

Great Mage 141

Season 1 Chapter 141: Emergency Meeting (2)

It was nothing but rubble.

The place where the Blake family residence once stood had become a ruin that told a tale of the terrifying battles that had taken place there.

As one of the most prestigious families in the Kastkau Empire, it had hundreds of years of history.

And now this legendary family seemed to have encountered a rough patch.

Below the ruins, in a place that not even Heinz or Leita Blake knew about, and neither Sheryl nor Frey, who searched the property, could find.

“Kuhuhu.”

Laughter could be heard.

He had lost everything in a single day. The power and authority he'd had, had all but vanished, and it was only through luck that he kept his life.

Everything was gone.

No. He'd expected this would happen.

From the moment Leyrin had accepted Leita as her Apostle, he had been relegated to a chess piece.

He was too weak. Even being a 7 star Wizard and the head of the Blake family had not been an assurance.

He couldn't even remember the last time he'd had a good night's sleep.

Isaka only wanted to be confident in his own safety.

"I... am not one of your toys."

Isaka muttered in a low voice.

Then he removed a bead from his pocket.

"..."

It was a Demigod's crystal.

When the Lich's group finished their fight with the Demigods, they left before checking their bodies properly.

This allowed Isaka to get a final chance.

“Hu-, huhu...”

If he went out as is, he would die anyway.

Neither the Circle nor the Demigods would spare him. Therefore, he decided to gamble with his life.

“Huhuhahaha...”

Isaka’s insane laughter filled the underground area.

* * *

It was Eizek, the Force Honor of the Trowman Rings, who had been away on an important mission, who brought the urgent news.

As soon as he returned, Benieng summoned all of the circle’s executives.

About ten minutes later, the Trowman Rings’ executives, some key circle members, and those who accompanied Frey, all gathered in a large conference room.

Eizek looked around the room, noticing that there were quite a few people he'd never seen before.

A black-haired woman wearing a mask, a young girl with a frightening aura, and a strange man wearing a straw hat.

All of them were strange individuals, but it was the blonde-haired girl who truly drew his attention.

'Sheryl Roland?'

Why was the Circle Rounder for the Phisfounder Armlets in their circle?

Eizek was curious, but he decided to put it away till later.

After all, there was currently something that took precedence to that.

Eizek bowed towards Frey.

"First of all, Rounder Frey, I'm happy..."

"This isn't the time for formalities, so you can skip it."

Frey waved his hand and Eizek raised his head to look at him.

“Thank you for your consideration.

Beniang then spoke with a heavy expression.

“Honor Eizek, the Demigods’ appearance and the destruction of Geotanbul... is all of that really true?”

“Yes.”

Gasp~

When Eizek nodded his head firmly, a ripple seemed to go across the room.

“Please explain exactly what you mean by ‘the Demigods appeared’?”

“It is exactly that.”

Eizek chewed on his words slightly with a sour expression on his face.

“Up until now, the Demigods have been moving in the dark. And the last time they destroyed a city was decades ago, but it wasn’t a big city like Geotanbul. Moreover, they also concealed the fact that they did it. But now, they...”

“Did they openly reveal themselves and destroy Geotanbul?”

“...it happened in a single night.”

This time the reaction was larger as everyone realised that the situation was much worse than they expected.

The destruction of Geotanbul was a major situation, and it was possible that this was only the beginning.

“Why did they suddenly make an appearance?”

“What the hell is going on...”

“What are we supposed to do now...”

Frey’s expression was slightly different from the others. This was because he had a better idea about the Demigods’ situation than the rest.

‘Why now?’

Three of the Apocalypses were gravely wounded. Lord couldn’t move because he was currently treating them. And most importantly, Leyrin’s hibernation was inevitable because her Apostle had died.

In other words, the Demigods were currently facing a situation that they hadn't encountered in the past thousands of years.

That was why it was strange.

The Demigods would only make such a big move if it was an order from Lord, and this was what made Frey even more confused.

The best move they could make at this time was to curl up and cover their flaws. And it wasn't possible for Lord to not know this before he made his move.

So why did he authorize the destruction of Geotanbul and revelation of the Demigods?

Frey narrowed his eyes.

Was it possible that they were retaliating out of a sense of crisis?

Just like a beast would show its fangs when backed into a corner, it was possible that they were acting violently because they felt threatened.

It had been thousands of years since they last experienced such a crisis.

4,000 years ago, it was Lukas and his team, but they couldn't even defeat an Apocalypse at that time.

If that was truly the case, then this seemingly dangerous situation might actually be an opportunity.

“The entire continent must be in an uproar.”

“...I heard that most of the nations’ leaders were demanding an explanation from the Circle.”

It was understandable. They were bound to be anxious.

Geotanbul was by no means a small city. On the contrary, the security of that city was on par with the capital cities in most countries.

And yet, such a city had been destroyed in a single night.

Chills must have flowed back and forth on their spines when they heard that as they realised that they wouldn’t be safe even if they hid in the deepest parts of their palaces.

‘But it’s still too much to ask the Circle for an explanation.’

The only reason they turned the Circle was because they couldn’t demand an explanation from the Demigods.

“What’s the situation in Geotanbul right now?”

“So far it has been confirmed that more than half of the city’s population was killed. The entire city was covered by flames and the sky was hidden by the clouds of smoke. It is said that the city became like hell.”

“...it’s a show of power.”

When Gisellan muttered in a heavy tone, Eizek bit his lip before continuing.

“Three days from now, an emergency meeting will be held in the Kastkau Empire.”

“What’s the exact location.”

“The Jun family residence, in the capital city, Kausymphony.”

Frey spoke in a quiet tone.

“I’m sure most circles would be there.”

“Yes. All the influential circle leaders will participate, not just the leaders of the Three Great Circles.”

This was an opportunity that Frey had been hoping for just yesterday. An opportunity to show the world that the Trowman Rings had changed.

But now, he could no longer care about such things. This situation was many times more important than that.

“What is the minimum number of people that can participate in the meeting?”

“There is no limit, but it shouldn’t be too many. Also, Circle Masters and Rounders must attend.”

Frey looked towards Beniang and said.

“Master Beniang, I know the coordinates for the Jun family residence. With Warp, we would be able to arrive there in an instant.”

“Then would it be okay to delay our departure?”

“Yes. It wouldn’t be a problem even if we leave on the same day.”

Beniang nodded happily.

“Understood. Then we’ll depart in three days.”

* * *

“See you in three days.”

Sheryl left the Trowman Rings that same day.

With the situation as it was, she had to return to the Phisfounder Armlets. Perhaps, if Frey told her to do so, she would immediately leave the circle, but there was currently no need to do so.

Instead, having her in the position of Circle Round of the Phisfounder Armlets would make it easier for them to compromise in the future.

After sending Sheryl off, Frey went to find Hector.

Hector was probably the busiest person out of all of them as he traveled back and forth between the Trowman Rings and Paragon several times a day in order to teach Benieng, and to help complete Anastasia.

“Hector, how is the production of Anastasia going?”

“Of course it’s going great. Uh, but it will probably be delayed a little.”

“Is there a special reason?”

“Because you introduced me to Adelia.”

“...?”

Frey tilted his head.

As Hector said, Frey had introduced him to Adelia. While Adelia might still be lacking when compared to Hector, Diablo and Cairo, she was still one of the best alchemists on the continent.

He had been certain that introducing them would have been a good thing, but Anastasia’s production was being delayed?

“Is Adelia bothering you?”

“No. Not at all. Instead, it’s the opposite.”

“The opposite?”

“Her knowledge is very modern. It has truly expanded the perspectives of Cairo, Diablo and I. Hmm. She’s still lacking a bit when it comes to truly in-depth knowledge, but she has passion, ambition and creativity. Huhu. And those are the most important things for an alchemist.”

“Hmm...”

To put it simply, she was young blood.

Hector seemed a little excited.

“Then I became a little greedy about the completion of Anastasia, which I thought was already perfect. I want to add more parts... but you are the client. If you ask me to hurry, I will.”

“Will it take much longer?”

“It would probably take an extra week at most.”

“Then it’s okay.”

That made Hector’s expression brighten considerably.

“Haha. Thank you.”

“By the way, how is Master Beniang’s training coming?”

“It’s coming along well. You have good eyes. She’s a very talented Wizard.”

Frey agreed with that.

Afterwards, Frey headed to Paragon with Hector, and upon realising that he wasn't heading back to the Trowman Rings as usual, Hector asked.

"Do you have something to do in Paragon?"

"Yes. Is Diablo around?"

"I think so. He's probably in his workshop... hmm. Let's go check."

Frey then followed Hector through Paragon's hideout.

From what Frey had gathered, there were less than twenty members in Paragon.

Of course, this didn't include the lower members, instead, that was the number of members who were allowed to enter the main hideout.

Therefore the hideout was usually quiet, but now, it was a bit noisy.

This was probably because they'd received word of the Demigods' actions. Frey wondered how Paragon would react to the incident.

Before long, they arrived at Diablo's workshop. It was a place filled with an extremely gloomy atmosphere that seemed to ward off visitors.

Hector then directly opened the door to the workshop and walked in without knocking.

“Diablo, are you here?”

[...what do you want?]

After a moment, a unique and creepy voice could be heard.

Diablo, who was creating a potion of some sort, didn't even lift his head. He tapped his finger bone against the bottle, creating a clear sound.

“Frey is here to see you.”

[...]

Dak.

Then Diablo put down the bottle and turned around.

[Hmm. What is it?]

“It's about 9 stars.”

[...]

Diablo's eyes flickered at those words.

Frey looked into these blazing eyes that would make even men with iron-like wills crumble, and continued.

"I need your help to reach it."

[Hoh.]

Interest fluttered in Diablo's eyes.

Even his voice was filled with interest as he said.

[It sounds like you already know how to become 9 stars.]

"..."

[Kuku. Sure. I'm curious as to what you want. Besides, you need to reach 9 stars before we can try making you a 10 star Wizard...]

Frey was relieved.

Diablo was a Lich with tremendous power, and unlike Cairo, it was impossible for Frey to tell what he was thinking.

Even if they acted in the same way they did before they died, in the end, an undead was still an undead.

And as a living being, he felt an instinctive repulsion to such creatures.

In all honesty, if they didn't have the Demigods as a mutual enemy, they would not be talking to each so peacefully at that moment.

[But I have a condition.]

Frey didn't think it was strange. Instead, he expected something like this.

"What is it?"

[Follow me to the Frozen Lands in the north.]

"The Frozen Lands? Why?"

Diablo fell silent for a moment before saying.

[Because I have to meet Elliah.]

* * *

Frey couldn't spend the three days leisurely.

It would take at least one day for Diablo to help him reach 9 stars. And he had to be prepared to leave on the last day.

This meant that they had a day to meet and persuade Elliah.

"Do you know where Elliah is?"

Diablo shook his head, causing Frey to make a solemn expression.

The Frozen Lands was incredibly vast, in addition, it was very hard to see anything through the never ending snowstorm.

In other words, looking for someone in this place without any clues was the same as looking for a needle in a desert.

“I remember you said Elliah almost killed you last time.”

[She entered my workshop on her own. I don't know where she came from.]

“...but don't you have any clues...”

[No.]

When he said that in a firm tone, Frey couldn't help but ask with a slightly disbelieving expression.

“Haven't you been living in the Frozen Lands for a long time?”

Diablo snorted.

[I moved to the Frozen Lands because it is the best environment to focus on training and study. Because it was mostly uninhabited, there is no place as quiet and peaceful. It's the perfect place to carry out my experiments, training and meditation in an underground cave.]

“...”

Well, it was true that it was almost impossible for him to find a more suitable place to train for an undead.

This place had an extremely high mana density since it was barely touched by mortals, and his body wouldn't be affected by the extreme cold.

Only

As Diablo said, he wouldn't have to worry about being disturbed by anyone. And since his body didn't have any physiological needs, he would have been able to cultivate and polish his magic without distraction.

It was something that Frey understood perfectly.

He sighed.

"...I think we need a guide."

[I also think it would be better to have one. But do you know someone who would be well versed in the geography of the Frozen Lands?]

Frey nodded.

There was a certain Elven Queen who had grown up in the Frozen Lands. He could ask her for help.

Season 1 Chapter 142: Emergency Meeting (3)

"Hmm..."

Snow didn't agree immediately after hearing Frey's request.

Her normally mischievous expression had become serious. This expression reminded Frey of his first meeting with this queen.

"I don't intend to force you."

At Frey's words, Snow shook her head.

"...no. This isn't something I should avoid. I have to get over it someday."

Did she have trauma?

It was natural since this was the place where her entire tribe was annihilated.

Snow then turned her gaze to Diablo.

"But who is this?"

Frey couldn't think of a proper way to introduce him, so he just explained it roughly.

“He’s a member of Paragon.”

Snow knew about the existence of Paragon because Frey had already given her a simple explanation before. Of course, all she knew was the organisation’s name, and a little about their goal.

However, Snow kept looking at Diablo with a strange look in her eyes.

“...is he the Archlich from the Frozen Lands?”

“Hmm? You know about him?”

“Huh...”

Snow’s expression changed to one of amazement.

“...it is said that he appears like a haze in the coldest parts of the Frozen Lands. When I was a child, my mother would tell me that if I got lost while wandering in the snowstorm, I would get kidnapped by the vicious and cruel Lich, and used as a material for his experiments.”

That sounded more like a ghost story just used to scare children.

Besides, kidnapping?

When Frey shot Diablo a curious glance, even Diablo seemed to find it absurd.

[I would never bother to do something so troublesome. I'm also not interested in such experiments.]

Snow continued speaking with a complicated tone.

“...It’s a legend that was passed down through the tribes living in the Frozen Lands. I thought it was just a story that was made to scare us, I never would have expected it to actually be true.”

Only then did Diablo finally turn to look at Snow.

He inspected her for a moment before saying.

[An Ice Elf? I thought those were wiped out by the Demigods.]

“She is the sole survivor.”

[I see.]

Diablo didn’t seem particularly interested.

Basically, he had little to no interest in anything other than the Magical Science and the Demigods.

'...anyway.'

It hadn't been too hard for them to obtain Snow's help.

Since there was no time to waste, Frey intended to leave right away, but Nora walked over at that moment.

She looked back and forth between Diablo and Snow a few times before finally speaking in a curious tone.

"Well, this is a rare combination. Where are you headed?"

"The Frozen Lands. We intend to find a Demigod there."

Realising that it wasn't a simple trip, Nora's expression changed slightly.

"Hmm... what do you plan to do after you find them?"

Now that he thought about it, Frey didn't actually know what would happen after.

Frey turned to look at Diablo, who said.

[There has never been a precedent for the Demigods to act in such an impulsive and open way. There must be a reason why they did something like this.]

“Isn’t it because they want to buy time for the Apocalypses’ treatment?”

When Frey said his conjecture, Diablo paused for a moment before saying.

[It would be common to think in such a way. But our opponents have a completely different set of values and different ways of thinking.]

“...”

Frey nodded.

Although values and beliefs differed between species, the differences between mortals and Demigods was particularly large.

Therefore, it was difficult for them to guess the moves and motives of the Demigods since they couldn’t understand their perspectives.

“That’s why you’d like to talk to Elliah.”

[That’s right.]

It was a decision that had been made after more careful deliberation than Frey had initially thought.

Frey looked at Diablo in a new light.

It wasn't just that they were in a rush to get Elliah's help.

Even if they didn't get her help, it would be good if they could at least gain an understanding of the Demigods' current situation so they would know how to proceed.

Of course, that didn't reduce the risk.

"Then I'd like to join you."

Frey nodded simply at Nora's words.

"You're welcome to."

Nora's presence would reduce the risk by a few times as well as increase the teams' stability.

Nora and Snow would stand at the front while Frey and Diablo would support from the rear.

With this amount of power, it wouldn't be difficult for them to defeat a Demigod with a team this powerful.

Diablo then spoke in a slightly interested tone.

[I'm surprised. You, the most reclusive member of Paragon, is willing to go somewhere.]

"I'm not a member of Paragon."

[Hmph...]

Nora snorted.

"And I'm interested."

[In Elliah?]

"No."

Nora turned to look at Frey before letting a chuckle.

* * *

The Frozen Lands was a place where winter was never ending.

Frey couldn't help but miss the Salamander Robe that had been corroded in the last fight.

The Salamander Robe was an excellent piece of magical equipment with exceptional defense and magic resistance while also being lightweight.

The robe itself also gave off warmth, making it excellent for preserving the wearer's body temperature.

Now, all he could do was wear the thickest clothes he had while covering his body with fire mana.

Although it was not the most effective, he didn't have any other choice.

Snow and Nora seemed to have a bit of a resistance to the cold, maybe due to the fact that they were powerful martial artists.

Not to mention the undead, Diablo.

Hoooooo-

"This is definitely not a place where people could live."

Snow chuckled at Frey's murmur.

"That's because this is one of the coldest areas, even for the Frozen Lands. It's not this cold in the southern regions."

As she said that, Snow's eyes dimmed a little.

Just as she was about to say something else, Diablo spoke up.

[We have to hurry, we don't have time to chat.]

Frey nodded before turning to Snow.

"Snow?"

"...right. Follow me."

With every step they took, their calves would sink into the snow. Just this repeated action quickly drained their stamina.

The raging blizzard was enough to paralyze anyone's sense of direction, and the loud noises made it impossible for them to hear each other even if they shouted.

At first glance, it would seem like Snow was moving slowly, but Frey didn't express any dissatisfaction. However, after a few hours passed, he couldn't help but become a bit impatient.

"You have some idea where you're going, don't you?"

"Are you looking down on This Queen?" (TL: quite a few people have said they like unedited Snow, so I'll leave her dialogue as is)

Snow glared at Frey before sighing.

"This is an extremely cold place that even Ice Trolls with the thickest fur would be reluctant to traverse. It's not a polar region, yet it is a place that has a never ending blizzard. I never really thought deeply about the reason, but if there really is a Demigod named Elliah here..."

"Then she might be the one influencing the blizzard?"

Snow nodded.

"And we're currently on our way to the place where the blizzard is the coldest and the fiercest."

[That's right. There is a very high chance that Elliah would be at the center of the blizzard.]

Diablo also agreed with that.

On the other hand, Frey was still a bit skeptical. Would she really be that easy to find?

They could only continue forward step by step. With such a heavy blizzard it would be incredibly hard for them to use the Flight spell to search faster.

It wasn't impossible, but the amount of mana that it would take to maintain their body temperature and their ability to see clearly while in flight could not be ignored.

And they wanted to maintain their peak condition as best as they could until they met Elliah. After all, they weren't sure how she would react.

'Even so, the physical fatigue is considerable.'

If Frey hadn't trained in the Warrior King's Fist in his spare time, he was almost certain that his body would be frozen stiff or exhausted.

They walked for a few more hours without bothering to waste energy communicating with each other.

Then Diablo suddenly stopped.

[Found her.]

Frey's eyes flickered, but he still couldn't see anything. Looking at Snow and Nora, it was clear that they also didn't see anything.

But all of them could feel the overwhelming divine power that filled the area.

[Don't lower your guards.]

Everyone nodded at Diablo's words as they began walking once again.

About five minutes after, they finally managed to catch sight of Elliah. She looked like a young girl with white hair who was staring up at the sky.

They couldn't see her expression as her back was to them, but it was still difficult for them to just start talking to her.

Elliah didn't budge as Frey's party approached, but it was obviously not because she didn't sense them.

Just as they were prepared to say something, Elliah turned to look at them. Her expression was so cold that it completely overshadowed the blizzard blowing around them.

"What do you guys want?"

[Demigod Elliah, we came here to ask for your help.]

“Go away.”

The moment she said those words, the blizzard around them intensified by several times.

Jiiing.

Frey cast a barrier, and the white snow hit against the barrier like hail.

‘This isn’t good.’

They couldn’t even feel a strand of goodwill. They couldn’t be sure why, but it was clear that she was angry.

Elliah’s sharp eyes turned to Diablo.

“Now I remember, you’re that Lich I met before. Right. Did you think I didn’t kill you that day because I was weak?”

The anger in Elliah’s voice was clear. They had picked a bad time. She didn’t seem to be in the mood to talk.

‘But.’

They didn't have time.

Frey grit his teeth.

"Demigod Elliah! I came to you because of Riki's will."

"..."

The blizzard stopped at that.

No, to be precise, it was as if a membrane had formed that isolated Elliah and Frey's group from the outside world.

Frey quickly continued.

"Before he died, Riki said that the if there was any Demigod in this world who would help me it would be y-"

"Shut up."

These words were harsh and cold, like chewing a piece of ice.

At Elliah's words, Snow, Nora and Diablo began preparing for battle, their aura's building up explosively.

“Me, help you? That guy still did whatever he wanted even when he was on the verge of dying. Haha. Ahaha.”

“In the first place, I never had any interest in the Demigods or the Circle. The survival of the Demigods? Lord’s orders? Ha. Fuck that.”

Only

The blatant disregard for Lord already showed that Elliah was very different from the other Demigods.

Nevertheless, Frey’s wary expression didn’t relax in the slightest. Elliah might not care much about the Demigods, but it was the same for them.

Crunch.

Cold air swirled around her hands.

“And you want my help? Sure. I’ll help you. But first, you have to prove that you’re worth my help.”

Elliah’s freezing eyes turned to Frey.

“Especially you, human Wizard. I heard that you had a part to play in Riki’s betrayal. So I want you to show me just how exactly did you influence Riki too.”

Season 1 Chapter 143: Emergency Meeting (4)

A Memory from the past came to Frey's mind. It was the time when they tried to subjugate Ananta.

They had used their full power in the fight, but they still suffered a crushing defeat. They didn't even manage to do much damage before being forced to run for their lives.

It was then that they'd realised that the Demigods weren't all the same. That they were divided into levels. And those beings that the Circle had nicknamed 'Apocalypses' were on a completely different level.

Just looking at Elliah now was enough to send shivers down his spine.

It wasn't just the cold. Frey was certain.

This woman in front of them was at least on par with an Apocalypse.

'She's not stronger than Riki.'

But that didn't make the situation much better. In the first place, if he were to use Riki as the target for comparison, then every other Demigod other than Lord would appear weak.

He was truly the number two among the Demigods, capable of defeating the other four Apocalypses on his own.

Frey looked around.

‘A Magic Warrior, a Knight and two Wizards.’

If a Witch had come with them, they would’ve been the same as his team from 4,000 years ago.

When he had that thought, Frey felt a little disappointed that Sheryl wasn’t there.

If she had been with them, the range of strategies they could use would’ve expanded greatly.

The versatility of Witches was definitely top-class among the five jobs.

Then it occurred to him that he could use this battle to make up for his failure in the past.

Frey turned to Diablo.

“I’ll take charge.”

[...]

Those words made Diablo turn to look at him.

[I am 9 stars.]

“I know that.

[Are you saying you’d have a better perspective of the battlefield than a 9 star Wizard?]

“I wouldn’t have brought it up if I didn’t think so.”

[Hoh. I wonder where this confidence comes from.]

“Because it’s the truth.”

Diablo fell silent for a moment.

At first glance, it seemed he was embarrassed, but he was also a bit angry.

[If I find that your orders are...]

“I’ll pass command to you immediately.”

[...hmp. Understood. Then take the lead, Frey Blake.]

Frey nodded before turning back to Elliah.

‘The terrain isn’t favorable for us.’

Elliah probably had the power of ice.

He wasn’t certain, but he believed that to be the case since she was able to manipulate the blizzard at will.

It was a very tricky ability. Cold caused the body to stiffen and lowered the its capabilities, which could prove fatal for Wizards and Knights.

“Nora, Snow. Please keep the pressure on Elliah.”

“Understood.”

“This location is no good.”

Nora complained in a low voice. This was understandable since her small body was almost half-buried in the snow.

“I’ll enchant you with fire magic.”

Fwoosh.

Nora and Snow's bodies became covered in fire mana.

It was difficult to expect an excellent effect, but it was better than nothing.

Taht.

Suddenly, Nora and Snow disappeared at the same time. They moved so quickly that it was almost impossible to follow them with the naked eye, but it was no problem for Elliah.

Clang clang clang!

Dozens of small skirmishes happened in an instant. The sounds of which were mostly covered by the blizzard.

Nevertheless, Elliah did not move from her position. It was almost as if she was a spear of ice stuck in the earth to stop their advance.

'Is this the power of ice?'

Snow was dumbfounded. Her blade, which could cut through steel like it was paper, was being blocked by a mere chunk of ice.

It would be a lie to say that her pride wasn't wounded by that fact.

"Hmm."

Nora's fist was also blocked by the ice. But since she was much stronger and more experienced than Snow, she was able to think of a way to overcome it.

She looked down at her fist, and then at the ice, before putting her thumb in her fist.

Then she tried again.

Crash!

Her outstretched fist shattered the chunk of ice like glass, sending shards of ice flying everywhere.

Elliah's eyes widened slightly.

'What a sharp gaze. She managed to immediately grasp the nature of the ice.'

What was even more surprising was the fact that her body was strong enough to immediately target the weakness after she grasped it.

'This human is only a step away from becoming a Warrior King.'

But that alone wasn't all.

Crack crack!

The ground split apart at that moment, and thousands of hands popped out of it. These skinny, skeletal hands swayed .

This was Diablo's personal spell, Grasp of the Dead.

It was this very spell that held the Demigods in place back at the Blake family residence.

Elliah's body lightly rose into the air, and the skeletal hands flew up after her before they all suddenly stopped moving.

The simple cold air had blocked their movement.

[Spells below 7 stars won't be able to affect that woman.]

As he said that, Diablo began casting another spell.

[...it seems 8 star spells only have a slight effect.]

“My spells wouldn’t have much of an effect either.”

In this blizzard, the strength of fire spells would be reduced to less than half. As for ice spells? He didn’t think they would have any effect.

It would be like attacking Nozdog, who had the power of death, with necromantic spells.

Frey spoke briefly.

“I think we’ll have to fight blindly, Diablo.”

[What do you mean?]

“We just have to cast spells until our mana runs out. The stronger the Demigod is, the less decisive Wizards should be in the fight. We just need to force an opening for Snow and Nora to take advantage of.”

[I agree, but it still sounds stupid when you say it aloud.]

“Our top priority is to find out her abilities while stalling for time. If we attack without any information, then we won’t even be able to scratch her.”

It was a standard statement.

Diablo nodded heavily and muttered.

[It will be a long fight.]

There were still three such beings out there.

Apocalypses.

Diablo sighed.

Fortunately, they were currently in critical condition.

‘At least two of them need to die before the odds turn in our favor.’

Then Diablo put those thoughts aside and focused on the fight.

* * *

Agni opened his eyes.

[You're awake.]

Then he heard an eerie but familiar voice.

When he turned his head, Agni saw Nozdog looking at him.

"...where..."

[We're in the Livindak Mountains.]

"I..."

Agni frowned as memories began flooding his mind.

"Kuh..."

Riki's betrayal, their fight against him and their overwhelming defeat.

He was a monstrous being who completely overwhelmed four Apocalypses and even fatally injured three of them.

If it wasn't for Lord, they all would have died.

"How long has it been?"

"Kuku. It's only been a few months."

Ananta gave his signature laugh, but his expression wasn't cheerful.

"Our injuries weren't things that could be healed so easily..."

Agni touched his chest.

He remembered Riki's power of the sword. Riki had even been able to cut his body and soul without issue.

For Agni, wounds on his body would be healed in an instant, but Riki's attacks had almost killed him.

Not only that, it had also been the same for Ananta and Nozdog. But now, their bodies were fully healed.

There were still questions he wanted to ask, but Agni looked around before asking.

"Where's Leyrin?"

[She went into hibernation.]

The answer came from behind.

There, a crack appeared in the air from which Lord walked out.

Then he spoke in a happy voice.

[You're all awake, my comrades. I sincerely welcome you back.]

“Wait a minute. Leyrin is hibernating? What do you mean by that?”

[Leyrin was the only one of you four to not be injured. And while I was treating you, she gave all her divine power to help you. Then her Apostle was killed.]

“Hmm. So that's what happened.”

[Such a shame.]

Ananta clicked his tongue, and Nozdog nodded.

At that moment, only Agni seemed unable to come to terms with reality.

Just as he was about to open his mouth, Lord suddenly spoke up.

[I had a lot of time to think while you all were incapacitated. I thought about why we had encountered such a situation in the first place. I wondered why we should be bothered to rule over every species and why we should be so concerned about their survival, development and balance... hmm. And it turns out the conclusion is much easier than I expected.]

Paht.

Suddenly, Lord and the other Demigods teleported away. It was Lord's spatial movement.

They appeared in the country closest to the Livindak Mountains, the desert state Silkid. And the place they appeared was none other than its capital city, Talhadun.

"Wh-, what's going on? Who are these guys?"

"They appeared so suddenly..."

"Are they Wizards?"

The warriors of Talhadun were shocked when the four transcendent beings suddenly appeared in front of them.

At first, they thought they were Wizards, but when they got a good look at them, their expressions hardened.

“That... isn’t that a Lich?”

“Th-, their auras are strange.”

“Why does that guy not have a face?”

Some of the more experienced warriors immediately put their hands on their weapons while gulping nervously.

Ignoring them, Lord threw something to Nozdog.

[Nozdog, take this.]

Tak.

Nozdog looked down at the little piece of metal in his hand.

[Illuminium.]

[Eat it. Then clean the surroundings.]

When Lord gave the indifferent order, Nozdog immediately put the Illuminium in his mouth while saying.

[Understood.]

Crunch.

Then he made a weird shape with his fingers.

Kugugu.

Immediately afterwards, a giant skull appeared in the sky. The chin of the skull moved up and down slowly, and it gave off a bloody, red glow.

[Swallow.]

Gulp.

Hundreds of people who were looking at the skull suddenly fell to the ground in unison.

This wasn't because they planned to do so beforehand. Instead, it was because their souls had been absorbed, and all that was left was the shell.

Hundreds of lives had been lost just because of one word from Nozdog.

[This is my conclusion.]

"Did you finally decide to wipe out all of the bugs? Our dear leader."

As he asked this question, Ananta's voice had a pleased undertone.

Lord responded simply.

[For thousands of years, the humans and other races have steadily developed their strength. We tried to dominate their growth, but our influence is only superficial. Meanwhile, they quietly developed even further in the shadows. They even created a group called the Circle. Accordingly.]

Lord looked down at his hand.

[Our strength has also weakened.]

"Weakened? Our strength doesn't change."

[To be precise, the range of our actions has decreased. Since we realised that the 'will of the world' can destroy us, we became reluctant to act.]

They couldn't help but nod at those words.

Since they'd confirmed the will of the world's existence, the Demigods became hesitant to expose themselves and gradually retreated into the shadows. Doing their best to control the continent with something other than force.

[That was a weak judgement. Think about it, comrades. Remember how we drove out the Dragons, who fashioned themselves as the continent's mediators.]

Lord clenched his fist, his voice becoming more and more emotional.

[At that time, we prepared for casualties. Because that was just how powerful the Dragons were. And in truth, we did suffer some losses in the fight with them.]

"I don't understand what you're trying to say."

Lord shook his clenched fist as he explained to the confused Agni.

[From now on, we will acknowledge the humans and other races as true enemies, and we will face them with all our might.]

His gaze then turned to the crude castle built in the center of Talhadun. It was the Great Chief's residence.

Although he realised what he intended to do, Agni had no intention of stopping him.

Instead, there was still something that he needed to know.

"I don't care whether you want to destroy Silkid or not, but there's something I'd like to know first."

[What is it?]

"Where is Leyrin?"

"Hmm? Didn't he already say she was hibernating?"

Ananta was the one who responded, but Agni shook his head.

"Then I'll change the question. Lord, why did you say 'everyone's awake' when watching us come to our senses?"

[...]

“Was that just a simple mistake? If not...”

[Isn't Leyrin there?]

Lord interrupted Agni's words, but Agni couldn't help but respond in a confused tone when he heard that.

“What do you...?”

Only

Agni realised that Lord was pointing at him, then his finger moved.

[She resides in your body, Ananta's body and Nozdog's body. Leyrin has become a powerful energy that's flowing through you at this very moment.]

When Agni heard that, he felt a lightning bolt strike his head. He forcibly stopped his body from trembling, and he slowly opened his mouth.

“...no way, so we were able to heal so quickly...”

[Thanks to Leyrin.]

Lord finished in a flat tone.

Season 1 Chapter 144: Emergency Meeting (5)

“Stop.”

At Elliah’s words, Frey stopped moving. The same was true for the other three.

But this wasn’t because they were just obeying her orders. Instead, Elliah’s divine power disappeared at that moment as if it had been wiped away.

Frey then spoke with a confused voice.

“What do you mean stop?”

“I’ll admit it. You guys are qualified to fight against the Demigods.”

Elliah’s expression, which was even colder than the winds blowing around them, didn’t change, but her tone became strangely gentle.

“Are you done testing us?”

“Only a bit. If you weren’t good enough, I would’ve just killed you here.”

It didn't seem like she was lying.

The anger that Elliah had shown was not something that could've been an act.

Nevertheless, her ability to control her emotions so easily was proof that she was a transcendent being.

Elliah seemed to think for a moment before finally opening her mouth.

"If I were to give a proper evaluation, then the Lich and the Magic Warrior pass without a doubt. The two of you have already reached the level to be called heroes. And..."

Elliah's gaze turned to Snow.

"You... were Riki's Apostle?"

"That's right. How did you know? I can't even use my powers."

Elliah snorted at Snow's surprised expression.

"Hmph. You probably watched Riki's sword techniques too many times, so you subconsciously absorbed them. All of Riki's habits are embedded in your swordsmanship. Oh, and say it correctly."

“What?”

“It’s not that you can’t use your powers; It’s that you won’t. Riki’s dead, so you’re not an Apostle anymore. In other words, the divine power in your body is no longer borrowed. If you don’t increase your strength and control, then the power in you will just become a nuisance.”

“ ... ”

Snow’s expression became solemn, but she didn’t dare refute those words.

This meant that Elliah’s words were true.

“But if I consider your potential, you pass. Riki is dead now, so with his power in your body, you will definitely grow to a tremendous level. Now then... human Wizard, did you say your name was Frey?”

Elliah’s expression somehow became colder.

“To be completely honest, I’m disappointed in you.”

“ ... ”

“You know, I had really high expectations for you, but... what the hell was that magic? That was 8 stars at best. Something like that would only work against mortals. Plus, the divine power you’re using belongs to Indra. Not to mention Lord, you can’t even fight Agni or Nozdog at your level.”

[Frey’s commands were flawless.]

Surprisingly, it was Diablo who came to Frey’s defense. This was because he was completely surprised by Frey’s analytical ability and clear judgement that he’d displayed in the battle just now.

Elliah nodded at those words.

“I agree. That’s why I find it so strange. I don’t think he’s even been alive for 100 years, but it feels like he has a lot of experience fighting against Demigods.”

Even though Diablo had been alive for more than 1,000 years, the Demigods had already retreated to the shadows in his time.

On the other hand, during Frey’s time, 4,000 years ago, the Demigods moved much more openly than they did now.

There were times when he would have dozens of skirmishes with Demigods in a month. Therefore, when it came to combat experience, there was no one in modern times who had more than Frey.

“So when he reaches 9 stars, he will be extremely useful.”

[That's not as easy as you're making it seem.]

"I know. Nevertheless, you still need to act as soon as possible. Because your time is running out."

"Running out?"

"You must have heard about the incident in Geotanbul by now, right? That was just the beginning. Lord will soon give orders to all the Demigods."

Orders.

Everyone watched as Elliah looked up to the sky.

Despite the fact that she wouldn't be able to see anything through the heavy wind and snow, her eyes seemed to be looking beyond that.

"He's going to destroy all the nearby cities and towns. You probably have a week or so to prepare. After that, you will probably have to watch thousands of people die every day."

Her gaze then turned back to Frey.

"So I will start training you from today."

“Training?”

“Right. I’ll tell you in advance, but I won’t let you leave until you’ve reached 9 stars. After all, you’re the one who inherited Riki’s will. So I can’t let you die.”

“Wait a minute. I have to attend an important meeting in three days.”

In the first place, Frey had gone to meet Diablo in order to get help reaching 9 stars, but he knew that there was a high chance of failure.

Even when she heard Frey’s urgent words, Elliah’s serene expression didn’t change.

“Then you’ll have to reach 9 stars in three days.”

“...”

Frey grit his teeth.

He knew this woman was serious.

* * *

Warchief.

In the desert state, Silkid, it was a position that only those with honour, good reputations and outstanding skill could ever hope to achieve.

It could also be said to be the goal of every warrior in Silkid.

Yet these Warchiefs had been cut down with a simple gesture from Lord, unable to even make a sound.

The rough floor became covered in blood.

“...aren’t you breaking your promise?”

When the Great Chief, Tuarik, saw this, he couldn’t help but bite his lip.

Lord tilted his head.

[Promise? What are you talking about, mortal?]

“Didn’t you say that you’d spare our lives as long as we obeyed you?”

[Then I’m not breaking my promise.]

“What do you...”

[I already know that you have connections to the Circle. That can't be called obedience.]

Those words made Tuarik's expression change.

He rose from his seat, his scared expression disappearing immediately. Then, he picked up a vicious looking double-edged axe on his right. (TL: mad respect)

“Tweh. You fucker. You were playing us even though you already knew everything.” (TL: Tweh=spitting sound)

[I showed mercy before, but now, I've changed my mind. After all, you still didn't try to atone for your actions in the end. Your foolish pride and stubbornness has made my inner conviction stronger. So thank you.]

“Stop it with your pointless words. You want to kill me, don't you? Well, it won't be easy.”

“...wait.”

Agni stepped forward.

“Leave this to me.”

[May I ask why? Dear comrade.]

“Silkid is my territory.”

[...]

After a moment, Lord lowered his hand, falling silent.

His silence was particularly uncomfortable. Lord currently had no features, so no one could see his face. In other words, it was usually impossible to read his emotions.

The same was true for this situation. Agni had no way of knowing what he was thinking at that moment.

[...understood. I'll leave it to you.]

Lord nodded.

Then he disappeared without another word.

Nozdog and Ananta left soon afterwards, and it seemed they all intended to leave Silkid to Agni.

“Huhu. Silkid's guardian deity will destroy it with his own hands. It's an honor.”

Guardian Deity.

That was Agni's other identity. The Guardian Deity who protected Silkid from the shadows for hundreds of years.

This wasn't wrong.

In fact, Silkid was Agni's territory, and he'd even helped it out a few times when it faced certain crises.

For this reason, every successive Great Chief was informed of Agni's identity.

It was also a method that helped him control Silkid more easily.

Agni spoke in a calm tone.

"The destruction of Silkid is inevitable."

"Huhu. You're a good talker. Why would that happen?"

"Do you want to die here?"

“Of course.”

“...honour. I know you all are obsessed with it. And I know the most honourable death would be as a warrior on the battlefield. So I’ll ask you again, Tuarik.”

Fwoosh.

Fire began burning around Agni.

“Do you really want to die here?”

This time, the answer didn’t come immediately.

Tuarik grit his teeth.

He knew.

Fighting against Agni would only lead to dying a dog’s death. It would be far from a glorious death on a battlefield.

Instead, it would be similar to the death of a bug who died from an accidental swing of a hand.

“...I might be able to save one more life by stalling you here.”

“You don’t actually mean that, Tuarik.”

“Kuk.”

Of course not.

In fact, Tuarik knew it well. Just standing in front of Agni now made his heart beat uncomfortably in his chest. He found it hard to breathe, and his jaw was already aching from how hard his teeth were clenched. His axe, which usually felt like a light branch in hands, now felt like one of the roots of the World Tree.

“You are the Great Chief. Not a Warchief.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Choose. Will everyone die here? Or will we maybe make a plan for the future?”

Tuarik blinked, not understanding Agni’s words for a moment.

“...are you... saying you’d let me go?”

Agni didn’t respond and Tuarik let out a laugh.

“Kuhuhu... you’re asking a warrior to run away.”

“I don’t care what choice you make.”

He meant it.

Agni was deciding their fate.

It wasn’t that he’d developed sympathy nor that he felt attached or responsible for them after protecting them for so long.

Instead, it was just because there were some doubts bouncing around his head at that moment.

Doubts about Lord.

“...”

Before he realised it, Tuarik had left. In the end, he chose to act like the Great Chief and give his country a chance at survival rather than confront Agni like a warrior.

That was the reason he was able to step above the rank of ‘Warchief’ to become the ‘Great Chief’.

“You spared him.”

“...!”

Agni turned around to find Lord’s Apostle standing there.

Iris Phisfounder was looking at Agni with a mysterious look in her eyes.

“Are you disobeying Lord’s orders?”

“...what he wants is the destruction of Silkid. The fact that the country will disappear won’t change.”

“That’s a play on words. Lord won’t be convinced.”

He knew.

But he couldn’t do anything about it. This was because Iris was the one who’d caught him.

Iris had Lord’s power. If she wanted to run, there was no one on the continent who could stop her. Except for Lord, of course.

After a moment of silence, Agni spoke up.

“Are you going to tell Lord?”

“No.”

“Why?”

“You must have heard about Leyrin.”

“...”

She was only answered by silence, so Iris slowly continued.

“Did you know that Lord tried to cover up Riki’s betrayal?”

“What are you talking about?”

He hadn’t heard about that.

Agni looked at Iris in shock.

“He tried to cover for Riki by framing another Demigod for his sins. Riki didn’t change his mind in the end, so Lord was forced to kill him.”

“Yo-, you’re lying.”

Agni felt extremely shocked at that moment. Lord, of all people, thought about sacrificing a Demigod?

Naturally, he knew just how much Lord cared about Riki. But he didn’t think his judgement would be clouded to such an extent.

Would Lord really frame an innocent Demigod? In order to save Riki?

Only

“I have a question, Agni. Lord valued and cherished every Demigod. He was fair and led you better than anyone. That was why the Demigods didn’t hesitate to call him Lord.”

“...”

“Do you think he is fit for the name Lord right now?”

Agni couldn’t answer easily.

Instead, he stood there as if he had been rooted to the ground.

Seeing this, Iris turned around and left.

She'd done enough.

Season 1 Chapter 145: Emergency Meeting (6)

It was finally the day of the meeting.

Therefore, the residence of the Jun family in Kausymphony, where the meeting was being held, was filled with many mysterious guests.

Shepard looked around at the different circles that filled the seats around him.

There was a stream of big players coming in one after another. A sight that was rarely seen except at the regular Circle meetings.

“Aren't you excited, Honor Shepard?”

One of the Force Honors of the Strow Necklaces, Steve Jacks, laughed as he said those words.

Shepard turned to him with an incredulous expression.

“Don’t you understand the current situation?”

“Haha. Even those who don’t know will be paying attention. After all, this is the Trowman Rings’ first official appearance in a long time.”

The remark couldn’t be denied.

Even now, there were people who looked towards the Warp Stone without filling the seats prepared for them. These people were probably waiting for the Trowman Rings, who had yet to make an appearance.

“There’ve been a lot of rumors. Beniang Argento’s awakening, the growth of the circle members, the perfect subjugation of all the nearby small and medium circles. Well, it’s still the rumored ‘Frey Blake’ who is the most eye-catching.”

“...”

Shepard contemplated inwardly, and Steve’s eyes glistened.

“Come to think of it, didn’t Honor Shepard meet him before?”

“I did, a long time ago. He wasn’t part of the Circle yet.”

Even at that time, Shepard had thought Frey was an extraordinary person. But he never could have imagined that he would become the Circle Rounder of the Trowman Rings or that he could fix the collapsing circle.

“I met him once too.”

“I know. You were the one who went to recruit him back when he was staying at the magic tower.”

“I didn’t expect him to be such an extraordinary man. It is really unfortunate. If I had been a bit faster, he could have joined our circle.”

“...”

No. He wouldn’t have.

Shepard shook his head inwardly.

No matter how fast they were, Shepard didn’t believe Frey would have entered any of the Three Great Circles.

“I hope they come soon. Are they coming late on purpose?”

When he saw Steve giggling to himself, Shepard couldn’t help but release the sigh he had been suppressing.

Even in a crisis like this one, there was no feeling of urgency.

'Geotanbul was destroyed, and the capital of Silkid was taken down.'

Both countries had military strength that could be compared to the top powers on the continent. Nevertheless, they were rendered helpless when the Demigods revealed their fangs.

However, this fact wasn't that strange.

Neither general military knowledge nor war strategies could work against them. They were monsters who could wipe out hundreds of soldiers with just one simple gesture.

The only ones who could do anything about them was the Circle.

That was why this meeting was called and they all gathered.

"..."

"..."

Suddenly, the noisy room became completely quiet.

Even before he looked, Shepard was sure he knew the reason.

Steve muttered in a low voice.

“They’re here.”

As he lifted his head, Shepard saw a group of people walking forward while receiving the attention of every single pair of eyes in the room.

“The Trowman Rings.”

* * *

There were a total five members from the Trowman Rings attending the meeting. And no one would deny that the most prominent among them was the Circle Master, Beniang Argento.

Her green hair and eyes, which were rare even across the entire continent, and calm demeanour immediately drew the attention of everyone.

The gazes of those in the crowd sharpened, and some of them who knew her from before couldn’t help but feel a bit of admiration in their hearts.

Shepard Jun was one of those people.

‘She’s so different that I almost didn’t recognise her.’

The current Beniangu was almost the complete opposite of her previous timid and introverted self. Her calm but resolute face seemed to carry the dignity one would expect to see in a Circle Master.

Beniangu's changed demeanour also let everyone know that the Trowman Rings had indeed changed.

Shepard's gaze then turned to those who'd come with Beniangu.

'Those two are Gisellan and Eizek.'

These two had chosen to remain with the Trowman Rings even when the majority of the circle executives decided to leave.

Especially Eizek, who was so talented that many circles drooled over the prospect of attaining him.

The other two were covered by their robes, and Shepard couldn't see their faces as their hoods were up.

'...generally speaking, they're more likely to be Fianne and Frey.'

However, at least one of them was someone completely different. This was because this person was much too small to be an adult male. (TL: what a jab at all the short guys and tall girls)

'Then is the other person Frey?'

Honor Fianne was also extremely talented, but he was young and inexperienced, so it might have been a bit inappropriate to bring him to such an important meeting.

Although Frey, on the other hand, was much younger than Fianne, he had a mind that no one in the Circle could read easily. Most importantly, he was the Circle Rounder for the Trowman Rings.

There was absolutely no way he would miss such an important event when he held such a high position.

Suddenly.

Someone walked towards the Trowman Rings' group with light footsteps.

Shepard's expression changed greatly when he saw who this person was.

'Why is he...'

Was he going to pick a fight?

If so, they had to stop it.

Even Shepard knew the conflict between them. It wasn't something simple that could be solved with a few words.

But by that time, the man was standing in front of Beniang.

“It’s been a while, Beniang.”

“...”

Gisellan’s expression immediately became one filled with hostility while Eizek, on the other hand, had a look of disgust.

“...Rounder Sven. No, it should be Honor Sven now, right?”

“Hut.”

Sven Heimdrik, the man who once held the position of Circle Rounder of the Trowman Rings, simply chuckled.

Gisellan didn’t try to conceal his contempt as he said.

“I didn’t expect you to approach us first.”

“Why can’t I talk to you? Even though we are now walking different paths, we used to be one family.”

When Sven slickly said those words, Eizek grit his teeth. In his heart, he wanted to rip that dirty mouth off that man's face.

Circle Rounder.

Despite his position as number two in the circle, this man was the one who left the circle the fastest after Nozdog's massacre, and then, he quickly joined another circle.

He even joined the Lucid Swords instead of another magic-oriented circle.

That was why, despite being an 8 star Wizard, he was only able to get the position of Force Honor.

At that time, Benieng was certain that Sven's defection would cause the circle to collapse, so in order to prevent his withdrawal, she bowed her head and begged.

However, Sven pretended not to hear Benieng's request and left the Trowman Rings.

Following that, the circle's young talents, artifacts and even its funds were swiftly absorbed by other circles. So in a sense, he was even more resentful than the Three Great Circles, who were known to have organised the fall of the Trowman Rings by using Nozdog's hands.

'...no. It's possible...'

This man might have directly been involved in the downfall of the circle. After all, despite everything that happened, he did not sustain many injuries in the battle with Nozdog.

With that in mind, it was impossible for Gisellan to maintain his composure when Sven was standing in front of him.

Just looking at his face made him want to vomit.

“It’s been a while.”

Beniang, on the other hand, nodded calmly as she spoke.

She didn’t even frown as she showed a rather relaxed attitude.

Even Gisellan and Eizek couldn’t help but feel their hearts fill with pride at that moment.

This young lady, who had always hidden behind Osel’s back in the past, was finally showing that she was worthy of the title ‘Circle Master’.

“I also want to solve our issues with you, but before that, there’s something I need to remind you of.”

“...huh?”

No. She had already long surpassed their expectations.

“You are no longer the Circle Rounder. And I am no longer just Beniang Argento.”

Beniang’s gaze became cold.

“I am now a Circle Master, Honor Sven. Be polite.”

“...”

Sven’s expression changed.

“I won’t pursue this rudeness any further. After all, even though we currently walk different paths, we were once family.”

While saying that, Beniang walked past Sven.

“Now. Let’s go.”

The Trowman Rings’ members followed Beniang without a word.

After walking for a while, Eizek couldn’t help but speak up in a pleased tone.

“Master Beniang, that response was perfect.”

“Hoho. I can’t even keep my pride off my face. I can’t believe I’m so old I get carried away by my emotions...”

“...”

“...Master Beniang?”

“P-, please be quiet for a second.”

Beniang said these words with a straight face, but inside, her heart was pounding, and her face was burning.

It had taken all her willpower just to say those few words just now.

“...”

After all, people didn’t just change overnight. Right now, Beniang was doing her best to ‘pretend to be brave’ like Frey had told her to.

Gisellan and Eizek were shocked for a moment, then they realised that a certain man was still not there yet.

'...Rounder Frey.'

They wondered if they would be able to get through the meeting without him.

* * *

Three days before the meeting.

Elliah's residence in the Frozen Lands was a strange place.

After Diablo, Snow and Nora left, she headed to a place where the blizzard was somehow blowing even more fiercely.

The winds were so strong that even Frey had trouble keeping his eyes open, and the freezing blizzard hit him exceptionally hard.

Then, as if magically, it all disappeared. There was no wind, no snow.

When he looked around, Frey realised he was in a place where fresh grass was growing. The ever-present snowstorm was nowhere to be seen, and there was even warm light, though he wasn't sure if it was from the sun.

The small hut, which sat in the center of this paradise, immediately made Frey think about Riki. Just like his, the moment they opened the door and entered, it was revealed that this space was much larger than expected.

'Space-time movement.'

It was the Demigods' method of transportation, but it wasn't something that every Demigod was capable of.

In fact, it was something that could only be used by Demigods at the Apocalypse level and higher.

Of course, he had long known that Elliah was an Apocalypse level Demigod.

The two of them sat at a table, facing each other. However, Elliah didn't offer him tea like Riki had.

She didn't even open her mouth to say something first. It was as if she was pressuring Frey to do so.

After all, he was the one who would be at more of a disadvantage as time dragged on, so he had to speak first.

"You told me you'd help me reach 9 stars."

"That's right."

“You’re talking as though you know how to do it.”

Elliah let out a soft laugh.

“Why? Is it strange for a Demigod to know the secrets of magic?”

“Wouldn’t it be similar to me saying I know how to help Demigods develop their divine powers to Lord’s level?”

“Hmm. That’s a good analogy, but there’s something you overlooked. Have you ever heard of a normal Demigod reaching Lord’s level?”

Normal Demigod.

Frey looked at Elliah while thinking that those words were said in a strange way.

“I’ve seen 8 star Wizards become 9 stars before. I suppose I’ll call it awakening for convenience’s sake. After seeing it so many times, it wasn’t hard for me to conclude the conditions.”

It made sense.

After all, how many Wizards had Elliah fought over the past thousands of years?

They would have had to be at least 7 stars to face a Demigod, and the number of 8 stars certainly wouldn't be few. Otherwise, they would die before they could even make a Demigod like Elliah feel even a little strain.

It was incredibly difficult for the average Wizard to reach 7 or 8 stars. But 9 stars was even more ridiculous than that.

First of all, the body and mind must be 'complete'.

In other words, one needed to have the right 'container' in order to move on to the next stage.

In addition, one had to fulfill two other conditions.

"The crisis of death. And the torrent of emotion."

"Hoh..."

This time, Elliah's eyes lit up.

"I can't believe you have a perfect grasp of the conditions. You really are a strange human. Even 9 star Wizards who already awakened successfully weren't completely sure of the conditions..."

"..."

“You’re right. The Wizards I fought against... they reached 9 stars after meeting those conditions.”

Instead, Frey was also surprised.

No matter how many times one saw it happen, it wasn’t easy to figure out what the conditions were.

Frey was also unsure of how he’d reached 9 stars in the past. He wasn’t even able to make a guess.

It was only after being stuck in the Abyss for 4,000 years that he managed to figure out the answer. The time he spent thinking about it was incalculable.

That was why Frey had gone to Diablo.

He thought about getting put into a near-death state after fighting with him. After that, he would release his control, letting his emotions run wild.

Diablo looked similar to Nozdog, one of the Apocalypses. That made it easier to fool his senses.

Frey would have been able to make Diablo into Nozdog through a type of self-hypnosis. After all, it would be easier to incite his emotions because of the subconscious disgust he felt towards Diablo.

‘But it’s not as easy as it sounds.’

After reaching 7 stars, it was already hard for your emotions to fluctuate. At that point, it was already incredibly difficult to experience emotional turmoil, and after reaching 8 stars, this iron-like composure became even more solid.

In that regard, the Demigods' presence was special to Frey.

On the entire continent, there were only two things that could stir Frey's emotions.

The Demigods... and his friends from 4,000 years ago.

Frey looked at Elliah and said.

"So you will help me by creating the environment I need... is that what you're saying?"

"That's right."

Elliah nodded cheerfully.

"Do you have any experience making someone reach 9 stars like this?"

"I don't. But I wanted to test my theory. To see whether it was possible to 'fabricate' an awakening to 9 stars."

“ ... ”

Elliah's words pierced the heart of the matter perfectly.

This was also Frey's biggest concern when he initially came up with the plan.

Only

Would it be possible to reach 9 stars by faking a near-death experience and causing his emotions to explode through hypnosis that was practically self-brainwashing?

There was no definite answer to this question.

He'd tried to ponder upon this for a long time in the Abyss, but since he had no body to use as a 'container', he could only make conjectures without any definitive conclusions.

'However...'

It was actually a good thing for him that his helper had changed from Diablo to Elliah.

Elliah was an actual Demigod, making it much easier for his emotions to fluctuate, and if she wanted to, she could give him an authentic near-death experience.

At first, he'd been a bit hesitant, but now, Frey realised this was actually a very good opportunity.

Season 1 Chapter 146: Emergency Meeting (7)

The venue where the meeting was being held was the large banquet hall on the first floor in the Jun family residence's main building.

All the Jun family's employees who were not affiliated with the Circle were either given a vacation or sent home. Therefore, the only ones in the manor at that time were the members of the Circle.

The banquet hall, which could accommodate hundreds of people, was practically filled to the brim, but despite this fact, it wasn't noisy at all.

The only thing that could be heard on occasion was whispers. In fact, most of the people there had their heads bowed with sorrowful expressions on their faces.

A heavy atmosphere seemed to engulf the room.

However, this was natural when considering the situation they were currently facing.

"The atmosphere is heavier than I expected."

"It can't be helped. In just three days, Talhadun, the capital of Silkid, fell as well. The Great Chief and the other high ranking officials said that they managed to escape with their lives, but that's still not very comforting."

Beniang's heart felt a bit heavy following Eizek's words.

In a sense, the fall of Talhadun had a much larger impact than the destruction of Geotanbul.

Then an old man in a butler uniform walked up to them.

"Please tell me the name of your circle."

"We're from the Trowman Rings."

The butler looked around and asked.

"A total of five?"

"Yes."

"Your identity has been verified. Follow me."

After saying that, he turned around and began walking away.

Eizek made a bitter expression upon seeing his attitude. It couldn't be considered rude, but it also wasn't very sincere.

He felt bitter because it was far from the respect their circle gained in the past.

‘Originally, our first priority was to change their attitude.’

Eizek shook his head.

But this wasn’t the time for that.

They had to prioritize devising a plan against the Demigods rather than showing off the new Trowman Rings.

The party silently followed the butler to the seats designated for the Trowman Rings. Which turned out to be a round table that wasn’t very large.

Beniang looked around.

Almost every circle had been assigned tables similar in size to the Trowman Rings’ but there were also some unusually large tables.

The size of these tables easily stood out because they made the other tables appear to be those of subordinates.

These were the tables belonging to the Strow Necklaces, Lucid Swords and Phisfounder Armlets.

The Three Great Circles.

“The Circle Masters and Rounders for all three of the top circles came.”

Beniang nodded at Gisellan’s words.

All the important members of the Three Great Circles, who were usually incredibly hard to meet, had gathered for this meeting.

That wasn’t all.

All the top personnel from the top medium and small sized circles were gathered as well.

‘...if we hadn’t increased our power, we wouldn’t have been invited.’

It was then.

The huge hall door opened and a man strode into the room.

It was Shepard Jun, the owner of the mansion.

He walked to the center of the hall slowly, and deliberately looking around the room, before realising that almost all the top personnel had arrived.

“It seems like almost everyone has gathered, so we’ll begin the meeting.”

Shepard politely bowed his head before continuing.

“I am Shepard Jun, a Force Honor of the Strow Necklaces. I am not much, but I will be taking the lead in this meeting. Please take care of me.”

Following his introduction, applause filled the room for a moment.

“First of all, although this is an emergency meeting, I’d like to thank every...”

“I don’t think this is the time for such rituals, Honor Shepard.”

It was a middle aged man with a strong aura who said those words with a heavy tone. He had a blunt expression, but his eyes seemed to be filled with wild energy that seemed ready to explode at any moment.

This was Jekid Deosis, the Circle Master of the Lucid Swords.

He was a swordsman capable of slicing through a wall with a simple, rusty sword, and Knights respectfully referred to him as ‘Sword Master’ Jekid.

Shepard bowed his head at Jekid's words.

"...you are right. Then I will immediately move on to the main point... Imagine Mirror."

Woowoong.

At that moment, a large-scale illusion spell was activated in the room.

Some of the Wizards were amazed by the quality of the spell as they were unable to distinguish real from fake, but their expressions soon hardened.

"Oh my God."

"This is horrible..."

It was an extremely horrific sight, as if hell had descended on the continent.

There were collapsed walls and buildings so damaged that it was almost impossible to determine their original shape, and most importantly, bodies covered the ground to the point where it would have been impossible to find a place to step.

It was such a frightening scene, that many didn't even want to look at it.

“This is Geotambul.”

“Mm...!”

Those who knew the original appearance of Geotambul couldn't help but gulp at those words.

The Geotambul City State. It was a maritime nation whose national defense was comparable to the top countries on the continent.

The Oscar Islands were filled with pirates 365 days a year, and there were many powerful countries who drooled over Geotambul's territory and resources.

If Geotambul didn't have powerful defensive capabilities, it would have long become a subordinate state for another country, if not completely destroyed.

Nevertheless, it was this very Geotambul that had been unable to last even a single night. Some perceptive Wizards even realized that even the land of Geotambul was dead, and that it would certainly take hundreds of years before this land was revived again.

That wasn't all.

More than 90% of Geotambul's proud warships had sank, and its protective walls had collapsed.

According to the reports, half of Geotanbul's population had been directly killed, and the other half wasn't in good shape either.

Most of the leaders of Geotanbul were said to have died, so at this point, reconstruction was virtually impossible.

"The destruction of Geotanbul isn't something we could change. Not only that. As most of you should have heard, Talhadun, the capital of Silkid, was also captured. This made it clear."

Shepard continued in a heavy voice.

"The Demigods are definitely revealing themselves."

"..."

The only sounds that could be heard in the quiet room was the heavy breathing by some of the members.

There wasn't even a buzz of whispers, of the sounds of clothes rustling from their movements. Nevertheless, the hearts of every member gathered were shaking violently.

Shepard paused for a moment before saying.

“They no longer have any intentions of hiding themselves. In fact, Circle members around the continent are receiving reports of multiple Demigod sightings every day. This means they’re no longer a potential threat hidden in the dark.”

“That’s not all.”

Then a cold voice suddenly sounded out.

It was Rezil Wilsemann, the Circle Master of the Straw Necklaces, who spoke.

“You all know that there are many key figures from the various countries in quite a few circles. Many of these have now requested to withdraw as their positions in their countries are more important than here.”

Beniang nodded at those words.

This wasn’t the case for the Trowman Rings, but it was a situation that was quite common in other circles.

In fact, Shepard Jun, who was hosting this meeting, was an indispensable figure among the Wizards of the Kastkau Empire.

However, it was still a bit strange that they expressed willingness to leave the Circle.

Wasn’t it wiser to unite more firmly now that the Demigods had shown their fangs?

'This means that the fence known as the Circle, is too weak.'

It wasn't wrong to want to prioritize one's family, town or country. However, it was clear that they didn't feel the sense of belonging or responsibility that they should have as members of the Circle.

Leaving the Circle as soon as the Demigods surfaced basically meant that they didn't believe the Circle had the power to prevent the disaster.

A red-haired man then lifted his hand and asked.

"Why have they suddenly begun acting in such a violent way?"

"I have a bit of information about the reason. But before that, there is something I'd like to ask..."

Shepard's gaze turned to the Trowman Rings' table.

"Is Rounder Frey attending this meeting?"

Beniang hesitated for a moment before sighing.

It seemed she could hide it no longer.

“...no.”

“Then who are those people with their faces covered?”

“Is that important?”

“Of course it is. Only those who are verified are allowed to participate in this emergency meeting.”

It was Rezil who turned to look at them with a sharp gaze.

Beniang spoke with a firm expression.

“We can guarantee their identities.”

“I’m sorry, but we have to confirm that for ourselves.”

“Are you saying you don’t trust us?”

“Maybe they could be insidious, and good enough at disguising that they deceive your eyes. I would like to judge it for myself.”

“ ... ”

Although it was said in a roundabout manner, he still meant that he couldn't trust their ability.

Just as Beniāng bit her lip and was about to retort, the woman covered by a robe beside her opened her mouth.

“It seems you're still suspicious of everything, Rezil Wilsemann.”

“Insolent...!”

When they heard their Circle Master called by his name in such a disrespectful manner, the aura around the members of the Strow Necklaces became violent, but Rezil and a few other Circle executives froze when they heard the woman's voice.

“...that voice. You can't be.”

“Long time no see.”

The woman pulled back her hood, revealing that it was Nora.

A few people who saw her face couldn't help but exclaim in shock.

“No-, Nora?”

“Why is that woman here?”

“Who is she?”

“...Th-, the former Magic Warrior King’s Successor. I heard she left the Circle a long time ago...”

“Why is she with the Trowman Rings?”

Rezil’s face was stiff as he said.

“How unexpected. I never expected you to return to the Circle.”

“I didn’t return to the Circle.”

“Then why are you with the Trowman Rings?”

Nora answered in her usual, light tone.

“Because I’m supporting Frey Blake, the Circle Rounder of the Trowman Rings.”

Woosh-

This remark stirred up the entire hall once again.

Most of the members there had never even seen Frey Blake, but the rumors about him were deafening.

At an age that defied all logic, he'd managed to reach 7 stars, and although he received the attention from all three of the Three Great Circles, he refused. What's more, he even went into the collapsing Trowman Rings and managed to revive them.

These feats alone had been enough to draw people's attention and curiosity, but now he was receiving the support of the former Magic Warrior King's Successor?

Rezil's gaze turned to the other person.

"...then who is the other person."

"Stop your sloppy scouting. All of the Circle's strongest forces are currently in this room. Even if this guy was a Demigod, he wouldn't be too much of a threat. You just don't like the fact that you can't identify someone from the Trowman Rings, don't you?"

"..."

Rezil remained silent because she was right.

If someone else had said that then he would have found a different way to continue pressing them, but the opponent this time was Nora.

She was not someone that Rezil could take lightly.

“...”

Nora sighed when she saw Rezil's attitude.

‘...some time has passed since I left the Circle, but they still haven't changed.’

In truth, Nora had come to this meeting with high expectations. The Demigods had revealed themselves, and destroyed Geotanbul and Talhadun in the process.

It was a big enough event for even the Circle to feel a bit threatened. Therefore, she had the expectation that it would naturally cause the Circle to grow closer and more united.

But that wasn't the case.

Even in a situation like this, Rezil seemed to be more concerned with keeping the others in check. And it was probably the same for the Lucid Swords, who were currently sitting quietly at their table.

“...ahem. Shall I continue?”

At Shepard's words, Rezil hesitated for a moment before eventually nodding.

"Thank you... the Demigods have been appearing all over the continent. And even at this moment, they are repeating these acts of indiscriminate destruction. Now, we must figure out a way to deal with them."

"...Isn't it obvious that we just have to go and stop them?"

It was the red-haired man who spoke up once again.

Gomez.

He was the master of the 'Dijellik Gauntlets', which was said to be the most powerful among the medium and small sized circles.

Shepard was in a quandary.

He obviously knew the words that Master Rezil wanted him to say, but if he did say it, it was certain that he would receive backlash from Gomez.

Gomez wasn't someone that Shepard, who was just a Force Honor of the Strow Necklaces, could easily handle.

“That’s not necessarily the answer, Master Gomez.”

It was Jekid who helped Shepard out this time.

Gomez’s gaze turned to him.

“What do you mean?”

“We do not know anything about them. How many of them they are, how strong they are, or how long they will keep acting in this way. Even if these are things that we can learn in time, shouldn’t we at least know why they are doing this first?”

Gomez’s expression became harder than stone as he figured out exactly what Jekid was trying to say.

“...so we should stay hidden until we figure that out. Is that what you’re trying to say?”

“I believe your words are a bit harsh. I’m just saying we should watch how things progress.”

“Ha! Isn’t that the same thing? You’re really amazing! You saw what happened to Geotanbul and you can still spout this bullshit?”

“It’s best to make a long-term decision. If the Circle’s power is reduced any further then things will spiral out of our control.”

“But to just watch innocent people die like this...”

Jekid sighed deeply.

“Master Gomez. Don’t you understand? We, the Circle, are the only ones on the continent who can do anything against the Demigods. The Circle’s defeat means the defeat of all of mankind, and the subsequent destruction of the continent. How can we move recklessly when the fate of the entire continent rests on our shoulders?”

Rezil nodded at those words.

“That’s right. The Straw Necklaces agrees with the Lucid Swords’ opinion.”

Gomez’s expression became solemn.

“You guys... are you out of your minds?”

“We are being logical. Instead, I think you are the one who can’t make the right decision.”

“Two nations perished! Hundreds of thousands of people lost their lives, and the damage is sure to expand, but you still won’t make a move?”

“Exactly.”

Boom!

Gomez was unable to contain himself and hit the table in front of him. The round table made of the finest wood in the empire was smashed to bits of pieces as though it was just rotten wood, and the drinks and snacks that had been on it flew in every direction.

Only

Gomez, whose face was now red, then shouted.

“Bullshit! Wasn’t the Circle created to deal with situations like this? Every living being on the continent is waiting for our help, but you don’t want to move because you haven’t figured out their motive? What bullshit is that?”

“It’s heartbreaking. But we have to endure it. Patience is the most important thing in order to achieve our goal.”

“So even if hundreds of thousands of people die, you will still be patient?”

Rezil responded in a calm voice.

“Even if millions of people die, we won’t make a move.”

Season 1 Chapter 147: Purge (1)

“ ”
...

“ ”
...

A heavy silence fell in the room.

Gomez glared at Rezil with a sharp gaze, to which Rezil simply returned a calm, confident look.

It seemed as if he was asking what else Gomez would do besides glaring.

This standoff continued for a while.

Crick.

Then, someone stood up.

The loud noise caused by the chair scraping against the floor pierced the silence of the hall, and it naturally drew the eyes of everyone there.

“I can’t listen to this nonsense any longer.”

It was the Circle Master of one of the Elven circles, ‘Black Tooth’, Reeves. Beside him were Camille and Liamson, to whom Frey were well acquainted.

“Did you summon us here just to tell us this bullshit?”

“Would you please be polite? Young Black Tooth Chief.”

When Rezil said that, Reeves let out a cold laugh.

“Young Chief? Huhu. I never imagine I’d be called young by a human.”

“There is no reason to be respected just because you have lived for a long time. This is the reason why the Elves have the smallest territory out of all the intelligent races on the continent.”

“...”

Those words made the expressions of the Black Tooth tribe, as well as the other Elves sitting in the room, freeze.

The Elves did not conquer any land because of their peaceful temperaments, which disliked acts of destruction.

It was also inevitable that nature would be destroyed during battles.

Of course, Rezil knew the Elves’ character. He also knew that they were not a weak race.

Nevertheless, he continued his provocations.

“Do not go overboard, Rezil Wilsemann.”

“I’m just speaking the truth... aren’t you the one overreacting?”

There were no signs that he intended to take back his words.

As Rezil continued speaking in a calm, relaxed manner, the atmosphere in the room steadily grew colder.

It wasn’t just the Elves.

Other circles were also staring at Rezil with hostile gazes,

In the first place, they couldn’t understand Rezil’s mentality of trying to buy more time by sacrificing the continent.

Then, they realised something was wrong with his previous words.

“...”

Gisellan frowned at the situation.

Rezil Wilsemann was certainly an insidious old man.

He tried to say that their people were pretending to be members of the Circle.

Then, he antagonised the Dijellik Gauntlets and the Black Tooth Tribe.

While these circles might not have been the Strow Necklaces' opponents, they were still traditional circles with a lot of influence.

Creating a grudge with them was not a wise decision.

If it was the original Rezil, then he would not have done things like this so recklessly.

'Is he trying to deepen the conflicts in the Circle?'

For what reason?

He couldn't understand why he would try to break apart the Circle's power even further in this current state of emergency.

In a situation like this, wasn't it smarter for them to unite?

"This is quite disgusting."

It was the one beside Nora, who had been silent from the beginning, who spoke this time.

The moment he heard this clear voice, Reeves' eyebrows furrowed.

The figure then pulled back its hood to reveal Snow. Or to be precise, it was 'Swordna', who was revealed as Snow was wearing Jenki's Mask.

Reeves then spoke up in a strange voice.

"...Hiralgard's Swordna?"

Snow shrugged at those words.

"I've left the Hiralgard."

"Did you join the Trowman Rings?"

“That’s not quite right, but it doesn’t matter to me if you think so.”

After saying that, Snow turned to Rezil.

“I’ve heard your argument, Circle Master Rezil. So you won’t make a move until you are completely sure of what the Demigods are up to.”

“Exactly.”

“Then what if a circle decides to not follow your wishes?”

“I won’t allow it. I’m not sure if we can defeat the Demigods with the current power of the Circle. No, to be honest, it would be enough to say that it’s impossible. I cannot allow even the smallest amount of power to be wasted.”

Rezil completed his statement without a change in his expression.

“Please understand.”

“...”

“...”

Anger finally surfaced on the faces of those who disagreed with Rezil's opinion.

To be arbitrary to such an extent was no different from being a tyrant.

At that moment, Gisellan vaguely understood Rezil's intentions.

'He is deliberately expressing his opinion in a strong manner. To see all those who will oppose him.'

After being selected, they would either be kicked out of the Circle or forced to make a mistake and be punished for it.

He had a feeling that this was the purpose of this meeting in the first place.

In fact, Rezil and the Strow Necklaces had that much power. After all, it was public knowledge that they had a good relationship with the Lucid Swords.

"..."

Knowing that, the others could only make angry expressions, but no one dared to speak out anymore.

Instead, they naturally turned their gazes to another table.

Circle Master Altan. He was the head of the Phisfounder Armlets, the last of the Three Great Circles, and the only one who could oppose Rezil's opinion this time.

Many people were looking at him with anticipation.

Altan had a moderate presence in the Circle, advocating true neutrality and usually choosing to follow the majority.

When the other two members of the Three Circles expressed their opinions, he rarely went against them.

That was why Rezil didn't think much of it this time.

So when Altan's gaze turned to Benieng, he frowned subconsciously.

"Benieng, what do you think?"

Rezil and Jekid furrowed their eyebrows at the same time.

Was he asking Benieng's opinion, instead of them, who were also masters of the Three Great Circles?

"Altan, I think you asked the wrong person."

Altan replied indifferently without looking at him.

“I wasn’t mistaken. I’m asking Beniarg Argento, the Circle Master of the Trowman Rings, for her opinion.”

“I...”

Receiving the gazes of everyone in the room, Beniarg felt her heart sink, but she soon gave her answer regardless.

“I think we should stop the Demigods.”

Rezil’s gaze immediately became harsh.

“Be careful of your words, Master Beniarg. Have you forgotten the death of your predecessor, Osel?”

When he said that, Gisellan and Eizek stood up at the same time.

“Master Rezil, you’ve gone too far.”

“Excuse my words. But it was advice based on good intentions.”

He was a smooth talker.

Gisellan grit his teeth.

Rezil had deliberately brought up the subject of Osel, knowing that it was still a sore wound for the Trowman Rings.

This was a move to break their composure.

Beniang was also angry.

If it had been her old self, she might very well have collapsed at that moment.

“...hooo.”

But she was able to endure it.

In the past few months, Beniang had come to realise the real importance of a Circle Master. And she tried hard to be a person deserving of the title.

Fortunately, there was a role model nearby for her to rely on.

Frey Blake.

He was truly a man born to lead. She had felt this from the first time she met him, and even now, these thoughts remained unchanged.

If he so wished, she would willingly give up the position of Circle Master in an instant as she knew she could never be like that.

After all, she knew herself better than anyone. Beni-ang was sure that she would never be able to reach that level no matter how hard she tried or how much experience she gained. It just wasn't possible.

However, she could at least imitate Frey,

In this situation. Even when she was at a loss as to how to react, she was strangely able to calm down by thinking of Frey.

Then she thought hard.

How would Frey react in this situation?

"I appreciate your kind advice, but we will never forget the deaths of our predecessors."

Rezil frowned at Beni-ang's cool voice.

Beni-ang then continued.

“You said you wouldn’t move until you confirmed the Demigods’ intentions.”

“I don’t know how many times I have to repeat that, yes.”

“Does Master Rezil know why the Circle was founded?”

There was overt displeasure on Rezil’s face.

“Why do you ask that? Do you intend to lecture me?”

“If you are wrong about something, I’ll naturally try to help you correct it.”

When Benieng smiled and said those words, the entire hall burst into an uproar.

“...”

Rezil no longer expressed his feelings. His emotions disappeared from his face as if they had been wiped away.

Then, a middle aged man beside Rezil spoke up.

“How about being polite? Beniang Argento.”

It was Simone Kyliia, the Circle Rounder for the Strow Necklaces.

Beniang’s attitude seemed to offend him, and his expression wasn’t nice.

“Master Rezil was leading the Circle before you were even born.

“There is no reason to be respected just because you have lived for a long time.”

“...”

Simone’s expression became filled with anger.

She had just returned Rezil’s words to him.

On the other hand, the Elves in the room had cheerful expressions on their faces. Altan and the others also looked at Beniang with interest.

Many of them remembered how Beniang was in the past, and looking at her now, they couldn’t help but wonder.

How could someone change so much?

“That is rude. Having the same position doesn’t mean you are equal, Master Beniang.”

“I’m not wrong, and I don’t think I was being rude.”

Simone stopped responding and instead simply stared at Beniang.

At first, she thought that it was because he no longer had anything to say.

“ ... ”

However, Beniang’s face soon became paler and paler.

This wasn’t just because of the glaring.

In fact, Simone was secretly releasing his mana and pressuring Beniang with it.

It was so secretive that even Eizek and Gisellan, who were beside her, didn’t notice. Snow and Nora seemed to realise what was happening, but they were simply partners. They wouldn’t make a move unless it was a direct threat.

‘ ... ’

It was a low-class and disgusting act that was no lower than a threat by street thugs.

Simone would definitely recall his mana if Beniang was to reveal his actions now. And he would even be looked down upon by the other circles.

It wouldn't be hard to do.

She was under a lot of pressure at that moment, but it was still possible to open her mouth.

But was it really okay to do so?

As the Circle Master of the Trowman Rings, she couldn't even withstand the pressure of a Circle Rounder, yet she dared to reveal it?

Maybe that was exactly what Simone wanted.

He would certainly be looked down upon, but Beniang's Trowman Rings would also lose prestige.

It had changed and revived, but it still fell short of the Three Great Circles.

For the Trowman Rings, who were trying to make a resurgence, such a perception would be a shackle.

Beniang grit her teeth.

It was absolutely unacceptable.

Above all, she had regained her pride.

'Endure.'

Endure, Beniang.

She could withstand at least this much pressure.

Her opponent was not even a Circle Master. No matter how powerful the Three Great Circles were, she couldn't let herself fall short of a Circle Rounder.

She would not allow it.

" ... "

Beniang didn't let herself succumb to the pressure.

The fact that she was even able to withstand this pressure was shocking in itself.

This baffled Simone.

He was one of the five 8 star Wizards in the entire Circle. So for Beniang to withstand his pressure to this extent meant that she had reached at least 7 stars.

‘Should I press more?’

It wasn’t difficult, but he might’ve gotten caught.

The time the two of them were staring at each other was getting longer, so someone might’ve questioned it.

‘Kuk.’

But he couldn’t back down like this.

He’d received Rezil’s instructions, so he couldn’t back down even if he wanted to.

Just as Simone was about to raise his mana higher.

“This rudeness of yours.”

It was the voice of a man sitting in a corner that no one had paid attention to.

It was only after this person spoke that everyone realised his existence. Including the people sitting close to him.

This was strange.

The tables were all sorted according to circle, so if someone was sitting alone, he would naturally stand out.

Nevertheless, no one had noticed a thing until he spoke.

This person was a young man with dirty blonde hair and brown eyes. And although he had no distinctive features, there were still people in the hall who recognised his face.

These people were Snow, some of the Elves and Eizek.

“Who are you?”

“Such a shame. You can’t even recognize the man you’ve been looking for.”

“What does that mean?”

The young man's eyes became cold.

"Firstly, I will return the rudeness you showed to Master Beniang."

As he let out those words, Simone directly collapsed in his seat.

"Ro-, Rounder Simone!"

"What the hell...?!"

"Ah... ah..."

Simone couldn't even answer. He could only widen his eyes in horror.

Eizek gulped.

He was certain.

This was the face of Cain Rixton.

How could he not know? After all, he was the one who gave this fake identity to Frey!

“Rounder Frey!”

Frey released his illusion.

Only

Several Wizards took deep breaths when his face was revealed.

All of them were great Wizards and Archmages on the continent, but none of them had been able to see through the illusion.

It was the same for Rezil.

“I heard everything already. It was quite interesting. There are many things that I want to say, but before that... you.”

Rezil didn't think that Frey was referring to him at that moment. The reason he didn't think so, despite the fact that Frey was looking right at him, was because no one had the audacity to call him 'you' in decades.

But the following words were even more shocking.

“You don’t deserve the title of ‘Strow Necklaces’ Circle Master’. Why don’t you step down from that position?”

Season 1 Chapter 148: Purge (2)

Elliah sighed.

She had met various people and experienced countless situations over the years. But Frey was the first human to ever make her so curious.

In the first place, it was incredibly strange that he knew how to reach 9 stars. After all, it wasn’t something that could be explained in a book.

It was something that could only be obtained through countless attempts of trial and error, incredible suffering and luck.

But she didn’t think too deeply about it.

After all, humans were one of the most populous species on the entire continent. So it was entirely possible for him to be a rare genius that was likely to be born every few thousands of years.

However, when she remembered the fight, she couldn’t help but wonder.

After all, experience wasn’t something that one could gain with talent.

‘This guy... when he gets to 9 stars, Lord will face some trouble.’

Even Elliah, who rarely gave high evaluations, couldn't help but think so.

Except for Lord, the Apocalypses and herself, all the Demigods would surely get beaten up by Frey.

'Of course, it'll be difficult on his own...'

In a sense, that part was even more difficult than magic.

Nevertheless, that guy turned out to be really popular.

Elliah couldn't help but think about the talents beside him.

The Elf Knight, the Magic Warrior and the Archlich.

They were all people with distinct personalities. More than that, they were beings who could be called the peak of all mortals.

However, these three didn't seem to have any real connection to each other. And it was a well-known fact that powerful individuals would not easily work under someone else.

They needed something that would bind them together. And Elliah knew exactly what that thing was.

'But I don't understand where all that rage comes from.'

The anger that Frey had towards the Demigods was so deep and dark that even Elliah was unable to properly measure it.

After all, most mortal races didn't even have a lifespan surpassing 100 years.

"...Riki."

What was this man's identity?

And just how was he able to reach 9 stars in a single day?

* * *

Everyone froze.

That was the only way to properly describe it.

Even those who didn't understand the true strength of Rezil and the Strow Necklaces were looking at Frey in shock.

It was the same for the Trowman Rings and Benieng, who had just been helped.

No matter how talented Frey was, what he'd said had gone too far.

Rezil was the master of one of the Three Great Circles, and even the masters of the other two circles would not be able to remove him.

But the Circle Rounder of the Trowman Rings, which had only just started flapping its wings again, had asked such a disrespectful question.

'F-, Frey.'

Benieng stared at Frey with trembling eyes, but he didn't turn to look at her.

Even at that moment, as he faced Rezil, cold anger was raging in his heart.

The Strow Necklaces. The organisation under the name of his friend had no intention carrying on Schweiser's will.

Instead, this Rezil guy was taking advantage of Schweiser's name.

This fact disgusted Frey beyond comparison. He even felt like throwing up at that moment.

Among his friends, the most self-righteous and straightforward one had always been Schweiser.

And now, a sick person like this claimed to be his successor.

'I'm not a good person.'

The Trowman Rings.

Thinking about all those people who were upright and sincere, Frey couldn't help but grit his teeth.

Originally, they were more suited to carry on Schweiser's will than his own will.

'Lukas Trowman' was definitely not as good of a person as they believed him to be.

"Huht."

Rezil smiled.

It only took him a moment to take control of his mind and body.

Then, he calmly opened his mouth.

“You asked for my qualifications. I’d like to reverse that question, Rounder Frey. Do you deserve it?”

Of course he did.

It was Sheryl, not Frey, who almost got up and shouted at the absurdity of his question.

She was the only one there who knew Frey’s true identity.

Altan, Snow and Nora. There were a few who knew of Frey’s strength, but Sheryl was the only one who knew who he truly was.

So she couldn’t understand what this crazy guy was talking about.

‘Rezil Wilsemann! Do you dare to actually compare your qualifications?’

The Great Mage, Lukas Trowman!

None other than the Great Mage, Lukas Trowman! The greatest Wizard in history! The man who laid the foundation and developed the basics for Magical Science! The Demigods’ fiercest rival and a mythical being from the ‘Era of Light’ who led the great team of heroes!

If he didn’t deserve it, who did?

Sheryl immediately wanted to share Frey's true identity to these ignorant beings, but she couldn't.

And there was only one reason.

Frey was keeping her mouth closed.

“ ... ”

Frey didn't say anything.

Rezil furrowed his eyebrows.

He thought he would say something again, but this was even more disrespectful.

It was clear that this man knew well how to impact the will of a skilled Archmage.

“Right. Since you won't answer. Then it can't be helped.”

Rezil acted with a slightly impulsive attitude.

He slowly raised his hand to his chest with his palm facing upward.

Motion Magic.

Then, dozens of spells appeared behind Rezil's back. They were literally 'dozens of spells'.

This didn't mean dozens of manifestations of a single spell. Instead, dozens of different spells were cast at the same time. Without chanting a spell or saying a single word!

The Wizards in the room found it hard to believe their eyes.

This was no longer on the level of double or triple casting. Literally, every spell was on a different level.

And the power?

Each of these spells was at least 6 stars. And since Rezil was the caster, it was quite possible that each of these spells was twice as strong as usual.

"Cr-, crazy! Master Rezil! Are you trying to erase this mansion?!"

Gomez shouted in an urgent voice.

With that much magic power, not to mention the mansion, even half of the Jun family's land would be wiped out.

However, the Wizards present didn't make a fuss.

Rezil was a 9 star Wizard. For him, concentrating his power on a single point would be easier than flipping his palm.

This would also increase the power of the spells.

'Now. How are you going to stop this?'

Rezil glared at Frey.

One might say that he was going overboard, but he had a good reason. First of all, it was Frey who had been rude and disrespectful.

Therefore, Rezil had the right to vent his anger.

Dozens of spells were aimed at Frey.

If he was lucky, then he would only lose a few limbs. But that was fine too.

Rezil felt that it would be even better to see him crawl helplessly on the floor.

Then Frey lifted his finger.

Rezil almost laughed at the action.

Motion Magic?

Was he feeling self-conscious?

It seemed he had some pride after all.

Rezil was about to laugh. But suddenly, his expression hardened instead as he felt chills run down his spine.

This was something he hadn't felt since he'd reached 9 stars.

Emotion? No. This was a primal instinct.

Frey straightened his index finger.

It was a gentle and graceful movement, similar to the first stroke of a master calligrapher using the finest brush.

'Huh?'

And after that, time seemed to slow down.

It was a strange sensation, as if that single moment had been stretched out. And the 'moment of the moment' seemed as though it had been sucked into a black hole in space.

No. Was it the space that was getting sucked in? Or was it him?

"So you're half, too."

Following the sound of an indifferent voice, a dark red light fluttered once. Sound disappeared. And no one could hear, as though everyone's eardrums had been destroyed.

"..."

The first one to realise was Rezil, who had cold sweat running down his face.

'What... a stupid thing to do...'

He could tell without looking back.

The dozens of spells behind him had already disappeared.

They had completely disappeared.

Just like a wave crashing against a rock would shatter, the red light from Frey's finger had completely erased Rezil's magic.

'What the hell did he just do?'

Did he use a spell?

He could feel the reverberation of the mana, but he couldn't tell just what Frey had done.

"You won't see the peak."

Frey's voice came again.

Rezil could no longer maintain his composure. His face distorted like a ghost.

"Who are you to say that?"

When those in the room heard this rough voice as if the speaker had swallowed sand, they couldn't help but flinch.

They looked at Rezil in shock.

Rezil Wilsemann, a man who was known to never lose his composure, was actually showing agitation at Frey's words.

"In order to reach the peak, you need to have a firm foundation, an unwavering mindset to follow the same path no matter what happens. Be it the Magical Path or the Martial Arts Path."

"..."

Unbearable humiliation covered the face of Rezil, who had been speechless for a while.

"Are you lecturing me...?"

"Although it's only half, it can already be considered a miracle that you manage to take a step towards the peak. However, no matter how hard you try, no matter how much you struggle, no matter how long you wait, you will never be able to take that final step."

"..."

Rezil could no longer refute it.

He couldn't even open his mouth anymore.

He could feel it. Even in just his voice.

This man standing in front of him was like a vast sea. He was standing on the landscape that Rezil longed to reach but could never see.

He had already reached his 'end'.

He returned to his senses.

"Kuh..."

Thump.

Rezil collapsed.

The Circle Master of the Strow Necklaces, Rezil Wilsemann, a highly praised 9 star Wizard, collapsed.

'I can't believe it, I don't...'

The surge of uncontrollable jealousy could not be hidden from Rezil's gaze.

This little shit had reached a higher level than him?

Could he have actually reached 9 stars?

'This reality... how could I accept it...?!'

Rezil's eyes became bloodshot.

He was running mad.

The so-called 'tranquil heart and mind' of an Archmage disappeared without a trace.

Instead, intense emotions filled his entire being.

Frey narrowed his eyes.

'Is it jealousy?'

This intense feeling that Rezil was releasing. It was the source that he'd used to dip his toes into the 9 stars level.

'Kuku...'

Rezil was on the verge of madness.

He'd felt this feeling before.

Rezil Wilsemann's brother, Cairo Wilsemann, the former Circle Master. The jealousy in his heart was many times darker than that time.

But.

"..."

He could bear it. He was resilient; he would rule.

Because he would be the one to win in the end.

Same with Cairo.

Frey's appearance was unexpected, but it removed the hesitation he had before.

Rezil got up and said in a hoarse voice.

“Why did you come to this meeting?”

“To fix things.”

“...do that yourself.”

With those words, Rezil returned to his seat and sat down quietly.

The man who had been leading the meeting so far now looked incredibly haggard and humble.

The only good thing was that no one else in the meeting was paying attention to him at that moment.

“...”

“...”

There wasn't even the sound of clothes rustling.

Frey walked to the center of the hall with a calm gait.

Shepard subconsciously backed away, giving up his spot as the host.

Frey stopped and looked around.

He could feel everyone's gazes on him. He could feel the gazes of all those who struggled and sacrificed for the Circle.

The Circle.

He still had vivid memories of that time.

How happy he'd felt when he learned of its existence.

But the more he got to know it, the more disappointed he became.

He didn't want to. This wasn't what he wanted at all.

Frey wanted them to live up to his expectations.

He hoped that the crazy will that Lukas Trowman and his friends had in the old days had been revived and matured.

But 4,000 years was long. It was too long.

It was enough time for that will to change.

So he had to check.

He was going to do what should have been done much earlier.

“I would like to know.”

He wanted to ask them a mountain of questions, but there was only one simple question that filled Frey’s mind at that moment.

“Why did you join the Circle?”

Only

To beat the Demigods, the Circle had to be completely united. There could no longer be such dispersed power.

If they couldn’t unite, they couldn’t win.

It wasn’t easy.

And Frey didn't believe he would be able to keep everything.

That was why his decision to cut off the rotten parts remained unchanged. To make a perfect sphere, it was necessary to grind off the rough edges.

...The Circle created in this way would then be perfectly round and beautiful.

With one Circle, surely, they would finally be able to pose a threat to even the gods.

Season 1 Chapter 149: Purge (3)

There was no answer, but Frey wasn't impatient.

The silence didn't even make him feel uncomfortable.

After all, his question wasn't easy to answer, and because he'd just defeated Rezil, the atmosphere in the room was very heavy.

Nevertheless, he wanted them to think deeply about this topic at least once.

“Rezil Wilsemann said the only thing that can stop the Demigods on this continent is the Circle. So the survival of the Circle is paramount, and we can't afford to lose even a small amount of power.”

Even though his name was called, there was no response from Rezil. He simply stared at Frey with an unreadable expression on his face.

“He wrapped it up in a very reasonable way. Right. It didn’t sound foolish at all.”

Rezil didn’t know about the existence of Paragon.

And even if he did know, he didn’t know that its power was equal to or even greater than that of the Circle.

This was why he believed only the Circle could do something about the Demigods.

“In short, he is insisting that we survive till the end. The context is a bit different, but he’s basically saying that by surviving, we would win.”

“...”

Rezil’s eyebrows twitched.

“But that would just be limited to a personal victory. Can we say we won if half of the continent is killed? The Circle survived, and the Demigods showed their power, so could it be said that our chances of winning increased?”

Several of the members’ faces changed when he said those words.

Then, someone raised her hand.

It was Simone.

She was still breathing heavily with a pale face, but she seemed to be in a much better condition than before. (TL: Yes, Simone is female, I will explain at the bottom so as to not affect your reading)

“Half the population? Is Rounder Frey suggesting that they would carry out a massacre of that scale? I don’t have any intention of defending them, but they’re not indiscriminate slaughterers. We might not understand them, but they definitely move in accordance to the principles of thought.”

“You are making contradictory claims. If they’re not slaughterers, then do you know why they destroyed Geotanbul and Talhadun?”

Simone hesitated for a moment before responding.

“...it could be a simple warning. A threat to the Circle in order to encourage submission...”

“Then I’ll change my question. Do you understand the principles of the Demigods’ actions, who might have destroyed a country and a city as a warning?”

Frey looked at her with a cold face.

“The Demigods act on principles that we don’t understand. That is why they’re so dangerous. We don’t dare to understand them, but from a mortal’s perspective, the Demigods are nothing but a group of slaughterers.”

Frey spoke with a clear tone.

The Demigods and the other races living on the continent could not understand each other.

Like mana and divine power, they could never be mixed.

Nevertheless, Simone’s dissatisfied expression didn’t go away.

Frey looked at her and said.

“You don’t seem convinced. Fine. Then show me how solid your thoughts are.”

“What do you mean?”

“There should be circles from Geotanbul and Silkid here, right?”

“...here.”

“Here too.”

Some raised their hands.

They looked incredibly depressed, with dark rings around their eyes and a dismal aura surrounding their bodies.

They seemed very listless since their homes had been destroyed.

Simone was quite shocked as well.

Because their hostile gazes were all locked onto her.

“Simone Kyla. Can you look them in the eyes and say those words again? That the Demigods aren’t slaughterers?”

Simone couldn’t open her mouth.

Frey looked at her.

He had expected the Strow Necklaces to be rotten, but he never would have expected them to stoop so low.

“Don’t be afraid. We can win. Demigods aren’t absolute beings. Isn’t the reason they call themselves ‘Demigods’ because they know this fact, too? Our enemy has appeared from the dark. So we should make our move, too. War is inevitable.”

War.

Someone from the Phisfounder Armlets couldn’t help but gulp at those words.

“A-, are you saying that we’re going to have an all-out war against the Demigods?”

“That’s right.”

Everyone sucked in a cold breath at Frey’s resolute words.

The Trowman Rings’ members, including Beniangu, were all incredibly shocked.

‘That doesn’t sound like Frey...’

She felt a little strange, but she couldn’t tell why.

“Are you afraid of fighting?”

“Th-, that...”

“No.”

It was Altan.

He had an interesting look on his face as he said.

“The Phisfounder Armlets will unconditionally follow Frey Blake’s will.”

“What?”

This was the first time that Altan, who had always remained neutral, had ever picked a side.

His sudden remark shook everyone in the room once again.

Rezil swallowed his shock.

He was certain that Frey had already recruited the Phisfounder Armlets even before the meeting began.

‘What a meticulous man.’

He must have planned to hide in the hall from the start.

First, he waited and observed how the meeting was going. Then, when Rezil took control, he appeared.

He aimed for the moment when the attention of everyone in the hall had been concentrated on one place.

And by overwhelming Rezil, he was able to bring that attention under his control.

In the end, everyone in the room had no choice but to focus all of their attention onto Frey's every move.

If he had appeared with the Trowman Rings, he definitely wouldn't have been able to gather this much attention.

Moreover, those who had agreed to cooperate with Frey could not be looked down upon.

Nora, the former Magic Warrior King's Successor.

Swordna of the Hiralgard, who had the absolute support of all Elves.

Not to mention the Phisfounder Armlets, one of the Three Great Circles.

"We will not accept it."

Rezil was forced to open his mouth at the end.

He looked at Frey with a burning gaze.

Frey looked him in the eyes and said.

“You won’t fight the Demigods?”

“That’s right. The Strow Necklaces will not move until we fully grasp the Demigods’ intentions and abilities.”

“Right. You said even if millions died, you wouldn’t move.”

Frey nodded with an expressionless face. Then, he turned his gaze to the Lucid Swords.

“How about you? Will you obey Rezil’s will?”

“...we.”

Jekid glanced at Rezil before saying.

“...will follow the will of the Strow Necklaces.”

That was better.

That saved them from the worst.

The atmosphere had been overturned by Frey, and the Phisfounder Armlets had gone over to his side.

But now that two of the Three Great Circles had announced that they wouldn't participate, he couldn't act arbitrarily.

“ ... ”

Rezil saw disappointment spread across Frey's face. It quickly disappeared, but he was certain that he saw it.

That face made him believe that things weren't going the way Frey had hoped.

Rezil decided to be content with that.

* * *

The meeting ended shortly after that.

Of course, the emergency meeting wasn't over.

After all, it wasn't a matter that could be easily concluded in a day or two.

The meeting wouldn't end until proper countermeasures were decided.

For the time being, the Circle members would continue to stay in the Jun family residence.

When he returned to his room, Rezil couldn't help but grit his teeth.

'It was supposed to be an easy meeting to lead.'

He closed his eyes and went over everything that happened.

Since joining hands with the Lucid Swords, the Circle had been as good as being in the palm of his hand. He could lead however he wanted, and he could get rid of the troublesome members as he pleased.

He had no doubt that it would be the same that day. But the appearance of one man changed everything.

Frey Blake.

'From today, the Circle will be split into two factions.'

Perhaps everyone who had been in attendance felt this too.

After the confrontation between Frey and Rezil, they would forever be incompatible.

It was far from Rezil's intentions.

He screened the opposing parties, and then, he tried to forcefully absorb them. It was a coercive method, but he did it in order to make the Circle become 'one'.

But Frey was different.

Somehow, he'd polarised the Circle's way of thinking.

Why would he do that?

Wasn't it suicidal to want to fight the Demigods with a divided Circle?

He was definitely not a foolish man who wouldn't even know something so simple.

[This is war.]

That's what Frey'd said.

Rezil slammed his hand on the desk.

“War? War?!”

It was an unusually radical decision, but he didn't even seem to be aware of it.

“How could he dare to say such a word?! The higher the level, the more clearer you'd feel it.”

Those on Earth might not have known just how far past the clouds the sun was.

But as you got closer to it, you would certainly feel it.

It was a gap that couldn't be narrowed even if one traveled for a lifetime.

The Demigods were like the sun, and the higher a person reached, the more clearly one would realise this fact.

One would realise the Demigods' overwhelming presence.

At the same time, a single conclusion would be reached.

“We can’t win.”

Humans would never be able to defeat the Demigods.

Why couldn’t he accept the simple truth?

Circle?

The power that fights against the Demigods in the dark?

Protectors of the continent?

“Bullshit!”

It was all bullshit!

What could the Circle do when they couldn’t even beat a Demigod?

They would only be able to survive if they got a bit of recognition. It would be enough even if they only moved from 'beings that are easy to kill' to 'beings that are slightly annoying to kill'.

At that time, perhaps the continent would be able to enter an unprecedented era of peace and prosperity. At least, all the petty fighting and war would disappear.

Different races and countries would no longer have to fight against each other.

It would literally be a paradise, a utopia.

Why couldn't he understand this?

"It can't be helped."

The choices had all disappeared due to Frey's appearance.

The Circle would probably bare its fangs towards the Demigods and be defeated.

And he had no intention of joining its mass suicide.

Rezil's expression became frozen, and his heart stilled.

He called Simone into the room, and after he told her what he had to, she left.

* * *

A group of people stood in the backyard of the Jun family residence.

Rezil realised that all of the core members of the Strow Necklaces, as well as many executives of other small and medium circles who promised to cooperate with him, had come.

There were quite a few of them, at least forty. Each of them was either an Archmage, a First Class Warrior or a Master Class Knight.

Rezil opened his mouth.

“We will be leaving the Circle today.”

“...”

This had already been discussed beforehand, so everyone nodded without panic. There were some executives who weren't completely convinced, but they still decided to join Rezil's group.

One of these executives asked.

“Where are we going?”

“To where Lord is.”

“By Lord... do you mean the Demigods’ Lord...? D-, do you have a connection to him?”

“Exactly. He will accept us.”

It was unavoidable.

Originally, he wanted to walk a bit closer to him.

He should have showcased more of the Circle’s power.

That way, the other side would have accepted his surrender more eagerly. Even Lord wouldn’t want to participate in troublesome and drawn out battles, so he would be useful.

Still, it couldn’t be helped.

Because saving his own life took priority at that moment.

Frey Blake would soon launch an all-out war against the Demigods. If he surrendered after that, there was no guarantee whether Lord would accept it or not.

Rather, he might be wary of him, or even worse, he might torture him for information before killing him.

Luckily, Rezil knew a lot of information that Lord would find useful.

“Today, we will be leaving this place. And we will abandon our circles’ names as well.”

“You mean we can’t use the Strow Necklaces’ name anymore?”

“Right.”

“What if the Demigods give us a coercive command?”

“We’ll follow it.”

“Any order?”

“That’s right.”

Rezil frowned.

What was going on? That was quite an unseemly question.

He had already discussed most of what was happening with those gathered here. There was no way someone would ask such a silly question unless they wanted to tease him.

But when he turned and saw the speaker was wearing a hooded robe.

“...”

Rezil felt a chill.

It was as though a cold ice spike had been rubbed against his spine.

The atmosphere cooled down as well, and no one else in the group spoke up, perhaps feeling the coldness.

He opened his mouth.

“I thought so.”

The man then took off his hood, and when Rezil finally saw his exposed face, his expression froze.

“...Frey Blake.”

“I hoped my prediction wouldn’t be right. Truly. But you guys still ended up crossing the line.”

Prediction.

It was expected?

Was that the reason for Frey’s disappointed expression at the end?

Rezil spoke with a hard look.

“Right. You didn’t trust me from the start.”

“No. But I tried to trust you.”

Krrr.

The ground started shaking, and the atmosphere seemed to shake with it.

The faces of those nearby paled considerably.

Mana rose up from Frey’s body. Just that alone was enough to blow their minds.

“...Rezil Wilsemann, if you had been willing to give up your position, I would have changed my mind a little. The things you’ve done so far weren’t extreme enough to be completely unforgivable. After all, it was only your narrowmindedness that caused this to happen.”

At that moment, Rezil realised that he had no intention of sparing them.

His mana erupted as he looked at Frey with cold eyes.

“I admit that you are very strong. But you were too arrogant to come here alone.”

“When did I say I was alone?”

Shuk.

A group appeared around Frey.

Seeing their faces, Rezil’s expression became as hard as stone.

“...”

Deep down in Frey’s heart, he couldn’t help but sigh.

He had sincerely hoped they wouldn't resort to betrayal. He had expected Rezil to have at least a single shred of human dignity left.

Even though he was only halfway there, he was still considered a 9 star Wizard, someone who walked the path of Magical Science.

Only

Moreover, he had the true last name of Strow.

But it seemed his expectations were for naught.

Frey closed his eyes, and when he reopened them, there was no longer any hesitation.

Frey spoke in a low voice.

"Purge."

Season 1 Chapter 150: Purge (4)

Snow, Nora, Sheryl.

Those were the ones Frey brought with him. In order to move secretly, only a few persons could've joined him.

Naturally, Frey could have brought more people, but there were two reasons why he only brought these three.

Their individual strength, and their sword-like coldness.

At least, the three of them had mindsets that would allow them to not let any of these people keep their lives.

That was why he chose them.

"I can't understand."

Snow muttered with an unusually solemn expression on her face.

These were all senior members of the Circle.

It wasn't just the Strow Necklaces. There weren't only members of the Three Great Circles there either. There were also Elves from the Hiralgard in the group.

Snow looked at an Elf with cold eyes.

She couldn't believe there would be such degenerates in her race.

"Do you know what you're about to do?"

"Ku-, kuk."

Unable to answer, the Elf stepped back.

Right. They couldn't know.

There was no way they would do something so crazy if they knew.

Passing key information about the Circle to the Demigods was no different from trying to completely destroy the Circle.

After all, the biggest reason why the Circle was able to survive for so long was because of secrecy.

They had no way to win an all-out war, so they hid themselves thoroughly.

In the case of the Three Great Circles, they had dozens of hideouts scattered across the entire continent, and their key executives, including their Circle Masters and Rounders, never stayed in one location for too long.

But Rezil Wilsemann definitely knew most of the key information about the Three Great Circles. Things like the locations of their hideouts or the usual paths and patterns of the travelling executives.

If all of that information was handed over, the Circle's power would cut by at least half.

Sheryl's anger was as pronounced as Snow's.

Especially after she saw the faces of the many Phisfounder Armlets' executives in the group.

"Right. Completely rotten."

Sheryl knew the corruption in the Circle better than anyone. After all, she was one of the members who had been in the Circle for the longest.

The meaning of the group had completely changed from what had been decided at its founding, and instead, the group had become disgusting, like a rotting abscess.

The deterioration had been happening even before she joined. At that time, she turned her eyes away because she didn't have the power nor influence in the Circle to do anything about it.

Later, she told herself that the corruption had been going on for too long and it was already too late to fix it.

It was really late.

At that point, it had reached a stage where she could do nothing about it even if she knew it was happening.

She also didn't have the confidence to challenge it.

So she averted her eyes.

In the end it was meaningless.

"It was too late."

She was late, too late.

But... now she had a chance to make it right.

" ... "

" ... "

Frey and Rezil didn't move, simply facing each other, yet cold sweat dropped from Rezil's chin.

He realised at that moment.

Just the ripple of mana fluctuating around Frey was enough for him to know.

'I can't win.'

This man had truly reached 9 stars, which was considered a mythical stage for all Wizards. It was completely different from a half like him.

He had taken the other step.

And that single step was all it took to put them on completely different levels.

He finally knew what that red light Frey had shot out before was.

"Was that the real power of Absolute?"

Frey nodded.

"It's not just the ability to create your own field."

"...huhu. Any power that is rooted in mana would instantly become useless. It's no different from an absolute death sentence."

The manipulation of external mana was something that could only be done by those 8 stars and higher.

Absolute field could only be used by those who reached 9 stars.

The next stage was the dark red light Frey had shown.

It condensed the absolute space and projected it as an energy body.

It sounded simple when put in words, but Rezil couldn't even imagine how to use his power in that way.

No. He wouldn't be able to do it even if he knew how to.

"...you said the Demigods weren't absolute. That's right. In fact, there have been many instances of defeating Demigods in the Circle's history."

"..."

"But there *is* one truly absolute being."

Frey immediately knew who he was talking about, so he simply said the name.

“Lord.”

“I always thought my older brother was an unrivaled genius in Magical Science. I didn’t think another such genius would appear in the next few hundreds of years, but you completely outstrip my brother when it comes to talent. So I want to ask. Be honest. Are you confident you could beat Lord?”

“...”

Frey couldn’t answer readily.

“As long as you’re a Wizard, it’s impossible to beat Lord. Do you know what I mean? The gap between a normal human and a Demigod, is the same gap that exists between the Demigods and Lord. If he made up his mind, this continent would have been destroyed by now.”

There were very few people in the Circle who knew Lord’s true power. And those who knew, kept a strict silence, not daring to reveal it.

Because the others would definitely lose their will to confront him, and would instead feel helpless.

So Lord’s power was kept confidential.

Rezil chuckled slightly and said.

“So I’m afraid. What if Lord no longer feels like there is any hope for us? What can we do if he decides to destroy the seeds of life on the continent?”

“So you’re saying you’d rather be a slave? Since humans are useful, are you going to beg for your life and hope he feels compassionate?”

“What the hell is wrong with that?!”

Rezil roared like a lion.

He glared at Frey with bloodshot eyes.

“Is it wrong to beg for your life? Why is it so strange to be afraid of death... Why can’t neither you nor my brother understand such a simple thing? One thing. You just need to throw away one thing...”

Frey knew what he meant.

“Pride. What do you call someone who abandons that?”

Frey’s voice also became heated.

He finally knew what Rezil was thinking.

Right. In all honesty, he understood.

He understood that such an extreme conclusion could only come after facing incredible hardships.

It was the same in the old days.

There were those who bowed their heads to the Demigods and went under them.

After all, they were incredibly terrifying.

The Demigods' strength was not something that mortals could compare to.

During the battle with the Circle in the past, Nozdog probably didn't give his all. After all, he knew how valuable the Apocalypses were to Lord. He didn't want Lord to be upset because of his death at the hands of the will of the world.

But Frey still couldn't understand.

"Livestock. Don't you understand? You would become livestock. You would slowly be tamed while eating their feed, and in the end, you would lose the right to have thoughts of your own. Is that what you want?"

"...you... can only say that because you've never met him."

What Rezil meant was that he was simply creating a delusion.

“I know... all about Lord.”

“What?”

“Because I fought him. I fought and lost. I know his overwhelming power better than anyone else on this continent.”

Rezil’s eyes shook violently.

He looked at Frey with a confused expression.

“Who... who the hell are you?”

Frey was silent for a moment before saying.

“Lukas.”

“...!!”

Rezil’s eyes grew as large as balls. He could barely keep his mouth closed as he stared at Frey with disbelieving eyes.

“What... are you talking about? But... he... “

“I went missing. It was the price for fighting Lord and losing. I was locked away for 4,000 years in a place with nothing but my soul. It was only because of a fortunate accident that I was able to keep the ability to think. I wondered how I’d get out of there and what I’d do after.”

What the hell was he talking about?

Lukas? Did he say Lukas?

‘Is this guy calling himself Lukas Trowman?’

Not even the most arrogant Wizard in history had ever claimed to be the Great Mage himself. After all, the deeper one dived into Magical Science, the more they would feel it.

Lukas Trowman’s work. How amazing he really was. And just how great his contributions to Magical Science were.

But now this guy was claiming to be none other than the Great Mage, Lukas Trowman?

‘Ah.’

At that moment, Rezil felt as though a hammer had hit him in the back of the head.

The attitude Frey had shown, the reason he asked him about his qualifications, and the anger he'd shown at that time.

And the way he'd been able to reach 9 stars at such a young age.

The scattered dots suddenly began to align.

Right.

It might actually be real.

"Ha... haha."

4,000 years.

He endured for all those years?

With just a human mind?

He didn't give up?

“How... how is that possible?”

Rezil stepped back.

He no longer showed any anger, instead, it was replaced with shock.

“How the hell...”

Rezil stepped back again before tripping on something and falling on his buttocks.

What did he trip on?

“Ah.”

It was a corpse. Simone’s corpse.

Had she come on her own?

No. This was the body of the Circle Rounder of the Strow Necklaces who had been influenced by him.

Rezil looked up at Frey.

“1...”

He was made aware of the Demigods' existence.

He learned magic.

His talent was recognized.

He entered the Circle.

Then he got a teacher.

The Circle Master before his elder brother, Cairo.

His teacher was a 9 star Wizard.

Rezil was no longer afraid of the Demigods because of his teacher. The strength of his teacher and the Strow Necklaces.

He thought that they would be able to drive the Demigods from the continent as long as they were around.

Then his teacher died.

He lost his life to Lord.

It couldn't even be called a fight.

He died without being able to even leave a scratch on him.

The Circle Members glorified his death, and praised his bravery. But Rezil knew the truth.

His teacher had died a dog's death.

The sky fell.

...His teacher's position was then taken by his elder brother, Cairo Wilsemann.

Rezil would sometimes ask his brother.

"Can we beat Lord?"

He never received an answer.

He just needed some assurance. Even empty words would have been fine.

Just one word would have been enough.

We can win.

We can defeat Lord.

Either of those would have been enough. With that, all his anxiety could have been eliminated.

But no one answered.

Those who didn't know anything would speak easily.

The Demigods are nothing, we can kill Lord.

Could that even be considered as comforting?

They could only say that because they never saw Lord's power. Even if they only saw a tiny bit of Lord's power, they would never dare to speak in such a way again.

They were all ignorant.

But Rezil was even worse than they were.

He was a coward.

All he wanted was something that would allow him to nod his head to, despite knowing Lord's true capabilities.

Someone who reached the legendary 9 stars stage.

If they answered with confidence...

"Why... now..."

A cracked voice sounded out.

Why was he here now?

A little bit... if only he'd come a little bit sooner.... If so... he too...

"Huk!"

At that moment, as if he'd been hit by a bucket of cold water, Rezil awakened, and looked down at himself.

'Rezil Wilsemann... you are trash.'

What bullshit had he just been saying?

He staggered to his feet.

Dead bodies formed a pile on the ground. They belonged to those who had listened to his words and followed him, those who were scared of the future.

They had all ended up becoming cold corpses.

And they were all staring at him with empty eyes, dripping blood.

"Huhu..."

So Rezil laughed.

Rather, he smiled and looked at Frey.

What was needed was to pursue the extreme righteousness.

Be rooted.

In other words, to have an immovable mindset.

Perhaps when speaking about belief.

'It was a difficult lesson. The advice of the Great Mage.'

He stared at Frey with a calm expression.

"I don't think I'm wrong."

"..."

"Humans can't beat the Demigods. If we keep on going like this, we will lose. So I won't change my mind."

Frey's expression changed as he saw Rezil's eyes.

He understood what kind of end he wanted.

Could there be corruption without reason?

Rezil must have also been a young Wizard, venting his anger at the Demigods at first.

However, he realised the reality, became frustrated, and in the end, he decided to compromise.

It was just a pity that he'd chosen the worst compromise. Worse than that was the fact that his past mistakes would never go away.

No matter how much he regretted or repented, he would never be able to reverse what he'd done.

'Everything I did.'

The fact that he interfered with the defeat of Demigods, drove thousands to their deaths, connived to sacrifice the continent, and planned to give the Circle's information to Lord.

He was definitely a filthy piece of trash smelly enough to make someone want to puke.

So he wouldn't reflect on it. He wouldn't regret it.

Those who agreed with his perspective and listened to his words had already been killed, and were now staring at him with hollow gazes.

"We are not compatible, Frey Blake. You shouldn't forget your purpose for coming here."

“You’re right.”

Red light once again shined from Frey’s hand.

“You will not have a pleasant death.”

“That’s exactly what I want.”

Juk.

Rezil shed tears of blood.

Then he looked at Frey Blake, from whose hand the red light was shooting.

The scene seemed to be in slow motion so he immediately realised.

Frey lied to him.

The red light was aimed precisely at his forehead.

“Huht.”

In that way, he would feel no pain at all.

“It was an honor to meet you, Great Mage.”

Frey had said that a man without pride was livestock, and he had finally understood what that meant.

Sometimes, it was necessary to put your pride before your own life.

Only

There were times when the body must protect the soul, even if it meant dying.

‘I’ll pretend.’

He would keep the last of his pride so that he’d die as a human being, not as human trash or livestock.

Just before the light hit him, Rezil met Frey’s gaze once again.

He had a sincere thought at that moment.

He hoped that he was wrong, and Frey was right.

