attack with his own wind power.

Leita turned to look at Frey, who was standing behind them.

"It seems like Frey is preparing to do something, so you guys are trying to buy time for him."

She smiled coldly.

"I can't let that happen."

Paht.

"...!!"

Leita's figure suddenly disappeared.

Heinz and Sheryl hurriedly tried to follow her movement, but they couldn't find her anywhere.

“Kuk...!”

Then they heard Frey grunt from behind them.

Before they knew it, Leita had appeared behind Frey with her fingers stretching forward.

Pipipit.

Frey hurriedly leaned to the side.

He was capable of triple casting, so he could use Blink, but at that moment, he was focused completely on casting the spell, so he couldn't.

In addition, he was already using flight magic.

Despite his dodging, something invisible still brushed past his chin.

Shuk.

'Was that extremely compressed air?'

It was highly destructive. In addition, it was obscenely sharp.

Because of its blade-like shape, if the attack had connected, not only would it have easily pierced his body, his flesh would have been severely mutilated as if he had been stabbed by a blade with a jagged edge.

'If even one attack lands, it would be near-fatal.'

Leita's attack had been simple but also tricky.

Moreover, she had moved at a speed that surpassed their imaginations. Not just Heinz and Sheryl – even Frey had lost track of her for a moment.

"Master!"

Sheryl hurriedly went to his side.

Heinz looked around.

"We don't know where her attacks will come from next, so it would be better to protect you from the side than from a distance."

“I agree.”

Meanwhile, Leita had disappeared once again.

Heinz then muttered in a low voice.

“She isn’t moving at a speed that exceeds our perception. Instead, she’s hiding in the wind.”

“Hiding in the wind?”

Sheryl couldn’t help but frown at the almost unbelievable statement.

“Anyway, all that is important is that she isn’t moving at an imperceptible speed.”

“Right. While it’s still tricky to deal with... at least we know what we’re dealing with.”

“Hm?”

At that moment, Heinz clenched his fist.

Hoooo-

Without warning, a blizzard erupted from his body.

Sheryl couldn't help but shiver at the sudden cold.

'A spell?'

No, she couldn't feel any mana. There had also been no signs of chanting or casting.

Above all, the power that was currently erupting from Heinz's body was not mana. It was divine power.

The raging blizzard spread out in an instant, exposing Leita's position.

She had been hiding nearby, and when the snow surrounded her, the empty space revealed where she was lurking.

Ssuk.

Leita reappeared.

She was glaring fiercely while being bombarded by the snow and heavy winds. Then, with an angry voice, she said.

"Heinz! Are you really going to use the power of ice here?!"

“Didn’t you give me this power so that I’d use it?”

“You dare...!”

Heinz Blake.

He was an incredible sample created after countless experiments. He was the only one who had been able to use two powers.

Her owner, Leyrin, was greatly pleased by this discovery. If she continued to study Heinz, she might be able to recreate such results in not only creatures but even in the Apostles.

For this reason, Leita adored Heinz very much. Much more than her eldest son, Mischael, or even her husband, Isaka.

And now, this Heinz, whom she so dearly loved, was baring his fangs at her.

Now that it had come to this, Leita no longer intended to hold back.

Just as Leita was about to unleash her full power.

Pit.



“...?”

She suddenly felt a chill in her chest.

This wasn't from Heinz's blizzard. It was a different type of cold.

But what exactly was this chill?

“Kurk...!”

Leita suddenly vomited a mouthful of blood before looking down at her chest.

Blood gradually spread on her clothes.

She lifted her head heavily and stared at Frey. Smoke was slowly rising from his finger tip.

“This... what is this spell...?”

Frey wiped the blood from his lips before saying.

“I haven't named it yet.”

“...you... created it?”

He didn't answer.

It wasn't grand enough that he would say he created it, but Leita couldn't hide her astonishment as she interpreted his silence differently.

“...ha. Impo... ssible.”

It was a bit shabby for her last words. Especially when considering that they were the last words of the Blake family.

Leita's body collapsed backward, falling to the ground.

Frey breathed a sigh of relief.

They were lucky.

The spell he'd used was just a modification of the Magic Arrow spell, so to speak.

The power and speed were hundreds of times greater than a Magic Arrow, but the concept was the same.

What was different was that unlike normal Magic Arrows, its appearance didn't stand out.

"I-, is it over?"

He nodded at Sheryl's words, causing her to sigh in relief.

Heinz was looking at his mother's cooling body with a bitter expression on his face.

However, this wasn't the time for sentimentalism.

He hurriedly spoke to Frey and Sheryl, who had returned to her senses.

"Ah. This isn't the time for this. We have to leave this place quickly. The Demigods will..."

"...no."

Frey shook his head while looking off into the distance.

"I'm sorry. I took too long."

A light could be seen coming from the east.

Sheryl's expression hardened.

Dawn had come.

Kooo-

Suddenly, a pressure descended upon them. They couldn't even lift a finger.

A man and a woman were standing in the sky. Their appearances were different but also similar in that they both had exceptionally cold expressions.

They didn't need to guess their identities.

The Demigods that Leita had called as reinforcements had finally arrived at the Blake family residence.

The man then spoke in a cold voice.

"I don't see Apep."

"I don't think these bugs could've done anything to him."

“Hmph... we can just find out by asking them. It wouldn't be difficult to find out what happened here.”

The Demigods slowly descended to the ground.

Frey fiddled with the Great Sage's Staff in his hand.

If he used the Warp spell that was stored there, he would be able to escape without any problem.

'But...'

He'd need some time. It would take less time than it took to blink, but his opponents were Demigods. If he moved hastily, they might attack immediately.

'I need to think.'

What should he do? Should he pretend to have a conversation? Should he pretend to be ignorant? Should he force a pause by mentioning Apep?

All those options were gambles.

In the meantime, the Demigods had walked closer to them.

Just as Frey grit his teeth and decided to open his mouth.

Crackle-

The space behind them split without any warning.

Sheryl looked back in confusion.

This was a sign that a Warp spell was being used.

Juk.

A group of people walked out from the rift in space.

Sheryl gulped subconsciously.

They were all beings of different shapes and sizes, but the one at the front was particularly gruesome.

It was a Lich who exuded a bloody red aura.

However, Sheryl had never seen one who had such powerful, eerie energy. Her body had become so filled with fear that it completely erased the image of Liches that she'd had before.

“There were... more?”

Despair filled Heinz’s face.

They were completely surrounded. There was absolutely no way they could escape now.

Only

But the Demigods looked at the group of people with strange expressions.

“Who are you?”

[Paragon.]

The Lich slowly opened its mouth and spoke.

When he heard those words, Frey realised that the gamble he’d taken three days ago had paid off.

[...We came here at Cairo’s request, Frey Blake.]

Frey’s request for reinforcements had been accepted by none other than Cairo Wilsemann, the Eleventh Tower Master.

**Season 1 Chapter 132: Paragon (1)**

“Paragon? What is that?”

“Was there a circle by that name?”

This was the first time the Demigods had ever heard of Paragon.

Believing them to just be another circle, they narrowed their eyes and stared at this new group while releasing an intangible pressure.

The Lich ignored them and spoke to Frey.

[Are those two the only enemies?]

“That’s right.”

[Hmm.]

The Lich looked at Frey for a moment.

It seemed he was quite interested in him.



[Hoh... indeed. Cairo was right.]

“What do you mean?”

[It's nothing.]

The Lich responded in a strangely indifferent tone before turning his head away.

Frey frowned inwardly.

‘This guy...’

He had gone beyond the limit of Liches.

Even Frey felt a little intimidated by his aura.

It was impossible to compare him to the Lich he'd met on the boat or the undead Oydin had summoned. In fact, he felt more like Nozdog, who had the power of death.

But he wasn't a Demigod.

In other words, this Lich was a being who had surpassed the limit of his species enough to exude an aura similar to a Demigod.

[It's going to be a long fight. You guys can head over to Cairo first.]

“Do you not need my help?”

Then the Lich turned to glance at Frey again,

[If you had been in perfect condition, I would've agreed, but now, you would only be a burden.]

“ ... ”

Frey agreed with the Lich.

If he were to stay beside him in his current state, he would only be a hindrance.

The Lich turned to look at the two Demigods before continuing,

[Don't worry. It won't be hard to kill these two.]

These words definitely reached the Demigods above as they froze for a moment.

...

...

A heavy silence fell.

It was the male Demigod on the left who broke this silence.

“Ignorant fool...”

Frey felt a huge build up of energy in the Demigod’s hands, so he tried to gather his strength.

He called upon the little scraps of mana he had left.

It would be impossible for that little bit of mana to defend against the Demigod’s attack, but his body instinctively began to circulate mana anyway as he quickly tried to think of a way to overcome this situation.

But soon, he realised that he didn’t have to.

Crack crack crack!

In an instant, thousands of hands tore through the ground. These hands, which were made of bones without a single bit of flesh, grabbed the Demigods.

“Useless struggle...”

After trying to break free of the restraints, the Demigods’ expressions became hard. At that moment, they realised they couldn’t move at all.

The Demigods’ expressions changed.

[You were careless.]

They recalled the words Lord had once told them with a solemn tone,

Lord had said that sometimes, such people would appear among the worm-like mortals.

He told them to not be careless.

To not look down on them.

Because mortals who were able to threaten them would occasionally appear.

“I-, is this guy...”

Crack.

Thousands of bones wrapped around the Demigods' bodies without leaving any spaces. The Demigods roared and struggled to break free, but it wouldn't be that easy.

Frey turned his head to look at the Lich.

His expression was full of surprise, astonishment, disbelief and anticipation – things that had rarely appeared on his face.

Even after receiving his gaze, the Lich's eyes remained locked on the Demigods with a murderous glint.

“Are you a 9 star Wizard?”

He didn't receive an answer.

\* \* \*

Shuk.

Frey allowed himself to be sucked into the spatial movement casted by one of the Paragon members.  
(TL: should I call them 'Paragons'?)

The reason why he called it 'spatial movement' and not Warp was because he could not figure out what trick they'd used.

The one who had cast the spatial movement was an Orc Shaman with deep wrinkles on her green skin.

Still, he hadn't been able to tell her exact age. Perhaps around middle-aged.

She wore a necklace made of bones, and spoke a human language in a somber tone.

"Follow me."

When they followed the Orc Shaman, darkness surrounded them. And darkness that Sheryl could not see through could not be natural.

"Master, is this Paragon's hideout?"

"Perhaps. Do you know about Paragon?"

Heinz was curious because this was the first time he'd heard this name.

Sheryl shook her head.

“I only know their name and goal. I came into contact with them about ten years ago. They asked if I would leave the Circle and join them.”

There was no need for him to ask what her response was.

If she'd agreed, then she wouldn't still be in the Circle.

“They said the Circle was rotten and that they were the ones who truly followed the cause. I refused because they still hid a lot of things.”

“...”

The Orc Shaman listened to Sheryl's words without making any comments.

After walking down a brief hallway, they arrived at a wooden door.

“Go in.”

The Orc Shaman spoke in a cold voice, but then, she shook her head when Frey, Heinz and Sheryl all moved forward.

“Only Frey Blake can enter.”

“ ... ”

Displeasure was clear on Sheryl's face. Heinz, on the other hand, was expressionless as always.

Frey glanced at them before going in alone.

Dak.

In the room was a mysterious person in a robe. Frey could tell who it was from a glance. It was Third Princess Fiore's teacher, the Imperial family's hidden protector, and Schweiser's descendant.

The Eleventh Tower Master, Cairo Wilsemann.

“Welcome to Paragon.”

As he said this, Cairo gestured in front of him, and Frey sat on the chair that was placed there. Then he bowed his head.

“Thank you for your help. You saved my life.”

“That's okay. To be honest, it was an opportunity for us as well. Chances to kill Demigods are rare.”

“ ... ”



Was he so sure that the Lich could kill the Demigods?

Frey looked at him with a strange expression for a moment before saying.

“...if I'll be completely honest, I didn't expect you to send reinforcements.”

He heard the robe flutter slightly. He wasn't entirely sure, but Frey believed Cairo had a perplexed expression.

“Why?”

“I thought you were a person who wouldn't make a move unless you were completely sure about it. I thought you wouldn't believe me so easily.”

“...huhu!”

Cairo chuckled.

“You know me well. I wouldn't think this was our second meeting.”

Then he removed his hood.

“...!”

The moment he saw the exposed face of a middle-aged man, Frey subconsciously sucked in a breath of air.

White hair and golden eyes.

Although the specific characteristics were different, he definitely looked like Schweiser.

“You’re right. I don’t make any moves unless I’m certain. Well, call it an occupational habit. Anyone who leads an organisation more covert than the Circle for decades would be the same.”

He let out a laugh.

“But I sent reinforcements because I was convinced. After listening to your words, I investigated it for myself and learned the truth about the situation.”

“The truth?”

“Exactly. We were able to figure out the location of the other three Apocalypses as well as Lord. They are now on Mount Roxeo in the Livindak mountains.”

“...!”

“The situation doesn’t look too good. Lord is instilling his divine power into the other Demigods. He was so focused he didn’t even notice us even though we were so close.”

This was definitely something that wouldn’t have been possible before.

Cairo shrugged.

“As you said, Lord was in a position where he could not move easily. The three Apocalypse have also been confirmed to be in near-fatal conditions.”

That was right.

In order to convince Cairo, Frey told him that the other three Apocalypse, as well as Lord, were unable to move at the moment.

But he didn’t tell him how he knew that because he would definitely have to mention Riki in order to do so. And Frey didn’t trust this organization called Paragon enough to tell them something like that.

Naturally, this caused Frey’s information to have many flaws. He was aware of that, but he didn’t think that mattered at that moment.

This was because Frey hadn’t known that Leita had called for reinforcement from three Demigods.

In other words, there was a lack of urgency.

He thought it would be the same regardless of if they came or not. The request for reinforcements was simply for insurance, and he thought that even if they didn't come, he would be able to overcome the situation together with Sheryl and Heinz.

'If I didn't make that request, it would've been over.'

They would have died at the hands of the two Demigods.

Frey sighed.

"...but can they really defeat those Demigods?"

"Of course. Didn't Diablo go?"

"Diablo?"

"The Archlich. I'm sure you noticed. He's a 9 star Wizard."

That was true. But when Frey heard Cairo confirm it, he couldn't help but feel shocked.

There were 9 star Wizards other than him, and they were even fighting against the Demigods.

Frey felt his heart pound.

“Archlich... He is the Archlich of the Frozen Lands.”

“How do you know that?”

Cairo couldn't help but ask this with a perplexed tone. There should be less than ten people on the entire continent who knew about Diablo.

After a moment, Frey said.

“I heard it from Hector.”

“Hector? I didn't realise he knew. Hmm. You are a very mysterious person.”

Cairo was truly surprised.

Then as if he had been convinced about something, he nodded firmly.

“If that's the case, do you know what he is and what he's like?”

“I do.”

“...I see.”

Frey hesitated for a moment before asking.

“Are there any other 9 star Wizards in Paragon besides Diablo?”

“Huhu. You’re trying to know too much. I’m sorry, but that’s not information I can give to an outsider.”

Frey thought he had asked at a good time, but it seemed it was still too early.

After all, Cairo wasn’t an easy opponent.

Frey concealed his regret and said.

“Even if he’s 9 stars, it would be difficult for him to kill two Demigods.”

“If Diablo was alone, that would certainly be the case, but those people with him are the elite forces of Paragon. They will win.”

Cairo was certain. Paragon’s current strength was equal to or even higher than that of the Circle

Frey had been a bit dubious at first, but he also realised that it might've been the truth.

Then Cairo's voice became serious as he said.

"Frey, I will offer you once more. Join Paragon."

"..."

"You are the talent we need."

"Why are you fixated on an 8 star Wizard?"

"I'm certain that you will reach 9 stars in time."

As he said this, Cairo's expression was firm.

Of course, Frey thought the same. He didn't know how long it would take, but he was certain he would reach 9 stars in the near future.

"Before I hear your answer. This may sound strange, but there is a question I'd like to ask. Do you think a 9 star Wizard can defeat the Lord of the Demigods?"

"No."

It was a question that should have required some thinking, but Frey answered without hesitation.

This took Cairo by surprise. He blinked before laughing dumbfoundedly.

“Hoho. I didn’t expect that answer.”

“Is it surprising?”

“Of course it is. Isn’t 9 stars considered a mythical level for those who walk the path of magic?”

He wasn’t wrong.

Officially, there were no Wizards on the continent who had reached 9 stars. That was the reason why most Wizards regarded a 9 star Wizard as the most powerful existence in the world.

“You seem to know a lot about the 9 star level. How strange. To know so much about a level that has never been achieved...”

“...”

“In any case, it will make this conversation easier. As you said, it is impossible to kill Lord even if you’re a 9 star Wizard. This is because Lord’s abilities are the perfect counter for a 9 star Wizard’s abilities.”



Absolute field.

This ability that 9 star Wizards gained, which allowed them to gain complete control over a portion of space around them, had absolutely no effect on Lord.

When Frey was thrown into the Abyss, he'd despaired over this fact. Lord, at least had the power of 'space', and it was unclear how many other powers he had besides that.

But Frey was surprised that Paragon knew so much about Lord's abilities.

"Paragon has been researching ways to get rid of Lord and the Demigods more than anyone else on the continent. So we quickly realised that no matter how many 9 star Wizards worked together, they still wouldn't be able to kill Lord."

That was right.

Only

Frey agreed with Cairo.

No matter how many 9 star Wizards teamed up to face Lord, they would never win. The most they would be able to do is draw out the battle.

“We thought a lot about it. Lord’s control over the Demigods is absolute. He is their head, so if we manage to kill him, the rest of the Demigods will become disorganised. But even if we know that, we are still far away from killing Lord... so, ten years ago, we came to a conclusion.”

“A conclusion?”

“We have to remove the shackles of mortality first.”

Cairo looked at Frey and spoke with a firm tone.

“Frey, we’re thinking about creating a 10 star Wizard.”

**Season 1 Chapter 133: Paragon (2)**

10 stars.

The weight of those words made Frey silent for a moment before he finally asked.

“You realise the weight of what you just said, don’t you?”

“I know it well.”

“That means you are also 9 stars.”

This made Cairo’s expression become strange, and he seemed to be wondering how he should react to Frey’s words.

“...why do you say that?”

“Because you are certain that 9 star Wizards can’t defeat Lord.”

These words caused Cairo’s expression to become even stranger.

“Just that? What about Diablo? Don’t you think I could’ve gotten the information from him?”

“I don’t.”

Frey let out a low laugh as he continued.

“You are a Wizard through and through.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“The more genuine a Wizard is, the more they will doubt any information they don’t confirm for themselves.”

Cairo felt like he had been struck by a hammer.

Frey couldn't help but find his expression a bit amusing.

"Another reason is the fact that you would never talk about the 10 star level without personally experiencing 9 stars. For the average person, even 9 stars would be an unimaginable height."

This was the truth.

For most Wizards, 9 stars was already a mythical level, not to mention 10 stars.

Cairo sighed and raised his arms.

"It seems I was careless. It's been a while since I was on the losing end in a conversation."

"Is that a compliment?"

"Of course it is. Huhu. Now I want you even more."

Cairo nodded and continued.

"You guessed correctly. I'm a 9 star Wizard like Diablo... well, to be precise I'm only half of a 9 star Wizard. It would be embarrassing to compare me to Diablo."

Frey wasn't surprised.

The possibility that the Eleventh Tower Master could be a 9 star Wizard had appeared in his mind from the moment he learned he could keep the Demigods in check.

He found the 'half' part to be strange, but now wasn't the time to ask.

"Have you ever fought Lord?"

"Huhu. It would be embarrassing to call it a fight. I barely managed to find an opening and escape."

Although he said that, just being able to escape from Lord was, in itself, a great achievement.

Frey observed Cairo, who was smiling bitterly, before asking.

"Have you found any clues about 10 stars?"

"Of course we have. Why else would I bring it up to you now?"

"What was it?"

"The 10 star level really exists!"

Cairo's face became filled with excitement. However, Frey couldn't help but fall silent for a moment when he heard this unexpected answer.

"Is that it?"

"That's right."

"...you have to be joking."

"Of course not. Don't you understand? Just knowing that the 10 star level really exists is already a great discovery!"

Cairo's excitement was almost palpable at that point.

After hearing that, Frey felt that he could understand a little.

Generally, Wizards believed 9 stars to be the end. 'End' here meaning the end of the path.

It was considered the limit of Wizards, as well as the limit of all mortals.

However, even after reaching 9 stars, it wouldn't be possible to kill Lord. In other words, it was impossible to kill Lord even after reaching what many believed to be the mortal limit.

This fact must have caused Cairo and the other high-level Wizards to feel despair, as if the heavens were falling.

Then, in the midst of that despair, they realised it wasn't the end. The 10 star level really existed!

"By the way, how did you learn that the 10 star level was real?"

"We found a record."

"A record? Whose?"

"Of course, it was a record left by the Great Mage Lucas Trowman."

Frey's expression became very strange when he heard that.

'Did I ever leave any records about 10 stars?'

...He hadn't. No. Definitely not.

Frey had only begun thinking about 10 stars after being trapped in the Abyss. Before that, he'd just focused on thoroughly digesting the powers of 9 stars.

“Naturally, after finding that, we began full-scale research of 10 stars, but to be honest, we haven’t had much success. Hmm. I will be honest with you.”

After thinking about it for a moment, Cairo finally spoke up with a firm expression.

“Currently, the only 9 star Wizards in Paragon are Diablo and I. We still heavily debate and research the 10 star level whenever we get the chance, but recently, we haven’t made much progress. We have reached a wall. That’s why we need the opinions of other 9 star Wizards more than anything else.”

Then he sighed and shook his head.

“But even across the entire continent, it is truly difficult to find 9 star Wizards. And even if there are any, it is unclear whether any would help us. Then you appeared.”

“...”

“We will give you our full support to help you reach 9 stars. If you join us, it would take you 10 years. No, you might even reach 9 stars faster than that.”

Cairo spoke with confidence.

It was truly an attractive proposal that would move any Wizard’s heart. It was especially meaningful because Paragon, the organisation that was making the offer, already had two 9 star Wizards, including Cairo.



However, Frey didn't respond immediately.

Cairo looked downtrodden.

"...do you still not intend to change your mind?"

"..."

"You're more stubborn than you look. Huhu. No, a man like you would never change his mind easily... it was my mistake."

Cairo shook his head as he smiled deprecatingly.

"Please forget what I said before. I suppose it's still too early to bring it up."

"Thank you for your consideration."

Frey bowed his head.

He was glad Cairo was a good person. In fact, he felt a considerable amount of pressure.

This was because Cairo had sent the Paragon members, including Diablo, to save him.

'The Demigods didn't know about Paragon.'

This proved that the organisation had been working quite secretly up until that point. Nevertheless, Cairo had shown no hesitation in revealing them in an effort to save Frey.

It could even be said that he had suffered a big loss in order to do so. Frey owed a huge debt to Cairo and even to Paragon.

"I will definitely repay this debt soon."

"Huhu. It's quite a lot to repay."

"The amount doesn't matter."

The two smiled at each other.

Frey was suddenly struck with the illusion that he was joking with Schweiser at that moment.

Before this thought became stronger, he changed the topic.

"Can I ask you a question?"

“Go ahead.”

“The Third Princess told me that the Trowman Rings are currently in a bad situation. Do you know anything about it?”

“Well...”

Cairo’s expression became heavy again.

“It continues from our conversation last time.”

“The rotten side of the Circle?”

“...exactly. At this point, I’ll say for sure. I don’t know exactly how many sources of corruption there are in the Circle, but I can tell you the most important ones. One is the current Circle Master of the Strow Necklaces, Rezil Wilsemann.”

“Wilsemann?”

Cairo’s voice became bitter.

“My younger brother.”

Cairo had said he'd been kicked out from his seat as the Circle Master of the Strow Necklaces and his younger brother was currently the head.

It was clear that there was some complicated backstory, but Frey didn't pry any deeper.

"The other is 'Jekid', Circle Master of the Lucid Swords."

The Lucid Swords.

Frey couldn't help but sigh. He realised that the present day Knights had fallen far short of his expectations.

Luanoble, also known as the Country of Knights, was currently the most corrupt human country, and now, it seemed its circle was the same.

It was something he was glad the dead Lucid wouldn't have to witness.

"What about the Phisfounder Armlets?"

"It's fine there. The current leader, Altan, has no interest in wealth, fame, politics or hidden struggles."

"I see."

“Now, to your question. It’s probably the Strow Necklaces who are pressuring the Trowman Rings right now.”

Disgust spread across Cairo’s face.

“They don’t want the Trowman Rings to regain their former power, and they wouldn’t mind using dirty tactics to do so. Just like when they killed Osel. With Rezil’s personality, it’s definitely something he would do.”

“...”

“It seems they are currently using Relic Battles to keep the Trowman Rings in check, but sooner or later, they will resort to more forceful methods.”

“What methods?”

“There’s a high probability that they would use the same tactic they used against Osel. They will force them to fight against Demigods then sacrifice them. That’s usually how they deal with those who don’t conform.”

Frey frowned.

“It should be fine as long as Benieng doesn’t give in.”

“...Beniang will give in.”

“Why?”

“Because Rezil will bring up Osel.”

Cairo sighed as though he was ashamed.

“He would encourage her to take part in the battle, saying it’s her chance to avenge her father. And if you know that child’s personality... you should know exactly what her answer would be.”

Frey nodded.

Beniang had a timid personality, but there was no one she respected more than her adopted father, Osel.

If she was given the chance to honor him, she would accept it without hesitation.

“When do you think he’ll act?”

“Maybe as soon as they learn the location of another Demigod.”

That meant that he didn't know the exact timing.

Frey clicked his tongue.

"Despicable."

"Didn't I tell you? The Circle is rotten."

Frey was worried.

Although they had already absorbed all the small and medium circles in the alliance near them, it was still too soon for the Trowman Rings to go against the Three Great Circles.

They needed more time.

"...I have to warn them."

The Straw Necklaces and Lucid Swords.

He had to warn them to be wary of those two circles.

\* \* \*

Afterwards, Frey talked with Cairo for a while longer.

It wasn't about anything particularly important... he just felt a slight connection to Cairo.

It wasn't because he was Schweiser's descendant. Cairo himself was also an interesting person.

"By the way, that third proposal you made to Fiore was quite interesting. Did you expect that to happen?"

"If I knew that would happen, I would've prepared more thoroughly."

"Huhu. Anyway, the 'board' will be made as you specified. You can take a look for yourself." (TL: Still not sure if 'board' is the right translation, the author used '판' but there is no real context... hopefully it is.)

"Hm. Speaking of that proposal, I'd like to make a few modifications."

"What do you mean?"

"That..."

Cairo nodded after listening to Frey's amendments.



“It’s not difficult. I’ll pass it on to Fiore.”

“I’m in your debt.”

“You will become one of us someday, so this much is fine.”

Cairo seemed convinced that Frey would join Paragon, and even Frey could not deny the possibility.

After all, he would need Cairo and Diablo’s help to reach 10 stars.

“...ah. There’s one thing that I want to discuss with you.”

“What is it?”

“I want to rescue Hector.”

“Hmm...”

Cairo subconsciously frowned at those words.

Hector.

He was one of the Dragons who had lost his body during the war against the Demigods. In the past, he had reigned as one of the supreme beings on the continent, but now, he had fallen to a miserable state where he could only do chores for others.

“Why?”

After thinking for a moment, Frey revealed the Great Sage’s Staff to Cairo.

His bracelet gave off a bright light before transforming into the staff, causing Cairo’s jaw to drop.

“...that staff... it couldn’t be...”

“It’s the Great Sage’s Staff.”

“H-, how do you...”

“I got it from Schweiser’s dungeon. This wasn’t all. I also found a Golem’s core. A core that contains 1 million ME.”

“A, a million?”

Cairo was shocked.

His knowledge of alchemy and Golem creation was among the best on the continent. This was why he knew just how far beyond imagination a Golem core with 1 million ME truly was.

“I need a body capable of withstanding the core, so I asked Hector. He said it would take six months, but...”

Frey looked Cairo in the eyes.

“If you two also help, then I’m sure it would be much shorter.”

“Yes, of course!”

Cairo was excited.

Schweiser Strow!

The lifetime masterpiece of the Great Sage who was unrivaled in Golem creation! A Golem core that contained 1 million ME!

‘To be able to help make the body...’

It was an honor that Cairo would never be able to encounter again. His hands trembled just thinking about it.

In addition, it wouldn't be too hard to save Hector right now since Lord was preoccupied with the other Demigods' treatment!

In other words, this was their greatest chance to save Hector.

Cairo nodded without hesitation.

"We'll do it. Do you know where Hector is?"

"Of course."

"Great! We'll leave as soon as Diablo returns!"

"Will he agree to help?"

"Of course he will! He also has great alchemy skills! For something like this, he would agree without hesitation!"

Cairo spoke with an excited expression on his face.

Though he didn't show it, Frey was relieved.

Only

The idea of saving Hector had been in his mind ever since he met him, but he didn't dare to do so under Lord's watchful gaze.

But now, Lord was preoccupied with treating the Apocalypses.

Of course, that didn't mean it would be easy to heal Hector. It was impossible for them to know just what dangers might have been lurking there.

'But.'

Cairo had promised him his and Diablo's help.

They were definitely two of the strongest Wizards on the continent.

Frey was certain. As long as there were no Apocalypse-class Demigods around Hector, they would definitely save him.

**Season 1 Chapter 134: Paragon (3)**

After they ended their conversation, they allowed Sheryl and Heinz to enter the room. The Orc Shaman, whose name he later found out was Elakut, also came in with them.

Cairo looked at Sheryl with a smile.

“Sheryl Roland, it’s been a long time.”

“...Cairo Wilsemann? Didn’t you die?”

It was no surprise that Sheryl knew Cairo, who was one a Circle Master.

It had been half a century since Cairo had been kicked from the Circle, but for Sheryl, who was a vampire, it wasn’t a very long time.

On the other hand, Heinz, who had only recently joined the Circle, was seeing Cairo for the first time.

“I didn’t have a life.”

“I see. So Paragon is an organisation created and led by you.”

“It’s true that I created it, but it’s a bit incorrect to say I lead it. All the members of Paragon are basically equal. Hmm. I suppose you could say that I get a little more respect than the others.”

Frey was actually surprised to learn that. He’d always had the impression that Cairo was the leader of Paragon.

'Basically equal.'

In other words, Paragon was probably much smaller than Frey had expected.

It wasn't a principle that could work for an organisation like the Circle with a large number of members.

"So what do you say?"

"What?"

"Have you given it any more thought about joining Paragon? Our offer still stands. A talented person like you is always welcome here."

Sheryl responded in a plain tone.

"If Master joins."

"Hmm. Unfortunately, because of Altan's personality, I doubt he would join us."

"I'm not talking about Altan."

"Hmm...?"

Cairo was shocked when he realised that Sheryl was looking at Frey.

“Are you the ‘Master’ she’s talking about?”

“...”

Frey didn’t answer, but Cairo understood that it was a silent agreement.

“...hoho. You did something that even Altan couldn’t do. You subdued the Vampire Queen.”

Vampire Queen.

Frey had known she had a noble identity among vampires, but he hadn’t known that she was actually the queen.

Sheryl lowered her eyes and shook her head.

“...that’s a title I abandoned over a hundred years ago.”

“...”



Frey didn't pursue it any further.

He was a bit interested, but he didn't feel the need to ask. It didn't matter to him if she was a Queen or a Grand Duke.

There was something even more important.

"Sheryl, you have to contact the Phisfounder Armlets' Circle Master for me."

"You mean Altan? Hmm..."

Sheryl narrowed her eyes slightly.

"Will that be a problem?"

"...he's a guy who wouldn't care even if the world crumbles around him. His head is filled with nothing but black magic, Demons and contracts."

This meant that even if Sheryl was the one to contact him, it wouldn't be easy.

After thinking for a while, Frey finally said.

"Tell him I'll give him Asura's summoning circle."

“...are you serious?”

In fact, such an offer wasn't really attractive for another party. This was because it wasn't guaranteed that one would be able to sign a contract simply by using the summoning circle. Whether or not the person would be accepted as a Contractor would be purely up to Asura.

But Sheryl was certain that Altan would accept the bait.

“Yes. Understood... excuse me.”

A small bat emerged from Sheryl's shadow and flew over to Frey before diving into his body.

This was a simple contact method, and knowing that, Frey didn't try to stop it.

“After I've finished talking to Altan, I'll contact you through the familiar I just gave you.”

“I'm counting on you.”

“Please leave it to me.”

Sheryl bowed her head.

Then Frey turned his gaze to Heinz.

“Heinz, there is something I’d like you to do.”

“What is it?”

“Become the head of the Blake family.”

“...what’s that supposed to mean?”

Even the usually expressionless Heinz couldn’t help but make a confused expression when he heard those words.

“You are one of us. It would be a bit of a hassle since the eldest son, Mischael, is still alive, but it shouldn’t be too difficult. You will receive the full support of the Third Princess to succeed the position of family head.”

This was Frey’s third request to Fiore.

He’d believed that Leita and Isaka, who were the heads of the family, would both die in this incident.

Of course, everything didn’t go exactly according to plan.

Leita was dead, but he wasn't sure what happened to Isaka.

However, it was true that there was currently no one to lead the Blake family.

Even if Isaka was alive, there was no way he would return to the family in this situation.

“Originally, I intended to take over the position, but now, I think you are much more qualified than I am.” (TL: translation: I originally planned to kill all of you)

He believed it was a waste to destroy the Blake family.

After all, the influence, wealth, fame, power and value of the family name had all accumulated over a long period of time.

There might be a time in the future when he was in need of these things, and they were not so easily obtained.

After hesitating for a long time, Heinz finally sighed.

“...I suppose it can't be helped.”

He didn't think he could ever forgive his parents. And although he was tired of and disappointed in the Blake family, this didn't mean that he had to get rid of it.

Although the family had been created as an experimental site for the Demigods, it was still Heinz's family. The place where he was born and raised.

Denying the family wouldn't change the fact that he was Frey Blake.

If he left it as is, what would happen to the innocent staff and Wizards who worked for the family, and their families?

"Cairo, can Heinz stay in Paragon for a while? Just until we figure out what the Demigods intend to do."

"Of course. It's not a problem."

Cairo happily agreed.

\* \* \*

Heinz would stay in Paragon for the time being, and Sheryl left to find Altan.

Generally, Circle Masters didn't stay in one location for too long in order to avoid the Demigods' pursuit. Sheryl seemed to have a way to track him, but she was unsure how long it would take.

Frey, on the other hand, rested and waited for Diablo's return.

He arrived the next day.

He was a mess. His robe had been torn to shreds, and the flames that blazed in his eyes had dimmed slightly.

There were also many cracks on his white bones.

No matter how great Paragon's strength was, Demigods were definitely not easy opponents.

"Good job, Diablo. What about the casualties?"

[Five serious injuries and two minor injuries. Simone and Ahid died.]

"...hooo."

Cairo sighed bitterly.

But soon after he shook his head as if to shake off his sorrow, and said.

"We will continue their will, and their souls will always be with us. Until the moment the Demigods have been completely removed from this continent."

Diablo nodded and spoke without any change in his tone.

[Thanks to their sacrifices, the subjugation of the Demigods was successful. Here are the spoils.]

“You worked hard.”

What Diablo had just handed over were the Demigods’ crystals. Cairo put them away.

After he was finished with what he had to do, Diablo immediately turned around as though he planned to leave, but Cairo hurriedly stopped him.

“Wait, Diablo. I’m sorry, but I need your help for one more thing.”

[What is it?]

“Rescuing Hector.”

[Hoh...]

Interest arose in Diablo’s eyes.

[Tell me in detail.]

Cairo then slowly explained what he heard from Frey, who was leaning against a wall as he listened to them.

Cairo then asked after finishing his explanation.

“You’ll help us, won’t you?”

[Of course. I always thought Hector’s situation was unfortunate.]

“Then when should we leave?”

“Now.”

It was Frey who answered. The sooner they did it, the better.

‘Leyrin has entered hibernation.’

Not only that, three Demigods had also died.

Lord would definitely find this out soon, and it was impossible to predict what he would do afterwards.



That's why they needed to move as fast as they could.

'Even so.'

Frey glanced over at Diablo's injured body.

Diablo, who had just returned from a fierce battle, definitely could not leave right away.

[...]

Noticing Frey's gaze, Diablo thought for a moment then spoke as he left the room.

[I will return in two hours. I, at least, have to refill my mana.]

And with those words, Diablo was gone.

Cairo glanced at Frey and said.

"He agreed, so we'll be able to leave in about two hours. Go prepare and come back here at that time."

"Understood."

Frey then returned to his assigned room.

Then, after activating a magic circle he'd stored in the Great Sage's Staff, he immediately summoned Asura.

Kooo.

Asura, who had been summoned in a much smaller size, looked at Frey and asked.

[What's wrong?]

"I want to hear what happened to Apep."

[...you really summon me for stupid reasons.]

Asura spoke in an annoyed tone.

[He's dead.]

"...was it hard?"

[No, just annoying.]

This was a bit hard to accept, considering the power Apep had displayed, but Frey knew that 'overpowered' was a word that described Asura perfectly.

"...do you think you could defeat an Apocalypse in the Demon World?"

Asura shook his head at Frey's words.

[I might be able to beat one, but it wouldn't be an easy battle. That Apep guy couldn't really do much in the Demon World since there is no day or night.]

"So you mean he wasn't able to use the power of darkness properly?"

[That's right. But he was pretty persistent.]

Asura observed Frey for a while before saying.

[I told that vampire chick before as well, I only agreed to do that kind of annoying thing one time.]

When Asura once again asserted his stance, Frey couldn't help but feel a bit disappointed.

It would have been great if he was able to deal with the Demigods without needing much effort, so he had wanted to ask Asura to do it a few more times.

[If that's all, then I'm leaving.]

“...”

With those words, Asura disappeared.

Two hours later, Frey headed back to Cairo's room. He was just on time as Diablo was already there when he arrived.

Cairo nodded to Frey and said.

“Everyone's here. Should we discuss the operation briefly?”

“Sure.”

“According to what Frey told us, Hector is currently in Lufei, in the Luanoble Kingdom.”

Frey and Diablo nodded.

“It’s not that far away, so we can head over there with a Warp spell. And if there is more than one Demigod guarding it, we will leave immediately.”

Cairo looked around.

“Because this is Paragon’s main hideout, there are numerous barriers surrounding it, so remember that the Demigods would never be able to trace us if we return to this place.”

“Understood.”

“Then... let’s go.”

Frey nodded and unleashed his mana as he was the one who would be using the Warp spell. After all, he was the one who knew the coordinates for the back alley where Hector was located, so it was natural.

“Warp.”

Shuk.

In the next moment, their visions twisted, and their figures suddenly appeared above the back alley in Lufei.

Paht.

Frey immediately spread his mana and checked the surroundings.

“I don’t sense anyone.”

[Same here.]

“My side is okay, too. Looks like there aren’t any Demigods here. As expected, they couldn’t afford to worry about it.”

Frey then pointed towards the stairs leading downwards.

“Hector is down there.”

“Good. Let’s head over immediately.”

Frey took the lead and headed towards the stairs.

As they headed down the dark staircase without bothering to use any lights, Cairo spoke in a heavy tone.

“...if I’ll be honest, Frey, I’m really happy right now.”

“Why are you happy?”

“Because we actually have an opportunity to save Hector. I always felt sorry for him, no, for the entire Dragon race. They used to be the most powerful together with the Demigods, but now, their bodies were taken away and they’re being forced to do chores. They can’t get more unfortunate than that.”

“...”

“They were probably not even allowed to take their own lives. Every breath they take in such a life is like a day in hell.”

Frey nodded.

For him, he’d always found the fall of his teacher, who was a mediator on the continent, and his race, who were the best allies against the Demigods, to be very unfortunate.

Cairo then spoke with a firm tone.

“Let’s save him.”

Frey nodded again.

Finally, they reached the bottom of the stairs, and Hector’s general store came into view.

“Wait.”

Frey stopped walking. Then he put a finger to his lips.

He could hear voices coming from within the general store.

Was someone there?

“Huhu, huhuhuhu.”

“...?”

“This is paradise! Huhahaha!”

It was a silly voice.

And shortly after, he realised it was Hector’s voice.

Frey, Cairo and Diablo all turned to look into the store.

There, they saw Hector sprawled comfortably on a chair with a large smile on his face.

“Aeri, please give me a cookie.”



“Yes, Master.”

At Hector’s words, Aeri, the female Golem wearing a maid outfit, put a cookie in Hector’s mouth.

After chewing a few times, Hector lifted his thumb with a smile.

“Mm. It’s delicious. It seems you are getting better.”

“It’s an honour.”

“Could you get me some tea please? I’d love to have the tea I drank last time.”

“Yes. Please wait a moment.”

“Sure. Take your time.”

Hector then laughed happily and stretched his arms and legs out.

“Ah~ Life is so great I’m going cra-”

Then, his eyes fell upon Frey and the others who were standing at the door.

Only

“ ... ”

“ ... ”

Hector’s expression stiffened like a rock.

After a long period of silence, Cairo finally spoke with a heavy voice.

“...we’re here to save you, Hector.”

**Season 1 Chapter 135: Paragon (4)**

Hector coughed and said.

“Ahem! This is quite the powerful lineup. The Archlich, Eleventh Tower Master and...”

Hector’s gaze then turned to Frey and he paused.

“Uh... let’s see...”

He didn't forget his face; it was just that he'd only now realised that Frey hadn't given him his name last time.

"I'm Frey Blake."

"Ah. I see. So Frey, are you here to pick up your stuff? Didn't you come too soon? Isn't there still some time till the deadline? Well. That doesn't mean I was slacking off or anything."

The words poured out of his lips at a rapid rate, and it took Frey a while before he could process everything Hector had just said.

He'd had a slight feeling last time, but now, Hector's proud image as a Dragon had completely collapsed in Frey's eyes.

Frey slowly shook his head.

"I'm not here for the Golem."

"Then...?"

Instead of answering, Frey turned to look at Cairo.

Hector's eyes narrowed.

“Hmmm...”

Cairo had definitely said that they’d come to rescue him.

It was at this time that Aeri returned with a cup of tea, but Hector smiled gently and gestured for her to leave.

“Please give us a minute, Aeri.”

“Yes, Master.”

Hector silently watched Aeri’s back until she was completely gone.

Then, he opened his mouth while playing with a strand of hair that had escaped his straw hat.

“What do you mean you’ve come to rescue me? Has it got something to do with the recent weakening of Lord’s influence?”

“Lord’s influence has weakened?”

“Yes.”

This was new information. Maybe they could also save other dragons as well.

Frey thought for a moment before saying.

“Then I’ll be brief. To put it simply...”

Frey explained to him the crisis the Demigods were currently experiencing, the likes of which had never happened in thousands of years, and the reason why Lord could not move easily.

As the story progressed, Hector’s playful expression gradually became more serious, and by the end, it became more serious than ever.

When Frey stopped talking, Hector didn’t respond immediately. Instead, he contemplated for a while before finally opening his mouth.

“I see. But there are many gaps in your story.”

“...”

“First of all, the reason why the three Apocalypses are so heavily injured is incredibly vague. You’re hiding something.”

He knew it.

No matter what happened, Frey knew it was impossible to cover the flaws in his story.

After all, there was no one in the world who understood the power of the Apocalypses better than the three in this room.

And now, not one but three such entities had been gravely injured at the same time.

“Hmm...”

Cairo also frowned.

He had definitely noticed this when Frey had asked him for help before, but he probably didn't mention it because he got to know Frey.

“Hoo.”

Eventually, he sighed.

If he continued to hide it, it would be hard for him to avoid their suspicion.

If that did happen, distrust would slowly blossom, and in the worst case scenario, they would be unable to properly collaborate.

That was a situation that Frey wanted to avoid at all costs.

'It can't be helped.'

Frey looked at the people standing in the room.

Diablo, who had successfully slayed two Demigods, Hector, a former Dragon, and Cairo, the founder of Paragon.

They could be trusted.

Unlike the corrupt people in the Circle, these people all had clear identities and objectives.

Frey made up his mind.

"To put it simply, there was a traitor among the Demigods."

"A traitor? Among the Demigods?"

"Yes. Riki, the Demigod with the power of the sword. He was the traitor."

"An Apocalypse...!!!"

“Riki...”

[Hm!]

All three of them frowned at those words.

The former Circle Master, Cairo, might not have known him, but Frey believed that Diablo and Hector knew him.

No, wouldn't it be strange if they didn't?

One was a Dragon who'd fought against the Demigods for thousands of years, and the other was an Archlich who had been alive for thousands of years.

“A traitor among the Demigods... I never would have imagined.”

[At the least, it isn't something that has ever happened before.]

“Wa-, wait. So what happened to that Demigod?”

It wasn't strange for Hector to ask this question so hurriedly.



If a Demigod who had betrayed his kind joined their resistance, it would boost their power exponentially.

More importantly, he was an absolute monster who had injured three Apocalypses on his own.

Unfortunately, Frey couldn't give them the answer they had hoped for.

"He's dead."

"Ah..."

"...I see."

[...]

In an instant, the hope filled atmosphere once again became somber.

Frey shook his head and continued.

"Nevertheless, it doesn't change the fact that Riki granted us a tremendous opportunity."

"Indeed."

Hector's eyes lit up.

Three Apocalypses had been severely injured, and Lord was stuck healing them.

This was a chance that would probably never come again.

"The remaining Apocalypse, Leyrin, is also incapacitated. She will fall into hibernation soon if she hasn't already."

"Hmm? What do you mean by hibernation?"

Now that he thought about it, most people didn't know about the Demigods' hibernation.

It was Hector who answered Cairo's question.

"If you kill an Apostle, the corresponding Demigod will fall into hibernation. Even, Lord wouldn't be able to wake up from it. The time differs between individuals, but the Demigod will fall into a deep sleep for at least 100 years."

"Ah...! I see! So that's why the Demigods disappeared after we killed their Apostles!"

Cairo nodded and shouted in realisation.

Frey looked at him.

“That’s not all. Riki also gave me another hint.”

“A hint?”

“He said I could get the help of a Demigod named ‘Elliah’ from the Frozen Lands.”

[...Elliah?]

Diablo spoke up in a perplexed tone.

Cairo’s gaze turned to him.

“Diablo, you’ve lived in the Frozen Lands for hundreds of years now. Do you know a Demigod named Elliah?”

[It would be hard not to know her. She’s the reason winter in the north never ends... but I can’t believe the words Frey just said.]

Diablo shook his head.

“Why not?”

[Because as far as I know, she doesn't have much interest in what happens in the world.]

“Riki said that too.”

Frey muttered as he recalled Riki's words.

‘A weirdo who doesn't care about the mortals or the Demigods. The only Demigod that Lord gave up trying to control.’

Of course, this statement shouldn't have been misunderstood.

She wasn't as nice to humans as Riki was.

Her disinterest wasn't much of an advantage, either. If they were to act too recklessly, she might very well attack them instead of listen to them.

“But the merit of bringing a Demigod to our side is enormous.”

[...]

With that said, even Diablo had no choice but to agree.

He sighed heavily.

[...100 years ago, Elliah contacted me. She asked if I would be her Apostle.]

Then he shook his head.

[I refused. Divine power and mana are incompatible. I want to continue walking the path of magical science, so I had no reason to accept... and then, she almost killed me.]

Cairo shuddered at those words.

[I suffered from heavy injuries and was put in a near death state. It took me over twenty years to heal.]

“Do you mean she’s a threat?”

[Well. It depends on how you look at it. Elliah’s attack on me was simply to vent the anger she felt.]

Diablo sighed.

[...so I hate Demigods. They don't have dignity and grace befitting their ages. They're just ignorant children who don't understand the power they wield.]

Cairo fell silent.

He had known Diablo for decades but this was the first time he'd learned of the reason why he hated the Demigods.

[However, I will still cooperate as much as I can if you do intend to attract Elliah. Her strength is top tier among the Demigods. She's at least as powerful as an Apocalypse. She would be a tremendous help if we managed to bring her in.]

Then he added after a moment of silence.

[Of course, there is no guarantee that things will go smoothly.]

"It's better than nothing."

Frey then turned to look at Hector.

"Anyway, that's our current situation. Does that satisfy you?"

"It does."

“Good. Then it might be a little late to ask this, but do you want to get rescued, Hector?”

Hector nodded without hesitation.

“Of course I do! This place is hell for me! I was waiting for a moment like this.”

“...”

When he said that, Frey, Cairo and Diablo gave him strange glances.

“I, I really mean it.”

“...anyway. There isn’t a problem leaving now, is there?”

“All you need to do is get rid of the barriers around the general store. But that shouldn’t be a problem for Diablo’s negation magic.”

[There’s an inscription on the staircase... it’ll take some time because it has Lord’s power imbued in it.]

With those words, Diablo turned and walked towards the basement stairs.

Hector shrugged.

“He said it’ll take some time... so do you wanna go see the Golem you requested?”

“Did you make it already?”

“I made most of its skeleton and appearance. It’s still empty inside, but you’ll get a rough idea of the result. Since you’re here, you can give me some feedback, and I can make adjustments so that it can be more to your expectations.”

His words made sense.

Even though he knew nothing about Golem creation, Frey was still curious about how they were made.

“Sure.”

Frey followed Hector, and Cairo decided to go with them since it would be better than just waiting in that spot.

After walking past the storefront, they entered a large room. It turned out that this underground space was many times larger than Frey expected.

The smells of metal and herbs filled the air, and anyone who came here would immediately be able to tell that it was an alchemy workshop.



Multiple Golems, who were dressed like maids, could be seen moving around.

'It's a well-made workshop.'

Not only were there a lot of potions being brewed, numerous furnaces were also blazing. This workshop was definitely on a higher level than any workshop owned by the magic towers.

It would be quite a waste to leave it.

They passed through the workshop as he had this thought, and they entered a very dark room.

"Wait a moment. The lanterns will light up soon... we're here."

Fwoosh.

As soon as the lanterns lit up, the room immediately became bright.

"..."

"..."

And as they saw the scene unfolding before them, Frey and Cairo became speechless.

This seemed to be the place where the Golems assembled. Naturally, if that was all, there wouldn't be a need for their shock.

The problem was that all of the Golems were made with the appearances of beautiful women, and they were all in maid outfits.

Frey's face became serious as he looked at the Golem in the middle.

"...is this the Golem I requested?"

"Don't worry about it. I'm a pro. Putting personal preferences into your work is what amateurs do."

Frey felt a bit uneasy because of his boast.

Only

Finally, they arrived at the end of the room and found the Golem Hector had made for him. It had the appearance of a beautiful girl with long, silver hair.

"...what's the difference?"

"It's not in a maid outfit."

“...”

“That is already a huge concession.”

Frey and Cairo exchanged looks and reached a conclusion at the same time.

This guy really was special.

### **Season 1 Chapter 136: Power Formation (1)**

Frey knew he would not be able to say anything as Hector had already swept him up in his pace.

So he looked away from Hector and instead observed the silver-haired Golem.

The Golem’s appearance was no different from that of a human. Its skin didn’t look hard at all, appearing soft and supple just like a female’s skin. In fact, there was a high chance that it actually was.

The most impressive part, however, was its waist-length, silver hair. It was a bit darker than Riki’s hair, but it had a soft glow, like a star in the night sky.

He couldn’t tell what color the eyes were as they were shut tight.

All in all, the Golem’s appearance was that of a 16 year old girl. But considering the fact that all the other Golems looked like girls this age, it was clear that Hector’s tastes were quite heavy.

In any case, this golem was hundreds of light years away from what Frey expected to see.

He imagined a Demigod slaying machine 10 meters in height with a body of Orichalcum that looked like it could bring down a wall with a single punch, but what he saw was a thin, beautiful girl who looked like a tree branch one could snap with barely any effort.

...Of course, Frey knew that the Golem's appearance was meaningless, he only wondered if it would be able to handle an output of 1 million ME with such a fragile body.

'I'm sure Hector wouldn't treat this lightly.'

But he wasn't able to completely suppress his doubts.

Thinking this, Frey turned to look at Cairo, but Cairo's eyes were alight as he observed the Golem.

"Hoh. Its appearance leaves a bit to be desired, but this is incredible."

"Did you notice?"

"Did you use 'Dignite' for the skeleton?"

"It's a special product I made myself. The nervous system was made out of Mithril."

“It looks like an alloy...’

“Of course it is. The efficiency of pure isn’t high enough, especially since it’s rare and expensive.”

“It couldn’t have been easy. You’re amazing.”

Honestly, Frey didn’t really understand what they were talking about.

He’d also heard of the metal called ‘Dignite’ for the first time. And blending another metal with Mithril?

Even Frey, who didn’t know much about metals understood that that was a very dangerous and demanding process.

“As you said, the exterior is perfect. As long as the interior is finished, it’ll be able to operate immediately. Together with Diablo and myself, we’d be able to finish it in a month.”

“Haha. With your help, it wouldn’t even take a month.”

Hector said these words with a happy expression.

Afterwards, they began discussing and sharing their thoughts on the art of Golem creation. Seeing this, Frey decided to show them Anastasia’s Golem core, hoping that they could get a better understanding of it.

“Oh, oh...!!!”

“Th-, this is...”

It wasn't just Hector, even Cairo's eyes widened considerably.

They looked at the core and made strange gestures but they didn't dare touch it. It was clear to see how shocked and ecstatic they were with just a glance.

“You can touch it.”

“Re-, really?”

“Wouldn't you be able to make a better Golem if you understood the core properly?”

“You're right!”

Hector shouted in excitement but he gently reached out to pick up the Golem core.

“I can't believe I'm seeing this with my own two eyes. It's amazing. The legacy of the Age of Light... do you know who made this?”

“Schweiser Strow.”

“The Great Sage Schweiser Strow! N-, no wonder.”

Hector muttered in a low voice.

“History called him the greatest alchemist of all time. At first, I didn’t believe it, but now I feel like that title is still not good enough. It’s clear that he is an unparalleled genius who has left his mark on the history of alchemy.”

It made Frey slightly proud when he heard his best friend being praised. Especially by Hector, who was a Dragon with a vast amount of knowledge.

“Hmm? But what are these letters engraved on it?”

“Anastasia. I think it might be the Golem’s name.”

“Hmmm...?”

Cairo had a strange expression on his face.

This worried Frey slightly, so he couldn’t help but ask.

“Is something wrong?”

After thinking for a moment, Cairo shook his head.

“...no. It’s fine. It’s just a Golem anyway.”

\* \* \*

After a while, Diablo came back.

As soon as he entered the room, he sighed heavily.

[These past three days have been more tiring than the past 100 years.]

“You’ve worked hard, Diablo. What about the barriers?”

[All gone. We can leave at any time.]

“It’s finally time to leave this stuffy place.”

Hector smiled and got up from his seat.



“Is there anything you need to pack?”

“Just bring all of my lovely Golems.”

It wasn't just one or two of them, Hector had almost 100 Golems.

In addition, a normal Warp spell would not be able to carry the potions and metals from the workshop.

“I'll have to use a large scale Warp spell.”

Frey agreed with him. Cairo then looked around and said.

“I'll use this room as the scope. Hector, bring everything you want to take here.”

“Give me a second.”

Hector had his Golems bring the items he wanted to take.

After a dozen or so minutes, he wiped sweat from his forehead that never appeared, and said.

“Whoo! That's everything.”

“...then we’ll leave immediately.”

Cairo unleashed his mana.

“Warp.”

Shuk.

They reappeared in the Paragon hideout in an instant. Frey observed the reverberation of mana from the Warp.

It was only then that he was able to roughly guess where this space was located.

“So this place is underground. Hundreds of meters from the surface.”

“That’s correct.”

That was all he was able to gather.

However, it was certainly true that the Demigods wouldn’t be able to find this place easily. This was because even Frey, who had been in the Warp spell, still hadn’t been able to learn more than the fact that it was underground.

Cairo then looked at Hector and said.

“This place is larger than you might think. How about taking a break today and resuming production tomorrow?”

“Sure.”

Hector didn't care if they started immediately, but he understood that Diablo had to take time to recover.

Then Cairo turned his gaze to Frey.

“What are you going to do now? As you heard, it'll take about a month for the Golem to be finished.”

“There's a place I need to go to.”

“Where?”

“The Great Reynolds Forest.”

Cairo tilted his head at those words.

“Isn’t that the land of the Elves?”

“Right.”

“I heard that it’s a closed place that rejects outsiders. Why are you going to a place like that?”

“The High Elf Queen, Snow, is Riki’s Apostle. I need to tell her about Riki’s death.”

“Hmm...”

Cairo furrowed his brow at the unexpected fact.

Looking away from him, Frey thought about Snow. She was probably already aware of Riki’s death without him having to inform her. After all, the Apostles and Demigods shared a very close connection.

But she still had the right to know just how Riki died.

“Anyway, you’ll need the coordinates to return to this place. I’ll teach you.”

“I’m not a member of Paragon yet.”

Despite Frey's firm tone, the smile didn't leave Cairo's face.

"The fact that we're on the same boat remains unchanged. It's fine to learn it now."

Frey then memorised the coordinates of the Paragon hideout that Cairo gave him. Although he'd said what he said, he was still inwardly pleased by Cairo's trust.

After all, Cairo was right.

They were in the same boat.

\* \* \*

Frey used Warp to enter the Great Reynolds Forest. He chose a location a little away from Lilund rather than directly entering the High Elf village.

Then he sat on a nearby boulder.

The entire forest was connected to Hruhiral, so his intrusion should've already been noticed. Being noticed by Hruhiral meant that sooner or later, Snow would learn of his presence as well.

Just as he expected, Snow appeared a short while later.

She was wearing 'Jenki's Mask' which hid her appearance. Therefore, her mysterious, white hair was dyed black, and she no longer exuded that distinctive, noble aura.

"Snow."

"I knew you'd come."

As she said that, Snow took off the mask, causing her hair to become white once more.

Her face was just as beautiful as he remembered. However, it was filled with strange emotions.

It was only then that Frey realised Snow's voice was much heavier than usual.

"Is Riki dead?"

Snow brought up the main topic immediately.

Frey nodded quietly.

"Yes."

"Who killed him?"

“Lord.”

Silence fell as Snow closed her eyes.

Frey realised that her eyelids were trembling slightly, so he stayed quiet and gave her time to calm down.

After a while, Snow slowly reopened her eyes.

Then she sat on the rock beside Frey and opened her mouth.

“Did I ever tell you where I was from?”

“Didn’t you say you were from the Frozen Lands in the north?”

“Right. All Ice Elves lived there. However, my entire family was annihilated by a Demigod. I heard from Riki later that it was a Demigod named Leyrin.”

He’d heard before that the Ice Elves had been destroyed by a Demigod, but this was his first time hearing that it was Leyrin’s handiwork.

“It was Riki who saved me from almost certain death. Huhu. I still remember it vividly. As I lay, slowly dying in a pool of my own blood surrounded by the never ending snowstorms, Riki appeared to me like an Angel of God.” (TL: Snow refers to herself as ‘this queen’ and I find it cute every time)

Snow closed her eyes again.

Then, as if to release the feelings pent up within her, she sighed heavily.

“...I owe him my life. If it wasn’t Riki, I’d be dead right now. And I can’t even get revenge, like a bug that lost its nest to a human.”

“...”

“Can you give me a second?”

When Frey nodded, Snow slowly got up from her seat. Then she walked back in the direction from whence she came.

Frey waited without asking anything. Perhaps she just needed time to organise her thoughts.

About an hour later, Snow returned.

Her expression was much lighter, and the heaviness from before was nowhere to be seen. Instead, she looked quite refreshed.



“Huhu! I’ve stepped down from my position as queen.”

“What?”

“Ah. I should’ve done this sooner. It’s really refreshing.”

What did she mean stepped down from her position as queen?

Frey looked at her with a confused expression.

“I don’t think it’s that easy to step down...”

“Well. That’s why it took an hour. I didn’t see an end to the Elders’ nagging, so I simply ran away.”

“...”

“Don’t worry! I didn’t really step down, just think of it as a temporary retirement. I’ve set a proxy to do my duties until I’m finished with what I have to do, so there’s no problem.”

He was certain there would be a lot of troubles, but Frey kept these thoughts to himself as he asked.

“Then what will you do now?”

“Right, Frey.”

Snow smiled and pointed at him.

“From today onward, I’ll do my best to take on the Demigods. So please take care of me.”

“Why would you ask me...”

“Because I feel like I’ll be able to accomplish my goal much faster if I’m with you!”

Her confidence made it hard for him to say anything, so Frey shut his mouth instead of rejecting her instinctively.

‘...she’s a bit of a handle, but...’

Snow’s combat power was astonishing.

She was at least as strong as Ivan, but it was possible that she was much stronger. After all, even when they had faced off against the Bone Dragon, Snow hadn’t used her full power.

Although she was a handful, it was a small price to pay for someone so strong.

Only

After he finished calculating in his head, Frey stretched his hand out to her.

“Then I look forward to our cooperation.”

“Huhu. I won’t let you down.”

First, he had to get her to change that tone.

Frey briefly shook hands with snow before thinking about his next destination.

‘The Trowman Rings.’

He intended to check how the circle was doing at that moment.

### **Season 1 Chapter 137: Power Formation (2)**

“Where are we going now?”

“I’m thinking about heading to the Trowman Rings first.”

“The Trowman Rings?”

“Don’t you know it? It’s one of the circl-”

“I know it. It’s a circle that used to be on par with the Three Great Circles. I’m the Queen of all Elves, don’t look down on me.”

Snow sounded a little offended. After all, there were also many Elves who were a part of the Circle.

There was even a Circle made entirely of Elves, so it would be strange if she didn’t know it.

“I was asking why you’re going to the Trowman Rings.”

“I’m the Circle Rounder of the Trowman Rings, so I have to stop by every now and then.”

Actually, it was a bit more complicated than that, but he didn’t want to explain it further.

Snow blinked rapidly at that remark.

“The Circle Rounder? You?”

“Didn’t I tell you?”

“This is news to me.”

Snow then looked at Frey with a confused expression.

“But isn’t the Trowman Rings a circle on the verge of collapsing? Wouldn’t you be able to get into a much better circle with your strength?”

“The size doesn’t matter. It’s the conviction of the circle’s members that’s important.”

“Hmm... that’s a really old fashioned statement.”

Snow thought about it for a moment before shrugging.

“I’ll trust your judgement.”

In any case, she had already made up her mind to stick with Frey until the Demigods are defeated.

For the time being, it would be wise to just trust his judgement and see what happens.

Since most of her childhood had been spent in the Frozen Lands, and she stayed in the Great Forest after she grew older, Snow had little to no experience with the outside world. And she had a feeling that Frey would be able to help with her lacking experience.

Nodding, Frey used Warp.

“Warp.”

Shuk.

In a flash, they arrived at the Peinsisko Forest, where the Trowman Rings’ hideout was located.

“Chantless Warp. Plus the stability was enough to make it seem like it was just a simple blink. Are all eight star Wizards such monsters?”

“It’s not far from here.”

“Where are we?”

“The Peinsisko Forest.”

“...that’s almost on the other side of the empire.”

Snow spoke with a strange expression on her face.

Frey ignored Snow's whining because it wasn't the time to chat.

He looked around.

"..."

"..."

The members of the Trowman Rings circle were all looking at them with wide eyes and open mouths.

"Ro-, Rounder Frey!"

"Rounder Frey is back!"

There was a huge commotion.

\* \* \*

After a while, Frey was guided to a room by Fio Guntar, one of the first Trowman Rings' members that he'd interacted with.

Frey could easily tell that his skills had greatly improved over the months, probably due to his endless studying, training and meditation regardless of day or night.

“Please wait for a moment, Rounder Frey. Master Benieng will be here shortly.”

“Alright.”

Snow shrugged as Fio left the room.

“There was a lot of respect and admiration in that guy’s eyes. And from their reaction when you returned, it seems your popularity is pretty high.”

Was that a compliment, or was she teasing him?

It was natural for him to think it was the former, but he wasn’t sure because he knew just how mischievous Snow was.

In the end, Frey decided it was better to simply not respond to her words.

After a while, the door opened, and the first thing he noticed were the green hair and eyes that were rare even on the continent.

It was Benieng Argento, the Circle Master of the Trowman Rings,

Shortly after she opened the door, her entire body stiffened.



“Ro-, Rounder Frey.”

It seemed that tears would fall from her eyes at any moment.

Frey panicked a bit inwardly as he said.

“...Master Beniang, our reunion was a bit earlier than normal. Have you been well?”

“Ah, yes! I-, I’ve been fine.”

She wiped the tears from the corners of her eyes before saying.

“I was just surprised to hear that you came back... At first, I thought I’d heard wrong. Ah. Enough about that. What about you? Are you hurt anywhere?”

“I’m fine too.”

“What a relief!...Uh. But who is this beside you?”

There was no need for Frey to introduce her as Snow stood up with a bright smile and greeted Beniang.

“I’m Snow. Nice to meet you.”

“Ah. Yes. Nice to meet you. Huh... are you an Elf?”

Beniang glanced at Snow’s ears as she asked that question.

Snow nodded.

“Mhm.”

“...”

From a certain standpoint, it would appear as though Frey’s colleague was talking informally to his superior, but he didn’t say anything about it.

After all, even though she’d withdrawn temporarily from the position, she was still the Elven Queen.

“I’m just Frey’s teammate, so you don’t have to worry about it.”

“...I don’t?”

“Kuku.”

A question mark bloomed on Beniang's head.

Snow smiled and turned to Frey.

"Your Master is really interesting."

"Don't make fun of her."

"I didn't do anything wrong. I was actually a bit apprehensive to travel around with you, but I didn't expect to run into such a cute child. I wonder if this is how a traveler feels after finding an oasis in the desert."

"You shouldn't make fun of her because Beniang is a Dragon."

"...huh? D-, Dragon?"

Well, a half.

Frey ignored Snow who had a disbelieving expression on her face and turned to look at Beniang again.

"Master Beniang, there's a reason why I came back to the Trowman Rings sooner than expected. I heard the Trowman Rings has been experiencing some difficult times lately."

“Ah...”

Obviously, Beniang was not the type of person who was capable of hiding things. This was because her expression immediately darkened after hearing Frey’s words.

“It’s nothin-”

“I am the Circle Rounder of the Trowman Rings. I deserve to know what’s happening in the circle.”

“...”

“Or do you still not have faith in me?”

“N-, no. How could that be it? It’s only thanks to you that our circle was able to reach such a stage! I’m sorry... for making you feel that way.”

With a depressed expression on her face, Beniang sighed.

“I didn’t mean to hide it. I just... I’m just scared. I’m afraid you’ll be disappointed in us.”

“Disappointed?”

“You molded us, and you said that you’d make the Trowman Rings the center point of the Circle.”

Frey nodded.

It wasn’t something that had happened so long ago that he’d forgotten.

“And you also said that even hellish wouldn’t be enough to describe the hardships we’d face. That we might miss the miserable lives we had in the past. You told us to be prepared for that.”

That was the truth.

It was only then that Frey understood exactly what Beniangu was trying to say.

They had accepted all of the hardships they’d faced up till the present as part of the ‘hellish days’ that Frey had mentioned.

They also thought it was their responsibility to overcome it.

She wasn’t completely wrong, but there was something she’d overlooked.

“I’m also a member of the Trowman Rings.”

“Huh? Of course you...”

“Of course I am. But Master Benieng still seems to be treating me like an outsider.”

This caused Benieng to shake her head fiercely.

“Tha-, that’s not true!”

“If you really thought of me as your Circle Rounder, you wouldn’t hide something like this from me. You shouldn’t be afraid to consult and work together with me. I am also a member of the Trowman Rings.”

“...”

“If there is trouble, then we can resolve it together. Naturally, I wouldn’t hesitate to give my absolute best.”

Benieng’s eyes widened.

She shuddered for a moment and lowered her head.

“...everything you said is true. I’m sorry, Frey. I was wrong.”

Her timid personality stood out at that moment.

To put it bluntly, it was not a good personality for a leader to have. It could be considered a major flaw, but it was also one of her advantages as well.

She admitted to her faults and actively tried to change. Of course, this wasn't as easy as it sounded. After all, Beniang's personality wasn't just a recent change.

“So please tell me exactly what's happening in the Trowman Rings, Master Beniang.”

\* \* \*

Beniang left the room after her explanation.

It seemed she was very busy at the moment.

Perhaps because she had taken too long talking to Frey, as soon as she was finished with her explanation, she was taken away by Honor Gisellan.

She wasn't the only one.

It seemed that the entirety of the Trowman Rings were busy. A far cry from their previously lethargic state.

It was a positive change.

He wanted to take a closer look at the overall atmosphere of the circle, but first, he needed to focus on what was ahead of him.

He'd already gotten a rough idea of what was happening to the Trowman Rings before he came. Therefore, he only wanted to listen to Beniang's explanation to reaffirm and supplement the information he had.

'Strow Necklaces.'

If he had to pick the circle that was pressuring them the most, he would pick the Strow Necklaces without hesitation.

At first, they slowly took away their artifacts through Artifact Battles, but recently, they'd changed their method.

They ordered them to send reconnaissance teams to incredibly dangerous places where the Demigods might be located.

It was a mission that had an extremely low survival rate. Most of all, it was difficult for them to communicate with the teams so it was perfect for covertly dealing with them.

In fact, during the past few months of reconnaissance missions, dozens of talented members of the Trowman Rings had gone missing.



Frey was certain that they were already dead.

And perhaps the Strow Necklaces directly or indirectly drove them to their deaths.

He was disgusted by the sloppy and petty methods not befitting of the name of the Three Great Circles.

“What will you do? The opponent this time is one of the three strongest circles. You can’t touch them easily, can you? There isn’t enough evidence.”

She was right.

It was common for medium and small sized circles to be tasked with reconnaissance missions, and while it was not common for members to go missing, it was not unprecedented.

He had no way to prove it even if he wanted to confront them and pull the veil off of their actions.

“I don’t have to touch them.”

“Hmm?”

“I just need to show them. It’s too late to try to keep the Trowman Rings in check.”

He would just make them pay a little for what they'd done.

The price of killing dozens of his circle's members would be incredibly expensive. Frey's eyes become cold.

It was at that moment that a bat popped out of Frey's arm.

Snow narrowed her eyes.

"Is that a familiar?"

"It's not mine."

It was Sheryl's familiar.

As he looked at the bat, he suddenly heard Sheryl's voice in his head.

[Master, I've found Altan.]

She'd managed to find him much faster than he'd expected.

Frey nodded and said.

“What did he say?”

[He accepted, but he wants to meet you in person.]

This was what Frey wanted as well.

“What’s the location?”

[He said if you tell him your location, he will come to you.]

That was surprising.

“He wants to come to me? That’s surprising.”

[It’s because Asura’s summoning circle was the best bait to use against Altan.]

Frey thought for a while before finally opening his mouth.

“Then why don’t you bring him to the Trowman Rings’ hideout? I’ll come pick you up when you get to the Peinsisko Forest.”

[Peinsisko... that's the forest near Uthiano. Understood. Then we'll arrive in the morning, tomorrow.]

“Okay.”

The communication ended there.

Tomorrow's discussion with Altan would be extremely important, so Frey headed to Benieng right away.

“Master Benieng.”

“Aht.”

When Frey called her name, Benieng looked up from the monstrous pile of documents she was wrestling.

“What's wrong, Frey?”

“Nothing much, there will be a few guests visiting the circle tomorrow. I thought I should tell you in advance.”

“Guests? Are they your guests, Frey?”

After thinking for a bit, Frey nodded. After all, it wasn't a circle to circle visit.

"That's right."

"Hmm. I see. I understand. I'll make sure they're treated well."

"Huh?"

He had not been expecting that. Beniag simply showed a triumphant expression to Frey's confused look.

She patted her chest and said.

"Because our circle is no longer the same as it had been in the past! Besides, I'm sure that your guests will be as amazing as the Elf you came with, right?"

"...well."

He was certainly a great person.

Frey felt he needed to explain to her exactly who would be coming.

Just when he was about to open his mouth.

“Master Beniang! There’s an emergency report from Honor Eizek!”

“Aht! I’ll be right there. I’m sorry, Frey. Can we talk later?”

Frey nodded.

Since Beniang wouldn’t be part of the negotiations tomorrow, he decided that it didn’t matter if she knew who was coming or not.

Only

“It doesn’t matter.”

“Your important guests...”

“No. Master Beniang doesn’t need to worry about it. Just relax and focus on your work.”

“Ah. Then that’s good. Excuse me!”

Beniang excused herself once again before leaving the room.

At that time, Beniang believed that the people coming were simply Frey's acquaintances.

So the next day, when Altan and Sheryl, the Circle Master and Rounder of the Phisfounder Armlets arrived at their hideout, Beniangs pupils could not stop shivering.

### **Season 1 Chapter 138: Power Formation (3)**

Beniang recognized Altan immediately since she'd seen him in numerous Circle meetings in the past.

Of course, knowing his face didn't mean she understood why he'd come to their circle. As soon as she saw Altan's face, Beniang immediately forgot everything Frey told her about receiving guests.

It wouldn't be too much of an exaggeration to say her hair turned white at that moment.

"Ma-, Master Altan."

He was a very young-looking man.

However, Contractors' age could never be judged by their appearances. They knew dozens of tricks and methods to prolong their lives or maintain their youthful appearances.

Altan looked to be around the age of 20 or even a bit older, but in reality, he was a monster who'd long surpassed two hundred years of age.

Altan shot an indifferent look at Beniang.

“Honor Beniang... no, it should be Master Beniang now. It’s been quite a while.”

“I-, it certainly has.”

Beniang stuttered subconsciously before closing her eyes and taking a deep breath.

The Trowman Rings members who were watching on from the side looked at her with anxious gazes, unsure of what was going on.

‘I can’t embarrass them.’

Beniang opened her eyes. Then she straightened her back, focused her gaze and spoke in a clear voice.

“Master Altan, what brings you to our circle today?”

“I came here to meet Frey Blake, the Circle Rounder of the Trowman Rings.”

“Frey? ...Ah!”



It was only at that moment that Benieng realised the man who was standing before her was Frey's 'guest'.

It was also at that moment that Frey finally walked out of his quarters.

Altan's eyes flashed when he saw Frey, who was much younger than he expected.

"Master Altan, welcome to the Trowman Rings."

"You're Frey Blake? You're much younger than I expected."

"Hmm. Shall we have our discussion inside?"

"Of course."

As they passed Benieng, Frey said.

"Would you like to join us, Master Benieng? If you have the time, of course."

"Ah. S-, sure."

No matter how busy she was, Altan, the Circle Master for one of the Three Great Circles had come to visit.

Even if she didn't have the time, she would have to make time in order to show this big figure his due respect.

'I-, if I knew Master Altan was coming, I would've prepared more.'

Beniang followed Frey while crying inwardly.

\* \* \*

Frey, Snow and Beniang sat on one side of a table while Altan and Sheryl sat on the other side.

Altan's gaze turned to Snow for a moment as he wondered who she was, but he soon turned back to Frey as if he had lost his interest.

This was in itself quite an impressive feat since Snow's appearance seemed to defy common sense.

"I heard you are willing to share Asura's summoning circle with me. Since Sheryl was the one who said it, it shouldn't be a lie, but I doubt you would tell me for free. What do you want in return?"

It was exactly as Sheryl had said.

Altan didn't seem to have any interest in what was happening in the world at that moment. If it wasn't for Asura's summoning circle, it would've been almost impossible for them to meet.

Frey wondered how this man managed to become the Master of a circle.

Of course, this kind of straightforward conversation was welcomed by Frey.

“The Straw Necklaces and Lucid Swords have been putting pressure on our circle recently. Do you know anything about that?”

“I’ve heard about it.”

“Then I can cut to the chase. They haven’t been doing it openly so far, but I believe it won’t be long before they openly reveal their evil intentions. I’d feel very relieved if we could become close allies with the Phisfounder Armlets.”

“...”

When he heard that, Altan fell silent for a moment. It seemed as though he was calculating profit and loss.

After thinking for a while, Altan finally shook his head.

“I’m sorry, but I can’t accept that request.”

It was more resolute a rejection than Frey had expected.

Of course, his refusal was natural. If he were to accept the request, he would be going against the other two circles, which might cause his circle to lose its position as one of the Three Great Circles, which was too costly.

However, considering Altan's obsession with Demons, his direct refusal was completely unexpected.

"May I ask why?"

"Personally, I'd love to accept, but I can't ignore those two circles. Before anything else, I am the Circle Master of the Phisfounder Armlets. So my circle's well-being and survival are my top priorities."

Frey felt at that moment that he'd finally gotten a slight understanding of this man known as Altan.

At first glance, he seemed like a person who was willing to do anything to pursue his personal interests, but in reality, he also felt a strong sense of responsibility due to his position as Circle Master.

Well, if that wasn't the case, then he never would've gotten the opportunity to be the Circle Master in the first place.

After all, it was only natural that someone else would be as talented as him. His position meant that he at least had charisma in addition to talent.

So he could finally bring up the important part.

“I’m not asking to form an ironclad alliance. For example, we don’t need you to help even if they blatantly try to pressure us. It would be enough if we could just show those two circles that there is a friendly relationship between our circles.”

“If you were only being pressured by one circle, I would have accepted. However, the Trowman Rings is currently being pressured by two of the Three Great Circles.”

Altan shook his head.

“Even if we back you up, it would not be much of a deterrent if they were to join forces.”

“Before we continue, I believe I need to correct a misconception.”

“Misconception?”

Frey nodded and said.

“What we are asking for is an alliance with the Phisfounder Armlets.”

Altan’s expression changed as he immediately understood what Frey was trying to say.

“Alliances can only be made when the parties involved are equals.”

"I agree."

"..."

Altan furrowed his eyebrows at those words, and the atmosphere in the room froze instantly.

Frey felt Benieng, who was beside him, flinch, but he ignored it as he locked gazes with Altan.

"Are you implying that the Trowman Rings is the Phisfounder Armlets' equal?"

"That's correct."

"Hmm."

Altan looked away from Frey, and he instead looked around.

Snow was watching the discussion as though she was watching a reality show, and Benieng was visibly nervous.

Was this man the real boss?

At that moment, Altan understood why the Trowman Rings had been rising so rapidly as of late.

They had gained an unshakeable player who was capable of locking gazes with him without losing his composure.

‘This is something that would only be possible for an Archmage.’

He was also extremely skilled at negotiations, and he could measure the perfect timings for when to push and pull.

The Trowman Rings was equal to the Phisfounder Armlets.

At first glance, this seemed to be a rude statement, but in reality, this was a calculated statement that had only been made after properly understanding Altan’s disposition. It was clear that Frey knew Altan would not be angered by that statement.

Just where exactly did this talent appear from?

His face was expressionless, but he was quite impressed on the inside.

Thinking this, Altan opened his mouth.

“Can you prove that?”

Then, as if he had been waiting for that question, Frey took something out of his pocket.

When he saw what it was, Altan couldn't help but freeze.

"That..."

"Since you're the Circle Master of the Phisfounder Armlets, you should know what this is, right?"

"...a Demigod Crystal."

Frey nodded.

The item Frey had retrieved was a bright silver, fist-sized bead.

"I slayed him."

"..."

"I didn't just devote my time to bettering the Trowman Rings."

The death of a Demigod!



If that was true then Frey's words would be completely acceptable because only the Three Great Circles were capable of such a feat.

Altan couldn't help but ask with a hesitant tone.

"Where did you get that bead?"

"This is a Demigod's crystal. This isn't something you can just pick up. I'm sure you know that, don't you?"

Those words were true.

It was just because of how unbelievable the truth was that he had to ask again.

Altan sighed.

The balance, which could have been said to be barely maintained, completely collapsed at that moment.

Frey had taken the initiative.

"Sheryl was the one who helped me take down the Demigod. If you don't believe me, you can ask her yourself."

When Altan turned to Sheryl without saying anything, she nodded.

“Rounder Frey defeated a Demigod. I saw it with my own eyes. On my honor, I can swear that it’s true.”

“ ... ”

Beniang shot him a look of disbelief.

‘I’ll explain later.’

Frey shot a glance at her while putting the bead away.

Altan seemed to be lost in thought, his expression growing more and more serious as time passed.

Then, after a few minutes of thinking, Altan nodded.

“...alright. I agree to the alliance.”

Then, he turned to Beniang and stretched out his hand.

“Please take care of us in the future.”

“Ah, yes. We’ll be in your care.”

Beniang quickly got up and shook hands with him.

After watching them shake hands for a moment, Frey spoke up.

“And I would like Rounder Sheryl’s help.”

“What for?”

“If we just say that we made an alliance, they might now believe our words. However, if we show proof of our agreement, they will have no choice.”

“Hmm.”

That meant he wanted to use Sheryl to show off the fact that they were in an alliance.

After all, if the number two of the Phisfounder Armlets was to be seen with him, it would be worth more than a hundred words.

“I see. But don’t push it. Don’t forget, our alliance is not deep.”

It was a warning that if they went overboard, he wouldn’t hesitate to leave the alliance.

Frey nodded.

Something like that probably wouldn't happen.

“...”

Beniang silently stared at Frey.

Although neither Altan nor Frey reacted outwardly, the negotiations that occurred in this small room would definitely shake the entire circle after they were brought to light.

The Trowman Rings had allied with the Phisfounder Armlets, one of the Three Great Circles!

\* \* \*

Altan left immediately after learning Asura's summoning circle from Frey.

Then, Beniang immediately ran up to Frey and stuck her face incredibly close to his.

“Frey! What the hell was that all about?!”

“The Trowman Rings and Phisfounder Armlets are allies from today on. You should announce this to the members, Master Benieng.”

“Ah, yes! Aht. But that’s not what I was talking about. I don’t understand how this...”

“I’ll tell you the details later.”

Frey then turned to look at Sheryl.

“For the time being, we’ll be moving together.”

“Yes. Please look after me.”

As Sheryl responded with a bright smile, the question mark over Benieng’s head became several times larger.

She couldn’t believe that Sheryl, who didn’t even speak politely to Altan, was doing so to Frey.

Just as Benieng was about to open her mouth again, Frey did so first.

“Master Benieng, has there been any improvement to your magic skills?”

“There hasn’t been that big of a change since you left. There are still some things I’m not sure about...”

“Hmm.”

Frey couldn't help but narrow his eyes slightly at Beniang's words.

He couldn't help it, after all, she was a dragon.

...A Dragon?

A lightbulb went off in Frey's head at that moment.

“Master Beniang, I'm going to go somewhere for a while.”

“Huh? Wa-. wait.”

“Excuse me.”

Frey ignored Beniang's shout and immediately warped to the Paragon hideout.

After arriving there, he immediately headed over to Hector's quarters. After all, it was around lunch time, so he figured he would be resting in his room.

Knock knock.

“Come on in.”

Frey opened the door and walked inside.

Hector was there lounging among his maids. He had his unique, loose smile on his face as he turned his head to look at Frey.

“Huh? Frey? What’s the matter?”

“I’m here on business.”

“Hmm... is it important enough to interrupt [Hector’s Little Happy Time]?”

“...”

When Frey’s face stiffened, Hector laughed and shrugged.

“It was a joke. What do you need?”

“I’d like you to accompany me to the Trowman Rings for a moment.”

It was a very unexpected request.

This was proven when Hector tilted his head to the side and asked.

“Why?”

“I would like you to help the Circle Master of the Trowman Rings.”

“How can I help the Circle Master?”

“She’s a Half-Dragon.”

Hector’s expression immediately became filled with interest.

“A Half-Dragon?! I didn’t expect there to still be any of them on the continent. What type is she?”

“Green Dragon. There’s still much I don’t know about using Dragon Hearts. I taught her the basics, but I felt that you would be a much better teacher, seeing as you’re a real Dragon.”

“Hoh... how do you know how to use a Dragon Heart?”



“ ... ”

“Well. It doesn't matter if you don't want to answer.”

Hector let out a laugh.

“Anyway. Since it's a Half-Dragon we're talking about, I'm quite interested. Let's go.”

Fortunately, he agreed easily. Frey sighed inwardly and walked out of the room with Hector.

As they were walking through the hideout, they eventually saw a young girl standing in the distance. She was small in stature and appeared to be very young, but Frey knew that she had to be a member of Paragon in order to be there.

While her outer appearance might have appeared weak, no one knew what kind of monster could've been hiding within.

Especially since most of the members here could easily overwhelm the upper echelons of the Circle.

This girl had no redeeming characteristics other than her age, but Frey still stopped immediately upon noticing her.

Only

This wasn't because she was looking at him, but it was instead because he felt something familiar from her.

"Can I ask you one question?"

It was a soft, weak voice.

It was then that Frey realised.

"Where did you learn the Warrior King's Fist?"

Although her appearance, personality and demeanor were different, the intangible momentum overflowing from her body at that moment reminded him of Ivan.

#### **Season 1 Chapter 139: Power Formation (4)**

Frey hesitated instead of answering the question.

However, the girl didn't rush him, and she simply looked at him with a calm gaze.

"I know you are Frey Blake. I heard the stories from Cairo and Diablo. They said you're an incredibly talented person who is almost guaranteed to reach 9 stars in the near future."

The girl's voice was very soft and gentle, almost as though she was whispering.

“I’m not sure about Cairo, but it’s not easy to earn Diablo’s recognition. That guy is stingy when it comes to praise. So I decided to see you for myself...”

The faint curiosity in her voice disappeared and was replaced with hostility.

“But I didn’t expect you to know the Warrior King’s Fist. That’s strange. Our martial art has a tradition of being passed down from one master to one disciple.”

‘Kasajin, you son of a bitch.’ (TL: this made me choke)

Why did he have to decide on a single successor tradition?

Frey vented his anger at his dead friend, but there was nothing he could do about it.

This girl had just indirectly revealed her identity to him. After all, there were only a few martial artists on the continent who could call the Warrior King’s Fist ‘our martial art’.

Frey had already met Ivan, who was the current Warrior King’s Successor.

Just from her appearance, this girl before him could be Ivan’s disciple. But Frey was certain that she wasn’t Ivan’s disciple.

The aura that was subconsciously being exuded by this girl was calm and steady, similar to that of an old master. Her aura was much stronger than Ivan's.

In other words, this girl was Ivan's teacher.

"..."

Ssss.

When Frey hesitated to give her an answer, the girl's aura slowly erupted like a haze around her body.

Her expression had yet to change, but her hostility was obvious.

Hector smiled awkwardly and took a few steps back.

Just before the girl's momentum reached its peak, Frey opened his mouth.

"...Ivan."

The haze gradually faded as Frey looked at the girl and said one more time.

"I learned it from Ivan."

The girl tilted her head with a strange expression.

“...from Ivan?”

“Right.”

‘Sorry, Ivan.’

Frey inwardly apologized to Ivan, but he had no other choice.

Even if she might’ve found out the truth later, this was the only way for him to remove her suspicion.

He knew how sensitive martial artists were when it came to their martial arts. Especially martial arts that were passed down in such a secretive way.

If he didn’t react fast enough, he might’ve gotten treated like a thief who stole the martial art.

Of course, his solution was far from the best. It wouldn’t be strange if she still burst out in anger at him.

Then, Frey would have no choice but to fight back. He observed the girl without letting down his guard.

The girl seemed to be lost in thought for a moment before turning to look back at Frey. For a moment, their eyes met.

Her eyes then moved away as she inspected Frey's body.

"...I bet you barely learned anything. Rather than learning martial arts, it's like you were just training your body. You're probably a Second-class Magic Warrior at best."

Then she sighed.

"I apologise. Please forgive my rudeness. The tradition of one successor per generation is very important to the Warrior King's Fist."

"...I understand."

"My introduction is a bit late. I'm Nora."

"So Ivan taught you?"

"Yes."

Nora nodded and continued.

“I’m the previous Warrior King’s Successor.”

Frey recalled hearing about her from Ivan a few times before. He’d said she was incredibly cruel and ridiculously strong.

Frey agreed with the latter, but he wasn’t yet sure about the former.

Instead of appearing cruel, Nora appeared to be very calm.

Of course, the aura she released was incredibly intimidating.

‘She’s a powerful Magic Warrior.’

Frey felt admiration.

It was possible that Nora had already reached the level of Warrior King, or at least, she was very close to that level.

“What’s your relationship with Ivan?”

“We first met near the Great Forest, but things took a strange path, and we ended up fighting against an Apostle.”

“Hoh. Fought together...”

Nora smiled slightly.

“It seems Ivan is finally heeding my advice.”

Frey wasn't sure why, but she appeared satisfied with that information, and the way she looked at Frey became even more favorable.

“Where is he now?”

“He said he was going to Silkid to look for Kasajin's relics like you told him.”

“He complained a lot, but in the end, he still listened to me.”

She lowered her head for a moment before letting out a laugh.

“Huhuhu. Even so, I can't believe that he'd teach a Wizard the Warrior King's fist. Did he teach it to you because he was bored? Or did he actually think about taking you on as a disciple? Either way, this is quite interesting. Ahhh. It's all my fault. I should have beat it into his body that the Warrior King's Fist has a single successor tradition...”

Hector stepped forward once more and spoke in a shady tone.



“This lady is really dangerous. Are there no nice people in Paragon other than Cairo?”

Frey couldn't help but think that that wasn't something that should be said at that time as he turned to look at Nora, who seemed to have come out of pondering.

“Are you a member of Paragon?”

“No. I just have a partnership with them.”

“It's the same for me.”

Nora smiled as she looked at Frey with a curious expression.

“I'm just helping out a bit. There are actually quite a few people like that in Paragon.”

“I heard you were originally a part of the circle?”

When Frey asked that after recalling Ivan's words, Nora's expression darkened a bit.

“...that's old news.”

It was said in a faint voice, but Frey felt the sadness that was contained in those words.

“You believe the Circle is rotten, so you left. Like Cairo.”

Nora didn't deny it. Instead, she lifted her head to look at Frey.

“I heard from Cairo that you intend to fix the Circle from within. Do you understand how difficult a task that is?”

“I can't change everything. I'm sure there are some rotten and dirty parts that can't be saved.”

Frey's eyes turned cold.

“I'll cut those parts out.”

“Are you saying that you will purge them?”

“If it's necessary.”

Nora took a deep breath.

Then she spoke in a bitter tone.

“...you’re not a very good person.”

This remark was a penetrating statement about Frey’s nature.

He was definitely not a good man. In the past... and even now.

Nora looked at Frey with a curious expression.

“How interesting. I wonder if you have what it takes to truly reform the circle.”

“What do you mean?”

She then smiled and made an unconventional proposal.

“Then can I watch from your side for a while?” (TL: facepalm)

\* \* \*

Frey returned to the Trowman Rings, and when Hector saw the dense forest, he cried out in an excited voice.

“Ahh...! How long has it been since I smelled the forest?!”

“Wait a moment. I’ll go get Master Beniang.”

Frey then headed into the house without waiting for a response.

Seeing this, Hector shrugged.

“He’s alright, but it’s like he’s always in a hurry. I would have been much more relaxed at his age.”

Then the girl standing beside him, Nora, spoke up.

“You should know that time lost can never be regained.”

Her gaze then turned to Frey’s back as she continued.

“Although, that isn’t something one would usually learn at his age.”

“Mmm... by the way, did you say your name was Nora?”

“Yes.”

“Then is it okay if I ask you something?”

“What is it?”

Hector’s face and voice became serious as he said.

“Please be my model.”

“Model?”

“I would love to make a Golem with your appearance!”

“...”

“Please!”

“I refuse.”

After a while, Frey came back with Beniag, who appeared to be more excited than ever before.

This was because Frey had told her that a Dragon was there.

“Hello, I’m Beniag Argento, Circle Master of the Trowman Rings.”

"I'm Hector."

Hector smiled and shook her hand.

After shaking his hand, Benieng turned to look at Nora.

"And you..."

Nora shivered slightly when she received Benieng's gaze, which burned with excitement.

"...I'm Nora. Nice to meet you, Benieng."

"Yes, nice to meet you."

Benieng looked back and forth between Nora and Hector with her head tilted to the side.

"Umm... but which of you is the Dragon?"

"That would be me~"

Benieng couldn't hide her surprise when Hector raised his hand with a wide smile on his face.

This was because Nora exuded a mysterious aura, which caused Benieng to subconsciously believe that she was the Dragon.

Part of the reason was also because she couldn't feel anything in particular from Hector. In fact, to put it bluntly, Hector felt no different from a normal person.

Realising it was rude to think in such a way, Benieng shook her head to get rid of such thoughts before stepping towards Hector and bowing.

"Please take good care of me."

"Haha! Yes, leave it to me."

Hector, who was still beaming, rubbed his chin as he slowly observed Benieng, the interest evident in his eyes.

"Hoh. Your Dragon Heart is truly well placed. It allowed you to obtain even more Dragon blood."

"What do you mean?"

"Just because you're a Half-Dragon doesn't mean you would have a Dragon Heart. You are actually quite lucky to have a human appearance together with a Dragon Heart. If it was the other way around, your body would have collapsed on itself not long after hatching."

“The other way around...? Ah...!”

Beniang’s body shook.

A human heart in a Dragon’s body. There was absolutely no way that a Dragon’s body could be supported by a weak, human heart.

This was the first time Frey was learning this. He’d thought that every Half-Dragon was born with a Dragon Heart.

“Well then, shall we get a move on? I want to see you use magic.”

“Ah. Yes!”

“I’m not sure you are able to yet, but I’d like to practice ‘Speaking’(1) with you... and I’m also curious about your spiritual sensitivity.”

“I’ll be in your care, Master!”

“...Master?”

Hector and Beniang left, and Frey turned to speak to Nora, who had yet to take her eyes from Beniang.



“Do you know Beniang?”

“I saw her a few decades ago. When I was still a part of the Circle and Osel was still alive. But it seems she has forgotten me.”

Nora shook her head with a bitter smile.

Frey wondered if part of the reason why she'd accompanied him was to see Beniang again.

He decided to change the subject.

“I'm planning to visit the Strow Necklaces soon.”

Nora tilted her head at those words.

“Are you going to start your purge already?”

“No.”

Frey shook his head.

It would be done in the future, but it wasn't time yet.

"I intend to show them that the Trowman Rings are alive and well."

"Hmm. Why are you telling me that?"

"I would like you to come with me."

It was possible that the executives in the circle would recognize Nora, so he would be able to showcase the Trowman Rings' power by having her accompany him.

Of course, in simple words, this meant that he was having Nora help fight in his political battle against the Circle. But this didn't mean that Frey intended to force her to do so since things like these were part of the reason why she left the Circle in the first place.

Only

"Sure."

But to Frey's surprise, Nora agreed easily.

"Will it be okay?"

“Of course.”

Nora’s eyes lit up a bit as she continued.

“The Strow Necklaces owe me, after all.”

**Season 1 Chapter 140: Emergency Meeting (1)**

Frey looked at the two-story house that he had been led to with a strange expression on his face.

It was shabby when compared to the Blake Family residence, but it was still too large for Frey to live in by himself.

“Honor Gisellan, what is this house for?”

“This is the house that Rounder Frey will be staying in from now on.”

“I never saw it before...”

“That’s because it hasn’t even been a month since it was completed.”

Gisellan replied politely, and Frey turned his head to look at him.

Gisellan was one of the three Force Honors of the Trowman Rings, and he was currently walking the path of Magic Swordsman.

The 'Kungunil Dagger', which hung at his waist, was especially noticeable.

When Gisellan noticed Frey's gaze, he stroked the dagger at his waist with a smile.

"The dagger given to me by Rounder Frey was incredibly helpful."

"I heard you had a complete victory in the friendly competition."

"I was just lucky."

"Luck had nothing to do with it."

Frey spoke firmly.

From the start, the path of a Magic Swordsman required many times more effort than other classes.

In addition, after considering Gisellan's age, it was clear that he was literally working hard, day and night.

Frey patted Gisellan on the shoulder.

“You are one of the circle’s treasures. Please keep up the good work.”

“...! O-, of course!”

Gisellan choked, feeling a lump in his throat. It seemed to him that he’d become more emotional as he grew older.

He was really becoming an old man.

Gisellan coughed awkwardly and cleared his mind.

Just a few words from Frey were enough to make him feel a sense of achievement. He realised then that the back-breaking effort he had put in in the past few months were not in vain.

Frey turned to look at the house once again.

“...But no matter how I look at it, this is way too big for me to use by myself. I just need one room.”

This was the truth.

He had no desire for a large house, and he didn’t need a workshop or anything of the sort.

All he needed was a single room he could meditate in, and if he wanted to add a bit of luxury, he could add a soft bed.

But Gisellan was resolute.

“I can’t do that. How could the Circle Rounder stay in one room like a normal circle member? If the other circles found out about it, they would ridicule us endlessly. This is also linked to the Trowman Rings’ status, so please uphold your dignity as the Circle Rounder.”

“...Understood.”

When he heard that, Frey could no longer refuse.

“And...”

Gisellan continued with a strange expression.

“You wouldn’t be using it alone.”

“...?”

It was only after Frey entered the house that he understood what Gisellan meant.

“Oh. You came.”

It was Snow, who was sitting comfortably in the living room.

That wasn't all.

She was wearing very thin clothes that one would only wear in one's home. It was almost as if she had taken this place for her own.

“This Queen(1) is staying in the third room on the right on the first floor. Make sure you knock before you enter.”

“Why are you here...?”

“Because we're Master's guests and because we'll be staying here for a long time.”

It was Sheryl, not Snow, who answered.

She was sitting beside Snow with a sullen expression on her face for some reason.

“By the way, who exactly is this rude woman?”

“Be careful of what you say. This Queen is the Queen of Elves~”

Sheryl scoffed at Snow’s words.

“Ah. So? I am the Queen of Vampires.”

“Oh ho. I didn’t know that. Then why don’t we get along since we’re both queens.”

“Hmph! Somehow, those words don’t sound sincere at all...”

Frey hoped they wouldn’t fight because it only would give him a headache.

He had too many things to think about, so he decided to head upstairs since he felt that he would really get a headache if he stayed there. But then he suddenly stopped.

It was Sheryl and Snow. Two leaders who had centuries of knowledge and experience.

If he got their help, then it would be much easier for him to come up with a good plan.

“Is it okay for me to ask a question?”



“I’m not doing anything, so ask away.”

“It’s okay to ask.”

Sheryl glanced at Snow.

It seemed that this woman didn’t know who Frey actually was. If she did, she would never act so rudely. There was absolutely no way this woman would act so rudely in front of Lukas Trowman, the Great Mage from 4,000 years ago.

She really didn’t know who this dirty woman was.

Suppressing her displeasure, Sheryl turned to listen to Frey’s words carefully.

Frey then briefly summarised the current situation up to that point, and then, he explained their options.

After saying everything he had to, he took a deep breath and looked at Sheryl and Snow.

“...this is the situation. What should I do next? I’d like to hear your opinions.”

Sheryl was well aware of the Trowman Rings’ situation, but this was Snow’s first time hearing about it.

At first, she seemed interested, but as the story progressed, Snow appeared increasingly bored.

“Hmm. That sounds so boring.”

“...”

“You’re on your own. This Queen won’t waste her time to help you with things like this.”

Then she yawned and stood up.

“Well then, I guess I’ll go take a nap.”

Sheryl scoffed openly as Snow left the room.

“If that woman is the queen, then the Elves are doomed.”

“...”

Was it possible that Vampires and Elves had a bad relationship?

...They certainly didn’t seem to like each other at all.

Frey decided not to confront Sheryl and Snow about it.

“As for what you said... hmm. First, I think it would be best to watch how things progress.”

Frey nodded, agreeing with Sheryl.

In all honesty, it was still unreasonable to want to begin the resurrection of the Trowman Rings in earnest with just the members they had now.

That was why he kept Snow, Sheryl and Nora by his side. These three women would be tremendously helpful when it came to showing their prowess.

Each of them was at least on par with a Circle Rounder from the Three Great Circles. In fact, Sheryl was the Circle Rounder of the Phisfounder Armlets.

“Truthfully, it’s quite simple if you think about it. If you just want to give them a warning, going with me to one of the Strow Necklaces’ hideouts tomorrow would be enough.”

This was also true.

There wouldn’t be a need to have any deep discussion. Their attitude would probably change even if they simply went to have a short meeting.

But would that really be enough?

The other circles would admit that the Trowman Rings regained some strength. They would no longer pressure them. They would no longer pick fights with them.

All three of the great circles would accept the reemergence of the Trowman Rings.

At first glance, this seemed to be an extremely attractive idea, but there was one question that needed to be asked.

Was that really enough?

“...”

No, it wasn't.

That alone wasn't enough.

It would not bring back the circle members who'd recently left.

It would not change the fact that the former Circle Master Osel Argento had been driven to his death or that the Trowman Rings had been brought down.

It wouldn't change the fact that in order to take away the circle's power, they sacrificed hundreds of circle members, including executives.

They did this in order to maintain their own power and grow stronger.

It was disgusting, absolutely rotten.

“That alone isn’t enough.”

Frey himself was surprised by how cold his tone was.

Sheryl nodded. After all, she was aware of what had happened to the Trowman Rings. In fact, she actually had a better grasp of the situation than Frey, who had only become the Circle Rounder recently.

“Then the most effective method would be to talk to Rezil Wilsemann of the Strow Necklaces, but as you know, Circle Masters and Rounders of the Three Great Circles don’t stay in one place for too long.” (TL: This confused me so much because the author put ‘Argento’ instead of ‘Wilsemann’, I almost thought it was a different person)

To avoid the Demigods’ pursuit, the higher-ups of the larger circles would not reveal themselves unless an executive in their circle had a good reason for searching for them.

This created a difficult problem.

Frey frowned, and after thinking for a moment, Sheryl spoke up.

“Generally, the only time the Circle Masters gather is for the biennial Circle meeting. However, there is still about a year before the next meeting.”

“A year.”

Frey closed his eyes.

No matter how he thought about it, they couldn't wait a year.

“The odds are low, but I'll do my best to find Rezil Wilsemann.”

“I'd be in your debt.”

“No. It is my honour to be able to help you. Truly.”

Sheryl replied with a slight smile.

...First, they'd observe the situation for a month.

In the meantime, Frey decided to spend the time organising and collecting information from the Trowman Rings and focusing on reaching 9 stars.

Besides, Anastasia would probably be completed in that time.

'Just think positively.'

It was better than rushing forward recklessly and encountering an unexpected situation.

Although he thought this, Frey didn't actually expect things to go smoothly. So he was surprised when a Circle emergency meeting was called three weeks later.

But as soon as he heard the agenda for the meeting, he had no choice but to temporarily put aside his thoughts about the Strow Necklaces.

There were two agendas.

Responding to the Demigods who had started making public appearances.

And.

The recovery of the Geotanbul, which had collapsed overnight.

\* \* \*

Not long after Frey killed Leita.

“U-, urk...”

Leyrin, who was heading somewhere, suppressed her urge to sleep.

She never would have imagined that even three Demigods weren't enough.

'How the hell did he kill Apep?'

She had looked at Leita's memories, but she still couldn't figure out what happened because Leita had been focused on her fight with Heinz.

In that time, Frey had defeated Apep and even the two Demigods who arrived after.

'Even if he reached 9 stars, he shouldn't be able to kill three Demigods on his own.'

No. It had already happened, so nothing would change now.

In any case, she had already failed. That was it. Soon, she would fall into hibernation without a doubt.

So she felt that she at least had an obligation to inform Lord of what happened.



It was this sense of duty that was keeping her awake.

She forcibly kept her eyelids, which seemed to want to close at any moment, open. Had it not been for that, she would not have been able to resist the temptation to fall into a deep, comfortable sleep.

“...Lord.”

Lord was focused on treating the Demigods in front of him, so he answered without turning his head.

[Leyrin.]

“My Apostle was killed.”

[I see.]

Lord didn't seem surprised.

He spoke in a dry tone, and his blank face didn't change.

Leyrin spoke quickly, feeling relieved by Lord's attitude.

“It was impossible for him to do it alone. It's possible that he got help from the Circle.”

But even Leyrin felt doubtful as she said those words.

Was it really the Circle?

Their momentum wasn't the same as it had been hundreds of years ago. Back then, they truly risked their lives with desperate determination, but now, they seemed more content to maintain their high-class lifestyles than fight against the Demigods.

"Urk..."

Leyrin almost collapsed on the spot. She was already at her limit.

"...Lord, this..."

Leyrin pulled something from her pocket and placed it in front of Lord.

"Illuminium. It's not a lot, but... this is all I have left. They stole... the rest of it."

[Good job, Leyrin. You can get some rest. There's nothing to worry about.]

"Ha, haha. I trust you."

Lord never lied to his People.

This had been the case in the past, and it would continue to be the case in the future.

Thump.

Only

Leyrin fell to the ground with a thin smile on her face.

[...]

Lord finally turned his head to look at her.

Eyes appeared on his head. Eyes filled with deep sorrow and sadness.

[You really did a good job, Leyrin. Have a good rest.]