

The Great Mage Returns After 4000 Years - Chapter V1C17 Preparation and Training(3)

Season 1 Chapter 17: Preparation and Training(3)

The first thing Frey needed to buy was clothes.

The uniform he was wearing was not very comfortable and would not be suitable for a long term camping trip.

He would also need to buy hiking shoes and a cloak.

‘Some kind of leather armor for mercenaries would also be good.’

It was safe to say that the armor mercenaries—who had to spend long amounts of time outdoors—wore should be the most appropriate for outdoor activities.

As he wandered around, Frey found a store that looked promising.

It seemed to be a sort of general merchandise store dedicated to adventurers since not only armor, but weapons, potions and other tools could all be found there.

The store seemed to be among the largest that one would be able to find in the entire city.

Since it was so large, then Frey figured that he would probably be able to get all of the items he needed without having to search for another store.

When Frey opened the door and walked in, a middle aged man who gave a generous impression, greeted him.

“Welcome Sir. How may I help you?”

“I’m looking for a set of practical armor.”

The owner of the store, Dumpid1, quickly scanned Frey’s clothes.

'That's a Westroad Academy uniform.'

It was a well known academy where only elites could attend. Dumpid had received customers from there many times before.

Maybe some guys with poor eyes might not notice, but Dumpid certainly ensure that he treated these students warmly.

They contributed a lot to the store's sales as they were easy to cheat.

He knew what things they preferred to buy and how to deal with them.

Dumpid's eyes glistened as he inwardly admired his nose.

'Another duck walked in on its own two feet today.'

He laughed happily inside though he hid it well.

"Very well. Please follow me."

Before long, Dumpid brought him over to a very colorful outfit. It could not be considered armor, more like something that a theatre actor might wear.

When he saw Frey's blank stare, Dumpid couldn't help but smiled brightly.

'It's done.'

"This is an armor made from the fur of a Silver Fox. It is gorgeous, but it is a difficult design for most people to pull off, however I believe that it has met its fated owner today. I'm sure it will match your aura perfectly."

Dumpid continued, pointing toward the chest of the 'armor'.

"The sapphire was personally hand carved by a first class craftsman. There is also cleaning magic on it, so even if it does get dirty, after a moment..."

"Owner."

Frey's expression became cold.

"Are you saying that this armor is practical?"

Dumpid looked slightly afraid.

“Ye-, yes? Th-, that’s right.”

“I think I’ve come to the wrong store.”

Then as he turned around without hesitation, Dumpid realised that something wasn’t right.

“Wa-, wait a minute. Please tell me what type of armor you’re looking for.”

Frey responded coldly without stopping.

“Excellent durability and elasticity. The type that is lightweight and that won’t have much of an odor even if it’s not washed for a long time. It would be best if it was easy to remove.”

Then he looked around and said.

“I don’t think there’s anything like that in this store.”

Dumpid shook his head as he followed.

“N-,no. I was mistaken for a moment. Please forgive me.”

After that he led Frey into the depths of the store. A thought coming to his mind as he passed a few rooms.

‘He talks like a mercenary who has been through many battles. I’ve never heard of a noble who wanted to purchase such armor...’

Soon Dumpid brought Frey to the very back of the store.

When he opened the door, Frey looked around before his expression softened.

There was armor like what he wanted.

Dumpid looked at Frey with a curious expression.

‘Such a mysterious customer.’

In all honesty, he was only half confident when he brought him here.

The armors here were all simple and aimed for practicality before anything else, however from a certain point of view, they could be considered as shabby.

At least they didn't fit the usual tastes of the nobles.

He was preparing to be yelled at for showing such 'garbage' but after seeing Frey's face he realised there was nothing to worry about.

As Frey slowly began to browse through the room, Dumpid took a seat and waited for him to pick the clothes and armor he wanted.

This was because this customer seemed like the type who didn't like to be disturbed. Therefore he waited in case he was asked any questions and then he would go and answer them sincerely.

Soon Frey pointed toward an armor.

"Owner, can you tell me about this armor?"

"That is leather armor made from the Ispanian Bear."

"The Ispanian Bear?"

"Yes. It's a monster that lives in the Ispania Mountains. It grows to about 4m on average and it's skin is so tough that most soldiers can't even scratch it."

Frey took down the armor, carefully inspecting it, even smelling it as Dumpid watched from the side in admiration.

He checked in particular if the seams were correct and sturdy and if the tanning process had been done correctly.

'I don't know who this student is, but he is choosing his equipment more meticulously than even the most well known mercenary.'

A good mercenary knew that the quality of their equipment directly correlated to their lives. Overly cautious mercenaries could even spend a day doing inspections.

The student in front of him was showcasing all the traits of an excellent mercenary.

“You said that this was made from the hide of an Ispanian Bear, so what if I wore this and encountered one?”

“What?”

“For example, would they become overly hostile?”

“Ahh.”

He nodded his head as he understood.

There was a well known tale of a mercenary who had been wearing armor made from an Ogre’s hide, who, together with his team, had been destroyed by a horde of Ogres.

And such attacks by monsters were not necessarily limited to Ogres.

While it was mostly a superstition, that didn’t mean that the occurrence of a similar event was impossible.

“It wouldn’t matter. The Ispanian bear is not known for its fratricide. Plus, because of the unique smell of the armor, they are more likely to mark their territory before leaving.”

Dumpid laughed a bit as he continued.

“Of course, that’s only if you’re going to the Ispania Mountains.”

The Ispania Mountains was a place that was called a haven for monsters. It should be known that in the wild the fertility rate increased by 5%.

No one would be insane enough to go there on their own.

Frey nodded and pointed toward the armor.

“I’ll take this. What’s the price?”

“...it’s 25 gold.”

Dumpid considered raising the price for a moment before deciding not to.

Frey paused while taking out the money before saying.

“I want to get a few things beside armor.”

“What are you looking for?”

“A leather bag or water bottle, ah. Do you have maps?”

“I have everything. But what do you mean by bag?”

“A bag to hold things in.”

Dumpid hesitated for a moment before speaking.

“Are you talking about subspace bags?”

“...subspace bag?”

“If not, then I’m sorry, but I’ve never heard of anyone asking for a normal leather bag...”

Frey asked about the subspace bags. Dumpid explained patiently even though he was inwardly curious how a noble didn’t know about such a common magic tool.

‘I see...so there is something like that.’

A bag that could hold much more than its size would lead you to believe.

This was the second time that Frey had been surprised after the Warp Stone discovery.

‘I understand now. Magic has penetrated deeper into daily life than I expected.’

Using subspace magic wasn’t something he was currently capable of, but now he didn’t have to do it himself.

“How much does it cost?”

“It depends on the storage size and durability.”

Of course there were some bags that had extravagant appearances but small space. However if he recommended any of those then Frey would probably leave again.

“This is the recommended product.”

Dumpid showed him a blue bag.

“It is made with Ice Troll leather. The storage space is the size of one wagon which is very large for its size. And it is very durable. I’m sure I don’t need to tell you how tough Troll leather can be.”

Frey nodded appreciatively when Dumpid treated him as a proper mercenary.

“Of course, the price is a little higher.”

“How much?”

“50 Gold.”

“Hmm.”

That was expensive.

Still it was a very large convenience, considering the price. So Frey decided to purchase the subspace bag while thanking Peran for his generous gift.

“Thank you.”

After completing his payment, Frey changed into the armor immediately and put his school uniform into the subspace bag. (TL: ‘subspace bag’ will be ‘bag’ from now on unless there is another type bag later in which case I’ll specify)

Afterwards, he left and glanced at his bag once more.

‘It’s worth it.’

In the worst case scenario, Frey would have to stay in the mountains for at least a month, so he was very satisfied by the fact that he could store many of the items he needed in the bag instead of fetching it all.

Frey soon found an inn and got a room before heading to bed since the next day he would be travelling.

The next afternoon, after he arrived at the warp stone, Frey handed the token to the guard before paying the rest of the fee.

There were already a few people there. Including Frey, there were five of them.

After waiting a while, several wizards came out of a building at the side.

“The warp will start soon. All users please don’t leave the magic circle.”

Woowoong.

‘They divided it. Excellent. We’ll have more than enough mana for the warp...’

This way was efficient and safe.

As Frey admired their wisdom, the magic circle shined beneath his feet.

Woowoong.

The sensation from warping would cause those unfamiliar with it to probably suffer a bout of extreme nausea.

A few minutes passed.

Paat.

“ ... ”

When Frey opened his eyes, he realised that his surroundings had changed.

He looked around.

Only

‘So this is Ispaniola.’

Huge towering mountains overlooked the city. As he looked at those mountains, Frey couldn’t help the complicated feeling that filled his chest.

‘There are things that haven’t changed even after 4000 years.’

The Ispania Mountains.

He’d arrived at his destination.

(Note:

This name feels horrid, if anyone has any suggestions for it, I'd be happy to change it...granted your name is not worse. The hangul is 덤피드, romanised it is 'deom pi(fi) deu'. Dumfid or Dumpid is the best I have...especially since he's a turd...)