

## Great Mage 161

### Season 1 Chapter 161: Proof (1)

'It's a pity I can't use Ghost.'

It was the most effective spell for infiltrating and moving around unnoticed, but the fatal disadvantage was that it left your body defenseless.

The Blake family residence had been a dangerous place, but this place was on a completely different level.

This was in the heart of enemy territory.

Frey decided to go in person.

There was a higher chance of being caught, but it would be much easier to deal with any emergency situations.

'Before that.'

Frey put on the crying face mask he'd obtained from Hector that time. Not only did it hide his identity, it also had the effect of suppressing his mana and erasing his aura.

After he was fully prepared, Frey entered the castle.

And his eyes soon lit up.

'The guard perimeter is much tighter in here than the one outside.'

Infiltrating Al-Tarha had been so easy that he could have done it in his sleep.

The guards watching over the entrance were so relaxed that anyone would be able to break into the city if one wanted to.

But this castle was different.

Those who stood on the walls were all skilled fighters, and there were even patrol teams deployed to protect the castle more efficiently.

'There must be something here for this castle to be guarded to such an extent.'

Frey observed these guards.

Then, he realised something else. Security was much tighter at the bottom than it was at the top.

This meant that whatever was being hidden, was below the castle.

'Why do they all like the underground so much.'

Frey inwardly clicked his tongue as he recalled his previous experiences, but that didn't mean he didn't understand.

The basement was a good place to hide something. It was an enclosed space, and there was only one entrance.

These two facts meant that not only was it difficult for intruders to break in, but even if they did, it would be hard for them to stay hidden.

It would also be hard to escape after being caught there.

Of course, all of these facts were irrelevant to Frey, who could cast the Warp spell in an instant.

"..."

Frey stopped just as he was about to head down the basement stairs, observing the dark entrance with narrowed eyes.

Perhaps it was because of the setting, but that place felt ominous like a Devil's waiting mouth.

'No.'

It wasn't just a feeling.

Frey could sense a powerful divine power coming from below.

He hadn't realised until he'd gotten closer. The aura of divine power covered the entirety of Silkid, including Al-Tarha and even this very castle.

However, the divine power he was sensing from this basement far exceeded the divine power in any other part of Al-Tarha.

In other words, Frey had made the right decision.

Frey lifted himself off the ground with the Fly spell, and then he disappeared using Invisibility.

The mana consumption was immense, but it was the safest method.

There was no one at the end of the basement stairs, only an old wooden door.

As if the strict security that he had seen so far was a lie, there wasn't even a single guard deployed in this place.

But Frey was unable to go any further. He just stared at the ground in front of him. It was as though there was an invisible wall in front of him.

'Up till here.'

If he moved even one step closer, he'd be discovered.

Frey's eyes turned to the door.

He could hear a faint conversation coming from within.

\* \* \*

The offices for Al-Tarha's castle were located underground, and very few people were allowed to enter and leave this place.

The owner of this office was a frail man who was sitting behind a desk and browsing through some documents.

He slowly looked up at the man who'd come to report to him.

This man had a large, well-trained body that was covered in many scars. He also had yellow gauntlets, which wrapped around his large fists.

This was Porto, the Guardian Warrior of Al-Tarha.

“I hung the bodies in the square as you ordered.”

“Were there any who protested against that?”

“There were.”

“Capture and execute them.”

“Understood.”

The man nodded.

“Go back now.”

“Yes, Lord Milled.”

This weak man was none other than Milled, who had become the de facto leader of Al-Tarha in a month.

Moreover, if anyone were to have seen this scene, one would've been lost for words.

Milled couldn't even become a lieutenant because of his status as an outsider. But the Guardian Warrior was being extremely courteous to this man.

What was even more surprising was the fact that Milled was acting like this was natural.

Porto bowed once again before leaving the room.

Milled looked at his back for a moment before lowering his head once again to the documents.

Porto slowly climbed up the steps.

The sun was setting, and the sky was becoming dark. He then stretched with a frown.

"Kuh. I'm tired."

He was always tired, but he felt especially so at that moment.

Porto headed home without bothering to make any additional stops. He closed the door and sighed heavily.

He decided to drink a glass of beer then fall asleep while clinging to the blissful feeling that accompanied it.

There was no work to be done in the morning, so he should be able to enjoy a good night's sleep for the first time in a long while.

But Porto wouldn't drink enough to get drunk. He would have just enough to get a pleasant feeling so that he would be able to fall asleep quickly.

Crack.

"...ugh!"

Suddenly, a hand stretched out from the darkness and grabbed his head violently.

Right then, Porto felt as though he had been struck in the head by a thunderbolt, and his body slumped over.

"..."

Then Frey showed up.

He'd waited at the top of the stairs, and when Porto came out of the office, he followed him home.

Frey pulled a chair over and sat Porto down on it. Then, he stimulated his brain so that he would become semi-conscious.



Porto would certainly have a strong mind. Much stronger than the guard he'd dealt with earlier that day.

So he could only pick apart his mind after stunning him.

"Who are you?"

Porto responded with a blank look in his eyes.

"...I'm Porto, the Guardian Warrior of Al-Tarha."

"Porto, was it your choice for this city to surrender?"

"...that's right."

"For what reason?"

"...there was nothing I could do to protect the people of this city."

He had the same response as Sarman.

It seemed he thought fighting against the Demigods was no different from suicide.

'He's much worse than Sarman.'

In particular, it seemed this man had some part to play in the establishment of the subjugation team to keep Ivan in check and the execution of the rebels.

Frey thought about the bodies in the square.

He thought about just killing Porto right then, but he decided to ask him some more questions.

"What if you had partners? Would you not change your mind, even if someone who could threaten the Demigods agreed to help you?"

"...that's right. I would not."

Porto responded without hesitation.

It seems his thoughts were different from Sarman's.

Frey's expression became strange.

"Because you guys can never beat the Demigods."

It was a clear voice that responded.

Naturally, it wasn't Porto's.

Frey turned around and found a weak looking man standing there.

It was Milled.

Frey immediately got up from his seat.

"...how are you here...?"

"I knew you were snooping around outside. But it didn't seem like you were going to come attack me. Your senses are quite sharp. Did you realise I was a Demigod?"

"..."

Right.

He'd guessed that Milled was a Demigod.

Otherwise, the divine power he sensed was inexplicable.

Frey grit his teeth.

“You used Porto as bait?”

“And you fell hook, line, and sinker.”

“I can’t believe you’re pretending to be human... I never would have expected to encounter a Demigod like you...”

“You can’t believe it? Kuku. That’s a rather old way of thinking. Well, I do admit most of my kind hates mortals. And so did I. But time can change a lot of things.”

Milled let out a cold chuckle.

“As time went by, even ugly creatures like you began to look a little cute.”

“...”

“Was the annihilation of Agni’s creatures in Rnei your handiwork? You did a pretty good job, Wizard. It’s quite hard to eliminate that many creatures.”

“I don’t understand. You guys are supposed to be searching for Agni’s Apostle right now. Can you still afford to manage a city like this?”

“Hoh. It seems you’re quite aware.”

Milled shrugged.

“Because there are enough of us doing that. There are already three of my kind actively chasing after the Phoenix. The last trace was found in ‘Nempatal’, so we should be able to find her trail soon.”

Milled then raised his hand.

“Well, that’s enough small talk. Wizards are the most annoying to fight. And you’re a 9 star Wizard, the most annoying of all. If I kill you here, I’m sure Lord would be very pleased.”

“...kuk!”

Shuk.

Frey’s figure disappeared.

“Warp? Do you think you can escape?”

Paht.

Milled also disappeared.

He sensed the reverberation of mana left behind by Frey and immediately followed it.

He hadn't run far away.

Milled couldn't directly jump to other countries like Lord or the Apocalypses, but this much was fine.

Shuk.

There was no need for him to search. Frey was standing in the middle of the desert.

Milled let out a dirty laugh.

"Did you realise running away is futile? Right. I'll send you off comfortably as a reward for not being a pain."

Frey didn't respond.

Milled, who was smiling, narrowed his eyes at him.

Then a calm voice sounded out.

“I didn’t expect it to work so well.”

“...what?”

What was he talking about all of a sudden?

The previously revealed panic was now nowhere to be found.

Instead, Frey was staring at Milled with a cold gaze.

“I knew the range of your detection ability in the basement from the start. But I stepped into it on purpose. Why do you think I did that?”

Milled’s expression changed.

“Are you saying you purposely revealed yourself to me? Ha! That’s bullshit. Why would you do something like tha-”

“To lure you out.”

It wasn’t a gamble.

Frey had been convinced that there was only one Demigod around, Milled.

There was no way that multiple Demigods would be deployed to watch over such a small, unimportant city.

It wasn't just that.

This arrogant being had even given Frey the information that he wanted.

Nix's location and the fact that there were at least five Demigods currently in Silkid.

"Thank you so much for moving as I intended."

"A mortal actually dares to mock me."

Unbearable anger was clearly visible on Milled's face.

On the other hand, Frey appeared to be as calm as a lake.

This sight made Milled even angrier, but he forcibly and desperately calmed himself down before looking around.

"You didn't set a trap. No one else is here. This means you intend to fight me alone."



“That’s right.”

Milled’s expression became strange as he heard Frey’s murmur.

“...9 stars. The final step that a mortal can reach. Right, after making this step, you probably feel like you’ve reached the sky. But you should’ve been more careful.”

There had never been a time when Frey didn’t move carefully. He always searched for the most optimal solution.

He didn’t believe every choice he made was right, but he tried his best to make the best possible decision at every moment.

This time was a far cry from his match with Apep.

At that time, Frey had help from Sheryl and even borrowed Asura’s power in the end.

Only

But this time was different.

He had no partner, and he had no intentions of using Asura’s power.

Nevertheless, he felt no uncertainty or anxiety.

In fact, he was rather calm.

'I have to prove it.'

He would defeat this Demigod on his own.

### **Season 1 Chapter 162: Proof (2)**

Suddenly, a huge bow appeared in Milled's hand.

'A longbow?'

It was much larger than a regular longbow as its size easily surpassed 2 meters.

Frey narrowed his eyes. He hadn't expected the Demigod to draw a weapon at that moment.

'Is he a Demigod with a power similar to Riki's?'

For example, the power of the bow. Of course, he couldn't just jump to conclusions simply because a weapon had been drawn.

Although he wasn't as strong as Riki, Frey still decided to stay cautious in case this Demigod had something up his sleeve.

Moreover, the moment Milled pulled back the bowstring, Frey became suspicious.

There were no arrows to be seen touching the taut bowstring. In other words, Milled was just pulling back the string.

"...!"

Frey instantaneously gathered his mana and cast a barrier spell.

Pit.

The sound of the bowstring being released was very faint, but the power behind the attack was beyond imagination.

Crack!

"...!"

This barrier, which could stop even the strongest 7 star spells, was shattered in an instant. Frey bent his back to the limit, and something shot past his chin.

It didn't touch him, but he still felt chills from the attack.

'Invisible arrow.'

No. It was something else.

Nothing was actually launched into the air. Perhaps he was shooting his divine power like an arrow.

Boom!

The sound alone was enough to send shivers down his spine. Despite losing some of its power because of the barrier, the invisible projectile still smashed the dunes behind him to pieces.

He didn't look back, but he could already imagine how horrific a sight it was.

Paht.

Frey quickly reapplied his barrier while Milled smirked and pulled back his bowstring once again.

"Are you just going to keep using your barrier? Wouldn't it be better to use your Absolute Field?"

“You’re so meddlesome. I know what I’m doing, so don’t worry about it.” (TL: strange conversation...)

“Kukuku. Right, you wouldn’t want to use it from the start. After all, even if you are a 9 star Wizard with a lot of mana, you wouldn’t be able to maintain Absolute Field for a long time.”

He knew about Absolute Field. That meant that he’d either fought a 9 star Wizard before or he’d heard about it from someone.

Most Demigods would be the former, but it was possible that Milled was the latter. After all, he was a Demigod who was unusually interested in humans.

‘If that’s the case, then there’s a chance.’

There was a very large difference between something you were told about and something you experienced personally.

Pipipit.

The bowstring snapped once again.

Frey was also concentrated on the sound, so he didn’t miss the three separated sounds from the bowstring.

Crack!

Once again, his barrier broke. However, Frey had perfectly avoided the three arrows.

In a way, they were much easier to avoid than the first. It was a small difference, but it was still noticeable.

Milled's expression changed a little.

'He's a Wizard, yet he was able to move so quickly...'

It was impossible to avoid his arrows so easily. The arrows he fired traveled at the speed of sound.

There was no need to reload, and there was less wind resistance since the object that was traveling was just a mass of divine power without a real physical body.

Even Master class Knights or First class Magic warriors who had trained their bodies to the limit would not be able to easily avoid his arrows.

At this sight, Milled couldn't help but feel a chill for a moment.

'What kind of human...'

The threat of the invisible arrows when they first appeared was beyond imagination. Even the vast majority of skilled fighters would lose their lives to the first arrow without knowing what happened.

However, this man had been able to immediately grasp the fact that he had no arrows on his bow and deploy an omnidirectional barrier to defend against whatever attack that might have come.

His instantaneous judgment and level-headedness were so surprisingly sharp and accurate that Milled was dumbfounded for a moment.

Even at that moment.

Frey's eyes were locked onto his bow.

By looking at where the bow was being aimed, he was able to predict the approximate path that the invisible arrows would take.

Then, with his barrier, he would be able to slow the arrow down enough, allowing him to avoid it.

Composure, observation, and reaction speed. If even one of these was not up to par, then such a thing would have not been possible.

'With Demigods... no. This guy is experienced in every way.'

A Demigod, who had lived for thousands of years, was thinking this.

This fact alone increased the man's danger level by several times.

He had to kill him here.

Suddenly, Milled's expression changed.

From the tip of Frey's foot, ice spikes began shooting up. They were so powerful and sharp that even steel would be torn apart.

The power of this spell, which was cast silently and without any prior warning, was extremely shocking.

But Milled's response to it was simple.

He lifted his right foot, and he stopped on the sand lightly.

Kakakang!

This simple stomp shattered all of the ice spikes.

Frey clicked his tongue.

This was certainly a Demigod. Not only his power but even his physical abilities were beyond imagination.



Although it wasn't easy to spread an impact over sand, he was still able to destroy the spell completely.

"Show me more."

He could win.

Thinking this, Frey called up his mana.

The opponent was an archer. Although Frey had already shown the ability to crush the thought of archery, it shouldn't be forgotten that his opponent was a Demigod.

In any case, the important thing was that the man's main weapon was a bow. Therefore, this meant there were two ways to deal with Milled.

One was an ultra close-range battle, and the other was to not give him the chance to draw his bow.

And Frey, a Wizard, naturally chose the latter.

Paht.

He spread both his arms wide.

Motion casting.

Ice spread out from Frey's feet and covered the entire area. The night sky and the darkened ground also brightened up considerably.

The sun hadn't risen. It was simply a rain of fireballs from the sky.

Milled looked back as he felt a strong gust, only to find hundreds of Hyperbolts pouring in from all sides.

'And his barrier is still up.'

Milled snorted as he saw this.

He was operating five different spells at the same time. The power of this attack was enough to destroy the entire area.

But this much wouldn't be able to kill him. He was sure this human knew that as well.

These spells were probably just to deceive him. Perhaps the real dagger would be hidden among them.

Milled then put his hand in the pouch at his waist before pulling something out of it.

Frey drew a breath.

'An arrow?'

It wasn't an ordinary arrow.

This was natural. After all, a normal arrow would not be able to handle divine power. Instead, it would gain numerous flaws and impurities, and its power would be greatly reduced.

Milled smiled as he nocked the arrow on his bow.

Then, the smile grew larger.

Tung.

The bowstring sounded, but this time, it was accompanied by powerful air pressure.

As if it had been concentrated in one place before bursting in an instant, the air exploded, causing a massive, omnidirectional shockwave.

The spells Frey cast disappeared in an instant, and even his barrier shook heavily.

That wasn't all.

Rather, that was just the beginning.

The wind pressure was simply akin to the wind that came when a Magic Warrior swung his fist.

The real threat was the arrow that came out of Milled's bow.

Kwakwakwakwa!

Calling it an arrow was not good enough.

Frey felt like a Dragon was opening its huge maw in front of him.

Milled's attack literally destroyed the surroundings as it shot towards Frey.

This wasn't an attack that could be blocked by clumsy spells. It was also not small enough to easily dodge.

Frey was forced to take out the dagger that he'd hidden.

Flash.

A dark red light shot out from Frey's finger. This light, which he named Absolute Line, collided with Milled's arrow.

Gong!

A huge explosion occurred.

Gusts of wind, stronger than any sandstorm, swept through the area without mercy.

A cloud of dust filled the surroundings, making it impossible to tell one direction from the others.

Milled was stunned by the fact that his arrow was blocked.

'Absolute. They weren't kidding when they said it had the power to tear space.'

It was truly ironic.

The power that those who stood at the peak of the mortals had was very similar to the power of Lord, who stood at the peak of the Demigods.

Of course, compared to Lord, they could only be compared to chicks who'd just started learning to walk.

This could be seen from the fact that the red 'light' that he'd just used didn't pierce through his 'arrow' and, instead, destroyed it.

If it was Lord, his power would have instantly disintegrated the arrow together with Milled's body.

Of course, this fact didn't make Milled feel any better.

After all, it meant that Frey's mana and his divine power were on the same level.

"I'll admit it. You're the most annoying human I've fought in almost 1,000 years."

Milled threw his bag into the air.

Charuk.

At that moment, arrows poured out of the bag, neatly forming a line behind Milled.

They looked like a hundred majestic knights waiting for the Emperor's order to charge forward.

"As expected, the power of Absolute truly is amazing. But the reason why you're not constantly using that power is quite obvious."

“...”

“I’m certain that it must take a lot of mana to use. Which is natural. After all, it’s not easy for a mortal to use such power.”

Milled laughed happily.

“On the other hand, I’ve trained my powers for thousands of years. We’re on completely different levels. As long as I drag this battle out, I’ll win easily.”

“You *trained* for thousands of years? Haha.”

Frey laughed at those words.

“Enough of your bullshit. If you trained your powers for such a long time, the continent would already be in your hands.”

Demigods weren’t hardworking. They just ‘had’ the divine power they received from birth.

They never tried to think about how to develop their powers further or how to use them more efficiently.

That was at least one thing Frey knew about the Demigods for certain.

Frey grit his teeth.

“If you guys had the dignity to match your years, maybe this hatred I feel would not have existed.”

“Hmph...”

Milled grabbed one of his arrows before knocking it and pulling the bowstring as far back as he could.

“Let’s have a war of attrition, then. Every arrow behind me is equivalent to the attack I just did. But you? How many times can you use that beam of light?”

Milled laughed as he said.

“I hope you can enjoy it at least a dozen times.”

“Is that the only conclusion you’ve reached after our conversation? To push through with brute force? That’s a pretty lousy tactic.”

“Kuku. That’s a pretty cheap provocation. Should I take that to mean this method is the most troublesome for you?”

Frey’s eyes sank.



Then, the bowstring sounded.

\* \* \*

9 stars was a completely different level of existence.

Mana.

Only by fully understanding this energy that formed the basis of Magical Science would one be qualified to handle the power of 'Absolute' which interfered deeply with space and matter.

The precursor appeared during the period of 8 stars. By integrating their mana rooms, Wizards would be able to interfere with a small portion of space, in which no one but the user would be able to use mana.

However, the power of Absolute wasn't limited to mana. It directly interfered with space itself, which was a higher concept.

In other words, using the power of Absolute meant to become the absolute being in a certain portion of space.

Milled's words were right. It wasn't a power that a mortal could easily make use of.

Even if the mana consumption was overlooked, the mental toll it took was quite significant.

That was why this match actually turned in Frey's favor.

"Haak...! Haak...!"

Milled panted heavily. His blood shot eyes staring at Frey.

'This can't... this can't be...'

There were times in the past when Demigods were defeated. However, none of the Demigods who heard about this ever thought they would join that group.

Milled was the same.

He'd heard that humans were being especially daring these days, but he'd never been wary because of this news.

He simply thought that if they came to him, he would trample them; that was all.

However, that turned out to not be the case.

Frey's expression remained unchanged. He was still calm after using the power of Absolute a countless number of times.

His powers were also beyond imagination.

In the second clash, Milled realised that his hidden reserves had dropped by 30%.

Only

Then, there were the subsequent clashes.

3rd... 4th... 5th...

By the 7th clash, Milled had collapsed to one knee.

This couldn't have been any more ironic.

Lord had imprisoned Frey in the Abyss in order to break his mind. That was the worst punishment that Lord could think of at the time.

However, Frey had escaped that hell.

He had endured it. And in the end, that torture ended up becoming the fuel for his growth.

**Season 1 Chapter 163: Proof (3)**

“Stop exaggerating.”

“What...?”

“I know what you’re showing isn’t your true strength.”

No matter how strong Frey was, he knew that he couldn’t defeat a Demigod in such an overwhelming manner.

This meant that Milled was still hiding his power.

No. It wasn’t that he was hiding it. It was that he didn’t want to reveal his true power.

In truth, this wasn’t surprising as it was the case with most Demigods. They considered it humiliating to use their full strength against a mortal.

Milled was no exception. Frey could tell from his expression.

His disbelief and suspicion had disappeared, replaced instead by fierce anger.

“...right. It’s as Lord said. We shouldn’t look down on you anymore.”

“What did Lord say?”

“He told us to admit that you were our enemies.”

Milled gritted his teeth as he spat out those words.

[I acknowledge the humans and other mortal races as our ‘adversaries’, and I will confront them with all of my might from now on.]

It hadn’t taken long for Lord’s shocking declaration to spread to all of the Demigods. But most of them felt more curious than anything.

Milled did, too.

Adversaries? The mortals?

Ever since the dragons disappeared, was there any other race who could compete with the Demigods?

No. There was none. Milled was certain of this.

Even if it was a fully enlightened human with a one in a hundred thousand or one in a million talent, they wouldn’t be much of a threat.

It was impossible to feel threatened by an insect who had simply stepped out of its shell.

But now, he was convinced.

If there were dozens of people like this man in front of him, the Demigods would certainly be threatened.

“I’ll admit that you are certainly my opponent.”

Paht.

Milled’s figure disappeared.

Frey furrowed his eyebrows.

‘Space-time movement.’

He didn’t run away.

His range of movement was definitely much shorter than that of the Apocalypses, who could also use space-time movement.

Milled simply increased the distance between them.

Was he trying to improve his situation?

'If so, then I'll close it.'

Just as Frey was about to use Warp.

He felt a strong force from behind him.

And as soon as he looked back, whatever it was had already come very close to him.

'Fast...'

Frey forcibly twisted his body. But he was unable to completely avoid it.

Crunch.

It was different from before. His barrier shattered like glass, and he felt a hot pain in his left arm.

Well, it wasn't right to say that he had been hit. It would be better to say that it had passed him. The problem was that in that instant, his entire arm had been broken, bent in a grotesque manner, and covered in blood.

Frey grabbed his left arm, wondering if he should be grateful his arm hadn't been blown off completely.

'Both the speed and power has increased significantly. It's on a completely different level compared to before.'

It was obvious that the distance between them had increased, but the speed and strength of the projectiles had increased even more.

Was it acceleration? He couldn't be sure.

No. He wouldn't be sure.

His opponent was a Demigod. There was nothing strange about them having a bizarre trick.

Frey forced his mind to think logically.

'Although, it came from behind...'

He couldn't conclude that Milled would still be there. After all, he could use space-time movement. It wouldn't be difficult for him to go around Frey in all directions.

Frey clenched his right fist.



'Perhaps this is Milled's true way of fighting.'

Shooting to kill from a distance.

No wonder he hadn't used this method from the start. Such a method was far from a head to head combat.

In other words, it would be incredibly humiliating to the Demigods who enjoyed trampling rebels with overwhelming force.

Instead, it was the way of a hunter. Something was too much to use against the usually insignificant mortals.

He couldn't be sure, but he believed Milled's pride had been torn to shreds by now.

'What should I do?'

He needed to find Milled first. However, tracking him wouldn't be easy since Silkid was completely blanketed by divine power.

He couldn't pinpoint Milled's specific location since his scent was basically everywhere.

'...I wouldn't know unless I was as close to him as when I was on the basement stairs.'

At that moment, Frey paused.

Now that he thought about it, how did he sense Milled's presence at that time?

When Frey was standing on the basement stairs, he was certain that a Demigod was behind the door. At that time, the conclusion he'd reached was that it was because of the dense divine power that covered that place.

He hadn't thought it through at that time, but it was definitely strange.

Such a thing would have been impossible 4,000 years ago. No matter how close he got, he wouldn't be able to tell if one was present or not.

Present and past.

What had changed the most?

'Divine power?'

Right. Frey could use divine power now. He also had a vague understanding of how divine power was compared mana.

Divine power boasted an explosive growth. The more you used it, the more of it you could handle and the more your power would increase.

But Frey rarely used Indra's lightning power after Riki's death.

He was also aware of the reason for that. He was reluctant to use it.

After all, it would mean that he, someone who walked the path of magic, needed to rely on the power of an opposing force. Moreover, it was the power of his enemy, who he hated more than anything in the world.

After reaching 9 stars, this thought had become much stronger.

'I only intended to use magic in this fight.'

But the pain in his left arm was telling him that the current enemy was one that couldn't be dealt with with such a simple mindset,

Buzz.

Lightning began wriggling around Frey's body.

All along, the clue to kill Milled was in his body.

\* \* \*

A wave of shame swept through Milled, almost making him lose his temper.

'How humiliating...!'

In truth, if it hadn't been for Lord's declaration, he never would have used his full power against a human, even if he was to die.

But the leader of the Demigods had recognised the humans as enemies.

So, although he felt uncomfortable, Milled was able to adopt this method of fighting.

That didn't mean his pride was undamaged, however.

The humiliation inside of him quickly became rage and murderous intent.

Milled's eyes shined with a fierce light.

'Just this one... just this one needs to be killed no matter what.'

Then, everyone on the continent who knew of this humiliation would disappear.

Of course, he didn't intend to give him an easy death.

Since he had released his full power, he would make this man feel it properly. He would slaughter him to the point where even breathing was torture.

He would make him regret looking down on a God!

Crik.

Milled pulled on the bowstring once again. There were three main types of arrows that he used. One was the energy bolt, which was made with his divine power. Since it was shapeless, it was the most suitable when it came to dealing with all kinds of opponents.

But this arrow wasn't suitable for dealing with Frey. He was too composed, and his heart and mind were like a still pond.

In fact, his composure, which did not gain any cracks regardless of the situation, was quite abnormal.

Just like at that moment.

Although he was currently feeling the pain of having his arm almost torn off, all he did was furrow his eyebrows once.

The other type was an arrow. Of course, these weren't ordinary arrows. They were arrows made from a type of wood called 'Dry Tree', which was especially good at accepting divine power.

When Milled used these arrows, it was not hard to completely destroy the walls of a castle.

And lastly. They were arrows that were also made from Dry Tree wood, but they were much longer than the others. There were also special patterns engraved on these arrows. Milled had drawn them himself.

Thanks to these patterns, the further the distance the arrows traveled, the more their power and speed increased.

'The distance between us is about 10km.'

These arrows, when shot by Milled, could even completely remodel a mountain, and the speed they traveled at completely exceeded human perception.

By the time they noticed, the arrow would already be right in front of them.

Crack crack crack!

Once again, an arrow was fired. Even the sand dunes cried out as their bodies were scratched.

Just as he was about to pull the bowstring again, Milled noticed something strange.

'...?'

Suddenly, he could no longer sense Frey. To be precise, his mana had disappeared.

Pulling on the bowstring, Milled frowned.

'What's going on?'

The lingering mana aura, which he could sense even with his eyes closed, had suddenly vanished without warning. Almost like it had evaporated.

It was an incomprehensible phenomenon, but that wasn't all.

Boom!

A lightning bolt suddenly struck the ground in the distance.

Milled looked up to the sky.

'What's going on?' (TL: yes, twice)

It was a lightning bolt that had struck out of the blue. There wasn't even a single cloud in the night sky.

Only the cold moonlight displayed itself proudly.

Kaboom!

Lightning struck once again.

This time much bigger and fiercer than before.

A black cloud appeared in Milled's view, and at that moment, he was utterly speechless.

"...Indra?"

Wasn't this Indra's lightning?

That momentary hesitation revealed a flaw.

When he came back to his senses, Milled noticed a beam of dark red light shooting towards his head.

'Absolute!'



He tried to twist his body away, but the beam still brushed past his right arm. The pain was so severe that the hairs on his body stood on end.

“Over there...?”

Millet raised his eyes to look in the direction whence the light had been emitted from. The mana, which had made a brief appearance at that time, had disappeared mysteriously once again.

Instead, the sound of thunder grew louder.

When Millet grit his teeth, a beam of light came from the opposite direction.

This time, he couldn't avoid it. His left thigh was pierced through cleanly.

“Kuk...!”

He almost collapsed.

If it was made by normal means, a hole like this would have regenerated in a second. However, the power used to make the hole was the power of Absolute.

This force, which could tear apart space itself, was preventing Millet's cells from joining together.

Reduced healing power. It wasn't just this. Even before he revealed his true power, he'd gained many large and small injuries.

As a result, his entire body was crying out in pain.

Pain.

This was a sensation that Milled, no, that all the Demigods hadn't really felt since the early days.

He might have been able to handle it better in the past, but as it was now, Milled was slowly losing his cool.

In addition, the method his opponent was using now was the exact same method that Milled had been using before. Making life-threatening attacks while hiding in the distance.

Was he using the same method just to mess with him?

After thinking that, he couldn't be cool-headed.

Paht.

He used space-time movement.

Milled had moved several kilometers from his previous location.

Shortly after, Milled sucked in a cold breath. A beam of dark red light had appeared in front of him.

“...!”

He ducked.

Luckily, he could avoid it this time. But he didn't feel relieved. On the contrary, his head wasn't working properly because of his increased anger.

'How is he finding me?'

He didn't understand.

He suddenly disappeared, he could use Indra's lightning, and now, he knew exactly where he was. All of these things were impossible unless he was able to use divine power as well.

“...huh?”

At that moment, Milled felt as though cold water had been poured down his back.

A human who could use divine power?

“Frey Blake?”

Leyrin’s test subject, a human who could use both divine power and mana at the same time.

He even had a mask made by Hector to hide the identities of the Apostles!

Milled had heard rumors that Hector had gone missing.

The barrier that Lord had made in the general store where he’d been staying had been destroyed. Such a thing was only possible for 9 star Wizards who reached the peak of magic.

It was obvious now. It was this man who’d also taken Hector.

‘I have to tell Agni-’

Milled couldn’t finish his thought. His consciousness suddenly paused as though he’d blacked out.

Chut.

An Absolute Line had pierced Milled’s forehead. He’d felt nothing even after his head had been pierced.

Milled's body flopped onto the cold desert.

“...”

Frey appeared on the spot.

He had succeeded in finishing off a Demigod single-handedly.

Originally, an irresistible thrill would be running down his spine at this moment. A sense of accomplishment similar to when he'd reached 9 stars in the past would have filled his heart. It was such an achievement.

Even in the thousands of years of history, he was probably the only man to kill a Demigod on his own.

However, Frey's mind was only filled with questions and doubts at that moment.

After using the power of Absolute, Frey would immediately use his divine power. Because he'd remembered Riki's advice from long ago.

Magic leaves a lingering trace, and Lord could sense it. Therefore, he needed to use divine power continuously in order to erase it. At that time, it took him two months to completely erase the traces of his mana, but he didn't have that time now.

Therefore, he simply overlapped the usage of his powers. He hadn't been sure if it would work or not, but the effect was much better than he expected.

Milled, who was shooting at Frey from a distance after confirming his location and was hunted in the same way, received a bland end.

Even until the moment he died, he didn't know where Frey was.

Perhaps, this was a merit of the mask made by Hector.

Frey looked down at his hands with disbelief.

'In that last use of Absolute Line.'

He was certain. In that last beam of dark red light, Indra's lightning power had been mixed in.

Frey hadn't intended to use them together.

Instead, like magnets, the divine power and mana were naturally attracted to each other.

'Right. Magnets.'

It was an appropriate analogy. This was true especially since the powers, which were considered to be opposing poles, had attracted each other.

He tried to figure out what exactly that power was. It had far exceeded the power of Absolute.

Was it because of the added divine power?

Milled didn't even realise that the Absolute Line was approaching him even after it had already pierced through his head.

It wasn't intentional. Everything had simply happened naturally.

The power of Absolute Line and Indra's lightning power had simply combined on their own. And because of this, the divine power and mana within his body seemed to have harmonised perfectly.

Frey couldn't believe what was happening in his body at that moment.

It didn't make sense.

Mana and divine power.

Two forces, which he never thought could coexist, had combined.

**Season 1 Chapter 164: Similar Perspectives (1)**

Nempatal.

This city, which was closest to Silkid's border, was one of the few places that the Demigods' creatures had yet to reach.

But that didn't mean its situation could be considered good.

On the contrary, the fact that they hadn't personally witnessed the Demigods' wrath was not working in their favor.

Nempatal was currently in the depths of confusion.

Surrender... or struggle.

The powers of the two factions who were shouting these conflicting arguments were very similar, and the city's Guardian Warrior, who could make a decision independently, was absent.

Several of these bad situations overlapped, and Nempatal was currently on the path to the worst result without ever making a decision.

Of course, this wasn't a bad situation for Torkunta, who was currently on the run.

She currently sat in a noisy square with a robe covering her body. (TL: if you guys are wondering why I'm using female pronouns for Torkunta, I can only say 'Because the author did'. It might lead to a few unpleasant sentences, but you guys know how I am by now)



'How unpleasant.'

While feeling the texture of the rough leather, she couldn't help but have this thought. It was annoying enough to have to wear clothes, and now, she even had to wear a robe around her entire body.

As a noble Drake King, she really didn't like it at all.

'These low-class races don't have any confidence in their own flesh, so they have to cover it up with clothes.'

Torkunta couldn't help but recall her past body.

Scales that flashed like countless jewels and eyes that burned so red they seemed to contain magma. Not to mention the elegantly stretched tail and the wings large enough to cover the sky!

It wasn't even enough to say that it was an absolute beauty of a body.

"..."

She once again became depressed after thinking about the old days. Especially because of the current situation.

Torkunta stroked her arm slightly.

Her skin was so soft, her body so fragile that even if she were to just touch it with a fingernail of her past body, it would be destroyed.

“I don’t want to die.”

Torkunta muttered softly.

She wasn’t talking to herself.

She received the answer in her head.

[I know.]

It was Nix.

The woman who had become Torkunta’s soulmate – literally.

Torkunta clicked her tongue softly and said.

“If I help you die, you’ll give me this body. You mean that, right?”

Despite her threatening tone, Nix's voice remained the same.

[So what if I didn't? Do you intend to refuse?]

"Kuk."

Her tone made her angry. (TL: sentences like this...)

This young Phoenix was just making fun of her everyday. She wanted to put her in her place, but if they were to really fight, she would never be able to win.

This couldn't be helped. Torkunta couldn't be more aware of this now.

After all, this body belonged to Nix in the first place, and she was just an uninvited guest.

In fact, if it wasn't for the current situation, Torkunta would never have gotten an opportunity to control the body.

Right. If it wasn't for this special situation of them running from the Demigods.

"I don't understand. Do you really intend to give your life just to help that Wizard?"

[...]

“Sacrificial lamb. A lot of humans I killed in the past were like you. Those who wanted to give their lives to save the rest because they couldn’t kill me. Do you want to know what I thought when I saw that?”

Nix didn’t respond.

It wasn’t a question that required an answer.

Torkunta continued with a snort.

“They were still the same. What was the point of living if you would just die so foolishly? Nothing is more precious than yourself. I don’t know for sure, but they must have shed bloody tears of regret before they died. Because they made a foolish decision.”

[I don’t know why you’re so cynical. Did something happen before?]

Torkunta couldn’t help but be speechless.

Did something happen before? Had there been anyone who had ever asked her such a question?

No. There hadn’t.

When she reigned as the monarch of the mountain range, there had been few intelligent individuals in the first place, and even those who could express their thoughts would never dare to ask such a rude question.

Most of them were just pathetic guys who would pee themselves if they ever met gazes with Torkunta.

“I will not die.”

Torkunta muttered again, evading the question.

But soon, she couldn't help but sigh.

‘...how long will I be able to hold out in this city?’

She knew that the Demigods sent by Agni were currently chasing them. She didn't know how many there were or what abilities they had. But there was one thing that she could be certain of.

They'd succeeded in their pursuit.

They knew that she was currently hiding in this city. And now, they were slowly closing their encirclement around the city.

There was no escape.

This left her with just two options.

Be captured or die.

'So why did you decide to do something so conspicuous?'

A red-haired woman walking around asking people to kill her?

It was natural for rumors to have spread across the entirety of Silkid. Of course, it was inevitable.

'Two souls coexisting in one body. To get rid of only one of them, the person would have had to reach a legendary stage.'

That was why they were disappointed when they met Ivan.

He was the strongest warrior they'd met in the desert, but he was still not enough for what they wanted.

'What am I supposed to do?'

Faced with this hopeless situation without a proper answer, Torkunta couldn't help but sigh.

\* \* \*

A man walked aimlessly through a desert, his tangled memories slowly taking form.

He still hadn't gotten any indication as to who he was, but general knowledge and common sense began to emerge one after the other.

'This is a desert.'

A place where you couldn't last a day without drinking water. A barren wasteland. A place most unsuitable to sustain life.

But something was strange.

The man looked down at his body.

The sun had gone down before rising again three times already. However, there were no problems with his body.

He was still filled with energy even though he hadn't had even a bit of water or food.

'Does this mean I have no physiological needs?'

Taking in nutrients, passing out waste, sleeping. He didn't feel the need to do any of these things.

Moreover, he had been walking nonstop for three days already, but he didn't feel tired at all.

What was going on?

“ ... ”

The man could faintly see a city in the distance. This caused a number of particularly disturbing signs to appear.

He felt a mysteriously intense anger fill him up from within, and the lack of a clear reason only added to his frustration.

At least, there was one thing he could be certain of. To solve this question, he had to go to that place.

The man began to move faster, his steps taking him to the city of Talhadun.

\* \* \*

Isaka slowly opened his eyes.

Was he still alive? Or was this the afterlife?



It was only after he felt the throbbing headache that he realised it was the former.

“Kuh...”

His memories took a while to become organised. He simply panted while grabbing his head with both hands.

“1...”

What happened?

Right. After he obtained the Demigod’s crystal during the confusion... he took it back to a hideout and put it into his body.

Then, he’d lost consciousness because of the horrific pain.

After having this thought, Isaka hurriedly looked at his chest.

Babump.

His entire body seemed to be pulsing. In the center of Isaka’s chest, a Demigod’s crystal was embedded in a hideous manner.

The blood vessels on his chest rose as if they wanted to burst free from his skin and were wriggling in a mangled bunch.

Although it was a sight so disgusting it would make one want to throw up, Isaka's face was filled with joy.

"Success...!"

Probably because the probability of success was less than 10%. The only thing that Isaka could rely on was his Blake family bloodline.

His body had basically been created by Leyrin. So he believed in his body, where mana and divine power could coexist, something that was a miracle in itself.

And his gamble had succeeded.

Hwiing.

Isaka looked at the ice storm that was created by his own hands.

"Uhaha-!"

It was small in size, but he realised that his power had increased by several times. His divine power was stronger than ever!

It wasn't just that.

He wasn't sure why, but even his mana reserves had doubled. He might have been able to reach 8 stars as long as he gained enlightenment.

Isaka sent the ice storm towards the basement wall.

Boom!

This wall, which was created through magic engineering, was easily torn apart.

Isaka couldn't help but shudder slightly at his new power.

Even though he had only put in a little effort, it was this strong?

Maybe his full strength was now comparable to a Demigod's.

When the wall collapsed, the entire basement began collapsing. Isaka didn't care about this. This place was no longer useful anyway.

Isaka used Warp to head to another location.

Shuk.

The place he arrived at was in the mountains a fair distance away from the Blake family residence. This place was a temporary residence he'd created that no one else in the family knew about.

Isaka took a deep breath of the mountain's fresh air.

A smile stretched across his lips.

"Very good."

He'd finally obtained fangs that could pierce the neck. How sharp they were wholly depended on his own ability.

A feeling of elation filled Isaka's heart.

If he just trained this power a little more...

"You, what the hell are you doing?"

"...?!"

At the unexpected voice, Isaka turned around hurriedly.

The first thing that caught his eye was the white hair. Even the thin clothes that wrapped the slender body were as white as snow.

It was a woman who gave the impression that she was a field covered in fresh snow without a single footprint to blemish her image.

But Isaka was paying attention to something other than her appearance.

“Demigod...”

Isaka drooled.

The power he felt from this woman’s body was not something that an Apostle could exude.

“The crystal... are you here to retrieve it?”

Then the woman spoke with an annoyed expression.

“What the hell are you talking about? I asked you what you’re doing.”

Isaka didn't answer as he inspected their surroundings.

There were no other Demigods around; he was certain of that.

He let out a low laugh.

"Hu... huhu! Looks like you came alone. Then I have a chance!"

Hwiing!

An ice storm blew fiercely around Isaka's body.

The woman narrowed her eyes.

"Right! I wanted to test my strength...! I should have power comparable to a Demigod's now! Even if I can't beat you, you definitely can't kill me easily...!"

"Don't misunderstand. It's annoying to talk to someone who's unable to properly communicate. So there's nothing else I can do about it."

Paht.

The woman gently extended her hand.

Isaka focused his eyes on her, seeing what power she had.

“Huh...?”

Then, Isaka’s eyes widened considerably.

The woman’s power was also ice.

She smiled as she said.

“I was wondering which son of a bitch could use someone else’s power. So no matter how annoying it was, I came all the way here from my hideout.”

“Uh... uh...”

She also summoned an ice storm. Hers was much more powerful than his newly gained powers.

Isaka could tell from a glance. Fear crept into his heart.

The absolute confidence that he had just gained evaporated without a trace.

'She's dangerous.'

Now that he really thought about it, this woman had just appeared here. She hadn't been waiting here for him.

'Space-time movement.'

A power that could only be used by the high-class individuals among the Demigods!

Isaka's face quickly became pale.

'I never heard of an Apocalypse like her.'

If the opponent was an Apocalypse, he had absolutely no chance of winning. In addition, this woman's power was the same as his.

It was like throwing a snowball at a strong blizzard. There was no way he could win.

He continued to step back, not even daring to use his divine power.



“Right. That bitch Leyrin must have had a hand in this. Haha. When did she steal my sample again? ...how unpleasant. It’s been a long time since I felt this dirty.”

The woman with white hair, Elliah, smiled brightly.

“So I’m going to let my anger out on you.”

### **Season 1 Chapter 165: Similar Perspectives (2)**

Regardless of race, if you were to ask anyone what the current strongest group on the continent was, you would only receive one answer.

The Kastkau Empire.

Although it had the reputation of the Magic Empire, it was also a country where outstanding Knights and Alchemists were constantly produced. It was also one of the only two countries left on the continent that had the title ‘empire’.

A middle aged man was seated on a throne which rested in the deepest part of the imperial residence. This man was Balia Diak Kastkau, the Emperor of Kastkau.

However, Balia currently had an extremely nervous expression on his face, an expression that wasn’t befitting of an emperor.

“What should I do?”

After learning about what happened in Geotanbul and Silkid, Balia was unable to sleep even for a moment.

Demigods.

These transcendent beings who had ruled the continent from the shadows had finally revealed their true colors. The Emperors of the Kastkau Empire had known of the Demigods' existence for generations.

No, it wasn't just knowing.

In truth, they had borrowed their power numerous times throughout history. It wouldn't be false to say that the Demigods were the Imperial family's benefactors.

Their invincible power had solved numerous issues that the Kastkau Empire had been unable to solve with their military.

'We can't fight against them.'

It was suicidal to fight against the Demigods. Even if they had hundreds of Wizards, thousands of Knights and tens of thousands of soldiers.

[It seems you have yet to make a decision.]

Balia's heart almost stopped for a moment, his face quickly becoming pale.

The Imperial residence was surrounded by a barrier that the great Wizards of the empire put their minds and souls to create.

8 star Wizards had no hopes of entering without permission and even the legendary 9 star Wizards would not be able to enter easily.

But that meant nothing to the transcendent being in front of him who was emitting a bright white radiance.

He stood there as though he had been there since the beginning, without a sound or trace.

“...Lord.”

Lord looked up at the throne.

When he saw the face without any features, Balia’s heart, which had almost stopped just a moment before, began to pound heavily against his chest.

[Come down.]

“Wh-, what do you mean?”

Lord’s tone remained the same as he answered Balia’s question.

[Come down from the throne and kneel before me. Be polite and submit yourself. Then, I will spare you.]

Balia clenched his teeth at those words.

Get down on his knees and submit. That was what Lord had just told him to do.

He understood what it meant immediately. After all, he'd always felt that it would happen someday.

"...I can't accept that."

Emperor Balia refused.

He had no choice but to.

If he, the emperor, kneeled, then that would mean the entirety of the Kastkau Empire had fallen into the Demigods' grasp.

One might ask why he chose to do this, when they couldn't defeat Lord anyway, but being forced to surrender and voluntarily bowing your head were completely different things.

In addition he had to maintain the pride of Kastkau. Even though Geotanbul had been destroyed and Silkid was currently still fighting.

In such a situation, the empire could not be the first to raise the white flag. If they surrendered, then it was highly likely that other countries would jump to follow them.

This wasn't something that would end with just the empire. Balia knew that.

That was why he shouted out in a voice filled with rage.

"Why did you begin to act like this all of a sudden? If we continued our symbiotic relationship, the continent would still be at peace..."

Balia stopped because Lord burst out laughing.

"...what's so funny?"

[Symbiosis means to live together and exchange mutual benefits. It's not suitable to describe our relationship.]

"The empire has never violated your orders."

[And that's why your country hasn't been destroyed yet.]

Those words made Balia speechless.

He would have snorted in disdain if anyone else had said those words, but the one before him was Lord himself.

Lord waved his hand once.

Then Balia suddenly sprang up from his seat.

“Uh...”

“Yo-, Your Majesty.”

“Hu-, huk!”

Those who suddenly appeared in the room were none other than the emperor’s family members.

Lord let out a laugh.

Balia roared as the anger he felt at that moment covered the fear in his chest.

“What the hell are you-!”

[Shhh.]

But his anger seemed to evaporate as Lord spoke once again.

As soon as he heard Lord's voice, his head cooled and his entire body became covered in sweat.

[I worked pretty hard to find all of them. One thing I envy about you is the fact that your race continually increases, even if you don't try. We don't have the means to increase our numbers.]

Lord fell silent for a moment.

Then the atmosphere in the room changed.

[That's why I cared so deeply about every one of my people.]

It was a quiet voice. But those who heard it almost collapsed to the floor instantly. Some of them couldn't even breathe under the sudden pressure.

[In the past few years, members of my race have been wiped out one after the other. Do you understand what I'm talking about? It means that I can't see nearly ten of my people ever again. It's also not possible for me to reverse time.]

"Th-, the empire did nothing. We had no involvement in the fight between you and the Circle...."

[You did. I know you've been neutral for hundreds of years. My presence today is closely related to that fact.]

"Wh-, what do you mean?"

[Don't you already have an idea? I'm here to change your neutral standing.]

Balia grit his teeth.

A change of their neutral standing.

It was clear what Lord meant. He was demanding that Balia swear allegiance to him.

He also wasn't just speaking to Balia, but to the entire imperial family.

He was asking for the loyalty of the entire Kastkau Empire.

"I won't do it even if you kill me."

Balia glared at Lord openly.

The fact that he didn't look away till the very end was deserving of applause.



But Lord laughed as if he expected such a response.

[I see.]

Lord snapped his fingers.

Pop.

And then they heard a popping sound.

“...”

Balia couldn't understand what just happened.

He saw it with his own eyes and felt the sticky substance covering his face, but his brain was still unable to process what just happened.

Or perhaps, his brain refused to accept it.

Balia blinked foolishly before a scream seemed to make everything click in his head.

“Ky-, kyaaaa!”

“I, I don’t believe... Jenia!”

His second daughter Jenia, the Second Imperial Princess, had exploded.

That was exactly what had happened.

Like a balloon, her body suddenly popped, splashing blood and pieces of flesh everywhere.

Some of the people gathered became sick at the sight.

“A-, ahhh....”

Only then did Balia realise why Lord had brought his family.

Tears streamed down his face.

Lord seemed puzzled by this sight.

[Are you sad? That’s amazing. You’ve only known each other for a few decades at best.]

“A-, ahh... why would you do such a terrible...”

[Terrible? How interesting. If this is terrible...]

Lord, who had been muttering to himself, suddenly looked up.

There were no eyes on his face, but the emperor was certain that he was looking at him.

[Then what about what you all did?]

“...wh-, what are you talking about...”

[If that was a terrible thing, then what about your people who killed my companions of thousands and tens of thousands of years?]

Lord’s voice grew progressively more angry. His mouth appeared, and he was gritting his teeth harshly.

[How I feel right now, you would never be able to imagine.]

“K-, kuk...”

He couldn’t even shed tears.

When Lord unleashed his aura, Balia found that he couldn't even breathe. And just as he was about to reach his limit, Lord removed the pressure.

Then he lifted his finger and pointed to the rest of Balia's relatives before saying.

[Now. Emperor of this Empire, I will give you another chance. This time you should think carefully. What do you plan to do?]

\* \* \*

Frey needed to stop the bleeding from his left arm.

The pain was manageable, but the blood loss would be annoying.

Woowoong.

After staunching the blood flow with a brief application of mana, his broken bones began to forcibly twist back into their original position.

Crunch.

"..."

Naturally, this process was accompanied by sharp pain.

In his head, he couldn't help but think that it wasn't something that he should be doing just yet, but it couldn't be helped. If he left it alone and his bones began to heal in that shape, it would be several times more annoying to fix.

Then he took a potion from his bag. It was a potion that he always had prepared in case of emergencies, but it wouldn't be able to deal with such serious injuries.

Nevertheless, it was better than nothing, so he poured half of it over his arm, and drank the other half.

The pain seemed to decrease a little.

Frey looked down at his arm.

His forearm was in terrible condition as a large chunk of it was missing. If the wound had been a bit deeper, he definitely would have lost his left hand.

'It's a very small price to pay to slay a Demigod.'

To put it bluntly, it would have still been worth it even if he had lost his left arm completely.

Losing an arm wasn't too big of a loss for a Wizard like Frey.

Frey glanced at Milled's body.

It was time to retrieve his crystal. Milled's body had already transformed into a pile of ashes, similar to Riki.

Frey pulled out the crystal that was buried in the pile.

Milled's crystal shined with a color that was very similar to sand.

Frey still wasn't sure of the most efficient way to use a Demigod's crystal.

'Should I ask Elliah or Schweiser?'

Riki had given him his crystal, so Frey intended to use it someday.

Crack.

"Hm?"

Frey looked down at his hand before his expression hardened.

“This...”

The crystal was currently stuck in his palm.

Frey hadn't done anything. It was the crystal that moved on its own. Like a worm burrowing into the skin, it dug itself into Frey's palm.

“...!”

Then the divine power from the crystal began flowing into him.

It was only then that Frey understood what was happening. The divine power was attracting each other.

Milled's crystal was combining with the divine power in Frey's body.

Krrr.

Frey stumbled, unable to stand properly. The overwhelming divine power pouring in from the crystal rushed forward without any hesitation, as though it was trying to erase Frey's consciousness.

'What the hell...'

Nothing like this had happened the last time he touched a Demigod crystal, so why was it happening now?

What had changed between now and then?

There was only one thing.

‘The fusion of my divine power and mana...’

He couldn’t keep thinking. Gradually, he felt his consciousness begin to blur.

He’d used the power of Absolute too many times in his battle with Milled. So it was almost impossible for him to remain conscious in a situation where his mental strength was already extremely exhausted.

‘This is dangerous.’

He could not afford to lose consciousness there.

There were very few places in Silkid that were safe, and he was definitely not in one of them.

Becoming defenseless in this place was no better than begging to be killed.

Frey desperately tried to control the rampaging divine power.



He wanted to Warp to a safer location, but his mana was not listening to him at that moment.

All he could do was try to force the divine power to calm down. It took a while before he was able to control some of the divine power, but by that time, his entire body was covered in sweat.

His mental strength was also waning.

“Kuk...”

Frey collapsed to his knee with a soft groan.

He struggled to hold onto his remaining strand of consciousness, but it was no use.

Pak.

He eventually lost consciousness and collapsed onto the sand, unmoving.

Whoosh.

A cool breeze blew.

After an unknown amount of time, a man walked up to the place where Frey had fainted, his gaze slowly settling on Frey's immobilized body.

"...."

The man's expression became complicated. He frowned, seemingly struggling with something.

After standing there for a long time, the man approached Frey.

Then, he simply lifted him onto his shoulder and continued walking.

### **Season 1 Chapter 166: Similar Perspectives (3)**

Ivan looked at the item in front of him.

"Hmm..."

It was one of Kasajin's legacy items, the Giant's Belt. This belt could be said to be his reason for coming to Silkid, before everything started.

'It's really a miracle that no one found this in 4,000 years.'

He'd heard from his teacher that it was somewhere in the Amakan Desert, but he never thought he'd actually be able to find it.

Disregarding the miraculous coincidence, Ivan wasn't entirely sure that this was really Kasajin's belt.

This was because the belt had no distinguishing features.

Of course, he'd heard of the appearance of the three items from Nora, and the appearance of the belt was truly consistent with the one that Ivan had found, but he'd thought that there would be some kind of reaction when he finally found it.

But nothing had happened at all.

This just seemed to be an old belt. No more, no less.

He'd even worn it around his waist to test it but nothing happened even then.

'How annoying. There's no one who knows about magic items nearby.'

Ivan couldn't help but lament the fact that he was surrounded by nothing but muscle brained warriors.

Of course, if the belt was truly over 4,000 years old, then it was certainly amazing that it was able to retain its original shape.

But that was it.

In truth, Ivan had been expecting to find some clues about the secret or even killer moves of the Martial King's Fist.

'Come to think of it, didn't Frey said I had to collect all three items?'

He wasn't quite sure how Frey knew that. After all, it didn't seem like even his teacher knew this information.

Just as Ivan began to ponder this conundrum, someone entered his tent.

It was Guaras, the Orc Warrior who had become Ivan's right hand.

"You have guests."

"Huh. It's been a long time. Is it the creatures or the traitors?"

Recently, the cities that had submitted to the Demigods began to send raid teams after Ivan, so he couldn't help but ask in an unpleasant voice when he heard what Guarus said,

Guarus shook his head.

"No. This time they're real guests. It would even be okay to consider them as reinforcements."

“That’s good.”

Despite his blunt tone, Ivan was being honest.

Thanks to Guarus, they had been able to find the traitors who were hiding among their ranks. He wasn’t sure if they were completely ousted, but at least the creatures hadn’t shown up since then.

Of course, they had also suffered some losses.

The forces he had now were only about half of what he’d had at the start.

“They’re from Rnei. The Guardian Warrior and forty five other Warriors are willing to join us.”

“That much? I hope they’re all good.”

Guarus smiled confidently.

“The Warriors of Rnei are well known throughout the desert for being honorable and strong. You don’t need to worry about that.”

“Then that’s good.”

“Sarman would like to meet you. What should I do?”

“I’d like to meet him too. Tell them to come in.”

Guaras nodded, and after a while, he returned with Sarman.

He wasn’t alone.

There were four other people.

Even Ivan, who was not that interested in women couldn’t help but notice the two beautiful women beside him. One with green hair, and the other with black hair.

‘...black hair?’

While Ivan’s expression became a bit strange, Sarman approached him.

“Nice to meet you, Great Warrior Ivan. I’m Sarman, Rnei’s Guardian Warrior.”

“Mm. I’m Ivan.”

“Your courage and pride in facing the Demigods has swept through the desert like a sandstorm. I would like to thank you on behalf of all the Warriors in Silkid, and also I’d also like to thank you personally.”

Did he grease his mouth first?

Since he'd only heard the harsh words of the Warriors since he'd arrived, he was not accustomed to getting such a compliment.

Ivan nodded and looked at the people beside Sarman.

"Urha."

This guy was a bit better. Ivan couldn't help but smile to himself as he had this thought.

He couldn't believe he'd grown to like blunt speech.

Urha was looking at Guarus with a bit of disbelief.

"...I never expected you to join this force, Guarus."

"Is it surprising?"

"I always thought you were the type of man who would never bow your head to another person."

Guarus chuckled.

“Ivan is a man who is good enough to have me bow my head and follow him. You’ll find out soon enough.”

“Since it’s coming from you, I’ll look forward to it.”

“That’s enough gold plating. Who are the women beside you?”

Everyone was a bit surprised as Ivan spoke in his blunt tone once again.

“These people...”

Sarman started introducing them, but Ivan’s eyes fell to the black-haired woman wearing a mask once again.

She looked familiar. In fact, he didn’t think he could forget this mask wearing woman.

“I’m sure you are...”

“Do you know each other?”

“No. But I think we’ve met before...”



“This Queen’s appearance certainly is a bit common. In any case, my name is Snow. I look forward to working with you.” (TL: I must point out that the way Snow addresses herself is also the woman some women in martial arts would. So no one would find it *too* strange for her to do so, even if they didn’t know her true identity)

Snow.

Snow was also the name of the Elven Queen.

He’d met the queen before when he was moving in the Great Forest together with Frey.

‘Is she reluctant to reveal her true identity?’

Snow had winked at him through her mask.

Ivan clicked his tongue.

Snow’s ethereal beauty had a profound effect on the mind of whoever saw her face directly. He knew that this was not intentional, but Ivan couldn’t help but feel dirty because of it.

Perhaps all martial artists who reached a certain level would feel uncomfortable when they saw her instead of admiration.

“Do you know her?”

“...no.”

He shook his head when Sarman asked again.

If he was to reveal that she was in fact the Elven Queen, it would certainly create nothing but trouble.

Still, when the gazes filled with suspicion didn't disappear, Ivan quickly changed the subject.

“By the way, who's that guy that's covered in the robe? You don't need to be polite, but covering your face here is a bit dirty.”

“...”

Ivan couldn't help but click his tongue when he didn't receive a response.

Perhaps it was because of the unpleasantness that he'd just felt because of Snow, but the next words that came out of his mouth were not nice.

“I'm curious as to how amazing the face that you're hiding is. Hey, you brat. Pull back your hood. Let's see what you look like. You didn't bring your daughter to go to war with us, did you?”

“Of course he didn’t. Why don’t you think before you talk?”

“...huh?”

The moment he heard the voice, Ivan felt the goosebumps that he was familiar with, but could never get used to.

He never wanted to experience them again.

Fear, terror.

Ivan’s survival instincts began to blare loudly in his head. But it was too late.

After pulling back the hood, Nora’s face was revealed.

“...Ma-, Master-”

“First, shut your mouth. There’s a lot that we have to discuss.”

Nora cracked her knuckles.

Her tiny, fragile-looking body exuded an incredibly monstrous pressure.

Snow and Beniang were shocked to see Nora, who usually spoke in a laid back tone to everyone, suddenly speak in such a violent manner. But the words she spoke next with a smile was even more shocking.

“But before that, I’m going to hit you, you son of a bitch.”

\* \* \*

Frey slowly opened his eyes.

Then he was shocked when he found that he was resting on a soft, comfortable bed instead of the rough desert sand.

“...where...”

He quietly raked his eyes across the room.

There was only a small amount of furniture in the room, including the old, shabby bed on which he lay, and he could hear the sound of bustling about coming from the floor beneath him.

He could also smell the scent of cheap beer.

Perhaps he was in an inn.

No one else was in the room with him, but he was certain that he wasn't imprisoned there, because he couldn't feel the presence of mana or divine power anywhere around him.

'Nothing was done to my body.'

Ah. His mask was gone.

Frey realised this as he touched his face. But there was no need to panic.

This was because the missing mask was sitting neatly on the table beside the bed.

"..."

There were many thoughts flowing through his head at the moment, but he wouldn't be able to solve anything by laying there.

Frey got up from the bed and headed downstairs.

'So it is an inn.'

As he approached the counter while looking left and right at his surroundings, the innkeeper nodded at him.

“Mm. You’re up.”

After a moment of silence, Frey asked.

“Where is this?”

“This is an inn named Desert Scorpion.”

“No. I meant the city.”

The innkeeper made a strange expression but answered anyway.

“Naturally it’s in Al-Tarha.”

Al-Tarha.

This was the city Frey had stayed in before his fight with Milled.

‘So I’m back here?’

After he fought Milled, he'd lost consciousness. Then he unconsciously returned to Al-Tarha, got a room at an inn, took off his mask, and laid on the bed.

The probability of such a thing actually happening was almost 0.

Frey shook his head as the innkeeper spoke up once again.

"Ah. Your companion has been away for a while."

"Companion?"

"That's right. I'm not sure where they went, though, because they left without saying anything. Ah, but you don't need to worry. They already paid your bill. I think I can give you at least a meal since I was paid enough for it. Would you like to have it?"

"...please."

As he said this, Frey said down at the counter.

Of course, Frey knew he didn't have any companions.

'Was it a traveler who met me by chance?'

That was the only plausible reasoning that he could come up with. Of course, it was still very surprising that there was such a good person in this lawless zone.

This was because there were many things on Frey's body that appeared to be quite expensive.

Anyone with eyes would be able to see the Great Sage's Staff bracelet on his wrist, the ring he got from Schweiser and the Subspace bag that hung from his waist.

'If they took these...'

It would have been easy for him to find them, but things would have become a lot more troublesome.

Making a fuss would have been an inevitability, and for Frey, who wanted to move in secret, it would be the exact type of situation that he wanted to avoid.

He was lucky.

While thinking this, the innkeeper brought his meal.

Frey had asked for vegetable soup, wheat bread and sausages.

"What did my companion look like?"



“...that’s a strange question.”

When the innkeeper let out a laugh, Frey briefly explained the situation.

“I was exhausted in the desert and collapsed. I believe they found me and brought me here.”

“Hmm. Is that so? It’s really rare to see someone like that in Al-Tarha these days.”

He smiled bitterly for a moment while remembering the current situation before continuing.

“It was a man. Young, with black hair. He didn’t seem to be a Warrior.”

“How are you so sure?”

“He obviously wasn’t built like one. I’m not bragging but I’ve owned this inn for 20 years already. I trust my eyes.”

When you met three people in Silkid, two of them would definitely be Warriors. In addition, those who dared to wander the desert alone were usually warriors.

“What about other features?”

“Hmm... his outfit was a bit strange. It was too light to be walking around the desert in. He had no robe or turban to block the sun, and the clothes he was wearing were very thin. If he went out into the desert like that, his meat would be well done within an hour. It was pretty weird.”

The more he listened, the more mysterious it all appeared.

Looking at Frey, the innkeeper seemed to recall something as he said.

“And he was very handsome.”

“...huh?”

“It’s just that. He was incredibly handsome. That guy was probably the most good looking person I’ve seen in the past ten years.”

“...”

When Frey put on a complicated expression, the innkeeper grinned slightly and turned around, going back to his work.

In any case, since he helped him, Frey felt the need to say thank you.

‘I’ll wait first.’

It would be great if they could meet face to face, but Frey couldn't afford to waste too much time here.

Therefore, he decided to gather all the information he could from the surroundings first.

As he thought this, Frey looked down at his bread.

But before that, he had to fill his stomach. After being unconscious for a day, he was quite hungry.

At the same time, he couldn't help but feel rather strange.

Frey couldn't help but look at his left arm that was currently holding the bread.

This left arm which had only been given basic first aid and hemostasis, was now fully healed.

### **Season 1 Chapter 167: An Unexpected Companion (1)**

Frey could not even remember how the food tasted. He had been lost in his thoughts the entire time.

Frey closed the door to the room behind him before rolling up his sleeve and looking at his left arm. He wasn't just looking at the outward appearance, but also the inside.

It didn't take long for him to reach a conclusion. And the conclusion was that there wasn't a single scratch on his arm.

His entire arm, inside and out was completely healed.

'That's why I took so long to notice.'

That was most likely the reason why he didn't notice it until he was downstairs. If there had been even a slight bit of pain, he would have immediately noticed.

Frey stretched his arm out, turning it this way and that. There was nothing wrong with it.

He tried to ponder a reason why the severe injury had disappeared. First, he thought about what happened before he collapsed.

After taking Milled down, he picked up his crystal, which was then absorbed into his body.

"..."

Recalling this, he immediately checked his divine power.

Shock then quickly spread across Frey's face.

'It's increased by at least ten times.'

Frey couldn't even imagine how powerful the lightning he could shoot out now would be. Now that he'd directly absorbed the crystal, didn't that mean that he was now capable of exerting power comparable to a Demigod?

Frey pondered this for a moment before deciding to think about it later. In any case, it was clear that it was no longer impossible for him to use his divine power as a main attack power rather than a supporting ability.

'Is the disappearance of my injuries related to the explosive increase in divine power?'

Those who trained their bodies to the extreme like Knights and Magic Warriors, were able to restructure their bodies to an extent. The waste that accumulated in their bodies were completely expelled, and their skeletons were shaped into the most ideal form.

It was said that if certain phenomena were to occur, it was possible for those with disabilities, incurable diseases and even those who'd gotten their limbs severed, would be able to recover completely.

'That's the reason why most Knights and Magic Warriors looked much younger than their actual ages.'

Of course, when Wizards reached a certain stage, their rate of age gradually slowed down, but their skeletons didn't realign nor did they regain their young appearances like them.

In a way, divine power was also a type of energy. So it was possible that an explosive increase in divine power could affect his self-healing ability.

But Frey shook his head.

He'd found no signs to show that his body had been reconstructed.

This meant that there was only one possibility left.

The man with black hair who had brought Frey to the inn. He had done something.

But Frey knew just how serious his injuries were.

'Those wounds were caused by divine power.'

Unless he used the finest elixir, an elixir known as God's Tears, it was impossible to do something like this. That or he had the healing ability of the Holy Land's Saintess.

Frey shook his head.

Both of those things seemed highly unlikely.

'I'll wait one more day.'

He could invest that much time to do a complete check on his physical condition as well as understand the current situation.

But he couldn't delay any longer than that.

Even if he was very curious about the man's identity, saving Nix was the priority.

Frey's expression became serious.

This was because he'd just remembered there was not one, but three Demigods chasing after here.

'I can't fight them.'

The fight against Milled had given him an idea of what to do when fighting the Demigods, but that was only in a one-on-one situation.

Judging from their extremely individualistic tendencies, he doubted that they would be able to work together, but at the very least they wouldn't let their kind die.

'If Nix lends me a hand...'

He was unsure of what Nix's exact strength was now that her body had been reconstructed, but he was sure that she was at least among the top level on the continent.

If she used Agni's powers then he was sure that they could fight against two Demigods.

Frey clicked his tongue with regret.

Agni had simply called too many Demigods to Silkid.

He had identified four individuals, and Agni himself made five. This number was literally enough to overrun an entire country.

The battle with Milled had really taught Frey a lot.

He realised that it was impossible to defeat the Demigods with just magic. This was something he didn't learn until after the fight.

Frey was stronger than the Lukas Trowman of the past. But it was still too much for him.

Maybe it was natural.

In the past, he had a team made up of people on similar power levels to him. The Great Sage Schweiser Strow. The Black Witch Iris Phisfounder. The Sword King Lucid. And the Magic Warrior King Kasajin.

And even when fighting with these great teammates, the battles were never easy.

The idea he'd had before that he was able to defeat a Demigod alone just because he was stronger was pure arrogance.



'10 stars.'

10 stars, the very existence of which he was still unclear about.

Cairo seemed to be fully convinced in its existence, but even if it did exist, actually achieving it would be no simple matter.

More importantly, he didn't have the leisure time to sit and have a discussion about 10 stars.

Frey looked down at his hand.

Crackle.

Indra's lightning began to buzz around it.

It was an unpleasant sensation, but he was determined to get used to it.

\* \* \*

The man didn't return the next day, and Frey had no choice but to leave Al-Tarha.

“If he returns, please tell him I went to Nempatal.”

“Mm. Got it.”

Frey knew the man wouldn't listen to him, so he continued.

“Could you please pass it on for me?”

When Frey handed over a few gold coins, the innkeeper started in surprise and looked around.

“You're so reckless. Taking gold coins out at this time is no better than committing suicide.”

“No one is around to see it.”

“That's true but...”

“In any case, please, innkeeper.”

The innkeeper narrowed his eyes before saying.

“Don't you think I'll also covet these gold coins?”

“I also have confidence in my eyes.”

The innkeeper let out a laugh at those words.

“You certainly have great eyes.”

Even though these words were said sarcastically, Frey knew that the innkeeper was not a bad person.

After talking to the innkeeper, Frey left Al-Tarha immediately after stocking up on food and water.

Then he opened the map that he’d gotten from Sarman.

Frey’s brows creased when he saw Nempatal’s location.

‘It’s far.’

Nempatal was adjacent to Silkid’s border. This meant that it was located at the edge of the country.

The shortest route to it was through Talhadun, the former capital of Silkid and Agni’s current residence.

No matter how strong Frey felt at the moment, he knew that he wasn’t able to forcefully break through that place yet.

'Assuming I go around...'

It would take a week, even if he was to hurry.

Frey clicked his tongue.

It would take too long.

The Demigods had already located Nix. It wouldn't be strange if she were to be captured tomorrow.

'Should I just use magic?'

Frey was pondering deeply for a moment, then, he stopped thinking.

Instead, he raised his head and looked in front of him.

A man was standing in the desert in front of him. Despite the overbearing heat, he still had a lot of skin exposed, yet he didn't seem uncomfortable at all.

It was definitely the strange outfit he'd heard about from the innkeeper.

“You’ve awakened.”

“...”

This must be the man who took him to the inn.

It was a man with astonishingly good looks and easily noticeable black hair.

Frey frowned.

This was definitely his first time seeing this person, but he couldn’t help but feel that he was very familiar.

“You’re the one who took me to the inn?”

“Right. I found you collapsed in the desert. I felt that it would be dangerous to leave you so I brought you to the nearest city.”

“...thank you for the help. It truly was a dangerous situation.”

Frey bowed his head but he didn’t lower his guard.

That’s because he could not easily tell who this person was.

He then spoke with a blank expression.

“There’s no need to be grateful. I saved you only because I need your help.”

“My help?”

Kuuuung.

At that moment, the airflow seemed to change greatly.

There were no changes on the outside, but a storm seemed to be raging within the man.

“I have no memories.”

This was an unexpected statement.

Frey narrowed his eyes.

He could see that this man was not lying. His expression remained the same.

“Only fragmented bits of knowledge floating around like broken pieces of debris. When I woke up, I found myself alone, in the middle of this desert.”

It was truly a strange situation.

Frey shook his head, feeling increasingly wary of this man.

“...I’m sorry, but I don’t know who you are.”

“That’s a shame. But that’s not what I wanted to know.”

He spoke in a very stable tone although he had no memories.

Usually, those in such a situation would have strong confusion about their identities and speak with a stutter.

Now that he thought about it, the man’s expression hadn’t changed once since he met him.

“Then what is it?”

“It’s about the disgusting presence in your body.”

“Disgusting presence?”

“Right. The disgusting energy that’s covering this desert like a mist.”

Frey’s expression hardened.

“You mean divine power?”

“Is that what it’s called? Divine power? Hmm.”

The man muttered to himself a few times.

“Right. I think I remember. Divine power. And those who use it are called Demigods?”

He even knew about the Demigods?

No. This shouldn’t be so surprising.

After all, they were no longer hiding themselves in the dark. At that point, even ordinary people who had no knowledge about the Circle knew about the Demigods.

“After leaving you at the inn, I went back to the spot where I found you. Because I felt the traces that I was looking for there.”



“Traces?”

“Of Demigods.”

Frey took a quiet breath.

Did they realise Milled was dead?

Cold sweat ran down Frey’s back.

If he’d stayed there, he probably would’ve died by now.

“What happened after that?”

“I wanted to have a conversation with him. I felt that he might have some clue to identity. But he didn’t seem to have any intention of talking to me.” (TL: I added ‘he/him’ to improve the flow because the author didn’t use any pronouns here)

The man continued in a careless tone.

“I didn’t plan to kill him at first.”

The man spoke before the shock of what he'd just said could even settle on Frey's mind.

"However, as our fight intensified, for some reason my anger soared. No, it wasn't just anger. Resentment, hatred, loathing. All kinds of negative emotions began to swirl inside me. So I killed him. I couldn't control myself."

The man then focused his gaze on Frey.

"You aren't a Demigod, but I can feel the divine power that they use inside you. But I also feel the opposing power. Mana... right. I can feel mana in you that's even stronger than the divine power. Am I wrong?"

"...no. You're right."

For the first time, curiosity spread across the man's face.

"I know it from the knowledge in my head. Those two forces are not meant to coexist. It's truly marvelous. What exactly are you?"

Few people would be able to readily answer this question when asked.

Frey was not one of them, but he was inwardly surprised.

This was because he felt a faint desire within him to introduce himself to this man who he didn't even know.

"...someone who is fighting against the Demigods."

"I know that already. Because it seemed you fought a Demigod in the desert. What I want to know is why you can use both divine power and mana at the same time."

"That..."

After a moment, Frey sighed.

"It would be a very long story. And right now I-"

He didn't have time.

Frey paused before saying those words.

Instead, he inspected this man closely.

This was a person who had managed to kill a Demigod without receiving a single scratch, and he even seemed able to heal wounds caused by divine power.

He was still pretty suspicious, but if Frey managed to pull him over to his side, he would certainly be a great help.

Not only with the three Demigods in Nempatal, but even the upcoming battle with Agni.

Besides, this guy seemed to already have an unprovoked hostility towards the Demigods, so getting his help shouldn't be too hard.

'Above all.'

Frey was also deeply curious and suspicious of the identity of this mysterious man who didn't know who he was. It would be better for them to go around together while he figured out his identity than let him leave the desert.

Frey opened his mouth again.

"Before that, I'd like to ask. What is your goal? To regain your memories? Or to get rid of the Demigods?"

"I'd like to regain my memories first."

"What if I can help you with that?"

The man tilted his head at those words.

“This doesn’t seem to stem from good will. Is there something that you want from me?”

“I intend to get rid of every Demigod in this desert, but it is a difficult task to do on my own. It would be much easier if I had your help.”

“...I see.”

The man nodded without thinking about it for too long.

“Then let’s do that. But first I’d like you to answer all of the questions I have.”

“Sure.”

Frey nodded.

It was completely unbelievable, but a temporary alliance had been created in this way.

“But what should I call you?”

At those words, the man frowned.

After seemingly squeezing his brain for the answer to this question, the man finally said a word.

A word that surprised Frey greatly.

“...Lord.”

“What?”

The man looked relieved after saying those words.

When he spoke again, his voice was much clearer and more confident.

“Call me Lord. I believe that was what I was called in the past.”

### **Season 1 Chapter 168: An Unexpected Companion (2)**

Lord.

As soon as he heard that word, Frey’s expression subconsciously hardened. But he knew that he could not be referring to the Demigod’s Lord.

The man in front of him couldn’t be ‘that Lord’. This was something that he could be certain about.

On this continent, there were numerous people who were called Lord, this man could just be one of them.

Then Frey recalled the being he'd heard about from Anastasia.

'Dragon Lord.'

The unknown hatred towards the Demigods, the power to easily kill one single-handedly, and the title of Lord naturally connected with the existence of the Dragon Lord.

But didn't Hector say that the Dragon Lord had been sealed in the Demon World after losing a battle to Lord 5,000 years ago?

Why would he show up in the middle of the Amakan Desert?

And without his memories on top of that.

Frey put all his questions aside.

In any case, it would be difficult for him to comfortably call him Lord for many reasons.

"Do any names other than Lord come to mind?"

At Frey's words, the man fell silent for a while.

"Dro." (TL: Should I call him 'Drol' instead? The hangul was reversed, but it doesn't turn out the same in english)

"...Dro?"

"Right. If you don't like Lord, then you can call me that."

It was a strange name. No, was it even a name?

Frey felt like it was just a play on words, but in the end, it was still better than calling him Lord.

He nodded before saying.

"I'll be heading to the city of Nempatal now."

"Why?"

"Including the explanation, can we talk while on the move? Time is not on our side."

"Sure."



Dro nodded gently.

And so the journey with the strange new companion began.

\* \* \*

Contrary to his indifferent expression, Dro seemed to be very inquisitive.

He almost constantly bombarded Frey with questions, and Frey answered all of them to the best of his ability.

He seemed to be particularly interested in the Demigods. And if one was to talk about them, it was inevitable that Lord would be mentioned.

“...”

When he learned about Lord, Dro’s expression changed.

He frowned and spoke with an unpleasant tone.

“That guy, is Lord?”

It was just one word, but he spoke it harshly as though he wanted to chew it.

Seeing this, Frey couldn't help but ask.

"What do you mean?"

"...did I just say something?"

Dro tilted his head, completely unable to recall what he'd just said. It was clear that he wasn't pretending.

It seemed his consciousness was still unstable.

Frey buried his growing suspicions within and continued his explanation.

Fortunately, Dro seemed to be very smart. He didn't ask a question he asked before, and he was even able to derive the answers to his own questions by combining answers that he'd heard before.

About a day after they began their journey, he was able to grasp most of the current situation on the continent.

It was after Frey brought up the topic of Dragons that Dro showed a strange attitude. To some extent, this topic was also brought up by Frey intentionally.

“I think you might be the Dragon Lord.”

Frey confessed honestly, hoping that this would bring back some memory in Dro’s head.

However, Dro simply tilted his head at him.

“A Dragon?”

“Yes.”

“I don’t have scales.”

“I know.”

“I also don’t have wings or a tail. Yet you think I’m the Dragon Lord?”

Frey told him about Hector.

When he heard this, Dro’s expression became strange.

“Can I check your body for a moment?”

When he nodded to show his assent, Frey walked behind him and placed his hand against his back. Then he muttered soon afterwards.

“Right. This is just a shell.”

“What do you mean?”

“Your body. It’s just a shell... a very well made shell.”

It was concealed so well that Frey would not have been able to tell if he hadn’t been touching him directly.

There was an enormous power resting within Dro’s chest that was constantly pulsating.

“Dragon Heart.”

He could feel a power that the Half Dragon, Benieng, could not compare to. But it wasn’t enough to say that it was the power of the Dragon Lord.

At best, it barely reached the level of an adult Dragon, and to put it bluntly, it didn’t reach the level of an Ancient.

‘He managed to easily kill a Demigod with just this power...’

Frey opened his mouth and asked the question that suddenly filled his heart.

“How did you kill the Demigod?”

“I borrowed the power of nature.”

The power of nature?

“Do you mean mana?”

“No.”

“Then?”

“...”

He didn't receive an answer.

Dro simply fell silent with his distinctive, expressionless face.

Frey frowned.

The power of nature. It was too abstract to understand.

But Dro didn't seem to have any intention of explaining further. This meant that it was probably not something that could be easily explained.

Dro suddenly sighed before saying something else.

"I might be the Dragon Lord as you said. But..."

Suddenly, Dro became silent as he stared into the distance.

"What is it?"

"Something is over there."

Frey followed Dro's gaze.

There was nothing. Just the endless sandy desert.

But with a confident stride, Dro headed towards the area he pointed out.

Frey was forced to follow suit.

Looking down at the sand, Dro muttered softly.

“The earth here is sad.”

“What do you mean?”

“For thousands of years... something has been buried here. I’ll take it out.”

Dro then snapped his fingers.

Grrr.

And the sandy ground immediately began to vibrate.

Frey realised that something, which had been buried tens of meters below the surface, was rising with a fierce momentum.

Puhk!

Soon, something burst out of the sand.

It was an item that Frey was very familiar with, but it was also an item that he never expected to find in this situation.

“The Tiger King’s Gloves...?”

It was one of Kasajin’s three artifacts.

Dro glanced at Frey before handing him the item.

“It seems you know what this is. Hmm, take it.”

Frey took the gloves from Dro with a complicated expression on his face.

“How the hell did you do that?”

“The earth told me that there was a relic buried here. So I took it out.”

The earth told him?

Elves were said to be able to talk to the forest, but that was more like a communication of feelings than a conversation. More importantly, trees were still living creatures.



It was the complete opposite of this barren land where not even a blade of grass dared to grow.

He wasn't Hruhiral, who was connected to the land, but the earth told him that an item was buried there?

'Ah.'

It was at that moment that Frey recalled Anastasia's words.

[The Dragon Lord is organically connected to the entire continent. If he dies, there will be unforeseen destruction throughout the continent.]

A being who was organically connected to the continent.

The Dragon Lord.

Did it have something to do with those words?

"So the strongest Demigod in Silkid is Agni."

Those words woke Frey up from his thoughts.

Dro had already lost interest in the Tiger King's Gloves.

Frey put the gloves into his bag before saying.

"He is one of the strongest Demigods."

"Then wouldn't it be better to kill him first?"

"It's not so simple. He's much stronger than the other Demigods.?"

"Hmm. To what extent?"

"...well."

The only Apocalypse that Frey had ever personally fought was Ananta. And although it was a long time ago, he remembered it clearly because of how desperate a fight it was.

Reminiscing about that time, he couldn't help but mutter.

"At the very least, he's compared to three Demigods combined."

“Hmm. So if I can face three Demigods at the same time, I can beat Agni?”

“It’s not as easy as it sounds.”

Dro fell silent again, seemingly unbothered by Frey’s words.

“You’re a Wizard, so why are you going to Nempatal on foot? Isn’t this a very inefficient way to travel?”

“I can’t make too big of a stir. To get there, I have to pass through the Demigods’ territory. It would be troublesome if I were to move and get caught by Agni.”

Fighting Agni would come only after he’d reunited with Ivan and the others.

Dro spoke softly after hearing Frey’s words.

“So you just have to move without causing a commotion.”

“Do you have a way?”

“Give me a map.”

Frey handed the map to him and Dro looked at it for a moment before nodding.

“[Deil Gaia]”

After those words, the sand in front of them rose up and gathered together. Forming the shape of a muscular man. His copper colored skin shined in the sunlight.

“Deil Gaia. The Earth Spirit King?”

While Frey looked at Dro with a puzzled expression, Deil Gaia also looked at him and said.

[It's been a long time, old friend. If you have anything to ask, you can just go ahead and say it.]

Frey was shocked.

The Spirit Kings were among the absolute masters of the Second World, second only to the six rulers of the Demon World.

Although they weren't as arrogant as the Demons born in the Demon World, they were still a very proud group.

Therefore, Deil Gaia's current attitude was completely unexpected. He was looking at Dro with clear affection, as though he was looking at a long lost friend.

Dro pointed to a spot on the map, it was Nempatal.

“Can you take us here? Without leaving a trace.”

[That’s easy... but who is the man beside you? I can feel an unpleasant power within his body.]

It was clear that he had noticed the divine power.

Deil Gaia was looking at him with a suspicious gaze, but there was no need for Frey to open his mouth as Dro spoke for him.

“You don’t need to worry about that.”

[...hmm. Since you’re the one saying it, I’ll trust you.]

Blind trust.

Deil Gaia nodded and shook his hand once.

Kugugu-

And in an instant, a whirlpool appeared in the middle of the desert. It wasn’t very large or intimidating, but it could easily fit a wagon in its mouth.

[Dive in there. Then you'll reach your destination.]

Was this the power of a Spirit King?

Their powers were certainly the closest to forces of nature, and they didn't leave a single trace.

Especially since the desert was one of the best places for Deil Gaia, the Earth Spirit King to use his powers.

"Thank you. If I need your help again, I'll call for you."

[Then I'll be waiting, old friend.]

After giving a friendly smile, Deil Gaia disappeared.

Still unfamiliar with such an attitude, Frey dived into the whirlpool after Dro.

"Ugh..."

Frey was shaken to the core. He felt like he'd been trapped in a small box and shaken thousands of times.

It was such a terrible sensation that he couldn't help but miss the stability of a Warp.

His brain had been shaken so much that he felt like vomiting, and sand covered every inch of his body.

"Tweh..."

Frey got up from the ground, spitting sand from his mouth. He also didn't like the sensation of sand falling from his hair.

"The power of nature. I see. So you got the help of a Spirit King when you defeated the Demigod."

Dro didn't answer, but Frey was sure he was right.

This wasn't strange.

After all, the Dragons had always been close to the Spirits. Their connection was dozens of times stronger than that of the Elves, who had the highest sensitivity out of all the living creatures on the continent.

Furthermore, the power that a Spirit King could wield relied heavily on the capabilities of their summoner.

Frey recalled Snow's brother Oidin. He had also summoned a contract with the Wind Spirit King, but it was clear that the power he'd been able to handle couldn't even touch the tips of Dro's toes.

In any case, thanks to Dro, he'd been able to reach Nempatal in no time. More importantly, without being noticed.

The last part was especially important.

Agni knew about Milled's death, but he wouldn't know about his movements.

"Well. It seems we were a step too late."

"What?"

Frey looked ahead, completely speechless.

Black smoke was constantly pouring out from the city of Nempatal. A place he thought the Demigods' evil hands would not be able to reach.

### **Season 1 Chapter 169: Nornir (1)**

Frey tilted his head to the side.

According to the information he got from Milled, there were three Demigods in Nempatal. But the divine power that he was currently sensing didn't match what he would expect to come from three Demigods.



'Did Milled say the wrong information?'

Or was there another reason?

Frey kept his guard up.

"There are many Demigods in the city."

Frey nodded at Dro's words.

This made it hard for him to just take Nix and run away.

However, he thought that this could also be an opportunity. If they could deal with the Demigods here, then the Demigod forces in Silkid would drop to less than half.

This would make it a lot easier when it was time to fight Agni.

Besides, Frey had found himself a strong helper.

Then Dro suddenly spoke.

“Head to Nempatal alone.”

The cold words of his helper caused a question to immediately pop out his mouth.

“Why?”

“Other guests are coming.”

“By other guests you mean...”

“Demigods.”

Frey couldn't help but feel a little nervous when he heard that.

“There are more Demigods?”

Agni, Milled, and the Demigod Dro dealt with. Plus the three Demigods chasing Nix already made six. This figure was already almost double Frey's initial expectations, which was three or four at most.

‘There are more?’

How many Demigods were currently in this desert?

“Are they close?”

“They should be here in about 30 minutes.”

“How many?”

“At least two. Maybe more than that. Hmm. I can’t tell specifically.”

Two Demigods.

Frey’s complexion changed.

However, a question soon emerged. After absorbing Milled’s crystal, Frey found that he was much more sensitive to the movements of divine power than before.

Nevertheless, he couldn’t find any sign of Demigods approaching Nempatal.

‘Dro is more sensitive to divine power than I am?’

Frey was a little puzzled by this, but he suppressed it and instead asked.

“It’s going to be hard to deal with them alone. Are you confident?”

“I can’t guarantee my victory over the Demigods. I understand that now.”

Frey nodded at that.

The Demigods had very independent personalities and their individual abilities varied greatly. It was none other than Frey who had explained this to Dro.

Just because he had managed to defeat a Demigod without taking a single scratch didn’t mean he was invincible.

He didn’t know what the Demigods he would face were capable of.

‘However...’

Frey felt that with his current abilities, he would be able to tell what the Demigods were capable of. And whether he’d be able to win or not.

“I’ll see you soon.”

As he said those words, Dro turned and began walking away from Nempatal. Frey had no chance to stop him.

No. He didn't think Dro would listen to him even if he were to stop him.

Frey shook his head.

He wasn't confident in his victory, but he was still willing to give it a try. In other words, he had the confidence despite throwing himself into such a dangerous situation.

Frey turned to look at Nempatal once again.

'Three Demigods.'

The weight of those words made him sigh.

Suddenly, his gaze fell towards the ring on his finger.

It was the magic tool given to him by Schweiser, no, by Anastasia.

If she appeared in time, then she would be the perfect reinforcement. But no matter how he thought about it, he couldn't imagine a good situation.

Frey stopped thinking about it and instead ran towards Nempatal.

The worst case scenario was the Nix had already been taken away or had already killed herself.

'I hope I'm not too late.'

He wandered through the city which had thick black smoke filling the air unpleasantly.

Dead bodies piled up like mountains. It wasn't just warriors. Civilians were also included.

It seemed that it had been quite a while since they died.

There was nothing but fear and panic on the faces of these corpses.

Frey grit his teeth at this terrible sight.

Though he'd been traveling down this long street, he hadn't yet found a living person. This meant that at least half of the city's population had already died.

'Bastards.'

Frey forced himself to swallow his anger.

Nempatal was currently a perfect example of what a world ruled by Demigods would be like.

This was the future for those who surrendered to them.

The Demigods did not care about any creatures other than themselves. They had slaughtered thousands of people just to find Nix, but he was certain that they wouldn't feel anything because of it.

It would be the same afterwards as well.

Just because you bowed your head and submitted yourself wouldn't mean that they'd favor you more than others.

They would kill those who surrendered to them without any remorse or hesitation as long as they thought it was necessary.

Fwoosh!

Suddenly, a huge flame spread its wings to the sky. Giving the sky an enchanting red glow.

Frey stopped and looked at this scene.

"...!"

In the next moment, Frey's eyes widened to the size of saucers as he saw a bloodied red-haired woman fall from the sky and another person follow her down.

His body had already moved before his mind could even begin to process it.

Frey's figure disappeared.

\* \* \*

For the first time in a long time, Nix was actually controlling her own body, but she didn't have the time to feel moved by that fact.

In the first place, she had given Torkunta control in order to escape Agni's clutches. Since the situation had already reached the point where it didn't matter, it was better for her to move around herself, even if it wouldn't be for very long.

That didn't mean the situation was good, however.

"That's a pretty intense flame."

"..."

"Huh? Don't you know how to talk? A phoenix is a Spirit. It should have intelligence."

Nix responded to this Demigod, Verdandy, for the first time.



“The people in this city had nothing to do with this.”

“Huh?”

“Why did you kill the people here?”

At those words, Verdandy looked around.

The first thing that appeared in her sight was the appearance of Nempatal which had been devastated.

“Ah.”

Only then did she seem to realise what Nix meant.

“No. I didn’t really intend to do that. These humans were just unlucky.”

“What?”

“We used our abilities and there just happened to be an unlucky human settlement here. That’s all.”

Then she laughed.

“If you hadn’t fled here, this wouldn’t have happened in the first place. So in a way, this is your fault.”

It was sophistry, but she wasn’t completely wrong.

If Nix had accepted the fact that she’d fallen into Agni’s hands earlier, this tragedy might not have happened.

“Do you feel guilty, Phoenix? Huh? There’s nothing special about a couple thousand humans dying.”

“It doesn’t matter.”

Nix muttered these words with a low voice.

The one who saved her life was a human, and the one she wanted to protect was a human.

At her words, Skuld, who was standing beside Verdandy, frowned.

“You’re so annoying. I don’t know if you’re aware, but if you weren’t Agni’s Apostle, you would’ve died a hundred times by now.”

“...”

When Nix didn’t respond, Skuld grit her teeth.

“I tried to take you back with as little damage as possible, but I quit. I’ll just make sure you’re half dead before taking you away!”

After saying those words, Skuld’s figure disappeared.

Nix bit her lip.

Lord and the Apocalypses. She could tell with just a glance that the three Demigods chasing her were weak when compared to those Demigods.

However, they were only weak when compared to ‘other Demigods’. With the power she currently had, it was impossible for Nix to even deal with one of these Demigods.

‘Because I’m weak.’

She lost everything.

If she was strong. If she was stronger than Skuld in front of her, Agni who ruled over Silkid, and Lord who ruled all of the Demigods, then she wouldn’t have to run.

Then Nempatal’s innocent citizens wouldn’t have had to die.

...then she could have enjoyed the pleasure of reuniting with *him*.

Paht.

She could feel the changes around her.

Fwoosh!

Flames erupted from Nix's body, shooting in every direction.

The flames burning around her carried a very fierce heat.

"Hmmm."

Skuld appeared in the distance once again.

She wasn't running away, she'd simply stepped down. She had to. There was no need for her to push herself too far in this situation.

He spoke while holding a sword in her hand.

"The flames of a Phoenix combined with Agni's power. It's pretty hot. If I force my way in, my skin would probably get burnt."

Her eyes curved like crescent moons.

“But you’re burning away your life to get that firepower. If you keep going like that, will your body be able to handle it?”

Her words were true, but there was no point confirming it. As Skuld said, without those flames, she wouldn’t be able to do much damage.

Then Skuld shouted out urgently.

“Aht! Sister!”

Sister?

Verdandy was standing beside her.

Then Nix felt a cold sensation in her back and stomach.

When she looked down, she saw a spear sticking through her abdomen. It was a bit unbelievable to see the parts that were meant to be inside her, sticking out.

Then the intense pain came.

'How, when...'

As if to answer her question, a calm tone came from behind her.

"I'm sick and tired of the back and forth. You didn't think you were too strong to be caught did you?"

Urd.

The last of her pursuers who she hadn't revealed herself before, had taken Nix by surprise.

Nix hadn't even noticed her movements because all her focus had been on Verdandy and Skuld.

Urk.

Nix vomited blood as her body fell helplessly to the ground.

"Sister! You said you'd leave it to me!"

"I'm afraid that Agni would get upset if we made him wait any longer."

"Ohoho. Stop fighting. Let's just collect the Phoenix and take it back."

“Uh, then what about this city?”

“Let’s just get rid of it. It’s half destroyed already anyway.”

She could faintly hear the Demigods’ conversation above her.

Nix closed her eyes.

‘This is it.’

She could no longer escape.

Nix only had one more option.

Use the last of her vitality to control her flames. As a result, an explosion would cover the entire area. If she was lucky, she might be able to take one of them down with her.

‘Sorry, Torkunta.’

Nix apologized to Torkunta, who was sleeping deeply in her consciousness.

'I'm sorry.'

Then she thought about that young man with grey hair.

She was glad that she could at least be helpful. When she died, Agni would be forced into hibernation.

She couldn't pass up this opportunity.

"Hmph."

Seeing this, Urd snorted.

The idea that the Phoenix might kill herself had always been on her mind.

She raised her spear and prepared to throw it. It was a simple attack, but it would be more than enough to disrupt Nix's concentration.

Her body might break in half, but she was a Phoenix. She wouldn't die so easily anyway.

"Hmm?"

A change suddenly occurred.



Urd slowly lowered her spread, and Verdandy and Skuld stopped chatting.

Then Nix felt warmth.

‘-ah.’

Her consciousness stopped failing and the pain stopped. She could also feel that someone was hugging her body.

It was warm.

She’d only ever felt this warmth once.

It was hard to even lift a finger, but Nix struggled to open her eyes.

Her vision was blurry and she couldn’t see very well, but she knew who this warmth belonged to.

“Didn’t we promise to have a happy reunion?”

Then a friendly voice sounded in her ears, causing tears to come to her eyes. No, she was already crying.

She was hearing the voice she always wanted to hear, and feeling the warmth she had longed to feel, both at the same time.

She choked a bit, barely managing to open her mouth.

“...why did you come.”

Words filled with irony escaped her lips.

In the end, that was all Nix could say.

She wanted to say thank you. She wanted to shout how happy she was to see him again.

But she couldn't.

Her worries outweighed her joy at their reunion.

And her feelings were being conveyed to this person without any filtering.

“I didn't want you to come. This place is...”

“Did you want to say it's a dead end?”

“So you knew...”

“You did it that time too.”

Nix took a breath.

She knew that he was referring to the fight against Torkunta.

“You must have known that you might die at that time. So why didn’t you stop? What were you thinking when you rushed towards Torkunta?”

At that time she just had one thought.

She had to save him. She had to do it somehow.

Even if I had to give my life-

“I will not let you die.”

Nix and Frey’s thoughts overlapped at that moment.

Frey laughed.

“That’s fine. I think so too.”

Frey turned to look at the Demigods in the sky.

He looked at their faces. The three sisters in the sky trembled under his gaze.

As had been mentioned before, the current Frey could sense the capabilities of the Demigods. Whether he could defeat them or not.

He could see even more clearly when he was looking at them with his own eyes.

He reached a conclusion.

“I’m stronger than them.”

Frey wasn’t one to talk nonsense.

Especially when it was about Demigods.

In other words, Frey wasn’t just confident.

He was certain.

### **Season 1 Chapter 170: Nornir (2)**

Urd narrowed her eyes as she looked at Frey.

'Is he a human?'

He probably was. But she couldn't be sure.

That was what was strange about it.

She could easily feel the divine power in him. But it wasn't the same amount as in an Apostle.

For example, the Phoenix, Nix, possessed much more divine power than normal Apostles. But this was only possible because she was the Apostle of Agni, an Apocalypse.

However, this man's divine power was several times stronger than Nix's.

If this hadn't been her first time meeting him, she would have been certain that he was a Demigod.

The three sisters exchanged glances.

This man's exact identity was still unknown. They might be able to figure out who he was if they truly tried to, but they could only postpone that for now.

After all, there was one thing they had to keep in mind at that moment.

This person in front of them was not one to be trifled with.

Paht.

The three Nornir sisters moved at the same time, disappearing from sight. They were moving so quickly that it was impossible to spot them with the naked eye.

Frey narrowed his eyes.

He couldn't see their figures clearly, but he could tell that they were rapidly closing the distance between them.

'Do they prefer close combat?'

Frey recalled the equipment they were wearing.

They were all dressed in armour like warriors, and each wielded a sword, spear, and axe respectively.

They might not have had any means of long-ranged combat, or if they did, it might not have been too threatening. That was why they were trying to close the distance.

He couldn't jump to any conclusions, but Frey couldn't help but think they would be easier to fight than Milled.

"Can you stand?"

"Yes. I'll support you."

Frey nodded his head as he looked at Nix.

"Don't overdo it."

Nix nodded and stepped back.

Frey looked back to the sky. Then he released the power of 9 stars.

"Absolute Field."

Following Frey's low murmur, dark light erupted from his body, spreading out in all directions.

In no time, the entire area fell under Frey's absolute control. Nevertheless, it was difficult to exert enough binding force to restrain the three Demigods who were all moving in different directions.

Of course, Frey's goal wasn't to stop them from moving.

Instead, he had unleashed his Absolute Field in order to increase the range of his senses.

'I still can't see them.'

But now, he could feel them. Three figures were rushing at him at extreme speeds.

They were fast. Much faster than Frey expected.

If they didn't stop moving, it would be very hard for him to hit them with Absolute Line.

At that moment, several countermeasures came to mind.

He could either use the fastest spells he was capable of, slow down the enemies' movements, or focus on defense and avoid their attacks.

'That's only magic.'



Realising what he was doing, Frey changed his view.

He didn't have to limit himself to magic. This was something he'd learned in his fight with Milled.

The first one to reach Frey was Urd. In her hands was a spear which she thrust towards Frey.

It was just a simple thrust, but she was a Demigod. Her body, which was filled with divine power, was much stronger than a Master class Knight or a First class Magic Warrior.

Her whole body was a weapon.

The pressure generated by this simple attack was enough to tear apart the air.

Frey knew where Urd was, but he didn't try to avoid her attack.

"Sister! Be careful!"

It wasn't Urd who noticed the change. It was Verdandy, who was still far away, who shouted at her.

Urd listened to her words unconditionally.

She knew she was tunnel-visioning at that moment. Perhaps Verdandy was able to get a better grasp of the situation than her.

Urd pulled back the spear that she was thrusting at a much faster speed as she retreated without hesitation.

Crackle!

A pale thunderstorm erupted from Frey's body.

It was the Lightning Barrier.

But the power that was released was so strong that even Urd, who was a Demigod, felt threatened at that moment.

"Indra's lightning?!"

"Frey... Blake...!"

Only then did the three sisters realise who Frey really was.

Frey's indifferent expression didn't change.

He didn't care if they figured out his identity. It was the same for Milled. Since they knew who he was, he definitely couldn't let them leave this place alive.

Frey raised his finger.

It was aimed at Urd. After the lightning barrier appeared, her body had stiffened for a moment. It was only a momentary opening, but it was enough.

Fusing his mana and divine power together. Frey hadn't yet figured out the principles behind this phenomenon, which was a bit unpleasant for him.

Explore, analyse, and then make it your own.

This was a Wizard's way of thinking.

However, although he didn't know the principles, his body still remembered the process. How to mix these two opposing forces.

"Ah..."

Urd knew.

She hadn't wasted her thousands of years of life. She could tell with just a glance when her opponent was about to attack her.

As soon as Frey lifted his finger, she reacted.

She tried to lean back. But it was too late.

The strange thing wasn't Urd but the bolt of lightning that shot from Frey's finger.

—.

The white bolt appeared without a sound. To be precise, it far surpassed the speed of sound.

When the streak of lightning quickly covered the distance between them, Urd realised three things.

It was extremely powerful.

It would hit her.

And she couldn't avoid it.

Crackle!

The sound of the electrical discharge was very loud. The entirety of Nempatal shook.

Frey frowned at the noise.

Although it was his attack, its power and speed far exceeded his expectations.

'Is this really Indra's real power?'

Not the power of an Apostle, but the power of the Demigod, Indra.

He knew that lightning moved at a speed that far surpassed sound, but he didn't think it would be this much.

Even the Demigods with monstrous reflexes would not be able to avoid it. Frey was certain that even the fastest spell he could use wouldn't be as fast as this lightning bolt.

Drip.

Blood dripped from his finger.

Milled's power had caused the speed and strength of the lightning to increase significantly, but it wasn't without risk.

In this way, it was impossible for him to go wild and use it as he pleased.

If he didn't take the risk into account, he might end up burning his entire hand.

For some reason, Frey felt like his left hand would suffer a lot more in the future.

"Sister!"

Skuld screamed with a broken voice.

Urd's body had kept its original shape.

However, she was in a miserable state. Her entire body was burnt black, and the chances that she was still breathing were very low.

It would be difficult for her to continue fighting.

"Demigods don't have brothers and sisters."

Frey's murmur was quiet, but Skuld still turned her head as she barely heard what Frey was saying.

"You despicable human... what do you know about us?"

“I know that you’re quite shameless. You destroyed hundreds of families in this city today, so it’s really disgusting to see you acting like victims.”

“Shut up-!”

Skuld lost all her reason and rushed forward.

She was filled with emotion, so she charged straight at him without any tricks—fast but predictable.

These Demigods were certainly easy to deal with.

Pit.

The Absolute Line pierced through Skuld’s eyebrows.

Her body collapsed without any suspense. Unless it was Lord, Absolute Line would be fatal to any Demigod.

There was a hole in her head, which could be considered a vital point, so Skuld was as good as dead.

“...”

Nix stared at this sight and blinked a few times, still unable to process what she saw.

She didn't even have the time to heal!

By the time she realised what was happening, two Demigods had already died in front of her.

Of course, these two were weak when compared to other Demigods, but they were still transcendent beings.

But now, Frey had overwhelmed them! On his own!

'Amazing...'

Nix couldn't help but stare at Frey with admiration.

But Frey didn't let down his guard.

'It shouldn't have been this easy.'

It was true that he had become stronger. It was true that the power of Indra's lightning exceeded his imagination and that these three Demigods were much weaker than he expected.

Nevertheless, this was still too easy.



Except from the small wound on his index finger, he had no other injuries. And even that was caused by the backlash of his own attack rather than an attack from them.

“...”

Verdandy was silent. Both of her sisters had died, but she still stood there with a cold expression.

Frey didn't use his divine power or the power of Absolute. At that moment, he couldn't find any openings despite her immobile state.

Then, Verdandy started to cry.

“I hate you. Because of you, human, our relationship as sisters has ended here.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Ahhh. For thousands of years, I was able to forget the loneliness because... I never expected this place to become the scene of a tragedy.”

Skuld and Urd's bodies began to change. Their bodies became white light particles that were then absorbed into Verdandy's body.

‘Absorption?’

He couldn't figure out the details, but he knew it was dangerous. Frey immediately shot a bolt of lightning.

Pang!

But an invisible wall protected Verdandy.

Frey clicked his tongue.

'It's hard.'

With the power of Frey's lightning bolt, even mithril would be pierced easily, yet this invisible barrier didn't receive a single scratch.

Nevertheless, he wouldn't simply watch with his hands at his sides.

'This time, I'll use my full power.'

Just as Frey was about to use his lightning once again.

Clang!

Verdandy's entire body became frozen.

This wasn't a spell, and instead, spine-chilling cold seemed to appear from nowhere. It was divine power.

And from what Frey knew, there was only one Demigod with the power of ice.

Turning around, he found Elliah standing behind him.

She smiled at him and shrugged her shoulders.

"Ah. I killed her. Does this mean my identity as a traitor is confirmed?"

"...why are you here?"

"I'm here for you. I'll tell you the details when we get back to my place, so follow me. It's dangerous here."

"What are you talking about?"

When Frey asked back a question instead of listening to her, Elliah's expression crumpled.

“There’s no time to explain. Or would you like to see Lord face-to-face? Can you handle that?”

Frey’s expression changed when he heard that.

“Lord is coming to Silkid? Why?”

“How would I know? In any case, hurry up and make your decision. We’re running out of time to erase our tracks.”

Frey nodded as he swallowed the rest of his questions.

Then he turned to Nix.

“Nix, come with me.”

As Nix nodded and walked closer, Elliah clicked her tongue.

“An Apostle?”

“Agni’s Apostle.”

“Huh? Then why haven’t you killed her yet?”

“Didn’t you say there’s no time to explain?”

“That’s true.”

Just as Elliah was about to activate space-time movement.

“Wait. There’s one more person you have to take.”

“You’re really getting on my nerves. I don’t think they’re in this city. Where are they?”

“Should be southeast from the city.”

Frey recalled the direction Dro had walked in.

Elliah clicked her tongue and they headed over there.

After heading south east for a little, Frey looked around.

“...”

He couldn't see anything.

That was what was strange.

There was no sign of Dro, let alone a Demigod. Not only that, there were also no signs of a fight.

There were only the hot winds blowing across the desert sand.

Elliah narrowed her eyes.

"You said he was here, didn't you? There's no one here."

"No one?"

"Right."

Frey frowned and muttered.

"He said that at least two Demigods were coming from this direction."

A lot of time hadn't passed. No matter how strong Dro was, it was impossible for him to destroy two Demigods in an instant.

Elliah suddenly closed her eyes.

She stayed that way for a moment before reopening them. Then she looked back and said.

“There are no Demigods around here.”

“What?”

Frey’s expression stiffened at Elliah’s words.

“To be precise, there aren’t even any traces of other Demigods. The only traces of divine power that I could find in a ten kilometer radius comes from you and the Nornir sisters. Are you sure you didn’t hear it wrong?”